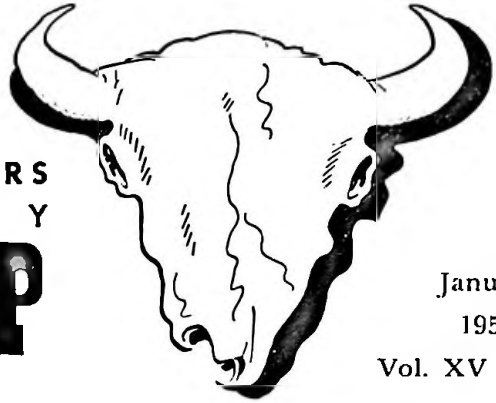


The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



January
1959
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The Westerners
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**Program for February Meeting of the
Denver Westerners**

"THE HORSES THEY RODE"
by Merlyn S. Wheeler

Merlyn Wheeler is one of the newer members of the Denver Posse, and is a horseman by birth, experience and preference. He is a partner in the Turkey Creek Ranch, south of Colorado Springs on the Canon City road, which was formerly the country home of Spencer Penrose. There he raises Arabian and Creole horses, and runs cattle.

Horses are Wheeler's chief interest, as evidenced by the subject of his talk, which will deal with the lives of famous western horses, including those of Buffalo Bill, General Custer and others.

Former Sheriff Maurice Frink, founder of the Denver Westerners' Memorial Scholarship Award, presents a \$300 check to the winner of the second annual award, John A. Brennan, University of Colorado graduate student in history. The award went to Brennan to assist him in his research on "The Territory of Jefferson, 1859-61." Contributions now are being accepted for the 1959 award fund. Active and corresponding members are invited to send their checks to Tally Man Erl Ellis, 730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, marked "Award Fund."

News Notes

The first meeting of 1959 drew a good crowd to the Press Club on January 28, with 35 posse members, 7 corresponding members, 1 reserve member and 3 guests present. There was a gratifying response to the request for notes of members' activities, and your new *Roundup* editor is happy to take a leaf from the small town papers and get as many names in these columns as possible.

Nolie Mumey says "Burke's diary will be ready in two weeks."

Fred Rosenstock is publishing an 1849 Overland Journal to California which will be ready about April, 1959.

Philip W. Whiteley's "Lesher Story" was published in pamphlet (reprint) form. This will be remembered as the story which Dr. Whiteley gave us about the silver coins from the Cripple Creek District in circulation at the beginning of the century.

Hugh Gove participated and exhibited in the first Assembly and Exhibition of the Western Cover Society in San Francisco at the Centennial of the Butterfield Overland Mail.

Dick Bowe is publishing a Centennial Album. The report is that it has already sold 150,000 copies before even a proof is available.

Dabney W. Collins has sold two articles to Montana History Magazine.

Armand W. Reeder spent the holidays in St. Louis trying to revive the St. Louis Posse of the Westerners. P. M. Reeder was once Sheriff of the St. Louis Posse, and we shall be interested in hearing the results of his trip.

Paul D. Harrison is mapping old trails, old toll-roads and old railroad routes from aircraft.

The Denver Posse has garnered another bit of prestige by P. M. *Alan Swallow's* election to membership in the Western Writers of America. He joins P. M. Forbes Parkhill in that distinguished group.

Our new Sheriff, Fred Mazzula, announced several appointments made to fill positions not involved in the annual election

Ray G. Colwell, Registrar of Marks and Brands

Robert L. Perkin and Don L. Griswold, Assistants to the Registrar of Marks and Brands

Kenneth E. Englert, Chairman of the Program Committee

Francis B. Rizzari and Maurice Frink, members of Program Committee

Philip W. Whiteley, Jr., Chairman of the Membership Committee.

W. Scott Broome, Member of the Membership Committee

Herbert P. White, Chairman of Book Review Committee

Robert L. Perkin, Chairman of Awards Committee

Maurice Frink, Member of Awards Committee

Charles B. Roth, Chairman of Centennial Committee

BOOK REVIEWS

Wild Streets. Tales of the Frontier Towns by Members of the Western Writers of America. Edited with an introduction by Don War. (Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y., 1958. \$3.75).

Wild Streets is an anthology of fourteen exciting tales of famous frontier towns in their heyday. Certainly the buff and collector of Western Americana will want to add this book to his library. The titles are intriguing: "Buckskin Pensioner," "Coward," "High Wind," "The Rancher's Lady," "The City of Sin," "The Sack of Calabasas," "Traitor Town," and "Trail's End in Tombstone," to mention a few.

The authors' names are straight out of Western Writers' Who's Who: S. Omar Barker, Tom W. Blackburn,

W. Edmunds Claussen, Dan Cushman, Allen Vaughn Elston, Norman A. Fox, Ernest Haycox, Elmer Kelton, Elmore Leonard, Noel M. Lewis, John Myers Myers, Les Savage, Jr., Thomas Thompson and William O. Turner.

The stories themselves cover such locales as New Mexico (4), Colorado (2), Kansas (2), Montana (3), Texas (1), Arizona (1), with one from New Orleans tossed in.

The plots deal with the kinds of persons who populated the Old West—the mountain man and the bartender, the frontier doctor and the politician controlled by “the company,” the struggle between Mexico and the United States for Santa Fe, the problems faced by well-bred eastern women transplanted to raw frontier towns, the exploits of a river boat crew turned loose in New Orleans. In fact, these are stories of human nature at its best and at its worst.

The tales are well told and thrilling to read. One wonders why the TV industry doesn't use some of these plots in their ever-popular “adult westerns.” Certainly their use would raise the level of present TV productions.

MARIAN TALMADGE, C.M.

Earth and the Layman by Mark W. Pangborn Jr. Published by the American Geological Institute, 2101 Constitution ave., N.W. Washington 25, D.C. 1957. AGI Report 2, Second Edition.

This 68 page booklet is one of the finest and most completely annotated bibliographies on the earth sciences that has been published. Some 1400 books and pamphlets are briefly described with about 500 of them describing or relating to the geology, mining, oil, maps, etc., of the western United States. The first part classifies all these references under the following headings: Biography and Travel, Novels, Geology, Landscape Geology,

Geophysics, Maps, Historical Geology, Evolution of Life, Evolution of Man, Rocks and Minerals, Gems and Jewelry, Gold, Economic Minerals and Mining, Petroleum, Engineering Geology and Military Geology, Water, Soils, and Conservation. The second part of the booklet classifies additional material by the states with which they are chiefly concerned.

Pangborn, a corresponding member of the Denver Posse for several years, is an eminently qualified person to prepare this booklet since he is the Map Curator and Reference Librarian of the U. S. Geological Survey Library of Washington D. C.

Earth for the Layman is recommended as a “must” for all Westerners' reference libraries.

P.M. DON L. GRISWOLD

Life and Adventures of Frank Grouard by Joe DeBarthe, Edited and with an introduction by Edgar I. Stewart, (University of Oklahoma Press, 268 pages, \$5)

Those readers and students who enjoy their Western Americana straight, undiluted by second and third hand interpretation, will enjoy this book, long out of print and almost unobtainable. So far as we know, this is the first time it has been reprinted.

Joe DeBarthe, a newspaper man of the 80's and 90's, went to great pains to get Grouard to tell his story. Finally, and reluctantly, Grouard gave it to him.

Grouard's origins are rather vague. He claimed to have been Hawaiian-born; others claimed he was the offspring of a Negro father and Indian mother. It is thought he gained his keen knowledge of English during a period he may have lived with a Mormon family in Utah. What is certain is that he was kidnapped by Indians while still in his 'teens and spent his

Continued on Page 19

WORD FROM THE WEST: JOHN J. VANDEMOER REPORTING

From diaries and daybooks emerge the color and romance of Colorado's mines and mining activities, 1877-1880.

DON BLOCH and HERBERT VANDEMOER

Space limitations being what they are, we are presenting in this issue only a rather small portion of the paper given at the January meeting by Mr. Herbert E. Vandemoer and P. M. Don Bloch. If the opportunity occurs, we will use more of it later. Since we are not using the entire paper it is necessary to give its background briefly.

"Herb" Vandemoer is a prominent business man of Denver and a corresponding member of the Denver Posse, but is important for our present purpose because he has gathered together for family use a mass of material concerning his father, John J. Vandemoer, a very prominent mining correspondent during the eighties. He and P. M. Don Bloch have collaborated in the preparation of the material for presentation to the Denver Posse.

The elder Vandemoer came to the United States in April, 1869, at the age of twenty, a well educated native of Amsterdam, and after a succession of more or less minor jobs in New York, came to Colorado, arriving at Denver in late February of 1877. He had hardly lit in town when an inventor sold him a \$100 interest in a dry placer machine. In the course of this venture, he visited the camp of Sunshine, in Boulder County, then rather in the doldrums, and from there wrote a long letter about the camp to the newly founded Mining Record, of New York City, which they printed in full, as are we.

Impressed by the writing ability and

observational powers of the young Dutchman, the Record in March announced his appointment as "General Agent for Colorado, and manager of the Mining Bureau" for that publication. From then on, J. J. Vandemoer travelled to and reported on practically all of the camps of Colorado between 1877 and 1880, probably the most hectic period of mining activity in the state.

He built a reputation for keen observation coupled with professional integrity which made the Mining Record the leading journal of its kind in that period, and himself the best known writer on mining subjects.

It so happens that this period also covered the start of the "big boom" at Leadville, and while John J. Vandemoer did not neglect the rest of the state, his letters from the new carbonate camp paint a picture of a "boom camp" which is hard to equal. For that reason, we have confined our extracts from this paper (with one short exception) to the Leadville letters, and to the original letter which started him on his career. May we repeat that we hope to use more of this material.

—Ray Colwell.

Sunshine Camp, Gold Hill District, Boulder County, Colo., March 12, 1877. A. R. Chisolm, Esq., 60 Broadway, N. Y.

Dear Sir

"After a pleasant journey, favored all the way through with very fine weather, I reached Denver, a beauti-

ful town at the foot of the foot-hills to this great mountain range, with a very healthy climate and good hotels.

A firm here offered me a position at a small salary to go to Cheyenne, Wyoming, for them, and pitch my tent there, in order to catch the Black Hills trade for them; but after consulting with several prominent persons to whom I had brought letters of introduction, I determined to go into the mountains at once, to visit the different mining camps and seek some practical knowledge of gold and silver mining in a country which in all directions is so rich in the precious metals. As most readers know, this centennial State has lately taken a prominent place among her sisters, through her immensely rich mineral treasures, of almost daily discovery, but much of which, alas, from the terrible want of capital—which even on good security and at two per cent a month, is difficult to reach—often remains hidden in the earth for years. Several parties around Denver, Cheyenne and other outfitting points, are continually making up to go to the Black Hills, the new El Dorado for this year; but with such a showing as is given to the camps in this country it is, in my opinion, far preferable to settle in this part of Colorado. Here we have no danger, nor need to risk the privations and hard journeys to be encountered in these enterprises.

After leaving Denver, by the Denver Pacific Railroad, which connects at Cheyenne with the Union Pacific, I branched off at Hughes and continued my trip to Boulder, a mining camp just at the entrance of the magnificent Boulder Canyon, one of those mountain passes for which these "Rocky Mountains" are famous all over the world. From Boulder I took the so-called stage, an open wagon, carrying the mails in the mountains amidst the grandest scenery I had ever seen, either here or abroad. No language

can describe the rugged grandeur of the scenery around this camp, which I reached a week ago and where I am housed in a log-house, with miners, who are at present working in the tunnel. All of the houses are log-houses, with few exceptions; they stand far apart, amidst the grand, fragrant pinewoods, which formed the only occupants, three years ago, of these mountains, that wait only for the pick-axe and powderflask to make them give up their long hidden treasures.

I have never been through a country where, for a man of some means, such splendid chances for investment are offered. It is very far away; but fortunes can be realized sometimes with only very little outlay, when so much money is lying unproductive in the larger cities of the east at this time drawing no interest, or at most 7 per cent, in mortgages on property, which, in the end, in all probability, will not bring enough to cover them. No doubt it is a fact that there is a strong dread on the part of capitalists of investing in mining property; and a great many persons think such investments fraught with all manners of evils. There has, indeed, been some season for this, in the many shameful swindles perpetrated upon a too-confiding people. But the existence of rich ores in this country is apparent; for how, otherwise, could the works now in operation reducing the ores be at work night and day, some of them refusing even to touch all ores except those of their own mines? Some larger sections of mining country in this immediate vicinity cannot be developed at all, unless at great expense, for the want of convenient concentration works by which the low grade ores can be concentrated in order to pay for the expense of carrying them to the smelting works. Consequently piles upon piles of ore are awaiting the erection of such works. I have

known ores to be sent a distance of fifty miles, partly by rail, to Denver, where the Swansea Works are running day and night. If you should know of any capitalists who would like to invest either in mining property or in the erection of works, direct their attention to these facts. I am working hard here now, to get posted, as I intend to make these mountains my future home.

I have already got acquainted with several prominent engineers, who have had experience in this part of the country. In investing in a mining property, let it be ever so fine when read about in flowery prospectuses or big advertisements, there are three things essential and necessary in order to be safe; and if these points were considered more by eastern parties before paying out their money, confidence now lost would soon be restored. I believe if their mines were worked, after being started, with intelligence, honesty, and energy, good profits on their investments would be realized. The three essential points are:

1. That the title of the mine be good and clear, and this should be looked into on the spot. It is impossible for me to describe what difficulties in regard to former claims, cross-veins, liens, etc., may arise, if this is not properly looked into.

2. The advice is necessary of an entirely uninterested engineer, who has been in the region and knows the country thoroughly—one who is posted on the formation and the character of the ores. A great many people here call themselves engineers, who, really well posted in their own particular mining region, outside of it know very little more than the capitalists who may seek their advice.

3. The greatest care should be used in choosing a superintendent or mining captain to have the supervision over the men, ship the ores and keep

the accounts; that is to say, a man who has the business almost entirely in his own hands, who can be thoroughly trusted. He should therefore be paid a good salary, especially if he has practical knowledge. If these points, in former years, had been considered a little more, a great deal of trouble and loss might have been saved; and I believe sincerely that mining can be managed on as sure a basis as any other business, with the great beauty added, that there is no competition. The works pay the same price for the same article to every man, rich or poor.

Eastern people picture our country here as peopled wholly by a desperate, bad class of men; but this is a mistaken fancy. For really, here, where there are no police—but certain town officers—life and property are as safe, if not safer, than in the City of New York, and good order is as prevalent here as in many a much older country. Even a newspaper is published in this vicinity; and in many of our rudely-built mountain cabins in each mining camp, you will sometimes meet with the very flower of the most noted eastern colleges.

As this letter is very long already, I will confine myself to Sunshine Camp, and post you a little on the mining matters of this lovely spot. All here are tellurium mines, containing silver and gold; and if it were not for the terrible want of capital, this would undoubtedly be a very lively place. Still the prospects are good for a great amendment in the spring, and our people are of the opinion that mining the next season will be on a larger scale than it has been since the camp was first established.

The principal mine worked here now, though several claims are probably as rich, is the *American*, which at present has the only steam engine in the camp, and the owners are going to erect even a more powerful one, when

a greater number of hands will be put to work it. The *Nil Desperandum* mine is now working a full force of men, and, as I hear, with good success. A large vein of good mineral was struck a short time ago; it is of good size and said to be very rich. The *Nazarine* (in Sunshine Gulch) is a very promising lode, about five feet between walls, is also being worked; and so also is the *Kleine Nellie*, which is worked with a good deal of pluck and energy, under the superintendence of one of its owners, who is interested in a deal of other valuable mining property. He was one of the first to locate in this camp. Every owner of a lode or claim is obliged every year to do \$100 worth of labor on such claim; if this is not done the mine is jumpable, and there are people on the lookout for such chances.

Some heavy losses have undoubtedly been suffered upon investments in this regard, where capitalists have foolishly bought a hole in the ground, from which perhaps a piece of rich ore was picked up that may have rolled down the mountain and been covered with dirt for a good many years. This was especially the case in 1865 and '66; when such rich discoveries were made in this range, and the greatest excitement reigned for a time; people with money were crazy to buy one of these rich 'discovery holes', but to find themselves often disappointed. But many of these same holes of late years, have turned out well; and miners who fell upon these abandoned claims, which, of course, were now jumpable, have earned good wages by taking out the ores on their own account, notwithstanding the great cost of transportation to the far off works."

Leadville, Lake County,
Colorado, April 1st, 1878

Every year there seems to be in this vicinity some point or other to which in consequence of some rich strikes,

for a while, a large stream of immigration finds its way, until everything is overdone. Then the excitement dies out and business settles down into legitimate channels, should the camp prove to be a lasting one. A number of disappointed people always turn away to seek other fields and pastures new. The Black Hills and the San Juan county have had their great rush—while both regions continue to show up well with their rich mines and flourishing towns; yet I have seen people come back from those districts cursing the whole regions. This year the cry is Leadville and a large stream of people is now moving steadily towards the far-off mountains of Lake county. I therefore considered it my duty, as the correspondent for the MINING RECORD, to take a trip to the new El Dorado and will now give your readers the results of my observations.

Leaving Denver in the morning, an hour's ride over the South Park Railroad brought me to its present terminus, Morrison. There one of the coaches of McClelland and Spotswood's line was waiting to load for the mountains. As is usually the case now, the coach was filled with passengers bound for Leadville, but, by the number of relays of horses, we were enabled to make good time and reached Fairplay the next day about five p.m. After a good nights rest at the Fairplay House, kept by James Killduf, I ascended, with a few others the vehicle which was to take us across the range, and a few minutes afterwards we were riding through the park, and headed for the Buffalo Peaks, in which direction the Weston Pass lies, which we had to cross. Until we got to the foot of the pass there was not much snow, but it got deeper and deeper, until on the top, when we were on an altitude of over 12,000 feet, and a long way above timberline, it reached a depth of almost six feet,

making very hard wheeling and causing parts of the road to be dangerous.

About a mile from the top on the down grade, we came upon a scene which I will never forget. A company of musicians on their way to Leadville had tumbled down from the road, wagon, horses and all, and the whole outfit was dropped in the deep snow, about seventy-five feet below us. Fortunately nobody was hurt, and only one violin broken; and so, after considerable work, the party got out all right. About three o'clock we struck the Arkansas river which we kept on our left up to the entrance of California Gulch.

Really, this settlement, from where I write, is not a new one comparatively, but one of the first mining camps of Colorado. In the early days of this state, then only part of a territory, or about 1861, and 1862, several thousand people resided in California Gulch, and it then produced several millions of dollars of gold-dust from placer mines. Since then, every year, considerable gulch-mining has been done in this vicinity, but after the cream, as it were, was skimmed off, California Gulch declined, until within the last two years the rich deposits of carbonates of lead have been discovered, and which are the cause of the present excitement.

Some lode mining was done here in the early days, the famous Printer Boy having been discovered about 1865; but invariably the miners were looking for gold quartz, and though they sometimes undoubtedly tunneled through the stuff which now proves to be valuable, it was here the same as in the early days of Nevada mining, about 1852. Silver was so little thought of and the knowledge of the silver ores was so limited that not knowing what these carbonates were, the miners cursed them as some kind of worthless sand containing some base metal which interfered with the amalgama-

tion in the sluice box and stuck to the quicksilver. Mr. L. F. Bradshaw, an experienced miner, for a long time engaged in California Gulch, is said to have been the first person who had an assay made of the carbonates which he struck, in his claim, La Plata, about November 15th, 1873. Already, three years before that occurrence, he had found a piece of galena in this vicinity.

A number of mines are being extensively worked now, and, undoubtedly, as soon as the snow is off the ground, and the large number of prospectors who are here now go out exploring, new discoveries will be made.

The roads leading to this camp are literally lined with teams, and people are coming from all directions.

The saw-mills cannot saw lumber fast enough for the mechanics, and every day a couple of new buildings, either dwellings, offices or stores, are going up.

The hotels are all full to overflowing, so that, in general, the accommodations just now are poor, but there are a couple of hotels in course of erection, and the owners of the present ones speak of enlarging their capacity, so that before long everybody coming in will probably have a bed to himself, which, at present, is an almost unknown luxury.

From appearances, a fine body of miners have come in here thus far, and breaches of the peace, generally too frequent in these new camps, are here of rare occurrence.

The merchants are all doing a thriving business, and though the town is only a little over six months old, all branches are represented—professional men not excepted.

Building lots which could be bought for a trifle a few months ago, are now held at high prices, and have risen to \$800 and \$1000 apiece on the main business street.

John J. Vandemoer.

Leadville, Colorado
February 8, 1879

It is impossible for your correspondent to do full justice to this wonderful camp in a short letter, or even in a long one, where I have once more arrived, only to be more than ever struck with wonder at the immense deposits in this vicinity, and the enterprise of the people of this yearling town. In my last letter I wrote you, that notwithstanding the proprietors of the stage-line connecting with the Denver & South Park Railroad did all in their power to accommodate everybody, so I considered myself fortunate to get a seat in one of their conveyances out of Fairplay, a few days ago, and the same evening I once more found myself in the Carbonate camp. Before speaking of the many mines around, some of which I had already visited, I will, since I know how much interest is being taken in Leadville throughout the Eastern States, first mention some general points, for the benefit of those who might want to come out this way to seek their fortune or make their living. It is not too much to say, that California and Nevada in their palmyest days never knew such an excitement as is now raging here, nor did the Black Hills, at one time the most advertised mining country of the past few years, ever have a rush as there is now into this camp. Out of a comparative wilderness, a little over a year ago, has arisen a town, of now nearly ten thousand people, some very handsome buildings, three banks, several churches, and an organized fire department, while two companies with the view of a railroad reaching here soon, intend to manufacture gas, and the necessary water pipes are being laid to supply water for drinking and fire purposes. Not only are there here some fine frame residences, but since my last visit, only a little over two months ago, I found a number of brick build-

ings erected, among which that of the Bank of Leadville, founded a few months ago, by the fortunate owners of the Little Pittsburgh mine, and managed by Geo. R. Fisher, Esq., a gentleman of large experience in banking business, deserves special mention.

Mr. Bush, for so many years the popular landlord of the well-known Teller House in Central City, has even said good-bye to old Gilpin county, and has an immense hotel, now in course of construction at this place, to be called the Clarendon hotel; it will supply a long felt want. At present the Grand hotel is the leading one in this place and its genial owners, Messrs. Walsh & Co., do all they can to make their guests comfortable, and are constructing a large addition to their building. For the present, there is a great scarcity of lodging-rooms and it is by no means a rare occurrence to have to walk from one of the many restaurants to the other, to find all the tables occupied and to have to wait for half an hour or so before being able to get a meal.

But it will be better in a couple of months as there are a number of gentlemen who contemplate building, and stores are rented often before the foundations have been laid; still more building would be going on, were it not for the ridiculously high prices asked for building lots, especially during the past few days. Some lots 25x100 not even on the main business street, but on one, which is supposed to become one of the principal thoroughfares, are held as high as four and five thousand dollars, the buyer in some cases even only getting a squatter's title and having to pay a certain amount per foot when the patent on the ground is issued. I know of one case, where a party bought out a squatter, near the centre of the town, on property to which a party now absent, has title, for five hundred dollars,

immediately sold a half interest for \$800, besides making arrangements with a gentleman to put a dancehouse on part of the property and to rent him such building at \$500 a month, receiving a month's rent in advance. Buildings rent here now at figures returning the cost of the whole within six months or less, and the real estate speculators are reaping a harvest now. Of course the present prices are inflated, but I should not wonder if they will go still higher during the coming three months as the rush into this vicinity has just commenced.

Some buildings are progressing very slowly on account of the sawmills not being able to produce the necessary lumber. At night every place where a person can lie down is utilized and many a saloon is turned into a large bed-room. The saloons, gambling-houses and similar resorts are all doing a large business, yet considering the class and number of people from all parts of the world residing here now, law and order prevail to an extent really unusual in a place of this kind. The streets are full all the time, yet during several days stay here, I have not seen any disturbance of the peace. A few days ago a ripple of excitement was caused by an attempt of a number of misinformed people, who thought that a certain court decision gave them the right to jump a plot of ground in a valuable part of the city, belonging to the Harrison reduction works, and ceded to them at a miner's meeting. The jumpers at once commenced the erection of buildings and if they had been able to hold the lots, would have made a good stake out of them, they being situated at the junction of the two principal streets of the town, but they were driven off by a number of officers without any resistance on their part after they had been informed of the true state of the case. That there will be a great deal of litigation about titles not only to

real estate but also to mining claims, there is no doubt, so the necessary number of lawyers have settled here and will probably be kept busy for some time to come.

I visited the Iron mine, a couple of days ago, which has been the scene of some exciting operations during the past few weeks. The parties with whom Messrs. Stevens & Leiter, the owners of the Iron mine, are presently at law, sunk a shaft and got into the main incline of the Iron mine, then about 475 feet into the mountain. They drove the men working there, out, and at a depth of about 400 feet, erected a barricade. A little army of men was sent down the incline, marched in and took the intruders along. Fortunately no one was hurt. At present the mine is very closely guarded. At the entrance of the incline I found quite a little arsenal with the necessary guards, and while even in company with one of the captains, a voice from some distance down the incline, the owner of which I could hear but not see, told us that without the superintendent's permission he could not let us down. The necessary permission was obtained and we walked down the incline. At the first level, about a hundred feet down the incline I found a guard, Winchester rifle in hand, commanding the entrance of the incline, and by his side was an electric battery, the purpose of which I will mention hereafter. Arriving at about 400 feet down the incline which is beautifully timbered and furnished with two tracks, up and down which the ore cars move by means of a whim on the surface, we came to the barricade, spoken of above. Knocking at a little door in the centre, a voice on the other side asked the password, which was given by my companion, and crawling through the little space we found a heavily armed guard keeping watch under the shaft spoken of above. Not

far from there I was told ten pounds of nitro glycerine were stored to be off by the battery mentioned above, in case an attempt was made to attack the mine through the shaft under which the sentinel kept his lonely vigil. The value of the ore in this hill cannot be figured out, and some of it is undoubtedly worth fighting for. On the Peck mine, also belonging to Messrs. Stevens & Leiter at present only four men are exploring, while on the Iron nearly a hundred are employed.

All through this vicinity it seems to be only a matter of depth to strike mineral, and a great many claims, within several miles of this town, are held at speculative figures. Daily, rich strikes are reported and the surrounding country will undoubtedly be thoroughly prospected this spring and summer. At it is, the smelters are all running day and night to their full capacity, the sampling works have all the ore they can handle, business of all kinds is brisk; in one word, this town is fairly booming.

Leadville, Colorado
February 15, 1879

The cry is "still they come" from all directions, by stage, wagon, afoot, on horseback, over a hundred a day and more. Where they all sleep is a mystery, as there is a great scarcity of lodging accommodations. Notwithstanding the severe snowstorms which have prevailed on the surrounding ranges during the past few days, the rush into this camp continues, and it is safe to say that before midsummer there will be over twenty thousand people scattered in this vicinity.

Notwithstanding the large number of men of all classes and trades coming here daily, it is safe to say that anyone wanting work can find it at generally remunerative wages. At present, carpenters are in great demand, commanding from \$3.50 to \$5.00 per

day, and even at that the demand by far exceeds the supply for the present.

W. H. Bush, formerly of Central, has a large number of men at work, building his Clarendon hotel. Opposite to it, Daniels, Fisher, & Co., of Denver, are putting up a large dry-goods store on a \$6,000 piece of ground. The amount of money daily changing hands here for real estate and interests in mining claims is immense. Yesterday alone, the Bank of Leadville received an aggregate of deposits of \$90,000, paying out about \$75,000, and this, while no particular heavy transactions took place. This is only one of the three banks, all of which are doing a large business. The telegraph business done here is very large, and at the Western Union office, there is always a crowd of people sending or receiving telegrams to and from all parts of the world. For the past few days the wires have been down between here and Fairplay, whence the despatches are brought over now by the South Park stage lines. The advent of a railroad to this point is looked forward to with a great deal of interest, and it is more than probable that that occurrence will double the production of valuable ores from some of the leading mines.

The Governor, a couple of days ago, signed the bill changing the name of the newly created county, in which this town is situated, from Carbonate to Lake, the old name of the county before the division. The county of Carbonate, therefore, existed only for one day.

Within the last few days, a great many Black Hills miners and speculators have reached this camp; their general opinion seems to be that the excitement here at present is larger than that in the above region during its palmiest days. A number of prospectors on arriving here, continue their journey right through to Ten

Mile, about 18 miles from here, on the Pacific slope, where several towns have been laid out, and where some rich discoveries have been made.

The leading settlement for the present is Carbonate City, with about 25 houses, at an altitude of about 11,500 feet. There are now about 1000 men in that district, notwithstanding very deep snow, and it is expected that during this spring and summer, some lively towns will skirt the timberline.

Considerable Eastern capital, especially from Chicago and New York, is represented here just now. A company of gentlemen from the latter have lately arrived here with the intention to again put the Printer Boy (once the greatest gold producer of this county) into shape to start explorations. This mine has laid idle for nearly two years, principally on account of the death of Marshall Paul its owner.

Since I have been here, I have seen some of the specimens out of the above mine, which are some of the richest that I have ever seen. Some gentlemen from New York, seeing how, by grubstaking trustworthy miners, locations can be secured at small expense, which afterwards by development may prove to be good mines, intend to organize a prospecting company in your city; the money raised to be used for prospecting purposes in desirable localities.

As some of your readers may not understand the term of grubstaking, I will explain it in a few words. As a general thing the prospector, when he comes into a mining camp is poor. He may have been the discoverer of some excellent mines and be an experienced miner, but as a class, miners too often when receiving their pay will spend their hard earnings in a short time when they commence to work for a new stake. A truer friend, a squarer man than the common miner cannot be found, but as a general thing they seem not to be able to save their

money. A person, wishing to "grub-stake" a couple of miners, for there are always two partners, offers to furnish them a cabin in the location where they intend prospecting or a tent in summer season, the necessary prospecting outfit, consisting of a windlass and the necessary tools, besides a certain amount of "grub," by which is meant provisions to the extent of say, nine or ten dollars per week. The two partners agree on their part to prospect for mineral to the best of their ability and to give the other party a certain share in the find. It will be easily understood that in a place like this, where such valuable deposits have been found so near the surface, a great deal of grubstaking is being done on the part of men with some means. The investment is very small and the returns are apt to be very large.

Leadville, Colorado

April 20, 1879

A few days ago I found myself once more at the Denver and South Park depot, among a struggling throng of humanity on their way to this camp. The crowd consisted of people of almost every nationality on the face of the globe; people of all ages with a considerable sprinkling of women and children, whose husband and fathers had gone ahead to prepare a home, in many cases only a tent, to receive them. All of the travelers seemed to be hopeful of the future and sanguine of success. During the whole trip up the windings of the Platte Canyon, through which this railroad has been built at an immense expense, exclamations of wonder at the enterprise of the projectors of the road were heard on all sides, and at Webster, at present, the end of the track, the struggle to get a seat in or on any of the many coaches standing ready, or rather to get booked first, was worth seeing. Though lately several opposition lines have been established, the South Park

Stage Company, owned and personally managed by Messrs. McClellan and Spotswood, experienced stagemen on the frontier, remain the leading line, and three coaches loaded in and outside were sent out by this firm.

I was fortunate enough, as the weather was very fine and warm, to secure a seat on top of No. 3, and it was a very pretty sight when, a few minutes afterwards, our procession commenced the ascent of Kenosha Hill through the pine forest covering it. The railroad grade is now nearly finished to the edge of the South Park, and it is expected that Brubakers station, situated at the entrance to the Park, will be reached in about 30 days. When I mention the fact here, that many a time on my way into this country, only a year ago after leaving Denver at 7 o'clock in the morning I reached this station at about 11 p.m., the stage passengers taking supper there, and that now we passed it at about 3 p.m., it will be easily seen of what importance this railroad is going to be. It is entirely built by Denver capital, and it is of course doubtful, whether it would be where it is, if it were not for this wonderful camp. The prospect now is, that the investors will receive dividends before long which will pay them well. What the end will be of the fight at present being waged between the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and the Denver and Rio Grande Railroads, it is difficult to say, but it undoubtedly somewhat retards the progress of the Arkansas Valley Railroad.

A surveying party is now engaged locating a line, the so-called High Line, for the managers of the Colorado Central Railroad, a branch of the Union Pacific. Though I had only been absent from this town about three weeks, I found considerable progress since I left—certainly two hundred new buildings put up or being constructed. A number of sawmills

have lately been brought in and though the price of lumber, partially on account of the horrible condition of the roads leading into town, keeps up to \$50 a thousand, this amount is cheerfully paid by those wanting to build, they being satisfied that as soon as the building is put up it can be rented at a high figure or a paying business carried on in it. The freights paid to get goods here from the end of the track, which at present is about 80 miles distant from here, have been very high, seven cents a pound having been paid from Denver even on Chicago lumber all the way by teams, distance about 150 miles.

Several Mexican Ox teams have lately come on the road, and the roads are getting better and drier; freight will before long be down to about 2½ or 3 cents per pound. A tremendous lot of very heavy machinery for a number of smelters being built here now, is on the way in now and the number of men employed with the freight trains is enormous.

A very large number of impecunious people have lately arrived here, for such, this is a very hard place, as for a couple of months at least, it will not be possible for every one to find work. There is a strong probability that beyond the main range of the Rocky Mountains stretching a few miles west from here; on the other side of the Arkansas river, a great deal of prospecting will be carried on, and the country, all the way to the line of the Indian Reservation, will probably be explored by the hardy pioneer prospectors, who always lead the way to the gold and silver fields. Some outfits have already started in that direction, notwithstanding the deep snows on the trails, and specimens have been brought in, which gave very good assays. Large numbers also daily leave here for the Ten Mile district in Summit county, and a stage line has been established to that point

from here. There are a couple of paying mines there now; and as soon as the snow, which is still very deep, disappears, there will undoubtedly be a great deal of prospecting there. Several town sites have been laid out and some building lots already command good figures.

The Clarendon hotel here, has just been opened, and is even better than Mr. W. H. Bush, the veteran landlord of the Teller House, at Central City, promised that it would be. It has been built at an expense of over \$45,000, including the furniture and contains 112 rooms and all improvements, even bath-rooms in the house and a number of the elegantly furnished apartments are connected by electric bells with the office, where several gentlemen formerly connected with the leading hotels of New York are employed. An elegant bar-room and barber-shop are connected with the house, and a very large room is set apart for a mining exchange. The dining-room has a seating capacity of ninety-six, and the cuisine is in charge of experienced stewards and cooks. Considering that a great part of the eatables have to be brought here by express at an expense of about ten cents a pound, the price charged for the accommodations, \$4 per day and \$12 per week for table board only, is very reasonable. The hotel has only been open a few days. Already during meal hours the dining room is crowded almost all the time, and the office is during the entire day the scene of considerable life and bustle, the great topic of course being the mines. Sales are made every day, and J. H. Wells, the recorder of this county, who is now established in the elegant court house, has a pretty good mine in his recordership.

Though, as is natural in any place of this kind, where about twelve thousand people are brought together from all parts of the country, and where

whiskey only too often turns the heads of otherwise peaceable men, rows will sometimes occur, I will here emphatically contradict the correspondent of one of New York's Illustrated papers, who pretends to have been unable to sleep on account of the continuous firing of pistol shots. He must have been dreaming of battlefields during the war, or may have had a room next door to or over a shooting gallery. I have been here off and on now for the past fourteen months, and have never seen as much as a fight with fists, let alone one with pistols. I consider life and property as safe, if not safer here than in many a neighborhood in New York, and find the people here law-abiding and peaceably inclined. Of course a rowdy and a loafer element exists here; where is the mining camp in which that element has not its representatives? but short work will be made with them here, if they make themselves too conspicuous. By a city ordinance, the carrying of concealed weapons is forbidden, and though out of a hundred, perhaps eighty carry pistols, they will not be apt to show them. Law and order prevail here, and the late city election has, I understand, placed the government of this town in the hands of men, who are well fitted for their respective positions.

J. J. Vandemoer

A note of interest from the diary is inserted here, to indicate that the west was *still* "wild":

Alma, Park County, Colorado
October 15, 1879

A few days ago I left Denver at 5 a.m. by the South Park Railroad and arrived at Red Hill. I took the Wall and Witters stage, which runs from that point to Leadville by way of Mosquito Pass and Alma. The cars now run about 14 miles farther to a point called Weston. What I heard yesterday made me feel glad that I

got off at this point. A few hours afterwards the same coaches were stopped by road agents on the Big Evans road and the passengers were relieved of whatever valuables they had with them. The party of robbers were on horseback and heavily armed. At last accounts they had been caught shortly afterwards and had a good chance to be lynched by some of the citizens of Leadville. Passing through the old town of Buckskin, I found almost every cabin once more occupied. The settlement was dead for a number of years.

The large number of Arrastras, or rather what was left of them, spoke of the quantity of gold ore which was once produced hereabouts, mostly from surface workings.

Leadville, Colorado
February 27, 1880

After a few days stay at Alma, whence I sent you my last letter, I once more turned my steps towards the great Carbonate camp. Though only about seventeen miles distant, it took me quite a while to come around by Red Hill and Buena Vista, where I arrived the next morning after leaving Fairplay the day before, about 3 o'clock.

At Buena Vista I found a large number of Barlow and Sanderson's coaches waiting to take the through passengers to Leadville. What future is in store for Buena Vista, it is hard to say; some fine buildings have been erected, among them a couple of large hotels which give the place a look of permanency. It is claimed that some promising mining claims have been found in the surrounding mountains; what they will amount to time will show. As soon as the road across Cottonwood Pass is opened, so that wagons can get over into the Gunnison country, the town will be a supply and outfitting point for travelers in that direction. It is said that the

enormous amount of snow, which lies on the summit in very large drifts, will be tunneled, the same as last year, but that timbering will be put in, so as to prevent any accident from falling in. It is to be hoped that the road, over which the writer traveled several times last year, when it was in a wretched condition, will be put in such shape that wagons will be able to travel over it without danger of breaking down. The people of Buena Vista have, to a certain extent, their prosperity in their own hands, as there will be a great rush across the range next spring and summer, and travel will go where the best roads are, even if the distance should be a trifle longer.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we rolled into Leadville, and here I find things booming as much as ever. Building has never stopped, since the town first started, even in midwinter, and a number of buildings are now in course of construction. The immigration towards this place is increasing daily, and the trains over the different lines bring hundreds of fortune seekers, daily into Colorado. The Clarendon Hotel continues to be the headquarters for the leading mining men and capitalists and many large transactions have been closed in its spacious office and conversation rooms.

Since my arrival here I have visited a few mines and will give the result of my observations. The first one visited was the Iron mine, on Breece Hill. Though the ore from this mine is very low grade, it has paid its owners well and has been a god-send to this camp, as this enormous deposit of iron ore has furnished the smelters with a splendid flux. Geo. Summers, the superintendent, was absent, but W. B. Livermore, the foreman, had the kindness to show me around. A force of about fifty men are at present taking out about seventy-five tons per day, though easily 125 tons could be

produced. It nets about eight dollars per ton on the dump, and averages about seventy per cent metallic iron, a little silver, and only about one-tenth of one per cent silica. There is a strong probability that this enormous deposit is underlaid with carbonates and further developments may prove this.

My next visit was paid to the Miner Boy. C. A. Stone is superintending operations of this property. At about fifty feet in, a body of mineral, about twenty feet thick, was struck. Some ore was shipped which ran about one ounce gold, twenty-three ounces silver and forty per cent lead. Some of the ore, which I saw, seemed to carry free gold. For this class of ore a stamp mill would be necessary. About thirty-five men are employed, who live in the boarding house only a short distance from the main shaft.

The Evening Star, a patented claim, is being worked under the superintendency of W. S. Ward, Esq., by about twenty-five men. There is a large body of ore in sight, but only so much is hoisted as is necessarily taken out in running the drifts to develop the property, so that the reserves are very large. The ore nets from fifty to one hundred dollars. In one place by actual measurement, there is nearly thirty-eight feet of ore, about 400 feet above the principal working in the upper shaft where mineral has just been struck at a depth of about 278 feet which is about eighty feet from the Morning Star line.

This mine, the Morning Star, has developed mineral for about 200 feet along the Evening Star line, abreast of the upper Evening Star shaft, and is now shipping about forty tons per day. I understand that negotiations are now in progress to consolidate the Morning Star, Waterloo, Forsaken, Half Way House, Buckeye and Carlton. This will form a fine combination of valuable claims. The Ward

Consolidated Mining Company have just been organized, including the El Paso, Olive Branch and the Cullen on the upper part of Fryer Hill, between the Scooper and the Robert E. Lee. This combination is also managed by W. S. Ward and is now being worked by thirty men in three shafts. No ore has, as yet, been shipped, but the location is very favorable to a production before long.

At the office of the Little Chief, I found George Daly, Esq., the superintendent under the new management, who is now working about one hundred and fifty men producing about one hundred and twenty tons of ore per day, averaging about eighty dollars. The mine is, for a great part, being retimbered at large but necessary expense. Mr. Daly informed me that after April 1st, he would probably be able to produce considerable more than is the case now. He has planned out work for some time to come very systematically, and seems to be the right man for his position. He has had a great deal of experience in Western mining and understands his business. They are at present doing a great deal of prospecting and only little stoping. The ore averages about eighty dollars to the ton, though some of it runs considerably higher. It is mostly sold to J. B. Grant's smelters.

At the Leadville Mining Company's property I found matters apparently in good shape. Mr. O. H. Harker, the present superintendent, is working about 125 men and the mine is producing about fifteen tons of ore a day, which is principally sold to Grant's smelting works. The first-class ore runs about 160, the second about seventy dollars per ton. They have in this mine, in my opinion, the finest hoisting works of any mine that I have visited in Leadville. It may be a few months yet before the paying of dividends is resumed; as the company, I

understand, owed some debts at the time when the management changed hands, but Mr. Harker told me that almost everything was now paid up and that within a short time, he expects the company to be in as prosperous condition as ever. From all appearances I do not see why the stock should sell as low as it does, and when confidence is restored and dividends commence to be paid again, it will undoubtedly become a favorite once more. Mr. Harker is also managing the property of the Carbonate Hill Mining Company, owning the Yankee Doodle.

Leadville, Colorado
Nov. 19, 1880

After an absence of several months I reached here once more a couple of days ago, by the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. It was the first time I made the entire trip by rail, the railroad only being completed to Buena Vista the last time I traveled toward this point.

The difference between a comfortably warmed sleeping car and the top seat or crowded inside seat in a coach during a severe snow storm, which raged when I got here, can only be appreciated by those, who like me, three years ago, made the entire trip in the old fashioned way or staged it from some station on the South Park Railroad across Weston or Mosquito Pass.

Those days are fortunately past, but many a pleasant memory remains with the old travelers who took the ride alongside of Perley Wasson or some other veteran stage driver behind the six horses of the South Park Stage Company, and once in a while they will undoubtedly think of the times when other travelers and myself tramped up one of these passes behind the loaded coach to make it a little easier for the horses, and to keep our blood in circulation.

The large fire in the mines on Fryer Hill, which is still burning, causes almost an entire suspension of mining in that quarter; only a few mines in that vicinity are hoisting ore now. That part of Leadville looked especially dull when I visited it, but it is to be hoped that before long the same activity will be seen there which was there for nearly two years.

The bullion product of this camp keeps up splendidly and the nonsensical talk of some of the Eastern papers about Leadville and its mines having played out, is laughed at in this quarter.

JOHN J. VANDEMOER

In the period between early 1877 when John J. Vandemoer arrived in Denver, and 1881 when he left for New Mexico for a time, he zigzagged thousands of miles over the roads of the State on foot and horseback, and over the rails of every line then operative in Colorado, many of these long since defunct. He rode every stage line—Lion Smith's, Wall and Witters, the Barlow and Sanderson, Bradford and Blue River, the McClelland and Spottswood, to name a few; he crisscrossed every mountain range, traversed every pass, to note mining activity in new or recently established outposts in every county and district in the State. He made stops in virtually every hotel; and, for long and short periods, put up in tents, haylofts, on the ground, and in scores of ranch-houses as welcome guest.

Most amazing was his eye-witness, first-hand coverage of the 36 largest mills and smelters than operating in Colorado; of 157 mines and placers—dozens of the latter—to keep close track of their progress, reporting on some as many as five times each. All in all, as the diary accounts for them, he made 276 separate examinations of these operations, writing a complete report for publication for each visit. Since the Mining Record was a week-

ly publication, Vandemoer's account stands at an average of about three reports per issue.

An unidentified news-clipping of February 1898, in his daybook, says: "For a number of years past, Mr. Vandemoer has been Colorado correspondent of the *Financial and Mining Record* and *Engineering and Mining Journal* of New York City, and it is owing largely to his careful work that the mining interests of the State have been accurately and comprehensively represented in those widely circulating publications."

BOOK REVIEWS

Continued from Page 4

young adulthood living, to all intents and purposes, as an Indian. The lore he learned during that period made him one of the Army's most distinguished scouts.

Though the book is considered a frontier classic of the northern plains tribes, especially of the Sioux, it has never been possible to distinguish just how much of the story is Grouard's and how much was added by DeBarthe. Too, it was some years after the events described when DeBarthe got the story from the old scout. Grouard had to depend a great deal upon his memory, with no reference to written records of any kind, and human memory is notoriously fallible and unreliable.

Some of the work seems exaggerated; there are omissions and rationalizations. Is Grouard at fault or is it DeBarthe? Or is it both? On the other hand, a number of times Grouard displays reticence in relation to certain incidents of his life. In detail he tells of his capture by the Sioux and of his life in the Indian camp; on the other hand, he makes no mention of the factors that caused him to leave the Sioux camp, forsake the Indian way of life and return to white civilization.

He had plenty of opportunity to leave the camp long before he did. Why didn't he? His account of the death of Crazy Horse does not agree with the facts as presented by most authorities and some of the precise details are at variance with what we know from other sources.

It is possible Grouard knew the topography of the northern plains better than any other white man of his time and this made him especially valuable to the Army. He knew the travel habits of the Indians and where they were to be found at any season of the year; he spoke Sioux fluently and was adept in the use of the sign language. General Crook said he considered Grouard's services to be so valuable that he would rather lose one-third of his command than be deprived of them. All in all he was considered, by those who knew, as one of the best scouts ever known on the frontier.

This is not the complete account as written by DeBarthe, as Mr. Stewart's job of editing was largely one of condensation. Some chapters of the original book are left out entirely; others are condensed and some merely chopped off somewhere along the line. This does not satisfy some of us who like an original work intact; however, if you do not have the original in your collection, this edition will serve the purpose very well.

P.M. ARMAND W. REEDER

The Indian Wars of Minnesota, by Dr. Louis H. Roddis, Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 1957. 311 pp. \$5.50.

To the average American, a mention of the Indian Wars of the West brings forth thoughts of Custer, Buffalo Bill, and the sight of 1,000 extras in red war paint leaping from a Technicolor cliff—for this is the image of Indian warfare created by the mass media of motion pictures, television,

and the dime novel. Yet, there are, or were, other aspects generally overlooked, but just as interesting, if not more so because of their rarity.

One of these was the 1862 Sioux uprising in Minnesota. Occurring as it did during the Civil War, this comparatively minor series of skirmishes resulted in the diversion of Minnesota troops from the South, presaged the even more bloody battles further west, and brought the great wisdom, tact, and humanity of Abraham Lincoln into play in the field of White-Indian relations. While these are the main points of interest in *The Indian Wars of Minnesota*, they are by no means the only ones. I feel that practically anyone with an interest in western history will find something to interest him in this book.

While most of the background material on this subject has been available, it remained for Dr. Louis Roddis to combine it into one excellent volume. This he has surely done in the 300 or so pages of text and illustrations that constitute *The Indian Wars of Minnesota*.

One of the most interesting sidelights of the whole Indian Wars has been brought out in this volume. This is the fact that the last armed conflict between White and Indian, fought in 1898 at Leech Lake, Minn., was, it turns out, a tactical victory for the Chippewas—of such is the irony of history constructed.

C.M. ROSS B. GRENARD, JR.

Dancing Gods by Erna Ferguson, "Indian Ceremonials of New Mexico and Arizona." 16 halftone illustrations. University of New Mexico Press. Albuquerque. 1958. 276 pp. \$5.00.

"... suddenly I knew how alien I was in that Indian world. It is a separate world. A religion of an idea, of an ideal, is foreign to them. They un-

derstand the earth, they dance their prayers into the earth; and they pray for real things, for the sun, rain, and corn. For growth. For life . . ." *Dancing Gods* is the product of intimate knowledge, ability and a respect for human dignity. This book is a reprint of the scarce 1931 edition. The author, Erna Ferguson, a native of New Mexico, was dedicated to the Southwest, its deserts and seemingly primitive ways.

Dancing Gods is divided into several parts. After a general discussion of the pueblo Indians, the reader is introduced to the mystic ceremonials of the Rio Grande people, Zuni, Hopis, Navajo, and Apache. The author was a self-taught observer, from years of patient watching and waiting come her interesting accounts. Miss Ferguson was undoubtedly a strong willed person; armed with little more than a jug of ice water and a good set of tires on her model "T" car, she probed dozens of hogans and pueblos throughout the Southwest.

The book strongly reflects the 1920s. Here was a curious nation on wheels vacationing away from home—a comparatively new practice. Little is sacred to the inquisitive tourist especially the puberty and snake dances. I enjoyed the author's historical assessment of the Indian's treatment by foreigners. The struggles between Church and State; body vs soul, the growing walls of resistance. In summary it is the tragedy of native American History that so much human effort has come to nought. . . .

By way of criticism, a small map showing tribal relationships would have added immensely to the book. There is an adequate index, but the work has no bibliography. I also felt the need for footnotes since sources are quoted rather freely throughout the book. It is a cinch that on my next trip to "Shiprock Country," I shall

have a copy of *Dancing Gods* tucked under my arm.

DEAN KRAKEL, P.M.

Clarence King, A Biography, by Thurman Wilkins. Macmillan, 1958. 441 pages, photographs. \$7.50.

Clarence King (1842-1901) was born in Newport of an old New England family of China traders. At 21, equipped with a Bachelor of Science degree from Yale and some conveniently influential friends, he went west and found a place in the Whitney geological survey of California. Ecstatically climbing the Sierras, he decided to make geology his life's profession. In the fall of 1864 he was in charge of a small party of surveyors who fixed the boundaries of Yosemite, recently granted to the state as a public recreation ground.

In 1867, when he was only 25, King was made U. S. Geologist in charge of the Geological Exploration of the 40th Parallel, a project which he himself had conceived. Field work on this lasted through 1869; preparation of reports several more years. One part of the report, King's "Systematic Geology" traced the successive upheavals and subsidences of Rocky Mountain ranges and is still the basis for geology teaching about the region.

In 1878, the conflicting survey projects of Powell and Hayden and King were united into one U. S. Geological Survey. King's supporters, including Major Powell, persuaded President Hayes to name King as director. But after getting the work well organized, King resigned in 1879, and for the rest of his life was active all over North America as mining expert, consultant, organizer, broker or director, with additional ventures into cattle-growing and banking.

It was Clarence King who exposed the Great Diamond Hoax of 1872. His superb knowledge of the geography

and geology of all the western mining regions told him that the unrevealed site could be nowhere but Brown's Hole in Colorado. He made a quick winter trip, found the salted diggings, convinced mining men that the gems could not have been put there by nature, and prevented a fake bonanza before it got under way.

King's close, lifetime friends were John Hay and Henry Adams. As raconteur, wit, clubman, art patron, he was at home in the top social circles of England and America. But his ceaseless drive to make a great fortune from mines never succeeded. Late in life he said he regretted having abandoned pure science for money-getting.

At a number of places throughout the biography the author mentions in passing that King admired the coffee-, copper- or old-gold skins of Mexican, Hawaiian, and Cuban girls, that he preferred dark-skinned women, without stating to what lengths this preference may or may not have led him. Then in 1887 King was attracted to a Negro nursery-maid. He went through a marriage ceremony with her under an assumed name and without a marriage certificate, set her up in a big house in Brooklyn and fathered five children in this union, which he only revealed to friends and relatives when he was dying.

Reading the life of the man Henry Adams called "the most remarkable man of our time" gives one the illusion of watching from a favored seat a hurrying parade of half a century of American expansion. But it leaves a feeling of sadness and let-down, that a man of such extraordinary zest, wit, energy and knowledge had frittered away his talents in too many fields and so had fallen short of his possibilities.

The author, Thurman Wilkins, has made good use of his experience as officer in the War Department Records Branch, librarian and college teacher, to produce a full, careful, always

readable biography. A bibliography, notes and index filling the last 85 pages show that he has made no statement he does not have authority for. The impression he gives is that of enthusiastic admiration for his subject tempered by strict adherence to fact.

JULIA LIPSEY

Army Life on the Western Frontier, Selections from the Official Reports made between 1826 and 1845 by Colonel George Croghan, Edited by Francis Paul Prucha, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1958. \$4.00.

If the name of Colonel George Croghan, the hero of Fort Stephenson, is not familiar to you, you should at least read the introduction to this new addition to the Western Frontier Library. Croghan, then a major of the Seventeenth Infantry, commanded Fort Stephenson during the War of 1812. His successful defense of the fort, located at present day Fremont, Ohio, against the British made him a popular hero in a war short of heroes and victories. He was awarded a gold medal by Congress, and celebrations were held on the anniversary day of the battle until 1913.

In 1825 Croghan was appointed an inspector general of the army, and this book is a reprint of some of his reports made from 1826 to 1845. During this period he inspected military forts and installations in the Mississippi valley, then the western frontier. Most of the forts are now vanished or remain as city names, such as Ft. St. Phillip, Ft. Winnebago, Ft. Des Moines and Ft. Smith, but names like Jefferson Barracks and Ft. Leavenworth are still connected with the military.

Croghan would seem to have been an excellent inspector, although the editor reports that his drinking created a problem, and he was always in

financial difficulties. Actually, the book stimulates a desire to know more about Croghan, for an interesting personality emerges from his reports.

The reports themselves are in the nature of curiosities, for they show crude, undermanned forts on the frontier with soldiers mostly concerned with cutting firewood and raising hay at the expense of military preparedness. In this time of astronomical governmental expenditures, the reader will be interested in Croghan's quaint report that the commanding officer of Fort Mackinac rebuilt the fort at a total cost to the government of \$7.50.

WM. H. VAN DUZER, C.M.

Roaring Fork Valley, an account of its settlement and development by Len Shoemaker. Published by Sage Books, 2679 South York St., Denver 10, Colorado, 1958. \$4.00.

By using the Roaring Fork Watershed as his geographical boundaries, Mr. Len Shoemaker has written a comprehensive history of an area and its early settlers. This watershed has its beginning along the high and rugged western slope of Colorado's Sawatch range with the famous mountain passes of Independence, Taylor, Pearl, Schofield and McClure and follows the Roaring Fork River and its two major tributaries, Frying Pan and Crystal rivers, to the junction with the Roaring Fork and Colorado rivers at Glenwood Springs.

The author has organized his material in a chronological order and the first thirty chapters cover every known settlement from the Indian occupation up to the postoffice locations of the present decade. The last three chapters are devoted to the Valley Homesteaders, the U. S. Forest Service Administration and the Origin of Names. Mr. Shoemaker has spent most of his life in this area and many years as an officer of the U. S. Forest

Service, with the result he writes authoritatively and understandingly of his River.

Since Aspen was and is the center of this drainage basin, much of the history is about this town, but there are also many additional facts and stories about the people and towns of Marble, Crystal City, Tourtelotte Park, Satank, Ruedi, Ashcroft and many others. The coming of the railroads, the big snow of 1899, the development of mining and the rise and decline of the coal business are all explained by author Shoemaker. A comprehensive map as end pages for the book, some forty-five pictures, a detailed table of contents, and an index help make the book an outstanding contribution to the history of our state. Every student of Colorado history and most residents of the area will want a copy of this book for their personal libraries.

PM DON L. GRISWOLD
American Murder Ballads and Other Stories, by Olive Wooley Burt. 1958. Oxford University Press. \$5.75.

Mrs. Burt observes in her first chapter that "Murder, like charity, seems to begin at home," and it was at home in her Mormon Utah past that she was first acquainted with the folklore of crime and violence. This collection, the result of her continuing fascination with this kind of folklore, takes a rather motherly approach to murder. The result is thoroughly readable, and the between-the-ballad comments which, along with historical asides, provide accounts of how Mrs. Burt tracked down a particular piece, are frequently as absorbing as the ballad itself.

I found the chapter entitled "For the Love of God," especially its Mormon selections, among the most enjoyable. The overtones of martyrdom in many of these songs, and the fact that words were often set to

religious tunes and meters gave these selections a greater depth and poignancy. The anecdotes here have an added authenticity because Mrs. Burt is in home territory.

Olive Burt has told of heroes
Who were really black with crime;
She's reprinted penny verses
With their sad, uneven rhyme.

Here is innocence accosted;
Here is vengeance next to vice;
But the author spares us stanzas
When a sample will suffice.

Here are massacres a plenty:
Mountain Meadows, Mecker, too;
But the Ludlow isn't mentioned
In among these bloody few.

Here are unrequited lovers;
Here are widows left to mourn,
But among the heartless killers,
What has happened to Tom Horn?

Man is evil, don't forget it;
Man is evil 'ere he's good;
And these ballads will attest it
As few other lessons could.

DEATT HUDSON

New Mexico's Royal Road: Trade and Travel on the Chihuahua Trail, by Max L. Moorhead. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. Maps, illustrations, 234 pages with index. \$4.00.

The next time you go traveling down U. S. Highway 85 between Santa Fe and El Paso, take it easy and enjoy a journey into history and romance. For this highway follows or parallels one of the oldest main roads in the United States, El Camino Real, the Chihuahua Trail, an extension of the American Santa Fe Trail. You may have to leave the new route now and then (but it will be worth while) to visit towns that were old when Americans got New Mexico from Mexico: Algodones, Bernalillo, Alameda, Old Albuquerque, Peralta, Socorro, Val-

verde (almost vanished), and so on to El Paso (once it was Franklin) and Juarez (formerly Guadeloupe and El Paso del Norte). You'll have to cross to the eastern bank of the Rio Grande near San Marcial if you want to follow the old trail traversing El Jornado del Muerto through the Gene Rhodes country and see towns he loved and wrote about: Crocker, Engle, Cutter, Aleman. But this stretch is but a portion of the old trail which in the 1700s (as now) extended down to Chihuahua, the great market place and distributing point of northern Mexico.

New Mexico's Royal Road, a book about the Chihuahua Trail, was prepared by Max L. Moorhead, a professor of history at the University of Oklahoma, as a result of a suggestion from the historian Herbert E. Bolton. Bolton, of the University of California, postulated that "the famous 'Santa Fe trade' of the 19th century was not so much the interchange of goods between Missouri and New Mexico" as it was a commerce between the U.S. and all of northern Mexico. Santa Fe, Taos and Albuquerque and the little towns around them were not populous enough to need, not rich enough to pay for, the tremendous amount of goods that came down the Santa Fe Trail. Santa Fe was port of entry and trans-shipping point for much (perhaps most) of the goods the Americans bought there. The surplus went south, as far as Chihuahua, in American or Mexican wagons or packs.

Dr. Moorhead's book maps the routes of El Camino Real, pinpoints as far as possible the stops on it, describes the trains of wagons and beasts and their masters and military escorts, indicates the difficulties of merchandising and the tremendous profits, describes the blocks governments and crooked governors put in

the way of traders. He has assembled fragments and chunks of information, laboriously collected, into a book so delightful, so valuable that it ought to win some sort of prize.

Dr. Moorhead edited the University of Oklahoma's edition of Josiah Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies*. As a result of study for that editing, he was able to write for his new book also a description of the routes of the Santa Fe Trail from the Missouri River to Santa Fe, a description I enjoyed.

PM JOHN J. LITSEY

South-West Wind, by Max Evans. 8vo, 166 pages, illustrations by the author. The Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas, 1958. Price \$3.50.

This is a collection of twenty-two short stories of which only two have been printed before.

Some of the stories are sordid, some laughable, but all are real down to earth and pay tribute to the author's understanding of the peoples of the prairies and mountains, also the animals of the Southwest.

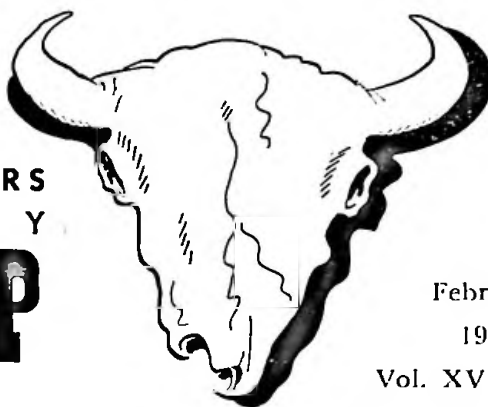
The stories this reviewer liked best were "Old One," "The Blizzard," "White Wind," and "Cowboy on the Green," but one can pick up the book, open it anywhere and find a worthwhile sketch that can be read in a short time.

Mr. Evans, now living in Taos, New Mexico, has been a ranch owner, cowboy, rodeo contestant and an infantryman in World War II, which might account for his knowledge of the part of the country represented by the title.

Produced by a company which has turned out many good books of the Southwest, this is a welcome change from the "Shoot-Em-Up" type so common nowadays.

PM CARL F. MATHEWS

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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COMING PROGRAMS

It is difficult to assure the mailing of one month's Round Up before the next meeting of the Posse. For that reason, the announcement of the next paper has frequently appeared after it has been given. During the rest of this year, therefore, we will also tell you what the second month's program will be.

The March paper will be by George Williams, Corresponding Member of Denver, for ten years a travel representative for the American Automobile Association. He will tell us about the tourist's interest in Colorado history and what is available to him. Exact title not known at the moment.

In April, PM Bob Perkin, of the *Rocky Mountain News*, will dwell on the history of that most ancient and honorable newspaper, itself synonymous with Colorado history.

The cover picture is an artist's conception of the statue of El Marzillo, found in Itza, Yucatan, in 1697 by Dominican friars. El Marzillo, a beautiful stallion, was left by Cortez with the natives, died after a number of years, and was deified by the natives under the name of Tzuinchan, god of the Thunder and the Lightning.

News Notes

PM Charles Ryland is now Chairman of the Golden, Colo., Centennial Committee. Certainly he should have no lack of historical material to work with in that famous place.

PM Bob Perkin is most busy, editing the Centennial Edition of *The Rocky Mountain News*.

Deputy Sheriff Lester Williams, M.D., had a good reason for his absence from our February meeting—that was the night he presented a paper on "Toxic Gases" before the International Association of Fire Chiefs, who were meeting in annual convention in Memphis, Tennessee.

PM Francis Rizzari continues to be in demand for illustrated lectures on ghost towns of Colorado. His latest showing was before M Chapter of P.E.O., in which he had the help of Charles Ryland at the projector. Another showing was scheduled for February 26.

It has been suggested that the Round Up carry a brief review of the Posse meetings. Here is the report of the February meeting, condensed from the minutes. Let us know whether or not you want similar reports in the future. We don't care *what* you say about the idea, but for heaven's sake, say *something*, won't you, please?

The regular fourth-Wednesday meeting of the Denver Posse was held at the Denver Press Club on the evening of February 25, 1959. Sheriff Mazzula presided.

Following the self-introductions by the members of the Posse, and of their guests, some special guests were introduced. W. J. Petty, Park Service Historian of the Fort Laramie National Monument, described briefly what had been accomplished there, and invited visits to that monument. A. S. (Bud)

Gillespie of Laramie spoke of the Western Ranch Tour planned for July 19. The tour will be shorter and over better roads than some in the past and will cover the Virginia Dale area.

Kenny Englert spoke a moment for the Program Committee, stressing that papers should be limited to 45 minutes and should be available for delivery to Editor at the close of the meeting. (Double-spaced, too, please! Ed.)

Englert also introduced the speaker, Merlyn C. Wheeler, Active Posse Member, who spoke on "HORSES AND MEN." The paper proved most interesting, and the usual questions and discussions followed.

Arizona has its Phoenix Posse, California is represented by the Los Angeles Posse, and Wyoming has the group at Laramie. The Kansas City Posse ably takes care of Kansas, and the history of Nebraska and Oklahoma is more nearly akin to Kansas than Colorado. That leaves Utah and New Mexico, among Colorado's close neighbors, without any close Westerner affiliation, and New Mexico, particularly, has an old historical connection with the Centennial State. Shouldn't the Denver Westerners make more of an effort to extend our activities and interests both West and South?

As a step in that direction, we are pleased to present in this issue of the Round Up, a story on one of the items of New Mexico history which is, perhaps, little known outside of the Land of Enchantment. The Montezuma Hotel, which is here ably written up by CM Milton W. Callon, of Las Vegas, N. M., is a fine example of the fabulous resort hotels which were a prominent feature of western tourism before the day of gasoline.

We are always interested in receiving articles from any Westerners, either possemen or corresponding members, wherever they may be located or whatever their interests may be.

At this time, however, we would like to extend a special invitation to our corresponding members in New Mexico and Utah to submit items of historical interest from their own localities, for use in the Round Up as opportunity affords. Any length, but we would particularly like "shorties" from 250 to 800 words, on subjects which are likely to be outside the range of familiarity with a majority of our membership.

BOOK REVIEWS

Gold Country, 1828-1858, by Elma Dill Russell Spencer. The Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas.

This is the story of the three Russell Brothers who made the first significant gold discovery in the Colorado region, and this reader felt the story offered more possibilities that apparently the book's author found.

It begins in 1828 when the Russells were first drawn to gold by discoveries made in their own state of Georgia. Gold in their blood, the three brothers, Green, 30, Levi, 22, and Oliver, 19, went to California, and there stayed for two years. They returned to Georgia with money in their jeans (Green had \$10,000), experience in their lives, and gold in their veins.

They settled down in Georgia. Levi went to medical school with some of his gold money. Green bought a farm. Life was serene. Or would have been but for that fever all three had contracted in California—gold fever.

So when there was indication gold was in the Rockies on Ralston Creek, Green Russell organized a party and

high-tailed it West. The rest of the story is well known: how he led the party that discovered gold west of what is now Denver; how he organized the first little town, naming it after his native town in Georgia, Auraria; how he and his brothers prospered from gold from the Central City area.

Maybe all would have been well but for the Civil War. The men were Southerners, hence Rebels, hence unpopular. So they decided to go back to Georgia. They made it, but their fortunes were badly bent. After the war Levi and Oliver moved to Texas but Green returned to Colorado. The magic touch deserted him. His ranching ventures soured. For several years he had to live on small loans from his friends in the South. So he, too, deserted Colorado, and went back home.

The story, it seems to your reviewer, could be made much more sparkling and interesting, and could be spared all of the obvious touches of fiction which Mrs. Spencer apparently thought were necessary to make it readable. Well, they didn't.

Mrs. Spencer is the granddaughter of a Colorado pioneer, and all her life has been interested in the "Russell boys," she says. She could have made her readers more interested in them with just a little more skill in telling their story.

C.B.R.

The Frontier Mind, A Cultural Analysis of the Kentucky Frontiersman. Arthur K. Moore, the University of Kentucky Press. \$5.00.

Arthur K. Moore is a Kentucky professor who believes the cultural development of the American West was shaped largely by the Kentucky frontiersman—an influence which, in his opinion, had unhappy results.

Continued on Page 16

HORSES AND MEN

MERLIN S. WHEELER

In times now past, the horse has been so closely associated with man that he has appeared in every phase of society, and it is only when his numerous uses are considered that we realize how greatly the human family owes him. The knight of the days of chivalry would have been impossible but for the trusty steed which bore him so gallantly in the lists at the tourney and amidst the deadliest strife of the battle.

Before the plow and at the harrow he has multiplied the production of the earth a hundred-fold beyond what human strength alone could have secured.

Laboring before the loaded wagon, the horse has been a steady drudge for man. Harnessed to the elegant equipage or the humbler cab, or pulling the stage coach along the dusty highway, he has performed a thousand offices indispensable to human comfort and advancement. It is not too much to claim for him that civilization itself would have been shorn of something of its present proportions but for the valuable services rendered by the noble horse.

Look at the exploration of the West, the Indian Wars, Express Riders, the Revolution, the Civil War, anything you want to name before the advent of the Machine Age, and even during the Machine Age—What about the ranching industry today? When old man weather goes on a rampage, who pulls the feed wagons to the hungry stock? Who has a greater chance of

getting through to them? When the stock is to be gathered for market or branding, who brings them in? Why—the horse. Don't you think that he deserves a better place in history than he has? I've been amazed at the lack of details about the individual horses that made such historic names for themselves during the forming of this great West of ours.

There are drawbacks to this too. An ancient proverb of Bagdad states, "For every noble horse that neighs, a hundred asses set up their discord." Who should know that better than I? I have been limping around for the past month, from one of these "noble animals" falling with me.

There is another saying that may fit here—"A good horse can never be of bad color, no matter what his coat."—A Paint fell with me!

Back during the Spanish conquest, when the horse was first making his appearance in the new world, Frey Luis de Granada, the learned Dominican and an ascetic writer, has this passage on the horse in one of his voluminous works—"The horse is a generous animal, well bred and high-spirited. When he leaves the stable, he prances in a way but little fitted to the narrowness of the streets, dancing to one side and the other, arching his neck to show how well he knows the bit. He seems to understand the beauty of his trappings, and that he is obliged to show his spirit and his strength."

The great conquistador, Cortez, was

the owner of a very beautiful and remarkable stallion, named El Marzillo. The great steed became ill and Cortez left him at the Lake of Petin Itza, Yucatan, in the year 1525, stating to the Indians that he would return for his favorite mount within a few weeks. Unfortunately, Cortez never did return to claim his trusty steed.

One hundred and fifty years later, in the year of 1697, several Franciscan monks undertook a journey to conquer Yucatan, or to subdue those tribes that had not been reduced. Upon arriving at Itza, the monks were very disheartened to find pagan idols of all descriptions on each of the many small islands. The good monks took days to destroy and burn the images of Dagon and several other outlandish idols. Their work was completed, except for one small island in the middle of the lake. The temple still remained to be explored on this island and in it was found the image most cherished by the Indians. On a platform there was erected the image of a horse. This horse was about the height of a man and crudely carved from stone. He was seated on his hind quarters, with his forefeet stretched out before him resting on the ground. The position was very unusual for a horse.

The Indians had named their horse God, Tzuinchan, God of the Thunder and the Lightning and had paid reverence to him. Even the friars were amazed and interested. Little by little, they learned the history of the hippomorphous deity which had been carefully preserved. When years ago Cortez had left his horse, the Indians, seeing he was ill, stabled him in a temple to take good care of him. Thinking he was a reasoning animal, they placed before him food as unsuitable for one of his condition as the supposititious almonds and raisins with which Lucius Verres fed his

horse. Maidens all garlanded with flowers tempted the victim with fruits and chickens and all the delicacies they could find. Their efforts were in vain and the poor horse, a reasoning animal in his own fashion, eventually died.

The Indians were terror stricken and fearing that Cortez on his return might take revenge upon them, before they buried El Marzillo carved a crude figure of the horse and placed it in the temple on the island. Of course, the good monks immediately destroyed the idol and with its destruction went one of the great links of the old world with the new and the destiny of the horse.

Moving on up in history, we find that prior to 1859, the following article appeared in an Eastern newspaper.

"Horses are reared in vast numbers by the Indians, among whom it is not uncommon to find a single individual owning 300 or 400 head. Select horses may be bought at prices ranging from 12 to 20 dollars each. These animals are generally stout and hardy, capable of enduring a vast amount of fatigue and are but little inferior in point of size to our 'American Nags.'" Exactly what they meant by "American Nags," I have not quite decided.

White men liked their horses to be bay, gray, or buckskin: At any rate, all of one color. The Indians liked their ponies gay. Imagine what a spectacle a battle between the Sioux and the Crows must have been—with its multitude of pintos, "paints," black-spotted, brown-spotted, red-spotted, so beloved because of their gaudy coloring. Palominos, these lovely horses, taffy colored with cream or golden manes and tails, and palmettos, grays with small black Arab spots on their flanks, mouse blues and buckskins with the black stripe down their backs producing a moving mass of brilliant coloring on the battlefield.

All the horses were daubed with color like their naked riders. Shields, plumed lances and the occasional war bonnet of a chief, added to the magnificent picture.

The Indians ponies also were better trained than the average person might think. Here is one example that bears this out. "Indian horses being driven by Sergeant Pryor, of the Lewis and Clark expedition would immediately pursue the buffalo when they sighted them and run around them. All those that had sufficient speed would head the buffalo and those of less speed would pursue as fast as they could. In order to get through the country, Sergeant Pryor had to ride ahead, scaring away the buffalo, leaving two men to bring on the horses."

A good many fine horses were procured from the Indians. Jim Bridger's noted gray race horse was of Comanche origin. One of Kit Carson's horses was called Apache.

The first animal Kit Carson owned after his long battle with the world, trying to get hooked up with the mountain men, was after he came back from his first trapping tour, on which he went as far as Los Angeles. He rode into Taos on a big red mule with a silver mounted saddle. After spending the summer in Taos, he was broke. Gone were his silver saddle, saddle bags loaded with silver and his red mule.

Colonel Fremont had a gray war horse named Sacramento. The horse never held any fear towards Indians. During an altercation with the Tlamath Indians, Kit Carson was caught off guard. An Indian aimed ready to fire at him. Colonel Fremont's gun was empty. The Colonel spurred Sacramento directly into the Indian and his horse, knocking them over and thus saving Kit Carson.

There has always been some controversy regard the different modes

or styles of riding, all the way back to the knights of chivalry. Not long ago, it was brought to light, when I heard of a young lady who decided to take up horseback riding as a hobby. The sweet young thing went to one of the riding academies in her town and asked the attendant for a horse. The man inquired which style of riding she preferred, English or Western. Puzzled, she asked him the difference between the two. "Western saddles have a horn and the English saddle is without that convenience," was the reply. The sweet young thing replied, "I won't be in traffic, so I'll take the English saddle."

At dawn on September 12, 1848, Francois Xavier Aubrey mounted his Palomino race mare, Dolly, who was to be his first mount for a race from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to Independence, Missouri. There was a bet of \$1,000.00 at stake. It has never been determined whether Dolly was of regulation color with silver mane and tail, or a lowly buckskin.

Little Aubrey (as he was termed because of his extreme smallness) said he could make his trip in 6 days. That meant that he would have to travel an unheard of 140 miles a day. He was to change mounts every 70 miles. The train that was to have his first remount traveled faster than he anticipated. Dolly had to carry Little Aubrey 150 miles in 24 hours before he got to his next remount. Little Aubrey made his remarkable ride from Santa Fe to Independence in 5 days and 16 hours, thereby winning his bet.

Dolly was used by Little Aubrey many other times in races. The bond between man and beast came to an end in 1853 as is recorded in Aubrey's diary.

"This particular exploration trip has been extremely hard and rugged. In addition to all this, we are now on half rations of horse meat. I have the

misfortune to know that we are now eating the flesh of my inestimable mare, Dolly, who had so often, by her speed, saved me from death at the hands of the Indians. Being wounded some days before by the Garroteros, she gave out and we are now subsisting upon her flesh."

During the Civil War, in the fall of 1863, Wild Bill Hickok was sent with dispatches from Springfield to Rolla, in Missouri. About twenty miles out from Rolla, he saw three guerrillas ride into the road from a cross-trail some distance ahead. The three men were well mounted. Wild Bill decided to either kill or capture them. He pressed forward and soon dispatched two of the men, but the third, a very large, heavy man carrying a bundle, was mounted on a magnificent black steed. The horse, in spite of the weight of its rider, fairly flew over the ground. The chase which ensued, was a long and hard one, with Bill urging his mount on relentlessly. The chase finally headed down a steep hill. At a fork of the road Bill saw that the guerrilla would escape if he followed the road in pursuit, so he jumped from his horse and ran down the hill toward the turn, with the guerrilla firing at him. The ball went through Bill's hat. Bill fired back and killed the guerrilla instantly. The bundle, which the guerrilla had been carrying, proved to be about a bushel of Confederate paper money intended to pay off a group of his comrades.

The big horse, released of its burden, bounded lightly up the hill. Bill followed and the horse came to a stop by a fence at the top of the hill. It stood, tossing its head a moment, then turned to look at Bill who was slowly approaching. The horse was a mare, the finest he had ever seen. She seemed perfect and after the terrific exertion, was not blown or exhausted. Bill

mounted her and knew that he had captured a prize beyond any price. He rounded up the other horses and drove them into Rolla. The mare, having been captured, belonged to the Government. Bill had the quartermaster appraise her and paid the \$225.00 fixed as her value and took her. He named her Nell. Under his care and training, she became the wonder horse of the Army in Missouri.

It has not been determined who the person was that printed the following story on Black Nell. The account may not be entirely accurate, but there is a great deal of truth in it.

"A cry and murmur drew my attention to the outside, when I saw Wild Bill riding up the street at a swift gallop. Arriving opposite to the hotel, he swung his right arm around. Black Nell instantly stopped and dropped to the ground. Bill left her there and joined the group on the porch.

'Black Nell hasn't forgot her old tricks,' said one.

'No,' answered the scout. 'God bless her . . . that mare will do anything for me. Won't you Nelly?' The mare winked affirmatively the only eye we could see. 'Wise,' continued her master; 'why, she knows more than a judge. I'll bet the drinks for the party that she'll walk up these steps, into the room, climb on the billiard table and lie down.'"

According to records, she had performed this trick before in Leavenworth.

General Grant's principal battle horse during the three years of the Civil War, when he fought in the west, was a beautiful and capable animal named Jack. He was a silver buckskin that might today have passed for a palomino.

Years later, his son described the horse as follows: "This animal was a cream colored horse, with black eyes, mane and tail of silver white, his

hair gradually becoming darker towards his feet. He was a noble animal, high spirited, very intelligent and an excellent horse in every way. He was a stallion and of considerable value."

One of the prize horses of Colonel William F. Cody, Old Charlie, was 21 years old when the Prince of Wales visited the Wild West Show. Charlie was a half-breed Kentucky horse and the most publicized horse of his time with almost human intelligence.

When Charlie was quite young, Colonel Cody rode him on a hunt for wild horses, which he ran down after a chase of 15 miles. At another time, on a wager of \$500.00, Colonel Cody contended he could ride Old Charlie over the prairie, a hundred miles in 10 hours. Charlie made the distance in 9 hours and 45 minutes. In spite of his age, Charlie was still the star horse of the show. Grand Duke Michael took a fancy to him and rode him in the show on one occasion during the "buffalo chase."

A London newspaper reporter also met Charlie. "I saw Buffalo Bill's horse Charlie, 20 years old (a tame old gee-gee who licked my hand). Mr. Cody had ridden him upwards of 14 years in his campaigns and western exploits. The Colonel rode Charlie at a full gallop when he shot the glass balls tossed by Johnny Baker. When the Colonel rode him at the command performance in England, at Windsor Castle, the horse seemed to sense the importance of the occasion and was at his best, the spectators declared."

In 1888, at the end of an extremely triumphant tour of Britain, the company, enroute to America on the chartered ship, the Persian Monarch, was saddened by the death of Old Charlie. Bill's first impulse was to take the carcass of the old horse home and bury him at North Platte, but he finally decided to give his old pard a

handsome burial at sea. Wrapped in canvas and covered with the American flag, Old Charle was brought on deck while Bill delivered his final farewell:

"Old fellow, your journeys are over . . . Obedient to my call, gladly you bore your burden on, little knowing, little reckoning what the day might bring, shared sorrows and pleasures alike. Willing speed, tireless courage . . . you have never failed me. Ah, Charlie, old fellow, I have had many friends, but few of whom I could say that . . . I loved you as you loved me. Men tell me you have no soul, but if there is a heaven and scouts can enter there, I'll wait at the gate for you, old friend."

Buffalo Bill once rode a mule on a scouting trip with General Custer, and was chided for so doing. The General said that Bill shouldn't ride the mule because the troops were going to move fast and Bill would have to keep up. The surprising thing is that the mule outdistanced the troop and stood the trip better. When Bill was sent back with dispatches through hostile country, he came upon Indians, but saw them before they sighted him. He was going to try and ride around them. The mule upon seeing the Indians let out a very loud bray which was his greeting to everyone they saw on the trail. Bill knew he was a goner for sure, but it seemed that the loud braying of the mule startled the Indians as much as it did him and they took to their heels and ran. A side light on this incident is that Bill never rode any more mules on scouting trips.

General Custer had two favorite mounts. One was named Vic, a Kentucky bred bay horse with white-stockinged feet and a blaze on his head. Vic was ridden on that tragic Sunday on the Little Big Horn in Montana. Dandy, a Kentucky sorrel with two white feet and a star on his forehead,

was the other favored mount of Custer's. He alternated his riding between the two of them. After the death of Custer, Dandy was shipped to Mrs. Custer and Custer's father rode him several times in parades on Memorial Day, the 4th of July and other celebrations.

Vic must have been retrieved from the battlefield at the Little Big Horn and taken north by the Indians to Canada to join Sitting Bull, as there is no trace of him from that time on.

There stands today in the center of the rotunda of the University of Kansas, "Comanche" the most famous horse of the cavalry, who was the only living thing left at the battlefield on the fateful Sunday that I just mentioned. Almost everyone knows how he was immortalized by the army. The amazing thing, though, is how the University happened to get possession of the great horse. There was a disagreement over the agreed \$400.00 fee for Professor Lindsay Dyche, expert taxidermist, to mount this famous animal, the army would not pay it, and the University settled the bill in return for permission to show Comanche at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. Comanche has been at the University ever since.

In looking at pictures of Comanche and our present day hero of the mountain, Elijah, there seems to be a striking resemblance between the two. No offense to anyone, please, but Elijah is a pack horse.

Theodore Roosevelt's first western horse was a buckskin mare which he named Nell. He purchased her because he refused to ride in a buckboard on a hunting trip. This mare was his first physical hold on the Bad Lands.

Although Teddy owned several good horses, it seems that he never had a great favorite. He was a great

horse lover and owned many jumpers which he kept at his home in the East.

One day last summer, I went to the Loveland museum. I was quite amazed to find many great historical items there. The most outstanding collection was that of Louie Papa. His chaps, belt, spurs, saddle and bridle are great reminiscences of the Old West. Louie was the last of the Indian fighters in the Big Thompson country. He was an Indian and a stepson of Mariano Modena, who traded some horses to obtain Louie's mother, who was a squaw. Modena was one of the first settlers in the Big Thompson Valley. He established a trading post named Fort Namaqua in 1859 and later turned the post into a stage coach inn. During the time of the trading post and stage coach inn, Louie rode for men like Lord Dunraven and Frank Barloff. There is a picture of Louie riding in a parade at Loveland on a black horse. Louie died in 1935 and his trappings are loaned to the museum by Fred Hyatt.

A regular cowboy or ranch hand was not generally associated with any one particular horse, unless he worked for one outfit a long time. Usually the outfit furnished the ponies. The boys were not encouraged to own their mounts. The ponies were usually wiry, half-tamed bronchos, and six to ten mounts were provided for every man's use. They, too, like the cattle, were branded with their owner's mark. They were alert and quick to act; trained to brace and hold a taut rope on a fighting, struggling steer. Very often, they formed a dog-like attachment for some particular man. Most of the boys, lonely for affection, which they loudly denied of course, manifested an extravagant attachment for one pony. The cowboy was apt to grow boastful over the accomplishments and abilities of this

pony and to turn a lenient eye on such trifles as bucking, biting and kicking.

The ponies were generally named by the "breaker" and often their titles were suggested by some individual trait or appearance. "Cannon Ball," "Big Enough," "Rattler," "Slippers," "Jesse James," "Monte," "Few Brains," "Apron Face," "Butterbeans," "Lightning," "Julius Caesar," "Pudding Foot," are examples.

Through the years, there have been many cow horses that have been immortalized, mainly because the owner of the horse wanted to show his appreciation of their faithful service. Old Blue was such a cow horse who lived on the Warren Ranch southwest of Cheyenne. Many think that Old Blue was a great race horse or Indian fighter. On the contrary, he was a great ranch house pet and could be trusted with children. The ranch hands liked him because he was an excellent cow horse.

When Old Blue died, his owner wanted to honor the memory of the trusty old horse, so he erected a monument on Highway 85 to Old Blue so that everyone passing could see it.

In 1893, a chestnut colt was driven from Oregon to Wyoming with many other horses, wearing the Bar T Brand. He was sold to the Swan Land and Cattle Company of which John Clay was then the manager. Tom Horn took the chestnut colt, broke him and was amazed at the exceptional ability of the young horse. Sam A. Moore, the foreman of the cattle company took the horse for his personal mount and named him Muggins. Muggins appeared in the first Frontier Days celebration.

In 1911, Mr. Moore passed away and Mrs. Moore kept Muggins for her personal mount. She then gave him to Miss Beatrice Lucas of Wheatland. In 1921, Miss Lucas gave him to

Charlie Camp, who exhibited him for educational purposes. Charlie took him to Long Beach, California, and Muggins' last days were spent in the Los Angeles Stock Yards where he died in 1928 and was buried in a grave 10 feet deep in front of the administration building. Muggins' head is mounted in the hall of the State Museum in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Today, the horse accounts for a good many dollars spent in the entertainment world. Horses are used in rodeos to show their intelligence and elegance and they are used as rough, tough bronchos to dump many an aspiring cow poke in the tan bark.

Such horses as Steamboat and Midnight have been acclaimed as the greatest bucking horses of the century. Almost any rodeo, no matter how big or small, will have a Dynamite, Calico, or Devil, to thrill the spectators with their dynamic bucking.

In parting, I would like to read to you a poem, which exemplifies the companionship which did exist—and will always exist—between man and horse. The poem is called "End O' the Trail," and was written by my neighbor, Guy Parker, 83 years old and one of the few remaining cowboys.

END O' THE TRAIL

Well, Old Timer, guess we're quittin'
We ain't headin' that way now;
Them there things has spelt our finish
Thet there ba'bed wire fence an' plow.

This here trail is all plowed under,
Buried neath that o'er turned sod;
Reckon they's no use to grumble,
It must be the will o' God.

An' that waterin' in the valley,
's all fenced in an' ditched aroun'
Can't camp there tonight, Ol' Timer,
D'ya hear that barkin' houn'?

We're jus' 'has beens' now ol mustang
We're as useless as can be ;
But we done our share, by golly,
'Tamin' down this wild country.

Y'ur Gran'daddy was a bad one,
Wildest stallion on the range;
Them days I was jus' a young'un,
Pardner—they has come some change.

Many summers on these ranges,
Where the sage 'n cactus bloom;

We've been happy 'mongst the long-
horns,
But this progress means our doom.

So we just as well be driftin'
Driftin' on our last, long ride;
F'r they say they's grass an' water,
Over on the other side.

An' the range'll be f'ever
Open, fur as yu' c'n ride;
So we're headin' f'r thet roundup,
Clean across yon' last divide.

“—THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA”

MILTON W. CALLON

Thousands of lines have been written about the wars and violence of the Old West and too few about the ambitions and dreams of the people who came West and built an Empire. The character of these people is best revealed in the stories of the edifices they left behind. Montezuma Hot Springs Hotel furnishes the historian with an outstanding story of the builders of the West.

The mountains west of Las Vegas, New Mexico, are actually the foothills of the Sangre de Cristo Range, and the Gallinas River, flowing down from Hermit Peak, forms the Gallinas Canyon. The mouth of this Canyon faces the east and is six miles west of Las Vegas, New Mexico. The sun shines 300 days a year on this beautiful canyon and as many as 37 hot springs flow from its sloping cliffs. These springs range in temperature from 90 degrees to 140 degrees. The altitude is 6800 ft. and the mouth of the canyon is situated in the same

manner that the Southwesterns build their patios, away from the wind and exposed to the maximum daily quota of sunshine. With all these assets it is easily understood why the wandering Toltecs and later the adventurous Aztecs held yearly communion with the Great Sprit and bathed in the health-giving waters of the hot springs.

From a speech given at the Montezuma Hot Springs Hotel, on the night of April 7, 1882, by Don Miguel Otero, later to become Governor of the Territory of New Mexico from 1897 to 1906, comes the significance of the name—Montezuma.

“The Pecos Indians had a beautiful and pathetic superstition that their mighty but ill-fated Emperor, the glorious Montezuma, disappeared from view amid the clouds of their native mountains, that he promised to return to his adoring people once more, after ages had passed away. With trusting faith . . . they believed

he would come in glory from the East—his face bright and fair as the noon-day sun . . . tonight we hail his coming in the new and splendid—halls of the Montezuma.”

In 1840, an American trader by the name of McDonald secured a government land grant for approximately 3,000 acres surrounding the springs. (No records are available to specify what government gave this grant but the area was not a Territory of the United States until August of 1846.)

Just prior to the coming of the railroad to Las Vegas, N. M., in 1879, a retired freight conductor, W. Scott Moore, bought the Hot Springs property from Mr. McDonald. Mr. Moore built the first hotel there and named it The Old Adobe House. Moore had come from Missouri where he had been a boyhood chum of Jesse James. Mr. James visited The Old Adobe House and Mr. Moore from July 26 through July 29, 1879.

Mr. Moore and his wife were the “board of directors of the Chamber of Commerce” so to speak, in their efforts to advertise the many glowing facets of The Old Adobe House and its hot springs. They finally succeeded in interesting the Santa Fe Railway in the property when it reached Las Vegas on July 4, 1879. Early in 1880 the directors of the railway formed the Las Vegas Hot Springs Company and purchased the entire holdings of W. Scott Moore. A spur line 6.4 miles long was laid from Las Vegas to the Hot Springs and a building program was approved. The first Montezuma Hot Springs Hotel was opened April 7, 1882.

Not too clear a picture is given of the furnishings and building of this first hotel but it was called the finest hostelry west of the Mississippi. Quotes from the Las Vegas Optic testify to the pomp, grandeur and expected future of this new venture.

April 3, 1882: “Mr. Clark D. Frost of St. Louis, Manager of Montezuma Hotel arrived this afternoon with a carload of help. 54 persons in all.”

April 5, 1882: “The first passenger train was run over Santa Fe spur from Las Vegas to the Hot Springs . . . Mr. L. L. Booker of St. Louis has come to act as bookkeeper at The Montezuma Hotel. He will be recognized in social affairs at the Springs . . . Invitations to the grand opening of The Montezuma Hotel will be sent out from the offices of Mr. G. M. Wheeler of Topeka, Kans.”

The most pathetic forecast, in the light of present day conditions, comes from the Editor's column of May 27, 1882: “The future of Las Vegas, New Mexico, as a great city, is very bright, and no other point in New Mexico will compete with her. . . . There must be some place for men of wealth to live, where conveniences and luxuries can be had, and Las Vegas is and will be the place.”

The Montezuma Courier, published for a short time by Geo. W. Price, recorded the first vital statistic on May 8, 1882, the birth of a baby girl to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brewster of Howard, Kans.

Another birth of some note took place a few months later. Capt. Manners, who later succeeded to the title and estate of the Duke of Rutland in England, and his wife were touring the United States and wishing to live in real Western style, they camped out in a large tent on the grounds near the Montezuma Hotel where they took their meals. During this visit Mrs. Manners gave birth to a daughter. This child was an elder sister to the famous beauty and actress, Lady Diana Manners.

The first Montezuma Hotel burned down less than two years later and a second Montezuma Hotel was erect-

ed in its place. This structure covered three acres and contained 300 rooms set on six elevations. Vast wine cellars, card rooms, a dining room seating 500 and a casino for 1,000 people were included. Oak paneling, marble fireplaces, Axminster rugs and imported furniture brought the expenditure to a fantastic figure.

A second fire on the evening of Jan. 8, 1884, was most devastating. The flames were discovered by a colored porter and the manager sent out an alarm for all hotel employees. The fire plugs were opened, but from lack of use and low pressure they were of little help. The Volunteer Fire Department of Las Vegas was called and was on the scene within minutes. Everyone was excited and the fire-fighters were unable to locate any usable plugs. They rushed to the second floor, entered the rooms, broke out windows and began heaving the costly furniture to the ground below. No one bothered to save the aviary and menageries which were considered the finest in the Southwest.

In wandering around the building, someone found the wine cellar. The fire-fighters began to concentrate on saving this stock of liquids. It was jokingly reported that enough liquor was "liquidated" at the scene of the fire to have quenched the blaze if it had been properly applied.

This fire cost the Hot Springs Company \$150,000 over and above their insurance but it did not stop them from rebuilding again. From the ashes arose The Phoenix Hotel* and it was destined to put the other installations

*Although the hotel was actually re-named Phoenix Hotel—I have remained with the name Montezuma Hot Springs Hotel. To those interested in its history, it has never been called The Phoenix Hotel.

to shame in its grandeur. A new site was picked overlooking the old location. It was of Queen Anne architecture and all furnishings were selected from that period. It was built of wood and red sandstone with a slate roof. A million gallon reservoir was hewed out of the rock high above the buildings and filled with run-off water. This installation is still in use providing clear mountain water under high and unvarying pressure.

There were 172 rooms in the main building and 77 rooms in the annex, known as the Mountain House. The main building had an elevator and was the first electrically wired building in New Mexico. The casino was 60 feet by 100 feet, with dance floor and stage; the dining room was 40 feet by 70 feet, and seated 500. The bath houses could provide 1000 baths a day. There were two cottages, a double house called The Hospital and containing 20 rooms, a large stable, power plant, an ice house, a depot and a foreman's cottage.

The rooms were furnished with furniture made of cocobolo, ebony and French walnut. One large fireplace in the lobby, designed and built by a French artisan, extends upward through three floors and is a twin unit in the first and second floors. The one on the first floor faces the lobby and its companion faces into the adjoining waiting room.

Throughout the ownership of the Montezuma Hotel by the Santa Fe Railway, the cuisine was under the direct supervision of Fred Harvey who hired famous chefs from the East to prepare the food. Fresh trout, venison and fowl were always available and fresh vegetables always on the table. The banquets at Montezuma were as famous over the country as were the hot springs.

Among the famous personalities

who visited Montezuma were General Grant, President Rutherford B. Hayes, the Marquis of Lorne, Princess Louise (daughter of Queen Victoria), General William T. Sherman, and many big names in the world of business. It was a social must to have sometime visited the Montezuma Hot Springs Hotel.

This was the hey-day for Las Vegas, New Mexico. This was its finest hour. Numerous testimonials were written concerning the Springs and its fame spread far and wide. This story would not be complete without a rewrite of one of the many glowing testimonials. The following is one printed in the Santa Fe Railway brochure of 1887: Chicago, June 1, 1887

"The uniform climate of Las Vegas, New Mexico, has long been known to exercise a highly favorable influence upon consumption, asthma, and other diseases of the throat and lungs.

"A valuable additional advantage to a large class of invalids is shown to exist, by the recent analysis of the waters of the Hot Springs of Las Vegas, by Professor Haines of Chicago. A comparison of this analysis with those of the most celebrated springs of Europe, justifies the belief that the tide of travel of the "health seekers" will be turned westward and that Las Vegas will soon be ranked with the great health resorts of the world.

James F. Todd, M.D."

But the West was on the move and its builders were looking for broader fields of activity. The Springs could not operate solely for the sparsely settled West and it depended on the railroad to bring their guests. As the Santa Fe moved West it found another beauty spot to capitalize on and built El Tovar at Grand Canyon. New places and different facilities drew away the clientele of Montezu-

ma. With financial conditions worsening over the country and a goodly portion of the rail traffic gone, Montezuma was closed as a health resort in October, 1903.

In 1905 the National Fraternal Association was given the use of the property with a contract to buy but owing to friction within the organization, the Santa Fe took back their holdings and in 1913 deeded the entire property to the Las Vegas Y.M.C.A.

The Santa Fe Magazine of May, 1914, printed an article pertinent to this transaction and a paragraph gives an insight to the hopes and possibilities still within the halls of Montezuma.

"We are told by big men in the medical world that our climatic conditions are perfect for the treatment of the dreaded white plague. Then, besides the sanatorium idea, there has come a deluge of other suggestions since the association has taken over the property. Some say—make it the training quarters for baseball teams of one of the big leagues. With its hot springs, mild spring weather, suitable practice grounds, etc., this is within the range of possibility. Others say make it the permanent headquarters for a big motion picture concern. The buildings, everyone of them, could be utilized for this purpose. We have all that a company of this sort would want, namely maximum sunshine, clear air and unlimited and varied backgrounds. Others, still, are clamoring for the reopening of the springs as a resort. Along this line one of the really feasible schemes is that of establishing an auto station, with hotel accommodations, etc., to take care of the 1915 auto traffic through here to the coast over the Ocean to Ocean highway which passes the property."

However all the grandiose plans

were to fail and the Montezuma passed to the Bible Film Co. and thence to the Baptist College.

From 1914 until 1938, the Catholic Church of Mexico suffered tyrannical persecution under the Governments dictated by Carranza, Calles, Toland and Cardenas. The training of priests in Mexico was next to impossible and in November of 1936 the bishops of the United States met in Washington, D.C., and appointed Bishop Gannon of Erie, Pennsylvania, to head a committee to negotiate the purchase of the Montezuma Hot Springs Hotel. In May, 1937, this committee gave the Baptist Church of New Mexico \$19,000 for the title to approximately 3,000 acres of land and the existing buildings. It thereupon became known as The Pontifical Seminary of our Lady of Guadalupe. Its sole purpose was to educate aspiring students from Mexico in the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church.

Now, with most of the facilities converted to the use and convenience of the Mexican clergy, the once world famous Montezuma Hot Springs Hotel stands as an institution of learning, once again devoted to the communion of souls with The Great Spirit, as the Toltecs and Aztecs had planned it. Perhaps a Mexican priest of Aztec blood will yet arise from the Halls of Montezuma and fulfill the "beautiful and pathetic" Aztec superstition.

Source Material

Souvenir Number of The Lake Shore Visitor-Register, December, 1942.

Personal interviews with Rev. Ignatius Renteria, S.J. and Rev. Luis Medina, A. S.J.

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Personal pamphlet prepared for me by Santa Fe Railway, 1954.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Continued from Page 4

His Kentucky frontiersman, admittedly, is a colorful figure—ingenious, recklessly courageous, self-reliant, good-humored, skillful with rifle, ax, and fists.

But, opines Professor Moore, he also was uncouth, demagogic, anti-intellectual, and completely lacking in those high and noble and heroic qualities of mind and spirit which legend and myth have attributed to him.

The Kentucky frontiersman was the fore-runner of the Western pioneer. Far, however, from founding a new culture based upon the best of civilization of the past, he took what he found in the West, exploited it in a curious form of Christian materialism, and, in fact, "neglected the very foundation of (his) system and allowed the old culture to languish without evolving a valid substitute."

In his eyes, therefore, the West now appears thusly:

"Considered as a stronghold of democracy and rugged individualism, and accordingly a principal formative influence on American society, the West appears in a favorable light; but regarded as virgin land planted to the finest concepts of European liberal thought, it is decidedly less attractive . . .

"The West actually receded culturally and substantially abandoned the rational social, political, and theological bequests of the Enlightenment . . . They (the pioneers) lacked moral and intellectual means to behave independently and yet rationally in a civilized state."

Whether one subscribes to Mr. Moore's thesis is up to the individual viewpoint. Certainly, the theme cannot appeal to the Davy Crockett school of Western hero-worship.

CM BILL BRENNEMAN

Hands Up; or, Twenty Years of Detective Life in the Mountains and on the Plains. Reminiscences by Gen. D. J. Cook. University of Oklahoma Press. \$2.00.

Here is truly an original-source bit of Denver, Colorado, and Rocky Mountain Americana most worthy of reprinting in the University of Oklahoma's excellent "Western Frontier Library."

Cook, who came to Colorado in 1859, was certainly one of the West's most outstanding police officers. He was a city marshal of Denver, chief of police, sheriff of Arapahoe County, and founder of the Rocky Mountain Detective Assn.

The Association, which brought scientific crime detection into the frontier, had a remarkable record of success.

Cook, as its guiding hand, showed all of the courage required to corral fast-drawing thugs of a boom town, but he chose never to give them an even break if he could outwit them. This precaution usually made homicide unnecessary.

And no nonsense about using a six-gun. Cook customarily preferred the awesome and much more deadly (at close range) shotgun.

Whoever wrote the book—and Everett J. DeGolyer, Jr., who underwrote the first edition in 1882 guesses it might have been a Denver newspaperman, Thomas Fulton Dawson—does not hide Cook's lack of humility. Cook had a right to boast.

The character of the man emerges—a courageous and stern peace officer: a man who met fire with fire. One of the rules he offered to young officers: "Never hit a prisoner over the head with your pistol, because you may afterwards want to use your weapon and find it disabled."

The book starts with "The Italian Murders," an account of multiple

homicide effected in October, 1875, at 633 Lawrence St. wherein the anguished cries of the victims, while their throats were being slashed, were muffled by the notes of a harp, strummed by an accomplice.

Lots in this book of historical interest, including notes on the last words or whimpers of several early-day Denver toughies as they danced on the end of a rope in impromptu justice.

CM JOHN M. BUCHANAN

The Cruise of the Portsmouth, 1845-1847 by Joseph T. Downey, Ordinary Seaman, USN. Edited by Howard Lamar. Yale University Library, New Haven, Conn. 1958. 246 pages xxi.

The 20-gun sloop, U.S.S. Portsmouth, one of the last two large sailing ships built for the Navy, left Norfolk, Virginia, in January, 1845, under orders to join the Pacific Squadron. On board, serving as an ordinary seaman, was Joseph T. Downey, who fortunately kept a log in the form of a series of sketches.

Downey's stories of shipboard life are highly entertaining for he was a good yarn spinner. He writes in the style of the period, applying the humor heavily laid on with a deck swab. The life of a sailor was not easy when minor infractions of discipline were punished with 12 strokes of the cat-o-nine-tails. It should be noted, however, that being found drunk on duty was considered a minor infraction. Interesting though these tales of the "old Navy" may be, the significance of the book is in the relation of events after the Portsmouth arrived in California after rounding the Horn and visiting Hawaii.

The Portsmouth was in San Francisco Bay during the Bear Flag Revolt and when Commodore Sloat seized Monterey on July 7, Comman-

der Montgomery, captain of the Portsmouth, established a military government in Yerba Buena (San Francisco). Downey's description of this operation and the subsequent landing party action at the battles of La Mesa and San Gabriel (Los Angeles) are riotous. The contrast between the seaman's view of these stirring events and the official reports is, I understand, great. In his reporting of the battles at La Mesa and San Gabriel, he mentions such historical figures as Kit Carson, Col. Fremont, General Kearny and Commodore Stockton.

This is a handsome book and reads easily and well, due to Joseph Downey's observant eyes and facile pen, but also in large part to the excellent editing and annotation of the editor, Howard Lamar. The "Cruise of the Portsmouth" is of particular interest to anyone concerned with American Naval history or early California history.

PM CHARLES S. RYLAND

Land of Giants, The Drive to the Pacific Northwest 1750-1950, by David Lavender. Edited by Lewis Gannett in his Mainstream of America series. Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York. Copyright 1958. \$5.95.

With a panoramic sweep that is full-circle, and with the detail so skillfully woven into the story that it seems personal, David Lavender has written a history of the Pacific Northwest that will stand as a landmark and a significant contribution to Western history.

Book One gives the international importance of the area as the English and Spanish "seadogs" searched for a northwest passage and struggled with the Russians and Americans for a knowledge of the area.

Book Two—"The Wars of the Beaver Kingdoms"—details the effect of the Lewis and Clark expedition on the thinking of American statesmen together with the struggle for its control by the beaver fur companies. Book Three retells the story of the Oregon Trail with its background of conflict, tragedy, hardships and success. This is a complete presentation of the trek to Oregon with its many facets in the development of the West.

Book Four is entitled "The Pangs of Adjustment" and describes the "tragic squeeze play on the Indians," with their misunderstandings and final subjugation or death. Book Five gives the boom era of the late nineteenth century with the mineral and timber resources being worked for all they are worth. Book Six brings the story to an end and is titled "For these Blessings." Here Mr. Lavender delineates the three major resources of the area in a masterful manner under the headings of, "The Trees," "The Fish" and "The Water."

The book also has an excellent bibliography, a useful index and six maps, one for each of the major divisions.

William O. Douglas has written, "This book beautifully written brings history to life and gives one a sense of participation in moulding the manifest destiny of America."

Coloradoans can be proud of such a masterful writer as David Lavender who was born and educated in our state. His other three histories, *Ben's Fort*, *The Big Divide*, and *One Man's West* are primarily about Colorado, but anyone interested in history will also want to own his latest, *Land of Giants*. Don't fail to read it.

PM DON L. GRISWOLD

The Humor of the American Cowboy by Stan Hoig, illustrated by Nick Eggenhofer. The Caxton

Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. 193 pp. \$5.00.

If one digs down far enough in American history he will usually find that humor was in back of the great movements that built this great nation of ours. Humor was with the first settlers when they landed in New England. Humor surely must have been rampant among the patriots who threw the tea into Boston harbor. And fun and jokes carried our fighting forces to victory through two great world wars.

Thus it is fitting but not surprising—to find that humor played an important part in the life of the American cowboy as he helped to build the west from a wilderness to a vast cattle raising empire.

Because of its nature, the contents of this book are not original, in fact some of the jokes and stories are well worn by their repeated telling, but it is an interesting book for those who appreciate humor and what it has done for our way of life. It shows that the humor of the American cowboy was something vital and genuine; that a healthy sense of humor was as important to the old West as was a pair of six guns.

The lively and well-done illustrations for this book by Nick Eggenhoffer add greatly to the book's interest.

LLOYD F. GORRELL

The Indian Tipi, Its History, Construction, and Use, by Reginald and Gladys Laubin, with a History of the Tipi by Stanley Vestal (Walter S. Campbell). Norman, University of Oklahoma Press. 208 pp. \$3.95.

A book of this type has long been needed, and none could be better qualified to write it than the Laubins. They have lived among the Indians, studying and performing their dances,

learning first-hand of the Indians' way of life, and of their tents. They have made tipis and lived in them. They have done extensive research, and include a long bibliography.

Careful instructions are given for the making and decoration of a tipi. They have also told how it should be furnished and how to live in it.

There are excellent illustrations, both photographs (some in color) and drawings.

Museums which include Indian material welcome this book as do students of Indian lore, and of the West in general. Not only is this a valuable reference, but it is interesting reading even though one is not concerned with the technicalities of tipis and tipi-making.

Stanley Vestal contributed a foreword, as well as writing the chapter on the history of the tipi.

CM LAURA ALLYN EKSTROM

The Red River Settlement, Alexander Ross—1856. Reprinted by Ross and Haines. Minneapolis. 1957.

While the conquest of the American west was and is one of the great epics of empire building, the taming of the Canadian wilderness almost makes it seem an easy task. When one considers that Canada is still pushing back frontiers, and that transportation and local government were not nearly as well developed in the 19th Century as they were in the United States, one can realize the problems which the settlers of western and central Canada had to surmount. In addition, the settlers were not united as one people. They were, rather, English, Scotch, Irish, French, Half-Breed, and Indian. As such, they brought with them all the hatreds and prejudices of both the new and old world, and it would be many years before they would call themselves Canadians.

The story of many of these prob-

lems and how they were overcome is described in *The Red River Settlement*, by Alexander Ross, an excellent description of life in the Red River Valley of Canada during the 1850s. First printed in 1856, and now reprinted by Ross and Haines, it describes factually and without flamboyance the everyday life of the colony. Hardship and triumph, boredom and achievement are all described well by the author of this book.

This book will be of interest to students of upper Midwestern history, and to anyone who wants to know more of the western history of our northern neighbor.

CM ROSS B. GRENARD, JR.

Diamond Six by William Fielding Smith, edited by Garland Roark. Doubleday & Company, New York. 1958. 383 pages. \$4.50.

Diamond Six is a real slice of history. Through the eyes of Kentucky born Wesley Smith unfolds an exciting pageant of the frontier. The book dates from 1844; a disputed Texas is the big setting.

Smith lived as he did, because of the violent whirlpools of circumstances that he was repeatedly swept into. His people were strong in character, intelligent and ambitious. Yet this same stock when aroused became hot tempered, hard fighting, and sometimes uncompromising, but never immoral. So it was when fifteen year old Wesley's father was shot to death by northern land grabbers, he started fighting then . . . and waged a ceaseless war against wrong.

Diamond Six, edited by Garland Roark, has many high points. The portrayal of Texas in the Civil War is extremely well done . . . then, too, there is the human tragedy of reconstruction. The number of gun-fighter showdowns (in which Wesley was always the victor), is almost unbeliev-

able. The book has a tremendous cast of characters. The violent hombres are offset by the lovely and tender Margaret, Wesley's devoted wife and her wise mother. Out of all this history came a terribly proud family and a big ranch—The Diamond Six.

The biography is recorded for posterity because of the untiring efforts of William Fielding Smith, Grandson of Wesley and son of "Bubba." Since the story is authentic a few family pictures would have added to the book. I heartily recommend the *Diamond Six* as superior reading.

PM DEAN KRAKEL

Tale of Valor by Vardis Fisher. Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, New York, 1958. \$4.95.

This book is aptly named—it is truly a tale of valor—of men who are tried beyond the limits of human endurance and still manage to survive.

The story begins when Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, two indomitable captains, lead some 40-odd men up the sluggish, yellow Missouri to its headwaters in the unexplored Rockies. From there they hacked their way through the forbidding mountains to the Columbia River and finally to the Pacific Ocean. Even there they had no respite from their difficulties as they missed meeting the ship which was to bring them additional supplies.

Their journey took them through 4000 miles of trackless wilderness facing the inevitable threats of starvation, hostile Indians, grizzly bears, illness, and two winters' exposure to snow, wind and extreme cold.

The bravery and dignity of Sacajawea is admirably handled. If Lewis and Clark are portrayed almost as supermen, this reviewer will not argue. They *were* supermen to lead this band of men through almost insurmountable difficulties and return with

only one man missing. It's a real tribute and argument for strict military discipline without which these men could not have survived.

The one discordant note was the way the men apparently had energy and spirit enough to dance and caper about the campfire at night after working themselves into exhaustion in the daytime. Evidently the author got this information from the journals of the two leaders. But it seems a little incredible.

Recommended for the armchair reader who wants to relive a harrowing experience about some of the people who made America great.

CM MARIAN TALMADGE

Indian Territory by W. S. Prettyman.
Edited by Robert E. Cunningham.
University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma. Illustrated.

This book will be a welcome addition to the historian's library. It includes about fifty pages of text, the balance of the volume showing the photographs of W. S. Prettyman, a young photographer who was apprenticed to the Civil War photographer I. H. Bonsall. Had Prettyman lived today, he would have certainly been a news photographer since his photographs not only display an historical sense, but an appreciation of the dramatic.

Cunningham's text follows Prettyman on his western travels through the Indian country of Oklahoma, and for a brief time with the U. S. Army during the Apache campaign of the southwest. The early day history of Oklahoma also gives a great deal of meaning to the illustrations.

In the foreword, Cunningham states he has examined more than ten thousand glass negatives from the work of more than fifty photographers and chose the pictures of Prettyman be-

cause of his excellent work in photographing groups of Indians as well as individuals of the Oklahoma tribes. However, he also includes a picture of two Sioux chiefs and credits the studio shot to D. F. Berry of Bismark, North Dakota. Mr. Cunningham also states that it was exceedingly difficult to identify some of the individuals in the photographs. Where the individuals are not named, the types, costumes and scenic backgrounds in the picture are of certain interest to the historian and should be valuable to the writers of historical fiction. There is no excuse for Hollywood or TV programs to make so many glaring mistakes in the clothing and equipment of the period when such source material is available in books of this kind.

The excellent pictures of the Oklahoma land openings are historical gems with amazing action portrayed before the days of fast film and lenses. Pictures of the "rush" which took place on Sept. 16, 1893, are reminiscent of the Edna Ferber novel and motion picture "Cimarron," which was filmed with modern equipment, but Prettyman had only the old-style camera with its glass plates.

In conclusion, I would like to quote Cunningham's remarks on the significance of this book's photographs:

"... for here was the crisp truth of the past, unchangeable by time or the retelling from faulty memory. Here were no artists' conceptions sketched after the event or shaped for composition; here no individual impression but actual pictures of the people and places exactly as the photographers found them. The West is older than the photographer, but this phase of the West was born as the camera watched."

Cunningham is a photographer and a collector of negatives and plates.

He has produced an exciting and excellent work, one which all western history fans will want to own.

CM CASEY E. BARTHELMESS

The Mescalero Apaches by C. L. Sonnichsen. 22 illustrations, 2 maps, bibliography, index. University of Oklahoma Press: Norman. 302 pages. \$5.75.

In this the latest of his many good books, C. L. Sonnichsen has woven a hard-hitting narrative. His study is the result of ten years diligent research, writing and rewriting.

The story of the Eastern Apaches is a brutally sad tale. These people of the New Mexico badlands were always extreme and cutting. Their distrust of white men stemmed from feudal treatment received at the hands of the gold-hunting Spaniards. Gradually hatred of all pale faces became the core of their Lapland-like existence. Sonnichsen's book is a study in treason and conflict, punctuated by uneasy interludes of peace. A Mescalero could engage his enemy in skirmish at dawn, whip a frothing horse for sixty or more miles, then slit the same animal's throat for a raw feast; all before the chill of night. If there is a climax to this work it is in the Indian's last stand. I chuckled as the last of the renegade holdouts, led by Chief Victorio, a great tactician, eluded the hard-riding Bluecoats on one of history's deadliest goosechases. The man power odds were stacked against the Redmen at something like 10 to 1. The trail to defeat was long and bloody. However as the year 1886 waned, they had become an exhausted people . . . trying to give up.

Through the pages of this well-documented book file a multitude of characters, both historic and modern. Some meant to do well, others were ruthless, many of them were utterly incapable of understanding the prob-

lems at hand. The Mescaleros have fought an uphill battle since captivity. Complete independence and first class citizenship is the ultimate goal. It is ironical that it took a national depression and a global war to straighten out their crooked road. They have a long way to go.

This is the fifty-first book in the University of Oklahoma Press's fine American Indian Series. In the *Mescalero Apaches* the author has made a durable contribution to the literature of the Great Southwest.

PM DEAN KRAKEL

Chancellorsville, Lee's Greatest Battle, by Edward J. Stackpole. The Stackpole Company, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. 1958. \$5.75.

While Chivington, the Colorado Volunteers, et al, were rudely ending the Confederate dreams of conquest of the west, and sending Sibley and his Texans back to Texas via the Jornada del Muerte after Glorietta, we should remember that in the east the followers of the Old Flag knew defeat better than victory. In this volume, General Stackpole has presented in most absorbing and complete fashion the tragedy of one of the major battles of the War of the Rebellion. His books on Gettysburg and Fredericksburg are excellent, but *Chancellorsville* surpasses these.

This battle contains elements not often invented even by fiction writers, and the author has taken these facts and presented them so well that in spite of knowing the outcome, the reader hopes that things may work out differently. The hard-drinking, hard-fighting Hooker, who maneuvered himself into command, but faced his work with honest appreciation of Lincoln's stern criticism and advice; his brilliant tactics that should have crushed Lee; Lee's generalship and luck that completely turned the

tables, yet failed to give him the complete victory he should have had; Hooker, mesmerized by Lee, unfortunately cold sober, and unable to take advantage of his many chances of victory; the gallant Union army, never given an opportunity to fight as it could fight; the near mutiny of the Union generals who wanted desperately to save the day; and finally, the fiasco that cost Lee his "right arm," Jackson.

Maps of battles often confuse the reader by breaking his train of thought to refer to the appendix. This book contains thirty maps, and they are so well drawn and placed that the reader follows all movements with ease. Photographs and old drawings make the reader so familiar with the people and places that he feels he is a part of it.

As a military man, General Stackpole is able to present a military situation with command of his subject, and to analyze the situations so that the reader knows what is going on and why. As a writer, he presents it with life and color that holds the interest to the very end. It is to be hoped that his series will include more of the battles and campaigns of our own Civil War.

CM WM. H. VAN DUZER

We are glad of this opportunity to use one or two more of the letters of John J. Vandemoer, which formed the lead article in the January, 1959, Round Up. As we then stated, we confined our attention largely to Leadville in that issue, so these extracts from 1878 correspondence from Black Hawk and Central City will serve to somewhat round out our presentation of the Vandemoer paper. It, of course, was prepared by Don Bloch and Herb Vandemoer, the latter being a son of the letter writer, and was

presented jointly by them at the January meeting of the Denver Posse.

Black Hawk, Colorado
January 28th, 1878

... Leaving Golden about 4 o'clock P.M., we were soon whirling up the beautiful Clear Creek Canon, and at about 7 o'clock reached this, the great milling town of Colorado. Just before reaching the depot, the train passed the immense establishment of Prof. Hill, and the fiery tongues shooting up from their numerous chimneys showed that all was life within, notwithstanding the usual working hours were past, and the dark veil of night covered the gulches leading up toward the mines, whose products keep these and other mills at work, day and night, without cessation. Twenty-eight thousand dollars worth of bullion was shipped during the last week, from Prof. Hill's works alone, of which I saw a report.

Though Central and Black Hawk can almost be called one town, as there are no distinct boundaries to be seen when walking up the gulch from one to the other, or no intervals in the long line of dwellings, some of which are the traditional miners log cabins, others tastefully built frame houses. There are two different corporations, however, and a good deal of jealousy exists between the two places, though Central City has the advantages of finer buildings, and a number of banks, which Black Hawk does not possess.

This town may be called the great milling and central mining town of the State, though some largely producing mines are situated in the limits of the former town.

All through the day and night, heavily loaded ore-teams are coming down the different gulches to the mills, often creating a good deal of dust. It may seem strange to your

readers, that at an elevation of 8000 feet, at this season of the year, when you probably have your streets full of snow, the roads here are dusty, but yet it is a fact; and during the day, the weather is warm enough to go around without an overcoat. On the slopes of some of the surrounding hills, lies a little snow left from the last snow storm, but it is only where the sun does not shine with its whole force that such is the case. In summer time the streets are sprinkled with hoses attached to pipes running through both towns. The water for this and fire purposes in Central, until a few days ago, was supplied from the Gunnell mine, but now this mine has stopped pumping, and people have had to fall back on some springs not far from there, but which can by no means supply a sufficient amount.

The Bobtail Tunnel here is laying pipes from their mine to their mill nearly half a mile down the gulch to use their water in treating their ores; while another pipe is laid alongside of the water-pipe, to carry steam from the mill to the mine to run the pumps and steam drills.

The water question, both for drinking and for milling purposes, is an important one. The drinking water has to be brought around by carts and kept in barrels in the houses, while all of the natural advantages are at hand to put water in every house in this town and also in Central City. It is a wonder to me that some prominent citizens do not take the matter in hand, and by forming a strong company, take hold of this enterprise, undoubtedly to realize large dividends, and at the same time benefit their town.

Besides the life on the streets in connection with the mills and mines, a good deal of work is being done by the Colorado Central Railroad Company, in constructing their railroad

from here to Central, between which points there is a very steep grade. A fine iron bridge is now in course of construction over two of the principal business streets of this town, to cost about \$6,000. The bridge proper is made by the American Bridge Company, of Chicago. . . .

Though this is the dulllest season of the year almost everywhere, there is very little complaint on the part of the business men of Black Hawk, and this spring matters are expected to be more lively than ever in Gilpin County—the great bullion producing county of Colorado.

John J. Vandemoer
Central City

January 30, 1878

. . . Once more I find myself in this, the great gold-mining camp of Colorado where, though it is in mid-winter, the roads are dusty, and business, in general, about as brisk as ever.

The longer I stay in Colorado, the more I am pleased with the delightful climate, even in winter, and so high up in the mountains, a climate which gives restored health to so many who come here from all parts of the country . . .

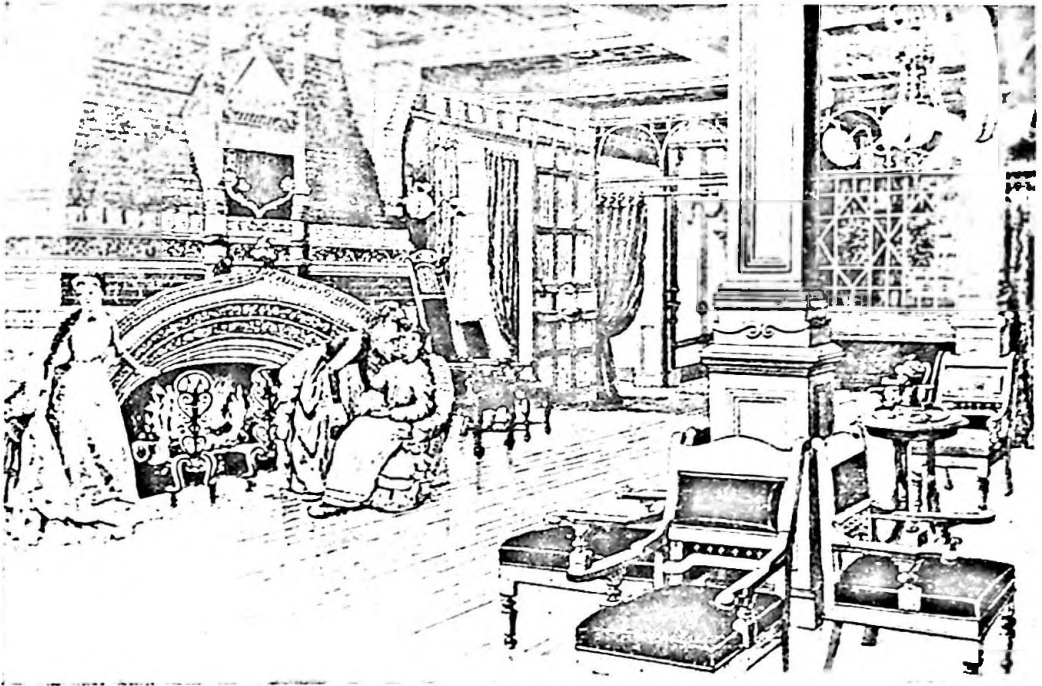
The town is built up, to a great extent, of brick; and some of the buildings would do credit to any street in New York. The principal building is the immense Teller House, a hotel with about 150 rooms, and which is in every respect first-class. The two national banks, which do a large business, are elegantly furnished, and altogether there is an appearance of general prosperity in Central, which I have not found in any other mining camp. Undoubtedly, before many years, there will be other towns like this in the State, but which, until now, have been left without the benefit of preliminary capital such as this town has had.

John J. Vandemoer

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
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C. M. Callon Collection

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COMING PROGRAMS

P. M. Bob Perkin's talk on the Rocky Mountain News at the April meeting will, we blushinglly confess, be history by the time this issue of the Round Up reaches you. We will report it in full in the April Round Up (we hope).

The paper for the meeting of May 27 will be by Posseman Numa James, whose subject, we are told, will be "Early Colorado Churches," or words to that effect. There is a lot of history in our old churches, and Numa is working hard to dig it out.

C. M. Milton W. Callon's report on the old New Mexico resort hotel, the Montezuma, published in the February Round Up, deserved a cover picture, but unfortunately we only have one picture per issue. So we are using this month a picture of the typically Victorian "ladies' parlor" of the third Montezuma, officially at that time named the Phoenix Hotel.

News Notes

The regular fourth-Wednesday meeting of the Denver Posse of The Westerners was held at the Denver Press Club on the evening of March 25, 1959. Sheriff Mazzula presided.

It was a very bad night, weather-wise, but the attendance was between thirty and thirty-five for dinner. It was so bad, in fact, that the Colorado Springs contingent, three in number, found it impossible to get home and were taken care of, in the tradition of the Old West, by your Sheriff and his good wife, Jo.

L. T. Sigstad, of Denver, was elected to active membership in the Denver Posse.

The paper of the evening was given by George Wilson, dealt with "Colorado History for the Tourist", and is printed in this issue of the Round Up. His talk was followed by the showing of some very good slides of Colorado scenes, which the members present had a very good time identifying, with the exception of a few which had everyone but the speaker at a loss to name.

Since the announcement in our January issue of P. M. Alan Swallow's election to the Western Writers of America, and our remark that Forbes Parkhill is also a member, we have learned that we most inexcusably failed to note that our veteran P. M. "Doc" Collins and Armand W. Reeder are also members of that organization. We are certain there are others, both active and corresponding members of the Denver Posse who are also in that select group. Will those who are, please step forward, either in person or by mail, so we may give them due credit and save ourselves embarrassment?

A recent issue of the "Identification News" reports that P. M. Carl Mathews, of Colorado Springs, has been a member of the International Association for Identification for forty years in February of this year. Mathews retired a few years ago as head of the Identification Bureau of the Colorado Springs Police Department, where he had served since about 1913.

P. M. Francis Rizzari keeps up his activity in "Ghost Town-ing", with three illustrated talks in April.

P. M. Alan Swallow, publisher under the imprint of Sage Books, has had two of his books selected for the eighteenth Western Books exhibition by the Rounce & Coffin Club, of California. This is the organization which selects the best books of each year, on the basis of typography, manufactured in the Western States. The books will tour most Western libraries on exhibition.

The two books were these:

THE BUFFALO HARVEST by Frank H. Mayer and Charles B. Roth. Designed by Alan Swallow; printing and binding by Johnson Publishing Co. of Boulder.

PHANTASIES OF A PRISONER by Lowell Naeve. Designed by Frank Lieverman of Woodstock, Vt. Printed by Kistlers of Denver. Binding by Johnson Publishing Co. of Boulder.

Incidentally, the first book manufactured in Colorado ever to receive this award was the 1955 WESTERNERS BRAND BOOK which Swallow designed and edited in 1956. So far as known, also, these are the only Colorado books so honored.

Johnson Publishing Company produced the prize winning 1955 Brand Book, as well as the 1953-1954 and 1956 volumes, and have printed the Round Up for several years.

Charles B. Roth, of course, is our veteran posseman, and the oldest members of the Posse well remember a very early meeting at which the real "old timer" Frank Mayer spoke of his experiences as a buffalo hunter, among many other tales.

In some way which he has not yet divulged, our combination Round Up Foreman and Tally Man, Erl Ellis, secured four issues of THE ARROW, the bulletin of The Westerners French Corral. He enlisted the services of one of his secretaries who came up with smooth translations of them. From them, we have a good idea of the activities of our French *compadres*, which evidently consist largely of actually doing the things Western which we in the West usually content ourselves in talking about.

Instead of research and papers, the French Corral seems to be devoted to clubs of various sorts; riding, square dancing, roping (including the difficult art of "popping" the bull-whip), and Indian dancing, as well as special showings of "Westerns" in the "cine-club". They have a "Social Headquarters" and, we gather, a good time along with their Western activities. Their bulletin reports numerous instances of public exhibitions of their various arts of the American West, which evidently meet with popular approval.

It is interesting to note that they are properly critical of some of the Western movies they see, even though they are chosen with care. Probably just as well they don't see some of our TV productions along that line.

We wish them success and assure them of our good wishes.

The address of their "Social Headquarters": Monsieur G. Chen, 26 Clisson Street, Paris 13, if anyone desires to get in touch with them.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Bloody Trails Along the Rio Grande "The Diary of Alonzo Ferdinand Ickis (1836-1917)." by Dr. Nolie Mumey (Editor). Frontispiece, index, folding map, 123 pages. Edition limited to 500 untrimmed copies. Old West Publishing Company, Fred A. Rosenstock: Denver, 1958. Price \$10.00.

Alonzo F. Ickis was an 1861 version of the modern "GI Joe," in all respects except one—unlike most soldiers, he kept a diary. His story is not of a size to carry a reader through a winter's cold snap, however, it offers opportunity for study and is refreshingly original.

Ickis and his brother, Jonathan picked about the gold fields of the Pikes Peak region for two years before the Civil War commenced. Then Alonzo joined Company B of the Colorado Volunteer Regiment at Canon City. The first few months of the diary are of great interest because they relate to Colorado, military life and the New Mexico campaign of the Civil War. January of 1862 saw Ickis and his ninety Colorado compatriots in the Army commanded by Colonel Edward R. S. Canby. The troops were stationed at Santa Fe ready to move against the Confederates under Brigadier General H. H. Sibley. The mission of the Union men at this precise minute in history was to defend forts and passes. The hot fight Company B participated in is recorded as the Battle of Valverde. While the rebels won the engagement, they suffered disastrous material losses. These troops salvaged only five days rations! The decisive struggles were to come. In short, this was the beginning of the end for the Old South in the New West.

Continued on page 7

COLORADO HISTORY FOR THE TOURIST

GEORGE R. WILSON

For this group of history enthusiasts I have shocking news — the average American tourist does not care a damn about history. I learned this fact during many years of dealing with the tourists as a travel director at the AAA Club here in Denver. Denver is one of the tourist centers in America. We had visitors from all over the world, from every walk of life and they asked questions about every subject pertaining to travel. There were very few questions about history. This indifference to a subject so close to us is not limited to tourists.

Many years ago I read that there were still signs of the Indian tepee rings in Rocky Mountain National Park. That aroused my interest in the Indians of the region. So one cold day in February I went to Estes Park to talk to a Park Ranger. When I told him of my interest in the Indians he shocked me by saying "I don't know anything about the Indians and don't care a damn about what happened here years ago." You might say that is a strange attitude for a Park Ranger who talks to visitors all summer. Yes, it is an extreme case.

In this room are many engaged in writing, publishing, or selling books on Western history. You say there is a great interest in the subject and you sell more books now than ever before. But remember that the tourist who buys the history books is the other end of the extreme. The book stores receive a small trickle of the

thousands of people who pass through Colorado in a year.

So let's look at the tourist and see what he is interested in. The common error in planning a vacation is planning too much both in activities and mileage. Often you can see out of state cars stop for the traffic light at Colfax and Broadway, and out of the window a youngster will poke a camera at the capitol building or the Pioneer Monument. They don't have time to stop. They have to keep moving if they are going to make 750 miles today.

It was a common occurrence for people to ask, "what is there to see around Denver?" Before I made any suggestions I would ask "How much time do you have?" and they would say, "Oh, all afternoon." All of this points up the fact that most people are in a hurry. It is difficult to absorb history in a hurry. Fortunately we do have institutions that present history in attractive and interesting forms. I mean our museums. But here we tread on dangerous ground. I found that it took some selling to get people to visit a museum here because they have seen poor exhibits in other places. They are thinking of out-of-date museums that are of no interest to anyone except a scholar of history.

I say people look down their noses when I mention the Denver Museum at City Park—one of the finest of its kind in America. I visited the Mu-

scum of Natural History in New York City. The new part of it has wonderful exhibits on Africa and Alaska but in the same museum I saw the old type of exhibit. There were five bears in a glass case, no background, poorly lighted, just five bears stiffly mounted and standing side by side. That type of exhibit, along with old clothes in dusty cases, labelled with faded typed cards, is now out of date. But how can we tell our visitors that we have up to date museums with eye appeal. It takes a selling job.

So what are the tourists interested in? Oddly enough the things he is interested in have a rich historical background.

I learned that there are three Colorado places well known in the East. They are Pikes Peak, the Royal Gorge and Estes Park. In the last ten years three others have been coming into prominence—the Park of the Red Rocks, Mt. Evans and Mesa Verde National Park.

Let's examine the first three famous places:

Pikes Peak — If we consider this name from a purely historical point of view we must determine which Pikes Peak we are talking about, for there are two Pikes Peaks in America. You might say that it is not unusual to have a duplication of names in a country with so many mountains, but the other Pikes Peak is not in a mountainous state. It is in Iowa. When Pike explored the Mississippi River he visited a bluff in what is now north-eastern Iowa. It is now a State Park called Pikes Peak.

The visitor is interested in our Pikes Peak because there is something he can do about it. The cog railroad to the summit is an unusual means of transportation. It is a fun ride. The highway is a challenge. He likes to see how the family car will do on the road made famous by the Pikes Peak

Auto Races. He likes to tell his neighbors when he gets home that he was over 14,000 feet above sea level and still kept his feet on the ground. Or perhaps experience a snow storm in July.

But if we look at it historically, the Iowa Pikes Peak has more of a connection with Pike. He was there, whereas he tried to climb our mountain and failed. He did not name it for himself. As for Dr. James leading the first party to the top; the visitors say "So what? Someone had to make the first ascent."

Advertising has made our Pikes Peak famous. The Colorado Springs Chamber of Commerce spends a lot of money for promotion of the area, and I sometimes wonder if it is not over advertised. I am thinking of the tourist with a subtle sense of humor who came in the office. He had read the literature and said he had been up Pikes Peak by cog road and down by bus on the highway, which I think is the best way to see the Peak. He said he had looked all day but never saw any evidence of the machinery. I bit and said "What machinery." He said, "The machinery with which the Chamber of Commerce built Pikes Peak." Tourists are surprised when told that although Pikes Peak is the most famous mountain in America, it ranks only thirty-second in altitude in Colorado.

The next famous point is the Royal Gorge. The Rio Grande Railroad spends a lot of money advertising its route through the gorge, but it is not the deepest canyon in Colorado. The Black Canyon of the Gunnison is deeper and so is the Yampa Canyon in Dinosaur National Monument. The Royal Gorge does have one of those superlatives that are so popular with the American people. It has the world's highest bridge. Here again is something the tourist can enjoy, he

can stand on the high bridge. Then tell his friends back home that New York has the world's tallest building but he was standing on a bridge where the distance from his feet to the roaring river below was so great that you could slide the Empire State building right under him.

The souvenir store there sells Japanese salt and pepper shakers made like chipmunks or he can buy 17th street Indian dolls but he won't find much about the history of the area. He won't know that Zebulon Pike was also in that locality or that there was almost a shooting war between two railroads for the right-of-way through the gorge.

Now Estes Park. People have told me they wanted to go over the Trail Ridge Road in Estes Park. That is impossible because Estes Park is the flat area on the Big Thompson River, in which the town by that name grew up. What they mean is Rocky Mountain National Park. The Trail Ridge Road was at one time called America's most scenic highway by the National Geographic Society. People from all over the world enjoy its wonderful scenery but they don't know that it gets its name from the fact that it roughly follows the Indian trail over the ridge or continental divide. There is a sign near the highest point that points out the Never Summer Range which is the English translation of the Indian *Nicheebeeche-Nokhu*. The tourist might be interested in the fact that when the road was built and covered with blacktop it was smooth. But from time to time little rolly-coaster dips appear in it above timberline. There is a strong suspicion that there is ice under the tundra and as it melts it lets the road sink. There are some spots that have been filled in so many times that the blacktop must be about five feet thick by now.

This getting the wrong names on things is common. People say they are going to drive through Arapaho National Park when they mean Arapaho National Forest. You never want to call a Forest Ranger a Park Ranger or vice versa. Their duties are different and they represent different government agencies. We also have the unfortunate name National Monument applied to some of our best scenery. When I found people going to Salt Lake City on highway U.S. 6 through Grand Junction, I always urged them to make the side trip to Colorado National Monument. They usually said they were not interested in monuments until I explained what it was. Most people think of a monument as a slab of granite faced with a bronze tablet telling of some historical name or event and they won't drive out of their way to see one.

There is enough information in the name Great Sand Dunes National Monument to tell you what is there to see. The Black Canyon of the Gunnison National Monument mentions a canyon. But poor Colorado National Monument loses visitors because of the name. I would like to see the name changed.

The future of history for the tourist is bright because now there are more people on pensions and retirement plans, also, the modern highways and easy riding cars makes travel easier. We know that it is the older people who take more time to see historical things. They take the time to absorb some of our fascinating history.

George R. Wilson

BOOK REVIEWS

Continued from page 4

Ickis writes in an uncorrupted style. His youth easily carried him through the perils of soldiering on the frontier. While veterans were prone to relax or soak their feet after a day in

the field, evening often found Alonzo and his companions in a nearby Mexican town. He noted in his diary the general laxness of moral codes in this or that place and that there was hard drinking, brawling, and fraternizing with local "mujeres y señoritas." These men were like men in any war . . .

The book contains additional material on persons (e.g. Kit Carson) and places (e.g., Fort Garland). These accounts with the splendid editing by Dr. Mumey make for unusual readability. The Ickis Diary is undoubtedly the most significant regional Civil War find in several years. In bringing this diary into print, the Old West Publishing Company has made a timely contribution since Colorado is in her Rush to the Rockies Centennial . . . Also the War of the Rebellions' hundredth anniversary is just around the corner.

This fine addition to Mumeyana is nicely manufactured: strong binding, quality paper, excellent typography and nice format. The diary entry dates are printed in red. *Bloody Trails to the Rio Grande* is destined for prominence.

DEAN KRAKEL, P.M.

Journey Through the Rocky Mountains and the Humboldt Mountains to the Pacific Ocean by Jacob H. Schiel, translated and edited by Thomas N. Bonner, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1959, \$3.75.

This is one of the American Travel and Exploration Series on which the University of Oklahoma Press has been busy for several years, and while it is perhaps a significant addition it is hardly an exciting one, because the author, a German geologist and amateur physician, takes a dim view of everything he see.

In a way the book is a discovery. Only three copies were known to be in America, all in German, before Editor Thomas N. Bonner, who accidentally came across a copy in Germany, set to work to translate it.

Schiel was selected as surgeon, no one knows why because he was ill fitted for it, to accompany the ill-fated Gunnison Expedition which set out in 1853 from Westport, Missouri, to explore the possibilities of a railroad route to the Pacific.

The story of how Gunnison and his party got theirs at the hands of Indians in Utah and lost seven men in addition to their leader is well known. It's likely that Schiel would have been number nine, except for the bum horse he was riding. The horse played out, dropped dead, and there was Schiel, sitting on a dead horse in the middle of the desert. The others went on.

So philisophically, with Germanic thoroughness, he loaded all his gear on his own back and traipsed back to camp. Those who went on, with the exception of a couple of men, were all killed.

Schiel writes laboriously and at times his story is more soporific than anything else. Its chief virtue is that it didn't inspire many of his countrymen to leave Germany and flock West. He detested the plains, he found the mountains too rugged, and he saw nothing in the desert but moroseness.

Mr. Bonner has done what seems to be a painstaking editing job, correcting the numerous Schiel errors in spelling, and the bookmakers of the University of Oklahoma have produced another of their beautifully conceived and printed editions which is a credit to the graphic arts.

P. M. CHARLES B. ROTH

If Cows Could Talk by May Neatherlin, 8 vo, 148 pages; The Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas, 1958. Price \$3.50.

This is a whimsical tale, supposedly the thoughts of a calf from birth to two years of age, written by a woman whose meditations have been fostered by some thirty-five years of life on a New Mexico ranch.

Through thirteen chapters the reader is led step by step along those eventful two years of "Postcard's" life, and shares the experiences supposedly impressed upon the alert and growing calf.

Many of the antics of the playful calves can be duplicated in any herd, and Mrs. Neatherlin has no doubt watched dozens of the youngsters go through just the performances she credits to the little ones.

One can particularly sense her cattle know-how in the chapters of "The Stampede," and "The Blizzard." As your reviewer was born in an area where spring blizzards were to be expected (and some of them were whing-dings), he is able to appreciate her version of the one which the calf experienced.

This is Mrs. Neatherlin's second book, the other, laid in very much the same locality, having been "House of The Rancher," published in 1955.

P. M. CARL F. MATTHEWS

California Editor by Thomas M. Storke, in collaboration with Walter A. Tompkins. Foreword by Chief Justice Earl Warren. Los Angeles: Westernlore Press, 1958. 489 pp. \$6.75.

"California Editor" is specifically a regional book, the eighty-two-year development of the city of Santa Barbara as observed, promoted, and interpreted by the long-time editor of one of California's distinguished news-

papers, the Santa Barbara News-Press. Woven into the story are the many-faceted memorabilia of this ardent native son, ranging from the ox-cart era to today's space age.

The author presents a vast number of notable people—F. D. R., Jim Farley, William G. McAdoo, Herbert Hoover, Earl Warren, Raymond Moley, Harold Ickes, William Randolph Hearst, Samuel Untermyer, the Loughead (Lockheed) family, John K. Northrop, Leo Carillo, Will Rogers, Fred Stone, Irvin S. Cobb, Edward Borein, and many others. His excursions into politics, including a brief appointive term as United States Senator, participation in and revelations concerning five national conventions, campaigns against early railroad monopolistic activities, his enthusiastic interest in aviation and oil developments and in civic and educational matters, etc., all make absorbing reading. Included are many hitherto unpublished items that throw additional light on the past eight decades of American history and the far-reaching effects of local incident and personality on our national progress.

Chief Justice Warren in his preface points out that few people have had experiences like those of Mr. Storke in the transition from a romantic era to the present dynamic, turbulent one. His impact on city, state, and country is impressive, and his recollections are a valuable addition to Californiana, and as such to Western Americana in general.

P. M. W SCOTT BROOMIE

The Elbow of The Snake, by Sarah Lockwood, (Doubleday & Co., 261 pp. \$3.95).

When Emily and John Bradford went to homestead in the valley of Idaho's Snake River, they expected to

find a lush, green land. Instead, they found a waterless land of sand and sagebrush. Emily and John fought the land, and worked to turn it into a productive farm. It became an obsession with John and finally turned him into a worn-out old man. When John is kicked to death by a horse, Emily takes over, and with even more fortitude than John had, molds the land into what he would have wished it to be.

The story of the conquest of a rough and forbidding country is a moving revelation of how deep love and stubborn courage can mold the lives of a man and a woman—for better or for worse.

P. M. ARMAND W. REEDER

The Confederate Invasion of New Mexico and Arizona, 1861-62 by Robert Lee Kerby (lt., USAF). Bibliog., Maps, illustrations, and sheets, Index. Westernlore Press, Los Angeles. Edition of 850 copies, Indian Series XIII, 159 pages, price \$7.50.

This work, the core for a Master's Thesis, covers a rather brief but not too well known phase of the struggle between the States. While the war in the West was scattered and poorly fought, from a tactical point of view the stakes were indeed high. If the South had used better leadership and had used striking power in this direction, the entire war with its growing agony would have been prolonged, undoubtedly.

In his work the author shakes his finger at historians in general for ignoring the potential of the Civil War in the West with its "could have been" consequences. Yet when comparing the cold statistics of the entire rebellion's 186,000 casualties with the possibly 200 men killed in the South-

west campaign, insignificance is difficult to refute.

The sketches of personalities (e.g., Sibley, Canby, Baylor) are revealing. The book is interestingly written and the author is to be commended for his scholarship in documentation and bibliography presentation.

DEAN KRAKEL, P.M.

Dispatches from the Front

The following two items of newspaper correspondence from Cripple Creek, Colorado, at the time of the first strike there in 1894, are reprinted from the Cripple Creek Sunday Herald's Annual Edition of January 1, 1895; that paper in turn had reprinted them from the Rocky Mountain News, Denver, of the preceding June.

It is apparent that they are written by two different reporters, because there is considerable repetition, or at least two accounts of some of the same incidents. It is also apparent that the reporters' sympathies were with the strikers, which was generally the case in the District at that time.

Some background is necessary to make the situation clear for most of our readers. Cripple Creek at that time was in El Paso county, of which Colorado Springs was the county seat, and the county government was dominated by the mine owners, most of whom had their homes in Colorado Springs.

This strike of 1894 was purely a local dispute over wages and hours, with little or no interference by "agitators". The miners felt that the mine operators were taking advantage of the country-wide panic conditions to reduce the pay and/or increase the hours of the miners. The mine owners arranged with the county commissioners of El Paso county to pay the

expenses of a large number of deputies to bring the situation in Cripple Creek under control, since the county was unable financially to do so.

Many of the deputies were good, solid Colorado Springs citizens, who served as a matter of principle. Unfortunately, probably a larger number were recruited wherever possible, many in Denver and Pueblo, and were, in effect, hired gunmen. They were under the ostensible command of Sheriff Bowers, but county commissioner Boynton actually directed policies. The situation very nearly got out of hand, when Mullins practically took over command.

A most serious situation developed when the thousand or so deputies arrived in the Cripple Creek District with the avowed intention of suppressing the strike and incidentally disposing of the strikers. The latter's headquarters were at Allman, near the top of Bull Hill in the eastern part of the District, and they were strongly entrenched at Bull Cliffs, where a fight had taken place some two weeks previous to the occurrences reported here.

Governor Waite, a fire-eating newspaperman from Aspen, had been elected on the Populist ticket, largely by the votes of the miners and working men, and the silver advocates, and his name was anathema to the mine owners and business men of Denver and eastern Colorado. His Adjutant General of the State Militia was one Tarsney, most cordially hated by the strikers, and the victim of a famous tar and feather party at the Alamo Hotel in Colorado Springs not too long after these events.

In spite of the generally held opinion of David Waite, he was a man with the courage of his convictions, and it is unquestionably due to his action in throwing the militia be-

tween the two forces of the deputies and the strikers, that more bloodshed was averted and a potentially worse situation than the Pullman riots in Chicago prevented. The cool-headedness of General Brooks and the cooperation of Commissioner Boynton turned the tide, and these events were about the climax of the trouble, although not the end of all violence by any means.

It is believed the dispatches are worth reprinting, to give some idea of one of the early major crises in labor relations in Colorado by contemporary reporting.

R. G. C.

Cripple Creek, Colo.
June 9, (1894)

Everything was frightfully and wonderfully mixed up here again today. It remains so, and is even worse tonight. It may be worse tomorrow. Everybody is fearful of it, of a conflict that will be direful in its results. It was bad enough when the deputies moved around to the other side of Bull Hill and General Brooks had orders early in the evening to permit them to move no further in any direction, to hold his ground and fight. The deputies are men determined to take possession of the mines and serve warrants. Conclusions that can be drawn are far from reassuring. Tomorrow will doubtless witness trouble, at least it looks so at midnight.

If the deputies make another forward move, there will be a fight.

Sheriff Bowers and his army of deputies today marched toward Bull Hill and took possession of the Independence mine, camping near the Strong shaft house, which was blown up by the miners during the fight two weeks ago. Excitement ran high and couriers and messengers were seen hurrying to and fro between the miners and

militia. Every man and many women of Bull Hill were armed and ready to fight. A single word would have sent them on their enemies below with all their terrible instruments of death. The deputies are still in their camp tonight, with extra pickets and every possible precaution against surprise.

Ready For a Fight

The state troops and miners hold Bull Hill. The state troops have their camp between the miners and deputies. The situation tonight is critical and it will require much generalship to prevent bloodshed. The fight, should one occur, will probably open between the militia and the deputies. The soldiers are under orders from the governor to hold the deputies from advancing any further and to fight if necessary. Bowers admits that he has entirely lost control of his deputies, and says they may move on the hill at any time. The deputies say they propose taking possession of the mines and arresting the strikers at once.

They have been warned that any movement will be considered hostile and their first steps will be a signal for the soldiers to fire a volley into their ranks.

There is bad blood between the militia and deputies equaling or exceeding that between the miners and deputies. Sheriff Bowers' men insulted General Brooks this morning when he notified them not to move any nearer the miners. The feeling among the miners and militia is such that it will be a pleasure for them to wipe the deputies out.

Can Sweep the Hill

Everything on the hill is ready for an engagement if one comes. One of the last questions asked General Brooks by Governor Waite today was

whether he was sure of his water supply. The pumps and wells in the gulch just below Hull's Camp and Altman, on Wilson Creek, are surrounded by guards and row after row of pickets. The main body of the army and big Napoleons and Gatlings are placed above on the hill so as to sweep the approaches on all sides. The pickets are placed so as to guard against surprise or any treachery.

Intense Excitement

The feeling in Cripple Creek tonight is high. When the deputies marched through today there was cheering until one of the officers brutally assaulted and arrested a man at the point of a cocked revolver. After that the men marched in silence.

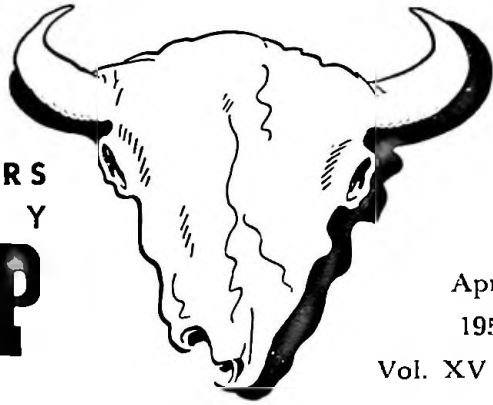
The two companies (of militia) that came in on stolen trains were roundly cheered as they marched through, not only by the miners but others. Any slight outbreak on the side of the deputies in camp would have caused a fight against these men at once. They marched over to Bull Hill and reported to General Brooks. The militia already in camp there gave them a rousing welcome. But not for one single instant was the watch on the deputies relaxed or even a watching picket's eye turned to see the newcomers.

If one shot is fired under present conditions a battle will result. The miners' spirit is that they will attack and lead the fighting or back up the troops.

The camp of the deputies is in a gulch or draw on the side of the hill with Wilson creek at the bottom. It is hardly the point a good, careful general might select, but the object was probably to get possession of the Independence mine and to get nearer the men on Bull Hill.

(To be continued)

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



April
1959
Vol. XV No. 4

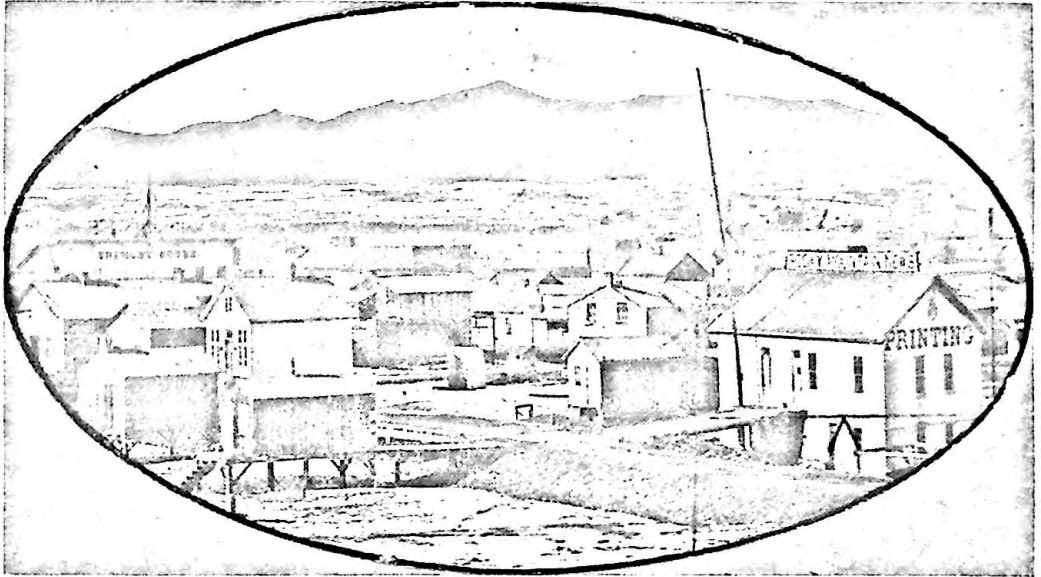


Photo Courtesy Rocky Mountain News

This is the second home of the Rocky Mountain News,
which was swept away in the flood of 1864.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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The Westerners
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OFFICERS

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Deputy Sheriff, Les Williams
Roundup Foreman and Tally Man,
Erl H. Ellis
Registrar of Marks and Brands,
Ray Colwell
Chuck Wrangler, Guy M. Herstrom
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COMING PROGRAMS

As previously announced, P.M. Numa James will have the paper for the May meeting, his subject being "Early Colorado Churches." We think it will be worth attending merely to find out what a newspaper ad man knows about churches, and we do hope this magazine gets to you before the twenty-seventh of May.

C.M. Dick Aronzio, who is a railroad bug from way back, will have the June paper. Undoubtedly it will deal with some phase of early western rail-roading; further than that we are unable to say at this writing.

News Notes

The regular fourth-Wednesday meeting of the Denver Posse of The Westerners was held at the Denver Press Club on the evening of April 22, 1959, with Sheriff Mazzulla presiding.

The chief features of the meeting were the largest attendance of record for a regular meeting, the presence of several guests from the visiting delegates to the Convention of the Mississippi Valley Historical Society, and the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the appearance of the Rocky Mountain News as the first newspaper to grace the scene of the Wild West that was to become the Colorful State of Colorado.

Sixty-six members and guests sat down to the dinner and as usual we are indebted to the efficiency of the Press Club in handling our rather varying group. The previous high for such meetings was 58. Of course the attendance figure at the August Rendezvous at the Cave and the Christmas Party at the American Legion is much higher on account of the presence of the fair sex.

The Mississippi Valley Historical Society is meeting in Denver this year, and several delegates took advantage of the suggestion that they attend our meeting; perhaps around eight came in this category. Mr. Beymer, nearing 95, an old time printer and baseball pitcher, was the guest of Alfred J. Bromfield, and added interest to the program by his unrehearsed remarks.

It was just One Hundred Years Ago that the race between the two rival presses was being staged on the evening of the Twenty-Second of April. The first paper off the press under the masthead of The Rocky Mountain News was available at 10:00 p.m. So at 10:00 p.m. April 22, 1959, Bob Perkin, our speaker, insisted that Numa James, Sheriff Mazzulla and

your Roundup Foreman join him in a toast to that paper. Vol. 1 of the 101st year of the News was distributed to the members and carried a tabloid reprint of Vol. 1, No. 1.

Mr. Perkin read a very excellent and interesting paper about the early days of the paper and some surrounding circumstances. There followed a number of comments and questions in line with this historical segment. If the spirit of Mr. Byers was listening in, there must have been registered pleasure at this small part played by The Westerners in recognizing the News and its very real accomplishment in retaining its position for a hundred years.

Roundup Foreman,
Erl H. Ellis

The excellent attendance at our April meeting, as reported by Erl Ellis above, resulted in a number of items regarding some of those in attendance.

P.M. Forbes Parkhill reported with obvious pride, which is shared by all of the Denver Posse, that our distinguished charter member, the late William McLeod Raine, has been nominated for a place in the National Cowboys Hall of Fame at Oklahoma City, on the basis of his vivid and meticulously correct writings about the cowboy and other western types.

C.M. Hugh W. Gore will attend the International Stamp Exhibition in Hamburg, Germany, in May on a trip through Europe.

P.M. Art Carhart has recently published one book, revised one and has one in the process of writing.

P.M. Arthur J. Campa read a paper on American Foreign Policy at the recent Conference on International Relations at Albuquerque.

C. M. Richard H. Noyes will be opening the "Chinook Bookshop" about the end of May, at 208 N. Tejon St., Colorado Springs.

P. M. Drew Bax, our perennial host for a summer meeting at Colorow's Cave (which is on his ranch in the foothills close to Denver) is doing research on the origin of the hard-sole type of moccasin, and has recently bought an old Crow collection (not Old Crow).

Just to be different, P.M. Lon Ellsworth had a two weeks cruise in the Atlantic on a destroyer, then jumped to the Pacific coast for a six weeks trip.

Tally Man-Round Up Foreman Erl Ellis emulated Zeb Pike and made a pilgrimage to the headwaters of the Mississippi.

Among our visitors who were good enough to identify themselves on the tally sheet, we noted the following:

Harry Parker, of the U. S. Geological Survey's Denver office.

James C. Cary, Manhattan, Kansas.

Nyle H. Miller, Kansas Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas.

Merrill J. Mattes, National Park Service Historian, who is working on Western Museum projects, Grand Teton, Fort Laramie and others.

Robert M. Utley, National Park Service at Santa Fe, who is conducting a survey of historic sites in the southwest.

W. J. Petty, Historian at Fort Laramie National Monument in Wyoming.

There were a number of others whose names we recognize as visitors, but unfortunately they did not give their connection, and we're not about to guess.

Our former Posseman and Ex-Sheriff Leroy Hafen was accorded a special welcome.

Book Reviews

LAMB, GENE, *Rodeo Cowboy*, The Naylor Company, San Antonio,

Texas. 1959. 179 pages, price \$3.95.

Rodeo Cowboy is a fictionalized narrative of Rodeo from more than a stockyard arena point of view. Hutch Doyle is the central character surrounded by others of varying talents in the profession, (some are identifiable, I suppose). In reading Gene Lamb's book one gains an unusual insight into all that really makes rodeo what it is today. Entwined into the fabric of the story are the rules, contests, R.C.A. (Rodeo Cowboys Association) history and a bit of romancing. It's a clean book, clearly written and soundly manufactured. The author is an unquestioned authority on the subject, yet the "corral fence" vernacular is tiring and some conversations were too contrived. It's a matter of taste — for the fans here is a nice chunk of reading.

DEAN KRAKEL, P.M.

Index Guide to the Contents of the *Publications* 1885-1956 and the *Magazine of the Nebraska State Historical Society*, compiled by John Browning White, Nebraska State Historical Society 1958. 141 pages litho-print. Paper bound. (No price given)

This Index Guide is patterned somewhat after *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*. In the introduction the author gives a listing of the Nebraska State Historical Society's present series of publications beginning in 1885. Entries are concise, and indexing is complete, not having been limited or restricted to only subject and author. Mr. John B. White, the compiler of this excellent finding aid, is Librarian of the Nebraska State Historical Society.

DEAN KRAKEL, P.M.

THE NIGHT OF APRIL TWENTY-SECOND

By Robert L. Perkin



SPEAKER OF THE MONTH

P.M. Bob Perkin, whose paper on the first hundred years of the Rocky Mountain News of Denver was the feature of our April meeting, while not a native Coloradoan is certainly well qualified to discuss Colorado history. Just a few weeks after his graduation from the University of Colorado with a degree in journalism, he joined the staff of the News and has been with them ever since. His title is Book Review Editor. However, in addition to those duties, his assignment for the past year and a half or so has been the production of the Centennial Edition of the Rocky Mountain News, which is already a collector's item although it appeared only a few weeks ago. We understand Doubleday will publish Bob's "First Hundred Years" in July.

Perhaps you recall the line in *Julius Caesar* where Mark Anthony, having deliberately roused the mob, muses darkly

*Fortune is merry
And in this mood will give us anything.*

I ask you to take this passage out of context and give it a literal reading, eliminating Anthony's irony and his deep-dyed plotting. For tonight fortune is indeed merry, and in her mood I hope she will give us the power to turn back the calendar 100 years.

The date of this meeting is a happy coincidence. (Or perhaps a mischievous one; I'll have to confess that your program committee originally asked me to present this paper in February and I suggested that it be postponed until tonight.)

At any rate, 100 years ago this very hour a group of young men were laboring not far from where we sit at a highly unlikely task: the preparation of a newspaper in a howling, tumultuous wilderness.

The lineal descendant of the press they used is at this moment roaring its way through the first of five editions of tomorrow's issue of the same newspaper.

I don't intend to belabor you by reading a lot of historical significance into this continuity—although I think it's there. Survival speaks for itself. But I would ask you to note that a newspaper press preceded all of the other ornaments and necessities of a cultured life into the settlements which were to become our city of Denver. The church was not here yet—and it remained for the press to encourage its establishment. The law

was a laggard. There were no schools, and, again, it was the task of the press to promote them. Theater and the rest of the arts—creatures, for the most part, of reflective leisure—were yet to come. There was little leisure on the western fringe of Kansas Territory on the night of April Twenty-second, 1859.

The *Rocky Mountain News*, of course, was not the first enterprise to establish itself at the junction of Cherry Creek with the South Platte River. Possibly it is further commentary on man's status at a rank a little lower than the angels that there were already in operation at Cherry Creek saloons, gambling hells and—if you'll permit me a raffish euphemism—cat houses. Critics of the press, whose number approximates that of the total population at any given point on the globe, are pleased to assure you that newspapers bear a striking kinship with all three of these other professions. Or perhaps they are arts and crafts, like journalism and medicine. But you will observe that in Denver in 1859 the press, never innocent and seldom sinless, stood as it always stands at the transition point between the lesser and the better, a bridge for the aspirations of a people.

The aspirations were huge—and mostly avaricious—on the night of April twenty-second.

The story of the Pike's Peak gold rush is a familiar one to all of us. It is being retold frequently these days. I have been involved lately in retelling it—*ad nauseam*, it sometimes seemed to me in the heat of the labors—to the tune of 3½ pounds and 532 pages of newsprint. Our Centennial Edition of last Sunday, as you may have heard, was a total sell-out by 11 a.m. Monday morning. So apparently the Pike's Peak legend is a popular one, but I don't wish to take you over well-spaded ground.

Instead, I'd like to ask you to wil-

lingly suspend your disbeliefs, unlimber your imaginations, and *join in* the gold rush for the space of one night a hundred years ago.

It was snowing at Cherry Creek that night. The accounts of that storm do not mention sharp cold, and so I assume that it was one of those warm spring blizzards—not like the weather we had last week—when the snow comes down in huge wet flakes clustered into white puffs. The sort of storm familiar to all of us natives and near-natives.

If you have lived in Denver long enough, you can feel that storm. A little discomfort, perhaps, but zesty, fresh, a good smell of dampness. I know that you are all well-read in the literature of the gold rush and that you can picture the scene in the storm. The noise level must have been rather high for a wilderness.

Manifest Destiny—a catch-phrase upon which historical hindsight now casts some questioning disfavor—was at full cry in the Pike's Peak country. A last gap in the continent was being filled. Thousands of men and animals, most of them without solid shelter, milled around in the snow. Oxen, yoke-galled and trail-weary, bawled their discomfort in the mud. Mules nickered. Men shouted to each other about water and dry wood and how to get to where the gold was. The emotional pitch was shrill.

Old cottonwoods lined the wide, sandy bottoms of Cherry Creek all the way out from its mouth at the Platte. There were other pleasant groves down on the points, and in one of them, this side of the creek on the later site of River Front Park, there was a village of Arapaho lodges. The cottonwoods, several observant pioneers have recorded, already were leafing out; so that spring was farther advanced than ours this year.

One can see the campfires glowing among the trees up and down the

creek and along the river. Considering the storm, the fires must have been larger than usual and well-tended through the night to keep the damp wood burning.

The ugly little villages of Auraria and Denver City consisted of a huddle of log cabins and wickiups, clustered for the most part where Larimer and Market Sts. now cross the creek. Most of the cabins were roofed with sod or canvas tarpaulins, but the bulk of the Pikes Peakers were house-less. They sheltered themselves as best they could in or under their wagons or in the white tents pitched among the trees close to water. Probably the saloons and gambling houses and other solaces, dry and warm and robust, did a good business that stormy night.

The place where we sit now was out on the far fringe of the activity. This was prairie here. Soapweed clumps. Possibly with remnants of earlier snows lingering in their northeasterly shadows. Perhaps there was a prairie dog colony about where Jim Fillas tends bar downstairs. Undoubtedly the ground on which this building stands was churned up and muddy. There are accounts in several places of how the huge numbers of draft animals had grazed the prairie bare. The dry forage of the previous season was gone, and the new green carpet—I can see the sand lilies in it—was just creeping in.

If you and I were to stroll from here down to the creek, over a block to Colfax and then west a couple of blocks more, we would cross in that short walk of five minutes or so the long-vanished ruts of the Smoky Hill Trail. A few of the men present on the night of April Twenty-Second, 1859, had come that way, though the route was in disfavor for its lack of water and wood. Yet within a month it would be carrying stagecoaches, and in some of the first of the coaches would arrive Henry Villard, Horace

Greeley and Albert D. Richardson, reporters come to see what all the excitement was about.

We would have to hike on down the sandy creekbed—which would have made better walking that night than the muddy higher ground—to find out what the *immediate* shouting was about. We would see, or perhaps only hear in the darkness, platoons of excited men shuttling back and forth between a one-room cabin in Denver City on what would become Larimer St. and a story-and-a-half saloon in Auraria on an avenue grandly named Perry St., now 11th.

Regardless of what pungent adjectives were being thrown about, I doubt very much that you and I would go out in a snowstorm tonight to chase between the present-day equivalents: California St. and West Colfax Ave. But that's what the '59ers were doing. They were watching, with great glee, Denver's first newspaper "war."

For there were two printing presses on hand in a settlement which could not yet boast a decent bed.

The first of these to arrive was set up in the cabin in Denver City. It belonged to John L. (Jack) Merrick of Independence, Mo. Once it had been owned by the westward-fleeing Mormons, and during one of the riots that beset their course to Derseret it had been thrown into the Missouri River. Sometime later the little press was fished out, the rust chipped away, and Jack Merrick had brought it and a "beegum full of types" across the plains to Cherry Creek. But Jack apparently was as beguiled by gold as nearly everyone else, and for several days he did nothing about getting out his projected *Cherry Creek Pioneer*.

Meantime, the second press had arrived. It was an Imperial model Washington & Smith hand press, and now, on the night of April Twenty-Second, it was assembled and ready

for work in the attic of Uncle Dick Wootton's saloon on Ferry St. in Auraria, a proud building with glass windows and the only split shake roof in the settlements. The saloon was doing quadruple duty as tippling-place, store, meeting house and printing office.

William Newton Byers of Omaha, who with partners owned the Imperial, had ridden down over the bluff on April 17. He had camped the night before with Indians at Henderson's Island in the Platte. Byers was neither printer nor editor. A surveyor by trade, he already had pioneered in at least five states although he was not out of his twenties.

Like the rest, Byers had prospected the nearby streams and seen some hopeful colors. One placer miner had given him 22 cents in gold taken from a pan of dirt. It wasn't much, but it was encouraging. Particularly so in the midst of the growing rumble of frustration and disappointment from tenderfeet whose hopes had been dashed. They were discovering that Cherry Creek did not flow, as advertised, in a bed of solid yellow gold. The "Goback" rush was several days old when Byers arrived.

His press wagon had creaked into the settlements after nightfall on April 20, and when he learned of Merrick's presence and intent, Byers immediately set to work on his *Rocky Mountain News*.

It must have been apparent that these two rude villages, their prospects none too bright at the moment, would not be able to support two newspapers. The paper which got out first stood the best chance of survival. And so the race was on.

Merrick, with two helpers, got to work on his *Pioneer*.

In Dick Wootton's loft, rented by Byers, the *News* hurried toward its first issue. Just who the printers and reporters were for that first edition is

not a matter of firm record. Byers was there, of course, and one of his partners, Thomas Gibson of Fontanelle, Nebraska Territory, who had experience as a frontier editor-printer. And there was the printing foreman, later Byers' partner for 11 years, John L. Dailey, a printer by trade who had worked for half a dozen hopeful journals in Iowa and Nebraska.

Varied accounts also agree on a fourth man as being present: Charles S. Semper, a young printer for whom a suburban Denver district, now disappeared, would later be named. Others who have been listed as being present at the founding include Copeland Rabe, P. W. Case, Irwin Sansom, Jack Smith, L. A. and W. J. Curtice, James and Harry Creighton, H. E. Turner, "Pap" Hoyt, Harry Gibson and Robert L., Edward C., Will and Jack Sumner, Byers' brothers-in-law.

Editorial chores for the first issue were accomplished, it is assumed, by Editor Byers, probably with the assistance of Thomas Gibson. But it is by no means certain that all of the articles and editorials then and later which have been freely attributed to Byers actually were written by him. Manuscript material in Byers' hand indicates that to the day of his death in the following century his literary style remained undistinguished and his grammar and spelling eccentric. Byers was a self-educated man, and, though his output was large, he at no time regarded himself as a writer. Presumably, John Dailey, Charlie Semper and their fellow printers undertook—as members of their craft sometimes do—considerable editing of the editor as they stood at their cases.

Type clicked into sticks throughout the days of April 21 and 22, and the race grew lively during the evening of the latter day. Self-appointed committees hurried back and forth between the two printing offices to observe progress and cheer favorites.

Dick Wootton wrote that Denver's population at the time assayed at about nine-tenths gamblers; so it is reasonable to assume some gold dust wagering on the outcome of the contest.

I think I can visualize—perhaps even smell—the scene in Wootton's loft that night. The little room under the eaves was crowded with workers, well-wishers and observers, some of whom had never seen a printing press before. The air was close, hot and smoky from the candles and lamps and the bodies and breathing of the crowd. There was a resinous odor of recently whip-sawed lumber and green timbers, and it was humid. As wet snow piled up on the roof, the new shakes, not yet settled into position, let through an icy melt. A tent had to be erected over the press.

Perhaps you can hear the printers cussing as they ran out of k's and had to substitute commas for periods. One of the men present who had never seen a printing press was little Oliver P. (Old Scout) Wiggins, friend and companion-of-the-trail to Kit Carson. Byers gave Old Scout a moment of glory by letting him run an ink roller over the form of type in the bed of the press.

Finally, at about 10 p.m. by the gold watches of the unofficial time-keepers, Byers emerged from under the tent to hold up the first completed copy of the *Rocky Mountain News*. It would be 20 minutes before Jack Merrick could pass out the first copy of his *Pioneer*.

Actually, it wasn't an entirely fair-and-square race, even allowing for the fact that the *Pioneer* was a smaller paper. In the first place, the *News* had a much larger staff of writers and printers at work. Moreover, Jack Merrick had been cold-decked. The two outside pages of the first *News*—pages one and four—had been set into type and locked into the form

before the expedition left Omaha more than a month earlier. It had remained for Byers, Dailey and their associates to write and set only enough copy to fill the two inside pages and go to press.

The first issue of the *Pioneer* was its last. The next morning, Merrick traded off his outfit to Gibson of the *News* for a grubstake of beans and bacon and then he headed for the hills to hunt gold. I hope that next day was a warm and sunny one—as today was. I don't like to think of the disappointed Merrick slogging off toward Golden through a snowstorm, even one of Denver's April variety.

Well, that is the story of the night of April Twenty-Second 1859.

If you are not already surfeited with accounts of what has happened at Cherry Creek in the century since then, let me sketch it in very briefly so far as my paper is concerned.

The *Rocky Mountain News*, a journal of some little durability, survived fire, flood, starvation and mounted desperadoes with nervous trigger-fingers. It has come through half a dozen wars, including the Indian. It has stood off plagues of grasshoppers and, narrowly, two gentlemen of exquisite rapacity named Bonfils and Tammen. Drouths, panics and the Ku Klux Klan have done their worst. Repeal of the Sherman Silver Purchase Act left a deep wound, and the *News* also has lived out the boycotts of corporations, the ink-tipped lances of Eugene Field and the hyperbole of flatterers.

Editors of the *News* have been kidnapped, shot at, caned, pistol-whipped, hanged in effigy and immortalized in stained glass in the hall of fame up under the dome of the State-house. They have chased redskins, built commonwealths, founded universities, climbed mountains and been clouted from the rear while walking to work. On one day of scandalous

memory, an editor was the target of an unrequited mistress armed—naturally—with a pearl-handled pistol.

In various local catalogues the editors appear as pioneers, builders of city and state and star-guided Western empire, as public benefactors, history-makers, grand gladiators, forces for the right and champions of the people. The editor also has been typed as pinhead, Bub, Buster, wildcat, slinking dog—these are all from the record—moral leper, cutthroat, low vagabond and “the grandest liar and most infamous rascal out of hell alive.”

Rhetoric and circumstance have been hectic. But neither has prevailed. A generation or two ago this would have been attributed to something called grit, but that word now is long out of fashion and its alternative offends sensitive ears.

The *News*, as Roy Howard put it on a day when he picked a fight he later had to back out of, was “born to survive.”

I have asked our circulation department to prove it by sending over some of our first edition, which was being printed as we met. You will find in its center fold—if they haven’t crossed me up since I left the office a couple of hours ago—a facsimile of the little paper that appeared on the snowy night 100 years ago.

On the possibility that you might be interested in seeing what is to me a fascinating relic, I have brought along a piece of that first Imperial press, swept away and shattered in Denver’s famous flood of 1864. Through the courtesy of R. Hoe & Co., which is still making printing equipment still being used by the *News*, I have been able to identify positively this chunk of iron. You will be able to see, if you care to, on this blueprint exactly where the rusted iron once was attached to the bed of the press.

It is now 8:15. If you would care

to join me in the bar in exactly one hour and forty-five minutes, we can drink a toast on their precise centenary to the memory of a surveyor who didn’t know he wasn’t an editor and to a bold little press which elected to speak for a new country.

(It grieves me to report that the Denver Westerners, robust in every other respect, dismally dishonored the high Denver tradition of late hours and bellyup drinking. Only three of them—Fred Mazzulla, Erl Ellis and Numa James—joined me for that toast.—RLP)

SOME IMPORTANT COLORADO WOMEN

By Nolie Mumey

Dr. Nolie Mumey, whose facile pen has added so many items to western Americana, has promised us a series of short sketches of prominent Colorado women. His introductory remarks appear below.

Women have been the dominant part of man since the dawn of creation. They have aided him in all his endeavors, toiled in the fields, helped to gather the grain, herded the flocks, carded the wool, spun the yarn into clothing, reared families and made homes.

Charles Kingsley, the great English clergyman, poet, novelist and educator, was asked to what he attributed his success. He replied, “I had a friend.” Elbert Hubbard, the great American author, publisher and founder of the Roycrofter Corporation, made a similar statement, somewhat altered. He said, “My friend was a woman, a companion, comrade and business partner.”

Women were chained and anchored to a cross for many centuries. American women did not come into their own until after the Civil War, when they began activities other than housework. They were not accepted as school teachers until 1868, but it was the invention of the typewriter, in 1876, that gave them the greatest opportunity to go into other fields.

All laws were made by men. In English common law, a woman was treated as a minor. There still exists in the statutes of England a law which permits a husband to whip his wife with a stick. It even prescribes the size and thickness of the club to be used.

The women of Colorado seem to have taken a lead in all endeavors; they invaded the fields of science, medicine and law, and were engaged in other activities over the state. They braved the perils of the trails across the plains, endured the solitude of the mountains and helped to carve out homes from the wilderness through their faith and courage.

An early day saying in Colorado was: "THE WEAK DIED BY THE WAY; THE COWARDS NEVER STARTED." It required six weeks for these brave and loyal pioneer women to make the journey from the Missouri River to Denver by prairie schooner—six tiresome weeks of discomfort and privation, filled with fear of marauding Indians. These women were given a revolver and instructed

to kill themselves rather than submit to the cruelty of the red men. It was not a very cheerful prospect.

In later years many of these women became beneficiaries of great wealth, which they put to good use. They looked about for challenging examples of service; imbued with creative impulses they looked beyond their own sphere and established trusts for various institutions. They erected great monuments to their sex in the form of encouragement and help which they gave others.

The pioneer women had learned the art of living, for they could take sorrow and joy in all its strides. On our modern hearthstones are signs of fires that were kindled a century ago—dreams that have become realities.

Only a few women came to Colorado as early as 1858. Along with the gold seekers of 1859, a few more arrived. They were patriotic, and fashioned flags from petticoats, shirts, sunbonnets and other materials. By 1860, there was a large number of women in Denver, and they began to organize clubs and carry out educational programs. They began growing kitchen gardens, set up sewing classes, and started night school for those who were employed during the day. They instituted a free medical dispensary for the care of the sick poor, and established a traveling library which was housed in boxes and sent over the Territory and later the State.

(Continued from last month)

Cripple Creek, Colo.
June 9, 1894

THE ADVANCING DEPUTIES Warned by General Brooks Not To Climb Bull Hill

About five o'clock this morning a miner rushed into Altman and reported that the army of deputies was swarming over Battle Mountain. The effect was marvelous. The old war signal of four long whistles, blown at the Pharmacist mine, drew armed men from the doors of every hut and cabin. The cry of "Fall In" soon had the men in battle array and eager for a fight. At the same instant the bugle in the camp of the militia sounded the alarm and brought the soldiers to arms. The men grabbed their guns with a shout and rushed to their places. Horses were attached to the guns of the Chaffee artillery and every small detail carefully prepared for battle. General Brooks had just returned from the camp of the deputies and he and General Tarsney at once rode among the warlike miners and commanded them to lay down their arms. As soon as the men were sure that the deputies would not advance beyond the Independence mine, they dispersed and returned to their homes. Many wanted to make an immediate attack, but Generals Brook and Tarsney succeeded in suppressing this feeling, at least for the time being.

The excitement lasted for hours. The miners are indignant at the deputies and Sheriff Bowers for their treatment of General Brooks and they cannot be held in check much longer with the deputies in their present position, and should the deputies attempt to move nothing will stay the fury of the men at the top of the hill. Nothing but the efforts of the leaders to convince them that the deputies would not attempt to leave Wilson

Creek kept them from shedding blood this morning, and it is well understood that if the fight does take place the two bodies will be in single array against Bowers' men. The militia and miners almost eat and sleep together, such is the good feeling between them. There is entire harmony and good fellowship on the hill and a united thirst for vengeance against the men camped below them.

Entrance of the Deputies

The entrance of Sheriff Bowers' army through Cripple Creek today was made in a way that completely muzzled the most obstreperous striker, and suppressed effectually any riotous outbreak of any kind. As a display it was imposing. The men marched not with the spring and precision of militia, but with the quiet, careless determination that marked old campaigners of the war. The entire army was stretched out in columns of twos. The company formations were distinct. There was nothing ragged about the line anywhere. They were splendidly armed. The reports last night, supposed to be on excellent authority, that the army had practically broken up, could not have been further wrong.

There were nearly 1,100 men in line, and an immense crowd witnessed their display. A troop of cavalry under Deputy Sheriff Mullins, the most hated man by the strikers in the whole district, and whom many of the men have sworn to kill, led the line. At the foot of the hill on Bennett avenue and Fourth street, and in full view of thousands of people who lined this main street of Cripple Creek, the horses of the troop were reined in almost on their haunches at a sharp command to halt. Several in the crowd booed and jeered. Mullins had grabbed his wicked-looking Colt's from its holster.

Making Arrests

"Arrest that man, and that one", he commanded two of his deputies, indicating the men with the pistol, as it was cocked with a sharp click; he proposed not to depend on the self-action this time. Two deputies threw down their Winchesters, and covered the men, marching them into the middle of the street. There were expressions of disapproval.

"Arrest that man" he again ordered, pointing them out with his pistol. "And that one over there," repeating the order until six more were in the street.

"Line up there", he commanded, with a vicious oath, as he rode his horse up to the prisoners and flourished his pistol over their heads.

"Line up, ---- quick, too."

The men meekly obeyed, while the crowd stood breathless. It was a wonderful piece of daring, for Mullins knew that there were hundreds in the crowd he must pass who thirsted for his blood, and at any moment he might be tumbled from his horse by a bullet. A man from the infantry fell in at either side of the line of the six prisoners. Both are prominent Colorado Springs men and operators here, whose lives had been threatened before they left town last week. Another Colorado Springs man, said to be a millionaire, stepped in front of them.

Marching Through the City

"Forward, march" commanded Mullins.

The cavalry troop moved forward, driving the line of prisoners ignominiously before their Winchesters and revolvers. Mullins' finger was upon the trigger of his pistol and he watched right and left like a hawk. The crowd was completely awed. The most vicious miner gritted his teeth and held his tongue. So it was in dead silence that the long line moved down

Bennett avenue to the Palace hotel, across to Myers avenue, up this to Third and on Third to Bennett. At the postoffice there was a cordon of men two deep around the entire big city block, and men to spare. At the postoffice corner again two more arrests were made. Then the deputies marched up to the reservoir and camped for a couple of hours before marching through the town again and on to Victor.

Small troops of cavalry dashed about the streets during the halt and squads of men went about looking for strikers against whom there were warrants. The town, in complete subjection to the strikers for many days, was now wholly subdued by deputies. Eleven arrests were made before the command marched out, and until they left there was everywhere maddening excitement, but not a whisper of outbreak. Mullins' supreme nerve had carried everything before it.

Of the eleven prisoners taken in Cripple Creek two were released. The other nine were marched out with the deputies, but this time under guard near the center of the column, instead of in advance. At Mound City, a barber named Cox sent a flaunting remark at the head of the column. A moment later he was covered by Mullins' gun and had joined the prisoners' column.

When the head of the column reached Arequa gulch, over the hill beyond Anaconda, it was met by General Brooks, accompanied by Major John Brooks, Captain Carl Johnson, Bob Lyons, vice president of the Miners' Union, John Morrison and a News staff reporter, who had come from Altman.

Here the most dramatic scene of the war took place.

General Brooks and staff halted the deputies just as they were marching down hill, Bob Mullins in the

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Here the most dramatic scene of the war took place.

General Brooks and staff halted the deputies just as they were marching down hill, Bob Mullins in the

lead. General Brooks asked Mullins where he was going.

"To Bull Hill to arrest the strikers," boldly answered Mullins.

General Brooks quietly protested, and said that he had orders from Governor Waite to disarm the deputies if this was attempted.

Mullins' Challenge

"Then we will fight," said Mullins.

This was the preliminary parley and war seemed about to be declared. Hundreds of deputies crowded around General Brooks and the cry rang out, "On to Bull Hill." The sheriff was nowhere to be seen, and General Brooks asked for Commissioner Boynton.

The commissioner rode up and in came the deputies until the little gulch swarmed with armed men. They were all belligerent, ready for a fight and made no secret of it from the outset.

The excitement was intense.

The deputies from the ranks joined in the cry and repeatedly interrupted General Brooks and Commissioner Boynton.

General Brooks first spoke up. He said in substance that he felt that the commanders of the deputies had broken faith with him. Sheriff Bowers assured him that he would not move from Cripple Creek and now the deputies were on their way to Altman and the miners in Victor and along the road were flocking to the hill and its defenses. He said that he had orders from Waite to prevent any move on the part of the deputies.

"If a nearer approach is made," he declared, "I shall prevent it. All that I have been able to do in the way of a settlement has now been carried away. A number of the miners for whom warrants have been issued are now my prisoners and they will be taken to Colorado Springs, and there let the courts decide the right or

wrong. Is this not so, Captain Adams?"

The Excited Deputies

Adams, who had been in Altman all the morning, said that the general was correct in all he said.

"On to Bull Hill!" "On to Bull Hill!" yelled the excited deputies and Commissioner Boynton had to command silence.

"The condition of affairs in the district are well known" said Mr. Boynton, "and the owners demand possession of their property. I intend to see that they get it. The strikers are resisting arrest and are being held up by General Tarsney, who represents Governor Waite."

This brought forth derisive cries and yells from the deputies.

"Just think what a horrible spectacle would be presented if the guns of the state troops should be trained on the deputies," said General Brooks to Mr. Boynton, when silence came again. "But that will be the only course left open to me if the deputies persist. There are a thousand rifles on Bull Hill which I cannot control."

The deputies hooted at General Brooks and the old veteran turned on them single handed and commanded, his eyes blazing "Stop that! I will not stand insult from any man."

The general by natural impulse almost made a motion to reach for his revolver, when Commissioner Boynton commanded silence. Boynton then delivered his ultimatum in the midst of yells and cheers.

"We will proceed to the Independence mine and camp there for the night. No arrests will be made except of men for whom there are warrants. No one else will be molested. This is all I can say."

General Brooks then said:

Brooks' Ultimatum

"I have orders from Governor Waite to prevent any wholesale ar-

rests, and to do so the entire unorganized militia of the state will be called on," he said. "I want the assurance from you that no men will be allowed to leave your camp tonight, and to show my good faith I will send a squad of ten men and an officer to remain in your camp."

"An American officer," yelled the deputies.

Boynton said that any officer but one would be welcome.

The reference to Tarsney was greeted with a yell of approval by the men. Three cheers were then given for Brooks and Boynton and the command moved on to Victor. Some of the deputies recognized Bob Lyons and pointed him out as a man they wanted. Boynton said since Johnson had left, Lyons was the real leader of the strikers. Brooks told Boynton that Lyons was his prisoner and he did not propose to see him molested and Boynton shook hands with Lyons in a friendly spirit. General Brooks and Commissioner Boynton rode ahead of the deputies to Victor and made a short address to the large crowd gathered in the streets. Both gentlemen spoke in a pacific strain and were cheered, and then three cheers and a tiger were given for Governor Waite. General Brooks then rode to Altman with his staff.

The Deputies' Camp

The deputies reached their encampment just east of the Independence mine at 6 o'clock and pitched their tents, which had arrived via the Battle Mountain road under an escort of fifty men. After the deputies had gone into camp County Commissioner Boynton, who is in command of the deputies, said:

"We intend to remain where we are. The mine owners of this camp have requested of us protection for their property and protection for the men they see fit to employ. We in-

tend to give that protection. There is no need to go on Bull Hill, for they have ample protection there already."

Frank Wolfe, the financial secretary of the miners' union, was arrested in Cripple Creek by the deputies. Wolfe had \$1,000 on his person and he was on his way from Bull Hill to town for the purpose of paying some union debts.

Tom Jones, a union miner, was also captured. General Brooks wrote a letter to Sheriff Bowers demanding the surrender of these men. At a late hour no reply was received. In the letter General Brooks plainly stated that he would consider it a serious breach of faith if the request is not complied with. A refusal on the part of the sheriff to discharge the prisoners would practically be a declaration of war.

The miners are so greatly incensed at Wolfe's arrest that they may, on their own account, precipitate a battle by attempting to rescue him. Wolfe has always been one of the most peaceable men on the hill. He has always been on the side of arbitration.

Hugh O'Connell, one of the leaders of the miners' union, was taken into custody soon after the arrival of the deputies at Victor this evening.

Deputy Sheriff Mullins forcibly impressed his authority over a man by the name of Diedricks, who disagreed with him as to the necessity of such a large force of armed men at the Independence mine, by hitting him over the head with his gun.

Miners Armed Again

The excitement at Altman did not subside with the setting of the sun. The miners formed out on the street with their guns and demanded the right to serve as pickets. General Brooks objected to this, but the men quickly got out of camp and once more the fort over the Victor mine

held its garrison. General Brooks sent a telegram to Governor Waite, informing him of the critical condition of affairs. The governor telegraphed back to hold the militia on Bull Hill until further orders. All Bull Hill believes that martial law will be proclaimed, but they will be disappointed. In anticipation of a fight tomorrow, company G of Leadville and company F of Grand Junction, under the command of Major Quinn, marched into Cripple Creek tonight and they will be ready to attack the deputies in the rear in case of a clash of arms. Notwithstanding any orders that may be issued, if there is a fight the miners will take the most active part in it. They are fully 400 strong now, notwithstanding the practical disbandment of the Bull Hill army.

Major Quinn with his gallant command, made up of Company F of Grand Junction and the Rocky Mountain Rifles from Leadville, arrived in town at 8 o'clock. It became necessary for them to take possession of a second train at Divide in order to go over to Midland. This was done without the knowledge of either General Brooks or Governor Waite, says Major Quinn, and he is proud of it. The Leadville company is sixty-one strong, and they have the reputation of being fighters from away back. They are all very anxious to help the miners keep possession of their homes and in consequence they were lustily cheered on the streets here.

The telephone at Altman was kept busy today, and half of the time it was connected with his excellency's car. When the governor heard that Bowers was at Altman with 140 warrants, he said to General Brooks:

"Do not approve of wholesale arrests. The arrest of half a dozen men has vindicated the law."

General Brooks explained that the men's action was purely voluntary, and that very few had surrendered

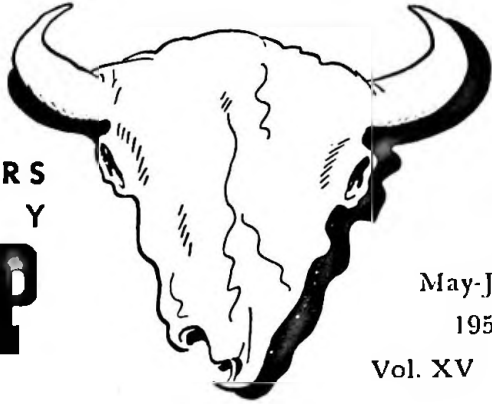
themselves. Now a message was sent to Governor Waite, notifying him of the movement of the deputies toward Victor. He then sent word not to allow a nearer approach. When the governor heard of the arrival of the county force at the Independence mine he was very mad. He was quickly pacified when the circumstances were explained.

Talked With the Governor

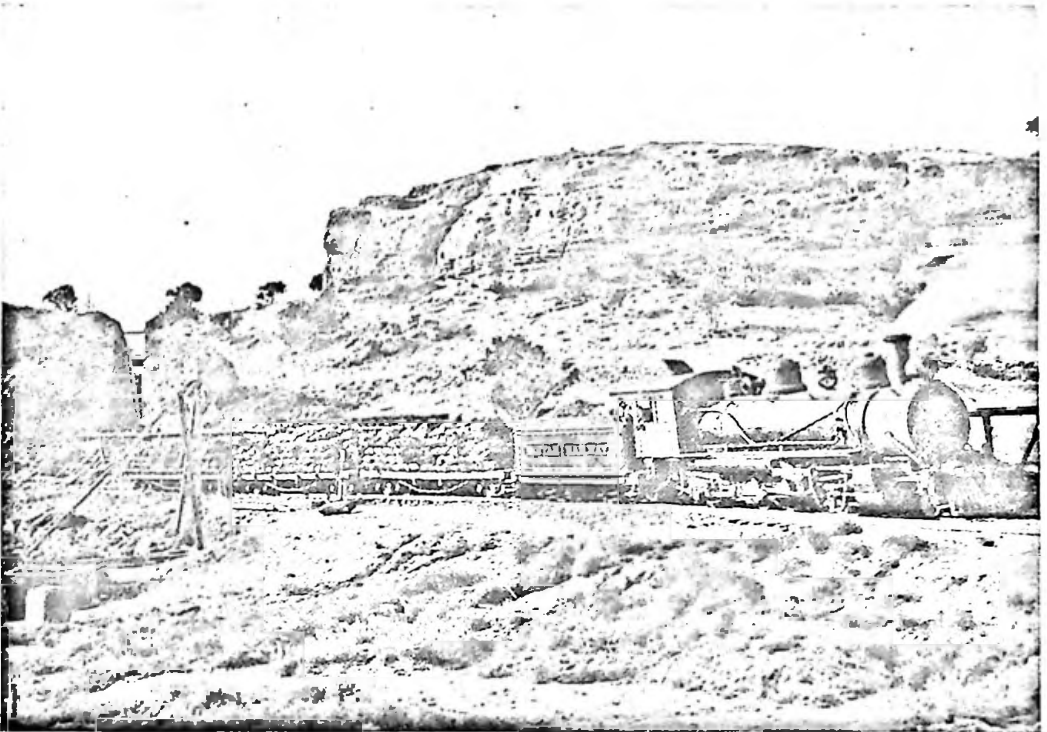
Altman and Camp Jeffrey were scared very early this morning, when Sheriff Bowers and Captain Adams arrived. General Brooks had sent for them and they had military escort to the town. On their arrival General Brooks called the miners to the union hall and said he had a list of the miners for whom there were warrants, and as he read the names each man should rise and answer. The list was called and six men responded and were placed under arrest by the militia. General Brooks said he would be at headquarters all day to accept the surrender of all men who wished to give themselves up. The surrender, he wanted them to understand, should be purely voluntary; those who came in would be paroled under his orders.

During the day the following men gave themselves up; Barney Galfney, William Bell, John Morgan, Jim Bruce, Thomas Gafney, Alexander McIntosh, J. Rinehart, Frank Wolfe, George McMillen, Cass Williams and Dick Davis. They were charged with assault to commit murder and bonds are said to be placed at \$4,000. The men were at once paroled on their honor and given a formal certificate signed by General Brooks, saying the bearer had surrendered and had been by the sheriff transferred to him and the military authorities for custody. All persons were cautioned against molesting the bearer or in any way interfering with him while in the pursuit of his lawful duties.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



May-June
1959
Vol. XV No. 5-6



The raw gilsonite was shipped from mine to mill in large burlap sacks, loaded on flat cars as shown. Since it was highly combustible, sparks from the engines frequently caused a fire in the cargo.

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Deputy Sheriff, Les Williams
Roundup Foreman and Tally Man,
Erl H. Ellis
Registrar of Marks and Brands,
Ray Colwell
Chuck Wrangler, Guy M. Herstrom
Preceding Sheriff, Harold H.
Dunham

Centennial Committee Chairman,
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Publications Chairman, Nolie Mumey
Program Chairman, Kenny Englert
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Whiteley, Jr.
Awards Committee, Robert L. Perkin,
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Book Review Chairman, Herbert P.
White

COMING PROGRAMS

There are, will be, or have been (take your choice) no regular meetings of the Denver Posse in the months of July or August. The August meeting will be the annual rendezvous at Colorow's Cave, on the ranch of PM Bax. On September 23rd the Posse will be back on the regular schedule, 6:30 P.M. at the Press Club. P.M. Guy Herstrom will be the speaker and his subject will without any question be one of the numerous land grants in New Mexico or Colorado. Details later.

News Notes

On schedule, being May 27th, the fourth Wednesday, the Denver Posse met at the Denver Press Club for six-thirty dinner and the regular meeting. Deputy Sheriff Les Williams presided in the absence of Sheriff Mazzulla. The usual self-introductions took place, after dinner was concluded.

Announcements of the details of the Wyoming Ranch trip were available and distributed to those interested.

Numa James announced that those who desired, and who would furnish their own copy of the News Centennial Issue, and would pay \$6.00, could have their newspaper "backed," or "booked," or "hardcovered" or whatever the right term may be.

Thirty-nine members and guests participated in the dinner and one other joined later to make a size 40 audience.

The membership Committee recommended that thought be given to an increase in the number of Active Members, now limited to 50, under the slogan "Sixty by Nineteen-Sixty." Several spoke against the idea of any further increase in the active membership. It was moved, seconded, and carried that the matter be referred to the Executive Committee for its study and recommendations.

Upon the regular meeting being again called to order, Bob Perkin spoke of the recent book by Art Carhart, "The National Forest," and acclaimed it well worthy of the award it had received. This is published by Arthur Knopf, at \$4.75. There is also available for free distribution, from the American Forest Products Industry, a booklet by Art, "Trees and Game."

Kenny Englert announced that the speaker for the June meeting would be Dick Ronzio, his subject "The Uintah Railroad."

Hal Dunham called attention to a public address by Dr. Ray Billington at the University of Denver on June 24. This is one of the public meetings in connection with an Institute for High School Historians. Dr. Billington, author of "Western Expansion" will speak on a subject that will interest "Western" historians.

It was also announced, with congratulations to Numa James as Editor and Ray Johnson as Publisher, that the 1957 Brand Book, Volume 13, had been picked out as one of the books for an exhibition sponsored by the Huntington Library.

Kenny Englert gave a brief introduction of the speaker, PM Numa James. Then Numa showed about 150 of his large collection of slides of the older churches of Colorado. His "sermon" was that very few churches had been torn down when all the other buildings in a ghost town were utilized for salvage of materials in them.

• • •

The regular fourth-Wednesday meeting of the Denver Posse of The West-erners was held at the Denver Press Club on the evening of June 24, 1959. Sheriff Mazzulla presided. Forty-three members sat down to dinner, later augmented to an audience of 44.

Plans for the July meeting were announced: at The Flying W Ranch near Colorado Springs, on July 25th—chuck wagon dinner. The meeting was then turned over to Dick Ronzio, speaker for the evening. His subject was the history of the Uintah Railroad. His paper was thorough and delightful. It was illustrated by a remarkable number of slides showing the operating conditions and as well the later abandoned condition of this piece of track.

Round Up Foreman
Erl H. Ellis

As mentioned in the minutes of the Roundup Foreman for the May meeting, the program consisted of a presentation by P. M. Numa James of colored slides of many of Colorado's early churches, with brief comments about each. Most interesting and revealing, it still did not lend itself to the printed word, so that the only paper presented in this combination May-June number of the Roundup is that of Dick Ronzio's.

* * *

The 1952 Brand Book edited by former PM Elvon L. Howe, now a resident of Miami, Florida, had for one of its interesting chapters a paper by Jack Ellis Haynes. Mr. Haynes is located at Yellowstone National Park, is the author of HAYNES GUIDE to the Park, and operates under such titles as Haynes Studios, Inc., and Haynes, Inc. Now Mr. Haynes, with the approval of the National Park Service, has republished his article, with a bit of retouching and the addition of several more pictures, in a booklet entitled YELLOWSTONE STAGE HOLDUPS. There are also some additional notes and a nice index. Full credit is given to the Denver Posse for the first publication of this article in the 1952 Brand Book, and the "skilled hand of Editor Elvon L. Howe" is mentioned in the preface.

E.E.

* * *

PM Maurice Frink is chairman of the Miss (Indian) America contest at Sheridan, Wyoming, August 7-8-9. Carl S. Pearson, Corresponding Member, has been invited to serve as coordinator.

Sheriff Fred M. Mazzulla had a trip to New York, Philadelphia and other way-stations during June.

PM Fred Rosenstock, alias the Old West Publishing Company, has out

the *Overland Journal of James A. Pritchard, from Kentucky to California in 1849*. The book is edited by Dale L. Morgan and is published in a *deluxe* limited edition at \$15.00.

Range Gossip

The May Brand Book of the Chicago Corral carries an editorial announcement of the death of Colonel Charles Edward Norris Wentworth on April 21, 1959. Colonel Wentworth, almost a charter member of the Chicago Corral, was a national figure in livestock circles for many years, head of Armour's Livestock Bureau from 1923 to 1954, and during those years ringmaster at the Annual International Livestock Show. He has visited the Denver Posse a number of times.

The paper at the April meeting sounds interesting. The title was "Down the Mississippi with Currier & Ives," and it was an illustrated talk which the speaker, Dwight P. Green, Sr., had given many times and places. It was to be published in the Chicago Tribune Sunday Magazine.

The English Corral seems to be having a little trouble. "Cabin fever," perhaps? Anyway, we hope they get straightened around. With all the interest in the history of the West which they have previously displayed, we would hate to see anything happen to disrupt the organization. Certainly the English have a real stake in our western history.

The Potomac Corral has a new sheriff, Roy E. Appleman of the National Park Service, and a new Tally Man, Jack B. Dodd, whose address is 9021 Sudbury Road, Silver Springs, Md., according to a communication

from Paul M. Gantt, whom we lost as a posse member to the Potomac Corral when he moved to Washington.

Eugene L. Price, Editor of the Ohio Oil Company's fine house organ *The Beacon*, hosted our Roundup Foreman Erl Ellis and his wife Scotty at the Open House of his company's fabulous new research center south of Denver. Editor Price plans to tie in some "Rush to the Rockies" material to his Open House number.

He also passes along the following: Brumett Echohawk, Pawnee artist and writer who receives his mail at P.O. Box 1922, Tulsa, Oklahoma, is preparing an illustrated book to be called *War on the Prairies* for the Sagamore Press. He is a capable historian in his own right but is going to need a lot of help and suggestions from us Westerners everywhere. It might be helpful if you would pass this word along to the members of the Denver Posse.

We are sure that any requests from Echohawk will receive most considerate attention from any of our posse.

A Shot in the Arm

I must confess that sometimes my efforts as Tallyman and Roundup Foreman become a bit irksome when several comments are about lack of that efficiency which can come only in well-paid offices. But the other day I felt that the contributions of all of us may be appreciated after all.

Henry de Linde, long a corresponding member living at that famous town of Idaho Springs, met me in the Postoffice and not only paid his dues but insisted upon donating \$25.00 to the Award Fund, and then expressed his real feeling that he enjoyed the ROUNDUP and appreciated his

membership. So I said, and say, many, many thanks.

And this reminds that the time is approaching when our Award Committee should be busy and when contributions toward the Award Fund are in order.

Erl H. Ellis
Roundup Foreman

BOOKS REVIEWS

George Curry, 1861-1947, An Autobiography, edited by H. B. Hening, (Univ. of New Mexico Press, 336 pgs., \$6.50.)

George Curry's life began with the Civil War and ended with the advent of the atomic age. His varied careers—from messenger boy in a Dodge City, Kansas mercantile establishment, to his years in politics—gave him unique insight into contemporary happenings which have become history—the Battle of Adobe Walls, the Lincoln County War, the struggle for New Mexico statehood, the Teapot Dome affair.

George Curry rose to the governorship of New Mexico and resigned when a dispute with superiors threatened to disrupt Territorial affairs. He was a member of the 62nd Congress when President Taft signed the bill for statehood for New Mexico. His last important post was that of International Boundary Commissioner.

When the Spanish-American War broke out, Curry recruited one of the four companies of cavalry that were to become Roosevelt's Rough Rider regiment and became its captain. Later he accepted service in the Philippines, was successful in negotiating the surrender of one of Aguinaldo's top commanders and became Chief of Police of Manila and governor of three of the major provinces. It was from the last of these governorships that President Theodore Roosevelt

called him home to become territorial governor of New Mexico.

George Curry knew most of the celebrities of his time, both national and state—Ellego Baca, Billy the Kid, Albert Beveridge, Richard Harding Davis, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Calvin Coolidge, and a host of others. His reminiscences of his personal contacts with these personages give us a new insight into what these men were actually like.

Never far away from the politics of his native state, George Curry did not hesitate to accept lesser political posts than the governorship after he had resigned from that post. After New Mexico became a State, Curry became one of its first two Congressmen. Probably Curry's greatest political mistake was joining Roosevelt's "Bull Moose" party. After its failure, Curry got out of politics, and, although maintaining his legal residence in New Mexico, he moved to El Paso, Texas, where he opened a real estate office. After staying there a short time he returned to his beloved New Mexico and engaged in various businesses, winding up his career as State historian of New Mexico, in old Lincoln town, where his New Mexican ventures began.

Anyone wanting to study New Mexico politics would find a lot of value in this book. So many things are involved—the kind of environment in which the people live, the way they make their living, their racial inheritance, their traditional party allegiances, their educational attainments or lack of them, their religious affiliations, their temperament. Perhaps nowhere else in America is politics so wrapped up in an area of conflicting cultures as in New Mexico. And, believe me, George Curry knew all the angles.

P. M. ARMAND W. REEDER

The Bobcat of North America by Stanley P. Young, Stackpole (A Wildlife Management Institute Publication), 193 pages, index, illustrated, \$7.50.

Corresponding Member Stan Young adds this authoritative book on the wildcats to his list of technically accurate books that have the virtue of also being mighty interesting. My first acquaintanceship with Stan Young was when he was head man in this region with the old Biological Survey; his headquarters were in the "Old Customhouse" at 16th and Arapaho, Denver. It was out of the basement of that building that he rescued the basic data that later went into the *Last Stand of the Pack* on which Stan and I worked together.

As in his other books of similar nature, this one really covers the field. If there is any question concerning the thoroughness in bringing together all that has been recorded concerning *Lynx rufus*, one glance at the bibliography proves a thoroughness that only a student-scholar-authority might include as he writes such a book.

No western library of reference, no books on the shelf that claim to give even a fair cross-section of the West, can be complete now without one of Stan Young's latest, *The Bobcat of North America*. And you'll find it interesting as well as meticulously accurate and scholarly.

P. M. ART CARHART

Shotguns on Sunday, The True Story of the Old West's Last Badman, by Joseph E. Doctor, Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, 1958. \$5.75.

In every so-called saga of Western gunmen I have ever met, the "heroes" were all sixgun men, sharp-eyed gentry who with the uncertain one-hand firearm could do deadly work at any

(Continued on page 13)

THE UINTAH RAILWAY; "The Gilsonite Road"

RICHARD A. RONZIO



SPEAKER OF THE MONTH

Richard A. Ronzio, one of the most popular and faithful corresponding members, shares his enthusiasm for railroading (preferably in the past) with equal enthusiasm for other phases of Western history. His excellent talk on the Uintah Railway, which was presented at our June meeting, is reproduced herewith. It is our misfortune that we can not also reproduce the many fine color slides which added so much to his presentation.

The history of the Uintah Railway would not be complete without the telling of part of the history of the Uintah Basin and the story of Gilsonite for without the occurrence of this black mineral in the Uintah Basin there would not have been a

beginning. This black, asphaltic looking, solid hydrocarbon material was known to the Indians of this locality for centuries. They used it to waterproof their woven baskets so they might store and carry water.

Some of the first white men to cross the Uintah Basin were Father Silvestre Velez de Escalante, a Spanish priest, who visited this area in 1776 in his unsuccessful search for a new route from Santa Fe to Monterey, California. In 1825, General William L. Ashley, founder of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, led a group into the Basin; it was he who established the first trading post in Utah. John Charles Fremont, the pathfinder of the old West, entered the Basin in 1844. In 1837, Kit Carson wintered in the Basin. Others of the early white men to inspect this area were traders and trappers, such as Thompson, Craig and Sinclair.

In 1884, Sam Gilson, a former pony express rider, Indian scout, interpreter, explorer, whose name is affixed to this mineral, while observing an ant hill near Ft. Duchesne, Utah, became curious about the black, shiny material that the ants were carrying. By following the ants' trail he discovered a vein buried under a few inches of wind-blown sand. This light, black material intrigued him and he thought that it must have some value. So he bought claims, located others, and aroused the curiosity of C. O. Baxter, a St. Louis mining engineer, about the probable uses and marketing possibilities of gilsonite. Together, in 1887, they formed the St. Louis Gilsonite Company. Baxter paid about

\$115,000 for various claims in the Ft. Duchesne area. The Anheuser-Busch Company in 1889 became interested in this material as a possible substitute for asphalt that they were using to line their barrels and were importing from Sicily; so they bought out Gilson's share and changed the name of the company to "The Gilson Asphaltum Company."

Some of the best claims were in the Uintah Indian reservation which had been established in 1861 by President Lincoln. As a result, there was considerable bickering with the Indians as to who owned the claims. In 1888 Congress withdrew some of the area that contained the best gilsonite from the reservation, partially appeasing the Indians by paying them \$20 an acre. The Gilson Asphaltum Company battled through the courts for several years for the control of gilsonite deposits to which it felt it was entitled because of discovery, purchase, or maintenance of regular assessment work. The company paid \$275,000 to establish these rights and by 1903 they obtained a favorable judicial decision. This put the largest and most important deposits into their hands and the development of gilsonite mining on a large scale became possible. Shortly thereafter the Barber Asphalt Company, a subsidiary of General Asphalt Company, bought the controlling interest of the Gilson Asphaltum Company and the directors of this company conceived the idea of the building of the 3 foot, narrow gauge Uintah Railway.

Their reasons for this decision were to eliminate the slow, expensive, long, 80 mile mule-team haul, over treacherous roads through dry, hot country to the railhead on the Denver and Rio Grande at Price, Utah. Too, they wanted to mine and transport in larger quantities to cut over-all costs.

These men—Charles O. Baxter, Co-

lin H. Chisholm, William W. Field, Elroy N. Clark, and Harman H. Dunham, incorporated the Uintah Railway under the laws of Colorado in 1903 with a capital stock of \$1,750,000; this was later raised to \$2,250,000 in 1912, with a par value of \$100 with no bonded debt.

Two crews started construction of the railway in 1903. One from Dragon, Utah, worked toward Baxter Pass, and the other commenced from a point on the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad 22 miles west of Grand Junction and worked in a northerly direction toward Baxter Pass. A town sprang up at this junction of the railroads. It was named Mack for John M. Mack, President of the Barber Asphalt Company. The completion of this 53.3 miles of road between Mack and Dragon was accomplished in 1905.

In 1911 the railway was extended 9.5 miles to Watson, Utah, and the 4.23 mile Rainbow branch from the Watson Terminal to Gilsonite Mine at Rainbow completed. This made a total road bed of 73.3 miles.

The total cost of the original 53.3 miles of railway, including rolling stock, was \$175,000. This amount was particularly low due to the fact that the Uintah bought its 30 lb. rail, ties, and rolling stock from the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad which had just abandoned some of its narrow gauge line. This 30 lb. rail was later replaced with 50, 56 and 60 lb. rail, the majority being the latter.

The chief engineering problem in building the Uintah Railway was the crossing of the Roan or Book Cliffs Mountains, a high ridge separating the valley of the Colorado River on the south, in which Mack is located, from the Uintah Basin lying to the north.

The Uintah Basin has a general altitude of 5,000 to 6,000 feet and an

entire length from east to west of 170 miles. It extends from the Wasatch Mountains to the White River Plateau, 60 miles east of the Colorado-Utah line. On the north the Basin is confined by the anticline of the Uintah Mountains; by the eastern continuation of this range; the Yampa Plateau, between 8,000 and 9,000 feet in elevation; and by the Danforth Hills, which form the divide between the headwaters of the White and Yampa Rivers. On the south the Basin is limited by the Book Cliffs. The railway was surveyed to cross the Book Cliffs at Baxter Pass, Colorado, at an elevation of 8,437 feet, or 3,900 feet above that of Mack. From this summit may be seen one of the most wonderful views in the Rockies. To the south a vast expanse of country unfolds, extending from Tennessee Pass in Colorado to the Blue and LaSal Mountains in Utah, and to the north to the Uintah Range between Utah and Wyoming.

From Mack to Atchee, Colorado, where the shops of the railway were located, the distance is 28.3 miles and there were 36 bridges. The rise in elevation was 1,884 feet with the steepest grade being 2.9 per cent. From Atchee to Baxter Pass, the summit, a distance of 5.9 miles, the total rise was 2,012 feet and the grade reached was 7.5 per cent. From the Pass the line descended to Wendella, a distance of 6.7 miles on an almost continuous grade of 5.0 per cent. Between Wendella and Watson the grade descended and varied from 1.10 to 3.34 per cent.

In the distance of 12.7 miles between Atchee and Wendella occurred the steepest grades and the sharpest curves. There were 233 curves which varied from 4 to 66 degrees.

There were two short branch lines: one, a 1.5 mile line, from the town of Dragon, Utah, to the Dragon Mine;

this had an ascending grade of 2.7 per cent; the other, a 4.23 mile branch, went from Rainbow Junction just out of Watson to the Rainbow Mine with ascending grades of from 1.8 to 5.1 per cent.

The Uintah also operated 112 miles of toil roads under the name of the Uintah Toll Road Company. These roads extended from Watson Terminal to Vernal and Ft. Duchesne. It operated its own stages for passengers as well as parcel post. The railway built two large 20-room hotels at Mack and at Dragon complete with bath and dining facilities.

At Carbonera, 20 miles north of Mack, it located and mined coal for its own use and to supply fuel for the Uintah Basin.

The railway crossed agricultural and grazing land and, hence, it did pick up some sugar beet and stock traffic.

The first locomotive, No. 55, the "Tomichi," was a 20-ton Consolidation type bought from the Denver and Rio Grande for \$3,000. This engine was used in the construction of the road and later on regular trains. Three Shays were ordered from the Lima Locomotive Works and two others were purchased from other Colorado roads. From the Baldwin Works came a new Consolidation and two side-tank passenger engines. The new Shays hauled freight and passenger trains on the big hill; the Baldwin Consolidation handled freight from Mack to Atchee; and the 30-ton Baldwin tank engines took the daily passenger trains over the entire road. Until 1928 a passenger train left Dragon each morning, running down to Mack and returning to Dragon that night; after its abandonment, the regular equipment of the tri-weekly mixed train still included a deluxe combination coach. Passengers, after arriving at Dragon, remained all night and

left the next morning by Uintah Stage for either Watson, Vernal or Ft. Duchesne. In the early days, this type of transportation was by horse - drawn stages; later motor cars took over. The 65 mile stage route to Vernal continued until 1926. As far as is known this was, perhaps, the last stage line in use in this country.

In 1911, the railway purchased two more locomotives, a Consolidation and a Mikado; the latter, the No. 30, was the road's first really big engine. It was so large that it could not be run over Baxter Pass on its own wheels because the curves were too sharp for the long wheel base. When the engine was delivered at Mack, it was towed to Atchee where it was jacked up, a pair of tender trucks was placed under the front end and another pair under the fire box so that the engine was riding on trucks with the drivers clear of the rails. In this manner, three Shays took it over the hill and there it remained on duty until 1911, doing its hauling between Watson, Dragon and Rainbow.

In 1917, another Consolidation, the No. 10, was bought from the Florence and Cripple Creek Railroad and renumbered the 12; it was used on the desert run between Mack and Atchee. The Uintah, in 1919, took over from another subsidiary of the Barber Asphalt Company, the New York and Bermudez Company of Venuezuela, a Mikado similar to the No. 30 but 13 tons lighter. This was numbered the 40.

Mr. L. C. Sprague, Vice President and General Manager of the road, realized that since the Shays could haul only 60 tons of freight on the steepest grades and the side-tank passenger engines only 35 tons, it was apparent that something had to be done about increasing the hauling capacity of the road with, perhaps, a different type of engine that could climb with

a few pay loads. Consequently, in 1925 he undertook a bold experiment and had Baldwin Locomotive Works build a high pressure articulated Mallet engine of the 2-6-6-2 type. This locomotive developed a tractive force of 42,000 lbs.; the average load per driving axle was approximately 32,400 lbs.; and 82 per cent of the total weight, including the supply of coal and water, was carried on the drivers. Due to the excessive curvature and grade, this locomotive had a special vertical and horizontal pin with a ball joint connection to provide for ample flexibility in both up and down and side directions.

In 1926 this locomotive, the No. 50, was delivered and it proved to be more stable on the track than the smaller locomotives. Therefore, another, the No. 51, was ordered and was delivered in 1928. To watch one of these Mallets swing slowly around the hairpin curves was quite an experience. They were so constructed that the two units of cylinders and wheels swiveled independently of each other and the main engine frame; when rounding a sharp curve, the nose of the engine hung out over the brink of the mountain while the wheels turned in a quarterly direction. The tonnage rating of this new Mallet proved to be about three times that of the Shay, but the Shays were by no means retired. Every day a train left Atchee in the morning for Wendella with one or more Shays at the head end. Extras or snowplow trains were always Shay powered.

The Uintah's snow problem wasn't as severe as that of the Rio Grande or Colorado and Southern, but clearing problems were unusual due to the fact that rotary plows could not negotiate the sharp curves. As a result, all the clearing of tracks was done with a small wedge plow. It took two or three Shays to do the pushing with a top

speed of 5 miles an hour. After the wedge got through, a spreader was used to widen the cut. This was done by taking an ordinary ballast car and fitting it with heavy side wings; these swung out and shoved the snow out of the way and produced a wider cut. This operation took more speed; consequently, it was used only on a descending grade and with only one locomotive.

This little road had other problems, too; such as snow slides, land slides, and a few runaways. One land slide in 1929 tied up the road for 30 days and cost \$45,000 to clear. Linwood Moody in his article on the Uintah Railway describes two runaways. One killed conductor "Patsy" Fitzpatrick, one of the few fatalities in the history of the road.

One Sunday afternoon in 1917 in a wet, drizzly rain, Engine No. 20 with a combination car was descending the big hill. The rails were slippery and, to make matters worse, the sand pipes on the engine were clogged shortly after the train started. They eased away from Baxter Pass toward Atchee; the crew at their posts and nerves steady. In half a mile the train got out of control and shot forward picking up speed. With flanges screaming they rocked and swayed around hairpin curves lunging dizzily, and the great open spaces swooped up to meet them. Suddenly, the engine left the rails, plowed through ballast and ties, rolled over and over down the mountain side to finally stop—right side up, the combination car on its side pinning the conductor underneath dead. He had been out on the front platform setting up the hand brakes and calling for the engineer to jump. The fireman jumped soon after the runaway started, but the engineer, George Lyman,

rode the engine until the drivers on his side lifted from the rails and rolled over. He was badly injured. After he left the hospital he was made traveling engineer because of his crippled condition; however, a few years later in 1923 in another runaway, fate caught up with him and this time he was killed. The passengers, who were all men, jumped to safety. Again, a Shay engine had been off the iron and in rerailing it the brake rigging was damaged and the line-shaft disconnected from the head trucks. In this condition it was a runaway from the start. With virtually no braking power the engine gathered speed and soon rolled over on a curve, rolling 800 feet to the bottom of the mountain. The crew escaped by jumping before the engine left the track.

The road also had some amusing incidents; one is told about a newly hired engineer who took up his first train to the summit of Baxter Pass. He got to the top all right, but when he looked down the steep slopes of the 7.5 per cent grade on what would have been the return trip he quit on the spot. It was "deep enough" for him.

Because the Uintah operated through considerable desert, water supply was a problem. The shops, engine terminals, and hotel at Mack were supplied from water from Atchee. This was brought by rail in several old locomotive tenders that were converted into water cars. This same method was used to supply Dragon and Watson from a water source at Wendella Springs; however, the company, to insure a steady water supply, not only for its needs but also for the town of Dragon, constructed an artificial lake on the north side of Baxter Pass and called it "Lake McAndrews" in honor of the original superinten-

dent of the Uintah Railway. In winter this was also a source of ice for the system. The ice house was built adjacent to the lake.

The line owned 7 box cars, 11 stock cars, 21 dump cars, 71 flat cars, and 71 pieces of work equipment, including a self-propelling American Ditcher with a 5-1/8 yd. bucket. There were three combined baggage and passenger cars, one of which was built at the Atchee shops. The other two were old Denver and Rio Grande sleepers that were used when that road was narrow gauge from Denver to Salt Lake City via Salida, Gunnison, Montrose, and Grand Junction. The last Shay engine acquired in 1933 was assembled from parts at their shops at Atchee.

The Uintah Railway was unique. It was known as the crookedest, and steepest, and, as the representatives of the Interstate Commerce Commission who visited the road in July 1924 put it, "the most difficult operating proposition they had ever seen." Some of the original surveys of the Moffat Road, which hoped to reach Salt Lake City via the Uintah Basin, were used by the Uintah Railway, and, except for a twist of fate and the first World War, this railroad might have become part of a trunk line to the coast. Just prior to the war the owners of the Colorado Midland Railroad realized that by extending their road further west, perhaps to the coast, their chances for longevity would be increased. By getting control of the Grand Junction and Grand River Valley Electric Line and connecting with the Uintah, they planned to standardize portions of the Uintah that they could use. From Watson west, a new line was to be built and the Midland would then be independent of the D. & R. G. for a western connection. This project was so seriously considered that during 1915 and 1916 all tie replacements between Mack and Atchee and Wen-

della and Watson were made with standard gauge ties in preparation for widening the road. Of course, there would have been extensive relocating and a half-mile tunnel to build. But the war came and the subsequent taking over by the Government of all railroads, and the United States Railroad Administration's decision to abandon the Colorado Midland Railroad put an end to its ambition of going west.

The Uintah paid dividends as follows: 1908, 7½%; 1901, 7%; 1910, 3½%; none in 1911; 1912, 3½%; 1913, 7½%; 1914, 1¼%; 1915, 3%; 1916, 6%; 1917, 6½%; 1918, 6¼%; none thereafter to December 31, 1934; 1935, 6.8%; 1936, none; 1937, 1¾%; 1938, none.

In 1935, when the principal gilsonite mining operation had been moved across the White River to Bonanza due to the fact that gilsonite deposits at Rainbow were exhausted, ore was trucked over U. S. Highway 40 to the railhead on the Moffat Railroad at Craig, Colorado. The Uintah decided rather than extend its line across the river and compete with the cheaper truck transportation using highways, it was best to petition the ICC for abandonment. The ICC so authorized on April 8, 1939. On May 17, 1939, all common carrier operations ceased. June 1939, the railway was sold for scrap. No longer do the desert, the hills and the Uintah Basin echo to the spine tingling whistles of the little engines of the Uintah Railway—it, too, has joined the passing parade of the narrow gauge steam power in Colorado and the west.

As a sequel to this chapter of railroad history, it is, perhaps, fitting to relate that in this instance truck transportation lost out to a newer, cheaper form of conveyance, namely, the pipe line. In 1957 the major portion of the old Uintah roadbed was used to lay

a high pressure, 6 inch, 72 mile pipe line that brings ground gilsonite in a water suspension from the Uintah Basin to the new \$16,000,000, coke and gasoline refinery at Gilsonite, Colorado, 18 miles west of Grand Junction.

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LOCOMOTIVES OF THE UINTAH RAILWAY

Eng. No.	Wheels	Dia. and Stroke	Dia. of Drivers	Make	Builder's Number	Yr. Built	Date Acquired	Source and Service
55	2-8-0	15x18"	36"	Baldwin	5011	1880	1903	Ex. D&RG "Tomichi" Sc. 1911
1	Shay			Lima	888	1904	1904	Sc. Between 1913-20
2	" (3)	11x12"	32"	"	939	1904	1904	
3	"	"	"	"	1513	1905	1905	Sc. Between 1913-20
4	"	"	"	"	1575	1905	1910	Ex. Waldorf Mining & Milling Co., Denver
5	"	"	"	"	1674	1906	1910	Ex. Argentine Central No. 3
6	"	"	"	"	3054	1920	1920	Sold—Feather River Lumber Co.
7	"	"	33"	"	R14298	1933	1933	Boiler from Lima—assembled at Uintah Ry. shops.
10	2-8-0	14x18"	36"	Baldwin	24271	1904	1904	Sold—Eureka-Nevada No. 10
11	"	"	"	"	36093	1911	1911	Sc.—1927
12	"	16x20"	37"	"	14771	1896	1917	Ex. F. & C.C. No. 10
20	0-6-2T	13x18"	34"	Baldwin	24893	1905	1905	
21	"	"	"	"	25953	1905	1905	
30	2-8-2	19x22"	40"	Baldwin	36908	1911	1911	
40	"	17x22"	42"	"	40953	1913	1919	Ex. N.Y. & B. Co.
50	2-6-6-2(4)	15x22"	42"	Baldwin	59261	1926	1926	
51	"	"	"	"	60470	1928	1928	

Book Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

range. So it is refreshing to have the truth about these expert marksmen told: their favorite weapon was not the sixgun but the shotgun. That is score one for Doctor's book.

It is the story of Jim McKinney, a pimpish little boozier and hophead who started his career of juvenile delinquency in Leadville and ended it, still a juvenile delinquent at 42, in Bakersfield, California, in 1903.

In that battle, held in a joss house with a loose-living gal named Jenny looking on and a slippery dodger of the law named Al Hulse taking an active part, two of Bakersfield's most respected officers, Tibbet and Packard, were killed. So was James McKinney. All with shotguns.

And that should have ended the matter. But it did not. The feeling persisted that McKinney in his last battle had help, so for months a trial for Al Hulse went on. It proved nothing, and Hulse slit his throat with

the prison razor and ended with his face in the urinal.

And McKinney, who had killed six men, four of them in cold blood, has just now been mentally exhumed in what seems to your reviewer to be a very competent way. Author Doctor admit that what McKinney needed to give him the stature of Jesse James or Billy the Kid was a good press-agent. It's just as well he didn't have one, but Doctor's book is good press agency for the truth about the part the lowly shotgun played in depopulating the West.

P. M. CHARLES B. ROTH

Doniphan's Ride, a novel by Les Savage. Doubleday & Co., Inc. Garden City, N. Y. 1954. 236 pages \$3.75.

In 1846 the United States fought Mexico for the Southwest. One of the Army's strong men was Colonel Alexander Doniphan. His command comprised both regular and volunteer troops. This was a sporadic sort of a war; the enemy was engaged on a catch-as-catch-can basis.

Doniphan's Ride is a fictionalized account of two volunteer troopers, Nate Hatcher and his uncle Kirby. The pair arrived in Santa Fe, not untarnished, and continued to endure the hardships of army life while getting themselves involved in all sorts of scrapes. The story becomes tangled when both go for the same Senorita—whose father is real important to the Gringos. Kirby turns out to be a bad egg, cleansing his record just before he gets a Mexican sabre through the mid-portion of his anatomy.

The story is weak from the start—and there is little a strong cast of characters could have done, should they have appeared on the horizon.

P. M. DEAN KRAKEL

Montana Masquerade, by Allan Vaughn Elston, Lippincott, Philadelphia, 222 pages, fiction, \$2.95.

As a rule, very few fiction books get into the reviewing section of *The Westerner's ROUND UP*. And that probably is right.

The best reason for listing a new book by Elston lies in two directions. First, this writer digs like a badger into the background data on which his story is founded. Actually, what he does is to pick up the dramatic scene that happened, lay in his own brush strokes, colors, accents — and you have one of the stories that contain the breath of life. He has as great a devotion to having even the west of yesterdays in true focus as Bill Raine did; they are, for my two-bits, along with Steve Payne and others who lived it, the true interpreters of the true west.

Second, doggoned if Elston doesn't write actual historical people (rather than characters) into his yarns; as he did the Carey's and Judge Rinder, and others, in his book with Cheyenne background. So in that sense, and in true reporting, those people did what he writes they did when they did it. His books come mighty near to being merely dramatized history—and as exciting as any whooped-up Billy - The - Kind - Wyatt Erp - Gun-smoke - Wild - Bill — you know what I mean. Here's true focus west in the Elston book.

P. M. ART CARHART

Long John Dunn of Taos, by Max Evans, 8vo, 174 pages, photo illustrations, Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, 1959. \$5.75.

Main events in the life of a salty character, if one may believe the affidavit signed by Dunn in 1952, the year before his death, create wonderment that so much could happen and

pass without the arousal of public opinion and indignation.

Reared in the school of poverty and hard knocks, Dunn became a horse thief, cattle thief, murderer (of his sister's brutal husband), escaped convict, professional gambler and even called the "S.O.B. of Taos," if we may believe such a statement. Lean and tough, he lived to the ripe age of ninety-five.

After an education in gambling he moved to Taos in 1889 where he entered the livery business; noting the money opportunity in the toll bridge there, he determined to own it but was unable to raise the necessary cash. Leaving Taos he began a career of gambling in Rapid City, Cheyenne, and eventually Goldfield, Nevada, where he wound up with the startling stake of forty-two thousand dollars. Immediately he headed back to Taos and bought the toll bridge for much less than the original price. Learning then that another bridge was being constructed, he was forced to buy it also. High water then washed out both bridges and he was compelled to build another.

Dunn was a man one was certain to meet, owning as he did, the stage coach into town, the toll bridge out, a gambling hall and a controlling interest in four saloons. For twenty-six years he operated the stage line and for thirty-six he carried the mail into Taos, during which time he hauled and met most of the famous artists of the town.

This is the 15th in the Great West and Indian series of the Westernlore publications and one well worth the reading.

PM CARL F. MATHEWS

Silhouettes of Charles S. Thomas by Sewell Thomas. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. 1959. XI & 228 pages with XLVIII plates of illustrations. \$7.50.

Beginning with the birth of Charles S. Thomas in Georgia on December 6, 1849, son Sewell delineates his father's life and achievements throughout the eighty-four years and five months of his life. It was a full life with many positions of responsibility, including the governorship of Colorado, senatorship in the United States Congress, and adviser and counselor to many men both great and small.

The silhouettes not only reveal the integrity, ability and sterling character of Charles Thomas, but they also depict the living conditions and character of the times in such places as Leadville in the 1880's, Creede in the 1890's, and Goldfield, Nevada in the early 1900's.

Mr. Sewell Thomas tells his stories in a straightforward and vigorous style which makes the book easy and very enjoyable reading. For those individuals who are familiar with Colorado history, most of the names and places will be familiar, and the readers will thoroughly enjoy the old and new incidents which come to life with the author's retelling. For those who are new to Colorado history, the humorous and direct presentation will give pleasant hours of reading plus first-hand information on many points in Colorado's history.

Every Westerner will want a copy of this book for his personal library, and all libraries with authentic books about the West will need one or more copies for their readers.

The book is an excellent piece of printing and binding.

DON L. GRISWOLD P. M.

The Outlaw Trail, by Charles Kelly, (Devin-Adair Co., 374 pgs., \$6.)

This is the best and most authentic account of the famous outlaw Butch Cassidy and his "Wild Bunch" whose ingenuity and daring made history as the dying glow of the frontier lit

eastern and southern Utah through the final years of the nineteenth century.

More than Utah, however, was included in the operations of the Wild Bunch. The trail of the Gang stretched from Canada to Mexico, with three major hideouts along the way, Hole-in-the-Wall in Eastern Wyoming, Brown's Hole in the Colorado-Utah-Wyoming triangle and Robber's Roost in the wild, desolate, south-eastern Utah country.

The Wild Bunch was the largest band of renegades ever to roam the West and while many of its individual members may have strayed from the "straight and narrow path" that Cassidy had outlined for it, the Gang as a unit never molested individuals and were always courteous and respectful toward women and children. They were after bigger game—train robberies, bank holdups, and rustling from the larger cattle companies. The author says they were "gentlemen crooks", that few of them were cold-blooded killers and that Cassidy was polite and courteous, with no streak of violence in his make-up. The author further says, and there is a tone of respect in his writing, that Cassidy, while in this country, at least, never killed a man. He may have written this with his tongue in his cheek.

Even on the Western frontier of the time, though, there was proof that crime did not pay, as one by one the gang was whittled down. Those members of the gang who had not died by violence were in jail, until only Butch Cassidy and Harry Longabaugh, the Sundance Kid, were left. Knowing that their luck had run out, Cassidy and Longabaugh lit out for South America where they continued their depredations in various Latin American countries until finally, cornered in a little Bolivian town, Lon-

gabaugh was killed by the authorities and Cassidy committed suicide.

Thus George Leroy Parker, alias Butch Cassidy, and company, faded away before the march of civilization. It may safely be said their likes had never been seen before and would never be seen again.

The original, small privately printed edition of this book was published in 1938. A copy would bring a fabulous price today as it seems to have disappeared completely. This new edition, however, has a great deal of up-to-now unknown data and unpublished material missing from the original and also some new illustrations.

This reviewer finds the book one of the finest pieces of Western Americana he has ever had the pleasure to read. The book is researched in a way every piece of Americana should be researched and often is not.

ARMAND W. REFDER

The Kean Land by Jack Schaefer.
Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75.

The history of the West is made up not only of dates, places, things but primarily of people, and that's why this collection of short stories about unusual western characters should interest members of the Westerners.

Writes the author, "I collect odd characters, like to get them down on paper. They're quaint, interesting. They're not important because a world made up of odd characters would be a weird one to live in . . ."

The author to the contrary, his characters *are* important, for it was these ordinary folk, intensely individualistic, who were largely responsible for the winning of the West.

Schaefer is a gifted writer, and his characters "come alive."

He wrote SHANE.

F.P.

The Modocs and Their War by Keith A. Murray. 8vo, 346 pages, illustrations, University of Oklahoma Press, Nordman, 1959, price \$5.00.

This volume, the 52d in the Civilization of The American Indian series, is a well documented history of a small Indian tribe who shared with the Klamaths the area located on the boundary of Oregon and California, principally an arid region of lava beds.

The Modocs were a warlike tribe of several hundred, possibly 800, and during their troubles were headed by one "Captain Jack," a treacherous individual who was later to be hanged for unwarranted killing of General Canby, a member of the Indian Peace Commission.

Had it not been for the dishonesty of the Indian agents, the inefficiency of the soldiers and their lack of men, the failure of the Government to deal honestly with the Indians, and the killing of many unarmed settlers, also the killing of the man who might have done the most for the Modocs, it is likely that such a war might have never taken place. From 1869 to 1873 the Modocs played hide and seek with the Army, and killed nearly a hundred settlers and soldiers.

The volume is particularly well indexed and has an extensive bibliography. It measures fully up to the high standard of the University and is well worth reading if only to compare the oft-repeated blunders of the military in their forays against the various Indian tribes, and their treatment of the Indians on the various reservations.

P.M. CARL F. MATHEWS

A notice from the University of Oklahoma Press regarding *The Modocs and Their War* reads as follows:

This review copy of *The Modocs and Their War* is the second printing of the book. In early February, before any copies had been placed in circu-

lation, a fire in Kansas City, Missouri, destroyed the entire first edition. This information will be of special interest to collectors of first editions, etc., of books in The Civilization of the American Indian Series.

Catholic Colonization of the Western Frontier by James P. Shannon, Yale University Press, New Haven. XVII & 302 pages. Index and illustrations.

From Catholic diocesan and parochial archives, from railroad archives and land records, from library and historical society archives, from newspapers and other printed works, author Shannon has summarized and carefully recorded the colonization of ten rural villages and farming communities in western Minnesota. This is the first volume in a series of American studies which is being published by Yale University with assistance from the William Robertson Coe fund.

James P. Shannon, Catholic priest and president of the College of St. Thomas in St. Paul Minnesota, has achieved a scholarly presentation of this segment of American history, and although everyone will not agree that it is "Western" history, it certainly was "West" for the settlers who came from Ireland, England, Belgium, French Canada and the eastern seaboard.

DON L. GRISWOLD P. M.

SOME IMPORTANT WOMEN OF COLORADO

NOLIE MUMEY
(No. 1 of a series)

It becomes a difficult task to adequately eulogize some of the Great Women of Colorado who have touched the hearts of many and aided in creating a great State carved out of the wilderness beyond the Mississippi.

ESTELLE ARNOLD PHILLEO

Not much is known of the early life of a woman who came to Dumont,

Colorado, after the turn of the century, except that she was born in Ohio, in 1881. Dumont began as Mill City in 1860, was abandoned, and then revived in 1880, at which time a post office was established with the name *DUMONT*, for John Dumont who operated the mines.

When this woman was a small girl in pigtails she wanted to compose music. Her career began in high school; she wrote songs for school operettas and music for dances; she sold a few songs which created a college fund. She financed her own education by coaching students in English and Latin, running an elevator at nights and sorting laundry for the girls in the dormitory. Such was the spirit and ambition of this girl. Graduation was a big event in her life, for then she took a vacation to the west and came to Dumont to visit her sister.

She was inspired by the beauty of the rugged Rockies. Captivated by the climate, she remained in Colorado and became a piano teacher. She opened a studio in Denver and was employed by the public schools. During her vacations she traveled over the state and caught the theme of the mountains along with the brightness of the sun and the blueness of the sky, all of which played on her imagination and inspired her creative spirit and talents.

She became a volunteer Red Cross worker during World War I. Her first great triumph came when she set to music the poem of Arthur Chapman, "OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS." This song was sung at many important affairs over the country and she made a personal appearance in many of them. In 1919, she was asked to go to New York to assist the Rocky Mountain Club in welcoming returning service men; there she gave piano solos.

She composed the music for such songs as "OUT OF THE SKIES," and "IN OLD TUCSON." Her own compositions are numerous, such as "TRAILS," and "ROUNDUP LULLABY." She began to travel over the trails of the west in the music she composed and the concerts she gave. She wrote: "COLORADO COLUMBINE," "SPIRIT OF THE ROTARY," "COLORADO," "AWAY OUT WEST," "COLORADO CABIN", and a miscellaneous group of more than twenty songs. She described the beauty of the West and reflected the pioneer spirit in her songs.

TO THE PIONEER

There is no more travel on the old, old trail,

And gone is the pioneer;
And the steady rumble of the wagon train,

Crossing the lone frontier:
But the spirit flames like a signal fire,
For the trail that led
To the heart of the West
Was the trail of love.

This person with her soft brown eyes and olive skin had a spark of deep femininity in her nature which seemed to light the fire of human emotions like the stars on a dark night. Her ashes lie at the base of a pine tree along the highway at Dumont, where she formerly would sit and compose her songs. A plaque on a large boulder has the following inscription:

RESTING PLACE OF
ESTELLE PHILLEO
OF THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST
1881 - 1936
COMPOSER
MUSICIAN
PLACED BY
THE SOCIAL ETHICS CLUB
OF IDAHO SPRINGS

Book Reviews (Continued)

A Ram in the Thicket, by Frank C. Robertson, (Hastings House, 312 pgs., \$4.95.

"My father and mother considered themselves farmers, but they seldom owned a farm. During a good share of my boyhood our home was a covered wagon. Mother was a former schoolteacher and Father an ex-cowboy. Neither would have felt at home anywhere except on the fringe of the frontier. From the beginning of their marriage they seemed doomed to failure, and financially they were; yet, success has many faces."

Thus Frank Robertson begins the biography of his family. His father was driven from one move to another by the twin devils of restlessness and discontent, and his mother accepted each move with the hope that it would be the last, but fortified by faith that whatever happens could be endured. She believed that in the last extremity the Lord would provide a "ram in the thicket".

The Robertson family drifted from Nebraska into the Mormon country of Idaho, where Frank was born, the youngest of three brothers. His father, while fundamentally a good man, was very unstable and highly excitable—the land beyond was always the Promised Land, and so the family never had roots and was always "on the go."

The picture Mr. Robertson paints of the Mormon villages and settlements in Utah and Idaho in which the family resided at one time or another is often not a pretty one, nor is it very complimentary to that particular sect. Even though his father and mother eventually became Mormons, Frank never did.

Poverty ridden, constantly on the move, thwarted by drought and the fickleness of nature as well as their own all-too-human failings, the Rob-

ertsons stuck together and showed what it meant to be a family.

Simply and honestly told, the story is an amazingly candid one of life on the frontier at the turn of the century.

ARMAND W. REEDER

Hole-in-the-Rock: An Epic in the Colonization of the Great American West by David E. Miller. Salt Lake City, University of Utah Press, \$5.50 (Doctor Miller is professor in the Department of History, University of Utah.

Should anyone in modern times become complacent or even boastful concerning some physical exploit, he may achieve sobering perspective by reading this chronicle of the Mormon Mission to the San Juan in 1879-80. Only a religious motivation, something outside themselves, could have carried this expedition through. "Reasonable" men would have sought the existing alternatives, implicit in the abandonment of the pioneer road in the year following its construction.

This is a moving story. Few will emerge dry-eyed from the tale of J. Stanford Smith and Arabella as told by their grandson, R. S. Jones. Parking their three children in the snow at the western rim with quilts tucked around them, Stanford and Belle took their wagon down through the Hole without the help of the usual ten or more assistants clinging to ropes and chains. And then the bitter climb up San Juan Hill, which Dr. Miller should re-name Heartbreak Hill, a name which would not have occurred to the contemporaries.

Two hundred and thirty men, women and children built a road through "impassable" mountains in the dead of winter, with no loss of life or serious illness (without penicillin or even knowledge of bacteria), and with three new additions to the party on the way. The birth of John

Rio (since he was born near the San Juan River) Larson in a raging blizzard on the summit of Grey Mesa is one of the minor epics of the saga. His mother, Olivia, reached up as the gale raised the tent upward the next day and grasped the pole to hold it down. An old Ute Indian encountered the caravan in the region some fifty miles or more east of the Colorado. When informed of the route the wagons had taken, he threw up his hands in disbelief; he, too, must have had a religious explanation for the presence of the wagons there.

One wonders about these wagons. There were 83 of them. Were they all made in Utah by local blacksmiths and wheelwrights? They must have been. Only one was abandoned, worn out, at the eastern rim of Grey Mesa. Fittingly, parts of it are still there, and one hopes that souvenir seekers will have the courtesy to see that they remain. The other 82 wagons made it all the way. This is only one of the wonders of this wonderful expedition.

The best whiskey is said to come in the plainest bottles. It is refreshing to find a story of the first water (changing the figure in deference to Mormon sensibilities) in such a competent container. The crisp typography (I found but two very minor errors), effortless format, beautiful paper, strong and flexible binding (they don't make 'em like this any

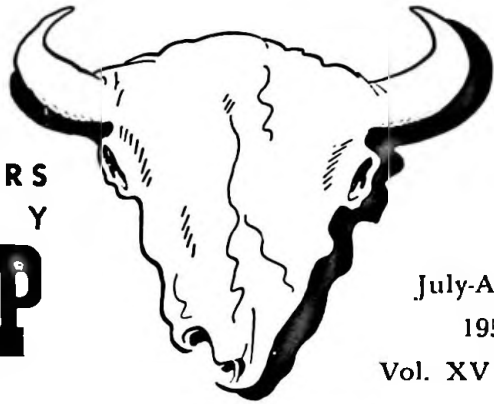
more), really helpful maps, dramatic photographs, and smoothly bound boards without a curlicue or an arabesque, make this book a joy to have and to hold. The University of Utah Press needs no praise. The book is like their churches, plain, even severe, built to use and to endure, of the best materials, and with a firm but sensitive instinct for color.

Dr. Miller's limpid style allows the San Juan story to shine through without distortion or impedance. He does not hesitate to deflate hallowed traditions and personalities when the contemporary documents demand it, or to lament the lack of documentation of some of the official records. This is certainly the definitive work on the Hole-in-the-Rock expedition.

The reviewer is indebted to our good Book Review Chairman, Herbert P. White, for the privilege of reading this rightly named Epic; and to Robert Perkin for presenting his paper on April 22, from which this writer could not be restrained. For it was at this meeting that he encountered Mr. White in search of a reviewer. WESTERNERS will find what Professor Miller calls the best short account of the Hole-in-the-Rock expedition in the 1949 Brand Book, written by a descendant of two of the trekkers.

HORACE EMERSON CAMPBELL

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



July-August
1959
Vol. XV No. 7-8



LOUIS VASQUEZ—A REAL COLORADO PIONEER
Library, State Historical Society of Colorado

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

General editorial complications have resulted in even more than the usual delays in the appearance of the monthly Round Ups. Numa James' fine illustrated program at our June meeting of course could not be reproduced in print, since his comments without the pictures would have been meaningless. There were no papers presented at the July and August meetings, at Colorado Springs and Colorow's cave respectively, We felt it best to combine the May and June issues, and this present issue represents July and August. We have retained the numbering, and will end the year with about the same number of pages as have appeared in each of the last two or three years. We hope that the September issue will appear very soon after this one, and that from then on we will be back on somewhere near a reasonable schedule.

News Notes

There were no formal meetings held in July and August of 1959 and no business was transacted, however a note is probably proper to be included in the records as to the social gatherings those months.

On Saturday evening July 25, 1959, the Active and Reserve members of the Posse gathered with such wives and guests as they cared to invite at the Flying W Ranch just north of the Garden of the Gods near Colorado Springs and partook of a barbecue beef dinner, along with quite a number of tourists present. Approximately 46 people represented the Westerners at this meeting although there may have been a few more.

This outfit features after dinner entertainment and on this evening there was a song dedicated to Forbes Parkhill.

The regular Rendezvous was announced for the Colorow Cave for Saturday evening August 22, 1959, and 98 persons were served at that occasion.

Announcements of the meeting went out quite late and this possibly accounted to some extent for the shortness in attendance compared with other years.

It is also possible that the absence of any formal paper at either of these meetings may have influenced some of our members to stay away from the gatherings.

At the Cave the program after dinner was in charge of P.M. Pete Smythe. He had one of the regular singers of Western songs present to entertain during dinner and after dinner a very fine colored movie of the Durango-Silverton railroad trip was shown. After this a few slides of some of the members were added for further details of that railroad and some other points,

Erl H. Ellis
Roundup Foreman

GEORGETOWN LOOP. An old silent movie, taken from a flatcar, back of a train, going around the Loop and traveling from Georgetown to Silver Plume, has been reprinted by the Eastin-Phelan Corp, 1235 W. 5th St., Davenport, Iowa. Takes about 8 minutes to run. In 16mm costs \$12.98, in 8mm it is \$4.49. This company has other old railroad movies and slides. (Free ad for Clear Creek County). EHE

Posseman Numa James presented his fine collection of slides of early day Colorado churches and those in many smaller communities of the state before the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region at Colorado Springs on August 18. A good sized audience kept him busy answering questions for some time after the showing of the slides was concluded.

The August issue of the Chicago Posse's Brand Book contains a good story on Harry Tracy, which was given at their July meeting by Westerner Stacy Osgood. His article shows much research, and is somewhat of a departure from the usual Chicago fare of Indians and their battles.

Also, since our good Denver posseman may be too retiring to mention it, we call Chicago's attention to the fact that his name is John J. Lipsey, not Linsey, as they have his signature to a "Letter to the Editor."

More On New Mexico

It seems logical and not impertinent to ask: WHEN will we hear of the organization of a group of Westerners in New Mexico? Our Denver group is greatly strengthened by our active members from Colorado Springs. Similarly, support for a group headquartered at Albuquerque could receive help from Santa Fe.

And certainly a more immediate question is: Is the Denver Posse full-filling one of its natural duties of fostering and encouraging the formation of new groups in our immediate neighborhood?

It is the suggestion of this note that we stress more our southern neighbor's history in our activities in the Denver Posse. We did try to give one *Rendezvous* a Spanish-American flavor. But we have far too few Corresponding Members in New Mexico. We could probably attract more if we actively solicited articles from New Mexico sources and indicated now and then that we would cooperate anyway we could to aid and abet in the stirring of interest in a Westerners organization on our southern border.

There exists, of course, a fine Historical Society of New Mexico. But State Historical Societies preceded the groups of Westerners in other States and the two organizations are complementary. The New Mexico society with the State University publishes a quarterly, the *New Mexico Historical Review*, which is now in its 34th volume. The headquarters, business-wise, is at the State Museum at Santa Fe (\$3.00 per year membership fee) while Prof. Frank D. Reeve, at the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque supervises the submitted manuscripts. In 1959 issues there is running serially a list of the territorial post-offices of New Mexico. Some historical items occur in other magazines of New Mexico which are primarily devoted to other objectives. "El Palacio" is published by the Archeological Society of New Mexico, and often has articles of historical interest.

Then there is the "New Mexico Magazine" which appears monthly from the Capitol at Santa Fe. For most of its history it was frankly

a Highway Department organ. Starting with the August, 1959, issue (No. 8 of Vol. 37) this magazine will have no paid advertising, and hopes secretly, one thinks, of rivaling *The Arizona Highways* as a beautiful magazine of pictures and stories. But it has seemed to the writer that in the *New Mexico* magazine there is a tendency to include more articles of pure history.

Perhaps the mention of the few corresponding members we have in New Mexico will suggest how meager is our present serving in that direction.

Albuquerque Public Library; self-explanatory. But there must be other public libraries in New Mexico that would be interested in our ROUNDUP.

Howard Brayton, is the Acquisitions Librarian at the Albuquerque Public Library, but wishes to have his own copies of the ROUNDUP.

Clarence K. Collins, of Albuquerque, is the Chief of the National Forest Fire Control for New Mexico and Arizona.

W. E. Hammond is a CPA at Albuquerque, partner in Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co.

Harold P. Silva is Manager of the New Mexico Book Co., at Albuquerque.

D. D. Monroe, of Clayton, we should all remember for his entertaining talk at one *Rendezvous*. He is a most interested member and might be a great promoter of a group in New Mexico if he were located in Albuquerque.

We still carry W. M. Morrison as a book-dealer at Eagle Nest, but I am sure he has left there.

Finally, at Las Vegas, we have S. Omar Barker, a really active writer and another very good supporter of *The Westerners*, and Milton W. Callon, a businessman of that city, who contributed the fine article for the

March, 1959 Roundup, on the famous old Montezuma Hotel.

Our Editor of the ROUNDUP recently hinted that there might be some greater show of interest in New Mexico in his department. Well, here is my effort. I hope the Editor will make it clear that our members in New Mexico are invited and urged to write or find historical comments or articles for the ROUNDUP that deal with New Mexico or with Colorado-New Mexico relationships or common interests. And how about some reviews of assessments of New Mexico books?

In the 1954 Brand Book there appeared a subject index of all Brand Books of the various groups of Westerners. One cannot spot a really New Mexico item. In that Brand Book was a story of the Farmington Branch of the D&RG that has an across-the-State-Line flavor. The only article in the later Brand Books worthy of mention in this special connection is the one by D. D. Monroe (1957 Brand Book) entitled: "Our Spanish American Heritage". This is a revision of his address at the Rendezvous.

Erl H. Ellis

The editor most heartily endorses the foregoing remarks of our Round-up Foreman and Tally Man. And no one will be happier than that same editor if our urgings bear fruit in the way of contributions to your magazine.

Book Reviews

SANTA FE: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOUTHWESTERN TOWN, by Oliver LaFarge, with the assistance of Arthur N. Morgan. Foreword by Paul Horgan. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 8vo, 436 pages, 25 illustrations. \$5.95

An autobiography is a "life" writ-

ten by the subject of the work. Obviously, no one other than the biographee can write an autobiography, except in such whimsical cases as Gertrude Stein's "Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" and Oliver LaFarge's "Santa Fe: The Autobiography of a Southwestern Town". But leave us not be quibblish: the second example cited above is a pleasing, informative and memory-refreshing book, though it was not written by La Villa de Santa Fe, or (except for comments, explanations and connective tissue) by Mr. LaFarge. Authors of the main text were the many-penned editors and reporters of the ancient and sometimes honorable newspaper, *The Santa Fe New Mexican*.

For nearly 110 years, off and on, *The New Mexican* has been the herald, chronicler, interpreter and critic of New Mexico. Under the ownership of a succession of men of differing beliefs, its morals, manners, its products were sometimes good, sometimes bad. But, such as they were, they got into print, and the paper's sometimes fragmentary files are records of history being made. At times, too, the paper may have been an instrument in making history. But no newspaper is ever so influential as its editor thinks it is. Many an editor has found, to his chagrin, that citizens actually voted against some proposal simply because his paper favored it!

Here is how the book was made: Mr. LaFarge, his assistant Arthur N. Morgan and other helpers turned the pages of all the surviving files of *The New Mexican* and selected significant, amusing and outrageous examples of editorial and reportorial writing. Mr. LaFarge then read and chose from these, and wrote connecting links and commentary. His explanations and comments are enlightening, not only as to the newspaper text, but as to Mr.

La Farge himself. Mr. La Farge is no more a native of New Mexico than are most of the other nationally-celebrated living Santa Feans. But he has spent most of his productive writing years in the Southwest, and he loves New Mexico as devotedly as if she were his mother, and the state's natives as though they were his brothers and sisters. In this book he demonstrates (as he has often done elsewhere) his affection and admiration for Indians and Spanish-Americans. He deals gently with these, including the controversial and excommunicated Father A. J. Martinez of Taos. He is not so tender toward New Mexico's politicians, for most of whom he has little love or adulation. Nevertheless, he does not pursue them in anger beyond their graves, particularly if they have living and respectable descendants. He comments only lightly on a case involving the Hon. Holm O. Bursum (see page 229), for example. For another, there is not much of importance in this book about the Hon. Thomas B. Catron, one of New Mexico's most powerful, ruthless, fascinating and amusing characters, and not one word about Catron's Santa Fe Ring. Come to think of it, nobody else has cared (I almost wrote "dared") to put into print any adequate account of the facts of Catron's life and works. If anyone should write such a book, it would doubtless produce big sales, and bigger lawsuits!

Some of the things in La Farge's "Santa Fe" that may interest you are: The Lincoln County War began in 1874, not 1876, as is generally believed. Dates are given of the first arrivals at, and permanent departures from, Santa Fe of standard and narrow-gauge railways. Santa Fe might have been on the A. T. & S. F. main line if certain Santa Feans had not tried to charge too much for right-of-way near Glorieta. Bronson Cutting

had a lisp, toughness, and a reputation for changeability. Arthur Manby was decapitated at Taos in 1929, but even now no one knows certainly how he lost his head. Writers, artists and "yearners" gave Santa Fe its present-day appearance, reputation and fiesta. But certain artists and their critics made themselves look silly in the matter of "Miss Fertility," a celebrated bas relief. La Farge thinks there is a lot of commercial hooey in the legends concerning Santa Fe, and he kids the pants off of the Chamber of Commerce boys—in a nice way, of course. La Farge chastens almost anybody, whether he loves him or not. But he is a gentle man, and a damned fine writer—and editor.

—PM John J. Lipsey

THE COLORADO QUARTERLY. The first number of Vol. 8 of the Colorado Quarterly, published as the Summer 1959 issue, contains two historical articles.

The first is by Professor Dean A. Arnold of Colo. State College, and the title is descriptive: "Collbran of Colorado: concessionaire in Korea". Henry Collbran's life in Colorado and connections with the Colorado Midland and Santa Fe are only briefly mentioned. The report deals with Collbran's remarkable activities in Korea in fighting the Russians and Japanese for concessions. One sentence outlines the paper: "A competent developer as well as fortune hunter, Collbran brought more western technology to Korea than any other man or group of men in the period from 1897 to the annexation of the peninsula by Japan in 1910." The activities of his son, Bert, are briefly mentioned. Bert was long well-known around Denver. Two granddaughters

(Continued on Page 20)

LOUIS VASQUEZ, MOUNTAIN MAN

by LAUREN C. BRAY

Member, The Kansas City Posse

Lauren C. Bray, formerly of Kansas City, where he was a member of the Kansas City Posse, but now a resident of La Veta, Colorado, wrote this story of Louis Vasquez for presentation to the Kansas City Posse. It appeared in their Trail Guide for December (Vol. III, No. 4) 1958, and we have secured the permission of Westerner Bray and the Kansas City Posse to reprint it for our members, many of whom would probably not have an opportunity to see it otherwise.

Louis Vasquez, of course, was one of the most prominent of the mountain men, and a good deal of his activities centered around Colorado. We are sure our readers will approve of our use of this material for this issue.

* * *

On March 20, 1822, there appeared in the MISSOURI REPUBLICAN, a St. Louis newspaper, the following notice:

To enterprising young men. The subscriber wishes to engage one hundred young men to ascend the Missouri River to its source, there to be employed for one, two or three years. For particulars, inquire of Major Andrew Henry, near the lead mines in the County of Washington, who will ascend with and command the party; or the subscriber near St. Louis. Signed William H. Ashley.

This advertisement had far reaching efforts for it led to the gathering together of a group of adventure-seeking young men who forthwith set

out to make history in our West. The objective of the venture was strictly commercial, the securing of valuable furs, and events proved that it was accomplished with great success. The by-products, important discoveries and explorations in the vast but largely unknown Rocky Mountain region, were truly significant,

Among the discoveries are listed that of Great Salt Lake by James Bridger in 1824 and, in the same year, the South Pass, by a small party, probably led by Thomas Fitzpatrick, of which James Bridger, Etienne Provot and Louis Vasquez were members. Another discovery linking the name of Bridger to a place of present day importance is the pass over the Continental Divide in south central Wyoming, the approximate location of the present route of the Union Pacific Railroad on its main line to the West Coast.

In their fur trapping, these "original Ashley men" explored both slopes of the divide from the headwaters of the Missouri in Montana to the Gila River in Arizona. In looking at a map of today, one sees many familiar names, Jackson, Provo, Henry, Sublette, Bridger and others which testify to the explorations of these early day mountain men. Jedediah Smith blazed a trail to California while Jim Bridger explored Yellowstone Park. Jim's tales of the wonders found there reached the outside world where they were received with much curiosity and interest as well as considerable skepticism.

General Ashley encountered little difficulty in assembling his group of one hundred men. Many of them came from prominent families of St. Louis and vicinity. Among those whose names will recur in this narrative were the brothers William and Milton Sublette, Etienne Provot, Thomas Fitzpatrick, James Bridger and Louis Vasquez. This account will deal primarily with Vasquez.

Pierre Louis Vasquez, known simply as Louis Vasquez, was born into one of the first families of St. Louis. His father, Benito, had been born in Galicia, Spain, and in 1770, at the age of twenty had accompanied Governor Piernas to Louisiana and to St. Louis. He became a landholder and trader and took an active part in the affairs of the community including that of being a captain of militia. In 1774, he married Julie Papin of a prominent French Creole family. ¹ Of the twelve children born to this union, the following are noted here:

Benito, Jr., born in 1780, was the eldest child. He became the head of the family at the death of the father in 1810, at which time Louis was a boy of twelve. During the formative years of Louis' youth, the much older brother served as a father to him.

August Francois "Baronet" Vasquez, born in 1783, served as interpreter for Zebulon Pike on his expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1806. He later was agent to the Kaw Indians, 1825 to 1828, dying of cholera while on his return from St. Louis to his post at Kawsmouth in 1828.

Louis Vasquez, the subject of this narrative, was born in St. Louis in 1798, the youngest of the twelve children. At the time of the Ashley expedition, Louis was twenty-four.

Louis received good schooling and rearing under the favorable circumstances of his family's standing in the community. Bernard DeVoto in *ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI* refers to Louis at Fort Bridger as "of aristocratic birth like Fontenelle—and bits of aristocratic elegance clung to him in the mountains like cottonwood fluff."² In 1834, in writing to his brother Benito from the summer rendezvous at Ham's Fork, Louis asks him to send some novels by way of Robert Campbell, who would be returning to the mountains in the fall, so that he would have something to read during the long winter evenings.³ These evidences of education and breeding are stressed here because these facts differ widely from the impression so commonly held that mountain men, ipso facto, were illiterate and coarse characters.

During the Fort Bridger period, there are instances in which persons writing about Louis, refer to him as "Bridger's Mexican partner" or as a "Mexican half-breed." To many contemporaries Vasquez was a Frenchman. J. C. Alter in his *JAMES BRIDGER* quotes the English traveler, William Kelly, who visited Fort Bridger in 1849, as follows: "He is a Frenchman, the partner of Mr. Bridger in the fort or trading post, which they established many years ago, making a large fortune in bartering their baubles for skins and valuable furs."⁴ Most of Louis' letters to his family are in French. Louis Vasquez had the distinction of demonstrating that a polished Creole gentleman could successfully compete in an occupation which could be considered as dangerous and rough as any which existed in the 1820's, 30's, and 40's. The ever present hostility from Indians, natural elements and rivals must have taken some toll, for in 1833, at the age of thirty-five, Louis was already known

as "an old mountain man" and thereafter commonly referred to as "Old Vaskiss."

OTHER MOUNTAIN MEN

In order to have an adequate appreciation of the setting in which Louis fulfilled his career in the mountains, it is appropriate to consider some of the principal elements concerned. Louis' employers for the first eleven years were successively: General Ashley, for the period 1822-26; Smith, Jackson and Sublette, from 1826 to 1830; and the Rocky Mountain Fur Company from 1830 to 1833. General Ashley made a substantial fortune in the four years of his fur operation, and since he was anxious to further his interest in politics, he sold his business in 1826 to three of his young trappers, Jedediah Smith, David Jackson and William Sublette. After four years, the firm was sold or transferred to a group made up of James Bridger, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Milton Sublette, Henry Fraeb and Baptiste Gervais who were to operate under the name of The Rocky Mountain Fur Company. During these eleven years, Louis Vasquez served a part or most of the time as a brigade leader of trappers. His associates were substantially the same men, with the "original" Ashley men forming the nucleus of the group. These were "rugged individualists" in the true meaning of the term. Who were some of them?

James Bridger, affectionately known by his companions as Old Gabe, has been mentioned several times previously in this account. No attempt will be made here to recount the accomplishments and the events which cause many qualified historians to consider Bridger peerless among mountain men. His career as related by Alter in his comprehensive work, reads like true fiction. Jim Bridger's survival for fifty years in the mountains elo-

quently testifies to his intelligence, courage, resourcefulness, physique, integrity and the respect which was accorded him by all who knew him, whether white man or red.

Jedediah S. Smith, a dedicated Christian man, who, with David E. Jackson and William L. Sublette took over Ashley's fur company in 1826, was a great traveler and trail blazer in the unexplored West. In 1826, he made a trip from present day Wyoming to San Diego through the unknown deserts and wastes of central and southwestern Utah, southern Nevada and southern California. He had an engagement to meet his partners at the 1827 rendezvous in what is now northeastern Utah, which he kept by returning via the San Joaquin Valley, central Nevada and the Salt Flats of Utah, bringing with him what furs his party had been able to secure and transport under severe hardship. At the conclusion of the rendezvous, which lasted approximately three weeks, Smith immediately returned to California on another expedition. He was killed by Comanche Indians in 1831 on the Cimarron Cutoff of the Santa Fe Trail while on a trading trip to Santa Fe with Thomas Fitzpatrick. Jedediah Smith is credited with being the first American to make the overland trip to California. ⁶

Thomas Fitzpatrick, generally considered one of the three most famous of the mountainmen, was known to the Indians as "The Broken Hand" and later as "White Head," the first name because of a damaged hand resulting from a gun barrel explosion and the second name because his hair turned white while being chased by Blackfoot Indians, all by himself, and on foot, over a period lasting six weeks. His activities and exploits are too numerous to attempt to relate here, but among them were partnership in the Rocky Mountain Fur Com-

pany; employment by the competitor, the American Fur Company; position as guide to Fremont on his 1843 and 1845 California expeditions and guide to Kearny on his trip through the Colorado River desert country enroute to California at the start of the Mexican War in 1846; and later, agent to the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahos with headquarters at Bent's Fort. He died while agent in 1855 and is buried in Washington, D. C. ⁶

Kit Carson, who among all of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company men—in fact, among all of the trappers—was to gain the most renown as mountaineer, plainsman, scout, guide, Indian agent, Indian fighter and U. S. Army officer, was perhaps the most modest and unassuming of them all. To a marked degree, the story of Kit Carson typifies the "winning of the West." To secure a full conception of Carson's contributions to his country and its history, one must read one or more of the biographies of him. Sabin is highly recommended for its completeness and authoritativeness. After two comparatively shortlived marriages to Indian maidens, the first an Arapaho and the second a Cheyenne, Kit married a Spanish young lady of family, Josepha Jaramillo of Taos, and in so doing became the brother-in-law of Charles Bent, the first governor of the New Mexico territory. In taking Indian squaws, Kit was typical of the mountaineers. Louis Vasquez, who did not marry until he was an old bachelor of forty-eight, at which time he married an American woman in St. Louis, is considered atypical.

Old Bill Williams, for whom a peak and a town are named in Arizona and a stream in Colorado, had been a circuit riding Baptist preacher in Missouri before he came west, working out of the old Harmony Mission on the Osage River where he had been sent as trader to the Osage

Indians by the government factor of Fort Osage, George C. Sibley. Among mountaineers, themselves a rather strange breed, Old Bill was considered "eccentric." A large part of the time, he trapped alone. Aged and infirm, at the approximate age of sixty, he attempted to guide Fremont's fourth expedition around the head of the San Luis Valley in southern Colorado during the winter of 1848 with disastrous results. He was killed by the Utes in 1849 and is buried on the Williams Fork of the Colorado near the place where his body was found. ⁷

James Beckwourth was a mulatto from Virginia, the son of a Negro slave woman and an Irish overseer. ⁸ He ran away sometime prior to 1820 and shows up in the mountains later, as an Ashley man. He had a very checkered career, even for a mountaineer, as his memoirs, which he dictated, so colorfully show. He is credited with having discovered Beckworth Pass in the Sierra Nevadas, through which the Feather River rail route takes passengers today. He became a Crow Indian chief and functioned as such. He worked for Louis Vasquez at Fort Vasquez in 1837 and later in the store of Pike Vasquez, Louis' nephew, in Denver. He acted as guide for Chivington to the vicinity of the ill-starred Battle of Sand Creek in November of 1864. He later returned to live with the Crows, where he was poisoned and died in 1867.

Other associates and men whose paths crossed that of Louis Vasquez were David Jackson, for whom Jackson Hole is named; Peter Skene Ogden, for whom Ogden, Utah, is named; Etienne Provot, who gave his name to Provo, Utah; the medical missionary Dr. Marcus Whitman; Father DeSmet; Joseph Meek; Robert Campbell; Andrew Drips; Jim Baker; Black Harris; William Vandenburg; Lucienne Fontenelle; Antoine Robid-

oux; Captain Benjamin Bonneville; Nathaniel Wyeth; and many others who, like Louis Vasquez, have lacked biographers and thus posterity loses much interesting information and the accounts of many fascinating exploits.

THE RENDEZVOUS

Another principal element in the setting in which Louis Vasquez made his career was the summer rendezvous. Prior to the establishment of fixed trading posts by the dominating concerns, the American Fur Company and the Hudson's Bay Company, most transactions pertaining to the fur trade were accomplished at the large gatherings known as the annual rendezvous. These were held from 1825 to 1839 inclusive, the first and the last ones in neighboring locations on the Green River in extreme southwestern Wyoming. As just mentioned, the purpose of the rendezvous was to bring all interested persons together to take care of the various transactions of the business, such as the buying and trading of pelts, the payment of obligations, the securing of supplies for the coming year, the hiring of men, and the renewal of contracts.

In the process of accomplishing these purposes, the rendezvous took on the aspect of a gigantic carnival. The principal ingredients were roughly the following: several hundred youthful white trappers who for the most part had been isolated in small groups for the previous twelve months; some Indian wives and children of these men; a minimum of 2,000 Indians in tribal bands, including women and children; plentiful supplies of all kinds, especially alcohol; payday for all who had brought furs and for those on wages such as hunters; the settling of debts and wagers; and the renewal of friendships. These ingredients, all mixed together without the benefit of law enforcing agencies and

little restraining, influence produced an effect which is described in the written accounts of eyewitnesses as being tremendously colorful and frequently, fatally hilarious. The trappers looked forward to these occasions because of the opportunities for revelry, but even more for the chance to be with people, make social contacts, after extended periods of comparative isolation. The rendezvous provided the bachelor trapper a selection of Indian maidens to take as wife and many of them took advantage of the opportunities afforded. Kit Carson found his first wife at the rendezvous of 1835, the Arapaho girl, Waa-nibe or "Grass Singing."⁹

Louis Vasquez accompanied Robert Campbell and his caravan of supplies for the Rocky Mountain Fur Company to the rendezvous of 1833. It is interesting to note that the English army captain-traveler, Sir William Drummond Stewart, with his specially engaged artist, Alfred Jacob Miller, an American, were also members of the Campbell party. DeVoto mentions that on this trip from St. Louis, Campbell's lieutenant was his clerk, Johnesse, "but his reliance would be an old companion in the great days, Louis Vasquez, the 'Old Vaskiss' of the literature, an Ashley man, all rawhide and mountain wisdom."¹⁰ In placing reliance on Vasquez in the important matter of getting the entire year's supply of barter goods, approximately thirty tons mule back, from Lexington, Missouri, to the Green River, the shrewd Irishman, Campbell, recognized the qualities which Jim Bridger later capitalized upon when he chose him for his partner in the Ft. Bridger enterprise. The Campbell caravan got through without major mishap.

At the close of the rendezvous of 1833, Louis was given the assignment of taking the mules, horses and re-

maining cattle overland to the mouth of the Yellowstone River, after which he appears in Absaroka, the land of the Crow nation, where he spent the fall and winter trading with members of that tribe. Louis Vasquez was undoubtedly considered a Rocky Mountain Fur Company man and certainly he represented the company's suppliers, Campbell and Sublette, in the trading which he did with the Crows. Charles Larpenteur who wintered at Campbell and Sublette's post, Fort William, states that after the first of January in 1834, Louis Vasquez returned to the fort with 30 packs of robes and one pack of beaver, a favorable highlight in an otherwise bare winter for Messrs. Sublette, Campbell and Co.¹¹

Louis' good friend from the Ashley days, Jim Beckwourth, had been made a chief of the Crows, and at this time was living with the tribe. In addition to being a chief, he was on the payroll of the American Fur Company, the John Jacob Astor "trust," charged with the special assignment of securing a monopoly of the Crow trade. And so we see the odd circumstance of two close friends, though direct business rivals, spending the winter together, during which time each is striving to influence business in favor of his own company at the expense of the other. Later, Louis was to give Jim a job at Fort Vasquez and later still, another one in the store in Denver, in which Louis furnished the backing for his nephew, Pike.

The summer of 1834 finds Louis with Andrew Sublette, younger brother of Milton and William, at a place which Louis refers to in letters as Fort Convenience. The location is thought to be at the edge of present suburban Denver at or near the mouth of Clear Creek on the east bank of the South Platte River. It was made of logs and has long since

disappeared. Clear Creek was originally known as the Vasquez Fork of the South Platte because of the fort at its mouth. Louis Vasquez is credited with being the first white settler, temporary or otherwise, in the vicinity of Denver.¹² There is a boulevard in northeast Denver honoring Louis Vasquez.¹³ Present U. S. Highway No. 6 traverses Vasquez Boulevard as it enters the city from the northeast.

Louis Vasquez with Andrew Sublette and nephew Pike Vasquez trapped and traded along the South Platte and tributaries in 1835 and 1836, headquartering at Fort Convenience. In 1837, Louis made a trip to St. Louis with furs and while there took a license from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, under the trading name of "Vasquez and Sublette."¹⁴ It was at this time that the permanent adobe establishment known as Fort Vasquez was built on the South Platte River near the present town of Platteville in Weld County, Colorado.¹⁵ We find the erstwhile American Fur Company agent to the Crow nation, Jim Beckwourth, working for Vasquez and Sublette in 1838. The firm probably had American Fur Company backing.¹⁶ The decline in the demand for beaver skins which was brought about by the growing popularity of the silk hat, influenced Vasquez and Sublette to sell out to a firm of Lock and Randolph, who failed two years later, owing \$800 on the purchase price.¹⁷

Jim Bridger had visited his old friend Louis at Fort Vasquez in 1839. The troubles of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, contributed to so largely by the maneuverings of its powerful arch-rival, the American Fur Company, had brought the concern to a very weakened position five years previously; and it had been taken over by a partnership, Fitzpatrick, Bridger and Sublette. These old companions,

with backing from Robert Campbell and William Sublette, had carried on for a time but the competition from "the trust" was too great and the venture was shortlived. Bridger had made a connection with his old competitor and Vasquez was probably using backing from the same company. It is doubtful if either was happy. It may have been during Jim's visit, if not it was shortly thereafter, when both Louis and Jim were in St. Louis, that the plans for establishing a trading post near the old rendezvous site in southwestern Wyoming were made.

FORT BRIDGER

The construction of Fort Bridger was done late in 1842 and the post was open for business some time in 1843, probably in the spring or early summer. In a letter which Jim Bridger wrote (dictated) to Pierre Chouteau, dated December 10, 1843, he states, in part: "I have established a small fort with a blacksmith shop and a supply of iron on the road of the emigrants, on Black's Fort of the Green River, which promises fairly. They, in coming out, are generally well supplied with money but by the time they get here are in want of all kinds of supplies."¹⁸ The site proved to be a fortunate one, as the majority of emigrants to both California and Oregon passed right in front of the door. The timing was exactly perfect—the tide of emigration began in earnest in 1843. In addition to the emigrant business, there was trading with trappers and Indians. The venture prospered from the very start.

In 1846, Louis Vasquez, at the age of forty-eight, married a widow in St. Louis, Narcissa Burdette Land Ashcraft. She had two small children, a boy Hiram and a girl somewhat older. It is believed Louis brought his wife and the two children to Fort Bridger sometime in 1847. A child, Louis, Jr.,

was born on July 7, 1847. According to the family record, six more children were to be born, all girls:

Mary Ann, born July 25, 1849.
(She was probably named for Mary Ann Bridger who was lost in the Marcus Whitman Mission Massacre near Walla Walla, Washington, two years previously, at age ten.)

Sarah L., born July 14, 1851.

Louise, born January 31, 1854.

Catherine, born February 22, 1858.

Emmo, born June 13, 1860.

Narcissa, born May 26, 1863.¹⁹

During the period of the partnership, 1842 to 1855, each of the partners indulged in various side ventures. Vasquez operated a ferry on the Green River. He also opened and operated a general mercantile store in Salt Lake City, 1849 to 1855. In 1852 or 1853, Bridger operated a ferry on the Green River, whether or not at the same location as Vasquez's previous one is not known, but it probably was, inasmuch as Vasquez is known to have been devoting a major part of his time to his store in the city at this period.

It is believed that toll exacted by Bridger from the Mormons, during the heavy migrations to Utah in 1852 and 1853, contributed to the growing resentment which the Mormons began to show for him and which led to the establishment of ferries over the Green and Bear Rivers by act of the Utah legislature. The Mormons, in turn, are reported to have begun gouging the emigrants to California and Oregon, those who had no alternative to turn to.²⁰

Regardless of outside activities, the firm of Bridger and Vasquez ran smoothly during the thirteen years of its existence. There are no instances found to indicate that there was ever any friction. These men had suffered many hardships in common in the the old days and the bonds then weld-

ed held tight in the later years. In the operation of the Fort, J. Cecil Alter describes Vasquez as looking after the business details of the operation, while Bridger functioned in what today could be termed a "sales-manager and public relations manager" capacity. Bridger also spent time in the spring and fall doing some trapping, which he enjoyed.

It is interesting to note that the wives got along together very well, too, although one was a white woman from the States and the other was an Indian squaw from an uncivilized tribe (Ute). Their families lived under a common roof for some eight years. A glance at the domestic arrangements of the two families is given by Wm. G. Johnston of Pittsburg in his writing, *EXPERIENCES OF A FORTY-NINER*, quoted by J. Cecil Alter in his *JAMES BRIDGER*, and by R. S. Ellison in his paper, *FORT BRIDGER*. Mr. Johnston stopped at Fort Bridger on June 17, 1849. He comments:

Mr. Vasquez was a fine portly gentleman of medium height, about fifty years of age, and made the impression of being intelligent and shrewd....The owners of the fort are Mr. Bridger, an old mountaineer, who for the past thirty years has been engaged in trading with the Indians....and Colonel Vasquez, whom we met beyond the South Pass as already related. In company with Mr. Scully I visited several apartments of the fort, among others the rooms occupied by the families of the proprietors, through which we were conducted by Mrs. Vasquez, who entertained us in an agreeable and hospitable manner, notably inviting us 'to sit upon chairs,' a situation somewhat novel, one which for some past we had been unaccustomed.

Opening upon a court were the rooms occupied by the Bridger family. Mr. Bridger, with a taste differing from that of his partner, who has a white wife from the States, made his selection from the ladies of the wilderness—a stolid, fleshy, round-headed woman, not oppressed with lines of beauty.

(Note—He is referring to Jim's second wife, a Ute, who was the mother of Mrs. Virginia Bridger Wacheman Hahn, who took care of her father in his last years, when he was totally blind, on the farm south of Kansas City.)

Her hair was intensely black and straight and so cut that it hung in a thick mass upon her shoulders. In a corner of the room, was a churn of buttermilk, and dipping from it, with a ladle, Mrs. Vasquez filled and refilled our cups, which we drank until completely satisfied.²¹

The events which occurred during the years of the operation of the trading post by the partners are too many to include here. Those who are interested in these events will find much satisfaction in reading of them in J. C. Alter's extensive work on James Bridger and R. S. Ellison's shorter study of Fort Bridger. However, there are two events over which hang a haze of inconclusiveness, if not actual controversy. One has to do with the Donner party and the other the transfer of Fort Bridger to the Mormons. Both have historical significance.

DONNER PARTY INCIDENT

It has been charged that in 1846 when the Donner Party stopped at Fort Bridger, enroute to the West Coast, both Jim Bridger and Louis Vasquez influenced the leaders to take the Hastings Cutoff, via the southern shore of Salt Lake and thence

across the Salt Flats and into Nevada, instead of going by the regular and safer, although longer, route by way of Fort Hall, north of present day Pocatello, Idaho. Taking the Hastings Cutoff brought severe hardship to the party and caused delay which resulted in winter overtaking the group in the high Sierras with such tragic effect. The latest to bring the charge is Homer Croy in *WHEELS WEST, THE STORY OF THE DONNER PARTY*, published in 1955.²² In this case, Bridger is largely excused but Vasquez is directly accused. Homer Croy states in substance that while the Donner Party was stopping at Fort Bridger, Jim Bridger kept his mouth shut about the Hastings Cutoff, but that Louis Vasquez was very voluble in his statements to the party about the advantages of the shorter route. He further states that Hastings and Vasquez had a secret understanding. He goes on to say that a traveler who preceded the Donners by a few days, Edwin Bryant, had written a letter to James Reed, a leader of the Donner Party, advising against taking the cutoff, and had left the letter with Vasquez to give to Reed, but that he failed to do so.²³ Homer Croy cites no source for these statements and facts other than reference to Bryant.

In his book on Bridger, Alter has this to say: "James Bridger and Louis Vasquez have been given a share of the responsibility for the Donner Party's fate, though the accusation is by inference rather than by direct information."²⁴

A survivor of the Donner Party, Eliza P. Donner-Houghton, does not mention either Vasquez or Bridger in her account of the events which occurred at this time, in her book, *THE EXPEDITION OF THE DONNER PARTY*. She relates that the decision to take the cutoff was made because

of the open letter addressed "To All California Emigrants Now on the Road" sent by Hastings and received by their party on July 17, 1846.²⁵

In passing, it should be noted that Bridger and Vasquez had a selfish interest in having as many emigrant parties as possible choose the Fort Bridger, or regular route, rather than taking the route which by-passed the Fort, the so-called "waterless" trail known as Greenwood's Cutoff or the Sublette Cutoff, from South Pass to Fort Hall. At times Vasquez or Bridger would meet the emigrant trains just east of South Pass for the purpose of influencing the selection in favor of Fort Bridger, as well as to do some trading in advance, but it is not apparent that the partners would have any selfish interest in routes chosen by travelers *after* arrival at the fort.

One of the first, if not the first, to level the serious accusation of being responsible for the tragic experiences of the Donner Party directly at James Bridger and Louis Vasquez was C. F. McGlashan, whose extensive work on the Donner Party was first published in 1880. He states, in substance, that but for the earnest importuning of the two, the entire party would have continued on by the regular route from Fort Bridger to Fort Hall, thereby avoiding the fatal delays which occurred in getting the wagons down Weber Canyon to Salt Lake. McGlashan goes on to say that Bridger and Vasquez also had misrepresented the extent of the salt desert southwest of the lake by a third. The party had a very bad experience in traversing this wasteland.²⁶ Accepting the fact that Mr. McGlashan unquestionably interviewed many survivors of the party, still he cites no source for these most serious charges against men whose records are above reproach in all other respects.

MORMONS AND FORT BRIDGER

Fort Bridger passed into the hands of the Mormon Church in 1855. In the historical records of the church in Salt Lake City, there is a journal entry dated October 18, 1858, showing that Louis Vasquez of the firm of Bridger and Vasquez executed a bill of sale for Fort Bridger and acknowledged receipt of \$4,000 on August 3, 1855, and a second amount of \$4,000 on the date of the entry (October 18, 1858). There is considerable speculation concerning the circumstances pertaining to the acquisition of the property and some later events. A brief listing of pertinent dates and data includes:

Fall of 1853 - Sometime early in the fall, a force of approximately 150 Mormons led by Brigham Young's self-styled "Destroying Angel," Bill Hickman, raided Fort Bridger but found it unoccupied although the supplies were intact, including whiskey and rum, which Hickman relates was promptly consumed by the raiders, including the chaplain.²⁷

November, 1853 - The Mormons establish Fort Supply, twelve miles southwest of Fort Bridger as a base for settlement of the region and probably for the purpose of exerting pressure on Fort Bridger, looking to taking it over.

November, 1853 - Bridger has John M. Hockaday, government surveyor, make a survey of the Fort Bridger holdings.²⁸

August 3, 1855 - Sale of the fort by the firm as shown in the Mormon church records with \$4,000 paid on the purchase.

Fall of 1855 - The Vasquez family moves from Fort Bridger to Westport (now part of Kansas City, Mo.)²⁹

November 18, 1857 - James Bridger and Capt. Dickerson execute a

lease of the fort property to the U, S, Government.³⁰

November 21, 1857 - Col. Albert Sidney Johnston's forces occupy the fort, finding the buildings burned and abandoned. (Fort Bridger is henceforth an army post until 1890.)³¹

October 18, 1858 - Second \$4,000 paid by the Mormons to Vasquez to complete the purchase of Fort Bridger.

The first question which arises is "how could Bridger reasonably execute a lease in the name of Bridger and Vasquez as lessor two years after the sale of the property to the Mormon Church?" Alter suggests the Vasquez equity only was purchased. Ellison is convinced that Jim Bridger was literally forced out "at gun point" by the Mormons and without compensation. It is well established that extremely bad feeling existed between Bridger and the church. Brigham accused Bridger of furnishing arms and ammunition to the Utes and then urging them to raid the Mormon settlers. Jim resented this accusation, and furthermore he did not appreciate the constant threats which the Mormons directed at him.

The Mormon animosity did not extend to Louis Vasquez; in fact, there is evidence that Brigham Young and the church thought well of him.³² Louis would need to be on good terms with the members for a successful operation of his store in the city. It is reasonable to believe that the sale of the Fort was a legitimate transaction but that it was understood that the property transferred was primarily *personal* property, that is, buildings, fences, equipment, supplies, livestock, and such, rather than *real* property, that is, the land itself. With the sale perhaps went the partners' quit claim to their squatter's rights, inasmuch as they did not own a

warrantable or transferable title to the land, as later events proved. In a similar instance, Nathaniel Wyeth had disposed of his holdings at Fort Hall to the Hudson's Bay Company. It is a fact that Jim Bridger had had a survey made of the Fort Bridger land holding and had filed the survey with the General Land Office in Washington in 1854, but a patent of title had not been issued, and there was no assurance that one would be. (None was ever issued to the partners.)

Assuming that Jim and Louis gave the Mormons the equivalent of a quit claim deed at the time of the sale in 1855, payment covering purchase had not been completed at the time Jim leased the property to the army two years later in 1857. The Mormons may have been in actual default. Jim Bridger served as guide for Colonel Johnston's forces from Fort Laramie to Fort Bridger and therefore had an opportunity to observe their strength, as well as to talk with the leaders. There was no question but they were able to occupy the Fort immediately upon arrival. As it developed, Bridger and Captain Dickerson scouted ahead of the column and found the Fort abandoned, before the lease was actually signed on November 18, 1857. Considering this latter fact and the fact that the Mormons had not finished paying for the purchase, coupled with the intense resentment which Jim held for them, it appears reasonable that Jim would feel no qualms in making a favorable contract with the army. It should be borne in mind that the Mormon War had already begun with the raiding of the army supply trains and the burning of the forces' main food stocks for the coming winter in some actions along the Green River in October.

It is recognized that much of the foregoing reasoning is conjectural; however, owing to the meagerness of

contemporary accounts regarding the sale to the Mormon Church (for example, the church has just the one brief, and somewhat "open to question," notation in the records), the provable facts may never be known. Jim Bridger and Louis Vasquez kept no records, or if they did, none have come to light.

Another very legitimate question which has been asked is: "Why would the Mormon church be willing to pay the second half of the purchase price one full year after the United States Army had leased the property from Bridger and Vasquez - without reference to the church interest in the ownership - and one full year after the army had been in actual possession of the premises?" Assuming that the Mormons understood that their gold was being paid for "personal" property, to wit, livestock, blacksmith shop, living quarters, supplies of all kinds, stockade, etc., all of which had been transferred to them in 1855, an apparent answer would be the fact that they had had to abandon the fort did not release them from the obligation to pay. Regarding the first \$4,000 payment, evidence of its actually having been paid is found in two instances. Bill Hickman, Brigham Young's "Destroying Angel," whom Brigham had appointed as Sheriff-Prosecutor-Assessor-Collector (in addition to his other duties) of newly formed Green River County, Utah Territory (now Wyoming), writing in his autobiography in 1857, states "the post was then, and had been for two years, owned by the church, I having been one of the carriers of gold it took to purchase said place."³³ Louis Vasquez' step-son Hiram, told that he recalled having seen, as a boy, a large heap of gold which had been brought to the Fort and placed on a table in a back room. The gold was probably the initial payment of \$4,000

which Hickman related he helped carry. Hiram would have been approximately 12 years old at the time payment was made.³⁴ The partners were paid no rental by the army or the government for the reason that they could not show title to the land. Jim Bridger and his heirs carried on extensive efforts and litigation to realize something from the United States Government on the lease and eventually a settlement of \$6,000 was paid to Bridger's heirs in 1889, eight years after Jim's death. There is no record that Louis Vasquez or his heirs ever filed a claim, or ever received any reimbursement.

RETIREMENT IN WESTPORT

When the Vasquez family moved back to Missouri in 1855, they went direct to St. Louis for a visit and then to Westport. Louis had bought an eighty acre farm a few miles south of town, in 1852. The family also had a house in town. The Vasquez farm was situated between that of Jim Bridger on the south and William Bent on the north.³⁵

In 1859, Louis staked his nephew, Pike Vasquez, who had trapped with him on the South Platte in the 1830's, to a grocery store in the new town of Denver. Apparently Louis did not otherwise participate in this venture. Jim Beckwourth writes of visiting the Vasquez family in Westport in 1859. Later that year he shows up as clerk in Pike's store. From 1859 on, Louis is believed to have spent a large part of his time in Westport and on the farm with the family. As previously noted, Narcissa and Louis had daughters born in 1858, 1860, and the last child in 1863. The family probably stayed on the farm in the spring and summer and in town in the fall and winter. The physician of Westport during that pre-Civil War period was Dr. John W. Parker, whose house is

still occupied as a home at this writing (1958). His account books show that he attended various members of the Louis Vasquez family, including the two slaves, Lettie and Collins, during the years 1855 to 1861.³⁶

Occasionally during the 1860's, Jim Bridger, between assignments as guide to the U. S. Army forces operating in the western plains and Rocky Mountain region, would spend some time with his family on his farm near that of Louis Vasquez. It seems reasonable to suppose that on these occasions the two friends, now in their sixties would spend some time together. If they were inclined to reminisce — and if they were not so inclined, it would be strange indeed — there would be no difficulty in finding a subject; for, among men who have had a part in making American history, and particularly in the West, there have been few if any who have been so closely associated during such stirring events and for so long a period of time as James Bridger and Louis Vasquez. It is regrettable that devices such as tape recorders were not available to preserve some of the conversations of these two grizzled veterans; for as it is, lacking the spoken word, men's imaginations are not equal to capturing the complete coloring and romance of the era of the mountain man.

Louis Vasquez died in September of 1868, either in Westport or on the farm nearby. When his burial place is mentioned, it invariably is stated to be Mount Saint Mary's Cemetery in Kansas City, Missouri, and yet a diligent search by several interested persons has failed to locate the grave or any record indicating that he might be buried there. His resting place remains unknown.

Louis' widow, Narcissa spent her declining years in Colorado with her sons Hiram and Louis, Jr., and daugh-

ter Narcissa (later Mrs. Caldwell). She died in 1899 in Pueblo, at the age of eighty and is buried near her son Louis in the pleasant evergreen shaded Masonic Cemetery in Walsenburg.

In Louis' stepson, Hiram, we find a most colorful link between the days of the old trading past at Fort Bridger and the present. Hiram lived several years as a small boy at the Fort and spent his next years on the farm near Westport, attending school and reaching manhood there at the time of the Civil War. From the age of twenty to the time of his death in 1939 at the age of ninety-six, he carved a notable career as frontiersman, ranchman and citizen in southern Colorado, most of it in the Spanish Peaks country. The story of his experiences and accomplishments deserve separate attention and therefore will not be narrated here. He was ever proud of his name, and the fact that Hiram achieved such an enviable position of respect in his community testifies well to the training and inspiration which he received from the only father whom he ever knew, an original Ashley man, in De Voto's words "all rawhide and mountain wisdom," Louis Vasquez.

FOOTNOTES

¹Anna Vasquez Papers, MS. Archives of the Native Sons of Kansas City, Missouri.

²(Cambridge, 1947) p. 378.

³L. R. Hafen, "Mountain Men," *The Colorado Magazine*, X (January, 1933), 15.

⁴(Salt Lake City, 1925) p. 205.

⁵Edwin L. Sabin, *Kit Carson Days* (Chicago, 1919), pp. 51-52, 54, 511-18.

⁶Information on burial furnished by L. R. Hafen.

⁷Sabin, 118.

⁸Hubert Howe Bancroft, *Works*, XXV, *History of Nevada, Colorado and Wyoming 1540-1888* (San Francisco, 1890), fn. p. 352.

⁹Stanley Vestal, *Kit Carson* (Boston, 1928). The romantic interest which the Arapaho maiden, Waa-nibe, contributes to the story of the duel between Kit Carson and the French bully, Shunar or Shunan, is told by Vestal pp. 117-26 and by Sabin p. 165 and 166.

¹⁰De Voto, p. 30.

¹¹Forty years a Fur Trader on the Upper Missouri; the Personal Narrative of Charles Larpentour, 1833-1872, ed Elliott Coues (New York, 1898), I, p. 62.

¹²Federal Writers Project, *Colorado, American Guide Series* (New York, 1941), p. 128.

¹³The name of Vasquez Boulevard was suggested by Governor Teller Ammons sometime in the late 1930's. This information is furnished by Agnes Wright Spring, *Colorado State Historian*.

¹⁴Hafen, *Colorado Magazine*, X, 17-18.

¹⁵This interesting old landmark of the fur era is now under the auspices of the State Historical Society of Colorado. It, as well as the first courthouse of Weld County, a one room log cabin, can be visited at any time. They are situated together between the north and south ribbons of U. S. Highway No. 85, one mile south of Platteville in Weld County.

¹⁶De Voto makes a direct statement to this effect, p. 316.

¹⁷Letter of Robert Campbell to William Sublette, dated May 23, 1942. Sublette Collection, Missouri Historical Society (St. Louis), cited by Hafen, *Colorado Magazine*, X, 19.

¹⁸H. M. Chittenden, *The American Fur Trade of The Far West* (New York, 1902), p. 476.

¹⁹A transcript of the birth records of the children taken from the family Bible is among the Anna Vasquez Papers, MS, Archives of the Native Sons of Kansas City, Missouri.

²⁰Missouri Republican (St. Louis), (Nov. 2, 1853) as quoted by Alter, p. 246.

²¹Alter, 206. Ellison, 14. Ellison's work, covering three separate papers on the subject of Fort Bridger, was published by the Wyoming State Landmarks Commission in Casper, Wyoming in 1931.

²²(New York, 1955), p. 53.

²³Pp. 54 and 72.

²⁴Alter, 187.

²⁵(Chicago, 1911), pp. 31 and 32.

²⁶*History of the Donner Party* (Palo Alto, Calif., 1940), pp. 31-35.

²⁷William A. Hickman, *Brigham's Destroying Angel* (Salt Lake City, 1904), quoted by Ellison, p. 17.

²⁸Ellison, p. 17.

²⁹Hafen, *Colorado Magazine*, X, 20.

³⁰Alter, 298.

³¹Ellison, 23.

³²H. H. Bancroft, *Works. History of Utah* (San Francisco, 1889), quoted by Alter on page 233.

³³Hafen, *Colorado Magazine*, X, 19.

³⁴Mrs. Maude Coleman of La Veta, Colorado, daughter of Hiram, tells of having heard her father relate the story of the heap

of gold on several occasions. Hiram gave a similar account to L. R. Hafen in an interview in July of 1930, (Colorado Magazine, X, p. 20 fn.)

²⁵William Bent's farm house is perfectly preserved. It is in the immediate rear of the impressive old Seth Ward mansion in the fashionable Sunset Hill district of Kansas City, Missouri. The Vasquez Farm, situated in the area from Ninety-first Street Terrace to Bannister Road and from Main to Oak Streets is occupied by modest homes on fifty and sixty foot lots. The farm house has long since disappeared. The Bridger farm has been somewhat broken up but still retains a goodly portion of its rural Jackson County charm.

²⁶Dr. John W. Parker, Account Book, MS, Kansas City, Missouri, Public Library.

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from Page 6)

of Henry Collbran now operate the Hotel Splendide at Empire. (Another free ad for Clear Creek County).

The second article, illustrated, is by Professor John Manning of Michigan State U. His title: "Inspector Frank Dickens of the North West Mounted". This is chiefly the story of the trading post of the Hudson Bay Company called Fort Pitt, where in 1883 the "Mounted" was forced to retreat before the Indians. Frank Dickens was a son of the English novelist, Charles Dickens. EHE

Calvacade of Hooves and Horns, by Steve Wilhelm. The Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas. 218 pp. \$5.00.

From the Andalusian cattle of the Conquistadors to the sleek purebreds of the 4-H Clubs, this is an informal history of the Texas cattle industry. But it should not be called a "cavalcade." Cavalcade pictures the epic sweep of hooves beneath flying guidons, the sound of trumpets, a distillation of the spirit of romance. Frank Dobie's "The Longhorns" has this feeling. Steve Wilhelm's book does

not. It is popular history, well-organized, fast-moving, easy to read. To a non-Texan, however, there is an over-abundance of encomiums to the invincibility of the Texan, past and present. In truth, this reviewer had the impression, more than once, that the book was made in Texas by Texans for Texans.

The author's statement that many years were spent in research of his material can well be believed. He writes with intimate knowledge of his broad subject: the first drives into Louisiana, Missouri, Kansas; beginning of the big ranches; Indian, Mexican, fence-cutting wars; effects of the Civil War; how the Cattle Raisers Association was formed, the famous brands developed; foreign-owned ranches, rustlers and outlaws, the big die-off—it's all there.

A cattleman, Mr. Wilhelm writes with warm understanding of the men who made the cattle industry. Particularly enlightening are the full-length sketches of famed Charles Goodnight and notorious Print Olive, and of how the oilmen and the cattlemen reached agreement, following discovery of oil on the Waggoner ranch. His book gives a clear and entertaining, if necessarily compressed, view of Texas as the cradle of the American cattle industry and the birthplace of the immortal cowboy.

The account of the lynching of Ella "Cattle Kate" Watson and Jim Averill belongs in Wyoming, not Texas. Chapter heads drawing are mediocre. Bibliography, index.

Dabney Otis Collins, PM

CRIPPLE CREEK DAYS. By Mabel Barbee Lee Foreworded by Lowell Thomas. 270 pp. 22 Chapters. 31 Photographs. Color Dust Jacket. Doubleday & Company. \$4

Truly an astounding compilation of personal reminiscences by a native

Cripple Creeker, and with the help of Lowell Thomas will probably end up as a Hollywood superspectacle.

In the very first chapter we learn that Mabel's father "Managed to pick up considerable knowledge of ore formations and mining practices and, more important still, discovered the use of the divining rod for locating underground deposits of precious metals."

Chapter 5 was particularly interesting and informative. I quote "It was July 1, 1894—the broad gauge Colorado and Southern running up Ute Pass to the Western Slope, came within 18 miles north at Divide, the summit of the continental watershed—we watched the dignitaries—mayors, railroad directors and big mine owners—who were the first to make the trip, gather around David C. Moffatt as he drove a golden spike into the last rail."

Morris Cafky and the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club deserve a scolding. A thorough search of *Rails Around Gold Hill* fails to reveal any reference, either by the printed word or picture to this historical event on Xenia Street. An orchid to Mabel, an onion to Morris.

This fabulous female Bret Harte, by mail, begged and borrowed information from friends, acquaintances and pen pals; and remembered most of them on four pages of acknowledgments.

Cripple Creek Days is a contribution to the literature of the Gold Rush in the form of an overly spiced black-bird pie stuffed with soiled doves.

—PM Fred M. Mazzulla

Relations With the Indians of the Plains, 1857-1861. A Documentary Account of the Military Campaigns, and Negotiations of Indian Agents—with Reports and Journals of P. G. Lowe, R. M. Peck, J. E. B. Stuart,

S. D. Sturgis, and Other Official Papers. Edited with Introduction and Notes by LeRoy R. and Ann W. Hafen. Vol. 9 of The Far West and the Rockies, 1820-1875. Glendale: Arthur H. Clark Company, 1959. Folding map. 310 pp. \$9.50.

This, the ninth in the fifteen-volume series, "The Far West and The Rockies, 1820-1875," is dedicated to Denver Posseman Maurice Frink. The series continues the worthy tradition of earlier editors like Thwaite, Bieber, et al. Volume 9 records lesser known military campaigns, operations, and peace negotiations from 1857 through 1860 leading to the major clashes with the Indians during the early sixties for conquest and occupancy of the high plains east of the Rockies, in the territory covered chiefly by the present states of Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma. The documentation includes official military reports, reports by Indian agents, personal journals and letters, treaty texts, etc., supplemented by the always careful and scholarly Hafen annotations.

In view of the present vogue for popular distortion of western historical characters and events, the existence of such documents is fortunate and their preservation important. It is also fortunate that among early military and other personnel, there were individuals observant, articulate, and disciplined enough to record with some accuracy this stuff of history. Material such as the Hafens have searched out and made readily accessible would otherwise be largely unknown to any but the most assiduous student in the pursuit of authentic information. Beyond this, our own Tom Ferrill says in "Fort Vasquez": "But that will not be all, for we are here, and what has happened on this road is ours."

Apart from its historical value, to me the book is singularly interesting,

colorful reading. For example, John Sedgwick writes to his sister from Fort Wise on October 22, 1860: "They have granted us one hundred dollars a year to carry the mail two hundred and forty miles, once a week, and no one can carry it for less than that amount a trip. I shall try and send for it two or three times in the course of the winter to ascertain who the President is, although it is a matter of indifference to me." A century later I pick up the daily newspaper and learn that the first official mail has just been flown by rocket one hundred miles in twenty-two minutes. In the first paragraph of R. M. Peck's account of the Sedgwick Division there is a familiar "summit" sound: "I will here take occasion to remark that such orders from Washington to punish hostile Indians were generally neutralized by a clause admonishing the commander of the expedition that he must first exhaust all means for conciliation before beginning hostilities."

"How might we best unwind a hundred years?" LeRoy and Ann Hafen are giving a lucid answer.

—PM W. Scott Broome

FORGOTTEN MEN OF CRIPPLE CREEK by Leslie Doyle Spell and Hazel M. Spell, Big Mountain Press, Denver, Colo. 1959, 160 pp. \$4.00.

Mr. Spell, who is obviously an "old-timer from way back," in this much too short account not only treats of the "forgotten men" he titles, but records many things about very early Cripple Creek, as well as pre-Cripple Creek days, which otherwise would be forever lost. The picture he paints of the very beginnings of that famous gold camp is one that fascinated me, for I, if I may be forgiven a personal reference, arrived in that place as a small boy a few years after he did, in October of 1899, to be exact.

Not the least valuable of Spell's

contributions to history is his straightening out of the confusion which has always existed about Fremont and Cripple Creek. Another is the information he sets down regarding the origin of various place names, such as Squaw Gulch, Poverty Gulch and Barry.

I'm free to admit that I never heard the story about the children killed by bears, nor that Lankford was responsible for Stratton's discovery of the Independence. But he relates enough that I do know about first hand, that I'm willing to go along with him on those two.

Spell could well have included "forgotten women" in his title. The trials and hardships borne uncomplainingly by his mother, when she was cooking for the Blue Bell miners in cramped quarters and with most inadequate facilities, and her experience in the death and burial of her young woman helper, are mentioned almost casually. So is Mrs. Carr's final refusal to live in a place where "babies and kittens can't live," after the death of a child, the second for her there. But they add much to the picture.

It is indeed refreshing to read an account of Cripple Creek (or any other mining camp, for that matter), which places the emphasis where it belongs, on the ordinary men and women who lived and labored there, instead of on the euphoniously mislabelled "soiled doves," their paramours and their escapades. Spell recognizes their existence and gives something of their place in the scene, yet without making it appear that they were either the principal feature of the community or the objects of prurient curiosity.

To mention many more of the things which attracted me would make this review nearly as long as the book. Let me say merely that I heartily recommend it to anyone interested in the

beginings of a mining camp, and that in my opinion it is indispensable to anyone with even a casual interest in Cripple Creek.

Posseman Alan Swallow has given us here a fine companion piece of first hand history to accompany his "Deep Enough" by Crampton.

Ray Colwell, P.M.

PRAIRIE SCHOONER LADY, THE JOURNAL OF HARRIET SHERILL WARD, 1853, as presented by Ward G. DeWitt and Florence Stark DeWitt, Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, 1959. \$5.75.

The pioneer wife and mother who unquestioningly followed her man into the wilderness has been the favorite subject of fiction writers and sculptors, but what was she actually like? What were her day by day emotions as she went farther away from home and security? How did the wilderness affect her?

This book gives very good answer to those questions, because the author of this journal was an educated, literate mature woman when she made the trip from Wisconsin to California in 1853.

The journal which she kept, she kept as a promise to the folks she left back home: she said she would write down the adventures of each day, and she did it, even on the days when she was too ill to leave the bed in the wagon. The result is one of the first, if not the first, complete journals of a woman's travel overland to California.

The trip began on April 19, 1853, ended October 20, 1853, practically a full six months on the road.

Although Mrs. Ward was not, as she admits, a botanist or a naturalist, she had an intelligent observer's interest in everything she saw. The result is that her journals give a far clearer picture of what life on the trail

was like a century ago than most journals do.

The hardships, in which men are wont to revel, she accepted uncomplainingly; but you get the feeling that when her husband decided on becoming a rancher at Indian Valley, California, she wasn't sorry to climb out of the covered wagon for the last time and start building a real home.

The diary, journal, call it what you like, was not in any sense "lost" for a hundred years: it was in possession of Ward family, until Dr. Ward G. DeWitt, the great, great grand nephew decided, with the help of his wife, to put it into shape for publication.

The result is a book worth anyone's reading, if he wants to get the truth about the life and times on the pioneer trails, to sort of help brainwash him of the stuff he reads about in fiction or watches on TV.

—PM Chas. B. Roth

COLORADO VACATIONS, by Kent Ruth, (Alfred A. Knopf, 258 pgs., \$5.00.)

This is a travel guide to Colorado, brought up to date for 1959. It seems designed and destined to replace our older guide books, *Colorado Travellore* published in 1938 by Lillian Rice Brigham, and *Colorado*, of the American Guide Series, published in 1941 by the Colorado State Planning Commission.

This new volume is not too different from the older ones in fundamental plan. There is discussion of 13 general vacation areas. The chief city or cities are mentioned as the focal point of each area, and some history of that area is given, a few high lights. The "trips" from the city are mentioned in a general way. Not as much detail of the points on the several routes is given as in the Brigham book.

Then in this new book, by an

author experienced in publishing in this field, there are added special chapters on such subjects as our national lands in the State, the mining camps, a bit for the rail fans, a list of the Passes of Colorado, and some other special items.

Two rather peculiar omissions seem prominent. In the listing of the newer buildings in Denver, the Denver- U. S. National Bank complex is not noted. Nor can I find mentioned that special treat of a narrow-gauge rail trip from Durango to Silverton.

One quote may intrigue you: "Colorado Springs dominates the Colorado vacation stage like a consummate ham."

There is a quite a bit for the sportsmen; comments upon fishing, hunting, skiing, and jeeping. Some may take issue with the statement that Cripple Creek is a center for fishing.

This is an excellent guide, well worth obtaining by any one planning vacations in Colorado.

Erl H. Ellis

HORSEFEATHERS AND APPLE- SAUCE, The Story of Bishop Frank Hamilton Rice - **INEZ HUNT** and **WANETTA W. DRAPER**.

PROFESSOR OSCAR J. GOLD- RICK AND HIS DENVER - **NOLIE MUMEY**, both published by Alan Swallow, Publisher, DENVER.

It is usually customary in reviewing a book (and these are not books but pamphlets) to extol or condemn book and writer, depending on the reviewer's disposition at the moment, but this time your reviewer would say a word for the publisher first, the books and authors second. For in adding

these little books to his list of books about the West, it is my feeling that publisher Swallow has further con- region.

He has made it, and its writers, an articulate force in our contemporary life, and whatever accolades are bestowed on publishers, let them be bestowed on Swallow. As usual, he has produced something of technical and typographical excellence, and at a buck a throw these are "musts" on everyone's budget.

As to the books: In the story of Bishop Rice the two authors have given as much respectability to a patently publicity seeking goldbricker as he deserved. I knew the Bishop well and many a time "prayed" for some of his down-and-outers on Larimer Street, after being warned that my "prayers" must be good at the bank.

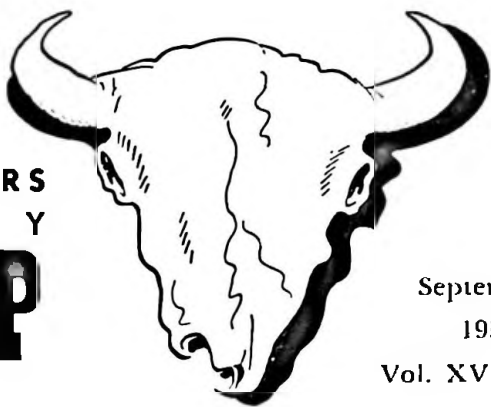
The book is carefully researched and written in good humor and covers the subject adequately; and if no more books are published on the subject I for one will be satisfied.

Professor Goldrick, Denver's first school master and a part time journal- ist, whose brief (he was only 48 when he died in 1882) career is extolled partly by Dr. Mumey and partly by the professor himself in a windy ad- dress made on July 4, 1876 and pre- served in the cornerstone of the old courthouse until its exhumation in 1933, was a wild Irishman who could speak in Latin and drink whisky like an Irishman.

The Professor was called the best writer in early Denver but modern Denver has a much better writer in Dr. Mumey, and I regard this as a Grade A job.

PM C. B. Roth

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Francis B. Rizzari Collection

Crestone, Colorado, c. 1900

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COMING PROGRAMS

Posseman Don Griswold headlines the program for the October meeting with "Happenings Along the Twin Lakes and Roaring Fork Toll Road."

A last minute switch in the November program was made necessary by CM Henry Clausen's unexpected departure for California, where his work will require him to stay for several months. Program Chairman Kenny Englert has some excellent material in reserve, however, and the gap will be filled in due course, with the membership being advised in ample time.

News Notes

Regular fourth-Wednesday meetings of the Denver Posse of The Westerners were resumed on September 23, 1959, after the two months of summer special meetings had caused the usual summer interlude. At the Denver Press Club, Sheriff Mazzulla presided. Forty-seven appeared to participate in the dinner and meeting, following reservations made by 43 (not a bad response).

There were several announcements made as to future meetings of other organizations. Maurice Frink reads some correspondence from the West Germany Posse. John Lipsey expressed his ideas (in the presence of a number of Corresponding Members) that he wanted a summer meeting when there would be no Corresponding Members invited and where there would be a paper read.

Fred Mazzulla showed two pictures of the grave of Big Nose George, the location having been "lost" for some time and recently re-discovered.

Kenny Englert announced that Don Griswold would be the speaker at the next (October) meeting.

Francis Rizzari introduced Guy Herstrom, who read a very fine paper upon the Baca Grant in the San Luis Valley. Several spoke in praise of the paper and the research back of it. There was some discussion of the legal aspects of the problem of a patent.

Erl H. Ellis,
Roundup Foreman

Range Gossip

Vol. 2, No. 4 of the Trail Guide, published quarterly by the Kansas City posse, is devoted to "Guns That Won the West" by Miles Standish. Mr. Standish covered many types of guns, but says "for several reasons the Colt single-action model of 1873, and

the Winchester Rifle, model of 1873 also, were in the majority and earned the slogan; 'the guns that won the west.'"

The Brand Book of the Chicago Westerners for September leads off with a so-called "shorthorn talk" by veteran Don Russell on "Brevet Commissions -- and Custer", which contained a concise and interesting explanation of brevet rank, long a subject of confusion to many of us. It also prints a letter from Denver Westerner John Lipsey, who disagrees with a review appearing in the Chicago publication (July, 1959) of Eugene B. Block's "Great Train Robberies of the West." It is the considered opinion of this writer that there should be more of this sort of thing. Too many times a reviewer's analysis of some book which may or may not have appealed to him, is simply passed up with a shrug, or perhaps a cuss word or two, by those who happen to feel some other way about it. We believe frank discussion of this sort is good for all of us. It certainly doesn't hurt the book in question, because, like the politician, it doesn't make too much difference what you say about a book, as long as you say something. If it's a bad review, people are likely to read it to see whether it really can be that bad. If it's a good one, so much the better.

Besides, from an editor's standpoint, there's nothing like a good argument to stir up interest in a publication, whether it's a weekly newspaper in a small town, or a "magazine" with a specialized readership like this one.

A communication of September 7 from the "Provisional Executive Committee" indicates an effort to reorganize the English Corral of the Westerners. We wish them well and trust that their efforts will be successful in securing a continuation of the only English-speaking group of Westerners outside of the United States. Certainly

there is room for much education regarding the real West, not only abroad but also, we are sorry to say, here at home.

Denver Posse of the Westerners,
Denver, Colorado

Dear Sirs:

In the 1957 issue of your (annual) BRAND BOOK, Arthur Carhart mentioned Hayden Pass on the Sangre de Cristo range, and wondered whether it had been named for Prof. F. V. Hayden, the noted geological surveyor, or for a local settler of that name. Since I crossed the pass 74 years ago and have considerable knowledge of it, I thought that I would tell what I know about it.

In June and July of 1885, my father, H. C. Shoemaker, brother-in-law, A. J. Nichols, and four other pioneers moved their families and household goods from Rosita to Aspen in six "Mountain Schooners". They took along a herd of about 200 horses and cattle. They traveled via Silver Cliff, Texas Creek (stream), Hayden Creek, Hayden Pass, Kerber Creek, Villa Grove, Poncha Pass, etc., a probable distance of about 250 miles. At some place on Texas Creek road, from Silver Cliff into the Arkansas Valley, we branched northwesterly on a road which went to and beyond Hayden's ranch on Hayden Creek. There we turned west up Hayden Creek, over Hayden Pass, down Kerber Creek, into the San Luis Valley, thence over Poncha Pass into the Arkansas Valley at Maysville, west of Salida.

In later years I heard father and Abner talk about Hayden and Hayden's Place. From what I recall of the conversation, Hayden's Place was the only point of much consequence on

that part of the trip. He possibly had a store of sorts, as they talked about the supplies they had bought there. Also, from their conversation, I learned that the road was in good condition. There was still considerable snow on the pass but this did not bother them much as they drove the horses and cattle across the pass in front of the wagons. And, by the way, two of the wagons were pulled by horse teams, one by mule team, two by ox teams, and one by milk cows. The oxen and cows were called yokes instead of teams.

In 1940 I did considerable research on the subject. I found that the Hayden Pass Road had been incorporated on December 17, 1880, and opened in 1881. It had been quite heavily used in 1882. Descriptively, it extended from Hayden's Ranch to a point on the Poncha Pass Road in the San Luis Valley. Judging from other old roads I've seen, it probably was about thirty miles in length.

C. J. Stahl, Associate Regional Forester, told me that he had started to work for the Forest Service in that area in 1905. At that time the road was being used. Several years later when he went back to that country, it was being used as a trail. He wasn't sure, but he thought that Hayden's name was John, and that he had settled there in the mid-1870's.

W. M. Dinkel, formerly of Carbondale, once told of having crossed the Sangre de Cristo Range on horseback in 1879 or 1880, while going from Canon City to Bonanza. He had undoubtedly followed a trail across Hayden Pass.

I trust that this short narration will shed a little light on the subject.

Yours very truly,
Len Shoemaker

A PYGMY AMONG THE GIANTS

GUY M. HERSTROM



Speaker of the Month

One Guy M. Herstrom, Posse Member and, presently, Chuck Wrangler of the Denver Posse, is no pygmy himself. A native of Denver, and educated in the Denver Public Schools, he early showed a bent for sports. He was graduated from Colorado College, at Colorado Springs, and then became assistant football coach for the Tigers. He then went to Denver University to prepare himself to teach physical education, and about that time (sometimes Lefty is a bit vague about his past), he played professional baseball.

While waiting for a school opening in his line to show up, he became engaged in the general insurance business, and has been with Braerton, Simonton, Brown, Inc., of Denver for more than twenty years. His work has taken him pretty well over southern and western Colorado and New Mexico, and for a long time he has been interested in, and gathering data on, the Spanish and Mexican land grants of those areas. This is only one of several excellent studies he has prepared on them.

When the Territory of Colorado was established in 1861 it inherited from its sister Territory of New Mexico a number of Mexican Land Grants. The stories of these huge feudal estates have been well documented; however, tucked away in the northern part of that great stretch of land known as the San Luis Valley in Colorado lies the tiny Luis Maria Baca Grant No. 4 which has been largely overlooked by historians.

Because of its small size, (the Baca Grant No. 4 contained less than one hundred thousand acres), it fared badly when compared to the huge Maxwell and Sangre de Cristo Grants that sprawled across Colorado and New Mexico south of the Baca Grant No. 4. Then, too, the Baca Grant No. 4 could boast of no bad men of the stature of Clay Allison or Davy Crockett III who roamed the Maxwell Grant, not did it have any killers such as the Espinosa Gang that terrorized the Sangre de Cristo Grant. Even the

Ute Indians led by Chief Ouray proved to be docile and limited their marauding to an occasional raid on a potato patch or on a dark night they might turn their horses loose to graze on an irate farmer's field of prize barley.

The Baca Grant No. 4 developed no famous agitators such as the Reverend O. P. McMains who kept the people of the Maxwell Grant inflamed with hatred for years; nor when the miners were evicted from the Baca Grant No. 4 was there a man of the strength and intelligence of Ferdinand Myers, the immigrant storekeeper, who fought the battle of the Mexican squatter on the Sangre de Cristo Grant, and who succeeded in bringing Governor Gilpin to his knees.

Sin simply refused to flourish on the grant. The ever hopeful miner who wandered through the mountains was taking barely enough gold from his small claim to keep him alive and could neither afford the dubious pleasure of the company of a dowdy prostitute nor the sheer joy of losing his poke to a nimble fingered cardsharp.

The Baca Grant No. 4 is located in Saguache County, and the western boundary of the grant is some five miles east of the little roadside town of Moffat, while the summits of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains form the eastern boundary of the grant, and its southern boundary skirts the Great Sand Dunes. The floor of the grant is located at an altitude of about seven thousand eight hundred feet above sea level, and the land appears to be level until it begins its ascent into the mountains where Mount Crestone, at an altitude of fourteen thousand two hundred ninety-one feet, forms the northeastern cornerstone of the property. Six streams all having their source in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains offer irrigation water as they meander across the grant in search of the Rio Grande. While the grant is

small it was able to spawn the three villages of Crestone, Cottonwood, and Duncan, and it could also boast of its own little railroad.

The Baca Grant No. 4 has had an impressive list of outstanding pioneers who had a financial interest in the ownership of the property. There were such men as Governor Alexander Hunt, Governor William Gilpin, Wilson Waddingham, David Moffat, Jerome Chaffee, and George Adams. Otto Mears in his official capacity of Saguache County Treasurer watched peevishly over the property to see that its famous owners promptly paid their taxes. While the Baca Grant No. 4 could boast of a proud background, it was not until 1930 when a middle-aged tenderfoot from Philadelphia came to the grant that the property flourished and became world famous.

The genetics of the Baca Grant No. 4 are somewhat scrambled. In 1821 Don Luis Maria Baca had been favored by the Spanish Crown with the ownership of the Las Vegas Grant in northern New Mexico. In 1835 the Mexican Government deeded the identical property to a group of its citizens who established the town of Las Vegas on the property. In 1860 when it became evident that both the heirs of Don Baca and the citizens of Las Vegas had a valid claim to the property, a benevolent American government offered the Baca heirs their choice of land elsewhere in the Territory of New Mexico if they would relinquish their claim to the Las Vegas Grant. One of the tracts of land selected by the Baca heirs was the Baca Grant No. 4. It has never been properly ascertained whether the Baca Grant No. 4 is a Spanish, Mexican, or American Grant, or perhaps it is a little of each.

However, to better understand the history of the Baca Grant No. 4 we must go back to the year 1819 when we find Don Luis Maria Cabeza de

Baca, a citizen of Spain, living in the village of San Miguel del Bado in northern New Mexico. Don Luis was disturbed. He was the proud owner of a herd of horses and mules that exceeded six hundred head, and it was becoming more and more difficult for his riders to find good pasturage and water for the animals. Don Luis had heard talk from shepherders in the village of land to the north where the grass was lush and plentiful and where there was a stream called the Rio Gallenas. The river was said to have its source in the Pecos Mountains and was fed by the winter snows. Besides offering pure drinking water for the animals, the shepherders told Don Luis, the cottonwood groves lining the stream insured a steady supply of firewood making it unnecessary to forage into the nearby hills for pinon wood. This grassland the shepherders called the Las Vegas Grande.

As his horses and mules were faring badly on the poor pasturage near the village, Don Luis along with one of his sons set out to see if the grass of the Las Vegas Grande was as lush as the shepherders had led him to believe. He found the pasturage to be plentiful and the land suitable for his large herd of animals. The water in the Gallenas was not only pure and clear, but he knew enough could be diverted to irrigate a garden to feed his growing family. Don Luis on his return to San Miguel composed a letter to the governor in Santa Fe requesting a grant of land at the location known as the Las Vegas Grande.

Don Luis was not a good man at keeping a secret, and soon the word was going around the village that Don Luis was attempting to take away the land that the shepherders had used for years to graze their flocks. Seven of the sheepmen then banded together and also petitioned the governor for a grant of the land on the premise

that they had been using the meadows for their sheep for many years and had always intended to petition for the land but somehow had never gotten around to it. Tempers flared and the villagers soon took sides as to who should be granted the land known as the Las Vegas Grande. Visits by Don Luis and the sheepmen were made to Santa Fe to plead their cases with the governor, and finally on February 20, 1820 the governor announced his decision in favor of Luis Maria Baca.

Baca procrastinated for nearly a year before he took further action to secure ownership of the Las Vegas Grant. Finally on January 12, 1821, he prepared a formal petition, in his name as well as that of his seventeen children, directed to the provincial deputation of the State of Durango under whose jurisdiction the province of New Mexico functioned, and some four months later on May 29, the president of the deputation in Durango informed Governor Melgares of New Mexico that it had been decided to award the Las Vegas Grant to Don Luis Baca and his children.

Don Luis had sent his written petition to Durango because at that time Mexico was still a colony of Spain. True, the people of New Mexico had heard rumblings that all was not well with the Spanish Crown in Mexico City and that some of the politicians were talking of revolting from the mother country. Don Luis was indeed fortunate to have his petition approved by the Spanish Crown shortly before the revolution occurred as there was a great deal of confusion throughout Mexico while the new government went through the throes of reorganization, and it was to be several months before the news of the successful revolution finally reached the people of New Mexico. New Mexico was an unimportant outpost of the new government and had little contact

with the government of Mexico City, and the change in masters made little or no impression on the people. Indeed, there was a new set of officials in the capital at Santa Fe, but this was not uncommon as there was always a struggle for power among the politicians at the little capital.

With the title to his new grant in his pocket Don Luis lost no time in gathering together his family, his servants, his herd of horses and mules, and his flock of sheep and goats in order to remove them to his new land. The Baca clan was soon engaged in erecting a ranch house, servant's quarters, outbuildings, and corrals. The home ranch was established at the site of the present city of Las Vegas. The land given to Baca had the following boundaries:

"On the north the Sapello River, on the south the boundary of the San Miguel del Bado, on the east the Aguage de la Llegue and the boundary of the Antonio Ortiz Grant and to the west the summits of the Pecos mountains."

Don Luis had no idea of the amount of land he had been granted as he never bothered to visit its extremities. Later, however, when the land was surveyed it proved to contain 496,446.96 acres. Finally in order to make Don Luis Baca's ownership of the grant official, on October 17, 1823, the Mexican Government through Governor Don Bartolomo Baca of New Mexico recognized Don Baca's ownership. Don Baca's horses and mules waxed fat on the good grass of the Las Vegas Grande and his gardens grew well. There was plenty of food in the storehouses, and the Bacas would have indeed been happy at their new ranch had not a band of roving Navajo Indians wandered through the grant and discovered the ranch and the fine herd of horses. For a time the Indians indulged them-

selves by occasionally chasing the field hands to the shelter of the ranch buildings or stealing a horse or two. Finally tiring of this psychological warfare, the Indians burned Don Luis' outbuildings and drove off his entire herd of horses and mules valued at some thirty-six thousand dollars. This was not only a severe financial blow to Don Luis but made him fear for the lives of his family if they continued to live on the grant. So, sadly Don Luis and his family abandoned their land and returned to San Miguel del Bado for a short time, and then moved on to the village of Pena Blanca.

About this time the Mexican Government had decided to license for a fee all foreign trappers who were then infesting New Mexico. These licenses specified the number of pelts each trapper could take as well as the stream he could trap. The American and French-Canadian trappers, once the fee was paid to the government, proceeded to trap where they pleased and to harvest all the pelts they could gather regardless of the law. One of Don Luis' sons worked for a team of American trappers, and they were in the habit of storing the illegal furs in the Baca home. In 1827 a detachment of Mexican soldiers came to the Baca ranch at Pena Blanca demanding they be allowed to search the Baca home for illegal furs. Baca refused to allow the soldiers to enter his home and attempted to block the door. One soldier impatient at the delay the argument was causing shot and killed Don Luis. At the death of Don Luis Maria Baca one of his many sons, Juan Antonio Baca, took over the management of his father's affairs, but soon after becoming head of the Baca family, Juan was killed in an Indian raid.

With the death of Juan the Baca family seemed to disintegrate, and little or nothing is known of the activities of the Baca clan for the next

several years although it is apparent none of the children attempted to return to the Las Vegas Grant, and the land was abandoned until March 20, 1835, when Juan de Deos Maese, Antonio Caseclas, Miguel Archuleta, and Manuel Duran petitioned acting Governor Don Francisco Sarracino at Santa Fe for a grant of land having the identical boundaries as the Las Vegas Grant which Don Luis and his family had been forced to leave because of the Indians. In their request for the land, the petitioners stated they not only represented themselves but twenty-five other citizens who were anxious to colonize the land. On April 6, 1835, their petition was approved, and the new owners were formally put in possession of the land.

In 1821 when Don Luis petitioned for the grant New Mexico was a colony of Spain, and this petition had been directed to Durango. In 1835 when Don Juan de Maesa and his compadres petitioned for the grant New Mexico was a province of Mexico, and their petition had been directed to Santa Fe. It could be there was no record in Santa Fe of Don Luis Baca's previous ownership of the land, or perhaps the government felt the grant had been abandoned for over six years, and thus the Baca heirs had forfeited their rights to the property. At any rate the new owners were placed on the land.

The petitioners moved to the grant and began to build houses and to establish gardens; a public well was dug and homes were established around the large plaza, and thus the city of Las Vegas had its beginnings. The little colony continued to keep its foothold in the wilderness despite occasional Indian raids, and by 1839 when the American caravans began rumbling over the Santa Fe Trail in ever increasing numbers, the little village was firmly established. Because of the grass, water, and firewood

available, the village became a favorite stopping place for the wagon trains, and soon the villagers were busily engaged in trading with the Americans.

The Baca heirs seemed now to stir from their lethargy and protested to the government in Santa Fe that the colonists were squatting on land rightfully belonging to the Baca family. The protest, however, was ignored by the government. In 1846 when Kearny stopped at Las Vegas on his bloodless conquest of New Mexico the village was a flourishing little outpost.

In 1848 the Guadalupe Hidalgo Treaty guaranteeing the citizens of New Mexico protection of their property, their civil rights, and freedom of religious practices was ratified by the American and Mexican Governments, and in 1854 the Congress of the United States passed the Surveyor General's Act, the purpose of which was to allow the New Mexicans claiming titles to public lands an opportunity to present their titles for approval by the Surveyor General's office. William Pelham was appointed Surveyor General, and it was his task to sort the thousands of papers pertaining to land titles then gathering dust in the storage vaults at the Governor's Palace in Santa Fe. In Pelham's instructions by Congress he was ordered to study the laws of Spain as well as the Spanish Land Grant System and to review the decisions of the courts of the United States regarding land cases in order that he might correlate the thinking of both countries regarding land ownership.

Eventually Pelham's staff had sorted the thousands of papers pertaining to land ownership in New Mexico into some one thousand seven hundred fifteen files, including one hundred ninety-seven land grant titles. In January, 1855, Pelham issued a notice inviting all land owners to come to his office in order that his staff might

study the validity of their titles and claims. The general population of New Mexico, as well as the grant owners, were suspicious of all governments and were reluctant to file claims fearing the Surveyor General's office was a Yankee trick to take over their property. However, the Baca heirs lost no time in presenting their claim to the Las Vegas Grant. The citizens of the village of Las Vegas as well as the ranchers on the grant quickly presented counter-claims to the land. It was Pelham's job to pass merely on the validity of the claims and to present his recommendations to the Congress of the United States as Congress had the sole right to decide which parcels of land would be patented as well as who was the rightful owner. Pelham in his report to Congress stated he believed both the Baca heirs and the town of Las Vegas had valid claims to the grant and recommended the claimants take the matter to court and allow the court to decide the rightful ownership of the grant.

Congress, however, failed to follow the Surveyor General's recommendations. It felt if the Baca heirs won the case that some twenty-two hundred citizens of the town of Las Vegas could be evicted from their homes by the Bacas or forced to accept any action the Baca heirs decided as to the disposition of their property. Many ranchers had settled on the grant since the United States now had the Indians more or less under control, and they too could have their property confiscated by the Bacas which would produce a chaotic situation to say the least. So Congress compromised the knotty problem by recognizing both claims, but requesting the Baca heirs to forego the Las Vegas Grant and to accept a like amount of land elsewhere.

The only stipulations placed by Congress on the transaction were that the land decided upon by the Bacas

be located in the Territory of New Mexico, that the land be in at least five parcels, none of which was to exceed one hundred thousand acres, that the land be of a non-metallic nature and rectangular in shape, that the land chosen must be in the public domain, and that the five sites must be chosen within three years. The Baca heirs readily accepted this offer, and their attorney proceeded to locate the land. At the time the offer was made to the Bacas the Territory of New Mexico included all of present Arizona and a part of present Colorado. The authorization to select the land was made by Congress on June 21, 1860. For convenience of a better understanding of the sites of land chosen by the Bacas, we will designate their location by present state lines and existing towns:

Baca Grant No. 1 was located about six miles west of the present city of Las Alamos, New Mexico.

Baca Grant No. 2 was located about ten miles north of Tucumcari, New Mexico.

Baca Grant No. 3 was located six miles north of Nogales, Arizona.

Baca Grant No. 4 was located in present Saguache County in the northern part of the San Luis Valley in the State of Colorado.

Baca Grant No. 5 was located about thirty miles north of Prescott, Arizona.

The guiding hand in the battle of the Baca heirs to have their title to the Las Vegas Grant recognized by the American Government was their attorney, Mr. John S. Watts. He had practiced law in Indiana before coming to New Mexico as part of the army of "legal carpetbaggers" who invaded the territory when it became evident there would be a large amount of legal work available in the government's attempt to settle the hundreds of claims that were being filed for land.

John Watts was an extremely capable man. In addition to being an attorney he served as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory and in 1861 was elected as a delegate from New Mexico to the Congress of the United States. It is little wonder with his legal ability and his political connections in Washington that his services as a land claims attorney were in great demand. His notable failure occurred when as the attorney for Ceran St. Vrain he pleaded in vain with Congress in an attempt to have confirmed the original boundaries of the huge Las Animas Grant in southeastern Colorado. The Las Animas Grant had originally consisted of some four million acres. However, Congress turned a deaf ear to Judge Watts' eloquence and confirmed the grant to consist of twenty-two square leagues or about ninety-six thousand acres. St. Vrain had sold or given away many thousands of acres in excess of the ninety-six thousand acres allotted to him, and the decision of Congress practically eliminated St. Vrain's ownership of the Las Animas Grant.

Judge Watts felt one of the Baca Grant sites should be located in the San Luis Valley and being unfamiliar with this territory he employed Ex-Governor Gilpin to find a suitable location in the valley,¹ and it was on Gilpin's recommendation that Watts applied to the Surveyor General of the Territory of New Mexico for the land that was to become the Baca Grant No. 4. In his application dated December 12, 1862, Watts informed the authorities the land was vacant and contained no minerals. The Surveyor General forwarded Watts' application to the Land Department in Washington, and as a courtesy sent a copy of the application to the Surveyor General of the Territory of Colorado. The Surveyor General of Colorado then wrote the Land Office ac-

knowledging receipt of the application and ended his letter as follows:

"I suppose this selection has been made by Ex-Governor Gilpin as he told me last summer he was in possession of one of the Baca Floats and should locate it as this is located for the reason that in his opinion it would cover rich minerals in the mountains."

Governor Gilpin's inability, to put it bluntly, to keep his mouth shut spurred the Land Department to order the Surveyor General of Colorado to make a complete examination of the property to ascertain if minerals of commercial value did exist in the mountains, and it was not until May 4, 1864, that the Land Department was satisfied that no minerals of value were present on the property and gave possession of the land to the Baca heirs.

The Baca heirs never really owned the property because on May 1, 1864³, three days before they were put in possession of the grant by the Land Office, the twenty-one heirs deeded the grant to their attorney, John S. Watts, for three thousand dollars plus services rendered by him, and at the same time the heirs also deeded to Mr. Watts Baca Grants No. 2 and No. 3. Judge Watts made no attempt to work or to improve Baca Grant No. 4 during his ownership, and on June 13, 1870, he sold the property for the sum of \$40,000 to Alexander C. Hunt who had been the fourth Territorial Governor of Colorado.

While John Watts was busy seeking a buyer for Grant No. 4, thus assuring himself a legal fee of thirty-seven thousand dollars for his services to the Baca clan, a young man of some twenty-four years had wandered into the Upper San Luis Valley in search of farm land suitable for growing wheat. The young man, Oto Mears by name, was to become one of the truly great pioneers of Colorado.

Oto Mears was born in Kurland (Courland), Russia on May 3, 1841; both of his parents died when he was a boy, and young Otto was passed from one unhappy relative to another. He lived with an uncle in Russia for a year. His Russian uncle, tiring of his role as foster-father, shipped the boy on a lumber boat to England where young Mears' late father had relatives. He had scarcely set foot on the British Isles when the English relatives sent him packing on a sailing vessel loaded with Irish immigrants bound for New York. The New York relatives kept the ten-year-old boy for about a year. He was then put on a ship sailing for San Francisco where it was rumored a brother of his father was living.

After sailing half way around the world, Oto arrived in San Francisco only to find his uncle had left for Australia. One of the passengers on the ship felt sorry for the boy and took him to a boarding house where he was kept until he was able to support himself by selling newspapers. After a few years of selling papers and doing odd jobs, Mears left San Francisco, and for the next several years he became a drifter wandering from one gold camp to another earning a living as best he could. Mears had long wanted to be an American citizen, and in 1860 he returned to San Francisco and obtained his naturalization papers.

When the Civil war erupted Mears traveled down to Los Angeles where he enlisted in the First Regiment of the California Volunteers. The First Regiment was an infantry outfit, and the regiment was soon dispatched to New Mexico, tramping on foot the entire distance. Mears spent his war years in New Mexico. For a time he was attached to the little troop that Kit Carson had assembled to round up the Navajo Indians who were embarrassing the new American Govern-

ment in Santa Fe with their continuous raids throughout the territory. Carson was unable to engage the elusive Navajos in battle, but he was able finally to starve the Indians into submission. When Carson's troop was disbanded Mears was sent back to his regiment in the Mesilla Valley near El Paso, Texas, where he was discharged from the army in 1864.

As soon as he received his discharge papers Mears headed for Santa Fe. He remained in Santa Fe for the next year or so and was employed as a clerk in the two or three supply houses during his stay there. Mears had always wanted to be in business for himself and with the money he had saved while working in Santa Fe he set out for the Lower San Luis Valley where he opened a general store at Conejos. He also entered into a partnership with Major Lafayette Head, and they operated a sawmill and a flour mill. Mears found that the small population around Conejos could not support his store nor was there enough wheat grown to keep the flour mill operating. He sold his interests at Conejos and moved on to Fort Garland where he had heard the army was paying a good price for flour, but he found in order to sell flour to the army he must have wheat, and as there was none being grown near the Fort, he began a search for suitable land for a wheat farm.

He decided on two hundred acres of farm land near where the present town of Saguache, Colorado, is located. With his crop planted Mears found time to build a small general store and was soon back in the mercantile business. His farm proved a success, and the first crop yielded sixty bushels of wheat to the acre. With this bumper crop harvested Mears immediately went to Fort Garland to negotiate a contract with the army to supply the Fort with flour, but to his dismay he found the army was

paying only five dollars per hundred for the commodity. Rather than allow his wheat to mold, as he could not produce flour at this price, he rounded up a small caravan of wagons to transport his wheat to the Upper Arkansas Valley where he hoped to have it milled and to sell the flour at the gold camps in the area.

His route led him over Poncha Pass, and he soon found the trail was not wide enough for his wagons. It was necessary for Mears and his men to hack out a road over the mountains. As Mears tells the story it was while he and his men were sweating with their shovels and axes that Governor Gilpin, whom he describes as a very able but "crazy man", came along the trail on horseback and suggested when Mears finished the road he put up a toll gate and charge for the use of the road. Finally Mears and his drivers were able to carve a passable trail over Poncha Pass, and when the train of wagons reached the Arkansas Valley Mears made arrangements to have his wheat ground at Charlie Nachtrieb's mill at Nathrop, and then pointed his wagons up the Arkansas River to seek buyers for his flour: he was successful in disposing of the entire amount for twelve dollars per hundred pounds at Granite and California Gulch.

Mears did not forget Gilpin's advice concerning the Poncha Pass Road he had been forced to build and had his trail incorporated as a toll road. Mears little realized his Poncha Pass Road would lead him into a career of toll road building and later into building some of the most fantastic narrow gauge railroad lines in the world.

In 1866 when John Lawrence succeeded by a neat piece of political maneuvering in having the County of Saguache established by lopping off the northern part of Costilla County, Lawrence became the County Judge and Otta Mears the first County Treas-

urer. Mears in describing Lawrence's *coup* states, "Lawrence was a very bright man. He tried to make a county and succeeded although there was not a soul living in it". John Lawrence was indeed a very talented man. In addition to being an astute politician Lawrence was also a rancher, a farmer, a horse trader, and in his spare time trained the famous race horse, "Red Buck". Lawrence and Red Buck traveled throughout southern Colorado and New Mexico luring wealthy but foolish horse owners to race their favorite steed against Red Buck for substantial side bets.

Mears was quite upset because the name of the new county was spelled Saguache rather than Sawache as he thought it should be. However, inasmuch as Saguache is of Ute origin, and the Indians had no written language it is doubtful if the spelling is important.

County Treasurer Mears was quite serious about his tax collecting duties, and in 1870 when Watts sold the grant to Governor Hunt and Mears was unable to collect the 1869 taxes from either party, he advertised the property for sale for non-payment of taxes. Mr. Joseph Hutchinson of Lake County immediately purchased the grant for five hundred seventy-one dollars and twenty-five cents. Governor Hunt redeemed the property later in the year and then assigned his interest to David H. Moffat. Moffat in turn made an assignment of the property to Wilson Waddingham. All three of these men were experienced real estate speculators, and there were undoubtedly good reasons for the flurry of assignments. On March 3, 1877 Waddingham sold the grant to former Governor William Gilpin for \$52,187.98.⁴

This was not Gilpin's first land venture in the San Luis Valley. In 1864 he had succeeded in purchasing

from Ceran St. Vrain, Lucien Maxwell, and the estate of Carlos Beau-bien for less than fifty thousand dollars the huge sprawling Sangre de Cristo Grant consisting of some 1,038,000 acres. A year later he had sold a little over fourteen-twentyfourths of the grant to three Rhode Island men for \$277,000.

Gilpin and his new associates secured the services of Professor James Aborn, a prominent mining expert, to explore the mineral potential of the Sangre de Cristo mountains that formed a part of the huge grant. He also brought Nathaniel Hill to the grant to assay the many samples of ore he had brought in from the mountains. Professor Aborn's optimistic report declared the grant to be as rich in valuable ore as the Pikes Peak area. Using Professor Aborn's report as bait Gilpin and his principal partner, Morton Fisher, offered the grant for sale to American capital, but the five and one-half million dollar price tag quickly discouraged American buyers.

Fisher was then sent to England in an attempt to interest English investors. Fisher soon discovered English capital was not interested in the grant, but he was fortunate enough to meet William Blackmore, probably the most spectacular land promoter of his era. Blackmore agreed to promote the sale of the Sangre de Cristo grant to European bankers. However, he felt it was too large to sell as a whole, and it was agreed by Blackmore, Gilpin, and Fisher to sell only the southern half of the land; this part of the grant they named the Costilla Estate; the northern half they called the Trinchera Estate.

Blackmore then hired Ferdinand V. Hayden, famous government geologist, to make a complete survey of the property. Hayden reported the grant contained the finest farming and ranch land he had encountered in the west

and that the mountains forming the eastern boundary of the grant were charged with deposits of gold and silver, copper, lead, and zinc, and that mines of great value had already been opened. With Aborn's and Hayden's glowing reports in his pocket Blackmore sailed for Holland where he succeeded in selling one million dollars in bonds in the Costilla Estate for five hundred thousand dollars to a group of Amsterdam bankers. Two and one-half million dollars in stock was then divided between Gilpin and his associates, Blackmore and the bankers.

The Costilla Estate and its virtues were advertised throughout Europe in an attempt to sell the land to colonists. However, all efforts to interest prospective buyers failed. The only colonists to come to the grant were Mexican squatters who were drifting up from New Mexico in ever increasing numbers and appropriating the better farm land and ranging their sheep across the grant as they pleased. Gilpin was unable to dislodge the squatters and to add to his woes he and Blackmore quarreled and became poor friends, and a coolness existed between the two men until Blackmore committed suicide in England in 1878.

With his grand plans for colonizing the Sangre de Cristo Grant a complete failure we now find Gilpin purchasing the one hundred thousand acre Baca Grant No. 4 in 1877 for about the same price he had paid for the huge Sangre de Cristo Grant in 1864. Not long after Waddingham and Gilpin had agreed on a purchase price for the Baca Grant, Waddingham along with Jerome B. Chaffee, Alexander V. Hunt, David H. Moffat, and John Watts brought suit against Gilpin for his failure to pay for the property⁵. Gilpin immediately filed a counter-suit and requested the court to decide how the payments for the property

were to be made and further requested the court to require the defendants to hand to the court a good and valid deed to the property. The District Court of Arapahoe County decreed that Gilpin was to make a down payment on the property of thirty thousand dollars with the balance to be paid in ninety days and ordered Waddingham to produce a deed to the property. This Waddingham failed to do and the court then ordered the Master of Chancery of the State of Colorado to execute and deliver to Gilpin a good and sufficient deed to the land.^{5A}

Gilpin, despite the fact the mountains of the Sangre de Cristo Grant had proved sterile and had yielded neither gold nor silver, was apparently still suffering badly from gold fever. His first act after purchasing the property was to appoint L. C. Charles as his agent and manager of all mining properties on the Baca Grant. It was Charles' duties to see that all miners and prospectors on the grant signed proper leases and paid royalties on all gold mined. The ranch portion of the grant Gilpin leased to George H. Adams,⁶ a former Civil War Veteran and riverboat roustabout, who had come west and worked as a freighter between Denver, Central City, and Georgetown before turning rancher.

It is a mystery how Adams found time to establish a ranch on the grant, for in his lease Adams agreed to build a four room adobe house on the property, to build out—buildings, corrals, granaries, barns and stables, to plant shade trees along the north property line, to erect a fence along the north, west and south boundaries, and to dig and maintain sufficient irrigation ditches to properly water the ranch. He further agreed to give free access across the ranch to miners and timber cutters while at the same time keeping trespassers away from the mining

and timber lands. Adams also agreed to pay all back taxes and also to pay future taxes as they accrued.

Adams, once he had completed the necessary construction work to comply with his lease, began the tedious task of building a fine herd of cattle. He imported registered Herefords from England and established one of the first registered herds in the state. In 1880 he purchased a tract of land at the foot of the mountains adjoining the northern boundary of the grant, and on it he platted a townsite and sold lots in the new town, which he named Crestone. The village became the headquarters for the miners who were roaming the grant.⁷

Gilpin's mining activities did not reap any great profits. The gold on the grant was in small pockets and no large gold strikes were made; further, it was very easy for a prospector who had taken a small amount of gold from his claim before it petered out, to disappear into the mountains without paying any royalties.

On January 9, 1883, Gilpin mortgaged the grant to Charles B. Kountze, a Denver banker, for fifty thousand dollars⁸ and on March 4, 1884, Gilpin borrowed an additional thirty thousand dollars from Kountze using the grant as security.⁹ By late 1885 the unpredictable Gilpin apparently had his fill of the Baca No. 4 grant for on December 18, 1885, he sold the property to George Adams for two hundred thousand dollars.¹⁰

On March 15, 1887, less than two years after he had purchased the grant from Gilpin, George Adams sold the property to Quincy A. Shaw of Boston, Massachusetts, for one thousand dollars giving a deed of conveyance to Shaw. This deed remained in effect until October 6, 1899, when Shaw tendered Adams a quit-claim deed to the property. This deed indicates Shaw sold the property to Adams for

one dollar and other valuable considerations.¹¹ However, there was one thousand four hundred dollars in revenue stamps affixed to the document indicating the value of the property to be about \$1,200,000.

On January 4, 1900, Adams sold the grant to the San Luis Valley Land and Mining Company for the sum of \$1,400,000. How much interest Adams had in the property when he sold it in 1900 is not known. Some newspaper accounts of the sale report Shaw as the owner with Adams merely acting as his agent while other stories indicate Adams was the actual owner of the grant. Nevertheless, when the property was sold it was in Adams' name. Adams did not leave the grant with empty pockets for after the sale he moved to Denver where he built the Adams Hotel and became a prominent figure in the city. He died in Denver in 1904 and the Denver newspapers reported his estate was valued at between five hundred thousand and seven hundred thousand dollars.

In developing the following history of the San Luis Valley Land and Mining Company it has been necessary for me to confine my research entirely to newspaper accounts of the company's activities and to draw my conclusions from these articles.

The stockholders of the San Luis Valley Land and Mining Company were for the most part wealthy Philadelphia industrialists, and it was reported at the time of the sale that fifteen of the stockholders invested one hundred thousand dollars each to purchase the property. Quincy Shaw can be credited with the rather complex manipulations that led to the negotiations with the easterners in 1897, and it is apparent the bait used by Shaw to lure the Philadelphians to purchase the land was the potential wealth of the Independence Mine near Cottonwood.

In 1896 George Dimick and Charles Matheson had leased this property from Shaw, and they proceeded to develop the mine. Soon thereafter it was being whispered around the grant that Dimick and Matheson had indeed hit a bonanza, and the story of the rich strike was reported in the newspapers throughout the state. In 1899 Shaw notified Dimick and Matheson he was cancelling their lease to the property and ordered them to cease operations at the mine. Shaw had apparently promised the eastern syndicate the privilege of inspecting and exploring the property. Whether Shaw agreed in good faith to allow the easterners the privilege of inspecting the Independence and then cancelled Dimick and Matheson's lease to give the buyers time for this study is a matter of conjecture.

At any rate the lessees refused to give up the mine, and Shaw sought the aid of the courts to secure an eviction and cancel the lease. While the matter was still in litigation the easterners on January 2, 1900, purchased the grant from George Adams, and it was not until February 3, 1900, that the courts announced the Independence Mine decision in favor of Dimick and Matheson and declared their lease valid.

To muddy the waters still more, George Adams returned to Colorado from a conference with the Philadelphia interests and on February 24 informed the newspapers that the eastern syndicate had decided not to exercise their option to the property because of the court's decision in favor of Dimick and Matheson and further because the prospective owners had not had an opportunity to appraise the value of the Independence Mine. On March 2 Adams issued another release to the newspapers informing them that in spite of his statement of February 24 the property actually had been sold on January 2, and the new

owners hoped in the near future to begin development of the Independence Mine. As the San Luis Valley Courier of Alamosa was a weekly paper the two stories appeared side by side in the same issue.

Quincy Shaw now stepped into the picture and informed the newspapers he had taken steps to appeal the Independence Mine case to the Supreme Court. This must have had a stimulating effect on the new owners for they announced that work would begin soon on a one hundred stamp mill at Cottonwood and that a two story office building to house company employes would be erected at Crestone. They also announced plans to build a spur railroad from Moffat to Crestone and on to the mill at Cottonwood. The Land and Mining Company then entered into a contract with the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad to operate the branch line. Under the agreement the Rio Grande was to furnish all necessary rails and fastenings, and the mining company agreed to supply all other materials and to be responsible for all labor costs. The little railroad was incorporated under the very fancy title of the "Rio Grande and Sangre de Cristo Railroad". During the latter part of May, 1900, the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad began to disgorge materials and equipment at Moffat for the construction of the mill and the office building, and soon the road to the mountains was alive with wagon trains carrying supplies to the grant.

At the same time the company began its building program it issued an order for all people on the grant who could not produce a valid lease or a proper deed to their land to leave the grant. In clearing the grant of so-called squatters the company was liberal in their treatment of these people for in most cases where surface improvements had been made the squatters

were paid for these structures. A number of the more hardy miners did a bit of chest thumping and threatened to barricade their cabins and fight to the death before submitting to eviction, but a United States Marshal was sent to the grant and with a few deputies managed to clear the property. A few of the miners apparently in hopes of a better settlement from the company fought their evictions in the courts, but eventually the owners won all the cases that actually went to trial. A number of the miners forced off the grant moved across the southern boundary where they founded the camp of Liberty and for some years mined around the perimeter of the grant.

The construction of the mill and office building, as well as the railroad, created quite a boom on the grant, and the *Crestone Miner* on December 1, 1900, announced that Crestone now had five general stores, two livery and feed stables, two lumber yards, four restaurants, four saloons, one millinery store, one barber shop, a real estate office, and three doctors as well as several hundred good citizens. It was evident the miners were more in need of medical attention than of hair cuts.

But, all was not well with the Mining Company. When the courts had decreed Dimick and Matheson's lease on the Independence Mine to be valid the company purchased the nearby Cleveland claims for thirty thousand dollars, and when these claims failed to yield any great amount of ore the company finally capitulated and bought the Independence Mine lease for fifty thousand dollars, but this so-called bonanza failed to produce enough gold ore to keep the huge mill running. The company kept up a brave front by periodically issuing optimistic reports of its progress, but by May of 1901 it was evident that gold had not been found in sufficient quan-

tity to make the San Luis Valley Land and Mining Company a paying proposition.

To add to the new owners' woes David Roe of Denver in June demanded a commission of one hundred forty-five thousand dollars on the sale of the grant stating that he had brought Adams and the new owners together and claiming that sixty days after the syndicate had purchased the property they had refused three million dollars to sell to another group of eastern capitalists.

On August 22, 1901, when the first little narrow gauge train steamed into Crestone it was met by a discouraged population. The San Luis Valley Land and Mining Company had poured over two million dollars into the grant in its efforts to develop the property into a huge mining operation, but soon the clerks at Crestone were dismissed and the office building was boarded up. The mill at Cottonwood was eventually abandoned and the proud little railroad with the fancy name was reduced to hauling cattle rather than gold bearing ore from Crestone. The discouraged stockholders of the company continued to offer mining leases and to operate the grant as a cattle ranch, but it is doubtful that any great amount of profit was shown from this operation.

In 1909 Jay B. Lippincott of Philadelphia and Joseph Harrison of Colorado Springs acquired a controlling interest in the San Luis Valley Land and Mining Company and decided to dispose of the grant by conducting a land auction. They proposed to subdivide the property into ten acre plots which would be sold for two hundred forty dollars each; each purchaser of a ten acre tract was to receive a free lot in the town of Crestone. As was true of most land auctions of this period the purchaser was not to be allowed to choose his

particular tract of land, but must wait until all the land was sold when a lottery would be held and the buyer would pick his property from a lottery wheel. It can readily be seen that if an auction lottery was dishonest most of the land purchasers would find their sites to be located on a rocky ledge or in the middle of a bog while the promoter and his friends came into possession of the more choice land.

Lippincott and Harrison arranged for a special train to take newspaper men to the grant and Crestone while they explained the virtues of this proposed Garden of Eden. The editor of the Alamosa Courier, who was quite enthusiastic about the project, hedged a bit when he informed his readers that he was not convinced that all types of fruit could be grown on the grant, but that apples, small fruits and other types could be raised as well as all varieties of vegetables. He further agreed it would be rather difficult for a man to support himself and his family on a ten acre farm, but he did feel that with Crestone growing into a city that there would be ample work for all industrious tract owners. The editor also told of panning gold on his recent trip to the grant and inferred that a few hours with a gold pan would keep the wolf away from the door.

The promoters of the auction also solicited the help of the Denver Post to promote the land auction. Immediately Senator Patterson unleashed an attack in the Rocky Mountain News and the Denver Times against Lippincott, Harrison, and the Denver Post. Bonfils and Tammen lost no time in directing a counter-attack against Patterson and his newspapers, and for several days Patterson and Bonfils and Tammen used the front pages of their newspapers to castigate each other unmercifully and in the

melee the cause of the fight was all but forgotten. The battle of the Baca Grant auction raged in the newspapers of the state throughout June, 1909, and then without explanation was dropped from the front page and the plans for the proposed land auction never materialized.

On March 9, 1919, the San Luis Valley Land & Mining Company requested permission of the State of Colorado to cease doing business in the state and to appoint an agent to handle all unfinished business; during this period the grant was leased to a number of ranchers for range land. In September, 1922 the corporation petitioned the Secretary of State to have the name of the company changed to the San Luis Valley Land & Cattle Company.¹²

The fortunes of the company had reached a low ebb when in 1930 Mr. Alfred M. Collins visited the Baca Grant. Mr. Collins' father, a wealthy Philadelphia paper manufacturer, had owned a major interest in the San Luis Valley Land & Cattle Company, and upon his death Alfred Collins had inherited his father's estate. The depression of 1929 had somewhat depleted the Collins' fortune, and Alfred had made the trip west to ascertain the value of the property as he hoped to dispose of his father's stock. Instead, Collins became enamoured with the Baca Grant and the San Luis Valley, and the city dude from Philadelphia decided to close out his affairs in the east and become a rancher.

Mr. Collins was an outdoorsman having been a fine polo player, a big game hunter, and a horse enthusiast, but nothing in his background had even remotely prepared him for the task of managing a one hundred thousand acre ranch. Alfred Collins was fifty-four years old when he took over the management of the Baca

Grant. The country was in the throes of a black depression and beef prices were woefully low. There were a few registered cattle on the ranch and with this small herd as a nucleus he began the task of building a world famous herd of cattle. While Collins knew nothing of the cattle business he soon gathered around him a small group of loyal experts.

The grant had sole water rights to six streams that flowed across the property. Engineers were employed to lay out an irrigation system that would make maximum use of this water. One hundred and fifty miles of irrigation ditches were installed to bring water to all parts of the Valley. Deep artesian wells were drilled to assure the cattle of pure drinking water free from surface or mineral contamination. These wells varied from six hundred to seven hundred feet in depth and were located so that the cattle never had to walk over a mile for water, and as the water came to the surface at a temperature of fifty-five degrees, winter or summer, there was no problem of chopping ice even during the coldest winter mornings.

The first ten years Alfred Collins spent on the Baca Grant were indeed frustrating. The country was attempting to work its way out of the depression and cattle prices remained low, but Collins persisted in improving both the land and the quality of his herd of cattle. Money was scarce and when it became necessary to borrow, he was usually asked to endorse personally any loans made to the cattle company. In 1940 the financial picture at the grant began to look up, and the war in Europe and the increased buying power in the United States began to reflect in better beef prices. The planning and work Collins and his crew had done to improve the land and the careful breeding of the cattle began to pay off. There was

an ever increasing demand by ranchers for registered bulls from the San Luis Valley Land & Cattle Company's herd.

During the summer of 1944 I made a business trip to the grant, and after I had finished my work Mr. Collins invited me to see a young bull named Baca R Domino 33rd. Two days before Baca R Domino 33rd had been named grand champion of the Gunnison (Colorado) Cattle Show. Mr. Collins told me that while in Gunnison he had been offered thirty thousand dollars for the animal, and although he was extremely happy with the offer, he had decided not to sell. I allowed that if it had been my bull I would have sold it on the spot and then run all the way to the bank to deposit the check. Mr. Collins was very patient with my lack of knowledge of the cattle business and explained the value of the bull in the ranch's breeding program and said he would probably wait a year or so before selling the animal. He then invited me to his home to view the fine collection of hunting trophies he had gathered on his many safaris to Africa. It is needless to say I thoroughly enjoyed my visit to the ranch and found Mr. Collins to be a fine gentleman.

The period of 1940 to 1950 were the golden years for the ranch. The commercial herd on the grant consistently topped the market, and the registered bulls and cows bearing the LC brand were bringing fabulous prices. In 1949 Alfred Collins was named "Cattlemen of the Year" by the Record Stockman, a periodical devoted exclusively to the cattle industry. Mr. Collins was now over seventy years old, and he felt the time had come to retire from his rigorous duties. In the twenty years he had managed the property he had seen the grant develop from a run-down ranch into one of the finest spreads in the United States.

On May 14, 1950, Mr. Collins sold the Baca Grant to the Newhall Land and Farming Company of California. The Newhall Company paid one million dollars for the land and seven hundred fifty thousand dollars for the commercial herd of cattle owned by the San Luis Valley Land and Cattle Company.¹³ I have been unable to ascertain how much land was included in the sale. Mr. Collins had purchased fifteen thousand acres adjoining the grant, and this acreage was included in the sale. However, at one time Mr. Collins had increased his holdings in the valley to two hundred fifty thousand acres. The registered herd was not involved in the sale and these cattle were moved to Gunnison County where Mr. Collins had leased the Switcher-Field Ranch as he anticipated dispersing his registered cattle at an auction at this ranch the following summer.

After leaving the Baca Grant Mr. Collins moved with his family to a farm he owned near Fort Collins. But he was not to enjoy the rest and relaxation he felt the sale of the grant would bring, for May 17, 1951, he died at his farm at the age of seventy-five. Mr. Collins' estate carried on his plans for the disposal of the registered herd and on September 17 and 18 the sale was held at the Switcher-Field Ranch. Ranchers and breeders from such distant places as Australia attended the auction. Realizing that one of the finest registered herds in the world was being dispersed the bidding was brisk and costly. When the last of the twenty-six bulls and two hundred and thirty-seven females had been sold and the final tally made, the record showed the auction grossed \$1,120,500, an average price per animal of over forty two hundred dollars.

For the third time in eleven years the San Luis Valley Land and Cattle Company had set a world record for a

cattle dispersal sale, once for commercial cattle and twice for registered herds. Five year old Baca Prince Domino set a new price record when he was sold for eighty-seven thousand five hundred dollars. Baca R Domino 33rd, for whom Mr. Collins refused thirty thousand dollars in 1944 but sold to the Albert Noe Farms in 1945 for twenty-eight thousand dollars only to buy the bull back in 1949 for forty-two thousand five hundred dollars, was again sold to the Noe Farms for forty thousand dollars. Baca R Duke 5th, a son of Baca R Domino 33rd and not yet five months old, was sold for twenty-nine thousand dollars.

It is indeed a shame that Mr. Collins could not share in this final triumph when the leaders of the cattle industry gathered at the Switcher-Field Ranch to declare the registered cattle developed by the tenderfoot from Philadelphia, who started in the cattle business at the age of fifty-four, the finest in the world. The cattle industry paid Mr. Collins this tribute not by a plaque or scroll but by their eagerness to spend unheard of amounts of money to purchase his cattle. The Land Company's records indicated that from 1940 through the dispersal sale of 1951, sales of Baca Grant cattle totaled \$5,031,090.

Today the "Pygmy" among the giant land grants of Colorado and New Mexico is still intact; its ninety-nine thousand two hundred eighty-nine and thirty-nine hundreds acres are still under a single ownership. Gold fever, that indefinable virus that for fifty years sent a horde of ever hopeful miners and prospectors to roam the grant and caused many a foolish investor to lose vast sums of money, has subsided. The little mining towns of Cottonwood and Duncan are but a memory, Crestone, once the center of the mining activities on the grant, now depends on summer visit-

ors and a few ranchers for its existence; the railroad grade from Crestone to Moffat is all but erased, but in the valley at the foot of the mountains the cattle are still growing fat on the lush grass.

Today the northern San Luis Valley and Saguache County are the center of great oil interest. All available land has been leased by the major oil companies and if this new oil field proves to be all that is predicted of it, perhaps oil will bring to the Baca Grant No. 4 the bonanza that gold failed to create.

Because of space limitations, Westerner Herstrom's very complete bibliography does not appear in this month's Round Up. It will be included when his article appears in the annual Brand Book for 1959.

- ¹B79, Pg. 1-30 Saguache County Records
 - ²B 1, Pg. 313-18 Costilla County Records
 - ³B 2, Pg. 21 Saguache County Records
 - ⁴B 2, Pg. 424 Saguache County Records
 - ⁵B 4, Pg. 188 Saguache County Records
 - ⁶AB 5, Pg. 321-325 Saguache County Records
 - ⁷B 4, Pg. 429-435 Saguache County Records
 - ⁸B 7, Pg. 620 Saguache County Records
 - ⁹B 26, Pg. 67-88 Saguache County Records
 - ¹⁰B 11, Pg. 116 Saguache County Records
 - ¹¹B 24, Pg. 403 Saguache County Records
 - ¹²B 73, Pg. 550 Saguache County Records
 - ¹³B 159, Pg. 416 Saguache County Records
 - ¹⁴B 223, Pg. 432 Saguache County Records
- September, 1959.

Legal Comment

Following the presentation of Guy Herstrom's paper concerning the Baca Grant at the meeting on September 23 there was discussion as to the "title" to the grant. Mr. Herstrom contended that the Supreme Court had held that no patent from the United States was necessary while Hal Dunham said that he felt that in effect a patent was necessary or at least that it was customary to obtain one.

Perhaps both Posse Members were right.

The case before the United States Supreme Court involving the grant is entitled *Shaw v. Kellogg* and was decided in 1897 and reported in 170 U.S. 312. The case originated because one Murray M. Kellogg, having been denied a renewal lease of the farm lands in the grant, refused to vacate. So the then owner of the grant brought suit to eject Kellogg. Kellogg placed his main reliance on the theory that a later discovery of mineral on the grant should invalidate any rights which might have originated under the Act of Congress because Congress did not intend to grant mineral lands in this sort of grant.

Another point relied on by Kellogg was that there had never been a patent issued to this land. The following quotation from the Supreme Court shows that no patent was necessary at the time:

"But, it is said, no patent was issued in this case*** but the significance of a patent is that it is evidence of the transfer of legal title. There is no magic in the word 'patent' or in the instrument which the word defines. By it the legal title passes, and when, by whatsoever instrument, and in whatsoever manner, that is accomplished, the same result follows as though a formal patent were issued.

***In this case the Land Department refused to issue a patent; decided that it had no power to do so, and that the title was complete without one.

There was not at the time of these transactions, and has not since been, any statute specifically authorizing a patent for this landthe Land Department was therefore technically right when it said that the statute did not order the issuance of a patent, and that the case was one in which the granting act with the approved survey and location, made a full transfer of title. Very likely if a patent had been issued the courts would not

have declared it void, but have sustained it as the customary instrument used by the government to make a transfer of legal title***but as there was no statute in terms authorizing a patent, it was not within the power of the locators to compel the issuance of one.*** So when the Department refused to issue one the locators had no alternative but to accept that which the statute had provided as the means of acquiring and the evidence of title, and that must be treated as having all the efficiency of a patent."

It will be recalled that the Act of Congress, in 1860, gave the right to the Baca heirs to select certain lands and that there was immediately a selection, survey and location of such lands.

But the fact remains that on February 20, 1900, there was a patent issued to the Baca Grant. This patent referred to the provisions of Section 2447 of the Revised Statutes and the grant was to the heirs of Luis Maria Baca, and to the heirs of such heirs, and in effect goes back to the situation in 1860.

It is logical to question why the patent could issue in 1900 and not in 1897 under a law (said Section 2447) that had been in existence since 1854. This section had been passed to provide for claims of this character where there was no "confirmatory statute for the issue of a patent" but it applied only to claims which had "been confirmed by law."

In the Supreme Court case it was said that this section did not apply because there had been no previous legal confirmation. The Supreme Court decision made the confirmation by law referred to in the statute and therefore it became legal and proper that the patent issue. Apparently after the decision the owner of the grant could compel the issuance of a patent and perhaps did so, at least to the extent of obtaining one.

However it may still be said that his title was just as good before issuance of patent as afterwards. At least that was the formal opinion to the effect that Quincy A. Shaw owned the land (and minerals) rendered by Wolcott and Vaile, attorneys for Shaw in the litigation. This opinion is dated October 25, 1899, prior to patent.

Both the Supreme Court opinion and the later patent are of record in Saguache County.

One interesting part of the title opinion is that it shows that the previous owner of the grant, George A. Adams, borrowed \$250,000 from Quincy A. Shaw, and gave a deed of trust to Edward O. Wolcott. Later, presumably because he could not pay the loan, or with some sort of settlement being made, Adams deeded to Shaw. But the deed of trust was not actually released. So Wolcott, in writing this opinion, says: "But the effect of the transaction is to leave the legal title to the premises in Edward O. Wolcott; and a release deed should now be executed by Edward O. Wolcott, as Trustee, reconveying this legal title. We do not understand that there is any reason why this should not be done." It was done November 21, 1899.

Book Reviews

Colorful Colorado, Its Dramatic History, by Caroline Bancroft. Sage Books, Denver, Colo., 1959. Regular cover, \$2.00, cloth \$3.50.

This is one of the most vivid, interesting and concise accounts to appear thus far on the subject of Colorado's truly colorful history.

It opens with the evidence of occupation in prehistoric times by Folsom Man and his successors, the Basket-makers, the Cliff Dwellers and the Pueblo cultures.

The explorations, discoveries and influence in this region, of the Spanish Conquistadors are followed by the expeditions of Pike, Gunnison, Fremont and other intrepid adventurers who dared death to explore the great open plains and the mountain fastnesses of the territory today known as Colorado.

The period of the mountain men and the fur trappers, together with the story of the immortal "Bent's Forts" is adequately described.

There are fascinating interludes dealing with the visits of Parkman, Ruxton and other adventure seekers to this region. The development of the scattered early settlements, as well as the intriguing story of the old Spanish land grants is told in most interesting fashion.

The author vividly tells of the treasure hunters trek of 1858-9 across the great plains and of the springing up of the numerous settlements along the base of the Rockies, and the following overflow into the wild and precipitous mountain regions.

Stagecoach days, Indian life and conflicts with the white settlers and the booming days of the fabulous early-day mining camps all pass in review. Toll roads and the difficult, arduous wagon freighting days are described, followed by the glamorous story of the coming of the railroads to Colorado Territory.

The organization of the Territorial and later of the formal State government is recounted and some consideration also is devoted to the founding of Auraria and its transformation into what is now Denver. The volume eventually brings the reader to the present era in Colorado, telling the story of the sensational uranium boom, as well as the establishment in the last few years of the U. S. Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs.

The wealth of illustrations in this book make it outstanding, the feature being its 16 pages of magnificent re-

productions in full color of Colorado scenes, both new and old. For the general reader who wishes to obtain a quick, but adequate history of this commonwealth without consulting extensive works on the subject, this special gem is strongly recommended. For the student and the researcher on Colorado history, this volume contains an excellent appendix and an extensive listing of biographical references, together with an index to the subject matter. This eminent authority has done a splendid job on a complicated subject.

—PM Paul D. Harrison

Trees and Game — Twin Crops, by Arthur H. Carhart, Published by American Forest Products Industries, Inc., 1816 N Street, N.W., Washington, 6, D.C.

In this little book — 32 pages — the author has, it seems to me, succeeded in telling a story of the entire conservation movement, which lamely started at the turn of the century and floundered in enthusiastic ignorance until just a few years ago — until men with scientific bent and training like Arthur Carhart got into it.

Although pioneers in the movement were eager beavers to save America's dwindling resources of everything from stands of timber to wild animals, they nearly always succeeded in destroying the very ends they set out to safeguard. They didn't reckon on the force of Nature; they went contrary to it; they lost ground.

It is interesting and significant to me that the groups that were once regarded as the most selfish and inimical to conservation, the lumber companies principally, are the ones who have virtually saved the day. They recognize a place for the harvester of the wildlife the forests protect, the hunter. They realize the value of wildlife, held in check, to their commercial interests.

And out of their efforts has come a new race of conservationists, scientists not emotionalists, investigators not perpetuators of mistaken notions. So, now the forests and the wildlife seem safe.

It is as dramatic a story as has ever been told about the outdoors that Mr. Carhart unfolds in this little booklet, which every one interested in outdoor America would do well to read.

C. B. Roth PM

Statue of Marcus Whitman, U. S. Govt. Printing Office, Washington, D. C. 77 pp., ill. 5000 copies printed for distribution to members of Congress.

Statuary Hall in the United States Capitol was created in 1864, each state being allowed representation of two persons judged worthy of national commemoration. In 1933, the number to be placed in the Hall itself was limited to 48, others to go elsewhere in the building.

This small volume includes interesting material relating to the first selection by the State of Washington, that of Marcus Whitman, medical missionary, who with his wife Narcissa was among the earliest of the stout-hearted travellers to reach, settle and promote development in the Northwest. Its sculptor was Dr. Avard Fairbanks, Dean of the Fine Arts Department at the University of Utah. Lacking any picture to guide him, he has projected a valiant conception of the courageous pioneer, who along with his wife and others met death at the hands of the Indians whom they had struggled to help. The unveiling program took place May 22, 1953 in the rotunda of the Capitol.

On February 26, 1959, Colorado unveiled its first selection for Statuary Hall, the Buba sculpture of another memorable western doctor, the State's distinguished Florence R. Sabin.

PM W. Scott Broome

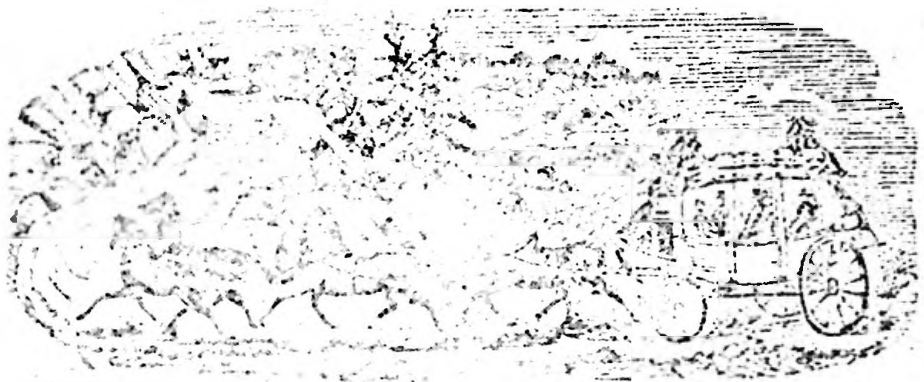


The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

October
1959
Vol. XV No. 10

J. C. CARSON, Prop'r,
Leadville, Colorado.

AGENTS } A. R. COOK, Leadville, Colo.
 } C. J. FEIST, Granite, Colo.
 } J. H. WALLER, Aspen, Colo.
 } N. S. HENDERSON, Glenwood



Carson's Stage and Express Line

DAILY TOURS

TWIN LAKES, EVERETT, INDEPENDENCE, ASPEN AND GLENWOOD SPRINGS.

105 and 108 West Fourth St., Leadville, Colorado.

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ROUNDUP



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Printing Office
839 Pearl St., Boulder.

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

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OFFICERS

*Sheriff, Fred M. Mazzulla
Deputy Sheriff, Les Williams
Roundup Foreman and Tally Man,
Erl H. Ellis
Registrar of Marks and Brands,
Ray Colwell
Chuck Wrangler, Guy M. Herstrom
Preceding Sheriff, Harold H.
Dunham*

*Centennial Committee Chairman,
Charles B. Roth
Publications Chairman, Nolie Mumey
Program Chairman, Kenny Englert
Membership Chairmen, Philip W.
Whiteley, Jr.
Awards Committee, Robert L. Perkin,
Chm.
Book Review Chairman, Herbert P.
White*

COMING PROGRAMS

Sheriff Fred Mazzulla will entertain at the usual time and place in November, his subject being "Railroad Claim Agents."

The Annual Christmas Party is scheduled for December 15, at the American Legion. Full details will be furnished the Posse members in due course. Dr. Nolie Mumey will be the speaker, but we have no information as yet regarding his subject.

News Notes

The regular fourth-Wednesday meeting for October, 1959, of the Denver Posse of The Westerners was held on the 28th, at the Denver Press Club, Sheriff Mazzulla presiding. Forty-two appeared for dinner and the meeting, following reservations for 37.

The usual introductions, round-the-table, were made. Among the guests was E. S. Sutton, long-time corresponding member.

Bob Perkin called for contributions for the Award Fund.

Another guest was John Alexander, of Colorado Springs, member of the Adaman Club, whose great-grandfather lived with the Utes in the early days. Ross Miller of Denver was also a guest who paid his dues to become a corresponding member.

The Sheriff announced the Nominating Committee, for 1960 officers, to be Dr. Mumey and Francis Rizzari.

The main meeting adjourned for a bit for a meeting of the Active Members—Posse Meeting. Kenny Englert suggested that it would be helpful if a new roster could be published, giving names and addresses of all members. Possibly add occupations to the list. Some suggestions were made that this might be done cheapest by offset process on list of addresses from plates now used. Johnson Publishing Company will be contacted on this. A motion appropriating up to \$50 for this purpose was made and passed.

Upon the main meeting being resumed, Englert announced the next two meetings. The November meeting, on the 25th, is to be addressed by Sheriff Mazzulla. The Christmas meeting will be held at the American Legion on Tuesday evening, December 15, and Dr. Mumey will be the speaker.

Fred Rosenstock then introduced the speaker, PM Don Griswold. Don

read a very fine and detailed history of travel over and about what was first known as Hunters Pass, but later and now called Independence Pass. The first wagon across was in 1881, according to Don. The auto road was opened in 1920. A number of questions were addressed to Don about the general vicinity, and it was most apparent that he knows the Twin Lakes area, and its history.

* * *

Len Shoemaker, the writer of the letter regarding Hayden Pass which appeared in the September Roundup, retired from the United States Forest Service a few years ago after many years as a forest ranger. Most of his working life was spent in the vicinity of Aspen, Colorado, and he wrote up his intimate knowledge of that area in *The Roaring Fork Valley*, which appeared in 1958.

He also drew upon his knowledge of early Forest Service history in his previous book, *The Saga of a Forest Ranger*, which dealt with the life of William Kreutzer, first forest ranger in Colorado, if not in the United States.

We wish that more of our readers, and there must be some at least, who have intimate, first-hand knowledge of early western history, would write it up for use in the Roundup, thus preserving these experiences in print for use of those of a later day.

* * *

Referring to Charley Roth's good review in the September Roundup of *Trees and Game—Twin Crops*, by Arthur Carhart, I feel an urge to rise to the defense of the "eager beavers" as the reviewer refers to the real pioneers of the conservation movement in the early days. Incidentally, Art Carhart himself must certainly be classed as one of the pioneers, and also, I believe, as one of the most eager of the eager beavers.

Of course, I rather narrow the field, because I think of the United States Forest Service as the first conservation organization which accomplished anything. I think if Charley were to investigate, he would find that the early leaders in the Forest Service, the men who established the policies, from Gifford Pinchot on down, were practically all college men with degrees in professional forestry, and many if not most of them holders of the degree of Master of Forestry from Yale University. In my opinion, the phrases Charley applies to them as "emotionalists . . . perpetrators of mistaken notions" hardly represent the facts. They were working with the best information available in that day.

Also, may I direct Charley's attention to the fact that the big lumber operators were, in the beginning, the most vigorous opponents of technical forestry, i.e., forest conservation, and that it is due entirely to the pioneer work of the dedicated early Forest Service personnel that the industry finally saw the light and became the vociferous exponent of true forest conservation which, fortunately for the country (and itself), it now is.

Art Carhart's book was a fine job, and I have personally had it sent to a number of people. If Charley wants to confine his remarks to *game* and leave the *trees* out of it, I might go along with him.

Ray Colwell, P.M.

The Memorial Scholarship Fund

Contributions are needed for the Denver Westerners' Memorial Scholarship Fund.

Announcements of the third annual Memorial Scholarship Award have gone out to Colorado universities

and colleges and other interested persons, and some application inquiries already have been received.

It is planned to announce the 1959 winner of the \$300 award at the Christmas meeting on Dec. 15. Additional funds will be needed to meet the \$300 commitment. Please send your contributions right away to our Tally Man, Erl H. Ellis, 730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, marked for the scholarship fund.

Award committee members this year, as appointed by Sheriff Fred Mazzulla, are Maurice Frink, founder of the scholarship; Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson of Colorado Springs, widow of a beloved Westerner and generous benefactress of the award fund; and Bob Perkin.

The memorial scholarship was established in 1957 as a continuing annual award. Following is the text of the resolution establishing the award, adopted April 24, 1957:

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

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

"Resolved, That we hereby create and establish The Denver Westerners Scholarship Award to be offered under the following provisions which constitute the general rules for the award:

"1. The Award in the form of a cash sum shall be made annually as funds permit. Annual public an-

nouncement shall be made to the effect that applications for the Award will be received at a specific time and place. The recipient of the Award each year shall be first publicly announced at a meeting of the Denver Westerners.

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

"a. merits recognition for a completed study in western history, literature, folklore, economics, anthropology or other pertinent subject; or

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

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

"3. In their consideration of applications, the judges shall bear in mind that their basic purpose is to encourage fulfillment of promise, to open the door to achievement in keeping with the objectives of the Westerners. These objectives, as stated in Articles of Incorporation filed in Denver, April 9, 1946, are: ' . . . to investigate, discuss and publish the facts and color relative to the historic, social, political, economic and religious background of the West; to, wherever

possible, preserve a record of the cultural background and evolution of the Western region; and to promote all corollary activities thereof.'

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

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

"6. In each annual Award, the judges may, if they see fit, divide the prize, awarding specific sums to more than one individual.

"7. Funds for providing this Award shall be raised by voluntary contributions from members of The Denver Westerners (Posse, Reserve and Corresponding) and from any and all

other sources that willingly contribute. The amount of the Award shall be determined annually by the judges in accordance with funds available.

"And Be It Further Resolved, That this Resolution, after its adoption by the Executive Committee of The Denver Posse of The Westerners, shall be reported to the Posse membership at a regular meeting, and, that such report, shall be in full force and effect until rescinded, or until funds for making the Award are not available."

* * *

Early in the year, the program people at station KRMA-TV (Channel 6), approached the Denver Posse with a proposal for a series of weekly programs during the summer to be entitled "This Was Colorado," and to be put on by members of the Denver Posse. The matter was discussed at a meeting or two, and the general sentiment was that since KRMA-TV was the educational channel for television in Denver, and was an important part of the Adult Education Program of the Denver Public Schools, the Posse should cooperate to the fullest extent possible, as a part of our contribution to the Rush to the Rockies Centennial.

Accordingly, P.M. Charles Roth was appointed chairman of a committee to handle the arrangements, with Dabney Otis Collins and Ray Colwell to assist him. By the first of June, the chairman had the summer's program tentatively lined up. Some later changes in dates were made to suit various members' convenience, but the list of participants was unchanged. Programs were put on at 8:30 each Thursday evening from early in June through August and from all reports were well received. The participants, too, report a lot of fun in doing it.

The final list of participants was, it is believed, as follows, although

there may be inaccuracies in the order of appearance:

Dabney Otis Collins
Dick Goff
Arthur Carhart
Fred Mazzulla
Merlyn Wheeler
Dr. Nolie Mumey
Kenny Englert
Forbes Parkhill
Charles Ryland
Ray Colwell
Bob Perkin
Clarence Jackson

Subjects ranged from "Doc" Collins' story about the trappers and mountain men, through many and varied phases of Colorado history, including early railroading, bandits, ghost towns, old time photographers, mining and the cattle business.

All participants report the finest of cooperation from the KRMA-TV personnel, and the Denver Posse appreciates the opportunity which was given it to appear on Channel 6.

Range Gossip

The Kansas City Posse has sent out a circular to its active and corresponding members regarding its activities and publications. Corresponding membership is \$3.00 per year, which includes the quarterly Trail Guide, "which generally consists of one of the original papers which has been read before the group. There are occasional news notes and book reviews, but the *Guide* is primarily a research publication."

The series starts with four numbers in 1955-56 (Vol. I), Vol. II and III (1957 and 1958—4 issues each), and so far three in 1959. The announcement states "We have set aside a number of complete files, Vol.I to date, for new members who wish to order them, at \$4.00 per volume." The mail-

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The English Corral of the Westerners held a reorganization meeting in London on October 3, which holds promise of putting this group on its feet again, after what has obviously been a crisis in its affairs. We hope to hear that all is now well with it.

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How about some of our good corresponding members in New Mexico taking the initiative in founding a Westerners' Corral in that area, as suggested by Erl Ellis in the September Roundup?

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From a non-pro viewpoint of this 624-page, information-crammed volume, I am moved to repeat, in respectful and sincere tribute to Robert Perkin, the first sentence of Wharton's 1866 history of seven-year-old Denver: "There is a grandeur in the triumph of human industry and enterprise over what, to the weak and faint-hearted, seem insurmountable obstacles." This

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long enough to salute men like Editor Jack Foster and yourself, Bob. Thank you for the hours of stimulation and pleasure I've enjoyed on the trail of "The First Hundred Years." For the sake of youngsters and the man on the street, I hope your work goes into a Jumbo Pocketbook.

PM W. Scott Broome

Long Run by Nelson Nye.
The MacMillan Company, New York, 1959.

This is the story of Will Howlett who was approaching Blind Mule, Arizona, after travelling horse-back several weeks from East Texas. He hoped it would be a place where his past would not catch up with him. A few miles before arriving he heard two shots and came upon a man tying the bodies of two men onto horses. The man claimed to be the Marshal and to be searching for a third culprit.

He prevailed upon Howlett to lead the horses with their grim burdens to the sheriff in Blind Mule. In spite of the absurdity of a killer taking his victims to the sheriff, he was placed in jail. As a big pay roll had been involved, the finger of guilt did not point too strongly in his direction.

The pseudo Marshal was in reality head of a gang bent on taking over the ranches of his neighbors and robbing stage coaches.

The heroine, daughter of a victim of the murderer, observed Howlett as he arrived in town and intuitively thought he would help protect her interests against the gang, and prevailed upon the sheriff to release Howlett to her.

Things happened rapidly thereafter. When the gang had been done away with we are left to assume Howlett married the girl and became a respected and successful rancher.

A book for those who enjoy TV Westerns.

PM Charles W. Webb

Belle's Castle, by George C. Appell. Macmillan, \$2.95. Lest the publisher's jacket-flap blurb lead the prospective reader to believe this to be a biography of the real-life Belle Starr, it should be understood that *Belle's Castle* is fiction, an entertaining gun-slinging novel whose leading character bears the same name as the "bandit queen."

Westerners will raise questioning brows at the description of a *tapadero* as a silken ornament depending from a gunman's holster.

F. P.

The McLoughlin Empire and Its Rulers, by Burt Brown Barker, (The Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, Calif., 370 pp., \$12.50.)

Here is the story of the McLoughlin family, based on a fascinating file of correspondence preserved by the Frasers, relatives of the McLoughlins on their maternal side. The family, part Scotch Protestant and part Irish Catholic, produced three remarkably astute and successful persons to guide its destiny to a high point:

Dr. John McLoughlin, trained as a physician, became the Chief Factor in the Columbia District of the Hudson's Bay Company, where he ruled a vast empire in the Northwest.

Dr. David McLoughlin, his brother, also educated for a medical career, became a highly successful doctor in Paris, and personal physician to King Louis Phillippe.

Their sister, Marie Louise, as Sister St. Henry, found her success as the leading teacher and Mother Superior of the great Ursuline Academy in Quebec, where she remained alert to the affairs of her family, educated her niece, and aided in solving family problems.

While the letters reveal a great deal of the unknown side of Dr. John

(Continued on page 20)

HAPPENINGS ALONG THE TWIN LAKES AND ROARING FORK TOLL-ROAD

DON L. GRISWOLD



Speaker of the Month

Don L. Griswold is another native of Colorado, born in Olney Springs, in the Arkansas Valley. He is a graduate of Denver University and holds a Master's degree in Education from Columbia University. While teaching in the Leadville public schools, he met Jean Harvey, now Mrs. Griswold, herself a member of one of Leadville's (and Colorado's) oldest and most prominent families. They were drawn together by a common interest which has continued throughout their married life.

Don insists that this toll-road story as well as the rest of their published works, is due just as much to Jean's

research ability and enthusiasm as to his efforts. They jointly authored "The Carbonate Camp Called Leadville" (1951) and "A Century of Colorado Cities" (1958). Don claims the latter as the first of the heavy crop of Centennial publications.

Since 1941, Don has been in Denver teaching in the public schools, except for four years spent in Air Force Intelligence in Europe from 1941 to 1945. In the summers, however, the Griswolds may be found at their summer home in Twin Lakes.

Silver mine—gold mine, locate one and you will be rich! Where? Leadville was the answer in 1878, but by 1879 the silver seekers reaching this section of the Colorado Rockies found that every piece of desirable and much undesirable ground had already been staked. Then came reports of silver and gold strikes in the Gunnison and Roaring Fork regions. How did you get to these new finds? You had to cross the Continental Divide. There were several low places—that is, lower than the towering peaks of the Sawatch Range—but all were difficult.

Some prospectors headed west from South Arkansas or Buena Vista; some crossed Tennessee Pass, north of Leadville; and others crossed Hunters Pass, southwest of Leadville. On the 4th of July, 1879, a rich gold strike was made about five miles west of the summit of this last mentioned pass, and because of the date, the fortunate miners called their mine the Independ-

ence. They also christened the camp, the mountain and the pass with the same name. Farther down the Roaring Fork River promising silver locations were made and Ute City was proudly planned in that same year. But how did you reach Hunters or Independence Pass, and where were these new Eldorados which could make you a millionaire if you were lucky? The intrepid soon found the way, spearheading the rush to Aspen.

One recorded trip across Independence Pass told of a party of six men "well armed and equipped" with riding horses and a dozen burros "loaded with the necessaries of life, being mostly flour, sugar and bacon." These men left Leadville one morning in late November of 1879 and proceeded down the Arkansas Valley to Lake Creek and then west six miles to the village of Twin Lakes, an old townsite and county seat called Dayton in the 1860's, but in '79 freshly laid out north and south, east and west and renamed Twin Lakes. On the second day the prospecting party followed the Lake Creek road as far as it went and then took to the narrow, rough mountain trail, which led them up the steep mountainside to Mountain Boy Park where the men camped out in the open, laying their blankets on a two-foot depth of snow. On the third day, the day which "tried their very souls," they struggled through snow to the top of the pass, and as they descended, one of the burros made a misstep and rolled down a hundred-foot bank of snow. After using several hours in freeing the burro, they reached the camp of Independence and stayed there for the night. Ute City was reached on the fourth day with not too much difficulty.

There seem to be no records which tell of any other crossings of Independence Pass after the above until

January 17, 1880, when Fred G. McCandless decided things were pretty dull in Ute City, and so chose to visit his old friends in Leadville. According to his report, it took him five days to make the crossing, the first three being spent in fighting the elements for the eighteen miles from Ute City to Independence. "Heavy, wet snows had laden the trees in the canon and soaked them full of water. Cold weather had frozen them solid and strong winds cracked them off their stumps like so many matches. This caused the narrow gulch to be completely filled with dense brush or a thicket of snow-laden branches." After nearly starving and freezing to death in the canyon, he "crawled up to the door of a cabin in Independence camp" and "was warmly welcomed and tenderly cared for." On the fourth day, remarkably revived, he scaled the top of the pass, and being an expert skier, made the descent in seven minutes, which according to his calculations was a speed of "over a mile in two minutes." Because he was unable to slow his descent, he almost hit a tree, and as a result was so frightened that he walked the rest of the way to Twin Lakes; but after a night's rest in a hotel there, he made the trip from the Lakes to Leadville in a record two hours.

Although the reports of crossing the divide were usually thrilling, hair-raising episodes, the riches of the Roaring Fork area were said to be even bigger, better and more fabulous than those of Leadville. The business men of Leadville and of Buena Vista, realizing that a road into the Roaring Fork district "would bring thousands of dollars in trade" began pushing such a project. The merchants and citizens of Buena Vista not only talked, but actually started work on the Cottonwood Pass road before the winter halted their labors. Some rumors in-

icated Denver interests were helping in the construction of this road, and in answer to these rumors the Carbonate Camp's business men declared through the columns of the *Chronicle*, "Leadville can well compete with Denver, and in the matter of mining outfits greatly surpass her, and it is hoped the opportunity will not be allowed to pass."

On March 27, 1880, the Leadville boosters of a toll-road to the Western Slope called a public hearing in Turner Hall. At this meeting, the Frying Pan and Roaring Fork, the Eagle River and Gunnison, the Twin Lakes and Roaring Fork, and the Grand River, Leadville and Roaring Fork toll-road companies presented their plans to an enthusiastic group. Each company claimed a charter and ability to build a good road with a minimum of expense as soon as the necessary capital was raised. However, since much of the area was still held by the Indians and white settlements were non-existent or mere prospecting camps, no decision was reached at this March meeting as to which toll-road or roads should be supported. The whole matter of how to reach the Western Slope, and specifically the Roaring Fork region, was more or less at a stand still until J. E. Rice, respected Leadville physician, and J. S. D. Manville, prominent hardware dealer, began to promote the Twin Lakes and Roaring Fork Company. The projected route of this company was from Leadville to Twin Lakes, "thence to the foot of the range, ten miles distance, thence over Independence five miles, thence down Castle Creek to the junction with the Roaring Fork River, twenty-four miles, and on fifteen miles farther to the Indian Reservation." The capital stock of the company was set at \$100,000 and the company officials made the following proposition to Leadville officials:

It will sell \$40,000 of its stock at forty cents on the dollar and agree to complete the road from Dayton (Twin Lakes) to the Roaring Fork in sixty days from the date of the receipt of the money, and have a trail suitable for pack animals in twenty days. Or, the company will build the road to Independence Gulch within ninety days, and complete a pack trail to the town of Roaring Fork (a rival camp of early Aspen) in fifteen days, or forfeit its charter and franchise, if the citizens of Leadville will build the remaining portion to the town of Roaring in 60 days, receiving from the Company \$40,000 of the capital stock.

No definite agreement was reached, but enough money was raised for a start on the toll-road that spring. The Twin Lakes and Roaring Fork Company did the best it could under the circumstances by having a crew of workmen shovel the snow off the old road so teams could haul wagons a distance of twelve miles beyond Twin Lakes, and from that point the trail was shoveled for about five miles farther. Beyond that the crossing of the actual pass remained "perilous."

By May about thirty people per day were going over the route and a toll of 25 cents apiece for saddle horses, mules and burros was being collected at the Twin Lakes toll-gate about a half mile from the village. June found the stampede to the new silver camp of Aspen to be in full force, but discouraging reports on the condition of Independence Pass continued to come in. J. W. Iron and R. D. Wagner wrote:

For five miles the Pass is full of snow . . . beyond that the ground is either boggy and sloppy, full of rough boulders, or characterized by a general rough surface that renders it practically impossible to man and beast. . . . On the range the snow is very deep yet, and where the snow has

melted there is no way of avoiding the mud, which in places is up to one's knees. . . .

And in a lighter vein Hamilton S. Wicks wrote:

Judge S. J. Hanna and myself left Leadville last Wednesday morning, May 26, expecting to enjoy a little picnic excursion to Roaring Fork. We pictured to ourselves a pleasant little canter over the Twin Lakes Toll Road, amidst picturesque beauties of the Continental Divide. Oh! witching scenes of foul delusion! Owing undoubtedly, to the particular tenderness of our feet, our imagination was allowed to get the better of our judgments. I do not wish to, or shall I say aught against the Toll Road Company, for I believe they have displayed commendable zeal in hewing out a pathway among the rocks and timber from a point northeast of Twin Lakes to a point about three miles west of Seaton's ranch comprising in all perhaps twenty miles; but I want to say a word to my friend the toughfoot, who, out of abundance of his experience, actually believes a trip of fifty to sixty miles over the mountains a very simple and easy matter to accomplish. Do not hereafter speak so glibly about the rapidity with which you accomplish the trip from Leadville to Roaring Fork and return. In your easy flowing conversation don't level whole mountains, and fill up vast chasms of mud; for your simple-minded tenderfoot believes all you say, and when he finds those mountains, and that mud to be toiled over and wallowed through he curses you with imprecations loud and deep. . . .

At the end of the letter Wicks pointed out that the rush to the Roaring Fork district was a genuine one, prospectors going in "a hundred strong every day" by the Twin Lakes, and the Eagle River trails, and probably as large a number by the Buena Vista-Cottonwood wagon road, which

by that time had been completed to within twenty miles of Aspen.

At about the same time that Hamilton Wicks and Judge Hanna arrived in Aspen so did the first wagon to come across Independence Pass. It would be better to write was brought across, since this "historic wagon" had to be "taken to pieces and packed upon mules, hauled upon hand sleds, and, in fact, every means of transportation known to genius used." After a stormy passage of one month the wagon was re-assembled and placed on display on a public lot in Aspen.

The need for the completion of the road across the pass was intensified in late June of 1880 when the excitement in and about the nearby booming camp of Independence reached a "white heat" following rumors of discoveries in South Independence Gulch, which would "surpass anything before heard of in Colorado." During July of that year the Twin Lakes and Roaring Fork Toll-Road was cleared and widened as far as Seaton's ranch. Beyond Seaton's the road was lost in a trail which, though well-marked, was rough and usually marshy. Farther along the steepness and uncertainty of the ascent to the top of the range were testified to by "the score or more of dead animals' which had missed their footing and tumbled back into the valley below. Furthermore, many a traveler of this trail believed the descent into Independence "surpassed anything the wildest imagination could conjure." The narrowness of the almost perpendicular pathway that leaned toward the gulch meant that here again if a misstep were made by man or beast, a fall, probably fatal, of one hundred or two hundred feet would result. Having once reached the camp of Independence, some of the treasure-seekers stayed in that camp so as to prospect the area; the others continued on down the Roaring Fork

River trail where for twenty miles the path led "across more rocks and swamps than any other hundred miles of trail in the world." Another prominent feature of this route was the toll-bridge, many of which were said to be located at intervals of every three or four miles, and at each, every traveler paid 25 cents, not only for himself, but also for every pack animal which he might have.

The wagon road was extended no farther during that summer, nor was the trail improved in any way; so the disparaging reports of the dangers and hardships in crossing the pass increased throughout the fall and broke forth with even greater and lustier vigor in the spring, despite the fact that J. S. D. Manville had guaranteed, in early March of 1881, enough money to complete the road.

Perhaps inspired by the assurances of Manville as well as by those of Dr. Rice, who had moved to Twin Lakes during the winter so as to be close at hand to supervise the renewal of the road building as soon as weather permitted, a singular crossing of the pass was attempted.

Here is the story as written in the March 15, 1881, *Leadville Chronicle*:

The narrow, tortuous and snow-walled trail that traverses Independence Pass between this city and Aspen, has been heretofore considered passable only for jack trains and not for vehicles of any sort. The major part in fact all of the road outside of the city consists of a very narrow trench pressed down in the snow and walled on either side to the height of about six feet by the frigid element. This has been kept open during the winter by occasional travel, which has grown considerably brisker as spring advances.

Sometime since the proprietors of what was known as the New York bakery of this city, decided to remove their establishment to Aspen, and for

a time the transportation of apparatus, etc., amounted to a very serious embarrassment. The largest and most unwieldy of the apparatus was a huge sheet iron furnace that could not be taken apart, but was an absolute essential in the manufacture of the savory pies, cakes and brown loaves of bread that so delight the heart of the patron. Perseverance accomplishes wonders and the bakersmen finally decided to make a desperate attempt to transport their oven by means of the jack trail. Accordingly they started with the big iron box. Little difficulty was experienced between here and Twin Lakes, as the road is comparatively open. Beyond, however, the jack trail, with all its horrors began in dead earnest. A sled was here purchased, on which the furnace was securely fastened, and the party slowly started upon the worst half of the journey with half a dozen jacks as motive power. The trail soon narrowed to such an extent that the projecting sides of the oven "stuck," and it was found necessary to excavate several feet at each side to admit its progress. Occasionally a tree would be encountered, and of necessity chopped down. The jacks would then be unharnessed and hitched to the log, which was by this means dragged out of the way. At night the weary bakers slept in the oven haunted in their dreams by the faint aroma of pastry that, like the scent of the roses, hung around it. . . . The morning daylight would find them plodding their toilsome, but determined way.

Meantime an unexpected difficulty arose. The spring tide of travel had already set in, and several jack trains were not long in following the baker's caravan. They were not long in catching up with it, either, and the awful fact dawned upon them that they could not pass it, but would have to linger in the rear. This filled them with sorrow and disgust, for they were in a hurry, and, like most travelers into a new mining camp, imagined if they didn't get there right away

all the land would be staked off, all the trades overcrowded and all the provisions eaten up. So it looked as though three or four rainbows in all their varied hues, but principally blue, had settled on the spot. Then another and another jack train came hurrying up, and stopping at the rear of their unfortunate predecessors, inquired anxiously:

"What's up?"

Slowly the answer came back the enraged and suffering line:

"A G— D— pie factory is blockading the road!"

"Well, why don't you push the — — thing off?" howled the impatient from the rear.

"Can't do it, it's too hell-fired big!" was the answer wafted back on the chilling winter breeze.

Then all hands joined in a general stream of profanity that brought a blush to the face of even the usually shameless jack as he shuddered under his load. Then more jack trains came up, and the same interrogatories and answers were repeated, only it took longer for them to come down the lengthening line. So the matter stands at present. The oven isn't at Aspen yet, and isn't liable to be before late this week, and the pack trains still accumulate in the rear, until the road for nearly a mile is back with shivering, swearing, howling men. Travel is delayed, mails are stopped, communication is cut short, and perdition is to pay generally all for one oven.

Two days later, near the camp of Independence, the drivers of the pack trains became so clamorous to get around the big oven that the owners "deemed it impracticable" to take the oven farther and decided to drag it to one side of the trail where it was abandoned. Did the bakers ever return to take their oven on into Aspen? Did someone else take it into Independence or into Aspen where it was used in a bakery? Or was it buried forever by the rocks and gravel dug from the

mountain side later that year by the workmen building the road on towards Aspen? Those are the unanswered questions in regard to the final disposition of the Big Oven. At any rate the trail was cleared of this cumbersome piece of man made impedimenta, but the obstacles placed in the projected roadway by nature were to continue to make traveling difficult for several months longer before their removal was effected; so the protests against the Twin Lakes and Roaring Fork Toll-Road Company kept pouring in.

Finally in early June, Dr. Rice wrote a progress report to the editor of the *Chronicle*. He said seventy-five men divided into three gangs were working very hard and that the crew working east out of Independence would have the road to the foot of the pass opened in a few days. The other two groups were working from Aspen toward Independence and if everything went as planned the entire route would be opened by the 15th of July with daily stages running between Leadville and Aspen. He probably guessed more money might be needed for he added, ". . . most freight now coming to Aspen has to be brought over the Buena Vista route, which is eighty miles, and two ranges to cross, while from this point to Aspen is but fifty-two and but one range."

As the road work went on, more money than guaranteed by J. S. D. Manville was requested. In the request the members of the company, which had been reorganized as the Leadville and Aspen Toll-Road Company, stated at least \$4,000 more was urgently needed, and further asserted that when the road was completed all the ores of Aspen would be shipped to Leadville for treatment, and that all goods consumed in Aspen would be purchased from Leadville merchants; therefore, did it not seem reasonable

to expect that such a small sum as \$4,000 could be raised among the smelting and mercantile business men who would profit most by extending their trade into the Roaring Fork country? "But," added the boosters of the toll-road, "no time should be lost. Denver and Buena Vista are making herculean exertions to secure the trade by way of Cottonwood."

The first to respond to the request were Charles Mater, Leadville's pioneer merchant and Samuel McMillen of McMillen Bros. Grocery and Miner's Supply. Other merchants hesitantly contributed small amounts; so although the work on the road did continue, the progress was much slower than had been predicted by Dr. Rice. Nonetheless, encouraged by these rather limited prospects, Wall & Witter, stage and livery keepers of Leadville, started a daily line to Independence in late June of '81. At first, the coaches which were advertised as the best in Colorado for comfort and safety, only went to the stage stop, first known as Gilmore's and later as Bromley, at the foot of the range. Two other companies, Carson's Stage and Express Line, and McDonald, McLain & Company, Dealers in Hay, Grain & Feed, also announced they would operate stage lines on the route. In mid-July, Andrew J. White of the Leadville *Chronicle* journeyed to Aspen and had the following to write of his trip to the end of the stage road:

The measure of life is full when you have made a trip from Leadville to Aspen via Twin Lakes and Independence. Leaving Leadville with its whirl of mixed business and pleasure, when you reach the lakes you have come into an atmosphere laden with holiday perfume and resonant with picnic merriment. . . .

From the lakes a good wagon road leads along Lake Creek in a westerly course, and the ascent is easy. Five or six miles from the lakes the south

branch of Lake Creek directs your course over the Red Mountain pass, and the same distance further on the north branch pours its ice cold waters from Lackawanna gulch into the main stream.

Gilmor's hotel, at the foot of the range on this side, is the end of the stage line, and is five miles from INDEPENDENCE, which is over on the western slope.

Gilmor's is reached by McDonald & McLain's line of coaches which is well equipped with good horses and experienced drivers, who give you a safe, pleasant trip. They leave regularly from their office, corner of Third and Harrison avenue, every morning at 8:30, and you arrive at Gilmor's at about 5 o'clock, the distance being twenty-nine miles. The trip thus far has been exceedingly pleasant. . . .

There is no regular conveyance from the end of the stage line, and if you have not taken the precaution to take along your horse, you may be compelled to walk. . . .

The Farwell Consolidated Mining Company of Independence, tiring of waiting for the road crew to finish the stretch across the pass to Gilmore's, and fearing heavy snows would come before the machinery for the Farwell Mill could be brought in, hired "all the people of Independence" to go to work on and complete that section of the road. As soon as the job was accomplished, J. C. (Kit) Carson began running his coaches and wagons from Leadville to Independence, serving both the traveling public and the express trade. His rates were \$1.00 to Twin Lakes, \$1.75 to Everett's and \$3.50 to Independence.

August and early September of 1881 proved to be stormy with rain, hail and sleet, making both the road and the trail one long, continuous quagmire, and putting a halt to the road building eight miles east of Aspen. These signs of an early winter made

the residents of Aspen apprehensive that their promising camp would be shut off from the rest of the world by snow and by mountain ranges before winter supplies could be brought in; and again the builders of the road ran out of money. At a mass meeting in Aspen, Dr. Rice explained to the interested citizens of that silver camp that there were two courses they could choose between. They could either organize a construction company of their own to complete the road the last few miles, or they could turn the whole problem over to the Board of County Commissioners of Pitkin County. The citizens chose the latter course and the county commissioners in turn appointed H. A. Day to negotiate sufficient warrants to complete the road. Mr. Day succeeded in his purpose and by October 19th a force of better than one hundred men was making "rapid progress" on the section leading into Aspen; on November 1st, 1881, the first wagon jolted over the finished, but far from smoothly graded road, and six days later the road was declared officially open for travel. Much of the passenger and express service, although not all, took to sleighs and cutters with the first fall of snow, and all traffic was stopped temporarily in mid-November by heavy snows. Within a few days the united efforts of a number of workmen had scooped out a shallow trough of a road. All through the winter and far into the spring a shovel brigade was kept on call to clear the roadway after slides had swept down the mountain sides or harsh winds had swirled snow into deep drifts.

Although no daily schedule could be maintained, Carson's express wagons or sleighs traveled back and forth between Leadville and Independence and Aspen at fairly regular intervals. McDonald & McLain and Wall & Witter apparently made infrequent cross-

ings during late 1881, but Earl S. Rockwell and George H. Bicknell, both of Leadville, organized a new line. Their complete outfit arrived in Leadville on November 22nd and consisted of

. . . three elegant mountain wagons, twenty-two head of horses, among which is some of the finest stock ever brought into the mountains, harness and all the other paraphernalia necessary for a complete equipment. A fine lap robe and a heavy wolf robe have been purchased for every seat, so that passengers crossing the range may entertain no fears of the depredations of Jack Frost. From Twin Lakes the trip will be made on sleighs during the winter, all of which have been made to order for this line. There will be five relays of stock between Leadville and Aspen, so the trip will be made as expeditiously as possible; the trip will be made in eight hours to Independence, and eleven hours to Aspen. At first the trip will be made to Independence, and then lay over until the next morning, thus arriving at Aspen about half-past ten the next morning. Leaving Aspen at half-past two in the afternoon, will arrive in Leadville the following afternoon at half-past three o'clock.

The initial trip of the Rockwell and Bicknell line left from the Clarendon Hotel, Leadville, at eight o'clock sharp the following Friday morning and was accomplished without incident. However, the erratic winter weather added not only to adventure but also to the hazards of staging across Independence, and on December 1st, the *Daily Herald* reported

A STAGE ACCIDENT

The perils of the pass have commenced in dead earnest as was proven at eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning on the Independence road. The snow which fell a few weeks ago, in many cases has been compelled to melt under the warm rays of a late November sun and the streams com-

ing from the mountain sides have been detained in their downward course by the early nights and the freezing atmosphere of the same. In many places ice has thus formed in the roads through the mountains which promises to do damage during the winter months to those whose business calls them to the outlying settlements. At the time above mentioned Carson's coach was driving toward this city with Mrs. Mack, Joe Hoyt, better known as Buckskin Joe, and Martin Sullivan as passengers. They had just left Everett's about two hundred yards when there was a very short turn and a steep downgrade encountered. The driver slacked the pace of his steeds but was unable to keep the vehicle in an upright position, for the hind wheels slid off on the ice striking against a stone carcening the wagon over the side of the hill. It didn't turn over, but simply fell on its side, dumping the passengers in confusion and throwing the driver into the bottom of the wagon. Buckskin Joe had been sitting by Mrs. Mack and consequently was thrown out over her, but the seats caught her and piled upon her. As soon as the passengers recovered from the shock the lady was found in an insensible condition and badly bruised about the head and face. Her lower lip was frightfully lacerated and considerable trouble was experienced in restoring her to consciousness. Buckskin Joe had his right hand dislocated while Mr. Sullivan struck his cheek against a rock, which he claims broke in two. His shoulder was considerable bruised but no bones were broken. A fortunate and narrow escape fell to Buckskin Joe. His cartridge belt was torn and the caps were badly bent. The percussion point, however, escaped, which in all probability accounts for the saving of Joe's life.

When the coach had been righted the passengers regained their positions and drove to Wolf's hotel, at the upper Twin lake, where Mrs. Mack stopped and will receive medical care.

When Rockwell and Bicknell's coach reached the place of disaster, the hind wheels of that conveyance acted in the same manner, and the driver was thrown from his seat, headlong into the road. By his side sat Samuel Lessme, Esq., who, seeing the perilous position of the driver, gathered in the lines and halted the horses. No sooner had this been done than both traces on the off horse dropped out, but caused no damage. The equilibrium of the coach was maintained and nobody was hurt, the driver escaping injury simply by a miracle. The passengers all arrived in town on very close to time.

Undaunted by snow or accidents, "Kit" Carson, and Wall & Witter (who purchased the Rockwell-Bicknell equipment in January of 1882) continued to operate the two stage and express lines. Optimistically, in February, both companies announced from that time forth their coaches and/or sleighs would, by leaving Leadville at 7:30 in the morning, make the trip to Aspen in one day—a time schedule which neither company could maintain with any degree of regularity until the summer months.

Late in the spring of '82, three-toll-gates were established between the Lakes and Aspen, one on the western limits of the town of Twin Lakes, the next at Bromley on the eastern approach to Independence Pass, and the last at Weller, east of Aspen. One of Twin Lakes leading citizens tells us in his booklet entitled *Patrick J. Ryan Remembers* that the Carson stages had

. . . four horses to a coach except from Bromley to Weller, where they used six horses.

From Leadville to Twin Lakes they used Concord stages. The coaches over the range were what they called canvas-top coaches. The Concord stages carried fourteen passengers and the driver, while the canvas coaches

carried eight passengers and the driver. There were two each way from Aspen to Twin Lakes, but one to and from Leadville seven days a week. The stages left Leadville at 7 a. m., arriving about 9 at Twin Lakes. By the time they made their transfer, it was noon when they reached Bromley, and when roads were good they would get into Aspen around 5 p. m. The fare was \$8.

Once the operation of the road was established the counties regulated the toll charges; for example the Lake County commissioners ordered that the rate of toll to be charged by the Twin Lakes and Roaring Fork road should be from June 18, 1884 to June 17, 1886 as follows:

Vehicle drawn by span of horses or yoke of oxen	\$1.00
Each additional span or yoke25
Saddle horse or pack animal.....	.15
Loose cattle and horses.....	.05
Loose hogs and sheep.....	.02

Besides the passenger service both lines transported express articles—anything from "1 Iron Bench Screw 1 in.," to bullion. The carrying of bullion by the stage lines was both a responsibility and a risk. On one occasion nearly \$9,000 worth of gold was lost in the mountains west of Twin Lakes. F. M. Brown, the manager of the Farwell Consolidated Mining Company of Independence, deposited three gold bricks, the aggregate value of which was \$20,000, with the cashier of the Bank of Pitkin County. The cashier then placed the bricks, each in its own separate ore sack, in a large gunny sack for shipping on a Wall & Witter stage. When the stage was ready to leave Independence for Leadville it was too heavily loaded, so another horse on which the gunny sack of gold was packed was placed in front of the coach. The horse was thus kept in front of the stage as far as Everett's on

the opposite side of Independence Pass. Here, while the passengers were stretching their legs, the driver checked the pack animal, and a sight "for which he was illy prepared" met his eyes. The part of the sack on the far side of the horse was hanging empty. A big hole told the story that somewhere along the route the brick, the largest of the three, had dropped out, its weight and the constant rubbing against the side of the pack animal having worn the hole. The driver immediately reported the loss to Mr. Brown, who was on the coach, and the two went out on foot in search of the brick, which Brown estimated to be worth nearly \$9,000. They scoured the road all the way back to Independence but no trace of the lost gold was found. Upon returning to Everett's late that night, they were met with the rejoicing news that Charles Bennett, a passenger on the coach, had discovered the brick all covered with dirt and dust in the middle of the road less than a mile west of Everett's.

As well as staging with its associate express service over the toll-road, there was heavy freighting from 1882 until the railroads reached Aspen. Mr. Ryan said that on many days he had seen "a half mile of freighters pulling into Twin Lakes at a time." The largest of these outfits were run by Jim McGee, three-finger Jack, Holbrook, Finn Davis, Lewellon Blank and John Borrell. Most of the freighting originated in Granite or Leadville where supplies, mining and milling equipment had been shipped by rail. These outfits had their difficulties such as breakdowns in the middle of the narrow roadway, snow-wagons stuck in drifts, conveyances or freight sliding from the road to the bottom of the canyon, loss of animals that fell from the road, many of which were killed

by the fall, and high prices for feed. John Borrell recalled some of these difficulties as follows:

Once, it was during the dead of winter, and the snow had been falling until it was as much as ten feet deep, the round trip to Aspen proved to be one of my worst experiences. Although traffic was heavy, the snow drifted so badly that the road was not kept open. We were at one place, between Bromley's and the top of the range for three days and nights in a traffic jam. That may sound odd, but it is true. Someone got stuck in the snow, teams began to line up, unable to pass, until they reached in both directions for a great distance, and it was impossible for anyone to advance in either direction. We finally cleared up the jam by carrying sleds, stages and wagons, and their loads out of the road and to new positions. It was mighty labor and we were all exhausted from our efforts.

Then at other places, where the way down was steep, we traveled too fast. At this time I was driving a six horse team with wagon and trailer. It was almost impossible to hold the heavy load. At times I found it necessary to put four rough-locks on the trailer and two on the wagon to keep them under control. Even then one of my wheelers fell and was dragged at least 100 feet before we could get stopped; but it didn't kill him. Of course the price of feed rocketed at the stopping places, and we paid ten cents per pound for hay and grain. The round trip required fourteen days and nights and I lost \$100 on my last trip which was also my worst.

Lewellon Blank recalled in an interview that during the muddy season of 1883 the freighters operating between Granite and Aspen lost many of their horses through a strange foot infection. The first symptom was lameness, then the hoof would turn blue, swell and burst; within six hours

the horse or mule suffering in this manner would die. The infection was believed to have been a hoof rot caused by poisonous mud on the east side of Independence Pass. Fortunately, there appears to have been no recurrence of the disease.

During the fall of 1882, the Leadville papers reported "The Boldest Hold-Up On Record" on the toll-road between Twin Lakes and Leadville. Considerable loot was taken from seven passengers on Carson's stage, and it was the recovery of some of this loot which led to the arrest of five men, including the driver of the stage coach, some four months later in February of 1883. In a queer twist of circumstances, only one of the men, Frederick Judge, was convicted and sentenced to a five-year prison term. He turned state's evidence, admitted and even boasted of his part in the hold-up, while the others went free because all evidence introduced was so indefinite and contradictory that there was reasonable doubt as to their guilt.

On June 6th, 1884, Samuel Derry shot General H. B. Bearce, prominent Denver mining man, near the junction of the Twin Lakes toll-road with the Hussey Placer road. General Bearce was taken to the toll-gate house and died there.

Such were some of the happenings along the Twin Lakes and Roaring Ford road during the 1880's.

As soon as the stage, express and freight companies learned the Colorado Midland and the Denver and Rio Grande railroads were competing for the honor of reaching Aspen first, they realized their business opportunities were coming to a close in that area. By this time, autumn of 1887, only one of the staging companies, that of J. C. Carson, was still in operation, McDonald & McLain and Wall & Witter having gone out of business several

years earlier. Carson though held on to the end, with the last of his line's advertisements appearing in the October 22nd Leadville *Herald Democrat*, and with the October 25th issue of the paper reporting:

"Kit" Carson sent out the last stage for Aspen yesterday morning. Until the Denver and Rio Grande gets to Aspen his stages will meet all trains from the end of the track. Thus another relic of the early days gives away before the great civilizer, the iron horse.

The toll-gates were closed down soon after and no written records of any further use of the toll-road as such from 1888 on have been found. Nonetheless the road was used to some extent. Austin Stevens, a former toll-gate manager at Bromley, brought his granddaughter from Aspen to Twin Lakes via the old road in the early 1900's and a few other people remember taking excursions over the road in the summer times to camp out or to enjoy the scenery. A little before World War I, engineers surveyed a road for automobile use over the pass and this road was completed in 1920 under the supervision of Elwood B. Harlan. It is of interest to note that Mr. Harlan was the son-in-law of Dr. J. E. Rice, who, it will be remembered, was the originator of the Twin Lakes and Roaring Fork Toll-Road. In the 1930's the road on the eastern side was improved considerably because of the construction of the Twin Lakes Diversion Tunnel, and in recent years both sides of Independence Pass have been further improved and maintained as a scenic summer highway. In 1950 the first six miles of the road

(from the Arkansas River to the western edge of Twin Lakes) was given a coating of hard-top, and here it is interesting to record that State Representative Frank E. Kendrick Jr., whose wife, Alicia, is the daughter of the Elwood Harlans, helped greatly in the securing of this improvement.

Although parts of the old toll-road are a part of the modern State Highway 82 which now crosses Independence Pass, a little searching and hiking will reveal the old road with its sharp curves, log poles put down over swamps and its steep inclines. Evidence of the stage stops at Everett's and Independence can still be seen, but nearly all other material evidence is gone.

Book Reviews (Continued)

McLoughlin—his personal finances, his children, his land holdings in the lower St. Lawrence River valley, surprisingly little of the correspondence has anything to do with the Fur Trade, the Hudson's Bay Company or the North West Company, which would be of prime interest to students of Western Americana.

However, if the reader wishes a well-rounded picture of Dr. John McLoughlin and his activities, especially in his earlier years in and around the Murray Bay area of French Canada in the early 1800's, the book will be of value.

Dr. Barker has done an excellent job of correlating the letters and related material and the volume is in splendid format as are all volumes prepared by the Arthur H. Clark Co.

Armand W. Reeder

THE BUILDING OF A CATTLE EMPIRE

The Saga of Conrad Kohrs

HERBERT P. WHITE

In all of Montana's century-old, turbulent history many colorful figures have trod the Treasure State's broad expanse, but—cattle-wise at least—no figure in all that time ever attained the stature of Conrad Kohrs, a citizen of the state generally and, more particularly, of the Deer Lodge and Helena areas. He was "Mr. Cattleman" in all that era when the sprawling state suffered grievously with growing pains—when it fought and bled and battled its way to statehood. Few will challenge you if you make the statement that Conrad Kohrs was Montana's—probably the West's—greatest cattleman.

Conrad Kohrs was a tall, spare man. In group pictures he towered above the crowd in quite the same way his cattle operations stood above those of his contemporaries. Joe Rosenbaum, one of Chicago's biggest cattle commission merchants, said of him, "No one before him or since has ever shipped so many trainloads of cattle to the Chicago market!"

A confidant of Theodore Roosevelt, Kohrs sat with this vigorous American on executive committee meetings of the then-organizing Montana Stock-growers Association. He was elected a member of the Territorial Legislature in 1885, referred to since as the "Cow Boy Legislature" because nearly all the laws relating to the cattle industry were passed during that session.

Kohrs pointed the way for the beef industry of our fourth largest state. His experiences and successes were patterns for others to follow. His failures—and like all men of accomplishment he had failures—were signs and pitfalls of which others might well stay clear.

There was an ebb and flow to his fortunes and once when a hard winter had brought disaster to his herds and his usual sources of credit dried up, he was given a helping hand by a fellow Montanan, A. J. Davis, who was in control of the First National Bank of Butte. And another time when he needed funds (Davis was then dead) Joe Rosenbaum of Chicago came to his rescue. Like all his other creditors, they were repaid; but more than that, Kohrs later saved Butte's First National for A. J. Davis' son and he came to the rescue of the Rosenbaum boys when grain market trading losses during World War I threatened disaster to their firm.

Kohrs' rise to fame and fortune is an American success story. He was an immigrant, possessed of but scant formal schooling, and his success was attained without benefit of subsidy or any of today's aids from a paternalistic government. He was born in the peaceful fishing village of Wewelsfleth, in the province of Holstein, then a possession of Denmark. In what was probably an attack of appendi-

citis, his father died when Kohrs was seven years old. Con Kohrs acquired a taskmaster of a stepfather, and at 15 he turned his back on the stepfather's farm and shipped to sea. His ship landed at Rio de Janeiro where a yellow fever epidemic was raging. He came to Buenos Aires during the rebellion of 1851 and back at Rio he contracted yellow fever and almost died.

Later his ship docked at New York and he stayed with a cousin who was a packing house foreman. He got a job at \$1 a day carrying dressed hogs to the cooler. Meanwhile his family had migrated to Davenport, Ia., and he went there and contracted a bad case of typhoid fever. Later he "ran" logs down the Mississippi; then he did a winter's turn in his brother-in-law's Davenport store, found that confining and, having caught the "California" fever, he went east, sailed down the Atlantic, crossed the Isthmus of Panama and ended up in the hell-roaring city of San Francisco. His mining experiences were none too successful and soon he returned to Davenport, intending to help his sister by running her grocery store. But by the time he got there the store had been sold.

Now, however, the call of the West was high in him. He set out again, driving a wagon, and on this trip he got his first glimpse of Montana, a state that was to claim his attention for the better part of his remaining years. His caravan found a difficult crossing at the Big Hole River, and he worked in the water a great deal, with the result that he got a bad case of rheumatism that held him bedfast.

William Hickman, one of the leaders of the Mountain Massacre, learning of young Kohrs' helpless condition, set the entire party to hunting rattlesnakes. Hickman fried the oil out of the reptiles, took Kohrs to the river, gave him a bath and rubbed

him with gunny sacks until his skin was red. He then applied the rattle-snake oil. Two days later Kohrs didn't know he'd ever had rheumatism.

On a bright, clear Indian Summer day he saw Cottonwood, or Deer Lodge, for the first time, made camp and prepared to prospect the surrounding mountains. Kohrs might have gone on and become a miner at that point but Hank Crawford, who had quite a butcher business in the area, needed someone to run his shop at Bannock where there had been a big gold strike. Con hired out to him at \$25 a month.

Crawford set out to buy cattle and left Con in charge, but the supply of beef was exhausted long before Hank returned. Young Kohrs bought up some of the work cattle from emigrants and a few moose from market-hunters and kept the business going. On his return Crawford was so delighted to find he still possessed a "going" business he raised Con's salary to \$100 a month. In those days beef sold at 15 cents for the boiling cuts, 20 cents for chuck and round and 25 cents for the loin.

The business grew rapidly. Kohrs was given an assistant. He went over to Cottonwood to buy cattle. There he paid \$75 for big, fat cows with the calves thrown in. Returning, he made camp at Little Spring, where he was intruded upon by a hard-bitten trio, Whiskey Bill, George Cleveland, and Henry Plummer, highwaymen all.

Across the campfire Plummer warned Kohrs, "The next time you come by here, come with money instead of cattle or we'll make you look down the barrel of a gun that you'll think is as big as a haystack!"

Not long after that Plummer got embroiled in a drinking argument with Hank Crawford, Kohrs' employer. The two gunned for each other for several days. One noon

Crawford came around the corner of the Gold Front Saloon and met Plummer head on. Plummer was slow on the draw and Crawford's bullet, crashing into his shoulder, left his shooting hand helpless.

"I'll get my boys to fix you up good for this!" Plummer snarled.

Crawford well knew his time in the area was over. Plummer had too much shooting-iron strength to go against. Crawford ran back to the butcher shop, scooped the money out of the till. "How much money have you got on you, Con?" he demanded.

He grabbed the money out of Con's hand. "You just bought yourself a business," Crawford called to Con as he bolted out the door and made for his horse.

Thus Con got into business for himself—but he had no money. On credit he obtained eight yoke of oxen that had trudged across the plains from Minnesota. These he took to Deer Lodge and traded for fat steers—straight across. He started up shop.

One day a Mr. L. R. Maillett came up the Deer Lodge valley with 20 head of fat steers which young Conrad bought at \$100 a head to keep Maillett from opening a competing butcher shop in Bannock. He ranged them with a man by the name of McDonald, on the Grasshopper, and a matter of only days later the Sheepstealer Indians descended on the McDonald range and ran off all the cattle and horses. The loss put Kohrs in a bad position. He had no cattle to kill and was heavily in debt. Then came news of the strike at Alder Gulch, the beginnings of Virginia City, Montana's greatest gold camp of the early days. Bannock's population vanished overnight, and so did most of the receivable accounts Kohrs had on his books. He, like the rest, went to Alder.

Failing to locate a profitable claim, he returned to the butchering business at nearby Virginia City. His

shop was a brush shanty in which, in early morning and late at night, he converted tallow into candles for the miners. The price was \$1.50 a pound. Virginia City was in her glory in those days and business was good.

That fall Kohrs returned to Bannock, hoping to collect some old accounts and to buy cattle at Deer Lodge beyond. At the Bannock hotel he sat in on a game of whist with Colonel McLain who owned adjoining mining property. He was startled to learn that the Colonel had become a fast friend of Henry Plummer, the highwayman. Later Plummer came in and took a hand in the game. It was Plummer and Whiskey Bill who had warned Con not to be caught on the trail without money. Also they held a grudge against Con because Con's employer had shot Plummer through the shoulder.

The Colonel, unsuspecting Plummer's double life, blurted out that Kohrs was on a buying trip and had money on him. Plummer had come into new power and, incongruous though it was, had become sheriff of the entire Montana territory. All the rest of the game Con felt Plummer's eyes preying on him.

Whether it was good or bad fortune, Con had collected several accounts at Bannock. When he prepared to leave town in the next morning's pre-dawn darkness he had quite a sum on him. He led his horse out of the darkened livery stable door, peered down the street. He saw nothing. The place was startlingly quiet. As he was about to put boot to stirrup he heard the scrape of a foot at a nearby corner. A figure loomed in the darkness. Out of the silence a voice boomed at him.

"Where you going so early, Con?" It was Plummer.

For answer Kohrs swung into the saddle, put spurs to his horse and thundered down the main street. His

pursuers would still have to saddle up and he'd have a several minute start on them.

A quarter of a mile out of town he stopped, listened. The crisp cold air held nothing but silence. Then a dog barked.

An answering reply came from the throat of a coyote far up the valley.

Relieved, Con was about to turn and go on. He heard a door slam. The noise came from the direction of the livery stable. Presently he caught the sound of horses pounding the dust of Bannock's main street.

Kohrs swung his horse abruptly off the road, walked it into the trees. Then he lit out down a little-used trail, hoping thus to elude his pursuers. The protecting darkness was soon dissipated by the dawn. As he topped a rise his eyes raked his back-trail. Two horsemen were following him.

He hurried on. As his horse struggled to Moose Creek Divide he saw that the horsemen were rapidly gaining on him. Kohrs was a large man, a burden to his horse.

He knew his only chance was to lighten his mount's burden. He jerked off his blankets, threw away his overcoat. It was hell for leather then—up hill—down dale—splashing

across creek beds—twisting through timber. His chance for life lay in the fleetness of his horse.

Each mile seemed like five. He knew the breaking of the surcingle, the stumble of his horse, would bring him to certain death. And his pursuers gained!

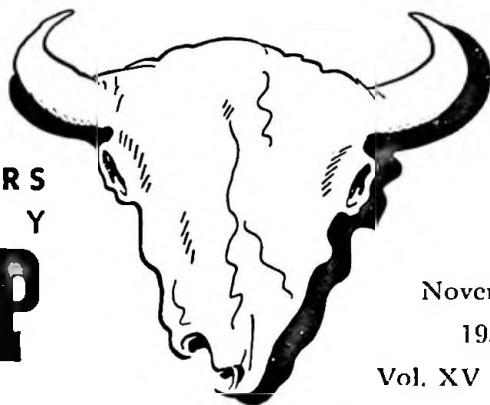
He made the 60 miles from Camp Creek to Deer Lodge in six hours. He headed for Johnnie Grant's ranch. His lathered horse was heaving badly as he flushed out of the timber across the meadows that separated him from the Grant place.

His pursuers were close enough to fire. Bullets whined about him but the horsemen elected to remain in cover of the timber.

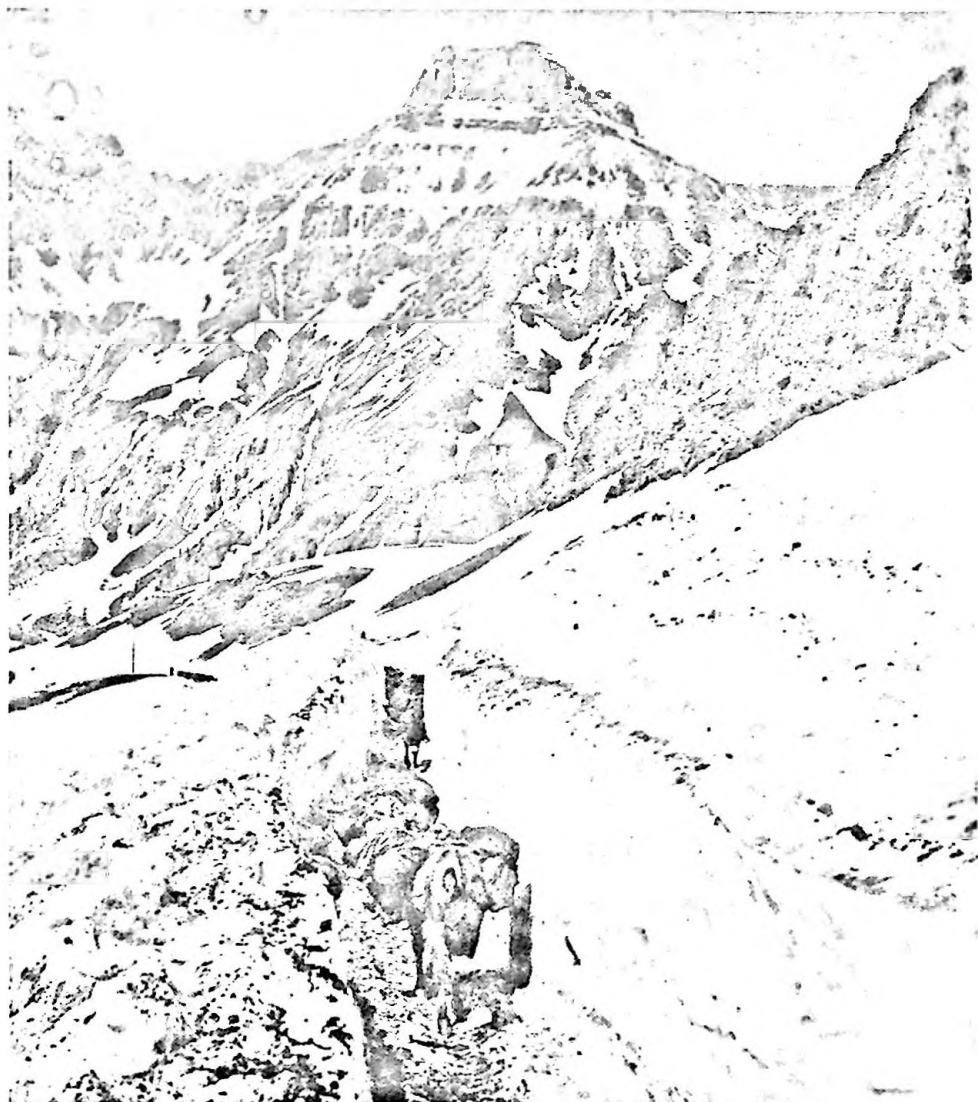
Johnnie Grant had been one of Kohrs' first creditors and had given the young man an opportunity to start in business. A rugged individualist who disliked "book work," Grant thought Kohrs had balanced his account but was pleasantly surprised when Con offered him \$1,150 as the final payment on his debt. Grant was so pleased to find an honest man he forced Con to buy another hundred head of cattle, giving him the pick of the herd. His prices were more reasonable than ever before.

(To be continued)

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



November
1959
Vol. XV No. 11



Fred and Jo Mazzulla Collection

The DENVER WESTERNERS
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ROUNDUP



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Deputy Sheriff, Les Williams
Roundup Foreman and Tally Man,
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Registrar of Marks and Brands,
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White*

COMING PROGRAMS

Notice of the Christmas Meeting at the American Legion on December 15th, went out to members by mail. The meeting itself will be reported in full in the December Roundup.

The program for the January, 1960, meeting will be given by P.M. Armand W. Reeder, who will present a paper on "New Mexico—Its Conquistadores and Its Interpreters."

This is the last meeting for which our 1959 Program Chairman, Kenny Englert, is responsible, but it is customary for the retiring Program Chairman to arrange the January program, so that the incoming chairman may have an opportunity to get his plans organized.

This picture of a long burro pack train in the San Juans is typical of the mode of transportation to the isolated mines of Colorado in an earlier day. It also gives a good idea of the terrain over which Otto Mears built his toll roads and later his narrow gauge railroads.

Note the rear end of the string, with the lone wrangler following behind at the left center edge of the picture.

News Notes

The regular November meeting was held at the Press Club on November 25 with Sheriff Mazzulla presiding. Forty four sat down to dinner, compared with forty seven reservations. The usual round-the-table self-introductions took place. Guest Paul W. Gorham mentioned the Civil War Round Table group which meets on fourth Fridays. Bob Perkin again reminded that contributions to the Award Fund are in order.

After dinner and before the paper the active and reserve members, about twenty-six, held a business meeting. The desires of Henry Hough and M. S. Wheeler to be transferred to Reserve Status were mentioned. With regret the desired change of status was accepted and granted.

Upon the recommendation of the Membership Committee and after ballots were duly spread for each individual, Robert B. Cormack, Richard A. Ronzio and A. J. Bromfield were unanimously elected as Active Members of the Posse.

The full meeting having been called to order again, Sheriff Mazzulla tried to introduce himself as speaker of the evening, but Kenny Englert, as Program Chairman, would not permit this and made a detailed explanation of how Fred gained ability and prominence in several fields.

Fred showed some interesting slides of the San Juan Country and then spoke on the subject: Settling Claims in the Silvery San Juan. The group found very amusing the old time paper-work that went into the disposition of trivial claims. The more serious part of the paper dealt with the activities of Otto Mears.

E.E.

* * *

Through the kindness of P.M. Maurice Frink, Executive Secretary of

the State Historical Society of Colorado, we have been provided with a list of "Centennial Editions" of various Colorado papers which have been published in 1959. It is reprinted here for two reasons, to show the very general interest which the newspaper editors of the state have taken in the Centennial Rush to the Rockies observance, and also to give our members an idea of the availability of such items for research purposes.

While much of their contents is a re-hash of material known to most of us, it is importantly true that these special issues in the smaller cities and communities carry a great deal of local information which is not available any place else. It goes without saying that the mammoth Centennial Editions of the *Rocky Mountain News* and *Denver Post* are unequalled in their field, but the value of the smaller papers is great now and will increase as time goes on.

CENTENNIAL EDITIONS OF NEWSPAPERS

1. *Pueblo Chieftain* Dec. 31, 1958
2. *Colorado Springs Gazette* Mar. 8, 1959
3. *Rocky Mountain News* April 23, 1959
4. *Rocky Mountain News* April 21, 1959
5. *Monte Vista Journal* May 22, 1959
6. *Durango Cortez Herald* April 12, 1959
7. *Colorado Springs Gazette (Cent. Vacation Edition)* May 17, 1959
8. *Denver Post* June 21, 1959
9. *Colorado Transcript* June 11, 1959
10. *Colorado Labor Advocate* May 28, 1959
11. *Estes Park Trail* Mar. 27, 1959
12. *The Florence Citizen* Sept. 10, 1959

13. *Longmont Times Call* Sept. 30, 1959
 13. *Fort Morgan Times* Aug. 1, 1959
 15. *Steamboat Springs Pilot* August, 1959

* * *

Range Gossip

A communication from our C.M. Merrell Kitchen brings news of the formation of the latest Corral of the Westerners to be organized, at Stockton, California.

It was formed in December, 1958 (how come we didn't hear about it sooner?), with a full slate of officers headed by Sheriff V. Covert Martin, with R. R. Stuart as Registrar of Marks and Brands and Wesley E. Cater as Keeper of the Chips, all, we assume, of Stockton.

C.M. Kitchen writes that meetings have been held at various places in the search for most appropriate. Several outdoor meetings have been held at homes of members and one meeting at Murphy's in the Sierra, a printed program having been supplied for the latter, with the heading "Mother Lode Meeting at Murphy's Diggings, April 18, 1959." The folder includes an interesting chronology of events at "Murphy's New Diggings" beginning with the discovery of gold "on the flat" by John and Mary Murphy in 1848 and ending with the item "1959-Stockton Corral of Westerners Met at Murphys". We note, also, that the ubiquitous Ulysses S. Grant signed the register at Sperry and Perry Hotel in 1880.

Kitchen stated that the October meeting was to be held on Saturday, October 17, in association with the California State Park Commission and the California History Foundation of the College of the Pacific, at a site near the old Murphy Ranch where the first altercation between Mexicans and Americans took place. This re-

sulted a few days later in the raising of the Bear Flag at Sonoma.

The Corral has had talks on early steamboats on the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers, early western firearms, the Bret Harte country, and so on. Customary meeting night is the second Thursday of the month.

"Westerners interested in book collecting (*name one who isn't*. Ed.) might like to know of the book Sheriff Cove Martin will privately publish in a limited edition to come out early in 1960. As Stockton's foremost historian he has photographed in years past many of the historical buildings and places of interest which no longer exist. There will be several hundred in the book, and advance information discloses that it will be the most outstanding publication in this area in many years."

The Stockton area has a wealth of history, and we can foresee an interesting and productive Corral there. They have our heartiest best wishes.

* * *

The leading article in the Chicago Brand Book for October, 1959 is titled *Frank Grouard: Kanaka Scout or Mulatto Renegade* and is the paper which Dr. John S. Gray, Program Chairman, presented at the September meeting. Book reviews include *Forgotten Men of Cripple Creek*, and the "three-decker" of Crampton's *Legend of John Lamoigne* and *Song of the Desert Rats*, PM Forbes Parkhill's *The Law Goes West* and Sarchet's *Murder and Mirth*. All of these four carry the Sage Books imprint of our P.M. Alan Swallow.

* * *

The October *Trail Guide* of the Kansas City Posse (Vol. IV, No. 3) has an interesting and extremely well documented article on *The Mormons in Northwestern Missouri* by Frank H. Moore. The Kansas City magazine normally confines itself to the publica-

tion of serious research by its members, and avoids the small-town editorial approach to posse affairs which some of the rest of us frequently indulge in.

THE FORGOTTEN MAN FROM SANDOVAL

C.M. Ward Alan Minge, Casa San Isidro, Sandoval, New Mexico, has gently reminded our genial Tally Man, Erl Ellis, that he (Minges) was not listed among the New Mexico Corresponding Members in a recent Roundup. He also wonders if there may be others in the same fix.

Editorially speaking, we hope there are, if they will react the same as Mr. Minges, who submitted the following article on the grand opening of the Hotel Jerome, in Aspen, with the explanation that he ran across it in the Aspen Daily Chronicle of November 28, 1889, while working in the State Archives of Colorado with our C.M., (and State Archivist) Dolores Renze.

We think our readers will appreciate the "elegant" language in which such events were recorded in the lush days of Colorado mining.

Also, on behalf of Erl Ellis, we affirm that he will be glad to be reminded of any other overlooked Corresponding Member in our sister state to the south.

OPENING OF HOTEL JEROME

Aspen's Palace Hotel is Dedicated
in a Blaze of Light and Music
Ball and Banquet

Aspen's Greatest Monument
Distinguished Guests in Shimmering
Silks and Gleaming Satins
A Great Success

The Doors Ajar. Where sullen ignorance once did undisputed, sway,
Imperial genius now presides.

How exquisitely was this sentiment that fluttered from the wings of the Chronicler's gentle muse exemplified in the rotundas and balconies of Hotel

Jerome last evening when the endless tints of fashion's toilette appeared beneath the volumes of light that burst from bulb and arc. Who is there among the patriarchs that was not thrilled by the spectacle as in the car of retrospection he rolled back into the infant days of this young metropolis? back into the yesterday, when the undaunted few took up the tasks that find such gorgeous laurels on their brow? It was a fitting sequel to the early day, and many of the argonauts were there to celebrate. The inhabitants of Aspen have never responded, in fact, so spontaneously, to the commemoration of an event, and at times the massive structure was taxed to its utmost. No one appreciates this more than the enterprising landlords themselves, for it is such manifestations that inspire man to higher aims.

A few months ago a frame structure that has done service for these many years, that has watched people of every position of life, come and go, was the best of which we boasted. It was good enough for the capricious and sometimes precarious past, the present demanded something bolder. It was Ben S. Phillips and Theodore M. Bixby who spied the opening and a project for the erection for a more pretentious structure was decided on. The representative citizens themselves were, as they always are, quick to respond, and the site was selected. No time was lost in construction that began in May last. A premium was offered for every day the contractors beat the limit and work was dispatched with characteristic frontier vitality. The result is betrayed in a block that would reflect credit on any city and in a hotel of which Aspen is justly proud. The cost of the building is over \$100,000 and accommodations are ample for any ordinary occasion. Nothing was wasted in external

touches or architectural extravagance. The value of every dollar is seen in bold results. The interior has received the full benefit of well spent funds, and to-day there is no caravan-sary in the western country that guarantees more comforts to the guest.

The hundreds who peered into suite and parlor last evening pronounced them magical, superb. Nothing that could enhance the comfort of its guests was lacking, and a critical travelling public will agree with them. The great block is now open for business and it is the intention of the proprietors to conduct it with the strictest reference to metropolitan usages. The satisfaction of their guests in matters of menu, as well as in general hospitality, will at all times be their object and the scores who partook of it last night will bear willing testimony of its excellence. No better could the landlords have demonstrated their adaption to the work they have undertaken than in the skillful manner in which they provided for their visitors during the eventful night. There was diversion in all of its varieties, and after all there could have been no more enjoyable introduction to the social season in Aspen.

The Ball

At precisely 9:30 o'clock the ravishing strains of Waldteufel's divine waltz pealed forth from the inspired opera house orchestra, who seemed to partake of the spirit of the occasion; a scene was revealed that neither pen can portray nor tongue describe, rivaling in luxurious splendor some of the festivals of the capital of ancient Rome. Beautiful women, whose smile would inspire men to glorious deeds, flitted like birds of paradise in their glorious plumage, under the mellowed and softened lights, in the mazes of the dance. Slippered feet and forms clad in shimmering silk and laces rich enough to ransom a princess floated

like the billows of the ocean in rapturous motion. Jewels, whose sparkling iridescence vied with the sunshine of electric light, lent an additional languor to the soothing cadences of the music, which bewildered and bewitched the dancers till senses were lulled in the extacies (sic) of its melodies. Not in the storied days of the first empire, not amid the favored hosts of poetic Venice, not among the glitter and splendor of the czar's capital was a more sumptuous festival ever known. History records such feasts, fiction fables such a treat, but never before, and probably never again in the pages which registers the events of the silver metropolis, will such an epoch be noted.

A programme of twenty-one dances had been prepared with the most scrupulous care by the master of the terpsichorean art, Prof. G. A. Godat, which was voted the most exquisite combination ever furnished to the lovers of the dance in this city.

The banquet was served in the ladies' ordinary, and embraced every gustatory luxury which eastern and southern markets could furnish or taste or thought suggest, and was prepared under the able supervision of the Jerome chef, Mons. Fonseca, who was but recently arrived from Paris.

Many elegant and rich costumes were worn by the ladies present, among those noticed by the *Chronicle's* society reporter being:

(We could only select a few from the many listed in the paper)

Mrs. Ben S. Phillips, an elegant black decolette evening dress of black silk and mull with yellow trimmings; diamond necklace.

Mrs. A. P. Mackey, black fish-net evening costume, en traine, trimmed with gold; natural flowers; diamond ornaments.

(Continued on page 15)

TRIVIA FROM THE RIO GRANDE SOUTHERN

FRED M. MAZZULLA



Speaker of the Month

Our genial Sheriff, Fred M. Mazzulla, comes through with the fruits of research on an unusual subject—the handling of claims in the operation of a small and struggling railroad, the Rio Grande Southern, a narrow gauge line operating in southwestern Colorado until not too many years ago.

It is somewhat difficult to guess who would be the most frustrated—the claimant or the employees who had to wade through stacks of paper work to handle the most piddling transaction.

Sheriff Mazzulla is a native of Colorado, raised at Salida in the railroad atmosphere, so this sort of thing comes naturally to him. He is a well known and active attorney in Denver,

but it is quite obvious that he views that facet of his life as a somewhat boring but necessary adjunct to his hobby of collecting photographs of the early West and particularly Colorado. He says his collection of slides numbers forty thousand, and that he is shooting for eighty.

A noted historian, Dr. A. M. Schlesinger observed "The History of the Time might almost be written in terms of Railways." Another historian, Channing, from the same school insisted that "Before you attempt to record history, exhaust all available material, including the lunatic fringes, and the Congressional Record."

A large segment of the History of Colorado might almost be written in terms of Otto Mears—the 5 foot 5½ inch giant. My good friend Maxmilian Pinkus insists there are two smart peoples—Jews and Italians. Otto, a Jew, was born in Russia May 3, 1810—he died June 24, 1931 at La Crescenta, California. His ashes were scattered on Engineer Mountain in the Silverv San Juans August 18, 1931. In his 91 years Otto served under the command of Kit Carson in the Navajo War, was in business at Santa Fe, New Mexico, moved to Conejos, Colorado, in our San Luis Valley in 1865; he entered into a partnership with Major Head and operated a saw mill and a grist mill. In 1866 Otto was appointed the first treasurer of Saguache county. The following year he brought into the San Luis Valley the first farming machinery so that his grist mill could keep grinding.

New markets for his flour at Granite and California Gulch made it necessary for Otto to build a road over Poncha Pass. This was the beginning of 300 miles of the "Mears system of toll roads." The following year Otto started construction of toll roads in the San Juans—ending with the Million Dollar highway between Silverton and Ouray.

In turn Otto became fairly well known, inter alia, as Indian Agent, interpreter, founder of cities and towns, founder of 2 newspapers, treaty maker, first distributor of Old Guckenhimer whiskey, diplomat, mail carrier by dog sled, legislator, presidential elector, builder of our state capitol, prime figure in the rescue of Mrs. Meeker, a prominent participant in the Packer case, confidant of Chief Ouray, and had he lived 20 more years would have masterminded Hollywood and the Movie Industry as a master show man.

The Mears passes are known far and wide. Perhaps a paper in the future might be delivered to this Club on the topic "Otto Mears Made Passes—many of Silver, a few of Gold."

Mears built one railroad in Delaware, and four in the San Juans: The Silverton from Silverton to Red Mountain and Ironton; the Silverton, Gladstone and Notherly, from Silverton to Gladstone; the Silverton Northern from Silverton to Eureka and Animas Forks, and the Rio Grande Southern from Ridgeway to Durango, completed in 1890.

Out of these many facets, tonight we will investigate a small part of one of the more insignificant—The Claim Agent on the Rio Grande Southern.

At this point, the speaker read numerous items, some serious but most of them humorous, gleaned from the correspondence files of the Rio

Grande Southern with his own comments interspersed.

Many of them covered the handling of claims against the railroad which was the special province of the Claim Agent. Many were simply wonderful examples of "picking the fly specks out of the pepper" in the regular course of operations. Perhaps that wasn't confined to the railroads, but the reams of correspondence, all handwritten, too, which resulted, perhaps had something to do with the failure of these little roads to survive.

We have printed most of the items, but some had to be omitted for lack of space. Letter headings, dates, salutations and signatures have in most cases been omitted, for the same reason. The items cover the period from 1892 to 1924.

THE CASE OF TWO BROKEN BOTTLES OF LEMON EXTRACT

Greig & Co.
General Merchandisers
Ophir, Colo.
July 7, 1898

D. E. Fitton
Agt.

Dear Sir:—

Enclosed find claim for two broken bottles Lem. Ext. Kindly look up 1 box Crackers short.

Very truly,
Selby & Sebring

Rio Grande Southern
Railroad Company
Ophir, Colo.
July 8th, 1898

Mr. C. Tucker
F.C.A. Denver, Colo.

Dear Sir:—

Enclose all papers relative to claim presented by Selby & Sebring for the loss of two bottles of tripple lemon

extract, which were broken when received. reference to report my s o d No. 27 7/6th

Yours truly
Agent

The Denver and Rio Grande
Railroad Co.
Freight Claim Dept.
Denver, Colo.
July 15, 1898
Claim No. 62135

Mr. R. M. Ridgway
Supt. Salida, Colo.

Dear Sir:—

Please see notation of the Agent at Ridgway on back of S.O.D. Report and advise if you are satisfied that the loss resulted from accidental causes.

Yours truly,
F.C.A.

The Denver and Rio Grande
Railroad Co.
Salida, Colo.,
July 20th, 1898
Claim 62135

Mr. Wm. Mittendorf,
Agent, Ridgway,

Dear Sir:—

With quick return of the attached papers, please attach a full report of how this damage occurred, and who the party was that was handling shipment when damage occurred. Do you consider it was carefully handled?

Yours truly,
R.M. Ridgway
Superintendent

The Denver and Rio Grande
Railroad Co.
Salida, July 27th, 1898
Claim 62135

Mr. C. Tucker
F. C. A. Denver

Dear Sir:—

Returning papers in above numbered claim. From the further state-

ment of agent Ridgway attached, I believe this damage to be purely accidental. You will note that section man in lifting box & turning around, struck his elbow on some other boxes, causing him to drop box he was holding.

Yours truly,
A.M. Ridgway
Supt.

Bill Collectible
To Denver and Rio Grande
Railroad Co.

1898

Aug. 4 For: Your prot'in
of loss of Extracts from
shipment Groceries, etc.,
consigned on Denver to
Ophir W.B. D1059
/29/98 .27 0.27

Duplicate Voucher Receipt

Received Aug. 2, 1898, of J. W. Gilluly, Treasurer of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Co., Fifty five cents, Dollars, being in full for Value of Extract lost from shipment from Denver to Ophir WB D1059 /29/98 \$0.55

Bill for Voucher

To: Selby Sebring
Ophir, Colo.
Pay: Denver & Rio Grande
Rd. Co.
Denver, Colo.

\$.27

Aug. 4, 1898

For value of Lemon Ex-
tract lost from shipment
groceries, etc., consigned
on Denver to Ophir WB
"D" 1059 /29/98

Bottles Zrihle Lemon
Extract .55

Loss D.R.G. property
(50%) 28. 0.27

Broken in handling at Ridgway

The Denver and Rio Grande
Railroad Co.
Freight Claim Dept.
L/D 2 Bottles Extracts
\$ 55c
Selby & Bebring
Ophir, Colorado
Denver L1059 /29

TO The Western Colorado
Power Co.,
Telluride- Colo.

November 1913.

For electric light service at
Ophir station, during the
month of November 1913:

One month	4.50	
5- 40 W lamps	1.00	\$5.50

TELEGRAM

Ridgway, 12/9/13.

I. N. Munson—Ophir.

I do not understand either the item
of \$1.00 or that for \$4.50 on attached
bill.

If the \$1.00 covers new globes which
you have had put in, please say why
you have not ordered them from our
stock at Ridgway. The item of \$4.50
for "Bill Rendered" must be in error,
as we have made vouchers each month
for the light service at that station.

Kindly return the attached bill with
your explanation.

/s/ C. D. Wolfinger.

Ophir, Colo., Dec. 14, 1913

Mr. C. D. Wolfinger, Supt.

Dear Sir:— Yours attached the 9th.
The \$4.50 is bill for lights month of
November. The \$1.00 is for four
globes. I did not know globes were
furnished from storehouse. I wrote
you last of November asking if I
should order globes from the store-
house and receiving no reply I got
them from Power Co. here.

Yours truly,

/s/ I. N. Munson, Agt.

The Rio Grande Southern RR Co.
TELEGRAM

Ridgway, Dec. 15, 1913.

Mr. Munson.....Ophir.

We carry globes in stock here and
do not want you to purchase any more
from the Power Company. Notice that
the current consumed amounts to
\$4.50, and as you were at Ophir prac-
tically all of November and as you
said, before we went on a meter basis,
that there would never be any neces-
sity of using more than the minimum,
I will thank you to explain the No-
vember consumption.

Aside from trains, there should not
be any necessity for your doing any
night work to speak of.

/s/ C. D. Wolfinger.

Ophir, Colo., Dec. 16th-13.

Mr. C. D. Wolfinger, Supt.

Dear Sir:— Your letter 15th regard-
ing amount of current used at this
station for lights.

When I suggested the meter I did
so thinking it would reduce the cost
of lights during the summer months,
which it did, but I did not think there
would be much difference between the
meter and flat rate during the winter
months. It is too dark to do clerical
work here after 4:30 pm without lights
and a great many days it is dark in the
office but I have never used the lights
during daytime and I do not burn
any lights after retiring at night,
which is generally if no trains 9 pm.
During the month of November there
was between 12 and 15 hours consump-
tion daily five lights. I don't hardly
see how I can do much better, I have
to have some place to stay even if
there are no night trains as I do not
care to loaf around the store or saloons
and outside of these places this is only
place I have, however I will do very
best I can to reduce the cost to as
little as possible. In regard to my
assertion when suggesting the meter
that there never would be any neces-

sity of using more than the minm. I think I said during the summer months. I would suggest a new meter. It might be the meter is not running properly.

Respect,
/s/ INM

Burnham, Sept. 18, 1918
Messrs. W. A. Randow
E. G. Haskins
J. L. Fagan
F. T. Owens
A. V. James
J. R. Van Cleve

Dear Sir:
It has come to my attention where large envelopes are being used to transmit a single letter.
This is a poor way to economize.
Want you to instruct all concerned in the proper handling.

Respectfully,
B-EA (signed) W. W. Lemen
CC
Messrs. D. G. Cunningham
W. O. Cook
H. C. Stevens
J. H. Thayer
P. C. Moshisky

R.G.F.
When will we have small envelopes.
/s/PCM 9/21/18
PCM
Ask me something easy.
/s/ RFC 9/21/18

Telluride Colo. Dec. 7, 1913
Mr. F. A. Wadleigh,
P.T.M., Denver
Dear Sir:

I enclose herewith a ticket for Telluride Firemen's Grand Ball to be held Dec. 31st price \$1.00. Am requested to purchase ours is a volunteers fire department and they feel that the Rio Grande ought to purchase a ticket for protection furnished us. I do not feel

able to invest in same so am referring to you.

Yours truly,
/s/ A J Nafe
Agt.

Jan. 18, 1914

Mr. W. D. Lee,
General Superintendent,
Rio Grande Southern Railroad,
Ridgway, Colorado

Dear Sir:—
Please note the attached letter, with enclosure, from our Agent, Telluride. It seems this is a matter that should have been referred to you instead of to me. If Mr. Nafe paid for ticket, I would suggest that he be given relief for the amount, either by voucher or otherwise.

Yours truly,
/s/ F. A. Wadleigh

Mr. Krauser:
I am of same opinion as Mr. Wadleigh and would recommend that this dollar be refunded to Mr. Nafe.
/s/ W. D. Lee
Ridgway, January 21, 1914.
LMB-D

W.D.L.
Nafes letter of Dec. 17 does not state that he paid the \$1.00 and he did not mention it at time of transfer.
Do you know whether it was paid?
JCK
1/22/14

Feb. 5, 1914.

Mr. F. C. Krauser,
Auditor, Rio Grande Southern RR,
Denver, Colorado.

Referring to your memorandum of the 22nd ultimo to Mr. W. D. Lee, the ticket to the Fire Department's Ball at Telluride was purchased and paid for by Mr. Nafe personally. If we still have his address I think the amount should be returned to him.

Yours truly,
/s/ F. A. Wadleigh

There is nothing in these papers to show how the amount of claimants bill is arrived at. Please examine original invoice and certify to correctness of figures shown or else have proper amendment made, also state what was done with the damaged crackers.

I do not understand that crackers should become entirely valueless on account of being spilled on car floor as very frequently they can be picked up in good condition as when shipped with the exception of being a little broken. Please ascertain from Hughes & Co. if some allowance cannot be made on this account.

F.C.A.

F.C.A.

Herewith all papers in above claim I have inspected original invoice and have certified to the correctness of figures in bill last attached.

These were small oyster crackers and were in the dirt scattered over the floor. They were left as we found them. They could not be disposed of to anyone here. I am sure that I myself would not eat these dirty crackers and do not think I could have found anyone that would unless it be a tramp and a hungry one.

Yours,
E. M. Crozier
Agt.

F.C.A.

Herewith papers in claim of S. King Chong for \$3.15 for loss of one box of dried fish in transit from San Francisco to Durango. The invoice price of fish is said to be \$2.40, but as the invoice is written in Chinese I am unable to certify to the correctness of this statement. Box weighed twenty-five pounds—in which case freight would be .75 cts. Please return the invoice to Mr. Chong when you are through with it.

Agt. Durango

RDL

In answer to your letter of Jan. 13 stating that J. H. Ivy claimed he did not get what was coming to him if J. H. Ivy did not get what was coming to him sir it was no fault of mine. I understood him to say he was to rest up a day or too and when we got home that night he was gone then I understood that he had not settled with the house he did not ask me for an identification further more I have got no identification blanks that is all I know about Mr. Ivy anymore than that he could not do enough of work to pay for the oatmeal he got away with in the morning.

Yours truly
Pat Carroll Foreman
Secs 3 & 4

(Note)
GBC

Send him a few identification blanks.

C. D. E.
1/14

Referring to your letter of the 7th instant, we will take pleasure in joining your company in half rate on about 3000 pounds of second hand presses and new type, about 2000 pounds from Denver and 1000 from Cripple Creek, for Mr. George Blakely, who wishes to establish a Republican paper at Mancos. If you will have the rate protected on the shipment when it moves, we will instruct our Auditor accordingly.

Comment: What would the rate have been for a Democratic paper?

GBC, Supt.

The roof of the bunk house at Rio Lado leaks very badly and should be fixed.

The foreman at Rio Lado also complains that the section house is bothered with bed bugs.

Could not something be done to put this place in better shape?

A.F.K.

BILL FOR VOUCHER

1903.

Nov. 11 For One Am. Mare, Black, 7 Yr., Branded Killed Oct. 24, 1903. Mile 16-17? Sams Spur. Clmd. \$150.00 \$35.00

Mr. Mitchel claim Agent yours at hand in regard to My Mare killed by the passenger train on the 24 of Oct. and in reply will say that as I am a poor woman and not able to fight this inhuman decision of yours I am compelled to except this pitiful sum that you offer me for My Mare that cost me one hundred and fifty Dollars one year ago. And May God Meet out to you and yours the same Justice you have given me will be My daily prayer so long as I shall live. I am at your Mercey I told you the truth and this is the mercy I received at your hands and so may God deal with you in the clay of your sorow great God and has it come to such a pass that gold will fire a thing in the Image of himself to trample on and take the bread out of the Mouths of his children in this insulting and inhuman manner and leave them no redress whatever. Remember if this ever comes home to you then the Prayer of one of your victims has been answered. For I shall plead with My God each day I live for justice to come to the man that has robbed me of my just right.

C. S. Mitchell, Esq.
Claim Agent,
Building.

Dear Sir:

Herwith replying to your inquiry of the 18th instant regarding above claims, and returning all papers, I beg to advise that in my opinion the Company is not liable, in as much as the bad repair of the fence does not seem to be chargeable to the Com-

pany. As for the heifer which was killed by running into an engine, I am continually surprised at the vicious disposition shown by ordinarily peaceful animals in this part of the State, but, of course, that is their misfortune and not our fault.

Yours very truly,
/s/ E. O. Wolcott
General Counsel

TELEGRAM

Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company

Durango 6/4/21

C.B.C.

—The following from Opr. Alamosa—
All the Railroads gone to hell. The Vail Hotel Pueblo together with Central Block burned. Houses—
“Equipment Railroads” floating down River—Canon City, Portland and Florence wiped out. All Bridges washed away but the Santa Fe Steel bridge. All Railroad Equipment and Eng. are out of commission. Box cars, coaches, houses, stores and churches etc. floating in River. MO PA train No. 12 and D&RG No. 3 both turned upside down in Arkansas River. Bodies being gotten out of cars at 1 p.m. reports 250 being gotten out of cars at 1pm reports, 250 rescued from trains 12 and 3. Water is up to Second Story Union Depot, Pueblo, and figures early 2,000 thousand dead—more now. J. F. Wedgwick, Salida says his wife was on train 12 and have not found her yet.

/s/ Rich

This of course refers to the terrible Pueblo flood of 1921. It is representative of the wild stories which first came out of the stricken city.

BILL FOR VOUCHER

TO AL J. Nafe,

January 1914.

For amount paid for one admission ticket to Firemen's Ball at Telluride on January

1, 1914, while agent at that station \$1.00
/s/ W. D. Lee

Dear Sir:—

Please give me permission to get enough 2 x 6 at Rico to make fence around Dolores section house. Will need 30# of 8 penny nails about 20# of 20 penny. Will get pickets from Soulens mill and use old Western Union telegraph poles for post. Need two pair 6 inch strap hinges for gates.

Your note 1st instant. How many of the 2 x 6 will you need for fence around Dolores section house?

Your letter of 6th regarding 2 x 6 for Dolores section house fence, this will be 264ft long.

Your note 10th instant.

It would be a waste of good material to use 2 x 6s in building fence around Dolores section house. Are there no 2 x 4s at Rico?

Your note June 12th. What, if anything, have you done about fence around Dolores section house?

We are working on the fence at Dolores, need the hinges for the gate that we ordered, two pair 6" strap hinges with screws.

Send 2 pr 6" strap hinges with screws to Roadmaster Kane at Dolores for sectionhouse fence.

What material and from what source did you get for the section-house fence at Dolores?

Your letter of the 9th about material for section house fence at Dolores: I have received 2 pair strap hinges with screws for the gates and about 20# of 10 and 20 penny wire nails. I am using the old bridge ties from bridge 102-A and edgings from Soulen's mill for pickets. I am using anything I can get my hands on to nail pickets on and that is not much

so far, I never got any 2x6's or 2x4's yet, think I will get along with out them now. I used some old telephone or telegraph poles for posts as well as the bridge ties.

Apr. 3, 1923

Dear Sir:—

Ladies coach on No. 6 today, coach No. 269 has no shade over the window in the toilet which leaves victims having to patronize this toilet, and it is the only one for ladies and children on the train, being in enforced position of furnishing moving pictures to the outside world.

Understand this shade has been absent from this window for considerable time and I would recommend the shade be put back on this window if it must be taken from some other window in this coach.

C.B.G.

New shade for this coach window was sent to Densmore at DO. Mar. 29 and he was going to have Baggan put in that date.

Did you get the window shade which we gave you the other day when you were here to place in coach 259, which I understood you would instruct carman at Rico put in when you arrived there.

Please advise promptly.

Window shade you left here is too wide for window. Advise what to do with it.

L Smore 157-PM

I gave window shade to car man at Rico and told him to put this in. April 7 advises that it does not fit after wiring him. Why. Window shade is now in coach 259 & lock on toilet door.

Ridgway April 14, 1923

Your note April 3rd.

Shade has now been installed in the toilet of coach 259.

Superintendent

Messrs:—

Please be referred to instructions issued sometime ago about putting nails in the top of signs for the purpose of preventing birds from lighting.

Was very much surprised to notice that this thing is being over done. It was not the thought or intention to prevent bees or humming birds from lighting on the post, but birds with wide wings and if instructions had been carried out, it would not have been over done. Wish you would see to it that a reasonable amount of nails are used. Where it was mentioned that nails should be driven about three inches apart, it was not thought that they would be put in rows on tops of railroad crossing signs. Have noticed on the mile posts where nails have been driven in a row on each side of the angle where, perhaps, one nail in the center and one on each angle about three inches from center would have answered the purpose.

Relative to recent instructions about putting nails in tops of signs for purpose of preventing birds from lighting.

I believe that you understood that it was not desired to undertake to place these nails so close together as to prevent small birds from lighting thereon, but birds with wide wings. Understand that on some divisions rows of nails about three inches apart have been placed on signs, and General Superintendent criticises as to the overdoing of the matter.

For medical service furnished by Dr. G. W. Compton at Ophir Dec. 20, 1903 in case of O. E. Gooding Agent.

Service requested by Traveling Auditor in endeavor to sober up agent so that he could be gotten to station \$5.00

Sheriff Mazzulla closed with these comments.

Many good books have been written about the Slim Gauge Railroads. Perhaps the best, "*Denver South Park and Pacific*", was written in 1949 by M. C. Poor. A close second perhaps *Rails Around Gold Hill* by Morris Cafky, 1955 and in the running the *Rio Grande Southern Story*, sometimes referred to as *Smashed Eyeballs on the Bloody San Juan*, published 1957 by Josie Moore Crum.

All three books are out of print. Used book dealers should be able to supply these books at or about the following prices:

Mac Poor's book, \$160.00

Josie Crum's book, \$25.00

Rails Around Gold Hill, \$35.00

It follows then that the Slim Gauge Story sells high. It can be purchased very cheaply, all it takes is the trouble to dig it out and perhaps you should keep in mind Professor Channing.

The Forgotten Men

(Continued from page 6)

Miss Ida Bixby, sea foam China silk decolette costume, en traine; diamonds and pearls.

Mrs. Polk, mahogany and white, decolette costume; magnificent emeralds.

Mrs. Henry Webber, Eifel red brocaded surah dinner dress with Persian trimmings; diamonds.

Miss N. B. Young, Nile green silk, with imported gold and Persian trimmings; natural flowers, pearls, and diamonds.

Mrs. George F. Penhale, an imported decolette evening costume of cream and gold moire and China silk; diamonds and natural flowers.

Miss Clara Pittman, a superb concert dress; of old rose cashmere, brocaded black velvet, lace and jet trimmings; diamonds and emeralds.

Plug Department

Posseman Don Bloch's downtown Denver bookstore is closing out at the end of this year. He will continue in business, however, under the same name — Collector's Center — dealing in certain specialized fields, by appointment only and limited listings to his customers. Of course, he'll have his two stores in Central City during the summer, as usual.

Book Reviews

Denver In Slices by Louisa Ward Arps. Denver. Sage Books. \$4.50.

The Rush-to-the-Rockies Centennial year produced a plethora of publishing on Colorado topics. The great majority of this work was bad or indifferent, with here and there a truly memorable accomplishment. For those of us who became inured to the type of writer who wrote about a mining state and did not know the difference between a mine and a mill, it was a pleasure to pick up *Denver In Slices*.

This book was one of those in the field of genuine achievement. Mrs. Arps is a meticulous historian. In addition, she writes with ease and a delightful sense of humor. In consequence her book can be read with confidence in its facts or just for pure enjoyment.

The whole is just what its title implies—slices of Denver history that seemed to the author worth closer study. Many of these were originally treated by Mrs. Arps in the course of her 1956 television program, "Denver Yesterdays" for the Denver Public Library; but new ones have been added and all have been re-written and revised. The actual title was taken from O. J. Goldrick.

The twelve chapters deal with

Drinking Water, The City Ditch, Cherry Creek, River Front Park on the South Platte River, Gold Coins in Denver Mints, Tabor Ghosts in Denver, The Windsor Hotel, The Baron of Montclair, Overland Park, Buffalo Bill in Denver, Elitch's Gardens and Eugene Field in Denver; and all are guaranteed to produce a smile or a new facet of an old fact.

A map of Denver in 1880 has been used for the jacket and some very interesting aspects of Denver and their locations have been woven into end papers by Gertrude Pierce. The book is profusely illustrated with photographs throughout, so that no one interested in Denver's past can afford to pass up this fine volume.

Caroline Bancroft, CM

Prudent Soldier, a Biography of Maj. Gen. E. R. S. Canby, by Max L. Heyman, Jr. Arthur H. Clark Co., \$11.00.

Canby commanded the Union forces in New Mexico when Sibley's Texans were defeated in their campaign to secure the Southwest for the Confederacy. The author devotes one paragraph to the decisive battle of La Glorieta pass, which he calls "the Gettysburg of the Southwest." Destruction of Sibley's supply train by Colorado volunteers, which transformed his victorious march into a disastrous retreat, was accomplished, reports the author, "in a moment of luck." He writes that Canby "lost all the battles but won the campaign."

Canby is described as "primarily an administrative general whose light has been hidden by the fame of the more dashing of his brethren-in-arms. . . . His forte seems to have been the administration of civil affairs by martial law."

As a junior officer Canby saw service in California in '49, when 40% of the

soldiers deserted to join the gold rush. He commanded troops sent to Fort Bridger and Salt Lake to suppress the so-called Mormon Rebellion. He was stationed at Fort Garland before leading a futile expedition against the Navajos. On this expedition his second-in-command was Major Sibley, soon to be his opponent in the New Mexico campaign.

Of less interest to Westerners than his activities in the Indian country is his career during the later years of the Civil War and as a post-war administrator in the South.

In the seventies he was sent to California to negotiate a settlement with the Modocs, and at Tule Lake, while unarmed, he was murdered while attending a peace council; the first general officer of the U. S. army to be killed by Indians.

This scholarly, thoroughly researched biography includes five maps, eight portraits and illustrations and an analytical index. It is recommended as a valuable reference work for libraries and historians.

Forbes Parkhill, PM

George Catlin: Episodes from Life Among the Indians and Last Rambles, With 152 Scenes and Portraits by the Artist. Edited by Marvin C. Ross (University of Oklahoma Press, 357 pgs., \$12.50)

In 1830, George Catlin, a young painter, fired with the ambition to record and preserve for future generations the folk ways of the untouched aborigines beyond the frontier, set out from St. Louis, then the gateway of the West. During the next six years, alone or with trading and military expeditions, he traveled among our Western Indians, painting, collecting artifacts and writing illuminating comments on what he saw. Perhaps the fame of Catlin rests on these earlier paintings of the North American Indians—the most remarkable

portraiture record of these Indians known to us.

In 1854, or possibly 1855, the record is not quite clear, Catlin set out from Europe on a second series of travels. He made three trips to South America, painting primitive Indians from the Amazon jungles to Tierra del Fuego. He sailed up the Pacific Coast of North America, painting the Indians of the Northwest Coast; he again traversed the Rocky Mountains and paddled down the Rio Grande, taking ship on the Gulf to visit the Mayas of Yucatan, painting all the way. The paintings Catlin made during this second series of travels are known as "Catlin's Indian Cartoon Collection" and are stored in a tiny attic room in a remote wing of the immense American History Museum in New York. Cleaned and guarded with brown paper flaps, they are almost all in excellent condition, though they have never been framed or glazed.

His Cartoons have very little in common with his earlier work, as their smooth cardboard surfaces lack the rich depth which canvas gives. As he intended them for lithographic reproduction in his projected books, they have generally the qualities of book illustrations, rather than oil paintings. Most of them seem mannered and a little strained. Having abandoned his first natural style, Catlin was obviously experimenting in them with new approaches and techniques.

In style, however, Catlin was remarkably consistent. Every Catlin painting is obviously a Catlin. In quality, his work varied greatly, probably reflecting his changing moods. It is difficult to group his paintings by periods. The dates of Catlin's expeditions to the various tribes are not a sure guide to the dates of his pictures. He painted many wandering tribesmen before or after he visited

their villages. And his inscrutable custom of mingling actual field work with later studio work, and his constant retouching and repainting, defies chronology. But a comparison of his earlier works with his later works shows that Catlin knew from the first how to paint Indians, and held closely to his original idea.

A study of the paintings will show that Catlin was at his best with chiefs and warriors; at his worst with Indian children. His squaws and Indian maidens are generally dull and dumpy. His habit of painting heads before bodies often left him so little room on the lower canvas that he had to shorten bodies and legs.

Circumstances and private misfortunes turned Catlin aside many times, but not for long and he devoted himself unreservedly to the Indian cause. No fair-minded student of Indian culture now questions the general reliability of his pictures, or his accounts of what he saw and heard in his travels.

This book, edited by Marvin C. Ross, and dealing with the second and virtually unknown phase of Catlin's work, combines parts of his "Life Among the Indians" and "Last Rambles" to form the text. The arrangement, unfortunately, is not chronological, but the fresh, vivid style recalls the delight in primitive people and unspoiled natural scenery that first called the young artist into the wilderness.

The 152 illustrations in the book include all the existing paintings of this second period of Catlin's travels so far as the editor has been able to trace them and the University of Oklahoma Press has done a beautiful job in reproducing them.

Armand W. Reeder, PM

The Beef Bonanza or How to Get Rich on The Plains by Gen. James S. Brisbin U. S. A. University of

Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma. 208 pp., 8 illus. \$2.00.

The Beef Bonanza is volume No. 13 in the Western Frontier Library series published by the University of Oklahoma Press. The Press is performing a valuable service in making these reprints of very scarce books generally available. The series is attractively casebound, tastefully designed and printed and each book is well worth the modest price.

This is a curious and interesting book. As stated in the foreword, by Mr. Gilbert Fite, this work has little factual matter of value in it. The seeming paradox of a book of questionable value being of interest to a serious historical student deserves explanation.

That explanation is that *The Beef Bonanza* is an admirable sample of the "land of milk and honey" promotional literature that lured so many early settlers to the West.

General Brisbin, writing in 1882, describes in glowing terms with many statistics the easy money to be made from the cattle business. Any settler with a small amount of capital and without much hard work would, according to the General, be rich in a few years. I doubt if any persons with any experience close to the soil would take for the truth General Brisbin's confident assurance that ranching success could come so easy. It is quite possible that a contributing factor to the scarcity of the rare first edition might be the number of volumes consigned to the trash pile by disillusioned ranchers.

The General had earned an enviable record in the Civil War and served many years in the army at various posts in the West. As a respected soldier his writings concerning the West were given much weight and persuaded many to try ranching either actively or through investment. Many

of those swayed by the hyperbole were due for a rude shock when they experienced the actual conditions.

Recommended as a valuable addition to any library dealing with the westward trek and early cattle and sheep ranching.

Charles S. Ryland PM

Adventures of Zenas Leonard, Fur Trader. Edited by John C. Ewers. 8vo. 172 pages, illus., map, index and bibliography. University of Oklahoma Press, 1959. \$4.00.

This is the third reprint of an exceedingly rare little book written by an early fur trader and printed at Clearfield, Pennsylvania, in 1839. Reprinted in 1904 by the Arthur H. Clark Co., in an edition of 520 copies and again in 1934, as one of the Lakeside Classics, also a limited edition, it has escaped the attention of many who might be interested.

Under the editing of Dr. Ewers, whose copious footnotes add much to the clearing up of obscure statements by Leonard, we are given a first-hand account of the life of a mountain man in the years 1831 to 1835, under the leadership of Captain Bonneville, Joseph Walker and Thomas Fitzpatrick.

Born in 1809, Leonard left his father's rocky farm on his twenty-first birthday, going first to Pittsburg and thence to St. Louis, where he joined the Gantt and Blackwell party of trappers and fur traders in 1831, working as a free trader in 1832-33, then going with Bonneville. During this period he experienced privation as a trapper, fought with the Indians, and in general led the life of the hardy mountain men of more than a hundred years ago. Not many wrote of their experiences but he did, and this account gives us an insight into the happenings of that long-vanished period. I recommend it.

PM CARL F. MATHEWS

Frontiers West, The 1959 Anthology by The Western Writers of America. Edited by S. Omar Barker. 286 pp. Doubleday & Co., New York. \$3.95.

This is the seventh annual anthology by members of the Western Writers of America, an organization of professional western story writers. It consists of nineteen short stories and a long poem. In one sense, it is a rare volume. Since the demise of pulp western magazines and *Collier's*, the rise of the non-fiction article and the advent of TV, the western short story is almost without a market. All that remain are the *Saturday Evening Post*, a few of the men's magazines, and considerably less than a few women's magazines.

Some of the stories in *Frontiers West* are definitely of slick paper quality, some are pulp, and some in between. Two are not stories, but anecdotes. All have the genuine feel of the Old West. In other words, they are not TV westerns. There is only one walk-down in the book; even then, one of the characters wears no gun. These are not bang! bang! shoot-em-ups. Selection of S. Omar Barker as editor automatically bars that type of western. A gifted story writer and poet, Omar Barker has never had to rely on his six-gun in writing a good western.

So these are mostly character, not action, stories—of prospectors, homesteaders, Indians, cowboys and sheepherders—against authentically portrayed backgrounds. Eleven of the nineteen stories are told in the first person, a device for adding authenticity and for drawing the past closer to the present. Repeated too often, as in this book, it becomes monotonous. One suspects that the venerable *Post* has had a look at most of these "when I was a boy" stories.

For first place, I choose Peggy Simson Curry's "Geranium House". It's a

sensitive story of a memorable homesteader wife, told as only a woman could tell it. Next I would place Norman Fox's "Another Man's Boots", the story of a love-struck girl and a rodeo performer stand-in for the man she thinks he is. Bill Gulick, in "Trial By Jury", tells a dramatic, suspense-filled story of the conflict of the old and new West as personified by the life of a pioneer.

Many of these stories you should find entertaining, some you'll skip. All are as clean as a breath of prairie air.

Dabney Otis Collins, PM

Wild Bill Hickok, A biography of James Butler Hickok, the West's greatest gunfighter, by Richard O'Connor. (Doubleday & Co., 1959, 282 pp. \$3.95)

The author of this interesting and absorbing biography is a writer who already has ten notches on his western literary pen, including such works as *Bat Masterson* and *Guns of Chickamauga*. He is therefore well-qualified to write the biography of a man who is difficult to separate from fiction and legend. Wild Bill is not wanting in writers from all over the country who have written his "biography" in such classics as *My Reminiscences as a Cowboy* by that controversial figure of the Anglo-American literary world, Frank Harris. The problem is that O'Connor is writing about a man who was "too much of everything to be completely believable."

What the author has done in the case of *Wild Bill Hickok* is to thread his way through all that has been written about his man, all that is purportedly known, be it fact or fiction, and then try to reconstruct the story of Wild Bill with as much accuracy as the facts known will allow and psychological probing will produce. The first chapter tries to prepare the reader for the action that is

to follow and sums up the subject of the book by saying:

"He was simply a man who went West and fell into a dangerous way of life, different from others essentially because of his amazing ability to fire a handgun in a hurry, usually under dire circumstances."

Lest the reader get the impression that the author is about to honor Hickok before burying him, he frankly states his position at the onset, a position which at times he does not altogether follow, because if he did he would not be human. There is no doubt that it is almost impossible to write about a well-known man of action without becoming somewhat emotionally involved. Nevertheless, O'Connor charts his course by saying:

"The present intention is not to debunk Wild Bill Hickok, any more than it is to glorify him, but simply to arrive at an approximation of the truth."

This "approximation" is well documented and handled without putting the onus on the author but simply by weaving into the narrative a series of events which any informed reader will readily recognize. Hickok is introduced as a mild-mannered man, even somewhat pusillanimous, and the reader wonders if this could possibly be the gunman he expects to read about. Wild Bill, who is still nursing his wounds from an encounter with a grizzly bear, becomes indirectly involved in a feud for which he has no stomach, but suddenly finds himself with a gun in his hand doing away with a skunk named McCanles. Those directly involved do away with two more, and that sets the stage for a legend which credited him with a room full of corpses, all victims of his six shooter, a rifle and a Bowie knife. The tragedy of this, says author O'Connor, is "that he had to spend the

rest of his life trying to live up to the legend."

At this juncture, having whetted the reader's appetite for more action, the author flashes back to Hickok's youth in Troy Grove, Illinois. After an account of his early years and another "incident," young James Butler Hickok, as was his real name, goes west and engages in a "Davy-Crockett-like scrimmage with a grizzly bear in Raton Pass before coming on the scene." This badly-mauled, penniless, lacerated young man is the same person who very shortly thereafter becomes the knight chivalric of the plains, all dolled up in flowered brocade, with a shoulder-length mane and a brace of ivory-handled revolvers. From here on he is the glamour boy of the west, with a "faithful nimbus of hero-worshippers dogging his long-striding footsteps."

The interest in the narrative does not lag at any time, and O'Connor lives up to his good name as a writer of western americana. One of the reasons that this biography sounds so credible is that the author weaves into it the life and times of frontier days with notorious, famous and infamous characters whose bones have not lain undisturbed as Shakespeare was wont to have his. Calamity Jane, Buffalo Bill, Custer and a host of other personages live again as peers, cohorts or enemies of the dandified Mr. Hickok. The gold rush of the Black Hills, the Dakota Territory, the cattle-drives to Abilene and everything else that demanded a mastery of *Triggernometry*, as Eugene Cunningham called it, is part of this biography without detracting from the story. The one important statistic which the author of *Wild Bill Hickok* does not definitely state is the number of lives he took. Legend has it, so he says, that he had killed 75 to 100 "excluding Indians and Confederates," and when someone tells of his

having killed 45 before becoming a law enforcement officer, the author simply says that this figure is perhaps three times as high as was actually the case.

There is just enough romance in the book to add spice to it, but the reader gets the impression that it is purposely toned down despite the fact that women were part of the trilogy of this elegant gunman as much as wine and gambling. In the end there is a bit of respectability added to his romancing by his marriage to Agnes Lake, an attractive widow whom he had turned down in his younger years. As Hickok was nearing the end of the trail, when his sight and his timing were dimming, he may have sought companionship and security in a wife. Not long thereafter, the famous Wild Bill dies, not bested by the prowess of superior man, but through the treachery of a cowardly gunslinger. This is perhaps what turns the man into a legend like that of the "dirty little coward who killed Mr. Howard, and laid poor Jesse in his grave." In any event, Richard O'Connor has done an excellent bit of writing about a controversial man in the style that pleases most men who are interested in the west.

ARTHUR L. CAMPA, PM

Walls Rise Up and *Hold Autumn In Your Hand*, by George Sessions Perry, (Doubleday & Co., 384 pgs., \$4.50)

Here, reprinted in one book, are two of the late George Sessions Perry's finest novels, both classics of the Texas country and one a National Book Award winner.

"Walls Rise Up" is a rollicking tale of three adventuresome hobos and their free-and-easy life on the banks of the Brazos River. Full of humor and ribald fun, the story ends on a nostalgic note when the river floods

and the hobos' camp is washed away. Jimmy, one of the tramps, picks up a clod of the Brazos River mud, touches it to his lips, then crumbles it and lets it blow away in the breeze as two big tears run down his face.

"Hold Autumn in Your Hand", in some respects, reminds one of John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath"—of man's fight against unyielding forces in nature and society. Ma Joad, of course, is the outstanding character in "The Grapes of Wrath". In this novel, it is Sam Tucker, an East Texas tenant farmer, who in spite of drought and flood and pests wins a living for himself and his family during the round of the seasons. The starkness of

the conflict with unfriendly nature is relieved by racy country humor, in the easy drawl that is so typical of George Sessions Perry.

These stories were written by Mr. Perry before World War II. He went to the wars as a correspondent for The New Yorker and The Saturday Evening Post. When he returned he found himself "defictionized" by what he, and the world had been through. He continued to write as a journalist, autobiographer and editor, but never again did he return to the writing of fiction. An untimely death claimed Mr. Perry in 1956 and Texas lost one of its finest writers.

Armand W. Reeder, PM

CONRAD KOHRS — CATTLEMAN

HERBERT P. WHITE

(Continued from October)

Mining prospered at Virginia City and Con's butcher shop did a thriving business. Besides he had geared up with a partner, Ben Peel, as a wholesaler and supplied beef to other shops in various camps.

Highway robbery was a "business" that flourished around Virginia City and other Montana gold camps. Conrad Kohrs joined with other righteous folk to form the famous Montana Vigilantes, a counter-organization to the outlaw bands. Knowing the outlying country well, he acted as a guide on several expeditions and once when a party was going to Summit he took \$5,000 along with which to buy cattle. He borrowed the money from Nolan & Weare. They demanded 10 per cent interest per month and, high as the interest was, Con took the money, for he had protection against

highwaymen. Con's partner, Ben Peel, repaid Nolan & Weare the \$5,000 within a few days but learned, to his sorrow, that the 10 per cent had to be paid as the bank refused to make a loan for less than a month's interest charge.

The next spring cattle were scarce. Kohrs rode all the way to Fort Benton in six days—found no cattle—and then went back into the Bitter Root where he was able to buy a lot of fat steers and dry cows from the half-breeds in the St. Ignatius Mission area. He lost a man in fording his herd across the river opposite the present location of Missoula.

That herd helped make the summer of 1864 very prosperous for Kohrs. Lured by the age-old story of gold, thousands of immigrants swarmed into Virginia City. The next

winter new diggin's were discovered and there were several stampedes—Last Chance Gulch, where Helena is now located; the placer mines of Silver Bow Creek; the diggin's on Ophir Gulch.

Winter set in early. Late wagon trains from Salt Lake became snow-bound. Consequently, provisions ran low. It was a great inning for "black marketeers." Flour went to \$1.50 per pound, salt even higher, and tobacco commanded \$25 per pound.

"Con and Peel," the Kohrs-Peel partnership, realized it must keep its beef inventories up. So Con borrowed \$12,000 from George Forbes at five per cent per month. He bought up all the beef and many of the work cattle at an average of about \$85 per head.

Con and Peel sold beef at a nominal figure and its price was so moderate in comparison with other food items that Virginia City and other towns ate proportionately more meat that winter. It might have been a very prosperous era for the firm but their retail shops lost money because so many miners followed each developing stampede and left their debts behind them. The bankers chided Kohrs for the laxity of his credit-giving, but he dismissed the advice with the reply, "I've been broke and I've been hungry. I know what a bit of help means."

Partner Ben Peel fell in love with a girl whose family had decided to return East and Peel elected to go with them. Con Kohrs bought his interest for \$17,500.

The next years saw Kohrs' enterprise branch into the water business. He and his associates acquired water rights and built diversion dams and ditches around the hard, reluctant hills. By dint of sheer labor, courage and venturesome dollars, the enterprises marking the first use of this water in the Territory were successful.

While the original use of this water was made by the miners for sluicing purposes, it marked the beginnings of irrigation in the Treasure State.

In the summer of 1866 Con acquired the Johnny Grant ranch and 350 head of yearlings for \$19,000, paying \$5,000 down, the balance to become due in the spring. The mild fall gave way to a week-long snow storm that started about Christmas Day. In early January extremely cold weather set in. The thermometer often dropped below minus 40°. A chinook wind in late January started a heavy thaw but in a day or so the wind changed to the northwest, crusted the snow, and the severely low temperatures returned. In March many of the cattle died. Kohrs paid \$100 a ton for the little hay he could get. He kept some of his herds together by slaughtering the worst, cutting up the carcasses, boiling them with chopped hay and saving some of the cattle by feeding them this mess.

The Johnny Grant house still stands at the north edge of Deer Lodge and it is still "the big house" of the area. After Con acquired it he was host at many social gatherings there, many of them dances. At the first gatherings most of the feminine guests were half-breeds and Indian women, but late in that first summer of Con's ownership of "the big house" the tribes moved to the Red River Valley. After that white women, who were now coming into the Territory, assembled at the gatherings.

There was a memorable dance just before the fall elections. Invitations had been extended to everybody within "traveling distance" (about 20 miles). A couple of fiddlers provided the music. The women wore calico dresses. Those with babies deposited them in a room specially set aside. Boots and shoes were scarce articles and most of the men danced in Indian-made moccasins. Refreshments

were tea, coffee and sandwiches, although many of the men brought their own "chemicals" and cached them in the woodpile.

David L. Irvine, a candidate for the office of clerk and recorder, was a man who had never taken a drink. In his electioneering a prospective voter promised allegiance if Dave would take a drink. Others were quick to follow with the same offer. Before the evening was very old, temperate Dave was well in his cups.

Someone, it was probably Judge Wiles, tapped Con on the shoulder and declared, "Kohrs, the country is saved."

"How's that—what do you mean?" Con inquired.

"The girls have gone to dancing and the boys to drinking—it's a good sign!"

By this time Conrad Kohrs had attained definite stature in the developing picture of Montana Territory.

That year a cousin came out from Davenport and reported he had been disappointed in love. "Yes sir; I was turned down by as fine a girl as I ever knew!" he told Con Kohrs.

"You might recall her," he continued. "Her name's Augusta Kruse. Remember, she lived in Hamburg."

Yes sir, Con Kohrs remembered. He had thought about her many times; her dancing, intent eyes and the happy ripple of her laughter. She was lovely in pigtailed; she was probably even lovelier now.

Con decided to spend Christmas with his mother in Davenport!

It was a long journey. He bumped over to Virginia City in his own through-brace wagon and four horses—then the stage to Salt Lake. The overland coach from California was full and he was forced to take a top seat but with the help of a lot of

buffalo robes he and the other passengers managed to keep warm in crossing the mountains. In four days he reached Cheyenne, then the western terminal of the Union Pacific. The train trip to Omaha required two and a half days. Two or three days later he reached Davenport. It was the first Christmas in a good many he had spent with his family and it proved an entirely enjoyable experience. He learned that Augusta Kruse was in Cincinnati, so in a few days he took leave of his mother and headed for Ohio.

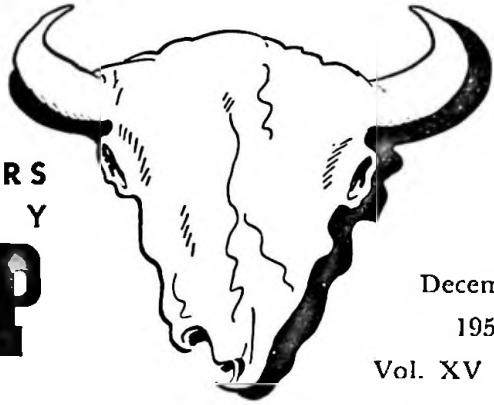
Augusta Kruse of the dancing, intent eyes and who had a happy ripple in her laughter, had remembered, through the years, the tall, intent lad of 15 who had run away from his Wewelsfleth home. So, unlike the way she had put off Con Kohrs' cousin, she accepted Con's proposal. They were married in late February.

Kohrs engaged passage for himself and his bride on the Octavia which left Omaha in mid-April. The Missouri was low that year and the trip to Fort Benton was tedious and long. The Octavia continually got stuck on sand bars until it reached the mouth of the Yellowstone. There the provisions ran out and fare got down to a beans-and-bacon ration. On June 8 she docked at Fort Benton.

Then, in a surplus Civil War ambulance wagon which Con had obtained at St. Louis, Mrs. Kohrs drove with her husband to her Deer Lodge home, 180 drizzle-filled miles away. Many a time as the trudging teams sloshed along the deep-rutted trail she must have felt she was a long way from Cincinnati indeed; all her life had been lived in cities. But like most of the frontierswomen to whom we of the West owe so much, Mrs. Kohrs attacked the problems of her new life with vigor.

(To be concluded in December)

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



December
1959
Vol. XV No. 12



Photo Courtesy of The Rocky Mountain News

Duane A. Smith, right, is handed the \$300 scholarship check by Fred M. Mazzulla, sheriff of the Denver Westerners, assisted by Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson, one of the judges, and widow of one of the originators of the Westerner idea in Chicago.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
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OFFICERS

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Deputy Sheriff, Les Williams
Roundup Foreman and Tally Man,
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Registrar of Marks and Brands,
Ray Colwell
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THE THIRD ANNUAL SCHOLARSHIP AWARD

The Denver posse of the Westerners presented its third annual Memorial Scholarship Award to Duane Allan Smith at the annual meeting and ladies night, held at the American Legion Hut in Denver on December 15.

The \$300 award memorializes deceased members of the Denver Westerners and is presented annually to encourage original research and writing by young scholars in the field of Western history, literature, folklore, anthropology or related studies.

Smith, who is a resident of Boulder, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley W. Smith. He was graduated cum laude

in history from Colorado University last June. He was a member of Phi Alpha Theta and Phi Delta Kappa.

He is now working toward his master's degree in history under tutelage of Dr. Robert G. Athearn, C.U. historian and writer. It is interesting to note that all three of the Westerner's scholarship awards have been won by students in Dr. Athearn's seminars.

Smith won the 1959 award to support his current study of the influence of the U.S. Army on the development of the West from the days of the Santa Fe trade in the 1820s to the Ft. Laramie treaty of 1851.

Judges for the competition were Maurice Frink, executive director of the Colorado State Historical Society, Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson of Colorado Springs and Robert L. Perkin.

Competition for the award is open each year to any student, preferably between the ages of 18 and 25, who is enrolled in a Colorado college or university. The field is open, and an attempt is made each year to publicize the award and its requirements, but this year the only applications received were from Colorado University and Colorado State University.

The 1957 award was won by Mrs. Billie B. Jensen, a graduate student at Colorado University, and the 1958 award by John A. Brennan, also a graduate student at Colorado University.

Active and Corresponding members of the Denver Posse are urged to keep this worthwhile project of ours in mind, and to call it to the attention of college and junior college people of the state, as well as any young student who might be interested in competing for the distinction of winning it, as well as the accompanying money. Full details are brought to the Posse's attention in the early fall.

News Briefs

The December meeting of The Denver Posse of The Westerners was held on the evening of Tuesday, December 15, 1959, pursuant to notice to all members, with emphasis that this was the annual "Ladies Night." Sheriff Mazzulla presided. 128 were served dinner by the staff of the American Legion.

During dinner, beautiful records were played by Sheriff Mazzulla, reminiscent of the days when our music came from such records. There was a Christmas theme evident in the selections.

After dinner, there was a brief meeting of the Active and Reserve Members of the Posse.

The first item of business was the acceptance, with regret, of the resignation of Barron Beshoar from the Posse. It was at his request, based upon a press of business and other activities, and a loss of interest in our group.

Then the Nominating Committee, composed of Nolie Mumey and Francis Rizzari, brought forth the "slate" and same was adopted. Thereby the following officers for 1960 were chosen:

Sheriff - Fletcher W. Birney, Jr.
Deputy Sheriff - Charles S. Ryland.
Roundup Foreman and Tally Man - Erl H. Ellis
Registrar of Marks and Brands - Richard Goff
Chuck Wrangler - W. Scott Broome

Later, but logical to note here, the new Sheriff appointed the following Committee Chairmen:

Publications Committee - Nolie Mumey
Program Committee - Robert L. Perkin
Book Review Committee - Herbert P. White
Membership Committee - J. Nevin Carson

Upon the entire group reassembling, the meeting was turned over to Dr. Nolie Mumey, who had been drafted to take care of the entertainment for the evening.

The main event of the evening was the showing by Dr. Mumey of beautiful colored slides taken in the Yucatan Peninsula and chiefly limited to the remaining evidences of the Mayan period. Such names in Yucatan as Merida, Chichen Itza, Uxmal and Labna were mentioned in the

running commentary by the Doctor; and also the Campeche city with its harbor was noted. The general feeling appeared to be that an up-to-date reminder of the early articles and pictures in the National Geographic Magazine was most welcome and enjoyable. (Volume 70 has a fine article if you wish to review for yourself at home this Christmas meeting.)

Finally, the meeting was concluded in the usual lavish style of Nolie, by his presenting each lady present with a remembrance, chiefly ashtrays or scarves from Japan.

Thus the year of 1959 was brought to a close for the Westerners, with many thanks for the rescuing activities of Dr. Mumey. His 1958 Brand Book was available for Possemen.

Erl H. Ellis
Roundup Foreman

In connection with Francis Rizzari's article on Colorado Earthquakes in this number, which was read at the November meeting of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado Springs, we might note that there are others of the Denver Possemen who also belong to the Ghost Town Club. John Lipsey, Carl Mathews, Dr. Les Williams and Ray Colwell, of Colorado Springs are members, as are Francis Rizzari, Guy Herstrom and Erl Ellis, from the Denver area. Mathews and Colwell were among the five people who organized the Colorado Springs group in 1944 (a year before the Denver Posse was formed) at the suggestion of Mrs. E. L. Kernochan, who is the only president the group has had. She also is a corresponding member of the Denver Posse.

The members from the two communities manage to run up considerable mileage in the course of the year, all being quite regular in at-

tendance at both organizations, but some of us can attest that it isn't the job it used to be, before 85-87 was four-laned.

Range Gossip

The November issue of the Chicago Westerners Brand Book contains a brief summary of Father Peter J. Powell's talk at their October meeting. His subject was "Issiwun—Sacred Medicine Hat of the Cheyennes," with a subtitle to the effect that it dealt with the lore of a mystery unique among the Indians of the Plains.

Probably because of the brevity of the main article, Editor Don Russell fell back on old newspapers for fillers (our sympathy, Don), and came up with two fine contemporary articles, one from the Chicago Tribune of August 7, 1881, on the death of Billy, the Kid, the other from the Chicago Inter-Ocean, August 17, 1878, on the "Death of Wild Bill". Both of them refreshed our memories of these one-time bad men.

The December issue carries the talk of Michael Crowley of the Wine Institute, in which he traced the history of vineyards in the Far West to its beginnings in the Mission days.

Nothing from the other Corrals and Posses was available for comment at this time.

Book Reviews

The Diaries of William Henry Jackson, edited by LeRoy and Ann Hafen. Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale. 364 pages, \$9.50.

This is Volume 10 of the Far West and the Rockies Series, which is being edited by Mr. and Mrs. Hafen and

(Continued on page 16)

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE: A BRIEF HISTORY OF EARTHQUAKES IN COLORADO

Francis B. Rizzari

This paper was read at a meeting of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado Springs on November 25, 1959. It is reprinted here with the permission of our fellow Posseman, Francis Rizzari, who is in the Geological Survey office at the Federal Center.

On August 17, 1959, the area around Hebgen Lake in Montana was struck by a major earthquake which was the largest one in Montana's recorded history. It had a magnitude of 7.1, as compared to 8.25 for the great San Francisco earthquake, and was felt over an area of 550,000 square miles. Shocks were felt in Utah, Nevada, Washington and British Columbia on the west, and Wyoming and North Dakota on the east.

The quake was publicized on both radio and television and naturally brought forth questions as to whether or not it was possible for Colorado to be visited by one of nature's most awesome phenomena.

For years the writer has heard that Colorado has had no major earthquakes. The existence of numerous balanced rocks found throughout the region was cited as proof of this.

After the great California earthquake of 1906, Professor Arthur Lakes of the Colorado School of Mines, wrote an article for the Mining Reporter, which was copied by the Daily Republican (May 27, 1906 p. 4 c. 1) "Little Chance for Colorado Earthquakes." I quote from various portions:

If, as many geologists think, the recent earthquake in California was due to paroxysmal movement connected with gradual elevation of the young coast range and the adjacent coast region, it may be of interest to consider the evidences of such movements in Colorado, past and comparatively recent.

In the first place, we have as an object lesson the elevation of the mountains themselves as viewed from the plains near Denver and elsewhere. The rocks composing these mountains were certainly once as deep below the sea as they are now above it. Proof of this is in presence of limestone containing fossil sea shells raised to and forming summits of highest peaks. These shellfish may have lived in waters several thousand feet below sea level, so it is safe to say that our mountains represent an elevation of at least 20,000 feet.

The elevations were not accomplished in a day, or by any violent uplift, but by a gradual process—usually with no more perceptible movement than is felt today. At the same time, their upward movements may have been accentuated by paroxysmal slips and faulting accompanied by earthquakes. The normal elevating movement is a slow bending up of mountain ranges into an arch, or series of arches. When these arches reach an extreme state of tension, the arch breaks at its crown and a slip takes place, called by geologists a fault.

When the first fracture takes place, a violent earthquake may result on the surface; subsequently, the slipping becomes gradual, although at times possibly giving rise to earthquakes.

In some of our mountain ranges like the Mosquito Range between South Park and Leadville and the Arkansas Valley, we can see all the stages from folding into steep arches to abrupt faulting. The Mosquito Range is composed of the same set of strata as the South Park. It was formed by the folding of the rocks on the west edge of the park into a range of mountains. The movement as you approach the range is first indicated by a gentle swell, soon followed by a steep and symmetrical arch, as shown on Sheep Mountain, in Four Mile Canyon, and in Sacramento and other gulches. The arch resulting, together with several parallel arches west of it, on reaching the limit of tension, broke, and the strata on one or both of the fracture sides, slipped, resulting in the series of great parallel faults which traverse the Mosquito Range from north to south, and over whose eroded blocks you descend as by cyclopean steps into the valley of the Arkansas.

The amount of slip in these faults is not measured in hundreds, but in thousands of feet. When we examine the walls of the fissure formed by these faults, we find them polished by the slipping motion and ground or striated by sharp points or irregularities in the opposite walls. Quartz is sometimes ground to a fine powder like salt; feldspar is reduced to clay. Everything shows movement, but there is rarely anything to prove it was sudden or violent, *although it may have been so at times.*

These mighty fault movements may still be in progress, although we are little aware of it, and the mountains may still be rising. In some mines, like those at Aspen, the movement of the mountain along a fault plane is so great that no amount of timbering can keep pace with it. Stulls two feet in diameter are broken like reeds. In other mines it is impossible to keep shafts plumb or the openings in the drifts symmetrical in shape. Landslides are in constant progress on steep Aspen Mountain and evidence shows this has gone on far into the

past. The same occurs at Telluride, in the San Juan. Great cracks are opened along the hillsides in some cases so recent that trees growing along the line of the slip are split from their roots up.

That we are not troubled by paroxysmal movements and shocks as in California, may be due to the fact that these mountains are older than the young coast range and these upward movements are, in consequence, less severe and violent.

From the above, I gathered that in times past there must have been some rather large earthquakes in the state, but that the chances now are remote, at least in Prof. Lakes' opinion. Well, let's look at the record.

A publication of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, Serial No. 609, entitled *History of Earthquakes*, states, "Five moderate earthquakes have been listed for this state, (Colorado), a small number in consideration of its large area of high mountains."

There are several scales for measuring the magnitude and intensities of earthquake shocks. On the Rossi Forel scale, a moderate earthquake is described as one that "is felt generally by everyone, disturbance of furniture, beds, etc., ringing of bells." Its intensity is 5. An intensity of 6 is a fairly strong shock. The five shocks listed by the Coast and Geodetic Survey cover the period from 1882 to 1928. Three have intensities of 6, 1 of 5, and 1 of 4-5.

According to the weekly *Rocky Mountain News* of Nov. 24, 1875 (p. 2 c. 4) a great earthquake occurred on April 24, 1867 that extended from Colorado to Ohio, swaying the largest buildings to and fro, and precipitating millions of people out of their homes in a hurrying mass. In Colorado, the initial point, and in Western Kansas, the shock was about ten seconds in length, and very violent, but

as the wave traveled eastward, it seemed to divide into two distinct waves or decreasing impulses, extending over half a minute with a slight vibratory motion between them. The effects of the earthquake (in Colorado) were alarming but not serious. In all probability, it was not felt in Denver and the mining camps.

A squib in the *Colorado Transcript* (Golden, Colorado) for December 7, 1870, has this to say:

"Have we had an earthquake? We are informed by two gentlemen of this town that about five o'clock on Sunday morning last, they distinctly felt the shock of an earthquake. They were lying in bed at the time, and the weather was perfectly calm. The shock appeared to commence with a sort of distant rumbling sound, followed by a sensible shaking of the house, lasting two or three seconds. The placidity of our conscience permits us to sleep until a later hour than the one they mention, and we heard nothing of it, but we have no reason to question the assertions [*sic*] of our informants."

The *Rocky Mountain News*, Dec. 10, 1870, recorded the event with this paragraph: (p. 4 c. 2):

"The last *Transcript* contained an item intimating that Golden City had been visited by a touch of an earthquake. (Pueblo) *Chieftain* now asserts that Pueblo and Ft. Reynolds have been visited with shocks of an earthquake, too, said to have occurred on Sunday morning last. Denver did not feel it, being, we presume, too righteous to be thus warned, as were our neighboring towns."

When the citizens of Central City read about Golden's earthquake, they evidently laughed it off, but the *Daily Central City Register* of Dec. 11, 1870, has this to say:

"That earthquake reported in the *Transcript* seems to have been a genu-

ine shake. It was distinctly felt at Pueblo—and Fort Reynolds."

A more complete description is found in the Pueblo, Colorado, *Chieftain*, for December 8, 1870. I quote:

"On Sunday morning last between four and five o'clock, many citizens of Pueblo were awakened from sleep by a remarkable concussion, which some believe to have been a shock of earthquake. Some describe it as a violent jar, followed by a tremulous motion of the earth and accompanied by a roaring sound, such as that produced by a herd of animals when driven at great speed. One gentleman who has reason to distrust the walls of his cellar, thought that they had at last given away, and that his house had fallen into the cavity. The agent of the Express Company arose to receive the morning coach, thinking that the vehicle had thundered up to the door. The landlord of one of the hotels arose to ascertain the cause of the disturbance among his dishes, which jingled right merrily. Some thought that a thunderstorm had broken out—. There is much conflicting testimony as to the duration of the shock, as well as the direction from which it came. Of the shock itself, there can be no doubt, but whether it was of earthquake variety, or due to electrical influence is a question.

A letter from Fort Reynolds gives the following: 'Bottles on my washstand standing about one inch apart were violently knocked together. The shock was accompanied by a rumbling noise and appeared to move from east to west. It was also felt on the opposite side of the (Arkansas) river.'"

Things were rather quiet for almost a year, then on November 10, 1871, the *Rocky Mountain News* states (pl c5):

"An earthquake is reported from

the mountains. It is said to have made things 'get up and stand around' for a few minutes."

A week later, the *News* has this to say: (Nov. 17, 1871 pl c4)

"The *Georgetown Miner* speaks as follows of the late earthquake in that section: A queer trembling vibration motion of the solid earth itself caused buildings and their contents to quiver in a peculiar manner. Many rushed out in the streets to ascertain the cause, if possible, of the unaccountable galvanized feeling they experienced. Some said a powder magazine had gone where the woodbine twineth. Some thought that a blast of more than usual power had been exploded in the Burleigh or Marshall tunnels. Some thought the devil was to pay generally. Crockery and hardware, types in cases, even our heavy Taylor power press seemed to have taken a sudden fit of St. Vitus' dancing proclivities. The regulator in Wright's and Greenleaf's Jewelry and watch store refused to do duty. For a very brief space of time, five minutes, the inhabitants of Georgetown enjoyed a first class sensation. The feelings of quite a number experienced an unusual glow of excitement, but there was no property damage"

The shock was also felt in Silver Plume, but only by those who were awake at the time.

Mother Nature quieted down after this for almost nine years. Then in the *Denver Tribune* for Sept. 21, 1880, we read a fantastic story, copied from the *Leadville Chronicle*. It could be another one of Orth Stein's mythical fabrications. The headlines read:

AN EARTHQUAKE

Visits Aspen and Gives its Denizens
the Shakes

"Aspen is in the minds of its benighted denizens, a peg ahead of Leadville now. It has had an earthquakel

A regular genuine, no-doubt-about-it earthquake, and they swell with honest pride when they tell about it.

On Thursday night, just as the clock struck 12, the earthquake happened around. The peaceful villagers, wrapt in blankets and the arms of Morpheus, were awakened by a sudden lurch of all staple things, and hastily got out of bed, and looked in their boots for snakes. They had misinterpreted the sublime phenomena, but after waiting a few moments, and seeing no animals, they concluded that it wasn't the James Preserves [jim-jams?] after all, and rushed out to see what was up, after all. Just at this juncture another shock that loosened their teeth and dislocated their locomotion came along and threw the camp into the wildest confusion. Many thought the last day had come, and essayed to pray while they waited for the last trump. There were four shocks in all, and each one added to their dismay, and occurring at intervals of about half a minute. At each shock, the earth seemed moved about three or four feet out of place, and a low rumbling noise to be compared to nothing save the rolling of distant thunder, was heard. All was then still, and after waiting fearfully for a repetition of the phenomena, the people finally went again to their beds. The terrible force of the shock, however, can be best judged by what followed. Aspen mountain is a long massive section of the range rising just back of the town; the highest elevation is a ragged peak, which rises some three hundred feet above the rocky mass. At about 8 o'clock, this highest turret of the mountains quivered from its base, slowly and majestically swaying forward, crashed loose, and with a deafening roar, fell toward the camp, and breaking to a million pieces, rushed as an avalanche down the hill. The mountain top which had so abruptly vanished from the face of the earth, had bristled with the stakes of prospectors and contained over 100 claims. Down in the valley the thunderstruck owners, with open mouths, watched their earthly possessions dissolve and

disappear, and were inclined to swear that the quake had been a put-up job."

Don and Jean Griswold, noted Colorado historians, whose specialty is the Leadville area, have told me that right about this time, Mr. Stein reported that Mt. Massive had also caved in and roared toward Leadville, so we must discount this one.

In 1886 another newspaper story again has the ring of the famous Mr. Stein, and with tongue-in-cheek, I quote from the *Denver Tribune-Republican* of August 8, 1886. One headline and three sub-headlines lead in the story:

SCENE OF THE EARTHQUAKE

The Effect of the Awful Convulsion
Described by Professor Farnham
A Nut for Scientists to Crack
A Lake Uplifted—Two Miles in Area
Covered by the Upheaval—The Valley
In Confusion

The account of the earthquake which occurred a few days ago near Cimarron, Colorado, and which was published exclusively in the *Tribune-Republican*, caused considerable comment. Many Denverites were very skeptical and declared it to be a hoax. That it was no hoax may be learned from the fact that Professor Farnham of the Nebraska State Normal School visited the scene of the upheaval a few days after it occurred. The Professor is at present in Denver. Yesterday, in an interview with a *Tribune-Republican* reporter, he stated just what he had seen in this strange occurrence. "On the 28th of July, my wife and I were at Cimarron. There was a great deal of talk about an earthquake, which had occurred in the vicinity of Cimarron a few days previous. The place where this eruption had occurred had been visited by a Mr. Armstrong, who gave an interesting account of the wonderful phenomena. His description aroused our curiosity and we determined to visit the scene.

Others Interested

Stopping at our hotel were two Englishmen named Vacker. They were tourists, and were provided with photographic apparatus. They were quite anxious to join our party, which they did. Early in the morning of the 28th, we started out on horseback. It was a hard ride, too. We continued along the right bank of the Cimarron until the ranch of Mr. Samuel Scheldt was reached. Mr. Scheldt was the first person who discovered the earthquake. He became aware of it while making his usual rounds among the foothills in search of his cattle. Well, Mr. Scheldt very kindly conducted us to the scene of the upheaval.

A Tedious Ride

A wearisome ride of some three hours through tangled underbrush and up a very steep mountain path, brought us to the desired locality. Before I describe it, let us tell just about the locality in which it is located. The Cimarron takes its rise at the foot of the Uncompahgre Mountains and flows north through a valley between a tongue mesa on the west and the westernmost arm of the Trident mesa on the east. Its waters dash along over a bed of water-worn boulders until at Cimarron station, they turn to the east, and enter the chasm of the Black Canon of the Gunnison into the Rio Grande.

About two and a half miles from Cimarron station, Cebolla Creek enters the Cimarron from the east. North of this creek the crests of the mountains are composed of eruptive rocks. South of the creek the formation is entirely different. The mountains here terminate in eroded, stratified rocks and table lands, flanked by foothills of water-worn gravel and boulders often cemented into huge masses of conglomerate. These foothills are arranged in several distinct steps or terraces, and furrowed by valleys opening to the river. These hills are called hog-backs and valleys extend from the mountain, or table-land, northwest. The valleys are crossed by transverse hills, forming a great num-

ber of small ponds or lakes, which vary in height according to the terraces upon which they are located.

The scene of the present convulsion was at the upper end of these valleys.

A Lake Uplifted

A small lake, situated under the first bench or terrace at the foot of the Trident mesa, seems to have been the center of the upheaving force. This lake, which had a depth of water of about twenty feet, was uplifted so that its bottom now forms a rounded knoll of considerable elevation. The hog-back or hill on the northwest is split in twain through the crest, and a portion uplifted to the height of twenty-five feet above its original level; another portion is depressed several feet below. Both sides of this valley for half a mile are all seamed and furrowed by cracks running in every possible direction, varying in width from a few inches to several feet, and of considerable depth.

Through the valley trickled a little rivulet, bordered by willows and other shrubs. The bed of this stream has been thrown up several feet, the shrubbery uprooted, and the whole surface of the valley thrown into inexorable [*sic*] confusion. In places, the pressure from below has thrust up great columns of black, moist earth, the perpendicular sides of which are smooth as if turned up with a huge plowshare; columns of dry, gravelly earth now stand several feet high with the sage brush undisturbed. The aspens growing in the vicinity of the lake are thrown into such a tangled mass that it is with great difficulty one can pick his way through them.

The Extent

The force was not confined to this one valley, but extended over an area of about two square miles, it being much more marked in the valleys and sides of the hills than on these summits. The sides of some of these hills are timbered by a growth of spruce and other evergreen trees. They now stand at different angles, leaning in different directions, interlacing their

tops in great confusion. Scrub oaks and other shrubs standing upon the disrupted land are now standing withered.

Several hundred acres of land which were the favorite pastures for cattle are now so completely shattered as to make it difficult for a man to pick his way over the surface. Several head of Mr. Scheldt's cattle were imprisoned by the upheaval and were rescued with great difficulty.

Before the upheaval, the dead trunks of aspen trees of considerable size stood in the lake. This indicates that the lake itself was of modern origin. These trees must have sunk at a time so recent as to leave the wood in a condition of comparative soundness.

Professor Farnham says that the Englishmen took excellent photographs of the scene, which will be extensively circulated. He expressed much gratitude to Mr. Scheldt for his kindness in guiding them to their destination."

So end the contributions to science, presumed to be from the fertile brain of Mr. Stein. Getting back to reality, it will be recalled that the last previous reliable report was in November, 1871, when the upper Clear Creek area apparently experienced a tremor.

The next occurrence was in Denver itself in November of 1882 and was circumstantially reported in the Denver papers.

The *Daily Rocky Mountain News* of November 8, 1882, reports it as follows:

TERRA TOTTERS

A Perceptible Earthquake Shock Felt in the City

The Large Buildings Tremble and Their Contents Shake

Neighboring Points Alarmed by the Rare Phenomenon

About 6:25 o'clock last evening, several residents of that part of Denver north of Larimer Street were startled by a sudden trembling of the

earth. There were three different shocks. The first one was decidedly the strongest, oscillating from west to east and backward and forward. The second and third shocks were comparatively light, but clearly perceptible from the upper stories of buildings and caused great consternation among many of the occupants of the rooms there.

A general stampede was caused among the employees of *The News* office, especially in the editorial rooms. The editors and reporters were seated, engaged at work, when the floors of the editorial rooms began to tremble violently. The first shock was followed by two lighter shocks, and for a short time it appeared as if the building were about to tumble in. The trembling ceased as suddenly as it began, lasting only a few seconds.

On the streets the strange phenomenon was generally talked of by persons who had felt the shocks and they were generally accredited to a passing earthquake. The most notable effect of the shock was felt at the Windsor, especially in the rooms on the upper stories. A lady named Mrs. Furst, wife of the chief clerk of the hotel was lying in her room on the fifth floor. When the shocks visited the city, Mr. Furst was absent from the room to his supper. He was startled by a hasty call from his wife, and when he reached her room, she related how the walls and floor had trembled in a violent and alarming way, as if the building were about to tumble in. It was at first supposed that Mrs. Furst was delirious, and that the trembling was only a fancy. But other women corroborated her story. Some of the gentlemen who were descending the stairs in the hotel when the shocks were felt, also corroborated her story and explained how the stair case had shaken violently, making passage on them exceedingly hazardous. Afterward it was discovered that all pendulum clocks, including the large railway timepiece on the office floor, had stopped at 6:25 o'clock. This is one of the strangest coincidences of the phenomenon.

The shocks were also felt by a perceptible trembling on the upper floors of the Tabor Block, (16th at Larimer), especially in the Western Union Telegraph operating room. There the operators were rocked to and fro in their chairs in a manner that alarmed them in no inconsiderable extent. The rocking ceased as suddenly as it began, and they hardly had time to realize what was the matter. All along Larimer Street, the shocks were distinctly felt by occupants of business blocks, but there were no alarming consequences reported.

It seems to have affected the residence of Mr. Birks Cornforth, corner of Holladay and Twenty-Third Streets, more than any place reported last night. His house trembled so violently that the family fled to the street, fearing that it would cave in on their heads. *News* reporters interviewed numerous persons last night about the strange phenomenon, and in every case, the story of its existence was corroborated.

The oscillations of the earthquake appeared to come from the direction of the mountains, travelling almost directly from west to east. The oscillation seemed to pass backward and forward. Interviews with old-timers last night revealed the fact that it is the first time in the history of Denver that earthquake shocks have ever been felt here.

The most peculiar feature of the earthquake is the fact that it was felt only in the northern half of Denver, that is the portion of the city lying north of Larimer Street; on the latter thoroughfare, it was barely perceptible. Interviews with the clerks at the St. James revealed the fact that it did not visit that section of the city at all.

The *Denver Republican* reports it this way: (Nov. 8, 1882)

AN EARTHQUAKE

Colorado and Wyoming Shaken Up by
Some Subterranean Upheaval

At 6:20 o'clock last evening the shock of an earthquake was plainly

felt in Denver, the buildings shaking violently. Reports from different portions of the city indicate that it was noticed and felt by hundreds of people. There was no rumbling sound or unusual atmospheric disturbance. The shock was exceedingly well defined in the business portion of the city, it being very severe where the *Republican* building stands. Those within the building, on the upper floors felt the shock so sharply that they scampered for down stairs to reach terra firma. The clock at the Windsor Hotel was stopped, and at several points in the city, buildings rocked to and fro. No serious damage resulted however, so far as heard from. The shock lasted for more than a minute. Old '59ers say this is the first shock of an earthquake ever felt in Colorado.

Telegraphic reports from points outside of Denver indicate that the earthquake extended over quite a large section of the country and was quite severe.

THE SHOCK IN GEORGETOWN

Georgetown, November 7. A slight earthquake shock was felt in various parts of the city at half-past six this evening. In one store the shock was such as to cause the inmates to run out of the building.

LARAMIE CITY'S EXPERIENCE

An earthquake shock was experienced here at 6:30 this evening. It was felt plainly all along the line of the Union Pacific, west as far as Evanston. Plastering fell in buildings at Rawlins, Point of Rocks and other points. Trains will be sent with great care as bridges may have been thrown out of place.

LOUISVILLE SHAKEN UP

Three distinct earthquake shocks were felt here at 6:30 this evening.

STATE AT LARGE

The earthquake visited nearly every Colorado town.

BOULDER

About 6:30 this evening an earthquake shook many houses at Boulder. At Louisville the shock was so great

that the wall of the depot was badly cracked. The ceilings of the University were stripped of plastering. Considerable damage reported elsewhere.

AT CHEYENNE

The earthquake here was accompanied by an electric flash that lighted up the northern sky. The shock was so violent that chandeliers and queensware in the houses rattled violently.

The *Gunnison Daily Review-Press*, Nov. 11, 1882, mentioned it briefly: "The usually staid and sober character of Mother Earth in this section of the country was disturbed on Tuesday night and again yesterday morning by an earthquake shock. No very great damage was done here, but some people were very much frightened."

The *Golden Transcript*, Nov. 8, 1882, had this to say:

Last Tuesday evening every business house, office and hotel lobby was crowded with excited politicians and interested citizens, who were discussing the probable outcome of the day's fight (election). Suddenly in the midst of all this confusion, came a violent shake. Strong men reeled and tottered an instant, reaching out as if to grasp some support. Those who had experienced the sensation before, pronounced it an earthquake, but many thought it the probable explosion of the powder works at Moorsville, about four miles from Denver, in Platte river. This fear was soon dispelled by dispatches from Denver, northern Colorado and points in Wyoming relating an experience similar to that felt in Golden. In Denver, three distinct shocks were felt, while in Golden there was but one at 6:30. In the larger buildings the effect was the most apparent. In the courthouse, which is situated on higher ground, the shock was felt with alarming distinctiveness. Walls of the building trembled and tottered as though they would crash to the earth. Deputy Sheriff Todd felt the floor tremble,

sprang to his feet and rushed into the jail corridor where a scene of wildest confusion ensued. Prisoners had felt the shock and were hammering on their cell doors and calling to be released. Terror had taken complete possession of them and it was some time before the Deputy and his assistant could quiet their fears and restore order. In the lower part of the city, the effect was not so violent, yet the agitation of the larger business blocks was sufficient to cause the occupants to rush out into the street as if to escape the disaster that seemed imminent. This is the second shock that has been experienced in this locality, the first one occurred about seven years ago and is vividly remembered by occupants of the Golden House.

A correspondent in the *Rocky Mountain News*, Nov. 28, 1882, wrote:

"The earthquake on the night of the 7th opened a crater in the Book Plateau Mountains about fifty miles from Grand Junction. So say prospectors who were on the ground at the time, smelled the sulphur, saw the chasm and the smoke issuing from it."

Silverton, probably feeling it had been left out, reported it had felt an earthquake shock on the night of the twenty-third. (*Rocky Mountain News*, Nov. 29, 1882) Thus ended the great earthquake of 1882. It is evident that it was a real earthquake, for which Colorado does not need to apologize. When the final reports were in, it was found that 11,000 square miles had been affected.

The next shocks are recorded in the *Colorado Topics*, Hyde, Washington County, October 26, 1888 (p2c1)

"Ranchmen and miners arriving from the foothills of the Cuerno Verde [Greenhorn] range, thirty miles west and southwest of Pueblo, report that a very distinct and quite startling earthquake shock occurred there on Tuesday at 11:40 A.M. Its direction was from northwest to southeast and it lasted nearly three minutes.

The noise was loud and rolling, being unlike any explainable cause. Dishes and light articles in houses were violently rattled, but no harm was done. Persons from points forty miles apart give the same report. They describe the tremor as, "rolling down the mountain."

Again in the same paper for Feb. 1, 1889, we read the following:

"There was a well defined earthquake shock in Routt County on the 15th. Thunder preceded the shocks but there was no rain. A peculiar phenomenon was observed at the Government Bridge. There the shock was productive of great gushes of water and gas. Fully three times as much water and gas was thrown out, and accompanying it was a most sulphurous stench that made people sick and caused birds to drop to the ground. When the convulsion ceased, the water receded and there was a sound like the rushing of a great river. The course of the shock was from the south northward."

The Topics for Feb. 8, 1889, reported:

"The shocks were also felt at Glenwood. The water in the big spring boiled and bubbled furiously for a few moments and was several degrees warmer than ever known before."

In December, 1891, according to an article in the *Steamboat Pilot*, Steamboat Springs, Colo., Aug 18, 1942, an earthquake rattled Moffat County.

"It happened about 4 P.M. The earth was convulsed by "waves" that rolled at intervals of a few seconds lasting for a minute or more. One of the living witnesses of the occurrence was Miss Hortense Fitzpatrick of Craig. Alone with her little brother at the ranch, she heard the rumble and felt the pulsations of the quake. Rushing from the house, they saw the family milk cow, standing near the end of the house, rocked from her feet to fall heavily against the log house. From an 800 foot cliff, a half-mile

from the house, rolled thousands of boulders, some of them as large as a house. This continued for a minute. Then fell that most impressive of silences, the silence that follows a temblor.

In Lily Park, the same things occurred. The few settlers then scattered over the country noted the quake at widely separated points. Mute evidence in the form of huge boulders still dot the flats at the foot of the cliffs."

The *Georgetown, Courier* for August 11, 1894, stated:

"The mining towns of Georgetown and Silver Plume were visited again in August 1894. It hit about 5 A.M. on a Sunday morning, coming from the north and was accompanied by a low rumbling sound."

The Yampa Valley was visited again on March 22, 1895. (*Rocky Mountain News*, March 24, 1895.) Windows were jarred and spoons and dishes rattled by the shock. It was felt in the valley from the town of Pleasant Valley, about twelve miles south of Steamboat Springs, to Hayden, a village about twenty five miles west of Steamboat Springs. It rolled from east to west and was accompanied by a report resembling the discharge of a blast in a mine, and a long low rumbling sound which was described by some like the breaking of ice in a river or lake.

This one seemed to last the state of Colorado for the rest of the 19th Century. It wasn't until November 15, 1901 that it was given another shake. *The Denver Times*, November 15, 1901, reported that a shock hit Bunea Vista about three o'clock in the morning, lasting about six seconds and was described as "severe." The large plate glass in the saloon of Malkmiss and Halbic was cracked.

A story in *Rocky Mountain Life*, Denver, for June, 1949, stated that there were four more in the next

forty years, bringing the total to sixteen, discounting the ones at Aspen and Cimarron. On November 11, 1913, strong shocks were felt in Ouray, Montrose and Telluride. Between April 20 and May 10, 1928, numerous quakes of considerable intensity were felt in Creede. February 13 to 27, 1941, Aspen was visited by shocks strong enough to rattle windows. In August, the same year, a quake was felt from Bayfield to the Vallecito Reservoir, 15 miles north. In Bayfield, dishes were tumbled from shelves and furniture was moved around.

One phenomenon not fully explained, happened near Flagler, Colorado. It is reported in a clipping in the State Historical Society, from the *Flagler News*, with no date,

STRANGE EARTH
DISTURBANCE ON
LOMAS BROTHERS FARM

The Lomas brothers' ranch 12 miles north and a mile west of Flagler has caused much interest among folks living in the neighborhood. The main disturbance occurred about three weeks ago when for some unknown reason, the earth beneath a large lagoon was suddenly erupted in two long ridges, one being some 150 yards in length and the other about a quarter of a mile.

The Lomas folks had heard queer noises beneath the thick ice on the lagoon for some time; and one day they heard a loud booming noise there. Upon investigation, they found the ground had heaved up in long ridges some two feet wide. The ice was broken in large slabs. Since that time, the water in the lagoon has been rapidly draining away so the earth ridges can be plainly seen.

Summarizing, we have the following record (excluding the questionable Leadville yarn of September 1880, and equally doubtful Cimarron report of 1886):

1875 (?) (Referred to by the *Colorado Transcript* in reporting the 1882 quakes)

April 24, 1867. (Eastern Colorado and Western Kansas)

December 7, 1870 (Denver and mountains west of Denver, and in Arkansas Valley)

November 10, 1871 (Georgetown and Silver Plume).

November 7, 1882 (the biggest one recorded, covering some 11,000 square miles in Colorado and Wyoming)

October 26, 1888 (Greenhorn Mountains south and west of Pueblo)

January 15, 1889 (Routt County and Glenwood Springs).

December, 1891 (Moffat County)

August, 1894 (Georgetown and Silver Plume)

March 22, 1895 (Moffat County).

November 15, 1901 (Buena Vista).

November 11, 1913 (Ouray, Montrose and Telluride).

April 20 to May 10, 1928 (Creede).

February 13-27, 1941 (Aspen)

August, 1941 (Bayfield).

As a member of the Topographic Division of the Geological Survey, rather than the Geologic Division, I have not attempted to analyze the earthquakes, but my own personal opinion is that Colorado's *Terra* is not as *Firma* as it seems.

THE FRANCISCO FORT MUSEUM LA VETA, COLORADO

Laurence C. Bray

The Francisco Fort Museum at La Veta, which is currently enjoying considerable interest from local people and tourists alike, had its beginnings in 1956, when Mrs. Murray Daniels of Antonito generously offered the old adobe structure known as the Francisco Plaza to the City of La Veta, on the condition that it be used for museum purposes. Mrs. Daniels had inherited the property from her uncle, Colonel John Francisco, who with his partner, Henry Daigre, had built the plaza in 1862.

Mrs. Daniel's offer was accepted and an organization began to take form which became the Huerfano County Historical Society, whose prime pur-

pose was to promote the idea of the museum and to provide the means for its operation after establishment. The enterprise was on a county-wide basis. After some repairs and a few modifications the museum was duly opened to the public in May, 1958. The intervening time had been devoted to the assembling of material to be exhibited and to securing members for the society.

When the Plaza was built by the partners, Francisco, former sutler at Forts Massachusetts and Garland, and Daigre, a freighter, its purpose was to serve as a fortified headquarters for their Cucharas Ranch. The land which comprised the ranch had been deeded by Ceran St. Vrain and was a

part of the Vigil-St. Vrain Mexican land grant of four million acres. The adobe building was one story high of room depth, enclosing three sides of a square, measuring approximately one hundred feet in each direction on the inside or patio side. A wooden stockade fence enclosed the east side of the structure. There was a gate on the north side and a parapet around the roof for defenders in case of Indian attack. (In 1866 the Plaza withstood an attack by a band of Ute Indians under Chief Ka-ni-at-se).

A portion of the Plaza is currently used as living quarters by two sets of occupants. The balance comprises the museum portion which consists of seven of the original rooms and an enclosed porch which has been added. Six of the seven rooms exhibit a wide variety of articles and items of historical interest, most of them typifying the early days in Southern Colorado. For the most part, these have been furnished by the descendants of the early pioneers. In addition to the multitude of articles of every description, there are many fascinating pictures, clippings and early records. A seventh room contains a natural history collection, generally considered to be outstanding. The number of items exhibited in the museum exceeds one thousand.

In addition to Mrs. Daniels, the donor of the property, who continues to take a most active interest in the project, there is a group which has contributed the driving force in the establishment and the operation of the enterprise. Prominent in the group are Milton Utt of La Veta, President of the Huerfano County Historical Society, Mrs. William Thach of Walsenburg, Miss Amelia Sporleder of La Veta and Mr. Proctor Hayes, Mayor of La Veta.

The Francisco Fort Museum is open during specified hours, five months of the year, May 15th to October 15th,

and by appointment during the balance of the year. Admittance is free. Its location is in the center of La Veta, Colorado, which is beautifully situated at the foot of the West Spanish Peak, sixteen miles west of Walsenburg on State Highway 111 (one mile north of U.S. 160). The East and West Spanish Peaks, of course, are the Wah-ha-toya (Breasts of the World), of Santa Fe trail days, and the whole area is replete with history.

In the eighteen months since the opening of the Francisco Fort Museum, over ten thousand persons have signed the guest register, including visitors from every one of the fifty states and at least eight foreign countries. Inasmuch as every visitor does not sign the book, it can be assumed that the total number exceeds twelve thousand.

It has been noted that those who visit the museum quite consistently show satisfaction at having made the slight detour to La Veta from the main highway (U.S. 160), and express themselves as having been well repaid.

Book Reviews

(continued from page 4)

so superbly printed by Arthur Clark Company.

Probably no one man enjoyed the fullness of life as did William H. Jackson. He was an artist, photographer, bullwhacker, soldier and explorer. And during all these experiences, he kept diaries. This volume concerns three of these diaries.

The book is divided into three parts: the Diary of 1866-67, covering his trip to California and return; the Diary of 1873, covering his work with the Hayden Survey in Colorado; and the Diary of 1874, covering

his trip to Mesa Verde to photograph the Cliff Dwellings. Although the book should be of interest to all of us living in the west, the second and third parts are of special interest to Coloradans.

After his trip to California and return to Omaha (part one) Jackson opened a photo studio and was soon employed by the Union Pacific Rail road to photograph scenes along its line. In 1870, he was asked by Prof. F. V. Hayden to join Hayden's group to survey the Territories. No salary—only expenses. Needless to say, Jackson jumped at the chance.

Part 2, entitled "To the Central Rockies 1873", deals with his work in connection with the Hayden Survey of Colorado that year. In Jackson's words, his orders were, upon leaving Denver, to go "First to Long's Peak, thence south along the Snowy Range to Gray's Peak, and from there work around by way of Pike's Peak to a rendezvous of all parties at Fairplay in South Park." How he managed to keep a dairy while doing all this photographing, is amazing. Roll film had not been invented and every picture was made on glass. He also had not one camera, but several of different sizes, which meant carrying several sizes of glass negatives.

Part 3 is really a continuation of the Hayden survey in 1874. Jackson's main objective was to photograph the Cliff Dwellings of Mesa Verde.

The Hafens have done a superlative job of supplying much needed information with their footnotes. Jackson of course, never dreamed his diaries would some day be published, and naturally kept details to a minimum. The research the Hafens have done must have taken as long as one of Jackson's trips.

If this reviewer could have only one book in this series, this would be it.

F. B. R.

Twenty Four Years a Cowboy and Ranchman; with an introduction by A. M. Gibson. University of Oklahoma Press, 1959, 183 pp. illus. \$2.00.

This is another in the series called *The Western Frontier Library*, in which the University of Oklahoma is reprinting contemporary books of the frontier period which would otherwise be available to only a few fortunate possessors of the original edition. When this one was discovered, only three copies of it were known to be in existence, for example.

On the page preceding Chapter 1 it states, "Who changes or rewrites this man's life, I will prosecute to the full extent of the law." Probably this kept the University of Oklahoma Press from retitling the book to **TWENTY-FOUR YEARS A KILLER AND BUTCHER.**

This book really raised the hair on the back of my neck. If there is a pebble of truth to it (the introduction seems to think there is) then this man Will Hale was the Al Capone of the Texas-Mexican border. Only Al Capone would be a Methodist minister by comparison. At least Capone's gang were selective in their killing.

I don't mean to imply that the book shouldn't have been re-printed. It is important that it has been. The book covers the years 1835 to 1905. Will Hale's father was a Captain in the Mexican war and he seemingly condoned the shooting of Mexicans like jackrabbits. The story is mostly concerned with the killing of Mexicans, negroes, Indians, and horses.

Pick a page at random. Page 41: "One of our men, one of Plaster's and a Ranger were sent to kill the Indians with the horses, which they did. As soon as they had done this we charged the camp and killed ten the first fire. We shot a great many

afterwards." Page 42: "On the eighteenth of September we headed for the ranch. We had a fight with some Comanche Indians. We killed four horses and twelve Indians." Page 10: "The next day the boys rode out to look after the cattle and shot four or five Indians." Just like we shoot jackrabbits now.

Page 23: "The fight went on and eighteen Mexicans and Indians were down never to rise again, and by the time the fight ended seven more had bitten the dust." It was easy and lots of fun. And all this happened while he was on vacation from school in the East. As Will matured he really began to take his killing seriously.

He took time out to take part in the Civil War and describes his actions in several chapters. After the War he went back to the Lone Star State to follow the wild life of a cowboy, or so he said. The killing began again. Page 68: "A bunch of Mexicans came along about twenty miles above

the Smith brother's ranch. About seven of us went out and killed the ones with the horses, and then we rushed them all, and took the cattle."

Page 71: "Next morning we went for the Mexicans and in the fight killed all. Three tried to get away, but Jim Smith and Tom ran after and killed them." When you read the book you might keep count. I think they must have set some kind of record.

In between the slaughter there are many interesting stories of the cattle drives, of Billy the Kid, of trips to Dakota and Wyoming, New Mexico and Colorado.

It is told first person and as a cowboy would talk and I'd say that Cowboy Hale was either one of the tallest of tale-tellers or else that he shot six-guns such as they use in Hollywood TV Westerns today. I mean the cool, ever-firing kind.

Pete Smythe PM

CONRAD KOHRS—CATTLEMAN

Herbert P. White

(Continued from November)

Problems at "the big house" came thick and fast. The old home-made beds, with strings of rawhide stretched across for springs, and a straw tick for a mattress, Mrs. Kohrs discovered, harbored bed bugs. Right then and there a war of extermination began—attacks of kerosene and boiling water. It continued all that summer and into the next year and after that, unless some chance traveler left some of the pests, there were never any more bed bugs.

Mrs. Kohrs had the old-fashioned pride in taking care of her own household; she had a horror of having her mother know she had a man cook, so Con had to discharge the cook and Augusta Kruse Kohrs did all the work of "the big house" herself.

When the first baby was born there was no woman to help in the country, so Doc Crippen and Con had to attend her. Unfortunately the doctor neglected her and she suffered for months.

"The big house," under the direction of Mrs. Kohrs, harbored many of the great names of the time. It was a bit of civilization in an otherwise expansive raw land. In later years the folks who sat at the table might run from 18 to as many as 40.

In the early years the ranch hands ate at "the big house" and one night after the evening meal, Mrs. Kohrs asked the men to remain.

"My baby will presently learn to talk," she told them. "I want you all to help me see that the first words she learns are not cursing words. Down at the corrals and around the ranch the way you talk is your own business, but around this house your language is my business. I ask you to remember that."

The boys knew from her determined tone she meant just what she said and, while their expletives might rend the air away from "the big house," there, at least, their talk was moderate indeed.

The Kohrs herds had grown so extensively they required more and more of Con's attention. Quality became more and more a consideration as the state settled up and the competition grew more strenuous. Con was among the very first to bring Herefords to the state. He raised the bulls at the Dog Creek Ranch near Deer Lodge and they were then shipped to the range for breeding purposes. From that time—1880—the Herefords took first place in Kohrs' operations.

Tom Hooban, who had worked for the CK outfit, Con's main brand, for a long time, advised Con to put a thousand cattle in the Sun River country, as they were too numerous to winter in the Deer Lodge valley without feeding. It was the finest and largest herd in Montana.

His first sortie into politics occurred about that time. He was elected

county commissioner and discharged his duties nicely.

Taking no chances when the second child was expected, Con sent over to Helena for Doc Click. It cost him \$1,000 but Mrs. Kohrs had good care and the second baby—also a girl—got a good start, so Con was pleased to pay the bill, high though it was.

Con went into mining to some extent, but all in all he never prospered greatly in that industry. He did make a stake in the Cable mine, near Anaconda. It was a gold-quartz property and from it he obtained certain funds that gave him a better start in his cattle enterprise. His success as a cattleman had gained wide attention and, as is the cost in the free enterprise scheme of things, competitors moved in on him. A herd drove in from Texas and settled in the Sun River country. Hall and Martin, big operators, located another large bunch on the Big Hole—these in addition to the big drives from Missouri and the additional cattle which were being produced in the Territory.

By this time the cream of the placer mining was past and many of the miners followed the stampede to White Pine and other districts in Nevada. Thus there was less local demand for beef and there was an outward flow to the CK fortunes.

Mr. and Mrs. Kohrs took time off that winter to return to Hamburg. In Denver Con made arrangements with Colonel Roberts, an old acquaintance, to buy cattle in Texas the following spring, and trail them to Montana.

After a stormy passage, on the return voyage, the Kohrs family returned to Davenport where Kohrs bought his first herd of Shorthorn cattle from a Mr. Paddleford who lived on the Illinois side of the river.

Meanwhile Colonel Roberts was trailing northward the herd of 2,500

head of Texas cattle he had bought for Kohrs. Tom Hooban had moved into a new Kohrs ranch on the west side of the Snake River, some distance above American Falls, out in the Idaho country. The bottom land was named Hooban Bottom. It was a great place for hay and Hooban put up a lot of it that summer. This was to be the terminal point for the Texas drive. Roberts, however, had trouble and delays. It was a dry season and he left about half the herd to winter near Fort Steele on the North Platte.

Determined to get the balance to Hooban Bottom and its nourishing hay, Colonel Roberts ran into severe storms and lost many of the cattle and quite a few horses, but late in November landed with the balance at Ross Fork. The slush ice had all begun running and it took several days to cross. The cattle milled wildly about in the chilly water and further numbers were drowned or froze to death afterward. The remnants of the herd were gaunt and lean when they reached Hooban Bottom. The winter was severe and even with all the hay that had been provided the cattle did not do well. And, singularly enough, the winter on the North Platte was mild. The herd which had been left there wintered well and without loss!

The upturning economic cycle was running out its course that year. The best of the mines were being worked out and it was the last year of several in which Con Kohrs sold beef at profitable prices. Lack of demand and oversupply combined to lower prices of the beef and cattle. Fine big steers from the Sun River herd went at \$25.00 a head. The Colonel Roberts end of the business was liquidated, the steers on the North Platte going at \$10 a head. The stuff on the Snake, not being salable, was carried over the summer grazing season.

By this time Montana could not absorb all the Kohrs cattle. Feeling

that the fall drive from Montana to the rail head at Cheyenne was too far for a season's drive, Kohrs decided to gather his Montana cattle and drive to the Snake to winter. He had a lot of steers in the Bitter Root and the Deer Lodge areas and he started out with them rather late in the fall. Storms made the going so difficult it was almost impossible to get the wagons through. Many times four-horse teams had to be aided by all the cow horses pulling with ropes hitched around the saddle horns.

Within a few days from the Hooban Bottoms they got the herd into a fine bottom with plenty of grass. The cattle became quiet and were doing so well the boys went to supper without guarding the herd. Con came up the back trail and surveyed the peaceful scene below him. Then his eyes caught the quick flash of a brown object coming out of the wilows. It was a bear!

The cattle became terrified, stampeded. Every horse tore loose and the whole outfit was left afoot.

The cattle scattered to the four winds. Only remnants of the herd were finally put into the Hooban Bottoms. For a long time after that the CK brand showed up in roundups in that area.

Cattle continued cheap. Kohrs cleaned out the production in the Bitter Root at ten dollars a head for four-year-old steers. For those in the Deer Lodge valley he paid twenty dollars. He had another twenty-three hundred head that had been wintered at Father Van Corp's St. Ignatius Mission. To these he added a herd from Sun River and started out for Cheyenne over the Cherokee trail. One of the drives was a waterless stretch of 35 miles, but he got the herd aboard cars without great loss and sent them to Joe Rosenbaum at Chicago.

As Montana settled with homesteaders, Kohrs was forced to extend

his operations over a wider area. In 1877 he purchased cattle in the Bitter Root, and throwing them with his herd from Sun River, he wintered on the North Platte. In the spring he drove them into North Park in the western part of Colorado in whose lush high-mountain meadows no other cattle ranged except those bearing the CK brand. Antelope by the thousands grazed in the area. By fall the cattle were fat and were driven to Laramie. Being unable to get cars, Con drove them toward Pine Bluff where there was plenty of feed and water.

Take a look on a map sometime and see what a drive this was. Kohrs considered it just a part of the season's work. As is usually the case, the hard work paid off. Kohrs got \$48 per head at Pine Bluff. His expenses had not mounted much past \$4,000, so much of the return was clear profit. Quite in contrast to today's operators, the profit all belonged to Conrad Kohrs; he had no income tax to pay.

That fall Con got word that his third child, a boy, was born. The youngster was named William.

The years went on. Besides his "steer" operations Kohrs branded 4,900 calves in his Sun Valley herd which had increased wonderfully in quantity and in quality. However, blackleg broke out and he lost a majority of the calves.

Kohrs' operations extended also to the eastern part of the state where he acquired large tracts of land for, as others took up the open range, Kohrs was forced to change his pace from free-grass to owned-grass.

As time went on his deals grew larger. He bought out the firm of Davis, Hauser & Stuart for \$400,000 for the cattle, horses and ranches, with the cattle being marked in at \$32 per head. And that was only one of his purchases.

The golden spike was driven at Gold Creek, just beyond Deer Lodge,

linking Montana by rail with the east and west coasts. In 1885 Con was elected to the Territorial Legislature—the so-called Cow Boy Legislature. He and Theodore Roosevelt, who represented the cattlemen of the Little Missouri, were members of the executive committee of the Montana Stock-growers Association, whose meetings were also held at Helena that winter. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1889. The convention consisted of a fine body of men who were influential in drafting laws safeguarding the rights of all classes. Later he served several terms in the state legislature.

Cattle and horse rustling had grown to such proportions that some proposed the formation of vigilance committees. Roosevelt spoke out positively against the proposal, declaring the action to be contrary to the privilege of such an association.

However, the next winter eastern Montana cattlemen who had suffered grievously banded together, descended on thieves at Mouse River in North Dakota, identified their property, and hanged the men. And that wasn't the only time the Montana Vigilantes struck at cattle thieves.

It was natural that Con Kohrs should attend the cattle convention in St. Louis the following fall. The western and southern men wanted concessions from the government. The southerners wanted the Texas Trail to be left very wide so they could have plenty of grass to graze their cattle and drive north. They wanted the trail to remain open for twenty years, appreciating that barb wire and men with plows would by then overrun the trail. The westerners wanted a lease of all the grazing country from Colorado and Wyoming north to Canada.

While he was in the east Kohrs got word of his mother's serious illness and he was with her at her passing.

His own health was not good. Doctors diagnosed his illness at tuberculosis. His illness slowed him down. He spent most of the next summer at home but made a trip to Fort MacGinnis to look over the range situation. He offered his eastern Montana herd to eastern capitalists. The price was one million dollars. The ranch had about 35,000 head of cattle—23,000 branded DHS, of which Con and Bielenberg, Con's half brother, owned one-third; and about 12,000 CK cattle. That was a dry year on the eastern Montana range and because of the dryness the deal was not consummated. Arrangements were made for winter grazing in Canada. The fall season set in with indications the winter would be long and difficult. A top mantle of snow covered the Montana land and all the roads became blocked.

Con planned to take his family south for the balance of the winter, but instead he went to New York to a Doctor Curtis who had been recommended to him by a Canadian who seemed to suffer the affliction that had befallen Con Kohrs. Con was certain nothing had ever been wrong with his lungs. He felt the difficulty was all in his nose and throat and he was pleased indeed when Doctor Curtis assured him his lungs were all right. The doctor removed some polypi from his nose in a series of minor operations and Con's recovery from then was rapid.

In Chicago, on his return home, he met a Mr. Broadwater who had brought cattle into Montana in the fall. Broadwater told him that the cattle losses throughout Montana had been heavy.

"Broad," Con told him, "I have my health again; that is worth more than all the cattle."

Con's associates in Montana, not wanting to heap further worry on a sick man, did not inform Con of the winter's severity. But the spring

roundup showed the situation graphically. The branding dropped from 8,000 calves to a mere 900!

More than that, his usual sources of credit dried up. Hearing of his difficulties, A. J. Davis, Sr., of Butte's First National Bank, sent word to Con. When Con paid his visit Davis said to him, "Kohrs, I've watched you over the years. You're honest and you know the cattle business. What more can a banker ask? . . . Draw on me up to a quarter million dollars."

The confidence of such a friend added greatly to Kohrs' courage but conditions that year did not seem auspicious. He did not draw on any of the Davis line of credit. However, the next year, he decided to build back his herds. His drafts started coming into the Butte bank and Davis is said to have looked them over with the pleased comment, "Well, I guess Con's getting back into business again!" Kohrs, together with Bielenberg and the Pioneer Cattle Company, in which Con had an interest, bought 9,000 head of cattle that year.

The next year was one of good grass in Montana but the corn belt suffered a serious drought. Result: cattle prices tumbled. Kohrs and Bielenberg and the Pioneer Company shipped only enough that fall to cover expenses and interest.

Spring came early on the Montana range in 1891. In May the grass was six to seven inches high and the cattle were fat. Beef was scarce. Even in the Butte and Helena markets the firm sold a train load with cows at \$45 and steers at \$65 per head, without a cut.

By this time young Bill Kohrs was big enough to accompany his father on cattle trips but in loading some stuff that summer of 1891 the youngster was thrown from his horse and broke a leg.

The fall market price was even better than the spring's. The first fall

train averaged 1,585 pounds and brought \$5.25. The steers, of course, were four and five years old. That fall the Davis loan was repaid and there was plenty of profit left over.

The last decade of the century saw Kohrs occupied with even more extensive operations—buying up herds in the Idaho, Washington and Oregon areas; trailing in from Texas; operating in eastern Montana as well as the Deer Lodge area and in Idaho. In 1899 the Kohrs family spent the winter at Helena and continued to live there most of the time from then on. That year Kohrs acquired a large ranch in Dawson county and stocked it with Texas cattle which were unloaded at Billings and then trailed in.

Conrad Kohrs had battled and suffered, had his ups and downs, his good and his ill fortunes. Once he told John Clay, founder of the live stock commission firm that still bears his name, "I guess I've been broke more times than any other man in Montana!"

However, by dint of hard work, courage and credit, he always came back and as the string of his years began to play out it became his happy hope—as it is of all fathers—that his son would carry on his enterprises. Imagine then the hurt to his soul that bright spring day of 1901 when a telegram came notifying him of Bill's serious illness. The young man was in his second year at Cornell. Before Con and Mrs. Kohrs could get started on the journey to their boy, news came of his death. It was the hardest loss Con had ever been called on to bear.

Young Bill Kohrs would miss the tall, green grass, the far-flung hills and the silver-running rivers of Montana in springtime. Yet, as Con probably mused, Bill must have been called to ride a happier and prettier range.

They say we live for our children

after we're forty and Con Kohrs' years were much beyond that in 1901. Bill's death seemed to sweep from Montana's Mr. Cattleman much of the purpose of life.

The man with the plow had ripped up whole sections of sod. Barb wire was more than ever fencing in the colorful adventurous spirits that had attacked the battlements of the frontier.

The years to 1915 were years of liquidation in the career of Conrad Kohrs. He got rid of his ranches; sold out his mining and water properties, and shipped his cattle. He continued to live at Helena, saw the young men march away to war in 1917. He lived to see the war's end and joined in the ultimately futile hope that the world had witnessed its last war. In the twilight of his time he could take comfort that the west had grown more peaceful—had become a better place in which to live. And he, as Montana's Mr. Cattleman, had aided in bringing about that security.

He died in 1920.

Epilogue

Conrad Kohrs had one grandson. This youngster was born to Katherine Christine Kohrs, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Kohrs, and Dr. Otes Yancy Warren, a noted alienist. Dr. Warren died when his son was a small lad, but young Con got some of the story of his grandfather and his "feel" for cattle from the old gentleman himself. The Kohrs' land holdings were then reduced to less than a thousand acres near Deer Lodge, the good meadow land that surrounded The Big House.

Young Con entered the University of Virginia. It was the family's hope he'd follow in his father's steps in medicine. But back there in the east, in his second year of college, young Con got to thinking of Montana in

the springtime, and he decided that medicine was not for him.

Back to Montana he went. He made a deal to acquire the old Kohrs ranch that had been started by Johnny Grant and established himself in the cattle business. He assembled a good quality commercial outfit and found ready sale for the bulls he could raise, but he had not gotten far into the business when Montana wisely decided that only registered bulls could run on its ranges.

Young Con went into the registered business. The first sire he obtained was Prince Blanchard 5th, by Painter's Domino 482nd. In more recent years he obtained Proud Star by WHR Proud Princeps 9th, \$6,000 sale-topper at Walton Thorp's (Britton, S. Dak) 1946 sale. He paid \$15,000 for Sun Stan Domino 1st at Sunland Hereford Ranch, Sanger, Calif., and with an ever-constant eye for the good ones he had to pay \$36,000 at the Thornton dispersion in Gunnison for National Western Champion TT Triumphant.

In 1948 young Con decided that with nearly \$60,000 invested in herd sires—"It's about time I started paying some of my creditors." So he held a sale that fall and lots of his good cows that carried the services of the fine bulls he had bought clear across the country left his ranch.

There was a bit of drama to the sale that may have escaped those who did not know the story of Conrad Kohrs.

Auctioneer H. B. Sager called the crowd to attention. He introduced young Con—Conrad Kohrs Warren—and his attractive wife, who was a Montana-born girl. But Con Warren wouldn't come into the ring until he

got hold of the halter of Prince Blanchard 5th.

"The Prince" was then 15 years old. He had founded the entire female herd of Warren Herefords. Even in his advanced years his greatness was plainly discernible. Con rubbed his neck and "The Prince" liked it and you could tell there was a bond of affection between the two.

"This old fellow has played a major part in what Warren Herefords have to offer you today," Con told the crowd.

You could see young Con swallow hard and his voice broke a trifle. It was a question whether he could continue his speech but he struggled on.

"He's going to no packing house to end his career. He'll stay right on here just as long as the Good Lord will let him."

Con's mother, Katherine Kohrs Bogart, was in the crowd and she smiled approvingly. Who can say that there was not another smile by Montana's Mr. Cattleman—Conrad Kohrs—whose spirit must still hover over the Deer Lodge Valley and the hundred other splendid areas that are Montana's cattle country.

If you listened closely that day—if you had known the story of Conrad Kohrs—you could almost hear the Old Cattleman say proudly to his grandson, "It's all right, Con. There's got to be a place for sentiment in life. There's got to be a bond of affection between a man and his cattle or he won't ever be great in the cattle business."

The foregoing article on Conrad Kohrs is in part based on an article by Mr. White which appeared in Western Livestock (Denver, Colorado) in 1949.