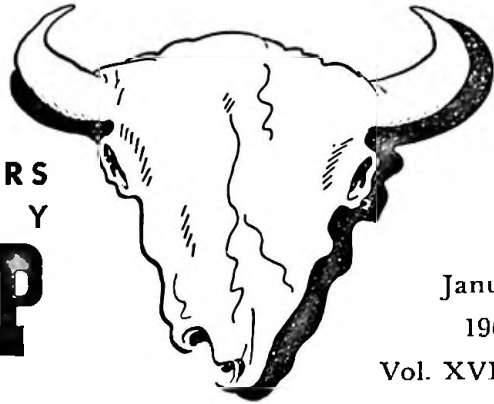
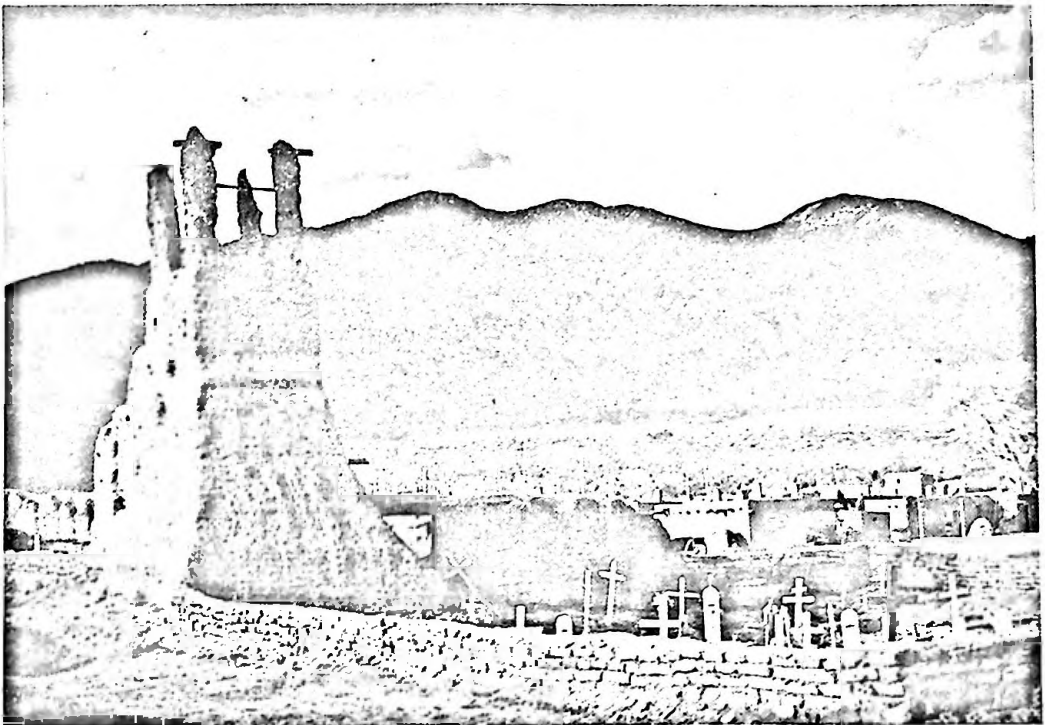


The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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Ruins of San Geronimo de Taos Mission. Erected 1704; destroyed in Indian uprising of 1847.
(Courtesy Fred and Joe Mazzulla)

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FEBRUARY MEETING

"Another View of the Sandcreek Affair"

By: DR. RAYMOND G. CAREY

6:00 P.M., Wednesday, February 24, 1960

Denver Press Club 1330 Glenarm Place

This is one of the most controversial events in Colorado annals. Dr. Carey, professor of history at the University of Denver, has made an exhaustive study of the battle at Sand Creek and will bring us some of the findings of his research.

NEW MEXICO — ITS CONQUISTADORES AND ITS INTERPRETERS

BY ARMAND W. REEDER

To the existence of the frontier we owe those things which chiefly distinguish American institutions and character from those of the Old World. The mastery of the frontier is the Great Romance of America and its story engages the greatest affection of our people. Long after the passing interest in most current literature, the great source books and fine secondary work on Western history will remain to enlighten instruct and entertain.

But as we Westerners delve into the lives, ideals, work, journeys and activities of the frontiersman and pioneer who went from East to West by trail and river routes to accomplish the winning of the West, we tend to overlook another movement. The south to north movement—the

entradas of Spaniards into our present day Southwest, which took place hundreds of years before the Westward Movement, yes, hundreds of years before the time of Carson or Pike or Fremont.

Perhaps the first Spaniard to see and write about our Southwest was Alvar Nunez de Vaca. In 1528 a ship of the Narvaez expedition was wrecked on the coast of Florida. The only survivors were de Vaca, two other Spaniards and a negro slave named Estevan or Black Stephen. The story of the privations and suffering of de Vaca and his companions over a period of eight years, in which time they traveled by foot from coast to coast is an odyssey well worth reading. It was the boasting of Black Stephen in Mexico City about the Seven Cities



ARMAND W. REEDER, a Posse member of Denver Westerners, is a native of St. Louis, Mo., where he was reared and educated as a lawyer. His business background consists of many years in the legal department of various railroads. At the present time he is associated with the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railway as its General Agent in Denver. He is a member of many historical societies; a charter member of the St. Louis Historical Documents Foundation; a charter member of the St. Louis Westerners and its Sheriff for five years; a member of the Lexington Group of Railroad Historians sponsored by Northwestern University. He is also a member and ratings critic of the Western Writers of America, and has served as a judge on its Spur Award. For the past fifteen years he has been Western Books critic for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and has written numerous papers on Western subjects.

of Gold that led to the Coronado Expedition.

When Antonio de Mendoza became first viceroy of New Spain he decided to follow through on these stories of the Golden Cities. He got hold of a remarkable missionary-adventurer who had lived at Nice, in the Duchy of Savoy, hence his usual designation as Marcos de Niza. Vice-Mendoza decided to send Fray Marcos, with the Negro slave Estevan as a guide, along with some native retainers, on a scouting expedition. Before the expedition reached the golden country, Estevan was sent ahead with a few of the natives. He sent back runners to tell Fray Marcos that he had found many wonderful things and was proceeding posthaste to the seven fabulous cities. Evidently Estevan and his band cut a gay swath across Arizona north to the Zuni pueblos. At Zuni, however, the magic of Estevan's personality failed. The Zunis ordered him away from their country and when he refused the Zunis killed him. One or two members of his party escaped and rushed back to tell Fray Marcos what had happened. The scared prelate proceeded only far enough to view the Zuni pueblos from a distant hill-top. Let's deal kindly with the Lying Monk. Perhaps a New Mexico sunset bathed the distant Indian town in gold as it would today. At any rate Fray Marcos was satisfied with what he saw and hurried home. His golden report added fuel to the excitement back home and the dons vied with each other to be the big conquistador and bring home the golden bacon. Political troubles caused many delays, but in 1539-40 a colossal expedition was organized at Compostela which, after many vicissitudes and false starts, finally got under way from Culiacan in February, 1540, under the captaincy of Francisco Vas-

quez de Coronado. It was quite a task force, 300 horsemen, 200 foot soldiers, 1,000 Indians, Fray Marcos and several other friars, plus horses, cattle, mules, sheep, swine, etc. Coronado's trail led up through the White Mountains of Arizona and into the pueblo country of western New Mexico. The expedition arrived at the first city of Cibola (assumed to be Hawihuk) on July 7, 1540. Despite the stubborn resistance of a valiant little band of defenders, the city was conquered, though Coronado was almost killed in the fight. Then the Spaniards' worst fears were realized. There was no gold. The bubble had burst.

But Coronado was not ready to give up. He heard of a group of seven towns far to the northwest. He established camp at one of the Zuni pueblos and dispatched a squad of men under Captain Pedro de Tovar to visit those towns. De Tovar reached the Moqui (or Hopi) pueblos, but found them very much like Zuni. Coronado sent out another detail, under a Captain Cardenas. Cardenas paid the Moqui pueblos a call, and then continued on to the Colorado River and discovered the Grand Canyon. Then Coronado sent Captain Alvarado with twenty men, to visit the Rio Grande pueblos and to reconnoiter the buffalo plains. This was in August, 1540. On his return journey, Alvarado encountered a captive Pawnee whom the Spaniards dubbed El Turco, because he looked like a Turk. According to history, the Pueblo Indians told the Turk to take the Spaniards as far away as possible, tell them anything they wanted to hear and lose them for once and always.

We've been lenient with Fray Marcos. So let's be lenient with The Turk. The Spaniards talked of gold. The Turk was unfamiliar with gold.

But he was wearing copper ornaments. Perhaps he thought "this must be cuivre (copper) of my native land." Perhaps he told the Spaniards of the great deposits of copper in his native land. Copper, gold, what difference? To the Turk, both were yellow metals. The Spaniards know no French, and so they changed the word cuivre to Quivira, to denote the land they sought, the Gran Quivira, the land of unbelievable riches. This mixup in knowledge and language, assisted by their inborn greed, caused the Spaniards, guided by Turk, to journey clear across Colorado and Kansas, in search of this Quivira. When they found the Turk had misled them, they strangled him. Then with lowered heads they started the long trek back to Mexico, without any gold.

Coronado's expedition was in the field two and one-half years. He returned disillusioned and disheartened. But ever since Coronado men have been searching for the gold and silver and copper that lies hidden in hills and mountains of our western states. The mirage that lures them on never fades, the dream never dies. Hope and credulity remain even when failure is apparent. Castaneda, the chronicler of Coronado's expedition, expressed it with poignant understanding: "Granted that they did not find the riches of which they had been told, they found a place to search for them." Coronado's romantic entrada was so barren of results that for four decades the borderland was almost forgotten.

In 1580, a friar named Rodriguez who had learned of the terraced pueblos of the Upper Rio Grande, was fired with missionary zeal, went to Mexico City and obtained permission to organize an expedition to the pueblo country. The party consisted of Rodriguez and two friars

named Francisco Lopez and Juan de Santa Maria; Captain Sanchez Chamuscado and eight soldiers and nineteen Indians servants. They started off in June 1581 from Santa Barbara, moved down the Rio Conchos to the Rio Grande, then up the latter stream, following the prehistoric Indian road. They probably crossed the river at the site of El Paso; at any rate they named the ford at that point El Paso del Rio Del Norte—the Ford of the River of the North. They traveled through all the vast desert region until they reached the first pueblos in the region of Socorro. From there they continued up the river, fifty leagues, passing numerous pueblos on the way to the Tigua (Tiwa) towns about Bernallillo. Against the advice of the rest Father Santa Maria now set out alone to report the discoveries in Mexico, but was killed within a few days by the Indians. The rest of the party visited the salinas east of the Manzano Mountains and the buffalo plains beyond the Pecos. West of the river they visited Acoma and Zuni. Leaving the other missionaries at Puaray, near the present Bernallillo, the soldiers returned to Nueva Vizcaya. The important consequences of the expedition was the renewed interest taken in the explored country.

Viceroy Mendoza promptly sent reports of the expedition to the Crown and recommended authority be granted for occupying the newly-explored land. (This was a different Mendoza than the one ruling at the time of Coronado. He was not even of the same family.) His recommendation was quickly approved, but as the project would take some time in getting under way, the Order of Friars Minor (the Franciscans) were insistent that some kind of a rescue party be sent to the assistance of the two unprotected friars.

Then, in 1582, Antonio de Espejo, native of Cordova, Spain, and wealthy rancher near Santa Barbara, volunteered to form and finance such a party. The party comprised Espejo, 12 soldiers, two friars named Heredia and Beltran, and a number of Indian servants. They took along 115 horses and mules, a large supply of provisions and arms, also trinkets to trade to the natives. They followed Chamuscado's route northward to the Piro pueblos—those occupying the Rio Grande Valley from the present San Marcial to within 50 miles of Albuquerque, where the country of the Rio Grande Tiwa or "the province of Tigux" (Teewesh) of Coronado commenced. The other Piro division, of course, sometimes called Tompiros, are those pueblos which lay east of the Manzano Mountains in the vicinity of the salt lagoons and the plains of Estancia, now known as the cities that died of fear. Upon reaching the northernmost pueblo, Espejo was informed that the friars had been killed and that the Tigua people immediately ahead were hostile, armed and ready for the Spaniards. There was a lot of dissension in the party at this time. Some wanted to return to New Spain; others wanted to push on; still other thought they should remain where they were and fortify their position.

Espejo took the initiative, left most of his guard at the Piro pueblo, took two men and visited the transmontane Piro to the East. A short while later he was back and the entire party moved northward. The Indians of every pueblo they came to fled and Espejo helped himself to the corn, beans and squashes stored in the Pueblos. They marched as far as the Jemez river and then swung westward to Cibola, visiting Acoma and Inscription Rock, or El Moro, enroute. They visited all seven of the Moqui Pueblos, where they had a

small battle, Espejo proving victorious. Several smaller exploring parties were sent out, but they were all reunited at Zuni on May 17th, 1583. Fray Beltran and some five or six of the party wanted to go home. Espejo and eight of his men were equally determined to do some more exploring. Fray Beltran and the rebels returned safely to San Gregorio, and Espejo and his party returned to the Rio Grande by way of Acoma, where the Acomians, noting the small number, provoked a fight. Disdaining the Acomians, the Espejo party contented themselves with devastating the Acoma cornfield. Returning to the Rio Grande on June 20th, Espejo found the Tiguas still hostile and they did not flee this time. Those of Puarai became so threatening that the Spaniards captured the pueblo, seized 16 warriors and executed them on the spot. At the large pueblo, later known as Pecos, the Indians refused to furnish the Spaniards with food, so the latter retaliated by seizing the pueblo and threatening to burn it. Six Spaniards against some 2,000 Indians. The scared Indians then brought out food for the Spaniards. We'll shorten this now and say that Espejo arrived home on August 10, 1583 after an absence of nine months, during which he covered at least 3,500 miles of trail. He called the country Nuevo Mexico or New Mexico, and it was known as such until Arizona became a separate territory of the United States in 1863.

Espejo's report stirred up interest in both New Spain and Old Spain, many Spaniards wanting the privilege of leading a conquering expedition into New Mexico, but it was not until 1595 that Don Juan de Onate independently organized an expedition and sought the royal franchise. His proposed entrada was delayed two years because of political difficulties, but he finally won his

franchise and began his expedition on August 1, 1597. From a point 175 miles south of the present El Paso, Onate laid claim to all the territory to the north as New Mexico. Included therein was most of present Arizona. We do not know how many people were in the expedition. One account says 170 families and 230 other men; another says 130 families and the rest soldiers. There were 80 laden wagons, a long train of pack mules, 7,000 head of livestock and all the impedimenta necessary to the establishment of a permanent colony. Among Onate's officers were two of his nephews, Juan de Zaldivar and Vincente de Zaldivar, Penalosa the royal ensign, Villagra, the soldier poet and Farfan, the dramatist. Along with the expedition went seven Franciscan friars in charge of Fray Martinez as Comisario. The comisario was a friar delegated to exercise general supervision of the missionary work.

Once across the Rio Grande, Onate with sixty men marched on ahead to "pacify the land". The main caravan followed slowly, suffering hunger and thirst as ox-carts became stalled in the sands and food supplies ran low. When the advance party reached the first group of pueblos they were welcomed by the natives and given supplies of maize, which they sent back to the starving train in the rear. From this rescue Socorro got its name. When the main body reached that place and resumed its march to the north, two friars remained behind to serve the Indians and built a small church there. This structure burned shortly afterward, but in 1629, under the direction of Fray Garcia de San Francisco Zuniga, it was replaced by a new church which stands today, with certain alterations, in the old town of Socorro.

Continuing up the Rio Grande the expedition passed through several

villages, pausing at Kihwa (Santo Domingo) to receive the allegiance of the chieftains of thirty-four pueblos gathered there in a great council. Finally, near a spot where the Rio Chama flows into the Rio Grande, the party came to a halt. The inhabitants of the pueblo of Ohke were persuaded to give up their village to the Spaniards and move to the east bank of the Rio Grande. The pueblo of the Indians, Onate named San Juan de los Caballeros, not in honor of the gentlemanly Indians, as some say, but in honor of themselves, the great Spanish knights who had made the great march. The pueblo bears that name to this day and today is perhaps the most modern of all the pueblos. The Spaniards called their settlement San Gabriel. It is now the village of Chamita. The Indians were told they must obey the friars as their spiritual masters. If they did not they would be burned alive, with the assurance they would burn in hell, too, later.

Onate was restless; he started out again. He covered all the nearby territory and then plunged across the plains to try to find a real Quivira. As was true of Coronado, he found only adobe and thatched villages and disappointment.

The little colony of San Gabriel had not prospered during Onate's long absence. Drought and discouragement had resulted in wholesale desertion. Finally Onate resigned, his resignation was accepted and he was recalled to Mexico where, charged with a long list of crimes, he was forced to stand trial. His sentence included a heavy fine and perpetual banishment from New Mexico, where he had founded the first settlement, organized the first mission system and far more thoroughly than had Coronado.

Gold and glory is an old, old story, the line between success and failure

is a thinly drawn one and then, too, it is hard to get other men to see the vision, especially if it becomes a very personal one. Onate, as had Coronado before him, found this out to his sorrow.

In 1609 Don Pedro Peralta was appointed governor by the viceroy to succeed Onate, with instructions to found a new capital more centrally located among the pueblos. Early in 1609 Peralta arrived in San Gabriel and sometimes during the following winter a new site was chosen some thirty miles to the South and east. Most of the colonists from San Gabriel moved there and the new capital was called La Villa Real de la Santa Fe de San Francisco de Assissi—a large mouthful that has long since been cut to Santa Fe. The date of the founding has been given as both 1609 and 1610. But the actual date was probably sometime in early 1610.

Now began the conflict of Church and State in this isolated frontier, which forms the bulk of New Mexico's annals for the next seventy years. The authority enjoyed by the comisario (the friar delegated to exercise general supervision of the missionary work) was almost equal to that of the governor, and their respective jurisdictions, never clearly defined, overlapped in many particulars. It was natural that each should be jealous of the other and endeavor to absorb more and more the prerogative of the other.

The Pueblo Indians thus found themselves with two masters who were continually at loggerheads. And let me say at this point that it was this situation which eventually brought about the Pueblo Revolt of 1680. The situation was rendered worse by the fact that the Church was represented in New Mexico by the Order of Friars Minor, popularly known as the Franciscans. The

Church proper, as represented by its bishops and secular priests, had no hold upon this province in the seventeenth century, and the church dignitaries in Mexico were not always friendly to the Franciscans.

I will give one example. In May, 1613, a friar by the name of Ordonez, who was comisario at the time, came in direct conflict with governor Peralta over some tax matters. Ordonez declared Peralta ex-communicate and denounced him as a heretic, a Lutheran and a Jew—how he could have been all of these at one time is somewhat puzzling. Peralta then took a pistol shot at Ordonez, missed him and struck two innocent bystanders.

Ordonez then ordered the cabildo (the town council) of Santa Fe to arrest the governor, but met a flat refusal. He even tried to have Peralta assassinated, and failing in this, he tried to do the deed himself. He had the Governor's chair in the church thrown out into the street and threatened with ex-communication any person bearing or sending dispatches to New Spain without his permission—this to prevent Peralta from reporting on conditions in the province. Peralta then determined to go in person to Mexico City, but was waylaid by henchmen of Ordonez at Isleta, placed under arrest and confined there in the pueblo in irons. To make a long story short, the authorities finally caught up with Ordonez, he was recalled to Mexico City and tried by the Holy Office, but the results of his trial are not known. And so it went—governor after governor and one comisario after another. None of them stayed very long. There were governors of Mexico than there were commanders at Fort Union several centuries later and they lasted about as long—two years was probably a long time for most of them.

I am going to skip a number of

years now to about 1675 when some Spaniards were killed in ambush by Indians. A large number of Pueblo ringleaders were arrested and tried. Four were hanged and about forty were whipped and imprisoned. One of these was a medicine man, a priest, from San Juan pueblo named Pope (Popey). He swore revenge for his humiliation.

All previous attempts of the Pueblos to rid themselves of the Spaniards had failed because of lack of concerted action. Co-operation was difficult because each pueblo was an entirely independent unit with its own government and its own war chief.

Pope began his fight for concerted action. He enlisted a number of lieutenants and operating from Taos as a base they visited all the pueblos—even the Zuni and Moqui. Most of the pueblos went along with Pope, but it took him four years to mature the conspiracy and to accustom the Pueblo tribes to the idea of concerted action under a single leader. They were to rise on a prearranged date, wipe out all the outlying settlements and then concentrate on Santa Fe for a final jubilee of butchery.

The Spanish population at the time has been estimated at approximately 3,000 and the colonists were mostly settled along the Rio Grande and its eastern tributaries but there were settlers, of course, elsewhere. I am of the opinion the population was much, much larger than this estimate.

Pope had planned the attack well. Santa Fe was to be cut off from the pueblos to the south by holding the roads between, while the warriors from the northern pueblos were to converge at the capital and take it. The time was set for August 13, 1680. At a given signal all were to act simultaneously. For some reason the date was then changed to August 11th; then news of the plot leaked

out on the 9th, so the Pueblos struck on the morning of the 10th. How Pope could notify all the Pueblos of a change of plans so fast I don't know unless it was by prearranged smoke signals. The friars in the northern pueblos caught the wrath of the Indians first. In all, 21 friars met their death that morning. Then the Indians looted the churches and set them afire. In addition to the friars some 400 Spaniards were slaughtered. A soldier escaped to Tesuque and carried the alarm to Santa Fe. A thousand people, men, women and children crowded into the walled enclosure surrounding the Governor's palace—but only about a hundred of them bore arms.

On August 14th, 500 Indians approached the capital from Pecos, burning and looting every house in their path. The next morning, on the 15th, they appeared before the palace, the leader bearing two crosses; one red, as a token of war, the other white, in token of surrender. Governor Otermin replied by sending out a force to attack the enemy, but just as they seemed on the point of victory, the northern army of Indians from Taos appeared and the Spaniards retired to protect the palace. The siege lasted five days and then, with water supply cut off and food supplies getting low, the Governor decided to abandon the city and the Indians let them get away.

A few miles below Isleta the Spaniards from Santa Fe joined the refugees from the south and by the end of September the whole force was encamped near the modern city of El Paso. Not a living Spaniard was left in what is NOW New Mexico.

Actually, New Mexico was not abandoned in 1680 and reoccupied in 1693 as is popularly believed. The scene merely shifted to the El Paso district. There were no defined



Ancient Pueblo at Acoma, New Mexico. (Courtesy Fred and Joe Mazzulla)

boundaries, but the authority of the governor of New Mexico actually extended southward to the Sacramento River (a few miles north of modern Chihuahua).

There were several attempts to reconquest during the next twelve years, none of which proved successful. Gov. Otermin led one attempt in 1681-82.

In 1683 Otermin was replaced by Cruzate as Governor; Cruzate was replaced by de Posada in 1686; who in turn was replaced by Diego de Vargas in 1691 and De Vargas succeeded in the reconquest in 1692-93.

The strange thing here is that during the twelve years the Pueblos had their freedom the pueblos decreased by one-half and the population decreased accordingly.

Perhaps the two majesties, the Crown and the Church did rule with an iron hand, but you must realize that they came as saviours, unconsciously, perhaps, to the Pueblo people. Apache, Comanche and Ute, riding with the other three horsemen—drouth, famine and disease—bade fair to destroy the Pueblo. But

where the Nordic westward ho left a shambles of extermination, Spanish blood saved the distinctive Pueblo Southwest and dulled the edge of surrounding savagery. Pueblo homes still warm the desert sky-line where Spanish standards lifted.

The definitive work on the Pueblo Revolt, of course, is Chas. Wilson Hackett's "Revolt of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Otermin's Attempted Reconquest—1680-82"—two massive volumes done for the Coronado Historical Series of the University of New Mexico Press. A scholarly and well-written work.

Regardless of the Pueblo Revolt of 1680, in the overall picture, the seventeenth century actually left only light marks on southwestern history, but fortunately it started off with Fray Alonso de Benavides, a religious, as custodian of New Mexico. When he left the twenty year old capital of Santa Fe in 1629, Fray Alonso wrote his memorial to the King. Fray de Benevides' Revised Memorial of 1634, edited by Geo. P. Hammond, with elaborate annotations by those devout scholars of

Southwestern history, Hodge, Hammond and Rey, published by the University of New Mexico Press in 1945, is one of the finest books on early New Mexico ever written. Fray Alonso was so keen and intelligent an observer that his account very adequately covers the century. He had a tendency to magnify numbers; modern scholars make a practice of dividing his estimates by ten. But to know what New Mexico was like when the Pilgrims were landing on their rockbound shores, read Benevides. His picture of the royal colony of New Spain of the Indian pueblos and their inhabitants is one of the best ever drawn.

Also, in Benevides, will be found New Mexico's strangest story—the story of Maria Coronel.

The emissaries of the Jumana squatted dejectedly in the bright New Mexico sunlight flooding the pueblo of San Antonio de la Osleta that day in 1623. Their plea for missionaries to visit their people and baptise them had just been refused on the grounds that there were no friars available to undertake such a mission.

Unhappy as he was at having to return such an answer, Fray Juan de Salas, Franciscan, was still more perplexed. When he had asked the Indians who had told them of Christianity they had replied that a beautiful white woman had come down out of the hills, instructed them in the elements of the Christian faith and directed them to seek the aid of priests. A white woman among the Indians of New Mexico? Impossible! Yet—how else to account for the fact that the Indians were actually here with their unexpected request.

Six years later the Jumana again sent a delegation to beg for priests. Seeing a picture of Mother Luisa de Carrion, a Franciscan nun, hanging

on a wall, they exclaimed that it was one dressed precisely like her, but young and beautiful, who had passed among them, telling them that they "should come to summon the Fathers to instruct and baptise them, and that they should not be slothful" about it. This time, however, Fray Salas was ready to go with them.

Earlier that same year some friars had arrived in Mexico from Spain. They reported that it was a matter of common knowledge there that a nun named Maria de Jesus de la Concepcion Purisima, of the Descalced Order of St. Francis, at Agreda, in the province of Burgos, Spain, was claiming she was miraculously transported to New Mexico in a state of ecstasy to convert the savage inhabitants to the Holy Catholic faith. The Archbishop of New Mexico then sent Fray Salas and his assistant, Fray Diego Lopez to enquire into the matter. As they journeyed among the Jumanas, emissaries came to them from several other tribes, stating that the same woman had also appeared among them, instructing them and directing that they, too, send for priests.

In 1630 Fray Alonso de Benavides returned to Spain to give the Father General of the Franciscan order, Fray Bernardino de Siena, an account of interest in the work of the Franciscans in the New World. He, too, had heard of the claims made by Maria, and so he instructed Benavides to visit the convent at Agreda and render a full report in the matter.

Fray Benavides arrived at the Convent in April 1631. He found that Maria, who was then the abbess, was a beautiful woman of some 29 years of age, wearing the blue cloak of her order. The nun stated frankly that commencing in 1620 angels had transported her to and from New Mexico, sometimes as often as three

or four times a day. She described Fray Cristobal Quiros and Fray Diego Lopez in some detail; also various other priests, soldiers, the scenery, certain signs, incidents that took place at some baptisms, etc. She also told how once when Fray Quiros was in his church at Sia, baptising, many Indians came in all crowded around the door and that she with her own hands pushed them on, getting them to their places so that they would not hinder him; that they looked to see who was pushing them, and they laughed when they were unable to see who did it. There is much more to the story but time is running out. Thus New Mexico's Lady in Blue, Maria Coronel, takes her place in New Mexico folklore. Is it pure myth and fable? Was it an example of bi-location, with her body in one place while her spirit was in another? Something out of the occult, psychic phenomena? Whatever it was, or whatever you want to make of it, it does add up to New Mexico's strangest story. The improbable we can assimilate at once; the incredible takes a little longer.

The sweep of the Anglo-Saxon into the western country has left the illusion in our history books that western history runs only in the nineteenth century, but as we bring Spain's North American frontiers, the forgotten to life again, we begin to realize how much they belong to the history of our country.

But the Spanish chronicles are prosaic. They appraise the land and its peoples and present an inventory of wealth in minerals, agriculture and humankind and while they do include a lot of first hand reporting of interesting personal experiences, of heroism, cunning and deception on the part of both themselves and the Indians, they have nothing of the Indian philosophy of nature with its dancing to the harvest gods or sing-

ing to the nature forces of rain and sun. So let us turn for a little while to interpreters of the New Mexico scene—those later writers who have written about the land, the people, their customs, their folklore. Many writers have tried to interpret New Mexico — Chas. F. Lummis, Mary Austin, Harvey Fergusson, Erna Fergusson, D. H. Lawrence, Haniel Long, Frank Waters, Paul Horgan, Foss Calvin, among others.

D. H. Lawrence once said, speaking as a man who no longer had any illusions: "Superficially, the world has become small and known. There is no mystery on the globe. We've done the globe and the globe is done. . . . we've been everywhere and we know all about it. We skim along, we get there, we see it all, we've done it all . . .". A bit later he gets to thinking of his beloved New Mexico. Then he says: 'I think New Mexico was the greatest experience from the outside world I ever had . . . The moment I saw the brilliant proud morning shine high up over the deserts of Santa Fe something stood still in my soul. There are all kinds of beauty in the world, thank God, but for a greatness of beauty I have never experienced anything like New Mexico.'

Mary Austin. Her two classic interpretations of the Southwest are "The Land of Little Rain" and "Land of Journey's Ending.". She loved and understood that land and everything that was a part of it, plant animal and man. With keen observation and a philosophy born of the silent places, her sketches have a scriptural quality which places them in a realm of pure literature. Single sentences stand out:

"No man can be stronger than his destiny."

"A man must have a woman, but a woman who has a child will do very well."

And speaking of the desert:

"For all the toll the desert takes of a man it gives compensation, deep breaths, deep sleep and the communion of the stars."

When all the violences of the West have been forgotten, these truths will remain, for they are of the land itself—strong and stark and real—a hard land, but for those who seek its beauties, a revealing one.

Landscape and climate, ghost town and prospector, cactus and creosote bush, coyote and desert rodent, Mary Austin investigated all of them with a curiosity born of learning and loving, and we come to see not a desolate place but a place where man can come, and if he pause but long enough, renew his being.

Mystic and prophet, Mary Austin loved the southwestern arid lands and had the ability to transmit the "feel" of it to others.

Sometimes, however, Mary Austin seems to get in the way of her own writing. She seems to be writing with bended knee, as it were, in her worshipful attitude of everything pertaining to New Mexico.

Susan E. Wallace, wife of Gov. Lew Wallace of New Mexico, was probably writing her "Land of Pueblos" while Lew was putting the finishing touches on "Ben Hur" instead of attending to his duties as territorial Governor. The work is a somewhat stilted Victorian account of history, archaeology and contemporary life in the New Mexico of the 1870's but Susan does show a good deal of enthusiasm for the country, its customs and its people.

Whether or not you agree with his conclusions, you will find a reading of Frank Waters' "Masked Gods" both stirring and rewarding. He begins his book by saying "If there exists such a thing as a spirit-of-place, imbuing each of the continental masses of the world with its own

unique and ineradicable sense of rhythm, mood and character, and if there exists an indigenous form of faith deriving from it, then it is to the Indian we must look for that expression of life's meaning, which alone differentiates America from Europe, Africa, Asia." Here is the question of values and of philosophy of life. Mr. Waters presents a fine study of Navajo, Pueblo and Hopi Indians, comparing their religions and philosophies and concludes these Indians have something to offer to the world.

"The Man Who Killed the Deer," also by Frank Waters, will give one an insight into a modern Pueblo Indian's problems. This strong novel of Pueblo Indian life concerns itself with one Martiniano, who comes home from the Government school, imbued with the thoughts and ways of the white man and is chagrined to find himself ignored by the people of his village. Having achieved individualism in his contact with the whites, he faces the Pueblo distast of that individualism. In sympathy with the white influences which he has partially absorbed, he rejects the precedents and traditions within which his people have stubbornly imprisoned themselves. He becomes a non-conformist and as such is considered a trouble maker by the elders of the tribe.

Marriage and the birth of a son, however, bring the realization to Martiniano, as it did to John Donne many years ago, that "no man is an island, intire of itself. Every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the maine." The tempo and rhythm of the prayer chant fills his heart as he returns to the Pueblo way of living.

Mr. Waters has achieved beauty and authenticity in this novel of Pueblo Indian life. In it one can sense the ritual poetry of the cere-

monial dance and feel the throb of the Pueblo drums. The author does not treat the Indian as a romantic fantasy, but as a psychological fact, clothed in reality instead of a sentimental halo.

I bring you this one novel only because it presents the half-world in which so many Indians live today—not Indian, not white, but somewhere in between, which is not at all satisfying to them.

One of the best and most modern of all interpretations of New Mexico is that of Ross Calvin in his book "Sky Determines." His book is based on the thesis that absence of rainfall and presence of sunlight are the all powerful determinants in the past, present and future of the land. Dr. Calvin, formerly rector of St. James Episcopal Church in Clovis, N. M., now lives in retirement in Albuquerque.

Unlike Mary Austin, who uses the starry-eyed approach to the country, Dr. Calvin sees its faults and its limitations. But he also observes unity in its confused and manifold variety. He goes deeper into the flora and fauna of the State than any other interpreter.

For instance, in telling of the lowly mesquite (or Spanish meth-kee' tay) tree or shrub, he shows how its adaptations consists of an armory of tapered thorns which are capable of piercing an automobile tire, a thin edges at the thirsty sun, and underground development which exceeds any other known plant. The roots have been known to extend thirty feet below the surface, and they furnish to the Mexicans the best fuel in the region. In September and October it bears a sweet, pulpy bean pod from six to eight inches long, which is eagerly eaten by livestock of all kinds. It 'greens out' in early spring, and in drouth years, when

the grasses fail, offers its leaves and twigs for forage.

And don't look askance at the lowly sagebrush either, as you drive past what you think is some-God-for-asken range land. Its twigs and leaves are often a mainstay for sheep in the fall and winter, when other feed is not obtainable, and they sometimes acquire what stockmen call a "sage hunger" when they will eat nothing else. It, too, has an immense root system which defies overgrazing. But read the book, you will find a wealth of information in it if you are at all interested in the land.

And last, Charles F. Lummis: To those who love the Southwest, his "The Land of Poco Tiempo" is a dearly cherished book.

The author of this book was a young college-bred New Yorker who went to New Mexico in search of health. While there he fell in love with the land and with its people. He lived with the Isleta Indians, married one, gave his children Indian names and brought them up in the Indian way. Becoming enthralled with the New Mexican scene, he studied every facet of it and began to write about it in a clear, fluent style that contained no traces of pedantry. The books of Lummis found immediate acceptance by Eastern publishers and his reputation as an author, historian and ethnologist, became firmly established.

From both literary and scientific standpoints, "The Land of Poco Tiempo" is Lummis' most important book. In it he presents episodes that penetrate to the very essence of the character of the people who inhabit the Southwest. Their customs, their religion, their songs and ceremonies, their traditions, their history and their outlook upon environment and life, pass in review in colorful de-

descendants of the Spanish conquistadores and the Anglo-Saxon pioneers, are the actors on a stage of titanic proportions and overwhelming grandeur of scenery.

His writings capture the spirit and essence of the New Mexico scene. When reading Lummis one can feel the bracing air of the nights and mornings; the warm, dry sunshine of mid-day; the pellucidly clear atmosphere; and envision the velvet sky of night, studied with brilliantly clear stars. Along with the observable things he has given us intimate and reliable portraits of the people. The whites he seldom refers to except when they are Spanish. He is generally more interested in the Mexican and the Indian—Pueblo, Navaho and Apache. And he is forever the advocate. When writing of Indians he found the Spaniard cruel and despicable. When writing of Mexicans he transferred that hate to the Gringos.

In most respects New Mexico is the same today as when Lummis wrote about it in the nineties. Only in

very recent times is change becoming apparent. For instance, when he writes of New Mexico, he says: "It never has awakened—one does not know that it ever can. Nature herself does but sleep here." He would smile, if he could return today and find that on the Pajarito (Little Bird) Plateau, where traces of the ancient ruins of the Anasazi still exist, there has grown a great "Atomic City"—Los Alamos!

And so I give you New Mexico, four-dimensional in her land of sand, air, cactus and sun, four dimensional in her people — Indian, Spanish, Anglo and mestizo.

Perhaps her land and her people are not all the interpreters have tried to make them; perhaps her past looks better because it is not here. I do not know. But for me, looking at New Mexico again through the eyes of a small boy of many years ago, I remember the wonder of it while I was there and the nostalgia that possessed me when I was away from it.

THE END

Letters of Stephen Henry Cline To His Family, From Colorado Mining Camps, 1879-1881

Contributed by MORRIS W. ABBOTT,
2751 Marilyn Rd., Colorado Springs

Rosita Custer Co Col June 17 1879
Dear Sister I received your Letter
Some time Ago was glad to heer from
you I have had the measles and
could not write. the childrens Pic-
turs was very nice tha old woman
that I am bording whith Said that
they was the nicest girls She had Seen
in a Long time I like this country
very well I am woking on A mine
now am getting \$2.50 cts Per day
the Shaft is 240 ft deep it is very
wrich the man that ownes it was

oford \$1,000,000 for it he was So
Poor be fore he found it he could
not get waht he could eat he found
it Last fall now the old chp (?) wont
Look at Poor man

I got A Letter from Jef he Said they
was all well About home tell net
I want her to write and tell me how
her and hen mason is making it the
People A bout this camp is All got
the Measles boy's hear dont have
much fun they is only four females
in this camp and they ar old wiman
June the 18th I am not very well this
after noon So I not work and I
will finish writing there has just
been too men Sent to Penitenchry
from this Place and I expect they will
hang one man for Murder

I expect I could enjoy my Self better if I was down there but I am here now and will try and make the best off it well I cant think of eny thing to write So I will close for this time write Soon Respects to All

Stephen H. Cline

(Postal card) Ledville Lake Co Col
Aug 30th 1879 (Post marked Sept. 10)

Brother Jim I promest to write Soon But did not do it I have Never felt beter than I did Since I got over the measles Ledvile is a good Camp I have had good Luck Since I came here. her have made Some money here write And tell me the nes and I will answr yours Truly

S H Cline

Ledvile Lake Co Colorado
february 10th 1880

Sister Frone will write to you once more and Let you know how i am geting A Long I am working a A Smelting furnice geting \$4 Per day but it is not very helthy work I will work at it untill Spring Aand then I will go Prospecting think i will go to the Roreing forks there is so much snow in the mountains now that It would be impossible to get Across the Raing it is close to the ute Reservation I think they will be a big excitement ther in the Spring

You Spoke to me A bout Mr. Willson Refusing to Pay my Shere of the monuments if he does not I will Pay my Shere I got a Letter from Candice and Jef they ar well Can has gone to Tiffin This is A Prety Lively Place Last Knigt there was three murders Comited but there is hardly A day that there not something of the kind going on so that People does no Pay attention to it.

Close for this time your truly

S H Cline

Redcliff Sumet Co Col

feb the 24th 1880

Sister Frone I received you letter the 23th of Last month was glad to here from you I am well at Preset tell Cary I was gald to see her writing it was well done I have not hurd from Lib Since I came to Colorado you said R B was wanting to buy your Shere in the place He must be making money or else be going in det prety heavy wat is Stears Selling for now Snow is falling now it is five ft deep now everybody here that goes off the trail has to go on Snow Shoes it is a new camp Just Started what few people is here mostle lives in tents we most all batch it costs to much to Board it Lokated were turky crick and home Stake emteys in to Eagle river the Principle Prospeing is on Batle MT I have Some claims here that looks very well but have not got eny Pay mineral yet I was ofard \$500 for one of them I was here Last fall took them up People ar coming here evry day you Said Jeff had Run through with most of his Prperty that was bad news but it did not curprse me much I will close for this time Send the news

S H Cline

Ouray Ouray Co Col Aug 29. 80
Sister Frone I will drop you A few to let you know that I am well I have been on the Reservation All Sumer So that I did not get to hear from you the utes Ar thick Round her the ute Chief Ouray is ded they ar going to dig him up and give him A white mans funeral men Ar all busy Getting Provisens for winter the Road gets Snowed up that is All that i can think of at Present Write Soon and tell All the news yours truly

S H Cline

Rico Jan 29th 1881

Sister Frone I have not herd from you for A Long time I got A Letter from Jef he Said they was three Lettters At youray But the post-master Said that they did not Come to his office he said R B Lost too of his children But it was Rubed out So I could not tell which ones it was the Snow is four ft deep on the Level the maile barer go on Snow shuses wages is \$4 Per day theres foure of us in A cabin we Are Pretty good Cooks

I have Been baching most of the time Since I came west A Long time to Live A Bachelors Life I think this will be A good camp in the Spring if evrything goes well with me I will

come home one year from this winter flower is \$15 A hundred we have no wagen Road in here yet Evry thing that comes in here comes in the Sumor time on Pack Animals the indian question is not Settled yet the indians Say the white men can have mountains but they want the Valleys them Selves that is All i can think of this time Respects to All
S H Cline

—
Stephen Henry Cline was the son of William Henry and Hannah Lea Miller Cline, born Williamstown, Ohio 12 July 1860, died Rockwood, Colo. 21 Febr. 1181, buried Schuyler, Nebr.

Westerner's Bookshelf

THE RAMPAGING HERD, a Bibliography of Books and Pamphlets on Men and Events in the Cattle Industry, by Ramon F. Adams. Large 8vo, 463 pages, illus. (9 facsimile title-pages of scarce books), Index; University of Oklahoma Press, 1959., \$15.00.

How would you like to travel from coast to coast, looking over outstanding collections of Western American, and visiting many large libraries, then recording your findings?

Well, that is just what Ramon F. Adams did, with the aid of the Ford Foundation, and this volume contains a listing of over 2,600 items which he saw and handled.

Mr. Adams, author of several Western items, had done a similar work in his "Six-Guns and Saddle Leather," published in 1954, but this

time he goes farther afield, as reflected by his "Acknowledgements," with credit to many in our own state, including Fred Rosenstock, John J. Lipsey, LeRoy Hafen, Agnes Wright Spring, Miss Frances Shea and Miss Ina Aulls.

One item which caught you reviewer's eye was #554, "Summering in Colorado," which he lists with only four plates, I have two coppies with ten and fourteen plates; also Frank Fosset's "Colorado" had a printing in 1878, which seems much scarer than the 1876 edition he mentions.

All in all, this book is mighty interesting, valuable to any Americana collector who wishes to check his own library or read about the rarities in the field of livestock and range, points of first editions, etc.

Carl F. Mathews, PM

THE CIVIL WAR IN WESTERN TERRITORIES, by Ray C. Colton, University of Oklahoma Press. \$5.00, 209 P. P.—17 Photographs, 6 Maps.

The Confederate's plan to occupy the Southwest Territory got off to a good start with the defeat of the Union forces at the battle of Valverde on Feb. 21, 1862. The Texans moved north in New Mexico taking Albuquerque and Santa Fe without a struggle. General Sibley then struck out for Ft. Union where he expected to capture great stores of Union military supplies.

Two factors hurt the Confederate cause in New Mexico. The local people had a strong dislike for Texans and favored the Union. Also, the Confederate money was not honored for supplies.

In the meantime the Union sent Colonel Slough south with 1,342 Men, of whom about 75 percent were from Colorado and came to be known as the Pikes Peakers.

The turning point in the fight for the west was the two days battle at Glorieta Pass. The book devotes 32 pages to this most important conflict. Here the fighting was about even and then the Rebels started to push back the Union Troops. But a part of the Northern forces under Major Chivington had made a flanking movement and hit Sibley's supply train. After a short fight the supply train guards were beaten and the wagons burned. Without supplies to carry on the campaign the Texans were forced to retreat back to Texas and never again claim any of the New Mexico, Arizona Territories.

To cinch the Union hold on this country, troops were sent east from California. They kept the roads and telegraph lines patrolled which kept them busy because of the Indian raids on ranches and stage stations. General James Carleton pursued a

campaign of extermination of all adult male Indians. The Navajos and Apaches continued to give the white men trouble for years.

The Battle at Sand Creek in southeastern Colorado is covered in this book along with many other lesser skirmishes. The much better supplied soldiers were able to inflict heavy losses on the Indians.

The last 36 pages of the book deals with political developments of Colorado, New Mexico, the new territory of Arizona and the unusual political battles in Utah.

George R. Wilson, CM

THE SEVENTH WINTER by Hal Borland. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York, 1960. Price \$3.95.

Into a graphically and sensitively written novel Hal Borland has woven some authentic Colorado history and legend. John Iliff and Charley Goodnight are only a small part of the story as is George Jackson and his dog-tail soup, but all of this gives the story a feeling of reality. The title comes from the legend that every seventh winter is a severe one, and by the time you have finished reading the story, you will know the real meaning of a "wicked winter," weather-wise, whether you believe that it comes every seventh year or not.

The plot is built around the efforts of Jess Ross to save his cattle, ranch, and family, as well as find his own identity. Although a few coincidents quickly identify yourself with the leading character and enjoy the whole experience.

Hal Borland knows how to describe Colorado's weather on the plains and this book along with his *High, Wide and Lonesome* belongs in every library, personal and public, which includes Colorado stories on its shelves.

Don L. Griswold, PM

INDIANS OF THE HIGH PLAINS, by George E. Hyde, (University of Oklahoma Press, 231 pgs., \$4.)

Author Hyde presents a coherent picture of the Indians of the western high plains from the earliest recorded times down to the beginning of the modern period after the year 1800. All of the high plains area is explored, as well as the many Indian tribes which roamed thereon, taking the reader from the plains of western Canada to the plains of Texas and northern Mexico.

During the early period, 1300 to 1700 the Apache and Navaho activity is stressed; with the fall of Apache power after 1700 the Comanches and their northern kinsmen, the Gens du Serpent, come to the fore and take leadership in the high plains and they, in turn, are broken and swept aside by the advance of new and more powerful tribes.

While it has been the custom of historians to identify the Padoucas as Comanches, the author has uncovered new evidence in the form of Spanish and French documents and new archaeological discoveries, which discounts this view. Mr. Hyde states that it is now necessary to make adjustments and alterations in early plains history; for, if the Apaches and not the Comanches were the great Padouca Nation, the whole course of early plains history is changed, the Apaches must be given the credit for being the first great tribe to attempt to form settlements and undertake to grow crops in the heart of the plains in historic times. Set forth in detail are the Apache-Padouca achievements as well as the locations of the villages or rancherias in which these people lived, all the way from the Dakotas down into Texas.

Another important feature of the book is the story of the rise and fall of the Gens du Serpent or Snake

power in the northern plains. The author has pieced together the Indian traditions and other evidence of the Gens du Serpent which other historians and anthropologists up to the present time seem to have missed.

While the book is a competent and learned treatise on the high plains Indians, there is a remarkable dearth of footnotes which the author justifies by stating that archaeologists and anthropologists will know the sources and the general reader probably would not care anyway. However, this reviewer feels that a more liberal sprinkling of footnotes would have greatly enhanced the value of the book.

Armand W. Reeder, PM

ACTION AT ARCANUM—A Gregory Quist Story by William Calt MacDonald. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York, 1958. \$2.95.

Mr. MacDonald is an old-hand at writing "westerns" and has had many of his stories translated into Dutch, French, Spanish and German reprints. *Action At Arcanum* is a better-than-average "who-done-it," and will supply an evening's entertainment to those who like this kind of a story.

GUN LAW AT LARAMIE by Allan Vaughan Elston. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York, 1959. Price \$2.95.

This book is more than just another "good western," because Mr. Elston has most carefully researched the building of the Union Pacific Railroad during the period when men laid tracks across the wind swept prairies of Wyoming and into the wicked city of Laramie. The book is divided into two parts. The first part deals primarily with the "reign of terror" in the summer of 1868

(Continued Back Page)

Two Posse Members Head Pikes Peak Memoirs Drive

Posse members Ray Colwell and Carl Mathews, both of Colorado Springs, have been named co-chairman of the newly formed Memoirs Committee of the Pikes Peak Historical society, it was announced recently by Hugh B. Burnett, president of the Colorado Springs area organization.

The Memoirs Committee will arrange interviews with old-timers thru-out the region so that their reminiscences can be preserved for historians, writers and students. The manuscripts will be filed and made available to the public.

A drive is also under way to gather old diaries, scrap books, old photos, directories, bibles containing old family records and other "historiana" for permanent preservation by the Pikes Peak Society.

High School Rodeo at Brighton To Feature Western Traditions

Western Traditions will be a feature of the Championship Rodeo and Western Horse Fair to be staged by the Colorado State High School Rodeo Association at Brighton, Colorado, June 13th thru 20th.

John W. Blair, Executive Secretary of the newly organized association, announced a series of events which would highlight the costumes and traditions of early Colorado.

Along with the traditional rodeo events, contestants can vie for such titles as Miss Western Tradition, Character Costume, Golden Age Costume, Western Music, Mounted Western Group, Horse Drawn vehicles, Square Dance and other events.

The organization has been aided in their publicity for the coming show by Posse Members Pete Smythe, radio and television star and probably the

best known member of the Denver Posse, and Fred Mazzulla, attorney, photographer and historian.

Amateur contestants (under 24 years of age) and High School students are eligible to enter the rodeo and western traditions events.

CM Seeks Book Suggestions

Mr. Lynn Martin, Corresponding Member, is a Trustee of the Winifred Martin Memorial Library at Brookville, Kansas. This Library specializes in collecting Western U. S. Reference Work and in loaning such books so readers all over the United States. Mr. Martin says that he is soliciting from Westerners, not money, but news as to two matters:

1. What books would be sensible acquisitions for this Library;
2. The names and addresses of isolated readers without access to public libraries who might be interested in this special book-by-mail idea.

CM Robert Brown Lectures On Ghost Towns

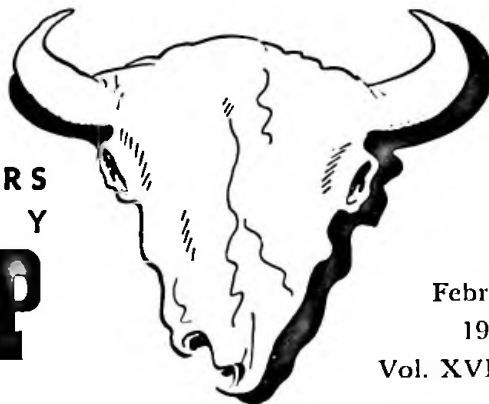
Corresponding Member Robert L. Brown, who teaches at the Kuns-miller Junior High in Denver, has been quite active during February in delivering lectures about Ghost towns of the State. He had two programs on Channel 9, a lecture for the Public Library at the Wyer Auditorium, and a short address to the Jeep Club.

(Continued from Page 19)

while the second part completes the theme of the story and of course the hero gets his revenge. You will find another evening of enjoyment in this short book, if you like the "western," and you will also learn some Laramie history as well.

Don L. Griswold, PM

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



February
1960
Vol. XVI No. 2



A heretofore unpublished picture of Col. John M. Chivington and believed to have been taken before he arrived in Colorado.

From collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla.

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MARCH MEETING

"PONY EXPRESS HISTORY vs. WELLS FARGO LEGEND"

Raymond W. Settle

6:30 p.m. March 23, 1960

Denver Press Club

1330 Glenarm

Raymond W. Settle is an author and expert on Western transportation. This paper will deal with the popular idea that Wells Fargo "took-over" the Pony Express in 1861 and operated it until it went out of business. Mr. Settle has documentary evidence proving otherwise. The subject is particularly appropriate in view of the Pony Express Centennial which will be celebrated in April of this year.

FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

PM Arthur Carhart and Mrs. Carhart are on a two month auto trip to New Mexico, Arizona, and California; a combination trip for vacation and search of new material for Arthur's many and varied magazine articles.

PM Ed Bemis, Charter member of the Denver Posse and its Sheriff in 1945, writes: "I am giving a great deal of time to the development of the Littleton Area Historical Society, of which I am Executive vice-president. We are attempting to erect a museum building in Littleton. This seems to fit into the idea of The Westerners. At the present time I am carrying almost the entire load, and have obtained fire-proof storage space in the Arapahoe County court house where I am putting all pictures, papers, objects, etc., for safe keeping until we get our museum building. I am indexing and cross-indexing everything. In addition I have been commissioned to write the history of Littleton and I hope to start it sometime this Spring."

Any material for this museum from either Active or Corresponding Members will be more than welcome, suggests Bemis.

An attractive booklet, "Historic Missouri," compiled and published last year by the State Historical Society of Missouri, has created a heavy demand and is in its second printing of 25,000 copies, according to Dr. Floyd C. Shoemaker, secretary of the Society.

The book has 44 pages and included in its contents are 88 illustrations, depicting Missouri from its earliest Indian inhabitants to the recently completed Harry S. Truman Library in Independence. Distribu-

tion is handled through Missouri State Teachers College Association, Columbia, Mo. Single Copies postpaid, 30c each 25 to 99 copies, 25c each; 100 copies, 22½c each.

NEW LAURELS FOR P.M. THOMAS H. FERRIL

Thomas Hornsby Ferril, Denver poet and essayist, and a charter member of the Denver Posse, was presented the first annual Robert Frost Poetry Award of \$1,000 in New York City on January 21.

The prize winning poem entitled "Cadetta—C&S" depicting the sounds of the little C&S R.R. as it wound its way from Denver thru Platte Canyon, as he remembered them during his childhood, was read from the dias of the Waldorf-Astoria hotel.

Ferril, whose full-time occupation is director of publicity for The Great Western Sugar Company of Denver, is the author of four books of poems, "High Passage", "Westerning", "Trial By Time" "New and Selected Poems" and a book of personal essays, "I Hate Thursday".

In 1958 he won the Denver Post-Central City Opera House Association's \$10,000 prize for his verse play ". . . And Perhaps Happiness", which was presented in Central City during the summer of that year.

BRANDED "PM" OF DENVER WESTERNERS

Reverend Garrett S. Barnes, long an enthusiastic Corresponding member of the Denver Posse was elected to Active membership at meeting held February 24.

Reverend Barnes is a native of Colorado Springs, Colo., where his father Marion O. Barnes and family settled in 1873.

For over twenty-five years Rev. Barnes was in the traffic department of the Milwaukee R.R. During the later years of that time he began to study toward a lifelong ambition, to become a minister of the Episcopal Church.

In August 1952 he retired from the railroad and entered the ministry. He is presently Rector of Christ Episcopal Church in Denver. An avid railroad history fan Rev. Barnes is one of the best informed men in Colorado on the subject.

Rev. Barnes is a first cousin of Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson of Colo. Springs, whose husband, Elmo Scott Watson was founder of The Westerners, the first Posse of which was organized in Chicago.

"ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAND CREEK AFFAIR"

By DR. RAYMOND G. CAREY



Dr. Raymond G. Carey

Dr. Carey, author of this paper on the Sand Creek Battle, is professor of History and former head of the department at the University of Denver. A onetime Rhodes scholar, Dr. Carey is also a past president of the Rocky Mountain Social Science foundation.

The battle at Sand Creek occurred on November 29, 1864—slightly over ninety-five years ago. That length of time should have been ample for a very minor battle—as battles go—to have found its obscure niche in human memory or, at least, for tempers to have cooled sufficiently to permit the whole constellation of problems clustered about the event to be studied thoroughly and objectively, and for generally-acceptable solutions to be established by this time.

However, Sand Creek has not been forgotten, partly because the many unsolved sections of the involved

puzzle intrigue the mind, like Mayan and Minoan inscriptions, and exert magnetic attraction possibly out of all proportion to their importance; even more, because the fires of controversy appear to be tended faithfully by some pernicious and anachronistic Vestal Virgins of the frontier who bear some ancient grudge against trustworthy and temperately-written history.

Of recent years, the authors of lurid novels and partisan histories have been joined by radio and television script-writers in picking over the carcass of the affairs, then their productions rouse the forces of vilification and vindication that again take to the field for renewed battles. Meanwhile, our poverty of reliable knowledge and insight and understanding gains small relief.

Surely, ninety-five years of controversy is more than enough. Might it not be appropriate for partisans to conclude a five-year truce and for all who are interested in any facet of the question to combine forces, for a change, and prepare to mark the centennial of that dark and bitter 1864 with a notable display of light, rather than heat?

Such a cooperative effort would have ample work cut out for it. Innumerable special problems await painstaking research, while a massive, reassembling and fitting together all but essential task—similar to that of retrievable fragments of a dynamited airplane—would be the reconstruction to the fullest degree possible of the total situation, at least, from the spring of 1864 through the investigations of 1865, in order that all factors might be observed and examined in their various, tangled relationships

and the complex whole studied from numerous angles.

The intent of this paper is to sketch out such line of approach, to note briefly several essential elements that would have to receive careful attention in the course of that study, and then to look closely for a short time at one bit of material that might have bearing on the total situation, but does not appear to have received the attention it may deserve.

So, let us assume that all retrievable fragments of the wreckage of 1864 have been assembled, that we are studying it from many angles and are not attempting to see the whole situation from the point where John M. Chivington stood. We are not concerned at this point about praise or blame; we are concerned with getting inside his boots and his mind—insofar as the records, historical craft and historical imagination will permit us—and with understanding the circumstances as he viewed them, the sum total of external pressures and internal drives that impelled him to and through the climactic event.

If, it might be noted, this aim were fully or even approximately achieved, we would come near the ideal of which historians dream. Recognition of obstacles in the way of that achievement will serve to point out problems and clusters of problems that demand study and solution—if, in fact, records exist that will provide the basis for meaningful study.

If we were to try to see through Chivington's eyes and mind the crisis of 1864 and his role in it, it is immediately evident that we would need to have extensive and penetrating knowledge about John M. Chivington himself. His major external characteristics are well authenticated: his gigantic, muscular physique, his piercing eyes, his bellowing voice. But what was his real nature beneath

that arresting exterior? What was his conception of himself? Of people in general? Of their relation to himself? Were they to be served selflessly, generously? Were they to be dominated, used for his own purposes? If people agreed with him, assisted him, admired him, did he rate them "good citizens," "fine people"? Were those who challenged him and opposed him not merely mistaken, but inately evil?

How did he gain his prominence in the community, his high offices in the church, the Masonic order, the military organization, his nomination for Congress? Did position and responsibility gravitate to him because of his abilities, because he inspired confidence and trust? Did he have some internal hunger for recognition, for power? If so, what price would he pay to feed that hunger? Did he have an inner sense of security? Could he laugh at a joke on himself? Was he insecure within his inmost nature, vulnerable to the corroding tendencies of power?

The unhappy fact is that we have, as yet, no sound knowledge of Chivington's psychological composition. He was a man of action and doubtless would be classified as an extrovert. He was apparently not given to introspection, to self-analysis—at any rate, to the point of revealing himself in diaries, letters, sermons or any other types of written records that date from the pre-Sand-Creek period and are available to us today.

That serious lack might be compensated for somewhat by knowledge of his parents, his homelife and all other influences that played upon him during his early, formative years—maybe an approximate, working-model of his psychological nature might be reconstructed upon such bases. But here is frustration and confusion! For example, let us ask: "Who and what sort of person was

his father?" Mrs. Laurel Chivington (*Denver Post*, Empire Magazine, Jan. 1, 1950) has recounted a "bitter secret" (reportedly told by the Colonel himself to his nephew, Haskell Chivington, who passed it on through the family) to the effect that the father ("John" in this story) was a quiet, straight-faced Englishman who, tiring of his nagging Irish wife in Ohio, walked out of an argument with her, went to Indiana, and without benefit of divorce married another woman; that John M. Chivington was the fruit of that union and when the thirteen-year-old boy learned of his illegitimate origin, angrily denounced his father and swore he would clear his name by winning high renown as a leader among men.

Clarence A. Lyman, who married one of the Colonel's granddaughters and produced an extensive collection of Chivington "family traditions", described the father ("Tom" in this case) as an Ohio backwoodsman who could not resist liquor and came to a sad end in a roadside snow bank with a half-filled jug clutched in his congealed hand. Reginald S. Craig, in his recent biography, *The Fighting Parson*, described the father ("Isaac" in this account) as a giant Irishman of tremendous strength and industry who built a log cabin for his family in Warren County, Ohio, and cleared a quarter section of heavily-timbered land before dying from overwork or exposure or an accident (anything but drunkenness!) when the young John was five years old.

Needless to say, John M. Chivington's family background and early years (and for that matter, all his years prior to his arrival in Denver in May, 1860) need much more research.

In the absence of significant insights into Chivington's psychology and reliable knowledge of his background, it is inescapable that history

would judge him almost wholly by his overt actions. And since some of his actions were related to highly controversial events, he has been especially vulnerable to all manner of interpretations, dependant upon the attitudes and interests of the interpreters. Actions may speak louder than words—but the variety of languages which an action may be made to speak is truly remarkable.

In our effort to understand the Chivington of 1864, one fact is unquestionable and significant: from the day of his arrival in Denver he had been a prominent, aggressive, dominant personality. He had held high positions in several important areas of community life and it is surely not illogical to assume that that record of leadership exerted its impelling force upon him. He was not accustomed to failure. Can one conceive of his admitting even the possibility of failing in his critical role as Commander of the Colorado Military District? If, to the force of his record and responsibilities, were added ambitious desire for still higher station, for advancement in military rank or for the dignity of a seat in Congress, he was indeed under weighty internal pressures during the summer and autumn of 1864.

The external pressure of the military situation in 1864 was immense. From April through August Indian attacks along the Platte and the Arkansas, the Overland, Santa Fe and Smoky Hill Trails, on ranches and settlements were vigorous and vicious. Immigrant trains, freight lines carrying essential supplies, passenger and mail coaches proceeded at great risk intermittently and were stopped altogether for varying periods. With the Second Colorado Cavalry moved out of the territory into eastern Kansas and Missouri the Confederates the widely distributed units of the First Colorado could do nothing

more than provide scattered and inadequate defense.

Efforts of Governor Evans, as territorial Superintendent of Indian affairs, to meet with tribal leaders in early summer had failed completely and his attempt in late June to isolate friendly bands from the war parties met with meagre success. By late July, he had become convinced that there could be no peace until the Indians had been severely chastised by military forces and even S. G. Colley, the Indian agent at Fort Lyons, had arrived at the conclusion that "powder and lead were necessary.

At last, after Washington had long turned a deaf ear to urgent and repeated requests for increased military aid and Gov. Evans had resorted to the expedient of calling upon the citizens to arm and defend themselves, either on their own or in organized militia units, the War department finally, on August 11 (*War of Rebellion, Official Records, hereafter referred to as WRR XLI, pt. 2, 695; Denver Rocky Mountain News—hereafter DRMN— Aug. 13*) authorized the enlistment of a regiment for 100 days of service. Recruitment began immediately in Denver, Central City and elsewhere, and before the month had ended, enough men were enlisted to form a regiment which, if and when furnished with horses and arms and adequate training, might enable aggressive and effective action to be taken against the Indians.

Several aspects of the situation after mid-August are especially pertinent to our effort to penetrate Chivington's point of view. One was that, in the existant state of war, the civil officials had resigned to the military, authority to deal with the Indians. Evans stated that plainly in the Denver meeting with the Cheyenne and Arapahoe chiefs on September 28 and his message the next day to Colley at Fort Lyon was clear.

Second: the attitude of Chivington's immediate superior, Major-General S. R. Curtis, Commandant of the department, was bluntly stated in his dispatch to Chivington on the 28th (the day When Evans, Chivington and Wynkoop met with the chiefs in Denver): "I want no peace till the Indians suffer more . . . no peace must be made without my directions. (WRR XLI, pt. 3, 462) order stood unchanged before Sand Creek. That he intended they be obeyed was emphasized by Wynkoop's replacement at Fort Lyon on November 2 by Major Scott J. Anthony who was reminded by his District Commander, Major Henning, that the Department Commander would "not permit or allow treaty with the Indians without his approval" nor "allow any Indian to approach any post on any excuse whatsoever." (WRR, XLI, pt, 4, 62)

If action against the Indians were to be limited to obeying such negative injunctions, it would give small satisfaction to the roughly 700 men of the Third Colorado Cavalry, and no one would be more sensitive to that fact than Chivington. It is undoubtedly misleading to think of those men as trained steady, disciplined soldiers; they were civilians who had left their families and their many occupations for a period of one-hundred days—not for the purpose of "not making any treaty" but for the purpose of reducing as much as possible, of obliterating if possible, the tangible, immediate, personal danger of the Indian.

It was reported (DRMN, Sept. 29) that, on the day following the meeting of Evans and Chivington with the chiefs on September 28, a mutiny nearly broke out among the Third Colorado units at Camp Evans when the word got around that a treaty had been concluded with the Indians and that there would be no fighting. The nature and expectations of the Third

Regiment of 100-day men, who constituted the overwhelming preponderance of military force in the district, inevitably exerted a pressure of great force in Chivington.

And to that pressure must be added that of the civilian population from which the 100-day men were drawn. At the peak of the crisis, martial law was declared on August 17 (DRMN, Aug. 23) and all male citizens of Denver, sixteen years of age and above, were required to register for service in defense of the town. As the situation was described in the *Rocky Mountain News* on August 23:

Denver is now thoroughly military in every respect. Every able-bodied citizen over 16 years is enrolled. Those who have not gone into the 100-day service or enrolled themselves in the volunteer militia companies are gobbled (sic) up in the provost guard. The Hundred Day men are rapidly preparing for the field, and fatigue parties of the militia men are employed in the construction of defences around the city. Business is suspended except for two hours each day—from eleven to one—and nearly all work has ceased.

Between August 14 and September 29 only one mail was received directly from the east (DRMN, Aug. 24, Sept. 29; Hafen, *Overland Mail*, pp. 259-61); telegraph communication with the east was repeatedly cut off, and prices on food and supplies of all sorts rose alarmingly, (DRMN, Nov. 18). Meanwhile, the causes of all these woes—Indian raids and massacres along the Platte and Arkansas and in the area between—were reported continuously through August, September and October. Fear and insecurity are seldom the parents of temperate judgment, and Denver citizens, who had been thrown into a state of mass hysteria earlier in the summer were not inclined to be temperate and reasonable, and to recognize that the simple enlistment of a regiment would not work immediate miracles.

That regiment had to have horses, field equipment all sorts, carbines, re-

volvers, and ammunition—and most of these essentials had to come from the East where greater dangers and louder, nearer voices were competing for the same supplies. And the same dangers that halted coaches bringing passengers and mail hindered the passage of freighters bringing weapons and ammunition. It is not surprising, however, that exasperation mounted as precious days ticked off of the 100-day period of service and death and destruction still roamed the plains. So people took to calling the restless Third Colorado the "Bloodless Third," and their annoyance that nothing evident was being done and their insistence that something very effective be done to end the intolerable conditions of their daily existence, centered upon the Commander of the military district.

Public attitude toward Chivington was, however, complicated during this critical period by the bitter battle over the statehood question. After the Convention had completed its work of drawing up the proposed constitution, the pro-state "Union Administration" party, led by Governor Evans and Henry M. Teller, selected its slate of candidates on August 2-3, with Chivington listed as nominee for Congressional Representative (E. ELLIS, *Colo. Mag.*, VIII, 23-30).

The ensuing campaign was waged with no holds barred on either side, and with Evans and Chivington getting especially virulent treatment by the anti-staters. The outcome was that the pro-state advocates and their constitution were decisively defeated in the election held on September 13 (DRMN, Sept. 14, 15, 19, 28; and November 4). What effects might such attacks and such defeat have upon Chivington in impelling him to seek to recapture public approval by a dramatic performance in the military field?

It is instructive, in this connection,

to note that his involvement in politics had been observed with displeasure by his immediate superior, Major-General Curtis, Commander of the Department of Kansas. On July 30, even before Chivington had been publicly named as the Congressional candidate of the pro-staters, General Curtis wrote to him: "I fear your attention is too much attracted by other matters than your command, and hope that you will feel the importance of completing a good record which you commenced in the line of your present duties, whatever turn other matters of public interest may take in Colorado." (WRR XLI, pt. 2, 483-84). Chivington responded fervently: "I assure you that I have not spent an hour or gone a mile to attend to other matters than my command." He assured his superior that even before receipt of his letter, he had publicly declined to participate in a campaign for the State constitution or for his election to Congress. And he stated: "I shall continue to give unremitting attention to a military character." (WRR XLI, pt. 2, 613-14).

To this combination of possible internal tensions and inescapable pressures there was added in October an additional factor that may have been the culminating force exerted on Chivington as he moved into the field for action against the Indians. Let us emphasize "May"—for this possibility is advanced as a tentative hypothesis.

In June the powerful and imperious proprietor of the Overland Stage Line, Ben Holladay, gained renewal of the four-year contract to transport the U. S. mail from Atchison to Salt Lake City via Denver. W. N. Byers, who had no love whatsoever for Holladay, commented in the *Rocky Mountain News* on June 3: "For four years more Colorado, Utah, and Nevada belong to Ben Holladay for a

footstool and may the Lord have mercy on them."

Late in the long period, from mid-August to deep-September during which Indian depredations virtually put the Overland Stage Lines out of business, Holladay and General Curtis agreed upon a plan for stationing troops along the Overland route. (WRR VLI, pt. 3, 334). Then Holladay personally supervised the distribution of horses, equipment, and supplies and the reopening of stations preparatory to getting the coaches rolling again. His demands upon the harassed Curtis, whose small forces were being drained away to meet Price's advance, were increasingly heavy and impertinent.

Before starting westward from Atchison, Holladay on September 23, requested that the use of soldiers as stock-tenders at Kearney be authorized, in view of the lack of civilian labor. Holladay added. "With your advice and assistance and my determination, I know we can put this line into operation." (Ibid., p. 334). From Julesburg on October 1, Holladay reported more attacks on coaches and haycutters and stated that it would be necessary to assign at least five soldiers to every station along the route and two to four soldiers to every coach to keep the line open (Ibid., pp. 549-50).

Colonel Chivington had already sent out four companies of the Third Colorado to old Fort Lupton, to Latham, Junction, and Valley stations along the Overland route, doubtless to enable them to get as much seasoning as possible while awaiting better armament, horses and supplies, and repeatedly assured Curtis of the security of the line between Julesburg and Denver (Ibid., pt. 2, 946; pt. 3, 335, 625). Such assurances were doubtless repeated to Holladay when Chivington and Secretary Elbert met him at Latham (DRMN,

Oct 3) to plan a shortening of the stage route northeast of Denver.

However, when Holladay finally reached Salt Lake City, claiming to

west of Kearney, Holladay warned Secretary Stanton, the Overland mails would have to be halted again. His dispatch continued:



Artists drawing of Camp Weld, Denver, where members of Colorado Volunteers were assembled before battle of Sand Creek. Courtesy Colo. State Historical Society.

have had a narrow escape from Indians, he informed Curtis on October 10, through R. M. Hughes at Atchison, attorney for the Overland Stage Lines, that no peace with the Indians could be expected until aggressing and crushing war was waged upon them in their camps. Attorney Hughes continued:

"Patrolling the road and a merely defensive policy . . . will do nothing We must open war in its most serious form with them, follow them to their fortresses, and slay without sparing all who can fight. A winter campaign, well devised, would utterly break their power and learn them to fear, if not respect, our Government (WRR, XLI, pt. 3, 768)"

Not satisfied with this indirect volley, Holladay fired one point-blank five days later by sending a vigorous dispatch from Salt Lake City straight to the Secretary of War (WRR, VLI, pt. 3, 903). Unless immediate measures were taken to stop the Indian attacks on coaches every few days forty to sixty miles

I most respectfully urge that General Connor be assigned to this duty at once. His familiarity with Indian warfare, his prompt and efficient protection of the western line, wholesome dread of the savages of his name, point to him above all others as the man for the work of punishing these marauders. The units at camp Evans when the word got around that a treaty had been concluded with the Indians and that there would be no fighting. The nature and expectations of the Third Regiment of 100-day men, who constituted the overwhelming preponderance of military force in the District, inevitably exerted a pressure of great force in Chivington.

Holladay took it upon himself to assure the Secretary that everything was quiet in Utah and that Connor could "Well be spared for the necessary time to accomplish the work speedily and effectually with the means at his command."

The officer whom Holladay was nominating for the duty of ending the Indian menace out on the plains was Brigadier-General Patrick Edward Connor, Commandant of the Utah Military District. He was a red-whiskered, sandy-haired, blue-eyed, square-shouldered Irishman of

medium height born in County Kerry in St. Patrick's Day, 1820 and reared in New York. He served in the regular army for five years (1839-44) on the frontier of that time which was marked by Forts Leavenworth, Des Moines and Sanford. In 1846, in Texas, he again enlisted and served for a year with the Texas Volunteers in Mexico, was promoted to Captain, was wounded, and honorably discharged. The gold rush carried him to California, where he engaged in various commercial enterprises, married, and became an influential and energetic citizen of Stockton.

In September, 1861, he was mustered in as Colonel of the Third California Volunteer Infantry. The next year, instead of being ordered to the Potomac, he and his indignant regiment were ordered to Utah; after a long march from California, the autumn of 1862 found Connor and his Californians engaged in constructing Camp Douglas outside Salt Lake City and endeavoring to protect the Overland Mail and outlying settlements from the Shoshoni and to handle the hardly less difficult problem of getting along with Brigham Young and his co-religionists.

Connor's reputation in the West and "the dread of this name" among Indians had been established in January 1863 by his crushing defeat of a large concentration of Shoshoni and Bannocks at the conjunction of Battle Creek and Bear River, not far from the site of present-day Preston, Idaho (WRR, L, pt. 1, 185-87). Connor's secret 140-mile march to the Indian camp was made in four nights in exceedingly bitter weather; the Indians encampment attacked at day-break and the battle raged for several hours. Two hundred twenty-four Indian dead counted on the field, and thereafter those tribes showed marked respect for the leader who, in recognition of his victory, was pro-

moted to rank of Brigadier-General on March 29, 1863 (Ind., pp 184, 187).

Holladay's telegram to Secretary Stanton produced quick results. On the following day (Oct. 16) general Halleck, Chief of Staff, War Department ignored the niceties of military procedure and telegraphed Connor directly: "Give all the protection in your power to the Overland route between you and Fort Kearney without regard to departmental lines. General Curtis' forces have been diverted by rebel raids from Arkansas." (WRR, XLI, pt. 4, 24; L, pt. 2 1013).

This remarkable order raised at least one important question in Connor's mind, and that he fired back at Halleck the next day (October 17): "To render efficient protection, the troops between Salt Lake and Kearney, inclusive should be subject to my orders irrespective of departmental lines. Do I understand your telegram to mean that?" (*Ibid.*, XLI, pt. 4, 63; L, pt. 2, 1014). Halleck's reply (October 18) was that his order was not intended to transfer troops or change commanders, except when parts of different commands acted together; then the ranking officer would take general command temporarily (*Ibid.*, XLI, pt. 4, 101; L, pt 2, 1015.)

Such a reply was probably all that could have been expected since Halleck's original order had probably been a flash action triggered by Holladay's dispatch. However, it left Connor in the uncomfortable position of bearing the responsibility for protecting the Overland but lacking all authority to require the Commandants of the districts of Kansas and Nebraska to cooperate with him in the event they were disinclined to do so.

Of course, he could use his own forces, insofar as discretion would allow him to send part of his small command eastward into northern

Colorado or western Nebraska; aside from that he could only ask his neighboring opposite numbers to contribute contingents for a combined force under his command. That he proceeded to do so, by sending a telegram to Chivington on October 22:

Governor Evans (to whom Connor had also sent some unrecorded message) promptly replied that he was glad Connor was coming and urged him to bring as large a force as possible in order that the Indians might be totally destroyed; until that was accomplished there would be no permanent peace on the plains. The Governor, of course, had nothing to say about grain or troops. (*WRR*, L, pt. 2, 1036).

If Chivington answered, his reply failed to get into the official records. Quite aside from whatever Chivington's reactions may have to this threatened invasion of his jurisdiction by an officer who outranked him, who had much greater experience than he had, and who possessed the direct backing of the Secretary of War, a hard fact was that Connor was proposing to step out on Chivington's stage and was requesting the use of some of his troops when his own expedition had begun moving and he had no forces to loan anyone—even if he had been inclined to do so.

By mid-October the units of the Third Colorado had been, with great difficulty, reasonably fitted out with arms and horses, and less than a week before Connor sent his dispatch, Major Hal Sayr, who was in command of the companies stationed Camp Eaton and Junction station, had received his orders to proceed to rendezvous in the Bijou Basin, some seventy miles southeast of Denver (L. Perrigo, "Major Hal Sayr's Diary," *Colo. Mag.* XV, 50-51). When Connor's inquiry arrived, Sayr's battalions as well as other units of

the third were moving by various routes toward that destination.

That Chivington was agitated by Connor's dispatch, and its possible implication, was evident from Chivington's message to Curtis on October 26. He repeated Connor's telegram and then asked: "Have departmental lines been changed? If not, will I allow him to give directions in this district?" He assured Curtis that the line to Julesburg was "perfectly protected" and added: "The line this side Julesburg ought to be in this district, as my troops are taking care of it." (*WRR*, XLI, pt. 4, 259). There is no indication in the official records that Chivington received any advice, or even a reply, departmental headquarters in response to his inquiry—and understandably so, since the campaign against Price was at its peak, and General Curtis and his staff were in the field.

Meanwhile Connor was getting squared away at Camp Douglas to begin carrying out his orders from Halleck. On October 30 he informed his superior, the Commandant of the Department of the Pacific at San Francisco, of his plans. In a few days two companies of his California cavalry would start for Denver, where he expected they would arrive in twenty-five days. He himself would make a quick trip to Denver to gather information upon which to base his plans and subsequent actions. If it should appear practicable to make a winter's campaign with a fair probability of severely punishing the Indians, he would make arrangements for the collection and disposition of troops and then return to Camp Douglas. When everything was ready, he would then return to assume personal command of the expedition and make Denver his base of operations (*ibid.*, L, pt. 2, 1036-37).

These plans were put in motion in

early November, but had to be altered when the two companies of cavalry encountered severe storms and deep snow and had to be halted at Fort Bridger. General Connor, however, accompanied by Captain Charles Hempstead and Ben Holladay, proceeded to Denver and put up at the Planter's House on the evening of November 14. *The Rocky Mountain News* of the following day noted the arrival of the two officers (completely and characteristically ignoring the proprietor of the Overland Stage Lines), reported a pleasant visit with Capt. Hempstead who, in addition to his military duties at Camp Douglas, edited the "lively and spicy" daily *Vedette*, and stated in regard to General Connor: "We are not prepared to state official business brought the Brigadier here, if any, although rumor is rife on this point and that" (*DRMN*, Nov. 15, 1864).

Whatever Chivington's personal attitude toward Connor may have been, he observed the amenities of proper official behavior. On the evening of the 15th, the band of the First Regiment was turned out to serenade the visiting General at the Planter's House, with Colonel Chivington, a number of his officers, and a "large assemblage" of citizens in attendance. *The Rocky Mountain News* of the following day, in reporting the serenade, was lavish in its praise of Connor—"a fighter and a gentlemen and a soldier to boot," "a man that suits the genius of this West."

Many years later, in 1890, Chivington wrote that it was his impression, from the day of Connor's arrival in Denver, "that he had been ordered here by the Secretary of War to see whether we were efficiently prosecuting this campaign against the Indians" ("The Pet Lambs," *Denver Republican*, May 18, 1890). Of course, Chi-

vington knew that Connor had come for much more than that, and the public might well have suspected as much.

The *Rocky Mountain News* in reporting the serenade at the Planter's House, stated: ". . . Colorado will appreciate (General Connor's) mission. He comes here to take a look at the field and ascertain the feasibility of punishing the Indians on the Overland mail route" (*DRMN*, Nov. 16). The veil was drawn even wider three days later when Byers reprinted a story from Captain Hempstead's *Vedette* of November 5 that told of the General's going to Denver and "perhaps to Kearney to study the possibility of punishing the savages. "The article continued: "Should a winter campaign be deemed at all feasible, the General will organize his expedition to that end and, at the proper time, return to Denver and command in person." (*DRMN*, Nov. 19).

How Chivington's friends and foes interpreted such statements, what effects the release of such information had on him and his relations with Connor, we do not know anymore then we know what meetings they had together or what they said to one another. It is clear, however, that any hopes General Connor may have had of near by cooperation from the Commander of the Colorado Military District were thoroughly dashed, for on November 21—the day after Chivington left Denver to join his forces at Booneville and move on to Sand Creek (*DRR*, XLI, pt. 1, 948) the visiting Brigadier-General wrote an extended report to General Halleck (*Ibid*, pp. 908-10).

He regretfully informed the Chief of Staff that he was unable to organize an expedition under existing conditions because the Indian country was "intersected and cut up

by several military districts, the commanders of which appear to be of the opinion they can spare no troops for a winter campaign." He hoped that effective action might be taken in the spring before the Indians broke up their winter encampments, and continued:

"I beg leave, respectfully, to suggest that for the successful prosecution of this undertaking, it is highly important that authority be granted to call on district commanders for such additional troops as in my opinion can be safely spared from the posts during the time necessary to accomplish the purpose named. Without such authority any expedition is likely to prove, if not abortive, at least ineffective. With it, I entertain the confident opinion that an effective blow can be struck in time to prevent the renewed outrages which well may be anticipated during the coming summer."

Many years later, in 1890, Chivington wrote (*Denver Republican*, May 18, 1890) that when he had mounted to start the journey to join his troops at Booneville, General Connor came up and expressed his confidence that the Indians were in for a "terrible threshing"—if Chivington could catch them out on the plains. At the close of the conversation Connor asked: "Colonel, where are those Indians?" Chivington recalled that he replied: "General, that is the trick that wins this game, if the game is won. There are but two persons who know their exact location, and they are myself and Colonel George L. Shoup." "Well," protested Connor, "I won't tell anybody." Chivington replied: "I will bet you don't!"

When those two officers parted after their brief conversation and went their respective ways, they followed routes that led to different fortunes. The slighter of the two, the red-whiskered Irish Brigadier-General returned to Utah two days later (*DRMN*, Nov. 21), but he would return to Denver after a few months, to establish his headquarters as Commandant of the newly organized District of the plains, with Colorado, Nebraska and Utah under his juris-

diction (*WRR*, XLVIII, pt. I, 1285). The other officer, the giant with the piercing eye, rode out on his way to the Pyrrhic victory which, whether he deserved it or not, would ruin him.

If we could know what was in his mind as he rode toward Bonneville, what and how he thought about Connor, we would know much about his nature, and that knowledge might go far toward clarifying our understanding of Sand Creek. Did he think of Connor as a respected fellow-officer and gentleman with whom one swapped stories and experiences, a friendly rival with whom one played a good-natured game of jurisdictional chess? "How many troops can you spare me for a campaign?"— "Sorry, General, I can't spare any—I have my own plans for all of my troops." "Colonel, just where are those Indians? I won't tell anybody."—"General, I'll bet you won't, because I'm not about to tell you!" Checkmate!

Or did he think of him as a successful fighter who had made his name by a fast, hard, secret march in better weather to unleash a crushing attack upon an Indian encampment at daybreak and win his rank by great slaughter?

Or did the Colonel's face darken as he thought of Connor as a menace to his position, his power, his reputation—a threatening rival who would displace him, tower over him, unless he could cast the Irish Brigadier and his Battle of Bear River into the shadows by winning a much greater victory? Were such thoughts in his mind during the consultations at Fort Lyon on the 28th? Did they impel his actions, affect his orders at the bloody encounter the next day? Might they have encouraged him, in writing his reports of the battle, to have magnified somewhat the size of the opposing force of Indians, to have padded the numbers of the enemy

killed? Did he harbor the hope that someone up the ladder of authority would exclaim, "Connor killed his two hundreds, but Chivington killed his six hundreds!"? Behind his request that all companies of the First Colorado and the Eleventh Ohio be put under his command so that he could effectually "rid the country between the Platte and Arkansas" of the "red rebels" (*WRR*, XLI, pt 1, 950), was there any hope of cutting the ground from under Ben Holladay's nominee for that honor?

In our present ignorance of a multitude of pertinent factors, we cannot

answer these questions with any assurance — there are too many unknowns in the equation. It would seem logical to assume that to the many pressures upon John M. Chivington in late 1864, the impact of Patrick Edward Connor and all that he represented may well have been a significant addition, but we lack the scales by which that particular force can be measured. The evidences are all circumstantial.

Possibly, in raising the question, just another mystery has been added to the riddles that are wrapped up in the enigma of Sand Creek.

CRIPPLE CREEK THE NEW GOLD MINING CAMP

Following are excerpts from an unsigned article which appeared in The Great Divide, for July, 1892, Vol. VII, No. 5. The Great Divide was published at Denver during the nineties, by the Great Divide Publishing Company which, we believe, was in effect a subsidiary of the Denver Post. It had a wide circulation in Colorado and was extremely influential in politics of the period. The camp was in its infancy when the article was written.

The Cripple Creek Mining District lies at the western base of Pikes Peak, and has an area roughly estimated at twenty miles square. [It turned out to be about six miles square.] The district is among the mountains, the average elevation of the whole district being about 9,000 feet.

The peculiar name it bears was given to the creek through a man be-

ing thrown from his horse and having his leg broken. This is the simple story, which may or may not be true, and which is certainly of very little importance.

It is a charming district as regards scenic attractions, the district in reality constituting a natural park, hemmed in with mountain peaks tipped with snow and clothed in dark green pines. It lies in the basin and range of parks between Pikes Peak and Mount Pisgah, ten miles southwest of the former and three miles south by east from the latter. It is distant from Denver seventy miles, from Colorado Springs twenty miles and from Pueblo forty four miles, but the actual distance to be traversed is, of course, much greater. . . The district is sheltered on the east by the Pikes Peak Range, on the west by the Sangre de Cristo. It is claimed that so well is it guarded against the

heavy snows and cold winds that it is warmer by fifteen or twenty degrees than at Hayden Divide, [present Divide] a thousand feet lower.

The mountains in this basin are smooth, rounded and softly outlined, wooded to the top, with pleasant valleys and gulches at their base.

The hillsides are grassy and gently rolling and not as is so usual in the Rockies—rugged, rocky and stern looking and the camp is fully benefited by such an advantageous site.

It is asserted that during the last twenty years repeated trials have been made to find gold in this particular district. When Hayden's party passed through this region in the sixties, it came pretty close to discovering this camp. In 1874 a tunnel was dug near what is now known as Arequa Creek, but the property was abandoned. Good mines are now on Squaw Gulch and Wilson Creek, which are on each side of Arequa, and the 1874 party might have done well had they persevered. In 1879 another party went in and dug a tunnel on Poverty Gulch, but left it to its fate, after missing the mineral by about a hair's breadth. This is near one of the producing mines.

Robert Womack was the first man to find gold at Cripple Creek but, unlike the discover of Creede, is said not to have profited from his discovery. About the end of 1890 he took some ore to Colorado Springs, but had difficulty in interesting capital. Finally, in January, 1891, several claims were located, and gradually the news spread. It began to be told over the state that there was something in the Cripple Creek district, and prospectors began to go in. The men of Colorado Springs got in first, and have large holdings of the various interests. Last summer and fall, ground was taken up rapidly, the value of the placer deposits attracting attention, and in December

last began a rush to the new camp. Practically, therefore, the history of Cripple Creek is one of days.

At the beginning of March there were, it was estimated, fully 4,000 men in the Cripple Creek district, and the middle of June it is estimated that the number had exceeded 8,000, of whom nearly one half are in tents about the mountain sides and in the gulches, prospecting. In the Camp itself, generally known as Cripple Creek, though some call it Fremont, there is now a population of over 4,000.

Over the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, by way of Canon City, the most picturesque and attractive route to the camp has been located. The scenic attractiveness of this stage drive and its changing variety will long be remembered. From Canon City to the camp, the veteran stage manager, Dave Wood, has established a line of Concord coaches, which carry the tourist, prospector and drummer through to the camp with comfort. The horses are specially fine animals, and rattle over the road without a moment's delay. Relays of horses are kept at convenient points, and, altogether, the management of this stage line is thoroughly satisfactory and efficient in every particular.

Leaving Canon City, the stage road winds over a pleasant mesa and through foot-hills for a short distance; then the mountains are reached. Defiling through a gulch where the jack rabbits gambol and show their tails, a beautiful park is reached, known as Garden Park, of about ten miles extent, a grassy plain hemmed in with mountains of red and white stone, which colors, with the green of the park, make a delightful symphony of color. Here and there a ranch was passed, all under good cultivation and everything in good order. It is a delightful drive. After a change of horses, what is known as 'Four Mile

Canon" is reached, and this will prove to be a new experience—a sensation to those who have never driven through a mountain canon. The stage road is not a wide one—hardly wide enough for more than a pedestrian in addition to the stage coach—and on one side are the rocky sides of the mountain, which can be touched with the hand, and on the other, one looks down into the canon, perhaps a thousand feet below, where a stream tears along in its frantic course.

It is the home of the Rocky Mountain sheep. And the horses of the stage line seem to be as sure-footed as the sheep and the driver never relaxes his attention for an instant while going through this canon, which is about five miles in length. It is a magnificent drive.

In the Eastern States, anyone who would even suggest a footpath in places similar to where the stage roads of the Rockies are built, in many cases, would be considered as a wild lunatic.

The drive through Four Mile Canon makes one's pulse beat somewhat faster, and is an experience worth having and not soon forgotten.

After leaving Four Mile Canon the drive is through the woods, being in length about eight miles. About half way the town of Lawrence is reached, which is about five miles southeast of Fremont, and which is having quite a boom since the Canon City stage route has been opened. About seventy five people "reside" here and nearly a thousand get their mail here. While driving on this portion of the road, the "lonely" prospector is seen at work at many points. They all looked sad and forgotten. They all looked hopeless and deserted, and one felt sorry for them and their lonely lives. No wife, no children and no home for the time being. They seemed to have no interest in anything, but sat a-

round their smoky camp fire as if they did not have a hope in the world.

Some had rough board shanties, others had rigged up camps with boughs and branches, and one independent individual was concealed in a camp he had made just like an Indian tepee, from the top of which the smoke came forth heavily and which suggested a rather thick atmosphere within the tepee.

The sadness of the prospectors along the Lawrence road, through the various gulches, was probably due to the weather, for it was dreary and wet. The rain was falling in sheets, and at intervals came down in the form of snow and sleet, for variety's sake. All nature looked sad, and the prospectors helped complete the picture. On the stage coach some one asked the driver if "he did not love the merry, merry sunshine" but the driver maintained a contemptuous silence. Lawrence draws its business from the mines on Wilson Creek, separated from Fremont by the hills. Far south into the territory between Lawrence and Canon, hundreds of claims have been staked. The town of Lawrence has grown fast, and is situated upon deeded land.

The stage continues to climb, after passing Lawrence, and winds in and about the rounded hills, passing numerous prospects, mines and claims till Fremont or Cripple Creek is reached. The town, when the writer visited it two weeks ago, was reached in the evening, and was a blaze of brilliancy, the arc lights looking white and silvery in the distance, and the mass of light from the frame buildings, the subdued lights which shone through the canvas of the tents, both in the town and on the hill sides, made a fairy-like scene amid these ancient mountain tops.

Cripple Creek differs from Creede in one very essential particular, at least. At Creede, if one stumbles, it is

against the cliffs on one side or into the stream on the other. At Cripple Creek, there is no need of building the houses like swallows' nests, on the side of a cliff, or of sleeping on a ladder.

Cripple Creek enjoys the unique distinction, for a mining camp, of having had only one murder committed within its borders during the first five months of its existence. And this murder, was, to some extent, accidental. A drunken stage driver, in an altercation with a bartender, fired at him. His aim was not good. He missed the barkeeper and shot a "poor" piano player. The latter's paramour took poison on hearing of his death, so that two deaths were placed to the account of the stage driver. The record of Cripple Creek as a mining camp is, therefore, remarkable—only one murder in the history of the camp and good order ruling at all hours. Good order is the distinctive characteristic of the camp.

The town of Cripple Creek, or Fremont, has been much governed since the beginning of its existence, as it has had two mayors and other officials in duplicate. The result has been that it has governed itself, and with very satisfactory results so far. The Law and Order League consists of a deputy sheriff and a constable. The election trouble has been thrown into Court, where, it is said, the saloon element will strive to keep it for a year in order to avoid paying taxes. It must be admitted that the saloon element is a very numerous one at this camp. Going down Bennett Avenue, it is a safe bet that every second building is a saloon, and quite frequently two saloons adjoin each other without any interruption. It is surprising, considering the number of saloons, how orderly a prominent Cripple Creeker told the writer that the Cripple Creek whiskey

was of excellent quality. He said, as if to settle the matter. "I am an authority on this subject."

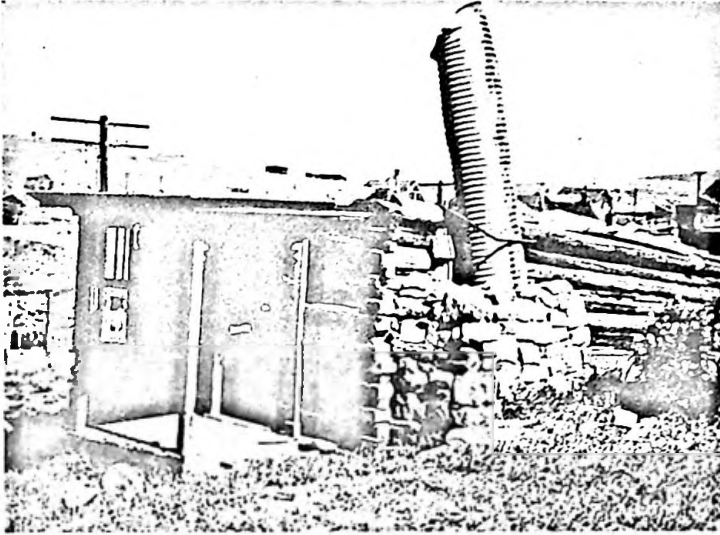
It is claimed that the upper portion of the town is more respectable, and is to be incorporated separately, a special vote being taken for this purpose. The whole town is eminently respectable. Of course, the conventional and the unconventional overlap each other at many points, but one can easily see more crime and evil in much more pretentious places. The only "gun" the writer saw was carried by an Eastern man—a new arrival—and he seemed to be afraid of it himself.

Boarding houses, eating-houses, saloons and dance-houses and gambling hells seem to stand on about the same footing, all evidently being considered as equally necessary. The announcement is frequent, "Beds, 25 and 50 cents" and here and there is seen the legend "Furnished Rooms." Inquiry, in one case, elicited the information that the roomer was expected to do the furnishing. The 25-cent beds are in long sheds, and consist of box bunks, which appear to be comfortable enough, and constitute a large dormitory. On some of the smaller buildings the bunks are arranged like the cabins on a steamer. Everything appears to be fairly clean—in fact, surprisingly so.

A sign which attracts attention on a side street is one reading 'Ladies' hair dresser.'

It is not known how many of the gentler sex are resident in Cripple Creek, but very few are seen on the streets. The gentler sex whose name is frailty is, of course, present, and make the shadows here as elsewhere in a city life. The saloon and prostitution go hand in hand here as elsewhere.

The gambling opportunities are ample, faro and keno being played day and night, and these may be



Cabin of Robert "Bob" Womack as it stands in Cripple Creek today. Womack staked his first claim in Cripple Creek in 1886; his second one in 1890 . . . that started the famous gold rush to that fabulous gold camp. (Photo courtesy Fred and Jo Mazzulla)

considered as a safety valve for a certain element. Wheezy pianos which have done duty in other camps till one would think they were useful only as firewood, are attractive features here in the dance saloons.

Men come and go all night long. The town is a blaze of light, the rays falling upon log cabins, frame buildings, ore wagons, supply teams, the prospector, the speculator and picturesque groupings of humanity.

It is such a scene as only a mining camp presents—such a scene as will soon be changed by the march of improvement, and curiosity seekers will soon have to go elsewhere. It is a crowd of busy men, intent upon fortune hunting, and as hustling a picture as can be viewed anywhere on earth. All are hoping, nearly all are scheming, and thus the web of life in a mining camp is woven.

There are plenty of assayers in the town, yet all of them seem to be busy. That this is the case may be inferred from the fact that there are over 4,000 mineral claims in the district

recorded, and many more staked, but not recorded. Nearly everybody has an assay made. It is evident from the number of claims that the whole of the central portion of the mineral belt must be now taken up.

Everybody is speculating in stocks, and the Cripple Creek Stock Board and Mining Exchange Association has recently been formed. It is incorporated for the purpose of promoting the general mining interests of the Cripple Creek mining district. It has a membership of nearly 100 leading business, professional and mining men. The principal object of the association is to assist miners and prospectors in raising the necessary funds to develop their properties and give reliable information regarding mining properties in the district. Each listed property is examined by a special committee and a report made to the association.

A Board of Trade has also been organized, and now, it is to be presumed, there will be the usual howl about railway rates and the usual

long winded address about nothing in particular by the president, as is done by Boards of Trades in older cities.

Cripple Creek has three papers, *The Crusher*, *The Miner* and *The Prospector*, all of which, it will be seen, have typical names. The editor of *The Crusher* is Mr. E. C. Gard, who has done much to advance the interests of Cripple Creek and who is a forcible writer. *The Miner* is a daily and is a creditable result, newsy and bright. *The Prospector* appears to have a good patronage.

There are two banks—the Bank of Cripple Creek, which is the first one established, and the Bi-metallic Bank, just recently opened. There is plenty of business for both of these institutions, and deposits are increasing daily.

New buildings are going up all the time, and real estate is held at good prices. The labor market is amply supplied.

The hotel accommodations are good—surprisingly so for such a new camp. The Continental, which is down town on Bennett Avenue, may fairly be termed the business hotel. It is doing a big business, being crowded at all times. It occupies or fills a somewhat peculiar building—a kind of house that Jack built, a building that consists mainly of extensions and wings, but which is well kept and well ordered. It is clean, the rooms are comfortable—all things considered, the service is satisfactory, and for a mining camp only six months old, this hotel is surprisingly good.

And still better and somewhat higher in price—both being under the same management—is the Clarendon. This is a fine hotel in nearly every particular, handsomely furnished and decorated, excellent table and good service. That such a hotel as the Clarendon should be found in

a mining camp is a wonder. Look at the menu:

MENU

Cream Barley	Consomme
Baked Perch, Cardinal	Pommes Hollandaise
Saute of Colorado Quail	Chasseur
Banana Fritters	fleur Vanilla
Lobster Salad	Prime Roast Beef au Jus
Leg of Venison with Jelly	Mashed and steamed Potatoes
Stewed Tomatoes	Green Peas
Dessert	
Green Gage Pie	Custard Pie
Indian Pudding, Hard Sauce	Coffee
Blanc Mange	Assorted cake
Nuts, raisins, cheese, crackers	

Under such circumstances, a visit to a mining camp is not exceptionally trying, and fried bacon and flapjacks will soon be forgotten. And Gold Seal takes the place of whisky. Another new hotel, the Windsor, is completed. Cripple Creek has ample hotel accommodations, and the intending investor and tourist can buy a gold mine and comfort at one and the same time.

The water supply for domestic purposes is ample, but there is some complaint that it disturbs the stomach. A new water company, the Barnard Creek Reservoir and Pipe-line Company proposes to bring water from Barnard Creek to a reservoir above the town.

To refer to the mines again. The "Blue Bell" was the first mine opened in the camp and it will always be known as the pioneer. To Dick Langford belongs the credit of discovering and opening this mine. The assays of samples from this mine have averaged over \$80 per ton from the surface. The ore consists of three parts silver to one part gold, with a small percentage of lead and tin. The fol-

lowing mines, in addition to the Blue Bell, have pay ore in sight, and some of them are shipping: Anaconda, Hub, Buena Vista, Marguerite, Iron-clad, Princess, Jack Pot, Jeff Davis, Monte Rosa, Star of the West, Orphan Bell, Joe Johnson, Tam O'Shanter, and other, about twenty-five in all, which is an excellent record for a six months' camp.

The religious "facilities" of the camp consist of a gospel tent, which is doing good service. There are no silvery chimes to call to worship, nor does one hear any deep toned bells. There are no signs that anyone is in a hurry. The hard life of the miner makes him take religious matters coolly. He does not hurry, nor does he enthuse. He is eminently practical.

The bright, clear sky and snow tipped mountains exceed in beauty any church, and the miner does not believe in theatrical effect. He looks for facts in his religion. He wants a good assay. The missionary who does good is to him worth a million times the city minister who lives in east and preaches—that is, does nothing but preach. The Te Deum of the heart is as sincere at Cripple Creek as in the oldest monastery.

A local item from one of the Cripple Creek papers shows a sincerity which is worthy of note. It relates to an unfortunate:

"'Annie Rooney', a young woman living on Myers Avenue, having become tired of life's mystery and hav-

ing given a negative answer to Mallock's query 'Is life worth living', endeavored last night to end the ills she knows so well, and tempt the dread uncertainties across the dark river by taking carbolic acid. Her condition was discovered, Dr. Wright was summoned, and, after an hour's hard work, restored the woman to consciousness. Will she live to reform and thank the doctor, or has he only rescued her for a plunge into greater depths, where the soul becomes seared and ceases to rebel against the brutal environments. God knows!"

In conclusion, it may be stated that the prospects of Cripple Creek camp are bright and while some may be over sanguine, still the tendency at the camp is rather to make haste slowly than to create a tremendous boom, of necessity a short and injurious experience. Enterprises at Cripple Creek are upon a solid foundation and prominent capitalists are interested in its future.

It is hardly necessary to recall that for the fifteen or twenty years that followed the writing of the above article, Cripple Creek claimed the title of "The World's Greatest Gold Camp" and had the production to prove it. The restrained tone of the last paragraph above was characteristic of the doubts which the new camp experienced for a couple of years more, until it got into the swing of things.





Western's Bookshelf



CUSTER: The Life of General George Armstrong Custer, by Jay Monaghan, (Little, Brown & Co., 469 pgs., \$6.)

One of the most flamboyant and controversial figures in American history died when George Armstrong Custer made his last stand on the Little Big Horn. The Little Big Horn was the biggest of his many blunders, yet, because of it, Custer gained immortality.

When but a small boy, Custer said to his father, "I and you can whip all the Whigs in Ohio, can't we?" And this attitude marked the man for the rest of his life.

Custer graduated at the foot of his West Point class of 1861, only two demerit points away from dismissal; yet, when Custer led his first charge in May of 1862, the attack turned the Confederate flank at Williamsburg. In less than a year Lieut. Custer became Brigadier General Custer, the boy General. He was impulsive, fearless, colorful, and dashing; he was also brash, inclined at times to be subordinate, vain to the point of designing his own showy uniforms, and he often wore his hair in long curls to attract attention. Still, his knighterrant romanticism, his reckless and successful leading of cavalry charges, brought him to the attention of his superior officers.

Custer created many enemies, due to his unhesitant criticism of his superiors, even to the President of the United States, but he also had the ability to develop warm friendships.

The end of the Civil War left Custer without a stage; assigned to a frontier command, he chafed under its peacetime limitations, dismissing the Indians with disdain as inferior

warriors, whom he would have no trouble controlling.

The author discusses the Little Big Horn incident in a single chapter, attempting no serious reconstruction of the affair; whether the so-called massacre was due to Custer's carelessness or misfortune it is difficult to determine. That he met his match in Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse, however, there is no doubt.

Elizabeth Custer, the lovely wife of the soldier, becomes the most appealing character in the book and her charm radiates throughout the story, not only in her life with Custer, but afterwards, in her life-long effort to uphold her husband's reputation against attacks by his enemies.

While this biography is not as fully developed as it could have been, author Monaghan does present the full Custer story of the first time—from his boyhood days to his untimely death, and in all fairness, we must say Custer is no easy subject for a biographer.

Armand W. Reeder, PM

ARMY EXPLORATION IN THE AMERICAN WEST by William H. Goetzman. Yale University Press, New Haven, 1959. Published under the editorship of David Horne as Volume 4 of the Yale Publications in American Studies. Price \$6.50.

How important was the work of the United States Army Corps of Topographical Engineers? The answer must include the adjectives epochmaking, imposing, masterful, practical, supplementary and most valuable. In summarizing the work of these men Goetzman writes, 'In the realm of practical service they explored the important trails, located

passes through the mountains, and supervised the construction of roads (both local and trans-continental). They toiled up the national resources. They prospected for water and minerals. They surveyed the possibilities of agriculture, and they helped to brush aside the Indian barrier. They mapped most of the major rivers and on several occasions supervised their improvement projects. They surveyed the important harbors, built dams, constructed lighthouses, and laid out coastal fortifications. In all of these operations they invested their skills and the extensive federal subsidies in an underdeveloped region at a time when the settlers themselves were unable to do so."

The author does not deny that the mountain men and scouts did their shares in finding and establishing trails, mountain passes and wagon roads, but he proves that the work of such topographical officers as Fremont, Abert, Kearny, Simpson, Stansbury, Gunnison and many other was a most valuable contribution to the opening up and understanding of the American West. The book is one of the most comprehensive studies of exploration beyond the Mississippi and will undoubtedly take a deserved place along with such books as Chittenden's *The American Fur Trade of the Far West* and Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies*.

The organization of material is chronological and covers principally the years from 1838 to 1863, the time of the independent existence of the Topographical Corps. A comprehensive index plus maps in the text on pages discussing a particular area give the book added usefulness, and five maps in a pocket on the back cover are a "real find" with a map by Jim Baker and G. K. Warren's *Map of the Territory of the United States from the Mississippi River to*

the Pacific Ocean. The footnotes and bibliographical essay are most valuable for the historical student, and in this connection it is interesting to note that the James W. Abert papers are in the possession of our own posse member Fred Rosenstock, but were not used in the preparation of this book.

Mr. Goetzman is an assistant professor of history at Yale University and has made a needed and enduring contribution to Western History with this book.

Don L. Griswold, PM

BILL SUBLETTE: MOUNTAIN MAN, by John E. Sunder (University of Oklahoma Press, \$5.00)

This biography of William Lewis Sublette, famous mountain man, faithfully records the events in his life from early childhood to his death in Pittsburgh.

Sublette's mountain and trading career began at St. Charles, Missouri, in the spring of 1823 when he joined the second trading venture of the Lieutenant Governor of Missouri, militia General William Henry Ashley, political leader and man of shrewd commercial sense.

Sublette accepted Ashley's offer of \$200 per year of mountain service, settled the details of his parents' estates, sold his bedstead for one dollar at public auction and was ready to depart for the West.

The party left by keel boat on that trip Sublette soon had his first encounter with hostile Indians. From then on he must have liked what he saw of the fur trade. He continued in it for some years, as an associate of Ashley's, and as a partner with others in fur trading ventures. By 1830 he ranked among the greatest of the mountain men.

Although Sublette prospered in his overall trading operations and became a man of considerable property, the fur trade was hazardous. It is recorded that during the four years prior to 1830 he and his partners lost forty-four men and losses in horses, mules, furs, traps, and equipment amounted to at least \$43,000.

After his main adventures in the West he returned to St. Louis where he became a merchant, bank director, corporation executive, land speculator and progressive farmer. At his death in 1845 he left a substantial fortune and a heritage of courageous enterprise which helped to develop the West.

In addition to recording the principal events in the life of Sublette as an entrepreneur and depicting the rugged experiences and hardships of western treks, the book provides insight to the economics of the fur trade. It is a valuable contribution to western Americana.

PM A. E. Ellsworth

THE RAMPAGING HERD, a Bibliography of Books and Pamphlets on Men and Events in the Cattle Industry, by Roman F. Adams 8vo, 463 pages, illus. (9 facsimile title-pages of scarce books), Index; University of Oklahoma Press, 1959, \$15.00.

How would you like to travel from coast to coast, looking over outstanding collections of Western Americana, and visiting many large libraries, then recording your findings?

Well, that is just what Ramon F. Adams did, with the aid of the Ford Foundation, and this volume contains a listing of over 2,600 items which he saw and handled.

Mr. Adams, author of several Western items, had done a similar work in his "Six-Guns and Saddle Leather," published in 1954, but this time he goes farther afield, as reflected by his "Acknowledgements," with credit to many in our own state, including Fred Rosenstock, John J. Lipsey, LeRoy Hafen, Agnes Wright Spring, Miss Frances Shea and Miss Ina Aulls.

One item which caught your reviewer's eye was #554, "Summering in Colorado," which he lists with only four plates, I have two copies which contain ten and fourteen plates; also Frank Fosset's "Colorado" had a printing in 1878, which seems much scarcer than the 1876 edition he mentions.

All in all, this book is mighty interesting, valuable to any Americana collector who wishes to check his own library or read about the rarities in the field of livestock and range, points of first editions, etc.

PM Carl F. Mathews,

LUCKIEST MAN ALIVE by Lee Shippey Westernlore Press, Los Angeles 1959—price \$4.95.

Mr. Shippey has written a captivatingly interesting biography. Altho it ends on a pleasing note, many incidents are narrated to each of which the familiar punch lines—"And you think you had bad luck" would apply with real meaning.

His father's death when the author was fifteen necessitated his leaving school to support the family. Later he combined a job and studies until he graduated from high-school. Then began a newspaper career first as a writer, then as owner of a small town

paper in Missouri. After losing his eyesight and partially regaining it, he became a war correspondent in World War I.

On completing that assignment he married a French girl whose family he had known while in Paris. Returning to America he found it so difficult to gain a livelihood here he went to Tampico and there, and elsewhere in Mexico, he eked out a precarious existence for his growing family for five years.

Back in California he faced near starvation for two years before connecting with a prosperous newspaper and a regular income. For twenty seven years since then the humor and homely philosophy of his writings have benefited thousands of readers. This is eleventh book.

Details of the incidents touched upon above and many others, are delightful reading. More especially they afford inspiration and encouragement for all who are seemingly burdened with undo share of problems.

Charles Webb P. M.

Edwards, E. I., DESERT VOICES "A descriptive Bibliography," with forward and photographs by Harold O. Weight. Deckle edged and dust jacket. Edition limited to 500 copies. Published by the Western Lore Press, Los Angeles, California. 215 pages price \$12.50.

The Bibliographer of this work has attempted to present all known writings relating to the Deserts, primarily of California. Being the Mojave, Colorado and high Deserts. DESERT VOICES contains 1500 entries thereabouts.

In this select compilation one finds the great Pageant of California, the west-bound Padres, explorers, gold hunters, Indians, military men, pioneers, cactus and coyotes. DESERT VOICES is a key to a major portion of the Southwest's history. These were places of extremes, where mens' souls as well as their cussedness was tried. The work is divided into three major parts. References containing casual or non-essential sources; primary recordings of pioneers, science and technical (mining, prospecting etc.) the parts are tied together with an "additional" index that cross references the text; while the primary entries are in alphabetical order.

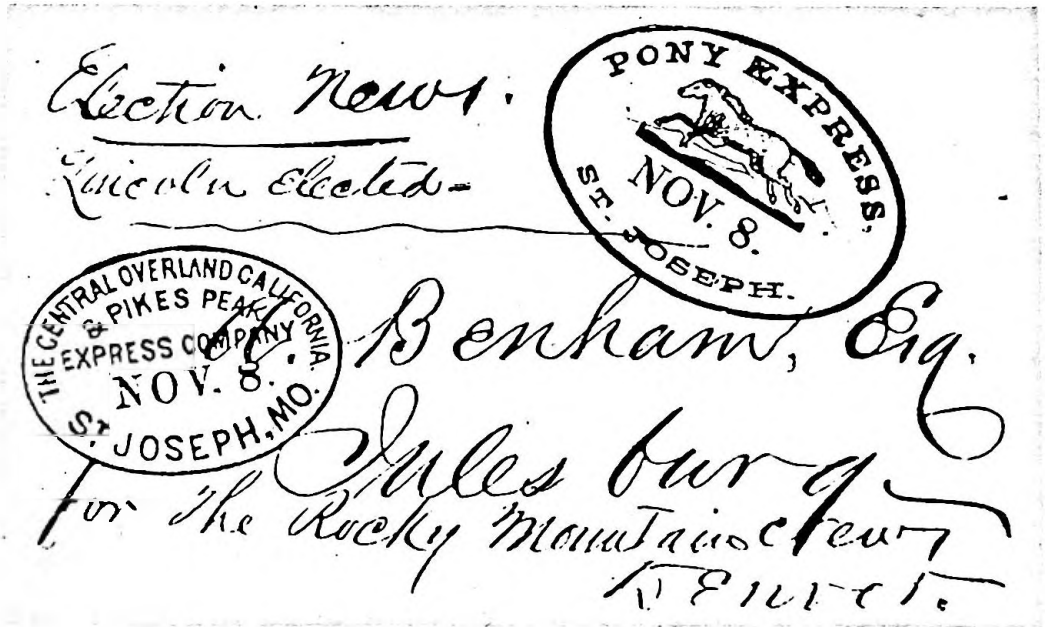
DESERT VOICES is a splendid book, beautiful typography, high quality paper and handsomely bound. It will prove a durable contribution to Americana, one that both author and publisher can be justly proud. If by chance you have a copy at this late date, well your just plain lucky.

Dean Krakel

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



March
1960
Vol. XVI No. 3



The famous Pony Express stamped envelope which arrived in Denver carrying announcement of Lincoln election. (From collection Fred and Jo Muzzullo)

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APRIL MEETING

"BENT'S EARLY STOCKADE . . . 1824-26"

Charles W. Hurd

6:30 P.M. April 27, 1960

Denver Press Club

1330 Glenarm

Charles W. Hurd lives in Las Animas, Colo. Graduated from Colorado College in 1902, and for forty-three years worked as station agent for the Santa Fe R.R. at Lamar, Holly and Las Animas. Since his retirement in 1946 he has been spending his time researching and writing about the history of the Arkansas Valley district in Colorado. An enormous amount of travel and study have gone into his work on the history of the Bent Bros. activities.

FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

PM Alan Swallow is planning an extensive lecture during April including Louisiana State University, San Diego State College and the University of California at Santa Barbara.

Michael Harrison of the Los Angeles Corral, and an interested corresponding member of the Denver organization, was a front page subject recently in the Sacramento, California "Bee". Harrison appeared on the front page of The Bee Sunday magazine in full color treatment among the books of his extensive Western American library. He is well known in Denver from his many visits here for our August Rendevous.

PM BRANDING IRON ON A. J. BROMFIELD

A. J. Bromfield, a long time Corresponding member of the Denver Westerners, was elected to Active Membership at the March meeting. PM Bromfield is President of the Industrial Federal Savings of Denver, and windows of that institution are frequently used as a show place for items and pictures of Western Americana.

Dear to the heart of our newest Posse Member Bromfield is his annual search contest in cooperation with The Rocky Mountain News, for items on local State history. These contests have brought to light hundreds of pictures, letters, diaries and other material which for years have been hidden away as family keepsakes.

NEW BOOK FOR NARROW GAUGE FANS

The Durango-Herald News announced the publication of the latest Narrow Gauge railroad history—THREE LITTLE ENGINES, by Josie Moore Crum. Publication date was March 15, 1960 and the volume is

listed as a completely new publication, not a reissue of a previous edition. Pre-publication price is \$1.50, after publication. \$2.00.

PIKE'S PEAK HISTORICAL SOCIETY SETS UP MEMOIRS GROUP

A Memoirs Committee to gather historical data was formed recently in Colorado Springs as part of the program of the Historical Society of the Pike's Peak Region.

Two members of the Denver Posse of Westerners, **Carl F. Mathews** and **Raymond G. Colwell**, charter members of the Colorado Springs group, will serve as co-chairman of the Committee.

Any "old-timers" with material which might be of interest to the committee are urged to contact either **Mathews** or **Colwell** for interviews thru the society.

Membership in the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region is open to all for an annual membership fee of one dollar. Programs consist of monthly lectures, placing of historical markers, microfilming old newspapers and summer field trips to points of interest in the region.

DENVER POSSE PRESENTS CITATION TO SPEAKER

At the conclusion of his talk, "Pony Express History vs. Wells-Fargo Legend" given before the Denver Posse March 23, **Raymond W. Settle** was presented with a special award in honor of his many years of research on the subject. The citation, by acting sheriff, **Henry W. Toll**, read as follows:

Raymond W. Settle

By virtue of the authority vested in me by the Members of The Denver Posse of The Westerners and by their Corresponding Members and other Confederates, I hereby confer upon you the degree of:

W.L.L.D.

Causa Honoris

The conferring of this degree of Doctor of Western Letters is made in connection with a citation in recognition of your scholarly, interesting and entertaining study of the history of the Pony Express and of its relation to Wells Fargo, presented at a convocation and banquet of this Posse, This twenty-third day of March, Anno Domini 1960. With the prohibition that you may not hereafter disclaim the title of "Doctor".

Henry W. Toll, Acting Sheriff

PONY EXPRESS HISTORY VS. WELLS FARGO

by Raymond W. Settle



Raymond W. Settle

"Dr." R. W. Settle formerly lived in Lexington, Mo., where he had access to a great deal of original material on the Pony Express and Wells Fargo. At the present time he lives in Monte Vista, Colo. He is the author of **EMPIRE ON WHEELS** (1949) **SADDLES AND SPURS: The Pony Express Saga** (1955) and the forthcoming **RUSSELL, MAJORS & WADDELL**.

One of the first things the discriminating searcher for bonafide historical truths learns is that his labors are often complicated, and sometimes frustrated, by pure legend. From the earliest colonial days American history has been a prolific breeding-ground for this type of hardy, flourishing folk-lore. A classic example of the story of how youthful George Washington tested the edge of his hatchet upon one of his father's cherry trees. Since these historical fungus growths cluster about every historical personage and subject, the

truth involves a process of selection and rejection that is neither pleasant nor easy. Generally, they are also the subject of heated debate between those who believe them and others who do not.

The celebration of the Centennial of the famous Pony Express focuses the spotlight of inquiry upon certain controversial periods and phases of its history. Expressed in the form of questions some of these are, "Who conceived the idea?" "Who carried the first eastbound *mochila*, (Mail bags) from the door of the *Alta Telegraph* office to the steamer *Antelope*, in a symbolic ride of a few blocks in San Francisco, April 3, 1860?" "Who was the first west bound rider out of St. Joseph on the same date?" And "Did Wells, Fargo & Company own, operate, and manage the Pony Express from April 15, 1861, until it was discontinued on October 24, of the same year?" Answers to all of these questions, as well as others have been made, with the result that debate and partisan feeling runs sufficiently high to becloud the Centennial celebrations.

So controversial has the latter question become that two associations holding sharply divergent views upon this latter question are busy with separate plans for celebrating the Centennial. One of these is the National Pony Express Centennial Association, of which Colonel Waddell F. Smith of San Rafael, California, great grandson of William B. Waddell, is president. The other is the Central Overland Pony Express Trail Association of San Francisco, headed by Mr. Bartlett Boder, of St. Joseph, Mo.

The background for debate on the ownership of the Pony Express in 1861 is found in events occurring in Washington and elsewhere that year. At that time the Overland Mail Company held a six year contract, with two years yet to run, to carry United States mail overland to California over what was known as the Southern Route. This line ran in a great curve from St. Louis, Mo., to San Francisco by way of Little Rock, Arkansas, Memphis, Tennessee, El Paso, Texas, Yuma, Arizona, and San Diego, California.

While the 36th Congress was debating the Annual Post Route Bill in February, 1861, news reached the capital that the Overland Mail Company line had been broken up and the stages stopped by Confederate forces in Texas and Southern Missouri. That being true, with the Civil War already in progress, something had to be done to maintain communication between the East and California.

At the same time the Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Company, financed and operated by the freighting firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell, of which William H. Russell was president, had two minor contracts for carrying the mail overland to California by way of Salt Lake City. This company also operated the Pony Express from St. Joseph, Mo., to Sacramento, California as an entirely private enterprise.

Upon receipt of the news of the Overland Mail Company disaster the Postmaster General, members of Congress, and various committees thereof, William M. Dinsmore, president of the Overland Mail Company, and William H. Russell of the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company went into a huddle and worked out a plan to meet the crisis.

In brief that plan involved the

bodily removal of the Overland Mail line from Southern to the Central Route, with pay of \$1,000,000 per year, the change-over to be made on July 1, 1861. The company was required to operate a Pony Express until the completion of the transcontinental telegraph line, which was under construction at that time. These requirements were embodied in a bill which quickly passed both Houses, and was signed by President Buchanan March 2, 1861.

Technically and legally the passage of this war time measure, which is sometimes called a contract, annulled the contracts held by the Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Company and put it entirely out of business. However it was not planned to do so, and did not happen that way. On March 16th Dinsmore and Russell signed a contract whereby the later became a sub-contractor on the eastern half of the line from St. Joseph to Salt Lake City. That portion of it from Salt Lake City to Placerville, California passed to the management of the Overland Mail Company. The Pony Express was to be managed jointly, with each Company paying the expenses of its part of the line. The receipts were to be equally divided.

In preparation for the change-over and the withdrawal of his company from the western half the Central Route Russell ordered J. W. Brown and J. W. Coleman, his agents in San Francisco and Sacramento, to transfer their offices and functions to Wells Fargo, which was appointed temporary agents in their stead. Its term of service, would, of course, terminate on July 1, 1861, when the Overland Mail Company took over the western end of the line.

On April 15, a joint announcement of the transfer and appointment was inserted in the *San Francisco Daily Bulletin*, signed by Brown, and Wells

Fargo & Company as agents. On May 16 the same announcement was made in the *Sacramento Union*. At the same time a reduction in the Pony Express rate from \$5 per half ounce to \$2 was ordered by Russell. Credit for this has been erroneously claimed for Wells Fargo.

There are several things about these announcements which are worthy of special mention.

First, Wells Fargo signed them as "agents."

Second, their service in that capacity would of necessity terminate on July 1, 1861, about ten weeks hence, when the Overland Mail Company took over the management of the Western half of the Central Route mail line.

Third, nothing whatever in these announcements can be interpreted as meaning that title or ownership of the Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Company or the Pony Express had been acquired by Wells Fargo.

Fourth, these announcements simply cannot be interpreted in any way except that Wells Fargo was succeeding to the same duties and functions Brown and Coleman had hitherto performed as agents.

Just here it may be said for purposes of clarification that when the Overland Mail Company moved onto the Central Route on July 1, 1861, and the western terminus of both the mail line and Pony Express was changed from Sacramento to Placerville in keeping with the stipulations of the Overland Mail Bill, the Overland Mail Company appointed Wells Fargo as its agents in San Francisco and Sacramento.

Thus it is plain that the only connection that company ever had with the Pony Express was as agents, first for the Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Pony Express Company for about ten weeks, and second for

the Overland Mail Company for a little less than four months from July 1, 1861 until the ponies quit running on October 24th of that year.

The Russell-Dinmore contract, which is one of the most important documents relating to the Pony Express ever found was brought to light by your speaker in 1942, but was not published until April, 1959, in his *Pony Express Heroic Beginning-Tragic End*.

There was no misunderstanding of Wells Fargo's status on the part of the Overland Mail Company when its appointment as agent was made. On June 21, 1861, Frederick Cook, treasurer of the Company, forwarded a sample envelope bearing a ten cent U.S. postage stamp and a Wells Fargo stamp to the Postmaster General. Accompanying it was a letter which said the Overland Mail wished to use the Pony Express letters. "You will see it has a government 10 cent stamp," he said, "and also *the stamp of our agents, Wells, Fargo & Co. upon it.*"

The purpose of the communication was to ask for a ruling on whether such an envelope could be carried from New York to St. Joseph, Mo. in the United States mail then by Pony Express to Placerville, and there put back into the United States post office and carried on to a California address without additional postage. The reply was negative.

Two vital facts should be borne in mind here. The first is that the sample envelope was prepared by the Overland Mail Company and not by Wells Fargo. The second is that in his letter Cook referred to Wells Fargo as "our agents." If that Company had acquired title to the Pony Express why did it not ask for the ruling itself?

If Wells Fargo owned the Pony Express on June 21, as the devotees of the legend now proclaim, how could Cook and his associates in New

York speak of that company as "our agents?"

Furthermore, if it were true, that Wells Fargo owned the Pony Express, Cook committed an unpardonable blunder in referring to that great company as "our agents."

The solemn truth is that Wells Fargo did not own the institution, and under the terms of the Overland Mail Act, no one, not even William H. Russell had any right or authority to take up matter of policy or procedure with the Post Office Department except the officials of the Overland Mail Company. Wells Fargo was not officially known in the Post Office Department in Washington.

It is a fact that even the most ardent enthusiasts of the Wells Fargo legend have, so far, failed to produce any documentary evidence showing when, how, or from whom title was acquired, or how much was paid for it, etc. Not until such evidence can be produced should anyone be asked to believe that such a transaction occurred.

Since the act of Congress providing for the removal of the mail line from the Southern to the Central Route simply provided for the operation of a Pony Express, the Overland Mail Company could have organized a new one, had it chosen to do so.

Both Dinsmore and Russell of course knew that the days of the Pony Express were numbered, and the end was not far off. A race was on between construction crews on the eastern and western ends of the transcontinental telegraph line to arrive in Salt Lake City, the half-way mark. Actually, as later events proved, the remaining life span of the Pony Express was a few days less than four months.

Dinsmore therefore adopted the wisest, most economical course and made arrangements with Russell to continue the organization which had

already been in operation more than a year. In view of the sheer folly,

In bringing the discussion of this phase of the subject to a close it is only necessary to repeat that neither the Overland Mail Company nor Wells Fargo ever owned the original Pony Express. It remained the property of the Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Company from beginning to end.

The Act of Congress for the removal of the Overland Mail Company to the Central Route and the western terminus from Sacramento to Placerville left a forty-nine mile gap in the Pony Express line. To close it and continue the same service between the latter town and San Francisco, Wells Fargo, planned a short Pony Express line of its own between Sacramento and Placerville.

On June 26 this line was announced in the San Francisco *Daily Bulletin* as beginning service on July 1, 1861. Eastbound Pony Express mail would leave San Francisco at 3:45 o'clock on Wednesday and Saturday of each week and connect 'with the Overland Mail Company's Pony Express at Placerville,' which was the original organization. Westbound mail was carried over the same line from that town to Sacramento and San Francisco.

It will be observed that this announcement was signed as "Wells, Fargo & Co.," which was correct. Some kind of arrangements were made by that company to take over stations, equipment, and some of the employees of the old Pony Express. Incidentally this short line was extended to Carson City and Virginia City, Nevada in 1862 after the original Pony Express was suspended. Bear in mind, therefore, that the ownership and management of this line rested exclusively with Wells Fargo & Company. Although the facts regarding it are clear, many writers

have ignored them and others point to them as evidence that Wells Fargo "took over" the whole Pony Express line from Placerville to St. Joseph, Mo.

The statement that this line would connect "with the Overland Mail Company's Pony Express at Placerville" is highly significant as documentary evidence that Wells Fargo itself did not pretend to own the Pony Express. If it did, would it not have said "our Pony Express at Placerville," or something equivalent to it?

So far as is known to your speaker not a single one of those who contend that Wells Fargo "took over" the Pony Express has ever specified just how much of the line they got, what they paid for it, or from whom they got it. They are content with vague generalities and mere statements which they insist are facts. The Overland Mail Company did not own an inch of the original Pony Express line, although according to the Russell-Dinsmore contract it did, as before mentioned, operate and manage it, share and share alike, on the western half of the line. But what of the eastern half of it? Did Wells Fargo take that over also. The answer it did not. Not only that, but it could not "take over" any part of the line without voiding the 4th clause in the Russell-Dinsmore contract of March 16. This clause may be taken as an admission by Dinsmore that the Pony Express belonged to the Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Company.

1. The officials of the Overland Mail Company never said directly, indirectly or by implication that Wells Fargo ever owned the Pony Express.

2. Neither did the officials of Wells Fargo of that day ever say directly or indirectly that they did.

3. Pony Express advertisements and announcements concerning the

original Pony Express from April 15, to October 24, 1861, were always signed "Wells Fargo & Co., agents."

4. Frederick Cook's letter to the Postmaster General on June 21, 1861, spoke of Wells Fargo as "our agents."

5. A brief listing in the San Francisco Directory, 1861, read "Pony Express, (semi-weekly Wells Fargo & Co., Agents, N. W. corner of Montgomery and Cal."

6. The correspondent for the San Francisco *Daily Alta California* in St. Louis, Mo., reported under date of April 17, 1861, that "Wells Fargo & Co. and not the U. S. Express have been appointed agents of the Pony Express" in that city.

7. Beginning July 1, 1861, Wells Fargo began an intensive advertising campaign in eastern cities in behalf of the Pony Express. It is highly significant these advertisements were signed "Wells, Fargo & Co., agents." Is it not inconceivable that a great and powerful organization operating from coast to coast would sign its advertisements as mere "agents" if that were not its true status?

8. It is a noteworthy fact that Edward Hungerford, leading transportation historian, author of *Wells Fargo: Advancing the American Frontier*, (1949), and former executive of that company, made no claim that it ever owned or operated the Pony Express in 1861. He did say however, that when Wells Fargo took over the Ben Holladay staging empire they became actual owners of whatever was left of the Pony Express. This transaction took place in 1866, five years after the Pony Express suspended operation.

9. For forty-seven years, and not until about 1908, did anyone claim ownership of the Pony Express by Wells Fargo.

10. One of the curious things about this controversy is that no advocate of the Wells Fargo ownership idea ever has quoted William H. Russell,

Alexander Majors, or William B. Waddell in sport of it. Suffice it to say that in Russell's numerous letter to William B. Waddell in 1861 there is not the slightest mention of anything that would indicate that ownership of the Pony Express had passed to Wells Fargo or anyone else. On the other hand, there are a number of references which may be taken as substantive proof of the contrary.

Interesting and profitable though the pursuit of an inquiry in this direction may be, we must now turn our attention to developments of the Wells Fargo legend during the last thirty years.

By the way of introduction it may be said that through those years motion picture producers, radio and TV script writers, advertising departments of great business concerns, author of books for both juvenile and adults, writers of magazine and newspaper feature articles made many contributions to that legend.

These have been so successfully exploited, twisted, and misrepresented that the names of William H. Russell, Alexander Majors, and William B. Waddell were slowly fading from memory and that of Wells Fargo becoming more prominent every year.

As by common consent all means of communication and instruction including our public schools, seem to have been dedicated to thrusting Russell, Major & Waddell into the background, magnifying Wells Fargo, and perpetuating the legend.

For three decades that bit of fiction flourished unchallenged, at least in print. Writers and historians seem to have been content with a game of follow the leader. Then a counter-offensive which has reached every corner of the nation, was launched under the devoted leadership of Colonel Waddell F. Smith. Lack of time prevents mentioning what has been done, but your speaker

can assure you that public interest in presenting the truth and giving credit to whom credit is due is most gratifying and encouraging.

The first statement relative to Wells Fargo legend known to me was made by William Lightfoot Visscher in his *The Pony Express*, 1909, fifty-two years ago, when he said, "The remnant of it was transferred by Russell, Majors & Waddell to the Wells Fargo Company." In making this claim he was in error on two counts. First, there was no remnant left when the Pony Express was suspended on October 24, 1861. It was immediately disbanded, and second, Wells Fargo & Co., who were agents at that time, had no claim on anything pertaining to it.

Next in the line of succession of Pony Express narratives was Victor M. Berthold's "William H. Russell, Originator and Developer of the Famous Pony Express" in *Collectors Club Philatelist* for January and April, 1929. Neither he nor H. C. Needham, who wrote an introduction to the serial, say anything of importance on the subject of the legend.

The author when went all out in promoting the Wells Fargo ownership was Arthur Chapman. Since his famous book is regarded as a sort of basic gospel by writers and historians special attention is called to certain passages in it. He says that the Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Company and the Central Overland Pony Express Company lost their identity in a merger with the "Butterfield-Wells Fargo interests in forming the Overland Company. In making this sweeping statement Mr. Chapman makes three errors. There was no separate organization such as the "Central Overland Pony Express Company", there was no merger of the Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Company with the Overland Mail in

1861 as implied, and the latter had borne that name since 1857.

Mr. Chapman further says Russell, Majors and Waddell were relieved of active management of the Pony Express before the change over from the Southern to the Central Route went into effect on July 1. By this he means April 15, 1861. As proof of this he cites only the upper one fourth of the announcement of Brown and Coleman, leaving out the part bearing the signature "Wells, Fargo & Co., Agents." Then Mr. Chapman adds that Russell, Majors & Waddell passed out of overland transportation, meaning that Wells Fargo had "taken over" the Pony Express.

With the popularity and public interest in the Pony Express mounting, and historians and writers declaring that Wells Fargo "took over" the organization in some unnamed manner, and became the owners and managers in 1861, it is understandable that Wells Fargo Bank & Union Trust Company of San Francisco should adopt it for advertising purposes. In justice and fairness it should be again said that Wells, Fargo & Co., organized a pony express of its own between San Francisco and Placerville, which went into operation on July 1, 1861, and was extended to Carson City and Virginia City, Nevada, in 1862. Without a doubt the organization and operation of this line has led many writers and historians to confuse it with the original Pony Express.

That line, however, was not a part of the original Pony Express, although it cooperated with it in handling that type of mail. The issue therefore is not whether Wells Fargo owned and operated a line of that type, but whether it "took over," and operated the original Pony Express.

Unfortunately advertising writers and others connected with Wells

Fargo Bank & Union Trust Company have made far more sweeping claims than documentary historical facts justify. In a brochure, apparently issued about 1937, and entitled "*A Brief History of Wells Fargo*," and speaking of the difficulties and hazards of the original Pony Express it says: "But the mail went through. . . first in 1860 under the original projectors. . . then, in 1861, under the management of Wells Fargo."

On June 3, 1952, I. W. Hellman, President of Wells Fargo Bank & Union Trust Company, in an address before the American Newcomen Society in San Francisco, said, "The Pony Express that ultimately became a Wells Fargo enterprise was almost put out of business by storms and Indians, and the promoters of it were ruined. Wells Fargo Took over the line."

This general statement requires no further comment.

Misled by Mr. Chapman's error newspaper and magazine writers made the same mistake. In the February, 1939, issue of the American Bible Society *Record* the Rev. Ralph W. Bayless remarked in an article titled, "The Pony Express Rider and His Bible," that from the very first (i.e. April 3, 1860) the express and hauling firm of Wells, Fargo & Co., acted as agent for the Pony Express. Later in the mid-career, Wells Fargo operated the Western division of the route from Salt Lake City to Sacramento."

Wells Fargo *did not* act as agent for the Pony Express "*from the first*," and *did not* operate the western division in its mid-career i.e. in 1861.

A photograph of a painting of a Pony Express rider by Howard Dixon, 1925, is used as an illustration. In the background is a Wells Fargo express office, and the rider's saddle bags are labelled "W.F.&Co., Pony Express." If the painting refers to the

Pony Express owned and operated between Sacramento and Carson City and Virginia City, it was properly used. Since it is tied in with the article it must be considered as a part of it, and therefore is misleading.

In August, 1939, Wells Fargo & Co., created an organization called the Wells Fargo Carloading Company with headquarters in New York. In the September issue, 1943, of the Pony Express Courier an advertisement of this Company appeared bearing a small Pony Express emblem and underneath it the legend "The Original Pony Express."

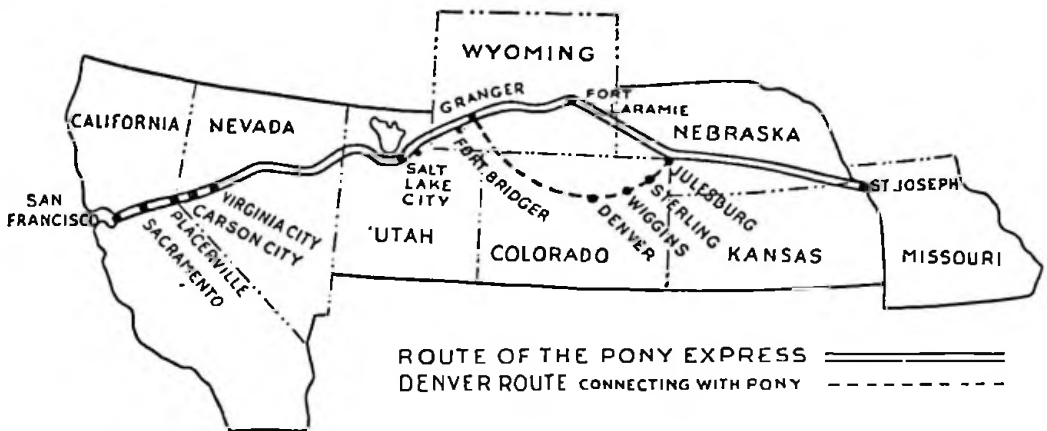
This requires no comment, for the tie-in of the name Wells Fargo with the original Pony Express is obvious. Certainly it does not refer to the Wells Fargo Pony Express line to Virginia City. If it did the caption beneath the emblem would read differently.

Some years ago the Wells Fargo Bank & Union Company prepared a chronological Chart of Wells Fargo Bank's history since 1852, including institutions which joined with Wells Fargo & Company and Wells Fargo

Nevada National Bank, ultimately forming Wells Fargo Bank & Union Trust Company. The Pony Express is shown to be one of these, having "joined" in 1860-61. This chart, which was widely circulated, and a copy placed on the walls of the Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Company History Room, very definitely credits Wells Fargo with having "taken over" the Pony Express from Russell, Majors & Waddell in 1860-61.

In 1936 Mr. G. E. Dawson, a member of the Wells Fargo Bank & Union Trust Company organization, in an address before the Oakland, California Philatelic Society, said, "Wells Fargo was to operate the Pony in the declining third of its glorious existence." Again he said, "During the closing third of the Pony's career, Wells Fargo operated the western division from Salt Lake to Sacramento.

In the June number of the Pony Express magazine, 1944, it was said that Wells Fargo "took over" the Pony Express in March, 1861. The same statement is made in January and June issues of 1949, and on other



Map showing original Pony Express Route April 3, 1860—October 24, 1861 from St. Joseph, Mo. to Sacramento, Calif. (Courtesy Fred and Jo Muzzala)

subsequent dates in one way or another. Lack of time forbids mentioning all of them.

In 1950 Colonel Bartlett Boder, Pres. of the Central Overland Pony Express Trail Association, and Pres. of the St. Joseph, Mo., Museum, said "these debts (of Russell, Majors & Waddell) could not be met as they fell due, and Holladay and Wells Fargo took over the Pony Express." Again he said "The Government, March 2, 1861, gave the \$1,000,000 contract to the Butterfield, Wells Fargo interests." The Pony Express riders continued under the management until the completion of the telegraph lines more than seven months later."

An illustration of what some writers for the radio are saying today is seen in Wendell Robie's broadcast over station KA-HI January 7, 1960. "Wells Fargo," he said, "rescued the Pony Express from bankruptcy and enabled it to stay in operation after March, 1861, to the end of its service in late October, 1861. . . Throughout the east and west the offices of Wells Fargo & Co., became the operating agencies of the Pony Express."

One more illustration of how the Wells Fargo legend has become fixed in the minds of writers and historians, then this discussion will close. This is a quotation from the *Sacramento Union* of Dec. 21, 1959.

"In view of the senseless contro-

versy which has been allowed to develop. . . maybe it is time to refer these matters to dedicated historians, to the end that the true record may be authentically preserved. . . *The Sacramento Union* suggests. . . that a panel of historians be created to dig into and—once and for all—settle some of the points of the controversy.

"Let the Wells Fargo Bank, whose claims over a 30 year period have beclouded Pony Express history, come forward and present their evidence. Let those who maintain that Wells Fargo functioned, not in a managerial capacity, but only as agents for the original Pony Founders, bring forward records to prove their point."

Your speaker heartily concurs in this suggestion, and has so written the editor of the *Sacramento Union*. We hope those who hold opposite views will likewise concur.

Although many other illustrations of the Wells Fargo legend of ownership of the Pony Express might be presented we conclude with these. For myself I wish to say my sole motive in presenting this subject is to give credit where credit is due, and protest against the misguided efforts of those who would deprive Russell, Majors & Waddell of their rightful, well-deserved historical birthright.

If my analysis throws any light upon the subject I am grateful. At least I hope I have not confounded confusion.

(All rights reserved by author)

IRRIGATION BEGINNINGS IN COLORADO

by WILLIAM R. KELLY

It is usual to picture the "Fifty Niners" only as pushing into Colorado to dig for gold. Often speakers refer to Colorado's earliest water development as having begun in the 1860's. But we have four instances of irrigating ditches on the South Platte headwaters which date to 1859. Four other ditches decreed to date in 1859 are from Arkansas headwaters. From their scrambles at sluices and hard rock on Bear, Boulder and Clear Creeks, some settled down to build cabins in the mountain meadows and nearby valleys, there to "take up land," begin ditches, and till the soil.

In the "Rush to the Rockies" most came to mine. Only a few stayed to farm. Hay and vegetables brought fantastic prices at the gold camps. Some saw the opening to make good money out of the less dramatic vocation of furnishing food for those following the trails toward the mines and for their work animals. And they liked the idea of living in sight of the Rockies.

This result refers to the "Gold Rush" only. That was mainly to the northern part of the Territory which later became Colorado. Recital will be made later of an earlier Spanish settlement in the San Luis Valley.

Those earliest ditches which survived long enough to be decreed priorities in water adjudication are shown by records in District Courts and in the State Engineers office. Those records are the source of this paper.*

*I wish to acknowledge courteous help by State Engineer J. E. Whitten and Division Engineer Ralph Owens on records in their office for the seventy water districts.

The migration of the gold rush came chiefly up the South Platte River, from the Missouri at Council Bluffs and Omaha and Kansas City, thence to the Rockies up the Platte tributaries, Boulder Creek, Clear Creek, St. Vrain and Cache La Poudre. Some came up the Arkansas River.

The "Gold Rush of 1859" is said to have brought 50,000 men into the territory of Colorado that year. It is further said that 40,000 of them were "go backs" that fall to the Missouri River, or to their origins further east, or south. But some stuck, either in hope of finding gold, or from original intent, to begin new livelihood by raising food for man and feed for work animals.

The earliest East slope decreed ditch 'priorities', or beginnings in the South Platte watershed, are dated in the fall of 1859.

The three earliest are from Boulder Creek, Water District No. 6. All head close to Boulder. They are, in order of decreed dates: No. 1 "Lower Boulder," October 1, 1859; No. 2 "Smith and Goss," November 15, 1859; No. 3 "Howell", December 1, 1859.

A fourth 1859 ditch is the "Mc-Broom," November 1, 1859, out of Lower Bear Creek, Water District No. 9, southwest of Denver. It is the only other irrigating ditch dating to 1859 from a South Platte tributary.

It is to be noted that these ditches all were initiated in that fall. In that spring and summer not everyone had struck it rich in panning streams for gold, or in driving shafts or tunnels, in the fierce race for wealth. Some initial gold seekers stayed to farm,

reconciled to less dramatic results, but promising longer livelihood.

The Civil War delayed migration to the West pretty much from 1861 through 1864. In 1865 there resumed a migration to new land of the "Pikes Peak country." Many a soldier of the south, as well as of the north, decided to load up his possessions and strike out for the West, to start life anew. "Go West young man, and grow up with the country" proclaimed Horace Greeley, beginning in 1869 in the New York Tribune.

And so they came, from New England, from Ohio, from Illinois, from Iowa, from Wisconsin and from Georgia and Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. Many drove ox teams. Beginning 1869 they could come by railway to Cheyenne, and in 1870 to what became Greeley. They spread down into Colorado, to found Colonies at Boulder, Greeley and Fort Collins, Fort Lupton and Longmont, up the Platte to Littleton, where Peter Magnes introduced the sugar beet. New ditches then began to be feverishly shoveled and furrowed.

The first comers settled down in the meadows near the streams, where native hay could be cut, watered by overflow. They began taking out small ditches, each one for himself, or two or three neighbors together.

Then, in a decade largely starting in 1870, "late comer" settlers began to pool their labor and horses and funds, as mutuals, taking out longer ditches, to lead the water to the bench lands, the deeper, more productive soil, thirty miles or more from the headgate.

The agricultural colonization had its westward surge chiefly in the 1870's following the Lincoln Homestead Act and Appomatox. Union Colony, at Greeley, is the 1870 settlement most frequently pointed to as a mass movement and ditch building success. But there were other early

colonies established. Footholds were got in 1871 by the Chicago Colorado colony at Longmont, the St. Louis colony at Evans, and the Fort Collins colony.

The establishment of the appropriation doctrine gave assurance they could divert the water away from the river banks and could rely on priority in time, if they did construction diligently.

By 1879 enough clashes over priorities arose that it was necessary to set up legislation to determine by a court who had the relative priority in time and for how much.

The dates and names which have been used in this paper are those taken from these adjudication decrees as recorded in that office of the State Engineer.

Water Adjudications are the record of those who stayed.

Before water adjudications were begun, in 1879, many first channels had become backfilled and sodded over; "earth to earth, dust to dust," like the century-gone wagon trails of the Argonauts, and like the now healed-over shell holes of World War I in France. Many temporary ditches were cast off like the camp fires, as their diggers pushed onward to greener pastures or insecure from Indian threats.

This is a chronicle of those canals which were recorded as having existed at earliest water adjudication proceedings. As to each ditch, only its original construction priority is here stated.

What records are preserved for us of starting dates of ditches are the court files of water adjudication proceedings. Water adjudication proceedings were not created until the legislative act of 1879. That twenty years after 1859. They were to establish in courts, in an orderly way, on a particular stream, what ditch was first

in time and in right to divert, and what ditch was next.

The streams of first development were those in the path of the trails to the mining camps. There, court proceedings were prompt after 1879. Scarcities of water showed up early on the east slope tributaries of the South Platte. That started adjudications.

By 1879, many a miner's ditch, built with glowing hope, had languished, its digger had gone, its headworks and banks had settled down in long disuse. It got no decree. The mining prospect had "played out."

But those ditches begun in 1859 for farming use survived. They 'proved up' early. Boulder and Bear Creeks, the St. Vrain and the Cache la Poudre Rivers were in at the start on ditches for irrigation.

Boulder Creek early ditches following 1859.

The fourth decreed ditch taken out of the Boulder Creek was the Anderson, October 1, 1860. It was decreed an amount of 25 second feet to irrigate 320 acres, a 'liberal' appropriation. The city of Boulder has had 2.67 second feet of that transferred to its Silver Lake.

Ditches from the Boulder Creek supplies dating from 1861 are: Godding, Daley and Plum, Houck No. 2, Martha M. Mathews, Carr and Tyler, and Wm. C. Hale, (from Coal Creek). Decreed from 1862 are Plum, April 1, 1862, Boulder and White Rock, June 1, 1862, Rural, May 10, 1862, Green, September 15, 1862, and Farmers, October 1, 1862.

From South Boulder Creek, four ditches were decreed dates in 1860. The Howard, the McGinn, both April 1, 1860, Jones and Donnelly, May 1, 1860, and the Schearer, June 1, 1860, all near Valmont. Autrey and Eggleston Ditch was decreed to have

begun on June 1, 1860, from Coal Creek, near the mouth of Boulder Creek. East Boulder Ditch decreed date is April 1, 1862. South Boulder and Bear Creek Ditch is decreed May 25, 1862.

Cache la Poudre, Water District No. 3, "Firsts."

The earliest ditch decreed which heads on the Cache la Poudre River was: The "Yeager Ditch" was No. 1. It was a short ditch begun at the canyon mouth by G. R. Sanderson. It dates from June 1, 1860. Watrous, Whedbee and Second Ditch, near below, dates as No. 2, from June 1, 1861. Dry Creek, or Jackson, Ditch is No. 3. It dates from June 10, 1861, when begun by Antoine Janis. Pleasant Valley and Lake Canal, begun by Whedbee, extended by Blackstock, Harrington, Post and Swan, to irrigate west of Fort Collins, was next, as No. 4. It dates from September 1, 1861. All these, except the Dry Creek, or "Jackson" Ditch, were on the south side of the river.

Pioneer Ditch, just north of Fort Collins, dates from March 1, 1862, is No. 5. Boyd and Freeman, heading on the south side of the Poudre four miles west of Greeley, begun by Robert Boyd, March 15, 1862, is No. 6.

All these six early Poudre priorities, so far as active, have been transferred to the Cities of Fort Collins and Greeley. One, the Pioneer Ditch priority, was 50 years ago reduced and transferred to the Larimer County Ditch.

The Whitney Ditch, on the north side of the Poudre, to the Bracewell area, dates from September 1, 1862. It is No. 7.

The next Poudre Ditch was the "B. H. Eaton." It heads on the south side of the Poudre south of Windsor. Its decreed date is April 1, 1864. Both Whitney and the B. H. Eaton irrigate

lands near the river, between Windsor and Greeley.

On the Thompson, Water District No. 4.

The Big Thompson Ditch, on the Thompson River bottoms just south of Loveland, has priority No. 1 from Thompson River, decreed from November 10, 1861. Its valuable priorities have been divided into fractions, the greater part of which have been transferred to the pipeline intakes of the water systems of the Towns of Berthoud, Johnstown, Loveland, some to the Hillsborough, some to Home Supply and Loudon Ditches in the Berthoud and Johnstown areas.

The Osborne and Caywood, on the Little Thompson, was begun also in 1861; the Mariano, (Rist Ditch) in 1863, and The Farmers Ditch, on the bottom south of Loveland, in 1864. The Greeley and Loveland Ditch dates from 1865. The major developments on the Thompson were in the next 15 years.

On the St. Vrain, Water District No. 5.

The St. Vrain river valley in Boulder and Weld Counties had early settlers. It was on the way of the gold fields. Four ditches on the St. Vrain date to 1860. Their decreed relative priority dates are: Hayseed, James R. Mason, Cochran. Six date to 1861, to wit, in order, Beckwith, Bonus, Hornbaker, Bacon, Cushman. More date to 1862. They are Chapman and McCaslin, Pella, True and Webster, Dickens, Clough, Montgomery, Williamson, Smead and Northwestern Life.

On the Main South Platte. Series designations of Water District numbers radiated from the mouth of the Cache la Poudre.

Water District No. 1, on the main South Platte River, extends down stream from the mouth of the Cache la Poudre, to include tributaries and Platte River to Washington County.

The earliest ditch there dug was the "Hover," heading April 20, 1868, in Weld County the north side of the river, at the mouth of Crow Creek. On Kiowa Creek, a Platte Tributary, Joseph Oaks Ditch, in Elbert County, had been begun April 26, 1866.

Going down to the Sterling area on South Platte, now Water District No. 64, the earliest ditch was the 'South Platte Company', dating from 1872.

Water District No. 2, extends upstream on the South Platte from the mouth of the Poudre to Denver at the mouth of Cherry Creek. The ditch earliest decreed was the Bantner, dated from April 1, 1860, to irrigate on the west side of the river in the Lupton area.

What became Water District No. 8 extends upstream on the South Platte, from the mouth of Cherry Creek at Denver to the canyon mouth, west of Littleton. The oldest recorded ditch there was the Epperson. Its head was on the east bank of the Platte, at what is now Englewood. It dates from May 1, 1860.

In that 1860 year, in that Water District No. 8, follow two ditches, "Platte Water Company's," begun November 28, 1860, for irrigation, and "Rough and Ready Mill Race," for power, in the Littleton area, dating from December 31, 1860. Both are now a part of the Denver Municipal Water System.

Three other ditches were begun in 1861 in that upper area. They are important because now taken over by the cities, Denver, Englewood and Littleton. In relative order they are: Platte Canon, July 30, 1861, Nevada Ditch, August 30, 1861, and Petersburg Ditch, November 30, 1861.

The next reach of the South Platte, is Water District No. 23. It extends upstream from the canon mouth, and includes tributaries to its source, in South Park. Two ditches from it were taken out in 1860. Their names and

dates are: Town of Fairplay, December 31, 1860, from the river and from Beaver Creek. Beery Ditch, from Four Mile Creek, dates from June 15, 1861. Beaver Creek Ditch, next, dates from August 1, 1861.

In that 1860 decade up to December 31, 1869, forty more ditches had been initiated in that great South Park ranching and placer mining area.

Some irrigation ditches from Clear Creek began in 1860.

On Clear Creek, which enters the Platte at the north side of Denver, there were ten irrigation ditches adjudicated as having been begun in 1860. All head generally in the area of Golden. They were the Wadsworth, Lees and Baugh, South Side, Brown's Island, Onelette, Wannemaker, Sherick, Lees Island, Golden Canal and Manhart (from Ralston Creek). All but Wannemaker, Lees Island, and Manhart, have been mostly transferred to other headgates, chiefly to the Farmers Highline, or to the Agricultural, in the same general area.

There was an earlier planting than 1859. It had taken root near the New Mexico line, on a tributary of the Rio Grande River.

The Rio Grande Valley drains south to the Gulf of Mexico.

New Mexico natives came up that river into the southern part of the territory, (then New Mexico) and settled in 1852, at San Luis. They preceded the 'gold rush'. They had come primarily for the pastoral agriculture. They brought with them from New Mexico the knowledge of irrigation. There it had been practiced for two centuries. In 1852 these colonists dug their community canal from Culebra Creek. It is called the

San Luis Peoples Ditch. The centenary of that even was celebrated as a state affair in April, 1952, by fitting exercises at Alamosa and San Luis under leadership of the Colorado Water Conservation Board and Colorado State College of Agriculture, who published the addresses.

A notable contribution in the picturesque proceedings of that commemoration was the historical address of the late judge A. W. McHendrie, former Colorado Bar Association president. He there traced unsung sporadic efforts at irrigation in Colorado to the DeAnza expedition, 150 years earlier than 1852. He pointed to accounts of temporary trials of irrigation, at Bents Fort and at Nepesta, on the Arkansas, eight miles east of what is now Pueblo.

But those ditches of DeAnza and Nepesta were transitory. They did not survive to get into court claims for decrees of relative priority.

Exceptions to oblivion, as to ditches begun in the early 'fifties', are those few in Southern Colorado incident to the natives migration northward from New Mexico, also some small ditches dug by sojourners from the Santa Fe Trail who tarried in the valleys of the Greenhorn and the Huerfano Creeks, sources of the Arkansas River.

continued April issue





Westerner's Bookshelf



MATT FIELD ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL,
edited by John E. Sunder, (Univ. of
Oklahoma Press, 322 pgs., \$5.95)

Matt Field, a young man in fragile health, feeling that a trip on the Santa Fe Trail might prove beneficial, left St. Louis around the middle of June, 1839 and arrived at Independence, Mo. on June 27th where he joined a party of eighteen Mexican and American merchants and tourists. The caravan followed the well-known and established route from Independence, southwestward across Indian country to Council Grove, Cotton Wood Grove, and the bend of the Arkansas. The party stopped briefly at Bent's Fort, turning southwestward again, traveling parallel to, but a few miles west of the Purgatory. The trail brought them up and over Raton Pass and on to the headwaters of the Canadian, where the wagons continued south to join the main road to Santa Fe. Matt, following Capt. Branch, a member of the party, took a more rugged trail through Cimarron Canyon and in the Taos Valley received his first impressions of Mexican culture.

From Taos he journeyed to Santa Fe and at the capital immersed himself in Latin living for a while before joining another party for the return journey.

Matt Field kept a journal of his journey, surprisingly in unique iambic-pentameter verse. While the critics will find very little poetic genius in Field's compositions, his verse does have a swing and a lilt to it. But as far as historic accuracy is concerned, there is much poetic license and overwriting.

The poetic journal, however, comprises but a small part of the book as edited by Mr. Sunder. Included are some 85 articles which Matt Field wrote for the New Orleans Picayune, drawn mainly from the journal, which give an excellent picture of the Santa Fe trail and of Santa Fe itself. Matt's description of the "Pueblo de Leche" is the best available and his sketches of "Big Timber" and "Robbery at Fort William" are historically valuable accounts. His observations of New Mexico life hint that perhaps the Americanization of New Mexico was more a Latinization of the American.

Mr. Sender has meticulously edited and annotated the book, making it a valuable addition to the University of Oklahoma's Exploration and Travel Series.

Armand W. Reeder

A FITTING DEATH FOR BILLY THE KID,
by Ramon F. Adams. Norman: University
of Oklahoma Press, 1960. 310 pages;
nine illustrations. \$4.95.

Ramon F. Adams, of Dallas, the bibliographer of Western gunmen and the cattle industry, at one time held one of the most extensive and expensive collections of Western American books in private hands. The section on Billy the Kid alone was enormous. In the course of his studies for his bibliography, *Six-Guns and Saddle Leather*, he read all of these and examined many other B the K items in great institutional libraries. He became impressed with the great quantity of fable that had been mixed with little fact in the cooking up of the B the K legend. So much of what is known of Billy, he found, just was not so. For many years he has been flailing his threshing floor separating the chaff, dust and dirt from the good grain of truth.

A FITTING DEATH FOR BILLY THE KID

is Adams' report on his findings, a Billy book that is different from any predecessor, and a good deal better than most. It is a sort of annotated bibliography, a book that will be valuable for reference long after the amused reader has finished an easy perusal.

Although the author is no admirer of the little killer, he begins his book without passion and ends it without rancor. And he shoots no poisoned arrows at those Billy the Kid experts who are so certain that they are right and everybody else ignorant. But he does show the recklessness of those who have copied (and added to) earlier-printed foolishness for the sake of their own profit.

This is a minute examination and a thorough exposure. He gives chapter and verse; and he misses few reports on the Kid in novels, histories and biographies, and in magazine and newspaper articles. His must have been a tedious task, but the resulting book races right along.

Adam's new book is worthy to stand on the same shelf with J. C. Pykes' *BILLY THE KID: A Bibliography of a Legend*, and with William A. Keleher's *VIOLENCE IN LINCOLN COUNTY*. For all three are honest books.

John J. Lipsey, PM

LUCKIEST MAN ALIVE by Lee Shippey
Westernlore Press, Los Angeles 1959
\$4.95.

Mr. Shippey has written a captivatingly interesting biography. Although it ends on a pleasing note, many incidents are narrated to each of which the familiar punch line—"And you think you had had luck" would apply with real meaning.

His father's death when the author was fifteen necessitated his leaving school to support the family. Later he combined a job and studies until he graduated from high school. Then began a newspaper career first as a writer, then as owner of a small town paper in Missouri. After losing his eyesight and partially regaining it he became a war correspondent in World War I.

On completing that assignment he married a French girl whose family he had known while in Paris. Returning to America he found it so difficult to gain a livelihood here he went to Tampico and there, and elsewhere in Mexico, he eked out a precarious existence for his growing family for five years.

Back in California he faced near starvation for two years before connecting with a prosperous newspaper and a regular income. For twenty-seven years since then the humor and homely philosophy of his writings have benefited thousands of readers. This is his eleventh book.

Details of the incidents touched upon above and many others, are delightful reading. More especially they afford inspiration and encouragement for all who are seemingly burdened with undo share of problems.

Charles Webb P.M.

**GUIDE TO COLORADO GHOST TOWNS
AND MINING CAMPS** by Perry Eberhart,
Sage Books, Denver, 1959, 479 pages.
\$6.50.

Perry Eberhart has done a thorough and painstaking job of recording information concerning Colorado's hundreds of ghost towns. It is not a history book, as he points out in the preface, but rather a directory of towns and the compilation of known information about them. He is careful in distinguishing fact from fiction and carefully labels a "story" as such.

The organization of the book is good. Mr. Eberhart divides the mining areas of the state into convenient regions, mapped and classified. He then gives a brief, or sometimes lengthy, history of the area, interesting stories concerning it and then the statistics. The history usually lists the important events of the towns, their chief mines and where-ever possible the situation at present. His stories of the people are interesting and well chosen,

adding much local color to the story of the area concerned. The newspapers, mining developments and even the railroads are noted.

Every important mining area in the mountains of the state is covered and over 700 towns are mentioned. There are 26 detailed maps, 105 pictures, many of the "then and now" type which adds to the interest of the book. An excellent index, glossary of mining terms and bibliography add much to the utility of the book.

The "week-end traveler" who wants to know the background of any ghost towns he visits will find the book a convenient aid. Students of western history will find a wealth of helpful information on any mining area in our state.

L. E. Ellinwood CM

GENERAL GEORGE CROOK, His Autobiography, edited and annotated by Martin F. Schmitt, (Univ. of Okla. Press, 326 pgs., \$5.

After the first edition of this autobiography was published in 1946, it became necessary for the publisher to melt the plates for use in other publishing due to shortages still held over from World War II. In a manner of speaking, General George Crook became a victim of these shortages. Since then the book has been on the "want" list of so many Western Americana collectors, that the University of Oklahoma, for the first time, is publishing it from its out-of-print items.

For more than fifty years, no one, not even John G. Burke, the General's biographer, knew that this autobiography existed. The General's personal papers came into the possession of Col. Walter S. Schuyler, his one-time aide, sometime after Mrs. Crook's death in 1895. They remained with the Schuyler family until 1939, when Mrs. Schuyler presented them to the library of the Army War College in Washington. Pasted in a scrap book and filed away they were not rediscovered until 1942, when Martin Schmitt began reading and annotating them.

There is evidence that Crook wrote his autobiography between 1885 and 1890 and it covers the period from 1852 when George Crook graduated from West Point, to June 18, 1876, the day after the battle of the Rosebud. The story breaks off abruptly at this point and the sudden death of the General in 1890 prevented completion.

General Crook stands high in the annals of western Indian warfare and, as Bourke once said, "He became more of an Indian by experience, than many of the old Indian chieftains were by nature." Though Crook struck terror in the hearts of hostile tribes, he was not a brutal soldier and was generous and

considerate to the vanquished. Most of General Crook's military service of nearly forty years was spent face-to-face with Indian problems and many of his contemporaries, as well as many historians, considered him the greatest Indian fighter the country ever had.

The book is a worthwhile addition to any Western Americana library.

Armand W. Reeder

I'VE KILLED MEN: An Epic of Early Arizona, by Jack Ganzhorn (World's Fastest Man on the Draw). New York: The Devin-Adair Company, 1959. 256 pages; 27 illustrations. \$5.00.

Jack Ganzhorn's I'VE KILLED MEN was published first in London, in 1950. Not until 1959 was it published in the United States. There was probably a good reason. American publishers may have refused it because they feared damage suits. I feel sure they did not turn it down because it lacked interest for Western blood-and-bullets buffs. For it's a killer-thriller.

According to the author's account, the first man he killed was a homosexual bum in a boxcar somewhere between Minnesota and Arizona. The killer was in his teens. He had been the first white boy born at Fort Thomas, Arizona. From infancy he had heard tales about the bloody Earps and their O. K. Corral fight. He was too young to have had personal knowledge of these and other gun-fighters and gunfights, but his retelling of the stories he heard from those who were there does not tend to make the Earps heroes.

Soon he was to have his own gun-battles

to tell about. He became a professional dealer of faro, monte and poker, and had shooting scrapes with gamblers, police and cowboys, killing some now and then. He believed he was responsible for the death of Apache Kid. During the Philippine Insurrection he was a scout for General Funston, was shot in the foot after many successful sorties, and was returned to the U. S. in September of 1901.

Back in Tucson, he was recommended for the newly-established Arizona Rangers (because of his accurate marksmanship and his experience in fighting). But Cap Mossman, Ranger commander, liked Ganzhorn no better than Ganzhorn liked Mosman. So Jack went down into Col. Bill Greene's Cananea territory in Sonora, and quickly found work for which his hands were fitted. He gambled and fought with the toughest. His Mexican adventures ended shortly after he participated in a 24-hour battle in La Mesa. Then he drifted with "The Wild Bunch" to Bisbee.

I can't detail all of Jack's adventures, or his killings. (He said he had killed 40 or 42 men with six-shooters.) Because he was a fast and accurate shot (he claimed to draw and fire in two-fifths or three-fifths of a second), he was employed by the Remington Arms Company. He died in 1956.

I don't know whether everything in I'VE KILLED MEN is true or not. I've found no geographical or historical errors in it. He speaks the language of the West accurately. And some of the 27 photographic illustrations add an air of verisimilitude to what appears to be a bald but convincing narrative.

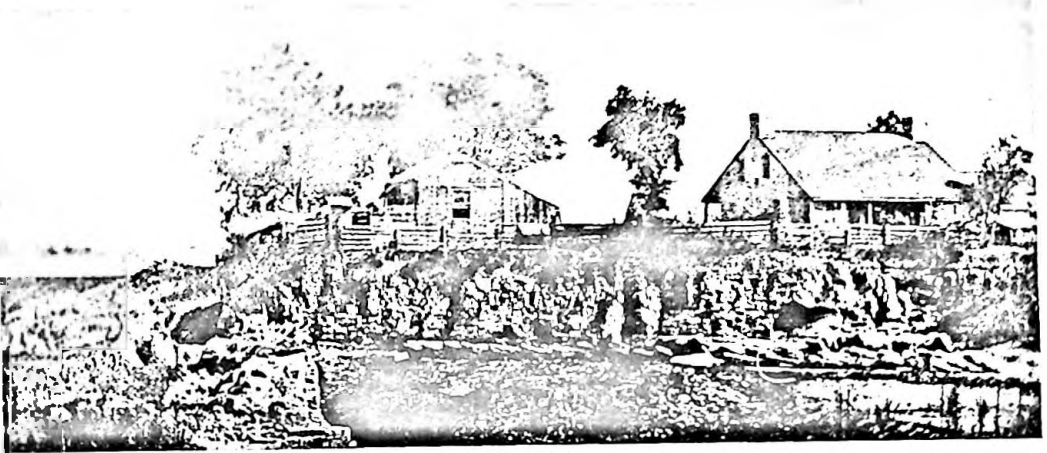
John J. Lipsey, CM



The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



April
1960
Vol. XVI No. 4



Home of Silas Bent and family in St. Louis, Mo., 1850.
Courtesy Bent Co. Democrat

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MAY MEETING

"GEORGE GOULD AND THE RIO GRANDE R.R."

Dr. Robert G. Athearn

**6:30 P.M., May 25, 1960
Denver Press Club
1330 Glenarm**

Dr. Athearn lives in Boulder, Colo. where he is professor of history at the University of Colorado. He is the author of a number of books in the historical field, the latest of which HIGH COUNTRY EMPIRE appeared this month. Dr. Athearn is getting ready to go to Wales to fill a visiting lectureship. His background of interest and research promises to give us an outstanding paper for this meeting.

FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

A note from Erl H. Ellis which reports that the April issue of NEW MEXICO reaches a new high for that magazine in substance and interest. It contains the first of two articles on "The Real Elfege Baca," written by George Fitzpatrick who was a personal friend of Baca for twenty years. There is also a of short "tribute" to "Inscription Rock . . . Where History Began in America." Another article provides a map and pictures of the Ghost Towns of New Mexico; also items of more modern and tourist interest.

A note from CM Clark C. Tedmon, a rapid mover-about, says he is now in Ft. Worth, Texas and asks that the ROUND-UP be continued to him in care of his father at Ft. Collins. "Dad enjoys it so" and forwards it to his son. (In answer to an inquiry in Tedmon's letter, it may be said that the recently published list of seventeen "registered Corrals" does not include one from Texas.)

Among the distinguished guests at the April meeting was Leland D. Case, co-founder with Elmo Scott Watson of the first Corral of Westerners in Chicago. Mr. Case was on his way home from Phoenix, Ariz., where he assisted in organizing Corral #17 in that city and presented them with their Buckskin. Accompanying Mr. Case was the Reverend Frederick Maser, pastor of St. George's Meth-

odist Church in Philadelphia, the oldest Protestant church in the nation holding continuous services. Rev. Maser says he plans to organize a Corral of Westerners in Philadelphia before long.

At the present time Mr. Case is Editor of TOGETHER, the magazine of the Methodist Church denomination.

PM Ray Colwell, Editor of the 1959 Brand Book reports that about one-third of the manuscript copy is in hands of the printer, Johnson Publishing Co. in Boulder. "The volume will be dedicated to Pike's Peak, as representative of the 1959 Rush to The Rockies. It will be profusely illustrated with specially selected pictures of Colorado," said **Colwell**.

BILL BRENNAMAN GETS PM BRANDING IRON

William G. "Bill" Brennaman, director of Public Relations for Colorado Tourist Bureau was elected to Active Membership in the Denver Posse at their April meeting. **Bill**, or "**Willie Columbine**," as he was known while a columnist at the *Rocky Mountain News*, before taking his present position, spent his time researching the history and personalities in every corner of Colorado, and is one of the best informed men in the State on the subject. One of the most popular historical events he helped to establish was the annual Fairplay-Leadville Burro Race every July over famous Mosquito Pass. Many of his writings on Colorado history and interests have appeared in national magazines and newspapers over the nation.

PONY EXPRESS POSTAGE STAMP TO APPEAR IN JULY

A new U. S. Postage Stamp honoring the Pony Express Centennial will appear July 19. Stamp collectors interested in first-day cancellations may send orders to either end of the old route; addressing the Postmaster at either Sacramento, Cal. or St. Joseph, Mo. Forward five cents for each envelope desired, with instructions for addressing such envelopes. EHE.

"BENT'S FIRST STOCKADE — 1824-1826"

By CHARLES W. HURD



Charles W. Hurd

Charles W. Hurd was born in Ontario, Canada, Sept. 23, 1876, and lived on a farm in South Dakota for fifteen years. He attended Beloit, Wisconsin, College Academy and then came to Colorado to attend Colorado College from which he graduated in 1902.

After forty-three years with the Sante Fe R.R. he retired and devoted his time to the history of the Arkansas Valley.

His research and study have resulted in two published pamphlets: "Boggsville, Cradle of the Colorado Cattle Industry" and "Bent's Stockade."

A westerner of the "hearty type" he has climbed Pikes Peak fifteen times, most recently the summer of 1959.

My story of Bent Brothers and their doings is not, strictly speaking, a family affair. It's a tale of the times in which they lived, a century and a half ago.

Bent Brothers built a number of Forts and Trading Posts, here and there in what is now Colorado. The

first of these was not much more than a stockade and was located some distance northwest of the present site of Pueblo. The builders were proud of their achievement and called it their Fort. I have chosen this Fort as a pivot point for my talk this evening, and in what I have to say, William W. Bent is the leading figure. He was to the West what Daniel Boone was to Kentucky. He came from Missouri as a boy of fifteen years, and in the end, "he showed the world." Associated with him were three brothers, Charles, Robert and George; also two Frenchmen, Ceran St Vrain and his brother Marceline.

An important chapter in the lives of these men began in the year 1824. That was the year they left their home in St. Louis, broke the ties of civilization and started out on their great adventure.

At that time, St. Louis was not more than a village but it was recognized as a coming city. The Mississippi was conceded to be the boundary line between the known and the unknown world. All beyond was wilderness, the haunts of savages. The river has been accepted as nature's barrier to the westward movement of the English speaking people.

All west of the Mississippi was foreign territory. First the Spanish claimed it. They sold to the French; but the Indians were in possession and claimed it as theirs by right of occupancy and as their hereditary domain for all time.

Furthermore, prior to the beginning of the nineteenth century, it did not seem that the United States would ever have any need for the vast territory west of the Mississippi. At

that time there was a movement of population westward from the eastern seaboard, but their world was wide, extending from the Great Lakes south to the Gulf. There was room for all. In 1789 Thomas Jefferson made the statement that it would be a thousand years before the country would be thickly settled as far west as the Mississippi.

The ancestors of the Bents came from England, where they lived in county Hantz. We first learn of them at Boston in 1773, when the father, Silas Bent, the grandfather of our Bent Brothers, boarded three English ships one night, with a gang of patriots, and dumped the cargoes of tea into Boston harbor, to show the English that Americans were not going to pay any import duties.

And that's not the end of the story, The English took up the challenge, to show the rebels that if they were going to be good Englishmen, they would have to obey English laws and customs. Continued antagonisms led to the Revolutionary War and to the Declaration of Independence.

Times were tough in the post war years, money was scarce, credit was poor and there was but little business. People were discouraged.

Then men began looking around for better locations, with conditions more propitious. A few brave spirits climbed over the mountains, the Alleghanies, to see what was on the other side. Daniel Boone was one of them. He kept on going until he got away west, into what we call Kentucky. Then he went back home after his family. He told of the wonder of the country he had seen, with its grand prospects, rich soil, great forests and many rivers.

Daniel Boone's tales of his adventures created a lot of excitement. Many families packed their belongings and headed over the mountains

in search of choice locations for homes. The movement picked up in numbers until it seemed that most of the Atlantic area was going to be deserted.

In 1804 a family arrived in St. Louis that was destined to have leading parts in important doings of their time, particularly in the West. Silas Bent, the father, was a man of large affairs. His wife Martha, was a wonderful woman. Their family grew until they had eleven children, seven boys and four girls. They had arrived in St. Louis at an opportune time. The Louisiana Purchase was an accomplished fact. There was much excitement about the newly acquired territory. The fur trade was getting started in a big way. Opportunity was knocking at every door.

Silas Bent soon won a reputation for his ability and for his accomplishments. He was the first District Judge of St. Louis. His success in that office led to his appointment as Judge of the Superior Court of the Territory. He became Deputy Surveyor for Louisiana Territory.

Charles was the oldest of the children. He was born in 1899. Silas Jr. was the youngest. One of the girls married Lilburn Boggs who became Governor of Missouri. He became the father of Thomas Boggs who established the Boggsville settlement, only two miles out of Las Animas. Silas, the younger, became known around the world. He was with Commodore Perry in 1853, on a mission to Japan, the exclusive nation. When their war-ships steamed into Tokyo, belching forth heavy black smoke, the people were amazed. They had never seen the like before. Perry and his officers went ashore and shook hands all around. There they tarried for a time and made so many friends that the Japanese people opened their doors to them and to all the outside

world, in trade relations and in friendly overtures.

In later years this youngest member of the Bent family gave his time to the study of ocean currents. He charted the Gulf Stream and the Japan Stream through their courses.

At an early age the boy, Charles, was caught up in the excitement of the times. When the Lewis and Clark expedition returned from the Pacific in 1806, Charles was only seven years old. On one occasion, Messrs Lewis and Clark were being entertained at the Silas Bent home. As these men told of their experiences, talked about the Indians and described the wonders of the country they had traveled, Charles sat on the floor with his eyes and his ears wide open, not missing a single word. His career was fixed by that event. As soon as he would get to be a man he would go out West. He would be a trapper.

It is known that Charles Bent was a member of the Ashley expedition in its early stages. History does not appear to state why, or when, he quit. On his return to St. Louis, he and his brother William, who were always great pals, talked things over. They planned a trapping expedition of their own. They would go as soon as they could. William was then a bit young for such a strenuous undertaking. They had better wait a year. Then Charles went East to study at West Point and get some military training.

The home of the Bents in St. Louis was a substantial affair, made of stone and on the bank of the Mississippi. There was a good barn and sheds for horses and cows. There was plenty of acres too and great stacks of wood for winter fire. It looked like a large farm yard at that time, but now the location is in the heart of the city and the old house is gone.

Any records that I have been able

to find do not give us much information about the educational facilities of St. Louis at the time of which I speak. Probably attendance was not compulsory. Mrs. Bent was too busy to give much help beyond the A.B.C. period. Her children arrived, with remarkable regularity, one every two years. Even Charles, the first born, appears to have been short changed in number of school years. His letters are faulty. William's writing is worse. Perhaps he didn't have much chance to go to school, or did not care to. When he was really too young to leave home, we find him trapping with his brother Charles on the Missouri among the Sioux Indians. That was life. The great out-of-doors was all the school he wanted. The west was calling.

Then came the day for which Charles and William had long been planning. Getting away from home was not easy for the two boys. The father insisted that William was too young, and the mother could not part with her boy. The father admitted that Charlie needed him and finally gave his consent. The mother buried her sorrow in her bosom. The venture never did have her consent. Her wail of woe still rings in our ears. "Well, I hope that the whole family doesn't decide to go. I like it here, We've already turned our faces westward three times since our marriage. I refuse to cross the river."

Leaving home was equally hard for the two young men. It was a big event in their lives, a "Red Letter Day." Yet they were courageous and, in parting, offered words of cheer. "We're going West and we'll make you proud of us. We'll never forget that we are Bents."

Many men have attempted to write the story of Bent Brothers in the West and the stories are all different. The factual story that one might be able

to write would not be continuous. There are many breaks between the known facts. On a great many points the matter treated are highly controversial. Some early writers wrote of Bents' expedition into the West without knowing much about it. They were widely quoted. Others come in with contradictions. A hundred years have passed and some of the disputed points are not yet settled. We do not have definite information on the make-up of the Bent party. What arrangements they had with The American Fur company we do not know. Bent Brothers may have been working for a fixed salary. It is more likely that they were subsidized by the fur company.

There is every evidence that the Bents had about twenty or twenty-five men with them and they probably had as many as fifty horses and mules. They carried a supply of trinkets for trade with the Indians. Their experience as trappers on the Missouri would be valuable in preparing for their new venture.

On leaving the banks of the Missouri, about where Kansas City now stands, the expedition headed due west and would follow the Arkansas when they reached it, a few hundred miles further on.

It's plain to be seen why they were headed for the upper regions of the Arkansas. The Managers of the American Fur Company well understood that the Mississippi, the Missouri and the Platte had already been worked. General Ashley and the St. Louis Fur Company, of which Mona Lisa, a Spaniard, was head, had held to the north country, because of its cool waters and the finer furs. The Arkansas was but little known. It would be virgin territory for trappers and should be a rich feeder for the ware houses at St. Louis. It was important for them to send this expedition

under Bent Brothers, into the territory, to scout the country and hold it against all competitors.

The expedition started out in the spring of 1824. Bent Bros. knew, in a general way, the route they would take but they hardly knew where they were going. They would take care of that when they got there. They would locate somewhere in the mountains. All they knew about the country was what had come to them from Lieutenant Pike's trip in 1806 and from Major Stephen H. Long in 1820.

When these men left the Missouri, they left civilization behind them. There were no trails and no maps. They were lost to the world, but that was to their liking. Someone was smart in the planning. John Jacob Astor's foresight was as good as his hindsight. No doubt he anticipated that a wealth of furs could be gathered from the waters of the Rocky Mountain region, by the men who got there first.

We don't know where the young prospectors first made camp and we don't need to worry about that. Probably they pulled stakes frequently in the first two years, as that was a part of the game. We can be sure however that they didn't make any prolonged stops until they got to the mountains. It's a safe bet that from the time they got their first view of Pikes Peak, and some of the high ones, while still far out on the plains, they would not be satisfied until they got there.

In my mind's eye I see them stopping here and there, attracted by new wonders and other spots strangely beautiful. Probably they would be loathe to leave the Arkansas that had been their line of travel for a couple of months. Its tumbling waters would lead them on and on, to the heart of the Rockies, but they dare not

follow. They had a definite mission. They were hunting for the best of the furbearing territory.

For the next two years, the Bents were somewhere in the hills, and pretty much out of sight. We can only follow them afar off. But little information has come down to us regarding their daily doings. A few historians have dealt lightly with this period and others have entirely ignored it. Still others have denied that the Bents were in the country at that time. In truth, these men do not seem to have left any land-marks that would enable us to trace their ramblings of the first two years in the mountains. There are some bits of masonry in the Beaver Creek country that have never been explained. We have them in mind for further study.

For the first two years, the men were doing some trapping and hunting but the Bent Brothers mainly interested in scouting the country, charting its physical features and getting acquainted with the Indians. These were mostly Utes, Cheyennes and Arapahoes. The Utes were mountain Indians while the others occupied the plains.

Contrary to expectations, the Bents did not have much contact with the Indians during the first few months. The Indians surely knew of the presence of the white men in their country. From safe distances they surely spied on the white man's camp but they were not going to venture too close. By nature the Indian was a cautious individual and full of curiosity. His natural impulse was to not get too close to anything he couldn't understand.

Then Charlie Bent decided that if the Indians were not coming to him, he would go to the Indians. Of necessity, the good-will and co-operation of the Indians was of first importance, if the fur business was

going to be a success. In later years, when the Bents had many regular trappers in the field, the Indians brought in more furs than did all the others.

Both of the Bents had pleasing personalities and made friends easily. The Indians responded to this spirit of good-will.

Hither Came Ceran St Vrain

Sometime late in 1826 Ceran St Vrain came over from Taos, via the San Luis Valley. His wagons were loaded with furs for St. Louis. The Bents put on what they had baled and ready to go. That seems to have been their first shipment to the home market. St Vrain returned next year, bringing a fresh supply of goods from St Louis for the Mexican trade. There is strong evidence to show that the two younger Bent boys, Robert and George, aged 13 and 15 years respectfully, accompanied St Vrain from St Louis to join their brothers Charles and William. In later years George insisted that he helped build the stockade.

We do not have knowldege of any relationship, in business or otherwise, between Ceran StVrain and the Bents, prior to 1826. Beginning at that time, a close friendship existed between them. A partnership was formed under the firm name of Bent Brothers and StVrain. This title first appears in the story of Bent Brothers for the year 1826. The transactions of this firm covered a wide range of territory that reached north to the south Platte and south to Santa Fe.

When the Bents had been in the West two years, it was time to take account of their operations and decide whether or not the plus signs in support of the business exceeded the minus signs. Would the record of their experiences be favorable? That was the purpose for which they came. Their backers were men of large in-

terests and were awaiting the verdict. Much was at stake.

For several reasons, the year 1826 has been spoken by writers as "A Red Letter in the Fur Trade." It was a time of expansion. The opening of the Santa Fe Trail gave access to a vast new territory in the southwest; and first explorations in the northwest gave promise of big business in furs. Bent Brothers were alert to the situation. They decided to establish a regular Trading Post, prepare for an increase in business, and hold the territory.

A century and a third has passed since Bent Brothers entered the territory. Historians have known of the existence of a Trading Post somewhere at the mouth of the Fountain but they have never been able to find it.

In Vol. I of Frank Hall's History of Colorado we read that in 1826 Bent Brothers and Ceran StVrain erected a stockade on the north bank of the Arkansas, about mid-way between the present site of Pueblo and Canon City. The same story, with slight variations, appears in several other Colorado Histories and in a dozen other publications.

The question arises as to why no one, in all these years, has been able to pin-point the location of this structure known as "Bents' First Stockade." Possibly none took the trouble to investigate, so that they might elaborate on the subject. Most writers have been content to copy from one another and let it go at that. A few cleverly evaded the subject, just failing to mention what they couldn't explain.

Some others have had the audacity to deny the whole story, saying that it just couldn't be so. Probably most of the confusion stemmed from the statements in Colorado Histories that the stockade was located on the north

bank of the Arkansas. Of course if they searched that area none ever found it.

Many years ago I became interested in the exploits of Bent Brothers in Colorado and I took it upon myself to investigate the setting of the Stockade story. I was somewhat familiar with the country between Pueblo and Canon City, having traveled it many times by train, bus and auto, over the old highway and the new. I could find likely spots for a stockade but never could see any ruins.

My quest for the facts in the case went on for years. I delved around in seats of learning far and near. I perused musty books, dusty newspapers, even searching through unlikely shelves and dark corners. The subject was elusive but there was always the hope that someone had written something about it and I might be able to find it.

Finally, failing to find the story I wanted in print, I took to the field in search of the ruins of the old Stockade. I was a hiker and a mountain climber. What more thrilling outing would a man want? I got on the bus at Pueblo. The sign of the window read Canon City. I asked the driver to let me off at Beaver Creek. Beaver in the olden days was a lively place where everybody stopped for rest and to lunch in the "Half Way House." The scenery was grand and the water was fine.

I covered the ground afoot in all directions. I thought that surely someone in the neighborhood would be able to tell me something about Bent Brothers and their Stockade; but no one knew anything about either. In my rambles I found some interesting sights. There were the elaborate foundations of old ranch headquarters that had been ruined in the flood of 1921. On a nearby hill was an abandoned burial ground

that was sad to behold. In other places I was able to follow sections of the mountain branch of the old Santa Fe Trail, where the ruts were deep.

Failing to find any prospects of success close to the river, I left old highway 50 and went about five miles inward to the farming area, Penrose and Glendale. I questioned everyone I met or could find. Not a single person could give me any information. Most of them were co-operative, suggesting that I call on so and so as they had been in the country longer and knew more about it.

I went home, thinking that perhaps the Historians had been right. Perhaps they did build on the north bank of the river and the floods have washed away the ruins or covered them up.

In a short time, I got a letter from a lady in the country. She complained that I had been in her country, calling on her neighbors but had failed to call on her. In the same letter she told me that several years previous she had found some old ruins in the country, which she couldn't understand and neither could anyone else. She knew that I was hunting for something and she surmised that what she had found, might be what I was looking for. She asked me to come up and see. I promised to do so. Time went on. I got another letter, with a drawing of the ruins she had discovered. Her drawing and my vision of what I expected to find matched very well. That led to our getting together on a visit to the site.

My study of Forts, Trading Posts and Stockades had given me a good idea of what to look for. When I reached the site, there it was, just as I had expected it to be, except that the Stockade was larger and had four sections. Inside were the remains of three stone houses. One of them had

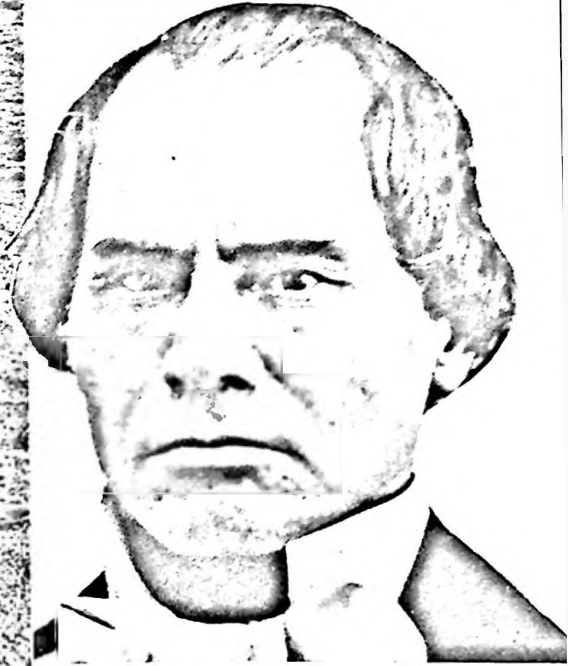
a good fireplace; probably each of them had one but they didn't show it. The whole thing was much more elaborate than I had anticipated. Only the stumps remained of the posts that made up the stockade. The early settlers probably cut them off for use in their fences. The stumps were of good size, set tightly together, practically in two rows making a tight fence of double strength. The builders had dug a trench in the disintegrated rock, then set the posts deep and wedged them fast with rock. The stumps are of cedar and well preserved. Most of the stumps appear to be missing, as the result of a fire, but I can scrape off the soil and find the burned ends. I sat down to feast my eyes on the ruins, the immediate surroundings, the vale in front of me and the hills. As I pondered, it became clear to me that the site was well chosen. It was a choice spot. Back of me about a hundred yards was the creek, with its clear water running through a rocky bed that had been cut deep in the side of the hill. In front of me was the grass land that would be ample for all needs. It is said to have been wild-horse country in the early days.

Nature had been lavish with her gifts in this little glen, providing wood and water, fish and fodder, game and building material. It all added up to a near paradise for a man with traps and a gun. There was beauty everywhere. It was romance land. Freedom was in the air. There was something about the setting that was good for a man's soul. It was good to be there.

The Indians added color to the scene. The charm of their primitive existence loomed large and matched the mountains. They were a rugged race of men. There were the stable Utes, the more aristocratic Arapahoes and the fighting Cheyennes; all of

The Bent Brothers and Their Old Stockade

The Bent Brothers and their old stockade erected 1824.



Upper left: Remains of Bent's "Old Stockade" located on Turkey Creek SE of Colorado Springs.

Upper right: William Bent

Lower left: Charles Bent

Lower right: Ruins of one of the old stone buildings on site of stockade grounds.

Photos taken by Charles W. Hurd, author of this paper on Bent's old Stockade. Charles Bent picture taken from one owned by Bent Masonic Lodge No. 2, Taos, N. M. William Bent photo from State Historical Society of Colorado.

them dignified and of dauntless courage.

The little lady of the hills, who discovered these ruins, is deserving of great credit for her persistence in quest of the story hidden there. Others came and saw them too, but lightly passed them by. My friend held steadfast to the hope that someday someone would come up with the information that would solve the mystery. These stumps and these stones surely stood for something and it would be something big.

Another lady I know who was like-minded too; Mrs. Daisy Malone, late of Avondale Colorado. Her historical sketches frequently appeared in the Sunday Chieftain of Pueblo. Under date of April 26, 1963 she wrote, "At the head of Turkey Creek the small stone forts are an unsolved mystery. Did pre-historic people build them or are they part of the early Spanish and Indian troubles?"

These two ladies never met. Neither of them knew of the others existence but the two of them had, independently, made the same discovery. They had the same heart's desire for the answer that no one knew.

In 1828 Bent Brothers abandoned their Fort. We do not have all the answers as to the reasons for their coming and their going. It seems likely that one of the reasons for building in the hills instead of near the river was to avoid the danger of a too close contact with Indian warriors. The Utes lived in the Mountains. On the plains were the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. The mountain Indians were hereditary enemies of those on the plains. The Ute trail followed the north bank of the Arkansas. It was used by the Utes on their frequent excursions to the plains to hunt buffalo and gather scalps.

The foot hills were not occupied

by any tribe, but the area was "no man's land" and it was a dangerous place to be. The Bents found that out after a period of years.

The history of Bent Brothers and their doings through subsequent years is better known. These men achieved fame, fortune and high honors. Fort Bent, twelve miles west of Las Animas, was the greatest institution of the kind in the West. It was visited by travelers on the trail, by men in all walks of life, and by Indians all.

After leaving the Stockade, Charles Bent spent most of his time at Santa Fe, where he became the first Governor of New Mexico, under United States rule. He ruled wisely and well but he came to his death at Taos in January 1847 in a Mexican and Indian uprising.

William Bent became the leader in the operation of Fort Bent as a Trading Post and he was clever at it. He married among the Indians and that made him one of them. His wife was Owl Woman, the daughter of the Cheyenne Chief. After Mr. Bent's marriage, all the Cheyennes were his customers and all other Indians were his friends. He became a man of great influence among them.

Because of the influence that Mr. Bent had with the Indians, the government officials at Washington appointed him as Indian Agent. He resigned from that position in 1859 and retired to his ranch on the Purgatoire, two miles east of Las Animas. There he died April 19, 1869. He was buried on the ranch. His body was moved to the Las Animas cemetery some time later.

The years following Mr. Bent's retirement brought the culmination of Indian hostilities and it is likely that he went to his slumbers in great discouragement. It had always been his hope that the government and the Indians might settle their differences

peacefully and that the Indians might not be deprived of their lands. His death came at the darkest hour in Indian history. He probably felt that life's labors had been lost and that his years had been unfruitful.

It remains the task of someone, who may come after, to draw aside the curtain that shades the past, take account of the one who played well his part and give credit to his deeds.

Fort Bent
Sept. 1, 1848

Mr. C. St. Vrain.

On my arrival at this place I found things in a very bad condition. Mr. Frain was still here. Mr. Hamilton who from all accounts was wiser than Frain. Between them they have made was and destroyed a good deal of property and no one knows what's become of it. He highered every person that came along at a saltery and would let them do nothing. If they done any trouble he would pay them extra. I sent Frain off. It was terrible how things was been carryd on here this summer. Barnum took what whiskey thair was left and nacked the hed in the barrele and throd it ought. Hatcher gave me the money he collected from Gilpins Command. I have paid F. Smith, Barnum, Garnia, and others ought of it. Gilpin requested me to send his account. I send to him also the one enclosed to you. Upp to this date the warehouse is still in the use of the U.S. They take their stock this morning from here.

Yours,
Wm. Bent.

(This letter carried to C. St. Vrain, St. Louis, Mo. to R. W. Cambie. No Postage. Copied from the original letter in the Blair Collection, Manuscript Room, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.)



“IRRIGATION BEGINNINGS IN COLO.”

By WILLIAM R. KELLEY

(Continued from March issue.)

At the outset it would seem that there were two separate, not connected, trails of the farm-minded pioneers converging upon Colorado to put its streams to use. It is seen that the first influx of settlers was from the South. It emanated from New Mexico, soon after the 1847 taking over of the Santa Fe and that territory from Mexico by the United States. Pastoral groups, soon, with their cattle, sheep and goats, pushed up the Rio Grande to San Luis, Costilla, Conejos, Alamosa Creeks and began digging ditches to their fields. Other pioneers from the Santa Fe Trail took foothold in the Fountain, Greenhorn, and Huerfano and small Arkansas Valley headwaters in 1860 and 1861.

That the early southern Colorado development was done by those from New Mexico is apparent from the ditch names:

No. 1 on the Rio Grande, from Culebra Creek, San Luis Peoples Ditch April 10, 1852, is followed by: San Pedro Ditch, April 1852, Acequia Madre, and Montez ditches in 1853, and Vallejos and Manzanares Ditches, in 1854.

On the Conejos, a Rio Grande tributary, the first ditch was the Guadalupe Ditch in 1855.

In Water District No. 35, on the Rio Grande tributaries, Ute, Trinchera and Sangre de Cristo Creeks, No. 1 ditch decreed is the Fred Etter, from May 31, 1860, followed by Meadow, John Francisco and Nenner, all in 1863, and by T. J. Tobin Ditch, May 1, 1864.

There, beyond the Sangre de Cristo Range, into the San Luis Valley on the higher-up streams above San Luis and Conejos Counties, we find de-

creed from Rio Grande sources the following:

No. 1 Silva, 1866, No. 2 Atencio, 1866, and Lucero, 1866.

On the Alamosa River, the earliest decreed from Rio Grande supplies in Alamosa County, are El Viego and Gomez, both in 1867.

On the Conejos river, a Rio Grande tributary in Conejos County, near the New Mexico line, five ditches are decreed as initiated in the year 1855.

In order they are: Guadalupe, Head's Mill, El Vado, Llano and Garcia.

Lafayette Head, the Anglo Saxon, was a soldier from Missouri who had come with Kearney in 1847 to take over Sante Fe. He stayed to lead colonization up the Rio Grande in southern Colorado and there became a large factor in farming, milling and politics.

Judge McHendrie, in an article in the June, 1928 Colorado Magazine, tells of a yet earlier ditch which did begin in 1846. It irrigated, for a season or two, a patch of corn on the Purgatoire River south of Pueblo, and was taken out by one Hatcher. Indians drove him off. It was resumed later. For lack of continuity to Hatcher, it was given a court priority under the name "LeWellyn" Ditch, dating from 1864.

Colorado River development, awaited the Utes evictions.

When we go to Colorado River development, that great water supply west of the Continental Divide, draining into the Pacific Ocean, we find its only ditches which lasted long enough to be decreed as far back as 1860 are on the Blue River. The wave of gold seekers to South Park pushed northwesterly over Hoosier Pass in 1860, to pan the placer gold in the gravels of the Blue, near Breckenridge. Decreed from these Blue supplies were, one irrigation ditch, the



William R. Kelly, author of the paper on "Irrigation Beginnings in Colorado," has been a practicing attorney in northern Colorado since 1907; the past fifty years in Greeley, Colo. He is a graduate of the University of Colorado and Law School.

He is a recognized authority on water law and has been an active practitioner in this field, including interstate water cases in United States Supreme Court.

Kelly was one of the original organizers, in 1933, of the Colorado Big Thompson project. He helped draft Water Conservancy Act legislation to enable Northern Colorado Water Conservancy District, and acted as its attorney in formative years. In 1938 he was made the first president elect at the reorganization of the Colorado Bar Association, and served as its President in 1939 and 1940. He organized legal institutes over the state in 1939, and with Malcolm Lindsey organized the Water Law Section in those years and has been a member of its section council since 1941.

Kelly has contributed many articles to the American Bar Association Journal, Dicta, Rocky Mountain Law Review and other journals. He has also been an active developer of land by irrigation.

A long time corresponding member of the Denver Posse, Mr. Kelly says he learned most of his irrigation knowledge in his early days at the end of a shovel.

Ada, of August 22, 1860, and five mining ditches. The mining ditches were: first, "French Creek," the next four in seniority are: Jeff Davis, Gold Run, Indiana and Galena. All date in 1862.

Other west slope ditches relate chiefly after 1880. The 1879 Meeker Massacre precipitated eviction of the Ute Indians. By U. S. treaty they had possessed that part of Colorado. White settlement, not opened up until 1880, was thenceforth rapid on the Colorado River and its principal tributaries, the Eagle, Gunnison, Uncomphagre, White and Yampa Rivers.

Some 'firsts' in Western Colorado:

On the "Grand" or main Colorado, two ditches in Middle Park antedate 1880. They are the West End for 24 cfs from 1874 and Byers, for 1/2 second foot, from 1875. Downstream, in Mesa County, earliest is the Ponsford for 2.8 cfs, from June 1, 1881.

From the Eagle River, the earliest ditch decreed is Upper Frost, of December 20, 1880.

On the Roaring Fork, Ditch No. 2, for 6 cfs, dates from June 7, 1880. The Bona Fide, for 65 cfs dates from November 30, 1881.

"Old Agency Ditch" from the Uncomphagre, in Delta County, is decreed 7.5 cfs from August 1, 1875. Next is the "Reservation", for 2.6 cfs from July 1, 1880.

On the Gunnison, below Tomichi, The "Seventy Five" for 14 cfs dates from May 10, 1875, and Eaton Ditch, for 0.26 cfs is decreed from August 1, 1875.

In Southwestern Colorado:

The earliest is Buckskin, from Los Pinos Creek, which dates from July 25, 1868. The Giles, from Mancos River, dates from July 1, 1874.

From the La Plata, earliest decreed is the Holder, for 1 cfs, from April 20, 1879.

From the Dolores River, earliest

decreed is Goshorn, for 0.75 cfs, from June 30, 1878.

From the Las Animas, earliest is John Thomas, for 0.33 cfs, decreed from May 15, 1874.

From the San Miguel, Navika, for 1.70 cfs is awarded October 1, 1876.

From the San Juan, Peterson, for 1.5 cfs is decreed from 1879.

In Northwestern Colorado from the Yampa the earliest decreed are Taylor Ditch for 1.66 cfs, from May 1, 1879, and the "Bear River" for 11.31 cfs October 30, 1881.

From the White River, in Rio Blanco County, earliest is Howell Park for 20 cfs from May 1, 1880 and from the Green, the Thos. Doudle, for 1.66 cfs dates from April 15, 1880.

The foregoing are not all the priorities of appropriation carried in a particular ditch. Enlargements and extensions have multiplied their decreed later priorities. In the South Platte system alone these number over 3,000. Taking, as an example, Greeley Canal No. 2 and Greeley Canal No. 3. Each has at least four separate decreed priorities and each carries reservoir water from at least seven reservoirs, of numerous decreed priorities themselves, besides each carrying waters from the Colorado Big Thompson system begun in 1933, which has many different priorities from east slope streams, as well as from the Colorado River.

Back to Boulder:

The Lower Boulder Ditch, so begun in 1859, was extended early into Weld County, first to Coal Creek at Erie, next to Coal Ridge at Firestone, next to Sand Lake, two miles west of the South Platte River and Lupton, Next, in 1954, by joinder of forces of the Northern Colorado Water Conservancy District and Bureau of Reclamation, under a contract for enlarging that canal, it was extended again, so that it now carries the numerous appropriations of Lower

Boulder Canal and the Boulder Creek reservoirs, also the Colorado River and Thompson and St. Vrain Rivers waters, into the South Platte River, thence across the South Platte to Latham and Milton Lake areas east of the South Platte River.

By exchange, extending upstream southward, it is now able to serve lands, northeast of Denver under the Farmers Reservoir and the Henrylyn Irrigation District systems.

The Lower Boulder Ditch Company incorporated this 1859 group effort as a mutual company in 1871. Its incorporators were "stayers", who continued to play large parts in Northern Colorado irrigation development, "to the second and third generation." They were not "go back-ers." Their names were: William O. Wise, Oliver E. Wise, Johnson Miller, James M. Crosby, all of the Canfield area, and Sam H. Southard, then of Erie, who was to be a leader in ditch and reservoir building in the Eaton and Greeley area.

Two Boulder "fifty-niners" who stayed deserve the following: The men who proved up on the "Smith and Goss" Ditch when, in 1882, the water adjudication proceedings were had in Boulder County District Court, were Marinus G. Smith and Robert Culver. Smith and his wife were from Oneida, New York. He had prospected in California before he came to Boulder, in 1859. He had seen "gold rushes" before and decided to stake his lot with Boulder.

Robert Culver, another "fifty-niner" and his wife, came as cultured people from New England. These were workers for education and lead-

ers in 1872 for locating the University at Boulder. Each Smith and Culver gave \$500.00, and were among the six largest cash contributors to that nucleus fund. Smith and his wife gave, also, the 25 acres of land on which stand "Old Main" and Hale Science Buildings.

The ditch headed at the 12th Street Bridge and led to Smiths homestead, which was on the south side of Arapahoe Street along the Creek bottom. The large appropriation claimed, 44 cubic feet per second, was typical of those lavish days. That homestead is now absorbed by Boulder High School and close urban housing. The ditch, cut down to size, now is covered for its first mile, but still runs to those tracts east of the new "Harvest House" Hotel on the Valley Highway.

The Gold Rush ends. But not the ditches. It took courage and tenacity to stay. Then men who built these ditches had both. Their benefits were not exhausted with the early years use.* Those who dug them have gone. But the wealth giving water remains for succeeding generations.

Another era and another generation began in 1870. Those pioneers dared big things too, more extensive.

But "that is another story."

William R. Kelly

*Agriculture became a major industry of Colorado, and has yielded sustenance for increasing population. The 1956 state cash farm income was \$450,000,000. The 1956 total gold, silver, copper, lead and zinc produced in Colorado was \$22,240,000,000. Their highest total value for a ten year period was, 1901-1910, \$400,334,537.00. The 1956 figure does not include molybdenum, \$51,172,485, or uranium 2,374,783 pounds. One county alone, Weld, had produced, in the year 1956 from agricultural products \$84,113,057.00. Colo. Year Book, pages 478, 544, 551, 843.

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The famous bath house in Idaho Springs, Colo. Taken from a J. Collier stereopticon slide, circa early 1870's. Collection Numa L. James (Photo copy Fred M. Mazzulla)

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730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

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JUNE MEETING

"Rendezvous in Jackson Hole"

Merrill J. Mattes
6:30 P.M., June 22, 1960
Denver Press Club
1330 Glenarm

Merrill J. Mattes of Omaha, is regional historian (Mississippi to the Rockies) of the National Park Service. This paper deals with the fur trade and the new fur trade museum at Grand Teton National Park, and will be illustrated with slide films.

Mr. Mattes has been a corresponding member of the Denver Posse since its founding, and has twice before spoken to the group.

FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

A collection of 25 rare historical photos of early Creede, Ouray and Denver from the large collection of former Sheriff of the Denver Posse, **Fred M. Mazzulla**, were on exhibit recently in a window display at the Kendrick-Bellamy Co. store in Denver to illustrate incidents in the book "Silver Answer," recently published by author **Marian Castle**. Mrs. Castle's book "Silver Answer" deals with the mining boom-and bust days of early Colorado and has been on the best-seller list since publication.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred at the May commencements of the University of Colorado on **PM Thomas Hornsby Ferril**. Ferril, Denver journalist and poet, is an incorporator and charter member of the Denver Posse. In January of this year he was the winner of the first annual \$1,000 Robert Frost Poetry Award for his poem "Cadetta-C&S."

Fred Rosenstock, book-seller par excellence, reports: "This fall we (The Old West Publishing Co.) will publish 'Infantry, Indians and Infants' . . . the story of an Indian fighter (General Andrew Burt). Author is **Merrill J. Mattes**, Chief Historian, Omaha Office of the National Park Service."

Lauren Bray, Charter member of the Kansas City Posse of Westerners was a visitor at the May meeting.

Back on the job again, is former Sheriff of the Denver Posse, **Maurice Frink**, Executive Director of the State Historical Society of Colorado. Frink spent most of the month of April in the hospital but reports a complete recovery.

FIVE COLORADOANS IN COWBOY HALL OF FAME

The names of five outstanding Coloradans, including one of the organizers of the Denver Posse of The Westerners, are now included in the National Cowboy Hall of Fame.

National trustees recently approved four nominations made by the Colorado trustees, **Governor Steve McNichols**, **Dan Thornton** and **Jasper Ackerman**.

The four who were chosen from a list of forty suggested names are: **William Bent**, said to have established at Bent's Fort the first herd of cattle within the present borders of Colorado; **Charles E. Collins**, trail hand, cowboy and cattleman who established the See-Bar-See ranch near Kit Carson; **John W. Iliff**, early-day "cattle king" of northeastern Colorado; and **Martin T. "Thad" Sowder** of Julesburg, first world champion bronco rider.

Previously the name of the late **William McLeod Raine**, noted western author and one of the organizers of the Denver Posse had been approved by the national trustees of the Cowboy Hall of Fame.

Forbes Parkhill

EARLY RIO GRANDE STORY NOT FOR PUBLICATION

The paper given by Dr. Robert G. Athearn, "George Gould and The Rio Grande System," before the May 25th meeting of the Denver Posse is not being published. Dr. Athearn had arranged for previous publication of the manuscript, but consented to deliver it under the condition that it not be printed before his publication date.

PONY EXPRESS TO RIDE AGAIN

One of the most interesting events of the summer in Colorado is being arranged by Pony Express enthusiasts between Julesburg and Colorado Springs.

This year is the 100th anniversary of the Pony Express and to celebrate the occasion there will be an Express relay from St. Joseph, Mo., to Sacramento, Calif. The relay will dip into Colorado near Julesburg on July 22nd.

Colorado will celebrate by setting up a branch relay from Julesburg to Colorado Springs, and the planners are billing it as the "fastest 230 miles ever run by a horse."

The first Colorado rider will receive a letter from President Eisenhower addressed to the National Boy Scout Jamboree being held near Colorado Springs, to be carried from St. Joseph by the Pony Express.

The Pony Express will then leave southwest from Julesburg, about 8:00 A.M. in an effort to deliver to the Boy Scout encampment by 7:30 P. M. the same day . . . a distance of 230 miles in less than twelve hours.

More than 400 horses and riders will be needed for the race; plan will be to change them every half-hour. Members of saddle clubs or other riding groups anywhere in the state who might wish to participate can contact either of the following: **L. A. McElhinny**, President of the Junior Rodeo Assn. P.O. Box 451, Colorado Springs, or Sedgewick County Commissioner **James Stretesky** at Julesburg, Colo.

THE EDITOR APOLOGIZES

to . . . **Armand Reeder (PM)** . . . for the badly pied up . . . and misspelled words in his very fine paper: "**New Mexico . . . Its Conquistadores and Its Interpreters**" which appeared in the January issue of *The Round-Up*.

Those who are familiar with the writings of Armand Reeder, from his many articles published in newspapers, magazines and pamphlets, know him to be a stickler for facts, and meticulous in his selection of words to present them. (A case on the effort of the Editor . . . Where "haste makes waste.")

From The Corral Rail

PM Don Bloch and **Mrs. Bloch** returned recently from a four month tour of Europe. On way across the U. S. **Bloch** visited Poses in Chicago and Washington; also in London, England, where he reported a very active Posse of Westerners. **Bloch** visited all the countries in Western Europe except a part of Austria. **Mrs. Bloch** toured Russia, Czechoslovakia, Poland and the Ukraine.

"Brought back over 200 books," said **Bloch**, "including one on Gilpin County which I found in Stockholm, Sweden."

PM John J. Lipsey of Colorado Springs was speaker at the May 10 meeting of the Kansas City, Mo., Posse. His paper was: "Western Book Collectors are Nuts . . . and so are Western Book Sellers."

ABOUT THE COVER PICTURE OF IDAHO SPRINGS

Corresponding member, **Herbert Johnson**, 1637 East 7th Ave., Denver sent the following information about the cover picture of the old hot springs bath house in Idaho Springs. "I was born in Idaho Springs, and well remember the old place. I used to go there when I was a youngster. I remember the water was brot down about 500 feet from the hot springs to the bathhouse thru hollowed logs; minerals in the water would corrode iron pipes so badly they became clogged. The bulding was torn down in the early 1900's. The building in the picture was about 40 feet in length by 20 feet in width. It had a number of private bath rooms."

COLORADO IN '65 WAS NO PLACE FOR REST

From the Sunday News—Times:
Denver, Colo., October 10, 1909.

*Old Letter from Charles Morse, In-
ventor's Son, to His Wife Tells of the
Mining Camps in the Early Days*

*Document found in Postal Telegraph
Office in New York Is Sent to Rocky
Mountain News by Vice President E.
J. Nally.*

*Central City and Idaho Springs are
Described; Trip Over the Plains*

A DOCUMENT of unusual inter-
est to Coloradoans was discovered
in New York city a few weeks ago by
E. J. Nally, vice president and general
manager of the Postal Telegraph and
Cable company. Nally was cleaning
up his desk preparatory to taking his
annual vacation when he encountered
a roll of manuscript which showed
traces of age.

It proved to be a letter from
Charles Morse, son of Professor S. F.
B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph,
to his wife. It was written by Young
Morse in Idaho Springs in the spring
of 1865, and contained a graphic
picture of Denver and Colorado in
pioneer days.

The News is indebted to Nally for a
copy of the letter, which follows:
"IDAHO, Clear Creek County, Colo-
rado Territory.

"My Dear Wife—New pleasures are
experienced and novel sensations
awakened in one who has been sur-
rounded by the comforts and scenes
incident to a life passed in large cities,
or their neighborhood, by a trip
across our great western plains and a
sojourn in this wild mountain region,
appropriately termed the Rocky

Mountains. The transition from a
country improved by civilization,
where nature has been tamed, to a
vast region which has always been in-
habited by wild animals and roamed
over by still wilder human beings, is
so sudden that one at first can hardly
realize the great change. On leaving
Atchison on the west bank of the
Missouri river, you launch out im-
mediately on the broad, open prairie.
The country for the first few miles
is rolling, then becoming more and
more level, day after day the same
monotonous scenery is spread around
you; far ahead and behind is seen the
long dusty road narrowing in the
distance, dividing the picture with a
straight brown line into equal and
similar parts, on each side the eye
wanders over the level, grassy plain;
the horizon bounded by low sandhills,
which appear to recede as you ad-
vance.

"The novelty of the scene at first
gives you pleasure, but in a few days
a wearied feeling comes over you, and
you long for the accustomed sight of
hill and valley, with their water
courses and vegetation. A sneaking
prairie wolf or a herd of graceful and
curious antelopes bounding over the
grassy plain may afford temporary
relief, but you begin to reckon the
hours between you and your journey's
end with feeling akin to those of the
school boy on the approach of his
vacation.

"After leaving Fort Kearney the
road follows the right or south bank
of the Platte river (a broad, shallow
stream, filled with sand bars and
quicksand) to within eighty miles of
Denver, it here leaves its almost due
west course and turns to the south-
west. This part of the road is called

'the cutoff.' At Fort Kearney the stage is furnished with an escort, as the route beyond is infested with hostile Arapahoes, Cheyennes and Sioux.

SOLDIER ESCORTS FIGHT OFF HOSTILE INDIANS

"On leaving Atchison on the overland coach you travel night and day over a good road to Denver, 640 miles distant, the journey being accomplished in from five to eight days. The company has stations located all the way, about fifteen miles apart. The escort furnished at Kearney consists of two mounted soldiers, who ride ahead, and if Indians are seen they run back to the station, giving the coach time to turn back, but if overtaken the passengers defend themselves until relief is sent. At these stations some ten to twenty soldiers are quartered to protect the line, guarding the stock and for escort duty.

"Daily you meet long trains of heavily laden wagons tolling on their way to Denver and the towns beyond. These trains consist of from ten to 100 wagons or 'prairie schooners,' as they are called here. They are large four-wheeled lumber box wagons, and covered with white canvas, and move through heavy volumes of dust in one long white line; each wagon is drawn by from four to twelve yoke of oxen. Their drivers are called 'bullwhackers,' a ragged, rough, sunburnt, dust-begrimed set, but kind and hospitable, the cracking of their huge lashes accompanied by loud and very plain talk, by way of encouragement to their slow moving cattle, may be heard for a long distance.

"These trains travel from ten to fifteen miles a day, taking them about sixty days to perform the journey to Denver. Mule trains generally take

lighter freight, and make the journey in from fifteen to twenty-five days. At night you pass them in their encampments and see their fires scattered over the plain in every direction. The wagons at night are corraled—that is, placed in a circle, the tongue of one wagon shoved under the rear of the one ahead, thus forming an inclosure either to confine unruly cattle, or as a place of retreat and protection in case of attack. The cattle are turned loose on feed on the rich prairie grass, a guard placed over them to keep them from wondering too far or to run them into the corral on the approach of danger.

WAGON TRAINS ARE PREY OF SNEAKING REDS

"While moving, in case of an alarm, the teamsters very quickly turn their teams around in a circle, the broadside of a wagon on the outside and the cattle all within, thus throwing about themselves an excellent fortification, and a few resolute fellows can easily drive off ten times their number of Indians. Trains are more likely to be attacked than the stage on account of the clothing and provisions they carry.

"It is of paramount importance to the development of the rich mines, which abound in these far Western states and territories, that this great highway be kept free from hostile Indians, for we are at present almost wholly dependent on the Eastern states for the necessaries of life. Little is raised here, and from what I have yet seen, but little can be raised for some time to come. If there is trouble on the plains we feel it here—provisions often double and treble in price in a week, which tells on the profit of a mine, as labor is influenced by the cheapness of food.

"Very little sympathy is felt and

none expressed for the Indian in this country. We cannot see those noble traits with which our novelists and historians have clothed him. That race existed only in their poetic brains, or it is now extinct to use a cant phrase, they have 'played out.' In 1857, after reading Longfellow's 'Hiawatha,' I was for some months among the Sioux, of whom he writes, and had he seen them in their homes he never could have been inspired to write such pretty lines about them. They are a disgustingly, filthy, savage set of sneaking thieves and cowardly murderers, killing and scalping, men, women and children, and in their savage frenzy mutilating the bodies and adorning their paint-bedaubed bodies with portions of them. They will, if you are unarmed, extend one hand open toward you, grunting out "Ho!" (it is well) in token of friendship, and plunge a knife into you with the other . . . This I have seen, and the white man who was so treated had an hour before shared his dinner with the Indian who thus treacherously caught him unarmed at a distance from the camp. Naturally treacherous, crafty and cruel, their whole life is devoted to improving themselves in their devilish qualities. They are ever ready to make treaties, and break them when they think it for their interest. Apparently friendly, they will without warning fall upon some unprotected settlement apply the torch, kill and scalp, and should a prisoner be taken, be it male or female, young or old, it is reserved for the torture, and while the mangled body is writhing in torment, they dance around it and yell their hellish exultations. A train just arrived, passed the remains of another. Mutilated bodies of the teamsters were lying around, and the charred remains of one bound with ox chains to a wheel was seen.

EATING VERY BAD, BUT SLEEPING MUCH WORSE

"The ranch houses are built of sod, cut out about eighteen inches long and wide and about a foot in thickness. These are piled up forming the sides, the roof is made by laying over poles and covering them with sod, before the doors of some, a thick wall of sod is built, pierced with loop holes. Many of those houses are well built and very comfortable. The stables are built the same way. The grain for the cattle is brought from the states; the hay is cut from the rich low banks of the Platte.

"The water on the Platte route is very bad, being strongly impregnated with sulphur and alkali, and little can be said for the fare, beyond that what you get has to be well paid for and for your stomach's sake, it is well to be too scrutinous, but eat and retire to some friendly post, if your food disagrees with you, insert your longest finger into your mouth and hold it there till relief comes. At night your sleeping accommodations are limited; if your fellow travelers are accommodating you can use their shoulders for a pillow, if not they use you for a bolster.

"On the new stage route further south, called the Smoky hill route, starting from Leavenworth, the fare is less, the stations more distant and has been more troubled by the Indians running off the stock, compelling the passengers to walk and to wait for the cattle to feed and rest. It is much the pleasantest and some 100 miles shorter. Passengers by this route speak highly of the interesting scenery, and of the immense herds of buffalo they met, in some instances obliging them to get out and discharge their fire arms to prevent them from being over-run. As you look upon this huge surging, living mass, covering the plain as far as the eye

can see, it rises and falls, with the same undulating motion as the waves of the sea, and looks like a huge black or brown wave rolling over the prairie.

FIRST SIGHT OF THE ROCKIES IS INSPIRING

"It was early in the morning of the fifth day out that we first got a sight of the Rocky mountains, rising abruptly from the plains. They were some thirty miles distant, yet such is the rarity of the atmosphere that they appeared close by. Long's peak overlooked the others.

"Denver, 5387 feet above the level of the sea, on the South Platte river, is built on the plain, the mountains apparently just back of the town are thirteen miles off. It contains a shifting population of about 6,000 inhabitants. There are many fine brick buildings, among which is a large United States assay office, the streets are regularly laid out. This is the great depot for the further Western Country, all our supplies come through it. The streets are often crowded by immense teams loading and unloading. A short stay at one of the first class hotels made me anxious to continue my journey.

"Early one Monday morning I took my seat in the stage for Central City, the county seat of Gilpin county, forty miles to the West. After reaching the mountains, the road wound along their sides or down in their gulches; in one or two places the passengers walk over the precipitous hills, the road, however, is a very good one for this country. About 5 p.m. we began to approach our destination. In a narrow gulch, above which on either hand rose rough barren mountains, we passed up through the narrow streets of the towns of Enterprise, Mountain City and Black-Hawk, and into Central City, so close together that the dividing space can

not be discerned. All of these places are built on each side of a dirty little stream that runs through the gulch. On one side the houses are jammed up against the rock, those on the other have the rear overhanging the gulch, propped up on slender poles. The houses are generally of one-story, many of them log huts, with here and there a brick store or powder house.

DOG FIGHTS FEATURE OF CENTRAL CITY LIFE

"It is the rich gold mines that have built up these towns, for there is nothing else under heaven could tempt a human being to live there. All the water is strongly impregnated with sulphur and other mineral substances, which when you drink it leaves a coppery taste; soap curdles and loses nearly all its virtues, and the mills on the dirty, little sickly stream that crawls through the gulches do not add to the purity of their waters.

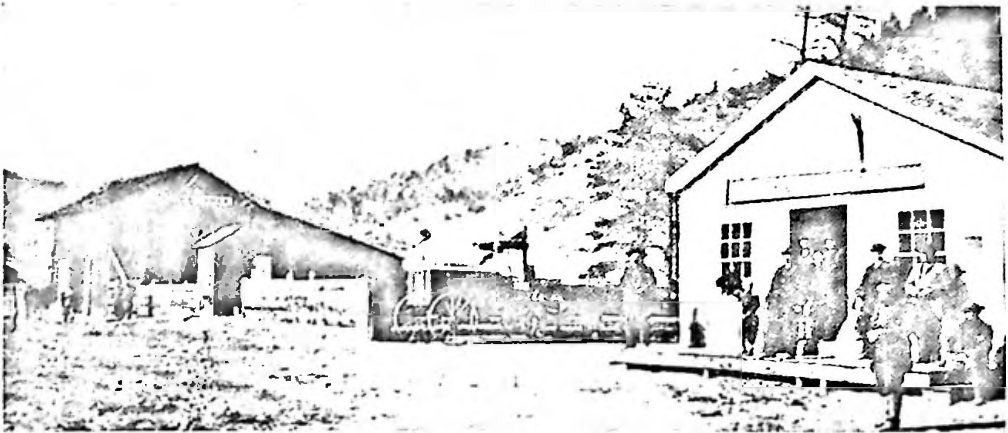
"Central City, 3769 feet above Denver and 9,156 feet above the sea, contains about 3,500 inhabitants, half of whom own from one to a dozen dogs. All nations, trades and persuasions are represented, most of them during the day inhabit the street, whether for business or to watch and bet on incessant dog fights I am informed, but the narrow dusty streets are daily crowded by men and dogs; heavy teams toil up towards the mines, raising clouds of dust, men heavily booted and spurred, mounted on their tough little ponies dash through the streets, droves of little comical mules, with huge packs on their backs, sometimes block up the way, while lean sickly looking cows wander and hogs wallow in the filth of the gulch below. A few days trial of one of the first class hotels made me feel so wretched that starvation seemed a

lesser evil, but a friend taking compassion on me, took me to his house and I still live to record this veritable history.

"How I enjoyed my first walk from Central and down the Virginia canon, on my way to Idaho, how happy I felt when way up the divide, I looked back and down upon Central, my pen fails to record, for the reminiscences of the place were all unpleasant. I was bidding adieu to daily scenes of

which the precious metals have been washed; art seems to have exhausted itself in making the country more dreary, desolate and uninviting. Carcasses of oxen, horses, mules and dogs putrefy in the sun, amid the wreck of log cabins and flumes in the gulches, and by the roadside their skulls grin at you as you pass them.

"Deep down in the gulch and beyond the slaughter houses, over which large flocks of ravens are cir-



16th and Miner Street, Idaho, K. T. in 1865. (From collection Fred and Jo Mazzulla.)

strife drunken men and quarrelsome dogs, to funeral processions and murky atmosphere, to poisonous water and foul gulches.

JOY IN LEAVING FOR PRETTY IDAHO SPRINGS

"The view of Central, as you look back after ascending the steep long mountain road on the way to the Virginia canon, is gloomy and unpicturesque, even under a beautiful clear blue sky and bright sunlight. On every side rise high naked rough hills without a vestige of vegetation, save a few grayish bitter weeds, scattered over their stony sides, their dry barren ravines are furrowed and scarred by innumerable deep ditches running in every direction, out of

cling, you see the town, with its narrow streets lining the dirty stream, with its unpainted rickety board and log shanties, with here and there a respectable brick edifice looking ashamed of its company. Over the whole hangs a hazy fog, caused by the rising dust and the fume and smoke of the tall chimneys of the mills, while faintly the sounds of clattering machinery, the squealing of hogs and the yells and wrangling of dogs are heard from the place below, while the raven above mingles his harsh cry with discordant notes. Turning from this picture was like turning from the foul pools of Styx to Elysium.

"Down the steep sides of the canon, the mountain sides were sparkling

with clumps of pines and cedars, a little stream of clear pure water rolled its sparkling course over its rocky bed hundreds of feet below; looking down the picturesque little spot to another, resting for a moment on a huge beetling crag and then on a long line of evergreens; still further on, the deep blue pine-clad mountains beyond Clear Creek began to roll upwards and over their deeply shaded ravines the eye, still ascending, rests on the huge boulders that form the scalp lock on the snowy head of the Old Chief, standing in bold relief against a clear blue sky, ten miles distant. It is worth a short stay at Central to experience the delightful sensations on your return; it is the contrast that gives such keen delight. As darkness adds brilliancy to light, so, turning from Central's dingy gulch to Idaho's bright little valley, causes it to appear still more lovely.

OLD CHIEF WONDERFUL SIGHT ON THE TRAIL

"I cannot express the pleasure I always feel, when reaching the summit of the divide, on my way from Central; a gentle turn of the road suddenly reveals the distant and venerable Old Chief, with his pappoose and squaw on his right hand standing like a grim sentinel in the south, looking down in solemn silence on the lesser peaks which surround him; on his bare and rugged breast, scarred by the lightnings which have flashed and the storms which for the centuries have rolled down his sides, you can mark the green belt where vegetation ceases. I always stop here, and silently gaze on him with reverence, as he appears to bid me welcome to the quiet little valley which lies at his feet. The road down the canon is but a trail, what was once a wagon road was swept away by a mountain torrent some time ago; it is rough, rugged, narrow and steep and to a

new-comer (or pilgrim as they here term him) its ascent or descent is a severe trial on his muscles, but every turn of the trail opens some new and wild little vista, that in its charm you lose all sense of fatigue. A walk of little over two miles through this to its foot and into Idaho, 'The Gem of the Mountains.'

"Idaho lies mostly to the right and at the base of the mountains, which appear to have parted to receive in their lap the hospitable little cabins which are scattered over it. It contains about twenty houses, some unoccupied, built of plain boards and destitute of paint, or of logs; a good hotel is being built. Clear Creek (from which the country is named) flows through the town, at the base of the mountains on the lower southern side of the town. Chicago Creek, with its water fresh from the icy summit of the snowy range, thirty miles distant in the west, and Soda Creek, opposite the Virginia canon, fed by springs and the melting snows that trickle down the sides of the Old Chief, empty their waters into Clear Creek on its southern side.

"On Soda Creek, close to its mouth, are hot springs; the water is strongly impregnated with soda. A comfortable bath house is built over them, to which invalids and others resort. After a day's tramp over these mountain roads and trails the warm waters of the bath are very refreshing. The creeks around are filled with fine trout and other fish. We are 1,374 feet below Central and 7,782 feet above the sea level.

IDAHO GREAT RELIEF FROM OTHER CAMPS

"Idaho is the garden of Colorado; a poet alone can do justice to its beauties, its climate, its beautiful valley, its clear pure cold little stream, dashing its swift current over its

rocky bed, as it courses sparkling and foaming in graceful curves at the base of the high hills, mirroring their towering cliffs in the placid waters which form the ponds, and filling the air with its musical murmurs. The whole scene is a blending of the grand and the beautiful. Looking up the valley towards the setting sun, you see rough and ragged mountains, rising one above the other, the distant peaks becoming blue and hazy, till the eternal snows which line the summits of the Snow range divide the earth and sky. The sky is intensely blue on a fine day and forms a beautiful contrast to the reddish colored rocks and dark green of the pines.

"The sunsets are gorgeous, the declining sun, as if loth to leave, seems to linger over the cool mountain tops his waning rays painting the clouds in the brightest and most brilliant colors, edging them with rainbow tints, purpling the distant hills and flooding the valley with golden streams of light. To the southward the Old Chief gives us warning of the rising sun and his hoary head reflects his last rays. To the eastward the ragged pine-covered mountains seem to form a semi-circle around the grass valley bar and the steep hills on the north of the valley form a barrier to any prospect beyond.

"The scene is not always so pleasant as I have endeavored to paint it. The Storm King has his throne among these ragged cliffs, and when in his anger he loosens his thunders and lightnings, these huge mountains reel under their stroke and quake from peak to base, and the solid earth trembles; crag answers to crag with the wild echo rattling and rolling away in the distance and expiring with a sullen growl. The winds rush and roar through the ravines, rending the pines and starting huge boulders which come crashing down the moun-

tain sides; they sweep howling up the valleys, driving the pouring waters before them. Then the little creeks are transformed into torrents, and their waters come rushing with furious leaps and bounds over the rocks, carrying trees and huge boulders before them in their impetuous course.

WILD BEASTS ARE PLENTIFUL IN DISTRICT

"As you look around from the summit of one of these high mountains they seem to be heaped together in every conceivable form, the valleys are very narrow with but little level space; it appears as if this was the laboratory where nature had formed them, to sprinkle the long level plain between this and the Missouri. Their prevailing color is red, burnt sienna with a little mixture of sepia, gives the color. I presume that the color of the rocks gave the name to the territory, Colorado being the Spanish for red. Every hour in the day, as the sun proceeds in his course, the change of light and shade gives the views a new appearance; even at night when the moon is full the scenery is grand far beyond my power of description.

"These mountains are the homes of wild and savage animals, the grizzly bear, cinamon bear, mountain lion and wildcat. The shrill scream of the two latter is often heard in the stillness of the night. Elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep and beaver are found in large numbers. The more savage animals seldom or ever attack man, unless sorely pressed by hunger or wounded. The best hunting grounds are the large parks to the westward, which I hope to visit next summer.

"The grizzly bear is the most ferocious animal on the continent, as well as the most dangerous to attack; a single stroke of his paw will tear a man or beast to pieces; they

will not attack you if you get out of their way, but they will not turn aside for you. They are hunted for their skins, which here being from \$40 to \$50, and their grease is worth about \$2 per pound. None but a good shot with steady nerves should attack one. A rifle ball planted behind the ear in a little spot about the size of a half dollar penetrates their very small brain; another spot of a yellowish color behind the foreleg about the size of a saucer is a tender place; a ball here penetrates their lungs and chokes them with blood, but a sharp run of 200 or 300 yards must be calculated on to get out of their way. A ball striking any other part of their huge body only flattens against their solid bones, wounding and irritating them.

HOW GUS RAN FROM WOUNDED GRIZZLY BEAR

"The paws of one which weighed some 1,100 pounds adorns the walls of my room. The hunter, Gus R., who brought them in, barely escaped with his life. It may interest the little ones to hear the story, though it will lose half its interest not to hear it as Gus related it in his rough, humorous style. He and his friend B. were hunting and towards evening they saw the monster feeding on acorns, without being seen by him. Gus, anxious that his friend should have the honor of killing one of these animals, pointed out the spot behind the foreleg; the shot was fired, but struck and flattened on the huge bones of the shoulder six inches too high; howling with pain the monster turned on his back, beating the air with his paws. Both supposing him mortally wounded watched him, when suddenly the great mass of bone and muscle was on all fours, where Gus delivered his fire at a disadvantage; the fresh wound only irritated the beast more

and he was soon after our two hunters. Gus says there was tall traveling and that if he could run as fast as B. did he would never fear bear or devil catching him. Gus shouted and got the bear to take after him, and he said no man, making the speed of B., could have time to work his wits.

"Both Gus and the bear were at their full speed, the bear having the advantage of more powerful lungs and better able to continue the race. As G.'s wind began to fail he cast his eye over his shoulder; he saw the huge mass lumbering over the ground in his wake; his thoughts ran like electricity; he saw ahead of him a bunch of weed; behind this he fell; the bear seemed lost at his sudden disappearance, stood still within a few feet of him and looked around. Gus saw B. down the hill behind a rock; he was panting and blowing and declared he could not have moved had the bear made towards him. G. beckoned to B. by moving his hand slightly and pointed to the bear, but B. says he could not see the animal. Night was fast coming on and Gus knew he stood no chance in a race over the rock in the dark, and resolved as soon as he was rested to have another race for life, when to his relief the grizzly ran off and relieved them both. Two days afterward they found his body, but the wolves had torn his skin. The claws were taken off and many pounds of grease taken from the carcass.

"Gus has had many other escapes, both from beasts and Indians. The latter, he says, he can easily outwit. He would rather have fifty redskins after him than one wounded grizzly.

ALL NATIONS GATHER IN HUNT FOR GOLD

"Of birds we have the eagle, grouse and the bluejay and the ravens, who thrive and grow fat on the carcasses

in the neighborhood of Central. These are the most numerous. We are not troubled by poisonous snakes or mosquitos. There are no bullfrogs, but of flies there are myriads.

"The inhabitants of this region are from nearly all nations. There are Greasers (Mexicans), Kanuks (Canadians), half-breeds, Welchmen, English, Scotch, French, Americans from every state and territory with a smart sprinkling of lawyers and politicians. In external appearance they are a hard, rough, weather-beaten set, ignoring generally fine wearing apparel; under this rough exterior I have met many polite well-informed gentlemen; in others I have had extended to me the rough, hearty welcome that belongs to the mountaineer. There are many hard characters.

"In Central drunken men are daily seen reeling about the streets and street brawls are of frequent occurrence. A merchant said to me, though his place was well located for his business he did not feel safe in his store; as every man has firearms and many carry them, it is not safe to be near when a fight is going on. A year or two ago disputes were frequently settled on the spot by the knife or at the muzzle of a pistol. But we are improving rapidly. A new country always attracts many bad characters, who come out to escape justice, but as soon as the place becomes better settled these soon have to leave, for as soon as they become too dangerous and the people know their strength they rise up and make short work with them. Denver is now infested by thieves, while Central appears to be free. In and about Clear Creek families merely lock their doors, go off to the States and returning find all safe.

HOW CLAIMS AND LEADS ARE TAKEN BY OWNERS

"Mining is the chief occupation and nearly everyone has some business in connection with this interest. In the gulches and on the hillsides, in the valleys, in the creeks, by the roadside, everywhere, you see prospect holes, varying from a foot to fifty feet or more in depth. Around Central the hills are honeycombed by tunnels, shafts and these prospect holes; as they are left open it is dangerous traveling. The prospector or prospectors, for usually two or more go together, pack their horse or mule with blankets, a few cooking utensils, pick and shovel and start out on the search for the lodes or leads. Wandering over the mountains and through the gulches, camping out at night, they are absent weeks together. As soon as they have discovered a number of these leads, in which they dig a small hole, return to the county seat in which the leads have been discovered and preempt by recording them.

"A lead is 1,600 feet long, reckoned from the discovery hole, is divided into claims of 100 feet each, and numbered from both sides of the discovery hole from one to eight, according to the direction of the lead, thus No. 1 North (or N. E. and N. W.) and No. 1 West (S. E. or S. W.) from Discovery. The discoverer is entitled to a certain number of claims, in some districts to one, in others two, this is called the discovery claim, he is also allowed to preempt one claim. He uses the names of his friends to preempt the balance of the lode, each friend claiming 100 feet; these friends then deed the property to him and the discoverer thus becomes the owner of whole lead. Parties here employ prospectors to go out, furnishing

them with mules, provisions, etc. How a lode is known I do not know, not having seen one yet.

"This county and Gilpin is laid out in districts for the better designating the locality of the discoveries. My good friend Mr. Bruni, our county surveyor, has just left for New York with a large map of this county on which the best leads are marked, if you see this map you will get an excellent idea of the topography of this country, and you will note that all the leads follow one general direction (N. E. and S. W.) and are confined to a belt outside of which none have been found.

"Miners get from \$3 to \$6 a day, their work is carried on deep down in the bowels of the mountains by candle light; working with pick, and shovel, crowbar, drill, sledge, hammer and gunpowder, the ore is raised to the surface by a windlass by hand or mule power. The ore is carried to the mill, crushed under the stamps and the silver or gold taken out—of the modus operandi I know but little.

POOR FORESIGHT BLAMED FOR MINING FAILURES

"To work a lead involves at first much outlay, in many the ore is not rich enough to pay expenses. One great cause of the failure of companies is the ignorance of the superintendents. Before testing sufficiently the richness of their ore, the company's funds were exhausted in erecting mills with expensive machinery, the lodes not proving rich enough to pay expenses, now lie idle. These mills have cost from \$20,000 to \$30,000.

"There are several new processes being and about to be tried, to extract the precious metals from the ore, concerning which I cannot discourse as learnedly as others, some of whom know as little about them as I do, but

having property to sell, their imagination fills any gap left in their ignorance, leading you over the mountains from whose rocks the gold and silver can be squeezed by these processes, like wine from the juicy grape. Much, however, is expected from them and if they accomplish half of what they promise, they will greatly enhance the value of the mines.

"At the present much is wasted, by the rude process by which they are treated. You often meet a rough looking, ragged fellow, such an one as in the states, from external view you would set down as a third rate rag-picker, though rough in speech, he soon gains your respect when you find that he owns mines that will pay off the national debt in six months.

"The Indians who inhabit these mountains around us are the friendly Utes. They are a warlike race, brave and the bitter foes of the Indians of the Plain, and an overmatch for them. They have their lodges to the westward in the neighborhood of the great parks. Like all the race, they are dirty and great beggars, but are not such inveterate thieves. When they want 'to make swap' they are very shrewd. The government pays them an annuity.

LAWYERS FORBIDDEN TO ENTER DISTRICT

"Some queer laws were enacted on the settlement of the territory, made by the miners, for their own protection; in some of the districts they have not been repealed. On conviction, if a person has stolen over the value of \$50 he is hung, lesser thefts are punished by public whipping. Lawyers are strictly forbidden to enter the district, to be publicly whipped if found there—wonder if I could induce some of my legal advisers to come out.

"To amuse the little ones at home

I will tell them about the chinchilla or mountain rat. In size they are about as large as a very big rat. They look like a cross between a common rat and squirrel, slight bushy tail and very soft fur. They are as mischievous as a monkey. One used to come at night in a house where I sometimes slept on the Spanish bar: in the evening we would hear him upstairs, pulling tin cans, boots and everything he could get hold of around the room, dragging them backwards and forwards and seem to delight in making all the noise he could. He would take the candle out of the candle-stick and hide it in our boots. They never eat anything in the house, but carry it away and hide it.

"A man baked two loaves of bread, the next day he could not find them where he put them. On searching he found them all chewed up and rolled into balls, piled upon the floor over head. Another bought some four or five pounds of rice, a few days

after going to the bag to get it he found every grain gone. Some days after his neighbors across the road had occasion to put on his large rubber boots, when lo, there was every grain of rice, which his neighbor had lost. These little animals live on roots, and are quite numerous on Clear Creek.

"As soon as the weather permits I shall visit other places in the territory, and with pen and pencil endeavor to give you a further true description of what I see in this wilderness of mountains. In conclusion I will say that in a short ramble down the gulch I discovered a place as horrible (I speak only comparatively) as Central City. It is Black Hawk.

I am, my dearest wife, as ever,

"Your affectionate husband,

"CHARLES.

"Mrs. Chas. W. Morse,

"No. 91 South Oxford Street,

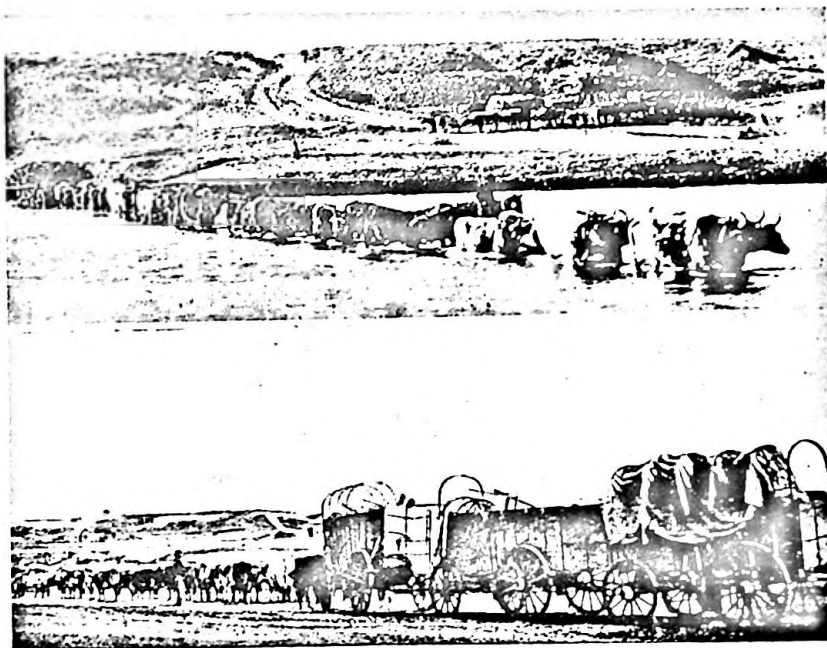
"Brooklyn, N.Y."

The above article of early Colorado history is from the extensive Western library of Fred and Jo Mazzulla and was contributed to this issue of The Round-Up.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



June
1960
Vol. XVI No. 6



Oxen trains heading West from Nebraska City in early 1860's. (Library Union Pacific Railroad)

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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JULY MEETING

"EARLY REMINISCENCES ON MY BOYHOOD IN CRIPPLE CREEK"

Raymond G. Colwell

6:30 P.M., July 20, 1960

Patty Jewett Golf Club, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Ray Colwell . . . one of the most active members of the Denver Posse . . . has served on many committees of the organization. A past president of the Historical Society of the Pike's Peak Region . . . a recognized authority on Ghost Towns . . . early-day railroads . . . mining camps . . . and most other events of Colorado history. An excellent speaker . . . he will tell us of some of the days thru which he lived as a youngster in Cripple Creek when it was booming.

LADIES INVITED

How to get to Patty Jewett Golf Club . . . on U. S. 85-87 (Nevada St.) go to Espanola Street . . . 1800 North . . . turn east to end of road. There will be cocktails in club house . . . after golf if you wish to play . . . then dinner served at 6:30.

FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

Deputy Sheriff **Charles Ryland**, and his family are spending two months in Europe on a combined business and pleasure trip. **Ryland** says he intends to spend his spare time haunting old book stores for items he hasn't been able to find in Denver or Colorado Springs, and visiting type foundries in search of rare type faces (printing) for his collection.

Those beautifully colored maps of the original Pony Express Trail, given out at the June meeting by **Dr. Nolie Mumey** and **Numa James**, were furnished through the courtesy of Union Pacific Railroad. Still a few more left; members who missed getting a copy can drop a card to Register of Marks and Brands. Free while they last.

Good to see **Marshall Sprague (CM)** at June meeting. **Sprague**, who now lives in Colorado Springs, is regional correspondent for New York Times and author of two highly popular books on Colorado history, "Money Mountain," the story of William S. Stratton and the Cripple Creek gold camp, and "Massacre," the dramatic events behind the Meeker Colony on the White River.

The May issue of the Swedish Westerners Brand Book carries an article by **Bert R. Lexberg** on Henry Newton Brown who rode with Billy the Kid, and finished up as principal in a necktie party after robbing a bank at Medicine Lodge. Among editorial notes in the book is one by John J. Lipsey, who identified himself as "a Southern gentleman who sells fine books and publishes pamphlets on Western Americana." Corresponding membership in the Swedish West-

erners is \$3.00 a year, and includes the periodical Brand Book, printed in Swedish. Interested Westerners may address the Editor, **Mr. Gosta Gillberg**, Pontus Wiknersgaten 1A, Goteberg C, Sweden.

Jackson Hole Rendezvous Talk in Later Issue

The talk given at the June meeting by **Merrill J. Mattes**, on "Rendezvous at Jackson Hole," was an off-the-cuff type of question and answer discussion profusely illustrated with color slides. The paper will be published in a later issue of The Round-Up.

Frink Again Judge in Miss Indian American Contest

Maurice Frink, PM, executive director of the State Historical Society, goes to Sheridan, Wyoming, to act again as chairman of the judging committee for the Miss (Indian) America contest, August 5, 6 and 7. Maurice has served on this committee since 1956. Miss Delores Racine, the Blackfeet girl who was chosen Miss (Indian) America last year, was a guest at the Christmas meeting of the Posse last December.

Mrs. Willena D. Cartwright, CM, of Denver, curator of state museums, will be a judge this year in the Indian Arts and Crafts contest at Sheridan.

All-American Indian Days, of which the Miss (Indian) America contest is one feature, will open at 4 p.m., Friday, August 5, with a big parade of Indians, tribal floats, horsemen, queen contestants and so on. There will be shows Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights, with Indian dances and ceremonies, sports and pastimes. Climax of the event will be the announcement Sunday night of the winner of the Miss (Indian) America contest.

London Westerners Seek Western Bad Men Pix

The following letter from a member of the London, England Posse of The Westerners was received recently by Fred M. Mazzulla. Mazzulla sent the writer the two pictures of Dave Rudabaugh which accompany this article, and says he will take advantage of the offer to visit the group on his European trip this Fall.

**THE ENGLISH
WESTERNER'S SOCIETY**
(Formerly, The English Corral of the
Westerners)
"Ancient Cottage"
Watergate,
West Laoc,
Cornwall, England

Dear Mr. Mazzulla:

I am taking the liberty of writing to you in the hope that, as a fellow Westerner, you can help me out in my search for pictures of several old Western characters.

Peter Decker of the New York Westerners, was in London during the week and mentioned that you have a very large and unusual collection of pictures. This put in mind an idea that you may have, or have

seen, photos of several oldtime characters that I've been hunting for a while.

I am preparing a paper for the English Westerners on Billy Books, the former Dodge City and Newton marshall who got shot down by Morgan Earp in Butte, Montana. I have been unable to raise photos of him and wonder if you have any idea where there might be one.

Also I have an article almost ready on Dave Rudabaugh, the Kansas train robber who joined with Billy the Kid. There seems to be a shortage of photos of him, too. I have not been able to trace one at all. Any ideas please? And of Buckshot Bill Roberts, who was killed by Kid's men at Blazer's Mill in 1878.

I wonder if photos are not around, there are contemporary engravings of some old magazines?

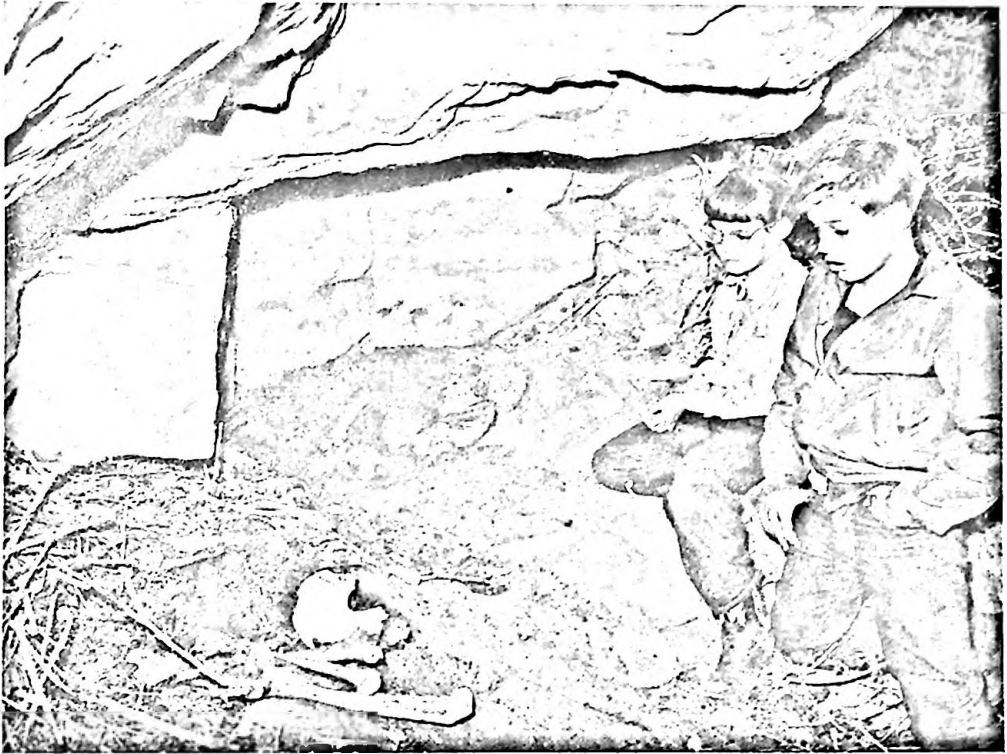
Hoping that you can spare the time to drop me a line. And don't forget, if you, or any of the Denver Westerners, are coming to England and would like us to get a meeting together for you, just drop a line and we'll do our best to lay on a spree.

Very sincerely,
Colin W. Rickards
Associate Editor
English Westerner's Society.



Pictures sent by PM. Fred M. Mazzulla to Colin W. Rickards of the English Westerners group. Left shows head of Dave Rudabaugh being held by a member of the Mexican Rurales immediately after it had been severed. Right the same head where it was displayed on pole for residents of Chihuahua, Mexico to view before burial.

Western Youngsters Find Ancient Indian Skeleton



Holly Englert and her brother Steve showing the hidden cave where they unearthed the skeleton of the Indian woman near Bent's Stockade. Denver Post photo by Fred Baker

At the April meeting the Denver Posse was privileged to hear a paper on "Bent's Old Stockade" read by Charles W. Hurd, of Las Animas, Colo., which was published in the April issue of *The Round-Up*.

Following up some of the tips given in the talk, Kenneth Englert, a member of the Denver Posse, decided to do some follow-up research at the site. Englert who lives in Colorado Springs, is past president of the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region. He and his family are regular "week-end" searchers for Indian artifacts. The recently discovered site of Bent's Stockade, not far from Colorado Springs, offered a new exploration venture to them.

Under a hidden cave ledge, not far from the remains of the Stockade, Englert's two children, Steve 12 and his sister Holly, 8, discovered human bone remains of what appeared to have been an Indian boy of about 14 years of age.

Englert sent the skeleton remains to the University of Colorado laboratory for study. Latest report is that remains were those of a very old Indian woman. Death seemed to have been caused from a split in the skull. (When complete report is available it will be given in a future issue of *The Round-Up*)

"THE WESTERN POET AND THE HISTORIAN"

By CAPTAIN DON CLELLAND

History Department Air Force Academy, Colorado.

Figuratively corraling most of his opposition, today's cowboy is as much at home on TV as his predecessor was on the range. As a folk hero he has galloped across the air waves toward immortality, the home spread of reality often fading into unrecognition behind him. But his movement has not been without its critics. Though impeded by indolent fascination, the viewer has nevertheless been made to reluctantly admit that vast qualitative gaps separate various western programs. The reasons he gives for these differences might include the inconclusive but meaningful, "Well, *this* show has got the feel of the thing." And, probably, he's right. For this "feel" is part of the credentials of quality.

At first glance the leaps from TV to history to poetry may seem too great to make. And yet, if one will admit that good westerns are made in part from good history, and that good history is a compact of the factual and the emotional, reasons may be seen for poetry's inclusion. For it is as certain that Benet's *John Brown's Body* and Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* spiritually captured part of America as it is that the unique frontier spirit underlined by Turner and Webb challenged similar capture.

It is suggested that a reader can search among the writings of earlier and more contemporary western poets, and come up with a worthy prize: a greater sense of the emotional skein overlaying the lives of the pioneer rancher, miner and cattleman.

Certainly no *one* motivation urged the heterogeneous westward movement. Rather, it appears that there

were a complex of drives which uprooted fortune hunters from the well-turned eastern soil and shifted their attention toward the big chance, for example, that Colorado offered in '59. In attempting to reconstruct this picture of the past, we must follow disordered threads which join adventurers from New York with farm boys from Ohio and Indiana, while the news of the big strike slowly drifted through the pines of the South where:

In Georgia's cotton fields men dreamed
of gold
That lay, unclaimed, within the mountain's heart.¹

And, as this motley caravan moved close to the edge of the settled areas:

A few lean Kansans joined the company.
Tall men, sun-burned, with leathern neck and arm.²

Ahead, on many maps, lay unrelieved desert, but only an occasional wistful look back toward Council Bluffs or Independence marked sporadic regret as they pushed forward.

In the desert, burned by the cruel sun and lashed by the unceasing winds, they soon learned to hoard their energy as carefully as they did their water. A pattern quickly established itself so that:

By day, the men moved silent, yet alert,
To strike the coiling snake and watch for
haze
Of distant fire, to keep the beasts from
hurt . . .³

¹Nellie Burget Miller, *In Earthen Bowls*, (New York: 1924), p. 111.

²*Ibid.*

³*Ibid.*

The question as to what drove them to endure these hardships is not easily answered. Part of it might have been a lemming-like urge to seek out adventure; and part may have been the dream of a nestegg, or pressing eastern debts, or, worse, the law. And maybe a little of the reason was that: The tale ran swift as forest fire: Wenches for sale! Wantons for hire] Gold in the hills! A pick or a pan And luck in the lap of every man.⁴

But, if luck did sit in the *lap* of every man, she might have scorned them had they stood up, for:

Oft were their breeches with old flour sacks mended

In which more truth than poetry was blended:

For by the brand upon his trouser's seat, There goes a chap 'Made from Selected Wheat!'

We cannot help exclaim, why in the deuce Was that small man 'Put up for Family use?'

And why that ponderous chap we lately met

Was falsely branded 'Ninety-eight Pounds Net?''⁵

More seriously, if we can believe the *Carrier's Annual Greeting* of the first of January 1860, the miner often doffed eastern emotional ties as easily as he did eastern clothing. In this respect, his newspaper-voiced sentiments concerning the onrushing Civil War are especially interesting. While the other two sections of the country became increasingly agitated by the actions of John Brown, and the writings and speeches of Horace Greely and William Seward, we find the West apparently grateful for the existence of the geographic barrier. Looking back on the past year, the 1860 newspaperman said:

So now, my dear friends, let us all return thanks,

That our tickets for life have not all proven blanks;

And that while the Old World has been pulling

Her triggers,

And Old Captain Brown has been fighting her

Niggers,

And Greely and Seward, and others of note,

Are threatened with stretching Virginia's rope,

That we are all right—letter A, No. 1,

With plenty of cash and plenty of fun;

We don't care a fig how the Eastern world wags;

We're bound to go onward, and never to lag.⁶

When the war had ended, many easterners, who had hesitated to make the trip while hostilities were taking place, now listened carefully to the huckster's song which welcomed them to:

Come and delve in the mines where the Rich jewels blaze,

While silver and gold shed around their Bright ways;

Or choose you the plains where the husbandman's toil,

Is richly repaid by a prolific soil;

Where vast herds may roam o'er the unbroken range

Whom nature will feed through all season's change.⁷

And the luckier settlers did immediately find what they sought, but others slowly discovered that the promise was cluttered with qualifications. When they stopped at an isolated farmhouse for water, they might be greeted by a wind-dried, worn-looking woman who would answer their inquiry about the Indians by disquietingly mumbling:

⁴Clyde Robertson, *Pony Nelson, and Other Ballads*, (New York: 1934), p. 83.

⁵Lawrence N. Greenleaf, *King Sham and Other Atrocities in verse*, (New York: 1868), p. 58.

⁶Levette Jay Davidson, "Colorado Folklore," *Colorado Magazine*, (Vol. XVIII), p. 11.

⁷Ibid.

... We feared
 Them really, when the Civil War broke
 out;
 Bad men—deserters and the like,—then
 put
 Them up to doing harm. 'Twas then the
 Plum
 Creek Massacre occurred.⁸

Then, as the settlers resumed their
 trek, disillusion brushed gently against
 them and they had the start of an
 insight into the western point of view
 in the national disagreement on how
 to treat the Indian. Living in the
 East, they had shared the 'enlightened'
 viewpoint, with its overtones of mercy
 and fairness. But in the West the
 reality of war parties and the cogni-
 zance of vying commercial interests
 gradually changed their opinions.
 With their new understanding, they
 could later admit of the Meeker Mas-
 sacre that:

For months before the bursting storm
 Had shown a threat 'ning cloud, and one
 who knew
 The Indian well, a warning could have
 read
 At times, the Denver papers published
 things
 About the Utes that maddened them;
 the one
 Who wrote them doubtless, never thought
 the braves
 Would hear, or understand; but some
 one read
 It all to them—interpreted the words,
 And cruelly, maliciously, it seems,
 Made them believe the Agent wrote the
 tales.⁹

This understanding, though, was
 now alloyed with vested interest—the
 interest the settler had in his wife,
 his children, and his home—and so
 we shouldn't be surprised when we
 find him complaining that:

⁸Sarah Elizabeth Howard, *Pen Pictures of the
 Plains*, (Denver: 1902), p. 32.
⁹*Ibid.*, p. 29.

... when we required help from the
 nation
 They talked 'friendly Indian' instead of
 protection.
 And answered our 'quest' with investi-
 gation.¹⁰

Later, his apprenticeship served,
 we find him authoritatively asserting
 that:

For redmen mildness will not do;
 But give them rather shot and shell;
Force them to learn their lesson now,
 And make them learn that lesson well.¹¹

This new hardness seemed part of
 the bitterness of disillusionment. The
 farmer of the mid-West, used to the
 rich black loam and beneficent
 weather of his former home, was often
 bewildered by the great plains where
 the hard soilcrust defied a plow, and
 the earth ached for water. He wrote
 to his friends that:

The sun drops red through a curtain of
 dust,
 White scars seam the alkali plain,
 No sound or motion—save over there
 A tumble weed starts on its endless quest
 For God knows what—or where.¹²

Sometimes he successfully endured
 the privations, the peculiar hurt of
 seeing a carefully nurtured crop
 smothered beneath blowing dust, or
 parched to death for lack of water.
 At other times he confessed defeat
 and sadly admitted:

I am scourged of the dust that sweeps the
 plains,
 And the great dry winds that bring no
 rains;
 I am scourged of the dust, I am choked
 and blind,
 And the health of water I cannot find.¹³

¹⁰Rocky Mountain News, January 1, 1866,
 "Carrier's Annual Offering."

¹¹The Daily Chieftain, January 1, 1877,
 "Carrier's Address."

¹²Miller, p. 21.
¹³Edith Banfield Colby, *The Place of My Desire*,
 (Boston: 1904), p. 148.

Heading toward town, he looked wistfully back at the scene of his struggle where:

Dotted about the prairies,
Hurling defiance at failure,
Lie the dry farms everywhere.
Their small valiant windmills, like pin-
wheels of hope . . .¹⁴

As he watched, the windmill appeared and disappeared in the haze of swirling dust, and underlined one of the most persistent problems the West threw at the settler: Insufficient water. Long known as the 'Great American Desert,' the western plains cyclically swung from periods of water wealth to years in which the runoff from meagre winter snows was barely worthy of mention.

Of the three outstanding early frontier problems—water, fencing and transportation—water, of course, remains the only one still plaguing the modern inhabitant. The development of barbed wire and the completion of the Union Pacific in 1869 partially answered the first two: but the third was to linger on into the twentieth century—touching off vital national discussions of dam building, river diversions, and conservation.

United with the cattleman and the farmer in the struggle against nature, the miner soon found himself also joining them in common dislike of the power of eastern money. For when fading surface gold deposits forced a shift from the more individualized placer mining to corporate underground efforts, it also forced a change in attitudes. As the westerner looked at the onrush of eastern transportation control over the rancher and the farmer (through the railroads), and the equally apparent control over the miner through the almost exclusive ability to finance the extensive ma-

chinery now necessary for mining, resentment seemed natural.

With portentous sympathy, we hear the poet say of the new breed of miners:

Facing dangers more grim than the
cannon's mouth:
Breathing poisons more foul than the
swamps of the South.
He may reap the harvest of danger sowed,
The hole which he drills he may never
load,
For the powder may e'en in his hand ex-
plode.
Thus the battle he fights for his daily
bread;
Thus our gold and our silver, our iron
and lead
Cost us lives, as true as our blood is red,¹⁵

These feelings of exclusion from the national trend toward social improvement would soon unify and see expression in the form of Cattleman's Associations, Granges, and the bloody mining camp strikes of Colorado. And, eventually, this dichotomy of interest between the East and the West would nationally express itself in the turbulent 1896 presidential fight between McKinley and Bryan.

Other manifestations of this growing social sensitivity can be seen in a glance at occurrences within the towns of Colorado, towns which were curious mixtures of solid citizens and blatant speculators. But, though their approaches differed, both groups shared a desire to separate the miner from his money. The enterprising businessman set up supply points for the mining camps in cities such as Denver, Boulder and Pueblo, while his less scrupulous associates sought to encourage greenhorn miners to ignore the widespread warnings advising them to painstakingly investigate claims before purchasing them, for:

¹⁴Jean Milne Gower, *Kaleidoscope*, (Denver: 1923), p. 17.

¹⁵Alfred Castner King, *Mountain Idylls and Other Poems*, (New York: 1901), p. 46.

Like Mrs. Lot, the lots are often 'salted';
So pray, reflect, nor pay a price exalted,
Unless you're certain when 'results' are
shown

The ore the chaps had tested—was their
own!¹⁶

Caveat Emptor was the order of the day, and if dissatisfied, the purchaser had little recourse to judicial arbitration in earliest Colorado. Justice was often limited to groups of hastily-contrived vigilantes; and these men, though terribly final once in action, were sluggish except in the most brazen cases of dishonesty. Thus the easterner soon learned that his new society operated under strange rules. This strangeness, in addition, was not restricted to business ethics and customs, as the newcomer found out when he went to a womanless Saturday night dance and saw:

Mankind at dances 'reft of woman's
charms,

Tied handkerchiefs about each other's
arms.

The 'knot was tied' which changed some
men to women.

They blushed and gushed—the dances
went on swimming.¹⁷

But such quaint customs, as well as the irregularity of the enactment of justice didn't survive long. In the latter case, the American constitutional heritage soon asserted itself, and rules were laid down to govern the communities. The woman problem was to an extent solved by perspicacious realization on the part of some of the male elements that the world's oldest profession was missing a great opportunity to add nuggets from Colorado's fields to its infamous crown. The other half of the solution to the woman shortage in early Colorado, the legitimate wife, found her hackles rising as she walked down the

boardwalk and saw the ladies of the
street:

Faunting the tinsel of shame in your
face

Heeding no warning,

Living and trading on her disgrace

What has she seen in the look of a face
Pity [or] scorning?¹⁸

The massing of wifely sentiments soon drove the streetwalkers out of sight, if not out of town. But, gripped by the fervor of female emancipation which ebbed and flowed across the nation from pre-Civil War days to its legal consummation in 1920, the Woman of the West had to find new opponents for her drives. The Woman's Suffrage movement was one of her most enthusiastic engagements; but only slightly less fiercely fought was the temperance turmoil.

Once the women had deployed their forces, the moderate social drinker quickly found his plea of 'only one or two' shattered by the unbelieving scorn of poems like the following:

Only a glass; but day after day,

In the glare of the Bacchus spell:

Going the 'christian-like' golded way,
Swept down to the dram-shops of hell.¹⁹

Only slightly later, if we can believe Mrs. James Havens as she writes her *A Plea For The Fallen*, Colorado's landscape must have been littered with reeking bodies, for she confesses that:

Our brothers are fallen, pressed down by
a foe

More deadly than any untempted can
know;

They have fought a hard battle—the death
throes is past,

And bloodstained and weary, they are
conquered at last.²⁰

¹⁶May Spencer Farrand, "Outcast," *Evenings With Colorado Poets*, (eds.) Francis Kinder and Clarence Spencer (Denver: 1894), p. 100.

¹⁹Boulder County Herald, February 6, 1884.

²⁰Kinder and Spencer, p. 170.

¹⁶Greenleaf, p. 27.

¹⁷Ibid. p. 57.

These poetic temperance pleas, bound indissolubly to national trends, found companion sentiments in other subjects such as the surprising bellicosity of 1867 United States. Referring to France's adventure in Mexico, the 1867 *Rocky Mountain News* had this to say:

Uncle Sam's fist is under Nap's nose,
And out of Mexico poor Max goes.²¹

Then, viewing only the actual retreat of France, and none of the European causes, Manifest Destiny speaks out:

This first step is taken, and the flag of
the free
Yet shall wave from the Isthmus to the
Polar sea.²²

These problems, which were to plague President Grant's Secretary of State, Hamilton Fish, and provide a political football for men such as Senator Charles Sumner, were then jingoistically dismissed by a reference to the belligerent, Irish-American Fenians, who had been trained in our Civil War:

For Fenians are threatening to avenge
Erin's woes,
And Canada cowers at approach of her
foes.²³

As the history student is well aware, the emotional forces behind these expressions played an important part in the gradual buildup of feeling which added its own noise to the explosion that ripped the *Maine* in 1898, and threw us into war with Spain.

But, interesting though these diversified poetic references may be, their lack of concentration deprives the poet of the opportunity to trace a trend. Since it is in this area that he

may prove of greatest value to the historian, let us look at his treatment of the western woman in an attempt to ascertain his success.

Pocketbook covers in recent years have often led the unwary to believe that the settler's earliest companions were either bosomy creatures insatiably intent on adventure, or marital drudges, dull beyond hope. Perhaps women like this did occasionally appear, but the frontier would seem to have its own standards to more closely approximate the resourceful woman of considerable initiative.

Even this admission, however, tends to blur the picture in that it excludes to a great degree any discussion of the emotional vacuum almost automatically part of the pioneer woman's life as she severed her bonds with the East. Poignancy and nostalgia proved poor substitutes for home and security, and as constant companions both on the lonely trails and during the long, cabined hours, these emotions must have distinctly impressed all lives they touched.

Clyde Robertson comments pungently on this when she says of the pioneer woman:

She stares from out the wagon as
It trails the dimming road,
A huddled, unkempt being, bowed
Beneath life's driving goad.

She was a woman who had dreamed
Of children and a home;
It lay—her child—on bleaching plain
Beneath her pile of stone.

The woman in the wagon fought
Her silent fight alone;
The grim renunciation of
Her people—children—home.²⁴

But, merciless as the trail was at times, it often found its equal in the conditions at trails-end. For example, a miner's wife might find herself an

²¹*Rocky Mountain News*, "Carrier's Annual Offering," January 1, 1867.

²²*Ibid.*
²³*Ibid.*

²⁴Robertson, p. 205.

unwilling witness to the double calamity of epidemic and blizzard, during which the inhabitants of the small community could sit morbidly concentrating on the wailing wind and the growing drifts outside, where:

Each child lay in a snowy mound
For we couldn't dig the frozen ground.
And no one could get it out of his head
How cold they were in their icy bed.
All of us seemed to be half mad
While the blizzard raged on and all we
had
To buck us up was swear the harder
While the women stared at an empty
larder.²⁵

The prairie wife's role was one similarly filled with traumatic pressures. Often neighborless in the alien, cheerless plains where normal group intercourse was almost non-existent, she sometimes found the endlessly blowing wind, the dust, and the loneliness overwhelming. The totality of these pervasive, disintegrating forces lent truth to Nellie Burget Miller's commentary about:

That patient scarecrow in her rust-stained
fields
Deep-set, stiff arms akimbo, motionless,
Had dreams and fancies once, before
Life set
Its seal upon her too-rebellious lips;
Dumbly she stirs her ashen altar-fire,
Her tragedy is not in things she missed
But that she lost desire.²⁶

And this desire was constantly challenged by both the big things of life and the small, which combined to exact from even the strong women the admission:

. . . How great
The task to make a home, where every
brick
And stick, and stone, that goes to build
a house,

²⁵Ibid.

²⁶Kinder and Spencer, p. 187.

Must be transported miles and miles by
man
And beast. Where deep are hid the springs
that must
Be found, and forced to yield their
sparkling gift
Of water, clear and cool. Where not a
grain
Of wheat bestows its bearded wealth, till
from
The river to a spot where it must grow
A channel has been made to carry . . .
. . . Where e'en the soil—
The cacti-guarded soil,—sun-baked and
hard,
Forbids the sharpened plow to turn its
sod,
Until its surface has received a flood,—²⁷

Perhaps an understanding of the severeness of the forces with which the pioneer woman had to contend might cast further light on her militancy in later social actions such as the suffrage movement, and which saw 1883 expression in poems like the following, entitled "A Woman Suffrage View of Tyranny":

Why call this country free
While force and bigotry
In her are met?
While man, with iron bands
Binds woman's helpless hands,
And rights which he demands
Denies her yet?²⁸

By 1893 this feeling had mellowed, and we find one enthusiast commending the state for its grant of suffrage by promising that:

Thou shalt reap
Oh mother state, a rich reward for
this . . .²⁹

then adding, lest there be a misunderstanding:

Though done in justice, not in charity.³⁰

²⁷Haward, p. 22.

²⁸Boulder County Herald, May 31, 1883.

²⁹Kinder and Spencer, p. 196.

³⁰Ibid.

The woman conjured up by these lines seems a world away from "That patient scarecrow in her rust-stained fields." Without a spate of words the poet has successfully drawn two types, or perhaps helped show a transition. Since the white spaces between lines are nearly impossible to analyze or confirm, the short-sighted historian may quickly reject the above poetic aids as being any more than frills to substantial history. If so, he may reject a study of causes for the less-meaningful one of effects.

It is in this field—the field of causes—that the poet can prove of greatest value to the historian. If skilled in his work, he has long been intimate with the elusive interplay of cause and effect, and he has learned the difficult process of distillation. The severe limitations of poetry have taught him to prize the rapier over the bludgeon, and to value suggestion

and implication. More than any other writer he has been forced to write between the lines, a demanding task whose difficulties is verified by its occurrence in only our best histories.

This does not mean, of course, that indiscriminate immersion in a period's poetry will baptismally initiate one into the spirit animating that period. Here, as in all aspects of historical research, judicious selectivity must be employed. When it is employed, however, we are allowed to gaze through the looking glass of historical empathy, and to better see the moral, social and economic forces which give additional meaning to the phalanx of otherwise dry facts. This historical empathy, with which poetry abounds, would appear vital to accurate historical work. It is with this contributive ability that poetry beckons to the historian.



Westerner's Bookshelf



"DOUGHBELLY" PRICE TELLS ABOUT "DOUGHBELLY" PRICE

"Doughbelly" Price, who runs "Doughbelly's Clip Joint" (Real Estate) down in Taos, N. M., has just "writ a book." Rather than give a formal and erudite review of it we are publishing the one he wrote himself . . . and "shucks, he done a good job." Here it is:

The Literary High Light of the Century is on the market. Harl Harl My Otter-Biography, 240 pages of some facts, some fiction, some imagination and plenty of bull. Buckin horses, riders, ropers, wild west shows, jails and a scattering of ranch experiences I have had. There never was a book like it and never will be. It shore ain't good but it shore is different.

I am considered an Odd Ball. WHY? Because I do my own thinking with what little I have to think with. I ain't got no literal education. I learnt what I know from horses, cattle and mother nature. I don't "Mr." nobody. We are all of the same substance and from the same place.

The book ain't got no polish but little punctuation. The educated people can read it and smile at the stupidity of some people. And still, I wouldn't give what I know for a stack of them college sheepskins, ankle-deep to a tall injun and him on A high ladder.

Without some of the practical knowledge of life and at my stage of the game I can set back and watch the mad, rat race of our younger people killing themselves while young, getting ready for old age. But I have lived, been cold, hungry and constipated from missing meals, been on the pedestal of high hopes, been down in the depths of despair, been cheered, been jeered, both unjust. I was doing the best I knowed how under the circumstances. I have been busy all my

life trying to make a living or living on what I made. If I couldn't do either one I got it and legality didn't bother me till I got caught.

This book is A Masterpiece in its line but there just ain't no line. I wrote it myself. None of them Scholarly McGimpers had anything to do with it. The name of it is "SHORT STIRRUPS." (The Otter-Biography of a Self Made Rascal.)

You're a sucker if you buy one. You'll be sorry if you don't. (D.P.)

THE WOLF THAT RODE, by Nelson Nye. The MacMillan Company, 158 pages. \$2.95.

A true Western with gun play a plenty, depicting life in early Arizona days. But Brett Fasken, who has returned to his native haunts after six years of hiding-out, finally regained status in the community.

In doing so he brought down The Wolf that Rode, and therewith won as his bride the girl who had been sought by The Wolf.
P.M. Charles W. Webb

SEEKS MISSING ROUND-UPS

Maurice Frink is looking for the following back issues of our ROUND-UP (prior to 1954, THE BRAND BOOK). He has some duplicates of a few other issues which he will trade, or will buy necessary copies to fill in gaps in his file. Wants:

Vol. I (1945) Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12.

Vol. II (1946) Nos. 2, 5, 7, 8, 11.

Vol. III (1947) Nos. 1, 6, 7, 8, 10.

Vol. IV (1948) Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11.

Vol. V (1949) Nos. 1, 2, 3, 9.

Vol. VI (1950) Nos. 1, 12.

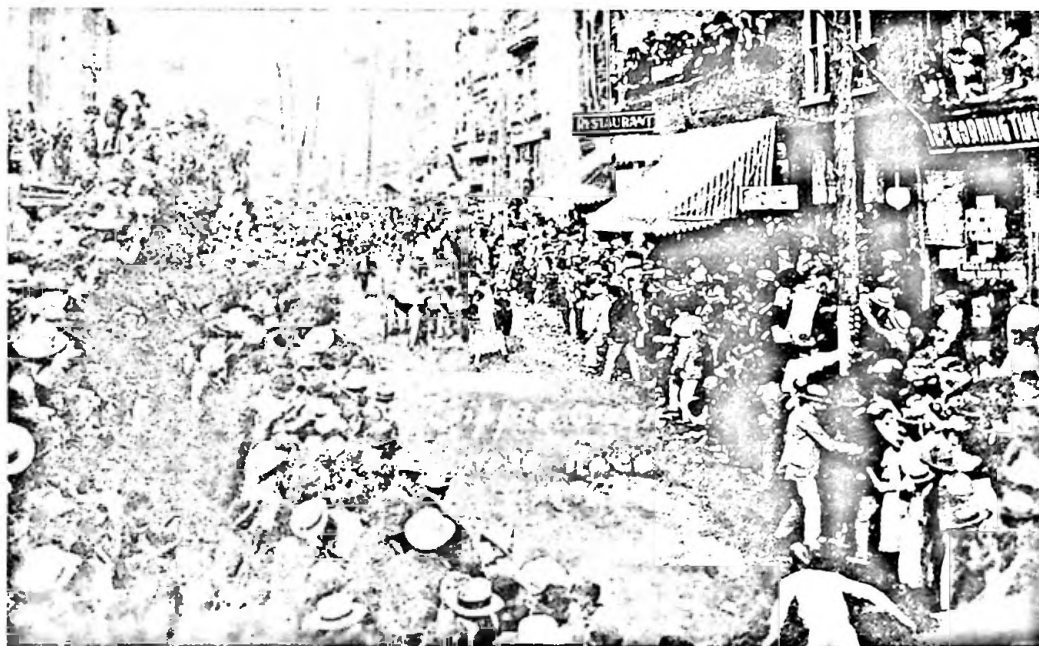
Vol. VII (1950) No. 8.

Frink can be reached in room 318 State Museum (AC 2-9911, ext. 2136) or at 755 Birch St., Denver, Colo. DU 8-3938.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



July
1960
Vol. XVI No. 7



Hose race between men from various Fire-stations on July 4, 1896. A regular event for many years.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
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AUGUST MEETING
ANNUAL RENDEZVOUS AT COLOROW CAVE
Saturday, August 27, 1960
5:00 P.M.

"FREMONT vs. THE SAN JUAN"
By Dr. LeRoy R. Hafen

Dr. Hafen needs little introduction to students of Western History; his published books and pamphlets on Americana, on which he has been ably assisted by Mrs. (Ann) Hafen would form an extensive library in their own right. A Charter Member of The Denver Posse, he served as its Sheriff in 1954. During the years 1924-1954 he was historian of Colorado and edited the Colorado Magazine for nearly thirty years. Dr. Hafen was a visiting professor of American History at the University of Glasgow, Scotland 1947-48, and a Fellow of Huntington Library, 1950-51. In 1935 he received an Honorary Doctor of Literature degree from the University of Colorado. At the present time Dr. Hafen is Professor of History at Brigham Young University, and is spending this summer as a visiting member of the University of Colorado history faculty in Boulder.

FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

PM Fred Mazzulla, former Sheriff of the Denver Posse, was notified recently of his election to the Board of Trustees of The American Museum of Photography at their annual meeting held in Philadelphia this month. This is the first time that a person living West of the Mississippi ever has been elected to this Board.

Almost in the same mail came an invitation to Mazzulla from the manufacturers of Leica cameras to visit their factory in Wetzlar, Germany, and attend a one week school of photography sponsored by the Leica Company.

Mazzulla, and his wife Jo, plan to leave Denver September 21, with visits first to The Netherlands, then on to Cologne and other cities in Germany, before arriving in Germany. The trip will also include visits to Venice and Rome, Italy, before sailing for home the middle of October.

A recent letter from **CM Howard Brayton** of Albuquerque, N. M., reads in part: "I found the historical article on early New Mexico in the January issue of the Round-Up an interesting resume of its earlier periods. The account of the writer was very well handled. This sort of thing is not very often seen, and I was very happy to read this paper. Maybe some one should come down here on a publicity tour."

The Round-Up is not selling subscriptions to any newspapers . . . but those interested in a veritable library of Colorado history . . . would do well to subscribe to the Sunday issue of the Pueblo Star-Journal & Chieftain. Here Ralph C. Taylor, news Editor of the

paper, writes a weekly column "Colorful Colorado," and another "Gems From The Treasure Chest," both of which feature items on the history of Colorado events and personalities from the earliest days. The columns have been published for some years and are also broadcast over a Pueblo radio station.

PM Francis Rizzari writes: "WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?" . . . Back in 1905, Fred G. Shaffer, Denver mining man offered a prize for the best story of Colorado . . . including its interests, resources, and its every phase. The prize was to be a bar of real gold worth \$1,000.

This was to be presented to the Denver Press Club, which in turn was to present it to the winner of the best article on Colorado among the members of the various press clubs that were to convene in Denver in 1906.

The judges were chosen from the Colorado newspaper fraternity and included editors of the Denver newspapers, as well as others who were qualified to pass on the awarding of a prize of such value.



BOYHOOD RECOLLECTIONS OF CRIPPLE CREEK

By RAYMOND G. COLWELL



Raymond G. Colwell

Ray Colwell is a Posse Member of The Denver Westerners. In addition to his many activities told in the accompanying paper, he spent a number of years with the U.S. Forest Service in such areas as Westcliffe, Monte Vista and Pikes Peak National Forest in Colorado Springs, retiring in 1952. His principal interests are Colorado history, especially mining camps. Is a Charter member of the Colorado Springs Ghost Town Club, and the Historical Society of the Pike's Peak Region. Has served on many committees of the Denver Posse and is currently Editor of Vol. 15, Brand Book of the Denver Posse which will be available later this year.

This is not going to be a formal paper; all I am going to do is to recall, in a very disconnected fashion, some of the features of life in a booming mining camp as I remember them.

The principal thing which impresses me as I look back about sixty years to what must have been a pretty hectic place, is how little impression I can recall that it made upon me at the time. It would be hard to imag-

ine a greater contrast than between the peaceful Wisconsin college town of Appleton, where I was born and lived nine years, and the booming mining camp which was my new home. Appleton lies in the beautiful Fox River Valley, in the center of a fine farming area, at an altitude of not over 700 feet, with hot summers, beautiful, lush springs and damp, penetrating winter cold with much snow. I don't think it is necessary to picture Cripple Creek for you, for I am sure most of you have been there—you can draw your own comparisons.

The change in our mode of life was equally striking. My mother died when I was eight years old, but Father kept the house and the faithful "hired girl" for nearly a year. He finally sold it and most of the furniture (it had six bedrooms) and shipped linens, dishes and so on by rail. He also boxed and stored our very sizeable library, to be sent for a few years later.

My three brothers, the youngest one of them sixteen years older than I, had already come to Cripple Creek several years before my mother died, the youngest one in 1895 and the others a couple of years previously.

Father and I left Appleton, by rail of course, in early October of 1899, via Chicago and the Santa Fe, stopping over in Topeka to visit my father's sister. The only thing I remember about that stopover is that I was terrifically car sick when I got there, and that Father was most unhappy when Aunt Frank remarked that I "looked puny, like I needed

to play more and read less." I was an omnivorous reader from an extremely early age, and there probably was some point to her remark.

I do remember that I was considerably disappointed with the mountains we saw coming up the Arkansas Valley—they didn't look a bit like the steel engravings in my school geography, or the travel books I had read.

We went to Canon City, and took the Florence and Cripple Creek afternoon train, which put us into the Creek after dark, I imagine about eight o'clock in the evening, on October 19, 1899, two months after my ninth birthday. I don't remember a thing about the narrow gauge train trip except the smell of coal smoke and dusty, red plush seats. I always was subject, as a youngster, to car sickness, and never got over my deep dislike for the trip to Canon City, which we took rather frequently in the next few years. My three brothers met us at the depot, together with my father's brother and his family, who had come out from Michigan a year or two previously.

It was a long walk from the Florence and Cripple Creek depot, which was clear down in the extreme lower, or southern, end of town, to the house which the boys had bought, which was clear at the north edge of town. If any of you remember the reservoir which is on top of the hill beyond the end of Third or Fourth Street, our house was just a block towards downtown from it. The walk was, I presume, about seven or eight or more long blocks: I have two very vivid recollections of that walk, even aside from the fact that it was all up hill and on board sidewalks or just plain gravel.

One of these was hearing my first burro, when one of them cut loose with a long bray just as I went by a vacant lot where he was foraging.

I thought then, and I still think, that it sounded just exactly like priming the old well pump on the farm back in Wisconsin where I used to visit in the summers.

The other remembrance is of the long drawn out and, to me at least, mournful call of the hot tamale vendors, as they made their rounds of the town, with their big basket on their arm containing a little pot of glowing charcoal, or perhaps a kerosene flame, to keep the hot tamales hot. You would hear the musical cry of "Hot tom-ma-le-e-s" all over the residential parts of town until late at night. Down town, in the business section, they had little hand carts with a gasoline burner, as they used to here in the Springs and still do in Denver. But for the outlying, hilly parts of town, they stuck to their basket carried on their arm. Most of them seemed to me to be old men, but at a time when many men still wore beards, I may have been mistaken.

Our address was 112 Porphyry Street, and my new home was a good four-room frame house, with peed slabs on the outside so that it looked like a log cabin, but wasn't. The inside was standard construction for that time and place, i.e., muslin stretched tight over the studs on the inside, and papered. The front door was on the street level, but the back porch was perhaps ten or twelve feet above the ground, with long wooden stairs leading down to the back yard, which was a continuation of the sloping hill side. The ground surface was gravel of course, there being no lawns or grass in the entire town, with the exception of not over half a dozen places.

It was part of my chores a little later to keep the back yard raked up and free of trash, as well as to keep the kindling box full, and empty the ashes from the kitchen stove and the

"air tight" heater in the front room, which heated the rest of the house. There were wide archways between the front room, the front bedroom, and the dining room, but a door into the kitchen from the latter. There being five of us living there, all males, the dining room was also converted into a bedroom by a folding bed which could be closed up when we wanted to eat in the dining room, as on Sundays, holidays and other special occasions.

I also packed in the coal, which in the winter time ran into considerable work, since the coal shed was at the back, or bottom end, of the lot on the alley, and of course there were those long steps to climb. It was also my job to keep the kerosene lamps cleaned and filled, and the chimneys clean and polished.

On the back porch we had two whiskey barrels, for water, which the "water man" kept filled, at 5c for a 10 gallon bucket. He had a tank wagon which he filled at a street hydrant, and came around two or three times a week. We really had what I have always thought was the finest water in the world, directly from the reservoirs above Gillette, on the western slope of Pikes Peak. Nobody ever ran any bacteriological tests on it but I'm certain it was pure; I know it was clear, cold and wonderful tasting.

Incidentally, the town's water system was put in by Michigan capital, and the mains from the reservoir to Cripple Creek, four or five miles, wooden bored pipes, wrapped with steel bands and tar coated. It was pipe that was taken up about 1893 at Bay City, Michigan, where the water company was owned by the same people, and at that time was reputedly fifty years old when it was replaced there by cast iron pipe. In the last few years a great deal, perhaps most, of it has had to be re-

placed, but it gave pretty satisfactory service for very close to a hundred years.

Blasting ditches deep enough to protect the pipe from freezing at that altitude was an extremely expensive proposition on account of bedrock being so close to the surface, so with the exception of the business district, and a few blocks from it in the residence section, all of the smaller homes and cabins had no plumbing at all. Even the Golden School, near which we lived, had no sanitary plumbing. Water mains were laid on the majority of the streets where the town was built up, but that was about all, and that was pretty much for the fire hydrants.

From the hill, or rather ridge, on the side of which we lived, the ground sloped down to the east, down to an unnamed fork of Cripple Creek, which at times carried lots of later, especially from our rather frequent cloudbursts. This drainage formed the eastern boundary of what we called "Old Town" for some reason. I used to think it was because it was the original townsite of Fremont, but I have since found out I was wrong.

Old Town, which was overlooked by our house, by the time I got there was almost entirely residential, outside of one block of small business, a lumber yard or two and a fire station. The rest of the business had all been moved down on Bennett Ave. in the first few years of the town. Bennett Avenue, as you all know, is the main east and west street which starts at the Midland Terminal depot (now the Cripple Creek Museum) and runs about a mile west. The depot was at Fifth and Bennett, and the Court House at First and Bennett, nearly at the west end of the street. Beyond, or west of the courthouse, the streets were lettered A, B, and so on, and

E street was just about the last one. Old Town was the logical place for a townsite since it had the largest area of reasonably level ground near town, but the business section got started on Bennett Avenue almost immediately, in spite of the rather rough terrain.

I went to the Golden School on Golden Avenue, which was three long uphill blocks north of Bennett. It was a large, two story frame building, with a finished basement, with a large bell tower on it. It had all grades from first to eighth, and was a twin to the Warren, or McKinley, School, which was located on Warren Avenue in the southwestern part of town. These two, with the Placer School, which was frame also but somewhat smaller, in the northwestern part of the city, were the grade schools.

By the time I entered High School, in 1903, a new High School building, of brick, strictly modern for the times, and with electric lights, was in use. There were no lights in the grade schools because I remember old Mr. Denny, the janitor, and his son Harry cleaning up the Golden School building by the light of a big kerosene lantern which seemed to me nearly as big as a small locomotive headlight.

Directly across Porphyry Street from our house, and on top of the ridge, was built a few years after we arrived, the large brick house of Dr. Frank Hassenplug, who was a prominent physician in practice with his younger brother Will. Will lived on the corner of Golden and Porphyry, just down the block from us. They were of German descent, and Dr. Frank was typically Prussian. A few years ago I believe he was still living in Denver.

Dr. Frank was a great lover of animals. He had several dachshunds of which he was very fond, and I

think had one or more coyotes, perhaps a badger and a bob cat, and I'm quite sure, a mountain lion. These were all in cages in his back yard, which was surrounded by a high board fence.

Right next to it, also on top of the ridge, was a gravel tennis court, built by the Cripple Creek Tennis Club, where I and some of my chums spent a great deal of our time in summer and fall. It had a very high fence of chicken wire all around it, but in spite of that we occasionally knocked a ball over the fence. If we did, it was likely to go down the hill a hundred feet among the rocks and native grass, especially on the east side, and we were frequently unable to find it. If by chance we knocked one into the doctor's back yard, we gave it up for lost, also, because none of us would venture in there among the dogs and captive animals, and we didn't feel that the doctor was the sort of an individual we wanted to bother about it.

Prospect Street paralleled Porphyry, at the base of the slope, and was perhaps one of the best residential sections of the town. A man named Whipp had one of the best houses on Prospect Street. Incidentally, his son Larry, whom most of us thought was a freak (nowadays he'd be an "egghead") became a very fine musician and was for years organist of a very big church in London. I've even heard it claimed to be Westminster Cathedral, but I can't vouch for that.

Mr. Whipp also liked dogs. He had several, including a couple of mournful looking bloodhounds which he kept in his back yard behind a high tight board fence along the alley. It was one of my jobs to go in the evening down to the house of an old lady from whom we got our milk, and to bring the daily supply home. I remember well one winter evening when I was on the way home

with my lard pail full of milk, and the bloodhounds took occasion to bay at the moon just as I was going by. I had been reading Conan Doyle's *Hound of the Baskervilles* just before I was sent for the milk, and the howling of the hounds was just too much for me to take. By the time I got home, I had spilled practically all the milk, and was all out of breath and was completely unnerved.

From our back porch we had an unobstructed view of Gold Hill, Globe Hill, Tenderfoot Hill and Mineral Hill, with the steam and electric railroad tracks zigzagging up Globe and Gold Hills. I could always find something of interest going on on their slopes, and once in a while something exciting. I was used to seeing the High Line Electric cars sliding pretty fast down the two levels of track which swung across the western face of the hills. At certain times of the day, such as shift times, they ran in trains of a motor car and a trailer, and the usual procedure was for the motorman to pump up the air at the top of the hill, tie down the trolley and coast down the grade, altho it was not allowed by the operating rules. The cars were large, high wheeled and heavy, typical electric interurban cars and built up a lot of speed.

Once, I remember, I heard a lot of whistling on the hill, and went out to see an engine and a caboose running faster down the hill than I had ever seen, with the whistle going all the time. I soon found out that one of the brakemen had had one leg cut off by the cars at Midway. They put him in the caboose and made a fast run for town, and I think he pulled through.

One thing that has impressed me much later in reading the Colorado Springs papers of that period, is the appalling number of fatal accidents

reported from the District. Before the establishment of Teller County in 1899, the District was a part of El Paso County (except for a little strip of Park County). Nearly all of the El Paso County coroner's cases were in the District; after Teller County was organized, and during the boom times, there were of course many more.

It was almost a daily thing to see the ambulance toiling up the steep Third Street hill to the Sister's St. Nicholas Hospital, or to some cabin or boarding house. The ambulance was a light spring wagon affair drawn by a team of horses, with canvas sides with a big red cross painted on them, and a canvass curtain at the back which flapped out behind. There was just room for two plain canvas litters on its floor, side by side, and if there was a doctor along he rode up front with the driver.

It was also a too frequent sight to see the "dead wagon" as we called it. This was a rather peculiar looking vehicle, and it seems to me there was a similar one in use in Colorado Springs in the first years we came here. It was a one-horse job, with a black oilcloth covered framework over the narrow wagon body, which was just high enough to accommodate a basket or a rough box (casket case). It was an odd looking affair, because the enclosed body was considerably lower than the driver's seat, and for that reason looked much longer and for some reason, to us kids at least, more gruesome. It seemed to me that the undertaker's assistant who drove it always wore a black suit and derby hat which added to the effect.

There was constant activity on the railroads, night and day. Not a single railroad reaches Cripple Creek today, or any nearer than Colorado Springs, but from 1900 on there were three steam railroads, the Midland

Terminal from Divide, the Short Line from Cripple Creek, both standard gauge, and the narrow gauge Florence and Cripple Creek from Florence first, later also from Canon City. In addition, there were two electric interurban standard gauge lines, the High Line and the Low Line, which I'll mention more in detail a little later.

One of my favorite means of impressing some one who has been to Cripple Creek only in its decadent days, is to tell them that there was a train or electric car in or out of Cripple Creek on an average of every five minutes during the twenty four hours. It is, so far as I know, a strictly true statment, and it comes as near bringing home the boom days to a present visitor as does anything else I can say. I have seen a Florence and Cripple Creek time card which showed fifty three or fifty four trains on it, most of them of course interurban trains to serve the towns and mines; the electric lines ran round the clock in the earlier years, the High Line cars leaving Cripple Creek (and of course arriving also) every hour, the Low Line every half hour.

The town itself was visible from almost all of the railroads and mines on that side of Gold and Globe Hills. Occasionally we would be awakened by a chorus of short, sharp toots from trains and mines in the dead of night, and we'd roll out to see where the fire was. A fire, even though just starting and very small, was almost sure to be seen by some train crew or mine engineer who would start his whistle going, with the chorus taken up by others as they heard the alarm.

Another comomnly used fire alarm was five or six pistol shots as fast as the gun could be discharged. The townspeople were naturally fire conscious. Some of them remembered

the big fires of 1896, and everyone realized that like all mining camps, another such conflagration could occur at any time. By the time we moved there, Cripple Creek had a first class paid fire department, with three stations, the Central or No. 1 Station down town, East Side or No. 2 on Main Street in Old Town, and No. 3 or West Side on West Masonic Avenue (the western end of Myers Avenue). The pressure in the water system was excellent, so no steamers were needed, merely hose carts and, at the Central and Old Town Stations, a hook and ladder rig. They were all horse drawn, of course, but the equipment was just as modern as any in the large cities and the whole department was efficient. The Central station is now the only one left in service, with not even an organized volunteer department. It is in its original location, on top of the hump in Benett Avenue between Third and Fourth Streets, where the avenue is on two levels. That gave the rigs a good start, since they had a down hill pull at first, no matter which way they turned.

I have a card listing the locations of the 26 fire alarm boxes in Cripple Creek, about 1903 or 1904. It would probably be difficult now to even locate some of the street intersections themselves, and I'm sure most of the buildings near them have been torn down. The boxes were numbered from 5 to 45, and when a box was pulled, the number rang in all the stations, and also on a big bell on the Central station which could be heard all over town. Box number 12, for instance would be one stroke, a pause, two strokes and then a longer interval, and repeat. That was great for us kids, because if we were not otherwise engaged we knew just exactly where to head for to see the excitement.

There was one modifying factor in

that, however. If the alarm was from a box in a far away part of town, like around the Warren School for example, we were pretty sure to stay home unless the fire was a good big one. There was a lot of feeling between the kids in different parts of town, and if we strayed too far from our own bailiwick we were likely to come home either pretty well winded or perhaps with a black eye.

Driving a spirited, excited team to a fire wagon could become quite a trick on some of the streets in Cripple Creek, especially when there was snow on the ground. Going up hill, the men used to hop off and push when the going got rough, but the hardest thing was to hold the outfit back going down hill. I well remember one bad crackup when No. 2, the Old Town Company, came down Fourth Street and tried to turn on to Eaton. The horses, a beautiful team slid around and into the fire plug there and turned over. I believe the driver was fatally hurt and two other firemen put in the hospital. The wagon was completely wrecked, and I think one of the horses had to be shot.

Another thing that used to add a little spice to the daily life of a small boy was the regularity of the run-aways. There weren't, I imagine, any more there than any other place in those days (I know there used to be a lot of them in Colorado Springs), but if the team happened to run away down hill, as the ornery ones usually did, it could produce lots of excitement before it was over. There was one grocery man in Old Town who had a team of small black mules which were reputed to run away at three o'clock every afternoon, and I have no reason to doubt the story. They had sense enough not to do any damage to themselves or their rig, but that wasn't true of the horses, who seemed to plunge blindly ahead without any thought of consequences.

Obviously, there were no zoning laws, and many people had a horse stabled at the back of the lot. A good many of the miners rode, or drove a light rig, to work, especially the ones who were working the prospects around the edge of the district, where the steam or electric lines didn't reach. Lots of the kids had burros; they normally didn't need any feeding except perhaps a little hay in the snowy periods. The rest of the time they rustled their food wherever they could get it.

Those of you who have read *Rails Around Gold Hill* may recall its description of the electric lines. The Low Line, as we called it, ran around the base of the hills between Cripple Creek and Victor, and the High Line went around the tops of the same hills. The first High Line went up Poverty Gulch, on an extremely steep grade. When it was first started, there were only two cars on that system, and when one was grinding up the Poverty Gulch Hill, the other couldn't travel up any grade at all—there just wasn't enough juice available.

After the Short Line was built, in 1901, it was electrified from the Creek up Globe and Gold Hills to about the Buena Vista Power House, and the High Line used it instead of the Poverty Gulch grade. The railroad came down the west face of Gold and Globe Hills in three long sweeps of track, crossing Poverty Gulch on a very high trestle on a big curve. From then, both the Low Line cars which ran in each direction every thirty minutes, and the High Line cars on the hour came into the left from the Short Line Depot, which was on the point of a ridge south of Fourth Street and Myers Avenue. From there they came down a very steep short pitch through a deep rock cut, to Myers Avenue at Fourth. They went on Myers Avenue to Third Street

(through the heart of the red light district) up Third to Bennett, down Bennett to Second, back on Second to Myers Avenue (there called Masonic Avenue and perfectly respectable, or at least reasonably so), and on Myers to the point of beginning the loop at Fourth and Myers.

In the early years, the car tracks were the return for the current, and not well bonded, as I understand it. At least, I know that if a horse stepped on the rail particularly in wet weather, there was likely to be a shower of sparks and a runaway. I don't know how the difficulty was solved, but apparently it was.

With the exception of small neighborhood groceries, which were pretty well scattered all over town, the main business section was along both sides of Bennett Avenue, between the Midland Terminal depot and the Court House, a distance of four blocks on Second and Third Streets for a block or two on each side of Bennett, and on Myers, or Masonic, for perhaps three blocks. As I said, Myers Avenue between Fifth (which was about the east end or mouth of Poverty Gulch) and Third Street was the red-light section; west of that Masonic Avenue had small second hand stores and other small businesses, and rooming houses. The name of Myers Avenue was not changed to Julian Street

Reference to "Julian Street" is occasioned by a story of a famous magazine writer by that name who visited Cripple Creek in 1914. He missed the train carrying prominent citizens of Colorado Springs who were to accompany him, and arrived in Cripple Creek alone.

Only person to meet Street at the depot was "Madam Leo" a prominent inmate of the red-light district. She regaled him with her personal views of the famous mining camp. His later published article reported the incident with very little about its history. This so incensed the citizens of Cripple Creek that they changed the name of Meyer Avenue to "Julian Street."

until long after I left there.

We did most of our grocery buying at the Blue Front Grocery, which was on Golden Avenue just east of Fourth Street, and only a block and a half from our house. There has always been a grocery store in that building, to my knowledge ever since 1899, and the Blue Front Grocery is one of the two groceries listed in the current Cripple Creek telephone directory. I don't know how many there were when we lived there, but I'd guess at least fifty, large and small, in the town of Cripple Creek.

The smallest coin in general circulation was nickel, so a penny was a curiosity and a pocket piece, as were also one and two dollar bills. In fact, there was very little paper money in use, except large denominations, above \$20. Everything was gold and silver coins.

The biggest building in town was the National Hotel, on the northeast corner of Fourth and Bennett. It was four stories in height, with help's quarters and storage in an attic. Although I "hopped bells" there about 1907 or 1908, I don't recall how many rooms it had, but it was a big hotel and would have been a credit to any city. The ground floor had a big lobby, dining room and of course a commodious and finely appointed barroom. The "ladies parlor" on the second floor, and I think there were private dining rooms there also. The hotel had elevators and electric lights, and an electric bell system, but no room phones. I don't remember how many of the rooms had baths, or hot and cold water basins in them.

You must remember that the most prominent mining men in the whole wide world came to Cripple Creek at one time or another, as well as bankers, investors and world travellers, not to mention politicians and men in public life. They were used to the

best in accommodations, and the National Hotel was equipped to take care of them. After I was graduated from High School in 1907, I worked as a bell boy in the Antlers in Colorado Springs, and a little later at the National in the Creek, and I know that my tips were better and the clientele just as high class at the National. Gambling, of course, was wide open and such places as the National Bar, Johnny Nolan's at the corner of Third and Bennett, and the other bigger saloons all had roulette wheels and faro and dice games going, while a round card table or two was in the corner of even the littliest hole-in-the-wall saloons.

Across Fourth Street from the National, on the northwest corner of Bennett, was the Mining Exchange Building which, at the time I remember it first, housed the District Court room and court offices on the second floor. I am confused in my mind about whether there was still a mining stock exchange board room on the ground floor, and I haven't been able to find out. The corner location on the street was the G. R. Lewis drug store, and after the Creek died down, Grif Lewis went to Colorado Springs and established a wholesale drug business. In later years, the Elks bought the building and it has been their clubhouse for years.

The third floor offices of lawyers and mining engineers, one of the latter being my oldest brother, Alfred B. Colwell. Alfred graduated from the University of Wisconsin and the Michigan School of Mines at Houghton, and came to Colorado about 1893, going first to Gunnison County, where he was engineer in charge at the Forest Hill mine in Taylor Park, in which some of our relatives were interested. From there he went to work in the United States Surveyor General's office in Denver, and about 1894, perhaps, went to Cripple Creek

and opened an office.

He was soon joined by my other two brothers, Cliff and Walt, and they bached first in a little brick shack across the alley from the post office, one of the few small brick buildings in town, except those down on the "row." The post office at that time was on Third Street, on the corner of the alley between Bennett and Carr, and south of what is now the telephone building. Its location accounted for the brick construction, as it was in the fire limits which were established after the 1896 fires.

Then I think the boys moved up on what was called Capitol Hill, south of the Midland depot, and when Father and I came out, to our newly bought house on Porphyry. At all these places they usually had partners, so that there usually were four or five men living together. Their partners, however, were not the "long haired" variety that some of the bachelors had.

If there was one thing that characterized Cripple Creek, and in fact all mining camps, it was the numbers of single men who "bached," singly or in groups, in little one or two room shacks or cabins scattered all over the towns of the district, as well as over the hills in little settlements near the mines. That was one thing that make population figures so hard to arrive at in such places. For instance, the census of 1900, which was not far from the peak, shows only 29,002 people living in all of Teller County. By far the most of them lived in the Cripple Creek District, but considering the known area of the towns of Cripple Creek, Victor and Goldfield, as well as the many other smaller places, it is reasonable to assume that the figure is way low. At that, El Paso County, in which Colorado Springs is located, in 1900 was only credited with about 31,000.

The figures for later Censuses are: 1910, Teller County 14,351, Cripple Creek 6,206; 1920, Teller County 6696, Cripple Creek 2325; 1930, Teller County 4134, Cripple Creek 1428; 1940, Teller County, 6463, Cripple Creek 2358; 1950, Teller County, 2734, Cripple Creek 850.

The reason for the low figures in earlier years, I am sure, is that the census enumerators didn't get anywhere near all of the bachelor men living in these scattered cabins, in the towns as well as outside of them. During daylight hours they would be away from their home, and there would be no one to give any information. This is shown plainly in the old city directories, where there are many entries such as "-----Hartman, miner, Ironclad Hill" information evidently obtained from some neighbor. In addition, especially in boom years, the population was highly fluid, with no permanent location at all.

Of one thing we can be sure, however, none of the towns ever had the population credited to them by some later writers, such as 50,000 in Cripple Creek itself, for example. I doubt if there were ever more than 18,000 or 20,000 in the city itself.

But to get back to the Mining Exchange Building. At the time of the strike of 1904 a group of the strikers had been arrested by the militia under Adjutant General Sherman Bell. The District Judge, Lewis I believe, issued a writ ordering Bell to produce the prisoners in court for a habeus corpus proceeding. The District was under martial law of the State at the time, and Bell refused to turn the prisoners over to the civil authorities, but did bring them in under military guard. The District Court room was then in the Mining Exchange Building.

There were militiamen all over the place, sharpshooters on top of the National Hotel and the High School,

which was just across the alley from the court room, and Gatling guns in the street intersection. Militiamen were lined up practically shoulder to shoulder on the Fourth Street side of the Mining Exchange Building. I must have been a freshman in high school, trying to attend classes just across the alley from all the excitement. When school was out at noon, I wanted to go up to Alfred's office and see the lun, and naturally was promptly stopped at the line of soldiers. I explained who I was and what I wanted, except that I didn't admit I was trying to get in the middle of the fun, and the sergeant finally passed me through the line of armed men, making me feel very important.

I went up to the office, all right, but soon sneaked in the third floor balcony of the court room, where I had a wonderful view. I well remember the distinguished looking judge on the bench, looking down on the row of prisoners who sat in front of him, with soldiers carrying rifles with fixed bayonets standing behind them. I don't remember his words, but I know that he bitterly assailed General Bell for bringing men into a civil court under armed military guard. I think he finally won his point and had the armed soldiers removed from the court room, altho the cordon around the building remained.

The Teller County Court House was built in 1901-1902, and I remember that we gave high school dances and parties in the old court room, which I think by that time had become the Elks lodge room, as well as being used by some other fraternal orders. I do know that after I went back to Cripple Creek from the Springs, after finishing school, I had a large sleeping room on the fourth floor, where I lived sometimes alone and sometimes with one or more chums. This was after my brothers

had gone to Nevada, and Father was living in Colorado Springs.

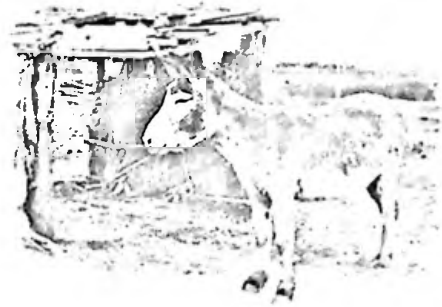
The hall upstairs was dark, with just one dim carbon bulb at the head of the stairs, and coming home late one night, I stumbled over something outside my door. I struck a match to see what it was, and saw an open coffin with a skeleton lying in it, evidently part of some lodge's initiation ceremony. Believe me, it gave me a shock! As I remember it, I had quite a time fumbling around to get my door unlocked and my own light turned on.

It wasn't nearly as hard on my nervous system, however, as another experience I had when I was in that same room examining a 32-20 Smith and Wesson revolver I had just bought, when some way or another it went off, and sent a bullet through the floor in the corner of the room. I knew the room below was occupied, and I put in a few tense moments until I screwed up my courage enough to go downstairs and find out that no one was in the room below. Apparently nobody ever noticed the hole in the ceiling, or if they did they didn't pay any attention to it, but it certainly taught me a lesson about handling a gun.

Partly, I suspect, because there were so many single men who had time on their hands in the evenings, all the well known fraternal orders were represented, as well as many that have long since vanished. The camp was unionized, before 1904, almost 100%; even newspaper boys, shine boys and almost everything else you could think of. That gave many men a place to go, since many of the unions had their own halls.

Among the single men were a great many college boys, especially during summer vacation, when they would come to get work in the mines to help them accumulate funds for their winter's schooling. There were also

a considerable number of young graduates from the various mining schools of the nation and abroad, who were working as much for experience as for anything else. That made for lots of competition for the not too numerous eligible single girls in town, so they had a real good time. Much like having an army camp located nearby, it also made it tough for the local boys. There were lots of dances, very nice, respectable ones given by various lodges, church groups and dancing clubs, and practically every one danced.



I remember many occasions when my two oldest brothers came home in muddy, dirty work clothes and high laced boots, bathed in a galvanized wash tub by the kitchen stove, shaved and took off in white tie and tails (literally) to escort their girls to a formal party. Each of them had tail coats and tuxedos, and would have felt out of place at many of the parties without them.

The younger, high school set didn't go in for evening dress, but our parties and dances were much more formal than most of those to which my grandchildren go now. The Odd Fellows lodge had a large building in the same block on Bennett Avenue as the National Hotel, but across the street. It had the largest dance floor in town, so that was where most of the High School formals were held.

In the late fall of 1906, two of

my brothers decided that Cripple Creek was on the down grade, as indeed it was, and that they would move to Ely, Nevada, and set up their engineering office there. Father secured an office job in Colorado Springs, and I stayed in the Creek, living with my oldest brother, who had married by that time, until the Christmas holidays, when he and his wife moved to Ely and I joined Father in the Springs.

I was in the senior year of high school, and finished up in the Springs, but insisted that my credits should be transferred to Cripple Creek, so I could graduate with my class. My Colorado Springs teachers and classmates couldn't understand why I wanted to graduate from a place like Cripple Creek, which they rather looked down upon as rough, wild and uncouth. (Colorado Springs still bore the nickname of Little Lunnon, especially in the mining areas). Actually, the Cripple Creek High School was fully accredited, was every bit as good from a scholastic standpoint, and there were nearly as many graduates in my Cripple Creek class of 1907 as there were in the senior class in the Springs.

The commencement exercises were held in the Grand Opera House, which stood on Masonic Avenue between Second and Third, just barely within the respectable part of that street. I do not recall how many seats it had, but it was a good sized, very well furnished house with ample scenery and equipment. During the boom years, I think every attraction which visited Colorado Springs, and there were many, also showed in Cripple Creek to capacity houses. The Opera House burned, I would say, between 1910 and 1920, but had stood idle for a good many years so far as road shows were concerned.

After I finished school, I worked around the Springs for a few months,

and then returned to the District. It was during this time that I had the room in the Mining Exchange Building. I had done lots of work helping my brothers in underground surveying, so I had no difficulty in working enough for the surveyors still left in camp, all of whom I knew, to get along all right.

Things slacked up more and more, however, as the panic of 1907 took hold, and I went to work for Mr. Keith, who was the manager in the District for the Stratton Estate, in their office. It was a large, two story brick building at Midway, on top of the saddle between Gold Hill and Globe Hill. Part of the time I batched in a log cabin close by, and part of the time I had a sleeping room in the office building, and got my meals at a boarding house in Midway.

At that time, there were large barns and stables of the Colorado Trading and Transfer Company at Midway, which were the headquarters for teams hauling ore from the smaller mines in that part of the district which didn't have railroad sidings, to the nearest loading point. The ore-hauler was a breed of man which has vanished now, although I suspect the "cat skimmers" on modern construction projects are worthy successors.

The usual procedure, when a new prospect was ready to ship ore, or perhaps to have machinery hauled to it, was to run a furrow along the hillside with a heavy rooter plow with four horses on it. That was the uphill track of the road, and the downhill wheels would take care of themselves. The ore wagons were heavy, with high sides, and the driver's seat was quite a ways above the ground. As the wagon jolted over the rough roads, the wagon seat—and the driver—were thrown violently from side to side; when the route was new and not very well beaten down, it was not

usual for the whole outfit to tip over.

It was rough on horses and men alike, and the badge of a mule-skinner was an eight or ten inch wide heavy leather belt, which he wore to save his back and kidneys. I don't remember any of them wearing cowboy boots, as one might expect from their work with horses. Instead, they wore the universal high laced boot with overalls worn outside the boots and a wide cuff turned up. If the width of the cuff was excessive, say over 6 or 8 inches, it was more or less contemptuously referred to as a "six horse roll," and the wearer was under the suspicion of showing off.

They were in the whole a rough, tough bunch, but I got a big kick out of sitting around the stove with them in the boarding house parlor, listening to them talk, and they were all fine to me. I was seventeen at the time. Like most men of specialized occupation, a great deal of their conversation was about their daily work, the troubles they were having with the mine foremen and railroad men, and their more difficult jobs. I recall one session of kidding one of their number unmercifully because he insisted that he only turned over twice in coming over a particularly bad stretch of road. As a matter of fact, that was entirely possible, really to be expected in fact, but the bunch got to riding him about it, he got mad and the evening nearly wound up in a free-for-all.

Many famous men were in Cripple Creek at one time or another. Barney Baruch was a mucker in one of the mines for a time, Jack Dempsey mucked (shovelled rock) in the Portland; A. T. Richard and John Hays Hammond, probably the most famous mining engineers before Herbert Hoover, were frequent or at least occasional visitors. Robert Coates, Art critic of the New Yorker is, I understand, a Victor boy. Lowell

Thomas I presume is the best known of the District scions at the present time. He was a Victor boy and I didn't know him, but I was a school-mate and good friend of Ralph Carr, later Governor of the State of Colorado, who was a very close friend of Thomas.

A few people noted in the entertainment world come to mind. Fred Stone, one of the all time greats of vaudeville, played in the Ironclad Theater in April, 1892. The theater was undoubtedly properly named because without much question it was a shell of corrugated iron, standard building material then.

Texas Guinan, she of "Hello, Sucker" fame played the organ in a Sunday School at Anaconda, a town of several thousand very near to Cripple Creek. All there is left of Anaconda is the stone shell of the lock-up. I have been told, I don't know with how much authority, that Lowell Thomas has said that he used to attend Sunday School at Anaconda occasionally, just to see and hear her. At least, it's a good story.

Eddie Foy and the Seven Little Foy's name sticks in my mind as appearing on bill boards, and Gallagher and Sheehan perfected their durably popular vaudeville show while they were both motormen on the electric lines in the District.

I finally followed my brothers out to Nevada just before Christmas of 1908, I think it was, and never returned to Cripple Creek to live. I realize now that I was fortunate in living through a phase of the West which will never be repeated in exactly the same way, but I wish that I had realized it at the time. To me, as to others of my age, it was just a normal, routine life, and the color and excitement just didn't exist for me, except as I look back at it from more than fifty years later.

RENDEZVOUS IN JACKSON HOLE

By MERRILL J. MATTES

At the June 22, 1960 meeting of the Denver Posse, Merrill J. Mattes gave an informal talk and discussion on "Rendezvous in Jackson Hole," which was not published in *The Round-Up*. The following paper has been submitted by Mr. Mattes about the Jackson Hole region.



MERRILL J. MATTES
Rocky Mountain News Photo

Merrill J. Mattes, a Corresponding Member of The Denver Posse, started out twenty-five years ago as a summer ranger in Yellowstone National Park. He has been Regional Historian (Region 2) of the National Park Service since 1950. He is assisting with the plans for development of Bent's Fort near Las Animas as a national historic shrine. An author of numerous articles on Western history, Mr. Mattes lives in Omaha, Nebraska.

On July 17, 1960, there was a "rendezvous" in Jackson Hole. This day Grand Teton National Park dedicated a new history museum, devoted largely to the era of Rocky Mountain discovery and the fur trade. The occasion also was in observance of

the 100th anniversary of "the rediscovery of Jackson Hole" by a Government exploring expedition led by Captain William F. Reynolds, Corps of Engineers, and guided by the famous frontiersman, Jim Bridger. This was "rediscovery," for Jackson Hole was well known to trappers and traders for over thirty years prior to 1840; but with the advent of the Oregon Trail over South Pass, the Jackson Hole country was virtually abandoned for the next twenty years. In 1869 Jim Bridger became the living link between old and new eras of discovery. Thus Jim Bridger was present in spirit, surely, when the National Park Service dedicated its new free historical museum in the "Moose Visitor Center," the new headquarters building, Grand Teton National Park, at the Snake River Crossing at Moose.

In 1958 the tiny village of Moose was lifted bodily just a hundred yards or so down the right bank of Snake River to a new bridge crossing. At the same time the park headquarters in the old log building at the edge of timber was moved three miles downstream to the new Moose, to adjoin the new park residential area. The new structure is a handsome elongated frame building, with one wing of nearly 2,000 square feet to shelter the historical exhibits.

Jackson Hole, bounded on the west by the jagged spires of the Teton Mountains, has always been famed for two qualities: its scenic beauty, and a lingering atmosphere of the old Wild West. This historical flavor has always been spiced with vague traditions of trappers, explorers, gold prospectors, outlaws, trophy hunters, and homesteaders. However, after



The new Museum of History at Moose, Grand Teton National Park. Dedication held July 17th, 1960, to observe 100th anniversary of discovery of Jackson Hole.

extensive research, the National Park Service has concluded that there was one period in the saga of Jackson Hole which was truly of exceptional significance, not only in the realm of local history, but also in the history of Western America. This was the era of Rocky Mountain fur trade and exploration, when Jackson Hole became a focal point in the continental wanderings of the beaver hunters

As summarized in the title of the official research report, Jackson Hole was truly "the crossroads of the western fur trade" from 1807 to 1840. In 1807 Colter first glimpsed the snow-crowned Tetons, glistening like shark's teeth against the blue sky; the year 1840 marked the demise of the great rendezvous period of the mountain fur trade. In between was one of the great climaxes of American history, which was not properly understood or appreciated until the National Park Service made its studies. The advent of the museum at Moose focuses national attention upon the fact that Grand Teton National Park not only conserves some magnificent scenery, but also was a focal point in the discovery and exploration of the Rocky Mountain West.

Between the time of the Lewis and

Clark expedition in 1804-1806 and the Oregon migration which began in 1841, the only travel routes through the mountains were trappers' trails, and most of these funneled through Jackson Hole. By geographical accident, this remarkable valley with its towering landmarks was near the headwaters of all the great river systems of the continent—the Columbia, fed by the Snake River; the Colorado, fed by the Upper Green; and the Missouri, with its fantailed array of Wind, Big Horn, Yellowstone, Gallatin, and Madison Rivers.

There were no traffic lights in Jackson Hole, but the trails were well worn, and these led to seven major mountain passes: Teton, Conant, Two Ocean, Togwotee, Union, Gros Ventre, and the Hoback-Green. These led variously to St. Louis, Fort Laramie, Fort Hall, many Hudson's Bay posts, the marvels of the Upper Yellowstone, summer rendezvous points in Pierre's Hole and the Upper Green, and rich beaver territory throughout the Northwest. The history museum at Moose tells the amazing story.

The research phase of the project was substantially completed in 1948 when the results were published in the *Pacific Northwest Quarterly*. The

museum project itself began in 1957 when the writer was assigned the further task of writing a museum prospectus, obtaining photographs of historic terrain, and searching for exhibit materials. He spent that summer on assignment in Jackson Hole and on tour of various state historical societies and state and private museum collections in the Northwest. The following winter an exhibit planning team from the Service's Western Museum Laboratory in San Francisco collaborated with the writer in developing the sequence of exhibits. The exhibits, prepared in the Laboratory, were installed in June 1960.

Exhibit materials include a closely integrated combination of colorful backgrounds, artists' sketches, photographs, models, a "rendezvous" diorama, historic manuscripts and maps, and a large number of rare material objects of the fur trade frontier—flintlock and percussion firearms and accessories, trade goods, traps and assorted hardware. Among the prize specimens are the enigmatic Colter Stone of 1808; an 1811 signature rock from Fort Henry; remains of gear lost by the Astorians on Snake River; Northwest trade guns, including one found recently in the Snake River; a trap from the Upper Hoback, and a trapper's letter penned in 1827.

Exhibit highlights include the Lewis and Clark Expedition, which laid the foundation of the fur trade; John Colter's discovery and adventures; the explorations of the Astorians under Wilson Price Hunt and Robert Stuart; the British invasion of Oregon Territory, which included Jackson Hole; the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, with Sublette, Jed Smith, Bridger and Fitzpatrick; the American Fur Company monopoly; the Battle of Pierre's Hole; the Green River rendezvous; how the "mountain men" lived, fought and died;

and the decline of the beaver trade.

Several exhibits tell the later history of Jackson Hole, to afford a comprehensive picture. These relate to the rediscovery of Jackson Hole mentioned at the introduction of this article; the Montana gold seekers; the official Government explorations of the 1870's; the 1880's, decade of rustlers and earliest homesteaders; the big game hunters; early settlement; and the creation of the National Park.

The era of geographical discovery which resulted from the search for beaver will remain the most significant phase of Grand Teton history. But there are many Jackson Hole enthusiasts, particularly residents, who understandably feel closer to the story of the pioneer settlers (who once had all that glorious scenery to themselves, to solace them for their years of hardship). The National Park Service will not neglect this intriguing aspect of park history. In addition to limited exhibits in the museum at Moose, it will continue to preserve the Cunningham Cabin near Spread Creek and the Menor's Ferry group near Moose. Further development of pioneer exhibits at the latter point is planned after "the dust has settled" at the dedication of the Moose Visitor Center.



HUNTING & FISHING IN OLD MEXICO

By Albert E. Sherlock

(Editor's Note: The following article which appeared in the Co'orado, was written by Mr. ALBERT E. SHERLOCK, a prominent attorney in Denver, a long-time Corresponding Member of The Denver Posse and a sportsman whose articles have appeared in national publications. Mr. Sherlock very entertainingly tells of his activities while hunting and fishing in Old Mexico where Mr. Sherlock did considerable hunting and fishing during December 1950 and January 1951.)

The holiday season in Old Mexico has been carried on traditionally beginning with the Feast of Guadalupe on December 12 and continuing until January 12 for approximately thirty days. All public offices close, save and except the post office and the banks which are open for several hours of the day. Naturally, the Police Station, with the little activity it has, remains open to harbor those who become too inebriated. They say in Mexico that it is not against the law to get drunk, but if you lie down on a thoroughfare, you will be arrested for obstructing traffic, and not for drunkenness.

For some time prior to our departure, we made arrangements for a big game hunt in Old Mexico and equipped with a Savage 12 gauge over and under shotgun; one Springfield 30-06 rifle and one Winchester long rifle 22 automatic and our own ammunition, and sufficient documents to get around. We entered Old Mexico by way of the Lamsa Lines for Torreon; thence changing planes, we went over to Durango in Western Old Mexico about six hundred miles South of Juarez.

We made arrangements for hunting wild turkey and wild boar. The natives call the wild boar "jabalis." They vary in weight according to the

locality. They are vegetarian and eat herbs, roots and pinion nuts.

The dog we used for hunting them was a combination of an Airdale, Bull Terrier, Shepherd, Collie, Spitz and the rest is just dog. They are funny looking, but very pugnacious and they give the boar a rough time. In some localities the boar and the wild turkey can be hunted within a few miles of each other.

Nature was very kind to us and dropped a little sugary snow which made the turkeys very trackable and aided us in finding the water hole. We had some very good luck with the jabalis and with the larger wild boar and the wild turkey. We donated the proceeds of the hunt to the church which takes great care that nothing is wasted and it aids and assists the poor in that particular vicinity.

After hunting wild boar and turkey we dropped down to the lower elevations for wild geese which are plentiful and these also we donated to the church.

After spending about eight days in the State of Durango, we flew by the Lamsa Lines over to Mazatlan and it was really old home week on the Pacific. Several Denver people were there and the first day out our fishing boat consisted solely of Denver people. We had good luck fishing at Mazatlan. All of us got a fish and then we made reservations for more deep sea fishing in Acapulco in the State of Guerrero.

We then retraced our steps by the way of the Lamsa Lines from Mazatlan back to Torreon, then to Mexico City and Acapulco. Acapulco is without a doubt one place that is thoroughly winter-proof. It might properly be referred to as the bonanza by the sea. It is the main seaport in the State of Guerrero (meaning warrior) and it is noted for the various kinds of birds, fish and countless insects; more than 150 different species of

trees thrive within the State's borders and 75 known fruits which are as numerous as they are delicious.

Naturally, ranchers are numerous—the value of the stock being estimated at twenty-nine million pesos according to the 1940 census. Wild animals are numerous in certain regions such as wild boar, leopards, armadillos, wolves, coyotes and badgers, together with many beautiful birds which people the forest and almost every known specie of migratory water fowl, including the well-known widgeon and divers which haunt the low lands and marshes.

To some extent there is a certain amount of activity in pearl fisheries and much of the tortoise shell one sees in Mexico comes from this particular district.

American capital is moving in rapidly and it is not an uncommon sight in Acapulco to see American cars from Maine to Minnesota and from Montana to Mississippi, and it may seem strange that the dust bowl farmers of the early 30's are now behind a Cadillac or a Packard with a four month's lease on a cottage overlooking the blue waters of the Pacific and enjoying at least four months from the wintery snow of the State of Montana.

The first Sunday in January is the opening of the social season in Acapulco which now boasts a population of approximately 28,000 people. They have numerous up-to-date hotels. Deep sea fishing can be arranged very easily at various costs depending on whom you go with and how long you wish to stay.

In the State of Durango in the rural section, commonly referred to in the States as the backwoods section, are some of the old type Indians who claim they have the direct blood of the Aztecs in their veins. They are unable to speak the Spanish or the Mexican language and still adhere to their own tribal customs and their own form of justice. They still use the bow and arrow in the taking of wild game and migratory water fowl and they never take more than they need. They are real conservationists at heart. There are two particular tribes, to-wit: Wichole and Tepehuanes. They have their own form of government and elections similar to our Pueblo tribes in Taos, New Mexico, and they adhere strictly to the rule of primogeniture in regard to the descent of real or personal property and they rarely ever marry outside of their own tribe and as a consequence there is a co-mingling of blood between many near relatives.



Westerner's Bookshelf



WESTERN: *The Recollections of Charley O'Kieffe, 1884-1898, with an introduction by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.* University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1960. 224 pp. \$4.50.

This beautifully printed and handsomely bound reminiscence reads like a novel, but it is literal, mundane fact, 'the short and simple annals of the poor.' It represents volume II of the Pioneer Heritage Series of the University of Nebraska Press, and upholds the High standard set by the initial volume, *MOLLIE: The Journal of Mollie Dorsey Sanford in Nebraska and Colorado Territories, 1857-1866.*

Charley reveals a possibly newly discovered gift (at age 77) of literary charm and ability. A nice sense of humor, dramatic insight, mordant realism, all combine to make this an interesting as well as significant record. And now we know what Rocky Mountain oysters are!

Furthermore, this is Old Jules' country, and where Old Jules was, there was action. His daughter has made many editorial contributions to the volume. It will be a rare Westerner who will refrain from reaching for her volume to refresh and confirm his memory.

This alumnus is proud to point out the sig-

nificant contributions by the University of Nebraska Press, the volume *M. B. HARRISON: Nebraska Puritan*, for one. And it is with proud nostalgia that he records that the beautiful headquarters of the Nebraska Historical Society is erected on the exact site of one of the homes in which he lived as a boy.

CM Horace Emerson Campbell

THE NAMELESS BREED, by Will C. Brown.
MacMillan Co. 154 pages. \$2.75.

Brazos McCloud, the hero of this Texas thriller, is in a rough spot. His pappy is being held for ransom by a band of very nasty Comanches, and Brazos has pledged his word he will rescue his pa. He also possesses some real heady information he feels will save the Republic of Texas if he can get it to President Sam Houston pronto. Brazos after quite a wrestle with his conscience decides his first duty is to his pappy. He and his two brothers, an uncle and a neighbor, who goes along for the ride, begin their search for Pa McCloud, and they really have a time. They are ambused, have their horses and guns stolen, lose their food and are almost stabbed to death by Yucca daggers, but Brazos manages to retrieve his pappy from the Indians and still has time to get the word to Sam Houston. Thus having fulfilled his obligations to family and state, he marries his true love.

Good material for a television series.

Guy M. Herstrom

THE SAGA OF BEN HOLLADAY: GIANT OF THE OLD WEST, by Ellis Lucia.
New York: Hastings House, 1959. Price \$6.50.

Asserting that despite two published biographies, Ben Holladay, the transportation king of the Old West, has not received adequate recognition, Ellis Lucia has composed his saga to redress the balance. Obviously Lucia enjoys his assignment, and the gusto that marks his writing ought to win for him a considerable "western" audience. Holladay's life readily lends itself to enthusiastic treatment from the time he slipped away from his Kentucky home in 1836 (at the age of 17), through his meteoric climb to a position of dominance in western stageline operations (with "side" interests in various businesses such as merchandising, mining and railroading), to the years of his tragic eclipse resulting from over-extended operations, unpaid claims for losses suffered through Indian attacks during the Civil War, and the extravagance of himself and his family.

With sweeping strokes, Lucia paints a picture of the major events in Holladay's

rise and fall. Of this portrait it is possible here to note only one well-known illustrative section. The author relates how Ben loaned money heavily to the stage line operations of Russell, Majors and Waddell (at least \$208,000 by 1860), receiving in return \$600,000 in government vouchers. As the latter firm approached possible bankruptcy, Ben claimed that he had not received any vouchers, and there was said to be no signed paper showing that he had. Consequently, when in March 1862, the R. M. and W. line was sold at auction, the soon-to-be "Napoleon of the Plains" bought up the stage line "to protect his investment." Then he built up the Overland Stage Co., spending \$2,425,000 in doing so. Eventually, Ben controlled 4,000 miles of stage lines, until in 1866 he sold out to Wells, Fargo and Co.

Perhaps in writing a "saga" the author should be permitted to exaggerate, be inconsistent, and indulge in purple passages. For example, he has made the dubious statement that the Nevada mines financed the Civil War for the Union. Secondly, in one rescription he states that Mrs. Holladay had lovely green eyes, but elsewhere she is said to have had deep blue eyes; at one time she has flaming red hair, but at another she has dark auburn hair. And finally, there are passages of the following type: "The thunder of fast-riding horses filled the star-studded Idaho night;" Ben's "angry bellows shook Mount Hood;" and, "Up and down the Route, Holladay ranged, bellowing like a locomotive, spouting steam and fire with every breath." and yet, because Ben was a mighty builder of the West, he may not require such inaccurate and imaginative passages to portray his true dimensions.

Harold H. Dunham

THE PINTO HORSE, by Charles Elliott Perkins. Devin-Adair Co. reissue. Illustrated by Edward Borein. Foreword by Owen Wister. \$4.50.

When the original edition of this book was published in 1927 Owen Wister called it, "the best western story about a horse that I have ever read."

Obviously Wister had had no opportunity to read "Smoky," by Will James, for it was not published until 1928. Nevertheless "The Pinto Horse," with its sixty pages of text and sixteen pages of line drawings, is an enjoyable biography of a western range horse which became a hunter and steeple-chaser in England.

Like "Smoky," it should be of interest to both adult and juvenile readers.

Forbes Parkhill

PAT GARRETT: A BIOGRAPHY OF THE FAMOUS MARSHAL AND KILLER OF BILLY THE KID. By Richard O'Connor. Garden City: Doubleday & Company, 1960. 286 pages. \$3.95.

Before I received for review this biography of Pat Garrett by Richard O'Connor, I had already prejudiced it. I had decided it was just another title in a series designed by publisher and author to capitalize on the big names of Western gun-shooters—another book to be added to the surplus of writings about Lincoln County and Billy the Kid. Now, having read and enjoyed the book, I must somewhat revise this opinion.

O'Connor's narrative is about *Garrett*, what *he* did; about the events that shaped his life and about his deeds that sometimes shaped the history of southeastern New Mexico and adjacent portions of Texas.

Garrett did a lot more than pursue and kill B the K. He was a cowboy and buffalo hunter. He chased rustlers before ever he was a sheriff. He kept store and tended bar. He raised and raced quarter-horses in association with John Nance Garner at Uvalde, Texas. Some years after he was sheriff of Lincoln, he was sheriff of Dona Ana County and did his best to capture and convict Oliver Lee, who was charged with murdering Col. Albert J. Fountain and Fountain's eight-year-old son. (Pat never was able to capture Lee—he brought himself in; and Lee was tried and acquitted on the charge of child-murder. No one was ever tried for Colonel Fountain's alleged murder.) Garrett was among the first to attempt on a large scale the task of making Chaves and Eddy County blossom like roses. (Through hard luck, he failed here where others later succeeded.) He was U. S. Collector of Customs at El Paso under Theodore Roosevelt (who admired stout fellas) but the President refused to re-appoint him. He delighted in bar-rooms and whiskey, but was not a drunkard. He played poker often, but "only *thought* he was a poker player." His murder, on Feb. 29, 1908, is still one of the officially unsolved mysteries of New Mexico.

Admirers of B the K have tried to make Billy's killing by Pat a dastardly deed. But the sheriff's advocates say Pat was then and always a brave (if not pious and wise) man.

O'Connor's book is good. It ought to be. He has read, diligently compared and revised most of the previous authorities and narratives. I leave to the experts the task of picking out and making much of trifling errors that will not keep *aficionados* of and reviewing with pleasure the life of the violence from reading the book through southwest's famous sheriff.

John J. Lipsey, PM

THE PERALTA GRANT: James Addison Reavis and the Barony of Arizona, by Donald M. Powell. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 186 pp., \$3.75.

This is the factual story of the most astonishing swindle in American history. How a St. Louis street car conductor devised a fraud that frightened millions, duped the smartest lawyers and — until the bubble burst — maintained himself and his "baroness" wife in truly royal luxury and pomp.

James Addison Reavis, while a soldier in the Confederate army, made an amazing discovery. He could write himself a pass for a few days' leave, forging the name of his commanding officer so that it could be accepted by anyone who saw it. In fact, it worked so well that he started writing similar passes for friends — for a consideration. He discovered that he had a talent. If he could forge one signature he could forge any signature.

Discharged from the Army, Reavis went to St. Louis. Jobs not being too plentiful, he took employment as a street car conductor. Next he clerked in a store, then went into the real-estate business as a broker. In this capacity, so that he could get a good commission, he created spurious documents in the nature of quitclaim deeds.

Reavis next appeared in Santa Fe, where there was a land office and a bureau for considering and investigating Spanish land claims under the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which brought to an end our war with Mexico, and under the subsequent Gadsden Purchase, which added to the territory of the United States all of southern Arizona and certain lands to the eastward. Under this treaty with the late enemy, the United States guaranteed to recognize and protect Spanish land titles within the borders of our newly acquired territories. And this guaranty included ancient land grants to individuals from the Spanish crown before Mexico became an independent state. Of course, there was much uncertainty about the ownership of some of these grants. Reavis was an opportunist and he turned his eyes toward this promised land of Spanish claims. He neglected nothing; no labor was too arduous; no period of waiting too monotonous or discouraging.

Reavis worked day and night in Santa Fe, studying the Spanish language and mastering the writing of that language. He copied old Spanish documents and became perfect in the art of forging. He knew that you could not claim title through a Spanish grandee unless you could produce the bones and the history of the grandee. With all the efficiency of a novelist he worked out his plot to supply himself with a noble Span

iard. Reavis supplied him with the title of Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber, Grandee of Spain, Knight of the Military Order of Carlos III, Knight of the Insignia of the Royal College of our Lady of Guadalupe, etc., etc.

On September 3, 1882, Reavis turned up in Tucson. He immediately published notice of his intention to lay claim to the Peralta grant on the basis of some genuine Spanish documents filched from the archives in Guadalajara, carefully altered in the proper places. Subsequently he "discovered" in California the sole surviving heir of the original grantee, Sophia Loreta Micaela de Maso Reavis y Peralta de la Cordoba, and married her, presenting a second claim in her name.

Government agents finally uncovered the fraud and Reavis was exposed during the trial of the case before the U.S. Court of Private Land Claims in Santa Fe in 1895. Found guilty and convicted, Reavis served a two year prison sentence. After his release he wandered the West for many years trying in various unsuccessful ways to earn a living. Mrs. Reavis came to Denver and divorced her husband there in 1902 on the grounds of non-support. While most of his last years appear to have been spent in California, he also came to Colorado and died in Denver in 1914. Twenty years after his death, his former wife, Sophia, died in Denver at the age of 71.

Here for the first time, is the complete and authentic story of the fantastic hoax based on the many documents submitted by Reavis and the thousands of words of testimony taken before and during the trial of the case.

Armand W. Reeder

MY SIXTY YEARS ON THE PLAINS. By **W. T. Hamilton.** Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1960. 208 pp. Six Russell illus. \$2.00.

These recollections of trapping, trading, gold mining, and Indian fighting were recounted by W. T. Hamilton at the age of 82, the major portion covering his experiences between 1842 and 1860, in areas from the Platte to the Columbia and also into California. The original edition was published in 1905 in New York, another by Long's, at Columbus, Ohio, in 1951. Included in the latter was a preface by J. Cecil Alter, who appraised it as follows:

"The fidelity, thoroughness and enthusiasm of the narrative give it interest and value. Much of the recital reads like a young man's report to his parents about matters that chiefly concern himself."

Hamilton, born in England in 1822, was

brought to the United States as a baby, his parents settling near St. Louis in 1825. With the hope of improving his son's poor health, his father arranged for him to join the celebrated Bill Williams' outfit, at the age of 20, and the book is enlightening on the subject of Williams, Perkins, and other mountain men. He tells of Williams' giving to him his own history of his life among the Pueblo, Navajo, and Apache Indians. Unfortunately, this valuable manuscript was lost in a fire at the Crow Indian Reservation on the Yellowstone, where Hamilton had placed it in a safe for security during his absence from the agency. This edition contains an introduction by Donald J. Berthrong, Associate Professor of History at the University of Oklahoma, which gives an excellent thumbnail sketch of the life of Old Bill Williams from the time he entered the West until his death in 1849.

He apparently was born to the life of a mountaineer, and stayed on to make it his career. He describes vividly his many encounters with Kiowas, Cheyennes, Sioux, Arapahoes, and other tribes, and the pages the full of personal comment, daily activities, etc. By many he was reputed to be the best Indian sign-talker on the plains (in fact, he says so himself), and this ability brought him to the forefront in conferences and conflicts with the Indians, as well as making for him many friends among them. He served as a scout and interpreter with General Crook and other military leaders at intervals over the years from 1858 to 1876, but does not dwell to any great extent on this period of his life. (For further account of his experiences, see Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana, 1900, V. 3, 'A Trading Expedition among the Indians in 1858 from Fort Walla Walla to the Blackfoot Country and Return.) He ran trading posts at Missoula and Fort Benton, settled in the Yellowstone Valley above Billings in 1870, was County Sheriff and United States Marshal, and died at Billings in 1888.

This is the fifteenth volume in the Western Frontier Library Series published by the University of Oklahoma, and continues the valuable contribution by this Series in making more accessible to the general reader (and in inexpensive form) authentic records of men and events important in the development of the West.

For your daily guidance, I proffer to you Hamilton's well-tested recommendation:

"I would advise all persons never to go into a thicket after a wounded bear, and not to hunt bears at all unless they have confidence in their rifles and their own nerves."

W. Scott Braame, PM

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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Fremont's party breaking camp in Sangre de Cristo mountains. (From "Memoirs of My Life," Vol. I, By John Charles Fremont.) Belford Clarke & Co., Chicago & New York 1887. (Courtesy Colorado State Historical Society)

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SEPTEMBER MEETING

6:00 P.M., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1960

Denver Press Club, 1344 Glenarm

"BACA HOUSE AND HISTORIC TRINIDAD"

A. R. (Roy) Mitchell

Trinidad . . . one of Colorado's most famous early day "cow-towns" was often host to such characters as Dave Rudabaugh . . . Billy the Kid . . . Clay Allison . . . Black Jack Ketchum, and others. A rip-roaring town of gamblers . . . killers . . . rustlers . . . and Cyprians . . . it also had its aristocrats . . . whose names dated back into the early Spanish occupation days. Among the most respected were the Baca Family . . . whose early day mansion was recently taken over by the Colorado State Historical Society as a museum. Our speaker . . . A. R. "Roy" Mitchell . . . an early resident of Trinidad . . . historian . . . artist . . . yarn-spinner and Curator of the Baca House Museum . . . knows all . . . and promises to "tell all."

FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

Over 100 members of the Denver Posse and guests attended Annual Rendezvous at Colorow Cave to hear a talk given by **Dr. LeRoy Hafen** Saturday, August 27th.

Every member of the Denver West-erners extend their sincere thanks to good friend and Posse Member **L. D. "Lou" Bax** for his courtesy in taking down the corral gate at Colorow Cave . . . located on his ranch property . . . and to **Mrs. Bax** . . . a most charming hostess.

Among distinguished out-of-state visitors at The Rendezvous were: **Peter Decker** of New York City, one of the nation's leading book dealers in Americana. **Decker** is an Ex-Sheriff of the New York Posse, and member of its Editorial Board; **Art Woodward** of Altadena, California, Ex-Sheriff of the Los Angeles Corral. An author of seven books on Western history, **Woodward** served for twenty five years as Curator of the Los Angeles County Museum, and is a recognized authority on American Indian life. He is presently editing the diary of **Sgt. George Hand**, a member of the "California Column" of 1861-1864, for the Arizona Pioneer Historical Society at Tucson. **Louis A. Holmes**, of Grand Island, Nebraska, President of the Nebraska State Historical Society, writes: "It was pleasant having the opportunity to meet with the Denver Posse and break bread. The gathering at Colorow Cave will be long remembered." Come again, amigos!

The movie shown at The Rendezvous on Indian Life was produced and presented by **Floyd Sparks**. This was a "pilot showing" of the film made in Hollywood and is part of a new such series being produced by **Mr. Sparks**.

One of our faithful old timers in the Denver Posse, **Clarence S. Jack-**

son, son of the famous photographer-historian **William H. Jackson**, was the author of an interesting editorial item in the September 8th issue of *The Rocky Mountain News*. On that date, September 8, 1888, 72 years ago, **Jackson**, then a lad of twelve years, accompanied his father on the opening of the famous Pike's Peak carriage road. Accompanying the article was a picture of young **Jackson** taken by his father, showing him in the seat of the first wagon to reach the top. (Any other members of the Denver Posse on the trip?)

Erl H. Ellis, dedicated Round-Up Foreman, announces that he has received word from **Fred B. Hackett**, charter member of the Chicago Corral and long-time Corresponding Member of the Denver Posse, that a number of historical pamphlets are available to members of the Denver organization on a first-come-first-served basis. Among these papers are copies of U. S. Senate Document No. 167 "Acceptance of the Statue of **Marcus Whitman**", presented by State of Washington"; copies of Sioux Indian Prayer used in sun-dance ceremonies; U. S. Senate Document No. 132 relating to acceptance of statue of **Dr. Florence R. Sabin**, presented by State of Colorado, and others. (Write to Mr. Ellis if interested).

The Register of Marks and Brands (Editor of Round-Up) spent two weeks last month in Angoon, Alaska where his son and daughter-in-law teach in a government school located on Admiralty Island. About 500 Indians (members of Tlingit tribe) including children, and a dozen white persons . . . share the island with hundreds of wild dogs and cats . . . bears that roam the road after dark . . . deer which peek in the windows . . . and ravens that are never silent. Plenty of salmon fishing. Long daylight hours permitted colored photography at near midnight, in available light.

FREMONT vs. THE SAN JUANS

By LEROY R. HAFEN



Dr. LeRoy R. Hafen

Dr. Hafen is recognized as one of the leading scholars and writers in the nation on Western Americana. For thirty years he served as State historian of Colorado and during those years edited its Colorado Magazine. He is the author or co-author of some thirty books, many in collaboration with his wife, Ann.

The most recent work of Dr. and Mrs. Hafen is the editing of the 15-volume "Far West and The Rockies" series published by the Arthur H. Clark Co. of Glendale, California.

During the years 1947-1948, Dr. Hafen was visiting professor of American History at the University of Glasgow, Scotland. A Fellow of the Huntington Library 1950-51, and received an Honorary Doctor of Literature degree from the University of Colorado, where he is spending the Summer as a visiting member of the faculty. During academic months Dr. Hafen is professor of Brigham Young University.

Dr. Hafen is a charter member of The Denver Posse, and served as its Sheriff in 1954.

Fremont's Fourth Expedition was one of the tragic events in the history of the West. Being the first effort to survey a railroad route to the Pacific Ocean, it had historic significance.

To understand it, one should see the over-all project, as conceived and promoted by Fremont's father-in-law, Senator Benton of Missouri. Let us, therefore, acquaint ourselves with the "Magnificent Missourian" and his ideas.

Thomas Hart Benton, born in North Carolina in 1782, got off to a

slow and unimpressive start in life. His expulsion from college and his young life in his native state and in Tennessee gave little promise. But in 1815 he moved to St. Louis. As the town rose from village to metropolis, Benton achieved a corresponding increase in stature. In fact, he was to become one of the dominant figures in the political life of the nation. An exponent of Manifest Destiny, he believed its fulfillment rested on the building of a transcontinental railroad to the Pacific; and that St. Louis, his home city, was logical eastern terminus for such a road.

Largely self-educated, Benton devoured the history of ancient empires, and speculated up causes of their rise and affluence. He concluded that commerce brought wealth, and wealth brought civilization. He became convinced that through the centuries, trade with the Indies and Far East had caused the rise of mighty cities and nations. As examples, he pointed to Tyre, Alexandria, Constantinople, Venice, Genoa. He observed that the Portuguese Empire was established in the East Indies, then supplanted by the Dutch Empire, and finally by the English Empire in India.

Columbus, as everybody knows, was seeking a route to the Indies, when the American continents blocked his way. Spain, France, England, long and persistently sought a *strait through* the Americas, but they found none. Then they sought a route by lakes and rivers through the continent, still hoping to get a course to the Indies. America took up the search, and Jefferson sent the famous Lewis and Clark expedition to find a route across.

Benton early wrote and spoke about an "across-America-Course" to the Indies. At first he advocated one by water, up the Missouri and down the Columbia. Then when the rail-

road came, in the early 1830s, he turned from water to rails for the fulfillment of the Columbus dream of reaching the Indies.

As an outstanding member of the Senate of the United States, Benton was in position to push western exploration and a Railroad to the Pacific. In the numerous conventions held to promote such a railroad, Benton was the dynamo of propulsion. In such a meeting at St. Louis, he declared:

"Three and a half centuries ago, the great Columbus . . . departed from Europe to arrive in the East by going West . . . It lies in the hands of the Republic [the United States] to complete the grand design of Columbus by putting Europe and Asia into communication . . . through the heart of our country. Let us give to ships, converted into cars, a continued course . . . Let us build the road upon a great national line which unites Europe and Asia" through America, and adorn it with a "colossal statue of the great Columbus—whose design it accomplishes, hewn from a granite mass of a peak of the Rocky mountains, overlooking the road—pointing with outstretched arm to the western horizon, and saying to the flying passengers, "There is the East; there is India'."

Later, when one of Fremont's reports carried an illustration of Huerfano Butte, down near Walsenburg, Benton hit upon it as the suitable formation, out of which should be carved the heroic figure of Columbus. Such a statue was never made. Finally, when Benton died, his own figure in relief, with arm outstretched, was carved on his monument; and beneath is the inscription—"There lies the East; there is India."

Now, let us turn to the other principal figure in our drama of the Pacific Railroad—John Charles Fremont. Born in Georgia, this youth from the South, was precocious, handsome, daring. After some exploratory



HUERFANO BUTTE

Editor's Photo

Of this famous landmark on the old Santa Fe trail and early routes across the Sangra de Cristo mountains, S. N. Carvalho, artist and photographer with Fremont's fifth expedition once remarked: "An equestrian statue of Col. John C. Fremont should be placed on the summit of Huerfano Butte; his right hand pointing to California, the land he conquered."

work with Nicollet, he went to Washington to help prepare the report. There he met Senator Benton, who took him to his home, and fired him with zeal for the Far West and its destiny. In the Benton house, the dashing 28-year-old lieutenant met the Senator's charming 16-year-old daughter, Jessie. It was love on sight. They were secretly married in October, 1841, despite Benton's objections. The father-in-law soon relented, forgave, and became devotedly attached to Fremont. Benton helped his new son to attain appointments for his first three governmental exploring expeditions, which won Fremont the name of the "Pathfinder." They were all carried through as a leader in the Topographical Engineers.

Then came Fremont's involvement in the Bear Flag Revolution in California and his controversy with General S. W. Kearney (a phase of the Mexican War). Confident of vindication in the ensuing court martial trial, Fremont and Benton, were gravely disappointed when the decision went against them. Though President Polk offered reinstatement to Fremont, the proud explorer declined the offer, feeling that he had been unjustly treated. Fremont thereafter remained detached from the Army until the outbreak of the Civil War, when he

fought on the Union side of the conflict.

It was while smarting under the court martial verdict, and eager to do something daring and dramatic, that the Fourth Expedition was planned. Benton with other St. Louis business men contributed funds to finance a railroad survey over the Senator's favored Central Route. This ran along the 38th parallel, directly west from St. Louis to San Francisco. Here, then, is the setting for the expedition that concerns us tonight.

Late autumn was selected as a starting time to test the practicability in winter of this route as a transcontinental railroad course. Fremont's party, as finally constituted, was comprised of thirty-three men, two-thirds of whom were experienced western travelers, veterans of previous expeditions. From a number of these participants have come diaries, letters, or reminiscences of the journey. These have been reproduced in our recent Volume of the "Far West and the Rockies Series," which Mrs. Hafen and I have edited.

After assembling the necessary equipment and supplies, Fremont and his party sailed from St. Louis to Kansas City, reaching that frontier further trip, by mule caravan, was up the Kansas and its Smoky Hill Fork; then over to and along the Arkansas. Upon reaching Pueblo, Fremont was warned by ex-trappers, of an unusually hard winter ahead, of deep snow and high mountains.

But the explorer had his heart set on the venture. He had crossed the Sierra Nevadas in mid-winter, so why not the San Juans? Besides, he needed a dramatic accomplishment to prove his mettle to the American people, and bring him into public favor.

At Pueblo, Fremont induced the old scout Bill Williams to go along as guide. This 61-year-old mountain man was reputed to know the region better than anyone else available.

The pack train moved up the Arkansas to the Hardscrabble settlement (south of present Florence, Colorado). Here, Fremont obtained 130 bushels of corn, packed in on the mules as reserve rations, and headed into the high country. He crossed the Wet Mountains without difficulty, but in surmounting the Sangre de Cristos five inches of snow and fallen timber slowed his advance. As he descended to the great sand dunes, and skirted these hills in the face of biting sand, the weather turned bitter cold. Benjamin Kern wrote, that from the moustaches of the men, icicles hung down below the chin.

On December 7th they pushed westward across the level, treeless floor of San Luis Valley, to camp on the barren plain with only scrubby greasewood and sage to feed the uncertain fire. The next day, through driving snow, they reached the shelter of trees beside the Rio Grande. Up the river they trudged to the site of present Del Norte.

Fremont had chosen a route up the alluring river valley, near the 38th parallel course that was desired as the direct route for a railroad. Apparently he was heading for a pass known to Antoine Leroux and others of New Mexico, used by them as a summer trail and short path over the San Juan Mountains. This trail turned from the river in the vicinity of present Creede, and followed up Willow Creek to a crossing of the Continental Divide; then descended Cochetopa Creek. This Pass has been variously known as Leroux Pass, Summer Pass, and Pass of the Del Norte. Fremont had chosen this route in preference to the one over lower Cochetopa Pass (farther north) or the route of the Old Spanish Trail along the southern edge of the San Juan Mountains.

No one had ever braved this route in winter, although it is likely that Bill Williams had traveled it in summer. It turns from the Rio Grande up an unpromising side creek and

canyon (Willow Creek). Two other small streams some miles apart and farther east—Alder Creek and Embargo Creek—had some similarities in their appearances.

The party passed Embargo Creek on December 11th, and camped at Alder Creek, which enter the Rio Grande at the South Fork. Apparently Williams decided that this was the place to turn from the river and ascend the mountains. (They were still some fifteen miles short of Willow Creek, and the true route to Summer Pass.)

So, on December 12th, the party ascended Alder Creek and began their climb up the steep mountain. When they found snow was three to four feet deep in the narrow canyon, they took to the side walls, with mules occasionally falling down the steep slope. For the third day's attack on the mountain, the men made mauls from tree limbs and beat a path through the snow. Eight mules died of exhaustion that day.

The next day more snow fell. Through a trail beaten down by the men, most of the weak and starving mules trudged along with their heavy packs. Seven more dropped down and died. The party made but three miles, reaching within a few hundred yards of the summit ridge—a ridge which they incorrectly thought was the continental divide. Next day they pushed on up to the summit, swept clean of snow. Here the wind was so strong, the cold so intense, that man and beast could not endure them. They dropped back to their old camp. By now, most of the corn was gone, and the famished mules were chewing at blankets, ropes, and the pads of the pack saddles. More mules died. Dr. Kern's eyelids froze together and for a time he could see nothing but red. "It was a day that tried the stoutest hearts," he wrote, "and the whole party came very near to total destruction."

On the 17th, they succeeded in beat-

ing a shorter trail over the ridge, and reached timber on the farther side. When Dr. Kern's mule stopped, exhausted in the trail, he pushed the trembling animal with his knees, to urge her forward to the forest shelter, but she fell over, dead! Many other mules, likewise, dropped lifeless in the snow.

Next morning, Fremont looking ahead, saw nothing but piled up mountains. The trail makers, pushing forward, had to return to the same camp, which was in snow four feet deep. Here, at Camp Desolation, on a head branch of Wanamaker Creek, affluent of the Saguache, they were forced by the continuing storm, to remain in camp for six days.

Wrote Dr. Kern in his Diary: "During these days of horror, desolation, despair and almost continued heavy winds, intense cold and snow storms, we lived in camp fluctuating between hope and despair . . . blankets, coats, and one's hair frozen indiscriminately together . . . packing of saddles, manes, and mule tails were eagerly devoured by the starving animals."

The remaining mules, they drove to the scant grass on the wind-swept ridges, but there the ice-laden wind was so fierce the animals could not stand it. With weird cries they would bolt for the shelter of the trees below, only to sink out of sight in the deep fluffy feathers of the drifted snow.

Fremont wrote: "A few days were sufficient to destroy our fine band of mules. They generally kept huddled together, and as they froze, one would be seen to tumble down and the snow would break off and rush down towards the timber until they were stopped by the deep snow, where they were soon hidden by the *pourderie*."

The party now had to admit defeat. Unable to go forward, they must turn back; try to obtain re-enforcements from distant settlements, and save themselves. They mauled a trail back over the divide by a new southeastern route, and down to a new camp-site

in the timber. (This was on a head branch of Embargo Creek, where relics of the camp and high-cut tree stumps were to be found years afterward.)

During the next three days, men in single file followed the deep trench in the snow, relaying the baggage and equipment to the summit, and then down the southern side. With "pots and dinner plates" they scooped out a hole in the six-foot-deep snow and made what they called Camp Hope. Here on Christmas day, with Godey as chief cook, they had their holiday banquet.

As Breckenridge later told it, for publication in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, the menu was: (p. 184)

Bill of Fare. Camp Desolation
December 25, 1848

—
—MENU—

MULE

SOUP

Mule Tail.

FISH

Baked White Mule
Boiled Gray Mule

MEATS

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

DAMNED MULE

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

RELISHES

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

BEVERAGES

Snow, Snow-Water, Water

A rescue party must set out for help. Fremont chose Henry King,

Bill Williams, Crutzfeldt, and Breckenridge, as the party to go. They started on December 26th to work their way on foot down the mountain to the Rio Grande; they should then follow that stream to the first New Mexican settlement.

Meanwhile, the main body began the task of following them, packing on their human backs the extensive baggage and equipment of the expedition. At times they crawled on elbows and knees; at other times, slid with their packs down the icy slopes. The party broke up into messes and made unequal progress.

For New Years Day, the Kern mess had "mince pies of mule meat." The next day Fremont's Mess reached the Rio Grande. Other groups were behind, along embargo Creek. For ten days the men worked at carrying the baggage down to the Rio Grande. Food supplies were now nearly exhausted. The frozen bodies of the dead mules were up on the mountain, covered deep with snow.

When sixteen days had elapsed, and the King party had not returned with help, Fremont concluded that they had been cut off by Indians. It would be tragic folly to wait longer, so he decided to take a small party and himself proceed to New Mexico. On January 1, with four companions he set forth, leaving Vincenthaler in charge of the remaining 24 men.

In the meantime, strange misfortunes had befallen the first rescue party under King. They had made their way slowly down the mountain side and had followed down the Rio Grande. On the third day they ate the last of their food supply—the candles. They had hoped to find game down on the river, but the cold had driven the animals into hiding. The men wrapped their frost-bitten feet in blankets; then roasted and ate their boots. For days they lived on parched leather. Attempting a short cut to avoid a big bend in the river, they found themselves on a barren plain

without shelter, wood for a fire, or food. In those fifteen days, wrote Breckenridge, "were crowded all the agonies of hell." At night they would sit in a circle in a hole in the snow, with feet together and blankets over their heads. With daylight they staggered on, growing weaker each day. Finally King, urging the others to go on, sat down to rest and died. With the leader gone, the morale of

the party disappeared. Apparently, they sustained life by eating part of King's body. Then Breckenridge had the good fortune to kill a deer. The next day, Fremont's party arrived, to find the three survivors "the most miserable objects" they had ever seen.

The experiences of Fremont's rescue party were less tragic. On January 11th, with four companions Fremont had left his camp on the Rio Grande.

They carried their arms, a few provisions, and bedding tied to each man's back. They came on the tracks of an Indian party, and on the fifth day, overtook the natives. From them they obtained an Indian guide and four bony horses. The next day, seeing a tiny spiral of smoke, they came upon the Bill Williams party. Loading the starved men onto the Indian ponies, Fremont proceeded south and reached the first Spanish settlement on Red River on January 20th.



It was "Welcome Home" day for Dr. LeRoy R. Hafen as he stands at entrance of Colorow Cave, where more than one hundred members and guests attended the annual "Rendezvous" of the Denver Passé. —Mazzulla photo.

Horses and supplies were hurriedly assembled, with the help of Gen. Beale, and Godey set out to rescue his waiting companions up on the Rio Grande. Fremont was induced to recuperate at the home of his friend Kit Carson in Taos.

The *main body* of the Fremont party, left behind under Vincenthaler, had undergone terrible hardships. They were trying to fetch the remain-

ing baggage and equipment to the camp on the river. They still had faith that re-enforcements would arrive. During four days the snow continued to fall and the cold was intense. By this time the food was gone and matters were desperate. On the fifteenth the Frenchmen, Tabeau and Moran, started down the river; they did not survive. The next day all the rest moved forward.

Manuel, the Californian Indian, with frozen feet, begged to be shot. When refused, turned back to the previous camp to die. The other two Indians gathered him a supply of wood, and pushed forward Henry Wise lay down on the ice and died. Next day Carver went out of his mind, raving about food, and wandered away never to be seen again. Quarreling and disagreements developed in camp. Vincenthaler, the designated leader, was in favor of taking the stronger men and pushing ahead with these, leaving the weaker to follow or perish. He now resigned the command and declared that each man must take care of himself. Next day he and the stronger men moved forward, the weaker falling behind. Hubbard gave out and was deserted. Soon Scott dropped out. The two Indian boys, being stronger than the others, or else fearing that they would be killed for food, forged ahead.

About eighteen miles above the mouth of the Conejos River, the Vincenthaler party met Godey, returning with supplies and horses. After help to these survivors, Godey pushed on up the Rio Grande to find the Kern brothers and their companions. These remnants of the expedition were hopelessly stalled in the snow, unable to move farther. Those who were not snowblind went out to hunt, the first day or two. They killed two grouse; and Taplin found part of a dead wolf. Dr. Kern found some bugs; others gathered rosebuds. All was divided scrupulously between the men. They cooked and ate their moccasin soles and lodge skin sack. With their waning energies they managed to gather enough wood to keep the fire going. Andrews lingered a few days and then died. One man suggested that they preserve life by eating those who died; the suggestion was voted down. Rohrer died on the 25th. After two days, when hope of relief was almost gone, Godey rode in with the life-saving supplies.

After providing food for the Kerns Mess, Godey with the New Mexicans and the pack mules of his party, continued up the river to the old camp at the mouth of Embargo Creek. He found the Indian Manuel still alive in a shelter. Picking up Fremont's trunk and some other baggage, Godey returned down the river.

On February 4, Vincenthaler with Martin, Bacon, and Scott arrived safely at the Red River settlement. The rear group rode in on the ninth. Most of the men reached Taos on the eleventh, where they were welcomed by their anxious leader. Ten of Fremont's men had perished in his determined effort to find a railroad route; all of his mules were dead; and most of his equipment was lost. Was Fremont defeated? Yes, by the snow-packed San Juans. But within two days he was heading for California with a new outfit and by a new route, accompanied by most of his men and some fresh recruits. He was taking a Southern route, down the Rio Grande and westward along the Gila River to the Pacific Coast.

Remaining behind, to recuperate in New Mexico, were the three Kern brothers, Bill Williams, and three others who had no heart for further exploring. In the early spring, Dr. Kern and Williams, with Mexican help, returned to the camp on Embargo Creek to recover some of their cached property. While there they ambushed and killed by the Ute Indians, who had recently been chastized by United States troops, and now took this opportunity for revenge.

Thus ended the heroic (or foolhardy) effort to make a winter exploration of the proposed Central Route for a Pacific Railroad.

Ever since the tragic failure, controversy has continued as to responsibility for the disaster. In the contemporary diaries by the participants, there was no criticism of the leader-



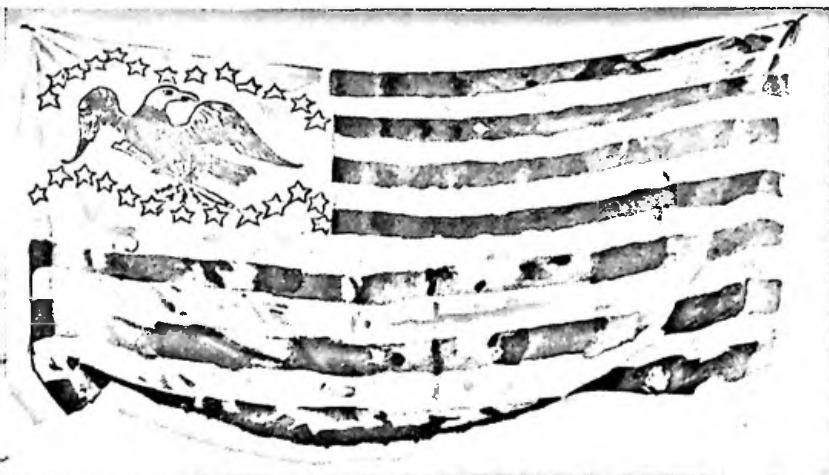
John C. Fremont



Jesse Benton Fremont



Senator Francis H. Benton



Upper left, Col. John Charles Fremont; center, Jesse Benton Fremont (nee Benton), R. Senator Francis H. Benton of Missouri; lower left U.S. Flag carried by Col. Fremont on his Colorado Expedition. (All pictures from: "Memoirs of My Life" Vol. 1, by John Charles Fremont, Belford, Clarke & Co., 1887. Courtesy Colorado State Historical Society.)

ship, nor blame upon Fremont or Bill Williams.

In Fremont's letter from Taos to his wife Jessie, dated January 27, 1849, he writes: "The error of our journey was committed in engaging this man [Bill Williams]. He proved never to have in the least known, or entirely to have forgotten, the whole region of country which we were to

pass. We occupied more than a month in making a journey of a few days, blundering a tortuous way through deep snow which already began to choke up the passes, for which we were obliged to waste time in searching."

The Kern brothers soon became bitter critics of Fremont and defenders of Williams. The various charges

and counter charges are assembled and published in our recent book on Fremont's Fourth Expedition. We cannot quote them or discuss them here. The following conclusions were arrived at from our study:

The decision to attempt a crossing in midwinter, over territory which was largely unknown, was the first and great error in judgment. With the mountain terrain of the Central Route as it is, combined with the severe and continued frigid weather which was encountered, minor variations of route would have been of small consequence; the expedition almost certainly was doomed to failure. The responsibility here, of course, was Fremont's (and his St. Louis backers).

The next controversial question pertains to the route over the San Juans. Whether this course up the Rio Grande was chosen by Fremont alone, or was influenced by Bill Williams or others, appears uncertain. But once embarked upon the route and headed for the Summer, or Leroux Pass, the important matter was selection of the proper place to turn from the river and ascend the mountain at the right. One of the men, T. S. Martin, says that they traveled up the Rio Grande until they "reached a point where Old Bill Williams who was our guide said he had crossed for the past 30 years."

Williams appears to have been confused by the snow, when he directed the party up present Alder Creek instead of Willow Creek (about fifteen miles farther up the river). Hence the expedition followed an impracticable, or impossible, route and did not reach the Continental Divide at all, but a minor divide east of the continental watershed. That mistake appears to be Bill Williams'.

The subsequent difficulties, fail-

ures, and misjudgments that befell the expedition are another matter. After being stalled in the snow and losing all his animals, Fremont faced the problem of whether to send for new supplies and stock, or to retreat. He sent the King Party to New Mexico for help. Its failure to get through spelled disaster. Fremont was so determined to complete his project, that he clung to it after all reasonable hope of success was gone. This caused the death of ten men and almost cost the lives of the entire party. This decision must be charged to Fremont.

Now, the aftermath. Five years later, Fremont—a wiser man—came again to the San Juans, still seeking a railroad route. This time, choosing an earlier season and the lower Cochetopa Pass, he succeeded in surveying the unmappped country.

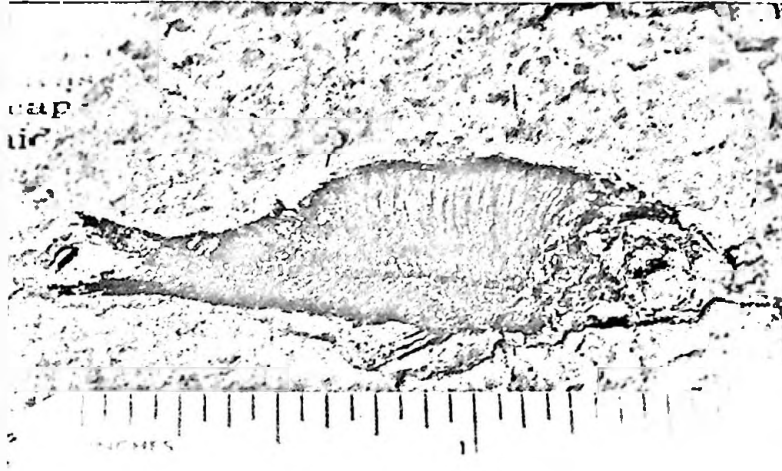
Because three high mountain ranges and the mighty Canyon of the Colorado river lay across the proposed Central Route, it was found to be impracticable for the overland railroad. That road was run, instead, nearly two hundreds miles to the north, across Wyoming plains, and was completed to the Pacific Coast in 1869.

But Fremont's five expeditions were not in vain. They revealed to the nation the geography of unknown regions. He had helped to map the United States.

When the newly formed Republican Party sought a popular leader to become their first candidate for President of the United States in 1856, Fremont the Pathfinder was their choice. He was not elected, but he gained 114 of the 288 electoral votes.

His subsequent career, in the Civil War, was not brilliant. But his later failures could not obliterate his early achievements as the *Pathmaker of the West*.

WYOMING FOSSIL BEDS YIELD RARE ITEMS



FOUND ON HUNT

Upper left: Fossil fish believed to be over 50,000,000 years old; lower left: arrowheads, stone tools and petrified wood. Lower: Mrs. Jo Mazzulla and Mrs. Cosette Henritze showing arrowhead imbedded in buffalo skull.



A late July trip to the Sweetwater country of Wyoming yielded a museum curator's "dream find" to a group of Colorado and Wyoming residents with the finding of a pre-historic fossil bed.

Digging in the shale pits of a one time lake, or pre-historic lake-bottom, the group found scores of old arrowheads and stone tools left by some long-time group of Indians. One rare find was a partially petrified buffalo skull with an arrowhead imbedded in it. The shot gave evidence that it was not fatal since the bone had grown solidly around the pierced opening.

More digging brought to light a great many fossilized fish or rare species in perfect state of preservation.

The trip was headed by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mazzulla, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. James Henritze, all of Denver, Colo., Mr. and Mrs. Albert Costello of Gunnison, Colo., and Phoenix, Ariz., and Dr. and Mrs. Paul McGrew of the University of Wyoming.

THE DOUBLE NATURE OF WILD BILL HICKOK

By GLENN CLAIRMONTE

Mrs. Glenn Clairmonte, author of this paper is a resident of Downey, California. Nationally known for her writings on Western America, her latest published books are "Calamity Was the Name for Jane" and "John Sutter of California."

James Butler Hickok, who was to achieve fame as Wild Bill, was born in a two-story frame cottage at Troy Grove, La Salle County, Illinois, on May 27, 1837. This date is important to students of astrology, for it explains to them the influences which gave him the two-fold personality of a Gemini. Today students of psychology would ignore this aspect and would merely define him as a schizophrenic.

During Jim's childhood his father, William Alonzo Hickok, was an ardent abolitionist. He used his tavern, the Green Mountain House, as a station of the Underground Railroad. Many a dark night the boy accompanied his father in freighting escaped Negro slaves toward the next depot, from where they could be shipped across the border to Canada to try their luck at freedom.

Thus the young Jim had good reason to practice marksmanship. He always hoped that the heavy wagons camouflaged as loads of hay would some night be stopped by federal officers, so that he could exercise his skill with a gun. But his father planned these trips so carefully that they were never intercepted.

Jim was tall for his age and almost girlish in the sweetness of his disposition. He was his mother's favorite child, and his three brothers and two sisters seemed to have no objection to this. Everybody said he had unusually good manners for a boy, and he did all he could to live up to this praise. Just the same, girl-like he longed to be a tomboy, as though there were no such possibility. He

read avidly about desperadoes in the West, and his two heroes were Kit Carson and Jim Bridger. He couldn't be prided from any book that covered their exploits.

He was fifteen years old in 1852 when his father died and the other members of the family took hold of the store business and the tavern. As soon as he could after that (surely in his late teens), Jim stepped out on his own, with his mother's blessing. Of course he went West, determined to squeeze out of life the sort of renown which had fallen to his heroes.

He was not only tall but well upholstered, too. He made an impressive figure because of his good looks. Nothing was known among his neighbors about such a thing as a hermaphrodite, and only admiration was turned toward his fulsome chest and rounded hips and slim waistline, his long curling brown hair and his dreamy gray eyes.

His stature plus his good shooting, added to his gentle handling of horses, won him friends. Although when he arrived in Leavenworth, Kansas, straight from his mother's arms, he was not acquainted with anyone there at all, he was very soon elected constable of Monticello Township.

Jim wrote long and frequent letters to his mother, telling of his adventures in the style of the books he had read at home. He colored everything to make it chime in with his dreams. His mother showed his letters to all her friends, and the local newspaper editor asked permission to print them. After this she encouraged her son to write even more often, and in the home neighborhood he became as much of a hero as Jim Bridger had been for him. His role of letter-writer about marvels came naturally, and he was glad his mother's pride in him expanded when neighbors congratulated her on having such a successful son. No doubt it was at this time that he developed the elo-

quence which later made him tell highly exaggerated tales which he did not expect anyone to believe literally. He embroidered every idea in order to entertain and always earned loud laughter.

Jim had to be quick on his feet to make a living, because the salary of a constable was very little if anything. He was glad of a chance to drive a stage through the Raton Mountains to Santa Fe, and he made friends at every stop-over. Though he was surrounded by profanity, his own unusually grammatical language was admired. In a portrait of his personality it is a big point that nobody felt that his choice of words was an affront to their own uncouth habits. The rough men were as considerate of this youth as they might have been of a lady.

It was during the stage run over the Santa Fe Trail that Jim first played poker, and he was so quick-witted that before long he had attained proficiency in it. Nobody ever accused him of card-sharking, yet he frequently won big stakes (which he lost just as amiably). He had early discovered that straight thinking helped him guess at the cards held by an opponent. Was it quick observation of a raised eyebrow or an almost unnoticeable catching of breath? Perhaps it was even by a sixth sense which his acquiescence invited that he was so often successful at cards.

For a while the men kidded Jim about girls, as though he were of the same mind as they. But soon that particular angle of their conversation was wiped out completely. In fact, presently if anyone mentioned the name of a woman in connection with Jim men rose in wrath and cried, "Say it ain't so!"

In that country, where women were scarce, Jim had become more to certain men than a more masculine type could have been. For this reason quite a bit of indignation was expressed when someone suggested that maybe the half-Choctaw Mary Owen

was serving Jim such good meals because she was his common-law wife. They declared she liked him because he was polite. Indeed, all the women around did what they could to please Jim, because his smile was appealing. Later somebody else asked if Mary Logan, a Sioux, wasn't perhaps married to Jim Indian-fashion. But again his men friends roared with anger.

It is said that Jim was confused with a cousin of his called Bill and as a result was called Bill until that became more his name than Jim. It was not until after the McCandles fray that the adjective Wild was annexed.

In 1858 Bill was in a party that killed some Indians who had attempted to hold up a stage coach, and some say that it was at this time that he first met Will Cody, then an eleven-year-old orphan, eight or nine years younger than Hickok. They met at intervals for the rest of their lives.

In 1859 Hickok was driving a team through the Socorro range when he encountered a cinnamon bear with two cubs. He was found badly clawed by his teammate, Matt Farley, who rushed him to a Santa Fe doctor. Years later when Wild Bill was questioned about this he gave the impression that the bear had been left in a worse condition than he had been found. But that was in line with his witty narrations.

The incident which started Hickok's notoriety occurred when he was an innocent bystander, only a visitor at the Wellman one-room cottage at Rock Springs, Nebraska. He was then stock tender at the Overland Company's Rock Creek mail station, a relay post where twenty-five horses were stabled. For whatever reason David McCandles arrived (and there is disagreement on this point), he did try to enter the hut. Evidently Hickok shot the intruder. McCandles' two companions, who had been waiting outside, came running to see what was happening, and in his fear and excitement Hickok shot them, too.

Within the next few days a preliminary hearing was held before Justice Towle, and no charges were made against either Hickok or Wellman.

Gossip accumulated until it was said that Hickok singlehanded had reduced ten desperadoes.

"Why did he do it?" people asked. "Must have been a woman in the case!"

It is hard for the average person to realize that sometimes there is a man who has no more interest in women than he has in his mother and sisters. A woman known as Kate Shell (and also as Sarah Shull) left town when the stage coach went through that day. Since there had been talk that she was the object of McCandles' affections, someone started the rumor that McCandles had intended to kill Hickok out of jealousy.

Many years later, when Wild Bill was asked to give his version, he satisfied his listeners, as often before, with a gory tale of his own heroism — again not thinking that anybody would accept it as fact. He was simply enjoying his own eloquence as usual.

Hickok was a Union sympathizer, and at one time he rode with Jim Lane's Red Legs. Later he was brigade wagon-master under General John C. Fremont. But he was never a regular, though at times he acted as scout or sharpshooter or spy. No matter what he did, whenever he had a chance to recount his adventures he thrilled his audience. For instance, he claimed to have participated in the Battle of Pea Ridge in early March of 1862, but only as a freelance sharpshooter. He made it sound elegant.

Subsequently he entered the Confederate lines in order to ferret out some information for General Curtis. He even enlisted with the Confederates and had some hair-raising escapes. Once when he was acting as a Confederate recruit he saw Dave Tutt in the line-up so was not sur-

prised a few minutes later to be arrested as a spy. Of course he was sentenced to be shot the following morning, if we are to believe his tale. There is something rather too romantic about the version that he escaped on the stroke of midnight during a freak thunderstorm.

In some such daring adventure he



J. B. "Wild Bill" Hickok
Courtesy Fred & Jo Mezzulla

secured Black Nell, the horse which shared his fame until its death in 1869.

After the close of the war Wild Bill met Dave Tutt unexpectedly; for the first time since they had been together behind the Confederate lines. Wild Bill had been sure that it was on Tutt's betrayal that he had been arrested and now, without realizing that the end of hostilities had changed matters, he shot Tutt to death. He claimed he had done so in self-defense. He was acquitted as he had been earlier on comparable charges.

Next Hickok was engaged to guide

General Sherman's party across the plains from one Indian camp to another and from one fort to another. After that he was Deputy United States Marshal at Fort Riley and made a good record recovering stolen horses and mules and killing anybody who looked like a rustler to him. Soon he turned to scouting against the Indians, and many heroic reports were returned about him.

Wild Bill had met two different women who used the name Calamity Jane for themselves, and therefore when he first met Jane Canary — on the day when she was signing up as a scout under Frank Grouard of Custer's outfit — he told her that he was going to call her Calamity Jane. It was only because her name was Jane and the Calamity handle seemed to suit it. But to the soldiers standing around it seemed to be a sudden inspiration, and they shouted their approbation.

Nobody guessed that from that moment on every report heard about the two other women would be attributed to this Jane Canary, or that for years all clippings from small-town newspapers about anyone by that name would be kept by curators and librarians in the same folder with information about this particular young woman.

After finishing his scouting when the Apaches quieted down, with an uncharacteristic display of initiative Hickok produced a Wild West show in the state of New York. He had assembled some Comanche Indians and a performing monkey and a cinnamon bear (perhaps with rueful thoughts about the bear of the Socorro range). He had also acquired half a dozen buffalo. The whole troupe was shipped to Niagara Falls.

At the opening Hickok announced that the spectators would not be asked to pay the admission fee until they had enjoyed the show. Unfortunately during the performance the buffalo broke through the fence and

started to charge the audience. Amid the scramble toward exits, of course everyone left without paying for their tickets. It was a total financial loss to Hickok. He had to sell the animals in order to buy railroad tickets to transport the Indians back to Kansas City.

Before the train left Niagara Falls, Wild Bill attended a circus such as he had never dreamed of witnessing. The enormity of it excited him. When he saw the circus owner's wife, Agnes Lake Thatcher, performing in white tights and ballet skirt on a bareback horse galloping around the ring, his small-boy wonder rushed to his head.

He went behind the scenes in the big tent in order to have a closer look at this magic creature. He waylaid her in an improvised aisle of ropes and grabbed her hand in a great vise, pumping it furiously and beaming down upon her. It mattered little that she was considerably older than he was, that her hair was dyed black, that her make-up was conspicuous. He felt that he was living in a fairy story to be able to come this close to a famous woman.

It was only slightly annoying to find her husband beside her, for it was only in the sense of appreciation for the fantastic that he admired this woman.

The Thatchers brushed him aside, and he went away with red ears. But he kept thinking of that successful circus (in comparison with his own awkward try), and the star of it continued to fascinate him in retrospect. Naturally, when he read in the newspapers that the circus owner, the husband he had scarcely looked at, had been murdered in a fight, he grasped the excuse to write a letter of condolence.

He was by this time marshal of Hays City, Kansas, and he told Mrs. Thatcher so, after carefully reminding her that he was the man in the ten-gallon hat who had congratulated

her behind the scenes at Niagara Falls. Then he waited for an answer to his letter, beaming at the prospect though he hardly expected to receive that much attention from the wondrous attraction.

It was in Hays City in 1870 that Wild Bill once again met the woman we now know as Calamity Jane. She was young and vital and entirely sure of her own charms. He was bloated with a sense of importance and was becoming more and more high-handed, to say the least. Though many citizens called him the savior of the region because so-called badmen evaporated before him, there were rival gamblers and men with other axes to grind who argued violently against him.

One night Calamity Jane arrived panting at his hut on a low ridge near a ravine. She had accidentally heard three men plotting to come here at once and do away with the marshal, so she had hurried to warn him.

Wild Bill hid her behind a door, and in the darkness he managed to shoot the three attackers as they burst into his hut. Then Jane lighted a kerosene lamp and together she and Wild Bill examined the corpses. She helped him drag them to the ravine and cover them lightly.

Wild Bill first cleaned his gun. Then it occurred to him that this young woman had done him a valuable favor. His manners came back to him. He rose and put his guns aside, going toward Calamity Jane as she was brewing some sage tea at his little kerosene stove, as though she felt right at home. He meant to say "Thank you" to Jane as he might have said it to his mother. Without thinking, he leaned to kiss her on the cheek, for that had been a habitual gesture at home.

To his surprise Calamity Jane flung her arms about him a passionate embrace. At first he was frightened and tried to hang back. But presently he

was blushing with pleasure, telling himself that this was the sort of thing other men enjoyed. He had never expected it to happen to him.

But Jane didn't seem to notice that he was not used to hugging women. She herself was in such a transport of delight that she failed to recognize the reason for his timidity. She thought he was just being gentle.

That is the reason Hickok spent a night with a woman. It was not as peculiar as he had always been afraid it would be, because Jane seemed to know what to do. And he could only laugh with pleasure and pride because she was satisfied with him.

But there was a burden on his conscience when he woke up the next morning. His mother had told him that a man ought not to sleep with a woman unless he was married to her. He said nothing about his guilt, however, because Jane did not show any recriminations. But that day while they were riding together across the plains, they came face to face with two parsons on their way to Abilene.

Suddenly Wild Bill saw a way to make things right. He asked one of the parsons to marry him to Jane, and the world seemed right side up once more after the moment's ceremony beside their horses. He had done the gentlemanly thing.

But that was not the end of Wild Bill's troubles. He did not dare to admit to his men friends that he had married a girl. He was so badly disturbed by fears of their ridicule that he kept Jane out of Hays City for several days, insisting that he ought to take her to Abilene to buy her a ring. After that he still could not face his friends with the news, so he prevailed upon Jane to keep the matter secret. For months after that he was tormented by her insistence that they ought to tell people that they were married. Persuading her to keep quiet was the hardest possible job for a man of his kidney.

Wild Bill was never free from the

fear that somebody would find out the truth. At least he saved his mother from hearing the terrible news by neglecting to mention it in his many letters. And he progressively steeled himself toward Jane as he felt her talons trying to tighten on him. The story-book make-believe pleasure of the first night had not been very strong, anyway, and later his contrary instincts prevented any mitigation of his shame and misery. His conscience hounded him.

Neither Wild Bill nor Jane realized that the lack of connection between them was the cause of their irritation. They quarrelled constantly, and Jane would shriek at him that he was not a good husband. He knew the accusation was true, and he went through strange sufferings.

Early in 1871 Wild Bill received a polite letter from Agnes Lake Thatcher. She was now owner of her husband's circus and was trying to plan a tour of the West. Evidently she had dug up his more-than-a-year-old letter of condolence in order to take the opportunity to contact the marshal in a town where she wanted to open her show. In her letter she made a mention of the possibility.

Wild Bill, so unused to women, failed to see the hint in her words. But their influence reached through to him, for he said at once, "I wish she'd bring her troupe to Hays!" as though it were his own idea.

Realizing that to an Easterner the office of marshal must have a fine sound, Wild Bill lived up to her expectations and wrote her an official invitation to use a big empty lot near the railroad tracks for her tent, making it clear that he would feel honored if she should come to Hays.

Agnes Lake took the cue and arrived with her troupe not long afterward. Wild Bill was in ecstasy at the chance to see this important woman once more. He wrote his mother about her, bragging that she was a

famous actress. He was at the train when she arrived, sweeping his sombrero to the ground in official welcome.

Unfortunately Wild Bill had neglected to tell the town council that he had rendered the invitation, and the council sent the circus manager a \$50 bill for the privilege of holding the show in Hays City.

Agnes Lake again took the womanly attitude. She sent the council's notice to her friend the marshal. The marshal antagonized the council members by threatening to fight them if they opposed the show.

Wild Bill sincerely forgot he was married to Jane, and he made some manly overtures to Agnes in the presence of her employees. She smiled as at a compliment and did not take his gallantry seriously. He was at the station when the troupe moved out of Hays with their paraphernalia, and he waved his ten-gallon hat until the train was out of sight.

About this time Wild Bill's trouble was festering, for his unacknowledged wife was pregnant. He was offered the job of marshal in Abilene at a salary of \$150 a month plus a cut on any fees collected from law-breakers, and he accepted it. But Jane went along with him, to his consternation. He became more and more jittery, afraid his men friends would connect him with Jane, although he did keep her more or less suppressed, and she never divulged anything about their relationship.

One early evening in the dusk, Hickok saw Phil Coe coming toward him. He knew that this partner of Bill Thompson was one of his enemies because he was collecting part of their saloon profits as his rightful fee. His eyesight had been failing, and he could no longer trust himself to see details at several paces. For fear that Coe was carrying a gun he shot first, and Coe keeled over. Then Hickok saw the shadowy figure of another man running toward him,

and in panic he fired again. It so often had happened that he could not be content with one shot but continued because of heat rising to the top of his head.

The second shot in this case killed his friend, Mike Williams, who had been running to his assistance at the sound of his gun.

Wild Bill was completely broken after this. It was not only because he mourned Mike Williams but more especially because he knew he could no longer trust his eyes. This meant that his particular pride, his marksmanship, was forever lost to him. He pretended it was in memory of Mike that he declared he would never shoot another man, but he made this vow as a precaution.

Besides, the town council demanded his resignation. He could not collect his thoughts at all after this humiliation. He could not even think of another way to earn his living.

And there was Jane, pregnant, a millstone around his neck. Not only was he ignorant of how to give comfort and ease to a woman; worse still, he did not know how to take ease from a woman. He almost went crazy with the nervousness his position had brought upon him. He was ridden with fears of exposure, because it was excessively important to him to retain his dignity.

Jane found a job as a cook in a small restaurant, and she sneaked food out to keep him from starving. But his pride was injured, and he resented having to take help from her. He continued to walk about loftily, but he knew that his enemies were pleased at his downfall.

He seemed to have found a solution when Ned Buntline, working up a show called *Scouts of the Plains*, gave Hickok a job with that outfit. When the troupe was in the East Wild Bill was still not able to control his irritation. Buntline, already apprised of the former marshal's unpredictable moods, could not risk having him

around after he broke up an Indian rally by shooting off blank cartridges in a prank. He sent Wild Bill back west in a hurry.

Wild Bill got into new trouble in Evanston, Wyoming, where he was fined his last \$50 for assaulting a sheriff. He drifted to Cheyenne, and there he was ordered out of town as a vagrant. He managed to get back to Abilene, and there was Calamity Jane, able to stake him to meals.

The next opportunity came from his old friend Buffalo Bill Cody who let him join a footlight act to tour the eastern states, provided he would not try any more pranks. Wild Bill promised, but his bad temper got him into trouble again, and he would have killed another man if Texas Jack had not caught his arm and restrained him. Buffalo Bill wanted him to leave but was not willing to pay his fare back. Texas Jack had to raise a purse to send him home.

Before going West again, however, Wild Bill called on Agnes Lake in Rochester, New York. Once again she accepted his remarks as a sign of chivalry, and he left her feeling that he had played a romantic part.

It became imperative that Wild Bill should get Jane out of Abilene before she bore her child. In frenzy he hit upon the idea of taking her to Benson's Landing, Montana, where his cousin Bill lived. He decided to confide in his cousin and ask him to help through Jane's confinement. Therefore he and his wife rode off together, though he did not explain to Jane where he was taking her or why.

They had just about reached the outskirts of Benson's Landing when they had to stop, because the baby was arriving. Wild Bill was in worse terror than ever when he saw the undernourished baby with closed eyes and thought it had been born dead. The ugliness of this untidiness grated on his nerves. Half out of his mind

he galloped away, leaving Jane and the baby. He rushed to his cousin's house alone, firmly believing that he was going to get help.

But his cousin had some friends visiting the family, and everybody welcomed Wild Bill joyously. They seated him at the table and served food such as he had not eaten for weeks. He could not find an opportunity to mention his wife and child. He finally went to bed, and in the morning he felt there was no possible way of explaining. It would be far easier to forget Jane completely, as he had long wished he might do.

From then on his conscience was free, and he took up his life again as the gay bachelor he had always felt himself to be. When he finally heard once more from Agnes Lake he rushed to Cheyenne to meet her. She was retired now, and she had come this far to visit her friend, Mrs. Minnie Wells Moyer, who had once been a trapeze artist in her show.

Wild Bill appeared, elegantly attired in embroidered vest and cape-lined with scarlet silk (sent by his mother who had bought them in a costume shop). He talked handsomely about diamond mines he had discovered a bit to the north. He told his usual tales with their usual decoration, and Agnes Lake began to speculate about him. She was a widow with no longer even a career, and Mrs. Moyer was nudging her: "He's handsome and rich. You're foolish not to take him."

Agnes intimated that she could possibly be persuaded to marry him, and Wild Bill felt this would be the crowning accomplishment in his life of adventure — to marry a famous woman! He believed that she was old enough not to have the passion which that annoyed him in the young Jane, and therefore he envisioned a marriage free of such nonsense.

But he let the conversation drift, for he had no intention of committing bigamy, and there was that

shameful chapter of Calamity Jane in the back of his mind. He did not even know where Jane was. Maybe she was dead (he hoped), but how could he know?

The minister who had married Wild Bill to Jane, that day on the prairie, happened to be in Cheyenne: the Rev. W. F. Warren. At first Wild Bill was too ashamed to face him, but finally decided to ask his advice. He called on Mr. Warren and explained that it had been just a lark that day: "It didn't count!"

Mr. Warren said, "I have felt guilty about marrying you and that girl, because I once saw her intoxicated, when I was in Omaha. That made me realize that she was not the sort of girl you should have married."

Warren did not know that he had encountered Jane on her very first drunk and that she had been seeking solace immediately after having surrendered her baby for adoption.

"If you could possibly get a divorce from her," said Warren, "I could keep it secret, for there would be nothing wrong about that."

By good fortune Wild Bill was in a saloon in Cheyenne when the crowd of men exclaimed at the entrance of Calamity Jane. From the other end of the bar Wild Bill could not have seen her, but he recognized her raucous voice as she answered the boisterous greetings. At first he was afraid that she would denounce him before everybody for having deserted her.

But she merely said, "How're yo', pard?" and left the place.

Wild Bill slipped out also and rode after her. This was his only chance, for she might disappear again, and then he would lose his chance for a rich marriage. He was not surprised that Jane made the interview in the dark as easy as possible for him. She did insist on showing him a snapshot of the baby, to his annoyance, but he lighted a match and leaned over it. Of course he could not see it.

Wild Bill was glad when she agreed to make an attempt to get some sort of a divorce so that Mr. Warren could marry him to Agnes. After that Wild Bill saw Jane several times, no more alarmed about her, and he talked to her as confidently as though she were his mother.

When Jane had secured some legal-looking paper with the help of the man who had adopted her baby, Wild Bill took it to Mr. Warren at once. Perhaps Mr. Warren's sense of legality was dim, or perhaps he was merely willing to salve his own conscience. At any rate, he accepted the dubious paper as enough reason to disregard Wild Bill's first marriage.

On March 5, 1876, at the home of Mrs. Moyer, the Rev. W. F. Warren married James Butler Hickok to Agnes Lake Thatcher. The groom was wearing a black frock coat and high silk hat which his mother had sent from Illinois, and he was sure that he would be a rich man the moment the ceremony was performed. He did not guess that the bride was sure that she would be a rich woman the moment the ceremony was performed.

The beaming couple boarded a train for Cincinnati, to visit the bride's daughter, Mrs. Gilbert S. Robinson. As soon as they arrived there Wild Bill had to admit that he had spent his last bit of money on the courtship. It can be taken for granted that he made this confession with his habitual dignity and eloquent promises of all he would do in the future. Assuredly he had every expectation that Agnes would smooth away his worries, as his mother and Jane had both done before this.

However, by this time Agnes had no illusions about Wild Bill as a lover. She found herself married to a dud, financial and otherwise. Therefore she insisted that he leave her with her daughter until he could cash in on his diamond mines.

Wild Bill had to borrow money

from her in order to get back to Cheyenne, and he swore that he would soon make his fortune and send for her. He promised that soon he would build for her the grandest house any woman had ever seen.

In Cheyenne he began playing poker again and made enough to live on. He was planning to go to Deadwood, in the Dakotas, where gold had recently been discovered on an Indian reservation. The government was sending soldiers into the region, ostensibly to protect white men but actually to get rid of the Indians. Hundreds of men were rushing there to make their fortunes. Wild Bill knew that where gold dust was cheap there would be handsome winnings for him.

He was completely shaken over his failure with Agnes, for he had believed with small-boy wonder that the fancy wedding would be the Open Sesame to grandeur. And the mystery of sex haunted him.

He was in a sorrowful mood when he met Calamity Jane on the street. He hoped she would not ask where his wife was, and she didn't. But he explained in a grand manner that he wanted to make his fortune before sending for Agnes. Jane understood more than he did about Agnes' disappointment, and she looked at him compassionately.

In sudden realization that Jane had been a good friend to him, Hickok made her a present of some money so that she could replace her horse which had been shot in an Indian battle.

Then he liked her better than ever. There was no longer fear that she would embrace him, and therefore he could look upon her frankly. He even, in a burst of generosity, asked her to go to Deadwood with him — and Colorado Charley Utter.

By now Calamity Jane had learned that Wild Bill's main affections turned toward the men who admired him, so she carefully thought over

this invitation. She had suffered at his wanting to marry Agnes even though she had known there was nothing to be jealous about in that quarter. Now, however, she knew that he was more than a friend to the curly-haired Colorado Charley. Nevertheless, she wanted to go along in any capacity, for she never did pretend to have been cured of her love for Wild Bill.

He said, "I'm going to Deadwood to make money so that I can send for Agnes."

But his pretense that Agnes had not permanently dismissed him had worn pretty thin.

This is how it happened that when Wild Bill rode into Deadwood he was accompanied by Colorado Charley and Bloody Dick Seymour and Calamity Jane. As they came within sight of the Gulch Wild Bill felt a presentiment that he would not get out of there alive. Fondly enough Colorado Charley joshed him out of his depression. Then, too, the loud welcome from his friends in the Gulch helped to dispel his unhappy hunch. He took up residence in a tent and leanto with Charley, presumably contented.

He began his poker operations in Carl Mann's saloon. He knew he could pay his expenses in this way. Besides, he had hopes of being appointed marshal in this new town. But some of the gamblers who realized he was beginning to share their take had other ideas.

Wherever Wild Bill rode these days he had a rifle slung ahead of the right stirrup, shotgun swinging on his left by a thong over the saddlehorn, bowie knife in a belt sheath at his hip. He meant to be ready if anybody attacked him, for he was

still not at all sure that he would ever get out of the Gulch alive.

Then suddenly the news of Custer's Last Stand reached Deadwood. The worst of it was that Wild Bill received a delayed telegram from Custer asking him to go along as a scout. The thought that he would have been wiped out with the rest of the outfit, if the telegram had reached him in time, made him suppose that his hunch on the hillside had been related to this possibility. So he relaxed.

However, several of his enemies had already engaged a young man from Louisville, who called himself Jack McCall, to rub him out. They promised McCall \$300 and a clean getaway and reminded him that he could henceforth boast of having killed the famous sharpshooter.

The ambitious young stranger got behind Wild Bill while he was playing poker the afternoon of August 2, 1876, and shot him. Much has been said about the fact that this was the only time Wild Bill ever sat with his back away from a wall; even more has been said about the cards in his hand as he buckled over.

But Wild Bill was dead, no matter what the circumstances. Colorado Charley took possession of the body and held a big funeral as a widow might have done. Calamity Jane hid her grief and stayed out of the picture as Wild Bill would have wanted her to do. She merely mourned him until her own death twenty-seven years later. Agnes made no comment about her new widowhood.

Mrs. Polly Hickok of Illinois induced the people of Troy Grove to collect \$10,000 for a monument to her heroic son.



Westerner's Bookshelf



THE SURVEYOR by Truman Nelson. Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1960. \$5.95.

Centerpiece of a trilogy, this new novel tells the story of John Brown, the surveyor, and his efforts to further the cause of freedom for negroes and the establishment of a "free Kansas." The first novel was "The Sin of the Prophet" and the third will deal with Brown at Harper's Ferry and Brown's death.

The conflict between the Missouri "Ruffians" and abolitionists is the setting in which John Brown and his six sons play their parts. Many, many hours of historical research have gone into the 667 pages of this novel and the thoughts and remarks of John Brown and his sons fit into the story as if the author had been on the spot to record them. These revelations of the Browns slow the action of the book, but give substance to the story.

Since Kansas furnished many of Colorado's citizens, the historical background of this book helps explain some of the history of our own state.

The end pages are maps showing the routes, forts, and camps of the Missourian invaders, and the roads, creeks, claims and settlements involved in "Old Brown's Battleground."

THE SURVEYOR is a book worth reading.
Don. L. Griswold, PM

THE ROUNDERS, by Max Evans. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1960. 153 pages. \$3.50.

A TIME FOR VIOLENCE, by Noel M. Loomis. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1960. 224 pages. \$2.95.

THE JUDAS GUN, by Wayne D. Overholser. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1960. 148 pages. \$2.95.

Listed above are three Western novels, each written by a skilled, experienced, successful writer, all recently published by the venerable Macmillan Company, all thrilling reading-matter, all destined (no doubt) for success as hard-covers and for long life as paper-backs. If you like Western fiction, I hope you'll buy and enjoy these *opera*. But, to me there are few things more tiresome than *reviews* of Western novels, and I don't propose to write another such review unless a hitherto-unpublished work of Eugene Manlove shows up. In my opinion the book-review sections of publications of such societies as The Westerners (devoted to the preservation and propagation of the history of the American West) should give their space exclusively to discussions of non-fiction books.

John J. Lipsey, PM.

FOLLOWING THE INDIAN WARS, by Oliver Knight, (University of Oklahoma

Press, 348 pgs., \$5.95)

Historians and military men have had their say about the Indian wars which lasted from 1866 to 1891. Now what the newspaper correspondents, who took their field with the troops, had to say, is revealed by Oliver Knight. His account is confined to accredited newspaper correspondents who reported various campaigns of the United States Army against hostile Indians in the trans-Mississippi West between 1866 and 1891 and he defines an accredited correspondent of the day as one representing a given newspaper on assignment.

Until recent years the newspaper was much more impersonal than it is now and seldom was the identity of a reporter disclosed through by-line or initials at the end of the story, which makes it difficult at this date to identify the work of the various writers assigned as war correspondents. When it came to identifying a given story as having been written by a certain reporter, Mr. Knight was often forced to resort to association—that is, a given reporter is known to have represented a certain newspaper on a given campaign, and in the absence of evidence to the contrary, all stories in that newspaper from that campaign were assumed to have been written by that correspondent. There was, of course, no problem when newspapers used signed stories; however, only the Chicago Times followed that practice consistently.

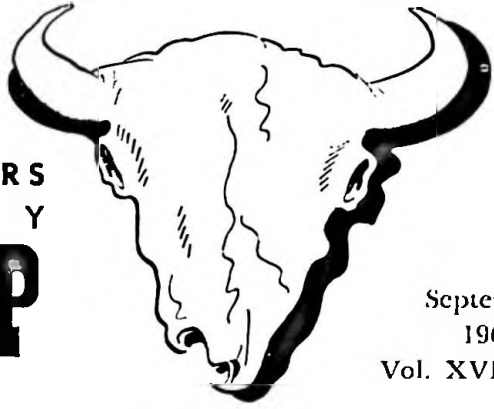
Here are the historical facts about Indian fights; first-hand impressions of correspondents who participated in the battles and skirmishes; the conditions under which they lived and worked; the atmosphere, the attitudes, the habits, the dress, the food, and the daily routine of officers and men in the field. To read the book is like going along on one of these expeditions to see what was happening, to assess the relative skill of commanders and their troops, and to share both the dangers and the relaxations of military life on the vast frontier beyond the Mississippi.

Here, too, are the impressions of these correspondents, somewhat slanted at times, somewhat prejudiced at others, but if they were uninhibited in their writings, they did know that the fighting was all about for they were in it and experienced from day to day what the military were experiencing.

FOLLOWING THE INDIAN WARS cover the twelve major campaigns of the period, ranging from the Southern Plains to the Sioux country, and from Colorado to California, involving Kiowa, Comanche, Sioux, Modoc, Ute, Cheyenne, Apache, Ban-nock, Nez Perce and other war-like tribes.

A worthy addition to any Western American library.
Armand W. Reeder.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



September
1960
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Old Baca House in Trinidad, Colo. Now part of that city's Pioneer Museum project. (Photo by A. R. Mitchell.)

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OCTOBER MEETING

**"EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARY
OF JOHN LAWRENCE"**

By **ROBERT B. CORMACK**

Wednesday, October 26, 1960

Denver Press Club, 6:30 P.M.

John Lawrence . . . an early settler in the San Luis Valley . . . a friend of Otto Mears . . . Chief Ouray . . . Lafayette Head . . . and many other personalities of that part of Colorado in the early days . . . was an avid diarist. Starting in 1867 . . . he rarely missed a day making an entry of the events around him. Robt. Cormack . . . Posse Member, has secured a copy of this diary and will give us some of the more interesting and spicy days doings from it.

FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

A new type of TV show will begin in Denver early in October. Name of show is EXPEDITION COLORADO, and will feature a number of historical Colorado events, places and personalities. First in the series will be "The Otto Mears Story" which will be shown October 4th on station KBTB channel 9. Locale will be in the rugged San Juan country. Present plans include the showing of the program every three weeks. Pictures used in COLORADO EXPEDITION are from collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla; script written by Pasquale (Pocky) Marrizino, Rocky Mountain News' columnist. Musical background will be furnished by Tex Ritter, famous movie actor, and his guitar. Make it a habit to tune in on this real "Westerner" program; you'll like it.

Members of the Denver Posse have been busy these past months writing books. Latest from the typewriter of Dr. Nolie Mumey is: "HOOFS to WINGS", the story of the Pony Express. Dr. Mumey has done an enormous amount of research on the Pony

Express story and his book will bring to light some new material. Edition is limited to 200 signed and numbered copies. All but one of these books will be accompanied by a copy of the Holy Bible; same size, with facsimile cover of the book with gold stamped inscription: "Presented by RUSSELL, MAJORS & WADDELL, 1860," which that firm gave to their riders as part of their regular equipment. Dr. Mumey reports that reason for only 199 bibles is that is all the riders that were engaged in the Pony Express service. Here is a real collectors item!

Charles B. Roth, author of "The Buffalo Harvest" two years ago, comes up with another of his incisive character sketches in a book titled "CT." Here is the story of the fabulous "Sage of The Rockies"—Chauncey Thomas, writer, newspaper man, philosopher. Book jacket describes "CT" as being able to range in his discussions from women to guns, science to poetry, outdoor life to predictions of the future; an iconoclast, enraging, difficult, determined, brilliant, and lovable . . . all of which he played with histrionic ability. Many illustrations. Limited to 450 copies. Both of Roth's books named above have been published by SAGE BOOKS.



Members of the Denver Posse has distinguished Western guests at luncheon preceding annual Redeavous at Colorow Cave, August 27th. Reading left to right around the table. N. L. James, Register of Marks and Brands, Fred Rosenstock, former Sheriff, W. Scott Broome, former Deputy Sheriff, Erl H. Ellis, Roundup Foreman, and Charles Ryland, Deputy Sheriff, all of the Denver Posse. Louis A. Holmes, Pres. Nebraska State Historical Society, Dr. Nolie Mumey, Publications Chairman of Denver group, Art Woodward, Altadena, California and Peter Decker of New York City. (Photo Courtesy Fred M. Mazzulla)

Trinidad's Story Told In Baca House Museum

The talk given before the September meeting of the Denver Posse by, E. R. Mitchell, was not a formal presentation. Rather it was an "off-the-cuff" recital from notes, with frequently broken-in questions from the audience, about old Trinidad, its history and some of its more prominent characters and visitors, Billy the Kid, Clay Allison, Black Jack Ketchum, and, to quote the speaker: "Two steets of ladies like Baby Dee Tabor."

But to keep our readers informed we reprint some of the more "formal" history of Trinidad, taken from a brochure recently published by the Colorado State Historical Society.

The Old Baca house and Pioneer Museum are located on Main Street, opposite the Post Office, in downtown Trinidad, Colorado (Las Animas County). Trinidad is on U.S. 85-87, fourteen miles north of Raton Pass, New Mexico, 196 miles south of Denver.

The Baca house itself is a two-story adobe residence built in 1869. From 1870 to the 1920's it was the home of the rancher and freighter, Don Felipe Baca, and his family.

South of the house across the courtyard is a long one-story adobe structure with ten rooms which once housed servants or visiting cattlemen, sheepmen and other travelers. The Pioneer Museum is located in this building.

Exhibits in the Museum tell the story of southern Colorado's part in a vigorous pageant of the Western migration and the coming of the Spanish-speaking people from the south; of the great cow-outfits and other machine ventures once operating in the region; and of the wagon traffic along the Santa Fe Trail which rolled past the door of the Baca House along what is today the main street of Trinidad.

Trinidad is on the northern fringes of what was the old Spanish empire and later that of the Republic of Mexico.

The first traders on their way from St. Louis and the States to New Mexico passed the place where Trinidad now stands.

When William Becknell and four companions in 1821 opened the first trade route to Santa Fe, they came this way over the mountain branch of Santa Fe Trail. Later, past present-day Trinidad, rolled the thousands of canvas-covered wagons bound for Santa Fe and Taos and back to the Missouri River.

From 1869 to the coming of the railroad in 1878, Baca House looked down on this pageant. During those nine years it saw the wagon traffic at its height move past the door.

This mountain branch of the Santa Fe Trail hummed with action in 1846 when General Stephen W. Kearney and Colonel Alexander W. Doniphan with an army of two thousand men passed the sight of Trinidad, carrying the war with Mexico into enemy territory over Raton Pass.



Kit Carson Statue
Trinidad, Colorado

During the American Epic period starting in 1821, the old trail saw the Indian resistance begin and end; saw the free trapper with his beaver pelts, saw the buffalo herds, the freight wagons and the stagecoach come and go. Along this trail rode the famous frontiersmen Kit Carson, Ceran St. Vrain, the Bent Brothers, Uncle Dick

Wooten, back and forth from Bent's Fort to Taos and Santa Fe.

Flowing from the snow-capped mountains through the center of Trinidad is the Purgatorie River, a main tributary of the Arkansas. The Purgatorie has been a witness to great historical developments, from its source high in the Sangre de Cristo mountains to its junction with the Arkansas out on the plains. Indians from prehistoric times to the 1870's camped along its banks.

Origin of its Spanish name—El Rio de las Animas Perdididas en Purgatorie—is lost in the mists of time and folklore, but it may go back as far as the sixteenth century; legend has it that Spanish soldiers once died somewhere along its course without benefit of clergy, hence the name, which means the "River of Lost Souls in Purgatory."

The French form of the river's name, Purgatorie, testifies to the presence in the region of French trappers and traders at least by the middle of the eighteenth century, and the colloquial American derivative of the word

—Picketwire—appeared by the middle of the nineteenth century.

The free trapper and the mountain man knew the stream well. On its banks are many historically famous spots. Lieutenant Zebulon Pike made camp beside it on November 15, 1806, near the Arkansas; Major Stephen H. Long camped in 1820 in "The Valley of the Souls in Purgatorie"; William Bent ranched on the lower Purgatorie and died there; General Kearney's army marched along its edge in 1846 during the War with Mexico, and in the same year John Hatcher settled about twenty miles below the present Trinidad, taking out of the Purgatorie its first irrigation ditch; Tom Boggs settled on the Lower Purgatorie and established the settlement called Boggsville, where Kit Carson lived at the time of his death in 1868.

From 1860's many great ranch outfits ranged and watered along the river. Near its source, in the mountains, thirty-five miles above Trinidad, the settlement of Stonewall was prominent in the land grant troubles of the 1880's.

BEECHER ISLAND BATTLE LAST OF PLAINS INDIAN WARS

The following paper is written by Ralph C. Taylor, news director of the Pueblo Star-Journal and Chieftan and reprinted by permission from a feature column "Colorful Colorado, which appears every Sunday in those newspapers. This series of weekly historical stories are also heard over radio station KCSJ (Pueblo) at 6:30 P.M. every Saturday as a public service program of the Southern Colorado Power Co.

One of the most remarkable battles between Indians and United States troops took place on Colorado soil in 1868, just a year before two decades of warfare and depredation ended with the banishment of the plains tribes to reservations. It has gone down in history as the Battle of Beecher Island, which took its name from Lt. Frederick H. Beecher. He was one of the heroes of the Third United States Infantry who was killed in the extended battle.

The Indians had spent several years stealing and buying firearms and were determined to drive the whites out of their country. They also wanted retribution for the deaths of several hundred Cheyennes and Arapahoes in the Sand Creek Battle. Peace overtures were made occasionally but the young bucks continued to attack settlers, ranchers and freighters. Mail coaches were robbed and destroyed. People were murdered and mutilated, their homes plundered and burned, the livestock stolen. There was no security for anyone on the plains of Eastern Colorado and Western Kansas.

The Indians were successful in fights with soldiers and settlers at Julesburg, Cheyenne Wells and Kiowa

and believed that the goals and success were with them. Settlers along the Smoky Hill, Saline and Solomon valleys appealed to General Phil Sheridan for federal troops to protect them from Indians. Col. George A. Forsyth, who was attached to General Sheridan's staff, was given the assignment of choosing 50 trained scouts to patrol the area along the Colorado-Kansas border.

Accompanied by Lt. Beecher and Surgeon J. H. Mooers, Col. Forsyth and his 50 scouts left Ft. Hays, Kans., on August 29. They saw no trace of Indians until September 16, when they picked up a trail indicating a large number of Indian ponies. That evening they pitched their tents on the Arickaree, or middle fork of the Republican River, at a point 15 miles south of Wray, Colo.

The next morning the trappers were awakened by the whoops of hundreds of Indians on the bluffs on the opposite side of the river. At the head of the band was Roman Nose, notorious leader of the Arapahoes who had escaped from the Sand Creek slaughter. The Indians opened fire on the soldiers. Col. Forsyth ordered his men to seek shelter of an island in the river. It was about two miles long and was covered with cottonwoods, scrub edler and small willows. The men dug trenches in the sand with their mess utensils. They also used their dead horses for fortifications. The soldiers formed a wide circle so that they could fight from any direction.

The Indians, their bodies smeared with black and yellow war paint, repeatedly attached on horse back and on foot. Chief Roman Nose, naked except for moccasins, loin strap and his headdress, led the furious charges.

ENTRENCHED SOLDIERS REPEL SAVAGES

Early in the battle Col. Forsyth received three wounds, but continued



RALPH C. TAYLOR

Ralph C. Taylor, author of this paper on the Beecher Island Battle, is a native of Colorado, and news director of the Pueblo Star-Journal. His column "Colorful Colorado" is now in its 14th year of publication and includes nearly 700 chapters written for the series.

In writing the column, Taylor reports that during the past 13 years he has spent almost 15,000 hours in reading, interviewing, traveling and writing on the subject of Colorado.

"Colorful Colorado" has won many local, state and national citations because of its faithful adherence to facts. The articles are used in schools, libraries and histories.

Many significant honors also have come to Ralph C. Taylor for his writings on Colorado history, some of which include:

Taylor is regional vice-president of the State Historical Society of Colorado, and headed the coordinating committee that helped establish the El Pueblo Museum.

Many significant honors also have come to Taylor for his writings on Colorado history, some of which include: Award of Merit from Daughters of American Revolution, Sertoma Club Award for promoting community and American Way of Life; Alumni Citizenship Award from University of Colorado; Pueblo Chamber of Commerce Colorful Colorado Award; Man of the Year from Pueblo Jr. Chamber of Commerce; Colorado State Fair Colorful Colorado 75th anniversary pageant award; Pueblo Public Schools historical pageant award; American Association of State and Local History Award of Merit; the Outstanding Service Award from Pueblo County Stockman's Association; and the State Historical Society of Colorado service award.

His paper titled "El Pueblo and its River of Destiny" was published in Vol. 14 of The Denver Brand Book.

"Behind every event there is a dominant personality," say Taylor of his work. "Every happening has some reason or explanation. Personalities and reasons are a part of the glamour, history, romance, opportunities and grandeur that put color into Colorado and these stories will be written far into the future.

to direct his men. The accurate fire of the Americans broke up charge after charge. Several of the soldiers were wounded—one was killed.

In writing about the battle, Forsyth stated, "As Roman Nose dashed gallantly forward and swept into the

open at the head of his superb command he was a very beau ideal of an Indian chief. Mounted on a large clean-limbed chestnut horse, he sat well forward on his barebacked charger, his knees passing under a horse hair lariat that twice loosely encircled the animal's body, his horse's bridle grasped in his left hand, which also was closely wound in its flowing mane, and at the same time clutched his rifle at the guard, the butt of which lay partially open and across the animal's neck, while its barrel, crossing diagonally in front of his body, rested slightly against the hollow of his left arm, leaving his right free to direct the course of his men.

"He was a man over six feet three inches in height, beautifully formed, and save for a crimson silk sash knotted around his waist, and his moccasins on his feet, perfectly naked. His face was hideously painted in alternate lines of red and black, and his head crowned with a magnificent war bonnet, from which, just above his temples and curving slightly forward, stood up two short black buffalo horns, while its ample length of eagles' feathers and herons' plumes trailed wildly on the wind behind him; and as he came swiftly on at the head of his charging warriors, in all his barbaric strength and grandeur, he proudly rode that day the most perfect type of a savage warrior it had been my lot to see.

"He drew his body to its full height and shook his clenched fist defiantly at us; then, throwing back his head and glancing skyward he suddenly struck the palm of hand across his mouth and gave tongue to war cry that I have never heard equalled in power and intensity. Scarcely had its echoes reached the rivers bank when it was caught up by each and every one of the charging warriors with an energy that baffles description, and answered back with blood-curdling

yells of exultation and prospective vengeance by the women and children on the river's bluffs, and by the Indians who lay in ambush around us.

"On they came at a swinging gallop, rending the air with their wild war whoops, each individual warrior in all his bravery of war paint and long braided scalp lock tipped with eagle's feathers, and all stark naked but for their cartridge belts and moccasins, keeping in line perfectly, with a front of about 60 men, all riding bareback, with only a loose lariat about their horses' bodies, about a yard apart, and with a depth of six or seven ranks, forming together a compact body of massive fighting strength and of almost resistless weight."

The charge drew heavy fire from the soldiers, and after half a dozen volleys the Indians broke rank and retreated. Indians who had crawled within firing distance of the troops, succeeded in killing two soldiers and wounding several others.

ROMAN NOSE KILLED IN GALLANT ATTACK

Gallant Roman Nose did not retreat—he had been killed. After their withdrawal the Arapahoes became disconcerted about the death of their chief. They rode around wildly and aimlessly; the medicine men and squaws wailed over the death of Roman Nose.

During the day the Indians organized other attacks, but each time the withering fire of the entrenched soldiers drove them back—and with more losses.

Near sundown an Indian bullet struck Lt. Beecher, Forsyth wrote, "Lt. Beecher rose from his rifle pit, and leaning on his rifle, half staggered, half dragged himself to where I lay, and calmly lying down by my side with his face turned downward on his arm, said quietly and simply, 'I have my death wound, I am shot in the side and dying.'

"'Oh no, Beecher—It can't be as bad as that,'" Forsyth said.

"'Yes, Good night,' and then he immediately sank into half consciousness. In a few moments I heard him murmur, 'My poor mother,' and then he soon grew slightly delirious and at times I could hear him talking in a semi-conscious manner about the fight; but he was never again fully conscious, and at sunset his life went out. And thus perished one of the best and bravest officers in the United States Army."



Chief Roman Nose
(Courtesy State Hist. Society)

While examining the wounds of Forsyth and Beecher, Surgeon Mooers was wounded and died the next day.

After nightfall, two of the scouts, Jack Stilwell and Pierre Trudeau, volunteered to attempt to reach Ft. Wallace to get help for the besieged men. They dressed in Indian clothing to avoid being intercepted by the Indian lookouts. The pair escaped from the island and eluded the Indians, but the beleaguered scouts had no way of knowing what success they had met—or whether they had been killed by redskins.

The second day the Indians made several attempts to dislodge the soldiers, but each effort cost them several braves. Finally it was decided to starve the soldiers to death. The

days passed and the food supply was exhausted. The soldiers cut meat from the carcasses of their dead horses. The animals had been dead several days in the hot September sun and the flesh was putrid. They had no salt. To make the meat seem a bit more palatable, the men sprinkled it with gunpowder.

The troops buried the horses in the sand to retard decay of their meat supply. Fortunately the men had only to dig a few inches below their trenches to get ample water from the river's underflow.

When three days had passed with no reinforcements, the soldiers believed the two scouts had been killed. They sent two more men to seek help, but they failed to get through the watchful Indians.

The days passed. The Indians made token charges, but seemed satisfied to wait until the troopers died of starvation or surrendered.

CAVALRYMEN SAVE STARVING TROOPS

The morning of the ninth day the Indians made a quick sortie and then withdrew. Apparently they saw the approaching United States cavalrymen. The two scouts had reached Ft. Wallace, but it had taken what seemed like an eternity for the cavalry to cross the plains. Trudeau returned with the reinforcements, but Stilwell had been detained in the forts' hospital with an infected foot. His shoes worn through, he had stepped on cactus thorns.

It was a joyous occasion for the soldiers on Beecher Island. They gulped hot, wholesome food and wounded received care.

In the nine-day battle, only five soldiers had been killed, including Mooers and Beecher. Another died later from his wounds. Seventeen were injured, but recovered, including Col. Forsyth. He lived to become a distinguished soldier.

The soldiers who died in the battle were buried on the island and it was appropriately named for Lt. Beecher. In 1898 a monument was erected upon the historic island.

In 1935 a cloudburst sent waves of water down the valley. The flood swept away the monument and all markers of the graves. The course of the river was changed by the turbulent waters, the island was destroyed and burial places was lost forever.

The Indians who rode away at the approach of the Ft. Wallace reinforcements never were found. They disbanded and evaded pursuers.

It was the last Indian battle of the plains. Before another year had passed the Araphahoes, Cheyennes, Comanches and Kiowas gave up their range, which extended from the Arkansas River to the Arickarec River. Today this area is known as Prowers, Kiowa, Cheyenne, Kit Carson and Yuma counties.

The Indians were moved to reservations in Indian Country, which later became Oklahoma. Gone forever were fears from Indians on the plains of Colorado—and soon the country was settled with families who established agriculture and built communities.

LOLA MONTEZ, 1818-1861

By NOLIE MUMBY

THE EUROPEAN ENCHANTRESS
WHOSE FAME FILLED THREE
CONTINENTS; THE COUNTESS
OF LANDSFELD, THE UN-
CROWNED QUEEN OF BAVARIA
WHO ATTEMPTED TO CAP-
TURE THE GOLD COAST OF
THE WEST IN THE EARLY
FIFTIES

People from all walks of life were attracted to the West during and after the Gold Rush Era. Some came from abroad with a title, others traveled to entertain, many sought the region to gain a fortune, a few looked for romance, while a number enjoyed the lawless freedom that existed. Many important people came into the country and were quickly forgotten, while others left an indelible stamp in the archives of the nation.

One of the latter group was a woman whose beauty, temper, and reputation created such a furor during the hectic 1850's that she became a legend in the history of California and Nevada. She enamoured kings, musicians, writers, and men of letters. Her glamour upset a kingdom,

which brought on a revolution, followed by bloodshed and hard times. Among her many admirers were King Fredrick of Prussia, Nicholas I of Russia, King Ludwig of Bavaria, Alexander Dumas the writer, Franz Liszt the Hungarian composer, and many others who were attracted by her physical beauty and charm.

This unusual celebrity, with her black Spanish eyes and dark hair hanging in ringlets down the side of her back, was a perfect beauty. Born in Ireland of an Irish father, Edward Gilbert, and a mother of Spanish descent, a Miss Oliver, she was christened Maria Dolores Eliza Rosanna.

Her father, a subaltern in the army, moved his family to India, where he died of cholera in 1824. Dolores was six years of age at the time. Her mother soon married Captain John Craigie.

The child, who had been running wild in the army camp, was sent off to Scotland at the age of eight for an education. It was ten years before she saw her mother again. The latter decided to visit her daughter, and found she had grown into a beautiful

young woman, who was in Bath getting the finishing touches on her education. Her mother, who had made a match with a man many years older than Dolores, was accompanied on her visit by a young man, Lt. Thomas James, who ran errands and attended to all the details of her visit.

The beauty of Dolores was beyond all her mother's hopes or expectations. She showered her with expensive hats and dresses completing a bountiful wardrobe. Dolores objected to the spending of so much money on her, and asked her mother why she was doing all this. The mother was evasive, but the obliging Lieutenant James told her the truth. She was to be married to a rich, gouty, old judge, sixty years of age.

Dolores refused to be pushed into that marriage, and eloped with the attractive young lieutenant. They went to his relatives in Ireland. His sister interceded with Dolores' mother until she consented to the marriage which took place on July 23, 1837. In later life, Dolores made the cryptic remark:

"Runaway marriages are like runaway horses, they end in a smash up."

She had a few happy years with Lt. James, and enjoyed the social life with the army in Calcutta, where he had been sent. In that fashionable city she was an acknowledged beauty and attracted many admirers. Her husband accused her of misconduct and filed for a divorce; he then eloped with the wife of a fellow officer.

As an escape from the shock of a broken marriage, Dolores turned to the stage. She came under the tutelage of Fanny Kelly, a gifted actress, and then studied dancing under a Spanish teacher. After this she assumed the name of LOLA MONTEZ.

She acquired a foreign accent and applied for an audition at Her Majesty's Theatre in London. The manager was impressed and gave her a

billing. On the opening night, Lola appeared as a beautiful lovely figure with graceful movements, her dark eyes flashing with excitement. She began her dance; her feet and ankles were faultless, and she swept around the stage with her graceful body swaying like some wild flower in the wind. She was the perfection of a Spanish dancer, bewitching her audience which was filled with royalty. She was cheered and applauded by the multitude until she was recognized by one Lord Ranelagh, who at one time had been snubbed by her when she refused his attentions. He and those around him in his box started hissing. As a result of this deliberate action, the London stage was closed to her.

This defeat gave Lola a determination to aim higher not lower. She would not allow it to end her career at any cost. Courageous and determined, she sang in the streets of Brussels from sheer hunger. She met a man of German extraction, who had a great deal of influence. He was attracted to her and obtained an engagement at the opera in Warsaw. She was again hissed off the stage.

She left Poland and went to Russia, where Nicholas I showed her a great deal of attention. She was fitted to bring happiness and love to men, and had a capacity for power and passion which she exploited.

Lola was extremely beautiful at the age of twenty-six. She had learned to detect the weakest side of men and appeal to them through passion. Her stage career in Russia was short, for she failed in her efforts as an actress in St. Petersburg.

She met a wealthy Andalusian and had a secret love affair with him, according to rumor. Lola drifted from one capital to another, charming everyone she met, but having little success on the stage. In 1844, she appeared in an opera in Paris, where her beauty hypnotized the audience.



LOLA MONTEZ

(Photo from original oil painting owned by author)

She was truly an enchantress with a multiple personality.

Lola traveled to Dresden where she met Franz Liszt, the great Hungarian composer. His artistic nature drew him to the charming woman, and she surrendered to him as a beautiful tigress. To her, Liszt was a great man with an artistic soul. Their love was secret and sacred, but rumor was rampant that he was enthralled by her. They traveled together to Paris in 1844. After a few weeks in the French capital, Liszt departed, and they never met again. Lola turned from love to religion. She returned to England in 1848, but failed to get a theatrical engagement.

Alexander Dumas was smitten by her beauty and fell in love with her at the zenith of his fame. She also

had the happy faculty of meeting various men of the press and turning her charm on them. One of her victims was Monsieur Dujarier, literary editor of *La Presse* in Paris. She was in love with him, and they carried on a secret affair until he was killed in a duel.

Lola was hissed off the stage at the Porte - St. - Martin Theatre in Paris; this virtually ended her career as a *danseuse*.

After all the defeats and failures, Lola Montez became full of shameless sentimentality. An ambitious woman who had the power to impress men and rule them by their passion, she had little fear of danger. Her five years spent in European capitals convinced her that men admired physical beauty. She hardened under every severe blow.

Prince Henry of Reuss fell in love with her and had her installed in his palace. She became bored with the strict court etiquette and was expelled from the Principality for walking across the Prince's flower beds.

Lola was not discouraged by this unkind act. She aimed higher and went to Bavaria where she enamoured the sixty-year-old King Ludwig, who commanded her to appear at the

court theatre. The King looked down at her bust and asked, "Could such charm be the works of nature?" Lola opened her blouse and dispelled all his doubts. She appeared for the second and last time at the court theatre on October 14, 1846, and was again hissed off the stage.

The King decided to study Spanish under her tutelage. There is no better way to fall in love than to study a language under the guidance of an attractive woman. She loved power and now had the King under her magic spell. She was raised to the title of Countess of Landsfeld, which carried with it an annuity and conveyed valuable property.

Lola Montez, the enchantress, virtually became the uncrowned Queen of Bavaria. She persuaded Ludwig to institute certain reforms which were against the Church. The people of Bavaria raised up in arms. King Ludwig sacrificed his self-respect for her, and a revolution was started. Lola, expelled from the country, went to Switzerland in 1848.

On July 19, 1849, she was married to Cornet Heald, a man of wealth. She was arrested for bigamy, for her divorce had not been made final. She and her husband escaped to Spain where two children were born of this unfortunate marriage. Heald was a man who lacked maturity and they separated.

The many defeats she had suffered from being hissed off the stages of the theatres of Europe made her more determined than ever to show the world that she was a great actress. Lola had exhausted all her charms on the Old World when she met Edward Willis in Paris in 1851. He made her an offer to appear in a musical comedy in a Broadway theatre in New York. The show ran for about a year.

Lola went to Philadelphia and appeared in a Walnut Street theatre; she returned to New York without funds—another failure, but not defeat.

She decided to try California. On the boat she met Patrick Purdy Hull, literary editor of the *San Francisco Whig*, who later figured in her life. Her stage appearance in San Francisco was built up by Hull when she put on a benefit for the fireman's fund and raised some thirty thousand dollars for them. Firemen's hats filled with flowers covered the stage. She and Hull were married; her first husband had died which made her free from any violation of the law. Lola, the Countess and revolutionist, conquered San Francisco by her charm and celebrity rather than by her stage representations.

She appeared in Sacramento, the capital, but was hissed off the stage while doing her famous Spider Dance. In that dance she portrayed a young Andalusian girl who discovered spiders in her petticoats, shaking them out and stomping them to death.

The editor of the Sacramento paper was very unkind in his remarks about her appearance there, and she challenged him to a duel. This was all cleared up by her husband, whom she soon discarded for another admirer. Lola became infatuated with a German medical man, by the name of Adler, who accidentally shot himself, which ended her romance.

She grew tired of love, for she had played too much with its attributes. She moved to a quiet mining camp in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, a place known as Grass Valley. Here she built a modest home, the only one she had ever known. She became a recluse and began to have trouble with all her neighbors. She acquired a menagerie, which consisted of a brown bear, a biting, fighting stallion, some baying hounds, and a cursing parrot. She became a village outcast due to her non-conforming ideas of living. Fire swept away the town and her cabin, and Lola left Grass Valley in 1855.

She went to Australia, where she

appeared in her Spider Dance in Sidney. Again she failed to please the audience. She went to Paris, then returned to the United States, and appeared in the Green Street Theatre in Albany.

She quit the stage and went on a lecture tour, but failed to attract any audience. She returned to England, and finally came back to New York—penniless. She was aided by a Mr. Bachman and his wife. She was never unnerved by defeat, and her powers of recuperation were unlimited. She adapted herself to all circumstances, was witty and eloquent in a number of tongues, and was a great supporter of democratic principles.

Lola Montez enchanted all Europe,

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT INTERVENES

by
Philip J. Rasch

In the years following the Civil War, Lincoln County, New Mexico, fell under the domination of L. G. Murphy & Co. On June 26, 1874, Emil Fritz, a partner in the firm, died at his parent's home in Stuttgart, Germany. As part of his estate he left an insurance policy for \$10,000 with his brother, Charles, and his sister, Emilie Scholand, as heirs. The policy was retained by Murphy, who alleged that Fritz owned the firm an amount far in excess of its value. The insurance company, however, raised difficulties about making payment, and a Lincoln lawyer, Alexander A. McSween, was finally retained to go to New York City to investigate the situation. Upon obtaining a settlement, he paid some of the expenses which had been incurred and placed the balance to his personal account in an Illinois bank. He then returned to Lincoln, but on December 18, 1877 again set out for the east, without having made a settlement of his accounts with the heirs.

Allegedly at the instance of James J. Dolan, who had taken over the management of Murphy & Co., Mrs.

toppled a throne, captured men by her physical charm and beauty, but failed to impress the miners in California and Nevada. Lola Montez, the would-be actress with her troubled soul, turned to religion and passed the last year of her life reading the Bible and preparing for death. She succumbed to tuberculosis at the age of forty-three.

The Countess of Landsfeld, Baroness of Rosenthal, Canoness of the Order of St. Theresa was buried by the Episcopalian Church of New York. Over her remains in the Greenwood Cemetery is the following:

"Mrs. Eliza Gilbert
Born 1818, died 1861."



ALEXANDER A. MCSWEEN

Born in, 1844. Married Sue Ellen Homer at Atchinson, Kansas, August 23, 1873. "In 1875 Alex A. McSween arrived at Lincoln. He came here, with his wife, penniless, hauled here in a farmer's wagon, by Martin Sanches, a rancher now living at El Brado. He expressed his intention of making his El Dorado at Lincoln, and he has accomplished his design."—Marion Turner in Las Vegas Gazette, May 4, 1878. (Photo courtesy library of Museum of New Mexico)

Freida Fritz Scholand, sister of Emil Fritz thereupon had him halted at Las Vegas and placed under arrest. In due course he was taken to Mesilla for a hearing before Judge Warren Bristol.¹ The attorney protested that he had made his intention to return to the States public well in advance

of his departure, had left behind him in Lincoln assets more than sufficient to cover all of his debts, and was ready to settle with the administrators of the estate at any time.² The heirs maintained that McSween had actually gone to New York upon private business and pleasure and had then demanded that the estate pay all his expenses; that he had disbursed monies from the estate without authority to do so; that at least one of these disbursements was evidently a fraud; that he had been notified that his services were no longer required, but that he had persistently evaded all attempts to obtain a settlement.³ Judge Bristol placed the defendant under \$8000 bond and remanded him to the April term of court in Lincoln.

All of this was largely tactical maneuvering in a deadly serious struggle for power. In the winter 1877/78 McSween had allied himself with John H. Tunstall, a local merchant and rancher, in an effort to wrest control of Lincoln County from Murphy, Dolan, and their partner, John H. Riley. The duo were backed by, and appear to have been "front men" for John S. Chisum, a cattle baron who desired the County for his range and who had a happy faculty for being elsewhere when trouble was rampant. Once back in Lincoln McSween wasted no time in striking back at his tormentor. One of his first moves was to circulate a petition requesting the removal of Dolan as postmaster. The records of the Post Office Department for this period have been destroyed,⁴ and all that is known of the situation is contained in a published excerpt from a report made to that Department by Special Agent Charles Adams:

The charges contained in the petition are not true in the main, and were gotten up by a man (McSween) to injure Mr. Dolan, the petition being signed by one person in his employ. Since this petition was sent to you, and even before

I could in person visit the office, a gang of robbers and murderers, led by this man McSween, had virtually accomplished the purpose of driving Dolan out of the country, and, under the protection of the military authority at Fort Stanton, N. M., he had tried to discharge his duties. At least a dozen men have been murdered by this gang, all being friends of Dolan, and it was for some time extremely hazardous to travel in that part of New Mexico for any person in sympathy with Dolan or his friends, unless protected by soldiers. The law of Congress has taken this protection from parties needing it, under the posse comitatus clause of the army bill, and in consequence the whole county of Lincoln has virtually been turned over to a gang of cut throats. The civil authorities are powerless, the sheriff himself having been killed by the gang, and Dolan has sold his business and left the country. It is a long story of murder and retaliation, and if it was not that the person recommended (Mr. Walz) is a stranger and may satisfy both parties, I would recommend the discontinuance of the office. Under no circumstances could I recommend this petition of McSween be considered.⁵

Long before the publication of this report McSween had opened an assault on a second front. This time his target was Frederick C. Godfroy,^{6a} was an agent for the Mescalero Apaches and friendly to the Dolan interests. In February, 1878 McSween began a campaign against him. He wrote Secretary of the Interior Carl Schurz, charging that Godfroy sold supplies destined for the Indians to Dolan & Co., with the result that the Apaches were forced to depredate on the citizens. He recommended that Godfroy be removed and that Robert A. Widenmann be appointed in his stead.^{6b} Widenmann,^{6b} the manager of the Tunstall store, also wrote Schurz, alleging that supplies provided for the Indians were sold at the Dolan store, that the firm was furnishing stolen cattle on its Government beef contracts, and was diluting their flour with bran.⁷ To the Presbyterian Board of Missions, McSween com-

plained that Godfroy, a nominee of that Board, hired only Catholics, and was locally known as the "Presbyterian fraud."⁸

Tunstall, a naive young Englishman, injected himself into the fray by writing letters to the newspapers implying that Sheriff William Brady had diverted county tax receipts to the benefit of Dolan & Co. Apparently his charge was completely mendacious, since Territorial Treasurer Antonio Ortiz y Salazar confirmed that Brady's accounts were in order. If so, Tunstall had little time to regret his cavalier handling of the truth. On February 18, 1878 he was killed by a sheriff's posse, allegedly while resisting service of an attachment on his property.⁹

At the April term of the Grand Jury the majority of the members, under Foreman Joseph H. Blazer, signed a report written by Juan B. Patron alleging that the Indians were being systematically robbed by their agent and were forced to steal from and murder the citizens. Godfroy immediately demanded an investigation. Colonel E. C. Watkins, U. S. Indian Inspector, was ordered to report on the situation. The Colonel arrived at the reservation on June 13, 1878 and carefully examined the records of the Agency. In a long letter to his superior, Commissioner E. A. Hayt, he stated that he had found Godfroy was forced to pay exorbitant rent for entirely unsuitable quarters leased from Blazer. He considered the Agency poorly, but observed that the Indians were quiet, well disposed, and very much attached to their agent. He was especially complimentary regarding the school conducted by Godfroy's daughter, Katherine, and evaluated Godfroy's management of the Indians as "eminently successful."¹⁰

Watkins submitted 46 affidavits from witnesses he had interrogated. He commented that he had had a

bit of difficulty getting in touch with McSween, "the head and moving spirit of a Banditti," because the attorney had assumed that the military escort furnished for Watkins' protection by Lieutenant Colonel N. A. M. Dudley, 9th Cavalry, commanding Fort Stanton, was a sheriff's posse and had fled to the mountains.

Dudley, his adjutant, 2nd Lieutenant Samuel S. Pague, 15th Infantry, and Assistant Surgeon David M. Appel¹¹ reported that they had personally visited the Agency and that the Indians were quiet and perfectly satisfied with their condition. Dudley warned that McSween was a dangerous, unreliable man whose reputation as very bad and who could not be believed under oath where his own interests were concerned.¹¹ Even those who had signed the majority report of the Grand Jury admitted that they had no personal knowledge of any depredations by the Indians and had acted largely on the basis of testimony taken from James H. Farmer and Stephen Stanley, both of whom had since left the county. These charges, Watkins concluded, "were manifestly false."

All concerned freely conceded that Godfroy had loaned Government supplies to Dolan & Co., Dr. Blazar, and Pat Coughlin, but contended that this sort of cooperation between agents and traders was a common practice on all reservations, and that the supplies had invariably been returned. They flatly denied that Godfroy had made any personal profit from these exchanges, or that the Indians had suffered in any way as a result of them. The weakness in their argument was that no bookkeeping entries were made of any of these loans, which transactions both "inexcusable and suspicious."

Chisum had presented a claim against the Government for \$47,000 for reimbursement for horses and cattle allegedly stolen by the Apaches.



GOVERNOR SAMUEL BEACH AXTELL

Born near Columbus, Ohio, October 14, 1819. Went to California in 1851. Served three terms as District Attorney of Amador County and two in House of Representatives as a delegate from San Francisco. Appointed Governor of Utah on 1875 and transferred to New Mexico that same year. Removed October 1, 1878. Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of New Mexico, August 1882-May, 1885. Died in Morristown, N. J. August 6, 1891, (photo courtesy library of Museum of New Mexico.)

This claim was also carefully investigated. Jessie J. Evans, whom Watkins characterized as being "a notorious horse thief" but "having the reputation of telling the truth," Andrew Boyle and others made affidavits that McSween had offered to buy cattle without asking questions about their origin, provided only that they did not belong to Chisum, Evans, Frank Baker, Tom Hill, Frank Rivers, Henry Goodman, Sam Blendon, Jerry Blendon, Charles Wilson, Jim McDaniels.^{10b} William Young, Dick Swift, Marion Turner, James Reynolds, and one Teague or Tagne were specifically mentioned as being among those whom Chisum had hired. Watkins' conclusion minced no words:

I think the evidence shows conclusively that in the matter of horse stealing Mr. Chism is far ahead of the Indians and that a balance should be struck in their favor. . . . The testimony shows conclusively that John S. Chism, whose agent and advisor McSween was, systematically robbing the Indians of their horses, through the instrumentality of men whom he hired for the purpose.¹¹

His investigation was cut short by orders assigning him duties in connection with the removal of the Utes and Arapahoes from Cimarron and Abiquiu. He therefore requested Frank Warner Angel, a Special agent of the Department of Justice and of the Department of the Interior, and Lieutenant Colonel Dudley to make an accurate count of the number of Indians on the reservation. Godfroy had been drawing supplies for 1150 Indians. When Angel and Captain Henry Carroll, 9th Cavalry, reported that they had actually counted only 373, Watkins concluded that issues had been made on a false basis and recommended that Godfroy be dismissed at once.¹²

The investigation was continued by Angel, who took a number of additional affidavits which corroborated the statements made to Watkins but which shed little new light on the situation. Angel was inclined to believe that perjury had been committed on both sides. He expressed the opinion that Godfroy "was the best Indian agent that the government had so far as control and care of the Indians are concerned," but regretfully arrived at the conclusion that by reporting a fraudulent number of Indians he had been able to appropriate and sell vast quantities of government property to his personal benefit. In view of the Agents outstanding record in dealing with the Apaches themselves, he recommended that he be permitted to resign.¹³

Godfroy fought vigorously to retain his post. He maintained that he had been innocent of any wrong doing and that he was actually the victim of A. A. McSween, a "notorious Scoundrel," an "unprincipled petty logging lawyer," and leader of the "McSween Cutthroats," who had committed murder at the Agency and had stolen the Government's animals. On a salary of only \$1500, he pleaded, he had not been able to lay up a cent

and his situation was difficult in the extreme.¹⁴ His protestations proved to be in vain. His superiors made no recommendation for clemency in their reviews of his case and on August 2, 1878 President Rutherford B. Hayes suspended the unfortunate Agent from his position.¹⁵ Early in March, 1879 S. H. Russell arrived at South Fork to take charge of the reservation.

Less than a year later Commissioner Hayt himself was summarily dismissed from office. "Hr. Hayt," commented the *New York Tribune*, "has made a few friends and many enemies since he has been in office. As he has judged others harshly so have they judged him."¹⁶ Probably Godfroy felt that he was at least partially vindicated by Hayt's removal.

Vital as this investigation was to Godfroy, it was only an incident in Angel's work. The continued disturbances in Lincoln and Colfax counties had resulted in a deluge of complaints to the Federal Government. With the murder of Tunstall these took on an international aspect, as the British ambassador unceasingly pressed for a full investigation of the killing and for compensation for Tunstall's parents for his death and the destruction of his property. Eventually Angel was sent to examine and report upon the situation.

Little is known of his background and what it does not make it evident why he was selected to carry out this task. Unfortunately, his original instructions cannot be located in the National Archives,¹⁷ but their general tenor is indicated by two of his reports:

Under your instructions I visited New Mexico for the purpose of ascertaining if there was any truth in the repeated complaints made to the Department as to the fraud incompetency and corruption of United States officials . . .

I have investigated charges against two Indian Agents, U. S. District Attorney, Surveyor General, the Governor, the Tun-

stall murder and the cause of the troubles in Lincoln County . . .¹⁹

He had also looked into the matter of the *Una de Gato* grant and the murder of Pierre Buisson.²⁰ That his task was no easy one is seen from his statement that

I was met by every opposition possible by the United States civil officials and every obstacle thrown in my way by them to prevent a full and complete examination—with one exception and that of the surveyor general who not only sought but insisted on a full and thorough examination . . .¹⁸

The private notebook in which Angel recorded his uncensored opinions of the individuals he met on his travels through the Territory is still preserved in the files of the William Henry Smith Memorial Library of Indian Historical Society, and provides the present day reader with fascinating insights into his personal impressions of most of the individuals who played leading roles in the troubles in Lincoln.

Angel arrived in Lincoln itself about the middle of May, 1878 and proceed to collect literally hundreds of pages of testimony. The opening paragraphs of his report on the condition of affairs in that county in effect summarize his findings:

The history of Lincoln County has been one of blood shed from the day of its organization.

These troubles have existed for years with occasional outbreaks, each one being more severe than the other.

L. G. Murphy & Co., had the monopoly of all business in the County; controlled government contracts, and used their power to oppress and grind out all they could from the farmers, and force those who were opposed to them to leave the county.

This has resulted in the formation of two parties, one led by Murphy & Co. and the other by McSween (now dead). Both have done many things contrary to law, both violated the law. McSween, I firmly

believe, acted conscientiously—Murphy & Co. for private gain and revenge.²¹

He went on to recommend that the governor of New Mexico be given assistance in enforcing the law and protecting property, pointing out that the Territory had no militia and the outlaws were in such firm control of the county that it was impossible even to hold court within its boundaries.

In the matter of Tunstall's murder, Angel reached three conclusions:

The cause of Tunstall's death was the enmity of a certain faction in Lincoln County.

Tunstall had been shot in cold blood, not while resisting an officer of the law, by two of the following: William Morton, Jessie Evans, Tom Hill.

The death of Tunstall was not brought about by lawless and corrupt conduct of United States officials.²²

U. S. District Attorney Thomas B. Catron appears to have presented a particularly thorny problem for



THOMAS BENTON CATRON

Born near Lexington, Mo., October 6, 1840. At various times served as Attorney General of the Territory of New Mexico, United States Attorney for New Mexico, member of the New Mexico Legislature, and member of the United States Senate. (Photo courtesy library of the museum of New Mexico.)

Angel, as he continually dissembled and repeatedly sought extensions of a time to enable him "to gather evidence." when the investigator

finally submitted a written "Interrogatory" to him, Catron retorted that the affidavits on which it was based were simply an electioneering ruse on the part of his Democratic opponents. He averred that he could answer every allegation in them perfectly and convince every candid mind that there is no reasonable foundation for the charges if only he were given sufficient time to prepare his answers.^{23, 24} Unfortunately, many of the pertinent records, including the "Interrogatory," the affidavits Catron filed in reply, a number of affidavits executed by McSween supporters, and Angel's first report concerning the charges against Governor Samuel B. Axtell, appear to have disappeared from the files of the National Archives.²⁵ It is, however, a matter of record that Dudley refused to certify to the Attorney General of the United States that certain of the parties who made charges against Catron were unreliable and unprincipled men, on the grounds that the individuals in question were unknown to him. This brought on a furious quarrel between the attorney and the officer he had once defended so successfully, culminating in Catron's threat to volunteer his services to prosecute certain legal charges against Dudley if he were not employed for that purpose.²⁶ It is also a matter of record that Angel concluded that the Una de Gato Grant was a fraud, and that it had been engineered by Catron.²⁷

While Catron temporized, Senator Samuel B. Elkins worked furiously on his behalf in Washington. His efforts proved unavailing. The pressure became too great to be withstood and on October 10, 1878 Catron submitted his resignation to the Department of Justice. His successor, Sidney M. Barnes, took his oath of office on February 4, 1879, with a stern injunction from Attorney General Charles Devens to use his influence to have the murder of Tunstall fully investi-

gated and those implicated punished—an injunction which he signally failed to heed.

Axtell made a very poor impression upon Angel. The latter recorded in his note book that the governor was "Conceited. Egotistical. Easily flattered. Fool unwittingly of the Ring. Goes off 'half cocked.'" In his report he made a detailed analysis of twelve allegations that official in connection with the Colfax County and the Lincoln County troubles. He concluded that

The Governor has taken strictly partisan action in the troubles in Lincoln County.

He had refused to listen to the complaints of the people of that county.

The fact that Dalan's partner, John H. Riley, had loaned him \$1800 in 1876 may have influenced his subsequent action.

He had arbitrarily removed Justice of Peace Wilson.

He had arbitrarily removed Sheriff John Copeland and appointed a Dolan-Riley leader, G. W. Peppin, sheriff.

His actions had increased rather than quieted the Lincoln County troubles.

He had appointed officials "who were supported by the worst outlaws and murderers that the territory could produce."

He had knowingly appointed a bad-man (Peppin) to office.

"He was a tool of designing men, weak and arbitrary in exercising the functions of his office."

There were no substantial facts to show that he was a Mormon.

He had "conspired to murder innocent and law abiding citizens" (Clay Allison and his friends) because "they opposed his wishes and were exerting their influence against him."

"He arbitrarily refused to restore the courts to Colfax County and refused to listen to the petitions of the people of that county for the restoration thereof."¹⁸

Axtel protested that he had gone to Lincoln in person immediately upon receipt of word of the murder of Tunstall, and insisted that the situation there had worsened only because McSween refused to follow his advice



JOHN SIMPSON CHISUM

Born in Madison County, Tennessee, August 15, 1824; died Eureka Springs, Arkansas, December 20, 1884. Buried at Paris, Texas. (Photo courtesy Library of the Museum of New Mexico.)

to act according to law. He contended that Wilson had not in fact ever been a Justice of the Peace, and that Copeland had failed to file the bond required by law, which made it the governor's duty to remove him. Peppin, a respected resident of the county, had been appointed upon the advice of District Attorney William L. Rynerson, and his services had been praiseworthy. His loan from Riley, he averred, had had been repaid in 1876.²⁴ In a later letter Axtell replied to the charges made against him in regard to affairs in Colfax County. He denied that there was any conspiracy to murder Allison, Alleging that it had been planned to use only as much force as was necessary to effect his arrest. So far as the courts were concerned, he had supported their return to the country just as soon as peace and good order had been restored. His defense was summed up in his final paragraph:

Whatever I have done in Colfax and Lincoln counties I have done with a sincere desire to restore order and preserve the public peace. I have never taken any interest whatever in party politics in this territory. I have gone home to Ohio every year to vote and have considered my relation to the people of this territory simply official. My family are not

here nor have I any property here. I repeat again, I am in no way whatever connected with any personal cliques in New Mexico.²⁰

The evidence against him was too damning. Angel advised the Secretary of the Interior that Axtell was "not fit to be entrusted with any power whatever." "It is seldom," he added, "that history states more corruption, fraud, mismanagement, plots and murders, than New Mexico, has been the theatre under the administration of Governor Axtel."¹⁸

This was not the first time the governor had been under heavy fire. In 1877 he had successfully defended himself against charges filed against him with the Secretary of the Interior rising out of his actions in affairs in Colfax County.^{20 31 32} This time he was so fortunate. Angel arrived home on August 24 and settled down to write his reports. Almost immediately, however, he was summoned to Washington to give a verbal account of his findings. Upon hearing what he had to say Secretary Schurz immediately wrote to the president: "I telegraphed you an hour ago about the New Mexico and the St. Louis business. After listening to Mr. Angels verbal report, it became clear to my mind that we ought to make a change in the Governorship of N. M. the sooner the better, and as Gen. Wallace has indicated his willingness to serve, we ought to have him on the spot as speedily as possible."³³ President Hayes concurred in the Secretary's recommendation. On September 4 Schurz sent Wallace an order appointing him governor of the Territory of New Mexico and Axtell's political career was at an end.³⁴

Acknowledgments

The writer is indebted to Miss Alice J. Pickup, Librarian, The Buffalo Historical Society; Rutherford D. Rogers, Chief of the Reference Department, New York Public Library; Mrs. M. K. Cones, Reference

Librarian, Free Public Library of Jersey City, N. J.; Watt P. Marchman, Director, The Hayes Memorial Library, and members of the staff of the National Archives for their assistance in preparation of this paper.

¹⁸Rasch, Philip J., *The Rise of the House of Murphy*. Denver Westerners "Brand Book," XII: 55-84, 1957.

¹⁹Las Cruces "Eco del Rio Grande," January 24, 1878.

²⁰Silver City "The Grant County Herald," February 9, 1878.

²¹Meyer H. Fishbein to P. J. Rasch, December 2, 1957.

²²Santa Fe "Weekly New Mexican," August 3, 1878.

²³Godfrey was born in Monroe, Michigan, on May 15, 1828. He died at Plattsburg Barracks, New York, May 15, 1885. The records of the time frequently refer to him as Major Godfrey, but neither the National Archives nor the Adjutant General of the State of Michigan have any record of an officer by this name.

²⁴Alex A. McSwcen to Carl Schurz, February 11, 1878. In selected Documents Concerning the Investigation of Charges Against F. C. Godfrey, Indian Agent at the Mescalero Apache Agency, New Mexico. Record Group 75 and 48, National Archives.

²⁵Widenmann was born in Georgia on January 24, 1849. He died in Haverstraw, New York, on April 15, 1930.

²⁶Robt. A. Widenmann to C. Schurz, March 11, 1878. Record Group 75 and 48.

²⁷A. A. McSwcen to Lawry (John C. Lawrie) February 25, 1878. Record Group 75 and 48.

²⁸Rasch, Philip J., *Prelude to the Lincoln County War: The Murder of John Henry Tunstall*. Los Angeles Westerners "Brand Book," 7:78-96, 1957.

²⁹E. E. Watkins to Sir (E. A. Hoyt), June 27, 1878. Record Group 75 and 48.

³⁰Appel and Miss Godfrey were married at the Agency on February 13, 1879.

³¹For a brief account of the life of this individual see Philip J. Rasch, *The Chronicle of Jim McDaniels*, "Corral Dust," IV:28 et seq., December, 1959.

³²N. A. M. Dudley to E. C. Watkins, June 20, 1878. Affidavit No. 42 with E. C. Watkins to Sir.

³³E. C. Watkins to E. A. Hoyt, July 14, 1878. Record Group 75 and 48.

³⁴Frank Warner Angel to C. Schurz, October 2, 1878. Records of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Report to Frank W. Angel, October 2, 1878, Concerning F. C. Godfrey, Indian Agent at the Mescalero Apache Agency, New Mexico. Record Group 75.

³⁵F. C. Godfrey to Dear Judge (I. T. Christiancy), September 6, 1878. In Records of the Office of the Secretary of the Interior, Appointment Division, Letter Received. Record Group 48.

³⁶R. B. Hayes to Fred C. Godfrey, August 2, 1878. Records of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Letters Received, New Mexico, 1878, P-678. In National Archives.

³⁷New-York "Tribune," January 30, 1880.

³⁸Marion Johnson, Reference Service Report, June 27, 1955.

³⁹Frank Warner Angel to C. Schurz, In the Matter of the Investigation of the Charges Against S. B. Axtel, Governor of New Mexico. Records of the Office of the Secretary of the Interior, Appointment Division. Letters Received, Territorial Governors New Mexico, 1849-78. Record Group 48.

⁴⁰Frank Warner Angel to Chas. Devens, August 9, 1878. Report in the Matter of the Troubles in Lincoln County, New Mexico. General Records of the Department of Justice, Records Relating to Frank W. Angel. Record Group 60.

⁴¹Rasch, Philip J., *The Gory Case of Pierre*

Buisson. *Los Angeles Westerners "Branding Iron,"* June, 1959, n. p.

¹¹Frank Warner Angel to Charles Devens, October 7, 1878. In the Matter of the Lincoln County Troubles. Record Group 60.

¹²Frank Warner Angel to Charles Devens, undated. In the Matter of the Cause and Circumstances of the Death of John H. Tunstall, a British Subject. Record Group 60.

¹³T. B. Catron to Charles Davens, September 13, 1878. Classified File No. 44-4-8-3. Correspondence relating to the Lincoln County, New Mexico, trouble, (1878-1879). In National Archives.

¹⁴T. B. Catron to F. W. Angel, August 10, 1878. Record Group 60.

¹⁵Bess Glenn to P. J. Rasch, April 24, 1957 and February 5, 1958; Jane F. Smith to P. J. Rasch, February 12, 1958.

¹⁶N. A. M. Dudley to Charles Devens, September 16, 1879. In National Archives. For a brief account of Dudley's life see P. J. Rasch, A Note on N. A. M. Dudley. *Los Angeles Westerners "Brank Book"*, 1949, pp. 207-214.

¹⁷Frank Warner Angel to Charles Devens. In

the Matter of the Uno de Gato Grant. Records of the General Land Office. In National Archives.

¹⁸S. B. Axtell, undated, unaddressed letter to F. W. Angel about August, 1878. Records of the Office of the Secretary of the Interior. In National Archives.

¹⁹S. B. Axtell to F. W. Angel, September 11, 1878. Records of the Office of the Secretary of the Interior.

²⁰W. B. Matchett and M. E. McPherson to the Secretary of the Interior, March, 1877. Record Group 48. Records of the Office of the Secretary of the Interior, Appointments Division. Letters Received Concerning Samuel B. Axtell. In National Archives.

²¹S. B. Axtell to Carl Schurz, May 30, 1877. Record Group 48.

²²Samuel B. Axtell to Carl Schurz, June 14, 1877. Record Group 48.

²³C. Schurz to Mr. President Rutherford B. Hayes, August 31, 1878. In Rutherford B. Hayes Memorial Library.

²⁴Rasch, Philip J. Exit Axtell: Enter Wallace. "New Mexico Historical Review," XXXII:231-245, July, 1957.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Tallyman, **Erl H. Ellis**, has been receiving copies of monthly publications from other Western groups, and passing them on to the Editor of *The Round-Up*. Editor will pass them on to interested Posse Members on a "first asked—first to receive" basis—who are asked to return them for additional circulation. On hand at present time are those on New York City, Chicago, Tucson, Phoenix, and from The English Westerners Society of London, England. Contain some interesting reading.

THE GILA TRAIL: The Texas Argonauts and the California Gold Rush, by Benjamin Butler Harris, edited by Richard H. Dillon. University of Oklahoma Press, 175 pgs., \$4.

Not all of the gold seekers in the California Gold Rush took the Overland trail. The Texans took a southern route known as the Gila Trail, which criss-crossed the entire length of Texas and northern New Mexico, thence through Tubac, Tucson and Yuma and upward through the California country to the gold fields.

Among the travelers who took this route was a young attorney named Benjamin Butler Harris, who joined the fifty-two man Duval party, one of the earliest emigrant parties to head for California from Texas.

Harris's colorful reminiscences of his experiences on the Gila Trail and in the Mother Lode mining camps in 1849-50 are here published for the first time. His ac-

count of the trail and the frenzied activities of the early mining camps, with his intelligent observance of the exciting scenes around him make excellent reading for the Western Americana enthusiast.

New material, too, is included on some of the important early California characters such as Major James D. Savage, Judge Daniel S. Terry and John Joel Glanton.

Armand W. Reeder, PM

SHORT STIRRUPS, the Saga of Doughbelly
Price, 12mo, 205 pages, pictorial chapter headings by Don Louis Perceval (over thirty of them, all outstanding). Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, 1960, \$5.75.

Five feet four, one hundred and twenty pounds, Doughbelly fought for years to overcome his handicap by drinking, fighting, bronc riding and all-around cussedness.

This volume pertains mostly to his early life when he was a bronc rider, steer rider, roper, camp cook, circus hand, patent medicine spieler, even nursemaid to forty mules. A few of his first experiences in bootlegging and observations on jail life are included. His first contact with liquor came at the age of fifteen when he drifted into a saloon and when questioned, declared he was twenty-one, having had the seven-year itch three times. This so amused the bartender that he got the drink, the first of hundreds, usually ending up with picking a fight and being worked over.

Now, having arrived at the age of knowledge, understanding and wisdom in the ways of the world, he is a real estate dealer in Taos, New Mexico, his home for many years, where he operates "Dough Belly's Clip Joint," appealing to the public by flamboyant ad-

vertising and clever quips about the worthlessness of properties he has for sale.

Readable, amusing, but still a chronicle of a hard life, mingled with reminiscences of following the rodeos and horse races in the Southwest, this is a real book about a real personage. Be sure to read it.

PM Carl F. Mathews

JUMBOS AND JACKASSES: A Popular History of the Political Wars, by Edwin P. Hoyt, Jr., Garden City: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1960. 505 pages. \$5.95

JUMBOS AND JACKASSES is a history of United States national politics during the latest 100 years, with stress on national campaigns and elections. It seems to me to be accurate, and it certainly is delightful to read, learned but light-hearted. Its scope is tremendous, and its detail astonishing. It is not a political document, but an unbiased narrative of stirring events. It describes carefully hundreds of actors in political dramas and demonstrates the effects their performances had on national history. It tells the good and the bad, shows the selfishness and sometimes the sacrifices of the performers, the greed and generosity, and often the tragedy and comedy (sometimes mingled). After reading the book through, I am amazed that our country could have become as great and good and powerful as it has after having had among its governing class so many inert, stupid, mercenary and even crooked men. There must have been many more wise and honest leaders than there were foolish and venal. And certainly God has been merciful and kind to us American sinners.

You may think you know a good deal of United States history, but you will probably be surprised to find you have forgotten so much, too, when you have finished reading this book. I was enlightened and amused by this brief and witty but scholarly outline.

The author, Edwin Palmer Hoyt, Jr., is the brilliant and independent son of the Denver *Post's* editor. For some years Hoyt, Jr., was editor and publisher of the Colorado Springs *Free Press*. During this period his paper was the most uncontrolled, uninhibited and sparkling daily Colorado Springs has ever had. Before that time, he had been reporter, editorial writer, and foreign correspondent for various American newspapers. He had occasion to observe and to write about many political conventions and campaigns. After leaving the *Free Press*, he was successively associate editor of *Collier's Weekly*, a producer of documentaries for CBS-TV, and assistant publisher of *American Heritage* magazine. At present he is on the staff of a great New York publishing house.

JUMBOS AND JACKASSES is dedicated to

the author's wife, Olga, his research assistant in preparing the book. Olga Hoyt was also responsible for much of the lively charm of the Colorado Springs *Free Press* when her husband headed the paper.

Hoyt's new book is timely, for it will be helpful in understanding the present presidential campaign, and it will be useful to those who delight in American history long after this campaign is overshadowed by the many campaigns that will follow. The book demonstrates the truth of a familiar French saying: *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. The more it changes, the more it is the same thing.

John J. Lipsey, PM

TULAROSA COUNTRY: Last of the Frontier West, by C. L. Sonnichsen, (DEVIN-ADAIR CO., 336 pgs., \$6.)

"The Tularosa country is a parched desert where everything, from cactus to cowman, carries a weapon of some sort, and the only creatures who sleep with both eyes closed dead.

"In all the sun-scorched and sand-blasted reaches of the Southwest there is no grimmer region. Only the fierce and the rugged can live here—prickly pear and mesquite; rattlesnake and tarantula. True, Texas cattlemen made the cow a native of the region, . . . but she would have voted against the step if she had been asked."

Thus the author begins his book on the Tularosa country, that fascinating section of the Southwest which stretches from El Paso, Texas to Carrizozo, New Mexico. Thirty miles wide and two hundred miles long, it is hemmed in by the San Andres, the Oscuro, the Franklin and the Organ mountains, with vast stretches of rock and desert in between.

Into this last frontier region too violent for the Indian and the conquistador to settle came the Texas cattlemen in the early eighties. Overstock, droughts and die-ups in the Texas country had pushed them West, but the large number of cattle moving into the Tularosa country was also too much for that region. These first Tejanos were a pretty rough lot. The Mexicans called them desperadoes and considered them as dangerous as the Indians. The old fights for water and grass and the rustling started all over again.

The author has recorded all the tumultuous history of those times—the battle of cattle ranchers against rustlers; of desperadoes against lawmen.

Here too, is the story of Col. Albert J. Fountain and the mystery of the White Sands into which he and his little boy Henry disappeared, never to be heard of again. The story of Albert B. Fall, from his start in the Tularosa country to the time he was a member of President Harding's cabinet and

his part in the Teapot Dome scandal which caused his downfall. The story of Oliver Lee, the notorious Good family, Bill McNew and other fearless characters who played both sides of the law. And of course, the story of Pat Garrett whose fame rested mainly on his killing of Billy the Kid and who, in turn, was killed at the hands of the lawless element he had been at odds with all his life.

The authors claims to have spent seventeen years researching documentary sources in gathering the recollections of dozens of men and women of the Tularosa country. He may well have, as the book is a most thorough-going history of the region, one which every lover of Southwestern Americana should have in his library.

ARMAND W. REEDER.

Saguache Museum Honors Old Days

When the women organize and start working on a task they generally finish it!

Such a project saw its efforts rewarded in June 1959 when the Museum at Saguache, Colorado, first opened its doors to visitors.

A Museum Board of Directors, headed by Mrs. Helen S. Gotthelf, whose family name is among the earliest white settlers in that part of the San Luis Valley, was selected as its first chairman.

With energy and enthusiasm the Committee set to work, collecting, begging and borrowing everything they could find in the community, that would tell the story of the Saguache region.

The Museum is located in the old jail building, where the man-eating Alfred Packer was confined in 1874 to await trial for his crimes.

Cell blocks have been left much as they have been over the years; sketches, some religious, others no so, drawn by prisoners, still decorate the walls.

Lifesized figures, dressed in the costumes of early days, stand in the rooms of the Museum, busy at duties of pioneer life.

Early day mining equipment, farm machinery, cooking utensils, Indian artifacts, old pictures of early Colorado personalities, are only a few of the hundreds of items on display.

Saguache placed first in Colorado and was one of five finalists in the national Community Achievement Contest, sponsored by the General Federation of Women and Sears, Roebuck & Co.

Over 4,000 persons visited the Museum at Saguache during the past Summer.

Contributions for Annual Scholarship Award Will Be Welcomed by Committee

Contributions are now being received, from Posse, Reserve and Corresponding Members, and any others who wish to give, for the fourth annual Memorial Scholarship Award by the Denver Westerners. Checks should be sent to Erl Ellis, 730 Equitable Building, Denver.

The Scholarship Award was set up in 1956 as a living memorial to deceased members of the Denver Westerners—Ralph L. Carr, George H. Curfman, Robert Ellison, Edgar C. McMechen, William McLeod Raine, Elmo Scott Watson, John T. Caine III, Eric Douglas and Levette J. Davidson.

The award carries a prize of \$300, for the resident of Colorado between ages 18 and 25 who shows most promise in western study and research, as reflected either in a paper the contestant has written or one he has in process. Full details as to rules may be had from Mr. Ellis.

The winner will be announced at the annual meeting of the Denver Westerners in December. The committee in charge of the award contest consists of Maurice Frink, Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson, Robert L. Perkin and Dr. Harold H. Dunham.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



October
1960
Vol. XVI No. 10



SAGUACHE, COLORADO in 1880s. (Courtesy Colorado State Historical Society)

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NOVEMBER MEETING

"CHRYSOPOLIS: THE STORY OF A COLORADO CITY."

By CHARLES RYLAND

Wednesday, November 23, 1960

6:30 P.M.

Denver Press Club . . . 1344 Glenarm,
Denver, Colo.

Our Deputy Sheriff, Charles Ryland, will tell us about "CHRYSOPOLIS: The story of a Colorado City" . . . which means most of us will start looking over copies of old maps to find its location (Even Grofutt's Grip-Sack doesn't list it . . . at least by that name) Understand the tip-off requires we be scholars of Greek . . . and maybe the Greeks had a name for it. A fine paper with a lot of research behind the talk.

FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

Maurice Frink (PM) writes that **D. Hollowbrest**, a Cheyenne Indian artist, writes and publishes a one-page news sheet entitled *The Birney Arrow*, which chronicles in an interesting way the activities of the residents of the Northern Cheyenne Indian reservation at Lame Deer, Montana. The paper is issued weekly, and is occasionally illustrated with **Mr. Hollowbrest's** drawings. Westerners who might wish to help encourage a young Indian who is trying to do something worth while among his own people, could send a year's subscription price of \$1.50 to **Mr. Hollowbrest** at Birney, Montana.

Leon Snyder, Corresponding Member from Colorado Springs, was an interested attendant at the October meeting. **Mr. Snyder**, is one of the founders of South Park City, near Fairplay, Colo., and announced that during the heated political campaign held there recently he was elected its first Mayor.

New Corresponding Member from Tucumcari, N. M., secured recently by **Paul Harrison (CM)**, is **Herman H. Moncus**. **Mr. Moncus** runs the Elk Rexall Drug Store in that town, and advertises it as *The Museum of the Old West. Welcome—to the Denver Westerners.*

Here is a controversy that students of the Spanish Peak country might not take in their stride. Word comes that **Mr. Jess Price**, one-time editor of the Tucumcari "Daily News," had an article in Vol. 36 of the *New Mexico Magazine* about the "Sentinel of The Plains." He claims in this article that the word "Tucumcari" means "women's breasts," because of the shape of the nearby peak. Some say it is a corruption of an Apache word for 'buffalo chips'; then there is the legend using lover's names, Tokom and Kari.

Two New Books By Posse Members

More honors come to Posse Members of the Denver Westerners for their recently published books.

Arthur H. Carhart, author of twenty-four books, scores of magazine articles, and winner of several national awards for distinguished service to conservation, is enjoying a heavy sale of his newly published, "A Failure That Didn't Happen." This is a book about the Great Plains shelter-belt, a project of the New Deal program of the 1930's. During the time since its starting over two hundred million trees and shrubs were planted on the Western Plains in an effort to build wind-breaks and conserve soil.

Ridiculed as a gigantic waste of money and a failure, it was found, twenty years later, that over seventy percent of the plantings were still standing and fulfilling their purpose. **Carhart**, tells the full story in his new book, one of real interest to all Westerners.

In early November, members of the Colorado Author's League will pay tribute with a testimonial dinner to **Thomas H. Ferril**, the states prize-winning poet. **Ferril's** newest publication, "New and Selected Poems" is just off the press, and will take its place among his other published books, "High Passage," "Westerning," "Trail by Time," and a book of essays, "I Hate Thursday."

Ferril was also winner, earlier this year, of the first \$1,000 national Robert Frost Poetry Award.



Excerpts from the Memorandum of John Lawrence

(First entry—Feb. 28, 1867 — Last entry—Dec. 7, 1907)

By ROBERT A. CORMACK



Robert B. Cormack

Robert B. Cormack was born in Edgewater, Colo. and attended grade school there and Wheatridge High School. He attended University of Southern California and graduated from the University of Denver with degree of Bachelor of Fine Arts; majored in industrial design and art, and with minor in Anthropology and Ethnology. At D.U. he edited the school Annual "Kwnewisbok" in 1936. Has worked in Hollywood, California as designer on many Western pictures and such other famous films as "The Good Earth," "Broadway Melody" and others. At one time he was Art Director of The Denver Dry Goods, Co., and later Promotion Director of the Rocky Mountain News. Is now Industrial Promotion Manager for Jefferson county.

Members of the Denver Posse of Westerners, guests and more especially, you who enjoy the history of the San Luis Valley as I do—tonite I believe we have in store a new find of a wealth of historical material that could give many of us hours of enjoyment and research on the fabulous Valley that has more civilized antiquity than any other part of our state.

The historical material to which I refer is contained in many hundreds of pages from the personal diary of John Lawrence. Mr. Lawrence kept this "memorandum" from February 28, 1867 through December 7, 1907—40 years of pioneering and development of the San Luis Valley. Mr. Lawrence missed very few days of entries — and when traveling away from his homestead, two and one half miles Northwest of Sagnache, Colo-

rado—saw to it that others kept up his running "day-by-day" diary.

In his well kept diary Lawrence tells many of the facets of Western American life and the developments of progress that today we take for granted . . . Women suffrage, Frontier medicine, epidemic control, range wars between the sheepmen and cattlemen. This is John Lawrence—"Founder of Saguache County."

The original diary was written in English and Spanish and has been transcribed into typewritten pages from the original handwriting. The spelling and punctuation of the original as well as Spanish names have been retained wherever possible. A close personal friend of mine uncovered the diary and through his efforts I have been able to study it and consequently bring you tonite a few excerpts from its very interesting pages.

John Lawrence, the author of the diary being discussed here, was in the employ of one James B. Woodson when the Civil War ended Woodson under contract to the United States Government built the Sutlers store at Fort Garland. Lawrence and Woodson homesteaded adjoining each other's claim and were life long friends, and later business partners. Lawrence, in fact married Mrs. Woodson and thus in 1895 combined both of the accumulated pioneer fortunes.

But let's see what John Lawrence wrote in his diary December 13th through the 15th in 1894, the day of Woodson's death. Dec. 13—"Woodson died this morning at one o'clock & 30 minuits. all breathing was exceedingly loud & hard, and for the last three hours his heart run at an exceedingly fast gate, but when the paraletic stroke finally overcom the heart, all

ceased instantaneously, and in an instant, almost, all was over. He never became conscious from the time he became unconscious on the night of Thanksgiving day, till he died. He appeared during all those 14 days to be governed by fanciful Halucinations that kept up an enormous strength & activity, and would not eat or drink—only a little water—except a little that was almost forced onto him, so that he became exceedingly emaciated—almost a skeleton. Friends were present when he dies. Weather extraordinary nice. I write to Roman Vigil & others.

Dec. 14—Quite a large number of people came to see the corpse yesterday & last night. We buried him today about 11-30 A.M. There was a middling large funeral, and there was a very sutable service held here at the house by Rev. Mr. Weaver and also at the Grave. this was all done at Mrs. Woodson's request. All showed that the deceased and Mrs. Woodson had quite a large number of sympathisers and friends. Mrs. Woodson has taken her loss middling hard, though all has been expected for a long time. Day exceedingly nice.

Dec. 15—James Bernard Woodson who died on the 13th and was burried on the 14th inst. was born in Virginia on February 3rd A.D. 1820 and would be 75 years old on Feb. 3rd next. in early childhood his folks moved to Kentucky near Lexington where he was raised to the estate of man. Shortly after this he went to the northren part of Tennessee where he became overseer on a planation, and held the position about four year, but being disirous to see the west, he came to Missouri and stayed a short time near Lexington, from there going to Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas. being imbued with the western spirit, and war having been declaired with Mexico, he started from Ft. Leavenworth in 1846 with the Soldiers for Santa Fe, he having charge of the Pay-masters

wagons. but after a few days out he met with an axident in which the wheal of one of the wagons passed over his right foot, and mashed it so badly that he had to be taken back Forth Levenworth where he passed his time—after recovery—in the employ of the Government till the spring of 1847, when he started across the plains for Santa Fe in the employment of the Government. His position was that of a general assistant and guide, and he was so constantly sent back to help delayed trains of wagons, that he did not get to Santa Fe that year, but with a number of men, had to take charge of a number of trains of mules and oxen, winter them on the Los Animas River where it enters the Arkansas River below Pueblo, and in what is now part of the State of Colorado. In the spring of 1848 he went on with the wagons & stock to Santa Fe & delivered them over to the proper authorities. from that time till in 1850 he worked for Government, having in charge for a time the beef and mutton stock, keeping them about 100 miles South of Santa Fee, and a part of the time having in charge the Government saw mill near Sante Fee. He passed the winter of 1850-1851 trading with the Indians boath Ute & Navajos, during which time he was over what is now Durango, San Miguel and Grand Junction and their amediate countries. In the winter of 1851 & 1852 he come to Fort Massachusetts, which was about eight miles north of the present site of Fort Garland. He there took charge of the Sutters store for St. Vrain & Francisco who were the Sutters. When Fort Garland was built, he attended to and moved down with the Soldiers. he was altogether in charge of the store about eight years. About this time he married the woman he now leaves a widow. of this marriage there were for children three boys and one girl, all are dead. two are burried in the Catholic Church at Conejos, and two

here at the hill side cemetery. After his marriage, he moved to Conejos in 1859, going in a store and Stock business. While there, and when the Territory of Colorado was organized, he was elected one of the first Territorial Councilmen—or Senators—from the Territory included in all South of Pueblo and East of the Continental Divide of what is now the State of Colorado. he was afterwards elected County Commissioner of Conejos County and served one term. In 1868 he moved to Saguache and lived 20 years on a farm three miles west of town, and then moved into town where he lived till his death. he served two terms as County Commissioner of Saguach County under the Territorial Organization. He did not deny or affirm the existance of a God, but did not believe in any of the 120 odd different Chrstian Religions, each of which accuses the other of being wrong, but believed if he adabted the Golden Rule, and there was a here-after and salvation, that his chances would be as good as any of them, and at least he would so risk it.

It snowed and blustered hard last night and the snow drifted greatly, and this morning and all day it was windy and cold. I wrote to Mrs. Phillips & to C. F. Stottshoimer."

I have taken this time to read John Lawrence's obituary on J. B. Woodson because I feel it gives a very fine insight into the character of this man Lawrence, whose tombstone on Hill Side Cemetery in Saguache, Colorado, bears this inscription:

JOHN LAWRENCE
BORN 1835—DIED 1907

"founder of Saguache County"

Lawrence, the pioneer, the homesteader, the humanitarian, all this we readily see in his first several weeks of diary entries . . .

MEMORANDUM

In accordance with a command of

God, which says: "in the sweat of thy brow, shalt though eat bread, all the days of thy life." I, John Lawrence, having passed thirty-one years of my life, eating bread, and: rather poor bread, in this way was anxious to change it for better, and as: to make said change, it was necessary to change from my old to a new home. I therefore changed from Conejos to Saguache and that I may the better appreciate said change, I was prompted to keep this memorandum, dating from the 28th day of February A.D. 1867, being the day on which I started from Conejos.

Feb. 28, 1867. Started from Conejos for Saguache with two ox teams, and one horse team, loaded with wheat, oats, provisions, and impliments for farming, was accompanied by Sylvester Larus who had his cart loaded with work bench and lumber, was also accompanied by Langino Verte, who came with me to farm on shears, also had along with me Andres Woodson who is a Navajos Indian boy belonging to J. B. Woodson. We arrived safe at el Rio de la Jara said night without any axident with the exception that one of the wheals of Benals cart broak down, and we had to leave it with all its load on the road. The road this day was very heavey, snowy, and muddy. James B. Woodson & Santiago Manchego came to our camp this night.

March 2. Started with the heard of cattle belonging to J. B. Woodson and Santiago Manchego accompanied by Longina Velte, Juan de Jesus Manchez and Jose Ant. Moran as renters, also Andres & Gabriel Woodson—the two Navajos boys of Woodson's—also Jose Anres Chaves or Manchezo as herder boy for Santego Manchezo. We had a fine day and arrived and camped that night at the *Piedra Pintada*. Woodson & Manchezo turned back to *Conejos* at *el Rio de La Jara*.

March 3. Started with the whole outfit and crossed *el Rio Grande del*

Norte. Camped below *la homa*. Everything all right.

March 4. Stayed in camp all day as it snowed all day and was very cold. We there killed a *Collote*.

March 5. In the morning it was snowing, but cleared up about ten o'clock. We cut the logs out of the road from where we camped to the crossing of the river and then started with everything all right and arrived early and camped on el Rio de la Garita.

March 6. We passed a disagreeable night, but got up early and hitched up the cattle and started, but as we were about to start, we found that the horses of Juan De Jesus Manchezo and Jose Ant. Moran were lost. The cattle teams started when Antonia Mascaseno came to camp with my sorrel horse when Juan took him and Antonio Moran my big bay horse and went to look for their horses. I then started and at el Rio del Caserno I delivered a bull of Woodsons to Ant. Mascaseno, and got one bull from him. I also delivered a bull for Juan to one of the Chacons, said bulls were all yearlings. I then started on and passed the teams, and came into the mouth of this valley, where I pitched camp for the night, unhitched my horses, tied two calves that I had been hauling to the wheals and went over to Russells. I came back early and met the wagons and went with them into camp. The boys found their horses so everything was all right, and Juan killed a *Liebre*.

March 7. Started with the boys and measured off seven claims where we are now located, went back to camp hitched up and moved the whole outfit in and pitched our permanent camp where those log houses on Woodson's claim now stands. Every one appears well contented and all is well.

March 10. Hitched up the horses to the wagon and went down to Russells and the other ranches. Seen Fred Wal-

ren, John Frediz, E. N. Harris, and Otto Mears who was in from Conejos. Was told to come down for my potatoes on the morrow. I was accompanied by Beral.

March 11. Hitched up early and went down after potatoes. On my arrival at Jose Prudencis Garcia who was living on his clame in camp style with a large family I found that an old man by the name of Jose Antonio Borrego, who they had brought with them from Conejos was dead, he having died the same morning. I also found that there was a lack of action on the part of boath Americans and Mexicans in proceeding to bury him in anything like the style that anyone claiming the name of Christian should have. I therefore talked to the different parties when myself and Mears gave the mails and lumber and Mr. Haris made the coffin. As soon as the coffin was made, I had the body put into it and started with Prudencio and San & Ricardo to hunt a place for a burrying ground. I found a nice nole at the point of the mountain on the south side near the mouth of the valley where we burried him, so that in giving this, the first man calining the name of a white man, a decent burrial or at least as decent a one as I wish for, we established the Saguache burrying ground. This said Jose Prudencio Garcia accompanied me also from Conejos with his family. After the burrial I went back and got from Mears six ganegos of potatoes and three for Beral, and then went home. While I was gone the boys went and got two loads of polls.

October 4, 1868. I went down below in the morning on horseback. I seen Uray at Godfray's. I had a long talk with him in which he told me that the Utah made no treaty while at Washington last winter and that on the 13th ult. they all told Hunt so and also that they were tired of continually making treaties oce & twice every year & nothing being complied

with but that if he wished to take the treaty that he sayed was made at Washington last winter & strike out all that related to miles of all descriptions, all about cattle & sheep, all about farming & all about establishing them in a certain place, and if that they would lay out all these things cost in qualificationes and give it to them every year that then they would be saticefied, but that otherwise there was no treaty. I went down to Mearse's. The old Preacher was there. Mr. Ashley sent up to notify the people that there would be preaching in the evening. Woodson & Fullerton come down in the evening to preaching in the carriage. The day was fine.

November 30, 1868. I was down at Mrs. Godfrays all day drafting regulations for a military company to be formed in this country. When the people met Godfray was drunk and played hell. I & some that had signed the list took our names off of the list. Godfray also told me that he had sent his sworn statement to Washington that I & Woodson could not be believed under oath. He also made a speech to the people that I had sold this county in the legislature. He also went on to say that Gov. Hunt was a damned rascal, and that if he was to run a thousand times that he would not believe him and asked me to look at his ungreatfulness when he did run that he Godfray had done all he could against him & that now Hunt would do more for him than any other man in the County while I & Woodson had done all we could for him and that Hunt would not do us a favor if he could.

July 16, 1869. Gabriel went to errigating our wheat. Andres was pulling weeds I went to cutting down weeds with scyth but shortly after I commenced Godfray, Mr. Ashley & Mears passed by in Godfrays little wagon going up to Fullertons. I got in & went up with him. Shortly after

we came back & they stayed until in the evening. While here we had quite a talk on *Indian* matters. John Proffitt was here during the day. Day warm though cloudy with quite a shower in the evening.

July 19, 1869. The boys were errigating wheat. I was cutting down weeds with scyth. Day very warm, though a little cloudy in the afternoon. The Indians passed by about dark last night with an Arapaho scalp. (Pencil note: Chief) Guero had got in from the plains about noon. He had brought the scalp.

May 17, 1870. We went up in morning and branded all the yearlings & marked all the calves. We then counted all the cattle and S. Manchego had 4 oxen, 3 bulls, 6 two year old steers, 34 cows counting two years old up, 4 yearling steers, and 14 yearling heifers, and also 23 this year's calves, besides 3 cows & their calves that are at the Loma. His property was assessed at \$1845, having 94 head in all. Woodson 2 bulls, 12 oxen, 2 three year old sters, 16 cows, 4 yearling steers, 10 yearling heifers, and 13 calves, being 59 head in all. He was assessed at \$3,000. I made out the assessment of all the men & property on the ranche. The entire property was valued at \$5965. The boys brought a load of wood. Woodson caught some fish in the forenoon. In the afternoon he went down below and Mrs. Woodson went down to Morans. I went duck hunting but did not kill any. Gabriel caught some fish. Woodsen set four hens on 60 eggs being the first hens set this year. I got a letter from Washington notifying me that the Punche Mail contract was awarded to Bugh at \$700. Day cool & windy. Froze ice night before.

August 28, 1870. As the people were all working on the cut-off between here and the Agence yesterday we did not hold our preliminary meeting in this precinct to elect delegates to the convention to be held on the 30th but

quite a number of the people met here this morning and J. Fullerton, Franco, Chaves, & myself were elected. Fullerton & I then went down to Mr. Ashleys to church as the Rev. Mr. Smith of Fairplay & Lady were there. Day cool but clear.

August 30, 1870. The boys were cutting and binding up wheat. Manchego and his force were at work cutting their oats. I fixed up some cradles in the forenoon. In the afternoon I and our deligation went down to the General Convention where we nominated J. B. Woodson for County Commissioner, Char W. Baldwin for County Clerk, Isaac Gotthelf for County Treasurer, James Fullerton for County Sheriff, John Lawrence for Assessor, and James P. Downer for School suptdt. Mears got hostile becaus we did not nominate him for Co. Treasurer. Day clear but cool. There was a hard freez the night of the 28th at La Loma and at the San Luis Creek.



Mr. and Mrs. John Lawrence "Founders of Saguache." (Courtesy LeRoy Coleman, Saguache, Colo.)

September 1, 1870. The boys finished putting dirt on the roof house & boys room. I & Woodson went down to Commisioners Court in the afternoon. They leveyed the tax. There was a Republican Convention at Mears'es. They nominated Julian Espinosa for County Commer., Mr. Adams for Clerk, Mears for Treasurer, John Evertt for Sheriff, P. Langen for Assessor, and Godfrey for School Supt. Santeago Manchego and his

force were cutting wheat. Day fine.

September 9, 1870. The boys were cutting and binding up the upper piece of wheat. S. Manchego and Jesus helped them. I made out the tax roll and worked out all the tax and added it up. This I made out on foolscap paper. I now have to copy it into the tax book. The taxable property was \$134,144.00, tax payers 118, Poll tax payers 105, and full amount of tax on an all property including Poll & Militez \$1901.95. Francisco Chaves was over at the San Luis Settlement electioneering. Day clear but cool.

October 20, 1870. Mr. Richards started this morning. He made a bargain with me to bring from the Agency 2000 feet of lumber and for me to leave 1000 feet at the upper crossing of the Saguache and 1000 feet at the lower cabin on the three little streams above Fords. I also started to the Agency on horseback and overtook the wagons on the other side of the range. The wagons got to the Agency on the 21st and unloaded and loaded up again with lumber. A little after dark Mears and Uray got it. Mears brough some Official letters from Spear from Denver, one of them notifying him that Mears had a contract for 13000 lbs. of Turnips, 18000 lbs. of potatoes, 20000 lbs. of Wheat and 200 sacks of flour, the Turnips, potatoes & wheat at 4½ cents per lb. and the flour at \$7.00 per sack. Spear gave Fullerton an order for 10000 lbs. of wheat at 4½ cts per lb. of which I am to deliver the half. The wagons started home on the Morning of the 22nd and got home on the 24th. Mears, Uray and I stayed at the Agency the 22nd, and started home the 23rd. I stayed with the wagons the night of the 23rd. I while I was gone to the Agency Woodson finished husking the corn & threshing the beans and in getting in the cabage & horse beans and on the morning of the 24th he turned the Stock into the Stubble and corn stalks. Weather fine,

though this evening (24) it is cloudy. Most of the Ute Indians are camped down by Godfrays. They got some beef cattle from Mears & Gotthelf by order of Agent Speer.

December 25, 1870. "The Christmas Necktie Party"—Day cold. About 2 o'clock P.M. Charles Heartman come to invite Woodson, I & Fullerton down to his house. When we all got down there—which was about dark—we found Messrs Ashley, Settle, T. Ashley, Shneider, Gotthelf, Mears, Russell and others there. We there held a council in regard to Donaciano Sanches who had come to Saguache the night before he being accused of having stolen two horses and a saddle and bridle and other things — the property of Mears & Gotthelf—on the night of November 23rd, A.D. 1870. We concluded to go and get him and bring him to Mears's house and see if we could not make him confess wheather he had taken them or not. Five of us went after them and we found him in the house of Mrs. Godfray under the bed. We got him out and as we started out of the door with him he broak away from us and ran for the brush. Some of the men shot about five shots at him, but he got away. We went back to Mears's and reported. We there concluded to hunt him up the next day. We parted for the night. Day cold.

December 26, 1870. In the morning Fullerton & I found Don at Morans. We took him down to Mears's where Justice Goff came and held court in the case. Witnesses were called for, and the Judge postponed the examination until Thursday, Dec. 29th at 10 o'clock A.M. The prisoner was turned over to Fullerton (the Sheriff). He took him to Bent Tuttle and had him ironed off. We then brought him up to my house and garded him all night. Day cold.

December 27, 1870. Fullerton & Brewer took the prisoner up to Fullertons. About noon they came down in

the wagon, and I went down as far as the store with them. We got back home before dark. I sent my mail \$22.50 to Easterday, \$22.50 to S. St. Clair, \$13 to Augustin Lacom and \$15 to Hinsdale to pay for the Homestead of Recardo Martin the papers for which accompanied the money and two dollars of the money was to pay for Cheiftain. Day Cold.

December 29, 1870. We all went down to the trial. All the witnesses gave their evidence that were summoned. The trial was put off until January 7th, 1870 (1871) Day cold.

December 30, 1870. Fullerton went down below with the prisoner. I went along. We went around by Alire's, Samoras, Bens, and Ashleys and came back by the store as Don wanted to get some-one to go over to the Huerfano to get evidence for him in his case but he got no-one. When we got here Jim took one of the boar pigs up with him. The day was the warmest we have had for some days.

December 31, 1870. I went up in the morning and got a fiddle of Mr. Dolan. In the evening Woodson & I went down in the carriage as far as Mr. Ashleys. I there got 8 lbs of sugar & 9 lbs of coffee. As we came back we stoped at Mearses where there was a meeting of the citizens. We got home late. Day moderately pleasant.

January 1, 1871 *New Year*: I went down as far as Mears' on horseback. I got some things at the store. Fullerton was down below with the Prisoner. Day pleasant.

January 4, 1871. Jim, the prisoner, and his uncle (Gabriel Martin) and I went down below. We got back early. Gabriel stayed all night with me. Mr. Ashley & Ben went up to help watch the prisoner. Day cold, though it thawed some.

January 7, 1871. We all went down to court at Meare's. Gotthelf got back last night. He brought the two horses that were stolen and all the other property back. The mare that Don.

Sanchez brought back was stolen also. He stole her from his brothers father-in-law. Her owner took her away from Gotthelf at the Huerfano. Don was committed to appear at the next term of the District Court. I stayed down below after court adjourned until about 8 o'clock. Billey Chapman got in to Ashleys from Denver and Charley Nathrop & Major DeMery come in to Hensens from Chalk Creek. Day cleer and moderately warm.

January 8, 1871. Last night we were alarmed by George Brewer and Morens who came past about midnight and told us that the prisoner had been taken away from Fullerton. In the morning Woodson went up & he Fullerton and Trinidad Tafoya found him hung to a tree out by the river from Jim's house. About 10 o'clock quite a lot of people got there and we held a Cornoners inquest on the body and found that he had been by persons and hung who to the jury were unknown. His body was taken down and taken to the house of Moreno to be taken care of, and desently entered. Day warm & nice.

January 9, 1871. Don Sanchez was burried today about 3 o'clock P.M. In the forenoon I went up to Fullertons and from there I went with a lot of the Mexicans and looked out a place for a burrying place. We fount one out on the south side of the Valley & I left the men to dig the grave. After the burriel Gabriel Martin came down to stay all night with me. Day fine.

January 10, 1871. In the morning Jim Fullerton came down and after dinner we all went down to Commissioners Court where the Commissioners were to receive & consider proposals for a County seat, but the Court adjourned without action. Major Head, Manuel Lucero & Mears got in from Conejos. The mails got in while we were below & I got some papers & a letter or package contain-

ing "Marshalls Catarrh Snuff." Gabriel Martin started home early in the morning. Day moderaely fine.

December 8, 1871. Woodson went out to Prior Carson & Dunn to see if they would take stock in the "agricultural and industrial association of southern colorado." He drove the two colts in the carriage. Andres brought wood. F. Chaves'es hands brought two loads of cedar posts. They broak one of the racks and I fixed it in the evening. Day warm and nice.

December 9, 1871. I went up to Fullertons and got 49 lbs of beef. I also got a wagon tung from him. Mrs. Woodson & Bernardo went down to Morans. They came home with Woodson—as he come back from Prior Carson and Dunn—he got home early. They signed \$50 each. On the night of the 8th Samora burned his house down. He was drunk. Samora moved his house today over to Morans as he is going to build there. Day warm & nice. F. Chaves'es hands brought two loads of cedar posts.

December 10, 1871. Woodson & family went down to A. W. Settle's visiting. I went down with them. I got nine Subscribers to the "People." I also got a lot of signers to a petition to be sent to J. M. Paul against "general fence law." Woodson got one subscriber to the Agricultural Society at Pueblo. Mr. Ellis's horse died this morning. The Manchego outfit got in today. Day fine.

December 11, 1871. I went up the river to get signers to the petition against fence law. All I seen signed it. I got home before sundown. Andres brought the stud colt home. Woodson tied him up in the stable. Mrs. Woodson was down visiting the Manchegos. They got back in good *circumstances*. Day warm & nice. Trinidad brought cedar posts.

December 12, 1871. I went down below and got a lot of signers to the Petition against fence law. Otis Wales came over to get signers for a like

petition. He had got a lot over on the San Luis. I settled up with Ben Tuttle and he owned be \$1.55 and we called it even. I come past Henson's and got the mail. Fullerton was there and we got here late. Day moderate.

May 12, 1872. Woodson & I went down below with horse team. The Incorporation signed the papers for the "Saguache & Medano Pass Wagon-road." I issued a lot of Spencer Rifles and amunition. Day nice & warm though cloudy.

November 5, 1872. I went up in the morning and got 5 fanegos of wheat from Moreno on account at \$2.50 per fanego. In the afternoon I took the big wheel down to Ben's, but he could not fix it so I took it to Jones'es and he agreed to fix it for \$2 per tooth. I also had a long talk with Jones about our account, and we settles the matter up. I got home late. Day windy, blustry and cool. ("Marginal not.") I believe that U. S. Grant is elected president of the U. S. today.

December 10, 1877. Bob & I got the two horse wagons loaded, and at noon we started to Lake City. we drove Sam & Tom and Prince & Dandy. we only went as far as Houglands where George Kincade set the two hind shoes on Sam. We passed the ox teams at the Old Agency. we had a very good and easy trip and got home on the 22nd with the horse teams, and the ox wagons got home all right on the evening of the 26th. I stored the oats at Lake City to be sold on commission. On Christmas we all attended the horse race that Pumphrey had with his bay horse against John Slane mare, Colly. the horse woon. I woon some money, a wagon and a watch, Bob woon some money & got high & lost it all playing cards. The weather the whole trip was very nice weather, but in the evening of the 25th—Christmas—it snow hard and the 26th was cold.

July 4, 1878. We all went down to town to attend the celebration of the

4th. There was a large turn-out, and in the afternoon and at night there was a dance. we all attended the dance, and got home about mid night. it was a very enjoyable 4th—no one drunk, and everything in good order, though I hurt my hand very bad running away from Snyder. Day clear and warm.

October 15 & 16, 1878. Bob & Moreno were digging his potatoes. Wodson & I went down below in the carriage to attend the races, but the day was so windy and snowy they put race off until tomorrow at 10 o'clock A.M. the backers are very strong on the Grey horse. Woodson & I stayed at town over night. There was two of the Sisters of St. Joseph at Pumphreys. they are sisters of the same orders as the Sisters that had charge of the Orphan Asylum in St. Louis that I was in and they are the first two of that order that I have seen for nearly 30 years, and as Mrs. Pumphrey was sick they come up here with Mr. Snyder and wife from the La Garita and stopped over night. Woodson & I did not know that they were coming or we would of come home. the next morning Mr. Woodson went down with them to attend the races. they are begging money to pay for an institution of education and charity at Central City. they were very successful at the races & collected nearly \$200.00 Pumphrey gave them \$50.00 and we gave them \$35.00. the day was nice and the race came off in good shape and Pumphreys horse Red Buck beat the other nearly 30 feet. Woodson & I woon. Bob was down he stayed over night to play poker. he kept sober and woon about \$20.00.

April 4, 1879. On this morning 20 years ago I left my home in Iowa to come to "Pikes Peak and have only once in this time been back to the states—so called—and then only to Omaha in 1860. The farming hands could not work as the ground was too

wet and muddy. They hay bailer broke this morning, and they only got it mended up at about 4 o'clock P.M. they bailed from that time until night. Day warm and nice.

April 27, 1879. I & Mrs. Woodson went up to Salvadors in the carriage. after we came back Woodson, William and I went down to town in the carriage. We got to playing cards, billiards and every thing else, and did not get home until about 11 o'clock at night. George Adams had his steam wagon there, and had it running around for a while, but it does not appear to be a success. Day very warm & nice.

July 7, 1879. Woodson, William & I went down to town to attend Tracys law suit wherein E. Michod had sued him for slander in the County Court. I as Tracys attorney. the suit was for \$2000 damage. We had a hot time of it, and the Jury desided that E. Michod's character had been injured to the amount of 50 cents. the case lasted until about 10 o'clock at night. we got home late. The ox wagons got home from Leaville about dark loaded with wood. Day very warm & dry. Bob was errigating.

January 30, 1880. In the morning after breakfast John Shores come up and told me that Tracy wanted me to come down to town at once as he and Bob had been arrested the evening before. I went down to town and found that Bob had been arrested for being intoxicated and for loud talk, and that Tracy had went to pay Bob's fine when some talk come up between him and Mr. Pitcher—the town marshall and Justice R. H. Jone and they arrested him also, and that they boath had first been locked in the calabooos which they set on fire to warm themselves and were then taken to the County jail and locked up over night. They boath come up for trial before Junes, but took a change of enuc before Dr. Moon, and the case was put off until tomorrow. Bob & Woodson

come home, but I stayed in town. Day clear but cold.

January 31, 1880. Woodson & wife and Bob come down to town. the trial started and was continued on some points of law to throw it out of court, for which we wanted L. Schuanbeck' books as town recorder, but as he had hid with the books and could not be found, the points were overruled by the court, and Bob pleaded guilty, and the fine was \$10.00 but with fine, costs and Lawyer fees—Mr. Arthur was Bobs attorney—it all amounted to about \$80.00. Bob has not paid it yet. We all come home before dark. Day clear but cold.

February 2, 1880. I went down to help Tracy in his law suit. he had a Jury of six, and after they heard all the evidence they retired and were out until about 9 o'clock P.M. when they come in and reported that they could not agree. it afterwards turned out that five were for acquiting Tracy and one for finding him guilty. I stayed in town over night. Day very cold.

February 3, 1880. As Dr. Moon, the Justice of the Peace before who Tracy had his case, had told me and others that if the case was submitted to him on the evidence that was given to the jury, that he would have to acquit him—as there was no evidence to convict him,—we—Tracy, Arthur & I submitted the case to him without any farther evidence or argument, but just as we submitted the case, we found that he—Dr. Moon—was drunk and in a drawling and drunken manner he found Tracy guilty and fined him *fifty dollars*. we took an appeal to the County court. Day cold.

July 29, 1880. We started over to South Arkansas or Salida as it is now called, and got there at about 9 o'clock on the morning of the 30. Cole' big circus and mangera show come in while we were there and showed in the afternoon and at night. We all attended the show boath in the

afternoon and at night. on the morning of the 31st we all went up on the railroad to Buena Vista I made a horse race to run Red Buck 800 yards here at Saguache on the 21st of August against little Casino for \$1000.00, Buck carry 130 lbs and Casino a catch. Just as we were getting ready to start home on the morning of August 1st Johny Oneil got their on his way home from the States, and he come over home with us. Bob took care of the place while we were gone. the weather was nice and some light sprinkles of rain.

August 30, 1880. Frank Plummer commenced work and all hands were at work at the hay. In the evening Lorenzo Connor come down and told us that Mr. Mat Laughlins wife & Manuel Lopes were killed and at dark Bob, Frank & I went up there. there were quite a number of people there, and shortly after the Coroner & S. H. Tucker, Frank Burtch & young Mr. Stubbs come. I & Bob were on the Jury that the Cornorer impanelled. we went and examined the bodies. they were boath up stairs lying side by side on a bed made on the floor and from apperance Manuel Lopes had shot her and then shot himself, as she was shot 5 times in the head and neck, and he once through the forehead, he having a pistol in each hand. we got home at 1 o'clock A.M.

February 2, 1881. I went down to town this morning & as the County Commissioners held a special term of court they appointed me County Judge. I qualified and gave a Bond. I come home middling early. Day very warm.

February 21, 1881. Bob went for wood. in the morning Mr. Willis Kesler came here for me, and we boath went to Del Norte to deposit the money to pay for the land of the Town for Sedgewick. we got to Saguache on the evening of the 22nd it being Washingtons birthday. there

was a grand maskerade ball at Saguache. it was largely attended. Mr. Woodson & wife were there. Weather nice.

March 14, 1881. This forenoon Willis Kesler of Sedgwick sent up from town for me. I went down, and when I got there he wanted me to go over to Sedgwick with him. I done so, and from there we come back to town and went down to Del Norte, where I got at the U. S. Land office the certificate of entra of the towns of Sedgwick & Kerber. I got them on the 18th inst. the land office having opened on that day. we got back to town on the 19th and I there wrote out the notices of entra of said towns, and on the 20th I wrote & sent to Del Norte a protest against the town of Bonanza being entered by the mayor of said town. Prior brought me up home on the 21st. while I was gone Bob & Jose hauled some wood and killed the hogs. Weather very windy and cold. Wood-son had a tantrim on the 21st.

November 8, 1881. We all went to the election there was considerable excitement. We all stayed until the next day. all apperance indicates that I, Harrold & Jim Allen are beaten. we come home on the 9th. Weather snowy & blustry.

November 14, 15, 16 17, 1881. I was at town most of the time fixing up the County Court business and book so as to turn it over to my successor. on the 17 Woodson & wife, Pete & I went down to town we took Rita down, as she is going home with Mrs. Duran. while there I sold Moses Goff the 80 acres of lands we had that goined him. he gave his sorrel span of horses, harness and a Mitchell wagon, and \$300.00 in cash and a note of \$25.00 to be paid in three months and recipted the Hoine bill of \$8.00 paid for it. George & Celedon took two loads of wood down to Prior for which he got a county warrant from the Co. Clerk for \$10.00. Weather part of the time blustry & snowy, but a good part

of the time thawing. I was 46 year old on the 15th.

January 9, 1882. As there was no wood at the School house Harrold dismissed the school for today. he & I then went down to town. I stayed there and Harrold brought the team home. I stayed in town with Pumphrey until Friday 13 when Pumphrey and I started over to Bonanza. we got to Bonanza on the 14th and stayed until the 16th when I bought a 1/8 interest in the Last Resort mine in Ford Creek from A. D. Doris for \$300.00. we come down to Villa Grove & then Pumphrey went over to Chalk Creek and to Pueblo. I stayed over night at Ed Claytons and come back to Saguache on the 17th. I stayed the 18th, 19th, 20th, & 21st in Saguache and come home on the 22nd. Nothing here of importance. Weather snowy and cold.

April 7, 1882. *Good Friday*. Parks & Bob farmed till noon, and all hands & the wiman went to see the penitents in the afternoon. there were quite a number of them. I went down to town, but come back early. Day windy.

December 4, 1882. Parks & George went for wood. Pete & Mrs. Woodson went up to church, as the Priest come last night & will hold mass today. I went down to town with Santiago Manchego. I received two drafts from Mr. Preece of Gunnison for the cattle bing in all \$1550.00. I paid up all the little accounts around, and as Pete come down with the old sorrel mules for me I was about to come home but wanted to see Gotthell, and while waiting I went into John Oneil saloon. I there played some billiards and pool. I then took one dollar and went to playing poker with John O'Neil, Andy Slane and Phill Orourk when a dispute come up between Andy & I, and he hit me twice in the eyes. I then knocked him down with a chair. then Dany Slane knocked me down, and that ended the fight. I and

Pete then went over to Jim Lockwoods and went to bed. the next morning when I got up, my eyes got very black fast. as Bob come down Pete & him came home. and then Parks & Woodson come down and I come home with them being the 5th. this day Parks & George hauled wood. Weather nice.

November 6, 1883. We all hands went down to town to attend the election. there was considerable of hard work done on both sides, but no fighting as the returns or reports from the different precincts come in appears that most all the Democratic ticket is elected. I stayed down there over night, the 7th & come home the 8th. Peter come home on the evening of the 6th to attend to the chores and Mat & Woodson come home on the 7th and on the 8th Woodson & Moses Goff come down and I come home with the. When I left it was sure that F. P. Burtschy was elected Co. Clerk R. L. Henderson Sherriff, Wm. M. Cato Treasurer, W. E. Whitt School Supt. H. R. Dobsen Co. Assesser, T. F. Hickey coroner and Myself Co. Commissioner, all Demts. and C. A. Allen Republican Co. Judge. Mat hauled wood the 8th. Weather very nice & warm.

April 11, 1884. As this was Good Friday, all the Mexicans were up at Prudencios at the Penitent outfit. in fact most of them are penitents, though Moreno has worked all the time & today until noon. Mat & Joe work plowing till noon. in the afternoon they went to see the penitents. I also went. The penitents have been whipping themselves and carrying the cross since Wednesday, and last night there was a velario at Reys Borrego, and some of the penitents were there. Day windy.

May 27, 1884. Matt & Joe finished fixing up the lower pasture fence I worked some in the shop in the forenoon. in the afternoon Peter & I went up to Fullertons cotton wood grove

& got 25 small cotton wood trees and brought them home and set them out around the house. they are the small leafed ones, as there is only that kind in the country. Day very warm & the river very high.

October 29, 1884. Bob & Joe worked at the fence. I went down to town in the forenoon but come home by two o'clock. I had quite a talk with Vosburgh about Polatics, and I got some tickets printed—both Democratic & Republican—with my name on for State Senator. Day nice.

November 4, 1884. Election day. we all attended it. it passed off very quiet. all the folks here came home, and they had a big dance at the hall at night. I stayed at town over night to hear the election returns. I stayed there the 5th and 6th coming home in the night on the last day. the news from the east showed the election doubtful, but indications in favor of Cleveland. While gone the boys finished the dyke up in Bronaugh's field. Wether very nice.

November 7, 1884. I settled up with Joe, and paid him up. I also made a bargain with Bob to work during what time I wanted him at \$20.00 per mo. I then went to town, where I heard Cleveland was elected shure. As Jay Gould had congratulated him on his election—I there made arrangements to go to the Cochetope tomorrow. Bob and Peter killed a pig for meat to eat. Bob & Rafael then fixed up a wood rack. Day reasonably nice.

July 25, 1885. St. Iago's day. Woodson was sernaded in the morning as this by old Mexican customs is his day. he treated them all, and agreed to make a fandango for all the people in the evening and night. during the day there was considerable runing the Rooster, and some drinking, and quite a number at the dance, but at night the dance was very large & orderly, and the Day & night was very nice.

October 14, 1885. We got from

Manual Samora 669 old sheep, 265 lambs and and 5 she goats, and his interest in all the bucks here, So that we are square in all our accounts to date. The hands all went to thrashing this morning, and got on well till noon, but at noon just as they got hitched up Saloms Quintano went in to the straw sack to light his cigarito & set the straw a fire, and as the wind was favorable, it soon run over the stacks, so that the boys had hard work to get the Machine out, and some of the trashed oats got burned. there was only one full stack, and about 1/2 of a large stack of oats there. everything was given up for lost, but Celidon and I went and got water into a ditch that runs to where the stacks were, and we got the water there just at sundown and as all hands were there, we lit in an put the fire in the oats stacks out. we worked late in the night at it. Day very nice.

October 22, 1885. I started to Aspen this morning. I went to Villa Grove on the buck-board. from there to Granite on the cars, and to Aspen on the coach. I fooled a month at Aspen trying to sell the sheep I had there, but could not. I then sent the sheep down towards Glenwood with Jesus Martin & Candido & sent Charles Harris home. I then bought a 1/4 interest in the Silver Bell mining load, it being a beace. I started home on Dec. 29th and got here the 4th of Jan. 1886. I rode Buck, but he gave out on the road, and had to leave him at Shalers. I had to walk nearly half of the way, as I come out the new road by Maroon Creek to Crested Butes, and it snowed all the time so that I had to break new road all the time till I got here to Fullertons. I had to stay out in camp one night till near midnight. it was the worst trip I ever had, and Buck is used up, and has a sore back. while I was gone Woodson had the boys to take all the wheat we had to spare down to G & M. he also got up a lot of wood. The

weather was nice here till after Christmas.

March 19, 1886. Today was the last day of school. at night there was quite an exhibition at the school house by the schollars, and some other who assisted them. it consisted of singing, declamation, dialougue & other acting. there was a large turn out of Schollars and other people, and every part was acted well. it lasted till one oclock at night. Day very windy & cold.

April 29, 1886. The boys plowed & sowed oats. I started Benerito up to the Cochetopa with the sheep. he had Pedro Trugillo and his son along. The weather has turned warm, and and the river is rising very fast. The sheep that Benerito has look the best we ever had any of them to look in the spring.

I went ever to Villa Grove on the Pacer after Dinner and when I got there old Mr. Burtschy though I had better go up to Denver and see Mr. J. C. King about that loan. So on the 30th I went to Denver and stayed there May 1st and 2nd and started home on the 3rd. while there I seen Mr. King and made arrangements with him to get us \$15,000.00 for five years at 9 per cent per anuum. interest to be paid semi anual in gold coin coin for which I am to pay him for his work \$1000.00. When I got to Salida on the evening of the 3rd I got introduced by Mr. Brown who used to run the mill here, to one F. E. Siles of Odel Neb. who is out for parties there, hunting up a large cattle ranch to buy. I told him just what kind of a ranch we had, so he agreed to come over and look at it, on the 4th we came home, and on the 5th went up the old government road to Mr. Richardson, and on the 6th saddled up the horses and rode over the ranch till he got satisfied, went back to Mr. Richardson and stayed over night, and on the 7th came home over my road which we found 1000 per cent

better to travel than the old road. as we come back, we stopped at Houglan and got supper, and got home at 9.30 at night on the 8th early I took Mr. Stiles down to town, and he started over to Salida. he is well pleased with the place and think it is just what they want, but has to notify the ones he came for, and they are to come and look at it, and if satisfied they will take it. I asked him for the Range, and deed to certain mentioned land \$12,000.00, I to keep our sheep off of it. While I was gone the boys got all the crop in and most of the potatoes. the also got the ditches run out on all of it. All this time the weather has been very warm, and the river has raised very much, but the crops look fine, most all being up. there was quite a number of snow drifts on the range on each road, and we stuck in the snow three times, and broke our doubletrees & singletree but got out all right, but the weather over there was nice.

July 27, 1886. I started up to the Cochetopa with Prince & Dandy to see the parties that are trying to jump the ranch. I stopped over night at the sheep ranch near the old soldiers camp and on the 28th I went on to the ranch, and the herders came with the sheep in the evening. I found a man by the name of Everly had filed on part of its. on the 29th this Everly & I went down to Gunnison to see if he could not change his filing, but when we got there he would not do so. I stayed at Gunnison the 30th and 31st as court was in session, and they were commencing to try Al Packer| while there I filed on some land for Benerito and on some for Jose Antonio Trugillo. I came back to the cattle ranch on the 1st of Aug. and on the 2nd Benerito and I put some logs on his ranch, and I then came on as for as Houglansw here I stayed over night. There was quit a hail storm past through the country while

I was gone, but it did not hurt us. The weather while I was gone was cloudy & very rainy.

June 9, 1887. Hougland & I went to town. I there had some papers signed in the John L. Terry land case, and sent them to Denver. I there seen in the Denver News of the 6th that John Housam had struck it big in the Silver Bell at Aspen. I come up to Woodsons & stopped a while and then came home. Hougland went home also. Phillips is yet sick with a sore throat, but he worked some on Buck. Yesterday Luterio & Ant. Pacheco came down from the sheep ranch. they brought down some sheep, 30 head so they say, but I only made out 29. Day cloudy with light showers.

March 28, 1888. Phillips & Everett started down with two teams for the hay. I went to town & got to playing poker, and stayed there the 29th and came home the 30th which was Good Friday, and as the Penitents were out up above, I went up there after dinner. they were out just before I got there, but as Johnny Oniel & Mitchell were there, and rushed up close to them and as Mitchell wanted to go into their lodge room and shortly after as L. R. Phillips come there with his Camara and wanted to take pictures, they got frightened and did not come out any more, so that those who got there when I did, and afterwards did not get to see them. Those days none of the Mexicans worked, but Phillips & Everett took care of the cattle & sheep. Everett broke his wagon down the day he went for hay, & Phillips hauled with one wagon. Everett also harrowed and plowed some. Weather midling nice & the 30th was very nice.

June 4, 1888. Pedro come early, and I had to talk with him about not irrigating hardly any, and about not workin some days, and also about kicking the call of the cow he miks, as he had nocked two of its teeth out. he got mad and quit work. then Buck-

hannon & Burt Clare came & they & Phillips & I went up and fixed the dam and got more water onto the meadow. we got done by noon. I then went to town for the mail. Phillips brought the grist home from the mill. Rafeal irrigated. Day warm but the afternoon was windy.

December 26, 1888. I went to town this morning and got done on the water cases. got home by 2 o'clock P.M. The town was remarkable dull. As I went to town I met Mrs. Clara—Jim—Hougland coming from town with her horses going midling fast. she had her foot on the break holding the wheels as tight as she could. she hallowed to me to stop the horses as she dropped her lines. I stopped them and she then told me she was going home from town with Abe Lawrence in the wagon with her, when she dropped the lines by an exident and the horses started to run and that Abe Lawrence jumped out to stop them, but that they run faster and left him behind, and that she just put her foot on the break, and as they kept the road, let them run themselves down, and she had about made a success of it when I stoped them. Day windy & cold.

October 26, 1889. Bob got here just as we got up, and while we were at breakfast Old Mr. Lawrence boy came and told me that Mr. L. D. Montgomery had come, and wished Woodson and I to go down there. he is U. S. Special Agent of Indian Depridations. we went down and we there fixed up all the papers anew in the case I have against the government for damage done me by the Ute Indians on October 28th, 29th, 30th & 31st A. D. 1876. Bob & Peter killed a hog here and brought it down in the evening, and Woodson sold it to McKinney and Reed. We got home early. Day reasonably nice and warm. There was a dance at the Hall tonight. Bob & Peter went.

August 8, 1892. I started to Denver

on the 7th as stated. on the coach in the afternoon, and was gone till the 13th when I got home in the evening. John Oniel, wife and two oldest girls went, also Chas. D. Jones & wife, and W. J. Bennet & wife. we all went to attend the Knights Templars conclave there. there were orders from every State & Territory in the Union there, and some from Canada. It was a very large and beautiful display and procession of the order, and the town was the most beautifully decorated up an aluminated of any city of the U.S. formerly on a similar occasion. there was over 100000 people visitors from the states there, and with those above, and there must of been nearly 300,000 people there. it was the largest number of people I ever have seen together at once, and they were the best cared for, the most harmonious, contented and surprised I ever heard of, and the weather was beautiful for the occasion. while gone all went well here and the weather beautiful.

March 1, 1897. To 9th inclusive was dull and nothing done generally in town, but a great deal of talk about the Corbett & Fitzsimmons fight. among the Mexicans there was the engagement of Juan Chaves boy Gasper to Nasario de Herrers daughter Josefa. they were engaged on the 6th and married on the 8th. at the engagement there was a big feast and most all the mexicans there, and a big dance at the School house at night, but at the weding there was only a big feast and a big turn out, but no dance, as Santeago Gallegos had died the night before. the engagement and marriage was all up at the Chaves Place. I and wife attended boath, but not the dance, and Orville went to the weding. they were married by the Protestant Bishop, Manuel Sanches. On the 9th Doc Clark gave me his not or rather the Clark brothers note for \$200.00 payable in one year without interest for what Doc owed me. it was for a security debt I Paied for him

at the Saguache Co. Bank 16 years ago, being for \$100.00 then, but amounted to about \$500.00 now with the interest. I sold the note to Chas Tarbell for \$170.00 and as this money is a find. I and John Oniel have concluded to go to the Corbett & Fitzsimmons fight at Carson City Nevada. We will start this afternoon, or may be tomorrow. I am writing this on the 10th so that today or tomorrow we go. the weather so far this month has been nice dry & warm.

March 21, 1897. John Oniel & I started to Denver as above stated—on the tenth—we gotto Denver on the 11th and stayed there till the 14th in the evening. we then started for Carson City Nevada. Colorado Springs we got on the Davis special and went through on it. we had a good double birth. our tickets cost us from Denver \$53.00 each, and the birth \$5.00 each. we got to Carson City on the night of the 16th The fight came off the 17th. St. Patricks day. there were lots of people there, but only about 4000 went to see the fight. the tickets for entrance were \$40.00 \$20.00 \$10.00 & \$5.00 each. we took a \$10.00 each. Fitzsimmons woon in the 14th round. We started home the evening of the 17th. we stopped at Salt Lake City the 19th, come on to Salida the 20th and John Oniel went on to Denver, and I came home the 21st. The weather was snowy and cloudy all the time I was gone, at all the places—except that the 17th at Carsen City was a beautiful clear day. Nothing of importance happened here while I was gone.

March 24, 1897. I passed most of the time in the store and everyone that came in asked something about Fitzsimmons and Corbet fight. I gave all my views of it. John Oniel got home on the 27th—Saturday—and he now has a great time giving all his views of the fight. of course he and I differ. he gives everything to, and makes Fitz a great man, while I think

Corbet the great, active & scientific man and claim he got knocked out by an axident blow. The weather has been nice except the 30th and 31st which were very windy and cold.

December 3, 1907. I sent Agnes Knight & Mare E. Eivin of South St. Louis Mo My nieces, each \$100.00 as their Christmas gift. I also sent Francis Lawrence of same place—my Nephews Will Lawrence boy, ten dollars as his Christmas gift. I am very unwell with this pain in my brest.

December 4, 5, 6 & 7, 1907. Nothing special. weather reasonably fine. On

First Colorado Kept West of Union

Few of the younger generation understand how much the First Colorado Regiment did in Civil War times to preserve the Union.

While the battles Denver's pioneers fought in New Mexico against Confederate forces that outnumbered them three to one, are given a respectable place in the histories, the importance of the victories is generally ignored. Had the Confederates succeeded in sweeping through Colorado to the north they would have been able to hold the Rocky Mountain region after the surrender of Lee. They would have cut off the East from the West and the fight would have been the South and West against the North. It is not at all unlikely that had the Confederates held the line of the mountains, the war in the South would not have ended until long after 1865.

Captain J. D. Howland, the noted artist, who has written for The News a most interesting account of the New Mexican campaign, in which he took part, suggests some of the considerations in his article.

In 1861, after the rebels had fired on Ft. Sumter, General Sibley, in command of Ft. Union, in the department of New Mexico, seceded and took with him as many officers as were willing to join the confederacy, and knowing of the condition of the department conceived the plan of going to Texas and raising what was afterward known as "Sibley's Brigade." He had such men in his command as Schwatske, Scurry and Lockridge. They came up the Rio Grande from 2,000 to 3,000 strong, capturing forts Davis, Thorne, Selden and other posts, meeting with little or no opposition until they arrived at Ft. Craig, where General Canby was in command.

They passed up the east bank of the Rio Grande, where they were engaged by Colonel Roberts. The Union

the 7th I wrote a contract for Pable Maes & Cruz Lujan for some sheep Pablo is giving him for the time he has my sheep on shares so as Cruz may help take care of them, and make somethin.

And so we have John Lawrence in many lights; the builder and owner of the old Lawrence Toll Road over Cachetopa Pass; the race horse breeders and racer, the Woodman of the World, the Democrat, Silver Party exponent, the Catholic, the county Commissioner, State Senator, good husband and father, but also a lonely, hard working farmer, rancher, and business man. Yes, Lawrence was quite a man as we have read. His day and year were much like our own there a little time off to play as hard as he worked.

troops under Canby consisted of what few regulars were left in the country and Kit Carson's New Mexican volunteers.

Two Colorado companies were in that battle, commanded by Captains Ford and Dodge. In making out the order of the battle, Roberts placed the Colorado troops on the skirmish line. The New Mexican and other volunteers in the line of battle, supporting McRea's batteries with the regulars until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Sibley's troops were driven out of the timber back on the mesa. McRea had advanced his battery on an island in midriver.

FINDS SOLDIER'S DEATH BY HIS GUNS

At 2 o'clock, for some unaccountable reason, the order of battle was changed, and Lockbridge swung his Texans around the Mesa by trail, capturing McRea's battery. McRea died at his guns, but killed Lockridge. The late A. L. Fountain of New Mexico referred eloquently to this incident in the battle of Valverde, and spoke of his valiant and courageous officers as the gallant McRae who sought and found a soldier's death beside his captured guns, the time that Lockridge led his Texans to the cannon's mouth, but did not live to call them his.

Of course, everything was a panic from that on. In a word, the battle was lost, and Canby's troops beautifully defeated. Elated by their success, the Texans left Canby in the rear at Ft. Craig and moved up the Rio Grande by easy stages and got to Sante Fe, where they established headquarters.

After the battle of Valverde, Governor Gilpin saw the necessity of raising a regiment of troops to check the advance of Sibley. At that time it was generally understood that Sibley's object was to establish a line of communications between the Mormons in Utah and the Confederates under Generals Price and Thompson in Missouri and Arkansas, hoping to draw in California, which was still undecided as to which side to take. Had it not been for the splendid achievements of the First and Second Colorado they would have accomplished their purpose, and the War might still have been going on.

Gilpin raised the First Colorado without authority and without government money at his command. Aided by the business men and citizens of that time, Charles Cook, Jep Sears, Dave Moffat, Joe Chaffee and a host of other loyal Union men, who took vouchers from Gilpin, not knowing if they would ever get a cent back, he furnished the soldiers rations, etc., and dispatched this regiment to the front to meet Sibley's horde of Texans.

The boys were badly equipped, but it was the best that could be done under the circumstances.

SOUTHERN SYMPATHIZERS FIRE ON TROOPS

At this time there was a Confederate element here in Colorado, that did pretty much as they pleased, until Gilpin raised his regiment. Companies "A" and "B" were raised entirely in Central City and were ordered to Denver. They had no arms, but were told they would be furnished



Capt. John "Jack" Hawland
Taken 1867, Washington, D. C.
(Library State Hist. Soc.)

them there. While enroute from Golden to Denver, and marching along at route step without anything to defend themselves they were met and fire into from the daily coach, which ran between Denver and Central City, by as nice a band of villians as were ever hanged, and some of them were hanged afterwards—Jack Gallgher, for instance.

Fortunately no one was hit. Imagine their surprise on meeting such a reception on the broad prairie! They

came onto Denver and went into building on Fifteenth street, almost where the old Bon Ton restaurant was in later days.

The rebels used to hang around a place called the Criterion, and gambling hall and next to where the old News used to be. At the head of this gang was one, Charles Harrison, the murderer of Hill and others. While the men were lying in their blankets in this unfurnished building, tired and worn out from the excitement and ardor of the march, their guard, McCullough, was shot down at his post from inside the fence that surrounded the Criterion gambling hall.

The men were aroused, and proceeded down Sixteenth street and took possession of a gun shop. They knocked in the door with out ceremony, and, as it happened, the gunsmith was a Union man. He furnished them arms and ammunition, the guns being everything from a Kentucky rifle to a Sharpe's carbine. They went back and captured Harrison and the others and they were driven out of the country.

FEARING MURDER, SOLDIERS LEAVE DENVER

Companies "A" and "B", afraid of being murdered on the streets of Denver, went out and established what was known as Camp Weld, where the Denver & Rio Grande shops are now located. That damnable attempt at murder brought out the sentiment of loyalty, and Gilpin's appeal for troops met with a response from all of the mining camps of that time.

When the regiment was completed it was hurried up to meet Sibley, who was coming up to Ft. Union. Forced marches of forty and fifty miles a day on the poorest of rations, wormy hardtack and rotten bacon, were among the hardships.

The fact that Sibley was lying drunk in Santa Fe for a week enabled us to make that march of over 400 miles

and reach there in time. Of course, we were joined there by the regulars under Colonel Paul.

It was on the day of March 26 that the men had their first taste of Texans, who surrounded them at the mouth of Apache Canyon, and where there was a skirmish between the troops that proved fatal to many a brave soldier. Here, Captain Downing, afterwards Major Downing, was conspicuous for his coolness and bravery, charging the enemy in the face of terrific fire.

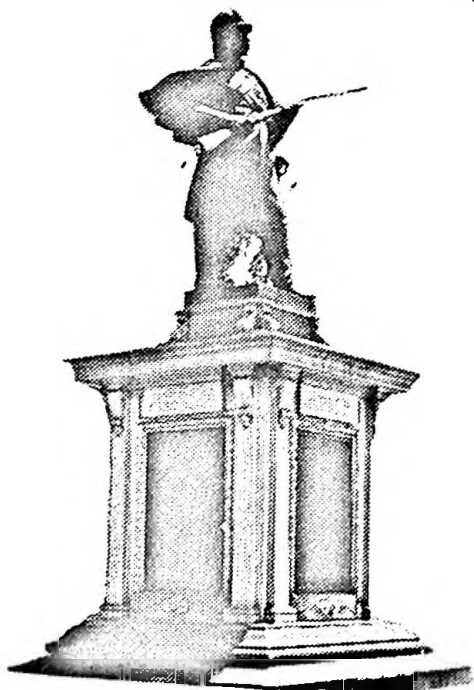
On the night before the battle of Apache Canyon we moved opposite the old Pecos Church. On the morning of the day of the engagement our command consisted of 1,444 men all told, Colonel J. P. Slough commanding. The 444 were sent under Colonel Chivington around the top of the mountain to get in the rear of the Texans to attack their train. The 1,000 remaining took up the advance. The scouts coming in had brought reports that after the battle of two days before the Texans were entrenched at the other end of the canyon, hence the reason for Colonel Slough dividing his command.

FIGHT 3,000 MEN FOR TEN HOURS

The command moved up and halted at Pigeon's ranch, filled their canteens and threw off their extra clothing to prepare for battle. While like a lot of ducks down in the ditch they were fired upon by a masked battery hidden from our view by a point of rocks, or promintory. Companies "I" and "D" suffered frightful mortality. Company "I" got the worst of it because it was at the head of the column. The men sprang to their places.

There was no time to take your own gun, so each man grabbed the first that presented itself, and for nearly ten consecutive hours, under the leadership of Slough, Downing, Tappan,

Monument to Colorado Soldiers in Civil War Designed By Howland



The splendid monument to Colorado soldiers who fought in the Civil War will, when completed, appear precisely as shown in this photograph. The base designed by Frank Estabrooke has already been constructed a few yards from the entrance to the state capitol. The heroic figure of the soldier which will surmount the base was designed by Captain John D.

Howland, the noted Denver artist, who fought with the First Colorado in New Mexico. The model of this statue was completed a few weeks ago and is now in Gov. Shafroth's office. Howland gave his services as designer to the state, absolutely refusing to accept any compensation for his work.

The monument was made possible by a bill which William A. Smith, also a member of the First Colorado cavalry, introduced in the Fifteenth legislature, in 1905. This bill provided that Captain Howland should be a member of the monument commission, together with the Governor and the Commander of the G.A.R. for the department of Colorado. Through the efforts of Wm. A. Smith the bill became a law.

The members of the first monument commission were: John D. Howland, Jesse F. McDonald and George W. Curfman. The members of the second commission were: John D. Howland, Henry A. Buchtel and General L. C. Dana. The members of the third commission were: I. H. Liellette, John D. Howland and Henry A. Buchtel. The members of the present commission are: John F. Shafroth, H. C. Watson and John D. Howland.

Monument to Colorado soldiers who fought in Civil War. Designed by Capt. John D. Howland.

Cook, and Captains Ritter's and Claffin's batteries, one of the most desperate battles of the war was fought.

We engaged more than 3,000, more than three to our one; it was a game enemy we had to contend against. Charge, retreat, advance and fall back. Charge, retreat, and charge again.

Sometime early in the afternoon we heard the report of bursting bombs, and knew that Chivington and his

command had gotten there. This gave us renewed energy, but it acted differently on the Texans. Finding themselves in a trap, and knowing their train had been captured, or getting word from their men, that the train of 160 wagons had been burned and all their ammunition, stores, etc. had been destroyed, and 1,500 miles from home, there was but one thing left for them to do—either whip us and take our train, or die on the battlefield, which they did.

They were foemen worthy of our steel, and the man who says they weren't fighting wasn't there. We lost about a third of our entire command, and the Texans three times that number. At the last charge, just before sundown, the living fighters could hardly get over the bodies of the dead and dying.

BATTLE SAVED COLORADO TO THE UNION

That battle saved Colorado, for had we been defeated we had no place to go, for everybody would have left Denver for the East. We could have captured the entire command after that battle, but we chose to let them go as it was better to drive them back down the Rio Grande to Texas to the place of their organization than to take them prisoners and divide the half rations we were getting.

They began a retreat and, arriving at Santa Fe, many recruits and sympathizers deserted them. The command moved down the Rio Grande, foraging upon the poverty-stricken inhabitants. We did not follow them to Santa Fe. We cut across the base of the triangle from Galisteo and joined General Canby.

In that memorable march of sixty-five miles, covering on foot over a treeless and waterless desert of over forty miles, men fell from exhaustion and sunstroke. By this time the Texans had reached Albuquerque, and, knowing that we were intercepting them, determined to make one more stand, which they did at Peralta.

The engagement was fought under General Canby, a stiff fight, so stiff that it compelled them to bury their artillery. They took advantage of a sandstorm during the battle and crossed the Rio Grande. From there we marched on opposite side of the river until Socorro was reached in the night. In the morning the enemy had disbanded, to all appearances had

been swallowed up. Some went into the San Franciscan mountains, others to Arizona, California and Texas.

After some months of inactivity we relieved Colonel Carleton of the California column, then returned to Colorado and were transformed at old Colorado City at the base of Pike's Peak, from the First Colorado regiment to the First Colorado Cavalry.

Then our hardships had just begun. During our absence from the regiment from Colorado, and the enlistment of available men in Kansas, and at that time no white population, outside of Platte, Republican and Arkansas rivers, the Indians took advantage of the war and banded together.

It was estimated that there were from 10,000 to 15,000 of them on the warpath, including Siouxs, Cheyennes, Kiowas and Comanches, covering that vast expanse of country between the Arkansas and the Platte. They had been killing the settlers and running off the stock, attacking immigrant trains, government trains, until they had devastated and terrorized the people of Colorado, as well as Kansas and Nebraska.

The Colorado troops were now kept in the saddle, chasing these murderous marauders from point to point over the plains. We whipped them in every engagement in the Platte campaign and in the memorable battle of Cedar canon, fought by Major Downing, and other fights too numerous to mention, we cleaned up the Indians as effectually as we cleaned up the Texans.

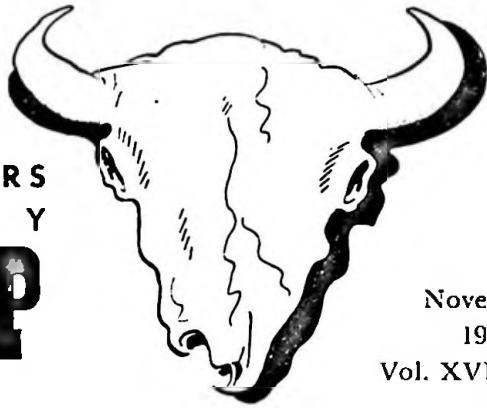
The best criticism of the fight at Apache Canyon that I ever heard was that of an old Frechman, near whose ranch (Pigeon's) the fight took place.

"Pigeon, was this much of a fight?"

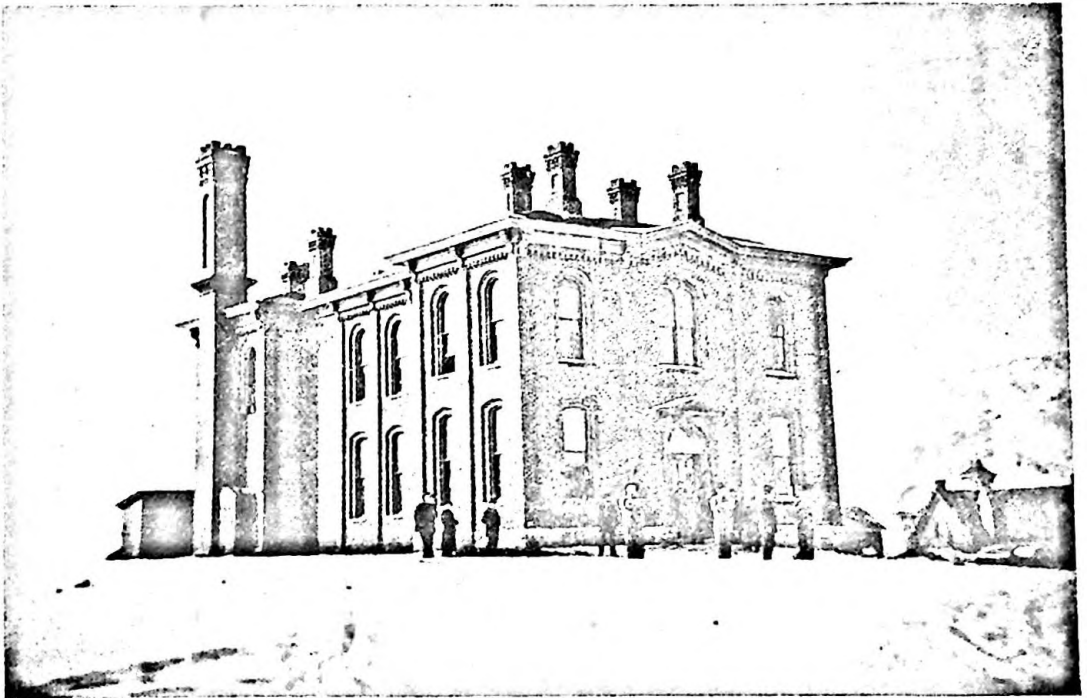
"Vight? Sacrel Mon Deiu! They vight nine hours by my watch and my watch was slow!"

FROM: Golden Jubilee Edition
Rocky Mountain News
April 23, 1909

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



November
1960
Vol. XVI No. 11



First Building of Colorado School of Mines on Golden Campus, built with State funds in 1880.
(Collection of Charles S. Ryland)

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY

December 17, 1960

American Legion Hall

Miss Lillian de la Torre (Mrs. George McCue) one of Colorado's distinguished writers and dramatists has written an original play for this program titled "THE ACTRESS AND THE GAMBLING MAN" . . . which will be presented by the Arena Players of Colorado Springs. This is a story of the legend of the famous early day actress M'lle Haydee about an incident which is reported to have occurred during a play which she was presenting on the stage of the Olympic Theater in Central City in the summer of 1860.

FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

For the fourth year our former Sheriff, Maurice Frink, Executive Director of the State Historical Society of Colorado, served as one of the judges to select "Miss Indian America of 1960" at the



Vivian Linda Arviso, "Miss Indian America" 1960

All-American Indian Days Celebration held in Sheridan, Wyo., in August.

An 18 year Navajo girl, Vivian Linda Arviso from Gallup, N. M. was this year's winner of the coveted title. Miss Arviso, whose Indian name is "Having Never Gone to War," was the first member of her tribe ever to win the title, and the first girl from the Southwest region. She also was winner of the title of "Most Pleasing Personality and Most Popular," voted by the other girls in the contest.

For the past year she has been attending Colorado College in Colorado

Springs, but will spend the coming year at Sheridan College in Wyoming, where her duties will consist of serving members of the Indian race.

Miss Arviso also attended the National Congress of American Indians at their five day meetings in Denver in November.

Raymond G. Colwell, Editor of Vol. 15 of the Brand Book advises that the publication will be ready for distribution as usual at our annual Christmas Party on December 17. Dedicated to Pike's Peak, the volume will contain fourteen original papers principally in Colorado historical events and legends to commemorate the Centennial year 1859. The usual price of \$10.00 per copy will prevail.

Members of the Denver Posse extend their sympathy to the family of Dr. Claude Wakefield (CM) who passed early in November. Dr. Wakefield was an enthusiastic student of Western history and a regular attendant at our meetings.

If you are looking for real authentic old Western writings from the nostalgic pioneer newspaper days of Colorado, we suggest you turn to THE WESTERN GAZETTE, a page published every-
once-in-a-while in the Empire Magazine of the Sunday Denver Post. Here it is to be found . . . gleaned from early day Colorado Newspapers by one of our Corresponding Members, Jack Riddle, newspaper writer and photographer. Gleaned from one column we find: "Coloradoans, as a class, are working people, always busy. It is no place for drones. There is always work for those who honestly seek it. Make a name for honesty, sobriety and reliability, and you can soon attain any position and salary your abilities warrant. If you are not such a person, stay away from Colorado, and let your friends, if you have any, support you in idleness."

CHRYSOPOLIS . . . "The Golden City"

By CHARLES S. RYLAND

39° 45' 19" North Latitude 105° 13' 17" West Longitude at 5690 feet above mean sea level on the banks of Vasquez Fork (now Clear Creek) lies the city of Golden, Colorado.

It is not an easy task to establish the location of Golden without reference to its neighbor 15 miles to the east whose tentacles reach out hungrily. Independent communities such as Golden have resisted efforts to bestow upon them civic blessings of abundant water, the insidious anonymity of a postal zone number, Moffat Tunnel taxes and the privilege of connecting to an overloaded sewer system. Putting aside facetiousness there are real advantages to close metropolitan cooperation. Residents of the areas surrounding Denver are proud of her position and accomplishments. The fact remains that the development of Golden has been deeply affected by intercity rivalry. On several occasions plans put forth by one have been thwarted by zealous adherents of the other to the probable detriment of both.

Geographically Golden might at this time be considered a suburb of Denver since there is now little open land between them. Economically and socially this is not true. It is not typical for a Golden wage earner to live in Golden and work in Denver. More people come into Golden to work than leave Golden to work in Denver each day.

Golden has several manufacturing plants and the clay mining activity. With the exception of the brickyard and the clay company none of them are dependent upon Denver for a large portion of their business. Golden probably has a higher ratio of



Charles S. Ryland

Charles S. Ryland, author of this paper has lived in Golden since he was five years old. He is a graduate of University of Denver and started working as a chemist in the Porcelain plant of the Coors Brewing Co. and is now the laboratory porcelain sales manager for that company.

During the war he served four years in the U. S. Navy. His interests are Colorado history, especially railroads and that of Golden, Colo. where he resides. Other hobbies are photography and period printing. He has one of the largest collections of old type faces, wood cuts and similar material in the State. On vacation trip with his family the summer of 1960 to Europe he visited many old type foundries and returned with more items for his collection.

manufacturers to population than does Denver. Thus Golden is not tied economically to Denver as closely as are most suburbs. Its population in the 1960 census was 7112.

The reason for the stress upon the "separateness" of Golden from Denver is as the attorneys say "to establish a line of reasoning,"—to commit to your mind the idea that the history of Golden is a scene in itself and not merely a side detail in the broad mural that is Denver.

Let us now lose ourselves in retrospective thought as I take you back to the eons of creation.

Directly to the west of Golden is the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains, with Mt. Zion and Lookout Mountain forming the western border of the town. These mountains consist of gneiss and schist of the Pre-Cambrian (Oldest) Period.

Those of you who have visited Golden frequently may have noticed the vertical cuts of the clay pits within the city limits and also observed the fact that while the typical Front Range hogbacks are seen to the north and south of Golden there are none at Golden. This is because there was a great earth fault (movement) at Golden of over a mile in length. This fault folded up the sediments and left them vertical and fortunately easy to mine.

It will be sufficient to say that the climate of Golden is unusually salubrious due in part to the fact that the few hundred feet of increased altitude is enough to escape the haze

TABLE I

<i>Formation</i>	<i>Age</i>	<i>Remarks</i>
Arapahoe-Denver	Upper Cretaceous	Lava Flows, Fossils
Laramie	Upper Cretaceous	
Fox Hills	Upper Cretaceous	Leyden Coal
Pierre	Upper Cretaceous	Clay Mines
Niobrara	Upper Cretaceous	
Benton	Upper Cretaceous	
Dakota	Upper Cretaceous	Clay Mines, Hogbacks
Morrison	Jurassic	Dinosaurs
Ralston	Upper Cretaceous	
Lykins	Triassic (Permian)	
Lyons	Permian	
Fountain	Permian	Red Rocks

The above table shows the geologic sequences with the oldest formation at the bottom to the youngest at the top.

East of Golden clay and shale of the Arapahoe-Denver formation are capped with a basaltic lava which flowed from a dike near Ralston Reservoir on Ralston Creek. Specimens of zeolite minerals occurring in cavities in the lava are world famous and nearly all representative collections exhibit crystals from Golden. The minerals found are analcite, chabazite, Thompsonite, sodalite and some others. These lava caps are erosion remnants and form the characteristic Table Mountains with the picturesque Castle Rock rising above Golden.

and heavy air occasionally seen over Denver. It must be admitted that the frequent abundance of fresh air at Golden might be termed wind.

As far as I am aware there have been no significant archaeological studies made in the area though some work is now being done near Apex Gulch.

There is little specific mention of Indians in connection with the city. Utes, Arapahoes and Cheyennes were in the vicinity and Richard Broad quotes old timers as saying that the Arapahoes shunned the site and held some great fear of the spot though

no one seemed to know the reason. They would approach and look into the basin but would not enter it. In later years (1880-1890) Indians would hold foot and pony races on a flat area near the mouth of the canon.

Mention is made in the records of the Major Long expedition of 1820 of "Cannonball" creek, later to be known as Vasquez Fork, and finally by its present name of Clear Creek. Louis Vasquez was a well known mountain man of French-Canadian origin who built a trading post at the junction of Clear Creek and the Platte River. During the 1830's, 1840's and 1850's, a number of exploratory, hunting and touring parties passed by and camped at the site of Golden but in 1858 there were no permanent residents at or near Golden. In the fall of 1858 at the start of the "Pikes Peak" excitement a settlement was laid out by a George B. Allen, Samuel Curtis and others at the site of some placer diggings two miles east of Golden, which bore the name of Arapahoe Bar.

Arapahoe Bar reached a maximum population of 250 in 1859 but declined rapidly after the settlement of Golden. Richard Broad writing in the Colorado Transcript quotes Allen as stating in 1859 that there were over 100 buildings but Broad says that since this was before prohibition conditions may have magnified his powers of observation. Contemporary reports give 30 as the number of buildings. Both Gregory and Jackson were residents of Arapahoe Bar. Early in 1859 David K. Wall came to Arapahoe from Indiana, having previously mined in California 1850-54. John Gregory met Wall and told him of his small find of gold near Black Hawk in February. But he was discouraged because he had no money or provisions. D. K. Wall agreed to grubstake Gregory and he then set off to discover the Gregory lode.

George Jackson, Tom Golden and

a man named Saunders were camping on the site of Golden and prospecting as the weather would allow during the 1858-59 winter. In December they set out to the west and came upon a herd of elk near Bergen Park. Golden and someone named "Black Hawk" (Saunders had gone elsewhere) were distracted by so much game and returned to camp with food while Jackson went on to Chicago Creek where he made his discovery of gold on January 7, 1859.

David K. Wall moved in 1859 up the valley from Arapahoe and set up a tent north of Clear Creek. He cultivated and irrigated some land and raised a nice crop of vegetables in the summer of 1859. This activity impressed Wm. Byers of the Rocky Mountain *News* who hailed the achievement as a great step forward.

Also at Golden before June 1859, was John M. Ferrell who built a toll bridge across Clear Creek where Washington Avenue crosses it. Charles H. Judkins also arrived in Golden on June 3rd and lived in Golden until he died in the 1920's.

"Pikes Peak Fever" was spreading epidemically by March 1859. An infected group met at Mechanics Hall March 3, 1859 in Boston and formed the Mechanics Mining & Trading Co. with subscriptions of \$2064. They proceeded west to Bellemont, Kansas the railhead and set out in late March. On June 12, 1859 they arrived in Golden under the leadership of George West, wagonmaster. The name of the group by then had been changed to the "Boston Company." The members were George West, President, James McDonald, L. Panton, Mark L. Blunt, J. McIntyre, J. H. Bird and Walter Pollard. Their first night in Golden was spent south of Clear Creek near the present School of Mines athletic field.

Other prominent residents known to have been in the city during June, 1859 and who had a part in the town's

founding were: D. K. Wall, J. M. Ferrell, W. A. H. Loveland, Fox Diefendorf, Dr. I. A. Hardy, John F. Kirby, T. P. Boyd, Ensign B. Smith, J. C. Bowles, J. B. Fitzpatrick, W. J. McKay, George Jackson, C. Remington, Dan McCleery and P. B. Cheney.

The town of Golden City was organized by the Boston Company, D. K. Wall, J. M. Ferrel, J. C. Kirby, J. C. Bowles, Mrs. Williams, W. A. H. Loveland, H. J. Carter, E. B. Smith, Wm. Davidson, Stanton & Clark, F. Beebee and E. L. Berthoud. This took place June 18, 1859.

Don Griswold in his "Colorado's Century of Cities" (Denver, 1958) reports that a claim stake was found in 1858 on the site of Golden bearing the name "Doosenbury City" supposedly erected by a David Kellog.

The town area was 1280 acres. F. W. Beebee laid out the town and the survey completed by Cap't. Berthoud in 1860. The Boston Company built at 10th and Washington the first building, T. P. Boyd the first residence at 11th and Washington, and W. A. H. Loveland the first store building on Washington Avenue.

In June, Horace Greeley on his trip to personally investigate the gold mines, was thrown from a jackass while crossing Clear Creek at Golden. He was safely rescued and apparently took the misfortune with no loss of temper or dignity.

Golden City was a prosperous community, particularly for the merchants. A saw mill could scarcely cut enough lumber for the many buildings and homes being erected. The Boston Company operated a store in the two-story log building, with George West's printing shop and newspaper "The Western Mountaineer" on the second floor.

The commonly accepted theory as to the origin of the name Golden City, later changed officially in 1872 to Golden, is that it was named for Thomas Golden, a miner and mer-

chant. I presume to question the assumption. So far as I have been able to determine no direct evidence exists to prove or disprove the legend. Jerome Smiley, in one volume (1903) says it was named for Tom Golden and later (1913) in another, says it was not. In 1859 Tom Golden set up a store in Golden Gate and in running for office in 1859 was soundly defeated in Golden. The "Western Mountaineer" refers to him once and carried an advertisement for the Golden Gate store. In a brief recapitulation of the local history in 1860, it does not refer to him. The name of Golden City never appears with the possessive form, which might have (but not necessarily) been used if it were considered Golden's city.

In view of the enthusiastic seizure of the townsite in which to set up their store and colony by the Boston Company, it is my view that the site was considered as a city of golden opportunity. The fact that St. Charles had already been named Golden City until changed in Oct. 9, 1858, suggests that its appropriateness as a town name was appreciated by 59'ers. Richard Broad mentions that Golden did not own a lot in Golden and his name does not appear on the rolls of the Golden City Town Company.

Until some record or document appears to prove the origin of the name, there is no real evidence either way. There is also the possibility that the name was selected with both considerations in mind.

A perplexing item appears upon study of the accounts of the founding of Golden. Captain Berthoud is listed in many accounts as one of the founders of Golden in 1859, but his biography in "History of Clear Creek and Boulder Valleys" published by O. L. Baskin in Chicago in 1881, to which Cap't. Berthoud was a contributor, states that he did not arrive in the city until March 1860.

"The Western Mountaineer" pub-

lished from December 27, 1859 through December 20, 1860, was a lively newspaper. Its columns contain many interesting items revealing the vigorous life on the frontier. George West, editor and publisher of "The Western Mountaineer" was an enterprising journalist and a great lover of jokes. One of these jokes is reported in Alice Polk Hill's "Tales of the Colorado Pioneers." It seems that in 1860 one local secessionist took offense at a remark in the paper made about him by Gen't. West. Fired up with indignation and whiskey, he challenged West to a fight. Realizing his condition, West agreed but suggested a formal duel to be handled through seconds in a proper manner. Bowie knives were chosen as the weapons and one party was to stand on the south edge of North Table Mtn. and the other on the north edge of South Table Mtn., and fight across the chasm. As the offended party was by then sober, they concluded the matter over a drink without bloodshed. Many of his articles are quite humorous in the style of his day. In 1860 the paper had two nationally known journalists who operated the paper themselves for a time when West went East for a time. These men were A. D. Richardson and T. W. Knox, who were also correspondents of New York and Boston papers. Both became famous as reporters in the Civil War.

George West was born in New Hampshire and became an apprentice printer in Boston and one of the principals of the Boston Stereotype Foundry. After operating "The Mountaineer" for a year, he did some freighting, and joined the Union cause as a Captain. He served well and after the war, returned to Golden and founded the "Colorado Transcript." For brief periods in 1859 and in 1865, he worked for Wm. Byers on the *Rocky Mountain News*. "The Colorado Transcript" is the

oldest continuously operated business in Golden, and Colorado's oldest continuously issued weekly newspaper.

Perhaps the most tireless booster of Golden was William Austin Hamilton Loveland. Born in Massachusetts, he lived in Illinois and served in the Army during the Mexican War, and was wounded seriously. He was in California for 2 years, during the early 1850's. Arriving in Golden in June of 1859, he started a store on Washington Avenue. He built the first road up Clear Creek, and began agitation for a railroad to the mines. He organized and became president of the Colorado Central Railroad. He had considerable mining property, and for nine years 1878-1887, owned the *Rocky Mountain News*. A prominent Democrat, he was a candidate for governor against F. W. Pitkin, and against N. P. Hill for senator, but lost both races. At one time he was a county commissioner in three separate Colorado counties, simultaneously.

Returning to the Golden of 1859, we find the residents establishing the first school, which opened January 1860, with Prof. Thomas Dougherty instructing 18 students. A grand ball was held to celebrate the completion of a great half year. The first theatrical performance of Madame Haydee, and her sisters, took place the first week of January, 1860. The first Masonic meeting in Golden was held Feb. 22, 1860. The Odd Fellows Lodge was organized in 1871. W. L. Douglas opened a shoe store and cobblers shop in the 1860's, and later went on to found a shoe factory which became a great industry.

The decade 1860-1870 in Golden was a period of a curious mixture of optimism, expansion, frustration, accomplishment, disappointment and general confusion. The discovery of and exploitation of the mineral values provoked great hopes, but the start of the War Between the States

had a very restraining effect upon Colorado's economy. There was a general lack of capital in Colorado at the time it was most needed. The area was far removed from the scene of commercial activity and the development of communication between the East and West was retarded by some years.

The population of Golden declined by 42% from 1860 to 1870. Things apparently went very well from 1859 through 1863, but were in poor shape until about 1870. The lack of capital 1863-1869 is seen in that while the first railroad to be organized in Colorado was Golden's "Colorado Central," it could not raise enough money to build and operate until 1870.

Golden for a time, seriously rivaled Denver as the seat of Colorado's government. The proclamation establishing Jefferson Territory was published in the "Mountaineer," as well as the "Rocky Mountain News," then the only papers in the territory. At the establishment of Colorado Territory in 1861, the first legislature met in Denver, and Colorado City was chosen as the capital. The second legislature met in Colorado City in 1862 and chose Golden as the capital. The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth legislatures met in Golden. The fifth and sixth legislatures met in the Loveland Building, later called the Koenig Building, and which still stands at the Northwest Corner of 12th St. and Washington Avenue. A plaque has been placed here by the Colorado Historical Society. The seventh session in 1867 was the last to convene in Golden and adjourned to Denver. This session named Denver as the capital, finally.

Because of Clear Creek to supply water and power, abundant supplies of coal discovered in 1859, nearby lime, clay and sandstone deposits, it was expected Golden would develop as a manufacturing city. This did to some extent come to pass. There have

been potteries, brickyards and ceramic plants in Golden from the earliest years. For some years during the 1880's, a paper mill operated. For a short time an iron foundry smelted bog-iron ore.

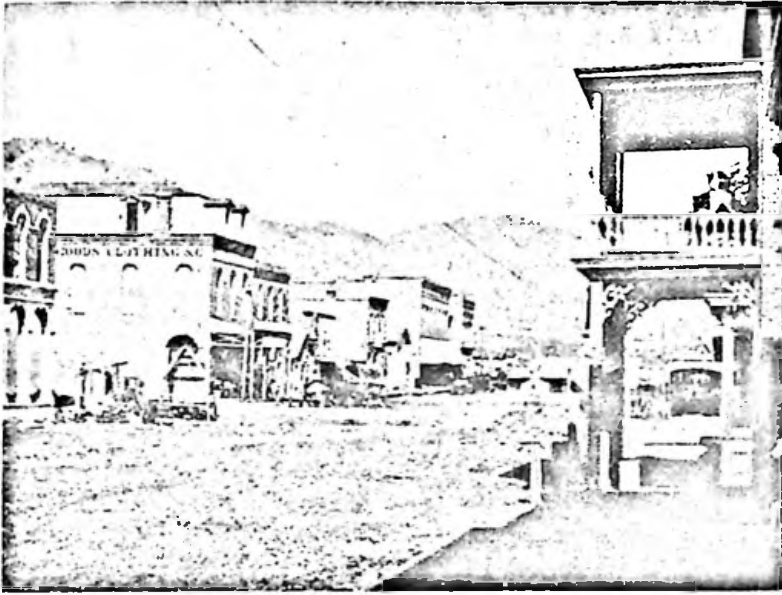
The paper mill and the glass factory made good starts, but one factor and possibly the most important one was the effect of the development of rapid and cheap transportation by rail from the East. Preferential rates from east to west dumped cheap eastern goods in the area, and local industry could not compete. Circumstances favored some products, but not others. Survival of some is based upon a good local market, but others upon a superior product, having high value in relation to weight.

Most of the contemporary accounts before 1870 stress the pioneer life and the resourcefulness of the settlers against primitive conditions. Accounts of the 1875-1890 period change their approach and point out how civilized and well developed the area is, and how safe for tourists.

The railroad had a profound impact upon Colorado, and much of the rivalry between Denver and Golden had its basis on the fight for railroad dominance.

In 1861 and again in 1865, W. A. H. Loveland financed a survey from Golden to Blackhawk. In 1865, the Colorado Central Railroad was incorporated, but lack of capital delayed action on building, until a false start was made New Year's Day, 1868. Still, a train did not run until Sept. 1870, thus making the Colorado Central the second Colorado railroad to operate a train in the state, not counting the Union Pacific tracks crossing the extreme northeastern corner of the state at Julesburg, nor the Kansas Pacific from Kansas City.

The line from Golden to Blackhawk was completed in Dec. 1871, to Idaho Springs in 1873, Central City in 1878, and Georgetown in 1877.



1870 view Golden, Colo. looking northwest toward land's Store in which the fifth and sixth Colorado Legislature met. Avenue Hotel in right foreground. (Collier Photo from Charles S. Ryland Collection)

The standard gauge to Cheyenne was completed in 1877.

In 1865, the Union Pacific began to build its transcontinental line west from the Missouri to Ogden, Utah. The people of Denver were certain that the road would feel obliged to pass through Denver, but in the latter part of 1866, it was discovered they were going through Wyoming. This was discouraging to Denver, but in Golden optimism was general. Golden was closer to the mines and was certain of steady traffic. Denver offered the Colorado Central funds to build to Cheyenne to connect with the Union Pacific, but on the condition that the line be built east of the Platte River. This did not suit the Golden people as they held out for Golden as a terminus. These negotiations took up most of 1867, and in the end, the people of Denver built the Denver Pacific which ran from Denver to Cheyenne. The Colorado Central was completed to Cheyenne with the aid of Union Pacific money and the U. P. asserted more

and more influence in its management.

As the narrow gauge line was built up Clear Creek Canon in 1871 and 1872, a new company, subsidiary to the Colorado Central was organized. This was the Golden City and South Platte RR. A route was graded from Golden to Acequia, by way of Morrison. (Acequia is a siding on the Denver and Rio Grande Western, south of Littleton) Rail was laid and trains operated over about four miles of it. This project was dormant from 1873 to 1878 because of the panic of '73, but in 1880 high hopes were again held for the plan. The purpose was of course to divert traffic through Golden and to by-pass Denver.

In 1875, friction between the U.P. and the Golden stockholders developed in the Colorado Central, and a violent battle for control of the road for several years. The Golden people siezed the road and struggled desperately to maintain their control, but lost out, though a compromise was reached. It was during this time

that the famous kidnapping took place. Judge A. W. Stone was removed Aug. 15, 1876, from a Colorado Central train and courteously but firmly restrained near Ralston Butte, so an injunction could not be issued against the Golden faction. All reports characterize this event as wholesome fun, but legally ineffective. The Colorado Central came under the hand of Jay Gould via the Union Pacific, which recognized Denver as a more suitable center of operations, and the Colorado Central and Denver Pacific were consolidated. In 1898, the Colorado and Southern was formed from the narrow gauge lines of the U.P., plus the Fort Worth and Denver City RR, and the Burlington RR purchased control of the Colorado and Southern in 1908.

The Colorado Central had its main offices, locomotive and car shops in Golden and for some years this provided employment for a large force of workers. When the control of the railroad went completely to the Union Pacific, most of these facilities were eliminated and carried on in the U.P. shops in Denver. The round-

house survived until early in the 1920's though in later years it served only to service a switching engine.

George Pullman homesteaded east of Golden, near Camp George West in 1860, and divided his time between Golden and Russell Gulch. In Russell Gulch he ran a private bank and broker's office. He earned some \$20,000 capital, which aided him in promoting the Pullman Palace Car. Local legend states that Dr. Levi Harsh of Golden suggested miners bunks to Pullman, which he incorporated in his car. However, the bunk idea had been in use for over 20 years on the Cumberland Valley Railroad in Pennsylvania and Maryland. Pullman had in 1858, before he had been to Colorado, built two cars which were in operation on the Chicago and Alton Railroad. In 1859, the two were increased to 12. He came to Colorado to get money to develop his sleeping car idea. His big contribution was to provide a luxurious sleeping car that could be interchanged on many railroads.

Other Golden railroads came later. The Denver Lakewood and Golden



View of Washington Avenue, looking south from 11th & Washington about 1878-1880

Ry. was built as a steam line 1890-1892, and was electrified to Golden for passenger service about 1908-1909. and for freight service about 1923. The company became the Denver and Intermountain Ry. in 1896. The Denver, Lakewood and Golden operated track north of Golden by steam for a few years until 1896.

The first locomotive was a small tank engine, reportedly obtained from the New York City elevated lines. A favorite Saturday night sport on this line, according to some Golden resident who seem to know all of the details, was to grease the track near the Industrial School and to plug the sand pipes with a potato. This caused at least an hour's delay on the trip to Denver. The passengers, mostly couples homeward bound from a dance in Golden, were most patient.

The Denver and Northwestern Ry. was a branch of the Denver Tramway, which ran from North Denver via Clear Creek Valley to Arvada, Golden, and a branch to Leyden. With the purchase of the Denver and Intermountain Ry. by the Denver Tramway Co. in 1909, both lines were consolidated and operated as the Denver and Intermountain Ry. Both are now abandoned.

In the early 1900's, cable funicular lines were built up Castle Rock and Lookout Mountain. These were popular for a time, but abandoned 1919-1923.

The first permanent school building was erected of brick in 1863, at 13th St. near Washington. This building became Governor Cumming's executive office, and a new school built east of Washington on 13th St., in 1866. In 1873, the South School (now the School of Mines Physics building) was built, and the North School added in 1879.

The cornerstone for Jarvis Hall was laid by Methodist Bishop George M. Randell, Aug. 25, 1869. This

building was destroyed in November, 1869 by a severe windstorm and was rebuilt in 1870 with the help of the state legislature which appropriated \$3,872.45 for a building for a School of Mines. Jarvis Hall taught collegiate subjects, and in 1873, offered courses in mining, chemistry, assaying and civil engineering. In 1874, the School of Mines was separated from Jarvis Hall and began its present existence as a State School of Mines. The first (Jarvis Hall and Matthews Hall) was at the State Industrial School site. The first building on the present campus was the old chemistry building built in 1880, recently torn down for the new metallurgy building.

Several prominent Golden men were intimately connected with the School of Mines. Captain Berthoud was a member of the faculty for many years teaching civil engineering and geology. W. A. H. Loveland was President of the Board of Trustees for some years and in 1875-1876 was Professor in charge between Prof. Mallet and Prof. Gregory Board. Dr. Levi Harsh of Golden introduced the bill in the Territorial legislature which created the School of Mines. Prof. Arthur Lakes taught geology at the School for a number of years beginning in 1873.

For many years no new buildings were added to the school but in the last 20 years a new library, chemistry, metallurgy, petroleum, physical education and geology buildings have been constructed. The campus is now modern and extensive. The student body is currently about 1100. The degrees given all engineering degrees having to do with mineral and earth sciences.

The Colorado School of Mines has become one of the great mining and engineering schools in the world. Each year, large numbers of foreign students are graduated along with those from every state of the U. S.

In 1872 the first smelter was estab-

lished in Golden. This was called the Golden Smelting Works. In 1875 the Collom smelter was built. A copper smelter was built by the Malachite Mining Co. in 1877. Copper ore came from a mine near Bear Creek.

In 1877 the Trenton Dressing and Smelting Co. built a plant near the mouth of Clear Creek. The Valley Smelter was erected in 1879. By 1888 only one smelter was operating in Golden. A new plant was built in 1901, by F. R. Carpenter, and expanded in 1910, but ceased operations before the mid 1920's.

In 1873 Adolph Coors came to Golden, and with Jacob Schueler, established a brewery in C. C. Welch's old tannery. The company prospered, and A. Coors bought out Schueler in 1880. Schueler moved to Manitou and started the Ute Chief Bottling Co.

Coors' brewery continued to expand. In 1887, Mr. Coors formed a company known as the Colorado Glass Works, principally to make bottles for the brewery. This did not pay, and the company closed down in 1892. The plant remained idle until about 1910, when a man from Ohio named Herold, formed the Herold China and Pottery Co., with A. Coors as the largest stockholder. The plant developed a good grade of oven-proof cooking ware. The name was changed to Coors Porcelain Co. about 1920.

When World War I broke out, all laboratory porcelain for chemists came from Germany. The Commerce department of the U. S. government appealed to all whiteware (china) plants to undertake the manufacture of chemical porcelain. About six plants got some on the market, but only Coors survived. Today it is the largest such factory in the world. In addition to chemical porcelain, Coors makes alumina and berllia ceramics for electronic vacuum tubes, pump plungers, pump seal rings, miscellanc-

ous nose cones, grinding media and other industrial ceramic products.

The A. Coors Co. brewery is extremely modern and employs some unique processing techniques, such as semi-continuous malting of barley, and the canning of draft beer in aluminum cans. In 1960 it ranks about 14th in national production. The brewery is on the original site selected in 1873, and uses the same source of brewing water.

Golden has always been a relatively sedate community though one of the prominent streets is named after the Ford brothers, who operated a gambling tent near 12th and Ford Streets. It was in their tent that the first religious service was held in 1859. The Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, Catholic and Presbyterians all had buildings by the early seventies. The bell in the Baptist Church is said to be the oldest church bell in Colorado, being brought to Golden in 1860. Today the following congregations are represented, several of which have new edifices: Baptist, Catholic, Methodist, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Seventh Day Adventists, Nazarene, Latter Day Saints, Unitarian, Christian Science, Lutheran and Church of Christ.

As mentioned previously, the clay deposits in and near Golden, have been operated continuously since the first months of their existence until today, and are not yet exhausted. The George Parfet Estate, and the Rubey Clay Co. have operated the large pits in Golden. Church's brickyard, north of Golden, still operates after many decades and several changes of ownership. Other ceramic plants now gone are the Gjeisbeek Pottery, makers of stoneware and good chinaware, the Cambria Brick and Tile Co., Curry's brickyard, and the Castle Rock brickyard.

For many years coal was mined in Golden from two shafts of the White Ash coal mine. On Sept. 9, 1889, one

of the levels of the mine under Clear Creek flooded and seven miners were drowned.

"The Western Mountaineer" and the "Colorado Transcript" were the first newspapers established in Golden. In 1872 the "Golden Globe" was begun by Ed. Howe, and sold to Wm. G. Smith in 1877. Mr. Howe went to Atchison, Kansas and became famous as the "Sage of Potato Hill." The "Globe" was succeeded by the "Jefferson County Republican" which ceased publication about 1947. Today the "Colorado Transcript" and the "Golden Outlook" publish weekly. The Church Extension Service operates a good sized specialized printing plant.

The first movie house in Golden was operated by the Bensons in the Christian Church on 10th St., between Washington and Jackson Sts. Another house was in the Merkle Building on Washington, between 11th and 12th Sts. The Gem Theater was started and still is at 13th and Washington.

While there is not space here to discuss the history of all of the business houses, nor the interesting people who have operated them; among the various business houses not mentioned earlier that are now operating, the older ones are Duvall-Davison Lumber Co. (formerly H. T. Quick Co.), Kellogg Hardware (formerly Linder Hardware), Ellis Dept. Store (formerly Slater & Ellis), The Colorado Central Power Co. (formerly Jefferson County Power & Light Co., and earlier, 1889, the Golden Illuminating Co.), Golden Mercantile (formerly Koenig's), and Foss' Drug Store.

Golden has had many hotels beginning with its first, the Johnson House. Others have been the Golden Hotel at 13th and Arapahoe Sts., the Avenue Hotel on Washington between 12th and 13th, the Belle Vista on 12th St. between Jackson and Washington. This was a large struc-

ture apparently too large, so it was never successful. It had one serious fire, was condemned and torn down about 1920. The present hotel was built in the 1920's, as the Berrimoor, and about 1942, became the LaRay Hotel, and is now the Holland House.

Golden has completed 101 years of its existence in 1960 and appears healthy and progressive. It is difficult to predict its future, though it will probably maintain its identity for some years to come.

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Westerner's Bookshelf



YOUR DESERT AND MINE. By Nina Paul Shumway. Westernlore Press, 1960. 322 pp. \$6.75.

Climate and situation affect the interests and change the character of men. This statement certainly applies to the individuals depicted in this volume. William L. Paul, father of the author, after shuttling around Nebraska, Illinois, Missouri, Louisiana, Mexico, and Oregon, finally in 1909 settled north of the Salton Sea in the Coachella Valley of California, where he established a small ranch of some eighty acres, dubbed the Esperanza. The book is actually a partial autobiography of his daughter, covering a period of approximately forty years beginning in 1909.

The account covers in detail the struggles of the Paul family to build and maintain a home in the Valley, and describes the painful hardships, setbacks, and heartbreaks experienced in starting, and endeavoring to make profitable the date industry in the desert. A large amount of explanatory and statistical material on this industry is included. The author tells of the breakup after eight years, of her too early marriage and the untimely deaths of her baby daughter, her parents, and her brother. She and a cousin made many difficult, laborious trips into the desert areas surrounding the Valley and into Arizona, seeking some solace that is never made clear. After a long and close association, they were married, and their own trials in an effort to make a success of the Esperanza, ending with the death of Stephen, are described at length.

Nina Paul Shumway left the Valley many times during the forty years covered in the book, but she always returned. Just why she was unable to resist this compulsion, she herself probably could not explain. Her descriptions of the weariness, monotony, heat, sandstorms, loneliness and toil would have driven most people to flee the desert in despair and defeat, but she was unhappy and discontented when away from it. Perhaps

she was like the old West Texas cowboy who could not enjoy his food without some grit in his teeth and who always threw a handful of sand in his bed before he could go to sleep.

The author formed an enduring friendship with Mrs. Nellie Coffman, founder-owner and co-manager of the renowned Desert Inn at Palm Springs. Her thumb-nail sketch of Mrs. Coffman and the growth of the Palm Springs area makes interesting reading.

Whatever value the record may possess can be gauged only by its intimate and personal appeal to the individual reader. It is a unique treatment of the desert, but not in the vein of Mary Austin, Joseph Wood Krutch, or for that matter, Walt Disney. She herself in her dedication quotes Proust. "Living experience cannot be fully significant because it is isolated and transitory; it becomes significant only when it is contemplated in connection with those parts of the pattern which Time separates but which really belong together."

W. Scott Broome, PM

THE CIVIL WAR IN THE NORTHWEST. By Robert Huhn Jones, (Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 216 pgs., \$4.)

There have been some 34,000 volumes written on the Civil War and many more will appear during the centennial of that event, but there still remain areas to be examined and people and events to reconsider, re-evaluate and reinterpret.

One of the neglected areas in Civil War history is the northwestern frontier. This frontier was administered by the Department of the Northwest, which included the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa, and, for a time, the territories of Dakota and Nebraska. This unit was not strategically concerned with crushing the rebellion in the South. Its military necessity was derived from Indian troubles, particularly the Sioux uprising in 1862, but it also had considerable

value as a source of men in the larger war. It was commanded by Major General John Pope, a career officer banished to the Northwest as the goat of the Second Battle of Bull Run. Charged with quelling Indian uprisings and protecting settlers and emigrants, Pope proved equal to the task.

Here is the proper placing of the frontier wars in the larger context of the larger conflict; a comprehensive view of the Sioux outbreak, massacre and war of 1862.

While General Pope was arrogant and tempestuous, he was also a competent soldier and was an able administrator who honestly tried to do something about the Indian problem.

The author's contribution to Civil War history certainly plows new ground and should prove of lasting value to the overall picture of the conflict.

Armand W. Reeder

FISHING IN THE WEST. By Arthur H. Carhart, (Sage Press, Denver, 144 pgs., \$3.)

The unusual and varied topography of our western states provides a wide range of fishing waters—tiny mountain lakes, brushy brooks, rushing streams and great rivers. The author discusses all the important factors in each type, including underwater terrain, vegetation, temperature, the fish you will find there and how to catch them.

The relationships among various species of western fishes and how they have changed their characteristics to meet new environments are explained in detail, clarifying the confusion over local and scientific names. Rods, casting techniques and flies for western waters are discussed thoroughly and the author, Arthur Carhart, knows whereof he speaks as he has spent many years fishing this area.

Mr. Carhart, well-known conservation expert, authority on the National Forests and one time director of the Wild Life Restoration Program of Colorado, concludes his book by telling of foolproof ways to preserve your catch. He also lists a number of unusual fish recipes which should provide delicious eating.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

TO COLORADO'S RESTLESS GHOSTS. By Inez Hunt and Wanetta W. Draper. Denver: Sage Books, Alan Swallow, Publisher (1960). 330 pages, profusely illustrated from photographs. \$5.00.

Wanetta Draper and Inez Hunt took a notion to throw a whing-ding to which would be invited only the ghosts of eggheads, fruitcakes and those possessed of daemons. They selected their ghosts not because they

were important (though some of them were) but only because the authors liked them and found them entertaining. "To Colorado's Restless Ghosts" is the authors' toast to their guests.

Some of the names on the guest-list will be familiar to you; some of them you never heard of: Stephen Decatur (Bross), the philogynous prospector, promoter and mountain man; Cy Warman, the poet whose railroad stories are better than his verse; Jefferson Randolph ("Soapy") Smith, progenitor of bunco men; Helen Hunt Jackson, a genius who was afflicted with logorrhea who did not die of it; Nora Gaines, androgyne of Colorado Springs' horse-drawn tourist-drivers; Captain Ellen E. Jack, androgyne of the Gunnison Country's prospectors; Martin Bowman, a genuine artist who used, instead of canvas, the canon-walls of the Picketwire; John Cleveland Osgood, hedonistic but pragmatic idealist who tried to establish Utopia in the valley of the Crystal River; Prairie Dog O'Byrne, who drove visitors to Colorado Springs behind a pair of elk, but who backslid into book-writing; Milton Franklin Andrews, a Cheyenne Mountain murderer who was trapped by a dentist but escaped earthly punishment through suicide; Grace Greenwood (Lippincott), well-connected friend of Colorado's greats, who by her writings made Manitou famous; Bathhouse John J. Coughlin, Chicago's political racketeer, builder and operator of Colorado Springs' famous Coney Island, "The Zoo"; Nikola Tesla, a genius as great as Edison and Marconi, who came to Colorado Springs in 1899 and made experiments and discoveries in the field of electricity without which our modern "electronics" would have been impossible; Winfield Scott Stratton, carpenter, smart prospector who discovered an eleven-million-dollar gold-producer in the Cripple Creek District, hard-drinker, hard-hater, and one of Colorado Springs' great benefactors; the eccentric Starks of St. Elmo; Machebeuf Dyer, Darley and Sheldon Jackson, pioneers among Colorado's heralds of the cross; Otto Mears, the little man who had big dreams of a transportation empire, and made them come true; Ouray, the friendly and well paid Ute chief who made possible the whites' settlement of Western Colorado. Also invited to the party were certain delightful, light professional ladies who made pleasant for our manly pioneers the long, cold Colorado nights.

There are a few faults and errors in this book, but who cares? I read it through with pleasure. It will be, I hope, a perennial good-seller and a favorite with readers who treasure the trivial and important in Colorado history.

John J. Lipsey, PM

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



December
1960
Vol. XVI No. 12

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
DENVER WESTERNERS
The Arena Players
of Colorado Springs Present



**THE ACTRESS AND
THE GAMBLING MAN**

A True Drama of the Central City Gold Rush

BY LILLIAN DE LA TORRE

PREMIERE PERFORMANCE

DECEMBER 17, 1860

Under the direction of

JEAN FAVRE

PLINE: November 1860

PLACE: The Stage of the Olympic Theatre, Central City

† Characters †

Reproduction of original handbill announcing "The Actress and The Gambling Man" set from type faces in collection of Charles Ryland.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP



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at Boulder, Colorado. Printed
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December, 1960

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OFFICERS

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<i>Chuck Wrangler, W. Scott Broome</i>	<i>Book Review Chairman, Herbert P. White</i>
<i>Preceding Sheriff, Fred M. Mazzulla</i>	

JANUARY MEETING

January 25, 1961

"THE NATIVE AMERICAN CHURCH (PEYOTE) AND THE LAW"

By Omer Stewart

Dr. Stewart is head of the Anthology Department at the University of Colorado, and one of the nation's leading scholars of Indian life and customs. Over the years he has become thoroughly acquainted with the "Peyote Cult," its practices, growth and effect on Indian life. This promises to be an outstanding program, and will add a great deal to our knowledge of Indian culture.

FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

RYLAND ELECTED SHERIFF OF DENVER POSSE

Charles Ryland, of Golden, Colo., was elected Sheriff of the Denver Posse at their annual meeting January 17, 1961.

Other officers elected were: Robert L. Perkin, Deputy Sheriff; Erl K. Ellis, Roundup Foreman and Tally Man; Don L. Griswold, Registrar of Marks and Brands; and Herbert P. White, Chuck Wrangler.

Sheriff Ryland appointed the following Committee Chairmen: Ray G. Colwell, Publications; L. T. Sigstad, Programs; Charles W. Webb, Membership; Guy M. Herstrom, Editor of the annual Brand Book, and Numa L. James, Book Reviews.

These men, along with Preceding Sheriff, Fletcher W. Birney, Jr., compose the Executive members of the organization.

THREE STUDENTS SHARE IN SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS

The fourth annual \$300.00 memorial scholarship award of the Denver Westerners, announced at the annual meeting, will be shared by three students of Denver and Colorado University.

Maurice Frink, executive director of the Colorado State Historical Society, and Chairman of the Awards Committee, announced that three of the papers submitted for the scholarship prize were so well researched and written that the judges had a difficult time to select a first place winner. It was decided to give each of these students \$100 apiece toward their scholarship studies in Western history.

Sharing in the award were: Leo E. Oliva, 2501 So. Williams St., Denver, a Ph.D. candidate at Denver University for his paper: "Fortifications of the Plains: A History of Ft. Dodge, Kan. 1864-1882."

Another winner was Miss Maxine

Benson, 602 Pine St., Boulder, Colo., a senior in the history department at Colorado University; her paper was on the history of the Colorado coal strikes of 1913-1914.

The entry of Harold D. Hampton, 969 12th St., Boulder, Colo., a graduate student at Colorado University working toward a Master's Degree in history, was the third winner with his entry: "The Problems of the Frontier Army 1865-1883" and a projected history of North Park in Colorado.

The Scholarship fund of the Denver Westerners was established in 1957 to memorialize deceased members of the organization, and is devoted to the collection and preservation of Western regional history. The award fund is made possible by voluntary contributions from Posse and Corresponding members, and other interested persons who wish to contribute. Competition for the annual scholarship award is open to any student affiliated with any Colorado university or college.

TWO COLORADO SITES NAMED U. S. LANDMARKS

Interior Secretary Fred A. Seaton, declared this month, two historical sites in Colorado as National Historical Landmarks. They were picked for their outstanding historical and archaeological value.

The two sites selected for this designation were Bent's Old Fort erected about 1833, located in southeastern Colorado near La Junta, and Raton Pass located in southern Colorado near Trinidad.

Bent's Old Fort served as an operational base for both Col. John Fremont on his exhibitions thru southern Colorado, and by Gen. Phil Kearney on his famous march from Ft. Leavenworth to Santa Fe, N. M., in 1846.

Raton Pass was part of the historic old Santa Fe Trail which led from eastern points to Taos, and Santa Fe, N. M., and eventually to Mexico and southern California.

THE ACTRESS AND THE GAMBLING MAN

A Central City Scandal

By Lillian de la Torre



Lillian de la Torre

(Mrs. George McCue)

Lillian Bueno McCue is a writer whose hobby is theatre. Since 1945, ten books, on crime, history, and cooking, have appeared over her pen name of Lillian de la Torre, as well as numerous short stories, articles, plays, and book reviews in collections and periodicals. For the stage, she has written the 1952 Imperial Hotel melodrama, "The Sally Cathleen Claim," which was revived by Arena Players last summer at the Alamo Hotel (1960) and also several plays for Civic Players production, one of which, "Goodbye, Miss Lizzie Borden," was produced by Alfred Hitchcock on television recently. Her new book, "The Actress," published October 14, 1957, is the story of the famous Sarah Siddons and the stage as she knew it 200 years ago.

Mrs. McCue has appeared in 34 different Colorado Springs productions in the past 23 years, 13 of them with Orvis Grout. She has acted under twelve different directors in all, for Civic Players, American Legion, Fountain Valley School, Colorado College, the Mrs. Santa Claus Club, Civic Chorus, and Fort Carson. Her parts have included everything, from maids to leads, from a Cajun to a Queen, Spanish, French, English, Russian, German, or Norwegian. Abby in "Arsenic and Old Lace" is her second lunatic and her fourth murderess. Her part as "Mama Wakely" in THE

ACTRESS AND THE GAMBLING MAN is her 34th stage role in Colorado.

THE ACTRESS AND THE GAMBLING MAN is based on research she is doing for a biography of M'lle Haydee & Sisters, to be called "Gold Dust at her Feet."

(In this paper Miss de la Torre gathers together the facts and the legends on which she based her historical play, *The Actress and the Gambling Man*, which had its premier performance before the Denver posse of *The Westerners* on December 17, 1960.)

The first lady of the early Colorado stage was Rose (Brown) Wakely, better known by her stage name of M'lle Haydee.¹ With her two actress sisters, blonde Flora and red-haired Louisa, the darkeyed beauty came to Colorado in September, 1859, to open with the Thorne Star Company at the Apollo Theatre in Larimer Street. The miners fell in love with her at once.²

In November, 1860, barely a year later, she threw it all away when she disappeared from Central City just a few hours before she was slated to appear in *Othello* at the new Olympic Theatre.

The episode was a sensation, a scandal, and a mystery. What really happened? Why did it happen?

The records are fragmentary, and the tradition is lurid, but between them, with the help of inference from character, the story can be reconstructed.

In spring and summer of 1860, the courageous M'lle Haydee, now managing her own troupe, had to struggle with a series of reverses, with accident, illness, and a disastrous split in the company. By October, 1860, however,

her fortunes were once more in the ascendant. The split was patched up, and she was again the leader of a strong company, which opened "in the upper story of the Veranda hotel, Lawrence street Central (sic), then just completed by Colonel Albertson."³ Here Miss Flora sang, M'lle Haydee danced, Mike Dougherty rendered comical Irish ditties, and they all acted in two plays every night. The theatre was always crowded.

On November 3, the company at the Olympic produced an original play written by one of the actors, H. B. Norman. It was called *The Brotherhood of the Rose*, and it told a lurid tale of a girl whose admirers banded together and took an oath to keep outsiders away from her.⁴ Perhaps the writer had Rose Wakely in mind, for she had many admirers both inside and outside of the theatre.

Among the outsiders was Thomas Evans, a gambling man of rather Satanic good looks, with his sleek dark hair and goatee, tip-tilted opaque eyes, and insolent half-smile, as he appears in an old family photograph. He was born in Virginia on January 26, 1834, and arrived in Colorado on September 15, 1859 (just twelve days before *Rose*), according to his entry on the Colorado Pioneers Register at the Denver Public Library, Western Division.

As the fall season drew to a close, the time came for the actors' benefit performances, when each leading actor would select a play to perform, sell tickets to his friends, and pocket the box-office net. Sam Hunter was the company's factotum, set designer, painter, stage manager, and heavy actor. The *Daily Rocky Mountain News* on Monday, November 12, 1860, announced Sam's benefit with a flourish:

"SAM HUNTER'S BENEFIT—The young gents and the young ladies of Mountain, Missouri and Nevada cities, will bear in mind the great

entertainment at the Olympic, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 13, it being the benefit of that favorite and first class actor—for this or any other country—S. D. Hunter, Esq., who, as a gentleman and an artist, is too well known here for the past twelve months, to need any favorable endorsement from us. It is the last night of the season, and immense attractions and novelties in drama, tragedy, grand opera, Irish singing, French dancing, etc., are going to be served up, among the other delicacies, prepared for this last night of the season. Judge Smith is to appear on the occasion, as an amateur lingo. There will be band, field and orchestral music, under the direction of Red and impressario (sic) Cavein (sic) . . . The *elite* of the mountains, Lincoln, Douglas, Breckenridge and Bell men, accompanied of course by their ladies, must be on hand and cast their electoral votes for the *Hunter of Clear Creek!*"

As curtain time approached, too late for Tuesday's paper, it was discovered that the star actress was missing. On Wednesday, 14, the *Daily Rocky Mountain News* announced that Sam's benefit was postponed until Thursday evening, "on which occasion we expect the Olympic will be crowded with mountain gents and graceful girls, from the Tollgate House to Missouri City and Nevada. We trust that the beneficiary aforesaid will receive a bumper on this last night of the season—notwithstanding,

Hinckley's cable brought the news That Olympic's *Rose* had fled."

Tradition tells of a hot pursuit by the outraged miners,⁵ and a near-lynching that was stopped by the intervention of Deputy Sheriff Billy Cozens.⁶ The papers, however, reported nothing of such irregularities as pursuing lynch mobs. According to the press, the abductor was pursued with legalities instead.

Among Miss Haydee's admirers was James T. Coleman, a romantic young

Southerner with glossy dark curls clustering to his shoulders.⁷ With a very good idea of what had become of Rose, he rushed at once to Justice Downing, and demanded a warrant "for the arrest of an individual, who had abducted a young girl, without the consent of her parents, for the basest of all imaginable purposes,"⁸ as he indignantly phrased it.

Justice Downing kept a cool head. Rose was in fact not a day under 25⁹ (though in the 1860 census she had passed herself off as 18), and the Judge was not at all sure that she had gone along unwillingly. He issued a writ of *habeas corpus* for bringing the missing girl back; but as to a criminal warrant for Thomas Evans, this he refused to grant.

The fiery young Southerner had just founded a paper called the *Denver Mountaineer*. On November 15 he used it to call Justice Downing some harsh names, and Downing retaliated with a few sarcasms in the *Daily Rocky Mountain News* of the same date. Was editor Coleman, he demanded caustically, "smitten by the fair one, whom a successful rival has thus forever secured? Or is he getting looney? The young man has evidently a very sore head, and probably a sore heart. Query: why is it so?"

The writ of *habeas corpus*, for recovering the threatened body of the lady, was handed to Marshal W. F. Shaffer. The Marshal does not seem to have felt any urgency about executing it. But there was one man who did, for on Tuesday, November 20, just a week after the disappearance, the *Rocky Mountain News* reported: —"**BROUGHT BACK.**—Sheriff Wynkoop arrived in this city today, having Thomas Evans in custody, who is charged with abducting Rose Wakeley (sic), better known as M'lle Haydee. The fugitive pair were overtaken on the road to the States . . . The matter, we understand, is to undergo a judicial investigation."



M'lle Haydee or Rose Brown or Rose Wakely, sister of Flora and Louisa Wakely. Married to Tom Evans. Taken about time she played in Central City. (From old photo copyrighted by Fred and Jo Mazzulla)

Edward W. Wynkoop was sent to the gold frontier by Governor Denver of Kansas in the early fall of 1858, to be the first Sheriff of Arapahoe County; but he had been long since superseded in the post. He must have got himself deputized for the occasion. According to Hal Sayre, who was there at the time, he had a deep personal interest in the matter. "Miss Wakeley (sic)," says Sayre,¹⁰ "did not continue long to adorn the stage. There were very few young women in Gregory Gulch in those days, and her attractiveness proved a great magnet to the young miners. She had many suitors but of all these the young lady soon displayed a preference for Ned Wynkoop (sic) . . . who afterwards became prominent as an officer of the First Colorado Regiment during the Civil War." No wonder Rose viewed Ned with favor, for he was an outstandingly handsome young man, six feet four inches tall, with regular

features and dangerous-looking light blue eyes, and the best amateur actor on the frontier besides.

Where had this disappointed suitor actually tracked down the elopers?

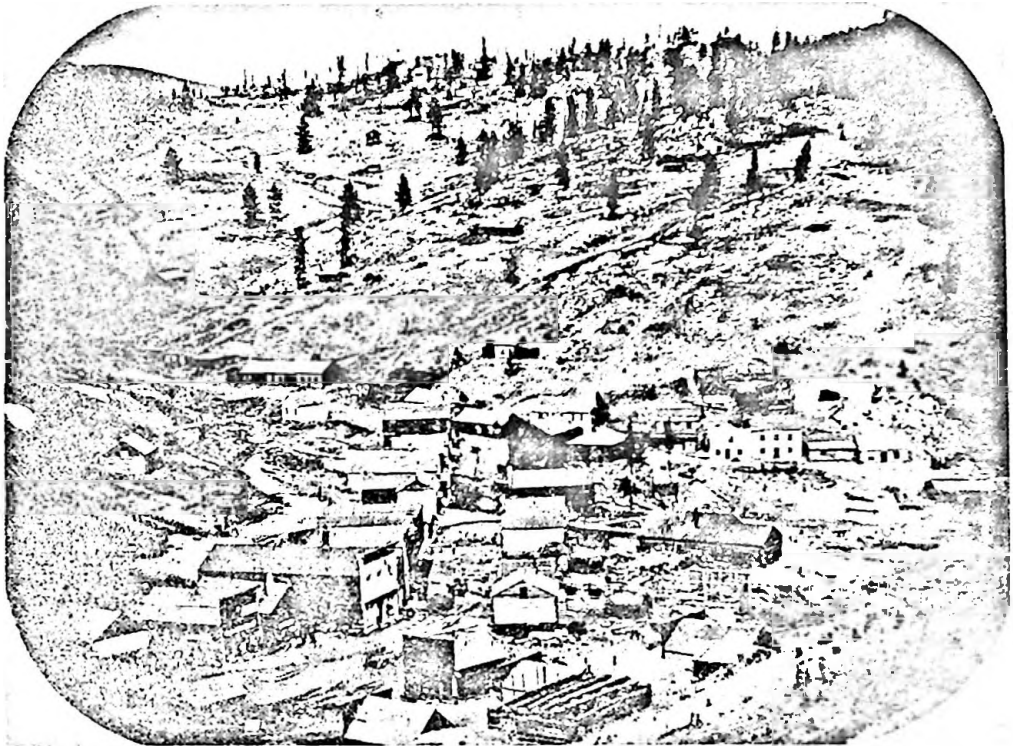
It is highly unlikely that the abductor was so foolhardy as to strike out across the prairies with his fair victim. They fled in foot-deep snow, and more snow fell as the days went past. When the 1860 census was taken the preceding summer, the enumerator had found T. Evans living in the Valley of the Platte, and that is probably the hide-out to which the gambling man took his prize. Technically it was indeed "on the road to the States," which ran down the Valley of the Platte, so that Ned was within the literal truth when he tried to protect Rose's reputation by making it sound as if Evans had not

stopped running long enough to consummate "the basest of all imaginable purposes" upon his victim.

The authorities were implacable, and Rose was silent, as the date of the trial of Thomas Evans for the abduction of Rose Wakely was set for 10 o'clock on Friday, November 23, before Judge W. P. McClure, the Southern firebrand nicknamed "Bold Thunder."

Tradition agrees that the trial was slated to be held under a handy tree, to facilitate hanging. In some versions Rose, faced with the noose, saved Evans by saying they were married already, before she married him in earnest the next day.¹¹ But the press heard nothing of such a maneuver:

"At the time appointed," reported the *Daily Rocky Mountain News* on November 23, "we repaired to the spot



Central City in 1860 (from Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla)

designated for the trial, but after waiting over an hour we discovered no signs of a trial, and came away. It is generally believed that the matter will be settled without a public investigation."

Thus it was that the truth of the matter was never made public. Abduction or elopement? Which?

I have elsewhere set down a rule for solving historical mysteries: Look down the middle.¹²

By this rule, Rose Wakely's disappearance with Thomas Evans the gambling man must have been something between abduction and elopement; and I believe this to be the fact.

So ambitious and conscientious an actress as M'lle Haydee would never have freely consented to abandon the company just before a performance in which she was to star, especially a benefit, and most especially the last performance of the season. A voluntary elopement could have waited twenty-four hours.

It follows that Evans, goaded no doubt by the sight of prospering rivals, must have carried her off by force. She had probably given him good reason to believe that he could make her like it.

He was right. She liked it so well that rather than see him hang, she give him her hand. On November 23, the complaining witness called off the trial of her abductor. The next day, November 24, they were married.

The newspapers chose to be facetious on the subject.

"MARRIED," proclaimed the *Daily Rocky Mountain News* on November 28, 1860: "On the 24th inst., by H. H. C. Harrison, Esq., THOMAS EVANS to ROSE M. BROWN, all of this city.

"The beautiful and fascinating danseuss (sic) now makes her debut in the matrimonial melo drama (sic) and we wish her a brilliant and prosperous 'engagement.'"

"So," commented George West in his *Western Mountaineer* on Decem-

ber 6, 1860, "poor Rose has gone in the *hey-dee* of youth; we trust her joy will not be *evan-escant*."

Editor West was too right. The stage never really took her back, though she tried valiantly by every trick she could think of, and managed a few minor roles in Denver during the following year. Then Colorado knew her no more, until in 1865 news trickled back that she was dead in the East.

Although Ned married Louisa, and they lived happy ever after, they never forgave Rose for her scandalous marriage. Her name is forgotten in the family. The last of Louisa's eight children, before he died in Colorado Springs recently, stoutly denied to me that his mother had ever had a sister named Rose. Another son thought that 'M'lle Haydee' might have been a role played by Louisa.¹³ Poor Rose, her fame, like her joy, like her life, was evanescent.

NOTES

¹The Central City miners, misreading 'M'lle,' tack to calling her 'Miss Millie.' See Hal Sayre, "Early Central City Theatricals and Other Reminiscences," *Colorado Magazine*, vol. vi, no. 1, January, 1929, 48.

²See Lillian de la Torre, "The Theatre Comes to Denver," *Colorado Magazine*, vol. xxxvii, no. 4, October, 1960, 285-296.

³*Daily Central City Register*, Feb. 8, 1876, p. 3 col. 3. The writer (probably Frank Hall, according to Lynn Perrigo in "The First Two Decades of Central City Theatricals," *Colorado Magazine*, vol. xi, no. 4, July, 1934, 141) states erroneously that the Olympic Theatre was opened after Rose's flight, but the *Daily Rocky Mountain News* item of November 14, 1860, proves his error. However, his account of the reconstituted company being again disrupted by a second elopement nine weeks later may not be so inaccurate, as exactly ten weeks after Rose's disappearance her sister Flora, the new star, suddenly married the orchestra leader, J. B. (Buzz) Caven. (*Daily Rocky Mountain News*, February 2, 1961, p. 2, col. 5)

⁴Melvin Schoberlin, *From Candles to Footlights* (Denver: Old West Publishing Company, 1941), 36-37.

⁵See Caroline Bancroft, *Gulch of Gold* (Denver: Sage Books, 1958), 102-104, where the details are fancifully woven into the life story of Cozens' future bride. Miss Bancroft tells me: "In the 1930's and 1940's Lincoln Allenbaugh, Harry H. Lake and Mayme G. Sturm (who spent her girlhood vacations with the Cozens family in Middle Park) told me family tales of the kidnapping hullabaloo. No eyewitness still lived at the time, although a published recollection, perhaps by Frank Hall, which substantiated their outlines, is lost somewhere in my volumes of notes."

⁶Perry Eberhart, *Guide to the Colorado Ghost Towns and Mining Camps* (Denver: Sage Books, 1959), 22.

⁷Julia S. Lambert, "Plain Tales of the Plains," *The Trail*, vol. viii, no. 10, March, 1916, 10.

⁸*Daily Rocky Mountain News*, November 15, 1860, p. 2, col. 5.

⁹Family records show that Louisa was born on September 17, 1836. Rose was the eldest, according to her obituary in the *Daily Denver Gazette*, June 21, 1865, p. 3, col. 1.

¹⁰Hal Sayre, *loc. cit.* Although Sayre was an eye-witness of affairs in Central City, his account

gets a little mixed up as to what happened after Haydee left the gulch, and which of the sisters ultimately married Ned Wynkoop and went with him to New Mexico.

¹¹Melvin Schoberlin, *op. cit.*, 38.

¹²Lillian de la Torre, *The Hair of Douglas* (New York, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1952), 250.

¹³Personal letter, Frank Wynkoop to Dorothy Gardiner, June 3, 1949.

OUR TOMORROW STARTED YESTERDAY

Information Circulation of German Westerners Society

In a previous issue of THE ROUND-UP mention was made of receipt of some of the other Westerner's monthly publications.

Recent mail produced a copy of one published by The German Westerners Society (Non-political). The pamphlet is printed in German and below is an explanation of the founding of this group with explanation of some of the articles.

This is an introduction to the German Westerners Society.

Roughly, intriguing historical events and popular interest therein by certain people lead to the organization of The Westerners in 1944 by Mr. Elmo Scott Watson, Professor at the North-Western University, and Mr. Leland D. Case. Senator Clinton P. Anderson endorsed it. The first group, the Chicago Corral, works primarily with pioneer life and publishes *The Westerners Brand Book*, which has served as basis for the Westerns on TV and movie industry.

Based on its success, new groups organized in Denver, Los Angeles, Kansas City, New York, etc. each publishing their own magazines.

In 1954, the English Westerners Society was founded, followed by those in France, Scandinavia, Denmark and Sweden. 1958 saw the birth of The Westerners Foundation Inc. at the College of the Pacific in Stockton, California, which has been associated with the Western Americana Library. During the same year, its president, Mr. Philip A. Danielson, visited Germany and met with the author (of this article). H. J. Stammel, to inaugurate plans for a Western Founda-

tion in Germany.

At this time, Germany has a large library containing the history of the American West and plans to publish stories following the lines of Brand-Books, mainly stories centered around 1850 to 1900, covering the conquest of the West. Among their plans is an annual prize for the 3 best-rated Western novels by German authors based on historical material, as well as the publication of historical leaflets. They see a great future ahead for such historical material.

The Westerner (Novels) — Type—Purpose—Future.

This deals with novels. The Westerner, as featured in bookstores and magazine racks, is by far the most successful and widely read reading media with the greatest future. Stories of the West and Western movies have risen from the childhood stages of Tom Mix to such psychological works as "High Noon" and "Gunfighter." No landscape has become as internationally famous as the western prairies and no figures as well known as the cowboy. Based on this vast progress of the Westerner, one should expect future important developments and improvements with tendencies strongly leaning toward drama. German writers now have the opportunity to draw on the same basic historical material available to American writers and there should be less chance for mere copy work, but original works should result.

Without doubt, the Westerner on the German market takes a prominent place, whether in bookform or paper cover. The public seeks recreation and entertainment which is readily available in these publications. The sad part, however, is that in past publications, before historical background material was available to German writers, historical names, townsites, geographical locations, names, plant life and terminology were badly juggled and misused. All this should change and raise the standard of Westerner literature.

WEAPONS OF THE WEST

This is a historical background of the weapons used, beginning with the Lewis and Clark Expedition (being credited with its exact notations regarding the expedition). It is a very detailed summary of firearms and ammunition, where it was built and who was credited with the inventions. (Much too technical for me as I don't know anything about arms). It talks about the Modell Hawksens for the mountaineers, sharpshooters of the prairies, and the Winchester repeating firearms.

Page 7 features the story of gunslinger Harry Tracy. He once was part of the "Wild Bunch" gang. A part of the story takes place in Utah, Colo-

rado and Wyoming, which was at the beginning of his infamous career. Quite interesting but sounds strange to read it in German, must have been away from it all for too long. If you would like the story translated, I will do so.

BOOK DISCUSSIONS

The 3 books discussed in this section are those of German Western fiction. As to the first book, critical remarks were made about the improper use of American Western terminology. The second author apparently is a wellknown writer who has previously published a three-volume work dealing with Billy The Kid. The remarks about his style, dialogue and descriptions are encouraging. The third books also is the work of a now wellknown German Western writer with hardly any criticism as to his style.

HISTORICAL GEMS

The publishers acknowledge the receipt of two books released by the University of New Mexico Press: Glenn Shirley (Pawnee Bill) and W. A. Keleher (Violence in Lincoln County). Also, the receipt of two books released by the University of Texas Press — Edward Everett Dale (Frontier Ways) and Americo Paredes (with the Pistol in His Hand).



Westerner's Bookshelf



THE LIVES AND LEGENDS OF BUFFALO BILL, by Don Russell, 8vo, 514 pages, maps, illus., bibliography and index, University of Oklahoma Press, 1960. \$5.95.

Perhaps no character of American legend and history, unless it be Billy, the Kid, has captured the fancy of writers and the public in general, than "William F. ("Buffalo Bill") Cody.

In this volume, Don Russell, the perennial editor of the Chicago Westerner's "Brand Book," goes into minute detail of the exploits of Cody, having researched the subject from all angles as is shown by the footnotes and references in the text.

Two points very thoroughly covered by

the author are the killings of two Indians, Tall Bear, Cheyenne chief, and Yellow Hair (or Hand), a Cheyenne sub-chief. Disputed as they have been by various writers and in the case of Yellow Hair by Luther North, who attributed the killing to his brother Frank, Russell cites Army records and eye-witness accounts of both and gives full credit to Cody.

Russell also devotes a hundred pages to Cody's Wild West Show and a lengthy chapter on "The Dime-Novel Hero," with a compilation of most of the 1700 novels relating to the famous Buffalo Bill."

This handsome volume is one that every true Westerner should add to his library.

PM Carl F. Mathews

HORSE WRANGLER, "Sixty Years In The Saddle In Wyoming and Montana," By Floyd C. Bard as told to Agnes Wright Spring. University of Oklahoma Press. 1960. Illus. with photographs. Index. 296 pages. \$4.00.

The big city Sunday Reviewers have had their say so about *Horse Wrangler*. They said it is an excellent book.: I agree. They say it is easy to read, and that's what I think too. In fact it flows along like water might, bubbling over the rocks in Mead Creek, near the Old Bard Spread in Northern Wyoming's flavorsome Powder River Country. The narrative begins before the turn of the century and trots down the trail until now—almost.

Horse Wrangler is the story of Mr. Bard's life, from boy to Cowman. It isn't really a time span different than that of his kind up there in Wyoming and Montana. Yet it's told in an interesting unprofane style. Unglossed. No swear words appear in this book. Take for instance his treatment of the controversial Johnson County affair: he assesses it properly and it ain't necessarily hobbled because Bard tells it as he saw it, as a kid. Mr. Bard's "boss-like" existence was filled with wonderful associations, fine ranch families and good cuttin' horses. There is a sprinkling of heartaches in this book, a few shysters and altered brands, with a few busted arms here and there. The man's achievements, it is plain to see, were without the crutch of price supports. Just the national appetite, grass, critters, the elements and whims of the market.

Agnes Spring, exercising fine talent and knowledge of the people and the land, is all through the book, though you can't see or hear her. In my opinion *Horse Wrangler* as a book, is over fifteen hands high, it has a true bite, and the lines are firm and straight—just like they otta be.

Dean Krakel PM

SOUTH PASS 1868: James Chisholm's *Journal of the Wyoming Gold Rush*, introduced and edited by Lola Homsher. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1960. 244 pages. \$4.50.

A worthwhile addition to the constant stream of eye-witness accounts of the old West which are now being printed for the first time, is this journal of a visit to the Sweetwater Mines, by a Scotch-born Chicago reporter. Discovery in 1867 of the Carissa Ledge, 15 miles northeast of Pacific Springs, and the Miner's Delight a little to the east of it, created a gold boom important enough for the *Chicago Tribune* to send James Chisholm in March 1868 to write it up.

The night he reached Cheyenne, which town was only 8½ months old then, five men were lynched by Vigilantes. Chisholm's story of that, and some letters he wrote home, are

given in the book. The U.P. tracks were being laid across Wyoming that spring and summer. During the time Chisholm was there, Laramie, Rawlins, Green River, Evans-ton, and short-lived Benton were laid out. The last letter the editor was able to find was written on March 27th—then there is a gap when nothing is known about what the reporter was doing until September 8th, when the day-by-day *journal* begins with an account of his pains and perils while going by spring wagon from Green River to South Pass City.

The journal, which occupies 140 pages, is given in full. It is not the scrappy minutiae of most diaries, but is really a series of articles which he expected to use in the *Tribune*. The latter part is undated, although it is known that he did not go back to Chicago until December. Chisholm found the miners, industrious, intelligent, sober men (except on Saturday nights), most of them old California miners. He contrasts the quiet life in South Pass City and Hamilton City (Miner's Delight) with what he calls "the roaring hell of the railroad towns . . . the rolling scum which seems to flow onward . . . the same faces in each successive town, the same gamblers, the same musicians, the same females getting always a little more dilapidated."

Chisholm shared the hopeful waiting of the population while a stamp-mill was being built. It got into operation; ore that was thought to be worth \$60 a ton yielded \$23.19 . . . just enough to pay for the hauling and crushing. After that, the boom subsided so fast that by the time he got back to Chicago, there was no longer interest enough for his report to be used. Chisholm lived to a good old age as the *Tribune's* chief drama critic, and now ninety years later his own story of what he saw in Wyoming first gets into print. Two of the author's maps, and four of his comic drawings are included, together with a full set of historical addenda and documenting notes.

Julia Lipsey

NEBRASKA PLACE-NAMES, in part by Lillian L. Fitzpatrick, and in part by J. T. Link. University of Nebraska Press, 1960. Paper back (A Bison Book) about 5"x8", 227 pp. \$1.50.

In 1925 the University of Nebraska published a "Study" on Nebraska Place-Names prepared by Lillian L. Fitzpatrick. Originally for free distribution, this Study has become a rare item bringing about \$5.00. Nearly three-fourths of this present volume, Part I, is a reprinting of the earlier monograph. In 1933 the Nebraska Geological Survey published "The Origin of the Place Names of Nebraska" written by John T. Link. About a fourth of this new booklet, Part II, is made

up of extracts from the original Bulletin. The authors died in 1935 and 1936, respectively, and this new edition is offered to a larger "public" perhaps in the hope that some one will be led into more and later work in this field, especially as much material collected by Link is available and is wholly unpublished.

Miss Fitzpatrick offers the results of her study covering most of the towns of the State, and also the County names. The arrangement is alphabetical by Counties, with the towns of each County also listed alphabetically. She discusses about 1325 names with an average of about four lines of print per town. There is an introduction by the author, a list of 160 older names that were changed, a list of the counties, and then an alphabetical list of all of the towns, with the proper County for each. An errata mentions 17 changes. There are 89 items in a bibliography.

One notices that it is often said that a town was named for its first postmaster. Probably this really means the first or more prominent settler in the vicinity.

Mr. Link's work covered all sorts of place names, not just towns and counties. Only scattered parts of his work are included. Several paragraphs of much interest are devoted to each of the six major rivers of the State, often telling of the several names used for the stream by different tribes or nationalities. The balance of the work of Link chosen for reprint is chiefly discussions of different types of names for different features, with a few illustrative examples.

G. Thomas Fairclough edited this present book and wrote an interesting introduction-explanation, while he was a member of the faculty of the Department of English at the University. He has convinced your reviewer (who has always wanted to invent "toponymology") that "onomatology" is the correct word for the general study of names; but it is a bit broad in meaning when one wants to limit a study to place names.

This volume is primarily a valuable reference book for your library, but a lot of it may well lead you to enjoyable browsing, especially in Link's general discussions of the origins of names by types.

Erl. H. Ellis

C. T.—SAGE OF THE ROCKIES, by Charles B. Roth, Sage Books, Denver, 1960. Ed. Limited to 450 copies, numbered and signed. 86 pp. \$5.00.

This is a very unusual book about a rather unusual man. "Book" is an elastic term and this particular little volume can be perhaps better described as a *memoir*. (a biographical memorial, Funk & Wagnalls College Dictionary).

Mr. Roth has a vast collection of C. T's

writings and from them he made a selection of passages, differentiated from Roth's own comments between them by being printed in italics. The result is an intriguing revelation of a man whose personality had considerable impact upon those who came in close contact with him, particularly in Denver between 1920 and his death in 1941.

Even after much thought, your reviewer has been unable to come up with any better summation of Roth's Chauncey Thomas than is given on the back flap of the dust cover:

"He was iconoclastic, enraging, difficult, wrong just about as often as he was right. But he was also incisive, lovable, determined, brilliant. He loved to play the role of Sage and he played it with sound histrionic ability."

Ray Colwell

APACHE, NAVAJO AND SPANIARD, by Jack D. Forbes, 8vo, 304 pages, maps, illus., bibliography and index. The University of Oklahoma Press, 1960. \$5.95.

This book covers the Spanish drives northward from Mexico into New Mexico, Arizona and Texas, from 1540 to 1700. The author has done an immense amount of research as indicated by the copious footnotes, many from Mexican and Spanish sources.

He links the Apaches and Navajos with the tribes known as Athapascans, who were divided into two branches, the Northern and Southern, the latter of which is considered here, their territory extending from the Rio Grande northward into Wyoming and from West Texas to the Colorado River.

The underlying motive throughout depicts the cruel methods of the Spaniards, which resulted in the deaths of many thousands of Indians and the enslavement of others. Beginning about 1530, the Spaniards of Old Mexico started working northward into the territory of the Southern Athapascans, harassing the pueblos and taking many captives; this in turn did much to promote the ill-feeling of the Indians toward the Spaniards and can be considered the underlying cause of the Indian retaliation toward their prosecutors.

One of the first of the Spaniards to enter the territory of the Pueblos was Cabeza de Vaca, about 1535, who, with a small band of Spaniards and a negro slave, Esteban, traveled up the Rio Grande to somewhere near El Paso of today. A few years later, Esteban guided another party into the area and was killed after assaulting some of the Indian women. An expedition under Francisco Vasquez de Coronado about 1540 ventured into the country and despoiled the pueblo of the Zunis. The serious uprisings of the late 1600's can be laid to nothing but these Spanish raids.

PM Carl F. Mathews