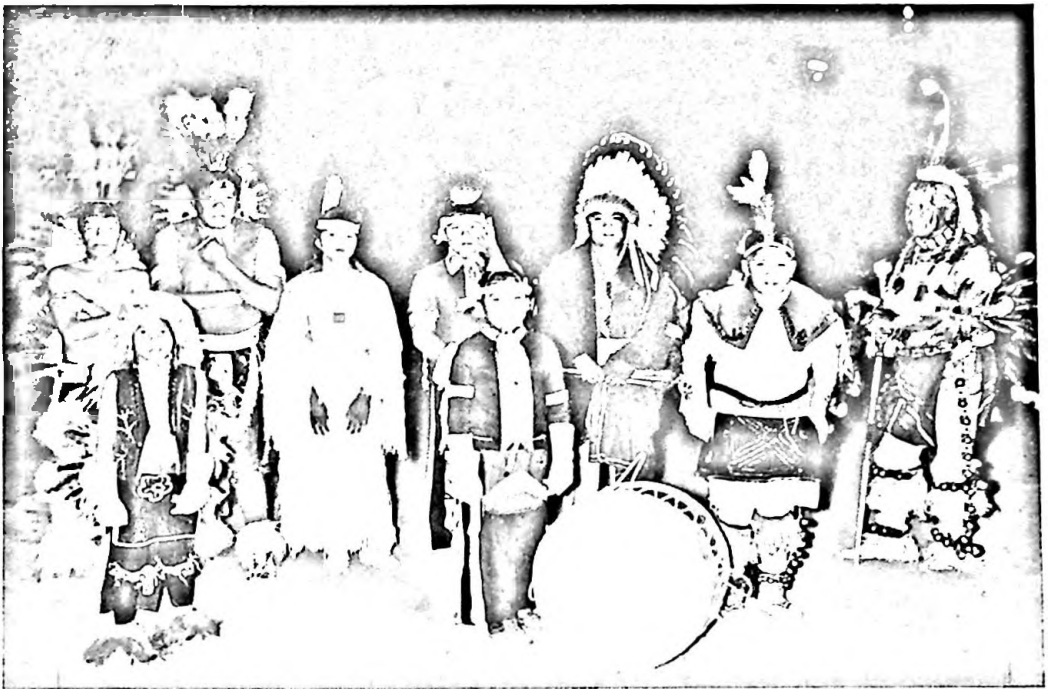


*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
**ROUNDUP**



January  
1962  
Vol. XVIII, No. 1



UTE MOUNTAIN UTES IN TRIBAL COSTUMES  
(Picture by courtesy of Vic's Photos, Cortez, Colo.)

To Illustrate  
**LO! THE RICH INDIAN, BY VINCIL S. LESTER**

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



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January, 1962

No. 1

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Boulder, Colorado

The Westerners  
414 Denver Theater Building,  
Denver 2, Colorado

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**OFFICERS**

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Deputy Sheriff, Robert L. Perkin  
Roundup Foreman, George R. Eichler  
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Program Chairman, Alan Swallow  
Book Review Chairman,  
Numa L. James*

Please send all remittances for dues to:

George R. Eichler, 414 Denver Theater Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

Please send material intended for publication in ROUNDUP to:

John J. Lipsey, 1920 Pinegrove, Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, Colo.

**FEBRUARY MEETING**

**Wednesday, Feb. 28, 1962, at 6:30 P.M.**

**Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm Place,**

**Denver, Colorado**

**"UNSOLVED CRIMES OF THE PIKES PEAK REGION"**

**By Carl F. Mathews**

PM Mathews has had plenty of opportunity to study crime. For 32 years and three months (before he retired on Oct. 1, 1952) he was Superintendent of the Bureau of Identification in the Colorado Springs Police Department. In his paper he will tell about 12 serious crimes committed in the Pikes Peak Region between 1865 and 1961.

**MARCH MEETING**

**Wednesday, March 28, 1962. Same place, same hour.**

**"PIKES PEAK BY RAIL"**

**By Frank R. Hollenback**

Railfans know Mr. Hollenback as one of the great authorities on Colorado railroads, a thorough researcher, an enthusiastic student, a good writer. He is the author of three books published by Alan Swallow of Sage Books: *The Argentine Central*; *The Gilpin Tram*; and *The Laramie Plains Line*.

## A WORD FROM THE 1962 SHERIFF

Perhaps Ye Editor of the ROUNDUP will spare a bit of space for a word from your new Sheriff as the Year of 1962 begins. It is trite to say that I appreciate being chosen and that I shall do my best.

But I do have a couple of special thoughts. I want to have, as far as possible, very active committees with definite reports, and I can pledge in advance serious and as-often-as-necessary meetings and decisions on policies by your Executive Committee.

My chief word is to the Corresponding Members. They are the supporting cast for the "stars" called Possemen. Unless we can maintain the interest of our CMs, we cannot keep the ROUNDUP as large and as well illustrated as has been the result in recent months. We do not wish to be forced to economize on the ROUNDUP. The alternative is: MORE CORRESPONDING MEMBERS. And, just as important, SATISFACTION among the CMs who seriously understand our problems and aims.

The CMs resident in Colorado have the opportunity of attending meetings, and the oftener the better. I trust it is well-understood that the CMs in and near Denver receive postal reminders of meetings only about every third meeting. This is only to call attention to the fact that all members are welcome at all meetings, if you pass the particular masculine test applicable for three-fourths of our meetings. For most CMs, the ROUNDUP is what you receive for your contribution to the Posse.

I pleadingly ask each Corresponding Member to feel free to: (1) Make suggestions to our Roundup Foreman of names of persons who might be interested in being added to our list of CMs; (2) Make suggestions of changes in our ROUNDUP or in our general policies that might better appeal to the CMs; and (3) Come to as many meetings as you find it convenient so to do.

With sincere wishes that we may all have a Happy and Successful New Westerners' Year,

Erl H. Ellis, Sheriff

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### COMMITTEES FOR 1962 DENVER POSSE OF THE WESTERNERS

#### Publications Committee

Don L. Griswold, Chairman  
John J. Lipsey  
Guy M. Herstrom  
Ray G. Colwell  
Numa L. James

#### Program Committee

Alan Swallow, Chairman  
L. T. Sigstad  
Fred Rosenstock

#### Membership Committee

J. Nevin Carson, Chairman  
Charles W. Webb  
W. Scott Broome

#### Book Review Committee

Numa L. James

#### Awards Committee

Harold H. Dunham, Chairman  
Thomas Hornsby Ferril  
Maurice Frink  
Forbes Parkhill  
Herbert P. White

#### Nominating Committee

Francis B. Rizzari, Chairman  
Philip W. Whiteley  
Dabney Otis Collins

#### July Meeting Committee

Kenneth E. Englert, Chairman  
Lester L. Williams  
Carl Mathews

## FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

**CM Paul Harrison Gantt** has been elected sheriff of the Potomac Corral. Dr. Gantt, an attorney with the Department of the Interior, is a former PM of the Denver Westerners. He is author of the now out-of-print and valuable "Case of Alfred Packer, the Man-Eater." Some years ago, Gantt and PM Fred Mazzulla were collaborating on a book about Big Nose Ed Parrott. It would be nice if they'd hurry up and publish this opus concerning this Wyoming baddie whose hide is said to have furnished leather for book-bindings and tobacco pouches. . . . If you have stuff about Lola Montez, send it to Dr. Paul H. Gantt, whose new address is 4301 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Apt. 7013, Washinton 16, D. C.



One of the hardest things for any writer to do is to write briefly, succinctly, especially when he is full of his subject. It is easy to write at length, hard to compress. Some of our book reviews have been too long because reviewers tried to tell all there was to tell about a book. It is hoped that reviewers will themselves condense what they have to say, leave out every bit of fat. Two pages of typescript, double spaced ought to be enough for a reviewer to give a reader an idea of whether he wishes to buy the book—unless the work is of monumental importance. Make 'em brief, gents and ladies, and we can give more books the notice they deserve. And your reviews will be read—not skipped. It takes more skill to write briefly than to write at length. And the result is more readable.

Dr. Allen D. Breck, Chairman of the Department of History, University of Denver, has written the Denver Westerners' sheriff that the Conference on the History of Western America, which was established last year at a meeting in Santa Fe, New Mexico, will hold its second annual meeting under the auspices of DU in Denver on Oct. 11, 12, and 13, 1962. The Conference is a most important development in the preservation and assembly of Western American history. At the Santa Fe meeting there were present a great many of the best historians, librarians and bookmen, most of whom talked and talked good sense. (See PM George Eichler's report of the meeting in Roundup for November 1961.) Dr. Breck asked the sheriff to appoint a representative of the Denver Westerners to serve on a Local Arrangements Committee with representatives from Colorado Woman's College, Loretto Heights, Regis College, Denver Public Library, Denver Art Museum, Denver Museum of Natural History and the University of Denver. In response, Sheriff Erl H. Ellis wrote that he was appointing PM Richard A. Ronzio, c/o Climax Molybdenum Company, Mines Park, Golden, Colo., as the posse's representative.



**PM Numa L. James**, Book Review Chairman for 1962, had to miss the January meeting of the Posse. He had to go to Chicago to address a national newspaper advertising convention. His subject? We don't know, but it seems safe to assume that he told his 1700 hearers what a good advertising medium is Denver's Rocky Mountain News, of which he is general advertising manager.



**PM Arthur H. Carhart** must have gotten a real wallop recently when it was announced that the National Conservation Center Library at the Denver Public Library had received from the Rockefeller-supported American Conservation Association grants totaling \$25,000. For it was Carhart who started the Center Library in 1960 by giving his outstanding (almost monumental) collection of source material on conservation in 1960. Since then more than 75 other conservationists have donated collections of books and papers to the library. Carhart has been appointed consultant to the center. . . . A review of eminent author Carhart's most recent book, "Planning for America's Wildlands," will appear in ROUNDUP as soon as the citizen who received the book for review turns in his copy.



**PM Don L. Griswold** who lives at Wheat Ridge, Colo., also has a home at Twin Lakes. He and his wife, Jean, are authorities on the Leadville-Twin Lakes area. At the January meeting, Griswold made a sad report on the great snow-slide at Twin Lakes which in January almost wiped out one family and killed two of another. He said, among other things, that in this particular gulch were some houses owned by long-time residents. These old-timers knew the history of the slides: they have occurred almost every year for a long time. They would rent these houses *only* during summer months. At last came a large family from Texas, who in summer learned to love this lovely Colorado area. They bought one of the houses and decided to live there the year-round. Unhappily, they did not live through the winter of 1961-1962.



**Tally Man Bill Brenneman**, who

succeeded Erl Ellis in his job as treasurer of the Denver Posse, has compiled a colossal report of the financial condition of the outfit that makes cheerful reading. This was made to the executive committee. If that committee consents, a resume of that report may be made in the February Roundup. . . . When Brenneman left the January meeting, he went to the radio studios of KOA, where he was interviewed (and tormented) by **Bill (The Wayward) Barker**, formerly a possman of the Denver Westerners. Brenneman is one of those persons who have dedicated themselves successfully to getting more visitors to Colorado. . . . If you want to hear that rare thing, an intelligent, amusing radio program, tune in KOA on week nights from 10:30 p.m. to midnight, and hear Bill Barker's talkathon. Bill has interesting, articulate, sometimes famous guests. Thousands of listeners in most of the states and in Canada make it a bedtime must.



**PM John J. Lipsey** has been asked by the El Paso County Pioneers' Association, Colorado Springs, to make a talk at the association's meeting on February 20th. He will speak on incidents in the life of General William Jackson Palmer, about which he knows as little as anybody now living.



**Roundup Foreman George R. Eichler**, of Public Relations Unlimited, in January retired as editor of *PR in Colorado*, published monthly by the Colorado Chapter of the Public Relations Society of America (what a long moniker you have, dear ones!). In retaliation, the chapter elected him secretary. (*Plus ça change, plus c'est le même chose!*).

(Continued on Page 7)

## NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

**Mr. Jacob Schreiber**, 4005 Brentwood St., Wheat Ridge, Colo., is a new corresponding member of The Denver Westerners. He is a retired railroad employee; is interested in railroad history; Colorado history, especially that of the San Luis Park area. He is welcomed, especially, since he is introduced by **PM Don L. Griswold**.

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**Mr. Morris Cafky**, 2500 Cherry St., Denver 7, Colo., has also become a corresponding member. (Why this distinguished and delightful railroad historian has not before this time coupled up with the Denver Westerners, no one knows.) He is especially interested, he writes, in Colorado and Western railroad history, as well as that of metal and coal mining, and of mining towns. He is a copywriter for Welch, McKenna, Inc., Denver. He'll write anything they tell him to write, from radio commercials and news stories to company annual reports. For six years he was a member of the Denver Post newsroom staff. Later he worked for the now defunct Colorado Development Council. He was born a Coloradan; is a member of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club and State Historical Society of Colorado. Cafky has written several Colorado railroad articles published by nationally distributed magazines. He is the author of the magnificent book "Rails Around Gold Hill," which covers the three railways that once served the Cripple Creek District, published by the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club in 1955. He has just finished the manuscript of a history of the Colorado Midland Railroad (of fragrant memory), which will be published by the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club at a date still to be fixed.

**Mr. Samuel Mansfield Orchard** is a new CM. His age is 56, he lives at 4609 E. 61 St., Maywood, Calif. He makes a living by operating an automotive repair shop and service station, but his real calling is study of western history: mining, cattle, Indians, range wars. He collects maps, illustrated books, photos of the old West (and the new). He has visited and photographed most of the old missions in California and Arizona, many ghost towns in Arizona and Nevada. He has a collection of about 2000 color-slides of these sites. He likes guns, especially hand-guns, and has done a lot of shooting (he does not say of whom) in the past.

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**Mr. Edwin O. Murray**, age 36, address 2385 S. Lowell Blvd., Denver 19, Colo., has (on the recommendation of PM Francis Rizzari and PM Mac Poor) become a CM. He is interested in antique firearms and in early Colorado history. His occupation is photogrammetric cartographer with topographic division of the U. S. Geological Survey. That is, he does map making and field surveying. He was formerly with the Army Map Service in Washington, D. C. He has worked for the U.S.G.S. in wilderness areas of Colorado, Montana and Alaska. (Apparently a good guy to have along in rough country.) His interests include hunting, fishing, wild-life photography, and mineral specimens.

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**Mr. Fred C. Vetting**, 54, whose home is at 5709 Saulsbury St., Arvada, Colorado, has become a CM at the suggestion of **PM Don L. Griswold**. He is especially interested in Colorado history. He is a seedsman-salesman who has contributed to Green Thumb Magazine. He works for the Rocky Mountain Seed Company and is past president of the Colorado Seedsmen's Association. His hobbies are gardening and visiting old mining areas in Colorado.

**Charles E. Gregg**, 642 Greenview Place, Lake Forest, Illinois, is the assistant public relations manager for Johnson Motors, Waukegan, Illinois. He is an active member in the Chicago Corral of Westerners, is interested in all phases of Army life and enjoys mountain climbing, most of it via books.

**Herman M. Kling** 5562 South Cedar St., Littleton, Colorado, was a consultant for Westinghouse International prior to his retirement. His chief interest is reading books dealing with the early days of Colorado. He collects stamps, coins and does some traveling.

**William C. McClearn**, 2715 South St. Paul St., attorney in the firm of Holland & Hart, 500 Equitable Bldg., is interested in Custeriana, Rocky Mountain railroads and early military actions in the West.

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## CORRAL RAIL

(Continued from Page 5)

**Sheriff Erl H. Ellis** lost no time, after his election, in calling a meeting of the posse's executive committee. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis invited members of this committee and their ladies to the Ellis home on Wall Street in Idaho Springs on the afternoon of Dec. 31. Host and hostess provided lavish food and drink. Executive committee members (as provided by the by-laws) are the six elected officers, the chairmen of publications, program and membership committees and the preceding sheriff. Present were Messrs. Ellis, Eichler, Brenneman, Lipsey, Griswold, Swallow, Carson and Ryland. Messrs. Perkin and Ronzio were unable to attend. The meeting lasted almost three hours, during which present problems and plans for the year to come were discussed. Sheriff Ellis will at posse meetings announce decisions and recommendations.

**PM Alan Swallow**, Denver publisher, editor, critic and poet, has hardly had time to pack his book orders lately. He has been doing a lot of talking in January. He read some of his superb verse (and told what it meant) to an audience at the University of Denver Law Center Auditorium; and he moderated a panel discussing free-lance photography at a meeting of the Colorado Authors' league. (Photogs are among the authors now?)



**Past Sheriff Maurice Frink**, Executive Director of the State Historical Society of Colorado, and of its museum, is mighty proud of a fine album (not a phonograph record) the museum has assembled from gifts from Mamie Doud Eisenhower and her sister, Frances Doud Moore. The album is concerned with the Doud and Eisenhower families.



**Roundup Foreman George Eichler** urgently requests that, if either PMs or CMs do change their addresses, they immediately advise him their old and new addresses. Every month some copies of the monthly Roundup are returned because the Postoffice Department cannot find the addressees. This means extra expense for the posse—and a dissatisfied member. George R. Eichler's address: 414 Denver Theater Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

Letters from Roundup readers to the editor are invited. Criticism and suggestions are desired, for printing. Brief articles on Western historical subjects are needed for publication when speakers may fail to furnish manuscripts or are pokey about so doing. It is intended that Roundup shall appear on time, even if the editor has to write stuff to fill out a number. This is a threat!

## U. S. WESTERN HISTORY ON SWEDISH TV

PM Scott Broome has written at length in Roundup about the Swedish Westerners and the prolific, energetic editor of their Brand Book, Herr Gösta Gillberg, of Göteborg, Sweden. The editor has received from his friend, Gillberg, a letter from which the following is quoted about an American West TV quiz show in which he was one of the two final contestants:

"I did not get the 10,000 kronor and I never thought I would, but I strung along. I was beaten 7 to 6 on the 10,000 kronor question after having run neck and neck with my opponent on all the other questions. When he guessed, I guessed, and we had exactly the same number of answers correct until the last. So he got the 10,000 which will come down to about 5,000 when the tax authorities have had their say. (For we have income tax here too, and how!) Had I won that money, I would have had only about 3,000 left. Those 10,000 kronor would have been put atop my ordinary income from Scandinavian Airlines System plus the money my wife makes as teacher. And, as the tax increases with income, I would not have made much for a net sum.

"Now I got a real broad-brimmed western hat (made in Denver), the judges' prize, Ramon Adams), 'The Old Time Cowhand,' and the American Heritage 'Book of Indians and (from SAS) a free flight-ticket Göteborg - Anchorage - Seattle - San Francisco - Los Angeles - Salt Lake City - Denver - Minneapolis - Chicago - New York, and an extra ticket for my wife, too. So, I ain't complaining.

"The questions were rather easy. I liked the 5,000 kronor question best because it was not exclusively about badmen and lawmen. It was in seven parts and we were supposed to put

in the locales for seven incidents on a U. S. map: Where Marcus Whitman was killed, the Donner tragedy, Medicine Lodge Treaty, killing of Wes Hardin, Mountain Meadows Massacre, Green River rendezvous of 1832, and the Johnson County War. We both had a full score on this, though both of us had to guess about the Marcus Whitman affair.

"All this was great fun: to see how a TV program is made and everything back-stage; the excitement and queasy feeling before I went on; a lot of good friends made; and a little propaganda for the great American West. . . . My future seems just as hectic: I have just signed a contract with a weekly for nine articles on gun-slingers, and tonight I'm to deliver a lecture on the West."

Dear, smart reader: How would you have come out on the 5,000 kronor question? . . . The editor has written Herr Gillberg expressing the hope that on his Grand Tour of the U. S. he will attend a Denver Westerners' meeting and visit the editor in Colorado Springs.

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**PM Alfred J. Bromfield**, President of Industrial Federal Savings and Loan Association, Denver, and his associates set up "an authentic 1891 country store", including merchandise and fixtures of that year and earlier, in the lobby of his company at 1960 Stout St. This was particularly for visitors to Denver's great stock show. But anyone interested could come and admire the jelly beans, lemon drops, licorice, bandana handkerchiefs, plug tobacco and more valuable merchandise displayed. So far as is known, no sales were made, though prices were low and the clerks pretty.

# LO! THE RICH INDIAN

by VINCIL S. LESTER

Vincil S. Lester, B.A., M.A., has been superintendent of schools at Cortez, Colo., since 1945. But his light has shone much further than this delightful southwestern Colorado city. He is past president of the Colorado Education Association, member of the board of control of the Colorado High School Activities Association, a director of the Colorado Association of School Administrators, a member of the summer faculties at Colorado State College, Western State College, and Adams State College. In Cortez he is chairman of the board of the Basin Industrial Bank, and a member of the board of directors of Cortez Chamber of Commerce. His hobbies, he says, are ranching, reading and talking. That he is a mighty good talker, all present at the Dec. 1961 meeting of the Denver Westerners (at which the following address was made) will gleefully attest. He has prepared the following resume. Unfortunately, he has had to omit much of the salty humor with which he flavored that talk. But here is the juice and meat of that little masterpiece.

—The Editor.

How would you like to live a life free of financial worries—have no moral problems—pay no property or income taxes—have a new home free of any cost—have free medical care—be assured of your place in a very pleasant world after death and be able to spend your current life in colorful Colorado?

If this appeals to you, all that is needed is for you to have the foresight to be born a Ute Mountain Ute and live on the reservation in the southwest corner of Colorado.

It has been a rewarding but often frustrating experience to live near these Indian people and watch them in their attempts to provide for themselves the more pleasant phases of the "Anglo" culture and yet retain most of their own. Since 1954 the Cortez Public Schools have worked cooperatively with the Indian Service and the Ute Mountain Tribe in an attempt to bring the children of the tribe into the public school system.

This integrated school program has made it possible, even necessary, for the school people to know and under-



VINCIL S. LESTER  
(Photo by Vic's Photos, Cortez, Colo.)

stand these people rather well. Often we are both confused as we live in two different worlds with different customs, morals, and cultural values. This is further complicated by the fact that there can be no happy middle ground. All of the "giving in" and adjusting must be done by the Indian people. We represent the contemporary culture of cosmopolitan America while the Ute children come to us from a culture that would be judged primitive even by the Indians that were on the eastern seaboard in 1620. All we can do is give them time and understanding and try to make the

transition as painless as possible. Progress must be measured in terms of generations not in terms of months or school terms.

The history of these people is not typical of that of the usual Indian tribe. There does not appear to be a sizeable literature on this subject. From paragraphs here and there, plus a few studies that bear directly upon them, I have prepared a thumbnail history of these people to help us to better understand them and their problems.

The Ute Indian belongs to the Shoshonean family of tribes. Their language is only dialectically different from that of the Comanche. Perhaps no tribe ranged as far and wide as did the Utes. Their homeland was from the Canadian border to Mexico. The Rocky Mountains protected them on the East and the Sierras on the West.

They were completely nomadic with no sign of agriculture. In fact they lived by hunting and raiding their more peaceful neighbors. Their food was insects, reptiles, rodents, buffalo, deer, antelope, roots, berries, and piñon nuts. They consumed almost anything that didn't devour them first. The only domesticated animal was the dog who furnished both companionship and emergency rations.

The usual method of operation was to descend upon some comparatively peaceful Indians and take what was available. This included tepees, cooking utensils, food supplies, blankets, and slaves. Often kidnapping and holding some members of other tribes for ransom proved to be a profitable venture.

Politically the Utes were a disunited group. No great chieftains emerged. As often as not the young men of the tribe embarked on expeditions in direct opposition to the advice of their elders. Ouray was the one exception, and his strength lay with his backing

by the United States Army and not the loyalty of his fellow-Utes.

For many generations these people ranged far and wide within their intermountain fortress. In 1849 there began a series of events that struck a series of daggers into the heart of their homeland. First came the gold rush to California over the Santa Fe Trail. At the same time, a heavy migration started to Washington and Oregon. This definitely reduced the North and South boundaries of their territory. In 1850 the Mormons began to settle in the Salt Lake area. This divided the territory. In 1859 gold was discovered in Colorado; and the Rocky Mountains became a beehive of mining activities.

The Ute knew the ways of the white man, and he had worked for the Army as a guide and interpreter. Such leaders as Ignacio distrusted him and they wanted nothing whatsoever to do with the Whites. Perhaps Ouray's greatest plus factor was his charming wife, Chipeta, who was pretty, intelligent, and liked by everyone.

In an effort to establish a strong chief, the United States government took Ouray to Washington and dazzled him with a display of the military might of the U. S. Army. He was recognized and supported as the true chief of the Utes by the Great White Father even if many of the Utes considered him to be a sort of early day Quisling.

The great contribution that Ouray made was that he negotiated a series of treaties between the Utes and the United States government that prevented an all-out Indian war that would have slowed up the settling of the West and would have been disastrous to the Ute people, too.

In 1863, a treaty gave the Utes all of Colorado west of the Continental Divide. After five years a new treaty established new boundaries giving much of the better land to the settlers.

With the discovery of gold and silver in the San Juan Mountains of Colorado, a new treaty was signed that threw open most of that area to prospectors. This treaty became effective in 1878, and by 1880 narrow gauge rail lines began to connect various gold towns of the Western Slope.

This series of events created fear and resentment, if not abject terror, in the minds of the Utes. Promises made in the treaties were broken by both sides. The government was by far the worst offender. The Meeker Massacre in 1879 received world-wide attention; and the Ute was branded a heathenish outlaw tribe without his side of the story ever being told.

The twenty years from 1890 to 1910 saw a series of treaties that established, changed, and nullified boundaries without much rhyme or reason. It is sufficient to say that the Ute Mountain Indian ended up on a reservation some 20 by 30 miles in perimeter in Southwestern Colorado. It was an area of poor soil and no water, a land that obviously was wanted by no one. The Utes were promised some head-money, schools, medical care, and other aids. These promises were honored according to the whims of the political wind blowing during various administrations.

Here the Ute sulked. If he could not live the life of his ancestors he would do nothing until the course of events would give the land back to him. He had little in the way of his own culture. His dwelling was a Navajo type hogan. His dances were mostly borrowed or adapted from other tribes. He could tan buckskin and do some beadwork but he could not, or would not, make pottery or weave. He did not particularly want his children educated nor did the children wish to learn.

Old stories were retold, old dances repeated, and in all as nearly a static

society developed as was possible. This continued for another twenty years.

In the 1940s things began to happen. An Indian Claims Court was established with the intent and purpose to at least partially compensate the Utes and other Indian tribes for their monetary losses under broken treaties. Young men that had served in the military returned with a desire to create a more modern society.

In most instances the old men of the tribe quashed any plans for any abrupt change. There was one change that they could not handle. First, in 1950 the tribe was awarded some forty-three million dollars in treaty reparations. In 1954, uranium was discovered. In 1956, the Aneth oil field was opened and royalties began to pile up on top of lease money.

At the same time it became legal to sell liquor to the Indians. A social eruption was inevitable. The Ute bought new clothes, cars, homes, and whiskey. Out of this came a new plan to "up-date" the Ute. New homes were built. Complete medical and hospital service was provided. Ranches were purchased to make year around stockraising practical. Most important to us, the Tribal Council decided that they wanted their children to attend the public schools.

After much planning between the public school officials, the Indian Service, and the tribal officials an agreement was reached. It provided that the tribe and Indian Service would pay the actual cost of the program.

At first only high school students came to Cortez. The old school was reopened at the sub-agency at Towaoc. Here the grade-school students attended. Since 1936 those Ute students that attended school at all had been in a boarding school at Ignacio some 85 miles away.

Each year a grade was moved into Cortez and the children transported by bus. The last group was moved to

Cortez in the fall of 1961.

The problem of staffing a school with experienced, qualified, and interested teachers was difficult. The selection of suitable textbooks and teaching aids took time. The greatest problem, and it hasn't yet been solved, was the resistance of the student to our idea of education.

His future was assured financially. He was not interested in the outside world. English was a terribly complicated language when he was used to thinking in very simple terms. Study, homework, and regular attendance just didn't make sense.

In a recent evaluation, the public schools admitted that little progress has been made and perhaps the whole program was a mistake. The Ute leaders took a different view. They felt that we should not be in such a hurry. The children were staying in school longer than before. The Whites and Utes knew each other better and were more understanding and tolerant of each other's problems.

New homes with electric stoves and refrigeration made a new diet possible. They are beginning to learn to live with their new money, new cars, and new liquor. Television and radio are giving them a new vocabulary. Time payments for cars and home-furnishings are creating a new sense of financial values and responsibilities.

At their request we are continuing and expanding the program. It now appears that, if we are willing to make haste slowly, we will reach our basic objectives.

Some of these objectives are: the Indian shall become a contributing member of our society with full scale citizenship; he shall establish a new cultural pattern more in keeping with the contemporary world; the Indian must be developed to the point that such things as the Indian Service, reservations, and tribal laws will become a thing of the past. The Ute Indian

shall be assisted to a stage of development that he can take pride in what he now is rather than what he once was.

Things will change—a generation at a time.

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## THE PRE-CHRISTMAS PARTY

Roundup Foreman George R. Eichler's account of this party appeared in the Dec. 1961 issue of Roundup. The following report is printed only because its writer viewed the scene from a slightly different angle. There is no conflict in the two accounts.

The annual meeting of The Denver Westerners (Ladies' Night) was held at the American Legion Clubhouse, Denver, on Dec. 16, 1961. The speaker of the evening was Vincil S. Lester, superintendent of schools at Cortez, Colo. His subject was "Lo! The Rich Indian." His talk was the most consistently funny the Denver posse has ever heard, and was as full of strange and true chunks of information as a fruit-cake is full of nuts. In large part it was iconoclastic, since he busted all to pieces many images of Indians (especially the Ute Mountain Utes) that many have cherished for long. It was delightful and superb, and many will be disappointed that it cannot be entirely reproduced from manuscript.

Preceding Mr. Lester on the program was a lovely lady who sang western folk songs she had collected. She had an excellent voice and her own guitar accompaniment was appropriate. Perhaps her part of the program was a little too long. It could have been shortened and bettered by omission of at least one song which included naughty words. This writer (Lipse) has a foul mouth and a foul mind, and has not been accused of being a prude; but it seemed to him that a gathering of ladies and gentlemen and teen-agers, a gathering which included at least one modest and tolerant clergyman, is not the occasion



for rendition of such an unclean ballad. (One objection I have to night-club entertainment is that many performers mistake dirt for humor.) The song I objected to may have been funny: it was not in good taste. I, for one, was not amused.

The meal was excellent, except that several customers remarked that the beef should have been cooked. (But some like it rare.) Bar facilities were inadequate. The thirsty had to stand in three lines to get liquidated. One barman is not enough for such a large party. The cosmetic items given as favors to the ladies were highly appreciated.

Attendance was greater than the average and would have been even larger if there had not been a conflict of parties. It was good to see a number of senior members present, but only 26 of 50 posse members were there. Head count indicates that there were present 140 persons, 74 of whom were ladies. (In 1960, 104 history-lovers attended; in 1959, 128; in 1958, 114; in 1957, 132; in 1956, 166.)

Praise was meted out generously to those who had served the posse in the past year, particularly to Erl Ellis who has for years been the center-pole about which the organization has moved (and the motor which kept the posse moving). Ellis was elected 1962 sheriff, partly in appreciation of his great and successful work, partly because everyone felt he is *the* man with ideas, ideals, tact, influence and zeal to lead the Denver Westerners to their most successful year.

Two officers of 1961 did not receive their just measure of praise for their labors and successes: Don Griswold, editor of the monthly Roundup; and Guy Herstrom, editor of the annual Brand Book. Both of these assumed office at a time when their jobs were behind schedule. Griswold kept the monthly a most respectable and readable periodical. Herstrom secured a

superb collection of articles for the 1960 annual and got two top-notch illustrators, and persuaded PM Otto Roach to allow reproduction of many of his finest Colorado photographs. He got the book out ahead of time (*mirabile dictu*) and sold all copies before publication.

The Rev. Gerrit S. Barnes announced the winner of the 1961 award and purse for Western historical writing. Winner was Charles Warren Vander Hill, a graduate student at the University of Denver. His entry was "The Letters of Kirby Benedict, 1854-1865, relating to the judicial problems in New Mexico, with introduction and notes."

Sheriff Ryland aptly asked Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson to bestow on the new sheriff, Mr. Ellis, the gold badge of office first worn by her late husband when he was sheriff of the first Westerners group, in Chicago.

The annual meeting was a success, a capstone to the 1961 series, fitting neatly on the monument to Western history erected by the posse under command of Sheriff Charles S. Ryland.

—J. J. L.

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## COLORADO'S CAPTIVE COUNTIES

By John J. Lipsey

In 1861 the U. S. Congress created the Territory of Colorado out of the eastern part of Utah, portions of western Nebraska and Kansas, and a slice off the northern part of New Mexico. That slice included regions occupied principally by persons of Spanish descent, many of whom knew no English speech. The ties of these residents and citizens were to Santa Fe and not to Denver, geographically, politically and commercially. Thus was created a region in the southern tier of Colo-

rado's counties whose situation might now be comparable to that of Alsace-Lorraine, Fiume or Trieste—or, for that matter, East Germany.

This situation was particularly annoying to those who lived in Costilla and Conejos counties (whose capitals are now San Luis and Conejos). These counties, occupying much of the San Luis Valley, included large portions of the ancient Spanish and Mexican land grants; and their population was overwhelmingly Hispanic.

On Feb. 25, 1870, about nine years after they had been separated from their homeland, a petition was presented to the Congress of the United States by nearly all the voters of Conejos County and some from Costilla County, pleading that they be re-annexed to New Mexico. It is a pitiful, touching, eloquent petition, evidently written by a person or persons with a command of the rich language of Spain, though it was presented in English.

It stated that the said counties had been separated from New Mexico without their knowledge and against their wishes; that this separation from the homeland to which they naturally belonged had wrought evil without compensating benefit. It complained that the Colorado Legislature two years before had codified the territorial laws, but had not had the laws translated into the language of the people, Spanish. They compared this treatment with that of an unnamed ancient tyrant who "inscribed his edicts in such small characters, and placed them upon the top of such a high column, that his subjects could not read them, and yet were compelled to obey them." They protested against "the hardship and injustice of keeping them in this Territory against their will, solely for the enlargement of that [Territory] at the expense of a neighboring Territory," and most humbly prayed "that said

counties be re-annexed to New Mexico, to which your memorialists believe they naturally belong, and ought to belong by law and right."

The House of Representatives referred the petition to the Committee on Territories, and ordered the memorial to be printed. So far as I know, that is all the Congress ever did do about the matter.

A few years ago, my wife and I, on our way to Taos, stopped overnight at San Luis. (San Luis and Antonito—the latter adjoining the town of Conejos—both claim to be the oldest living town in Colorado.) Across from the place we stayed was a movie house which advertised only Spanish-language talking pictures. We attended. The picture that night was "Reina de Reinas" (Queen of Queens). It was a made-in-Mexico Passion Play. The photography as excellent. The actors, all Mexican types, made little effort to appear to be Jews. The actress impersonating the Virgin was a beautiful, buxom, alluring young Mexican star. The enthusiastic audience, practically all Spanish-Americans, applauded her, cheered the hero, and booed the villain, Judas. The sound was turned up so loud that it appeared all present were deaf, or soon would be. I came away much enlightened, but with a terrific headache.

Returning from Taos, we passed through Conejos. One of the principal buildings on the main street there displayed a tremendous sign, painted on brick, declaring that this was the head office of Los Hermanos de Luz (the Brothers of Light; that is, the "Penitentes").

Although the voters of Costilla and Conejos counties have never attained their desire to be re-united with New Mexico, it is clear that spiritually they have never been separated from their blood-kin in the Land of Enchantment.



# Westerner's Bookshelf



**THE OSAGES: CHILDREN OF THE MIDDLE WATERS**, by John Joseph Mathews. University of Oklahoma Press, 1961. 826 pp. \$7.95.

In 1932, John Joseph Mathews published his first book, "Wah'Kon-Tah: The Osage and the White Man's Road." Now, after close to three decades in pursuit of the subject closest to his heart, the author, with Osage blood and the blood of wide-roving and versatile Mountain Man, Old Bill Williams, in his veins, presents "The Osages: Children of the Middle Waters," an epic volume depicting the long tribal struggle of his people for the preservation of their social and spiritual heritage.

John Mathews is the great grandson of William Sherley Williams (missionary to the Osages, translator of the Bible into their language, an adopted member of the Tribe, Mountain Man extraordinary) and his wife, Wind Blossom, a Big Hill woman. He is a graduate of the University of Oklahoma, and a Rhodes scholar. This aura of influences explains the special animus of the book, with its studied, traditional, and historical detail, pervaded throughout by a wealth of Indian nature-imagery, symbolism, and mysticism.

"The Osages" is Volume 60 in the important *Civilization of the American Indian Series* published by the outstanding University of Oklahoma Press. It consists of 788 pages of text, eleven pages of bibliography embracing forty-five oral sources and the writings of missionaries, traders, travelers explorers, government officials, ethnologists, and others; included also are a pronunciation key to Indian names and words, and an extensive index.

This scholarly, knowledgeable treatise is not for the purely casual reader. I am not a scholar; I have worked in the Osage country, and have owned land there; I have an intense and abiding interest in and sympathy for the Indian and his problems; I feel, with a sense of almost personal guilt, the injustices and mistreatment that have been accorded our Indians in the annals of American history. My appraisal, therefore, is that of one American greatly concerned with an understanding

of our early inhabitants, for we are all tied together on the wheel of life.

The Osages, according to their legends, came from among the stars. They arrived on earth in three divisions: the People of the Waters, the People of the Sky, and the People of the Land. Upon arrival, they united with a fourth group, the Isolated Earth People. The author starts his history at this point, and traces it down through the centuries, depending on tongue-to-ear tradition until recorded experience became available. Up to the time of the appearance of Europeans, the Osages lived in harmony with the natural balance. Their lives were dependent on animals—otter, bear, elk, deer, beaver, wolf, panther, bobcat, buffalo, fox, etc.—for the preparation of clothing, food, shelter, utensils, and other items necessary for their existence. They knew the useful and edible roots, plants, berries, nuts, fruits. They lived in rhythm with the life about them, and, like Tennyson's Ulysses, were a part of all that they had met.

The Tribe dominated the lower Missouri Valley prior to 1673, the dawn of recorded history in that region. For 140 years they were involved in the continual conflicts among the French, Spanish, and English for control of the interior parts of North America. After the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, they were subjected to the constraining forces of the United States Government, and were constantly shoved around, being moved from their homes in Missouri to Kansas, thence to Oklahoma. The extinction of the buffalo deprived them of their principal source of food; they lost their lands through purchase and pressures; they were relegated to small farms, where they eked out an existence from agriculture, supplemented by a small annuity from investment of monies received for their former reservation in Kansas. The production of oil on their lands in Oklahoma in 1900 changed their lives completely, and their disintegration began. Their per capita royalties reached a peak of \$13,000 annually in 1925, at which time they were the wealthiest nation in the world in terms of average national income. Since then, this figure has decreased, and ultimately it may cease altogether.

In its final impact, the book moved me to read earlier works by Mr. Mathews: "Wah'Kon-Tah: The Osage and the White Man's Road," and "Talking to the Moon," which J. Frank Dobie ranks along with Mary Austin's "The Land of Little Rain." All are true to the author's avowed intent, "to become Our Lady's juggler, with word symbols as my poor tools, to sweat at the feet of a beauty, an order, a perfection, a mystery far above my comprehension." This he has manifestly achieved in his magnificent history of the Osages.

SCOTT BROOME PM

**STEPHEN WATTS KEARNY, SOLDIER OF THE WEST, by Dwight L. Clarke, Norman: Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1961. 448 pp. \$5.95.**

Stephen Watts Kearny was born in Newark, N. J., August 30, 1794. When the war of 1812 began, Kearny was a student at Columbia University. He entered the army as a lieutenant in the 13th Infantry, and distinguished himself for bravery at the assault on Queenstown Heights on Oct. 13, 1812. Remaining in the army after the war of 1812, Kearny served in many important capacities. In 1845 he led an expedition to South Pass. Fifty-two years old in 1846, a veteran with thirty-four years of army service, the then Colonel Kearny (promoted to brigadier general on June 30, 1846) was given command of the "Army of the West," and instructed to conquer New Mexico and California. On Dec. 6, 1846, he was twice wounded in action in the battle of San Pasqual. Leaving California after a bitter controversy with John C. Fremont, Kearny served as civil engineer of Vera Cruz and Mexico City in 1848. He died in St. Louis, Mo., on Oct. 31, 1848, from an illness contracted in Mexico.

The above covers the bare essentials in the long and distinguished career of General Kearny in the service of his country and it is surprising that up to now no full-length biography of the man has been written, while there are some fifteen complete biographies of his contemporary, John C. Fremont. An historical eclipse has shadowed the memory of General Stephen Watts Kearny which is entirely unjustified by the facts. One factor that contributed to this eclipse was Kearny's own taciturnity. Laconic in speech and correspondence, he was not a showman as was Fremont and it never occurred to him to explain or defend his actions in speech or through letters to the press.

Fremont, the so-called "Pathfinder," trod trails long known to the mountain men,

but he was articulate and his fellow Americans wove the magic of the hero-myth around him. When Kearny displayed the moral courage necessary to call Fremont to account for his insubordination, the hero worshippers of Fremont suffered a shock and Kearny became the forbidding and, of course, unjustified disciplinarian.

Through all the false accusations of Thomas Hart Benton, father-in-law of Fremont, who vilified Kearny with all his oratorical ability and his skill as a trial lawyer, and with his prestige as a United States Senator to back him up, Kearny stood mute. But Kearny was no neophyte when he rode out that misty morning into the deadly lances of the enemy at San Pasqual; he was one of the ablest officers in the United States Army and a recognized authority on Indian affairs and frontier conditions. The War Department recognized this, and they also recognized the fact that Fremont, under the most trying conditions for Kearny, refused to obey his superior officer. Fremont stood convicted and General Kearny's promotion was confirmed.

Explorer, builder of many frontier posts, including Jefferson Barracks at St. Louis, victor in a bloodless conquest of New Mexico, a wise and able administrator, General Kearny deserves a more fitting place in the annals of his country than has heretofore been allotted to him. The author has succeeded in giving him that place, bringing the man into sharper focus, until you actually feel you know Stephen Watts Kearny and have a new respect for his maturity, his integrity and his dedication to America.

—PM Armand W. Reeder.

**THE SAND CREEK MASSACRE, by Stan Hoig, 8vo, 217 pp., maps, illustrations, appendix, bibliography and index, The University of Okla., 1961. \$4.00.**

This is the latest addition to the accounts of the Indian "Massacre" of 1864, second only in popularity to the Custer Massacre. While the first was hatred of the white man for the red, the latter was perhaps precipitated by the first and became red man against white. The author goes into meticulous detail and has seemingly researched every authority, quoting at length from the Government document "Report of the Joint Special Committee," published in 1867 and reviewing the reports made in 1865.

While Colonel Chivington was much to blame for the affair, yet it should be remembered that he had received orders both from Territorial Governor Evans and his superior officer, General S. R. Curtis of Fort

Leavenworth, to spare no Indians.

One outlook upon the hostilities of 1864, culminating in the aforesaid "Massacre," should take into consideration the effect of proximity, well embodied in the words of "Father" John L. Dyer, a pioneer of 1860, in his book "The Snowshoe Itinerant," (published 1889), as follows: "In Denver in 1864 when the Hungate murders occurred, it was to be expected that the people would be alarmed, when just out on Running Creek there were two families almost exterminated. One woman, near confinement, was ripped open and the child taken out, and the Hungate family brought into Denver, killed and mangled. Those who have not seen such a sight do not know the effect it would have on them. They would want to be killing Indians or getting away at their best speed. Of course, Colonel Chivington needed only to say to the boys in blue: 'Remember the Hungate family!' and it made a Sand Creek battle. We say these things in the light of self-defense. While our Eastern friends would say 'Poor Indian!' my own observations have been that many of the whites were killed, while the Red man went free."

Again we have a similar viewpoint, that of James H. Tice ("Over The Plains and On The Mountains," published 1872) in which he says: "My object is not here to give a narrative of these Indian atrocities, marked by the merciless butcheries of defenseless women and children, the desolation of homes and the extinguishment of entire families and settlements, these must be left to the historian and romancer, but to give an insight into the causes and extent of these troubles, which at least palliate if they do not justify the signal and decisive acts by which they were avenged, after having been endured for seven long years. Ask them what they know about the 'Chivington,' or as it is more generally known in the States, the 'Sand Creek massacre,' and the answer is: 'I know all about it, for I was there. That has been stigmatized as a massacre and we have been adjudged as murderers by those who know nothing of the facts about our wrongs, nor of the outrage that led to it.'"

So, had the author been living in the 1860's, instead of nearly a century later, his viewpoint might have been less severe in his condemnation of the acts of Colonel Chivington, and more sympathetic with the plight of those lone settlers who were killed or had their families killed and their stock stolen, which occurred not once but many times during that period.

PM CARL F. MATHEWS

**JESS SWEETEN TEXAS LAWMAN**, by Allan Sigvard Lindquist. The Naylor Co., San Antonio, Texas, 1961. Art work by Donald M. Yeno, 221 pages, \$4.95.

Jess Sweeten was Sheriff of Henderson County, Texas from 1932 through 1954, being the youngest man to ever hold that office in Texas. During that period he broke twenty-two murder cases, which constituted a 100% batting average. Likewise every case of highjacking by firearms was solved as were 75 percent of all the various types of burglaries.

Sweeten was a legitimate, two fisted lawman, as proven by the record and by articles which appeared in *The True Detective* and *Saturday Evening Post*. His first law job was as Constable of Trinidad, Texas, in 1932, on the basis of "four dollars per arrest plus car mileage." In less than a week he had made over a hundred arrests, most of them with his bare fists. From here, he went on to become Sheriff of Henderson County, where by continuous study and effort he became an outstanding lawman.

Lindquist, the author, makes it very difficult to follow Jess Sweeten through the story, the writing style being most disconcerting. Every attempt was made to be "vividly dramatic" (frontispiece), and the paragraphs of soaring rhetoric leave the reader gasping. A good part of the reading time is spent wondering how and where the author collected the adjectives and dramaturgy which went into his prose.

Anyone interested in an unusual writing style, and only mildly concerned with the exploits of an unusual lawman will be taken by this book.

Frank Henderson, CM

**GREAT WESTERN RIDES**, by Dabney Otis Collins. Sage Books, Denver, 1961. Illustrated by Nick Eggenhofer. 277 pages. Index and bibliographies. \$4.75.

This is history phrased in the no-nonsense prose of a writer whose years as an advertising man have taught him to make each word count. If you cut his copy it would bleed. He writes with the staccato rhythm of hoofbeats, putting his reader in quick rapport with the theme of the stories told.

The stories are about good men and bad, all on good horses, going somewhere in a hurry and under the stress of the hazards and hardships that were part of the early West.

Here is Louis Remme in 1855 racing a steamboat through California and Oregon on a string of horses that take him 665 miles in 143 hours (with ten hours out for sleep);

here is Dr. Marcus Whitman in a miraculous ride to help hold Oregon for the U.S.A. in the 54-40-or-Fight days; Virginia Slade on a thoroughbred losing the greatest race he ever ran; Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch spurring hell-for-leather from Winnemucca to Brown's Hole; Tom Fitzpatrick beating Lucien Fontenelle to Pierre's Hole in 1832; destiny-dreaming Fremont aiding the California conquest with an 840-mile gallop in 150 riding hours; Portugee Phillips, of course—and other horseback romps, along the Pony Express trail, in the Texas Panhandle, on Crazy Woman Creek in the Johnson County War—and a horse outrunning a steam train in Colorado's race for the Royal Gorge.

Collins makes you feel the strain, the agony, the tension and the danger all the way. He documents his stories with unobtrusive footnotes, and inserts revealing personal comments that testify to the integrity of his research, such as "I hiked the trail on which Virginia (Slade) made her ride." There is a helpful bibliography for each chapter.

A special section deals informatively with the breeds of western horses. Nick Eggenhofer's strong drawing contribute the crowning touch to a fine book.

*Great Western Rides* is a solid, workmanlike and at the same time entertaining and frequently exciting collection of narratives, each of which is a fragment of history to which a craftsman with words has added the imaginative touches that make it art.

Maurice Frink, PM

## FROM A GERMAN WESTERNER

The editor has received from one of his friends and correspondents in Western Germany a letter from which the following is quoted. The writer is Herr F. C. Wobbe (called "Cowboy Charly"), who in his youth was a cowboy on the northern plains of the U. S., who now conducts the celebrated Billy Jenkins Museum in Hamburg, and who is an active member of the German Westerners:

"What moves me—and also my friends—very much is to have with your personal lines a confirmation of what we up to now only learned by the press and radio: the firm readiness of the American people to stand by

Berlin and Western Germany. To have the Soviets at the door is not an easy feeling for us (the less for our Western friends!) and God knows where we would be without American policy—and your GIs. Over here, people are quite sure that they can fully trust in the Americans and it is hoped that in this way peace may be guarded for all of us. Perhaps this time more than any other the thoughts of mankind are connected with the words of the gospel that there shall be peace on earth for all who are of good will."

PM L. T. Sigstad, 1961 Program Chairman (his reign lasts through February 1962) had some top-notch speakers during his term. One of the most scholarly of these is CM Harold S. Lindbloom of Boulder, who at the January 1962 meeting read a paper on "Politics, Pursestrings and Personalities," a study of statesmen and politicians, particularly those in Colorado.

Mr. Lindbloom, representative of the publishers, Scott, Foresman & Company for Colorado, is co-author of that excellent textbook, *Colorado Citizen*. His talk began with an outline of the history of U. S. politics and blended U. S. history with that of Colorado from pre-territorial days up to 1904. It was illustrated with a synchronic chart of the nation's and Colorado's history. It was well-received by a large gathering of possemen, corresponding members and guests. Most of the paper will be printed in the February issue of Roundup. Sigstad and Lindbloom each admitted Scandinavian ancestry; neither admitted he was one of the ten thousand Swedes who went through the weeds—chased by a sick Norwegian.

# SATURDAY NIGHT HELL ON MORENO, 1887

By John J. Lipsey

Nowadays Moreno Avenue, Colorado Springs, between Rio Grande and Santa Fe tracks is a fairly peaceful thoroughfare, used mostly by cars and trucks in getting from Cascade to Tejon and Nevada. A single transfer track of the Colorado and Southern Railway traverses this section of Moreno. Weicker's big trucks doze there, waiting to be loaded and to highball along the highways. About twice a day a switch engine fearfully pushes a cut of freight cars across north and south motor traffic.

But once Moreno was a railroad yard with a mainline track added. There was a time when busy, crowded Midland Terminal Railway trains clanged and clattered proudly here twice a day to and from Cripple Creek, and earlier than that the splendid passenger trains of the Colorado Midland Railway traversed Moreno on their way from Denver to Ogden, Utah. But before the C. M.'s big consolidateds could use Moreno at all there had to be one night when residents of the southern portion of Colorado Springs must have thought all hell had erupted and spewed its devils and fire along Moreno Avenue. This was a Saturday night near the middle of August in 1887.

Here is the story of that night of turmoil: President J. J. Hagerman of the Colorado Midland had announced on June 9, 1887, that he was ready to begin running regular passenger trains between Colorado Springs and Buena Vista. Running time was to be six or seven hours. He had bought a site for a Midland station near the Santa Fe tracks, but he had no means of getting his trains directly from the Midland's eastern end of track, near the D.&R.G.'s line, to his depot's location. On Aug. 15, 1887, Hagerman wrote to one of the Midland's direc-

tors (Busk) in New York: "I tried to make an arrangement with Evans for the use of the street (Moreno Avenue) occupied by the D.T.&G. across this town and made him a liberal offer, but in vain. Therefore we had to 'jump' him."

What this means is that Hagerman had tried to get President John Evans of the Denver, Texas and Gulf (one of the predecessors of the Colorado and Southern) to allow the Midland to use the D.T.&G. tracks or to lay a Midland track on Moreno Avenue, then used as a yard by the C.&S.

As long as there have been competing railroads, there has been a custom (called "jumping") of gaining by stealthy means what could not be gotten by negotiation or lawsuit. When one railroad needed to cross or to parallel another and could not get permission, it might suddenly (and usually at night) accomplish the track-laying before a court could grant an injunction forbidding the action. The fact, once accomplished, seemed to settle the matter. A track, having been laid, was rarely ripped up. This is the sort of coup which Hagerman planned and successfully carried out.

The Colorado Midland was Colorado Springs' own railroad, the community's pride and hope. It was designed to bring prosperity to a decadent town. (And it did.) The D.T.&G. was a Denver outfit, whose president (John Evans, M.D., a former Colorado governor, and a founder of the Colorado Seminary, now called the University of Denver) had built the Denver, South Park and Pacific, a railroad which diverted mountain traffic to Denver and away from Colorado Springs. All Colorado Springs city councilmen may not have been friends of Hagerman, but they knew they had

to do more than root, root, root for the home team. They had to give it substantial help. So it was easy for Hagerman to persuade them to call a special and secret meeting of the council for Saturday night, when no court was sitting which could issue an injunction. At this meeting an ordinance was quickly passed granting the Colorado Midland a right-of-way across the city on Moreno Avenue.

Hagerman was ready. With no publicity he had assembled men, mules, horses, ties, rails, engines, cars, spikes, plates, switches, tools, food, coffee and lights. Plenty of lights, torches, flares, lanterns, and fuel for bright bonfires. The six blocks of Moreno Avenue that night must have looked like a World's Fair Midway.

As soon as it was known that the ordinance was passed, the horse- and mule-drawn scrapers began elevating and smoothing the roadbed. Ties were placed at measured intervals.

Quickly rails were laid on them, bolted together, aligned and spiked down. Ballast was tamped under and between the ties. As track was laid, engines pushed forward flat-cars laden with more ties and rails. Teamsters shouted, rail-toters groaned, sledges rang on spikeheads.

Before John Evans, a faithful Methodist, was ready for church on the Sunday morning that followed, he must have been notified by his agents that the Midland track was laid on Moreno, and that Midland trains were able to load passengers at the Midland depot and depart for Buena Vista. It was no doubt an unhappy Sabbath for Dr. Evans. No court would sit on Sunday. Neither then nor later was he able to undo what Hagerman and the Midland had done that Saturday night. And very probably he regretted his refusal to take money for the right-of-way the Midland got for nothing.

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## WANTED

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Corresponding Members and Posse Members are entitled to recommend for corresponding membership ladies and gentlemen interested in Western history. Send for leaflets and application blanks (as many as you need).

**Address:**

**WESTERNERS' HEADQUARTERS**

**414 Denver Theater Bldg.,**

**Denver 2, Colo.**



The DENVER WESTERNERS  
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**ROUNDUP**



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DAVID F. DAY, Editor

GARY J. THOMPSON, Associate Editor

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Durango, Colorado, 1962

1962

Mr. & Mrs. Harding  
Canon City, Colo.

My Dear Mrs. Harding - In reply to  
yours of recent date must say that you are  
entirely "too sudden", as politics and mans inclination  
to wade in around in political mire, has  
had possession of me for wash three weeks in  
events of your desire. I have offered \$500. for  
any Indian who will locate the resting  
place of Anny's body, as he died near  
Ignacio Agency, if not entirely exiled I  
could identify his body by his huddles,  
belt and large bow, as next to Chief  
Ignacio he was the largest of his tribe.  
Regretting ability to respond in detail

I remain Respy,

David F. Day

ABOVE: Beginning and End of a Letter from David F. Day ("The Solid Muldoon").  
(From Lipsey Collection.)

INSIDE: Complete Text of Letter. (See Page 12.)

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
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*Roundup Foreman*, George R. Eichler  
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Please send correspondence and remittances to:

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Please send material intended for publication in ROUNDUP to:

John J. Lipsey, 1920 Pinegrove, Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, Colo.

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**MARCH MEETING**

**Wednesday, March 28, 1962, at 6:30 P.M.**

**Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm Place,  
Denver, Colorado**

**"PIKES PEAK BY RAIL"**

**By Frank R. Hollenback**

Railfans know Mr. Hollenback as one of the great authorities on Colorado railroads, a thorough researcher, an enthusiastic student, and a good writer. He is author of four books, all published by Alan Swallow of Sage Books: The Argentine Central; The Gilpin Tram; The Laramie Plains Line; and Central City and Black Hawk Then and Now. . . . It is important to make a reservation.

**APRIL MEETING**

Bill Brenneman on "The Spotswood Stage Line."

**MAY MEETING**

Dr. Philip W. Whiteley on "George Elbert Burr, Pioneer Etcher of the Great Southwest."

## FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

### CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

If you change your address, let Roundup be the first to know. Give old address and new. The Post Office Department will not forward copies unless you guarantee extra postage. Lost copies cannot be replaced. Address Roundup, 414 Denver Theatre Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

Our **PM Alan Swallow** may soon have to order out-size hat and breeches. Western Writers of America, in *their* Roundup Magazine, published a rating list (covering 24 opinions expressed in review media in America) at the end of 1961. Thirteen books were given "seven bells" or more; of these seven books were published by Swallow's Sage Books. No other one publisher had more than one book in this category. **PM Dabney Otis Collins'** "Great Western Rides" was among the seven, though it had been published late in 1961. . . . The Library of Congress has asked Poet Swallow to record a reading of his own poems. The poet could not bear to disappoint the L. of C., so he made the "album."

**Roundup Foreman George R. Eichler** sent Mr. Vincil S. Lester of Cortez, Colo., an application blank for corresponding membership. Mr. Lester filled it out and is now a CM in good standing. A brief biography of Lester appeared in Roundup for January, along with his paper called "Lol The Rich Indian," which he read to the Denver posse's December gathering.

**CM Agnes Wright Spring's** article on "The Cheyenne Club: Mecca of the Aristocrats of the Old-Time Cattle American Hereford Journal last summer," which appeared in the

mer, has appeared in a small reprint edition, published by Don Ornduff of Kansas City.

**CM Leon H. Snyder**, of Colorado Springs, is founder of South Park City, the authentic reproduction of a Colorado mining town at Fairplay, Colo. He is also an attorney and was formerly Republican National Committeeman and is a 33d degree Mason. During 1961 he was Grand Master of Colorado Masons. In that year he visited every one of the 168 lodges in the state, participated in many special ceremonies celebrating 100 years of Masonry in Colorado, and laid cornerstones for eight public buildings. . . . He attended a week of Masonic conferences in Washington, D.C., with all the grand masters in the U.S. and Canada; spent a week in Puerto Rico with the grand masters of all Spanish-speaking lodges of the Western hemisphere; attended the Rocky Mountain Conference in Salt Lake City; visited grand lodges in Kansas, Wyoming, Montana, Nebraska, Massachusetts and Maine. . . . He visited and was entertained by grand lodges in France, Germany, England, Ireland and Scotland, and at Rosita, Coahuila, Mexico. . . . Now, having retired from Masonic grand-mastership, he has returned to his law practice, to the management of South Park City, and to collecting books about the history of the west. But after that strenuous year, he says he feels like an idle busybody.

The only volumes of the Denver Westerners' Annual Brand Books still in print are a few copies of the 1958 and 1959 books. CMs and PMs can get these now at the original price of \$10.00. After these are sold, you may expect to see booksellers ask considerably more for them. . . . Some back numbers of the Monthly Roundup are still available. To order Brand

Books, or to get prices on Roundups you lack, write Westerners' Headquarters, 414 Denver Theatre Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

When **PM Larry T. Sigstad** introduced the speaker (**PM Harold Lindbloom**) at the January meeting, he said Lindbloom was co-author of the textbook, "Colorado Citizen," he modestly refrained from saying the sigstad was the other co-author. **PM Fred A. Rosenstock's** Old West Publishing Company published the book. Royalties from the book have been given to Colorado's Youth Activities program. . . . It has now been learned that Lindbloom was one of the ten thousand Swedes who went through the weeds, and that Sigstad was the one Norwegian chasing them.

**CM Carl W. Breihan**, St. Louis, Mo., author of five or six excellent books about Western badmen, has just had published by The Naylor Company of San Antonio his most recent work, "The Younger Brothers."

**CM Albert E. Sherlock**, Denver attorney, and **CM Edward Dixon**, a senior in the University of Denver's College of Law, together attended the posse's February meeting. They are both interested in crime, which was **Speaker Carl F. Mathews'** topic.

**PM Arthur L. Campa, Ph.D.**, has received from the Colorado state government a silver medal in appreciation of his cooperation in Colorado's Centennial celebration. Dr. Campa was recently elected vice-president of the Rocky Mountain Council on Latin-American Studies.

At the Feb. 28th meeting of the Denver Posse, **PM Carl F. Mathews** read an excellent paper on "Unsolved Crimes of the Pikes Peak Region," which was well-received by his hear-

ers. The paper will appear in the March Roundup.

**PM Lester L. Williams, M.D.**, of Colorado Springs, was unable to attend the February meeting because he was attending the Fire Department Instructors' Conference at Memphis, Tenn., from Feb. 27 to March 2. The conference is more like a school than a convention. It is attended by 3,000 men from the U. S., Canada and other foreign countries who are interested in fire-prevention and fire-fighting. Dr. Williams is the official physician of the Colorado Springs Fire Department. He is called on to go to all important conflagrations in the city. He has narrowly escaped serious injury in the performance of his duties. In the four years of the existence of the conference, he has been on the conference program three times. He has previously read papers on "The Toxicity of Smoke" and on "Seat Belts." This year he was on the panel of experts who could (it was hoped) answer any questions thrown at it. Posseman Williams has read to the Denver Westerners papers on Colorado Springs' Antlers Hotel fire, and on Cripple Creek conflagrations. These have been published in Roundup and in the annual Brand Books of the Denver Westerners.

**CM Stephen W. Pahs** and **Miss Lynette Bruckner** were married on Oct. 14, 1961. Mrs. Pahs, formerly of Lamar, Colorado, is not only charming, but a Western history *aficianada*.

**PM A. J. Bromfield** has been vacationing (he says) "with descendants of earlier Westerners" at Acapulco. The lucky stiff!

**PM Nolie Mumey, M.D.** should be at the March meeting. (He has missed three in a row.) He and Mrs. Mumey are said to be loafing around the world. Happy tramps!

## POLITICS, PURSESTRINGS AND PERSONALITIES

By Harold S. Lindbloom

PM Harold S. Lindbloom, whose paper on politicians begins on this page, was born in Holdrege, Nebraska. He has a B.A. from Colorado State College at Greeley and an M.A. from the University of Denver. For a few years he was a college professor. During the Second World War, he served in the armed forces in the South Pacific. For 31 years he has been Colorado representative of Scott, Foresman & Co., publishers of textbooks. In collaboration with his friend and competitor, L. T. Sigstad, he wrote "Colorado Citizen," a civics textbook, which was published by PM Fred A. Rosenstock's Old West Publishing Company in 1955. The book is widely used in Colorado schools. Mr. Lindbloom is married to the former Pauline Funk. They live in Boulder, Colorado, in order to be close to the biggest user of textbooks in the state: The University of Colorado.



HAROLD S. LINDBLOOM

Even in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, international power politics and the related pursestrings had their effect on what is now Colorado. Our own United States, representing the first successful colonial rebellion in modern history, owes its establishment and growth to the right political personalities weaving, walloping, and purchasing amongst the world's political, military and economic powers. France, Spain, England, and even Russia were involved.

I shall not here go deeply into those phases, but I'd like to mention one place that has aroused my curiosity because of its possible relation to previous and present-day geography and politics of the land that is now Colorado:

El Cuartelejo<sup>1</sup>, meaning in Spanish "The Fortress," is mentioned innumerable times as a point north of the Arkansas River where the Spanish would go in search of escaped Indians from the Santa Fe and Taos regions. It is mentioned as a place where Juan Archuleta came on such a mission in 1650. It is where Juan de Ulibarri took formal possession for the Spanish crown in 1706, firing cannon and

proclaiming it the Province of San Luis or Santo Domingo. (Authorities differ.) Several authors speak of it as being "approximately 100 miles east of Pueblo;" one master's thesis (1931) at the University of Denver<sup>2</sup>, says "some miles north of present day Las Animas." Page 269 of Baker & Hafen's History of Colorado (1927) has a compiled map of early Spanish trails showing El Cuartelejo (sic) as the junction of Mustang and Adobe Creeks, again north of present-day Las Animas<sup>3</sup>. It would be interesting and worthwhile to get this significant location pinned down.

I am going to take a long skip and jump now, down to the time of

Hayes' election in 1876, in which Colorado's delegation cast its deciding votes for Hayes. The situation in Colorado harked back to 1874 and 1875 when Edward McCook was territorial governor and T. M. Patterson was his dedicated Democratic rival. Tom Patterson from New York, Indiana, and other points east had been elected delegate to Congress from Colorado in 1874, defeating the "able and pure" judge and lawyer, H. P. H. Bromwell, who was unable to disassociate McCook and President Grant. If Jerome Bonaparte Chaffee had decided to run again (he had held the job since 1874) the result might have been different. But Chaffee was disgruntled and disgusted with Governor McCook and disturbed, if not disenchanted with President Grant. He'd had enough. And so Colorado in 1875 got its first major Democratic office-holder since Beverly D. Williams was Colorado's early territorial delegate in Congress.

At this stage, statehood for Colorado was the goal of both Patterson and Chaffee. These two "worked both sides of the aisle" to bring about an enabling act. Patterson assured the Democratic house that Colorado would be on the Democratic side in the 1876 election. Chaffee assured the Republicans (including the President) that, given statehood, Colorado would furnish the Republicans two senators and a congressman. The Enabling Act passed, a Colorado Constitutional Convention was held, and proper elections followed. As it turned out, Judge J. B. Belford (a Republican) was elected representative for the remainder of the 44th Congress, defeating Democrat Patterson. But Patterson was not entirely defeated. He had read the Enabling Act and knew that a separate election for the 45th Congress was called for. He demanded and got what historians have described as "Tom Patterson's

election," in which he gained a seat in the 45th Congress. In giving Colorado statehood, the nation got a Republican President "by the skin of its teeth," and Colorado got two Republican senators and a Republican congressman for the 44th Congress, but it also got Tom Patterson, Democrat, to look after the state's interests as representative in the 45th Congress.

In the national election of 1880, Hayes deserved re-election as much as any President had.<sup>4</sup> He had done much to clear up the foul odors of the Grant administration, and he fired Chester A. Arthur as collector of customs in New York for conducting "government by crony." By these and other measures he had earned the wrath of the "Stalwarts" (Grant supporters). And Grant, after a trip around the world, was in the running for a third term. In Colorado, U.S. Senators Teller and Hill had been scrapping concerning such matters as to who should be U.S. Marshal, Director of the Mint, etc. In addition, there were pro- and anti-Grant forces in the state, and feuds of long standing in the Republican party existed. The Colorado G.O.P. was badly splintered.

In the 1880 convention of the national Republican Party, Grant and Blaine ran neck-and-neck for 32 ballots. Garfield broke the deadlock and was nominated. Garfield's election put Colorado's Senator Hill in the golden chair for a time, so far as leadership and patronage were concerned.

The assassination of Garfield advanced Chester A. Arthur to the Presidency, and Arthur unhesitatingly re-adjusted the cabinet. Senator Teller got the post of Secretary of the Interior, after attempting to get the appointment for Ex-Senator Chaffee. Colorado Governor Pitkin, who had to appoint a successor to Teller in the Senate found himself on the spot:

Senator Hill and his friends accused the governor of intending to appoint Mr. Chaffee to the Senate. There was no lack of applicants for the seat, and the governor himself was not without senatorial ambitions. Finally he appointed George Chilcott, of Pueblo, formerly a congressional delegate.

That settled the succession until the election of 1882, after which the legislature gave H. A. W. Tabor "thirty days," that is the balance of the unexpired senate term.

Bowen, Pitkin, Tabor, Hamill, Routt and Hallett were all in a wide-open free-for-all contest for the long term<sup>6</sup>, assuming the election of a Republican legislature. But Democrats T. M. Patterson and J. B. Orman were standing by, just in case. Leadville's gubernatorial candidates E. I. Campbell (Republican) and James B. Grant (Democrat) were at it hot and heavy. Campbell got a cold shoulder from U.S. Senator N. P. Hill and the Wolcotts, so Patterson and Company were not without hope.

There were Democratic gains, all right, and a former Confederate Army officer, Leadville's Grant, became Governor of Colorado. Though Republican legislative control slipped several notches, the G.O.P. managed to elect Thomas M. Bowen of Del Norte to succeed Tabor in the full six-year term beginning in 1883. The legislature took 92 ballots to do this.

Senatorial politics completely dominated party conventions and legislative races in Colorado, particularly in the years preceding elections of U.S. Senators. Frank Hall had this in mind when he wrote: "The two great evils of our [Colorado's] political system are the surrender by the people of their rights to the caucus, and the more damnable primary; and the enormous burdens entailed by the fee offices<sup>4</sup>."

Now let us look at some problems Colorado faced during the period be-

ginning with the Civil War. Here are some:

Whether to secede or to support the union. The Territory's delegate, Beverly D. Williams, suggested a third: a new Republic of the West. There were many people in the Territory who went "by the pocketbook" and suffered from mixed emotions on this issue. Alexander Hicklin represented the vacillation group who tried to pick a winner and lay their wagers on him. [But many returned to the Confederacy: Delegate Beverly D. Williams; gambler Charlie Harrison<sup>7</sup>; Denver's first mayor (Moore); an early postmaster (McClure), and the Russell Brothers.]

Alexander, or "Zan," Hicklin (also known as "Old Secesh") lived on the edge of Mace's Hole, where the San Carlos (or St. Charles) River comes out of the mountains. Mace's Hole is now called Beulah. I am relying on Hall<sup>8</sup> who was fortunate enough to obtain some rebel diary-notes for use in his four-volume History of Colorado, as well as a few general anecdotes about Hicklin.

It appears from the notes that with the first news of the war, strong-minded secessionists and strong-minded Union men began a rapid separation process—from each other and from the mining gulches. Hicklin's ranch was the rendezvous for the rebels, and the diarist (D. Ellis Connor) stated that at one time there were 600 men concealed at Mace's hole. Union supplies were even held at Zan's in anticipation of the fall of Fort Union (a plan so rudely interrupted by Colorado's First Regiment at the Battle of Glorieta Pass). Hicklin guided Federal troops by day and drove beef cattle to the rebels at night. A busy man! He also sold cattle to "Colorado's Own" troops. He was paid for these cattle (possibly in Gilpin script) but in some manner he usually got his cattle back!

Zan had neighbors and friends on the Greenhorn, the Hucrfano and the Purgatoire, all employees of the U.S., but all inclined to sympathize with the South. They were a sort of underground. Hicklin covered for everyone by jokingly calling himself "Old Secesh" to disarm suspicion, particularly in the presence of U. S. troops. To quote from Hall<sup>9</sup>: "To soldiers he always put forth his silly demeanor and they regarded him as a half-witted crank; yet he was cunning as a fox, and when necessary, brave and resolute."

On one occasion, two travellers stopped at Hicklin's for the night. About dusk a pal of Hicklin's happened also to stop there, carrying across his saddle a carcass wrapped in a white sheet. Zan, having taken a dislike to the strangers, dashed out to motion his pal to the back of the cabin, where they unloaded the carcass, which was that of a fine, fat antelope, and took it into the back room. There they staged a whispered conversation, just loud enough for the unwelcome guests to hear. Hicklin asked his friend: "Why in the devil's name did you shoot an old scraggy and tough Arapahoe buck when you know they are not fit to eat at this time of year, and it'll take as much lard to fry it as the poor old Indian is worth? Why in hell didn't you get a Ute, as they're all fat and juicy?" The strangers, taking it all in, were so stricken with astonishment and fear that they could hardly respond to their host's later polite and friendly conversation.

When supper was served, Old Zan asked them to partake of some fine antelope, just that day killed, but the guests could not be deluded into eating an Indian, so they remained silent witnesses to the diabolic cannibalism. Old Zan finally hit upon the suggestion that his guests were Catholic, and this being Friday, begged

pardon for insisting. One said that it was true: he was a Catholic. The other declared he just was not much of a meat-eater, anyway. They ate little or nothing; Zan gorged himself on fresh meat. Next morning the visitors left in great haste, glad to escape from such a den of murderers.

Hicklin was known to have said to Southern sympathizers that if the Federal officers down south were as stupid as those he had seen in Colorado, they couldn't conquer Dixie in 100 years. Hall says: "Nevertheless some of those same officers caught him at last." And they made him take an oath of allegiance to the U.S. He took it under compulsion and without sincerity.

The rebellion at Mace's Hole was nipped in the bud by Federal officers. Some recruits joined the Confederate army, but most scattered to mining camps in Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona.

Hall refers to Hicklin as a bachelor<sup>10</sup> but a booklet recently republished<sup>11</sup> says that he married the third daughter of New Mexico's Governor Charles Bent, that the bride was 16 at the time, and that Zan was then attempting to colonize a large tract of land, part of a Mexican land grant, to which he hoped to establish a U.S. title.

Another matter of purse-strings, people and politics: Statehood or territorial status:

With the exceptions of John Evans, Samuel Elbert, John Routt and (to some extent) William Gilpin, Colorado's territorial governors and many other Federal appointees threw up road-blocks to statehood. I should like to refer you to Donald Hensel's excellent article in the Denver Westerners' Brand Book for 1958<sup>12</sup>, for general information and for support in my choice of the Coloradoan most representative of the statehood-or-territory question. Jerome B. Chaffee



with the help of Tom Patterson and J. D. Ward (a Colorado judge), put through the Enabling Act<sup>13</sup>. And, almost alone, Chaffee got rid of Territorial Governor McCook once. With the help of Ward, Chaffee got the governorship for Routt as a compromise when he found he could not get Elbert back into the governor's chair.

After Chaffee's death (in 1886) Henry M. Teller said of Chaffee: "By patient, strenuous and persistent effort he, more than any other man now living, contributed to the admission of our State into the National Union." This tribute from Teller, who was often Chaffee's antagonist seems to give Chaffee credit for being leader of the forces that brought statehood to Colorado 36 years before it came to Colorado's neighbor, New Mexico.

Another problem the infant Colorado faced was that of silver. Who carried the ball for silver as money? I nominate Thomas M. Patterson as fullback, and as Mr. Colorado Democrat of the 19th Century.

The fourth problem facing Colorado in the latter part of the period under consideration (1861-1904) was whether labor or the corporations should control Colorado politics and government; and if neither should control, how could this be brought about? For the man of this hour I nominate Colorado's only third-party governor, the Hon. Davis H. Waite, Populist, "Bloody Bridles" Waite. If he was not the predominant character in the war between employers and the employed, who was?<sup>15</sup>

Let me close with what some editors call "a brightener." Frank Hall (in his *History of Colorado*, vol. IV, page 17) says:

"In the November election of 1890, the Democrats elected James N. Carlile of Pueblo to be State Treasurer on the direct issue of his pledge to

turn into the treasury every dollar of interest earned by the deposit of public funds. . . Credit is due Mr. Carlile, the only treasurer who up to that time had not diverted the interest on public funds to his own private use."

Alas for the days that are gone, the good old days before honesty in public office became popular, the good old days when it was more profitable to be treasurer than to be governor.

#### FOOTNOTES:

<sup>1</sup>Fritz, Percy S., *Colorado, The Centennial State*. N. Y., 1941. Pp. 62-63.

<sup>2</sup>Lytle, Ruth., *Historic Old Bent County*. Unpublished M.A. thesis, U. of Denver, 1931.

<sup>3</sup>Hafen, LeRoy R., *History of Colorado*. Denver, 1927. Chapter VI, p. 269.

<sup>4</sup>Muzzey, David S., *A History of Our Country*. Boston, 1936. P. 478.

<sup>5</sup>Dill, R. G., *Political Campaigns of Colorado*. Denver, 1895. P. 80.

<sup>6</sup>Hall, Frank. *History of Colorado*, vol. III. Chicago, 1891. P. 22.

<sup>7</sup>Zamonski, Stanley, *Colorado Gold and the Confederacy*. Denver Westerners' Brand Book for 1956. Denver, 1957.

<sup>8</sup>Hall, Vol. II, pp. 257-267.

<sup>9</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>10</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>11</sup>Sporleder, Louis B., Sr., *The Romance of the Spanish Peaks*. (Pueblo) 1960. P. 22.

<sup>12</sup>Hensel, Donald., *Statehood Aspirations and Constitutions*. Denver Westerners' Brand Book for 1958. Boulder, 1959.

<sup>13</sup>Dill, p. 7.

<sup>14</sup>Adams, Mary Fonda, *Thomas M. Patterson*. Unpublished thesis, U. of Colo., 1933.

Dill (See above).

Hall, Vols. I, II, and III.

<sup>15</sup>Besser, Virgle Myrtle, *The Administration of Gov. Waite and the Populist Party in Colorado, 1893-1895*. Unpublished thesis, U. of Colo., 1924.

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Writing or speaking, don't use "second guess." Apparently, neither users nor listeners know what the phrase means.

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"In this day and age" is a needless long worn-out phrase for "at present." If that is what you mean, write "at present."

## NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

Denver Westerners welcome **Laura Kubin**, 2111 W. Alameda, Denver 23, Colo., to corresponding membership. Her hobby is reading Western history. She is associated with Safeway Stores, Inc., and was recommended by **PM Don L. Griswold**.

**Mr. Dick Bright**, 37, of 850 S. Flower St., Denver 26, Colo., recommended by **PM Don L. Griswold**, has become a CM of the Denver posse. He is location manager of Safeway Stores, Inc. His hobbies are hunting, fishing and skiing.

**Mr. Hal Reed**, 40, whose address is 555 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 17, Calif., is now a CM of the Denver posse. He was recommended by **PM Francis B. Rizzari**. His occupation is given as "Co-ordinator of Special Projects, Right of Way, Land, Production Department." With what organization, it is not stated.

**Mr. Lyle L. Mariner**, 52, whose home is at 1345 S. York St., Denver 10, is a new CM. He is owner of a public relations firm. He has published newspapers in South Dakota, Wyoming and Colorado, and at the same time was regional manager of International News Service until 1950, when he entered newspaper business in Grand Junction, Colo.

**Mr. W. B. Colwell, Jr.**, 43, of 2325 Vance St., Wheat Ridge, Colo., has become a corresponding member of the Denver Posse. He is particularly interested in Colorado mining history. He is a civil engineer and consulting engineer, practicing with Phillips-Carter-Osborn, Inc., Denver. He was brought into the corral by his uncle, **PM Raymond G. Colwell**. (Sufficient recommendation!)

**Mr. Ernest Porter**, an attorney for the D.&R.G.W.R.R., on the recommendation of **R. D. Sickler**, has become a CM. He is especially interested in Indians and the military expeditions against them. He lives at 1357 Williams, Denver 17, Colo. One of the articles he has had published is about William Vincent Lucas, in the Annals of Iowa, for Oct., 1954.

**Mr. Allan R. Phipps**, 401 First National Bank Bldg., Denver 2, Colo., is welcomed to corresponding membership in the Denver Westerners. He is especially interested in the pioneer and mining history of the upper Rio Grande Valley, particularly in Creede. Mr. Phipps is a partner in the firm of Hughes & Dorsey; is owner of Phipps 4UR Ranch, and part owner of La Garita Ranch, Wagon Wheel Gap, Colo. Both ranches are operated for guests.

**Mr. Eugene F. Pilz**, 777 Grant St., Denver 3, Colo., is a new CM, recommended by **PM A. J. Bromfield**. He is owner of Eugene F. Pilz & Co., an advertising agency handling advertising and public relations for firms in the Rocky Mountain region. He has planned and carried out five annual history contests for Western Federal Savings and the Rocky Mountain News. His special interests include Colorado ghost towns, narrow-gauge railroads, and the history of Colorado's cattle industry. His hobby is color photography.

In speaking, avoid the annoying expression, "you know." If the person to whom you are speaking does know, there is no use to bring the matter up. If he does not, you are lying. "You know" is most frequently used by persons who do not know what they are talking about, or have nothing to say, and who use the words instead of the customary "uh," "mmm" or a groan or grunt when ideas are absent.

## *In the 1870s THEY DIVERTED WATER FROM EAST TO WEST Across Continental Divide*

There has lately been much written, spoken and done about diverting water in Colorado from one side of the Continental Divide to the other. The Colorado-Big Thompson project, now operating, and the Frying Pan-Arkansas project, now being promoted, are examples of such diversions. Diversion of water from one side of the Divide to the other is not a new thing. One of the earliest projects of this sort is described in Frank Fossett's "Colorado: Its Gold and Silver Mines," etc., New York, 1879, page 485. During his discussion of mining in Summit County, Colorado, Fossett wrote:

"There are three requisites to successful placer mining — valuable ground, sufficient water, and sufficient 'fall' or 'dump.' No matter how much gold the ground contains, it cannot be extracted without water.

"The Fuller Placer Company, possessing the most extensive appliances, and probably the most placer land of any one company east of California, possesses all of these requirements. But water has been procured only at an outlay of labor and money, and of no little display of engineering abilities. The water supply was totally inadequate, and the necessary quantity could not be obtained without constructing long ditches and flumes, and in some places by carrying the latter at great elevations over ravines and along rugged mountain-sides. The placer lands were partially divided among many owners, and it took years to purchase and consolidate the vast amount of property now owned and controlled.

"There was a vast tract of country known to be auriferous for which there seemed to be no possibility of obtaining water. At length it was found that a pass in the main Contin-

ental Divide or watershed of the continent, 11,811 feet above sea level, was lower than a lake on the eastern slope located among and fed by the eternal snows. The manager, with the eye of a true engineer, saw that this lake on the Atlantic slope could be made available for the Fuller placers on the Pacific side of the range by the construction of many miles of ditch and flume. There were noble forests of pine at hand, and a saw-mill was soon set to work manufacturing the timber required for the great flume. At length the work was completed, and the waters turned from their natural course around Georgia Pass to eventually mingle with the waters of the Pacific.

"The Fuller Placer Company's property embraces 3,000 acres of 'pay gravel' patented and pre-empted, besides 30,000 acres controlled by its water. This land is on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, around the headwaters of the Swan River, and some of the tributaries of the Blue, which is a tributary of the Grand."

Most trans-divide water-diversions now employ tunnels, and all (so far as I know) bring water from west to east. The Fuller project, in the 1870s, had no tunnels, and conducted water from east to west.

—J. J. L.

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Don't write "In her [or even his] own right." If she is not something in her own right, she is not in anyone's right. If she is an artist or author, say so and skip the rest.

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Don't write: "Pardon the pun." If the pun is good, you don't need to apologize. If it stinks, don't pun. And be sure you know what a pun is.

## A LETTER FROM THE SOLID MULDOON

Some time about Nov. 1, 1912, Mrs. T. M. Harding of Canon City, Colo., wrote to David F. Day, then manager and principal owner of the Durango (Colo.) Democrat for information. Mr. Day had been editor of The Solid Muldoon at Ouray, Colo., and later at Durango. He was one of the most fearless, even reckless, of Colorado editors, and may be considered as the epitome of the frontier editor. He was always inserting his pen in the armor-joints of those he considered low-down, crooked, worthless, or unworthy of his friendship. Having twisted his weapon, he would rub salt and pepper in the wounds. His enemies feared him, for he was relentless. His admirers loved him, for he was one of the most amusing gladiators who ever wrote, and the most vulgar.

Our corresponding member, J. Joseph Leonard, who used to live in Ouray and now works in St. Louis, has been for some years engaged in writing a book about Day, who is so thoroughly identified with his newspapers that he himself is often called "The Solid Muldoon." Heaven hasten the day when he shall publish it!

Below is printed the entire text of Dave Day's three-page reply (uncorrected) to Mrs. Harding's letter. The reply is entirely in the hand of "The Solid Muldoon." On the front cover of this issue are reproduced the opening and closing of his letter. The original is in the possession of John J. Lipsey.

David F. Day, Manager

Rod S. Day, Editor

Gary J. Thompson,  
Associate Editor  
Daily and Weekly

Stationers  
Printers

### THE DURANGO DEMOCRAT

The Exclusive Morning Circulate throughout the  
Associated Press Report Southwest, the Mine of  
What we do Opportunities.  
we do well

Mrs. T. M. Harding  
Canon City Colo.

Durango, Colorado, 11/6/1912

My Dear Mrs. Harding—In reply to yours of recent date must say that you are entirely "too sudden", as politics and mans inclination to wade in around in political mire, has had possession of me for past three weeks in a chronic way, and I am unable to draw accurately on memory, or search the files of the old "Solid Muldoon" published in Ouray during Ute excitement, Meeker massacre, and slaughter of Maj. Thornburgs command, I was one gation following Meeker Massacre for Rocky Mountain News, was frequently guest of Ouray and Chipeta, and when agent for Southern Ute Indians, entertained Chipeta at the agency, Ignacio Colo. During the period following Meeker massacre, and slaughter of Maj. Thornburgs command. I was one among those who were not "scared", and spent much time with Ouray, Chipeta, Capt Billie and Shavenaux, the later being a fearless comical character. I have refrained from writing up this subject, on account of death and Killing of principle actors, Meeker, Thornburg and Gen Adams in particular as I should be harsh with all, Meeker for using repulsive fanatical methods in seeking to reform blanket Indians in a week, Thornburg for going into an Indian country with hostile intent without scouting the canyons, ignorant slaughter of men, and convincing evidence of his incapacity as a commander, Gen Adams for his riding into a consulate upon the valor of others, he was a grand stander, as I had ample time and opportunity to study him, when survivors of massacre arrived at Los Pinos Agency, on Uncapahgre [sic] river 20 miles north of Ouray, the federal government spells the name of this river Uncompahgre. Uncapahgre it should be and is, Unca (hot) pah (water) gre (Springs) named on account of number of hot springs at Ouray, the head of the stream.

History must give to Ouray credit for rare intelligence, valor and a lasting friendship for the whites, to Chitepa a splendid help mate to grand

chief and that sunny, smiling disposition, so rare in one of her race. I may some day in near future get a brief and accurate history of the events you desire. I have offered \$500 for any Indian who will locate the resting place of Ourays body, as he died at Ignacio Agency, if not entirely eroded I could identify his body by his saddle, belt and large bones, as next to Chief Ignacio he was the largest of his tribe.

Regretting ability [sic] to respond in detail,

I remain Respy

David F. Day

## *I Remember*

### *LIVING IN CENTRAL CITY*

#### *When It Was Still a Mining Camp*

By Gertrude Berger Sayre

The town as it was then:

Stepping stones were not only across the main street in front of the Teller House, but at every crossing.

Horse drawn ore wagons—teams of six horses stirring up the ore dust that smelled of sulphur.

Doc Day's cigar store with the wooden Indian in front.

Sol Bacharach, the little Jew, who always stood in the doorway of his clothing store, inviting in the customers.

The two banks, the First National on the corner and the Rocky Mountain National in what is now one bar of the Teller House.

Across the street, the drug store run by Doc Davies, the Welshman, with his neat hair, parted in the middle and washed every day with Pear's Soap.

Farther down the street was the barber shop where the barber kept at least fifteen canaries that sang lustily, each in its separate cage.

The little ore train or Gilpin County Tram, tooting along on its narrow track, coming by every morning and evening above our house. Its pistons were vertical instead of horizontal, because (it was said) the grades were so steep. It hauled the ore from various mines to the mills in Black Hawk. The mines around were small, run

by leasers, mostly Cornishmen, who could not afford to build mills. There were still smaller mines whose leasers used ore wagons instead of the tram. There were a few rich mines that could afford to ship the ore direct to a smelter.

The Casey Road the only fairly long horizontal street above the town where everybody paraded on Sunday afternoons in good weather.

The Big Snow of 1913—6 feet or the level. I was in Denver, Christmas shopping. No trains could make and I couldn't get home. Bob v left to fend for himself. Head-hi, trenches were dug on the main sidewalk and woe to anyone who landed in a drift as Sol Bacharach did. Three or four men including Bob were digging a trench in front of Sol's store when they heard a squeaky "Help!" and it was little Sol completely engulfed in the middle of the street. The caretaker at the Frontenac mine who was snowbound and about to starve when he conceived the brilliant idea of taking the screen doors off of the lockers where the miners kept their clothes. He strapped them onto his feet and snow-shoed into Central.

The bob-sled parties! You started from the top of Eureka Street and coasted all the way to Black Hawk. There was a pilot, of course, with

eight or ten people sitting behind him on the sled. You made only one trip per evening because you had to walk back a mile and a half.

We lived on such a steep hill that in winter, when it was slippery, I had to cling to fences to get down into town.

Our two eldest children were born while we were living in Central City. I hung diapers out on the hill side, so steep I had to brace myself to keep from pitching over forward, my hands so stiff from the cold I could scarcely pin the clothes onto the lines. The winter lasted until April when the real winter commenced. When daffodils were blooming in Denver, the dismal outlook of the shafthouses across the valley with the snowflakes drifting past, was a daily sight until June when the summer finally came all of a sudden. The sweet peas I planted between snowstorms were the loveliest ever, and the velvety pansies as big as teacups.

We had a furnace, the first in Central City. You reached it by climbing down a ladder into a hole under the house. We kept our perishable food in a cellar back of the kitchen, a sort of cave with a dirt floor in the side of the hill.

When we gave a New Year's open-house, all the men stayed in the kitchen and the women in the parlor. There were no social distinctions. The carpenter-painter played his fiddle at the evening functions. I attempted playing his accompaniments but was completely lost when he wandered off on his own into trills and arpeggios of his own composing. I just had to wait for him to come back.

There were two doctors in the town—one, a young man just out of medical school who saved the life of one of our boys who had pneumonia—no penicillin then, only Denver Mud, or Antiphlogistine as it is now called. I learned also, how to make flaxseed-poultices and mustard-plasters.

The other doctor lived in Black Hawk. When he was sober he was all right. His wife, an accomplished musician, helped me to keep up my music.

We had the first automobile in Central, a black Dodge, first model ever. One day, when Bob was trying to avoid the stepping stones, he stalled his engine. Bily Peronteau (a miner) and his wife, walked around the car looking it over. Bob overheard him say, "These darn contraptions aren't any good, and never will be."

Billy was disfigured by having one of his eyes hanging down on his cheek. He had been hunting in the upper end of Boulder Park in a grove of aspens when a huge brown bear reared up beside him and knocked the gun out of his hands. The bear then embraced him and commenced chewing his face. He managed to get hold of his hunting-knife and kept stabbing for a vital spot. Billy then fainted from loss of blood. When he came to, he found himself lying on the ground with the dead bear on top of him. He managed to push the bear off and somehow made it into the little town of Tolland.

Central City was full of Cornish miners who had come from the tin mines of Cornwall, England. They are famous in mining. Many mining terms, such as stopes, winzes, raises, etc., all originated with the Cornish. They managed to confuse their pronouns so that you could scarcely understand what they were saying. Some children were scrapping in the street one day, when one of the neighbors appeared in her doorway, scolding the group. A little boy called out "Her should na talk to we. Us don't belong to she."

Their wives were always giving me pasties, called "pahstees," and saffron cake which they considered great delicacies. The saffron cake was a strange bright yellow with a very odd taste.

What happened to the Cornish? Why are there none left in Central? They simply drifted away when there was no more activity in the mines, and were absorbed into the population elsewhere.

There was the saddle horse, Elwood, whom we tried to drive, hitched to a "breaking cart." The two wheeled cart was handy to reach out-of-the-way mines. When Bob inspected these, we invariably took short cuts. Elwood was allergic to me, and would not stand still. He always looked around when I tried to get in, and ran away. But once started he couldn't see on account of his blinders. I had to mount on the go. We sold him to the stagecoach driver. The narrow-gauge train from Denver stopped at Black Hawk to allow us to get off and take the stage instead of switching back and forth up the mountain, and taking an extra hour to get to Central.

We went on a fishing trip to Florida, and after a prolonged absence, we arrived in Black Hawk on the train. Not thinking of Elwood, I started to get into the stage. He turned his head, saw me, actually screamed, and ran away, dragging the other horse, the coach, and the passengers, including me. Fortunately the road was so steep Elwood got tired and slowed down. After that fiasco, he ended his days pulling an ore-wagon.

Besides Elwood, we had two saddle horses, which we boarded in the Williams Livery Stable where the now famous square dancers perform.

From a rip-roaring mining camp, Central City, as we all know, has changed into a ghost town in the winter to come very much alive in the summer with the opera, the tourists, the fashionable homes, the cheap "almost antiques" and the loud bar-rooms. One who lived there for five years (as I did) has a feeling of nostalgia for the old days. Now the whole atmosphere is entirely different. I

miss the friendly salutations, the odd characters, and a sort of dignity that the town lacks in the present.

#### ----- A NOTE ABOUT NOTES— FOOT- OR OTHERWISE

It appears to this editor that the matter of "documentation" has been overdone in some historical articles and books. In writing that is intended only for the eyes and information of academicians and professionals (who are by nature suspicious and critical), the decoration of their work with cf. and ibid. and vid. notations may be desirable, even necessary. But the constant interruption of the thread of thought by asterisks, daggers and tiny figures in articles intended for the lover of history is not only unnecessary, it is a damned nuisance. A skillful writer can incorporate into his sentences references to his sources that are sufficient. These can make it unnecessary for the eye to drop to the bottom of the page or the fingers to fumble toward the back of the book. Let history be an uninterrupted story, easy and pleasant to read, an easy, unblocked stream, not a tortuous, crooked river half-diverted by sea walls and jetties. . . . One of the worst offenses, it seems to me, is committed by writers who constantly refer to passages in their previously published works. How can they prove something by referring to themselves?

**Gen. William Jackson Palmer** (1836-1909), founder of the city of Colorado Springs and builder of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, was elected to the Hall of Fame of Great Westerners on an at-large basis at a recent meeting of the trustees of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center. Thus Palmer's name joins those of Will Rogers, Brigham Young, Sam Houston and others already elected to be memorialized in a headquarters building in Oklahoma City.

**Resume of "The Letters of Kirby Benedict, 1854-1865, relating to Judicial Problems in New Mexico: An edition with introduction and notes" by C. Warren Vander Hill This is an outline of Mr. Vander Hill's thesis, for which the Denver Westerners gave him an award and cash in 1961.—The Editor.**

This study consists of a group of letters written by Kirby Benedict while he was serving as Associate Justice (1853-1857) and Chief Justice (1858-1865) of the Supreme Court of the Territory of New Mexico. They have been deposited in the National Archives in Washington, D. C., and are grouped as a part of the General Records of the Department of Justice.

These particular letters were selected from the Benedict Papers because they afford an excellent picture of the many judicial problems that a federal judge faced in a newly created territory, especially one in which the heritage of the vast majority of the populace was of Spanish-Mexican origin. The trials and tribulations of a territorial judge who had to ride the circuit are also shown quite vividly as are the chaotic conditions that existed in New Mexico in the early years of the Civil War.

Benedict's personal appeals to Washington for assistance on the territorial bench (many of the men appointed to the bench were continually absent from the territory), and for improvements in various other territorial matters may also be seen in these letters. In addition, Benedict, who was a firm friend of President Abraham Lincoln from their days as young lawyers riding the circuit in Illinois, occasionally wrote to the President regarding the situation in New Mexico. One of these letters is included in this study.

Kirby Benedict was born in Kent, Connecticut, on November 23, 1810. His boyhood and adolescent years were spent in this small town on the banks of the Housatonic River. At the age of twenty-one, Benedict moved

to Ohio and then on to Natchez, Mississippi, to study law under the eminent lawyer John Anthony Quitman.

On October 23, 1834, Benedict married Charlotte Carter of Delaware County, Ohio. Benedict and his new bride settled in Decatur, Illinois, in 1836.

In 1844 Benedict entered local politics and won election to the Illinois House of Representatives on the Locofoco ticket. He served but one term.

In 1849 the Benedicts moved to Paris, Illinois. It was during this period that Benedict rode the circuit with Abraham Lincoln. In a total of twenty cases, Benedict opposed Lincoln nine times and co-operated with him on eleven occasions.

The decade from 1843-1853 saw many of Benedict's friends attain political success at the national level. Benedict also sought new opportunities and during this period many of his friends suggested his name for appointment to federal judgeships in the new territories. This campaign was eventually successful, for in 1853 President Franklin Pierce appointed Benedict Associate Justice of the Third Judicial District of New Mexico.

Benedict arrived in Santa Fe on August 17, 1853. The Third Judicial District was of vast extent. It stretched from the Colorado River on the west to Texas on the east. From north to south its distance was three hundred miles. Court in this district was held at Albuquerque, and sometimes by special order at Socorro.

In 1857 Benedict was reappointed Associate Justice by President James Buchanan. Shortly thereafter, in May 1858, he was made Chief Justice and



moved to the First District at Santa Fe.

With the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861, Benedict, an anti-secessionist for many years, decided to stand by the Union. Throughout the course of this conflict Benedict maintained this stand, even in the face of Confederate invasion. His personal regard for Lincoln must have influenced his position.

Benedict displayed a great deal of interest in various civic and social organizations. Chief among these was the New Mexico Historical Society. In 1861 Benedict was elected vice-president and in 1862 president of this group.

The assassination of President Lincoln ended Benedict's tenure on the bench, as President Andrew Johnson appointed John P. Slough, a Civil War hero of the Battle of Glorieta Pass, to take his place. Previous to this change the *Santa Fe Gazette* had begun condemning Benedict in its editorial columns for his intemperance, his political conduct, and his gambling.

Benedict now opened a law practice in Santa Fe, but his personal habits soon got him into further difficulty. In 1871 Benedict was suspended from practicing before the Supreme Court and district courts until further order of the court.

In 1873 Benedict purchased the *New Mexico Union* and the first issue under his ownership came out on July 3, 1873. Benedict always preached temperance in his paper, remembering, no doubt, his own loss of prestige due to intemperance. Gambling was another prime subject for his attacks.

Kirby Benedict died on February 27, 1874. He was stricken as he walked the streets of Santa Fe. The funeral services were conducted by Montezuma Lodge No. 1 of the Masonic Order on March 1, and the U.S. Eighth Cavalry Band provided music.

### Notes

The biographical information concerning Kirby Benedict was drawn from the following sources:

Hunt, Aurora. *Kirby Benedict: Frontier Federal Judge*. Glendale, California: Arthur H. Clark Company, 1961.

Poldervaart, Arie W. *Black-Robed Justice, A History of the Administration of Justice in New Mexico from the American Occupation in 1846 until Statehood in 1912*. Historical Society of New Mexico Publications in History, Vol. XIII, Santa Fe: Historical Society of New Mexico, 1948.

Twitchell, Ralph Emerson. *The Leading Facts of New Mexican History*. Cedar Rapids: The Torch Press, 1912, Vol. II.

—C. W. V. H.

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## COLORADO FLAG OVER "WILD WEST" OF BAVARIA

(From the *Colorado Springs FREE PRESS* of Nov. 26, 1961.)

At an impressive and colorful ceremony, flanked by cowboys and Indians in authentic costumes, the official state flag of Colorado was recently presented to the Munich Cowboy Club, an enthusiastic group organized 50 years ago in Munich, the capital of Bavaria.

Representing Colorado and the Pikes Peak or Bust Rodeo Assn., at whose request the flag was sent, was Lt. Col. Charles E. Gilbert of Colorado Springs.

Flags from New Mexico, Arizona, Iowa, Oklahoma and California were also presented at this time. They will be an important feature of the museum of the group's new clubhouse, construction of which is now under way on a site just south of the city.

Adding true western color and glamor to the occasion was Sgt. Sikitis Nichols Jr., 46th Infantry, an American Indian from Denver, who wore picturesque tribal feathered costume.



# Westerner's Bookshelf



**THE WEST OF THE TEXAS KID, 1881-1910.** Recollections of Thomas Edgar Crawford. 12mo, 200 pages, introduction by Jeff Dykes. University of Okla. Press, 1961. \$2.00.

This, Number Twenty of the Western Frontier Library, the fine reprints now being put out at Norman, is a rollicking tale of an Ohio lad who left home at fourteen and rambled around the West, mingling with cowboys, outlaws, frontier marshals, and the dance hall girls.

His reminiscences sound thrilling but occasionally his tales seem far-fetched, as does the one of Calamity Jane telling the author about her being in a refuge-home in New York City, slipping out for liquor and going on a big drunk, then wiring Buffalo Bill for money to buy a ticket to Montana. If we are to believe Glenn Clairmonte's book "Calamity Was the Name for Jane," the happening took place in Buffalo and she asked Bill for the money.

In one chapter he speaks of a "long boy" in Butch Cassidy's company; probably this was Harry Longabaugh, who ran with the Wild Bunch for a time and fled to South America with Cassidy, where both are said to have been killed later.

As a cattleman, Crawford did well. He tells of buying 480 acres of land with borrowed money; yet, in ten years his holdings had grown to 16,000 acres, his cow herd from 114 to 600. Remarkable!

To anyone wishing a good, entertaining story to read before retiring, this is it; but take it with a grain of salt.

**PM Carl F. Mathews**

**THE TOWNS OF TINTIC** by Beth Kay Harris. Sage Books, Denver, 1961. 180 pp. 2 maps, 35 photographs. \$4.00.

It is a joy to read a book about a mining camp by one who speaks the language. Mrs. Harris' casual use of such phrases as "down the hole," "caved to the surface" and "a powder box full" fully confirms what the preface by Frank C. Robertson says of her early life in Tintic. Only a person who had grown up in such a place could have written it with so much sympathy and understanding.

"The Towns of Tintic" could more properly have been titled "The People of Tintic." In fact, the towns themselves receive such disorganized and off-hand treatment that I finished the book with a feeling of frustration with respect to them. I didn't feel that I knew much more about the Tintic area as a place than I did before, which was little. (In case you are wondering, Tintic is in western Utah, and the time is from 1869 to the present.) Maps without scales are an aggravation, too.

But when we get to the author's treatment of the *people* of Tintic, it is a different and better story. Here are the flesh-and-blood (and frequently bloody) characters who do make the place. The good, bad and indifferent are sent across the stage in rapid-fire fashion. They run the scale from "Uncle Jesse" Knight, the fabulous and incompatible combination of devout Mormon and mining man, to Ginger of the bitten-off nose. And they all reflect real personalities, living a real life. John Beck, poverty-stricken, then millionaire, then broke, finally a multi-millionaire, is a fair

sample. Most of them, of course, remained far from millionaires.

The outstanding "character," to my mind is the frog in the red-flannel suit. He alone is enough to make the book worth while. I think you'll like it. A better job of editing and proof-reading would have aided Mrs. Harris in her presentation.

PM Ray Colwell

**THE MAXWELL LAND GRANT: The story of America's largest and most famous homestead, by Jim Berry Pearson. 309 pages, illustrated. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1961. \$5.00.**

Guadalupe Miranda and Charles Beaubien, residents of Taos, Department of New Mexico, Republic of Mexico, on January 8, 1841, petitioned Gov. Manuel Armijo for, and were allotted, a tract of land in the northern part of the province. The simple ceremony of installing the grantees by the Taos Justice of the Peace commences one of the most notable chapters in the history of the Rocky Mountain west. Quite a number of writers, scholars and historians have presented in one form or another, a detailed account of what developed from this famous homestead and colonization effort. Probably the most striking and completely revealing of these is the recently published tale of "The Maxwell Grant," as told by Jim Berry Pearson, a University of Texas history professor, who spent a great many summers exploring the scene and researching the records of this celebrated enterprise.

In 1858 the property was acquired by that colorful pioneer of the Southwest, Lucien B. Maxwell, who commenced to operate it after the fashion of a glamorous old-world, feudal estate. As the process of colonizing the land, developing its natural resources, defining its borders and perfecting the title progressed, the owners eventually laid claim to 1,714,764 acres or 2,680 square miles of ground located in what is now Colfax county, New Mexico, and Las Animas county, Colorado. It was the largest single tract under one private ownership in the entire country. In fact it was so huge that some United States government officials and departments became suspicious of its legality, disputed the validity of the claim, or objected to the approval of the title.

The Maxwell Grant was not only a mammoth chunk of land, but it was rich in natural resources: timber, clay, stone and other minerals and precious metals, and in grazing and farm lands. Being thus endowed

and so great in area, the property was favorably regarded by many ambitious capitalists, investors, financiers, real estate operators and promoters. Lucien Maxwell, while amassing a neat fortune from the gold mining and various other industrial and ranching activities on the grant, became weary of the burden of these responsibilities and, after some negotiating, gave an option to a party of Colorado operators to purchase the property for \$1,350,000. This group which meanwhile had added some prominent New Mexico men to its number, organized the Maxwell Land Grant and Railway Company, of which Gen. Wm. J. Palmer, builder of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, became president. The company then conveyed the controlling interest to two trustees representing important English and Dutch capitalists who thereafter took over the entire project.

It is of the fascinating ramifications of these early transactions and operations, of the successes, misfortunes and vicissitudes of the later owners, that Pearson writes. He tells in detail of the boom mining towns (most of which later became ghost towns), of the commercial businesses, industrial efforts, mining operations, ranching enterprises and irrigation projects that took place on the Maxwell Grant. He relates the legal tangles, court battles and controversies with government agencies over the status of the property. The efforts at development and the problems of financing are described at length.

Shortly before the activities of the Maxwell Land Grant Company were concluded, Pearson was permitted access to the hitherto restricted files and records of the firm which had been carefully preserved largely in their original form. The author took full advantage of this opportunity.

An outstanding feature of this book is the section, "Bibliographical Notes," which describes at length the noted Maxwell Collection of paper and records. The section also lists numerous references to newspapers and documents, interviews and letters, pamphlets and brochures, surveys and reports and finally books and articles.

The story is somewhat lacking in information concerning the tremendous outbreak of various kinds of transportation projects which were inspired by and were expected to participate in the mushrooming activities relating to the Maxwell Land Grant. There were trails, wagon roads, stage-coach and toll-road companies and railroad companies galore, that were organized and aspired to play a vital part in this gigantic undertaking. Some of these companies became operative, many did not. Of their efforts, routes, personnel and results the reader probably would

like to learn more.

Jim Berry Pearson is to be highly complimented for rendering a valuable contribution to Western Americana, and to the general knowledge of a section of the country about which not a great deal of information has been published.

PM PAUL D. HARRISON

#### CARHART'S WILDLANDS BOOK

In his *Rocky Mountain News* column, "One Man's Pegasus," PM Robert Perkin had this to say about PM Arthur H. Carhart's most recent book:

"Colorado's greatest asset—beyond white-faced cattle, well-beyond mining, and even beyond general agriculture—lies in the open places, still relatively undefiled by our materialism, with which spaces we have been so generously endowed, and which appeal to the mind and the spirit, not the pocketbook.

"Moreover, we are the immediate custodians of those spaces, not merely for ourselves and other Americans, but for all centuries to come. We do well to conserve some of that space before it is all gone.

"A preliminary blueprint for the protection of this natural spiritual wealth through planned and zoned use is proposed by Arthur H. Carhart of Denver, one of the nation's most respected conservation authorities, in 'Planning for America's Wildlands' published jointly by National Audubon Society, National Parks Association, Wilderness Society, and the Wildlife Management Institute (\$2.50).

"I say 'preliminary' even though this photo-illustrated book is couched in somewhat doctrinaire terms. Art Carhart brings to it nearly a half-century of experience as a land-use planner, conservationist and outdoorsman, but I'm sure he intends it as a firm point of departure, not as dogma. The fullest possible debate, he would certainly agree, should be encouraged on this issue. To Carhart it is a burning issue; to others somewhat less fiery. But by 2061 our descendants may be inquiring sadly why we were so stupid and greedy. We owe those descendants a debt of responsible wildlands management which we'd better start discharging with integrity."

**WESTERN GHOST TOWNS**, by Lambert Florin. Superior Publishing Company, Seattle, 1961. 176 pp. Illustrated with 219 photographs, 18 maps. Indexed, \$12.50.

The author and Dr. David Mason, while planning a vacation that included a hike to the summit of Mt. Whitney, some fishing, and search for a rare primrose came across an article on the ghost town of Bodie, Cali-

fornia. Since its location was in the vicinity of their projected trip, they decided to visit this old townsite on their way homeward. This they did and became intrigued with its possible history and what they could see of its remains. The exploration of this fascinating remnant of a bygone era so captivated their imaginations that they resolved henceforth to devote all their vacations to locating and visiting all other ghost towns that they could find in the western states.

These vacations led to trips into eight states: Washington, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Arizona, Wyoming, California, and Colorado. In all they viewed ninety-one ghost towns. The photographs, maps, and historical data of each location they put into this fascinating book.

They plan other explorations into these footprints of places and people and perhaps come up with the second volume of "Western Ghost Towns."

This book is well-illustrated. Its short, precise history of each ghost town make a worthwhile and welcome addition to anyone's bookshelf.

PM R. A. RONZIO

South Park City, on the edge of Fairplay, Colo., is (as most of us know by this time) a fabulous collection of genuine old mining-camp buildings, artifacts, and enterprises assembled to preserve history and to present it visually to Coloradoans and their visitors. The City is a non-profit enterprise that has operated successfully for several seasons. One item it now lacks is a paid curator-manager. If you are fitted for this job and want it, write to Leon H. Snyder, Exchange National Bank Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.

PM Kenneth E. Englert of Colorado Springs was elected president of the Colorado Package Liquor Association recently. (About the only organization Kenny has not been elected president of is the United States. He may make that yet. His wife, Lorene, is a powerful party politician.) The brand-new association is dedicated to the elimination of "inequitable practices within the retail liquor industry." (Translation: We gotta break up this price cuttin'.)



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

March  
1962  
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ABOVE: Explorer Carl F. Mathews in Montgomery (Colorado) Cemetery, 1945.

(Photo by Lipsey.)

INSIDE: "Unsolved Crimes of the Pikes Peak Region," by Historian Carl F. Mathews.

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
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Please send correspondence and remittances to:

George R. Eichler, 414 Denver Theater Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

Please send material intended for publication in ROUNDUP to:

John J. Lipsey, 1920 Pinegrove, Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, Colo.

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**APRIL MEETING**

**Wednesday, April 25, 1962, at 6:30 P.M.**

**Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm Place,**

**Denver, Colorado**

**"THE SPOTSWOOD STAGE LINE"**

**By Bill Brenneman**

Brenneman, Tallyman (Treasurer) of the Denver Posse of the Westerners, is a writer with years of experience on newspapers and in publicity designed to bring visitors to Colorado and to make them happy. His paper will tell about the adventures of "Colonel" Robert Spotswood, who operated stages in Colorado, one line running from Morrison to Fairplay to Leadville in 1878 and 1879. . . . Denver area possemen and corresponding members must make reservations by mail for dinner-meetings—not by phone.

**MAY MEETING**

Dr. Philip W. Whiteley on "George Elbert Burr, Pioneer Etcher of the Great Southwest."

## FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

### IN RE DINNER RESERVATIONS

Each month the **Roundup Foreman** (one **Eichler**) sends all possemen a postcard-notice of the next meeting. Attached is a reply-card. (For each meeting one-third of the Denver area corresponding members get these, too.) It was hoped that all hands will use these reply-cards, but they don't. For every meeting more mouths show up than cards. So far, the affable steward of the Press Club, Jimmy Fillas, has been able to provide food and seats for the excess, but members should not impose on his affability. Fill out and mail the reply-cards as soon as you receive them. . . . Be considerate of Eichler, too. He, like all officers, is hired for nothing per year. . . . Visiting members from other posses need make no reservations.

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**Book Review Chairman Numa L. James** reports that quite a number of books for review are in the hands of members and have been for months. He requests that reviews be turned in to him, or the books returned to him—at once.

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 RM Edward Vaughan Dunklee will shortly take off on a round-the-world trip, visiting 32 countries, as Good Will Ambassador of the United Nations. For more than 11 years he has been President of the Colorado Association for the United Nations. He was among the earliest members of the Denver Westerners.

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 CM John A. Murphy of the Denver Museum in City Park has generously offered the Posse use of a recording machine, tapes, and service whenever a speaker has no manuscript.

**David P. Strickler**, 83, died on March 12, 1962. For more than 50 years he was a distinguished citizen of Colorado Springs. He came to Colorado Springs in 1906 and shortly afterward became an attorney of the trustees of the Myron Stratton Home Corporation, founded by the will of Winfield Scott Stratton for the purpose of establishing a home for El Paso County's helpless children and aged persons. Strickler never knew Stratton (who died in 1902), but it was Strickler who was largely responsible for preventing the breaking of Stratton's will by Stratton's relatives, and by women claiming to be wives of the testator. Thus he retained for the Home most of the money in the (approximately) \$11,000,000 estate. He became one of the Home's trustees, eventually chairman of the board of trustees, and remained chairman until the time of his death, despite a six-year terminal illness. He was chairman of the board of directors of the Exchange National Bank, Colorado Springs. At one time Post No. 5, American Legion, named him Colorado Springs' most outstanding citizen. . . . Mr. Strickler was an ardent admirer of Abraham Lincoln and assembled a tremendous collection of Lincolniana. He loved to make addresses about the martyred President. . . . Some years ago he made a talk to the Denver Westerners, describing his experiences during the time when he fought those who tried to break Stratton's will. In this he made some astonishing revelations. The recording of Strickler's talk has been discovered by Mrs. Nan V. Carson, Librarian of the State Historical Society of Colorado. A typescript is being made, and it is hoped to publish the talk in Roundup soon.

Denver's Rocky Mountain News, on March 11, 1962, printed a "profile" of **PM Thomas Hornsby Ferril**, written by **Dan Thomasson**, together with a semi-profile photo of a smiling Tom. Thomasson bore down on Ferril's reputation as a first-class poet, with quotations from Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg and Bernard DeVoto. Thomasson proved his case. But the Editor of Roundup admires Ferril most for his prose prepared for and published in his and his wife's (Hellie's) Rocky Mountain Herald. This prose is superb writing, and it is written week after week facing a deadline, whether Ferril feels like writing or not. Some of this material, revised and extended, has been reprinted in nationally famous magazines. Selections from these writings were used in 1946 to make up a book, "I Hate Thursday", Thursday being the Herald's deadline. It is time for Tom Ferril to collect more pieces from his Childe Herald column and publish another prose book.

On Feb. 19, 1962, the Lincoln Group of the District of Columbia celebrated (a little early) the hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. Our **CM Paul H. Gantt** (formerly a Denver PM) is president of the group. He made a speech which was printed in the Congressional Record for Feb. 26, 1962.

Denver Westerners were grieved when they learned of the death of Elmer O. Davis, 78, of 1345 S. Franklin St., Denver. He was a retired civil engineer of the Union Pacific Railroad, having served that system for 40 years. He had lived in Denver since 1909. He was the author of the excellent book, "The First Five Years of the Railroad Era in Colorado."

Two errors were made in the introduction to CM Harold S. Lindbloom's article in the February Roundup: 1. He is not a posseman but is a corresponding member of the Denver Posse. 2. The Lindblooms did not move to Boulder to be close to the University of Colorado, the biggest user of textbooks in the State; the textbooks Lindbloom sells are for the use of secondary and primary schools, not for colleges and universities.

**Corral Dust**, official organ of the Potomac Westerners (in and around the District of Columbia) contains in its February 1962 issue a readable article on "Dave Cook, Colorado Peace Officer" by Allen S. Dakin, Tallyman of the Potomac Corral. Corral Dust is mailed to all members of the corral every other month. It is an eight-page (8½ x 11 inches) slick-paper publication. Corresponding membership costs \$3.00.

A Washington correspondent writes: "My spies reported to me that Central City is not a ghost town any more, but a chain of Don Bloch's bookstores."

### LAST CALL FOR POSSE WESTERNER PINS

There are still a limited number of the little gold (?) pins featuring the buffalo skull, identifying Westerners. The pins may be used in the lapel, as a tie-tack, or a jeweler can affix the pin to a tie-bar. Available only to Posse and Reserve Members at \$2.25 postpaid. Mail check to Roundup Foreman at Denver Westerner headquarters.



# UNSOLVED CRIMES OF THE PIKES PEAK REGION

By Carl F. Mathews

PM Carl F. Mathews, whose paper on unsolved crimes was read at the Denver Westerners' March meeting, and which starts on this page, has had plenty of opportunities to study crime. For 32 years and three months (before he retired in 1952) he was superintendent of the Bureau of Identification in the Colorado Springs Police Department. He was born and raised in Colorado, has long devoted himself to the gathering and study of Colorado historical material. His papers, read to many historical societies, must now number about 100. His research is painstaking, his patience boundless, his knowledge astonishing, and his writing is accurate.

—The Editor

The ideal detective story is one in which dogged perseverance on the part of the detectives, and their ability to ferret out clues, tend to bring the villain to justice. However, in real life there are often too few clues or else a confusion of possible or conflicting circumstances, which resist the identification or apprehension of suspects.

Of this category I have listed fourteen cases in the history of law enforcement in El Paso and Teller Counties, Colorado, from 1869 to 1960, which illustrate unsolved mysteries. These are few in number compared with the cases which were solved.

## I. An Early Coroner's Jury Reports

A transcript on file in the Pioneers' Museum of Colorado Springs concerns a case before David Spielman, first coroner of El Paso County, reading:

*Territory of Colorado* )  
*County of El Paso,* ) S.S.  
*An inquisition holden at Colorado*  
*City in the County of El Paso, on the*

*18th day of September, A.D., 1869, before David Spielman, Coroner of said county, upon the dead body of William Carrolton, lying there dead, by the jurors whose names are hereunto subscribed, the said Jurors upon their oath do say that the aforesaid deceased came to his end on the road leading from Pueblo to Colorado City, by five balls, one of which penetrated the neck, one the arm, one the point of the shoulder, and two the body in the region of the heart. The balls appeared to be buck shot, probably fired from one gun by a person unknown.*

*In testimony whereof, the said Jurors have hereto set their hands, the day and year aforesaid.*

*C. E. Myers            Wray Beattie*  
*John Langmeyer    Emile Gerung*  
*Thomas Hunt        Thomas T. Reilly*

## II. Two Persons Found Dead on the Plains

A letter to the "Weekly Gazette," published on March 21, 1875, conveyed the information that the bodies of two persons had been found on the plains east of Fountain, on Saturday, the 13th. On Monday, Esquire Perkins summoned a jury and proceeded to the spot. On arriving there, the bodies were found to be covered with snow, and on removing the snow, it was found that the flesh was entirely gone from the bones. Examination showed one to be a man, the other a woman, both apparently twenty-five to thirty-five years of age. Both had

been wearing ordinary clothing but no boots or shoes were found. Except for a small lead pencil in the vest pocket, nothing was found except the rim of a .44 centre fire cartridge near the remains.

The corpses were found about 100 yards south of the road leading from Fountain to Perkins' ranch on Squirrel Creek, and about fourteen miles east of Fountain. The bodies had been thrown into tall coarse grass, which prevented their being seen from the road. The impression was that they were immigrants and had been murdered and thrown there some time during the previous summer. The remains and clothing were being kept at Ames' store in Fountain in the hope that some identification could be made. Eastern papers were asked to please copy.

Apparently nothing was ever learned of the identity of these according to later issues of the Gazette.

### III. Bodies of an Old Lady and Little Boy Found in a Stable Near Edgerton

Readers of the Colorado Springs Gazette were startled upon opening their paper on April 29, 1888, to find glaring headlines, giving details of the finding of two bodies, one an elderly woman, Mrs. M. J. Kearney, and her little grandson, Jimmy Hand, about eight years old.

The ranch of Mrs. Kearney was about two miles northwest of Edgerton postoffice, some ten miles north of Colorado Springs. Her house was located in a deep gulch, the roof of which could barely be seen from the road. About 500 yards west an elderly couple named Estes were living, and about a month before the victims had visited them, apparently in the best of health. Some two weeks later, Mr. and Mrs. Estes noticed that there were no signs of life about the Kearney ranch, but as Mrs. Kearney and

the little boy had on previous occasions closed the house and made visits to Denver and Colorado Springs, their thought was that possibly they had left the country. This absence was spoken of to several neighbors, none of whom could give any information. A letter was then written to relatives in St. Louis, and on April 26th a reply was received, stating that the last letter from Mrs. Kearney was dated March 26th. The relatives sent a telegram addressed to her at Husted, the nearest station. The messenger who brought the message found all doors locked and the place apparently deserted.

On April 28th, Mr. S. K. Harris, a neighbor, went to the Edgerton postoffice hoping to hear something from the relatives. On arriving there he met Mrs. Beach, a daughter of Mrs. Kearney, who had arrived the day before from St. Louis. That afternoon they proceeded to the ranch where they found all doors locked, strange to say, from the inside. Forcing one of the doors, they found Mrs. Kearney's hat, bonnet and cloak in one room and on the kitchen table two pans of biscuits and some pies ready to place in the oven. A more complete examination resulted in finding two sets of dirty dishes, consisting of three plates each. One set had been used for a meal and set aside; the other on the table apparently used.

Finding nothing in the house, they went to a small stable near the house, where they made a horrible and ghastly discovery. In one corner of the little grain room was the body of Mrs. Kearney in an advanced state of decomposition, and examination of a grain box in another corner disclosed the body of the little boy. So small was the box that one foot was left protruding. His body was not badly decomposed and blood could

plainly be seen on the neck, evidently from a wound.

On May 1st, Coroner Davis, in company of Dr. S. A. Fisk of Denver, a friend of the family, reached the premises and it was found necessary to drag the body of Mrs. Kearney from its position in order to examine it closely. Buried in the right side of the skull was the head of a hatchet with a newly-whittled handle about two feet long. Examination of the body of the little boy led Dr. Fisk to believe he had been shot but the coroner found a large gash on the side of the forehead about three inches in length, caused by the sharp edge of the hatchet.

On May 3rd, it was ascertained that the hatchet had been found about three years before by a W. H. Thompson, who had given it to a Mr. Halliday, who had rented the ranch. Thompson's cabin was only a few hundred yards from Mrs. Kearney's house; he cut kindling wood for her, did her chores and had carried her mail from the post office for a long time. Thompson loved his whiskey and about June 1st came to Colorado City, became drunk and was arrested. On the expiration of his sentence he became intoxicated again and while in jail let fall a word or two conveying the impression that he knew more about the murder than had been told. In one of the saloons he stated in the presence of four witnesses: "I killed Mrs. Kearney but I did not kill the boy." A preliminary hearing was held on July 24th and twice continued to July 27th, at which time Justice Gorman could find nothing to warrant holding him for trial, so he was accordingly released. Many theories were advanced: Possibly the killer was some woodcutter employed by Mrs. Kearney; it might have been a man she had had arrested and tried for theft about three years before (he was found to have left the

country several months before); or might have been a tramp who thought she had a large amount of money. But why should the little boy have been murdered?

#### **IV. The Body of a Young Man Found on Pikes Peak—Evidences of Foul Play**

On the morning of August 19, 1897, two men, George Reed, of Buttes, Colo., and H. A. Barclay of Denver, walking down from the summit of Pikes Peak on the Cog Railway, noticed the legs of a man sticking from a culvert about three-fourths of a mile from the summit. Investigation showed great spots of blood scattered over the track, and a revolver with one chamber discharged, about ten feet away. The men hastened down to the Saddle House, where they notified the foreman of the section gang, and continued on. Before they arrived at Manitou, the management had been notified by telephone, but the men again stopped and notified Manager Sells, who in turn telephoned Sheriff Boynton. Coroner Marlow was in Cripple Creek, but his assistant was notified and went to the Peak on the afternoon train, arriving in Colorado Springs with the body about 6 o'clock. Upon examination, a bullet hole was found in the head, the shot having been fired at close range as the hair was burned. The victim was about 25 years of age, nearly six feet tall, slender build and about 175 pounds in weight; fairly well dressed, no papers in any pocket but on the inside coat pocket a tag with the maker's name and also "E. M. Kirton, Wisner, Nebr., April 16, 1897." Identification was made as Herbert H. Kay, of Wisner, Nebraska, and the fact brought out that he had nearly \$200 on his person when he started

up the Peak on the night of August 18th. It was learned that Kay left Wisner about a week ago to visit friends in Denver and spend a few days in the Pikes Peak region. Officer Wiggins, a Denver pioneer, was his grandfather and Kay visited Wiggins for a few days, then came to Manitou, taking a room on Ruxton Avenue. He had been a clerk for E. M. Kirton, the name found in his coat. On his arrival in Denver, his grandfather, learning of the \$200 advised him to turn it over to him as Kay might lose it, but he refused. On the evening of the 18th he came to his landlady and asked for a lunch, saying he had just met two young fellows and was going with them to see the sunrise from the top of Pikes Peak. She prepared a lunch of eight sandwiches and a pie and he departed.

A possible clue was given by Dr. Fraker and a Mr. Myers. Dr. Fraker had a 19-year-old youth employed as an office boy, who gave the name of J. B. Edmunds. The doctor was absent from the office Monday. Edmunds took advantage of his absence to take a good portion of the doctor's wardrobe and to decamp. Early Thursday morning, the 19th, Mr. Myers had met two men coming down the Cog road, one of them answering the description of Edmunds and both had blood on their coats.

On August 23rd, one Mike Dooley, a railroad section hand, being drunk on Cascade Avenue, told a boy that he was the murderer. The boy at once rode his bike to the corner of Tejon and Huerfano where he informed Officer Ackley, and the officer went to the scene where he found Dooley in a drunken state and still insisting he was the murderer. Investigation showed it was just his drunken imagination and he was not held.

On August 26th Edmunds was arrested in Kansas City. On his arrest he became very angry and before be-

ing told why he was wanted, said "I was in Larned, Kansas, on August 19th," when he not been told he was wanted for murder. Requisition papers were taken out on the 28th and Edmunds stated he would apply for release on a writ of habeus corpus, whereupon Sheriff Boynton departed on the evening of the 30th with the papers.

Edmunds changed his mind on September 6th and said he would return without further trouble. When he arrived in Colorado Springs on the 8th a strange turn was taken in the case. Two young ladies who said they had seen the stranger in Kay's company the night previous to the murder were taken to the county jail and viewed Edmunds in the clothing worn on his last day in Colorado Springs; and then saw him arrayed in ordinary attire. The girls talked to him for about fifteen minutes, but told the sheriff they could not identify him. According to the paper, they were of "more than ordinary intelligence." Edmunds was released on September 10th and left the city. It is strange that no further investigation was made. On September 30th the Gazette stated that the mystery was still unsolved and continued to puzzle the authorities. But nothing more was done.

#### V. A Mysterious Death at Eastonville

On Friday evening, October 28th, 1898, the Knights of Pythias were giving a dance at Eastonville, a small community about 25 miles north-east of Colorado Springs. During the evening there was some disturbance between Victor Tipton and Ralph Fleenor, Tipton being the aggressor. After the dance was closed, the trouble continued at the foot of the stairs; after fighting near the foot of the stairs the crowd surged to the north side and the fight renewed,

where it was said that blood could be seen in the road the next morning. Tipton, in an intoxicated state, was taken to the shoe shop of Mr. Garrity, where he was placed on the floor. On Saturday morning his body was found, evidence showing that he must have died shortly after being placed there. The coroner was summoned from Colorado Springs and he called in Dr. Ridlon of Elbert to assist in the autopsy, the verdict rendered being that he died of "Alcoholism of the Heart", a singular verdict. This author was told by an eye-witness many years ago that Tipton was struck on the head with a beer bottle by someone in the crowd, evidently causing a skull fracture; why did Dr. Ridlon miss this? Tipton was twenty years of age, large, and a bully especially when drunk. The general opinion was that his death was a blessing in some ways, as he might have killed someone during one of his drunken rages.

Bud Mullaney, Ralph and Roy Fleenor were arrested and placed on trial at Colorado Springs about January 25th, 1899. And after the introduction of testimony, District Attorney McAllister arose and asked the Court to instruct the jury to return a verdict of "Not guilty." Judge Harris at once so instructed the jury and it only took the twelve men five minutes to decide that the prisoners were not guilty.

#### **VI. Diamonds Displayed Too Carelessly—Druggist Shot**

About 6 o'clock on the evening of February 19, 1908, Otto Fehringer, a well known druggist and wholesale liquor dealer was taken by a stranger to Templeton Gap, about three miles north-east of Colorado Springs for the purpose of going to Austin Bluffs to clean up a deal for some wines and liquors wanted by an "uncle" of the man. There Fehringer was shot in the

right side, and grabbed his assailant's gun which was wrested from him. He was then slugged four times on the head. The stranger demanded his valuables and Fehringer delivered a roll of bills, and his diamond stud and ring, valued at \$1,000. The robber ordered him to remain in the ditch, jumped into the buggy and drove toward the city. Though wounded Fehringer managed to walk to the electric power-plant a half-mile west, where the sheriff's office was notified and he was taken to St. Francis Hospital in the city ambulance. The wound was not considered fatal by Drs. O. E. Zillman and C. F. Stough. Detectives Burno and Patton were assigned to the case and the entire department under the direction of Chief Reynolds began a search for the robber. The horse and phaeton were found by police about 9:30 P.M. in front of Weber Hall, corner of Weber and Kiowa. The outfit had been rented at the Kentucky Stables by an unknown man.

Some events leading up to the robbery were furnished later and were pieced together. On the Tuesday previous, Fehringer had gone into the drug store of Albin and Corey, where the unknown had "spotted" him on account of his diamonds and asked who he was, what was his business, and so forth, which at the time occasioned no particular thought. It was learned that the man had entered the Fehringer drug store, 118 North Tejon street, asked for Fehringer, went to his desk and talked to him for several minutes; he returned about 4:30 P.M., apparently by appointment, and Fehringer put on his coat and hat, left without telling anyone where he was going, as was his custom.

On February 21st a reward of \$500 was offered for capture of the assailant by the City Council and Mayor Heiser; a further reward of \$200 was

also offered by Adolph Fehringer, brother of Otto. Meanwhile it was learned that Fehringer had saved \$500 in bills, which were found in his vest pocket, soaked with blood. The robber had only gotten \$10 in cash and two \$100 checks in addition to the diamonds. It was found that the man, after learning all he could about Fehringer from Carl Albin and E. G. Corey, proprietors of the Huerfano Drug Company, had gone to Klein's pawn shop and traded a .38 caliber Iver-Johnson revolver for a .41 Colt six-shooter, giving for boot a gold ring set with 3 garnets, valued at about \$20. Klein filled the gun with 6 cartridges made in 1896 and sold the man six more.

A suspect, William Bienapfl, was arrested at Powell's chili parlor on the 22nd by Detective Burno and Police Clerk Poiner, and was identified by several people; the next day he was taken to the hospital where Fehringer failed to identify him, as was the case on the following day when he was again taken to the hospital. It was learned that Bienapfl had been rooming at Ed Reinhardt's home, 101 South Weber, for some fourteen months, in company with his brother Louis, a printer in the employ of Gowdy-Simmons. According to Reinhardt the man had come from Mankato, Minnesota, and worked for a time for the Interurban Railway as a repair man. On the 26th, Fehringer's condition was still serious and an operation was planned; on the 27th Bienapfl was charged with shooting Fehringer, on a complaint sworn to by his brother, Adolph. But at a hearing held before Justice Dunnington on March 2nd, he was released.

A startling turn came in the case on March 11th, when the death of Fehringer came unexpectedly and a post-mortem examination by Drs. Stough, Richardson, Brown, and Ferguson showed death was caused by

an obstruction of one of the large arteries and abscess of the liver resulting from the gunshot wound, the bullet being found imbedded in the liver. The funeral was held on March 13th, and on the 14th, Adolph Fehringer, brother of the deceased, was named administrator for the estate, valued at about \$100,000. Fehringer had been a resident since 1892 and was president of the Wagner-Stockbridge Mercantile Company, wholesale liquor dealers, also of the Fehringer Drug Company.

On March 13th one Sam Barkwell, armed with a revolver, entered the house of Deputy Sheriff Scofield, 220 South Cascade Avenue, where he was shot by Scofield when he threatened to kill the latter. At that time it was thought that he might be the man who had shot Fehringer; except as to weight, he closely resembled the description of the assailant. He had a long criminal record, being identified as Barkwell, alias Sam Allen, alias John McDonald.

### VII. A Brutal Crime—Six Killed by Axe

On the afternoon of September 20, 1911, one of the most brutal crimes ever committed in Colorado Springs, and one that attracted nation-wide attention, came to light in the ax murders of the Burnham and Wayne families, when the two were almost totally exterminated. The crime was committed Sunday night (the 19th), as nearly as could be determined and was not discovered until 2 o'clock on Monday, when Mrs. Nettie Ruth, sister of Mrs. Burnham, and Mrs. Anna Merritt, of 730 North Pine street, found the bodies in the Burnham home.

The dead were Henry F. Wayne, 30; his wife Blanche, 26; and their baby daughter Blanche, 2 years, all of 742 Harrison Place; and Mrs. Alice May Burnham, 25, wife of Arthur J.

Burnham, a yardman at the Modern Woodman sanitarium; and their two children, Alice, 6, and John, 3, all of 321 West Dale Street.

Within an hour of the discovery, Burnham was brought to Colorado Springs and placed in the county jail. He was not charged, however, with the commission of the brutal crimes. In the absence of any clues, Burnham was to be questioned as to where he was between 7:30 Sunday evening and 5:00 A.M., the following morning.

On the 22nd, Tony Donatel, an Italian laborer, rooming at 309 Cameron Avenue, was arrested as the second suspect. It was claimed by authorities that there was unquestionable information that he was on too friendly terms with Mrs. Burnham. About a year before, the District Attorney's Office had caused Donatel to be investigated as to his sanity but his mind was not considered sufficiently unbalanced to warrant sending him away for treatment.

On the 22nd, also, the resident physician at the Woodman sanitarium, where Burnham lived in a tent, stated that it would have been almost impossible for the man to have left the institution and come to Colorado Springs Sunday night unless conveyed to town. "The man's physical condition is such that he could not have made the trip on foot to and from the city," declared Dr. Rutledge.

On the 23rd Burnham was expected to be freed. Sheriff Birdsall offered a \$100 reward from his personal funds; on the 24th acting Chief of Police Himebaugh detailed Detectives Railsback, Gavin and Pinnock to work with the sheriff and his deputies, Burno and Compton; \$1000 reward was offered by the city, and District Attorney Purcell offered a personal reward of \$100 from his own funds. Meanwhile, on the 26th, E. E. Prettyman and J. W. Erb, Superintendent and Assistant Superintendent of the

Pinkerton Detective Agency of Denver, and Hamilton Armstrong, Chief of Police, Denver, were in conference with the local authorities and on the 29th, Erb predicted that they would solve the mystery, but this was not fulfilled.

On the 30th, the Gazette stated that while police were satisfied after questioning Mrs. Joseph R. Evans and her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Campbell, that the second ax found in a vacant house at 741 North Spruce did not belong to Evans, but that they knew that the first one did. Evans, of 735 North Spruce, whom police said "talked too much not to know something of the crime," attracted considerable attention the afternoon the murders were discovered. Not only was he a neighbor, but it was his ax that was first discovered. Also, on the 30th, a coroner's inquest was held with the verdict "killing done by a person or persons unknown" and Evans was released. After this, interest simmered down and no further developments appeared.

It might be of interest to state that from August 15th until October 25th, the city was without a regular chief of police; Commissioner Himebaugh and Captain Fred Springer acting alternately during that time. On October 26th, S. D. Burno was named Chief.

Similar ax murders were taking place over the country this year, whether by the same hand or by some weak-brained individual who read of them is a question never answered. On the night of October 1st, William M. Dawson, his wife and daughter, were slain at Monmouth, Illinois, in a similar manner. On the night of October 15th, Will Showman, his wife and three small children were killed at Ellsworth, Kansas, in almost exactly the manner of the Colorado Springs slaying.

A prime suspect was one Charles R. Marzyk, an ex-convict out of the Kansas State Penitentiary, and brother-in-law of Showman. The suspect had also lived at one time in Monmouth, Illinois. Question: Did he also commit the crime there?

### VIII. A Child Kidnapped— What Was Motive?

On September 19, 1917, a small item, possibly overlooked by many readers, could be found in the Gazette; "Nellie Ferguson, 10-year-old child, has been reported missing by her parents. She was last seen at the Lowell school yesterday about 3:45 P.M., when she stayed after school to assist one of the teachers."

Although more than 150 men and boys engaged all day in a search that covered thoroughly every part of the city, and members of the Police Department were still working on the case, Nellie Ferguson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ferguson, of 15 West Rio Grande street, had not been found.

On the 21st a systematic search of the city and surrounding territory for a distance of five miles from the city limits was started by hundreds of volunteers from Colorado College, the High School and Lowell School, under the direction of D. G. Johnson, Commissioner of Public Safety, and Sheriff John Weir. Dr. C. A. Dunaway, president of Colorado College, with the school authorities, agreed to lend every possible assistance to the search. Rewards aggregating more than \$100 had been offered; the Gazette offering \$25.00, the Reserve Watch of Ward 6, where the Fergusons lived, also offered \$25.00; Mrs. W. A. Hiller of the Lowell P.T.A., and Anna M. Rudy, principal of the school, each added \$5.00 to the total.

Although more than 1000 men and boys under the direction of the Police Department and sheriff's office,

made a thorough search of the city and surrounding territory, their efforts were fruitless. Additional rewards were offered: the Colorado Springs city council, \$100.00; and Lowell School children \$17.00, a total of \$177.00. Hundreds of post-cards bearing her picture and description were mailed over the state.

A Mr. and Mrs. William Hamman came under suspicion; they were said to be members of the Pillar of Fire religious sect and had roomed at the Fergusons' for a while. After moving to another house, the Hammans were said to have become very friendly with Nellie. On September 20th, they were located at Fountain. That evening Acting Chief Hugh Harper with officers of the Police Department, and Sheriff Weir, accompanied by a representative of the Gazette, went there and, after two hours of cross-examination, the Hammans were permitted to remain in Fountain. However, they were under police surveillance which was continued after they went to Pueblo. On the 28th, at the instigation of Fred Ferguson, the father of the girl, a warrant was issued and they were arrested and returned. On October 2nd they were to be arraigned on a charge of "Contributing to Juvenile Delinquency," but I was unable to find any further mention of that angle.

Over a month after the disappearance, a Grand Jury was conducting an investigation with most of the sessions being taken up with the questioning of witnesses, including Mrs. Ferguson, a number of Mexicans living near the Ferguson home, and members of the Police Department.

On November 7th, Fred Ferguson went to Denver to renew the search, believing that the child had been kidnapped by Gypsies, and the Denver Police Department was working



on several clues. Both of the parents are now dead and the rest of the family are in California, but no known trace of Nellie has ever been found.

### IX. A Young Bride Brutally Murdered

August 23, 1923, began as just another day for the Police Department, but before nightfall, another mystery had been added to those gone before. Elsie Jorgenson Suttle, 17-year-old bride of barely five weeks, was brutally murdered in her bedroom, with-in hearing distance of a number of men, none of whom heard anything unusual or saw any trace of the murderer. Workmen on the roof of an adjoining house and members of the family in the back yard failed to hear any sound of a struggle. The first person to discover the brutal assault was Mrs. Richard Suttle, mother-in-law of the girl, upon her return about 10:00 A.M. from a marketing trip. Mrs. Suttle opened the door of the bedroom, and the tragedy was disclosed; her screams aroused the neighbors and brought her husband from the pavement, not thirty feet distant, where he had been working. From across the street, brought by Mrs. Suttle's screams, came S. J. Wilson, of 501 South Cascade, and T. J. Parks of 111 West Moreno, who was working next door. The District Attorney's office authorized the Denver Police Department to hold Mrs. E. C. Lowe, mother of the girl (why, I never found out).

Mrs. Suttle related that she had called to Elsie about 8:30 that morning to say "Elsie, that same fellow's at the door," and received the reply: "Oh, to h — — I with him." Shortly after, the elder woman went shopping, and between then and 10 o'clock the girl was attacked and brutally clubbed. Mrs. Suttle repudiated the

report the stranger was a Spaniard, declaring he was light colored. She stated he came to see Elsie several times, once Wednesday evening and again on the day before the slaying. She did not pay any particular attention to him.

That afternoon an autopsy was conducted at the office of Coroner Howard Swan, in charge of Dr. Winternitz, county physician, the post-mortem being conducted by Dr. T. R. Knowles and Dr. George Bancroft. Dr. Frank T. Stevens, brain specialist, was also present. At the close of the autopsy the physicians declared the wounds which laid the girl's scalp open and cracked the skull, must have been given by a blunt instrument, presumably a hammer, pistol butt or hatchet. That she was beaten down with one blow and then hit again and again was the opinion expressed.

Under the girl's pillow had been found five threatening letters, simply signed "Jack," and the mark of suspicion was turned upon him. He was said to be between 21 and 25 years of age, medium height, dressed in a hiking suit with polished leather puttees, and was said to have been carrying a pack or blanket roll on his back.

On August 24th an anonymous letter was received by the police, stating Jack Fernandez should be picked up. Fernandez, a Cuban by birth and a Denver cobbler, was arrested at the home of his father, 2920 Arapahoe Street, Denver, as a suspect. He stated that he did not know the Suttle girl and that he had not been in Colorado Springs on the 23d. (This anonymous letter was one of the things which annoy police all over the United States and sometimes lead to much fruitless checking in efforts to unravel crimes.)

On that date police released Mrs. Lowe but placed the girl's step-father, Jorgensen, under arrest, and on the 28th, Fernandez was also released after a jury verdict that the crime had been

committed by an unknown. Also on the 27th, Mrs. Jorgensen (Lowe?) stated that the murder was an inside job; on the 31st Jorgensen himself charged members of the Suttle family were involved in the murder and asked their arrest, which was refused by the District Attorney.

Another element entered into the case on the 28th, when Sheriff Berkeley announced that he would probably have sensational developments to announce that night. But after a conference between Chief Harper, city detectives, deputy sheriffs and himself in the office of District Attorney Willis Strachan, Berkeley announced that he had failed to secure the cooperation expected and that he was virtually "out" of the case.

On September 2d, a man giving the name of Henry Waldin was picked up at Flagstaff, Arizona. He was said to answer the description of the "leather-putteed" suspect sought in the Suttle case. Later he admitted his name was Walter Harvey Wealand and told conflicting stories regarding his movements during the previous ten days. He denied all knowledge of the crime but admitted he had been in Colorado recently. At first he said he boarded a Santa Fe train at La Junta but later changed the story, saying he had ridden in an auto from Gallup to Flagstaff; two suit cases expressed by him from Gallup were seized and searched. A box of .38 shells were found but no weapon of any kind. In another story he said he was in Trinidad on the 25th. In still another story he claimed that he was in Dodge City on the 25th and in La Junta the 28th. Two detectives who went to Flagstaff to question him sent a telegram to Dodge City which confirmed he was there on the 25th. He was released on September 11th and the case was marked "closed."

### X. Teller County Murder-Forgery-Cattle Theft

In October, 1941, a Divide rancher, Sumner Alfred Osborn, disappeared without a trace and, in spite of substantial rewards being offered, has never been located. First intimation of the affair was in the Colorado Springs Gazette of November 2d, when it was stated that three men were held in the El Paso county jail, while authorities probed the sale of live stock belonging to Osborn. George Marion Betts, John Cahill and Lester Cahill, brothers, all of Divide, were the men. First investigations had been started by Mrs. A. H. Osborn, 215 South 11th St., Colorado Springs, who called Sheriff Deal and requested aid. Undersheriff Roy Glasier investigated and was told by Mrs. Osborn that on the night of October 16th a man, unknown to her, called at her home and asked for S. A. Osborn's mail, saying he had been instructed by Osborn to pick it up. There was no mail that day so he returned the next and she gave him a letter; she told Glasier that the letter had not been sealed properly and she looked in it, seeing a check made out to Sumner Osborn for \$55.62. The man told her that he and Osborn had sold a load of posts to the Cheyenne Mountain zoo and the check was in payment. Glasier investigated further and found the check had been made out for the sale of four horses to the zoo; the check was traced and the endorsement was found to have been forged by one of the trio and cashed at the Broadmoor Garage on October 17th.

Sheriff Deal immediately got in touch with Sheriff Cecil Markley at Cripple Creek and a trip was made to Osborn's ranch; they found that the last time he was seen was on the night of October 16th, when he walked to a neighbor's ranch and asked if some-

one could take him to the highway as he wanted to go to Colorado Springs and report that four horses had been stolen. Unable to get a ride, he continued on foot.

Betts in his confession admitted he went to Mrs. Osborn's home and obtained the check after Lester Cahill brought him from Divide, said Johnny Cahill endorsed the check but that he and Lester stayed in the auto while Johnny went into the garage to get the money; he stated further he stayed at Cahill's ranch from that time on with the exception of one day; that on Monday, the 27th, the two Cahills drove a herd of fourteen cattle, belonging to Osborn and his mother, to Cahill's ranch, loaded them on a truck and took them to the Denver stockyards, where they were sold for \$599.99. Betts declared the check was made out to "Earl Osborn" and that the two Cahills went to a Denver bank and cashed it. He asked the Cahills where Osborn was and they said they didn't know.

A heavy snow in the region made any search for Osborn difficult and on November 2d Markley said he was of the opinion that foul play had been committed. A \$100 reward was offered. On the 4th, Lester Cahill indicated he wanted to plead guilty to Cattle Theft; authorities had been questioning both Cahills continuously but they denied any knowledge of what had happened to Osborn. Lester admitted selling the cattle, but John would admit nothing. On the 6th, Sheriff Deal had a hunch. With Undersheriff Glasier the Sheriff went to an abandoned mine pit (a few miles from Osborn's ranch) called the Little Annie, with a 300-foot hole. The abandoned shaft had the reputation in the Gold Camp district of a "bad hole" due to the fact that it was full of water at the bottom, and was said to have deadly gas fumes in the lower depths. Efforts to lower a miner in a

bucket were unsuccessful, as a driving blizzard set in. The party returned to Divide; the storm let up about 2 o'clock and the party returned, having obtained more equipment. A portable winch was set up and 110 feet of cable attached. George Gotham, an experienced miner, volunteered to descend and was lowered 105 feet and reported it was useless to investigate with such a short cable. Plans were made to return the next day with 300 feet of cable and Andy Kuhlman was lowered to a depth of 250 feet, stating he found no gas, no water and no corpse. He reported he had descended to a point where the old timbers had fallen from the top and closed the lower part. The next day Frank Mayes, deputy game warden, his nephew Fred, Willis White, nephew of Osborn, and Andy Kuhlman explored an ice cave east of Midland some 60 feet deep, known to but few residents, also an old mining tunnel, 600 feet deep, but without results. They reported that the area was full of abandoned workings, many of which had not been touched for years.

On November 15th, following interrogations by Sheriffs Deal and Markley, the Cahill brothers indicated they were willing to plead guilty to the theft of three horses belonging to Osborn, as well as fourteen head of cattle, but when questioned about Osborn, replied "they had nothing to say." On the 19th the three prisoners were removed to the Teller County jail having requested this for some time. On the 25th it was announced the Cahills would face three charges of livestock theft and Betts only one, he admitting being involved in the horse deal only.

On December 5th, Harry Sollo, a real-estate agent and self-styled "student of psychic phenomena" said he had received a "message" which "told him within a half-mile of where Osborn's body was lying." He said he

would leave an envelope, sealed and not to be opened until Monday, giving the location so the accuracy of the message could be proved after the search.

On Sunday, Sollo gave his instructions, saying "Persons with cars can fall into line as we go; a stop will be made at Divide where outdoor services will be held." The party was to follow a route he outlined; four sisters of Osborn were to accompany the party. His father and mother were too old and feeble to go. About 70 cars joined in the procession and search. Sollo, the "student of psychic phenomena," declared the group was not taken to the proper spot, claiming that while search was being made at a place represented as five miles east of the Cahill ranch, the body was removed from the place "where he knew it would be found." According to the message left at the Gazette and Telegraph office, the body was in a well five miles east of the Cahill place; Sollo also claimed that he had received "information" giving the actual location, and that Osborn had been shot with a revolver and beaten to death.

From this time on, the Osborn case was overshadowed by war news and nothing of importance took place until February 4th, 1942, when the trial of the Cahills and Betts was called in District Court at Cripple Creek. Sheriff Deal and Undersheriff Glasier testified on this day. On the 5th, State Brand Inspector Earl Brown was put on the stand and testified that one of the men who sold the cattle made out a slip indicating that the car they were driving belonged to Alf Coulson, a former Teller county commissioner, and that the driver was "Earl Osborn" (a brother of Sumner Osborn) who had been dead for a year or more at the time the crimes were committed. The case went to the jury, and on March 14th, the Cahill brothers were

sentenced to terms of eight to 10 years each; Betts pleading guilty to one charge only (the horse theft) was admitted to probation. The attorney for the Cahill brothers indicated he would appeal to the State Supreme Court, but this was not done and the prisoners were taken to the State Penitentiary, where they served their terms, and were later released.

### **XI. Teller County Again—Murder of an Old Miner**

On December 28th, 1944, Clement S. Parks, blind octogenarian and retired miner, was found dead in bed at his home in Cripple Creek, shot through the head. Parks, an old-age pensioner widely known in the Cripple Creek District, where he had lived for many years, was found by W. R. Thumbback, a neighbor, also aged, who called at least twice a week to help Parks obtain food and give him whatever aid might be needed. Parks lived alone. The outside door of his home was unlocked at 7:00 A.M., when Thumbback entered. Sheriff Cecil Markley and Police Chief Steve Playford said they had a murder mystery in which they found no clues. At the end of a day's work on the case they had no idea who fired the shot.

Thumbback had notified Mrs. A. W. Oliver, in charge of the Teller county welfare office, who in turn called Dr. A. C. Denman, coroner, who went to the house immediately and found Parks' body still warm. Markley said an extensive search failed to reveal the presence of a gun, thus putting the question of suicide out of the question. In a hip pocket of Parks' trousers, which hung at the head of the bed, the officers found a wallet containing \$445.00. The bullet, a .38 caliber, had passed through the man's head and the officers found it imbedded in the wall. The shot had evidently been fired from the direction of the outside door. Parks was not believed

to have had any money other than that in his pocket, the officers said, nor anything else of value. Being old, feeble and so blind he could only tell daylight from dark, they said it would not have been necessary for anyone to kill him to rob him. Markley said Parks was a harmless old man and that he was not known to have an enemy. "We may learn something from the bullet," Markley said. "We will send it to Washington for examination and in this way may learn what kind of a gun it was fired from." Both officers said that while Thumb-back had been questioned at length, no suspicion fell on him.

Parks lived in an old two-story house on South Second street, a building of about ten rooms, three of which he occupied. Markley and Playford said a thorough search had been made of the whole building but that nothing in fingerprints, tracks or other indications had been found that would throw any light on the mystery. Markley said he could find no grounds for supposing that treasure of any kind was hidden in the old building.

Coroner Denman held an inquest at the Law Mortuary in Cripple Creek on December 29th and the verdict was that the old miner had come to his death by a gunshot wound inflicted by a person or persons unknown and that his death was felonious.

Parks came to Cripple Creek in 1896 and worked at the Portland mine until failing vision made it necessary for him to retire in 1928. Four years later he became almost totally blind.

On Sunday, January 8, 1945, Sheriff Markley said "everything is at a standstill," in efforts to solve the shooting. So far as I know, nothing more was ever learned of the case.

## **XII. Boy's Body Stripped and Thrown Over a Bank**

On January 20, 1949, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Boyer were driving on the Gar-

den of the Gods road when Mrs. Boyer looked up the embankment towards the top of the Mesa and saw what appeared to be the body of a person or an animal; they then reported the find to the Police Department, but before officers could reach the spot, members of a road-crew working nearby, and curious motorists had ruined whatever clues might have been picked up. (Chief Bruce stated in the Gazette, February 4th: In the first place, after Parsons' body was found, a great host of people descended on the spot, obliterating tire marks with the tires of their own vehicles and mused up whatever marks were adjacent to the body.)

The dead youth was identified as Walter Joe Parsons, 18 years of age; the body was nude except for a pair of white socks. His clothing, part of which had just been laundered and never worn since, had been stuffed into the trousers he had been wearing and thrown next to the body. He had been wearing blue levis, a white undershirt, tan army-type shirt and red plaid jacket. (Strangely, his shorts were missing.)

Dr. Henry Maly, county coroner, made a preliminary examination of the body and said there were two possible causes of death: a blow on the head and strangulation. Around the youth's neck was a narrow crease and the impression of a rope. He had been struck on the left side of the head with a heavy instrument. An autopsy could not be performed until late in the afternoon, the body being frozen. (The temperature Tuesday night ranged from 13 to 19 above zero; on Wednesday night, 6 to 8 above.) Dr. Maly said he had been dead somewhere between 24 and 48 hours, and thought he had been dead when tossed or carried to the spot. Deep scratches were found on his back, evidently caused by his 15-foot slide down the steep embankment. Dr.

Maly said the scratches had not bled, which would have been the case if he had been alive when placed there.

A Green Mountain Falls man was questioned as a suspect by police officers and sheriff's deputies; police said a bloodstained lariat was found in his car. He was released after two days, having satisfied officers as to his whereabouts previous to the tragedy. Parsons had worked as a handyman at Red Cloud Inn, Cascade, for two weeks, living in a small house near the inn. His employers saw him last at 9:30 Tuesday night when he retired. When an attempt was made to waken him on Wednesday morning he was found to be gone and the door of the cabin standing open.

Chief Bruce being in Washington, D. C., attending the presidential inaugural, Acting Chief S. H. Close detailed detectives Louis Heinz, Eldon Barley and Cameron Westcott, and Capt. Cecil Caldwell to the investigation and the sheriff's office detailed Undersheriff Fred Williams and Deputies Alva Davis, Carl Freeman and Eugene Linn.

On January 22d, the Gazette offered a reward of \$100 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the killer, and by January 30th, the rewards offered amounted to \$500.

Friday night, the 21st, Coroner Maly performed an autopsy at Blunt's mortuary and reported the following findings: 1. Parsons died from strangulation. 2. He was strangled by a rope, marks of which were found on his neck. 3. He was unconscious when strangled. 4. The blow on the left side of the head was caused by a heavy instrument but not sufficient to cause death. 5. The blow on the head did not cause a fracture. 6. The brain was not damaged and there was no hemorrhage. It was also shown that his last meal was composed mostly of corn and officers were trying to determine where he ate the last meal,

which might possibly give some clue.

His employer at Cascade said he had eaten with them around 6 o'clock Tuesday and had eaten corn. A midnight deadline was set by Dr. Maly as he said food eaten as early as 6 o'clock would have been digested by midnight. The body must have lain in the open one night because of its frozen condition, and it was probably there early Wednesday morning, although it was considered strange that it had not been seen earlier than Thursday.

The blood on Ralph Elder's lariat was proved by laboratory tests to be that of an animal and he was cleared from complicity in Parsons' death. Elder admitted he had served eight years in San Quentin on two morals charges. (He had claimed the blood on the lariat came from a dead horse he had been dragging.)

On February 6th a waitress from the West side claimed she had talked to the killer and almost drove her employers crazy by her running around and talking it over with everyone. So they called police and she was brought in; when questioned she stated that a man calling himself "Bill Osgood" had asked her to drink with him and that, over their beers, he had said he was the murderer. After talking with her, Chief Bruce stated he was confident she was lying but until something definite came up, she would remain in jail. Two days later, she admitted to Chief Bruce and Special Agent Mike Grant, that her story was a lie, claiming she was tired of working and wanted the publicity. Bruce stated much valuable time had been employed in search for the killer, and expressed his opinion of notoriety-seekers.

On February 18th, the Gazette reported that fifty local business men, headed by Roy Davis and Jasper Ackerman, had each pledged \$100 toward a fund, which will be paid upon arrest

and conviction of the slayer. Rewards which had been placed in a fund in the hands of the Police Department totaled over \$600.

Rumors that Parsons had been involved in sex affairs caused the arrest of a number of perverts of one kind or another and charges of sex offenses were lodged against some of them. No real clues to the killer of Parsons have ever been found.

### **XIII. A Patrolman Goes to His Death**

On Thanksgiving eve, November 26, 1953, Patrolman Richard Burchfield, 34, father of three children, reported in for duty and left the station at 7:40; was logged in at 7:55, when he called to ask if any detectives were in. When told they were, he stated he would be in shortly. This was taken to mean he had someone in custody or had some pertinent information for the detectives.

Shortly after 8:00 P.M., Robert McVay, of 540 East Boulder, spotted the police car on the west side of El Paso street, near Bijou, and five blocks from the police station; he saw a man on the outside of the car, stooping down and looking in. He became suspicious when he and his wife saw the man run up the street and enter a car, so McVay drove two blocks north, made a U-turn and went back. The man was still sitting in his car so McVay drove home, then decided to make another trip and drove to the police car and again saw the man looking into the car; McVay stopped and asked "Do you need any help?" to which the man replied "Hell, no!" Returning home, McVay tried to call police but lines were busy, so he drove to the station and reported the incident. Detective Irion and Officer Garred went to the scene with him and found Burchfield slumped behind the steering wheel dead.

Burchfield had been shot eight

times, once behind the right ear, once over the right eye, once in the right cheek, twice in the right shoulder and three times in the right arm. Nine .22 caliber shells were found in the car; the shells and bullets were identified by the FBI as being from a Colt Woodsman automatic pistol, a deadly weapon at close range.

The suspect was thought to have been the holdup artist who had committed seven stickups in the month previous and had been described by most witnesses as young, apparently from 17 to 25 years of age, about six feet tall, and of slender build. His latest holdup had been that of Alton Peterson, who had been stopped in the 1400 block North Cascade at about 7:15 P.M. which led officers to believe the killer was the holdup man.

Mrs. Mary Lowe, 233 North El Paso, diagonally across the street from the killing, told police she heard shots and an outcry, so looked out of her upstairs window and saw a man running up the street to a parked car, apparently a dark Ford coupe, 1941 or 1942 model. He backed up, made a U-turn and drove a short distance north, stopped and ran back to the police cruiser where McVay had talked to him after his third trip around the area.

Police asked all parties who had Colt Woodsman pistols to bring them to the station for checking and a number did so, but without results so far as any connection with the shells found in the car. Rewards totaling nearly \$1700 were offered and private contributions and returns from movie houses made up a purse amounting to \$3,650, which was given the widow.

Mrs. Burchfield said that two days before the killing, her husband had stated he thought he knew who the stickup was and it was believed that he might have recognized the man on the evening of the killing and stopped him for questioning, when he made

the call to the station. It was theorized that the man was in the police car when Burchfield started to question him, drew the pistol and shot the officer, as outlined. No real clues have ever been found.

#### **XIV. Business Man Murdered at His Bedside**

On September 30, 1960, police were contacted by Thomas Parrish, of 2203 Winston Road, who said he had called at his brother-in-law's home, 2122 North Tejon street, and had failed to get an answer, becoming alarmed when he saw the man's car parked near the house.

Officer John H. Gaspar went to the house and found James J. Gaughan, Jr., the owner, shot to death in the north bedroom of the home. This was about noon. Gaughan had been shot in the back of the head while kneeling, apparently in prayer, as he had a rosary in his hand, the cross detached and lying on the floor. Gaughan was clad in shorts, undershirt and terrycloth bathrobe. The portable bedlamp was burning in the bedroom and the three windows were closed, two of them not locked and the screen on the third also unlocked; the window drapes were all pulled shut.

Dr. Raoul W. Urich, deputy county coroner, was soon present with his assistant, Clarence West. He ordered the body sent to the Nolan Funeral home and scheduled an autopsy, which confirmed that Gaughan had died sometime between midnight Tuesday, and 2:00 A.M. Wednesday morning. On October 4th, District Attorney Rector said an inquest would be of little value at that date. A theory of possible suicide was quickly changed to that of homicide when it was discovered that Gaughan had been shot in the back of the head; Dr. Urich stating that it was impossible for the dead man to have shot himself

due to the position of the wound and an additional wound on the side of the head had been caused by a blow from a hard object.

Gaughan lived alone in the house, having been divorced from his wife in the previous January. He was employed as a salesman of grocery items for V. H. Monette & Company, traveling out of Colorado Springs about three weeks out of four, his wares being items sold in Army, Air Force and other service PX's. His route covered five states and police wanted to know as much as possible about his activities while on the road, where he stayed, who his associates were, etc. Who could have killed him? Could it have been a jealous lover, or an irate husband? Police found no evidence that he was interested in any other woman or other persons, except the family he had lost.

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#### **A GRACIOUS GIFT**

Those who were present at the February meeting of the Denver Posse heard Tallyman Bill Brenne- man's report on finances, indicating that current expenses were exceeding current receipts. **Reserve Member Henry Toll** decided to help remedy this trouble. He sent to Sheriff Erl H. Ellis a check for \$100 to help balance the budget. Nobody asked Henry to do this. He made this really splendid gift out of the goodness of his heart. One of the earliest members of the Denver Posse, he learned to love the organization and to regard highly its members. The gift is the way he chose to show his affection. . . . After a consultation with the donor, a decision was made to place half the money in the scholarship fund, and the other half in the operating fund. . . All hands say "Thank you!" to Henry Toll.



### THIRTY-THREE CMs ADDED IN SIX WEEKS

*By George R. Eichler,  
Roundup Foreman*

Thirty-three new Corresponding Members have been enrolled in the Denver Posse of The Westerners in the first six weeks of 1962 as a concerted effort to obtain additional members gets under way.

The Posse's campaign for new Corresponding Members was touched off by Membership Chairman J. Nevin Carson at the January 24th meeting. Carson pointed out that a broader base was necessary "in order to keep Roundup as valuable a magazine as we can. Retrenchment in this direction can only be avoided by a considerable number of new Corresponding Members becoming enrolled."

Although 33 new members is not a large number it is indicative of the fact that a concerted effort to enroll Corresponding Members is paying off. Only four of the 33 joined prior to the January meeting.

Twenty of the newcomers live in the Denver area while the 13 others come from a wide area. The Colorado communities of Cortez, Gunnison, Saguache, and Sterling each have a new CM. Others live in Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Maywood, Calif.; Pullman, Wash.; Spearfish, S. D.; and Cody, Wyo.

Twenty-nine of the new members were enrolled by the efforts of 19 Posse, Reserve and Corresponding Members: Don Bloch, Al J. Bromfield, J. Nevin Carson, Ray G. Colwell, Bob Cormack, C. A. Davlin, Geo. R. Eichler, Don L. Griswold, John J. Lipsey, Francis B. Rizzari, and Richard A. Ronzio, all Posse or Reserve Members; Vern Carlson, Al Hoyl, Harold McCracken, Maurice Reuler, Dr. T. M. Rogers, R. D. Sickler, Jay Tallant, and Dr. Floyd Ward, CMs.

Illustrating this is the chain-reaction of three recent memberships. An invitation was sent to Nick Eggenhofer, artist-author who recently became a real westerner by moving to Cody, Wyo. Back came application, check, and a note that neighbor Harold McCracken, author and director of the Whitney Gallery of Western Art, was interested. An application was sent to him and he became a CM of the Denver Posse. A few days later an application was received from Richard Frost, assistant to McCracken. (Our Wyoming CMs now total 20.)

All Posse and Corresponding Members are urged by the officers to become salesmen for the Denver Posse by simply mentioning the Westerners to others who, they believe, share an interest in western history.

Application blanks (including an invitation folder and Posse roster) are available from Denver Westerner Headquarters, 414 Denver Theater Bldg., Denver 2. A postcard or letter asking for applications will be acted upon immediately.

Carson, Sheriff Erl Ellis, and other officers have pointed out that increasing their number of Corresponding Members is largely a matter of making known what the Westerners organization is and what its objects and purposes are. "Many persons are interested in the same things the Westerners are," Ellis says, "but don't know about our organization—or have never been invited to join. We don't want to increase our membership only by 'joiners,' but by people who have a real interest in western history."

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If you can avoid the use of "image", "framework," "in terms of," "what have you," and "political football," you can improve your writing, and make what you have to say meaningful to your readers.

## FEBRUARY MEETING

Roundup Foreman George R. Eichler's minutes recorded that: At the February meeting (in the Denver Press Club, Feb. 28) Chuck Wrangler Richard Ronzio reported there were 56 in attendance: 40 Posse Members, 15 Corresponding Members, 1 guest. (Steward Jimmy Fillas said 58 were served dinner.) The total attendance was greater, since many others came to hear PM Carl Mathews read his bloody paper on unsolved crimes in the Pikes Peak region.

The Rev. Edward Bollinger, CM, author of the long out-of-print book, "Rails That Climb", was a visitor. He told about his and Frederick Bauer's book, "The Moffat Road," then about to be published by PM Alan Swallow.

PM Fred M. Mazzulla reported that he was one of four men elected nationally as honorary members of the Press Photographers of America.

Tallyman Bill Brenneman reported on the Posse's finances: The most recent annual Brand Book (that for 1960) was a sell-out, but there was a loss on it of about 50 cents a copy. The monthly Roundup is allotted \$3.00 per member per year. But last year's magazine cost \$3.28 per member. The deficits were made good from the Posse's savings account. If a net gain in corresponding memberships of 100 or more could be had, the publications account might be balanced in the coming year.

Sheriff Erl H. Ellis asked all members who have ideas or suggestions concerning increasing memberships and decreasing costs to write them and mail to the Roundup Foreman for consideration by the Executive Committee.

Don't write: "foreseeable future." The future (you ought to know by this time) cannot be foreseen.

## MARCH MEETING

Following is a digest of the minutes of the March 28th meeting, as compiled by Roundup Foreman George R. Eichler:

Attendance was 71, according to acting Chuck-Wrangler Herb White. A breakdown of attenders: 31 Posse and Reserve Members; 28 Corresponding Members and 9 guests; 3 late arrivals. The 71 mark established a new record for attendance at a regular meeting. Previous record 68 at the October 1961 meeting.

Membership Chairman J. Nevin Carson reported that 41 new corresponding members had been enrolled since Jan. 1—all but four of these added since the January meeting.

Carson also reported the \$100 gift of RM Henry Toll to the Posse. Half of this is to go to the Scholarship Fund; the rest will be used to pay for "trial memberships" for influential persons, such as newspaper editors and civic leaders. Tallyman Bill Brenneman is proceeding on this project with the co-operation of the Colorado Press Association and its manager, CM Bill Long. The Colorado Press Association is generously giving \$75 toward the trial membership plan.

The membership chairman further reported that the Cactus Club of Denver (one of whose members is PM Thomas Hornsby Ferril) is checking its 120-name roster against posse records, and Cactus Club members will be offered opportunity to become corresponding members. Another posseman and his wife have sent in more than 1300 names as prospects, the names being typed on gummed tape to be stuck on envelopes containing invitations to become CMs.

Publisher Alan Swallow (Book Review Chairman Numa James announced) had furnished a copy of the \$20 edition of his most recent

publication, *The Moffat Road*, co-authored by CM Edward Bollinger. This was raffled off, the resulting \$22.50 being put in the general fund. The winner, CM Bryant McFadden, is required to furnish a review of the book for Roundup within 30 days.

Program Chairman Alan Swallow suggested that small exhibits of special items from members' collections might be included as part of future programs.

PM Fred A. Rosenstock (western bookman) announced that vermin, apparently termites, had eaten their way through a box of valuable western historical books in his basement. Fumigation destroyed the vermin, but not before they had demonstrated that they were as fond of western material as are Westerners. . . . Prices of good western books are expected now to advance.

PM Don Bloch, "in a few hundred well-chosen words" introduced the Speaker, CM Frank R. Hollenback, of Denver, and his projectionist, William C. Russell of Central City. Hollenback's excellent paper on the history of the Manitou and Pikes Peak Railway, the cog road to the top of the mountain, will appear (with illustrations) in the April issue of Roundup. He and Russell showed about 40 cog road slides.

## AN ENGLISH WESTERNER'S REQUEST

Printed below is an extract from a letter, dated Feb 13, 1962, from a friend and correspondent of the editor of Roundup. Name of the correspondent has been omitted, but can be supplied by the editor to any who are interested. The letter-writer is an active member of the English Westerners.

"Mr. Moreton Frewen (father of our great friend, Mrs. Clare Sheridan) was a rancher in Wyoming in 1883 and he became very friendly with the wonderful artist Albert Bierstadt, whom (I think) he met in New York. Moreton Frewen married one of the three famous Jerome sisters. (One of the sisters married Lord Randolph

Churchill and became the mother of Sir Winston. So Mrs. Clare Sheridan is a cousin of Sir Winston.) When her father was in Montana in 1883, he met Sitting Bull near the Custer Battlefield and Sitting Bull tried to tell him the story of the battle. But Mr. Frewen could not understand Sioux—or even any sign language—so, he said, he lost a wonderful opportunity. Still, he got a belt from Sitting Bull, decorated with brass studs and beadwork. Mrs. Sheridan kindly gave me this belt several years ago. From a historical point of view, this belt is the most valuable thing I have in my collection of Indian beadwork and curios. Her father (Frewen) walked nearly all over the Custer Battleground with Sitting Bull.

When Mr. Moreton Frewen came back to England, he brought back two fine large engravings of pictures by his friend, Albert Bierstadt. One of them was a wonderful picture of a Shoshone camp in the Rockies; the other a very fine picture of Shoshone Indians hunting buffalo. I had these two beautiful engravings cleaned, mounted and reframed.

"And then a certain American named \_\_\_\_\_ came over here making research into the lives of Englishmen who had been ranchers in the U. S. A. Mrs. Sheridan's brother had kindly given me the two pictures. When they mentioned the two pictures to \_\_\_\_\_, he said he would very much like to have them. So Mrs. Sheridan wrote to me and told me that \_\_\_\_\_ said if I would kindly let him have the pictures, he would in return send me some fine coloured photographs of Indians of various tribes.

"So, I sent him the pictures, and am still waiting for him to send me the photographs. So, if you ever run into Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, I will be very grateful to you if you will give him your *very hardest* kick in the pants with my love!"

## NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

**Mr. Richard I. Frost**, Curator of the Buffalo Bill Museum, and Assistant to the Director of the Whitney Gallery of Western Art (both at Cody, Wyo.), recently joined the Denver Westerners as a corresponding member. Frost and the posse were recommended to each other by Harold McCracken, Nick Eggenhofer, Maurice Frink, Fred Mazzulla and Agnes Wright Spring. His address is Box 1262, Cody, Wyo. He is especially interested in Wyoming history, Bill Cody, and the Pony Express. His chief hobby is collecting rare books and pictures of the West. Mr. Frost is President of the Park County (Wyo.) Historical Society and a member of the board of directors of Buffalo Bill Historical Center.

**Mr. Frank M. McKinley**, 910 American National Bank Building, Denver 2, has joined the Denver Westerners as a corresponding member. He is Vice-president of the Humphreys Engineering Company, and is especially interested in the history of mining and old mining towns in the West.

**Mr. Dean H. Dowis**, 218 S. Third St., Sterling, Colo., became acquainted with the Denver Westerners through his friend, CM T. M. Rogers, M. D., also of Sterling. Mr. Dowis is now a CM, too. He is interested in early Colorado history. He was formerly owner and manager of Dowis Insurance Agency, and was President of Sterling Savings and Loan Association from 1954 to 1961. Having retired from these activities, he now operates a small savings and investment business. He is Past President of Sterling Lions Club; Past Com-

mander Sterling Post No. 20, American Legion, Past Grand Chef de Gare 40 and 8 (State of Colorado); Past Chief Sterling Fire Department; Past President Sterling Chamber of Commerce; is now President of Logan County Historical Society, and Chairman Selective Service Board No. 19, of Logan County. He belongs to a numismatic society, a genealogical society, and to the State Historical Society of Colorado.

**Mr. William A. Mathieson**, whose office is at 134 N. La Salle St., Chicago 2, Ills., and whose home address is 564 S. Kenilworth, Elmhurst, Ills., joined the Denver outfit as a CM because Fred Hackett suggested that he do so. Both Mathieson and Hackett have been active members of the Chicago Corral for many years. Colorado, which he and his family have visited often, is one of his favorite states. He is interested in Western history generally, and Denver area history particularly. He is Past Commander of the Chicago Basha, China-India-Burma Veterans Association, and at present is Illinois Wing Commander of the Air Force Association.

**Mr. Karl F. Wessen**, 1731 Clermont St., Denver 20, Colo., became a CM after learning about the Denver Posse's activities through PM Dabney Otis Collins. For 20 years he was employed by the Mountain States Tel. & Tel. Co., in general administration, covering most of the Rocky Mountain states. He was born in Denver in 1895, retired in 1960, devotes much of his time to studying histories of early day mining, railroads connecting camps, and the emigrant from Europe in the West.

**Mr. L. G. De Lay**, 501 Smoky Hill, Oakley, Kansas, has joined the Denver Westerners as a corresponding member through the influence of CM Lynn Martin of the Memorial Library, Brookville, Kansas. He is a newspaper man with the Oakley Graphic, a member of the Fort Wallace Memorial (Historical) Association, being especially interested in the history of that frontier outpost. He recently edited the Graphic's 75th Anniversary edition, and is author of numerous historical newspaper features. He formerly owned newspapers in Eureka, Kansas, and Branson, Missouri. A former teacher of history, Mr. De Lay is a member of the Kansas City Civil War Round Table, his special interest being in the Army of the Cumberland.

**Mr. Robert E. Eagan**, Box 856, Dodge City, Kans., was led to become a CM by his association with CM Harry E. Chrisman, author of "Lost Trails of the Cimarron". The Chrisman book carries ten of his pictures from Eagan's Dodge City photo collection, a collection of more than 1500 pictures of Dodge City, its citizens and denizens. He recently sold an article about Doc Holliday and Dodge City to the Frontier Times. Last September he retired after 25 years as claim clerk for the Santa Fe Railroad, for which road he had worked 42 years.

**Mr. Allison Chandler**, 228 E. Jewell St., Salina, Kansas, advertising solicitor for the Salina Daily Journal, has become a CM through associating with PM Alan Swallow. He has had published in newspapers and magazines 13 stories about Kansas electric interurban railways and has 15 more stories in manuscript. He is assembling these into a full-length book.

He has in manuscript also a history of Como and King Park, Colo. He has visited Colorado 13 times, climbed Longs Peak once and Pikes Peak thrice. His interests include mountains, old towns, and railroads.

**Mr. John W. Boyd**, 1370 Race St., Denver 6, Colo., has enrolled as a CM through **Don Bloch**. He is a language-teacher at the University of Colorado; has published two novels, various reviews, essays with a western or Mexican background; and archeological papers. He has done research in geology (principally on the Colorado Plateau and in the Valley of Mexico). He collects early books of Western Americana, and takes trips to western ghost towns.

**Mr. Fred F. Barker**, 2260 S. Madison St., Denver 10, is Regional Manager, Municipal Bond Dept., of J. A. Hogle & Co. Since he is devoutly interested in Colorado history, he has become a CM.

**Harold McCracken, Litt. D.**, Box 1020, Cody, Wyoming, has joined the Denver Posse as a corresponding member. The distinguished author and explorer was born in Colorado Springs in 1894, and has wandered far since then. He has led several expeditions into the Arctic and traveled extensively in South America. He is author of 26 books and a great many articles, mostly relating to the West and North. He is an accepted authority on artists of the west, particularly on Frederic Remington. He has many friends among the Denver Posse, which outfit he has sometimes visited. At present he is the Director of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center and the Whitney Gallery of Western Art at Cody, Wyo.

**Leonard D. Parsons, Jr.**, 2108 Chestnut Ave., Manhattan Beach, Calif., is a lieutenant-colonel in the USAF, assigned as a research and development officer in the USAF space program. He established (as an R. & D. function) the Buckley Field Office for construction of the Titan Missile Base near Denver. He has a keen interest in western history, particularly in old railroads, mining and mining camps. Now he is a Denver CM, having learned of the organization through O. L. Hough.

**Mr. Alvin J. Meiklejohn, Jr.**, 7540 Kline Drive, Arvada, Colo., has been made a CM of the Denver Posse. He is a lawyer, a partner in the firm of Jones, Meiklejohn, Kilroy and Kehl, with offices in the Denham Bldg., Denver. His interests lie chiefly in Western military history and in the history of the development of law and legal institutions.

**Joseph Butterfield, M. D.**, 3060 Ohm Way, Denver 9, Colo., is a member of the faculty of the Department of Pediatrics at the University of Colorado Medical Center. His specific duties are in the realms of education, patient care, and medical investigation. He is interested in histories of transportation, medicine and lamps. Dr. Butterfield is now a CM.

**Mr. Robert A. Edgerton**, Route 3, Box 692, Golden, Colorado, became a corresponding member of the Denver Posse because Westerners Rathbun, Ronzio, Rizzari and Mazzulla ganged up on him. He is especially interested in Colorado ghost towns and mining camps, his hobby being photography. He is a member of the Colorado State Grange. CM Edgerton is a research machinist at the University of Colorado Medical Center.

**Mr. Will Rathbun**, 2633 S. Cook St., Denver, became interested in the Denver Westerners through Vern Carlson, and has now become a CM. His special historical interests include narrow-gauge railroads and Colorado ghost towns. He is president of the Colorado Ghost Town Club (Denver). He collects old stereo photos. He is a sales-engineer for pneumatic tubes.

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An interesting (and interested) new corresponding member is **Mr. C. LeRoy Coleman**, whose address is Coleman Ranches, Saguache, Colo. ("No box number, just the tent and sheep shed".) He became intrigued with the Denver Posse through PM Bob Cormack, who shares Coleman's interest in the San Luis Valley, in which Coleman was born. The new CM was active in the preservation of San Luis Valley historical items for the new Saguache County Library. He is particularly interested in old diaries, and in the Spanish influence in his native valley. He was one of the founders of the Saguache County Museum, and was a member of the committee on the restoration of Fort Garland. He enjoys Colorado and western history, and historical characters from Al Packer (the man-eater) to Francisco Torres (who died with an arrow in his chest at the San Luis Lakes). The new CM (now 61 young) is engaged in helping his five boys keep his (and their) 8500 acres stocked with artificially inseminated heifers to provide beefsteaks for Denver Westerners' dinner meeting. . . . He has had published "Performance Testing on Steam Locomotives" and numerous stories and articles on ranching, soil-conservation, wilderness areas, and underground water-development. (Inhale!)

**Mr. William A. Worthington, Jr.** of 995 Kingston St., Aurora, Colo., has joined the Denver Posse. He is an insurance man—and a CM now.

**Mr. C. A. Polley**, 164 E. Michigan St., Spearfish, S. Dak., became acquainted with the Denver Westerners through his friend, **Dr. Floyd B. Ward**, also of Spearfish. Now he is a CM. He is especially interested in mining and logging history, and early narrow gauge railroads. A civil engineer, he is now manager of the timber division of the Homestake Mining Company. He has written and had published: "Triangulation Control of Aerial Mappings" in the 1938 proceedings of the South Dakota Society of Engineers; "Lumbering in Lawrence County" (in the Dakota Centennial Volume); "Development of the Black Hills Timber Industry" (Black Hills Westerners, 1961). From 1930 to 1933 he was a construction engineer on the George Washington Bridge (New York-New Jersey). He has served six terms in the South Dakota Legislature (1941-1953); is on the board of directors of the Pacific Loggings Congress; and is a member of the board of trustees of Adams Memorial Museum, Deadwood, S. Dak.

**Mr. William M. Tuttle**, P. O. Box 52CS, Pullman, Wash., has become a CM through the efforts of **PM Don Bloch**. He is especially interested in Western railroads, and particularly in Colorado narrow-gauges. He is a chemist, Air Pollution Research Section, Division of Industrial Research, Washington State University. He is co-author of a technical paper on "Analysis of Gaseous Air Pollutants." He collects books and magazines about railroads and the West. One part of his collection is a complete set of the Denver Posse's Brand Books.

**Ira B. Humphreys** is a new Corresponding Member of the Denver Posse. He is in mining and investment business, and he has offices at 910 American National Bank Building, Denver 2. He learned about The Westerners from **PM Thomas Hornsby Ferril's** writing in the Rocky Mountain Herald.

**Lucia C. Jones** can now write "CM" before or after her name. She was lured into membership by **PM Francis Rizzari**, **PM R. A. Ronzio** and **CM Dolores C. Renze**. She is an employee of the Department of Health and Hospitals, City and County of Denver; and a member of the Colorado Ghost Town Club (Denver) and the South Park Historical Society; collects books about Colorado and memorabilia of all things Western; is a student of genealogy; and collects U. S. stamps. Her address is P. O. Box 363, Golden, Colo.

**Mrs. Velma Churchill**, Route 3, Box 405, Golden, Colo., became acquainted with the Denver Westerners through **Possemen Ronzio, Rizzari and Ryland**, and through **CM Dolores Renze**. **Mrs. Churchill** is an Archivist Aide in the Division of State Archives and Public Records. She worked for two years in the Library of the State Historical Society, caring for the newspaper collection and doing research for patrons. She was employed several years by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co. One of her uncles came west in 1868. She is a member of the Colorado Ghost Town Club (Denver); the State Historical Society of Colorado; and the Society of American Archivists. She collects Colorado books and pictures, is interested in genealogy, and collects stamps. Every phase of Colorado's history interests her, especially the era from 1858 to 1900.

**Roundup Foreman George Eichler** roped in his friend, **Corb S. Bedell**, as a CM. Bedell's address: Box 299, Gunnison, Colo. He is an oil producer and operator and the developer of a real estate subdivision (at the age of 33!). He is especially interested in Mountain Men.

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The celebrated artist, painter and illustrator **Nick Eggenhofer**, lived in New Jersey for some years, during which time he made sashays into the West and learned to love it so much that recently he has moved to Cody, Wyoming, where his mailing address is P. O. Box 857. He is now a CM of the Denver Westerners, sponsored by his friends **Possemen Eichler, Frink, Mazzulla and Rosenstock**. Although Eggenhofer has illustrated scores of books about the West, the only one he has both illustrated and written is "Wagons, Mules and Men: How the Frontier Moved West". This is a handsome, valuable book, published in 1961 at \$8.50. Eggenhofer has been for some years an active member of the New York Westerners.

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The Denver Posse welcomes as a corresponding member **Mr. Robert G. Crabtree**, a civil engineer whose address is 691 S. Vine St., Denver 9. He was introduced by PM Raymond G. Colwell.

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**Mr. Courtney L. Moore**, Mills Tower, 222 Bush St., San Francisco, Calif., age 74, is a practicing attorney. Maurice Reuler interested him in the Denver Posse. He is especially interested in Western history, particularly histories of Denver and San Francisco. He says: "I am interested in the Denver area inasmuch as my father was the first mayor of that city." He is now a CM.

**Mr. N. Leonard Persson**, 9945 France Ave., Tujunga, Calif., has become a CM since he learned of the Denver Westerners by reading an article by CM Daniel Stone on the Postal History of Colorado Territory in Roundup several years ago. He was once a guest of PM Fred M. Muzzulla at a posse meeting. He is especially interested in the postal history of 19th Century Colorado and other western territories and in covers of the same. Mr. Persson is assistant editor of The Western Express, organ of the Western Cover Society. His collection of Colorado territorial covers in 1961 won a gold medal and the Rocky Mountain News trophy at Denver's ROMPEX show. His job is that of western field manager for the quality control division of the Coca-Cola Company. He has worked for that company ever since he left college, 15 years ago.

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**Henry Toll, Morrison Shafroth and Erl H. Ellis** will be among those lawyers who will be recognized next month by the Colorado Bar Association as having been admitted to law practice in Colorado 50 years ago, or more. These three now-distinguished men (all Denver Westerners) formed their present law partnership 35 years ago. If three persons can stick together for 35 years, there must be some good in them!

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**Dowell Patterson**, who has been for 18 years superintendent of the Union Printers' Home in Colorado Springs, made an address to the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region on "Neighbors for 79 Years". This was a history of the relations between the Home and Colorado Springs since the Home's establishment.





## Westerner's Bookshelf



**THE FAMILY BAND.** By Laura Bower Van Nuys. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1961. 256 pp. \$4.50.

Volume V in the University of Nebraska Press's Pioneer Heritage Series, "The Family Band," is an engaging personal reminiscence of ranch life on the Great Plains during the last 20 years of the last century.

Calvin Bower first settled in Dakota Territory near Vermillion in 1870, and, later, removed to the Black Hills area near Rapid City, where the eight Bower children grew to maturity.

Like all pioneer families, the Bowers experienced flood, blizzard, drouth, hard times, and good times. Like most, they were characterized by their courage and ingenuity. But, untypically, they did their pioneering to the lively tunes of a brass band in four-four time.

For through the Bower family ran a strong thread of musical talent and, from almost the time each little Bower was able to walk, he or she became engaged in mastering the intricacies of the tuba, the bass drum, the baritone horn, the cornet, or the guitar. In due time, the eight organized themselves into a band under the direction of an older brother, which must have done much to enliven those frontier days.

They played at church socials and picnics; at Fourth of July celebrations and at barn-warmings. On one notable occasion, marking the arrival of the railroad at Rapid City, their rendition of "Hail, Columbia" was accepted so warmly by the assembled settlers that the only army band in the Territory—engaged specifically for the purpose of celebrating the event

—folded up its music racks and left the platform in a huff.

Mrs. Van Nuys, youngest of the eight Bowers, was to marry a physics professor (the late Claude G. Van Nuys), and study music in New York. She has now returned to Rapid City, where she operates an antique shop, and is active in a local writers' group.

BILL BRENNEMAN, PM

**THE CONVENIENT COWARD,** by Kenneth Shiflet, Lt. Col., U.S. Army. Harrisburg: The Stackpole Co., 1961. 307 pp. \$5.95.

This reviewer is a student of Custeriana, has been for years, and he eagerly sought out this book which was billed as a historically-documented defense of Major Marcus A. Reno, Custer's second-in-command at the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Reno is often charged with cowardice because of his lack-luster command of the surviving half of the Seventh Cavalry. Although the author claims to have adopted the novel-form of narrative only to add action and plug gaps in the story, he utilizes the technique to contrive a fictionalized version portraying Reno as a gallant, faultless hero. Custer emerges as a blundering egomaniac. To accomplish these characterizations, the author employs three tools: imagination, facts that support his thesis, and the omission of those that do not. The result is only another warped version of a story that has been similarly victimized for 87 years. The book is a chuckhole in the road to a clear understanding of Custer's Last Fight.

ROBERT G. PALMER, CM

**THE STORY OF THE HISTORIC JACKSON HOUSE (IN COLORADO SPRINGS),** by Dolores Stark. Privately printed for Helen Jackson. Colorado Springs: Dentan Printing Company, 1961. Ten large pages, nine illustrations from photos, wrappers. Distributed by The Pioneers' Museum, Colorado Springs, Colo. Postpaid, 40 cents.

This is the history of the house to which William Sharpless Jackson, Sr., brought his bride, Helen Maria Fiske Hunt Jackson, in October of 1875.

Mrs. Jackson was the celebrated author who signed articles and books "H. H.", and was known to readers as Helen Hunt. The beauty-loving Mrs. Jackson shortly had the house's front changed from east to south so that she and the house could look toward Cheyenne Mountain, a mountain with which she had a love-affair during the rest of her life, and on which she would be for a while buried. Before she died in 1885, she had filled the house with Victorian objects of art, doodads, and knick-knacks, which were preserved by Mr. Jackson's second wife, Helen Fiske Banfield Jackson, and by a third Helen Jackson, daughter of W. S. and the second Helen.

In the house was born and reared a large family of Jackson geniuses, including William S. Jackson, Jr., now a retired Chief Justice of the Colorado Supreme Court and a Past Sheriff of the Denver Posse of the Denver Westerners.

The first William S. Jackson had been brought to Colorado in 1871 by Gen. William J. Palmer to be secretary-treasurer of the infant Denver & Rio Grande Railway Company. He became vice-president, receiver, and president of the railway company. In 1873, Mr. Jackson became interested in the El Paso County Bank, of Colorado Springs. By 1876 he owned a majority interest in the bank and soon became its president.

The Jackson house was enlarged in 1873. Here lived for some years Wil-

liam S. Jackson, Jr., and, when he moved to Denver, the third Helen Jackson. Quite recently the ground on which the quaint old home stood was acquired by the City of Colorado Springs. The lot is just east of the City Hall, and a new Police Department building is rising on it. Before the old building was wrecked, several rooms and their contents were given by the Jackson family to Colorado Springs' Pioneers Museum. And there you may see, without charge, these re-erected rooms and their contents.

At forty cents postpaid, this historical fragment is a bargain.

—J.J.L.

**WORLD OF WAKARA,** by Conway B. Sonne. San Antonio: The Naylor Company, 1962. Illustrations by Tom Jones and George Hughey. 235 pages. Footnotes, bibliography, and index. \$4.95.

Wakara, or "Walker" as he was known to the whites, was a Ute war chief born on the banks of the Spanish Fork River in Utah sometime between 1808 and 1815. He died in 1855. His life spanned the period during which the mountain men trapped the beaver streams, the Mexican war occurred, and the Mormons moved into his hunting grounds to stay. Mr. Sonne has documented Wakara's life and times, illustrating the impact of various degrees of white civilization on an aboriginal leader. Wakara's adjustment ranged from congenial relations, including membership in the Mormon Church, to outright war and killing of whites. While he wore white man's clothing and hoped to marry a white woman, he was never able to resist the temptation to steal horses and trade Indian children to the Navahos and Mexicans. Wakara knew and got along well with the mountain men, Bridger, Joe Walker, Jed Smith, etc. Brigham Young consistently tried to lead him into peaceful pursuits, and

John D. Lee (of the Mountain Meadows infamy) knew and wrote of him. Wakara was a relatively rich Indian by reason of his business activities, consisting of stealing horses in California, Indian children from the Pahutes and Piedes, and trading or selling them where the demand was best.

Mr. Sonne has written a complete biography of this unusual Indian, and the footnotes and bibliography indicate that his research is quite thorough. The woodcut illustrations are plentiful and done with humor and feeling. However, the style is so simple and factual that the reader might suspect that he has picked up a book intended for a juvenile audience. Although the author discusses the parentage of Wakara, including doubts that he was really a Ute at all, he does not clearly identify just which group of Utes Wakara spent his life with, either as a "native born" or "naturalized" Ute.

The "World of Wakara" is a tragic world, particularly as it is the story of an able, intelligent Indian leader who in spite of his ability is still unable to make the adjustment to the white man's civilization. Wakara's success was probably achieved because he was able to live partially in both Indian and white cultures, and because he died before he was forced to live entirely in either.

W. H. VAN DUZER, CM

#### NOTICE OF AWARDS FOR WESTERNERS

*The following letter has been received by the Hon. Erl H. Ellis, Sheriff of the Denver Westerners from Mr. Philip A. Danielson, Executive Director of The Westerners Foundation, affiliated with the College of the Pacific, Stockton, Calif. Appropriate action has been taken by Sheriff Ellis.*

Dear Sheriff:

A new corral has been in the process of organizing at Prescott, Ariz., and we have had word that they will have their first meeting to set up a corral and register their membership sometime this month (February).

We would like to take note of it by printing another issue of the "Buckskin Bulletin" for this special occasion and will again publish a list of all the corrals, together with names of their officers. Will you bring up down to date, please?

And we would like to feature a list of the papers given at your meetings for the year 1961, together with the speakers, addresses and data concerning the speakers. This could be a help to the program chairman and sheriffs of other corrals.

And now this: We would also like to print in this coming issue of "Buckskin Bulletin" the best paper of the year selected from offerings of all the interested corrals. My suggestion is that you send in two of your best papers and we will ask Dr. Carroll, of the University of Arizona, Dr. Billington, of Northwestern University, and Don Russell of the Chicago Corral, to pass judgment and make the selection of the outstanding paper given at a regular meeting of a Westerner corral.

FOR THIS PAPER WE WILL OFFER THE AUTHOR AN AWARD OF \$50.00. The judges will have to set up their own rules on how the papers will be judged.

AND IN ADDITION: For the corral having the winning paper an award of \$50.00 will be made. At any rate, we would like to make the next issue of "Buckskin Bulletin" worth-while.

Will you help? Any suggestions will be appreciated.

## A WEST GERMAN WESTERNER



The old American West still lives—in West Germany. Shown here, swinging a wicked loop is F. C. Wobbe, who operates the celebrated Billy Jenkins Western American Museum in Hamburg, Germany. In his youth he was a cowboy on the northern plains of the U. S., where he earned his present nickname, "Cowboy Charly." Wobbe is an active member of the German Corral of The Westerners.

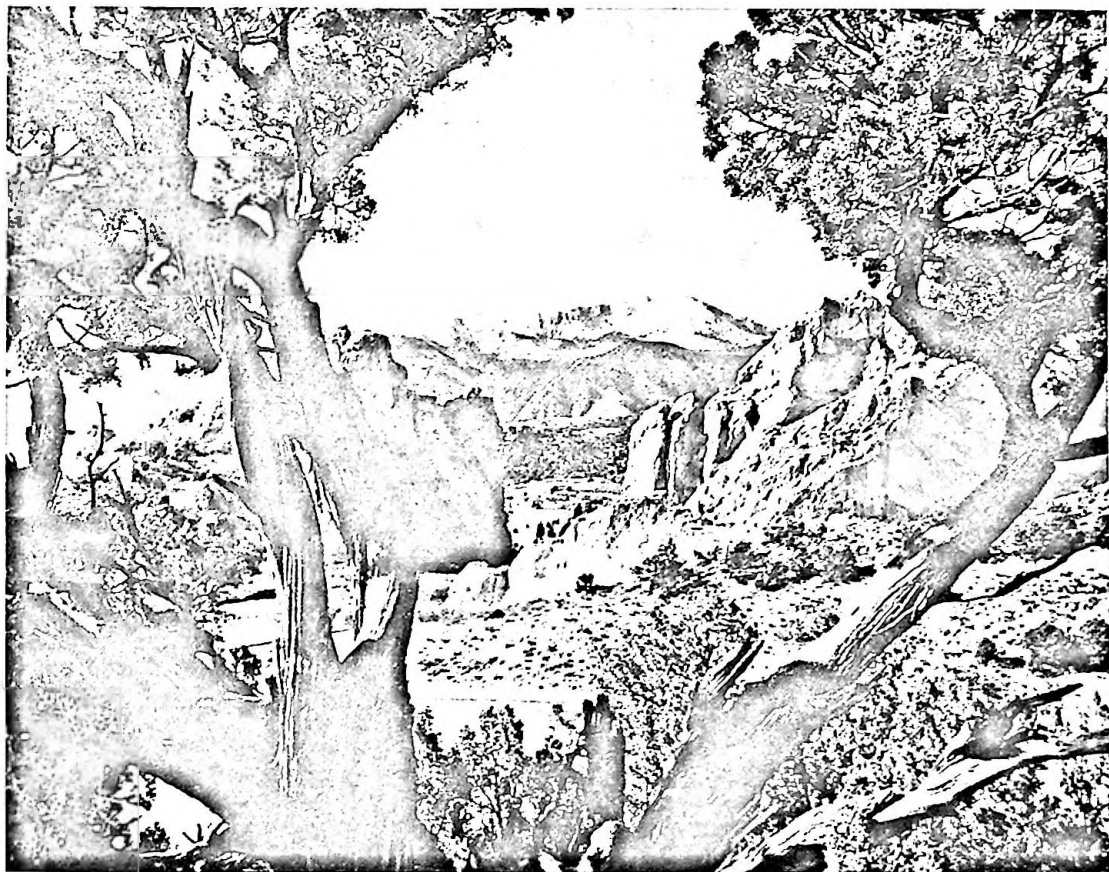
**PM Bill Brenneman** has been invited to deliver the keynote address at the Colorado Press Association's annual Short Course in Photography to be held at the Denver University Law Center on April 7, 1962. His subject will be: "The Importance of Visual Education". The DU School of Journalism invites amateurs and professionals to attend this one-day course. Fees: "Adults \$5; students and military \$2.50".

On the cover you will see Historian Carl F. Mathews, PM, and two carved and weathered gate-posts he found in the cemetery near the ghost town of Montgomery (Colorado) while on a field trip with the Ghost Town Club of Colorado Springs in 1945. He left the posts right there. Montgomery is now deep under the waters of a reservoir belonging to Colorado Springs.

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



April  
1962  
Vol. XVIII, No. 4



**ABOVE:** Pikes Peak, the most famous mountain in the United States, seen from a high point overlooking the gateway rocks of the Garden of the Gods.  
(Photo by Bob McIntyre, courtesy of Broadmoor Hotel Company, Colorado Springs.)

**INSIDE:** Pikes Peak by Rail, by Frank R. Hollenback.

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The Westerners  
414 Denver Theater Building,  
Denver 2, Colorado

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**OFFICERS**

*Sheriff*, Erl H. Ellis  
*Deputy Sheriff*, Robert L. Perkin  
*Roundup Foreman*, George R. Eichler  
*Tally Man*, William G. Brenneman  
*Chuck Wrangler*, Richard A. Ronzio  
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*Preceding Sheriff*, Charles S. Ryland  
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*Registrar of Marks and Brands*  
(Editor of Monthly Roundup),  
John J. Lipsey  
*Program Chairman*, Alan Swallow  
*Book Review Chairman*,  
Numa L. James

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Please send correspondence and remittances to:

George R. Eichler, 414 Denver Theater Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

Please send material intended for publication in ROUNDUP to:

John J. Lipsey, 1920 Pinegrove, Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, Colo.

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**MAY MEETING**

Wednesday, May 23 1962, at 6:30 p.m.

Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm Place, Denver, Colo.

**"GEORGE ELBERT BURR, PIONEER ETCHER OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST"**

By Philip W. Whiteley, M.D.

Posseman Whiteley, who has presented to the Posse so many distinguished papers, will tell what he has found out about an important but little-known Western artist. This will be an enlightening paper.

**JUNE MEETING**

**THE WOUNDED KNEE TRAGEDY: ITS CAUSES AND ITS LESSONS**

By George Harries

An 1891 report by the Washington Star's correspondent on the scene. A manuscript furnished by Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson which will be read by John J. Lipsey.

**N. B.**

Please use the return-postal sent you to make dinner-reservations for any meeting.

## FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

The new Sage Books catalog, issued by publisher Alan Swallow, P.M., contains a half-page advertisement inviting customers to become corresponding members of the Denver Westerners. Swallow contributed the space in the list, which is to be mailed to 16,000 buyers of western books. Former sheriff Charles Ryland supplied antique (and other) type from his Smoking Stack Press. Ryland was abetted in the type-setting by Round-up Foreman George Eichler. All members of the posse will be very grateful to these three generous possemen.

**CM John W. Buchanan**, Assistant City Editor of The Denver Post, had a fine article in a recent issue of his paper telling how "Denver Was Saved at the Battle of Glorieta Pass." This was in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the victory of Colorado troops under Chivington's command over Sibley and his Confederates. Illustrations and map were good, too.

**Merrill J. Mattes** is a long-time CM of the Denver Posse. He is also Regional Historian, Region Two, National Park Service, Omaha, Nebr., and is author of "Indians, Infants and Infantry," a fine book published by PM F. A. Rosenstock's Old West Publishing Company. In a recent letter to PM D. O. Collins, he wrote: "It was my pleasure to attend a meeting of the Kansas City Westerners on March 13. Some of us are giving thought at long last to the formation of a Westerners group in the Omaha area."

"I happen to be" is a wearisome locution. Why not say: "I am," and be done with it?

PM Nolie Mumey, M.D., recently presented to the Arthur Lakes Library of the Colorado School of Mines an oil portrait of the great Colorado geologist for whom the library is named. The portrait was painted by Juan Menchaca, Denver artist, and was accepted for the library by CM Virginia Wilcox, librarian. Professor Lakes is believed to have done more for the mineral development of Colorado than anyone else. He began teaching geology at the School of Mines in the year of its founding, 1874.

PM Nevin Carson's firm, Carson's, Inc., is celebrating in 1962 the 75th anniversary of its founding. In April a series of "open houses" was held for the entertainment of hotelmen, restaurateurs, caterers and chefs, at the company's headquarters, 1301 Wazee St., Denver. It was natural that these should be guests: the venerable Carson's, Inc., is one of the biggest distributors of food-service equipment.

The ink was hardly dry on Round-up's announcement that Allison Chandler, western writer, Salina, Kansas, had been made a Denver CM when he showed up at the March dinner-meeting of The Westerners. He was heartily welcomed, as will be all corresponding members who come from far and near.

PM Forbes Parkhill was the featured speaker at the meeting of the Colorado Chapter of the Public Relations Society of America on April 18. He was introduced by PM George R. Eichler—but did all right anyway.

Basically "to aggravate" does not mean "to annoy," though illiterates sometimes use it so.

## APRIL MEETING

The following items are taken from Roundup Foreman George R. Eichler's minutes of the Denver Posse's dinner-meeting of April 25, 1962:

Chuck Wrangler Richard Ronzio reported to the presiding officer, Sheriff Erl H. Ellis, that 29 possemen, 28 corresponders and seven guests, a total of 64, came to dinner, although only 55 reservations had been made.

The Roundup Foreman reported that corresponding members had increased by 66 since Jan. 1, 1962. Twenty-six joined up since the March meeting. (Three more applications came in during the April meeting.) Total corresponding members: 560.

Five CMs were present for their first meeting. PM Drew Bax introduced his guest, Ray Near, who recently bought from Bax the Colorow Cave and its surroundings. In the cave, near Morrison, Colo., have been held for some years the August meetings of the Denver Westerners.


PM Numa James introduced the speaker of the evening, Tallyman Bill Brenneman, who told the story of "The Spotswood Stage Line." (This paper will appear in the May Roundup.) A surprise-sequel was the introduction by PM Ed Bemis of his fellow-Littletonian, Mr. Bob Spotswood, son of the Spotswood Stage Line's founder and owner. Mr. Spotswood made a brief, graceful speech.




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*in the West* ?

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**The Denver Westerners**

 **THE WESTERNERS**, a non-profit organization, has as its object: "...to investigate, discuss, and publish the facts and color relative to the historic, social, political, economic, and religious background of the West."

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**The Denver Westerners**  
**414 Denver Theater Bldg.**  
**Denver 2, Colorado**

## AN INVITATION

The invitation shown at the left is being extended right now to some 16,000 recipients of spring catalogs issued by PM Alan Swallow's Sage Books; the "advertisement" being an integral part of the catalog. Swallow and booksellers throughout the country are distributing the catalog containing the invitation to join the Denver Westerners.

All members of the Denver Posse—including Corresponding Members—are asked to ask their friends and neighbors if they'd be interested in joining. Corresponding Membership applications are accepted upon payment of the \$3.50 annual dues (which includes the monthly Roundup).

Application blanks and an "Invitation folder" are available from and by writing Denver Westerners headquarters.

GEORGE R. EICHLER  
ROUNDUP FOREMAN



# PIKES PEAK BY RAIL

By Frank R. Hollenback

CM Frank R. Hollenback of Denver, whose paper on "Pikes Peak by Rail" begins on this page, is a Coloradoan born, and is a graduate of the Colorado School of Mines with a Mining Engineer degree. Following graduation, he mined in Colorado and Alaska, was employed by Timken Roller Bearing Company in New York, and then by the American Cyanamid Company in a position which took him out of the country a good deal, especially to the West Indies. During and after the Second World War, Hollenback was sent to several European countries (including Germany) where his technical engineering knowledge and skill was used for four years. He then returned to American Cyanamid.

He has written a great deal for engineering publications and is now editor of "The Western Engineer," organ of the combined engineering societies of Colorado and Wyoming. He became interested in Colorado railroads, he says, about ten years ago when he heard PM Francis B. Rizzari give a talk about the Crystal River and San Juan Railroad. Hollenback's interest soon centered on narrow-gauge lines.

Now he is author of handsome, authoritative books on the Argentine Central, Gilpin Tram, and Laramie Plains lines. He is also author of "Central City and Black Hawk—Then and Now." (All these were published by Sage Books.)

In the preparation of the present paper, he has had the help of his friend, William C. Russell, Jr., with whom he collaborated on a book (soon to be published "Manitou and Pikes Peak Railway," the subject of the present paper.) Mr. Hollenback is a member of many societies, including Engineers Club, Ltd., Colorado Authors League, and the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club.

The above facts are taken from PM Don Bloch's introduction at the March meeting of the Denver Westerners when the paper was read by the author.

—The Editor



Frank R. Hollenback

Must not one of Pike's first thoughts, as he focused his telescope on the mountain that became known as Pikes Peak, have been: "Can that mountain be climbed?"

Since the November day in 1806, when Lt. Zebulon M. Pike and his followers saw the mountain for the first time from the junction of the Arkansas River and Fountain Creek, Pikes Peak has stimulated the imagination and ingenuity of all who have stood at its base. In the 156 years since Pike dubbed the peak the Grand Peak, the White Mountain, or the

Mexican Mountain, the summit of Pikes Peak has been attained by foot, by horse, by rail, by automobile, and now by helicopter. Each conquest is a story in itself. "Conquer" is perhaps the wrong word. Say that the 70-acre summit is reached by various means available **only when nature permits.**

Tonight I propose to explore for you in depth the attainment of Pikes Peak by Rail. To do this it is necessary to touch briefly on the other means of travel to the summit. Then, isolating Pikes Peak by Rail, we will consider the Manitou and Pikes Peak

Railway, known as the Cog Road, in three parts: yesterday, today, and tomorrow. A comparison will be made with the Cog Road's counterpart, the Mt. Washington Cog Railway, half a continent away.

The Pikes Peak Cog Road is more than a railroad. It is an institution. If Pikes Peak is a symbol, the Cog Road is part of that image in the minds of the millions of people who have ascended by that means since it was completed and opened for traffic in 1891.

Pike proclaimed the peak then unconquerable. He wrote, "The summit of the Grand Peak . . . now appeared at a distance of 15 to 16 miles, and as high again as what we have ascended, and would have taken a whole day's march to have arrived at its base, when I believe no human being could have ascended to its pinical [sic]."

Before leaving the vicinity of the Great Mountain, Pike estimated its height by triangulation from the base of another (Cheyenne) mountain. He reported: "The height of the mountain from the prairie was 10,581 feet and, admitting that the prairie was 8,000 feet from sea level, it would make the elevation of this peak 18,581 feet."

As time went on after Pike's calculations, the elevation has simmered down to 14,000 plus or minus a thousand or so, then to variations in the hundreds, tens, units, and only in recent years was the height finally established at 14,110 feet above sea level.

Pike may not have been the first man to attempt the climb. But he did record the effort. Not only did Pike not attain the summit, it was not until after his death at Little York, Ontario, Canada, in 1813, that a white man did reach the summit, and write about it.

Maj. Stephen H. Long, with a party

of 19 mounted men, entered what is now Colorado near the site of Julesburg in 1820. Dr. Edwin James, botanist, physician, and historian, was in the group when it reached the foot of Pikes Peak. Dr. James and two companions began the climb, spent a cold night on the slope and reached the summit at 4 p.m. on July 14, 1820. Maj. Long forthwith designated the mountain James Peak. This tag was to remain until at least 1835. That year Col. Henry Dodge used the name Pikes Peak on an entry in his report to the War Department. Thereafter, Dodge, Fremont, Albert, Gannett, and others referred to the mountain as Pikes Peak rather than James Peak. Thus the name came into common usage something like 25 years before the "Pikes Peak or Bust" era.

If Dr. James and party were the first white men to reach the top, Julia A. Holmes, the bloomer girl, with a group of Lawrence (Kansas) argonauts, was the first white woman to set foot on the summit. This was on July or August 5, 1858. With a woman's touch she wrote: "How I sigh for the power of a poet's description that I might give you some idea of the grandeur and beauty of this scene." The 44-member party, with several women and children (C. W. Henderson says) "went into camp at Pikes Peak, which they fondly believed marked the location of the fortunes awaiting them. . . ."

By the 1870s the slopes of Pikes Peak were laced with footpaths and animal trails made by the hordes of climbers who were ascending regularly by foot, horse, mule and burro. One motivation was, no doubt, the lure of gold. Others may have climbed the peak because, as Sir Edmund Hillary is supposed to have said years later about another mountain, ". . . it was there." The gold and other mineral aspects of the peak are outside the province of this paper. Briefly,

however, while gold was later found in great abundance on the western reaches of the peak, none has been credited to Pikes Peak itself.

Pikes Peak has attracted more tourists and settlers than it has gold-seekers. Not the highest, but perhaps the most prominent and easiest of access, just a few miles west of Colorado Springs, Pikes Peak became America's best known mountain.

John Wesley Powell mapped the peak in '67 and '68. E. S. Nettleton's trail, 17 miles in length, begun in '71 and improved in '73, was used to haul material and supplies to the Signal Corps weather station built on the summit in 1876. The trails on Pikes Peak are described in great detail in Robert Ormes' Pikes Peak Atlas.

Sgt. John O'Keefe, one of the first to staff the new weather station, won some dubious fame as "the Pikes Peak Prevaricator." To while away time in the arctic wilderness of the summit, he began a series of reports based on tall tales. One of his best, or worst, told that his family had been attacked by mountain rats which mutilated and killed his young daughter. This morbid whimsy got into newspapers. One paper bannered the item "Attacked by Rats, Terrible Conflict on Pikes Peak," followed by ". . . Rats had found their way to the infant and had left nothing but the peeled and mumbled skull."

The story was soon retracted but not before the Rocky Mountain News commented "people are always more ready to believe a good story than the dry truth." Nevertheless, to perpetuate the yarn, a rock-heaped grave and headboard were erected to the pseudo-tragedy. The tourist trade reveled in the story. Later, when the Cog Road was built, the tracks passed close to the alleged grave. But ask any trainman today about the incident and he is apt to return a blank look.

Upon completion of a burro trail

up Ruxton Creek a hotel, the Half Way House, was built at the forks and stood until a few years ago. In its heyday the inn was served by the Cog Road.

This brings us up to the dawn of the notion of rails on Pikes Peak. In Colorado's glorious railroad building era of the 70s, it was only natural that someone should think of reaching the summit by rail. A railroad reached Denver in 1870. Almost at once lines began fanning into the canons to the mining camps. General Palmer's Denver and Rio Grande headed south from Denver, directed toward El Paso and Mexico City. Colorado Springs, at the foot of Pikes Peak, soon had railroad service.

A science professor at Colorado College, James Hutchinson Kerr, organized and began surveys for the Pikes Peak Tramway Company in 1884. The proposed route started at Manitou, ran to Crystal Park by way of Iron Mountain and around the north side of Cameron's Cone to Lake House and Lake Moraine. From there it was to go by way of the Seven Lakes Hotel and along Sachtell Mountain to the summit. Kerr's scheme called for a 30-mile railroad having a maximum grade of 6% and using 30-ton locomotives.

After completion of the grading to Crystal, the project toppled. Prof. Kerr, it is said, had placed the bond money in a New York bank that failed. One Maj. John Hulbert (mark that name) was a bondholder.

The next refinement in Pikes Peak travel was a carriage road. John Hundley, livery stable owner, built 17-mile carriage road up Pikes Peak from Cascade, opening it in 1889. A Cascade his four-mule surreys were on hand to meet Colorado Midland trains each morning, whisking the tourists to the summit and back before dark at a cost of \$2.50 per head.

Within a few years the new Cog Road put Hundley's carriage trade out of business. But the carriage road was used by early auto enthusiasts for their attack on Pikes Peak. The first automobile was poking its boiling radiator up the peak over the old road some nine years after the Cog Road began operating.

In turn, the new Pikes Peak automobile highway built by Spencer Penrose in 1915, was a threat to the Cog Road, for a while, at least. Today, the Cog Road and highway complement each other: One way up; the other route down.

Back to Maj. John Hulbert. Despite his probable losses in the Kerr fiasco of 1884, Hulbert remained steadfast in his belief that a railroad should be built up the peak to the summit. He importuned one and all around Manitou in those years of the mid-80s to hear and heed the Rails on Pikes Peak story.

John Hulbert was a native of Sault St. Marie, Michigan. At the outbreak of the Civil War he became a junior officer in the 91st New York Regiment, and was mustered out as a major. He came with the tide to Colorado. At various times he was part owner of the Evening Star, Adelaide, and the Terrible mines at Leadville. Hulbert moved to Manitou in 1881 and served a term as mayor. Much of the planning for the Cog Road took place at his home, Agate Hill.

Hulbert's pitch was not in vain. Zalmon Gilbert Simmons, taking the waters at Manitou as was his custom each summer, heard the story and it appealed to him, especially after a trip to the summit on mule back.

Simmons, the Beautyrest mattressman from Kenosha, Wisconsin, was destined to make money in any venture he tackled: the Simmons mattress, Western Union, Wisconsin cheese, and other successful enter-

prises. When he died in 1910—despite his boast that he would live forever—his obituary stated that he was the only G.A.R. member who had not actually served under arms in the Civil War. At the outbreak he had just closed contracts for stringing important wire lines in the field. He gave, or was given, the choice of completing the wire work or enlisting. The former course was taken. The job was so important to the Union cause that Simmons was later enrolled as an honorary member of the G.A.R. in tribute to his work.

Legend has it that Simmons' first trip to the summit of Pikes Peak was made athwart a mule named Balaam. Upon his return to Manitou, silk hat askew, white beard and coat tails flying, Simmons is supposed to have declared, "I'm going to ride up that beautiful mountain in the greatest comfort science can provide," or words to that effect.

Simmons called Hulbert in and announced his intention of building a railroad to the top of Pikes Peak. The Manitou and Pikes Peak Railway Co. was incorporated under the laws of Colorado November 14, 1888. Named to the board were John Hulbert, David H. Moffat, R. R. Cable, Jerome B. Wheeler, and Henry Watson. Hulbert became president. Moffat at the time was president of the Denver and Rio Grande, while Cable headed the Rock Island, and Wheeler the Colorado Midland. Nowhere in the articles did Simmons' name appear, however.

Article II of the ten Articles of Incorporation stated that "the object for which the said corporation is formed is to locate, construct, maintain, and operate a traction railway of narrow or standard gauge, either or both, and a cog railroad and telegraph lines from the town of Manitou . . . to the summit of Pikes Peak . . . together with such branch lines

. . . as may be necessary and desirable."

(Actually, an extension of the Cog Road was once surveyed to the Cripple Creek District. No branch lines were built except a spur at Half Way House.)

The articles were signed by John Hulbert and William Bell of Manitou, and B. F. Crowell, Lewis Ehrich, and Albert Pattison of Colorado Springs. Again, Simmons' name was not shown, but his fine touch, organizing genius, and financial power were evident. After his passing in 1910, the Rocky Mountain News reported that Simmons owned 96% of the Cog Road bonds and 98% of the stock.

The Manitou and Pikes Peak Railway Co. was capitalized for \$500,000, divided into 5,000 shares at \$100 per share.

Preliminary plans and surveys were made in 1888. Grading began the following year, based not on a traction or adhesion system, but employing the Abt, or rack-rail method. Maximum grades were limited to 25%, curvatures to 40°, both possible by the Abt system. The Mt. Washington Cog Railway in New Hampshire, then 20 years old, was studied.

Simmons and company employed the best engineering brains for his project. One engineer had gained fame for his work on the Brooklyn Bridge. Another, William Hildebrand, came from Switzerland as Roman Abt's representative, and supervised tracklaying. Col. Roswell E. Briggs was chief engineer of the Denver and Rio Grande as well as of the Cog Road; T. F. Richardson was his assistant. B. Lantry & Sons of Strong City (Kansas), Santa Fe and Colorado Midland builder, was the contractor.

Simmons' acumen was nowhere better displayed than in an anecdote from the planning days of the Cog Road. The two engineers just mentioned were concerned about the

feasibility of anchoring the track on a 25% grade without a superficial support. Simmons believed the rails could very simply be fastened into the solid granite. He held to the idea that "the natural stone would anchor the road for 1000 years."

Both engineers refused to go along with the idea. The Swiss quit. Simmons persuaded the Brooklynite to remain on condition a waiver be signed relieving the engineer of all responsibility should the anchoring scheme fail. Simmons executed the document against the advice of his lawyer. As a postscript it can now be added that the same fastenings have held the track in the Pikes Peak granite since 1890 without slippage.

Simmons not only foresaw the tremendous drawing power of the Cog Road but the need for experienced railroad management as well. Accordingly, he cut smaller slices of the corporate pie for several railroad tycoons. As a neat bit of strategy, 23-year-old Hiram S. Cable, son of the Rock Island president, was made first superintendent of the Cog Road. Colorado Springs was the western terminus of the Rock Island. This marriage of convenience insured a steady funneling of tourists from Chicago, Omaha, and the East. By that time other railroads were also serving the Pikes Peak region, north and south from Denver. The only missing link was suitable rapid transit from Colorado Springs to the Manitou terminal. Before many years this was forged by W. S. Stratton and his interurban line and a stub car line from a loop in Manitou up Ruxton Creek to the Cog Road depot.

Back now to the Cog Road construction: The Denver Times of June 4, 1891, reported:

Establishment of the line required one year. Grading began in the fall of 1889. Soon thereafter,

artisan and laborer, backed by the powerful hand of capital and directed by the hand of consummate genius, skill, and science, were making the wild gorges and deep canons sing with the sound of combined labor and skill. For over a year an army of workmen and hundreds of teams were kept busy. It was no easy matter to keep laborers at work at this altitude. There were strikes and unreasonable demands. There was bitter cold and deep snow. The 20th day of October is a memorable day in the history of Pikes Peak. On that day the golden spike was driven on the highest railroad in the world [sic].

Henry Dudley Teetor, writing in the *Magazine of Western History*, 1890, said:

The rock blasting on Pikes Peak, witnessed from the valley below, . . . just as the sun disappeared, . . . recalled the Battle of Kenesaw Mountain. The explosions along the route above timberline produced wonderful and prolonged reverberations.

Teetor was something less than a prophet when he added:

It will soon be too late to walk, or ride a burro, or go in a carriage to this historic eminence.

In 1891 it was claimed that the Cog Road's propulsion system had no counterpart in America, although it was similar in many ways to the Mt. Washington Cog Railway built in 1867.

Since no true adhesion engine—barring Shays—is feasible on grades over 4%, it was necessary that another propulsion system be employed for Cog Road engines. The Abt method, already in use in Switzerland, Germany, and other parts of the world, was adopted. In this, two heavy serrated rails with staggered teeth, bolted together in the center of the track, are engaged by cog

wheels under the locomotive which in turn are geared to a reciprocating steam engine. The first three locomotives ordered were simple two-cylinder (one per side) steam engines. A few years later the three were returned to Baldwin and rebuilt as Vauclain compounds (two cylinders on each side, compounded) with totally new linkage mechanisms. In the first three engines, before rebuilding, no adhesion was gained on the outside or running rail. All were built to stand level on average grades. The Abt system provided a continuous run of rack-rail and cog-wheel from the Manitou depot to the summit. The cogs fit into corresponding teeth in the rack rail "enabling the locomotive to climb or descend grades in comparative ease and comfort."

The Cog Road, excluding sidings at Minnehaha, Mountain View, and Windy Point measures 8.90 miles. It rises, 7,500 feet, or 846 feet per mile, an average grade of 12.5%. The sharpest curve is 40° and 40% of the line is curved. The track is anchored every 200 feet on the steepest grades, elsewhere between 200- and 600-foot intervals. For additional safety no wooden trestles were used and the four bridges on the line were built of iron and masonry.

The John Hulbert, Cog Road Locomotive No. 1, was delivered in May 1890. Water tanks were built into the sides. It carried sufficient coal for one round trip in a box at the rear. A writer of that day described its operations:

The locomotive operates by cog wheels alone, there being no adhesion drivers. The cog wheels, two in number, are placed directly over the center of the track in such a position that they gain the advantage of the engine's weight. The rear of the engine is elevated so that the boiler will be nearly level when on the steepest grades. As

the locomotive pushes the train uphill, instead of pulling . . . it has no use for a pilot or cow-catcher . . . and is different in nearly every respect from the engine of today.

Movement from engine to coach was conveyed by means of cylindrical buffers, six inches in diameter by 18 inches long, horizontal on the engine, vertical on the coach. Thus the car was pushed uphill and eased back against the engine on the descent. First plans called for using two coaches, but it was soon found that the car nearest the engine had a tendency to buckle. The idea was abandoned.

In those steam days there was no train line between engine and coach—no steam or air line because the trains were neither equipped with air brakes nor heat for the cars. This is not to say that other braking and safety devices were not a part of the equipment.

For general braking the steam cylinders became air compressors and the boiler an air receiver. (At the latter part we can raise an eyebrow—but it was so written by T. F. Richardson.) Braking was controlled from the cab by means of a valve which released the stored and compressed air into the atmosphere. Further, the locomotive was equipped with a steam brake. In an emergency this actuated a jam with serrated surfaces which when forced down upon the roadbed effected a positive stoppage of engine and coach. Hand brakes in the cars provided another safety measure, if required. The Cog Road's excellent record of safety is legendary.

Three engines were delivered from the Baldwin Locomotive Works in April and May of 1890, numbered 1, 2, and 3, and named John Hulbert, Manitou, and Pikes Peak. These were simple steam engines with 17 x 20

cylinders, 22.4-inch drivers, a 0-4-0 wheel arrangement, and were known as rack-rail locomotives without running-rail adhesion (for propulsion).

Nos. 1, 2, and 3 developed side-rod trouble and walking-beam linkage difficulties. The three were returned to Baldwin to be rebuilt as Vauclain compound rack- and adhesion-locomotives. The road numbers were retained but new shop numbers were assigned by Baldwin. In the meantime, in May 1892, No. 4, a four-cylinder compound Vauclain with 9 x 15 x 22-inch cylinders, was delivered. This locomotive was destroyed in a runaway in August 1896, and was replaced with a new No. 4. No. 5, delivered in April 1901, was identical. No. 6, outshopped in June 1906, differed slightly. It had air brakes and an 0-6-2T wheel arrangement.

A word about the Vauclain compound locomotive and Samuel M. Vauclain, the inventor. Vauclain was apprenticed in the Pennsylvania Railroad shops at an early age. In 1883 he left the railroad to become foreman at Baldwin in Philadelphia, rose to superintendent, and then to full partnership in 1906. In 1896 a basic patent was issued to Vauclain covering a four-cylinder compound locomotive having a high- and low-pressure cylinder on each side of the firebox with both pistons connected to one crosshead. The first of these was built by Baldwin that year and by 1907 over 2,000 were in service all over the world. A biographer said of Vauclain: "He was one of the ablest men ever connected with the improvement of the locomotive engine."

Six passenger coaches, numbered from 101 to 106, built by the Johnson Car Works at Springfield, Mass., were delivered beginning in 1890. At first, names were assigned the cars, as was the custom of the day, bearing the titles Leadville, Colorado Springs, and Denver. But only three coaches

were named. Seating capacity of each provided for 50 passengers. A writer stated that "the passenger coaches will not differ materially from ordinary day coaches, but will be so constructed that passengers may sit comfortably in a horizontal position."

The Cog Road was completed to the summit on Monday, October 20, 1890, at 10 a.m. The old Signal Corps weather station, erected in 1876 but rebuilt in 1882, became the terminal station.

The Denver Times of October 25, 1890, proclaimed "the Cog Road to be one of considerable magnitude and pronounced one of the most interesting ever projected for the entertainment of tourists and pleasure seekers." A formal opening was scheduled for the following year.

Then, on June 4, 1891, the Times reported the first passenger train over the Cog Road: "At 9 o'clock the engine pushing one car started from the Manitou depot carrying quite a number of passengers. The trip to the Half Way House took 50 minutes. Some took horses to the summit while others went to Grand View Rock for a view equal to that from the peak. Two trains will run each day to the Half Way House until melting snow permits travel to the summit. Track and rolling stock are in perfect condition."

The Cog Road, well planned and managed from the beginning, seemingly never had the financial problems which plagued so many new railroad ventures. At least, none seemed to show on the surface. The management refused to make a public financial statement after the first year of operation. But for the year ending June 30, 1892, total earnings of \$36,123 were reported: \$33,765 from passenger revenues, \$1,638 from freight, and \$720 from other sources. Operating expenses totalled \$20,113,

leaving \$16,010 in net earnings. Deductions for "sundry payments" of \$27,094 left a deficit for the year of \$11,080. This item probably covered interest on bonds.

The Cog Road apparently kept comfortably busy from the start. By rail, Manitou was served by two railroads, the Colorado Midland and the Rio Grande from Colorado Springs. About 1900, a third mode of travel appeared and closed the rail-gap between Colorado Springs and Manitou. W. S. Stratton, his pockets replete with Cripple Creek gold, and looking for places to spend it, formed the Colorado Springs & Interurban Railway through consolidation of two transit lines. Stratton set about to provide the finest in street car and interurban service and equipment. The Manitou route was extended to a loop at the junction of Manitou and Ruxton Avenues, from which point the Cog Road management built a stub line from the loop up Ruxton to a pavilion near the depot. The structure still stands although the line was abandoned in 1928.

The Denver Times of November 5, 1900, reported that the Cog Road suspended travel for the season on that date after the most successful season in its ten-year history. Season-lengths varied with weather and snow conditions but usually extended from mid-May to November 1.

In 1904, officials toyed with the idea of replacing the steam engines with some form of electric motive power. A trolley system was ruled out because of line-losses at high elevations. Storage-battery locomotives were also rejected because of bulky tractor-trailer requirements. Other forms of power were not to come for many years. The iron horse still reigned supreme.

Simmons died in 1910 and controlling interest passed to heirs. The next year with very much significance



for the Cog Road was 1915 which marked completion of the highway to the summit. While autos had been snaking around Pikes Peak since the early 1900s, there now came a real challenge. In 1913, the Cog Road paid a dividend of 40%. For the year ending June 30, 1916 the return dropped to 10%. Even so 69,159 tourists were carried that year. The mountain-king staggered but didn't fall. The Broadmoor interests bought the Cog Road on June 25, 1925. A new era began.

Spencer Penrose and his Broadmoor interests put new life into the Cog Road operation. By 1925 automobiles were more commonplace. Now these became less competitive for the Pikes Peak business. Cog Road and highway could run side by side and complement each other: package tours, one way up, the other route down.

Money was spent for improvements and maintenance. The Mt. Manitou Incline (which, incidentally, doesn't reach the summit of Mt. Manitou) was added as a tourist attraction to the Broadmoor holdings.

As it did to all railroads about that time, the internal combustion engine began to invade the Cog Road steam domain in the late 30s.

A 24-passenger Zephyr-type coach went into service July 24, 1938 on a trial basis. The one-car unit with a Winter-Weiss aluminum body, automotive windows and shatter-proof glass, was designated No. 7. It was powered then with a General Motors 175-hp, 1200-rpm engine having a high-compression head, Brown Lipe clutch assembly, Fuller transmission, and two individual sets of hand and air brakes. No. 7 weighed 18,648 pounds and with a 7:3.14-transmission ratio was supposed to reach the summit in 60 minutes versus one hour and 40 minutes for a steam train.

No. 7 was assembled at the Manitou shop at a cost of \$17,000. The power

plant was rebuilt several times and is presently equipped with a Cadillac 707, 4300 rpm engine. Today, No. 7, looking like a Forney street car in deep-freeze, is stored in the back end of the engine shop in Manitou.

Dieselization came nearly a decade later. The June 18, 1947, issue of the Rocky Mountain News reported that a 56-passenger diesel-electric train made the ascent with 50 Broadmoor-management guests aboard. The trip marked a new era in cog road travel—"the first of its kind in the world."

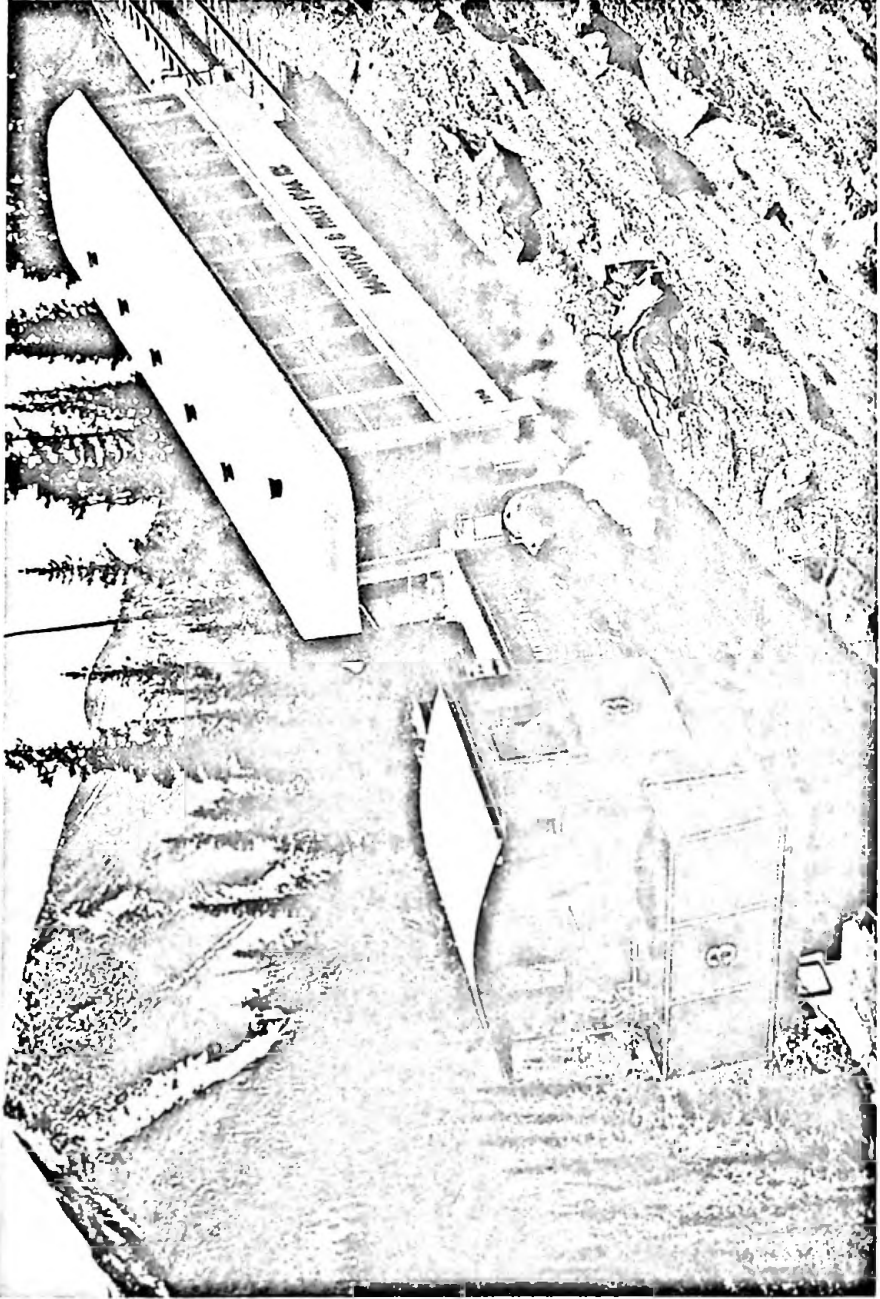
By the spring of 1950, the total motive power was four diesel-electrics, four steam engines, and one gas car.

The four diesel-electrics, numbered 8, 9, 10, and 11, were built at General Electric's Erie shops. Each had identical engine and motor characteristics: Cummins two-cycle, 2000-rpm diesels burning No. 2 fuel, and four 275-hp General Electric 200-volt, 300-ampere DC motors. All had Westinghouse Air Brake equipment with three 15-cubic foot compressors. The brakes, when used, operated on straight air, without retainers. Actually, little braking is done with air. Dynamic braking is the mainstay.

Diesel-electric No. 12 was shop-built at Manitou. No. 12 differs from Nos. 8, 9, 10, and 11 mostly in the engine. Its two GM's are rated at 300 hp each at 1800 rpm, using No. 1 fuel. Four traction motors, also used for dynamic braking downhill, are General Electrics. No. 12 had at least two modifications over the others. The resistors were raised above the roof to get more heat dissipation without the use of asbestos, and were rearranged so as to require less wiring.

While the Cog Road diesel-electrics have air brakes, this system is rarely used. Instead dynamic braking is employed. The electric traction motors which move the train uphill become generators on the descent. The elec-

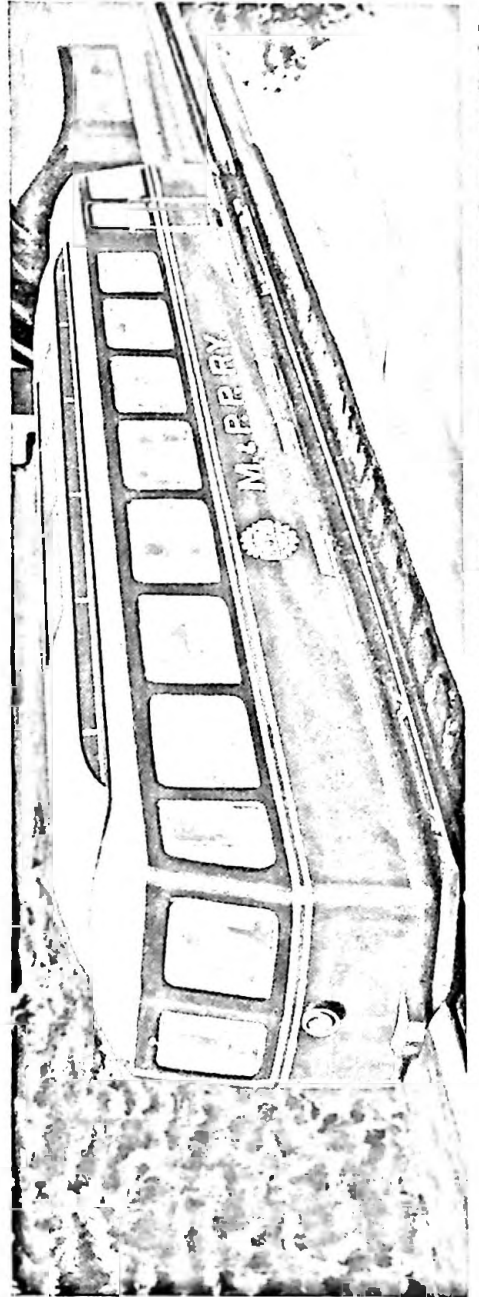
COG ROAD MOTIVE POWER AND ROLLING STOCK



PAST: Locomotive is of the original type used. Coach is of a more recent type.



PRESENT: Power unit and coach of type used in 1961.



FUTURE: Self-propelled rail train, to be used on the new line, will be put in service in 1963. (All photos by Bob McIntyre, courtesy of Broadmoor Hotel Co., Colorado Springs.)

trical energy is dissipated in the form of heat through the medium of cast-iron grids or resistors set on the engine roofs.

Early winter and late spring snows, deep drifts and heavy grades make snow clearance a big problem on the Cog Road. Regular railroad wedge plows and rotaries are unusable.

Until 1954, a wedge plow and a snow-shovelling force armed with dynamite were the sole means of keeping the line open. W. H. McKay, who bore the titles of general manager and master mechanic, designed a rotary snow plow, tailor-made. During the snow-fighting seasons of '52, '53, and '54, the new rotary had many trial runs and numerous bugs were removed. The plow, rebuilt in 1955, soon paid for its cost of \$39,000. McKay estimated that a plow built elsewhere to Cog-Road specifications would have cost \$150,000.

The rotary, road No. 21, is self-propelled, although usually backed up by a diesel-electric, uses one 300-hp GM diesel for direct drive, another identical engine to operate the fan. The 12 eight-foot blades are adjustable for pitch and throw snow 150 feet while clearing 22-foot drifts. The unit is equipped with air brakes compounded 3:1 with hand brakes. When not in use the rotary is stored in the car sheds.

Formerly—and sometimes today when the snow problem is not too severe—the wedge plow with a steam engine pushing is used for snow clearance. The method is slow and primitive. The plow is pushed into a drift. If a shallow one, the snow is pushed aside. If deep, the snow piles up on the flat car to which the plow is attached. When loaded, the car is withdrawn down track and the snow is shovelled off at an open spot. During the operating season the plow and flat car are spotted below the depot in

front of old No. 5, permanently on exhibit at the depot.

The other piece of Cog-Road behind-the-scenes motive power, or rolling stock—depending upon how you look at it—is hoary No. 20, workhorse of the section gang. No. 20 is powered by a GM 503 engine and is likely to be found anywhere between Manitou and the summit. Crews swear by it and sometimes at it.

Two operational features of the Cog Road have remained almost unchanged since the line was planned and built in the 90s. First, the round-trip fare is still \$5, although, of course, with the ubiquitous 10% transportation tax added. Second, the passenger-loading scheme is about the same as it was in 1891. Just before departure-time trainmen take positions to line up the switches. An engine for the first train is then eased downhill from the shop to the depot. Before it comes to a stop in front of the loading platform a coach is moving by gravity out of the car shed to a position in front of the locomotive. Passenger-loading is done in a matter of seconds and the train is off to the summit. Trainmen from the second train have switched the first train into the main line and are lining up the switches for the second train. The operation is repeated until they run out of passengers or equipment. The routine is reversed upon return from the summit. It is all a tribute to the founder's planning.

Another item of interest, albeit a work of nature: While many portions of the rack-rail and the outer 40-pound running rail have been replaced from time to time, many lengths of rail at the higher elevations are the original pieces and have withstood the ravages of time and the elements for over 70 years. One explanation, and possibly the only one: less oxidation of iron at the higher ground.

Presently nearly all communication between operating personnel is maintained by radio-dispatcher. Engine house and trains use Motorola train service radio KAD 958 operating on 60-watt power at 161.55 megacycles. Telephone service is maintained only to Windy Point. A telegraph office at the summit is connected with the downtown Colorado Springs Western Union terminal for public use.

When running at full tilt, the Cog Road uses five conductors, five brakemen, five engineers, one dispatcher, and sixteen section hands, in addition to year-around shop personnel.

Thayer Tutt heads the Manitou and Pikes Peak Railway Co., assisted by Bill Hall, general manager; Earl Fisher, assistant general manager; and Charley O'Brien, general foreman. W. H. McKay retired several years ago as general foreman and master mechanic after 54 years of railroading. He came to the Cog Road from the Midland Terminal where he was vice-president and general manager of that line.

The Cog Road's popularity continues undiminished. Two new passenger units are on order for delivery early in 1963. These, seating 80 persons each, will boost the daily capacity of the rolling stock from 560 to 880 passengers, or around 92,000 passengers a season.

Unlike the two-unit diesel-electric predecessors, the new vehicles are self-propelled rail-cars. The S.L.M. Works of Winther, Switzerland, contracted over two years ago to build these mountain streamliners. Presently undergoing tests on the Mt. Rigi line in Switzerland, the pair are to be sea-borne and delivered by way of Houston in time for trial on Pikes Peak before the 1963 season opens.

Each rail-car has two 220-hp opposing-piston, air-cooled diesel en-

gines, with two four-wheel trucks, driving through wheels one and three. The overall buffer-to-buffer length is 52 feet, with cab and controls at each end.

The braking systems differ from those employed in the present units. Four safety mechanisms will be available: electrodynamic, ratchet, mechanical, and hand brakes, but no air brakes.

The diesel engines and all other equipment will be below floor level. The grids or resistors for dynamic braking are placed in the roof but hidden from view. Storage batteries and other auxiliaries are used only for field-excitation of the traction motors when the car is climbing. Once at the summit, the diesels are shut down and not used on the return trip. Descending, dynamic braking will be the principal control. Emergency brakes will go into action should the car speed exceed ten miles per hour. Hand brakes are also available to engine and train crews. But the real innovation on the new streamliner is the ratchet brake, spring-loaded before each departure to the summit, and then released and inoperative on the descent.

It is anticipated that with less operating time the diesels will require only infrequent servicing in the shop. Just the trucks, then, would be removed for maintenance purposes for which new pits will be constructed.

What's in the future for the Manitou and Pikes Peak Railway—the Cog Road—is, as with anything, anybody's guess. One guess is that the future is good. And why not? Here is a carrier (although not one that necessarily deals in public necessity and convenience) exquisitely planned, financed and managed from the start, with a sound physical plant, to serve tourism, a basic Colorado industry.

The helicopter could become a threat. But who is in so much hurry to see, savor, and enjoy America's best known mountain?

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One who is always "speaking in terms" is talking out of a fog and leaves his hearers in the same situation.

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There are many persons who have facts to present, experiences to relate, knowledge to impart to others, who are not experienced writers. Such persons should not be discouraged from setting down what they know. If they don't record what they know, valuable historical material may vanish. If you think you have something to say that will interest others, write it in your own way, or record it on tape, and then get a knowledgeable friend to prepare it for print.

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"Men slept on the ground like animals" a writer in the Satevepost said recently. It may astonish some to know that man, too, is an animal. Certainly he is not a vegetable or a mineral. If you mean "a lower animal," say so.

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"Minutes away" and "pennies a day" are expressions intended by ad-writers to deceive. Enough minutes can make up a day; enough pennies can add up to a hundred dollars.

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Next time some big-shot executive sends you a letter on which is stamped, "Dictated but not re-read," send the letter in its original envelop back to him. Mark it: "Opened but not read."

## RUSSELL OF CENTRAL

After PM Don Bloch had introduced, at the March meeting of the Denver Westerners, the speaker of the evening, CM Frank Hollenback, he presented to his audience Hollenback's friend, collaborator and projectionist, CM William C. Russell, Jr., of Central City, Colo. The following information is taken from Bloch's introduction:

Bill Russell was born in Colorado, a member of the fourth generation of Coloradoans. His great-grandfather first came to Colorado in 1861, and settled here in the early 1870s. His cowboy-grandfather married his boss's daughter and Russell's mother was born on the family's ranch near Agate, Colo. His father was a miner who went to Alaska in 1898 and stayed until 1904, mined in the southern Nevada gold mines and later in Colorado. Bill Russell was born in Denver, became a miner, too, and worked in mines in California, Wyoming, and Gilpin County, Colorado. From 1937 to 1944, he lived in Nevadaville, Colo., and now is believed to own most of the old ghost city. Since 1954, he has lived in Central City—in two houses. For some years he has been an articulate city councilman, a deputy sheriff, frequently chief of the fire department, and for a long time member of school boards. During these years Russell has been buying Gilpin County properties. His great interest now is in his Historical Museum in Central City, in which he displays his collections of relics, mementos and artifacts relating to Gilpin County. From Russell, Don Bloch rents one of the two store buildings he uses in Central City. No wonder Bloch praised Russell!

## AFOOT AMONG THE NOTES: OR, THROUGH DARKEST PROSE WITHOUT A MAP

Sir Editor:

*De gustibus . . . etc.*

Permit me to take exception to your eloquent animadversion against footnotes in the February issue of *Roundup*. I am sure your point is well taken that they are sometimes overdone, but as for me I love 'em and would look with some question upon the author of any serious work in history who did not indicate his sources clearly, specifically and in verifiable detail.

The best way to do this, it seems to me, is by use of footnotes, leaving the text as uncluttered as possible for readers who, like yourself, want a pleasant and easy-flowing story. Surely log-jams and other barriers will be thrown across the stream of the narrative if the author is to place specific citations in the text. The use of parentheses to give this information, as is sometimes done, must create for most eyes an even greater interruption than small, unobtrusive superior numerals.

If the book is popular, "reading" history, I'll go along with you part of the way (though I'd still like to know the author's sources), but if it is "serious"—for want of a better distinction—history, I want the footnotes as much (almost) as I want the text. Footnotes are easily skipped if the point being made does not engage one's curiosity; their absence is conspicuous, and the author has done a poor job, if the point is in dispute, new, exotic, or provocative of further investigation.

As Your Loyal Opposition on this issue, I'd like to suggest further that you are a bit over-restrictive on the multiple purposes of footnotes. Their

use is not solely to establish source, much less to "prove" a point, but also to clarify, to expand, to digress, or to suggest further parallel or oblique readings—in all of which I, as reader, am interested to the extent that the work is a serious one. The author who footnotes does me the great courtesy of assuming I am not a superficial reader.

In sum: I believe any serious history book without footnotes is manifestly an abomination in the eyes of the Lord—as is any book of non-fiction which lacks an index.

Yr. ob't and respectf'l s'rv't  
(and looking forward to  
your further disquisitions  
on language and usage),

B. PERKIN

**EDITOR'S FOOTNOTE:** The signer of the above gratefully-received communication is PM Robert L. Perkin, a distinguished writer in many fields. For many years he has been reporter, feature-writer, Western historian, and column-conductor. He is author of the encyclopedic but delightful book "The First Hundred Years: An Informal History of Denver and the Rocky Mountain News." His column, "One Man's Pegasus," in the News heads one of the best book-columns in any newspaper. . . . One other protest, from CM Philip J. Rasch, against the Editor's brief "A Note about Notes" in the February Roundup has been received. It is hoped that Mr. Rasch's excellent letter may be printed in an early issue of Roundup.

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Beware the dangling participle in writing or speaking. Example 1: "Arriving at the scene of the crime, the corpse was found to be . . ." Example 2: "Having eaten our lunch, the bus took us on to St. Louis."

## NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

**Miss M. Hazel Howe**, 208 E. Rio Grande St., Colorado Springs, was led to become a corresponding member through Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson's interest in the Denver posse. She is a junior high school girls' physical education teacher, a member of the State Historical Society of Colorado, a member of the board of the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region, and is head of the Historical Museum at Silver Plume, Colo. She is author of the successful booklet, "The Story of Silver Plume." She has a large collection of color slides concerning the lovely old mining town above the Georgetown Loop, which slides she uses during her lectures.

**Mr. Elliot W. Wager**, 2564 Elm St., Denver 7, was the guest of CM E. J. Tallant at a recent Denver Westerners' dinner-meeting. He liked Frank R. Hollenback's Cog Road paper so much that he made application for corresponding membership right away, and was accepted. Mr. Wager is an advertising copywriter, and assistant account-executive with Broyles, Allebaugh & Davis, Inc., and is associate editor of National Fur News, under PM Doc Collins. He has written a series of business histories for KLZ and done book reviewing. His activities include "listening to Pete Smythe, seeing Fred Mazzulla's photos and murals, reading Tom Ferril's Rocky Mountain Herald and using the same in teaching one night a week at Regis College." He is especially interested in Colorado railroads and the early Spanish-Indian southwest. He has ear-calluses from listening to Dixieland and jazz.

**Mr. Howard J. Sayre**, 2891 S. Yates, Denver 19, was brought into the Denver Westerners corral as a corresponding member by PM D. O. Collins. He is especially interested in ghost towns and mountain lore. He is manager of Nasco, Inc., Stoney division, and manages a livestock supply firm. A former newspaper reporter and advertising manager, he was a reporter-photographer on the Pacific Stars and Stripes in Japan and Korea.

**Mr. Edward R. Lewandowski**, 5300 E. Highline Place, Denver 22, was led to become a CM by CM Bryant L. McFadden. Lewandowski is a civil engineer with the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation. He designs earth dams for irrigation, for flood control and for municipal water systems. He is especially interested in the history of transportation in Clear Creek and Gilpin Counties, Colo. Hobbies: mining, mountain climbing, photography. As secretary of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, he prepares and publishes the club's monthly news letter.

**Mr. Frederick C. Alexander, Jr.**, 339 Washington St., N.E., Albuquerque, N. M., is historian for Sandia Corporation, an AEC ordnance design company. During World War II he was a technical writer for various aircraft concerns. His hobby is travel in the U. S. southwest and along the west coast of Mexico. He learned of the Westerners, and has become a Denver CM, through association with CM W. Alan Minge, Kirtland Air Force Base historian.



**Mr. Richard J. von Bernuth**, 340 Naperville Road, Westmont, Ill., who is a test engineer for International Harvester Company, testing and developing farm tractors, has become a CM of the Denver Westerners through the influence of CM Richard B. Morris of Downers Grove, Ill. Mr. von Bernuth grew up on a ranch near Del Norte, Colo., on the site of an old Spanish town, Loma. He plans to come to Colorado this year and to do research on Loma. He is particularly interested, also, in land grants and cattle ranches in Colorado's San Luis Valley.

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**Mr. W. Keith Peterson**, 3425 S. Dahlia St., Denver 22, has applied for and received corresponding membership in the Denver Westerners. He was moved to apply because of the influence of CM William Van Duzer, and by reading Westerner publications in the Denver Public Library. CM Peterson is an Assistant Attorney for the City and County of Denver. He is especially interested in Denver's history. His hobby is photography. He has recorded on 35mm color-film historical data, sites and structures pertinent to the history of the city.

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**Mr. Ralph C. Rounds**, P.O. Box 700, Wichita Falls 1, Kans., has (at the suggestion of Sheriff Erl H. Ellis) joined the Denver Westerners as a corresponding member. CM Rounds is vice-president of Rounds & Porter Lumber Company and its numerous subsidiaries, with particular interest in the development of Breckenridge, Colo., and its ski area. He is president of the Fort Burgwin Research Center, and is active in the study of western history, archeology, anthropology, paleontology, and in scientific work in the Southwest. Hobbies: skiing, golfing, hunting, flying, fishing.

**Mr. Robert L. Akerley**, 3321 Oneida St., Denver 6, became interested in The Westerners through listening to Bryant McFadden, Dick Ronzio and John Murphy. He is now a CM, interested in ghost towns, Colorado military history, and early railroads. He is chief preparator, Department of Graphic Design at the Denver Museum of Natural History, where he translates into exhibits the designs drawn up by the department's curator. He is vice-president of the Denver chapter of the Colorado Archaeological Society, a member of the Colorado Mountain Club and the Colorado Ghost Town Club (Denver). Hobbies: hiking; photography; collecting, documenting and exhibiting artifacts connected with Colorado's pre-history and early history.

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**Mr. Clarence E. Macy**, 1145 Race St., Denver 6, is a retired Foreign Service Officer, U.S. Department of State. He has become a CM through the influence of CM William D. Powell. He is interested and active in preservation of natural resources, watersheds, scenic recreation areas, and in setting aside wilderness areas that will be accessible only by using horseback and pack animals. He has published a History of Pioneer Colorado Masonry. In the past he has been a railway mail clerk on many railroads no longer existent: Denver & Silver Plume (Georgetown Loop); Denver & Leadville (via Platte Canon and Boreas Pass); Salida and Ouray (Marshall Pass and the Black Canon of the Gunnison). He was a pioneer in the U.S. Military Postal Service (World War I), between Paris and Coblenz. He was a Foreign Service officer in West Africa, South Africa, the Middle East and India. He experiments with extrasensory perception. Heaven help him!

**Mr. Glen H. Hayward**, 911 Seventh St., Golden, Colo., works for the Post-office Department. He was introduced to the Denver Westerners by CM George B. Greene, and has become a CM himself. His hobbies are guns and photography.

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A new CM of the Denver Posse is **Mr. Malcolm Miller**, 608 Fourth National Bank Bldg., Wichita 2, Kansas, who was invited in by Sheriff Erl H. Ellis. Like Ellis, the new CM is a lawyer. He is a partner in the firm of Foulston, Siefkin, Schoepel, Bartlett & Powers. Mr. Miller is particularly interested in early trails and passes, and in narrow-gauge railroads. Having had as clients individuals and corporations in the mountain states, he has become acquainted with archeologists, with several scientific projects, and with wild-life preservation. His hobbies are: hiking (especially in the old mountain passes); and tree-farming (particularly in the growing of trees and shrubs that can be propagated in southern Kansas).

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**Mr. Michael Ginsberg**, 671 River St., Mattapan, Mass., is "head of the Americana department, specializing in Western Americana." (He does not say in what institution.) He was led to become a CM by CM Bill Kelleher, western bookman, Cliffside Park, N. J. CM Ginsberg collects overland narratives and general source works of Western Americana.

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**Mr. Kenneth W. Geddes**, 404 Mining Exchange Bldg., Colorado Springs, is a lawyer. He grew up in the Cripple Creek District and now represents interests connected with same. Naturally he is interested in mining camps. PM Ray Colwell invited him to become a CM, and he did.

**Sheriff James N. Algar** of the Los Angeles Corral, The Westerners, lives at 5247 Vantage Avenue, North Hollywood, Calif. He is a producer-writer-director for Walt Disney Productions. For film narration scripts he has won nine Academy Awards. He has had published one book and many articles for magazines. He has an M.A. from Stanford University. Now he can add to the initials following his name: CM. The Denver Posse is glad to add to its rolls this proud sheriff.

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**Mr. Samuel P. Arnold**, 2270 Ash St., Denver, has become a CM by invitation of PM Fred A. Rosenstock. CM Arnold owns and operates Arnold & Company, an advertising and public relations firm. His special interest is in Bent's Fort and the Santa Fe Trail during the 1810-1860 period. He is building on his own property near Denver a replica of Bent's Old Fort. His hobbies include sports cars, recorded Indian music, Spanish colonial furniture. He has had many articles published in U. S. and British magazines. On Mr. Arnold's application blank is a mysterious note: "Sent to jail (four hours) on charge of cruelty to turtles. (Yale University.)" This is the first intimation Roundup has had that Yale ever went in for hot-footing terrapin to make them race. Let it be the last.

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**Mr. Bill Burchardt** was introduced to the Westerners by PM Forbes Parkhill, and has now become a Denver CM. Burchardt's address is State Capitol, Box 3125, Oklahoma City, Okla. He is editor of "Oklahoma Today Magazine." He is especially interested in the history and traditions of the Indian people who now reside within the boundaries of Oklahoma. He is author of numerous short stories, articles and novelettes.

**Mr. Marvin W. Armstrong**, 512-A East 19th Ave., Amarillo, Texas, is assistant chief engineer of Station KGNC (AM, FM and TV), Amarillo. He has been on this job for more than 24 years. During the Second World War he was a captain in the Signal Corps, U.S. Army. He learned of the Denver Westerners through reading the posse's brand books, through reading about the Westerners in Denver papers, and through John J. Lipsey. He is especially interested in Colorado narrow-gauge railroad history, in Colorado ghost towns, and in Colorado and New Mexico mining history. Now he is a CM. He is a rock-hound, grows cactus. (Does cactus really need help?) His other hobbies: travelling in southwest, making 35-mm color pictures, enlarging his western library. He has been a radio amateur for 30 years, now operates Station W5IWK.

**Mr. Otis Gaylord**, P.O. Box 216, Glenwood Springs, Colo., became a Denver CM through the influence of Henry Hough, for a long time a Denver posseman. Gaylord is advertising manager of the Glenwood Springs Sage. He has published works on savages, half-breeds, and Yancey (under the pen-name of Peter Dawson). Altogether he has had published nine books; has written for TV; and done extensive newspaper feature work. One of his hobbies is the preservation of historical landmarks, buildings and sites throughout the West.

**Mr. Ken H. Nordling**, 1371 S. Edison Way, Denver 22, was introduced to the Denver Westerners by his friend, CM Royce D. Sickler, and is now a CM. He is assistant controller of the Capitol Life Insurance Company. He is especially interested in the early history of investment and insurance companies in mining districts.

**Mr. Ray L. Newburn, Jr.**, 4419 Lowell Ave., La Crescenta, Calif., is an astronomer working as a group leader in the Planetary Studies Section, Division of the Space Sciences of Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory. Primarily, he is researching areas in which information is needed for the designing of planetary spacecraft. (Now you know.) Only 29 years of age, he has already had published articles in the journals of astronomical and space-age societies. An ardent philatelist, he has also published numerous articles in the best-known philatelic magazines. His specialty in this field is the postal history of Colorado and Nevada. He is also interested in ghost towns and railroads in these states. Another hobby of his is classical organ music. He came to know about the Denver Westerners through their annual Brand Books, and through the activities of Nolie Mumey, Don Bloch and other Denver PMs. So, he is now himself a CM.

Denver Westerners welcome to corresponding membership **Margaret Ritner Flick (Mrs. R. E.)** of Parlin, Colo., who is a retired teacher. She has published a brief history of Gunnison County in the Encyclopedia of Colorado; is the original conductor of a newspaper column, now ten years old, "On the Q-T," and from 1938 to 1943 was local editor of the Gunnison Courier. She collects relics, heirlooms, historical documents, dishes, etc., pertaining to pioneer life in the Gunnison country. She weaves, she writes, she paints. She became acquainted with the Westerners through association with CM Wallace D. Foster, editor and publisher of the Gunnison News-Champion and Courier.

The word "hope" includes both expectation and desire, so don't write "hope and wish" unless you intend to be tautological.

## EDITOR REVEALS CONTENTS OF DENVER WESTERNERS' FORTHCOMING ANNUAL BRAND BOOK

Don L. Griswold, Editor of the Denver Westerners' Annual Brand Book for 1961, has announced the contents of the new volume which will be published in the fall of 1962. It seems clear that the 17th yearly volume will be a superb one, worthy to stand beside its scholarly and delightful historical predecessors. Here is a list of authors, articles and features (exclusive of illustrations, of which there will be many) that will be contained in the new publication:

### Section One: INDIAN STUDIES

Omer C. Stewart—*The Native American Church and the Law*, with descriptions of *Peyote Religious Services*. Use of peyote by members of this church has caused legal problems.

Royal B. Hassrick—*The Sioux Indians*. Manners and mores of the nineteenth-century Sioux when they were at the height of their power.

Vincil S. Lester—*Lo! The Rich Indian*. Difficulties of the twentieth-century Utes in their efforts to provide themselves the more pleasant portions of "Anglo" culture and to retain most of their own.

### Section Two: NEWSPAPER MEN MAKE COLORADO HISTORY

Barron B. Beshoar—"No Windy Promises." Michael Beshoar, pioneer doctor and druggist, established "The Colorado Chieftain" is Pueblo in 1868, not only as a news organ but also as a means of helping develop southern Colorado.

Ralph C. Taylor—*The Hoag Family of Pueblo*. Through purchases and consolidations, this family now owns and publishes "The Pueblo Chieftain" and "The Pueblo Star-Journal," out-

standing newspapers of southern Colorado.

Nolie Mumey—*The "Hogmaster Poet" of the Rockies*: A newspaper man and novelist who immortalized an era of Colorado railroading through verse and prose. Biography of Cy Warman, who wrote the famous lines, "It's day all day in the daytime, / And there is no night in Creede."

George Vest Day—*Mementos of the Dave Day Family*. The son of the illustrious editor of "The Solid Muldoon" recalls many incidents in the life of his father.

Alan Pritchard—*The Walkers of Grand Junction*. Three generations of the Walker family have built a great newspaper and hastened the development of Colorado's Western Slope.

Henry S. Fellerman—*Will C. Ferril, Newspaper Man and Historian*. His writing skill and familiarity with Colorado's history entitled the father of Thomas Hornsby Ferril to an honorable position in both his fields of endeavor.

Robert F. Richards—*Thomas Hornsby Ferril as a Journalist*. Penetrating analysis of the writings of Posseman Ferril for "The Rocky Mountain Herald."

### Section Three: ADVENTURES AND VICISSITUDES OF THE PIONEERS

Harry E. Chrisman—*I. P. (Print) Olive, Cowman*. Carefully researched biography of a toughie often misrepresented in stories and articles.

Stanley W. Zamonski and Teddy Keller—*Battle Axes of The Lord*. The backgrounds of the Mountain Meadows Massacre, together with the parts played by Indians in this tragic event.

Dean Krakel—*Letter to Antoine Janis*. Brief biographic sketch of an interesting frontiersman and scout.

Charles B. Roth—*Wild Meat for the Mines*. Extracts from the diary of Col. Frank Mayer, the hunter who supplied the wild-meat market of

Leadville in 1879. Daily entries explain the work necessary in such a business.

Charles Warren Vander Hill—*The Letters of Kirby Benedict, 1854-1865*. The Benedict letters reveal the many problems a federal judge faced when he arrived in the newly-created Territory of New Mexico, whose population was principally of Spanish and Indian descent.

*Section Four: IN THE SHADOW OF PIKES PEAK*

Lorene and Kenneth Englert—*What "Little Lunnon" Would Like to Remember—or Forget*. Happenings in the growth of Colorado Springs that indicate individualists are unpredictable.

Lester L. Williams—*Cripple Creek Conflagrations*. Graphic descriptions of the fires in early-day Cripple Creek, the two most disastrous of which did more damage in proportion to the size of the town than did many big-city fires.

William E. Carraway—*The Mutiny of the 15th Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry*. History of this regiment whose leader, Gen. William J. Palmer, entertained 271 of its survivors in Colorado Springs in 1907.

Raymond G. Colwell—*Ghost-town-itis*. A gentle reminder that searching for ghost towns can be taken too seriously.

TENTATIVE CONTENTS OF POCKET AT BACK OF BOOK:

1. Map of Cripple Creek, showing extent of two great fires.
2. Facsimile of Vol. 1, No. 1, "Colorado Chieftain."
3. Facsimile of Vol. 1, No. 1, "Rocky Mountain Herald."
4. Facsimile of Vol. 1, No. 1, "The Solid Muldoon."

"I, for one" is a silly expression, useful only in magnifying the user's ego. "I" is always singular.

**BEMIS GETS THE NEWS  
(AND EXPENSE MONEY)**

On Jan. 22, 1962, Clara McClure (columnist on the Santa Monica Daily Outlook) wrote about a copy of the Rocky Mountain News, volume 1, number 1, which she had received from a reader. The ink was hardly dry on the Outlook when Mrs. L. K. DeBus of Santa Monica called on the columnist and asked that she give the first issue to her father. Mrs. DeBus's maiden name was Betty Lou Bemis, and her father is Edwin A. Bemis, Denver Westerners posseman and publisher of the Littleton (Colo.) Independent. Columnist McClure at that moment saw no reason why she should give to a stranger a valuable historical item. But ten days later Ed Bemis showed up at the Outlook office, identified himself as executive vice-president of the Littleton Area Historical Society, and demanded the treasure for his society. Although neither Littleton nor Bemis was mentioned in that issue of the News, Clara McClure was so greatly impressed by Ed's eloquence that she gave it up to him. Volume 1, number 1 will be displayed in the museum of Ed's society.

This event gave Ed the opportunity to write a column and a half for the Independent (and thus justify the expense of his visit to California) and to get his picture in the paper.

PM Bemis used to announce at every Denver Westerner meeting that he was publisher of the Littleton Independent, "three dollars a year." All that is changed now: Masthead now says "Two years by mail \$6.00." Editor Houstoun Waring, CM, may have something to do with this outrage.

"He is a man with both feet on the ground." Such a citizen is going nowhere. He can't even walk.

### PM L. D. BAX SELLS COLOROW'S CAVE (WHERE DO WE GO FROM THERE?)

From an article by CM Houstoun Waring, in that editor's Littleton Independent for March 30, the following facts are taken:

"The giant Colorow Cave, eight miles west of the Centennial Race Track [at Littleton] may soon be converted into a church or some other use. It is proposed to place a plastic roof over the upper portions, as there is a gap of several yards in the 'ceiling.' The 'cave' is a space between up-tilted rocks so characteristic of the region south of Morrison, Colo.

"The property belongs to L. D. Bax, who plans to close a deal selling 350 acres. About 200 select homes will be built there, according to one of the developers. The cave, according to legend, was used by the Ute chief Colorow. Early settlers report that the place provided shelter for the Indians. It probably contains 2,000 to 3,000 square feet of floor, and it resembles a large room with high vaulted ceiling. Hundreds of picnic fires have been built there. As the floor is level, it has provided a good place for meeting—after tables and seats had been added.

"Maurice Frink, Director of the State Historical Society has some unsigned documents concerning the cave. According to these, Major Bradford, who was born near Nashville in 1813, came to Colorado in 1859 with a letter of credit from Russell, Majors & Waddell of Pony Express fame. Cattle belonging to this firm grazed on the surrounding slopes. Legend has it that Major Bradford brought with him three slaves, and that their remains lie in rocky graves there.

"The first westbound stage stop out of Denver was reportedly on this ranch, and travellers stopped for the night there before going up Sawmill

Gulch. A little town called Piedmont is said to have been located on the land. Bradford's purchases in this area began in 1860, with W. H. Midgah as a partner."

It is not yet clear whether sale of the cave will immediately affect the Denver Westerners' midsummer meeting, which for some years has been held in the cave through the courtesy of the owner, PM L. D. Bax.

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Mr. A. D. ("Mike") Blecha, 3427 East 16th Ave., Denver 6, became a CM through the influence of Mrs. John Barry, Sr., CM, and possemen Francis Rizzari, Dick Ronzio and Gerit Barnes. He is an Engineering Technician, Ground Water Division, Office of the Colorado State Engineer. He is especially interested in railroads, ghost towns, old mountain trails and toll roads. He has climbed 60 mountains whose elevation is more than 14,000 feet (54 of them in Colorado) and 200 whose height is between 12,000 and 14,000 feet. Other interests include walking on old railroad grades, wagon roads, and trails; and collecting postmarks from ghost towns. Stout fella!

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"I was wondering" is an expression to be avoided in speech and writing. If you mean to make a statement, make it. If you want to ask a question, ask it. But don't leave listener or reader ignorant as to your attitude or purpose.



# Westerner's Bookshelf



**THE MOFFAT ROAD**, by Edward T. Bollinger and Frederick Bauer. Sage Books, Denver, 1962. 359 pages, 7 maps, 430 illustrations. Regular edition \$15.00, limited autographed numbered edition \$20.00.

All railfans and those interested in the history in words and pictures of one of America's most colorful railroads, which started out as The Denver Northwestern & Pacific Railway Co., in 1902 and was later known as The Denver & Salt Lake Railroad Co., will find this book a must.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book concerns the operations over Rollins Pass on the Continental Divide with Corona Station on top at 11,660 feet with eating and sleeping facilities for crews and passengers.

The problems of financing and construction of this railroad under the guidance of David H. Moffat are covered well in pictures and text. The Moffat Road was unique in railroad history due to the tremendous obstacles that were overcome in the mountainous terrain, particularly in Gore Canyon and over the Continental Divide.

Following the death of David H. Moffat in 1911 the line was extended to Craig, Colorado, where construction stopped in 1913 due to lack of sufficient financial support to extend the line on to Salt Lake City and the Pacific Coast as originally projected in 1902. The mileage from Denver to Craig via the Rollins Pass route was 255 miles. The present mileage via the Moffat Tunnel is 232 miles.

The Moffat Road was a prime tourist attraction in the summer months,

but the winter months with deep snows, slides, and blizzards of the high country were different. The road was blockaded for periods of from one to six weeks at a time and there were epic battles that the railroad men who operated the trains preferred to forget.

When trains started operating thru the 6.21 mile long Moffat Tunnel in 1928, the scenic though very expensive operations over Rollins Pass came to an end and this concluded an era of mountain railroading that had no equal.

The travel guide for an automobile trip over the Rollins Pass road from East Portal of the Moffat Tunnel to Winter Park on the west side is a good addition to the book for those who care to drive over the scenic route today.

The book could have been improved considerably by the addition of a separate large-scale map showing the location of places mentioned in the text and picture captions. Otherwise the story of The Moffat Line is well covered.

B. L. McFADDEN, CM

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**A NATURALIST IN ALASKA**, by Adolph Murie, New York, The Devin-Adair Co., 302 pages, \$6.50.

A lifetime of adventure and study in the northern wilderness is reflected in this book by Adolph Murie, eminent naturalist, ecologist and biologist. In recent years Mr. Murie has studied the Alaskan fauna as field biologist for the National Park Service. He has lived with animals, trying to think as they do, and establishing an intimate relationship with the creatures, a re-

lationship that reveals their motivation in all they do.

Mr. Murie's book has no dedication, but if it did have, perhaps it would have been to the ghosts of the many animals he has trailed and studied through the years. Murie trailed his animals, wolf, bear, fox, caribou and many other species, with the cunning of an Esau but without the bloodlust of the hunter, content to observe and record what he saw.

Alaska—still a frontier and still, for the most part, a big wilderness! Here the mountain goat and wolf and caribou still wander freely—well, perhaps not as freely as in the old days, but free enough. When the author tells of his all-winter dog team trip, you can feel the love he had for his dogs, among them Irish and Dawson and Hooch. Perhaps some of his happiest days and his hardest, were spent in leading these dogs into the northern wilderness.

The wildlife information which the author records in this book was chiefly gathered at Mt. McKinley National Park, where he could still find simplicity, solitude, the feel of the weather and a close acquaintance with animals. In the author's words:

"How often have people looked longingly to that northern corner of our continent with thoughts of Arctic expeditions, glaciers, dog mushing, and far places! In McKinley Park, a choice portion of Alaskan wilds has been made accessible and, so far, mechanical facilities do not obtrude unduly. It is still possible to get away from camps and roads far enough to feel that you are in Alaska."

Any nature-lover will enjoy this book as he treks along with Adolph Murie. But he should be sure he is in condition, for in the year 1939, Murie walked 1,700 lonely miles through this rugged country.

Twenty-five action photographs of

the various animals encountered are included as well as numerous illustrations by his brother, Olaus J. Murie, an equally famous naturalist.

ARMAND W. REEDER, PM

When you talk, don't say "Agzhully" or "ackshually." If you must use this word, look up "actually" in a dictionary and pronounce it correctly. In writing, try to avoid this tired and tiresome word.

Never use the verb "convince" if what you mean is "persuade". For example, one frequently sees sentences like: "He convinced Joe to go west". What the writer should have said was: "He persuaded Joe to go West". Or, he could have written: "He convinced Joe that Joe should go west."

When you are writing, don't be afraid to use your dictionary, not only for spelling, but to find out what is the meaning of the word you are about to use. You'll often be surprised to find out it is not the word you want. Sometimes you'll be saved from embarrassment. Example: Ninety percent of the persons who use the word "hectic" haven't any idea what the basic meaning of it is. Look it up, and you may wish to avoid the use of "hectic."

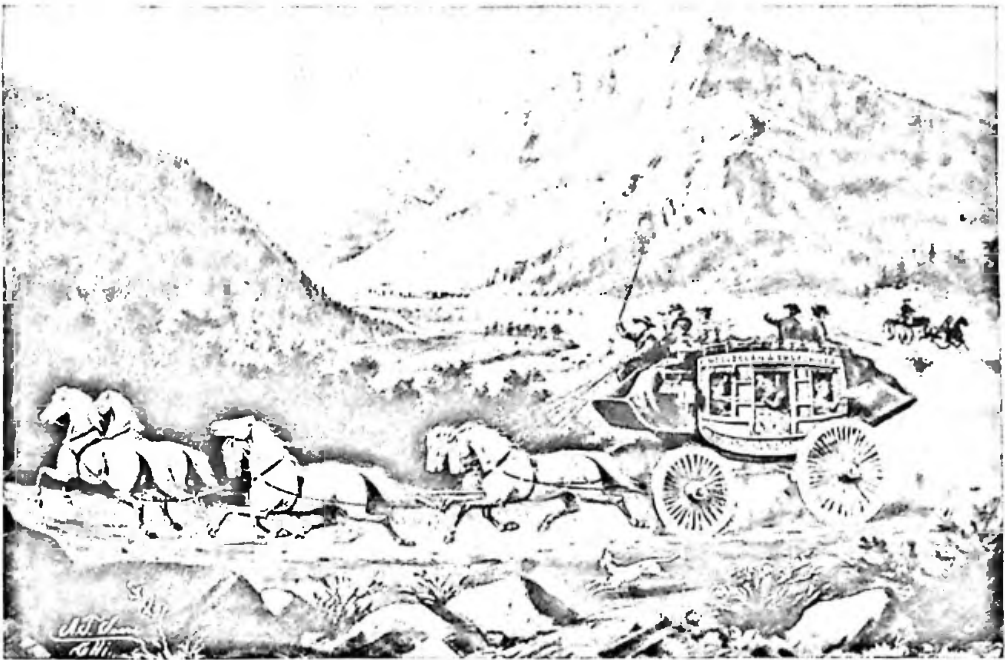
After you have written something for print, read it over three times. If you have used a word, a phrase, a sentence or a paragraph that is meaningless, repetitious, or vague, one that does not clearly convey a meaning and an idea, cut it out or rewrite it. (If you have no idea to convey to a reader, don't write.) There is a place, of course, for fuzzy writing: the fireplace. The best writing for most readers is (as TIME used to say) "clear, curt, concise."



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



May  
1962  
Vol. XVIII, No. 5



**ABOVE: A Spotswood Stage on Its Way to Leadville, Colo.**

**INSIDE: "Colonel" Robert J. Spotswood, Wagon Boss of the Rockies, by Bill Brenneman.**

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
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Please send material intended for publication in ROUNDUP to:

John J. Lipsey, 1920 Pinegrove, Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, Colo.

**JUNE MEETING**

Wednesday, June 27, 1962, at 6:30 p.m.  
Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm Place, Denver, Colo.

**THE WOUNDED KNEE TRAGEDY: ITS CAUSES AND ITS LESSONS**

By George Harries

An 1891 report by the Washington Star's Correspondent on the scene. A thrilling, enlightening, original manuscript furnished by Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson will be read by John J. Lipsey. Use the return postal mailed to you to make dinner-reservation.

**JULY MEETING**

Saturday, July 28, 1962. Cocktails (at diners' expense) 5:30 p.m. Dinner at 6:30. USAF Academy N.C.O. Mess Hall, north of Colorado Springs. Cost: \$3.00, including tax and tip. Steak and complete meal. This meeting limited to posse members and wives, and Colorado Springs area corresponding members and wives. Speaker: Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson, whose subject will be Horace Greeley, the Man Who Took His Own Advice." Material for this paper was collected by the late Elmo Scott Watson, founder of the Westerners. Complete information will be sent by first class mail.

## FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

PM Edwin A. Bemis, publisher of the Littleton Independent, furnished the photo of "Colonel" Spotswood, and the picture of one of Spotswood's stages which is used on the front cover of this issue. The front-cover picture is a copy of a painting made by an obscure artist, A. T. Sears, and given to Spotswood by Sears. The painting is now in the possession of the colonel's son, Littletonian Bob Spotswood. The coach, lettered "McClellan & Spotswood," is bound for Leadville from Morrison or from Canon City.

The University of Colorado, during commencement exercises on June 8, honored with the Norlin Award two Denver Westerners as outstanding alumni: CM Houstoun Waring, editor of the Littleton Independent; and U. S. District Judge Olin Hatfield Chilson, PM, of Loveland and Denver.

Some early birds have been sending Denver Westerners Headquarters orders and checks for the 1961 Brand Book. These are appreciated, but the posse is not yet equipped to handle such early orders. Hold on to your money for a while. Ample notice will be given in Roundup as to when to order and how much money to send. But don't miss this forthcoming volume; it's a honey!

The Editor of Roundup would be pleased to receive and consider for publication brief articles that might be of interest to Denver corresponding and posse members. Especially desired just now are pieces about cattle and cattlemen in Colorado.

Denver Westerners have been impressed with the dignity and dispatch with which Sheriff Erl H. Ellis conducts meetings. He is as calm and as positive as a supreme court justice. By hard work in preparation he makes proceedings move along but deprives no one of the privilege of speech.

CM Cadwell Burl House of Boulder, when he sent in his check for \$3.50 for his annual Denver Westerner dues, wrote: "Sorry I am unable to attend meetings, but the monthly Roundup makes up for that." Thank you, Mr. House!

One of the brightest of library publications is "Rodgers Library Notes," published quarterly by William Swilling Wallace. Librarian and Archivist of the Rodgers Library, New Mexico Highlands University, Las Vegas, N. M. Bill Wallace's contributions are always helpful, sometimes amusing. Lead article in the April 1962 number is "Our Regional Literature" by C. Leland Sonnichsen of Texas Western College, El Paso, Texas. A mighty good piece!

In a letter to Sheriff Erl H. Ellis, CM Allison Chandler of Salina, Kansas (who attended a recent dinner meeting of the Denver Posse), mentioned several things that impressed him at the meeting: the fine, large dinner; the open-forum discussion following Bill Brenneman's excellent paper on Stage Line Operator Spotswood; the cordiality with which he (at first a stranger) was welcomed and talked with. He did not like the heat in the dining-room, considering it a bad ad for air-conditioned Colorado. He looks forward to next January, when he expects to present to the posse a paper about old Como and King Park (Colorado).

### CALIFORNIAN COMES TO DENVER POSSE'S DEFENSE AGAINST NEW YORKER'S ATTACK

In the Westerners New York Posse Brand Book, vol. 9, No. 1, just issued, South Pass Pete (Peter Decker) wrote:

"Troubled are we on why the Denver Westerners, and others, keep going on their misogynous way. All are good homebodies, one is sure, but a search through the Denver Westerners publications reveals not a single article by a woman; and two of the best historians in the state are women—Agnes Wright Spring and Caroline Bancroft. As a fellow says: Pourquoi?"

This complaint outraged our friend and corresponding member, Michael Harrison of Fair Oaks, Calif. He wrote, on May 15, a satiric and funny letter to Old Pete, which included a four-page bibliography of articles by women published by the Denver Westerners. The period covered only Brand Books and Roundups from 1947 to the present, but there are 60 separate articles. The women-authors include:

Mary Jackson English, Ann W. Lafen, Dolores Renze, Lavincia Bent, Jorma L. Flynn, Velma Linford, E. Boyd, Agnes Wright Spring, Caroline Bancroft, Muriel S. Wolle, Mari Sandoz, Janet LeCompte, Ruth Beckwith, Bernice Martin, Mollie Sanford, Virginia Lee Wilcox, Lucile Hathaway Hall, Marian Talmadge, Iris Gilmore, Mary Lyons Cairns, Abby L. Kernochan, Dorothy Dengler, Sara E. Robbins, Billie Barnes Jensen, Ida Libert Uchill, Jean Griswold, Alma K. Schneider, Frances Melrose, Carrie Scott Ellis, Lorene Englert, Mary Scott, June E. Carothers, Laura M. Bickerstaff, Louise Catt Linn, Louisa Ward Arps, Josie Moore Crum, Lillian de la Torre, Maxine Benson and Gertrude Berger Sayre.

Mike Harrison concludes: "I would say that the women of Colorado (and

New York) are well-represented in Denver publications. Can any other corral better this record? Better head for the Pass, Pete. If the Denver outfit ever catches up with you, you're daid."

To which Roundup's editor will add only the suggestion that famed bookseller and experienced editor Peter Decker might try switching to bourbon.

Thanks, Mike!

### BILL BRENNEMAN PROTESTS

"Having read with interest your tips on writing, the April issue of Roundup persuades me that you ackshually are only minutes away from speaking in terms of a semantic dissertation, instead of a clear, curt, concise circumlocution of Western history, the reason for which I was wondering."

Bill Brenneman, an experienced writer and editor, knows damned well that fillers are needed to justify (fill out) a column or a page. So he violates as many Lipsey canons of writing as possible in the above clever paragraph. Western writing (as well as other scribbling) can be improved by the employment of good English.—The Editor.

The editor offers his apologies to CM Ralph C. Rounds for allowing his address to go into print as "Wichita Falls, Kansas." It should have been entered as P.O. Box 700, Wichita 1, Kansas. Both Texas and Kansas would probably object to our futile effort to move Wichita Falls from Texas to Kansas. Mr. Rounds will probably be found by the P. O. Department at Breckenridge, Colo., this summer. He is doing his successful best to make Breckenridge a tourist center, summer and winter.

# "COLONEL" ROBERT J. SPOTSWOOD, WAGON BOSS OF THE ROCKIES

By BILL BRENNEMAN



Spotswood



Brenneman

William G. (Bill) Brenneman is Tallyman (Treasurer and Keeper of the Rolls) of the Denver Posse of Westerners, and one of the most enthusiastic, active and useful possemen. He is a writer of experience and skill who for some years has had a successful career as newspaperman, magazine-writer and producer of publicity that brings travellers from the super-heated states to Colorado and makes the travellers happy. He is Assistant Manager of the Colorado Visitors Bureau (Denver). His hobby is the assembly and preservation of Colorado history. Beginning on this page is his latest opus, in which he celebrates a neglected stage-line operator who helped to furnish transportation for travellers to many parts of the West, especially in Colorado. In fact Robert J. Spotswood was, without knowing it, one of the earliest members of a Colorado visitors' bureau. No wonder Bill Brenneman was impelled to write about Spotswood. The paper was read at

the April 25, 1962, meeting of the Denver Westerners.

—The Editor

Some months ago, primarily as a result of a campaign carried on by Posseman Ed Bemis and his Littleton Independent, the city fathers of Littleton voted to change the names of several of their principal streets to memorialize leading historical figures of that area.

A number of citizens were dis-

mayed at one change in particular: from Lincoln Street to Spotswood Street. Spotswood was too long, it would be too hard to remember, and who the devil was this Spotswood character anyway?

Perhaps if they could have answered this question they might have had a somewhat different feeling about the new name. For Robert J. Spotswood was one of the West's most colorful pioneers and, had he been blessed with the same flair for showmanship as a Kit Carson or a Buffalo Bill Cody, his name might be as prominent in the annals of the West as are theirs.

Over a Western career that spanned more than 50 years, "Colonel" Spotswood, as he came to be known, was an Indian fighter, a stage messenger, a rancher, a town founder, and a businessman. But, above all, he was a wagon master. His name is linked with many of the noted places and incidents in the history of the West: the Overland Mail; the battle of Ash Hollow; the Mountain Meadows Massacre; Leadville; Fairplay; Virginia Dale; Julesburg; Fort Kearney and Fort Laramie. He was an associate and friend of Territorial Governor Evans, General Grenville Dodge, and General Harney. The routes traversed by his stages and wagons now are among the most heavily-traveled highways in the West.

Comparatively little has been written about Colonel Spotswood and his life. The prime source material is contained in a manuscript which he dictated to the late Albert Sanford, a former curator of the Colorado State Historical Museum, during Spotswood's final illness in 1910—a paper from which I shall draw liberally. Ed Bemis also drew from this material in an article for the Denver Westerners' 1952 Brand Book. Other references may be found in Frank A. Root's "The Overland Stage to California,"

published in 1901; Hall's "History of Colorado"; an article by Sanford in the March, 1932, issue of Colorado Magazine; in newspaper articles published in the 1870s and 1880s, and in Hafen's "Colorado and Its People."

Colonel Spotswood was born October 25, 1838, at Sperryville in Spotsylvania County, Virginia. He was a descendant of Governor Alexander Spotswood of Virginia who fought at the Battle of Blenheim and was deputy quartermaster general under the Duke of Marlborough. Alexander's services were rewarded by Royal appointment to be Governor of Virginia in 1710. Colonel Spotswood's father was Norman Baron Spotswood, regimental surgeon of the Petersburg Blues during the War of 1812.

When the younger Spotswood was eight years old, his family left the old home in Virginia, to travel by wagon over the Blue Ridge Mountains to the Big Kanaka [Great Kanawha?] thence by small steamer to Cairo by way of the Ohio, and then to St. Louis. From there, they traveled up the Missouri River, to a point in Boone County, Missouri, about 10 miles from Columbia. Doctor Spotswood opened a drug store and became a leading citizen of the community. Young Bob attended public schools until he was sixteen, and then entered the University of Missouri.

Bob barely had turned seventeen when he had the first of his long series of adventures in the then Wild West. In the mid-fifties, Indian troubles began on the Plains, and General Harney was sent against them with 2000 troops. Young Bob Spotswood was one of a number of young men, eager to see the West, who joined the supply train which was sent with the Army.

Harney's command was well-armed and equipped when it encountered a large force—Spotswood remembered it as being several thousand—of Sioux,

Cheyennes, and Pawnees. His description of the battle which ensued, as dictated to Sanford more than a half century later, was vivid and dramatic:

"The Indians, believing in their ability to handle the soldiers, made rapid preparation for battle. The squaws and papooses were sent across the river and the warriors prepared to charge. General Harney had already formed his line of troopers. Riding along in front of them, only one order was given, and that to spare none. From the valley came the war cries of the Indians. Naked except about the hips, armed with bows, arrows, and spears, with a few old guns, mounted on native ponies, they charged, hideous in war paint and eagles' feathers. One word from Harney and hundreds of sabers glistened in the morning sun; another, the bugle sounded the charge, and with swords and pistols met the savage front; and then began a slaughter of Indians long to be remembered on the Plains."

Official reports later placed the number of Indians killed at 800 to 1000. Spotswood estimated, however, that twice this number was killed—and no wounded were left. Some 150 troopers were killed or died from wounds. Spotswood himself participated in the slaughter. Again, in his words:

"The wagon train was at some distance from the battlefield. I stood on the seat of one of the wagons watching the fight. I saw the clash of spear and saber; I heard the rattle of carbines and revolvers, and the awful war-cries of the Indians. Through the dust and smoke, I saw the fight was going our way. I was oblivious of my surroundings, and then yells from the rear of our train brought me to realize that those of us with the wagon train had not been overlooked by the Indians, and there was a spectacular proposition on with us. A remnant of

the band of Indians had made a detour with the view of destroying our wagons and stampeding the stock. We all dropped into the wagon beds knowing that we had to fight for our lives until help came from Harney's troops. I had hardly settled myself in the bottom of the wagon when I saw one big buck single me out. Several arrows struck the wagon; on he came evidently thinking I was unarmed. I had a six-shooter and didn't take chances on missing him by firing at his head. He was so close that I could see his eyes. I aimed lower and it was a good shot—my first Indian tumbled from his horse almost at the wagon wheels."

Spotswood went on to say that the train was saved by the soldiers—and Sanford asked him if he had got "any more" Indians. "Well," he answered, "I know of two more; I shot at others."

After this campaign, Spotswood returned home for a time, but the lure of the West seized him again in 1857 when, after the Mountain Meadows Massacre in Utah, General Albert Sidney Johnston with an army was ordered to proceed from Fort Leavenworth to Salt Lake City. Spotswood joined the force as a teamster. Without incident, the force crossed the Great Plains by way of the Big Blue, Little Sandy, and Platte to Fort Kearney and on west over South Pass. Spotswood recalled seeing Mormon fortifications as the expedition went through Echo Canon, but there was no attack.

The army turned south at Weber River and crossed the Divide at what is now known as Soldier Summit. From here, the troops had to build their road as they went, but Provo was reached in October, and General Johnston was surprised to find that the Mormons were ready to make peace and, in fact, showed every indication of friendship and wil-

lingly sold supplies of fresh vegetables, fruits and meat. The command moved into Jordan and arranged for winter quarters—but Spotswood and some 15 other young men found the enforced idleness of life in camp not to their liking. So, against all advice, with winter hard upon them, they decided to make the 1000-mile return trip to Leavenworth.

They purchased several mules and a few old wagons which had been condemned by the army; loaded up with provisions, and started their long journey of which Spotswood later was to say: "As I look back on that trip, I cannot understand how we ever survived its earlier stages. We were all in perfect health and strength and determined to reach home again. This of itself might have made it possible, but I feel would not have availed much had not Providence been with us."

The party managed well until after it passed Fort Bridger, where a sudden snowstorm was followed by bitter cold. Forage was scarce and, after a few days, the mules started to give out. Some froze to death, and others had to be killed. With the mules gone, the party abandoned all supplies except what they could carry on their backs. The cold grew more intense; their trek became a race against death. Without shelter, they spent their nights huddled around campfires. For a full week they suffered, but at last reached Poison Springs, the last crossing on the Overland Trail, where a Frenchman named Louis Guinard maintained a stopping place. Here they rested and stuffed themselves on such delicacies as dried buffalo, antelope, and buffalo fat. But prices were tremendously high and, after three days, they outfitted themselves for the 100-mile dash to Deer Creek. The cold grew worse, and some of the men had frozen ears and feet. One man had to be carried

on an improvised stretcher for two days.

At Fort Laramie, the worst of the journey was behind. The garrison showered the little party with every attention—new clothing, shoes, medical supplies, and food. Next stop was at Ash Hollow, where a trading post had been established following the battle. Spotswood conveyed an idea of its size with the comment that more than 500 bales of buffalo robes were piled up awaiting spring shipment to Kansas City. The party finally reached Leavenworth and disbanded, Spotswood returning to his home to discover that his father had died in his absence, and his mother had removed to St. Louis.

By now, the Civil War was approaching. Spotswood, with his strong ties to Virginia, was troubled as to whether he should take up arms against his own blood, or be disloyal to his nation's flag. In addition, that particular area of Missouri where the Spotswoods had settled was populated largely by Virginians and other Southerners and, as a matter of fact, that five-county area of Central Missouri is known to this day as "Little Dixie." (Having spent some years in Boone County myself, I can testify that the Civil War still is fought regularly in that area.)

At any rate, Spotswood finally made his decision: He would join neither side. Instead, he would return to the mountains and plains which he had learned to love.

This time, with the savings he had accumulated on his previous expeditions, he went to Atchison, which was coming into prominence as an outfitting place for the westward-bound emigrants. Atchison must have been a roaring town in those days; its population included soldiers, teamsters, emigrants of every nationality, noted bad men. The Overland Mail started from here every 10 days, and



wagon trains commenced the journey west in units of 26 wagons, each pulled by six oxen or four mules. Spotswood bought a pair of mules, a wagon, a supply of vegetables and apples, and started for Fort Kearney, garrisoned at this time by the Second Regiment of Dragoons under the command of Colonel May. Despite the objections of the sutler, Colonel May (who had known his family in Virginia) gave Spotswood permission to sell his products to the troops. This he did, making a tidy profit of \$900.

Then he returned to Atchison for another load, which he disposed of for \$1500, including the wagon and mules. During his visits to Atchison, he became acquainted with the Brown Brothers, who had started a saw mill there. One story that Spotswood liked to recall involved one of the Browns who was town marshal. The marshal discovered that the infamous Quantrill was in town and, while attempting to apprehend him, suddenly found himself at the business end of Quantrill's gun. Quantrill boldly paraded through the town, gun at the marshal's head, threatening to shoot if anyone made a move to interfere. No one did. Quantrill escaped, and Marshal Brown survived to sell groceries in Denver.

After a brief and final visit with his mother—who now was living in Kentucky—Spotswood returned to Atchison, and was hired as wagon master of an ox train for Bivens and Miller at \$100 per month. During the succeeding year, he made three round trips to Denver from Fort Leavenworth via the South Platte. While in Denver, he stayed at the old Planters' Hotel kept by Jim McNassar.

It was now the spring of 1861, and the war was in progress. Spotswood's services as a wagon master were becoming known, and he was given the task of buying three hundred oxen for a freight company headquartered in St. Joseph. He secured the oxen, and

then headed a huge outfit on the overland trek to Salt Lake City. Back in Atchison, General B. M. Hughes had been appointed manager of the Overland Stage Company and, through the general's son, Andy, Spotswood got a job as messenger on the express stage to Denver.

This express coach had been built especially for the purpose of carrying valuables between the new gold camps of Colorado and the civilization of the Midwest. In effect, it was a cage on wheels, with heavy iron doors on one side, and an iron safe on the front. On its weekly runs, it had not only a driver, but did have a heavily-armed messenger, selected on the basis of his courage, honesty, and experience.

This was Spotswood's new assignment. He made his first run to Denver in November of 1861, covering the distance in six days and six nights, with a cargo which included some \$50,000 in cash. During the day, and frequently at night, he rode on the outside with the driver. The hazard of falling to sleep was such that he fashioned himself a wide belt, and wore it around his waist, the belt fastened to the seat to save himself from nasty spills.

Spotswood made several such trips, carrying as much as \$160,000 in gold. Though he never lost a penny, to bandits or otherwise, he had numerous brushes with danger and, in fact, once suffered an injury to a shoulder which he carried throughout the rest of his life, the result of a runaway coach which turned over and threw him into a creek bed at the bottom of a long hill. (In later years, Spotswood, whose sense of humor never waned, told the bright-eyed youngsters of the Littleton area—such as Ed Bemis—that he carried his head sideways as a result of looking over his opponents' heads in poker games to see what was in their hands.)

About this time, the Union Army came through Kansas looking for recruits. Spotswood was approached. On the advice of General Hughes, Spotswood left for Denver, where the General told him he would receive new orders from the Overland headquarters. He left—and his stage made the first 10 miles out of Atchison in an hour flat.

As he stepped off the stage at the Planters' House, he was handed a wire from General Hughes, appointing him superintendent of the Julesburg Division of the Overland Stage Line with headquarters at Fremont's Orchard. From June of 1862 until June of 1863, he ran this division and established the remarkable record of never losing an express package or a dollar entrusted to his charge. The record could have been different, however, had it not been for the timely assistance on one occasion of the passengers on one of his stages—passengers who included Hiram P. Bennett, the first judge of the People's court in Denver.

Spotswood was riding messenger, with some eight or nine passengers and around \$50,000 in gold. At the summit of Grasshopper Hill, a rancher acquaintance of Spotswood flagged them to a stop, asking if this was "messenger day." Again, quoting Spotswood's last interview with Sanford:

"Why?" Spotswood asked the rancher.

"Well," was the reply, "if it is messenger day, look out for a bunch of Jayhawkers and Redlegs in a grove just over the hill."

Spotswood turned to his passengers.

"You are all armed," he said. "You hear what he says; are you ready to go it with me?"

Each and everyone answered in the affirmative, and Spotswood, seated near the driver with a double-barreled shotgun across his lap, gave the signal

to start, adding: "Do not fire until I do, but be ready."

As the stage approached the grove, it became obvious to the bandits that their victims had been forewarned. Nevertheless, they fired a few scattered shots at the stage, whereupon Spotswood ordered a halt, his passengers leaped to the ground, and a volley was fired into the woods. The bandits scattered—and Spotswood and his army continued to their destination without harm.

Spotswood's next appointment was as Division Superintendent for Denver West, known as the Ben Holladay Line, extending from Denver to Salt Lake City. Spotswood's division ran 226 miles, leading from Denver across a point near where is now the Fifteenth Street Bridge, over the bluff in what is now North Denver, and thence on a generally straight line to Laporte, located at the mouth of the Poudre Canon west of Fort Collins. From there, it went northwest to Virginia Dale and Laramie, and thence westward. As superintendent, Spotswood was required to keep a constant check on all stations, which were located about 10 miles apart, and for this purpose was furnished a buckboard and a fast team of horses. Stages usually carried 10 or 12 passengers—or more, by putting some on the outside—and, since Indians and bad men were ever-present dangers, the stage line provided weapons to those passengers who boarded unarmed. On occasion, mounted escorts were also provided.

Spotswood particularly liked to recall one skirmish with the Indians at the famous Virginia Dale outpost—an incident which illustrated once again not only his own sense of humor, but also the fashion in which the Indians caught on to the ways of the white man.

As Spotswood put it, the Indians were becoming familiar with ordinary

fire-arms, but their knowledge of a cannon was as limited as their respect for it was enormous.

"Scouts had warned the people at Virginia Dale of approaching Indians," Spotswood related. "The stock had been quickly gathered within an enclosure, and every precaution had been taken to repulse them. First, a few arrows were fired at the horses and cattle. Here and there, the Indians could be seen creeping or running from rock to rock or gaining some point of vantage behind the pine trees. They had not as yet approached near enough to draw the fire of the station men, and it was evident that a plan was being carried out to gradually close in. Someone in a moment conceived the idea of making them believe they were confronted by a cannon.

"It happened there was [sic] the rear wheels and axle of a light wagon stored in a shed adjoining the main building. Two or three joints of stock pipe were attached to this, and it was otherwise prepared to represent a deadly machine. Now the Indians had approached closer and evidently were preparing for a charge. The doors of the shed were swung apart, and a half dozen men pushed this 'artillery' into the yard. Hastily, it was 'loaded' and trained upon the hillside; that was enough to inspire the highest respect, and no more trouble was experienced from the Indians at that point."

It was during Spotswood's tenure on the Holladay Line that he participated in what surely must have been one of the most unusual hangings in the history of the West.

Bob Jennings was a hunter employed by the line to keep the stations supplied with fresh meat. A good hunter but a bad man otherwise, Jennings shot and killed a man named Hod Russell, keeper of the station at Rattlesnake Pass, during an argument which developed over a

poker game. Spotswood determined, after investigation, that it was a case of cold-blooded murder, and so informed General Grenville Dodge, then commander of the Army Department. The latter ordered Jennings brought in. Spotswood engaged Bill Comstock, another hunter and scout, to find Jennings. With the help of Indian friends, Comstock was able to make the capture, and the slayer eventually was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged at Fort Hallock.

This post had no regular gallows—and Jennings' reputation was such that the officer in charge wanted a quick execution before the wily woodsman could plan an escape. Lacking a gallows, the resourceful frontiersmen used the next best thing. On the parade ground was a long sweep-pole which the soldiers had used to hoist quarters of beef to be above the dust of the post. A rope was attached to one end of this pole . . . and the noose at the other end of the rope went around Jennings' neck. At a given signal, a dozen pairs of hands jerked Jennings high above the ground, and thus was justice served. (As a footnote, Spotswood commented wryly that the body was left hanging from the sweep-pole for two days to warn "other men of like disposition to leave the country or suffer the same fate.")

By this time, changes were coming to the infant West. The era of railroad construction had come. Denver was connected with the main line of the Union Pacific at Cheyenne; the Kansas Pacific stretched across the Plains to Kansas City. The Colorado Central reached Black Hawk and Central City. The Denver and Rio Grande was snaking south and southwest.

The old Overland Stage was virtually a thing of the past—and Spotswood turned his energies to new fields, the mining camps of Colorado. A brief

item in The Rocky Mountain News of Oct. 13, 1872, reported the beginnings of what was to be Spotswood's greatest achievement in the infant transportation history of the West. It read:

"Messrs Spotswood, [J. W.] Bogue, and [William C.] McClellan have bought from the Colorado Stage Co. their line of stages from Denver to Fairplay and the Southern Mines, and will take formal possession in a few days."

Three days later, the same paper reported that the new owners would run their stages three times a week between Denver and Fairplay, Colorado Springs and Fairplay, Canon City and Fairplay, and Hamilton and Breckenridge. In the easy editorial fashion of the day, the News went on to comment: "There are not three more experienced stage men in the West, and with whatever line they may be connected, the public may rest assured that it will be run in a most satisfactory manner."

The initial route ran from Colorado Springs to Canon City, and thence up the Arkansas River to Granite and Oro, serving the placer camps along the river enroute. By early 1873, they also had established a Denver-Fairplay route, by way of Morrison, Turkey Creek, and South Park. It was during the establishment of this route that Spotswood was the target of some light-hearted fun-making on the part of the News.

Due to what that paper called an epidemic of the "epizootic" there was a shortage of horses. Wells Fargo and other large users of beasts of burden had bought up all available mules. Spotswood was forced to resort to oxen to keep his new route going. On a January day, just east of the crest of Kenosha Pass, the oxen stampeded, throwing Spotswood, his lone passenger, the mail and express into a snowdrift. The News, in reporting the accident, could not refrain

from referring to the colonel's service as the "Spotswood Oxpess."

In 1874, Governor Evans got his Denver & South Park railroad as far as Morrison, which town became the eastern terminus of the Denver-Fairplay run. When the railhead reached Pine Grove, the eastern terminus was moved to that point.

Silver kicked off the big Leadville boom in 1877, and Spotswood and his associates were the first to appreciate the need for a stage line into the new camp. He hurried to Washington, got the government mail contract, and purchased new equipment and horses. He started daily service, running from the railroad at Pine Grove by way of Como and Weston Pass to Leadville. Demands of the new camp quickly forced twice-daily service and, eventually, before the railroad reached Leadville, he was running five coaches daily, carrying an average of 100 persons besides the express and mail matter. In Sanford's words, it's doubtful that there was "a like record of stage service under the conditions as was given to the public at that time by Bob Spotswood and his associates."

Continuing Sanford's citation:

"The little narrow gauge trains from Denver would arrive at the terminal point laden with people wild to reach Leadville. Money was plentiful. It was not a question so much of the cost as it was to secure transportation or shipment of goods. It was at this period that the splendid executive ability of Bob Spotswood was shown. Nothing escaped his notice, and he could tell at a glance if stage or freight wagon was overloaded; if a horse had cast a shoe, his eye would detect it in a moment. It must be remembered that a large number of stage drivers were employed, many of them rough and difficult at times to manage, but somehow they all bowed down to the 'Colonel'. . . .

"If he had a counterpart in the

great work of transportation in those days, it was in the person of Governor Evans. He was at the head of the South Park Railroad. One day, the Governor went to Webster, then the terminal of the road. Meeting Colonel Spotswood, he told him of the enormous duty devolving upon himself and his associates in running the railroad. Spotswood replied: 'Why, Governor, I have got more work in hauling to Leadville what you turn over to me from your railroad than you can imagine, and I would rather run three such railroads such as you have down the canon than to do what I am doing every day.' The Governor thought this over, and then replied: 'Well, Bob, I guess you are right.'"

For a time, the Spotswood line had no competition in the lucrative Leadville business. Then Wall and Witter started a second line, but traffic was so great that Spotswood barely noticed the difference. Frequently, his waybills on express matter alone would amount to more than 1000 a day.

When the Denver & Rio Grande finally reached Leadville via the Royal Gorge, Spotswood retired, and all the equipment of the line was sold to Wall & Witter and Barlow & Sanderson. This was to mark the end of Bob Spotswood's days as a wagon boss. The foregoing account has touched only briefly upon a few highlights of an adventure-filled career. Far more detail might be extracted from the days, for example, when Bob Spotswood was the so-called "emergency" man for the Ben Holladay Stage Line—Denver West.

It was in early May of 1864, for example, when Holladay was awarded the mail contract between Salt Lake City and Virginia City, Montana. He took the contract on the basis that he would start the service July 1—and for every day thereafter that he

failed to make the trip, he would forfeit \$500.

He notified Spotswood, back in Missouri, that stock, stage, wagons, and supplies must be in Salt Lake City by July 1. The task looked hopeless—but Spotswood set himself to it. He gathered up supplies, including 290 mules, 30 stages, and 10 lumber wagons, and started on the long overland haul, by way of Fort Kearney, Fort Laramie, and old Julesburg, which he reached June 2. Despite flooding waters on the Sweetwater, he managed to swim the mules and float the stages across and he reached Salt Lake on June 29. The next day, the coaches were headed toward Virginia City.

There was another sequel to his story as a wagon boss. In May of 1898, the Littleton Independent reported that the Senate Committee on Postoffices and Postal Affairs had reported out favorably a bill awarding \$28,260 to Robert J. Spotswood and heirs of William C. McClellan of Colorado as added compensation for the transportation of mails from Morrison to Fairplay and from Fairplay to Leadville during 1878 and 1879.

Following the sale of his rolling stock, Spotswood bought 520 acres on Bear Creek, southwest of Denver, and moved there with his bride, the former Miss Jessie Broad. In 1887, he sold a part of this acreage to the United States Government, and it was on this acreage that Fort Logan was built. Later, the balance was sold to J. K. Mullen, and the Mullen School now is located on this land.

After the sale to J. K. Mullen, he bought 160 acres from John G. Lilley, west of Littleton, and developed this as a stock farm. During this period, he was active in the development of the town of Wynetka. He and other residents of the area knew that Littleton was to be incorporated and, not

wanting to become a part of Littleton, they rushed through their own incorporation proceedings. Wynetka lasted two years, and then was dissolved—and this area is now part of the town of Columbine Valley.

In 1890, he started the business block at the corner of Main and Curtice in Littleton. Portions of this block still remain. For some years he was on the board of directors of the old Rough and Ready Flour Mill which stood just west of Santa Fe Drive until fire leveled it a few years ago. During his later years, he moved to a home on North Curtice in Littleton, but spent much of his time at Wolcott on the Eagle River. He died in Littleton on April 17, 1910.

Those who knew him recall the Colonel as having been "a gentleman in every respect." A meticulous dresser, and well-spoken, he was equally at home in an Indian fight, a stable brawl, or a melee with a bunch of rough and ready, hard-cussing teamsters. His photographs show him as a handsome, dark-haired man, looking much younger than his then sixty years, with a well-tended thatch of dark hair, and a fullblown broom of a black mustache. His lips were set and determined.

Yet, in his eyes there lurked the gleam of mischief, of fun, of enjoyment. In his total appearance was the demeanor of a man who truly must have been known as—and lived as—a true hero of the golden days of the West.

## A GOLD-PLATED MAGAZINE

The Colorado Mountain Club was born in 1912, and a young squirt named James Grafton Rogers was its first president. This year the CMC celebrated its Golden Anniversary with the issuance of its monthly publication, Trail and Timberline, in a gold-plated cover. This April issue was filled with historical articles, one of which was a reprint of a portion of An Account of an Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains (first published in 1823) by Dr. Edwin James. The portion reprinted was Dr. James' account of his ascent of Pikes Peak (July 13-14, 1820).

Since this is the first recorded ascent of a 14,000-foot mountain in Colorado (and perhaps in the U. S., including Alaska), it is important. Dr. James wrote well and enthusiastically. Being a trained botanist, he noted the country above tree-line was "a region of astonishing beauty." He was probably the first botanist to stand above timberline on any U. S. mountain.

For this excerpt, an introduction was written by CM Louisa Ward Arps (Mrs. Elwyn), a good one, too. She was going to edit it, with footnotes, but decided it did not need these. Last July, the Denver Botanic Gardens published Mrs. Arps' account of Dr. James' botanizing at the foot of the Rockies on that same trip. The article (Botanizing with Edwin James) appeared in The Green Thumb. Along with this piece appeared a picture of the Long Party (of which the James expedition was a part), reproduced from the English edition of the James book.

## NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

**Mr. John Douglas Gilchriese**, 385 Merrill Ave., Glendale 6, Calif., is a writer and researcher who is at present completing a documented biography of Wyatt Earp, from Earp's own account of his life written for his private secretary. He is especially interested in the Earps and other frontier peace officers, territorial history of Arizona, and Tombstone. He advises that he is owner of the largest collection of Wyatt Earp memorabilia extant. Formerly he was principal of the Navajo Boarding School in northern Arizona. Denver Westerners are glad Mr. Gilchriese has become a CM.

**Ellis M. Altfather**, M.D., 2250 Albion St., Denver, has enlisted as a Denver Westerners CM. He became acquainted with the posse through CM George Godfrey, whose guest he was at the April meeting. He is interested in western history in general, is considering making a photographic record to be called, "The Passing of the Windmill." Dr. Altfather was an Army Medical Officer who retired in 1959 after service beginning in 1928. Tours of duty brought him to Fitzsimons General Hospital (1935-1939), Fort Logan (1939-1940) and Fort Francis E. Warren (1930-1932). He was born in Texas, spent most of his life in the West—including six years in Alaska. He first visited Denver in 1920 and still likes it. His hobbies are photography (he has exhibited in three salons), and private flying.

Denver Westerners were glad to enroll as a CM **Mr. Thomas M. Welsh**,

P.O. Box 879, Greeley, Colo., president and manager of Welsh & Associates, real estate appraisers. He became interested in the Westerners through friendship with CM Fred West of Longmont. He is especially interested in the influence of political activity on real estate ownership and development. He has written articles that were published in real estate magazines, has been in the real estate business since 1905, and has owned and operated farms and ranches in Weld County.

**Mr. Dorr D. Green**, 1969 Grape St., Denver 20, is a retired official of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, who was enlisted as a CM by PM Charles W. Webb. He is especially interested in Wildlife history and conservation. He and PM Art Carhart ought to get along splendidly.

**Mr. James S. Gormley**, 522 Main St., Grand Junction, Colo., is a recent recruit to Denver corresponding membership. He was invited in by PM Guy M. Herstrom, whose friends (Herstrom says) are all of high class. CM Gormley is president of the Mesa Federal Savings and Loan Association. He is especially interested in the history (and development, no doubt) of western Colorado.

Another of Guy Herstrom's high-class friends is **Edith Salina**, 4 Canon Ave., Manitou Springs, Colo., whom he invited to become a CM, and she did. She is secretary-bookkeeper of an insurance agency, and is especially interested in Colorado ghost towns.

Through the influence of CM Vern Carlson, **Mr. Randolph G. Baisch**, 3272 S. Grape St., Denver 22, joined up as a CM. He is Principal Clerk, File Department, Colorado Department of Revenue. He is especially interested in preserving old landmarks in Colorado, and is a member of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado (Denver). Welcome!

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**Mrs. Lois E. Patterson**, 1211 E. Boulder, Colorado Springs, was persuaded to become a Denver CM by her son, PM Kenneth Englert. She is especially interested in the history of Colorado. She and her first husband in 1913 took up a homestead in north-eastern Colorado, just north of what used to be called Red Lion, Colo. Her hobbies include collecting stamps and coins, and boosting the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region, of which her red-whiskered son has been twice president.

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**Mr. S. Allan Daugherty**, 401 So. Seneca St., Wichita 13, Kansas, learned about the Denver Westerners through their Brand Books, and from the common knowledge that all mankind has about the posse's reputation. So he has become a CM. CM Daugherty is superintendent of the Kansas Masonic Home. He has been church administrator of the First Methodist Church of Topeka, was in business for 20 years, before that time was a high school teacher and coach. In 1952 he was Grand Master, A. F. & A. M. of Kansas. His particular interests are Western Americana, Kansas history, the Santa Fe Trail, and the State of Washington.

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Denver Westerners extend sympathy to PM Robert B. Cormack, whose wife, Jo-Anne, died last month, after a long illness.

## MAY MEETING

Here are extracts from the minute book of Roundup Foreman George R. Eichler:

The May 23, 1962 dinner-meeting of the Denver Westerners was holden at the Denver Press Club. Chuck Wrangler Richard Ronzio reported that 68 persons were present, including 37 possemen, 29 corresponding members and 12 guests. (Only 59 reservations had been made, thus inconveniencing Steward Jimmy Fillas of the Press Club.) Among the attenders: Jeff Dykes and Bib Williams, both members of the Potomac Corral, and Denver Posse's CM Jack Taylor of Chama, Colo.

At a business meeting of reserve and active members, three new possemen were elected: John S. Payne, 461 Pennsylvania St., Denver; Federal Judge Olin Hatfield Chilson, 447 Post-office Bldg., Denver; and William D. Powell, Elk Falls Park, Conifer, Colo.

When the general meeting was resumed, PM Fred A. Rosenstock introduced PM Philip W. Whiteley, M.D., who read a paper on "George Elbert Burr, Pioneer Etcher of the Great Southwest." Assisted by his friend, Arthur A. Wearner, M.D., Whiteley played a remarkable collection of the works of Burr: etchings, water-colors and pastels.

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A letter from CM Merrell A. Kitchen, Stockton, Calif., tells of the death a few weeks ago of V. Covert Martin, first sheriff of the Stockton Corral of the Westerners, author of "Stockton Album Through the Years" (published two years ago, now out of print), the first history of the city in 80 years. Mr. Martin was a retired commercial photographer who during his long life in Stockton took thousands of photos of historical sites, and made of them a very valuable collection.





# Western's Bookshelf



## A DISAPPOINTMENT

[Since no review copy of "Rio Grande: Main Line of the Rockies" by Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg has been received, PM Fred M. Mazzulla suggested that a review written by Robert W. Richardson and published in his Iron Horse News for April 1962 be reprinted in Roundup. Book Review Editor Numa L. James agreed. There is considerable interest in the Rio Grande road, and some mention should be made of a book published about it. Richardson was formerly one of the operators of the Narrow-Gauge Motel and Museum at Alamosa. He now operates the Colorado Railroad Museum and Iron Horse Motel on Route 58, east of Golden, Colorado. He is a recognized authority on Colorado railroads, particularly on the Rio Grande. His review follows:]

**RIO GRANDE: MAIN LINE OF THE ROCKIES**, by Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg. Berkeley, Calif.: Howell-North, 1962. 380 pages, 11½ inches tall, 540 illustrations. Regular edition \$10.00; limited, numbered, signed, boxed edition \$15.00.

"Disappointing" would be a one word review of this volume. Despite a beautiful printing job by the accomplished Howell-North Press of Berkeley, the book falls far short of advance billing. Another and typical Beebe book, the claim for its contents being the combined efforts of "experts" makes one wonder who and how little one must know to be an "expert." Typical of the sloppy handling of fact and fine photos is the full page picture of a Colorado Midland observation car now at this

museum (a fact unknown to the "experts"?) being described as an entirely different car whose broadside portrait and folio sketch appear on the flanking page; two cars so different that one hardly need be an "expert" to determine at a glance they are not the same. Throughout the book pictures and text are haphazardly mixed as to gauge and road. Sadly lacking is an Index. Someday some entrepreneur will do us all a favor by huckstering 50c indexes to this sort of laid-out-in-a-windstorm style.

The usual florid Beebe language, with humor, intended and otherwise, abuses the English language from the acknowledgments page onward. The end paper map alleged 1920 is in keeping, for a train crew using it would run out of track, and find track where there shouldn't have been. Here is another picture book, fortunately with plenty of specimens from the dean of them all, Otto Perry, with much from later contemporaries of skill with camera such as John Maxwell and Ehernberger. Few of the pictures used, to the book's great credit are the blurry, out of focus, "chunks of engines" featured in other volumes of late. Otto Kuhler provides a handsome color cover plate, three other color plates are included. But as a volume on the "Main Line," THE book the subject deserves is yet to appear. A darn good picture book for your \$10 (a boxed deluxe edition if you like your picture volumes in that style).

[Editor's comment: Within the first five minutes after opening a copy of the book, I found four errors. The first of these is in the caption of the frontispiece: ". . . the original Rio

Grande depot at Palmer Lake . . . from its enclosed belfry the agent was in the habit of scanning the horizon with a telescope for smoke signals to announce an arriving train in an age as yet innocent of the magnetic telegraph." (Emphasis is the editor's.) Not so damned innocent as you think, Mr. Beebe. Samuel F. B. Morse sent his first message by magnetic telegraph in 1844. On Oct 24, 1861, telegraph service was inaugurated between St. Joseph, Mo., and Sacramento, Calif. Neither General Palmer nor the D. & R. G.'s other officials were "innocent" of what was in common knowledge and use.

[As a picture book "Rio Grande" is superb, as it should be with such eminent Colorado picture makers as Howard Fogg, Otto Kuhler, Robert A. Le Massena, Otto C. Perry, Richard H. Kindig (and others) furnishing illustrations. The publishers, Howell-North Books, did their usual splendid job of printing and binding.—J.J.L.]

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**REMINISCENCES OF A RANCHMAN**, by Edgar Beecher Bronson. Wrappers, 8vo, 370 pp., introduction by W. D. Aeschbacher, Director of the Nebraska State Historical Society, short bibliography and appendix. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1962. \$1.50.

This, a reprint of a scarce volume published in 1910, is one of the paperback "Bison Books" series being issued by the University of Nebraska Press, and is a well-printed item.

Bronson, nephew of Henry Ward Beecher, was one of the tenderest of tenderfeet when he landed in Cheyenne, Wyo., 90 years ago. He committed the common error of tenderfeet with regard to apparel and equipment. He was soon disillusioned and fitted with approved gear.

Most of the first third of the book tells of his entering the cattle business and is sprinkled with cowboy vernacular of peculiar phrasing. How a 23-year-old youth could purchase a herd of 700 cattle puzzles your reviewer. Some of his early exploits need to be taken with a grain of salt, but through the narrative run the exciting experiences of a frontier undertaking in the ranching game.

The author brings to life in the next third of the book, the Indian troubles of the late 1870s, when Red Cloud, Crazy Horse, the Sioux and Cheyennes were doing all in their power to hold back the white men from their hunting grounds. He presents a searching indictment of Government double-crossing.

By 1882, Bronson had sensed the approaching end of the cattle bonanza and began to dispose of his herds, ranch and range. He then pays tribute to his friend and partner, Clarence King, the noted geologist and mining engineer, later to become Director of the U. S. Geological Survey.

This is fine, first-hand information on early Wyoming and the cattle business.

CARL F. MATHEWS, PM

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**OLD BILL WILLIAMS, Mountain Man**, by Alpheus H. Favour, with an introduction by William Brandon. 8vo, 234 pp., maps, illus., bibliography and index; University of Okla. Press, Norman, 1962. \$4.00.

This is a reprint of the University of North Carolina Press edition, printed in 1936, with additional informative introduction by Brandon.

Williams, one of the outstanding mountain men, was born in North Carolina in 1787, received some education and became an itinerant preacher for some five years, but gave it up and went among the Osage

Indians to act as a missionary. Here he became one of the tribe, married an Osage maiden and lived with her until her death, except for his trapping expeditions or when serving as a guide and interpreter.

He soon became an expert trapper, bringing in the best catches. But loving his whiskey, he would drink until he lost his money and then start out, always as a "lone wolf," and at all times alert for thieving Indians. He was aware of his success and in later years, signed himself "Master Trapper."

In 1848, when he was an old man, he was engaged by Capt. John C. Fremont to guide a party through the Rocky Mountains in search of a suitable railroad route. He tried to dissuade Fremont from making the trip in winter but could not do so. The party fought snow and freezing weather, ran out of provisions, and finally wound up at Taos after losing eleven men.

Williams was given much of the blame for this fiasco, but those who knew Old Bill well, thought Fremont was as much at fault as the old mountain man. Later Williams and Dr. Kern, a member of the party, returned to look for instruments cached in the La Garita Mountains and were murdered by Ute Indians on March 14, 1849. This is an informative story, well told and edited.

CARL F. MATHEWS, PM

**CAPROCK REBEL**, by Will C. Brown.  
New York: The Macmillan Company, 1962. 172 pp. \$3.25.

Caprock Rebel is a refreshingly different kind of Western novel. It does not depict fighting between cattle barons or war between cattle men and nesters. In the end no cowboy mounts his horse and rides into the sunset. Rather it is a story of individual conflict, of conspiracy with

Indians, of villainy and murder and search for gold.

The setting of Caprock Rebel is in Texas immediately following the Civil War. Dave Landis, son of a Texas homesteader, had fought in the Confederate Army and had been taken prisoner. While in prison he made the acquaintance of a fellow-prisoner, Concher, who claimed to know of a cache of gold near the Landis homestead.

With Concher knowing of the gold and Landis knowing the country, the two teamed up. Thereupon they find themselves hunted by nefarious characters and by the U. S. Army which is looking into cattle and gun deals with the Indians in which an Indian Agent is involved. Landis finds himself literally chained to Concher who is an uncouth and villainous convict.

There is plenty of shooting and killing and weird punishments to satisfy the most avid reader of western tales. They found the gold. Dave Landis learned how it came to be there. He found Susan Parker, a lovely young widow whose husband had been killed in that wild ruthless country. And instead of riding into the sunset Dave Landis found himself and rode home to the homestead—and Susan Parker.

A. E. ELLSWORTH, PM

H. M. Sender, one of the most widely-known dealers in Western Americana, died at his home in Kansas City, Mo., on Feb. 13, 1962, at the age of 79. He had been a bookseller for 34 years, the last ten years of his life being spent in blindness. His business will be carried on by his daughter and long-time assistant, Mrs. Virginia L. Cochrane, under the Sender name and at his old address, Box 25, Kansas City, Mo.

## FOOTNOTES AND CITATIONS

I should like to comment on your recent article re documentation. [A Note about Notes in February Round-up.]

First, a writer does not cite his earlier work to "prove" anything. He refers to it because it contains background material which space will not permit him to include in the paper in question.

Second, the complaint re footnotes and citations is the fault of the editor, not the writer. The former add knowledge and belong on the same page as the item which they illuminate; the latter can be placed anywhere that they are available to the scholar but do not bother the casual reader.

Third, documentation enables the knowledgeable reader to tell how well an author has researched his subject. A glance at the bibliography of O'Connor's *Pat Garrett*, for example, shows he has used principally highly unreliable secondary sources and has overlooked much important primary material. The reader is thus enabled to evaluate the book.

Fourth, since interpretations differ even when the facts are undisputed, the reader may desire to check the record. In the case of a book such as Hamlin's *True Story of Billy the Kid*, for example, he will at once find that material purporting to be taken from the record is purely [One word has been deleted here. The posse cannot afford the luxury of defending a libel suit. The Editor.]. How else could he determine this?

Fifth, all historians must build on the work of their predecessors. These forerunners are entitled to have their work acknowledged.

I would suggest that your plea be for better, not less, documentation.

PHILIP J. RASCH, CM

Editor's footnote: CM Rasch is one of the most widely-known writers about

the Lincoln County (N.M.) Wars. One of his latest articles about a phase of those troubles will appear in an early issue of Roundup.

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"The New Mexico Railroader" (formerly "The Railroad Club of New Mexico's Newsletter") is a mimeographed publication issued by the editor, Henry E. Bender, Jr., 2737 Graceland Drive, N.E., Albuquerque, N. M. The April issue contains five pages and has five illustrations accompanying an article by Editor Bender, "St. Louis, Rocky Mountain and Pacific Ry., a History." This road was projected to run up Cimarron Canon to Taos and to Elizabethtown from Raton. It did get to Cimarron, N. M. (where it had shops), and past the Cimarron Palisades. For \$1.50, railfans can get 12 issues of the publication. They are well worth the price. Address the editor (see above).

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Arizona is the only state that has three Westerners organizations: One in Tucson, another at Prescott, and a third at Phoenix. (California has two: Los Angeles and Stockton.) Tucson Westerners publish occasionally "The Smoke Signal," four numbers of which have appeared so far. Copies of the publication may be had from Otis H. Chidester, Editor, 1937 E. Blacklidge Drive, Tucson. The editor remembers with pleasure two visits to this corral a few years ago as the guest of the accomplished cartographer, Westerner Don Bufkin.

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A few months ago the Spokane Westerners furnished all the copy for an issue of the Spokane Spokesman-Review's Inland Empire Magazine.

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Definition: "Constructive criticism" equals "praise for me."



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

June,  
1962  
Vol. XVIII, No. 6



**ABOVE: "Desert Shower." Etching, Dry Point, by George Elbert Burr. (Photo by G. A. Burr, Courtesy Denver Public Library, Western Collection.)**

**INSIDE: "George Elbert Burr: Pioneer Etcher of the Southwest," by Philip W. Whiteley, M.D.**

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
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The Westerners  
414 Denver Theater Building  
Denver 2, Colorado

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Please send correspondence and remittances to:

George R. Eichler, 414 Denver Theater Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

Please send material intended for publication in ROUNDUP to:

John J. Lipsey, 1920 Pinegrove, Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, Colo.

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#### JULY MEETING

Because of limited room, attendance at the dinner-meeting of the Denver Westerners on Saturday, July 28, 1962, must (with regret) be limited to possemen and their ladies, and to Colorado Springs corresponding members and their spouses (or, if unmarried, their escorts). Place: USAF Academy NCO Mess Hall, north of Colorado Springs. Dinner cost (including tax and tip), \$3.00. Menu: Steak and complete meal.

Time: Cocktails (at diners' expense), 5:30 p.m.; dinner served at 6:30.

Speaker: Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson, whose subject will be "Horace Greeley, the Man Who Took His Own Advice." Some of the material was collected by the late Elmo Scott Watson, founder of the Westerners. Complete information will be sent to eligible attendants under separate cover. If you are eligible and do not receive this information, write to PM Kenneth Englert, 319 S. Hancock Ave., Colorado Springs. Written reservations (with remittances) are necessary.

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#### AUGUST MEETING

Rendezvous at Colorow Cave. See article in this issue: "August Meeting at Colorow Cave Again."

## FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

PM Don L. Griswold, editor of the Denver Westerners' Annual Brand Book for 1961, has sent us a copy of a long article by Alfred Damon Runyan, which says farewell to David Day on Day's retirement as editor of the Durango Democrat. The article appeared in Denver's Rocky Mountain News for Sept. 21, 1906. (The author later shortened his name and changed its spelling to "Damon Runyon.") If you want new information about the one-time editor of the two Solid Muldoons, make a memo to get a copy of Griswold's Brand Book. This will contain an article by David Day's son, George Vest Day, who recalls many incidents in the life of his famous father.

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CM Henry W. Hough presented to each person present at the May meeting of the Denver Posse a copy of the May issue of Rocky Mountain Oil Reporter, of which he is editor. This handsome and informative magazine is the bible of mountain states oil producers and operators.

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Received by Roundup too late to do much good was news of the 12th Annual Old Time Ranch Tour (Wyoming) conducted by Dr. Robert H. Burns, head of the Wool Section of the University of Wyoming, Laramie, on Sunday, July 15, 1962. As usual, the tourists visit big and celebrated (and sometimes out of the way) ranches on the Laramie Plains and Intermountain Country. This year they were to visit the Hutton, the Riverside and others. The tour is sponsored by the Albany County Historical Society, the University of Wyoming Summer School, the Wyoming and Denver Westerners and the Kiwanis Club.

Harry Myron Blackmer, 92, a prominent figure in the Teapot Dome affair of the 1920s, died recently in Geneva, Switzerland. In 1924 he fled to France to avoid being questioned in the oil scandal of the Harding administration, fought off U. S. extradition efforts, but after 25 years of exile returned to this country, paid up \$4,000,000 in back taxes, was tried for income tax evasion, and fined \$20,000. He then returned to Europe and remained there for the rest of his life. Press reports indicate he left his wife at least two million dollars. Mr. Blackmer was a long-time resident of Denver. The 1890 Directory of Colorado Springs shows that in that year he was clerk to the county judge of El Paso County and lived at 104 E. Monument St. . . . H. M. Blackmer's son, Myron K. Blackmer, was born at Colorado Springs in 1893, became an executive of the Midwest Oil Company and a highly-regarded oil operator. Myron K. Blackmer was until his death a few years ago a corresponding member of the Denver Westerners. His home was an estate at 4400 E. Quincy Ave., Englewood, Colo., which estate is now the home of CM Ed H. Honnen.

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A movement has been started to organize an Oklahoma posse of the Westerners. At the first meeting in Stillwater, John Hinkel, Dean Krakel, Savoie Lottinville, Martin Wenger, Glen Shirley, and others well-known to Denver Westerners participated. The following meeting was scheduled for June, in Tulsa.

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**FOUND:** At the Westerners' meeting of June 27, 1962, a small pen-knife. Owner might send a descriptive postcard to Sheriff Erl H. Ellis, 730 Equitable Bldg., Denver 2, if he is interested in recovering this item.

### DEATH OF A GREAT LADY

Alice McHarg Ferril, one of Colorado's great ladies, died on June 3 at the age of 95 in her home at Denver. She came first to Colorado in 1886, on a visit. In Rome, N. Y., (her birth-place), on Dec. 12, 1888, she was married to Will C. Ferrill, Denver newspaper editor, historian, and naturalist. He died in 1939.

Mrs. Ferril was a talented, versatile and prolific artist. As early as 1889 she won a prize for charcoal drawing at the University of Denver. Her husband wrote many articles on western birds and flowers, and Mrs. Ferril illustrated them. Her verse and her essays appeared in magazines and newspapers. She was active for many years in Denver's social and artistic circles.

Her son, Thomas Hornsby Ferril, an active posseman of the Denver Westerners, is a distinguished poet, essayist, and playwright.

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### NOTICES OF MEETINGS

The regular meetings of the Denver Posse of the Westerners generally are open to male corresponding members, upon advance reservation except in the case of a member living at some distance from Denver and happening to be in Denver at the time of a meeting. This requirement of advance reservation and the practice concerning notices of meetings stem from the fact that we have limited seating capacity and cannot take care of all corresponding members living in and near Denver at every meeting. Our practice is to send notices of the regular meetings to the male corresponding members living in and about Denver about every third month, on a rotation basis, as a reminder and special suggestion of attendance at some of our meetings. Notices of the August and December meetings go to all corresponding members.

—George R. Eichler,  
Roundup Foreman

### AUGUST MEETING AT COLOROW CAVE AGAIN—THANKS TO CM RAY NEAR

CM Ray Near, who a few months ago purchased from PM L. D. Bax the property which includes the Colorow Cave (in which The Denver Westerners have for some years held their annual Rendezvous), has notified Roundup Foreman George R. Eichler that the cave will be available for the August 25th Rendezvous this year. Eichler has written to Mr. Near to express the gratitude all Denver Westerners feel at the gracious gesture Mr. Near has made.

This is one of two Posse meetings in each year which all corresponding members and guests are privileged to attend. Although this is not officially an all-Westerners gathering, members of many other Westerners organizations do attend (and are welcomed) in large numbers.

Complete information will be sent by mail to all Denver Westerners and upon request will be sent to any other Westerners in *partis infidelibus*. Address Westerners' Headquarters, 414 Denver Theater Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

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As you may see from the large number of listings (in this issue) of New Hands on the Denver Range, the roster of corresponding members is increasing rapidly. But Roundup Foreman George R. Eichler is concerned because most of these new hands have come from two or three sources, and because few of the Denver Westerners have made an effort to enlist new CMs. He urges each of the present CMs, RMs and PMs to secure at least one new member from among his or her friends.

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"A split infinitive is an expression for you to carefully avoid." There is no law against its use, but it may appear to readers that the user is careless or clumsy.



# GEORGE ELBERT BURR: PIONEER ETCHER OF THE SOUTHWEST

By Philip W. Whiteley, M.D.

#### Editor's Note:

Dr. Philip W. Whiteley, author of the article on George Elbert Burr which begins on this page, is a distinguished Denver gynecologist and obstetrician, a Denver *Posseman*, and an enthusiastic collector of and authority on western artists, western coinage and Indian trade beads. He was born at Bonaparte, Ia., educated at Iowa State College, University of Chicago and Rush Medical College. When this paper was read to the Denver *Posse* on May 23, Dr. Whiteley showed about 100 magnificent examples of Burr's work, either in the original form or in copies. The paper was then considerably longer, since it included comments on each example.

#### The Years 1859-1884

George Elbert Burr, who was to become the pioneer etcher of the Southwest, was born some 25 miles south of Cleveland in Monroe Falls, Summit County, Ohio, on April 14, 1859. His earliest boyhood was spent in central Ohio, although in the 1860s he made several visits to his Yankee grandparents' home in Connecticut, long momentous journeys in those days.

His artistic tendencies, his skill with brush and pencil became evident early in life, as he soon began to sketch the clouds.

When the English etcher, Seymour Hayden, made his first visit to the United States, lecturing, and arousing interest in the revival of etching, he made on Burr a deep and lasting impression. Burr began etching at the age of 11. About 1870, he took a piece of zinc from a spark-plate (used to protect the floor under his mother's kitchen stove), made an etched plate of it, and printed from it by running



**Whiteley**

Photo by Fred M. Mazzulla

it between the rollers of a clothes-wringer.

Burr's first real etchings, however, were produced in 1872. They were made on scraps of tinshop copper and were printed by rolling them between the steel bending-rollers used in the forming downspouts in the shop attached to his father's hardware store.

Burr believed that his most important task was to learn to draw supremely well. The etcher, unlike the painter, cannot easily correct his mistakes.

Around 1880, Burr took his savings

and went to the Art Institute in Chicago to secure some formal training. But his patience with formal disciplines and the leisured abstractions of the academic approach to art was short-lived. He returned home after only 11 days.

Burr's wife was Elizabeth Rogers. For five years she and Burr were only friends. Elizabeth recalled: "I never dreamed anyone half so wonderful would even think of marrying me. But I knew that if he ever married anyone else, I would go to a convent." They were married on May 1, 1884. Mrs. Burr was an utterly devoted and loyal wife. Theirs was a love story that lasted 55 years. Burr once said: "Mrs. Burr furnishes the sunshine in my pictures."

#### The Years 1884-1896

After his marriage, Burr worked in his father's store and, as he later jokingly remarked, became a shoe salesman. For four years he tried to become a good tradesman. He then raised the question as to whether or not to become a professional artist. His wife agreed with him that he should. The couple moved to New York City in 1888.

Burr was interviewed by Charles Parsons, of Harper Brothers, who encouraged him. The Burrs took a one-room studio in New York City, where they lived for several years. Both Burr and his wife were avid readers and nature-lovers. Burr made some sketches near Cornwall on the Hudson in 1889. There are some of these still extant.

Burr obtained bits of work from Harper's, Scribner's and other magazines. His work consisted of chapter-headings, tailpieces and scrolls in pen and ink. He also designed the familiar Beechnut trademark.

The Burrs had a difficult time for a while. Often Mrs. Burr read from the Bible. One evening, she read: "Man

chooseth his way, but the Lord directeth his footsteps." This impressed Burr deeply. He had chosen his way and now he needed very much to believe that the Lord would direct his footsteps.

In 1889, Burr was selected to accompany President Benjamin Harrison on his inaugural tour. This gave him his first glimpse of the great Southwest. In Denver, the party was entertained in the H. A. W. Tabor house at 13th and Sherman. The party crossed Colorado, went to the West Coast, toured California and returned across the Arizona deserts.

Having returned to New York, Burr went to work for Frank Leslie as a pen-and-ink artist. Photographic reproductions gradually displaced pen-and-ink drawings after 1895. With Leslie's, Burr toured the United States, visiting the Southwest, and even venturing into Mexico and the Caribbean regions. Sometimes he made wash drawings, but the larger portion was pen-and-ink sketches. In general his work for Leslie's consisted of landscapes. This was true of his work for the rest of his life.

Heber R. Bishop saw Burr's work in Leslie's and knew he had found the one artist who could illustrate the catalogue of his vast collection of Oriental bric-a-brac, largely jade. In New York in 1892 Burr began this monumental task in the Bishop mansion on Fifth Avenue.

After four years of toil, Burr had saved about \$12,000. He and his wife left for Europe. Burr had become an independent artist.

#### The Years 1896-1906

One-third of Burr's plates resulted from his European travels. There have been hundreds of thousands of etchings of European scenes: antique Italian fountains, activities along the Rhine, valleys in Wales, etc. So, it was almost impossible to introduce any-

thing truly distinctive into this host of illustrations. One critic wrote: "When Mr. Burr leaves the desert and his trees and comes to town, as in his European series, he is not so interesting. But when he at last found his true work in recording nature's rough, incredible and lavish ways in the mountains and deserts, he found himself possessed of a totally refreshed and unspoiled artistic viewpoint."

In 1901, their funds running low, the couple returned to the U.S. Once a guest remarked: "You should go west and paint the desert." Burr replied: "I have more sketches here than I can turn into pictures in a lifetime. And besides I am not interested in the desert." That came from the man who is today known as "The Etcher of American Deserts."

The Burrs settled at Toms River, N. J. Mrs. Burr became a leading woman in the community. Burr began to translate his sketches into completed pictures. A New York firm offered to take everything he painted, but he turned the offer down. He then turned to etching, which he had not done for some years.

In 1906, he showed his water colors in many cities. During that year his wife showed his pictures in the R. L. Boutwell Gallery in Brinton Terrace in Denver. On account of his poor health, his doctor advised him to seek a friendlier climate. When Mrs. Burr arrived in Denver, she became fond of the Boutwell brothers, and she persuaded Burr to come to Denver. They spent a month at the Boutwell cabin in Evergreen. They never returned to Toms River.

#### **The Colorado Years: 1906-1924**

The Burrs took a studio on Brinton Terrace, a block of quaint shops, studios and apartments in Denver. Later they built a studio-home at 1325 Logan Street. Cyrus Boutwell, Burr's friend

and critic lived there with them for the two years preceding his marriage.

After his return from Europe, Burr became intrigued with the possibilities and problems of color-etching, using a single plate with wiped-on colors. These experiments were abandoned, but they provided a transition from his previous devotion to water color into the field of etching. And after he came west, the idea of devoting the rest of his life to depicting European scenes began to give way to depicting western landscapes.

Boutwell is credited with helping Burr to a lasting place in American landscape art. He became Burr's dealer and distributor.

Burr was shy and retiring. His wife liked parties and chatter. But, unless Burr could dominate a conversation about his art, he did not always enjoy the company of acquaintances. The Burrs lived quietly, now and then making trips into the Colorado mountains and throughout the Southwest.

Art in Denver was at a low ebb in the artist's time. Many people looked to the East, and overlooked Burr. The Denver Art Association was dominated by Miss Anne Evans, to whom art meant either Indian art, or the modern art of eastern centers. She had a modest opinion of the etcher's realistic landscapes. Belatedly the Denver Art Museum acquired a "Desert Set."

Burr caught the West of the pioneers as they knew and loved it. He built a cabin near the Moffat Railroad, in the foothills where the track climbs along the sandstones of the front range. The cabin was called "The Shack," and was built by permission of the Pickup Club, on their ground near Eldorado Springs. The clubhouse was burned down during World War I. But the Burr cabin was spared and remained until about the hour of Mrs. Burr's death in 1943.

Burr's Colorado begins with the prairie traveller's first view of the snow-capped range rising suddenly in the west, as one nears Denver. He caught the facets of the Rocky Mountains without distortion, without abuse of his artistic license, and without being merely photographic. He made the difficult trip to the Mount of the Holy Cross (which William H. Jackson had photographed first in 1873) and in 1932 made an etched plate of it. He visited western Colorado. He travelled south along the front range, past Pikes Peak and to the Spanish Peaks. What he saw he etched into many plates.

The Burrs wintered in California and Arizona. In California Burr made many water colors of the verdant Pacific coast gardens and its deserts. His pictures of the flower gardens were so microscopic in detail and faithful in color that they were almost like botanical studies. They are, perhaps, the rarest of his works. The artist worked faithfully to give his impression of the western landscape. He steered clear of cowboys, Indians and other features of the glamorized West.

Dr. Carrol Edson was one of Burr's closest friends. Edson and Boutwell were discussing the making of a series of plates of the deep Southwest. Burr seemed to be in doubt as to whether they would sell. Edson closed the discussion by exploding: "Sell! Hell! They'll sell! A man cannot do what he loves and not have it sell."

There were 35 plates in the "Desert Set." Burr required considerable time to complete these, and his finances fell to a low ebb. Boutwell came to his aid. A subscription fund was raised to purchase the water color "Ely Cathedral" for the Denver Art Museum.

The "Desert Set" was made in 1919-1922. One day in 1922, little Mrs. Burr called on the Boutwells, carrying a large package which contained a proof of each plate as a gift for Mr. Bout-

well. The plates met with instant success, for they caught virtually every mood of the Southwest in a variety of mediums.

In 1924, Burr's health became so bad that he sold his studio home to the Woman's Press Club of Denver and moved to Phoenix, Arizona. He was then 66 years of age, and he had lived in Denver for 21 years.

#### Phoenix, Arizona, 1924-1943

In Phoenix, the Burrs lived in the Fontanelle Apartments for a while. In the fall of 1925 they purchased a stucco house at 70 West Lynnwood Drive and built a "work-shop," 14 by 20 feet. For the remaining 15 years, or so, of his life, Burr seldom left the little vine-covered bungalow for long, except to seek relief from the fiercest part of the Phoenix summer by going to the California coast for a few weeks.

Burr's fame had preceded him to Phoenix. Colorado had failed to sense its loss. Arizona was quick to appreciate his coming. An exhibition of his works was held Dec. 2-10, 1924. In the 15 years that followed, Burr's cards and comments to Boutwell are source materials which give glimpses of the fire that kept the artist's frail body going until he had lived 80 years.

Burr made only a few plates of New Mexico's arroyos, buttes and mesas. His New Mexico effort was only a step toward his true metier, Arizona.

#### Arizona

In his Arizona plates, the artist gave the final and highest expression to his genius for catching the emotional tones of nature's spirit, which eludes so many artists of the desert. To some, the desert with its cruel waterless spaces, its relentless heat and reflected sun is too vast and elusive to lend itself to the etcher's needle. This artist took the incredible aspects of the

wastelands and translated them into a poetic reality which critics have acclaimed as unique.

### California

Burr saw California in the days before the great hordes arrived. At Monterey and Carmel, he found the picturesque Monterey cypress, a natural topic for a depicter of trees.

### The Desert Set

Spanning the deserts of New Mexico, Arizona and California, are 35 etchings called by the artist "The Desert Set." These are examples of Burr at his best in all mediums of etching. The plates varied as to topic, treatment, method and tone, ranging from light to dark, catching the feelings inspired by the desert in many places and at different hours.

### Burr as a Colorist

Burr painted approximately 2,000 pictures in color. He made over 2,000 black-and-white drawings and over 300 etchings. He painted over 1,000 water colors and approximately 50 oils.

On making his color etchings, Burr said: "First, I etch the plate in line, then ground the plate with resin powder, and then etch in aquatint for the different colors and tones. Or I first start the plate with soft ground etching and afterwards finish with the aquatint.

"After the plate is properly etched, I then paint the picture on the copper plate with ordinary oil colors, removing carefully all color that does not adhere to the granulated surface, and then print on moistened sheets of Japan paper in ordinary etching press. By this method each print is a distinct picture, each proof requiring a separate painting on the copper, no two being exactly alike." Burr successfully combined the various methods of etch-

ing (aquatint, softground and dry-point).

After a plate was finished and the proof of the final state met with his approval, he would ink, wipe and run the prints off, a few at a time. When an edition was complete, the artist and his wife would pound up the copper, lest some unscrupulous person should try to recover it.

One of his final decisions was to donate to the New York Public Library a magnificent collection of his prints. The Burrs lived their declining years in the incredible heat of Phoenix. They had a whimsey of reading books on the Arctic, and looking at snow-pictures to stave off the heat. Burr's struggle with his frail body is indicated in a letter: "Weak as a kitten," he said. He died on Nov. 19, 1939, at the age of 80 years.

On the morning of her husband's death, in acute reaction to her loss, Mrs. Burr hurried out to the little studio behind the house as soon as it was light, lit a fire in the stove, and burned bundle after bundle of prints, watercolors and sketches — even though the artist had carefully sorted and marked them for various friends. In the end, she was prevailed upon to desist, but not before the bulk of the artist's remaining sketchbooks, prints and watercolors were in ashes. In 1939, Mrs. Burr had to spend several months in a San Francisco hospital. She recovered. But she died on Dec. 4, 1943.

In his plates of Colorado and Arizona, Burr has left a record of the Southwest of great artistic importance. He intimately and carefully depicted the mountain and desert spaces. He did this with affection, feeling and delicate comprehension of nature. Through his work nature speaks quite naturally to us as with her own clear voice.

## NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

**Mr. Clifford E. Sutton**, 2011 S. Topeka, Wichita 11, Kansas, is official photographer and audiovisual education technician for Wichita's public schools. He was introduced to the Denver Westerners by CM Lynn Martin, Trustee of the Winnifred Martin Memorial Library, Brooksville, Kansas, and is now a CM. Mr. Sutton is interested in the factual history of the early West. He has written and had published "Trails Through Alligator Land" and "Black Panther Banner." He has just completed a large book about the early life of Mike Sutton, who was a boy soldier in the Civil War, hunted buffalo and fought Indians with Kit Carson, became an army scout, a marshal, and a frontier lawyer. Title: "Rifle and Sixguns."

**Mr. Fred Vaile**, 2608 Birch St., Alhambra, Calif., is especially interested in the history of the Southwest. He learned about the Denver Posse through his membership in the Los Angeles Westerners, and became a Denver CM. Now retired, he spent 10 years mining and prospecting in southern Nevada and eastern California. He is a member of the Coachella Valley Pioneers, Petroleum Production Pioneers, Historical Society of Southern California, and the Southwest Museum (Los Angeles).

**Mr. Carl Yost**, 207 East Lincoln Way, Morrison, Ill., is a lawyer who has renewed his Denver corresponding membership. He is also connected with the Chicago, Los Angeles, New York, Potomac and Stockton Westerners. He is interested in "reprint Americana," Charles M. Russell, and the Yellowstone. He has had published the following books: "Bibliography of Russell," "Iconography of Russell," and "Bibliography of Millay." He is now working on a revision of the Russell bibliography.

**Mr. Harry C. Rubicam, Jr.**, Grafton, Vt., is a retired advertising executive who lives on a farm in southern Vermont, far from his birthplace (Denver) and his early adventures (Colorado). He was formerly a Denver Post reporter, publicity director for Denver's Western Air Express, and a rancher in Douglas County. He is interested in Colorado's early history, and the plains Indians, especially the Cheyenne; and in collecting books about the West, Remington prints, antique firearms and Indian paraphernalia. He is author of "Pueblo Jones" (a story of the Sand Creek Affair), "Two Spot" (life on a Colorado ranch), "Iron Tail's Arrow" (story of the Civil War in Colorado), "Buckskin Legion" (a story of Beecher's Island) and other books, and about 40 short stories of western ranch life. Naturally, when he heard about the Denver Westerners, he became a CM.

**Mr. James D. Russell**, president of television station KKTU, Colorado Springs, is a western buff. He lives at 8 Plainview Road, Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, and was induced by his friend, Robert D. Ellis of Pueblo, to join up as a Denver CM.

**Mr. Karl Riddle**, 3198 Riddle Road, West Palm Beach, Fla., is a former resident of Raton, N. M., who practiced engineering and surveying in Kansas (eight years) and New Mexico (11 years). He and his late brother, Kenyon Riddle, collaborated on the valuable book, "Records and Maps of the Santa Fe Trail." He heard of the Denver Westerners from Kenyon and from John J. Lipsey. Now he is a CM. He is especially interested in railroads, Indians and early land measurements.

PM Forbes Parkhill invited his friend, **Frank Chester Robinson**, to become a Denver CM, and Robinson did. His address: Box 242, R.R. No. 1, Springville, Utah. He is a writer, past president of the Western Writers of America, and of the League of Utah Writers. He is author of 100 western novels, an autobiography "A Ram Caught in the Thicket," and many articles and short stories. His most recently published book is "Soapy Smith, King of the Frontier Con Men." His next will be "Boom Towns of the Great Basin," published by PM Alan Swallow's Sage Books, Denver. He is writing a book on "Fort Hall: Doorstep to Oregon."

**Mr. Charles S. Scholfield**, 807 Grant St., Wausau, Wis., was attracted to the Denver Westerners by having read many of the posse's publications, and so has become a CM. He is president of the J. N. Manson Agency, Inc., general insurance. For 12 years he has been a city and county official. His main interest is in acquiring as much information as he can about the history of the Southwest.

**Mrs. Richard French Spencer** (Elma Dill Russell Spencer), 401 Wildwood Drive East, San Antonio 9, Texas, is the author of the excellent book, "Gold Country, 1858-1859," which includes the adventures of her grandfather, Joseph Oliver Russell, and of her great-uncle, Green Russell, in Colorado and elsewhere. Her business is ranching. She is interested in writing and speaking on western history and Texas lore, but early Colorado history is her specialty. She has contributed articles to Colorado Magazine and the New Mexico Quarterly. In 1959, she took part in the unveiling of two Denver historical monuments, and made gifts of Russelliana to the State Museum. She became interested in the Denver Westerners through knowing Westerners Mumey, Rosenstock and Dunklee, and has now become a CM.

**Mr. Herb Glass** of Bullville, N. Y., was already a corresponding member of the New York and Los Angeles Westerners when he became a Denver CM. He is a firearms consultant, has published "The American Gun." Naturally he is interested in western weapons and history.

**Mr. Donald C. Williams**, Crawford, Nebraska, learned of the Denver Westerners through his friend, Douglas Crozier of Chicago. He is a pharmacist and drug store owner. He is past president of the Crawford Chamber of Commerce, and while in that job he organized the dedication ceremonies of the Fort Robinson museum, which 7,000 persons attended. He helped to organize and maintain a Pioneer Museum in Crawford's City Park. Denver Westerners are glad to have such a citizen as a CM. He is interested in the cattle industry, mid-west military history and early settlers in Nebraska.

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**Mr. Paul C. Henderson**, Box 446, Bridgeport, Nebr., is a C. B. & Q. R. R. conductor whose chief historical interests concern early fur traders, and covered-wagon roads west of the Missouri. As a hobby, he has spent 30 years exploring, photographing and writing short articles about these roads. He has 3800 color slides of historic sites, and has made maps of the old trails. He has had published "Landmarks on the Oregon Trail" (N.Y. Westerners), and several brochures and maps pertaining to the Pony Express. He learned of the work of the Denver Westerners through Posseman Peter Decker of the New York Westerners, and has become a Denver CM.

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**Mr. G. W. Humphreys**, Box 327, Nocona, Texas, is a new CM. He is a collector of Western Americana, with special interest in Colorado ghost towns and narrow-gauge railroads. For 35 years he was president and general manager of the Justin Leather Goods Company (manufacturer of the celebrated Justin boots). He has now retired and become a Denver CM.

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**Miss Velma Linford**, Wyoming's State Superintendent of Public Instruction, writes that through some accident she failed to renew her corresponding membership in the Denver Westerners. She sends in a new application, with check, and is now a CM again. Miss Linford is one of Wyoming's most distinguished citizens. She is a western historian, author of the excellent book, "Wyoming: Frontier State" and probably hundreds of historical articles, some of which have appeared in the Denver Westerners' Brand Books. On June 30th, she announced that she will be a candidate for nomination and election to the U.S. Senate. She will make a good Senator.

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**Mr. Francis M. Bain**, 755 Gaylord St., Denver 2, now a CM, was introduced to the Denver Westerners by RM Henry Toll and PM Nevin Carson. He is interested in archaeology, Colorado cities, and railroads. He is a member of the Denver Board of Education, is a grand-nephew of S. I. Hallett of Silverton and Aspen. His hobbies are color photography, early books of cartoons and caricatures.

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**Mr. Ed M. Hannon**, Box 5188, T. A., Denver, first learned of the Westerners through the late Elmo Scott Watson, and later from CM Eleanor Kingery. He is an enthusiastic collector of western art. He is president of the McCoy Company, distributor of Caterpillar Company products. He does not say so, but he has been contractor on some of the biggest construction projects in Colorado. He is a member of the Cactus Club and now a CM.

**Mr. H. D. Del Monte**, Box 609, Lander, Wyo., was a member of the late lamented Wyoming Westerners and has become a Denver CM. He is author of "The Life of Chief Washakie" and "Shoshone Indians." He is chairman of the Wyoming Highway Commission, and was formerly member and secretary of the Board of Trustees of the University of Wyoming. He collects Indian artifacts.

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**Mr. Bert Lynch**, already connected with the Los Angeles and Chicago Corrals, has joined the Denver Posse as a CM. He lives at 11613 Moorpark St., North Hollywood, Calif., and is a photographer for Walt Disney Studios. For 43 years he has been a still photographer in the moving picture industry. He is especially interested in the fur trade of the early West, in sheriffs, bad men and Indians.

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**Mr. Joseph C. Manak**, 18513 Maple Heights Blvd., Maple Heights, Ohio, is a policeman in his home town. He learned of the Denver Westerners through Lipsey and has (we are happy to say) become a CM. He has a large Colorado library, including five Colorado newspaper files, 40 current Colorado telephone directories, and information on 100 Colorado communities. His hobbies include railroad history, and police work.

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**Mr. Otis ("Dock") Marston**, 2333 Vine St., Berkeley, Calif., is one of the great authorities on the Colorado River; has a tremendous collection of material on that river's basin, and is writing a book on that subject. He has had experience in fast-water navigation on the Colorado. He contributed a chapter to "This is Dinosaur," and a yarn to the USHS Quarterly of July 1960. He is now a Denver CM.

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**Mr. F. W. Michaels**, 3242 N. California Ave., Chicago 18, is a sales executive, who learned of the Denver Westerners through buying Brand Books from booksellers. His chief interest in western history concerns the military, guns, and local histories. He has become a Denver CM.

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**Mr. L. F. Sheffy**, Box 568, Canyon, Texas, has become a CM. For 39 years he taught western history at West Texas State College. During this period he edited the Panhandle-Plains Historical Review (at Canyon). For more than 20 years he was secretary of the Panhandle-Plains Historical Society. He is author of "Life and Times of Timothy Dwight Hobart" and co-author of "Texas," a history textbook for junior high schools. He is at present engaged in more research and writing. In April 1963, he will publish another book.

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A new CM is **Ray G. Sparks**, Suite 710, 1012 Baltimore St., Kansas City 5, Mo. He is a member of the Kansas City Posse of Westerners, and is an insurance consultant. He is author of "Tall Bull's Captives," and was formerly an Air Force colonel. His historical interests lie in Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Texas and Wyoming.

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**Mr. George G. Topping**, 4209 N. Kedvale Ave., Chicago 41, is director of athletics in Chicago's Schurz High School. He loves bad men, sheriffs and Indian campaigns. So he has become a Denver CM.

**Mr. Archie E. Wright**, 523 Ogle St., Kendallville, Ind., was introduced to the Denver Westerners by John J. Lipsey. He has now become a CM. He is especially interested in the history of Colorado, his favorite State. He is a machinist and gunsmith. He settled in Yuma County (Colo.) in 1895, went to school there and at Greeley, Boulder and Irondale. In 1908, he worked as a teamster on the Moffat Road.

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The Southwest Collection of Texas Technological College at Lubbock has become an institutional member of the Denver Westerners. The Posse is glad to have this new member and would welcome other libraries and collections. The cost is the same as that for corresponding members (\$3.50 per year for membership and the monthly Roundup).

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**Miss Vera L. Withal**, Box 324, Hesperia, Calif., a new Denver CM, first learned of the Denver Posse through her corresponding membership in the Los Angeles Corral. She was until her retirement director of the Jedediah Smith Society at the College of the Pacific at Stockton, Calif. She collects books, magazine and newspaper material concerning Jedediah Smith, and is also interested in early California history, especially that of the Mojave desert region.

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**Mrs. Gertrude B. Sayre**, 2400 E. Iliff Ave., Denver 10, Colo., is now a Denver CM. She engages in ranch management, and in writing. She is author of "I Remember Central City When It Was Still a Mining Camp," which was published in a recent Roundup. Her western historical interests lie in the years from 1850 to 1875. The Westerners were introduced to her by Possemen Alan Swallow and Erl H. Ellis.

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**Mrs. Dora Morgan**, Box 955, Tucumcari, N. M., responded to the invitation sent her by J. Nevin Carson's membership committee, by becoming a Denver CM. A housewife, Mrs. Morgan is also assistant librarian at the Tucumcari Public Library. She is especially interested in southwest literature and in the collection of articles for library use. As the Editor knows, she is an avid book-collector.

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**Mr. Marshall Spruill Cook**, P. O. Box 609, Corsicana, Texas, writes that he was introduced to the merits of the Denver Westerners by John J. Lipsey and others. He has become a CM. Chairman of the Department of English and Speech in Navarro Junior College, Corsicana, he is especially interested in the history of the Southwest, range life, etc. He has, as Lipsey knows, a superb collection of books of Southwestern history. He is compiler of a bibliography of J. Frank Dobie.

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**Mr. Thomas H. Cooper**, 400 Garfield, Denver 6, became interested in the Denver Westerners through Possemen Harold Dunham and Tom Ferril, and now is a CM. His interests include New Mexico, 1800-1880; and the Franktown (Colorado) area. He is a member of the Cactus Club (Denver), and of the White Water Society, in which he is active. He participated in a survey of the Gore Range in Colorado. He is a plastics engineer, president of Plastikrafts, Inc. On the side, he does cave exploration. He is now a CM.

**Helen Sloan Daniels** (Mrs. Frank C.) is an author whose address is P. O. Box 1468, Durango, Colo. She learned about the Denver Westerners through Lipsey, and has just become a CM. Her interests include Ute Indians (contemporary) and pictographs of the Falls Creek area, pioneer history and Spanish-American history. She contributed to a publication of the Carnegie Institution (Washington, D. C.) an appendix on pictographs of the Basket-Maker II sites near Durango.

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**Mr. Nat Holt**, 5729 Spring Oak Drive, Hollywood 28, Calif., is an independent television producer, and producer of two superb railroad movies, "Canadian Pacific" and "Denver & Rio Grande." He became a Denver CM by accepting PM J. Nevin Carson's membership committee's invitation. He is interested in all early Colorado history, especially that pertaining to early Colorado railroads and personalities.

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**Mr. Robert West Haward**, 1008 - 5550 S. Dorchester, Chicago 37, Ill., is an Active Member of the Chicago Corral, has just become a Denver CM. He is a full-time free-lance writer, who has a long and distinguished list of books to his credit, either as author, co-author or editor. These include: "This is the West," "This is the South," "Hoofbeats of Destiny," "The Real Book About Farms," "Educational Planning by Communities," "Two-Billion Acre Farm," and "Rodeo: Last Frontier of the Old West." Scheduled for publication in 1962 are his books, "The Great Iron Trail: A History of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific," and "Ghost Towns of the Old West." For further information about Mr. West, see Who's Who in America.

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**Mr. Floyd W. Lee**, a livestock rancher, owner of the Fernandez Company, of San Mateo, New Mexico, is welcomed to corresponding membership in the Denver Westerners. He is particularly interested in both Spanish and American settlement of the West, and is author of "Bartolome Fernandez: Pioneer (1767) Shepherd on the Hills of New Mexico."

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**Mr. Ward Ritchie**, 1932 Hyperion Ave., Los Angeles 27, Calif., is co-owner of the Ward Ritchie Press and Anderson, Ritchie & Simon, publishers of hundreds of the handsomest books produced in the U.S. He is especially interested in southwestern history and literature. He is author of a number of books on printers and printing. Denver Westerners are glad to have such a character become a CM.

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A new CM is **Mr. Edward Emerina**, 1310 N. 13 St., Boise, Idaho, who (15 years ago) was an active member of the Chicago Westerners' Corral, and first heard of the Denver Posse through the late Elmo Scott Watson. He is a city councilman, a semi-retired newspaper publisher. He published the Idaho Farm Journal (12 years) and the Boise Journal (10 years). He has had published "Stories of the States" (WNU Syndicate), and a series of articles for newspapers throughout Idaho.



**Mr. George Kroenert**, P. O. Box 752, Pueblo, Colo., is a gasoline jobber who first learned of the Westerners by reading the newspapers, and joined up as a CM when he got an application blank from PM Fred A. Rosenstock. He is especially interested in early Colorado history, the San Luis Valley and Creede. He is a member of the State Historical Society of Colorado and of the Denver Botanic Gardens. He collects old historical works on Colorado.

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**Elinor Eppich Kingery (Mrs. H. M. Kingery)** is a client of Don Bloch, who induced her to become a CM. She lives at 2215 Locust St., Denver 7.

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**Mr. Carl E. Smith**, 1138 North C St., Broken Bow, Neb., is a retired forester who now conducts a museum in Broken Bow. He became a CM because he was invited to do so by CM Harry E. Chrisman of Liberal, Kansas. CM Smith is author of "A Natural History of Thomas County, Neb."

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**Mr. Kenneth Lee Padgett**, 3927 W. 76th St., Chicago 52, is a student at the University of Illinois at Chicago, an accounting major. He is an enthusiastic reader of historical magazines, and became a CM through reading the April issue of Roundup and a reprint therein of Alan Swallow's free advertisement for the Westerners from Swallow's Sage Books catalog.

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**Mrs. Lee W. Sperry (Imogene)** of Austin, Colorado, became a Denver CM through reading the Westerners' advertisement in Swallow's Sage Books catalog. Her friend Wilson Rockwell gave her the catalog because Rockwell's new book, "Memoirs of a Lawman" (Doc Shores), is advertised therein. Mrs. Sperry is author of many historical and human-interest articles (published in True West and Empire Magazine of the Denver Post) and of poetry, epigrams and children's fiction. She collects old documents and other historical material for the State Historical Society of Colorado. The Sperrys own a cattle ranch and spend the summer at a cow camp on Ragged Mountain.

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**Dr. Ben Gray Lumpkin**, 214 Hellems Hall, University of Colorado, Boulder, is a teacher of composition and literature in the English Department of the University, who became a Denver CM after learning of the Westerners through PMs Swallow and Lipsey. He is a plumb nut about Colorado folksongs, folk tales, ghost stories, and general folklore. He is author of "Folksongs on Records," published by Alan Swallow, is a contributor to Western Folklore Magazine, is a founder and editor of Colorado Folksong Bulletin (two issues of which have already appeared). Previous jobs include being secretary to the Director of Mississippi's Department of Archives and History, (1925-1929), teaching in Alabama and Mississippi, and at the University of North Carolina. He has been at the University of Colorado since 1946. His hobbies include collecting folksong phonograph records, recording Colorado folksongs on tape, collecting books and prints of Charles M. Russell. If you know any old Colorado folksongs, type them and send to Dr. Lumpkin. (No "Springtime in the Rockies," please!)

**Herr Friedrich-Carl Wobbe**, "Cowboy Charly," 2000 Hamburg-Niendorf, 1, Molenwisch 9, West Germany, has sent in his application to become a Denver CM. He is owner of the Billy Jenkins Museum of the American West, in Hamburg, has written many western stories for German newspapers. His hobbies include rope-spinning, target-shooting, and Indian history. (Roundup recently printed a picture of CM Wobbe spinning a rope.) He is a member of the German Westerners.

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**Mr. Charles E. Kirk**, Box 395, Castle Rock, Colo., is county extension agent for Colorado State University, assigned to Douglas County. He became interested in the Denver Westerners through knowing John T. Caine III (deceased PM) and Norman Smith. He has been a ranch operator, a show-cattle herdsman, and at present is cattle superintendent of the National Western Stock Show (Denver). He is especially interested in the early history of the Pikes Peak Region.

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**Mr. Pierpont Fuller** is an attorney whose address is 1331 E. 7th Ave., Denver 18. He is particularly interested in Colorado's history, and has written articles about it. He and his wife are useful and active members of the State Historical Society of Colorado. One interesting job he had was that of Receiver of the Rio Grande Southern Railroad.

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**Joseph Henry Failing, M.D.**, now CM, whose address is 475 Buena Vista St., San Marino 9, Calif., learned of the Denver Posse by being a corresponding member of the Los Angeles Corral. His interest in western history may stem from the fact that his grandfather went from Michigan to Oregon in 1849.

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**Mr. George L. Harding**, 546 Arlington Ave., Berkeley 7, Calif., was invited to become a Denver CM by PM J. Nevin Carson's membership committee. (He did.) He was already a corresponding member of the Los Angeles, New York, and Spokane Westerners. He is especially interested in the history of printing and of newspapers in California, and has published numerous articles and brochures. Though retired, he is trustee and treasurer of the California Historical Society; member of dozens of historical societies; and Noble Grand Humbug of the Yerba Buena Chapter, E Clampus Vitus. (If you don't know about this fun-loving, hell-raising organization of distinguished Californians, you ought to.)

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**Mr. Alfred A. Look**, 1248 Ouray Ave., Grand Junction, Colo., is a new CM. He retired after 37 years as advertising manager of the Grand Junction Sentinel, is now advertising manager for the United States Bank, Grand Junction. He is especially interested in the prehistoric inhabitants of the West and Southwest, and in individualistic characters of Colorado. He is the author of "In My Back Yard," "U-Boom," "Advertising at Retail," "1000 Million Years on the Colorado Plateau," and many other published works. He is a monthly contributor to Pocket Book and American Press Magazines, is a member of many scientific and business societies.



# Westerner's Bookshelf

**SUICIDE OR MURDER? THE STRANGE DEATH OF GOVERNOR MERIWETHER LEWIS**, by Vardis Fisher. Denver: Alan Swallow (1962). 288 pages; 27 illustrations, map, cloth, 12 mo. \$4.95.

Vardis Fisher's "Suicide or Murder?" is a must for those interested in western history. The book details the various accounts of how the great explorer Meriwether Lewis came to an untimely and mysterious death in the desolation of the Tennessee woods, three years after his famous trek up the Missouri River.

An insight into the character and personality of the great man, Lewis, is given; his financial difficulty while serving as Governor of Upper Louisiana Territory is revealed. He was on his way to Washington so that he could untangle his finances. He had traveled 200 miles on horseback through the wilderness section of Tennessee, stopping at Grinder's or Griner's Inn or Stand for the night, where he died. The Trace or Trail extended from Natchez to Nashville, a distance of 550 miles, and the inns along the route were run by half-breeds or Indians.

Some attributed the death of Lewis to suicide and said he was mentally deranged; others thought he was murdered. Two shots penetrated his body; a few people stated he cut his throat with a razor. The Tennessee legislative committee investigated the death and gave the following report:

"The impression has long prevailed that, under the influence of a disease of the body and mind . . . the Governor perished by his own hand. It seems more probable that he died by the hands of an assassin."

All of the evidence is circumstantial and much of it is contradictory. It is too bad that the author could not have come to a definite conclusion after all his research so the reader would not be left in doubt as to the actual cause of the death of one of the great explorers of our country.

NOLIE MUMEY, PM

**THE REYNOLDS CAMPAIGN ON POWDER RIVER**, by J. W. Vaughan. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press (1961). 239 pages, sm. 8vo., 17 illustrations, map, \$5.00

This book is written entirely around one of those minor skirmishes with the Indians, which have occurred from time to time.

This action in 1876 established a pattern which led the military, under government orders, to use tactics which would eventually destroy the Indian. This plan of action—exterminating the Indian if he could not be confined and thus controlled—led to such infamous battles as the Little Big Horn, the Rosebud and countless others.

A serious student of Indian history, or of military history and tactics in fighting the Indians, should acquire this book for his library.

The book is well researched with an abundance of notes and references to the official reports and records in Washington. The author has gone to a great length to verify location of camps by actually going over the battle area, and using metallic locaters to further prove his information.

If the reader will faithfully follow the footnotes and use the appendix he

will almost feel, smell and see the actions, the acts of heroism and cowardice, and the opportunism of men under fire. Scenes of stupidity will show up with flashes of clarity, and he will sense the making of military history.

The author does not try to "white-wash" the officers. He portrays the officers and men as just average, some of whom are trying to obey orders whether they understand them or not. The enlisted men are no better nor worse than tens of thousands of other men in armed forces since the beginning of time.

WILLIAM D POWELL, PM

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**"SNEAKY HISTORIAN"**

Somebody has mailed to Roundup a clipping (from the Denver Post?) in which Columnist Jack Guinn writes about a "Sneaky Historian":

"Kenny Englert, who operates 'Kenny's Fine Liquors' in Colorado Springs, is a dedicated historian who thinks every new building ought to have its own time capsule filled with records of today's remarkable events. Not everybody who puts up a new building agrees with this, so Mr. Englert has been forced to resort to his own devices.

"It may therefore be news to the builders of the new Tutt Library and the Science Building at Colorado College, to the contractors handling the new El Paso County Building, and to the people putting up the new seven-story apartment building, the new Police building and others that they have Englert time capsules. What he does is to hide some notice of a major event, such as the John Glenn space flight, when builders are not looking."

Dangerous man, is PM Englert! Subversive!

**MONTHLY BRAND BOOKS WANTED**

PM Maurice Frink (Director) and Mrs. Nan V. Carson, CM, (Librarian) of the State Historical Society of Colorado have advised Roundup that the Society's library lacks certain issues of the Monthly Brand Book of the Denver Westerners. They would like to have a complete file of these. The numbers missing and desired are:

**Monthly Brand Book**

- Vol. 1, Nos. 1 through 12 (Jan.-Dec. 1945)
- Vol. 2, Nos. 1 through 6 (Jan.-June 1946)  
Nos. 8-9 (Aug.-Sept. 1946)  
No. 11 (Nov. 1946)
- Vol. 3, No. 10 (Oct. 1947)
- Vol. 4, Nos. 2-3 (Feb.-Mar. 1948)  
Nos. 6 through 8 (June-Aug. 1948)
- Vol. 5, Nos. 1 through 4 (Jan.-Apr. 1949)
- Vol. 6, No. 12 (Dec. 1950)

(The Denver publication now called Roundup was originally named Brand Book.)

Mrs. Carson wrote: "If any of these can be located, we would be more than glad to give a generous tax deduction for their contribution to the library. If the member chose only to make them available by purchase, we might be able to dig deep and come up with something. But we'd rather not have to."

If you can furnish any of the above issues, write to Mrs. Nan V. Carson, Librarian, State Historical Society of Colorado, Denver 2, Colo.

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It will surprise some writers and advertisers to learn that "exotic" does not mean "naked" (as in "exotic dancer"). Before you next use this word, look it up in a dictionary.

## JUNE MEETING

Here are extracts from the minutes of Roundup Foreman George R. Eichler:

The regular monthly dinner-meeting of the Denver Posse of the Westerners was held at the Denver Press Club on June 27, 1962, Sheriff Erl H. Ellis presiding. In attendance: 34 possemen, 23 corresponding members, and 9 guests; total 66.

The sheriff introduced two new posse members: Bill Powell and Hatfield Chilson. A third recently elected CM, Steve Payne, was not present.

The sheriff announced that there would be no regular meeting of the posse in July, but that the Colorado Springs contingent of the Denver posse had arranged a dinner-meeting and program for July 28. Because of limited space, only possemen and their ladies; Colorado Springs area corresponding members and their ladies (or escorts) are eligible to attend. (See notice on page 2 of this issue of Roundup.) This is in accordance with previous practice, the sheriff said.

Ellis further announced that the Westerners' Annual Rendezvous would be held (as formerly) at the Colorow Cave on Saturday, August 25. To this all members (RM, PM and CM) and their guests are invited. Visiting members of other Westerners organizations are especially invited. Because this may be the last opportunity for a Rendezvous at the Cave, it is hoped this meeting might be one of the best.

The roundup foreman reported on the still-underway membership campaign. Corresponding memberships now total 633, an all-time high. With posse and reserve members, membership of the Denver Westerners totals 694. The quest for new CMs is continuing, and all members are requested to bring in suitable applicants.

The formal portion of the meeting

got under way at 7:45 p.m., when Program Chairman Alan Swallow introduced John J. Lipsey who read an 1891 "lecture" by George H. Harries, staff correspondent for the Washington Star. The paper's title: "The Wounded Knee Tragedy: Its Causes and Its Lessons." The manuscript was furnished by Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson, CM, of Colorado Springs. The reading took an hour and was followed by a half-hour of general discussion. The meeting adjourned at 9:15.

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## "BEST WESTERN BOOKS OF 1961"

Don Russell, Editor of the Chicago Westerners Monthly Brand Book, reports that Westerners have voted the following books to be the best published in 1961:

Ramon F. Adams, **THE OLD-TIME COWHAND**, Macmillan Company, New York.

Juanita Brooks, **JOHN DOYLE LEE**, Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, Calif.

Mark H. Brown, **THE PLAINSMEN OF THE YELLOWSTONE**, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

George E. Hyde, **SPOTTED TAIL'S FOLK**, University of Oklahoma Press.

John Joseph Mathews, **THE OSAGES**, University of Oklahoma Press.

John Francis McDermott, **SETH EASTMAN, PICTORIAL HISTORIAN OF THE INDIAN**, University of Oklahoma Press.

Harry E. Chrisman, **LOST TRAILS OF THE CIMARRON**, Sage Books, Denver, Colorado.

E. I. Edwards, **LOST OASES ALONG THE CARRIZO**, Westernlore Press, Los Angeles.

Nick Eggenhofer, **WAGONS, MULES, AND MEN**, Hastings House, New York.

Robert H. Fletcher, **FREE GRASS TO FENCES**, The Montana Cattle Range Story, University Publishers, Inc., New York.

W. Eugene Hollon, **THE SOUTH-WEST**, Old and New, Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

J. Leonard Jennewein and Jane Boorman, editors, **DAKOTA PANORAMA**, Dakota Territory Centennial Commission, Mitchell, S. D.

Nyle H. Miller, Edgar Langsdorf, and Robert W. Richmond, **KANSAS: A PICTORIAL HISTORY**, Kansas Centennial Commission and the State Historical Society, Topeka.

Paul I. Wellman, **A DYNASTY OF WESTERN OUTLAWS**, Doubleday and Co., Garden City, N. Y.

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#### AN EDITOR CAN LEARN AS WELL AS TEACH

From the desk of CM Eliot Wager at the Broyles, Allebaugh and Davis Advertising Agency in Denver comes the following much-appreciated note:

"Thank you for helpful instructions on usage in each Roundup. ('Hectic' was another one I did not know.)

"I'd appreciate your printing some advice on spelling a word. On page 5 of the April Roundup, you have it 'Coloradoan.' Despite one so-named newspaper in the state, and the majority of Denver radio announcers, isn't the correct word 'Coloradan'?"

To this the Editor makes the following response:

When I came to Colorado more than 40 years ago, those residents around me called themselves "Coloradoans." So I became one, too.

Not one of the dictionaries I have gives either word. So I have no printed authority. So, perhaps we should have the Colorado legislature, when it gets itself legally re-apportioned, pass a bill, making one or the other legal and proper. Then some-

one can challenge the law and the Colorado Supreme Court can pass on the constitutionality of the act.

Mr. Wager has a better case than he has presented. I never heard of a "New Mexicoan" (or of a "Mexicoan"). I think I shall have to start writing "Coloradan." But my old typewriter won't like it a bit!

—J. J. L.

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#### CURRENT COLORADO HISTORY

Not quite six years ago when Julia Lipsey and her husband John J. were writing for "Week End," a Colorado Springs weekly, they wrote the paragraph below and sent it in with their regular copy. Week End's editor, Constantine Poulos, much amused, "put a hed on it" ("Unconstitutionally Constituted") and printed the paragraph as an unsigned editorial on Sept. 28, 1956.

"Colorado's legislature has for years refused to obey the constitution's directive to re-apportion the State for purposes of electing state senators and representatives. Suppose a citizen violates a law passed during one of the recent sessions. Could he defend himself by asserting that the law was unconstitutional because the legislature that passed it was not constitutionally selected?"

At long last the Colorado Supreme Court lately has taken cognizance of the failure of the legislature to re-apportion itself, and has issued "show cause" demands to all hands. It seems unlikely, however, that the high court will declare unconstitutional any laws passed by legislators improperly selected. That would be to create a confusion worse than in which the State finds itself now.

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CM Michael Harrison, Fair Oaks, Calif., writes (in response to the Editor's filler-paragraph about puns): "Of course I know what is it a pun! A bun is the lowest form of wheat." An oldie, he says.

# A GIRL'S TRIP TO EARLY LEADVILLE

By Mrs. Herman Simon

[Not long ago, CM Dow Helmers of Pueblo was searching through files of the Pueblo Star-Journal and Chieftain for material about the Denver, South Park and Pacific R. R. (particularly about Alpine Tunnel) when he ran across, in the Weekly Chieftain for Saturday, Jan. 28, 1911, a full-page story on another topic which intrigued him. This was headed "A Girl's Trip to Early Leadville." It was an account, not only of a trip to, but of a residence in Leadville in the 1870s, 1880s and 1890s. Helmers was smart enough and kind enough to copy this story and to send it to Roundup. The author was Mrs. Herman Simon, in 1911 living at 422 Broadway, Pueblo. CM Ralph C. Taylor, News Director of the Star-Journal and Chieftain, gave permission to use the article in Roundup. Helmers and Taylor have the posse's thanks. Herewith is presented Mrs. Simon's story, condensed from the original.

—THE EDITOR]

When I was quite a young girl, in the 1870s, I had the opportunity to make a trip from Pueblo to Leadville, Colorado, which was then in its glory of mining activity and excitement. The trip made an impression upon my mind stronger than any other incident of my life.

A stage drawn by six horses met our train at Canon City and took us through steep mountain passes and magnificent scenery. I had no relatives, friends, or acquaintances with

me at the beginning of the trip, hence I felt very timid at the start, having heard so many tales of the "wild and woolly West." In starting on the stage-ride particularly I felt very nervous but soon found that all the passengers were people of the kindest sort. A few rode on top with the driver, who was an expert at managing the equine sextet. Two or three passengers who had been over the road before easily picked out the tenderfeet and had a good bit of fun at their expense by telling of harrowing experiences that had previously occurred and quite likely would occur again, just a little way ahead. Deep holes in the sides of the mountains were pointed out as gold and silver mines, where fabulous wealth had been secured. Many were made extremely happy by these tales at the thought of how easy it would be to get rich in a few days.

The stage coach was rickety, and, at some rough places in the road, traveled at an extraordinary gait. We found it necessary to take a firm grip on our seats to keep from striking the top of the stage. I remember quite vividly the remarks of one wit of the party who would keep saying, when a particularly hard jolt came, "Ladies, keep your seats" and "Ladies are requested to remove their hats." At some extremely steep places passengers were asked to get out and walk.

It was towards evening when we drove up to a two-story log house which, for fear we would not recog-

nize it, had an extremely large sign stating that it was the hotel. [This was probably at Granite.] There we stopped for supper and a night's rest. We entered the front room which served for the office and which was heated by a large wood-stove in its center. Of course, the general conversation among the crowd standing around the stove was about Leadville. One of them found a chair for me, at the same time, roaring, "Going to Leadville? Ha, Ha, Ha! Going to Leadville to die with smallpox or pneumonia." He had a big red flannel rag around his neck and seemed in a condition indicating that he was about to have (or had had) pneumonia himself. "I know a thing or two about this country, and I tell you right here and now I am going back East." He was one of the many who did not win in the tremendous gambles of those days where risks were great and the game was fast and exciting.

It was a diverse crowd in the room, comprised of mine-owners, bankers, speculators, promoters, commercial travelers, laborers and gamblers, all getting, having, or recovering from the Leadville fever. One of the traveling salesmen knew my folks at home and he kindly let me have the room which he had engaged, he himself sleeping in the office on the floor, as I learned next morning. It was quite a primitive hotel and there were few rooms. A lady whom I met on the coach had a room next to mine. We could see through little peep holes in the logs and as the season was November, it was very cold during the night.

In the bedrooms there were no fires. We became so cold that we simply could not sleep. The lady in the next room suggested, about three a.m., that we take our candles and go down to the office where the big stove was and get warm. Accordingly we partially dressed and quietly tip-toed downstairs. There were men, ap-

parently three-deep, asleep all over the floor and around the big stove. We hurried back to our rooms where we spent the next few hours shivering and wishing for the morning.

About seven a.m. we were again in the stage for the final jaunt to Leadville, and we were not long in arriving there. We drove up what was then the main street, Chestnut by name, and stopped in front of the Grand Hotel, at that time conducted by Thomas F. Walsh who afterwards became one of the famous mining kings. His success and apparent good luck were accomplished by keen ability as a prospector and by a mind that gained metallurgical knowledge until he became one of the best mining authorities in the country. A cosmopolitan crowd was standing by, anxious to see the newcomers. It was interesting to notice how eager some were to help me out. At first this looked like a personal compliment but I learned later it was due to the fact that ladies of any age were scarce there at that time.

Our home was a log cabin of two rooms, lined inside with painted muslin. The ceiling was of big rough logs running clear across from one outer wall to the other. That night, my first in the new home, I was awakened by a great noise which frightened me until I woke my mother who explained that the commotion was caused by chipmunks.

On the following day my mother took me out to get a glimpse of the town. A deep snow had just melted and left the street about knee-deep [!] with a peculiar metallic-looking mud, very tenacious. While we were standing on the corner of Chestnut and Pine streets, debating how we should get across the street, a couple of rough-looking miners in high top-boots grabbed each of us around the waist, carried us across the street and put us safely on the boardwalk at the

opposite side. It was done without a word or the slightest indication that they needed or wished our permission and we were considerably astounded, yet could not feel offended. It certainly was one of the gallant ways of the big-hearted fellows who were numerous in Leadville.

We met many of these rough-looking men on the streets that morning. In fact, there were crowds coming down from the mountains. Stolid Teutons and Scandinavians, bustling Americans and nervous Mexicans, English, Scotch and Irish were represented. Youths, old men, were seen, some with eyes feverishly bright and pockets bulging with ore. Still others wore a look of resignation and an appearance of dejection, yet had the determination to keep on and win riches or pay their lives as forfeits.

We visited some of the mines close to the town. At one place, it being noon, we were invited into the cabin to take dinner with the mine-owner. The cabin was furnished with a small cookstove, a rough table and large logs sawed off at the right height for chairs. I believe there was a cot in one corner. The food was mostly canned goods, served on tin plates set on the bare board table. One of the men bustled around and prepared the meal which included plenty of bread, crackers and butter with excellent coffee. After the meal, I caught sight of some books on one side of the cabin. There were many excellent works by the best authors. In another corner were a violin, a guitar and quite a little sheet-music. Before we went home one of the miners presented me with a small gold nugget for being the first lady that had ever visited the cabin and mine. I still have this nugget in a ring which I am now wearing.

A blasting operation which I witnessed that afternoon startled me considerably. The method of drilling then

was considerably cruder than now. There was no power-drill. Holes were bored in the rock by a miner's muscular power operating on a pointed drill struck with a hammer. As the rock was hard and the holes, an inch or more in diameter, were drilled to a considerable depth, the process was very laborious.

We went up on top of a mountain from which we had a grand view of Leadville. The camp lay in a valley 10,200 feet above sea level, surrounded by mountains. From where we were, Leadville looked like a toy village set in the bottom of an enormous dishpan. The mountain-sides, up to the snow line, were covered with a beautiful growth of pines, spruces and firs. In some places small foliage peeped out from the edge of the snow. We could see mines and prospect holes all along the sides of the mountains. Smoke came from many cabin-chimneys and from a few stamp mills and other processing plants where the ore was treated.

Before we got home from our day's trip it became dark and we witnessed a scene of delightful beauty. All over the mountains, the valley and the town were little dots of light glowing like stars and showing a camp whose size gave it the name of "the greatest mining camp in the world."

The population was increasing in Leadville. New dance halls, variety theaters, saloons and gambling places opened and were in full blast every day in the week. Business buildings were very scarce. My father built a few one- and two-story buildings on Harrison Avenue and State Street. He got enormous rents for these places. People were willing to pay almost anything for any kind of building in which they could start a business. However, it was only a short time until the St. Louis Smelting and Refining Company claimed prior title to the ground on account of having pur-



chased the properties from the Star Placer Company sometime earlier. They claimed that my father and other business men were "squatters." They won the case and Father and a few others on Harrison Avenue had to walk out of their stores and give up their properties.

In those days when I walked up and down Chestnut and State street I could see the saloons filled with crowds of men talking of their finds in the hills, or gambling and drinking. These places were open all night and seldom were deserted. I remember one poor busted gambler who called at our cabin for something to eat. He also asked piteously for an old blanket as it was extremely cold. We gave him a pair of heavy gray blankets. The next morning he was found dead in an alley behind a saloon where he had wandered when drunk, gone to sleep and frozen to death. The blankets were wrapped around him but it would have required more than their warmth to save him.

One evening a crowd of us (consisting of my father, my mother, myself, my brother, his wife and a couple of friends) visited the Grand Central Theatre on State Street, which was one of the prominent dance halls of that time. Owing to the character of the place, the ladies of our party put on glasses and veils so as not to be known. We took seats in one of the boxes which were draped with lace curtains that concealed us but through which we could see. We locked the door of our box and were disturbed only a few times by the dance hall girls, knocking and asking if we wished any beer, wine or whiskey. The stage people seemed to know that we were in the box and directed numerous jokes toward us. An English sketch-team which included a child six years old did an excellent song-and-dance that took splendidly with the audience. The crowd of

miners, sitting below us in chairs, went wild over the child and threw all kinds of money on the boards. The child was terribly frightened at this. It was mostly hard money that was thrown. The mother gathered up over one hundred dollars and carried the child off the stage. Another act was a song-and-dance by a pretty but blase woman who so captivated the miners that they threw numerous twenty-dollar gold pieces at her. Every once in a while she would stoop and pick these up, placing them in a pocket in her waist which seemed to have been provided especially for this purpose.

The next day, the Evening Chronicle came out with a notice of some prominent society-people visiting the Grand Central, wearing veils, glasses, etc. Shortly after this the Grand Central manager advertised a ladies' night once a week, and as ladies were becoming more numerous in the town the innovation took well and many of the best people attended on these ladies' nights.

There were numerous dance halls, however, where conditions were such that ladies never dared to go close to them. Passing up State Street, one could not fail to see them. On a high box in the center of the room stood the caller with a wonderfully loud voice to keep the dancers going through their rough terpsichorean maze. As the night wore on the crowds of men and women became the worse for drink, as after each dance they would swing up to the bar at one side of the room. Twenty-five cents was the price of the cheapest drink. These places must have made a large amount of money as the patronage was always very heavy. The squeaking of bad violins and the noise of worse pianos were enough to make anyone take to drink.

One New Year's day in Leadville a friend of mine helped me receive guests at a reception. The snow was

very deep and we who were eagerly awaiting the company, wondered how our guests would come—and in fact we would not have been surprised if only a few arrived. The first to come were a number of gentlemen, dressed in the height of fashion with silk hats, white kid gloves and all accessories of evening attire, who had come in a sleigh with six burros hitched to it.

An old lady named Ray kept a boarding- and lodging-house on the corner of State Street and Harrison Avenue. She had gone to Leadville in its still earlier days. Washing for the miners, she had saved a little money, bought some cheap property which later became very valuable (being situated on the main streets). She became quite wealthy, but continued to work at the washtub and take in boarders. We gave her our washing to do, and, one evening when she brought it to our cabin I was practicing on the piano.

We had one of the very first pianos in a private home in Leadville. Father had it shipped from Marysville (Kansas) to Denver, and from there it was freighted to Leadville. Well, when Mrs. Ray heard me playing that evening she became wild for a piano on which her adopted daughter, a girl about twelve years old, could learn to play. She wanted a good piano, so we ordered one from a Denver firm for her, a quite expensive instrument for which she paid cash when it reached her. It was placed in the "best room" at her boarding-house and there her daughter would practice by the hour, while good old Mrs. Ray would be at her tub, washing.

After we had lived in Leadville for some months, Father decided to build another home. As sawed lumber was extremely scarce, he got logs for use in the building, and having several lots on different streets, he concluded to start the new home on Sixth Street near Harrison Avenue. Just when he

had the logs there and was getting started a woman of the underworld had logs placed on a lot opposite and began building there. When Father saw this situation he moved the logs to another one of his lots and the same thing happened. Before the house was constructed he had to have the logs moved four times to get away from the buildings that were started nearby by such women. Finally our house was finished, a comfortable two-story home, with nine rooms, as convenient and modern as was possible at that time. The walls were built of large pine logs and the interior was lined with muslin and tinted. Later when sawed lumber came in more freely, the house was weatherboarded outside.

Our front and back yards looked very desolate, there being no trees or shrubbery of any kind. We decided to take a team and go into the mountains for some trees. With much hard work we managed to get some young pine trees, and planted them in our yard. But after all our trouble, they would not grow. I remember Father remarking he would get some green paint for them and have them look like trees anyway.

Though Leadville had its vicious side of life there was, nevertheless, a considerable development of refined social life as well. Side by side with bad characters from all over the world came people of good habits and refinement. A few weeks after I came to Leadville I was asked to attend a club dance where I met many lovely well-mannered people. To some of these acquaintances I afterward became greatly attached and these became my closest friends.

Several charity clubs sprang up in a short time. My mother, being president of one, went out one day soliciting funds and asked a gentleman on the street for some aid. He at once gave her \$25, saying it was all he had

with him. The man was H. A. W. Tabor. He was just as generous in those days as afterwards when he had gained his millions. Those of us who knew Mr. Tabor in the early Leadville days were very sad when, in his last years, he seemed to have lost his grip for making money and finally let his princely fortune get away from him through bad mining projects, political ambitions, etc. It was a personal blow to his old Leadville friends when his beautiful home was auctioned away from him, and when the broken remnant of this splendid man was working again in the mines, trying to coax fortune again to come his way. We all wished most heartily that he might again succeed.

Many others beside Mr. Tabor made great fortunes in Leadville, invested in Denver property and made life brilliant there, by splurging in sealskins and diamonds. Some made their fortunes legitimately; and then there were a few there who gathered large amounts of money by "salting" their properties and selling to some shining mark at a large figure. In the few months after I reached the camp there was a great deal of "lot-jumping." Desirable building lots were jumped in the most brazen manner and there was a good bit of gunplay over this. Many an owner had to drive squatters away from his ground at the point of a six-shooter.

On his way to work one morning my father saw the bodies of two men hanging in the doorway of an unfinished building on West Fifth Street near Harrison Avenue and later learned that they had been strung up for lot-jumping. One was a man named Frodsham and the other was a quite young boy whose name I do not recall.

I met a young man whom I will call W.J., a reporter on one of the Leadville papers who was possessed of

much imagination. Shortly after the above-mentioned hanging, he wrote an article for his paper which was published with the heading "Haunted House, The Ghost of Frodsham Seen Trying to Jump Lots There." Some people for a number of nights thereafter actually went over and remained up all night watching this house.

There were many holdups in Leadville during those days. When a young man called on his girl he often remarked about the holdups and quieted her anxiety by saying that he was "well-heeled," which was then a polite way of saying that he carried a gun. (Perhaps I know of this from personal experience.) Most people, when out at night, walked in the middle of the road with a revolver in pocket or belt and with their hands on the gun ready for instant action.

The Masons gave a ball that winter of '78 and '79 at the Grand Hotel and it was a fine affair. The costumes of the ladies were elaborate and beautiful and among them were a few New York and Paris creations. Heavy gros-grain silk was a favorite fabric then, indeed was considered the acme of elegance; and brocaded satins and velvets were much in evidence. People were there from New York, Boston and even from London. Those who had not brought new dress creations with them recently, found in Leadville quite a colony of high-class dressmakers who had flocked there from the East on account of the high Leadville prices. They found it easy to get from \$25 to \$40 for making up a plain princess gown, and elaborate designs were paid for at proportionately large prices. Milliners, too, did an extremely profitable business and found no difficulty in obtaining prices for hats that would have compared favorably with those paid by New York millionaires' wives. There were times when there was a scarcity of nice de-

signs and under such conditions many were glad to get an attractive hat at any price.

Hot Springs at Cottonwood, Colorado, was a fashionable resort at that time for Leadville people and any who went there considered that, before going, they had to have quite an elaborate outfit of high-class apparel. A quite pretentious hotel was built at Cottonwood which was the scene of many brilliant gatherings.

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Of course the Roundup Editor is desirous of pleasing his contributors. But he is much more anxious to satisfy Roundup's readers. (There are more readers than writers, he hopes.) So, at times it is necessary to do some radical editing on matter submitted for publication.

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Careful writers usually avoid the use of "galore" (a worn-out word); "anent" (a pretentious word); and "finalized" (a Madison Avenue word whose meaning has not yet been definitely established).

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Before you turn in a manuscript for publication, check every word of whose meaning or spelling you are doubtful. Insert proper punctuation. The printer will not correct your errors. The editor may. A lot of writers would be frightfully embarrassed if their stuff were printed just as they wrote it.

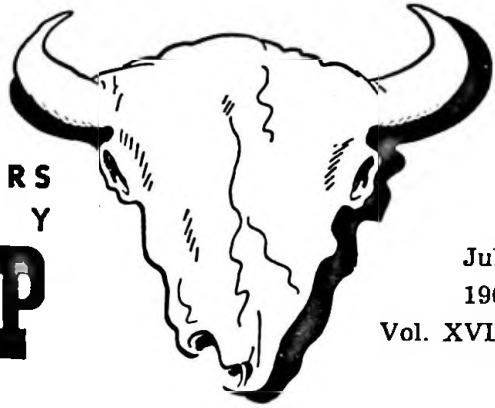
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"Posture" is a word that has assumed a vague new meaning in statements by government spokesmen in recent years. It is a word that is safe for them to use because its meaning is clear neither to them nor to their readers.

The Fourteenth Annual World's Championship Pack Burro Race will be held on Sunday, July 29, 1962. This event is held over Mosquito Pass between Leadville and Fairplay. The course, formerly an old stagecoach road, is 23 miles long, reaching an elevation of 13,182 feet. Each contestant is required to walk, run or carry his burro and is not allowed to ride at any time. "No persuasive implements are allowed to increase the progress of the burro. A fifteen-foot lead rope, attached to the burro's halter, is a contestant's only source of speeding up the pace of his racing partner. The burro is equipped with a regulation pack-saddle and 25 pounds of weight. In addition to this weight, there must be carried certain prospector's equipment, such as gold-pan, pick and shovel. Officials are on hand at all times to check the weights of the load and condition of animals. Prizes are offered, totaling \$1900, including \$400 for women contestants." In addition to the race itself, other attractions are offered at Fairplay for three days, beginning on Friday, July 27. Visitors may also inspect South Park City, an authentic restoration of an old-time Colorado mining town. South Park City is on the edge of Fairplay."

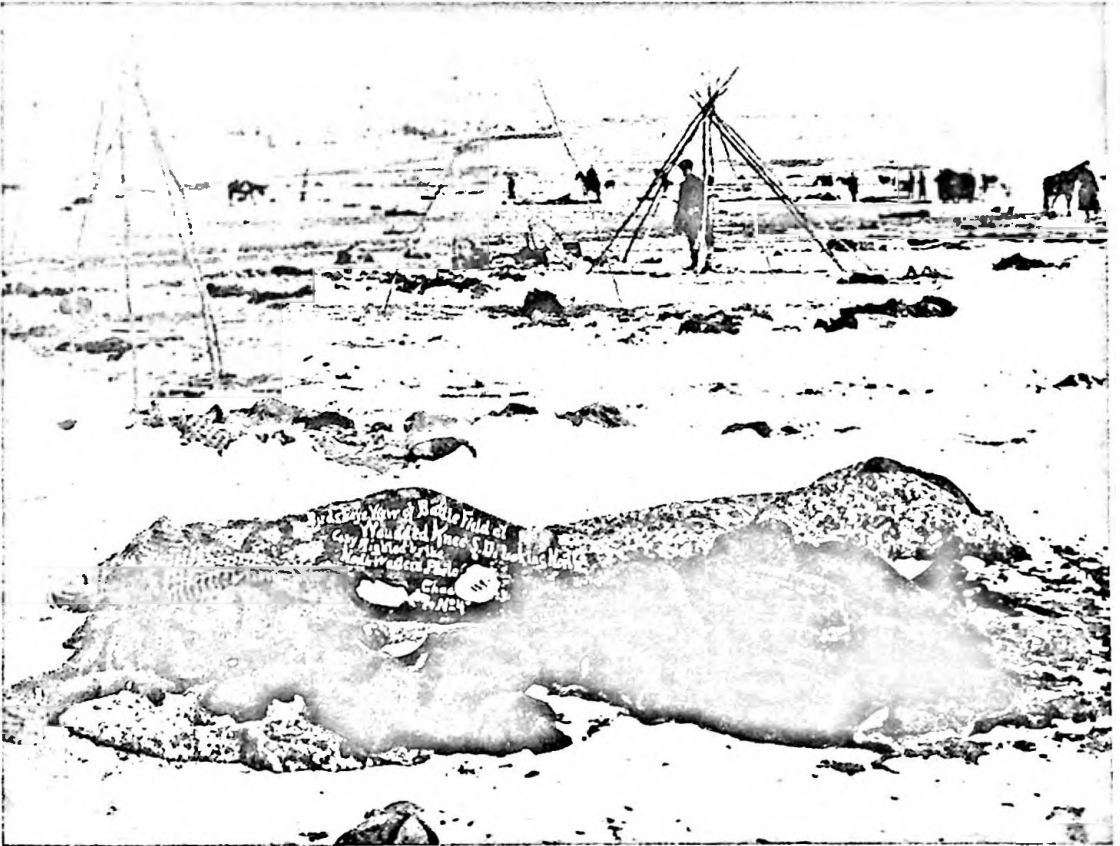
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Roundup Foreman George R. Eichler continues to insist that those who wish to attend dinner-meetings of the Denver Westerners should use the postcards sent to make reservations. Please don't phone! . . . And he again requests that if you change your address, you let Roundup know ahead of time. Costs money to have copies of the publication returned. The posse cannot afford to re-address returned copies, he says. We have no hired help.



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

July  
1962  
Vol. XVIII, No. 7



**ABOVE:** Bird's Eye View of Battlefield of Wounded Knee, looking North. (Fred and Jo Mazzulla Collection.)

**INSIDE:** The Wounded Knee Tragedy: Its Causes and Its Lessons. A contemporary Account by George H. Harries.

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**AUGUST MEETING AT CCLOROW CAVE**

The next meeting of the Denver Westerners will be held at the Colorow Cave, southwest of Denver, near Morrison, on Saturday, August 25. To this all possemen, corresponding members, their ladies or escorts and guests are invited. Formal notices and directions for arriving at the cave will be mailed to all possemen and to corresponding members residing within easy traveling distance of the cave. Reservations are necessary. If you do not receive your notice, write Westerners Headquarters, 414 Denver Theater Bldg., Denver 2, Colo. Dinner service is expected to begin about 6:30 p.m., and serving of complimentary refreshments may start an hour earlier. Information as to price of dinner is not available to the Editor at press time.

The program will begin shortly before 8 p.m. Speaker of the evening will be Evan Edwards, public relations man for Colorado's new Mental Health Center at Fort Logan, who will read a paper on "The Historical Background of Fort Logan." He has compiled a history of the old fort up to the time of demise as a military institution, relying on research into military files, newspapers and gathered original material. Repeat: Reservations are necessary.

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**SEPTEMBER MEETING**

The September meeting of the Denver Westerners will be held at the Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm Place, Denver, on Wednesday, Sept. 26, 1962, at 6:30 p.m. Speaker of the evening: Len Shoemaker. Subject: "Two Pioneers of the Roaring Fork."  
Festiniag Railway Locomotive "Earl of Merioneth," built in 1879. Photo made July 20, 1961, by Charles S. Ryland, at Portmadoc, Wales.

## FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

PM Don L. Griswold, editor of the Denver Westerners Brand Book for 1961 (to be published this fall) writes: "Robert B. Cormack will be the artist for the new book. As far as I know, he is the first posseman to do the art work of a Brand Book. A biographical sketch of Cormack appeared in the October 1960 Roundup at the beginning of his paper on the John Lawrence Diary. Bob's art work will consist of four fold-out panoramas which will introduce each section. He has cleverly and humorously grouped the sketches appropriate to each section. Each time you look at one of the sketches you see something you had previously missed. Cormack is also designing the dust-jacket."

A recent experience prompts the editor of Roundup to suggest that at every meeting of the Denver Posse at which a paper is read arrangements should be made to have an operating microphone and P. A. system. Thus, it should not be necessary to shut off the air-conditioning system and to stew listeners in their own juices. (Members and guests have complained of excessive heat. And some would-be listeners have left the meetings because they could not hear the speakers.) The speaker at the June meeting found a tall bar-chair useful. His legs do not support him in the style to which he was formerly accustomed. Others may like the tall seat, too.

Clarence Robert Worthington, 3912 W. Kentucky St., Denver 19, became a CM of the Denver Posse in June of 1961. Shortly thereafter he joined the U. S. Navy, so that he has not yet had a chance to attend a meeting. But he'd like to. He is (or was recently) on the U.S.S. Braine, and has been

a float since last December. His ship took him to Japan and other exotic lands. He was in Laos on guard duty for a while. It is believed that he will be back in the States by July or August. This information comes from Bob's mother, Mrs. L. M. Worthington. Both of these are enthusiastic collectors of Western historical material. It is hoped that the sailor, home from the sea, may be able to escort his mother to the Cave meeting on Aug. 25.

PM Arthur L. Campa, Ph.D., Chairman of the Modern Languages Department of the University of Denver, has been appointed Co-ordinator of the Portuguese Language Program for a Peace Corps project. The program will be conducted at the University of Oklahoma (Norman) for a contingent of corps members assigned to Brazil. This will keep Campa busy on the Oklahoma campus until Sept. 15. (Info. from Rocky Mountain News, Denver.)

PM Edwin A. Bemis, one of the founding fathers of the Denver Westerners, has been named the first honorary mayor of Littleton by the city's council. Bemis was born in Littleton 75 years ago. For 43 years he has been publisher of the Littleton Independent and the Arapahoe Herald. He and Mrs. Bemis recently celebrated the 51st anniversary of their marriage. The name of the street on which he lives was, several years ago, changed to Bemis Avenue. Almost the only honor the publisher could now be given by his fellow-Littletonians is to change the name of their city to Bemiston!

On July 20th, the Palmer Lake Historical Society heard John J. Lipsey read a paper on the last few years of General William J. Palmer. Palmer Lake was named for the general.

## JULY MEETING

The July meeting of the Denver Westerners was held on Saturday evening, July 28th at the NCO Club, U. S. Air Force Academy, north of Colorado Springs. This was a sort of special meeting, to which possemen and their ladies, southern Colorado corresponding members and their spouses or escorts were invited. The capacity of the diningroom was only 60 and almost all places were filled. Arrangements were made by a committee consisting of Possemen Kenneth Englert, L. L. Williams, and Raymond G. Colwell, all of Colorado Springs. Everything was elegant in the palatial club. Food was good, refreshments were extremely reasonable in price, service was practically perfect.

Sheriff Erl H. Ellis presided gracefully, as always. He introduced the master of ceremonies, Kenneth Englert, who introduced the speaker of the evening, Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson. Mrs. Watson read a brilliant paper on "Horace Greeley, the Man Who Took His Own Advice." This paper will be printed in the August Roundup.

Corresponding members from many places in southern Colorado attended the July meeting of the Denver Westerners at the USAF Academy near Colorado Springs. Probably the travelers who came farthest were Wally Foster, of the Gunnison News-Champion, and Jack Taylor, ranchman in the southern portion of the San Luis Valley.

CM Michael Harrison, 7440 Alexander Court, Fair Oaks, Calif., would like to secure copies of the Denver Monthly Roundup for June, July, August, October and November 1945, and of June 1947 number.

## "COLORADOAN" AGAIN

Dear Editor:

From my arrival in Boulder, from Missouri, on Colorado Day, 1898, I have considered myself a Coloradoan, and have so spelled and pronounced the word. Now Roundup comes today, and that spelling is questioned.

My Webster's New International, Second Edition, printed in 1961, gives "COLORADAN, adj. Of or pertaining to Colorado. —n. A native or inhabitant of Colorado."

Now I am sorry I looked, and almost regret that I bought the book. Who gives Merriam the right to say more than 60 years of usage is wrong, by not even listing a choice of spelling? However, some consolation: the first letter A is given pronunciation as in *arm*; and *add* only by second choice.

C. L. STANLEY, CM.  
Keota, Colo.

It has been previously announced that one of the choice items in the pocket at the back of the Denver Westerners Brand Book for 1961 would be a facsimile of an 1868 issue of "The Colorado Chieftain," a Pueblo newspaper. However, the only known copy of this early issue is so poorly printed and badly torn that Editor Don L. Griswold decided to substitute an 1892 copy of Cy Warman's "Creede Chronicle," an exceedingly interesting newspaper. Brochures advertising the forthcoming Brand Book will probably be mailed during the latter part of August.

The expression "heart condition" is an unrealistic euphemism. If you mean a heart ailment, disease, or attack, say so. Every person has some sort of a heart condition, either good, bad, or in between.



# THE WOUNDED KNEE TRAGEDY: ITS CAUSES AND ITS LESSONS

By GEORGE H. HARRIES

A Lecture Delivered In 1891 By The Washington Star's  
Staff Correspondent at Wounded Knee

**INTRODUCTORY NOTE.** The Wounded Knee Affair, in South Dakota, began on Dec. 30, 1890. Early in January of 1891, the Washington Star sent its star correspondent, George H. Harries (who had reporting experience with Indians and the Army on the plains) to report on the battle (or massacre) and its consequences. In addition to being a newspaper man, Harries was a first lieutenant and inspector of rifle practice in the National Guard of the District of Columbia. He carried with him glowing letters of recommendation from several persons of importance in the War Department, from the Adjutant-General on down. So he had from the first the confidence of General Nelson A. Miles, who was in command of the Department of the Missouri, and who was himself at Pine Ridge.

For several months, Harries sent frequent long dispatches to his paper. His dispatches, still extant, are fine examples of careful, minute, understandable reporting. Immediately after his return to Washington, Harries put together a lecture, which he delivered several times to paying audiences. In this lecture he summed up his observations made at the scene of the conflict, his belief as to what caused it, and what he thought ought to be done about "The Indian Problem." It is a thoughtful, earnest, though sometimes humorous paper, as fresh now as it was newsworthy when first delivered.

The original manuscript of the lecture, written in the author's clear bold hand, was in the collection of the late Elmo Scott Watson, founder of the Westerners. Mrs. Watson (nee Julia Elta Sel-damridge) of Colorado Springs, a Denver CM, furnished the manuscript for use by the Denver Westerners. The lecture was read at the Denver Westerners' meeting of June 27, 1962 by John J. Lipsey.

—The Editor.

There has been enough vocal force and valuable time wasted on that poly-sided problem—the North American Indian—to have brought about a condition of affairs more satisfactory and more tangibly-beneficial than the situation which now puzzles the executive departments and keeps the red denizen of the far West tolerably hungry and ordinarily discontented. It shall be my endeavor tonight, in a modest and moderate way, to secure your attention while I relate a few facts that may be and ought to be of interest to all who love their fellow man, and

should there be those present who care but little for their fellow man I will for their benefit, try to say something interesting about the aboriginal female.

The Indian on the warpath is the most uncompromisingly bloodthirsty being on the face of the earth. Arouse his ire and he forgets a thousand favors to become your scalp-seeking enemy. For years he may have been largely dependent upon your personal and voluntary bounty but that will be as nothing when his band goes forth to avenge a real or imaginary insult. You would then be one of the first marked for murder, and a successful attempt on your life would be a surpassingly-valorous deed. It is Indian reasoning that any man can kill an enemy but only the bravest warrior dares destroy a friend. With such logic as that incorporated in the Indian character it is not at all wonderful that real gratitude is a scarce article among the Dakota—which term includes every branch of the great Sioux family.

An Indian uprising is not the result of accident nor is it, in these days, sudden in its nature. The causes which lead to a race war in the northwest may be months or years in process of fermentation. Sixteen years ago the Sioux nation laid down its arms and surrendered, and from that time until December, 1890, there was apparent peace on the prairies of Northern Nebraska and among the darkly-hued eminences known as the

Black Hills. For years there was much civilizing endeavor and the appearance of contentment on the great Sioux reservation. Then came murmurs of dissatisfaction—so faint that their whisperings were not heard in the East. Crops failed. The withered, sun-blasted corn was prostrate on the blistered surface of a superheated soil, and hunger stalked unbidden into tepees where its presence was unlooked for. Months of industrious effort brought forth no compensation, and the Indian who had forsaken the sanguinary way of his forefathers that he might earn a livelihood, looked back dejectedly upon a year of arduous, distasteful and unrequited toil and gazed with misgiving into a wintry future.

To these crop failures Congress should have paid some heed when Indian appropriations were being discussed. Had it done so, much physical suffering would have been avoided and many human lives saved, to say nothing of the enormous financial expenditure which need not have taken place had there been humane liberality in the first instance. There were seasons when Nature was bountiful and when her products combined with the government rations to satisfactorily feed the nation's wards. Rose-colored reports were made by praise-seeking employees and, as a frequent result, there would be a marked diminution of government supplies during the succeeding fiscal years. Then came along droughts and destructive winds and when there should have been a compensating increase of rations the beef shrank perceptibly and the other necessities which the United States had solemnly promised to supply became painfully contracted.

Now, while the Indian consumes all he can get of flour and corn, his favorite food is beef. He is carnivorous, and no one who knows the Sioux can

affect surprise at his desire to fight when I state that the beef-ration at Pine Ridge in November 1890 had been cut down until it was only equal to two-fifths of the treaty allowance. Some years ago, Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses—who worked harder for peace than any other Indian—was asked what he would do if the Great Father cut his rations down until he could no longer live on them. The Indian is the natural Yankee, so he answered the question by putting another. "What would a white man do?" he asked. "Would you have your women and children crying for food when there is plenty of beef running around the country? No! We would kill that beef to feed ourselves. We would wish to harm no one, but the man who owned the beef might object and kill one of us. Then some of us would kill him and there would be a fight."

When the winter of 1889 and '90 first made its appearance at Pine Ridge there were fully 6000 discontented Indians on the reservation. Crops had failed and rations were short. There was an evident lack of harmony between the Indians, the local administration and the settlers. Then came the snow and the blizzard. Cattle roamed over the ranges immediately adjacent to the reservation and the hungry Indian ate without making any inquiry as to property-rights. Many Indians were themselves possessors of little herds, raised from stock purchased by the government and these herds became smaller by degrees until there was no more beef to supply the living appetite. Starvation compelled the Indian to kill the metaphorical goose and thenceforward golden eggs were impossible.

Comfortless meteorological conditions, including a pitilessly low temperature, found a large number of the nation's wards suffering from another cause than hunger. Annuity

supplies—blankets and clothing and many things necessary to human existence in South Dakota—failed to make their appearance until the severity of winter has almost succumbed to the warmth of springtime. In theory these goods should be issued not later than September or early in October; in practice the contractor delivers to the agencies when he gets ready. Even during the winter of '90-'91 these supplies were lacking until they were almost too late. The condition of the Ogallalas had been painted with fiery pigments and held up that the world might see, yet their blankets and petticoats, their needles and thread, their coarse garments, their warm socks, and many necessary minutiae had not been issued on the first day of February. But for the previous mildness of the winter—with which the contractor had nothing to do—the suffering could not have failed to be anything less than awful, and many a soul would have gone up through the frigid atmosphere to bear witness in an absolutely impartial court against the thoughtless or heartless ones on whom the responsibility will some day rest heavily. It is but a year since an Ogallala woman was frozen to death while journeying to Pine Ridge in search of a blanket that should have been given her four months before.

April sunshine and the warm breath of the "chinook" chased the snow from the hilltops and poured the muddy streams into innumerable ravines and hollows. The brown bunch-grass assumed a greenish tinge, and through the moist soil little blades of emerald fodder protruded themselves. It was the season of hope. Those Indians who had farmed unsuccessfully during the previous year once more took up their cross (for no Indian loves work any more than does a white man) and again resolved to try their luck in a lottery which

should have been prohibited by the law. To compel an Indian buck to farm at Pine Ridge is undoubtedly using the "males" for an improper purpose.

A few showers watered the seed that had been sown and then the clouds vanished. Through the summer there was not a drop of nutritive moisture in all that region. There was a great drought, and the hearts of white men and Indians alike sank as earthly eyes endeavored to peer into the future; doing their utmost to look beyond the horizon of parched grass and promissory starvation.

Then to the Indian, as showers on a thirsty land, came the doctrine of the new Messiah! A doctrine of plenty, a creed in which the white man had no part, a faith to which thousands of lips cheerfully subscribed and which caused thousands of pulses to beat with renewed vigor. The red man was to suffer no more and a convulsion of outraged nature would avenge the wrong of centuries. One great struggle and all strife would be at an end. The buffalo, the bear, the deer, and the smaller wild animals were to be more numerous than ever before. Every stream would be disturbed by a plenitude of finny food, the wild duck would darken the surface of myriad lakes, and the beating wings of countless fowl disturb the atmosphere with their musical rustlings. No longer should the Indian be cared for as a child or have his equities disregarded through laws framed by his natural antagonists. In him should all supremacy be vested and to his comfort the Great Spirit would continually minister. The white race—selfish conquerors—was to be wiped out of existence, and the smiling land would be the home of black and tan peace and untoiled-for plenty.

Was it wonderful that the hungry Indian became a convert to the new religion? Is it strange that thousands

of untutored savages rallied around the standard of this mythical personage—invisible to the white man but very real to the Indian? Aboriginal mythology had presaged much that was inviting but none of the revelations promised so largely as this; none came so nearly home.

Practically, the exercise of this religion was a dance; the outward emblem of belief, a garment—the former known as the ghost-dance, the latter a more or less discarded shirt.

No sooner was the doctrine of the Messiah exposed to the open air than it began to assume strange shapes and portions of it immediately commenced to decompose. The ghost-shirt, never made of anything stiffer than buckskin and more frequently a very common article of unbleached muslin, was declared to be bullet-proof, and a thousand young bucks accepted the unauthorized declaration without the slightest mental reservation. Of course it was a foolish belief but the conclusions arrived at by the credulous and superstitious savages were just as logical as the Millerite ideas of many of our recent ancestors; and will compare favorably with the notions of latterday aggregations of theorists. A lady who believes in a certain religion recently declared that a true follower of that doctrine could drink poison without suffering any effects therefrom, and yet the government has not sent a regiment of cavalry to compel her to recant, neither is she accused of being insane, nor have any doubts been circulated as to the mental strength of the advanced members of her school. Why then should we deride the assumed impenetrability of the ghost-shirt?

And now, as to the ghost-dance! Of itself it was originally most harmless. The old sun-dance was thoroughly demoralizing in its every feature and was very properly stopped some

time ago. The Omaha dance revives most actively memories of old-time warfare against the whites, but it is permitted at some of the agencies. A great many people have insisted that the ghost-dance was responsible for all the recent trouble. Their reasoning was defective, but let me ask: "Who was responsible for the ghost-dance?" Somebody says: "Had the Indian Bureau given the Indians all the food they needed the ghost-dance would never have been heard of." But suppose the Indian Bureau gave the Indians all that was made possible by the appropriations; suppose, as was actually the case, it did everything its limited means would allow it to do, who then is to blame? There is but one answer: The Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled. The burden of guilty carelessness and selfishness cannot be placed on the shoulders of individuals, the nation must bear it until the coming of the great day.

The ghost-dance was undoubtedly religious; the ghost-song a prayer. In all of that song there was not an improper expression. The singers, clad in ghost-shirts and leggings, circled around the medicine-man each one chanting the rude melody to which hunger had set words that appealed to every feeling heart. "Give us to eat," was their cry. "Let us have health," they sang. "Allow not our wives and children to starve but, O Great Spirit, fill the land with the buffalo and the bear and the fleet-footed deer," they prayed in unison.

And why should they not pray? Has it come to pass in these United States that the right of any man to petition the Almighty in a harmless manner is to be abridged by force of arms? Must the Indian talk with his Creator only through the medium of a ready-made prayer-book, and bow before the throne of grace after a fash-

ion that accords with the requirement of fine-spun civilization? When the red man's soul writhes and chafes in the fetters a beneficent government has provided, must the Indian agent alone be the receptacle into which the story of grief can legally be poured?

Could these questions be cried aloud so that the whole world might hear, millions on millions of voices would answer No! And yet our government answered in the affirmative because an Indian agent inexperienced, and terrorized by fears that his feeble nature could not subdue, insisted that the presence of troops at Pine Ridge was absolutely necessary. There is where individual responsibility is apparent. Better that every Ogallala and Brulé and Minnecongou had danced themselves into eternal exhaustion than that two score of gallant wearers of the blue should causelessly lay down their lives.

The assembling of soldiers at Pine Ridge was regarded by a powerful minority of the Indians as a challenge and this idea was nurtured by men who have for years been eager to meet the army in the field; men who resemble the Anarchist element in that they take advantage of the slightest commotion and labor incessantly in the interest of continuous trouble. These were the wretches who perverted the religion of the New Messiah and who spread the theory of the unassailable ghost-shirt; who behaved riotously at the ghost-dances and then, without disclosing their part in the proceedings, carried fearful tales to the agents; they spread rumors that the ghost-dancers wore cartridge-belts beneath their shirts and were continuously under arms.

These disturbers were bound to have a fight of some sort and they should have been promptly accommodated. The Indian police could have attended to the whole matter

and the soldiers need never have been called from their posts. The power of the Indian police was never tested, troops were injudiciously summoned, and open rebellion followed.

The Sioux is very tenacious of his rights—long and painful experience has taught him that laxity in dealing with the white results disastrously for himself—so he felt as though his reservation had been invaded when the soldiers came and camped thereon.

And yet he did not go on the war-path! He insisted that the great father was without jurisdiction as to the ghost-dance and had sent soldiers on the reservation without cause; he protested, vainly, and then, with great unanimity, left Pine Ridge for the comparative seclusion of the Bad Lands. That was rank rebellion? The Ogallala simply said: "If you want my reservation you can have it," and retired, leaving the troops and the agency employes in possession. Diplomacy, threats, and the prospect of a hard winter brought the rebels back to Pine Ridge. Then Big Foot's band of Minnecongoues, from Cheyenne River, made its appearance on the Porcupine, and their arrival complicated the situation somewhat, for they were known to be vile characters. The Seventh Cavalry immediately moved out to intercept this aggregation of imported deviltry and, when the troops and the Indians collided, the battle of Wounded Knee was the result. In less than two hours from the time of that fight the Ogallalas and Brulés at Pine Ridge knew what had happened. Tepees were hurriedly struck, ponies caught and either saddled or hitched to wagons, guns were taken out of their hiding-places, stores of ammunition opened up. There was the rattle of wheels, the dust-provoking but almost noiseless movement of unshod hoofs, the disappearance of the women and children, the ap-

pearance of mounted warriors on the hills just north of the agency, the yells of enraged men, the whistling of many bullets—and the Sioux were at last on the warpath! The ills of thirteen years—some imaginary, many very real—had borne fruit, and for a while it seemed as though the deeds which crimsoned the frontier thirty or forty years ago were about to be duplicated. Wise counsel from friendly Indians proved, however, to be more powerful than the thirst for blood, and by nightfall the five or six thousand Ishmaelites were well on their way to the Bad Lands for the second time in a month. Only for a brief time was the Indian on the warpath. Theoretically he was a hostile until he made an alleged surrender of himself to Gen. Miles on January 15, 1891, but as a matter of fact he was on the warpath for only a few hours on December 29. So far as the troops were concerned the Sioux would have fought at any moment—that was apparent at all times—but had he gone on the warpath his animosity would have been directed at every white settler within reach. Hundreds of frontiersmen would have gone down in the strife and a thousand blazing cabins and a score of desolated settlements would have marked the hostile course in South Dakota and Nebraska.

Three thousand five hundred soldiers of the regular army and a thousand Nebraska militiamen must necessarily have failed to surround even an equal number of Indians had those Indians been intent on a general war. There was no general war. Not a single settler was killed, not a white man's home disturbed during the whole of the trouble. A few people lost cattle and horses—picked up by small bands of wandering Brulés—and that was the greatest damage done the frontiersmen by Sioux in the winter of 1890-'91. The Sioux had no immediate grievance

save against the government. He was fighting for food.

Said Gen. Miles to me one evening while in his quarters at Pine Ridge: "This trouble simply resolves itself into a question of more or less beef. Given a sufficiency of beef, and the treaty stipulations provide there shall be enough, and we shall, under ordinary circumstances, have unbroken peace. Keep the supply on its present basis or decrease it and we shall have wars which will cost us ten thousand times more in money alone than the value of the meat we neglect or refuse to give. This beef buying and issuing needs revision. Under the present arrangement Congress may appropriate enough money to buy a sufficiency but a false economy can defeat the expressed intention of honest legislation. Last year, 3,500 head of cattle were purchased for and delivered to this agency; 3,000 head were sent to Rosebud. Under my direction those animals still alive have been weighed, and the average shrinkage was found to be a little over 200 lbs. The Indian Bureau contracts for so many million pounds of beef for each agency and that beef is delivered in the fall. During the winter the cattle lose flesh and this loss affects the Indian. Many of the steers die; that also affects the Indian. The government agrees with him to give him so many pounds of beef per day, but it never makes good its promise. It purchases in the fall what would probably fulfill the treaty conditions, but when the spring arrives the rations have of necessity shrunk to one-half their just proportions. You cannot explain this discrepancy to a hungry man; he cannot eat what was available last October, but which has since vanished into thin air. You will see that up to this time—and there has been the mildest kind of weather—the shrinkage on beef for

two agencies amounts to more than 1,200,000 lbs.

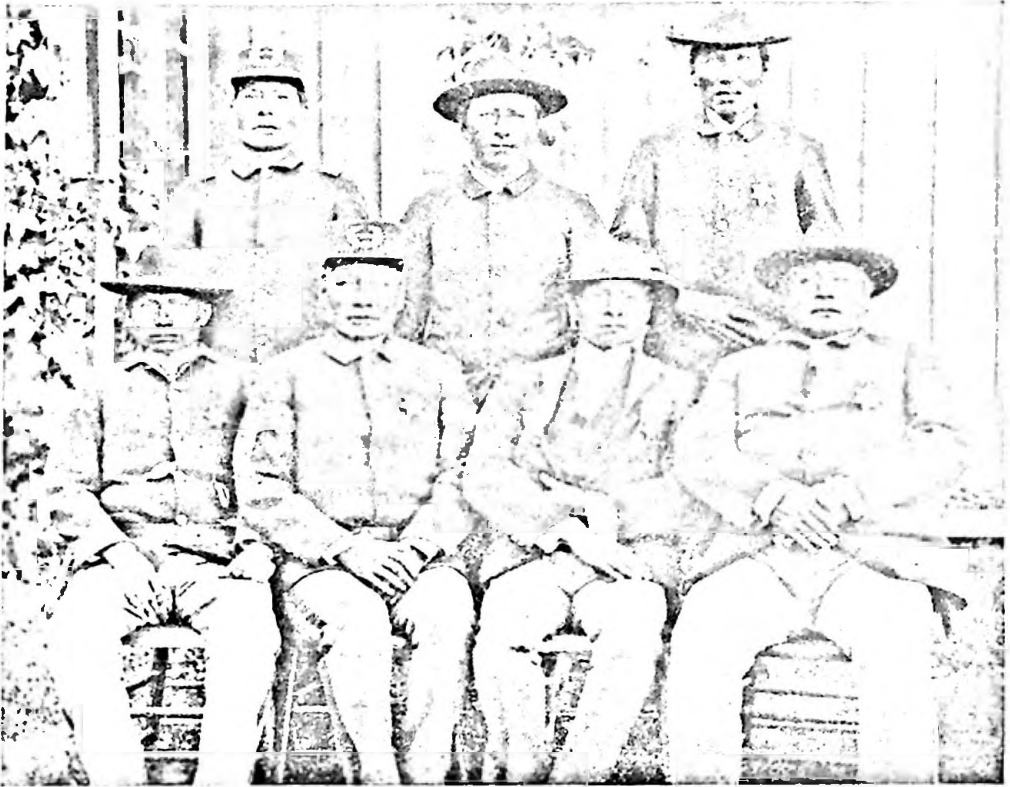
"Can this shrinkage be avoided? Yes, to a very considerable extent. Instead of allowing contractors to supply what are known as 'through cattle'—shipped directly from southern states—the Indian Bureau should insist on being supplied only with those animals that have spent at least one winter in these higher altitudes. After the first winter there is but little loss, for the beeves have become acclimated. This beef business is at the root of the whole trouble and Congress did not improve matters in the least by further diminishing the supply to the extent of 1,000,000 lbs. Give the Indian the beef he is entitled to and we will have peace."

In his natural state the Indian is a savage. He is carnivorous. His condition is paradoxical. He eats beef and is savage but he is infinitely more savage when he has no beef. When the hostile Sioux went out into the Bad Lands in December 1890 they had neither flour, corn nor coffee, yet when they returned to the Agency they were in remarkably good condition. They had lived almost exclusively on beef, and although they were glad to get coffee Gen. Miles sent them as soon as they were under his guns some of them told me that so long as settlers' cattle held out they could subsist without discomfort. Civilizing an Indian makes no change in his appetite for beef.

The treatment of wounded Indians, more than any other thing, mystified the Sioux during the late campaign. Fully as much attention was given the disabled Indians as was bestowed on the damaged soldiers and the evident fact was a puzzle. The Indians failed to comprehend the dual nature of civilized man—the nature which fires a bullet, or half a dozen of them into an Indian's anatomy and then does its utmost to get them out and plug up

the holes. When the so called "noble red man" shoots a fellow-being and fails to kill him on the first attempt he shoots him again and continues to shoot until his victim is satisfactorily dead. This is the regular practice, without regard to race, sex or previous condition, and its reversal by the soldiers was a good deal of an enigma to the aboriginal mind.

The Indian woman is the toiler of her race and yet she is far from being a slave. Like the average civilized female she has about all the personal rights she could in equity demand. She is the beast of burden, but he who attempts to sympathize with her will be laughed at for his pains. It is her pride that the brave whose tepee she assists in keeping dirty has his hands at liberty to hunt, where hunting is possible, or to fight if there is opportunity for conflict. The Indian woman is not overworked. She simply cooks, and that in the most primitive way, the food her husband or the government provides. Her children, as a rule, receive but little attention. For of all the youngsters on the face of the earth none are more thoroughly self-willed than Sioux children. All kinds of juvenile misconduct go unpunished, and each child grows up in the way that seems to it most agreeable. Relieved of this household care the squaw really has a good deal of spare time on her hands. If she is industriously inclined she does more or less bead and porcupine work; otherwise, she gossips with her cronies and passes the days much as some of her white sisters do. I have yet to meet a squaw who felt as though she was being imposed on by any of those combinations of natural dignity and inborn laziness termed by the initiates "bucks." The squaw has much influence in tribal matters and her force is almost invariably exerted to secure war and not peace. Quite a number of the



Indian Police, Pine Ridge Agency.

(Courtesy of the Fred and Jo Mazulla Collection.)

young men who went out in '90 confessed to me that they were compelled to go because of the sentiment worked up by the squaws.

"Factors of no mean importance in these periodical uprisings," remarked a practical friend of mine who knows the Indian thoroughly, "are the old men. They were once great and they haven't gotten over it although a great many years separate us from the period when their savage greatness was apparent. Now they are not of the slightest account of themselves, but they are the chief inciting causes which send a lot of hot-headed young bucks out on the warpath. They live on sufferance and somebody's else food, for these aged

warriors have no chance in the modern race for agency beef; their grub is lost in the shuffle. These old fellows sit around the campfires and in the tepees and talk everlastingly of the days when they used to fight the pale face intruders, and their antebellum conversation is most demoralizing to the young element. Now I would stop this by putting all these archaeological specimens in homes; houses built and kept for that purpose. There is old Red Leaf—he looks as though he were at least a hundred years old, and belongs to that class known here as 'coffee-coolers,' but he and his fellow-coolers are the connecting links between the days of fabulous plenty and these





**DIAGRAM OF THE SITUATION AT THE BATTLE OF WOUNDED KNEE AT THE TIME THE INDIANS OPENED FIRE.**

- ..... SOLDIERS.
- ..... INDIANS.
- ΔΔΔΔ SOLDIERS TENTS.
- ⊕⊕⊕⊕ INDIAN TEPEES.
- BIG FOOT'S TENT.
- B·C THE BEE CORRESPONDENT.
- F GENERAL FORESYTHE.
- M·W MAJOR WHITESIDE.
- C·W CAPTAIN WALLACE.
- F·C FATHER CRAFTS.
- • TWO INTERPRETERS.
- CAVALRY HORSES tied together.

Diagram of the Situation at the Battle of Wounded Knee.  
(Courtesy of the Fred and Jo Mazulla Collection.)

times of semi-starvation. The days in which these old men's memories revel can never return and something ought to be done to prevent them from telling their war stories to boys who would be worse than their grandfathers if they could. Place these antiquities in a plain home, with a superintendent and a cook to care for them. Let their rations be drawn as a whole and not in severalty. Shut out the mob of relatives who now eat the old gentlemen's beef up and there will be more well-fed and contented Indians and less incendiary talk.

"It is a waste of time to argue as to the responsibility for what is past. It is much better to discuss what is to be done in the future. We have

been expecting too much from our savage wards. You cannot change the habits and ideas of the Sioux nation in thirteen years. Let us wait a generation or so before we begin to look for much in the way of results. Is there anything very extraordinary in the fact that the Indian loves not to toil with his hands? A white man who has enough to live on never looks for a job; he simply labors that he may have enough to live on in idleness. The Indian managed to get along very nicely before the white man came along and took away his sustenance; suppose we give the noble Red a little time."

The truly civilized Indian may be a most estimable character but much of him is less attractive than any

other kind of manhood existing within my knowledge. His clothes never fit him and his shoes—though he be the third generation of educated red man—are always provocative of awkwardness. There are at least two types of civilized Indian—one content to earn a meagre livelihood; the other a cunning plotter against the peace of all mankind that he, personally, may prosper. It is Indian nature to be treacherous and it has been my experience that when an educated and so-called "civilized" Indian desires to be deceitful he is infinitely more so than any of his savage brethren possibly could be. When we consider the enormous amount of missionary endeavor that has been centered on the tribes of the northwest it is somewhat difficult to understand their high average of unreliability. To my mind the Sioux nation never had but one great chief whose principal virtue was veracity. That chief was Captain Bourke's ideal Indian—Spotted Tail. He was not popular with the government but everyone had to recognize his exact integrity. He hated circumlocution and in his savage way cut more red tape than was sometimes pleasing. A commission, charged with the task of procuring certain lands from the Brulés, would invite Old Spotted Tail to a powwow, and when all things were ready the chairman would say: "We have come from the Great Father to see the leader of the Sioux and the many valiant warriors. Our hearts are glad and we greet you as our brothers. Above us is the blue sky, which covers the white and red men of the land, and there is the sun which shines for all. We love you and your people, great chief—"

And then Spotted Tail would say something which if literally translated into English would nearly parallel the slang term "Rats!" Before the commission could possibly recover the old chief would say: "You

have come here to try to get more of our lands. What part do you want and how much are you willing to pay?"

Spotted Tail was the best business manager the Sioux ever had, and the firm commenced to decay when he was killed by Crow Dog. He kept every promise he ever made to the government or to individuals and he insisted on being fairly treated. And yet "Old Spot," as the army officers called him, was not a good Indian when measured by the white man's standard and furthermore, he did not believe in encouraging religious effort. At various times in his busy career he imbibed more or less of Scriptural truth, and whenever he had occasion to retail any of it the rendition was always unexpectedly original. Standing in the midst of a group of army officers one afternoon the old warrior said, in answer to a remark about good Indians: "Good Indian no good. Good white man no good. No good man any good. People who talk straight read me out of a book they say the Great Spirit wrote. It tells that there was once a good man—only one good man. He went out among the whites and they killed him. Good man no good!"

A few minutes' talk about the soldiers may not be out of place. The relations existing between Uncle Sam's blue clad warriors and the Indians seem never to have been generally comprehended. As in other phases of the Indian question here also has been untruth and calumny. Strenuous efforts, and they have often resulted successfully, have been made to blacken the reputation of the army, and those whose sadly-warped ideas as to what constitutes active Christianity have drowned their religion in a torrent of denunciatory hyperbole which has been accepted as fact by the great majority of the people which accepts most of its information at second-hand. The soldier is the Indian's best friend. On innum-

erable occasions the army has stood between the Indian and starvation, and did it willingly too, and it has, times without number, protected him from the dishonest "rustler." Why even now the greater proportion of the soldiers who served in this last campaign sympathize heartily with the Indian. An officer of exalted rank, who commanded one of the most actively brave regiments on the reservation said to me while we were together in the field: "This whole proceeding is an outrage. The government so treats these Indians that they can do nothing else than fight and then it orders us out here to kill the victims of its duplicity.

"I have" said he, "been fighting Indians for many years and personally have nothing on which to base anything like affection for them, yet there are times when I feel like throwing aside the uniform that honors me with its covering, and donning in its place the blanket of the savage. Then I could fight and be sure that my cause had a just foundation."

But there are times when soldiers—some soldiers—are most culpable and blameworthy. Let me, in fairness, mention a couple of incidents. When a Hotchkiss shell bursts in the midst of a group of hostile Indians of both sexes then the non-combatants are the unfortunate victims of war, but when a soldier takes deliberate aim at a non-combatant, at a two- or three-year-old child, at a baby whose age is measured by weeks—just to see if he can hit it—then that soldier and the organization to which he belongs must bear the odium which cannot fail in this age to follow such conduct. It is not an easy thing for us here, safe from the present probability of a bullet, to lay down rules for the guidance of a man who is under fire for the first time (as most of these cavalrymen were at Wounded Knee) but many of them are open to severe criticism.

I know of officers who repeatedly reiterated the command not to shoot women or children and I know of men who paid not the slightest heed to the humanely proper order. That disobedience and consequent murder were deplorable, but who can hold the disobedient to earthly accountability?

One of the results of that Wounded Knee fight struck me as being peculiarly horrible. The battle was about over—only an occasional shot being fired—when two women, one old, the other young, appeared on the field from some place of concealment and began looking at the dead of their race. They would have been shot but for the interference of Lieut. Sickles. As rapidly as possible they moved from corpse to corpse and when near the prostrate line of watchful soldiers they found those whom they sought—their husbands. Low wails of anguish followed recognition. The older woman, mother of the younger, was bending over her husband when the daughter deliberately approached from behind, covered her mother's eyes with her left hand and then cut the maternal throat with a keen knife she had in her right hand. Before any of the spectators could say or do a thing the girl threw off her bright plaid shawl, shook back her long hair, and with the bloody blade severed her own jugular.

More horrible, in my opinion, than any of the fearful occurrences at Wounded Knee was the killing of a squaw and three children who had escaped uninjured from the battlefield. I was with Captain Baldwin, of the Fifth Infantry, when he, escorted by Company A of the First Infantry, mounted, commanded by Lieutenant (now Captain) Barry, and I went out to investigate the circumstances and to bury the dead. Twelve miles from the agency was the spot to which our guides led us—the place where on the previous day Red Hawk, an In-

dian policeman, had found the bodies of his sister and her children. With the scouts I rode ahead of the column and arrived at the place some minutes in advance of the others, leaving the main trail and reaching our destination over a bridle path that narrowed at times to a dangerously insufficient footing for even a careful horse. Red Hawk went alone to the patch of brush where lay those he loved, the remainder of the advance guard considerably halting on the bank above the bloody scene until it might be regarded as proper for them to approach and see for themselves what a cowardly deed had been done.

It was a pitiful sight. Mother and children were not divided even in death. Prone, and with the right side of her face frozen to the solid earth was the squaw "Walks-carrying-the-red." Snow almost covered an extended arm and filled the creases in the little clothing she wore. Piled up alongside of her were her little ones, the youngest with nothing to cover its ghastly nakedness but a calf buffalo robe. The first body to be examined was that of a girl nine years of age. In the horrible moment preceeding dissolution she had drawn her arms up and placed them across her face—a pretty face, say those who knew her—and the features molded themselves on the bony arms and froze her visage which had become frightfully distorted. A black bead necklace was embedded in the flesh of her throat. This victim was killed by being shot through the right lung, the ball entering high in her breast and making its exit at the right of her back, near the waist.

Her sister, less than seven years old, was almost naked. She too was facing the murderers when they took such deadly aim and, like the other girl, she had tried with her arms to shut out the sight of the unwavering carbine muzzles. The ball entered her right breast, went through the

right lung downward and came out near the spine.

Sixty grains of powder drove 405 grains of lead through the brain of the boy—a sturdily-built twelve-year old. Of all the horrible wounds ever made by bullets none could be more frightfully effective than that which forever extinguished the light of life in that boy. The wound of entrance was on the upper part of the right side of the head; the wound of exit was beneath the right eye, tearing open the cheek and leaving a bloody hole large as a dollar. There must have been at least a few seconds of agony before death came, for the right arm was thrown up to and across the forehead and the fingers of the left hand stiffened while clutching the long jet-black hair near the powder-burned orifice in his skull.

And the mother! Gentle hands loosened the frosty bands which bound her to the soil, and fingers that tingled with the hot flow of blood from indignant hearts tenderly removed from her flattened and distorted face the twigs and leaves and dirt which in the death agony had been inlaid in the yielding features. Her strong arms were bare and her feet were drawn up as the natural consequence of a wound which commenced at the right shoulder and ended somewhere in the lower abdominal region. From the wounded shoulder a sanguinary flood had poured until her worn and dirty garments were crimson-dyed; the breasts from which her little ones had drawn their earliest sustenance were discolored with the gory stream. It was an awful sight, promotive of sickening thought and heartrending memories.

While Dr. Gardner, Capt. Baldwin and Lieut. Barry were satisfying themselves as to the direct causes of death a detachment from the escort had prepared a shallow grave. It was on the brow of the hill immediately

above the scene of the crime. Red Hawk had selected the spot and it did not take long for a half-dozen muscular infantrymen to shovel away the light soil until the bottom of the trench was about three feet below the surface. In one blanket and covered by another the bodies of the three children were borne up the slope and laid alongside their last resting-place. When the detachment returned for the mother Red Hawk took from under his blue overcoat a few yards of heavy white muslin, which he shook out and placed over his sister's body. Then everybody went up the hill. The mother was first placed in the grave, and upon and alongside her were the children. Not a sound of audible prayer broke the brief silence. The warm sun shone down on the upturned faces of Elk Creek's widow and children and the searching January breeze played among the ragged garments.

"Fill it up, men," said Lieut. Barry, and that broke the spell. In five minutes a little mound was all that denoted the place from whence four bodies shall rise to appear before the judgment seat, there to face four of the most despicable assassins this world ever knew.

The murderers were United States soldiers, who will, in view of the unexpected publicity given this matter, be tried and punished for their crime. Not one of those who fired the fatal shots can say he was ignorant of the character of his victim, for each wound showed that the carbine-muzzles were within a few inches of the individuals at whom they were aimed. Hair and clothing are not burned by the explosion of a cartridge which is in a gun a hundred yards away from the object that is hit. Burnt powder flies only a short distance and its flame travels but a few feet at most.

While I am touching upon the subject of slaughter I will commit into

your keeping a problem that has puzzled me much. Gen Forsythe, in his report on the battle of Wounded Knee gave the number of bucks killed as ninety, knowing nothing at that time of the great slaughter of squaws which took place simultaneously. Later investigation made it plain that the total number of Indians killed was nothing short of 160, and the wounded were fully a hundred more. For more than two weeks I was almost continuously in the company of those who did the killing and after the first day or two I made memoranda of the results of individual prowess on the gory field. The figures in the aggregate are startling. It was not difficult to believe one of the soldiers when he calmly asserted that his carbine alone was responsible for the demise of six hostiles, but when 350 men assure you that their individual scores range from four to ten Indians each then you begin to lose faith in the axiom which has it that figures will not lie. Averaging the sanguinary information, which was in every case voluntarily given, I find that each officer and enlisted man of the Seventh Cavalry on the ground killed five of Big Foot's followers, in spite of the fact that the poor old Minnecongou chief commanded only a sufficient number, male and female, to afford but one victim to every two soldiers. In this calculation no account is taken of the number of hostiles killed by Captain Capron's battery of Hotchkiss guns or Lt. Taylor's Cheyenne scouts. If my unofficial information was correct then it must be evident to the merest tyro in mathematics that the Seventh Cavalry annihilated nearly two thousand Indians—the most gigantic piece of Indian slaughtering ever done in one hour and twenty minutes!

It may be interesting to refer briefly to the men through whom the military authorities must communicate with

the hostiles. For years this dangerous and difficult mediatorial duty has been performed by a few individuals. The more prominent of these are Frank Grouard, Baptiste Pourier (better known in the northwest at Big Bat), Louis Shangrau and Louis Reichard and John Bruguier. All of them have more or less of the Indian in them; Big Bat has a strong French-Canadian line of ancestry, while Frank Grouard looks as though there was African (a pencilled note says Hawaiian) blood in his veins. Rough men, every one of them, all failing to approach the Eastern standard as to picturesque costumes. No befringed and beaded buckskin suits from New York; no abnormally wide brimmed hats; no posing in half-kneeling positions with the head thrust forward and a hand shading the eyes; no foolishness of any sort. Just plain, sensible men, who know what is expected of them and do it without fuss or fiction in making possible the history Mr. Roosevelt has so accurately given us in his "Winning of the West."

Perhaps no persons are more closely interested in the Indian than the settlers whose homes border on the reservation. A large proportion of these citizens are honest and hard-working, but, as in all other corners of the earth, there is a powerful minority of rascals. I might spend a couple of hours in discussing these settlers and their interests. Of the honest toiler there is but little to say; the world never gossips about virtue; but there is a black account to be some day rendered the "rustler." General Miles discussed this phase of border life with me when the advisability of disarming the hostiles was being argued. Said he:

"If we were to completely disarm these Indians and the fact that such was the case became generally known there would be more Indians murdered by white men within a year than have been killed in all our Indian

wars for twenty-five years past. Everything of value that an Indian possesses—ponies, cattle, wagons, farming implements, yes, even his blanket—would be stolen from him by the white people. Of course the white people do not like anyone to say such things, but they cannot dispute the premises upon which my statement is based: experience has established those premises too clearly for anyone to dispute them. We have but two courses open to us: We must either leave these Indians enough guns to defend themselves against thievish assaults by white men or we must keep the biggest half of the army up here all the time. Disarm these Indians and it will take a greater force of soldiers to defend them from our so-called frontier civilization than it ever took to defend the white settlers from Indian raids."

Let no one imagine that I have a supreme affection for the copper-colored race, that I "love the gray barbarian better than the Christian child." The average North American Indian is dirty, vicious, unreliable and lazy, and it is mockery to call him the "noble red man." Perhaps he was noble in those days when the white man was across the Atlantic but his nobility has disappeared and all traces of its existence have been successfully removed. But the Indian is a human being, has a soul, and should not only be given every reasonable opportunity to improve his condition but ought to be assisted by the strong hands and generous hearts of the greatest yet most careless nation on the face of the globe.

And now it will be in order to ask: What shall we do with the Indian? The Indian can do but little for himself so I put the question in that form. Elaborate educational schemes have done and are doing an immense amount of work but the results fall short of reasonable expectation. The Indian opposes education because he

believes the schools use up money which might be applied to his physical comfort. Crow Dog, the craftiest old savage on the Sioux reservation, was logical in a talk he and I had last January. "We have," said he, "twelve schools at Rosebud and very little beef. Now it would be much better to have fewer schools and more beef. It is better to have your stomach satisfied and to know but little than to be very wise and very hungry."

But what are we going to do with the Indian? is the question, and the practical business man says: "Set him to work." That sounds all right and seems to be reasonable but it is not as easy as it looks. You must revolutionize matters before you can be permitted to give the Indian satisfactory employment. The system is unfit for the requirements of the time, is too unyielding, is radically wrong.

The system says: "Work!" and when the Indian says "What shall I do?" the system replies: "Farm!"

"But," pleads the Indian, "I cannot farm. You have taken away from me the fertile and well-watered valleys and have left me these dry and barren places on which rain but rarely falls and where there is nothing to mitigate the intense heat of the sun or temper the force of the cyclone."

"Farming is best for you," replies the system. "We have so decided. You must farm."

That is practically the situation at Pine Ridge today, and it gives me an opportunity to show what a peculiarly contradictory and extravagantly wasteful thing this system is. At Carlisle, at Hampton, and at Forest Grove, hundreds of young Indians have been taught various occupations, most sensibly for the purpose of bettering their condition in life, yet there is not an agency in the United States that is not cumbered with a hostile and good-for-nothing element that

costs the nation more than a little to educate at some one of the institutions which I have mentioned. No one doubts the propriety of giving the Indian all possible educational advantages if these advantages can afterwards be utilized for the good of the Indian and the advancement of civilization, but what an extraordinary and foolish thing it is to spend money like water in an attempt to uplift the young savage and then, when he or she has really learned something, allow them to drop back into a condition of which it may truthfully be said that the last state is worse than the first. In those large and admirably conducted institutions of learning the Indian is taught that there is much that is desirable within the reach of everyone whose endeavor is properly directed. This places before his or her eyes an ideal existence, in which respectability, honest industry, and happiness are the principal attractions, all of them novelties to the aboriginal mind. Then these estimable philanthropists, who love to do good to the Indian, pet these children of nature and lead them into a straight and narrow path which would bring them to a lifetime of civilization, did not the system blockade the way so effectually that only a few can clamber over the barricade, and they largely through personal, and to the nomad unnatural, persistence. By and by the time comes when these young men and young women have completed their course and must, perforce, return to the reservation, because the system says it is their task to civilize their grandfathers and grandmothers. The education they have so painfully acquired is not to be used for their own benefit, as many of them had fondly hoped, but must be squandered in a foolish effort to do something which every practical person ought intuitively to know is simply visionary

and impossible. Not an Indian agent in the country but knows the results that follow in at least ninety per cent of the cases, but the system is inflexible as ever. The young man may have, for instance, learned to be a tinsmith. He returns to the reservation and would like to be just what his teachers intended him for, but there is no employment for him. Either there is no demand for his services because of the plenitude of contract tinware or because a political tinsmith—a tinsmith with a vote—holds the situation for which this boy was so carefully and expensively trained. That puts the young fellow back in the tepee. He frequently tries to do something respectably profitable and in many instances has used his utmost endeavor to secure the least remunerative kind of employment among white people, but fails ninety-nine times out of a hundred. The suit of clothes in which he left school soon wears out and then comes the backward tradition—a blanket, a pair of leggings, moccasins, a few feathers and a breechclout, and he is once more an Indian. He is a dangerous Indian. The hopes which once filled his breast have gone and their place is occupied by a supply of bitterness which lasts his lifetime. He believes he had been deceived, and he holds the government and the philanthropist responsible.

And the girl? There cannot possibly be places enough for her at the agency—the system has it so—so she, too, returns to the unsubstantial house of her fathers and there falls a victim to the uneducated lust of some savage who is happy in his unrestrained ignorance. Then follows humiliation such as her enlightened intellect only can feel. Five, six or seven years of Christian training are wiped out in as many weeks. The cultured scholar has reached the lowest level of her

race: becomes the squaw of some polygamous old villain; lives a life of dirt and debasement, the only accomplishment remaining with her being her ability to speak the language of those who tried to prepare her for a reputable existence but who failed to render assistance when assistance was more necessary than at any other period.

Such educated savages cause more trouble at an agency than all the other members of their tribe. They realize the enormity of the government's offending in the matter of Indian dealing and they continually scatter the ever-sprouting seeds of dissension. They read the newspapers and give local circulation to the wild anti-Indian rumors and threats which are so frequently to be found in the weekly publications printed in border towns. They are easily amenable to bribery and generally manage to get their price from one party or the other to any tribal agreement, for they have a great deal of influence. Of course there are educated Indians who have prospered and remained civilized, but they are prosperous in most cases either because private individuals have helped them at critical periods when the system failed, or because they had greater strength of character and more of forceful purpose than the average Indian possesses.

Now it is possible to so amend the system as to make most of these educated boys and girls useful members of society, but such an amendment is extremely improbable. Practical politics interferes. There is no good honest reason why a tannery should not be established at each of the more important agencies. The hides of beef-cattle killed for food could be tanned by Indian labor, and an Indian shoeshop could manufacture all the civilized footwear required on the reservation. There would be



ample raw material to supply the harness factory as well. Tinware and like supplies could also be made by Indians. If the many wagons required at Pine Ridge—hundreds of them—were only made there there would be economy in it, for the climate and other causes combine to bring about frequent and serious disintegration of wheeled vehicles made where there is more moisture in the atmosphere. To make all the clothing needed would only be a question of enough girls and a sufficient supply of sewing-machines, and girls are plentiful.

Solidly arrayed in opposition to this plan will be found every practical politician in the country; any other position would be inconsistent with all the theories and workings of the profession. Every manufacturer who now sells supplies to the Indian Bureau, and every manufacturer who hopes to, will support the politician. Standing on the hired shoulders of the practical politician (the hire being settled for by the manufacturer) are the officials in whose hands these matters are; they shape the system. Let them but try to reform the present condition of affairs, let them give the Indian boys and girls a chance to earn their living honestly, and the manufacturer says to the politician "Your salary is stopped." Then the practical politician, remembering that he is paid for being practical, removes himself from beneath the burden and the presumptuous officials are speedily lost in the great multitude of those who have tried to do right but whose efforts always fell short of the mark through no fault of their own.

And the rising generation of Indians? Oh, some of them will be educated, as others have been, and the majority will fall from their temporarily high estate, as others are doing now, and this thing will continue in all its wickedness until

scheming representatives of the system shall stand before the judgment seat and shall hear the words ring in their ears: "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye did it not unto Me."

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A note about one of the later activities of George H. Harries: In 1898, when the Spanish War broke out, Harries was a major in the National Guard of the District of Columbia. When the Guard left Washington for active service, he was Colonel Commanding the District Regiment. He led it to camps in Chickamauga, Ocala and Tampa, and to action at the front at Santiago and Siboney. At the close of the war, or shortly thereafter, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general. —The Editor.

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**CRUSADE FOR WILDLIFE**—Highlights in Conservation Progress, by James B. Trefethen. Pp. x + 377, Color plates by Carl Rungius, drawings by Bob Hines. The Stackpole Co., Harrisburg, Pa., and Boone and Crockett Club, New York, N. Y. 1961, \$7.50.

As the late Aldo Leopold has been dubbed the founder of what is now known as "game management," so the late Theodore Roosevelt may be similarly dubbed the founder of wildlife conservation in America.

This volume is a history of conservation in the United States since 1887 when Roosevelt formed the Boone and Crockett Club. From this beginning, the conservation movement got into its stride, to preserve America's wildlife, unspoiled scenery, and outdoor recreation.

One legislative battle after another took place in the intervening years to bring into being the National Forests, Parks and Monuments, and Wildlife Refuges as we find them today. The parts played by such men as Roosevelt, Pinchot, Grinnell, Hornaday, Nelson, and Sheldon are narrated in chronological order.

Reading this fine volume evokes a certain amount of nostalgia in the soul of this reviewer, for I rubbed shoulders with some of those in the forefront of this book.

STANLEY P. YOUNG, C.M.

### DENVER'S NEW POSSEMEN

As regular readers of Roundup know, the Denver Westerners recently elected to active posse membership three distinguished citizens. We are printing below vignettes of their achievements to date. None of the information given was furnished by the new possemen.

**John Stephens Payne** (better known as Steve Payne) is a professional writer of western fiction who lives at 461 Pennsylvania St., Denver. He was born in Colorado's North Park and grew up with cowboys and cattlemen. He knew well prospectors, miners, freighters, stage-drivers, hunters, trappers, sheriffs and a few men who were avoiding sheriffs.

At 13, he was riding the range, and soon afterward he helped trail beef herds to the shipping yards at Laramie, Wyo. Eventually he trailed his own brand to market.

It is from this background that Payne's fiction is drawn. In the 1920s, he entered a contest for \$5,000 in prizes for best western short stories.

He won first prize (\$2,500) and second prize (\$1,500), and was away on a writing career. Since 1925 his fiction has appeared in most magazines that feature western stories, including *Argosy*, *Adventure*, *Blue Book*, *Maclean's*, *Toronto Star*, *Boys Life* and *Saturday Evening Post*. His novels have been published in the U. S. and in England. He has two motion pictures to his credit. He has served as president of the Colorado Authors League and is a member of Western Writers of America. Like some of his cowboy heroes, he married the red-headed schoolmarm in North Park.

Forbes Parkhill and Dabney Otis Collins (both PMS, who furnished the above information) certify that no one in the West can cook better frying-pan bread over a campfire than can Steve Payne.

Judge **Olin Hatfield Chilson**, 447 P. O. Bldg., Denver 2, Colo., was born in Pueblo, Colo., educated at the University of Colorado (where he starred in football and basketball).

From 1928 to 1956 he practiced law in Loveland, Colo. In October of 1956, he was appointed by President Eisenhower to be Assistant Secretary of the Interior. Next February he was promoted to the post of Undersecretary of the Interior, having been recognized as the department's top authority on water problems. He resigned in 1958 to return to Colorado, where he became a partner in the law-firm of Grant, Shafroth and Toll. However, he was shortly appointed to the federal bench, where he is now one of the three judges of the Federal District Court in Denver.

Judge Chilson has been president of the Colorado Bar Association. From 1940 to 1948 he was district attorney for the district which includes Weld, Boulder, Larimer and Jackson Counties, Colo. For a few years he was legal consultant for the Colorado Water Conservation Board. He is recognized as one of the outstanding authorities in water and irrigation law. He has spoken all over the U. S. in connection with Interior Department problems (especially water problems) and has written a number of papers on these problems. (Information from Possemen Erl H. Ellis, Ray Colwell and Kenneth Englert.)

**William D. Powell**, Route 1, Conifer, Colo., lives in a resplendent home which he recently built in Elk Falls Park. He was born in Ottawa, Canada. His father (also Canadian-born) was a prominent Denver real-estate man who (with Harry Wimbush) subdivided and built up the Denver area now known as Berkeley. His mother (née Lily Sowle) was half-sister to Horace W. Bennett, one of the founders of the city of Cripple Creek. Bill Powell lived in Denver since 1922, except

for three-and-a-half years in the U. S. Air Force during the Second World War. He saw action in Africa and Europe. His education was completed at the Colorado School of Mines and at the University of Denver. He is an engineer employed by the Fireman's Fund Insurance Group. He has accumulated a considerable store of Colorado history in notes he made of talks with old-timers. Elk Falls Park is only two miles from Schaffer's Crossing. This summer he plans to run down the legends of Schaffer's Crossing's bad men . . . The new PM is an admiral in the Gunnison (Colo.) Navy. (Information from Numa L. James.)

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#### COMPREHENSIVE INDEX TO THE WESTERNERS BRAND BOOKS

Publications Chairman Don L. Griswold has announced that the second and enlarged edition of the "Comprehensive Index to the Westerners Brand Books" will be published by the Denver Posse during August 1962. These useful books will go on sale for the first time at the Colorow Cave meeting of the posse, August 25th, 1962. The Index was compiled by the indefatigable Virginia Lee Wilcox, CM, Librarian of the Arthur Lakes Library, Colorado School of Mines, Golden, Colo. It is hoped that Miss Wilcox will be at the cave meeting to inscribe copies of the book for purchasers.

The field covered by the Index includes publications of the following Westerners organizations: Chicago, Denver, English, Kansas City, Los Angeles, New York, Potomac, Spokane, Stockton, Tucson and Wyoming. The period: 1944-1961. The price \$2.00 postpaid. The edition is limited to 500 copies, so members of all Westerners organizations, friends, libraries, institutions, amateur and professional historians should order at once from

Denver Westerners Headquarters, 414 Denver Theater Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

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Frank Thomson's study, "Last Buffalo of the Black Hills" has now been published with many interesting pictures. The basic portion of this study was first published in the Denver Westerners' Roundup for February 1961. When the posse's supply of this issue was exhausted last summer, Mr. Thomson continued to receive so many requests that he has issued his complete study in an 18-page pamphlet which may be secured by sending name, address and 50 cents to Frank Thomson, Spearfish, S. Dak.

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PM Edwin A. Bemis has sent Roundup copies of the minutes of the first and second organizational meetings (July 25, 1944, and Jan. 26, 1945) of the Denver Westerners. These accounts are extremely interesting. The Editor hopes to print at least portions of Roundup. Thanks to a helpful friend!

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The adverb "too" is one of the most misused words in current speech, as in "I was not too happy about this"; or "It was not too interesting." How can anyone be too happy, or anything be too interesting? Such expressions are sometimes used by those who pretend to an elegance of speech they do not possess. Watch yourself!

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"Makes [something] come alive," an expression frequently found in book reviews, could well be dispensed with. Resurrection is a hard job for humans.

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". . . Or what have you?" is a stereotyped expression used by writers who have run out of words and ideas.

## NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

Our new CM, **Mr. Richard M. Schmidt, Jr.**, 425 Midland Savings Bldg., Denver 2, learned about the Westerners through various active and reserve members. He is an attorney, whose firm is Leshor, Schmidt and Van Cise, and is interested especially in the history of the development of mining law. He is a member of the Cactus Club.

**Mr. Carl E. Steiger**, 645 Wisconsin St., Oshkosh, Wis., has become a Denver CM. He is chairman of the board of the Oshkosh National Bank, and a regent of the University of Wisconsin. He is a CM of the Los Angeles Corral, and his historical interests are in Wyoming and California.

**George J. Collings, D.M.D.**, is an oral surgeon whose avocational interests are in Montana and Indian history, and Charles M. Russell. He has become a Denver CM. Other hobbies: hunting, physical culture, paintings, antiques. His address: 316 S.E. 80th Ave., Portland 15, Oregon.

**Mr. Michael Faklis**, 499-13th St., Campbell Ohio, is a product-design draftsman for the Manufacturing Division, Republic Steel Corporation, who learned about the Denver Posse and became a Denver CM through reading antiquarian book-sellers' catalogs and by being a corresponding member of the New York and Los Angeles Westerners. He is particularly interested in the fur trade and in the exploration of the American West.

**Mr. Luther E. Mason, Section A, V. A. Center**, Temple, Texas., is a soldier retired from the U. S. Army, now a clerical worker and author of a number of manuscripts dealing with cowboys, social and economic conflicts in Wyoming (including the English influence), the decline of the Plains Indians. He was educated at the University of Colorado and Trinity University. He was born in California but when he was a year old was taken by his father (a cowboy) to Wyoming. When he was seven he and his family moved to Deadwood, S. D. So he feels he is a true Westerner and has become a Denver CM.

**Mr. Walter A. Ehrlich**, 4106 S. Cherokee St., Englewood, Colo., is district agent of the Prudential Insurance Company, was introduced to the Denver Westerners by Guy M. Herstrom, PM. His historical interest is in Colorado's early settlements. Other hobbies: fishing and photography. He is a welcome addition to the posse's corresponding members.

**Mr. Robert J. Crow**, 2135 Hoyt St., Lakewood 15, Colo., is a sales engineer, industrial equipment. He was invited to become a CM by his neighbor Guy M. Herstrom, and accepted. He is interested in all phases of western history, especially those of mining districts and railroads.

**Mr. George M. Blackwell, Jr.**, who lives at 2345 Vance St., Lakewood 15, Colo., is engaged in advertising and public relations. His friend, PM

Numa James suggested that he become a Denver CM, and he did. His is well-established in the Denver area: his family came to the city in 1882. He is especially interested in early western advertising signs, so his hobby is the study of letter-styles and layouts used in earlier days.

**Ruth C. McClain (Mrs. C. L.)**, Route 1, Box 64, Avondale, Colo., was introduced to the Denver Westerners by PM Fred A. Rosenstock, and has become a CM. She and her husband own and operate a cattle ranch 25 miles southeast of Pueblo. Her parents were pioneers in Pueblo County. Mrs. McClain is a social worker at Colorado State Hospital and commutes daily between hospital and ranch. She is particularly interested in the range and cattle history of Colorado. In her collection are old hair-bridles, a hair-cinck, old spurs and the State's first Brand Book.

**Mr. H. E. Wolf**, 15244 Dickens Ave., San Jose, Calif., was a C. B. & Q. station agent in Nebraska for 44 years, and is now retired. Now he has the chance to pursue his hobby of writing about the history of western Nebraska, a part of which he was. He is especially interested in the sandhills and cattle country of Nebraska. During his long railroad service he wrote and had published many historical articles. His most recent contribution, "Taming the Sandhills" was published in the New York Westerners' Brand Book. At present he is working on a series of "shorts," little stories he remembers from his childhood on his father's homestead in Frontier County, Nebr. He has been welcomed as a Denver, CM, having received an invitation from Program Chairman J. Nevin Carson.

**Mr. Edgar I. Stewart**, 207 Seventh St., Cheney, Wash., is professor of history and chairman of the history department of Eastern Washington State College. He is author of the following well-known books: "Custer's Luck"; "Washington, Northwest Frontier"; and has edited "The Field Diary of Lt. Edward S. Godfrey" and others. He is especially interested in the Indian wars on the northern plains. Denver Westerners are glad he is now a CM.

**Dean D. Hodges, M. D.**, 416 Republic Bldg., Denver 2, is interested in all phases of western history. He has become a Denver CM, having been invited by Westerners B. Z. Wood, George Filmer, Fred Mazzulla, Nolie Mumey and Philip W. Whiteley.

**Mrs. Louise K. DeBus**, 901 Twenty-fifth, Santa Monica, Calif., has long known about the Denver Westerners, since her father, PM Edwin A. Bemis of Littleton is one of the founding fathers of the posse. She is a homemaker and the mother of three growing children. Earlier, she was the first woman news-columnist and analyst on national networks, working for CBS in New York.

**Mr. Edwin A. Bemis, Jr.**, 1465 Oakwood Loop, Los Alamos, N. M., is a physicist at the Los Alamos Laboratory. He is co-author of a book on the effects of atomic fallout. The Denver Westerners were recommended to him by his father, PM Edwin A. Bemis of Littleton, Colo. So he has become a CM.

**Mr. Elwood G. White**, 930 Ohio Ave., Canon City, Colo., has been with the Southern Colorado Power Company for 40 years, and is now divisional manager of the company. He has published technical papers. Two of his great-grandfathers were residents of Lake and Fremont Counties beginning in 1859. He became interested in the Denver Westerners through reading their Brand Books and learning of them through the State Historical Society of Colorado. So he became a CM. His interests are in the history of the upper Arkansas valley, and in railroads and industries of the area around Canon City.

**Mr. W. A. McReynolds**, 501 Hilltop Circle, Colorado Springs, became a CM because he liked to read the posse's Brand Books. His interests lie in early Colorado history and railroads. CM McReynolds is an engineer, doing consulting work for the U. S. Air Force.

**Mrs. Florence Smytha Peterson**, Box 33, Falconer, N. Y., has become a Denver CM, having been told of the posse by CM Lynn Martin, of Brookville, Kansas. From 1942 to 1946 she was a civilian chauffeur delivering mail and service men between MacDill Field and the Third Air Force Headquarters at Tampa. For ten years she was paymistress at the plant of the Automatic Voting Machine Company, Jamestown, N. Y. She has just completed an article called "Sketches of the Grand Canyon Country," and is now working on a book narrating three-and-a-half months of vagabonding through the West last summer. She has published two books of verse, "Fireside Echoes" and "Fireside Dreams." She was born in Brookville, Kansas, where her grandfather was a Union Pacific conductor. She hopes to move to the West this year and live there. Her interests include: Taming the West, Indians, gold mines, and the Pony Express.

**Mrs. C. E. Wathen** (formerly Elma Jane Reilly), Chairman of the Mathematics Dept., Wasson High School, Colorado Springs, lives in Manitou Springs, Colo., where her address is Box 48. She is a useful member of the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region, to which organization she has read papers, one on Dr. William Bell, another about Edward E. Nichols, Sr., of Manitou's Cliff House. She has recently returned to the CM fold.

**C. J. McDonald, M. D.**, Sioux Falls Clinic, Sioux Falls, S. Dak., learned about the Denver Westerners through advertisements of western book sellers. He is especially interested in Indian wars, the Custer story, and the 1862 Minnesota uprising. He is a life member of the South Dakota State Historical Society, and a past president of the South Dakota State Medical Association. He is now a Denver CM.

**The Rev. William P. Doll**, P. O. Box 963, Lamar, Colo., is pastor of St. Francis de Sales Catholic Parish in Lamar. He is especially interested in Catholic Church History in Colorado and New Mexico and collects New Mexico and Colorado material. Westerners welcome Father Doll to corresponding membership in the Denver Posse. He learned about the Denver Westerners through reading their Brand Books and from other Colorado publications.

**W. R. King, Ph.D.**, 6324 Woodlure, Kalamazoo, Mich., a clinical psychologist, learned of the Denver Westerners through the publications of the New York and Los Angeles Corral, of which he was already a corresponding member. Now he is Denver CM. He takes annual western trips to add to his store of western knowledge, and has visited 48 states. He possesses a considerable collection of western Americana, par-

ticularly in the field of gunfighters, Indian history and anthropology.

**Mr. Michael Koch**, 41 Old Army Road, Scarsdale, N. Y., is a friend of Possemen Rizzari, Ryan and Ronzio, and learned about the Denver Westerners from them. Naturally, he has become a CM. CM Koch is general manager of a firm manufacturing x-ray and nuclear equipment. He is chiefly interested in Colorado's railroad history. He is engaged in writing a large history of the Shay locomotive. He believes he has the largest private collection of the silver passes (13) of Otto Mears, and that his collection of Colorado railroad material is the largest private collection in the East. He owns about 40 original paintings, mostly Colorado railroad scenes. He is a charter member of the New York Westerners.

**Mrs. Hal Russell**, Route 1, Box 437, Trinidad, Colo., is author of two top books about the West: "Land of Enchantment" (Branding Iron Press) and "Settler Mac and the Charned Quarter Section" (Sage Books). A modest author, she gives her occupation as "just a housekeeper." A pioneer herself, she married into a pioneer family, and has long been a collector of pioneer material, and a writer about her own experiences in Colorado. Under "hobbies," she says, "I like to talk." She's a good talker, too, as many listeners can attest. She is welcomed as a Denver CM, having been invited by Alan Swallow, PM.

**Mr. William Colin Kirk**, 920 Euclid Way, Denver 9, Colo., owner and licensee of Radio Station KTGM-FM, Denver, has become a CM. He learned of the work of the Westerners through PM Nolie Mumey, and PM Fred Mazzulla. CM Kirk is a Master of Arts in Library Science, is a photo-enthusiast, a member of the Jackson Camera Club and of the Cactus Club.

**Mr. Albert Bancroft** of Bailey, Colo., is a painter of Colorado landscapes. In 1928 he organized the Denver Artists Guild, and in 1935 and 1936 served as its president. He was a trustee of the Denver Art Museum. He is a Cactus Club member. His interests include western art and artists, and conservation of wilderness areas and fishing streams. He became a Denver CM because so many of his friends were Westerners, including Arthur Carhart, Pete Smythe, Nevin Carson and Tom Ferril.

**Mr. Walter L. Rymill**, 2135 Fourth St., Boulder, Colo., is an interior designer and consultant. He is past president of the Colorado Archaeological Society, the Boulder Archaeological Society and several fraternal organizations. He is a member of the Wyoming and the Boulder Historical Societies. He collects first editions of Wyoming History and stamps depicting cattle, collects Indian, Asian and African artifacts. His particular interest is the history and archaeology of Wyoming, in which state he owns a ranch. He has become a Denver CM through reading articles in the Denver Post, and through Mrs. Laura F. Riley, CM, and other friends.

**Dr. Irving Wills**, a surgeon, whose address is 1515 State St., Santa Barbara, Calif., is a recent addition to the rolls of Denver CMs. His special interest is early day freighting, especially jerkline teams. He has published "The Life of Edward Borein, Etcher," "The Jerkline Team" and "Roundup Time at Rancho San Julian." He is a corresponding member of the Los Angeles Corral, Westerners; and a member of the board of directors of the Santa Barbara Historical Society. He collects western riding gear.

**Mrs. Amy Lathrop**, 602 N. First, Norton, Kansas, has become a Denver CM through knowing CM Lynn Martin of Brookville, Kans. She is now occupied in writing a history of Arapahoe County and Norton County (Kansas) up to the time when Kansas achieved statehood and Colorado territorial status. She has published "Tales of Western Kansas" and stories in the Kansas Magazine of Kansas State College at Manhattan. She has been president of a branch of the A. A. U. W. for almost six years, is president of the Sixth District, Kansas Federation of Women's Clubs, is a member of the National Press Club (Women's) and other press organizations. She is especially interested in Kansas and Colorado territorial history. Mrs. Lathrop was born in 1878 and continues to be active. Her husband (W. C. Lathrop) was a distinguished Kansas surgeon.

**Osgoode L. Philpott**, M. D., 1673 Hudson St., Denver 20, is a skin specialist, whose historical interest centers in Cripple Creek, where he lived as a boy. He has published "Tales of a Pioneer Practice," collected from the experiences of the late J. N. Hall, M. D. For 15 years he has been editor of the Denver Medical Bulletin. He is 1962 president of the Cactus Club (Denver). Denver Westerners welcome him to corresponding membership.

**Mr. P. S. Farrell**, West 6—27 Ave., Spokane 4, Wash., is a realtor, who in June retired as manager of the R. T. Daniel Trust (Spokane Branch). He organized and is Secretary-Treasurer-Manager of the Idaho-Oregon Honey Producers Association. His historical interests include Custer, the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians, outlaws, and Mormon literature. It is a pleasure to welcome Mr. Farrell to corresponding membership in the Westerners.

**Mr. Frank C. Lee**, 1616 Robinson Road, Grand Rapids 6, Mich., has become a Denver CM. He is a designer and appraiser of art objects and books. He was head of a designing studio (furniture and interior design) in Madrid, Spain, and designed rooms in the royal palace and in various fincas throughout Spain before the civil war of 1936. He is an avid collector of books about the American West, and a CM of the Los Angeles Corral.

**Mr. Paul W. Kieser**, 3548 Harley Road, Toledo 13, Ohio, who has just become a Denver CM, was one of the founding members of the Chicago Corral of the Westerners, and is now a Chicago CM. He has retired from his job as public relations director of the Dana Corporation of Toledo. He is on the board of two regional historical societies, and writes on incidents of American history. Many of his articles have appeared in newspapers and trade journals. He is especially interested in the Indian wars of the Northwest and pioneer days in the Dakotas. He collects Americana and autographs.

**William C. Hall** and **Orpha C. Hall** have become CMs of the Denver Westerners. They live at 3445 W. 53 Ave., Denver 21. They are especially interested in the history of Cripple Creek and Colorado. Mr. Hall is a machine operator in the Denver Mint.

**Mr. Moore C. Hess**, Box 7188, Oklahoma City, has become a CM through the influence of PM Kenneth Englert and CM J. Frank Dawson. CM Hess has long been engaged in construction and destruction of buildings and other structures. One of those destroyed was the First National Bank Building in Colorado Springs which had stood foursquare for more than a half century and probably could have stayed so if Hess had not swung his great iron ball against it several years ago. In 1908 he came to Denver and

paved Colfax Avenue from the Capitol to Aurora. When the Cheeseman Dam was erected, he was a time keeper on the job. At present his "boys" are driving the piles which will support a 36-story Denver building. His historical interests include New Mexico, Arizona, old Mexico and Oklahoma. He has published "Place Names in Oklahoma: Their Origin and Meaning."

Our new CM **Hazen E. Kunz**, 31716 Curtis Road, Livonia, Mich., is Friend of the Court for the Third Judicial Circuit, Wayne County (Detroit). He is in the Domestic Relations Department, handling divorces and cases involving illegitimate children. He is a member of the Board of Commissioners of the State Bar of Michigan; Trustee of the Michigan State Historical Society; President of the Algonquin Club (a historical research society founded by Milo M. Quaike). He collects early American antiques and books of Americana.

**Mr. John W. Harvey**, 5330 Franklin Ave., Los Angeles 27, Calif., has become a Denver CM. He is a trader on the New York, American, and San Francisco Stock Exchanges. His special interests are in the history of Colorado and the Southwest. He learned about the Westerners through PM Don L. Griswold.

## SEVEN WONDERFUL PROGRAMS COMING UP

Program Chairman Alan Swallow has arranged for excellent papers to be read at the next seven dinner-meetings of the Denver Westerners, thus:

**August:** Evan Edwards, "Historical Background of Fort Logan." Edwards is public relations man for Colorado's new Mental Health Center at old Fort Logan. He has compiled a history of the fort up to the time of its demise as a military post. He has researched newspaper files, military records, and has added much original matter.

**September:** Len Shoemaker, "Two Pioneers of the Roaring Fork." Original material gleaned from family records, etc., concerning two men who helped develop the Roaring Fork Valley. (One of these is Walter B. Devereux.) Shoemaker is the now-retired forest ranger who named many of the topographical features of the area, and who wrote the books: "Roaring Fork Valley" and "Saga of a Forest Ranger."

**October:** Paul Harrison, PM, who has not yet settled on a title for his talk.

**November:** Bob Cormack, PM, "Fifty Years of Cowboying." Material about the celebrated cowpoke-author-artist. Newly discovered early drawings by Will James will be shown.

**December:** Betty Wallace, author of "Gunnison Country," will be the speaker. She is developing material about the newspaper dynasties of the Western Slope. Doubtless one of these families will be the celebrated Lake family of the Gunnison News-Champion.

**January 1963:** Allison Chandler, CM, Salina (Kans.) newspaper man will read a paper on "Como, Colo." This will be a digest of a big book Chandler has finished concerning the one-time important division-point on the the Denver, South Park & Pacific R. R. Illustrated.

**February:** The Three Rs, Ronzio, Ryland and Rizzari, will tell about their adventures in assembling photos and other historical materials for their astonishing collections.



## Westerner's Bookshelf



**GREAT WESTERNER, The story of Kit Carson, by Bernice Blackwelder.** 373 pages, bibliography, notes after each chapter. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1962. \$6.00.

Kansas-born Bernice Blackwelder is a professional musician turned amateur writer. She started her quest for the Carson story while teaching at Central College, Fayette, Missouri, near the town where Carson's adventures began. Now living in Washington, D.C., Mrs. Blackwelder did extensive reasearch in the nearby national archives, as well as in Taos and other places.

This book was no easy undertaking, since Carson was not much of a writer. He was not directly involved in trials or congressional investigation, so left little accurate personal reference material. Mrs. Blackwelder has made up for this deficiency by liberally padding the book with contemporary exploits. The book thus draws an interesting picture of the conquest of the Southwest. She has carefully avoided the dangling exploits and unexplained fragments which plague many historians. (Unfortunately, for the sake of accuracy, she has left out some fascinating fab-

rications about Carson.) Fremont, another of her heroes, gets almost too much attention.

The book picks up Christopher Houston Carson, age 16, in September 1826—a fugitive apprentice-saddler bound for New Mexico. The yarn follows him through the Rocky Mountain area, extends as far south as Mexico, and from California to Washington, D.C. His friends included Ewing Young, Charles and William Bent, Ceran St. Vrain, Dick Wootton, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Jim Bridger, John C. Fremont, Kearney, Stockton, Maxwell, Sherman and Ouray.

An interesting but sad episode for Carson began when he became a Coloradan, just before his death. Here is the culmination of a life which gave much for friends and country; but received little reward for such efforts—much sadness and frustration.

At his request, he was relieved of his command at Ft. Union, New Mexico, and transferred to Ft. Garland. He took his wife, Josefa, and five children. Here, he and Gen Sherman negotiated the treaty with the Utes: Ouray and his lieutenant, Shavano. He was mustered out Nov. 22, 1867, age 58, as a brigadier general. After

much red tape, the government made him Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Territory of Colorado, Jan., 1868, an award made by General Grant. From Ft. Garland, he moved to Boggsville, five miles up-river from Ft. Lyon, near Las Animas.

In April, 1868, Josefa gave birth to a daughter, and ten days later, suddenly died. Already mortally ill with throat tumor, a sense of despair overtook Carson—his will to live left, and he never recovered. After a lifetime of service to his country and friends, Carson could see little that would be left for his family. Carson was removed to Ft. Lyon where he died on May 23, 1868. He was buried in Boggsville, beside his wife. They were later reinterred at Taos.

Perhaps the major criticism of this book is that it is a little too documentary, at the expense of easy readability and interest. Also, the last paragraphs of each chapter make it seem that she emptied her note-file into them. But who am I to criticize, after her many months of research and work, and after my hours of enjoyable reading?

JAY TALLANT, CM

**PLENTY-COUPS**, by Frank B. Linderman. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press (Bison Books reprint), 1962. Pages ix plus 314, index. Wrappers, \$1.50.

People who receive their fuzzy versions of the American Indian from TV westerns or the medieval means employed in the average teaching of contemporary history could do no better than to learn the fascinating truths from Frank B. Linderman.

This story of a life told in translated words of the great Chief of the Crow tribes reveals too well the once-proud and healthy people of the mountains and plain who somehow survived the sudden destruction of their way of

life in the onrushing scorched-earth drive of the White men.

We might well accept Chief Plenty-Coups' words today when he told Linderman, "My people were wise. They never neglected the young or failed to keep before them deeds done by illustrious men of the tribe. Our teachers were willing and thorough. They were our grandfathers, fathers or uncles. All were quick to praise excellence without speaking a word that might break the spirit of a boy who might be less capable than others. The boy who failed at any lesson got only more lessons, more care, until he was as far as he could go." What a contrast to our home- and school-teaching system today.

Throughout the pages of Plenty-Coups runs the absorbing reason for our North American Indian's superlative mental and physical activity before the coming of the White Man. The "game" of retaliation against enemies, religious faith that held no fear of death, and the moral code of the Crows, developed them into people of enviable stature.

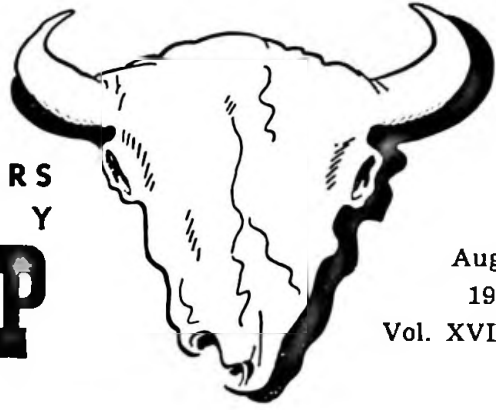
An old man, degraded in economic position, Plenty-Coups offers today's American a warning of our drift toward a condition that could be far more debilitating than that which swept over the American Indian. A truly important life is portrayed for us in Plenty-Coups if we accept his ageless lessons.

LYLE MARINER, CM

"Hard to come by" is often used by inexperienced but would-be gaudy writers when "hard to get" or "hard to find" would be simpler and less pretentious.







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

August  
1962  
Vol. XVIII, No. 8



**ABOVE: DENVER, CITY OF THE PLAINS.** From A. E. Mathews' "Pencil Sketches of Colorado," 1866. (Courtesy of Nolie Mumey, M.D., who reprinted this noble book in color facsimile in 1961.)

**INSIDE: Horace Greeley, the Man Who Took His Own Advice, by Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson.**

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
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The Westerners  
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Denver 2, Colorado

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*Deputy Sheriff*, Robert L. Perkin  
*Roundup Foreman*, George R. Eichler  
*Tally Man*, William G. Brenneman  
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*Book Review Chairman*,  
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Please send correspondence and remittances to:

George R. Eichler, 414 Denver Theater Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

Please send material intended for publication in ROUNDUP to:

John J. Lipsey, 1920 Pinegrove, Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, Colo.

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**SEPTEMBER MEETING**

The next meeting of the Denver Westerners will be held at the Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm Place, Denver. Dinner will be served at 6:30 p.m., Wednesday, Sept. 26, 1962. Speaker of the evening will be CM Len Shoemaker, retired U. S. forest ranger, author of the book, "The Roaring Fork Valley." Subject: "Roaring Fork Pioneers" (Colorado). These include W. B. Devereux and the Williams brothers, Horace, John and Charles. If you want to eat, mail reservations to Westerners Headquarters, 414 Denver Theater Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

**OCTOBER MEETING**

The October meeting will be at the Denver Press Club on Oct. 24, the fourth Wednesday. Speaker: PM Paul Harrison.

## FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

If you'd like to become a corresponding member of the Denver Westerners, write to Westerners Headquarters, 414 Denver Theater Bldg., Denver 2, Colo., and ask for an application blank.

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CM Henry W. Hough, editor of the Rocky Mountain Oil Reporter (Denver) had in the September number of his magazine a fine signed article called "Look What's Happening These Days on Indian Lands," with 14 excellent illustrations. The article tells of the profitable use of Indian lands and of new skills and occupations that many Indians now have. This interesting survey covers a score or more of Indian nations. Hough was formerly a Denver posseman, but because of added duties in connection with his publication had to retire from active membership. He is now a corresponding member.

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Roundup is advised by CM Elliot Wager that PM Dabney Otis Collins has an article in "Climax" (a man's magazine) for September, a piece titled "The Battle for Buffalo Bill's Bones." This narrates the 1948 incident when it was reported that the Cody (Wyo.) Legion offered \$10,000 for the return of the remains to Cody, describes Bill's career, his marriage, and his funeral in 1917, which funeral Doc Collins saw. . . . The remains remain atop Lookout Mountain and are said to be protected against would-be removers by tons of concrete. Roundup's editor visited the site of the grave when on his honeymoon in 1924. There was not much to see, but he certainly enjoyed the drive with his bride!

## THE YEAR OF 1962

By Erl H. Ellis, Sheriff

It may not be too early in the year to mention some facts and changes that characterize the Year of 1962 in the annals of the Denver Posse of Westerners.

At the outset a financial problem loomed: Should we raise dues for Corresponding Members; solicit an important increase in numbers of such members; or cut down on the cost of the Roundup? It was decided to try to build up our membership and several methods were tried. The increase in memberships has been substantial. It may be another year before we can test the ultimate success of these efforts; but it is certain that we shall need continuing efforts from all to find new members right along.

A most important step has been the decision to publish an extra pamphlet, the Index to all of the publications of all the Westerners. The hard and detailed work was contributed by Miss Virginia Lee Wilcox and the Index is now available. [At \$2.00, from Westerners Headquarters.] It is hoped that this will be received as a significant contribution to the value of the Westerners' literature.

The August Rendezvous is behind us, held at the Colorow Cave; but at a modernized version of that cave. We had a record attendance despite troubles in announcements. No prediction can be made as to a site for future meetings of this general character.

It has also been decided to change the place of gathering for the December meeting, as a later announcement will explain. There are indications that this will be a satisfactory alteration in our routine. There will be no scholarship award made at this meeting, as the whole problem of

award procedure is under study and reconsideration.

Most important in any review of this year is the participation of the Westerners in assisting in hosting the second meeting of the Conference on the History of Western America. The meeting last year at Santa Fe was experimental; the conference this year in Denver may be termed "organizational," and may mean the first establishment of a very fine historical, western, inter-sectional group. The dates of the meeting are October 11, 12 and 13.

Without doubt the outstanding feature of the year has been the fine cooperation and work of all officers and committeemen. There has naturally been some stress and strain as the character of our posse gradually changes as we rely more and more on the corresponding members for the accomplishment of our expanding aims.

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#### 'TIS A PRIVILEGE TO EDIT ROUNDUP

The following paragraph is quoted from an article (or story) by S. J. Perelman in "The New Yorker" magazine dated April 7, 1962. The speaker (presumably fictional) is an editor of manuscripts for a major publisher:

"'Of all the ingrates on earth,' he declaimed, 'of all the crabs, malcontents and faultfinders, writers are the worst. You coddle them, correct their grammar, soothe their wretched little egos, turn yourself inside out to please them—and what do you get? A kick in the head. Not one speck of gratitude, appreciation—just more bellyaches.'"

The Editor of Roundup is glad to report that his experience has been much more happy, gratifying and rewarding. Without Roundup's contributors, I'd be in terrible mess! I'd have to write enough stuff to fill up the publication!—J. J. L.

#### "ERRORS AND OMISSIONS EXCEPTED"

CM Ray Johnson is head man at the Johnson Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado, the company that prints Roundup. About the middle of August he took off on a deserved vacation, and the printer's devil upset the hell-box.

The July number of Roundup was almost complete. But somehow the two signatures, the outside signature containing 12 pages and the inside one consisting of 16 got separated. The 12-page signature (pages one through six and pages 23 through 28) was stitched and trimmed and was stuffed into the addressed envelopes without the section containing pages seven through 22.

Ray Johnson, having returned from vacation, learned of the disaster and immediately ordered an entire new printing of the July number. Copies of this complete issue have now been mailed to the approximately 800 addressees.

But before this could be done, the printers, sheriff, roundup-foreman and editor were deluged with complaints from unhappy members. It has been impossible to acknowledge all of these and to make explanation, but all hands should now be in possession of perfect copies of the July issue.

Of course, all concerned in the production of the publication regret this unhappy incident. It is certain that the Johnson Publishing Company regrets it most of all. For the company is standing the considerable expense of the accident: paper, printing, envelopes, mailing and postage.

There is one bright spot: The Denver Westerners now know that their Roundup is read and read promptly by most of those who get it.

# HORACE GREELEY, THE MAN WHO TOOK HIS OWN ADVICE

By MRS. ELMO SCOTT WATSON

**Editor's Note:**

Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson, whose article on Horace Greeley begins on this page, was born in Colorado Springs and still lives there. She was born Seldomridge and named Julia Etta. Her late husband was (with Leland Case) founder of the Westerners, organizing in Chicago the first corral of the organization. He became its "permanent sheriff." Mrs. Watson was for many years assistant to her husband, who was a most prolific writer of western history. So, her experience in writing has been considerable. She published, after her husband's death, a book about Major John Wesley Powell, "The Professor Goes West," from material compiled by Mr. Watson. Mrs. Watson is one of the most generous corresponding members of the posse. She furnished the gold badge worn by Denver sheriffs, a badge given Mr. Watson by the Chicago Corral. She is probably the largest contributor to the scholarship fund of the Denver outfit. And when you have finished reading her article (which was read at the July dinner-meeting, held at the U. S. Air Force Academy near Colorado Springs) you will know that she is a skillful, accurate, spirited and witty writer.



In the spring of 1837, during a business panic, Horace Greeley had advised young men to go west. By "west," he meant the borders of Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana. His paper, the weekly New Yorker, carried this editorial: "I say to all the unemployed and able-bodied, leave the cities without delay. You have a winter in prospect of fearful, unexampled severity—the times are out of joint—go to the Great West, if you have the money to go so far."<sup>1</sup>

Twenty-two years later, in the spring of 1859, Mr. Greeley was going to take his own advice. He was now 38 years old, and an experienced traveler. In 1851 he had crossed the Atlantic on his first trip abroad to address the English Parliament on the



MRS. ELMO SCOTT WATSON

Photo by Knutson-Bowers

growth of the American press in the first half of the 19th century.<sup>2</sup> He returned to Europe in 1854. On these journeys he had crossed the Alps once on mule-back and once on foot. And during two decades he had been

traveling into the eastern and middle-western states, giving lectures, procuring first-hand news of important events and attending to his increasing business ventures.

Now, in 1859, he intended to see for himself if the gold reports from the Rockies were true or false. He had other reasons for making an overland trip from New York to California, but we are only concerned with his visit to Colorado, in this paper.

There were many new developments awaiting Mr. Greeley's attention in the Rockies. Denver City was new, established in November, 1858, named for James W. Denver, previously the governor of Kansas Territory. Auraria, westward across Cherry Creek, was about a year old, named for a small mining town in Georgia. The Leavenworth and Pikes Peak Express service was new, operating two coaches daily, starting from each end of the line. This had been organized in April, 1859, by John J. Jones and William H. Russell, of Leavenworth. The Denver Hall (or Hotel) was new, adjacent to the Elephant Corral, constructed by Charles H. Blake and Andrew J. Williams, early arrivals in Denver City.<sup>3</sup>

The Rocky Mountain News was new, and so was the Cherry Creek Pioneer, although the latter rival was soon absorbed by William H. Byers, founder of the News.<sup>4</sup> The gold strike at the Gregory Diggings was new, discovered on May 6, just three days before Mr. Greeley started his trip from New York City.

By May 23, Mr. Greeley reached the west bank of the Missouri, at Atchison, Kansas Territory. He wrote in his note-book: "This afternoon I walked out on the high prairie about 3 or 4 miles, and the furthest [sic] thing I could see on the horizon was the white canvas of a moving wagon train—headed perhaps for Salt Lake City—I have long been looking for

the West and here it is, at last."<sup>5</sup>

Reaching Leavenworth, Mr. Greeley marveled at the vast resources of the transportation firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell, whose fortunes had begun with lucrative military and government contracts. This firm would soon absorb the Pikes Peak Express business. On May 27, after a schedule of making speeches in various towns, Mr. Greeley reached Junction City, Kansas.<sup>6</sup> This frontier settlement was Station Nr. 7 on the Express route, and the next morning, Saturday, May 28, Mr. Greeley would start for Denver City.

The Concord stages of the Pikes Peak Express Company were new, costing \$800 apiece, painted red, and attached to four fine Kentucky mules, trained to start at a dead run. The stage drivers were well-paid, experienced and fearless. There were, all told, 27 stations (or stops) between Leavenworth and Denver City. The "through fare" was \$100, exclusive of meals. "Care has been taken to select the stations with reference to water and grazing," wrote one of the first west-bound travelers. "Each station keeps 12 mules for relays, with a station-keeper, his assistant and four men to furnish service for the coaches from the east as well as the west. Passengers obtain their meals and sleep in tents, which are soon to give way to log and frame houses."<sup>7</sup> In those first weeks of operation the accommodations and the meals were exceedingly primitive.

This same day, May 28, about 600 miles across the prairies, the Rocky Mountain News carried this item: "We see a note in the N.Y. Tribune from Horace Greeley announcing his intention of making a Western tour, extending his visit to the gold mines of this country and thence to Salt Lake City. He may be expected to arrive in a few days. We hope a hearty welcome will greet him."

It was a beautiful morning to go West. Mr. Greeley boarded one of the two red coaches, carrying his blanket roll, a shabby carpet-bag, and a blue-cloth umbrella. He wore his serviceable broad-brimmed hat, a white cloth duster and the same suit in which he had left New York. His small trunk was stowed into the baggage boot at the rear of the stage.

All went well, and he made copious notes in his diary about the fertility of the great plains, the herds of antelope and buffalo, the latter on the second day so numerous "that they darkened the whole prairie." At station stops he interviewed east-bound travelers, most of whom were pessimistic about conditions in the Rockies. At Station 15, he reached the "half-way stop to Denver City," and "laid over" for that night.

On June 1, Wednesday, at Station 16, there was a swarm of jostling, begging Arapahoe children and squaws. Mr. Greeley wrote: "They are thorough savages"; and that he was glad to get away from their presence.<sup>8</sup> Later this same afternoon, close to Station 17, there was an accident. The stage was wrecked and Mr. Greeley severely injured. This misfortune changed his plans for a pleasant sojourn in Denver, as we shall soon see, and the Rocky Mountain News suppressed any mention of the accident or the injury to this distinguished visitor.

I will quote two descriptions, with different versions of how the wreck occurred. The first account is taken from J. Monaghan's article, as follows:

"All the good teamsters always urged their mules to the utmost for the last mile or so before changing teams, and close to Station 17, the road went down a steep bank, the mules shied at the edge, pulling the stage over the rim at an angle. It toppled and fell on its side, wheels

spinning, passengers entangled in coats and carpetbags. Greeley crawled out of the wreck with a cut on his cheek and a severe injury to his leg below the knee, but limped into the station telling himself he was not seriously hurt."

The second dispatch is taken from the N.Y. Tribune dated June 29, 1859, written by Mr. Greeley, as follows:

"We began to descend the steep bank, the driver pulling with all his might, the mules acting perversely (being frightened, I fear, by Indians) . . . when the left rein of the leaders broke and the team was in a moment sheared out of the road and ran diagonally down the pitch. . . . I was alone in the stage, and I of course, went over with it. . . . When I rose to my feet as soon as possible, considerably bewildered and disheveled, while the driver, considerably hurt, was getting out from under the coach to go after the mules, I found I had a slight cut on my left cheek and a deep gouge from the sharp corner of a seat in my left leg below the knee, but walked to the station as firmly as ever."

The following morning, June 2, Mr. Greeley noted that he "was so stiff he could hardly move." That day's journey covered 64 miles. By June 3, he noted his "condition was worsening." That day's travel was 59 miles. I believe that at the end of this day, Friday, and either at Station 22 or Station 23, with Denver City about 100 miles away, Mr. Greeley arranged with the Express station-keeper to be driven as fast as possible into Denver, with one of the two east-bound stages turned back for this purpose. I feel sure, also, that a rider was dispatched, non-stop, to report the wreck to the Superintendent of the Express Co., Beverly D. Williams, in Denver and also to notify Gen. William Larimer Jr., an old friend of Greeley's, who had met him in Pittsburgh in 1854.

Mr. Greeley wrote in his diary that his last stop to change mules was about 12 miles out from Denver, in the early dawn, so that he arrived on Sunday morning, June 5.<sup>10</sup>

There was a young reporter, named Henry Villard, in Denver. He was the accredited correspondent of the Cincinnati Daily Commercial, and was lodging with Dr. J. M. Fox, the general agent for the Express Co., in the rear of their office quarters. Late in June 1859, the Commercial printed this story:

"From our special correspondent in Denver:—This community was startled by the appearance of Horace Greeley who unexpectedly dropped among the astonished denizens of this and adjoining places. He arrived in one of the Express coaches in a rather dilapidated condition, the consequences of his being upset some 300 miles east of here. His countenance bore a variety of extemporized plasters, his inexpressibles revealed several tears, and the use of his left leg had become almost impossible by the severe cut he had received immediately below the left knee. The news of his arrival spread among frequenters of public resorts in the neighborhood of the Express office."

Mr. Villard then described how Mr. Greeley was carried into the Denver House and put into one of the six canvas-partitioned sleeping-rooms, where he received immediate medical attention.<sup>11</sup> Will Larimer described the Denver House as follows:

"It was headquarters for everybody, first intended as a hotel but was found more suitable to convert it to a kind of gambling house. There were a few beds for sojourners, and a kind of lunch-restaurant."<sup>12</sup>

During Sunday, June 5th, there must have been a meeting between Mr. Greeley, Beverly Williams, Gen. Larimer and William Byers to determine what not to print in the News

story to appear on Monday, June 6. If the wreck had been the fault of the driver, that admission would not be helpful to the Express Company's business, and in particular to Gen. Larimer's Town Co., established in November 1858. Ten shares of the Town Company had been transferred to Jones and Russell in early April 1859. On May 9, Larimer had written his son John, in Leavenworth, as follows:

"Russell's company changes the whole face of matters here. They are to locate the Express in Denver City. Their moneyed influence will make this now the certain point. They are going right to work building and so is everyone. You have no idea what a change there is in Denver today. I shall sleep soundly tonight."<sup>13</sup>

There were more serious considerations, however, than business matters. If the wreck had been caused by three Indians, or two Indians, or even one little Indian at Station 17, it could not be admitted in Denver City at all, for a hair-raising series of disasters would begin between some of the trigger-happy whites and any Indians handy with fearful results.

"Both settlements are fringed by Arapahoe Indian lodges," Will Larimer had written to his family, "and the Indians in the mountains are Utes, but if settlers in Denver had trouble, it would be with the Arapahoes. If we had mistreated them, there surely would be trouble."<sup>14</sup>

It was unanimously agreed that no mention of the wreck, or of Mr. Greeley's injury would appear in the Rocky Mountain News. Mr. Greeley preferred to minimize his disabilities when he wrote his family and colleagues in New York. Mr. Byers and Mr. Greeley then agreed to utilize the proffered services of A. D. Richardson, a young "free-lance" reporter, who had already called at the News office, in Auraria, to help them con-



coct the story which would be printed in the News. Because Mr. Greeley did not wish to appear in public at all, Mr. Richardson was authorized to speak for him, as required, to testify that the trip had been easy and uneventful, all the way.

A few words about Albert Deane Richardson here. He was 26 years old, and although a native of Massachusetts, left home when he was 19, and in recent years had been living mostly in border towns of Missouri and Kansas. He was well educated, a fluent writer; he could sketch and cut engravings. At the present time he was obviously unemployed, for he would have been the first to publicize any staff job on any newspaper if he had one, although earlier he had done intermittent chores for the Boston Journal and the Cincinnati Daily Unionist. Later, in 1861, he would be hired by Mr. Greeley to work on the New York Tribune, and under his supervision become a star reporter on that outstanding paper.<sup>15</sup>

But to return to the meeting. Mr. Greeley was determined to get up to the mines. "I have come here to lay my hand on the indisputable facts," he wrote, "and I mean to do it though unfit for travel."<sup>16</sup> Beverly Williams offered to outfit the journey with all necessary supplies, including food, wagon, mules and driver. Also he would send a special courier at once up to the Gregory Diggings so that the men there could prepare for Mr. Greeley's arrival the middle of the week. The note given to the courier read:

"Horace Greeley is here and some reporters from eastern papers. They are going to visit your mines. Please take them in charge while there, caring for them in your camp."<sup>17</sup>

The meeting adjourned, but later during the evening, Mr. Greeley entered the gambling area of the Denver House, accompanied by Mr. Rich-

ardson to address his first audience in Denver. "It was a brief but strong anti-drink and anti-gambling speech to the tipplers in the establishment," the News reported the next day.<sup>18</sup>

On Monday, June 6, Henry Villard paid his respects to Mr. Greeley. "He was a stocky young man, 24 years old, with a drooping German moustache and a prominent German accent." He had arrived, as the only passenger, on the second run of the Express, earlier in May, and already been up at the Diggings, to report on conditions there for his paper. Mr. Greeley invited Villard to accompany him the following day.<sup>19</sup>

Also, on Monday, the one Express stage arrived in Denver, on schedule, and the Rocky Mountain News came off the Washington hand-press. Featured was an extensive interview with Mr. Richardson, described as a well-known author, who had arrived that very morning, with Mr. Greeley. The lead paragraph began:

"Mr. Greeley, dressed in a white coat, was in the stage, and Mr. Richardson was mounted on a small pony when they arrived here. 'I thought I'd ride the last few miles in,' Mr. Richardson said, adding, 'We had a wonderful trip out here and we had to wait over one whole day while thousands of buffalo crossed the road.' Mr. Richardson is making an extensive study of Western customs," the News account continued, "and the Indians. Yesterday he visited half a dozen Indian lodges in the town, and also the office of the News. 'When we get back from the Diggings,' Mr. Richardson said, 'we are going to take a cabin, as the Denver House is much too noisy for literary purposes. Mr. Greeley has agreed to that program.'"

The final paragraph concluded: "Mr. Greeley and Mr. Richardson are the second and third distinguished journalists to arrive here, as Henry

Villard of the Cincinnati Daily Commercial is also here to investigate the gold situation."<sup>20</sup>

Illustrating its story, the News carried a sketch of a large man, heavily bearded, mounted on a dejected-looking pony. This identical sketch was also used in Mr. Richardson's book, "Beyond the Mississippi," published eight years later, and his narrative in that volume states:

"I bought a thin, iron-grey pony, 2½ years old, in Taos, and named him Lilliput, so Lilliputian that I was advised to ride a rocking horse instead. I paid \$36 for him, including saddle, bridle, spurs and lariat, and rode him up to Denver, and sold the whole outfit (for \$23) so that my transportation for some 300 miles cost only \$13."<sup>21</sup>

This illustration serves a dual purpose, for it explains at a glance why Mr. Richardson hadn't arrived on that day's Express, drawing attention away from Mr. Greeley, who hadn't either. It is also a good "gag," for the mount looks hardly able to hold up its owner long enough to have a sketch made. However, in his book Mr. Richardson states further that he did not purchase Lilliput in Taos, or ride him up to Denver until months after June 3. The truth might be "in the horse's mouth," and not in Mr. Richardson's.

The evening of Monday, June 6, Mr. Greeley made a second speech. This one is reported by Henry Villard, to quote:

"What with the pain of his wound, and the endless racket in the Denver House, on his second night, Mr. Greeley gradually lost those Christian virtues of resignation and forbearance. I was fortunate to be with him as an eye and ear witness. About ten o'clock he got up and insisted on limping into the bar room. His appearance, although his presence in the building was generally known, created surprise and silence. He begged for a chair. 'Friends,' said he, 'I have been

in pain and without sleep for almost a week and I am well nigh worn out. Now, I am a guest in this place, and I am paying for my board and room. I am entitled to rest during the night. But how can I get it with all this noise going on?' Then, he addressed one of the most pathetic appeals I ever heard to those around him to abandon their vicious ways and become sober and industrious. He spoke for nearly an hour and was listened to with rapt interest and the most perfect respect. He succeeded, too, for the racket stopped and the bar closed at 11 o'clock."<sup>22</sup>

Early on Tuesday, June 7, the trip started up to the mines. In the party were the three journalists, Beverly Williams and Judge H. P. A. Smith, the latter commissioned by Gov. Denver, prior to his resignation, as Probate Judge. "The first-used wagon road to the Gregory Diggings entered the mountains at Golden Gate, about two miles north of the present city of Golden."<sup>23</sup> There the wagon was left and the mules saddled for the first crossing of Clear Creek. One account stated that Mr. Greeley was overturned in the swift current and had to be fished out by the seat of his unmentionables.<sup>24</sup> According to Mr. Villard, who was riding just ahead of him into the stream, this is what really happened:

"I was leading the file into the creek," Villard wrote, "and my mule began swimming at once, wetting me to the waist. Mr. Greeley was a sight to behold, for alarmed by the sudden immersion of his mule (in the deep water), he had first raised his legs in order to avoid getting wet, and lost his balance so that to steady himself, he threw his arms around the animal's neck, whereupon the mule commenced floundering and taking his rider downstream. I galloped back in time to seize the bridle and forced the stubborn animal across the

stream. As we came up on the opposite bank we were dripping all over. A number of gold seekers who had been watching us gave Mr. Greeley a few cheers."<sup>25</sup>

About 6 miles from the Diggings, the party camped for the night. Mr. Greeley wrote:

"I was too tired to eat. As it was I had to be lifted from my saddle and laid on a blanket, with two more above me, where sleep but fitfully visited me that short summer night, but at six in the morning we were in the saddle again."<sup>26</sup>

Thanks to the special courier dispatched from Denver, Albert Dean (one of Gregory's associates), was ready for the visitors. Dean was an Iowan, and fortunately for our record, kept a diary, so we can picture Mr. Greeley's welcome. Dean had killed a young deer on Tuesday, and an ample hot meal was ready, including a kettle of venison stew, with rice and beans, a big stack of pancakes and plenty of hot coffee. Dr. Joseph Casto, also with Gregory, treated Mr. Greeley's leg while he rested in a little new cabin which had a bed of pine boughs with robes over them. Meanwhile Villard and Richardson had been assigned to go through the area and obtain eye-witness reports of activities at the working sluices, and to interview the miners.<sup>27</sup>

Mr. Greeley began writing his famous "Report on the Mines and Miners of Kansas and Nebraska" as his two agile and experienced leg-men began to bring in their first-hand accounts. At last, he was doing what he had come to the Rockies to determine—whether the news of the gold strike was "all humbug" or was valid. He ignored the hell of his injury and the high waters he had been through, and was content.

Thursday, June 9, the Report was completed. Mr. Greeley signed it and generously had his two reporters sign

it, also. Their journalistic prestige was considerably raised thereby, throughout the nation. A special courier was dispatched, thanks to Mr. Williams, to carry the document down to the News office.<sup>28</sup> At sundown, Mr. Greeley made another speech.

"We had a famous gathering," he wrote. "The estimate of safe men put the number present at 1500 or 2000. Though my name was made the excuse for it, brief but forceful addresses were made by several others, wherein mining, postal and express facilities, the Pacific Railroad were discussed with force and freedom to this gathering drawn from every section of the mountains. I spoke in a glen where the first axe was raised, the first tent pitched by white men less than 6 weeks ago, to inspire the dullest speaker with earnestness, if not with eloquence."<sup>29</sup>

The next morning, June 10, the party started back to Denver. By noon they were getting wet again, but this time in a rain-storm. In the afternoon, Mr. Villard had an accident, being thrown from his mount when the saddle slipped from under him. He was dragged with his foot in the stirrup, over some rocks.<sup>30</sup> When they reached the foot of the mountain, Mr. Greeley wrote:

"Although the water was but a few inches higher than on our way up, the starch was so taken out of me by these three days of rough experiences that I had neither the heart nor the strength for the passage. I felt that the least stumble of my mule over the round and slippery stones that fill the channel would fling me and that I was unable to stand even a moment in that rushing water, so dismounted and driving my mule into the current, and watching it reach the opposite bank, breaking a girth, and spilling saddle, blanket and all into the water, I walked a half mile upstream, and here the creek was

split into three islets, and a rude foot-bridge of logs was available. Here I was met, and a mule provided, and in a few moments we rode to our wagon, finding supper ready in an emigrant's tent."<sup>31</sup>

Early on Saturday morning, June 11, the party reached Denver. The three journalists went directly to the Rocky Mountain News office, where the "Extra" edition, carrying the Report, was being printed on brown wrapping paper.<sup>32</sup> Mr. Richardson then helped Mr. Greeley move his "traps" into a cabin, provided by Gen. Larimer, although Mr. Richardson takes the credit, and incidentally so does the barber's wife, Katrina Murat.<sup>33</sup> The cabin was small, but new and clean. It had a 'dobe fireplace in one corner and a plank bed-frame with a real mattress in another. There was a straight chair and a small table, also new. Meals were provided next door.<sup>34</sup> This is where Mr. Greeley rested and wrote, visiting with General Larimer and others during the 10 days he remained in Denver. Meanwhile, he arranged to lease an "ambulance," with four mules and a driver to carry him to Ft. Laramie, some 200 miles north, departing on June 21, 1859.<sup>35</sup>

Mr. Richardson stated in "Beyond the Mississippi" that Mr. Greeley "lay prostrate for 3 weeks after our return, and indeed his injury was so severe that a year later he was still limping."<sup>36</sup> Indeed, Mr. Greeley not only limped for a year but for the rest of his life, which ended in 1872.

In conclusions, here are a few extracts from some of the writing which Mr. Greeley accomplished during his Denver visit, taken from his dispatches sent to the N.Y. Tribune, and in 1860 published in his book, "An Overland Journey."

**On Indians:** "The Indians are children, slaves of appetite and sloth,

never emancipated from the tyranny of one animal passion save for the most ravenous demands of another. The Indian women bear the germ of renovation for their race, in that they are neither too proud nor too indolent to labor."

**On Mining:** "The hardest way to obtain gold is to mine for it. A good farmer or mechanic will make money faster by sticking to his own business. I feel the strong conviction that 10 years hence we shall be just beginning fairly to appreciate and enjoy the treasures now buried in the Rocky Mountains."

**On Settlers in the Rocky Mountains:** "There is a fighting class among the settlers in the Rocky Mountains—not numerous but more influential than it should be: soured in temper, always armed, bristling at a word—they give law and set fashions in a country where the regular administration of justice is yet a matter of prophecy."

How did Mr. Greeley finish his overland journey to the Pacific Coast? He reached that shore in early August, with its limitless horizon before him, and his beloved continent traversed. He had come as far as he could. William Harlan Hale describes him for us: "He was sun-bleached and freckled. Every button had been clipped from his duster for souvenirs, and his umbrella had lost all its blue."

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### NOTES

- <sup>1</sup>"The first issue of the weekly New Yorker was March 22, 1834. Its topics of public interest included currency reforms, public lands, poor relief labor, usury laws, politics, capital punishment and foreign relations. Its subscription list reached 9,000 before the depression of 1837 depleted its resources." Zabriskie, pp. 127-8. Also Hale, p. 41.
- <sup>2</sup>"In 1851, only 250 papers in the U. S. were dailies, of which 12 were in New York City. In America the paper which brought the quickest news was the one with the most prestige."—*ibid.*
- <sup>3</sup>The Colorado State Historical Marker on the Blake St. Bridge reads: "Immediately northeast of this point and covering much of Block 18, Denver, stood the famous Elephant Corral, campground, immigrant headquarters and stockyards of pioneer Denver. Begun in 1859 by Blake and Williams in conjunction with their hotel in Denver City. Horace Greeley was a guest here and addressed the pioneers June 6, 1859. During the 1860's the Corral was surrounded by an eight-foot wall having loopholes for Indian defense."
- <sup>4</sup>"William N. Byers arrived in Auraria in April, 1859, with his entire outfit in a single wagon, as did his competitor, John L. Merrick, who located in Denver City—their first issues appeared on the same day, April 23. During the next few months, the Pioneer gave up the ghost and the News became a prominent factor in the early development of Colorado." Larimer Remin., p. 143. Also Perkin, pp. 31-2.
- <sup>5</sup>Overland Journey to California—pp. 19-22.
- <sup>6</sup>"Traversing Kansas by way of Leavenworth and Wyandot [sic] to Ossawatimie, thence to Lawrence and returning to Leavenworth, whence the Pikes Peak Express Stage carried me through Topeka, Manhattan, Fort Riley, to Junction City."—Recollections of a Busy Life, p. 361.
- <sup>7</sup>Villard's Memoirs, Vol. I, pp. 107-09. Also Colorado Magazine, Vol. IX, pp. 227-8. Also Larimer Remin., p. 175.
- <sup>8</sup>Overland Journey, p. 104. Also article, Chicago Westerners Brand Book, by J. Monaghan. Vol. IV, Nr. 9, July-August 1947.
- <sup>9</sup>Overland Journey, p. 105. Also Larimer Remin., p. 193. "Once the mules attached to his coach got frightened at some Indians and stampeded, upsetting the coach and injuring him quite painfully, the effects of which were plainly perceptible after he arrived in Denver."
- <sup>10</sup>Larimer Remin., p. 24. Re Beverly Williams. "He was elected to represent the new Territory of Jefferson in Congress, Oct. 31, 1859." Also Mumey (Goldrick) p. 30. Re Greeley's "last stop," Overland Journey, p. 112. Also Hafen, Overland Routes, 1859, p. 262.
- <sup>11</sup>Villard's Memoirs, Vol. I, p. 124. Re Dr. Fox, *ibid.*, pp. 115-6. "Dr. Fox, the general agent of the Express Co, was a young medical practitioner about 30 years old, formerly an employee of Russell, Majors and Waddell in Leavenworth. I lodged and boarded with Dr. Fox at a low charge while in Denver City. The Express messengers shared our table and sleeping quarters at the rear of the Express office."
- <sup>12</sup>Larimer Remin., p. 182. "The Denver House was about 100 feet long and about 40 feet wide. The first part was partitioned off from the remainder by canvas, and in this front end the gambling tables were arranged around the sides for customers. The rent paid for it as a gambling den was fabulous and it was vastly over-crowded." Also N.Y. Tribune, July 29, 1859, Greeley's dispatch: "The Denver House, which is the Astor House of the Gold Region, has walls of legs, a floor of earth, windows and roof of rather flimsy cotton sheeting. A few days of such luxury surfeited me mainly because the drinking room was also occupied by several black-legs as a gambling hall. Visitors had a carelessness when drunk of firing revolvers quite miscellaneously which was inconvenient for a quiet guest with only a leg and a half, hence in poor condition for dodging bullets."
- <sup>13</sup>Larimer Remin., p. 174-5.
- <sup>14</sup>*ibid.*, p. 131.
- <sup>15</sup>Beyond the Mississippi, p. 145. Also p. 55 states that in 1858 Richardson filed "squatter's rights" on 160 acres in Johnson Co., K. T. and was elected to the Legislature for one term the winter of 1858-59. "All public positions were sought with eagerness: as they brought neither power, honor or emolument their value was hardly appreciable." (P. 108.) In November, 1859, Richardson gave his occupation as "traveler and author": Colorado Magazine, Vol. VIII, pp. 51-2, History of El Paso Claim Club.
- <sup>16</sup>Overland Journey, p. 114.
- <sup>17</sup>Denver Post, Oct. 13, 1929. By-line, L. A. Chapin.
- <sup>18</sup>Rocky Mountain News, Aug. 11, 1941: By-line, Barron B. Beshoar. (Coverage of Greeley's visit, June 6, 1859).
- <sup>19</sup>Hafen (Introduction): "Past and Present of the Pikes Peak Gold Regions," by Villard, vii. Also Villard's Memoirs, Vol. I, p. 99. "My wages from the Cincinnati Daily Commercial were \$20 a week and reasonable traveling expenses."
- <sup>20</sup>Rocky Mountain News, June 6, 1859, *ibid.*
- <sup>21</sup>Beyond the Mississippi, p. 195.
- <sup>22</sup>Villard's Memoirs, Vol. I, p. 124. Also Hale, p. 199.
- <sup>23</sup>Hafen (Villard) p. 42 (note 33). Also Perkin, p. 117, who states that Byers accompanied the party.
- <sup>24</sup>Larimer Remin., p. 203. This account was taken from Hall's History of Colorado, Vol. I, pp. 224-5.
- <sup>25</sup>Villard's Memoirs, Vol. I, p. 125.
- <sup>26</sup>Hafen (Villard) pp. 44-5.
- <sup>27</sup>Denver Post, *ibid.*: Dean's diary states: "We had 3 tin plates of our own and managed to borrow some more cups. I handed my belt knife to Mr. Greeley as we had no forks, but he spoke up and said, 'Boys, this is all right,' and reached in the kettle and took out a piece of venison and ate it with his fingers. Dr. Casto treated Mr. Greeley's badly swollen leg which surely must have been very painful all the time, though he never did complain, and spent most of the day writing while the other fellows (Richardson and Villard) scouted around."
- <sup>28</sup>Rocky Mountain News, June 11, 1859. (This was the second Extra, the first being the issue announcing the arrival of the Pikes Peak Express on its first run, May 7, 1859.) The Report was

dated June 9. Accompanying it was a note from Mr. Byers and one from Mr. Greeley, thanking Mr. Williams for his "indefatigable exertions" and the many courtesies extended during the trip to the mines. Also Perkin, p. 118. "They (Greeley et al) handed their dispatch to the Express Co. for delivery to Byers, who had gone back to his paper in Aurora."

<sup>29</sup>Overland Journey, p. 115. Also Rocky Mountain News, June 18, 1859, giving date of mass meeting as June 9.

<sup>30</sup>Overland Journey, p. 125. Also Hafen (Villard) pp. 50-1. "Mr. Villard was thrown by his mule's saddle turning under him. He fell heavily on his left arm and was dragged a rod with his boot held fast in the stirrup, but was released without further injury. His left arm is badly bruised and temporarily useless."

<sup>31</sup>Overland Journey, p. 126.

<sup>32</sup>Perkin, p. 118-9. "They (The News) were short on paper, but on hand in Wootton's attic was a supply of thin brown wrapping paper and it was made ready for the press. The coach from the mountains rolled into town on June 11, and in a few hours the News appeared, 4 columns of hastily set type imprinted on one side of small squares of greaser's wrappers—the brown paper broadside, an ugly little sheet, had changed the prospects of an infant city from dismal to bright."

<sup>33</sup>Larimer Remin., pp. 191-2. "One night at the Denver House discouraged Mr. Greeley. When he met father the next morning, he said, "General, can't you find me a better place to stay (when he came down from the mines) and there was a nice little cabin not far from ours on Larimer Street of which we took possession (for him), and had a bed fixed up in it the best that could be under the circumstances." Also Beyond the Mississippi, p. 184. Mr. Richardson states: "We jumped a cabin, selected the best empty one we could find, and took possession." The Colorado Magazine, Vol. XIV, p. 181, describes Katrina (or Catherine) Murat as providing accommodations for Mr. Greeley during his visit. Re Murat, Villard's Memoirs, Vol. 1, p. 125, states: "Murat claimed to be the nephew of the Murat who was Bonaparte's King of Naples, and he asked \$2.50 to shave Mr. Greeley away from his shop (when Greeley was confined to the Denver House on arrival), and Greeley handed him the money, saying, "Well, I guess I can afford to pay that much for the privilege of getting scraped by royal hands." Also Murney (Goldrick) p. 25, re Murat.

<sup>34</sup>Larimer Remin., p. 192. "A woman who had arrived by stage to take charge of one of the stage company's stations was engaged to provide Mr. Greeley his meals."

<sup>35</sup>Overland Journey, p. 166. Also Larimer Remin., p. 194.

<sup>36</sup>Beyond the Mississippi, p. 195.

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Definition: Boss: The one who works Saturdays, Sundays and holidays with no overtime pay.

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Said of a very angry man: "He was not fit to be untied."

## RENDEZVOUS AT CAVE

At press time, Roundup had received no copy of the minutes of the August meeting of the Denver Westerners at Colorow Cave on August 25. The Editor was unable to attend. But from other and more fortunate members he learns that all hands had a fine time. Speaker Evan Edwards delivered a fine paper on the history of Fort Logan (near Denver). More persons attended this meeting than have attended any other Cave meeting.

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## NEE? NAY, NEIGHBOR!

From his hospital bed, where he was recovering from a surgical experience, Past Sheriff Maurice Frink, Executive Director of the State Historical Society of Colorado, wrote Roundup's editor the following appreciated note:

"I have no dictionary here to check, but I think Homer nods on page 5, column 1, paragraph 3, July Roundup. Mrs. [Elmo Scott] Watson was not born (which I think nee means) Julia Etta Seldomridge. She was nee Seldomridge and was later named Julia Etta. How about that, professor?"

Maurice Frink is correct as hell. For nearly 30 years, off and on, I contended earnestly by the spoken and written word for the proper use of ne and nee, as our correspondent has indicated above. So far as I know, no one paid the slightest attention. Hearers were bored or indifferent. Weary and disgusted, I joined the mob in the misuse of the French word for "born." And now look and listen! Here is a new apostle howling in the wilderness. I wish you better luck than I had, Apostle Frink!—J. J. L.

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There is one radio pronouncer so slovenly of speech that it is impossible to tell (for example) whether he says pan, pen, pun or pawn. He ought to take something to open up his vowels.

# NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

By THE EDITOR

**Mr. Robert W. Richardson**, P. O. Box 10, Golden, Colo., has become a Denver CM. He is president and manager of the Colorado Railroad Museum, Inc., and manager of the Iron Horse Motel, near Golden. From 1949 to 1958, he published "Narrow Gauge News" at Alamosa. He now publishes occasionally "Iron Horse News" for his museum. Since the 1930s, he has been contributing short articles on railroads to various publications. He was editor of "Linn's Weekly Stamp News" from 1937 to 1941.

**Mrs. Mary Hudson Brothers**, 301 N. Allen Ave., Farmington, N. M., is author of two books: "A Pecos Pioneer" and "Billy the Kid." She was born May 29, 1887, in a railroad tie-camp on the Mimbres River. That night the Apaches raided the camp, and Mrs. Brothers' father (Bell Hudson) hustled to Fort Bayard to notify the cavalry. Mrs. Brothers' biography appears in "Who's Who in the West" and Mrs. Agnes Morley Cleveland put her into her book, "Satan's Paradise." She now is a Denver CM.

**R. O. Beadles, M.D.**, has become a Denver CM through his friendship with Westerners Lauren C. Bray, Lester L. Williams, and R. G. Colwell. Dr. Beadles lives at 115 W. Columbia St., Colorado Springs, and is a well-known urologist. His historical interests concern early Colorado and Indians.

**Harvey Lewis Carter, Ph.D.**, 4 Cragmor Village, Colorado Springs, is a recent addition to Denver's CMs. He has been professor of history at Colorado College since 1945, and is curator of the Archer Butler Hulbert Memorial Collection of Western Americana, Tutt Library, Colorado College. He was editor of "The Pikes Peak Region: A Sesquicentennial History" (1956), and is author of "Zebulon Montgomery Pike, Pathfinder and Patriot" (1956), and of "The Far West in American History" (1960). Dr. Carter, who was invited to be a charter member of the Denver Posse, but did not accept, is particularly interested in western exploration, mountaineering, overland travel and bibliography. He has had published a good deal of humorous verse.

**Mr. Benedict S. Covey, Sr.**, 1890 Kipling St., Denver 15, is in the Transportation Department of the Denver Public Schools. Previous jobs were as an operator of the Denver Tramway Company, and as construction superintendent for the Colorado State Highway Department. He is especially interested in western history and photography. He and Mrs. Covey present illustrated narrations on Colorado and the West. He became acquainted with the work of the Denver Westerners through his hobby of collecting Denver Westerners' Brand Books, and by an invitation from PM Fred A. Rosenstock. Now he is a CM.

**Mr. Frederick A. Mark**, P. O. Box 61, Denver 1, Colo., became acquainted with the Denver Westerners through Fred A. Rosenstock, and so has become a CM. He is state conservationist of the Soil Conservation Service, USDA, in charge of all SCS operations in Colorado. His chief interests are in the fur trade, mining camps, and the

Blackfeet, Shoshone and Crow tribes. He was a charter member of the Spokane Westerners. He has written dozens of technical articles, as well as "The Bannock Indian War of 1878," and "Last of the Old West's Artists." He is engaged in writing a life of Col. William Craig, Idaho's first permanent settler.

**Capt. Ronald Baxter**, 1455 Lakeshore Drive, Muskegon, Mich., has a master mariner's ticket for all the oceans, and is at present master of a train-ferry plying between Muskegon, Michigan and Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on Lake Michigan. He learned of the Denver posse through the New York and Los Angeles presses, and through book reviews in the Rocky Mountain News and Chicago Tribune, and so became a Denver CM. He is especially interested in the life and times of "Dutch Henry" Born, which covers the 1869-1880 period and the states and territories of Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and southern Colorado. His hobby is research, which he has done concerning the Battle of Adobe Walls, the roster of General Custer's civilian scouts, and the history of Creede, Colorado.

**Mrs. Nancy Brown**, 4016 Tenth St., Des Moines, Iowa, is a new Denver CM, who learned of the Denver Westerners through William Hoffman of Des Moines. Mrs. Brown is buyer for the book department of a Des Moines department store. She writes that she has "no talents—just a great passion for the West."

**Mr. George E. Fullerton**, 4623 York Blvd., Los Angeles 41, Calif., is past sheriff of the Los Angeles Westerners, past president of the Zamorano Club, and a corresponding member of most other Westerners organizations—except that of Denver. He has now changed that, and is a Denver CM, too. He has published "The Fabulous Greathouse Brothers." His interests include California, the fur trade, and the Southwest. He is president of the Fullerton Sales Company (engineering, drafting and art material), and his hobbies are food, wine and gardening.

**Mr. Lyle G. McCann**, 429 Cadwell, N.W., Grand Rapids 4, Mich., was invited by PM George Eichler to become a Denver CM., and accepted. CM McCann is interested in all phases of western history, especially Indians. He has had articles published in Frontier Times and in Real West.

**Mr. Robert H. Owen** now lives at 596 River Road, New Milford, N. J., but was with KOA, Denver, from 1924 to 1954, as manager, assistant manager, and engineer in charge. He assisted in the station's construction in 1924. He is now an electronics engineer with the RCA Service Company, assigned to Air Force communications projects of a classified nature. Because he was a member of the Cactus Club (Denver) he received an invitation to become a Denver CM, and he did so.

**Charlotte Ann Wambeke**, Deaver, Wyoming, has become a Denver CM on the invitation of Sheriff Erl H. Ellis. The new CM's present occu-

pation is training reining stock horses and racing stock. Her western historical interests include outstanding western personalities, ghost towns, and Indian relics. In the past she has been a professional trick-rider in rodeos, has taught piano, and has been an office and school nurse. She has written a number of poems and children's stories.

Because Mildred Rogers Beber is interested in Colorado's history, she became (at PM Alan Swallow's invitation) a Denver CM. Her address is Yours 'n' Mine, Estes Park, Colo. She operates a gift shop specializing in craft items made in Colorado.

Mr. Charles W. Hurd, P. O. Box 48, Las Animas, Colo., is the well-known historian who is curator of the Kit Carson Museum. He is author of "Kent's Stockade," "Hidden in the Hills," and "Boggsville (Colo.), The Cradle of the Cattle Industry." Before his retirement he was for 43 years a railroader. Mr. Hurd has read a paper on Kent's Stockade to the Denver Westerners. Now he is a Denver CM.

Mr. Cedric L. Robinson, 597 Palisado Ave., Windsor, Conn., is an antiquarian bookseller, specializing in Americana. He has recently joined up as a Denver CM because he is especially interested in overland narratives and railroad surveys.

Mr. Adelbert Brown, Room 3030, One North LaSalle St., Chicago 2, is an attorney and the author of "Speech Power, Magic Shortcut to Success." He belongs to the Chicago Westerners and to the Rocky Mountain Roundup Riders (having been a cavalry captain in the First World War). He has become a Denver CM.

Robert L. Chadbourne, 320 East Uintah St., Colorado Springs, became a Denver CM because he knew a number of Colorado Springs members and had collected Denver Brand Books. Chadbourne is a retired mail carrier and is now in charge of the chemistry storeroom at Colorado College. He is past president of the Colorado

Springs Mineralogical Society, a member of the Earth Science Study Group, and an honorary member of Delta Epsilon. He collects old hand-guns, books on western history, crystalized minerals, and Indian artifacts.

Mr. George I. Cropley, 3045 East Mississippi, Denver 10, is a teacher of western history at Denver's South High. His especial interests are Indians and archaeology, and Colorado's history. He has had articles published by Colorado Wanderlana and Southwestern Lore. He is past president of the Colorado Archaeological Society, and vice-president of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado (Denver).

Umatilla Gregory (Mrs. F. J.), saleswoman in the May-D. & F. Company's book department, has joined the Denver Westerners as a CM. She lives at 5975 Dover St., Arvada, Colo. Her especial interests are in Nebraska and northwest Missouri history. Her sponsor is PM Don L. Griswald.

Harold L. Bulger, M.D., 4405 West Pine Blvd., St. Louis 8, Mo., is assistant professor of medicine (emeritus) of Washington University. He is especially interested in the development of knowledge of the flora, fauna, geography and geology of the West. He has contributed many historical, biographical and scientific papers to various journals. He is past president of the St. Louis Westerners and has now become a Denver CM.

Mr. Albert Murray, Route 1, Box 63, Parker, Colo., is a welcome recruit to the ranks of Denver CMs. This rural mail carrier has a splendid collection of books on western history and biography. He is especially interested in the fur trade, Indians and western exploration. He spends vacations visiting the scenes of Fremont's "Disaster (4th Expedition)" near La Garita, Colo. He has mule bones from the Wannamaker Creek campsite, and has found traces of mysterious "wagon tracks" two miles above the well-known short stretch of tracks. He became interested in the Denver Westerners through friendship with Don Bloch and John Lipsey.

## A NOTE ON THE FESTINOIG RAILWAY

By CHARLES S. RYLAND

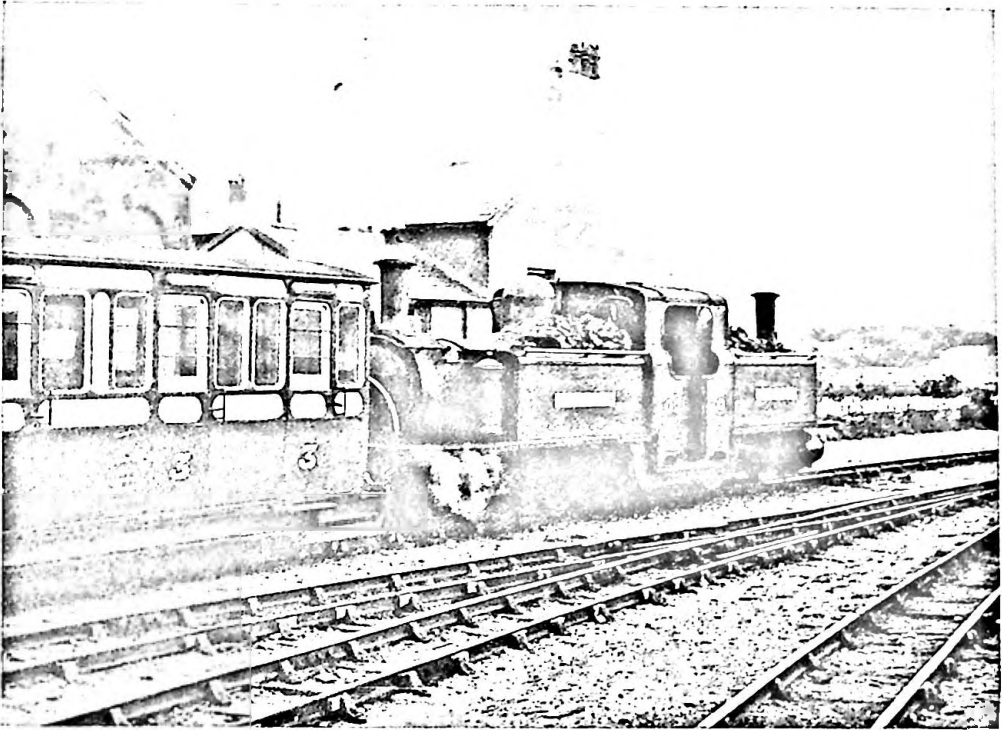
Past-Sheriff Charles L. Ryland's article which follows is of especial interest to Colorado railfans because the engineering and financial success of the Festinoig Railway encouraged General William J. Palmer to build his Denver & Rio Grande on the narrow-gauge pattern.—The Editor.

For a railroad fan from Colorado and a narrow-gauge one at that, the opportunity to observe and ride the fabled Festinoig [sometimes spelled "Festinoig"] Ry. in Wales, could not be denied. For it was this railroad that the founder of the Denver and Rio Grande Ry., General Wm. Jackson Palmer, visited in December of 1870,

as he was preparing to launch the first major narrow-gauge line in America.

The Festinoig was built in 1836 as a slate-carrier from the mines to the sea, using horses for power. In 1863 steam-power was introduced. The gauge was unusual (1 ft. 11 5/8") and the motive power even more so. The first locomotives were conventional 0-4-0 but soon they adopted the Fairlie Patent 0-4-4-0, which consisted of two engines back-to-back with a stack on each end with two sets of cylinders on 4-wheeled bogie trucks.





Festiniog Railway Locomotive "Earl of Merioneth," built in 1879. Photo made July 20, 1961, by Charles S. Ryland, at Portmadoc, Wales.

When the D. & R. G. built over La Veta pass, one of this type of engine, "The Mountaineer" was purchased from England.

In July, 1961, it was my good fortune to ride behind two of the Festiniog's Fairlie engines. The "Talliesin" built in 1885, and the "Merddin Emrys" (Welsh for "Earl of Merioneth") built in 1879. Both of these locomotives and a number of others were built at the railway's own shops and foundry. I was also amazed to see under steam the "Prince," one of the original engines built in 1863. This is probably the oldest locomotive operating regularly.

The coaches offer three classes of accommodations, the distinction being chiefly in the upholstery or the lack of it. These coaches were built in 1875-1885.

The road at present is seven-and-a-half miles long running from Portmadoc (on an arm of the sea extending from St. George's Channel which separates Ireland and Wales) through beautifully-forested mountain-sides to Tan-Y-Bwlch. Until 1946 the line was 13 miles long and ran to Blaenau Festiniog from whence came the slate which was the main freight revenue. For most of its life, the line was very profitable both from freight and passenger business. It is now operated as a scenic railway by a railfan foundation.

This diminutive railway has much to recommend it to the visitor. It is in a most attractive resort-area near Britain's highest mountain "Snowdon." From the railway near Tan-Y-Bwlch may be seen the ancient ruins of the famous castle of Harlech.

## THE UNSINKABLE LEGEND OF MRS. BROWN

by John J. Lipsey

One of the best of Caroline Bancroft's booklets of Colorado history is "The Unsinkable Mrs. Brown." Historian Bancroft is so conscientious that she debunks the legend and so spoils some good stories.

Horace W. Bennett, who (with Julius A. Myers) established the townsite of Cripple Creek, was not one to spoil good stories. He actually embellished them. In his book, "Silver Crown of Glory" (1936), he tells some good Mrs. Brown stories. One of these, which concerns the Leadville fortune said to have burned when a fire was kindled in a stove, is an elaboration I have not seen elsewhere. According to Bennett:

Molly Tobin, 15 years old, red haired and lovely but flighty, arrived in Leadville in the early eighties. She was poorly educated, and without funds, so she went to work as a waitress in the Saddle Rock Saloon. There she met J. J. Brown, one of the owners of the Little Jonny Mine, a goodhearted, tough Irish miner. Before she was 16, she and Brown got married and moved into a new home on Harrison Avenue.

Pretty soon Brown got his first dividend check from the Little Jonny. It was for \$300,000. At the Carbonate Bank of Leadville he cashed the check, got large bills, got drunk but not so drunk that he could not go home and turn the money over to Molly for her amazement and for the money's safe-keeping. Then he went away to continue his binge.

Molly put the money in a tin can, hid it under the floor and went to bed. At five next morning Brown returned, full of good spirits (or bad), but very cold. He lit a fire in the heating stove, where pinon wood had been laid over a mass of paper. When the fire was going well, Molly leaped

from bed and began tearing at the stove, throwing fiery material around recklessly, accusing Brown of having burned up the fortune she had hidden under the wood in the stove. She was too late: the paper had been entirely burned.

Brown consoled his wailing wife, assuring her there was more where that come from. But at breakfast Molly abused him again, inquiring how he could have been so foolish as to burn up all that money. He replied that he did not know she would be such a damn fool as to put money in a stove. She shrieked that no thief would think to look for money in a stove; that since it was summer, there was no need for fire or heat anyway; and that besides he had never before made a fire for himself so far as she knew, for she had always had to do it.

It was Sunday. Molly put on her best dress and hat. He asked her where she was going. "To church, damn you! And you can go to hell!" She slammed the door from the outside, and he went off to submerge his grief.

Back from church, she packed a grip, liberated the bills from their prison and with them made a pair of falsies. She then took a train for Denver. From the Windsor Hotel she wired her husband she'd be back in a few days, but he was drunker 'n a skunk and could not read the telegram. She went to the First National Bank and asked for President David H. Moffat, saying she wanted to make a deposit of \$300,000. She entered the office on the heels of his secretary and heard him say: "Tell 'er the teller will take it," or words to that effect.

Moffat asked young Mrs. Brown why she did not leave her trifling deposit in Leadville with Bankers Trimble and Hunter, than whom there

were no safer safe-keepers. She said she was soon going to move to Denver and build a mansion on Capitol Hill; that she had come to Moffat because he could advise her on how to break into society. Moffat said that he and his wife had only a few close friends and did not claim to be society people; that money was not everything. H. A. W. Tabor, he said, had nine millions in cash but had not been able to crash the gate. Education, culture, polish were needed. He suggested to Molly that she hire a tutor and acquire some of these blessings. Molly listened, but she unbuttoned herself and shoved the money at Moffat. Moffat buttoned a bell and a young man came and gave Molly a pass-book and check-book, and had her execute a signature card. This \$300,000 which had not been burned in the stove was (Bennett wrote) eventually burned up in her hot attack on Denver's social bastions.

When J. J. Brown made his second fortune and became worth three or five millions (according to Bennett), Mrs. Brown went to town—that is she moved to Denver, built a stone mansion on Pennsylvania Avenue, hired a stone-cutter to make her two massive lions to guard the entrance to her home. Brown coming home late and drunk on the night after they were placed saw the lions and defended himself with a pistol. After a poker party on another night, he decided to walk home to clear his head. He passed the state capitol and banged on the front door until the watchman came and demanded his intention. Brown said this was his home (though it looked a little larger than usual) and that he wanted in.

After the next party his pious friends and drunken companions would not trust him to make it home alone. One of these pals was a city official, and he had Brown taken home in a clanging paddy-wagon, escorted (it says here) by four police-

men on motor cycles, all operating sirens. This amused the neighbors but seemed to disturb Mrs. Brown's house-guests who were "a grand duke, a duchess, a prince, and several other foreign potentates."

For the truth about the lady who would not sink when the Titanic went down under her, read Bancroft. For entertainment, read Bennett.

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### THE OTHER SIDE

The letter which follows was written by Mr. George V. Day, son of the late, great Colorado editor, David F. Day, who published "The Solid Muldaan" at Ouray and Durango, and later "The Durango Democrat." The letter was received by Sheriff Erl H. Ellis and forwarded to the Editor of Roundup. It is printed exactly as written. No editing was done. —The Editor

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Durango, Colo. July 18th.-62  
Mr. Erl Ellis  
Publications Chairman, Denver  
Monthly Roundup  
Denver, Colorado.  
Dear Erl:

I can not help to note our little monthly Roundup has come up with some brain washing in regard to the proper usage of words and some sarcastic remarks for those of us who finds the shoe fits and might be asked to wear it, however since this writer has seen the results desired in writing much of our western and southern articles taken away by some rewriter who chooses to have all words in their proper place I can not help but feel there are times when the critic should come in for some criticism.

Little doubt my father who had only a few days of schooling and later become one of the greatest paragrapher of journalism would have got very far had his writings been put to the test of proper usage by some learned rewriter, thereby taking out much that was intended to be left in that might cause interest and amusement, after all one's interest in our little Roundup stories is not in the proper way so much in how we tell it/as what we

tell that is interesting and amusing, both fact and fiction.

Should the song "Iaint never done for nothing to no body and no body aint for

never done nothing to me "have to come under proper usage of words by some rewriter, I fear the composer would come up minus some way or other. Best regards—

Yours Truly

Geo. V. Day.

1564 E. 2nd. Ave.

Durango, Colo.

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### CASE AND WATSON, WESTERNERS' FOUNDERS

To The Editor:

This letter concerns, not the niceties of the English language as she should be written, but a matter of historical accuracy.

On page 5 of the July, 1962 issue of the Roundup of the Denver Westerners, appears an Introductory Note from the The Editor. Therein is mentioned "the late Elmo Scott Watson, founder of the Westerners." I venture to doubt the accuracy of this description.

The first logical place to look for an account of the origins of the Westerners is THE WESTERNERS BRAND BOOK, Vol. 1, No. 1, published in April, 1944, by the Chicago Corral. On page 7 thereof appears the following:

"The idea of Westerners—informal get-togethers of men interested in Western history—originated during a conversation between Leland D. Case and Elmo Scott Watson in the fall of 1942. (Note by E.S.W.: I feel certain that the first suggestion came from Leland, so he is entitled to the honor of 'Father of Westerners.')

The Foreword of the Tenth Brand Book of the Denver Posse is devoted to a consideration of "The Westerners and their Work." This is the state-

ment by the editor of that book: "Any sketch of the Westerners must start with the activities of Leland D. Case, a dreamer of ideas and a practical organizer." The Friends of the Middle Border was the earlier organization, and the Westerners resulted as a sort of offshoot or modification.

The theme of this foreword was greatly enlarged and developed by J. E. Reynolds in his monograph entitled "History of the Westerners" published in Brand Book No. 7 of the Los Angeles Corral and reprinted as a separate pamphlet. In this pamphlet, page 3, appear pictures of Elmo Scott Watson and Leland D. Case, each with the sub-head, "Co-Founder of the Westerners."

Dr. Watson himself at the outset dubbed Leland Case as "Father of Westerners"; but Dr. Watson became so active in the organizational procedures and in forwarding the interests of the Chicago Corral that it became the practice to link the two names together as co-founders. It is hardly fair to Leland Case to refer to Elmo Scott Watson as sole founder.

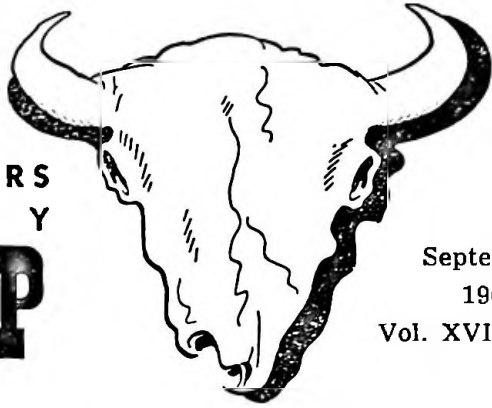
Erl H. Ellis,

Sheriff, Denver Posse

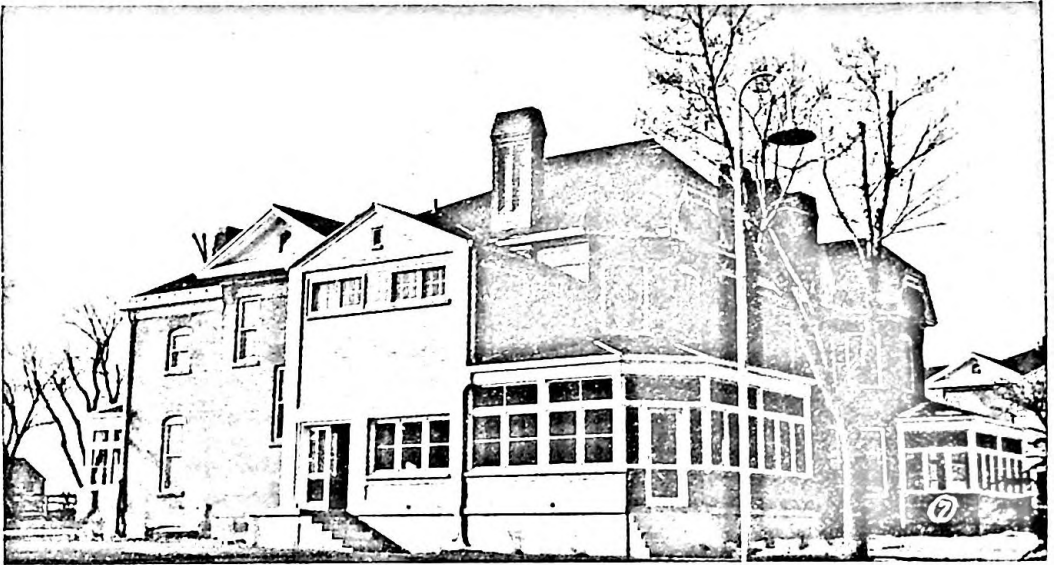
Roundup's Editor's response: All Westerners should be grateful to Sheriff Ellis for his sketch of the origin of their organization. It should be noted, however, that I did **not** "refer to Elmo Scott Watson as sole founder." I said simply "Elmo Scott Watson, founder," just as one might say "Mr. Blank, Senator from Colorado" and not mean that the person referred to was the only Senator from Colorado. I should have written "a founder" or "co-founder," and I wish I had. Then there could have been no misunderstanding. There was no intent to rob my friend, Leland Case, of any credit. There is glory enough in the founding for both Case and Watson—and for all the others who had a part in the prime organization.

—J. J. L.

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



September  
1962  
Vol. XVIII, No. 9



**ABOVE:** Officers' Quarters, Fort Logan, Colo. Built 1891. Cost \$7600. Now used as a warehouse. Photo from U. S. Corps of Engineers.

**INSIDE:** Historical Background of Fort Logan, by Evan Edwards.

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
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The Westerners  
414 Denver Theater Building  
Denver 2, Colorado

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**OFFICERS**

*Sheriff, Erl H. Ellis*  
*Deputy Sheriff, Robert L. Perkin*  
*Roundup Foreman, George R. Eichler*  
*Tally Man, William G. Brenneman*  
*Chuck Wrangler, Richard A. Ronzio*  
*Membership Chairman,*  
*J. Nevin Carson*  
*Preceding Sheriff, Charles S. Ryland*  
*Awards Chairman,*  
*Harold H. Dunham*

*Publications Chairman*  
*(Editor of 1961 Annual Brand*  
*book), Don L. Griswold*  
*Registrar of Marks and Brands*  
*(Editor of Monthly Roundup),*  
*John J. Lipsey*  
*Program Chairman, Alan Swallow*  
*Book Review Chairman,*  
*Numa L. James*

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Please send correspondence and remittances to:

George R. Eichler, 414 Denver Theater Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

Please send material intended for publication in ROUNDUP to:

John J. Lipsey, 1920 Pinegrove, Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, Colo.

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**OCTOBER MEETING**

The next meeting of the Denver Westerners will be held at the Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm Place, Denver. Dinner will be served at 6:30 p.m., Wednesday, October 24, 1962. Speaker of the evening will be PM Paul D. Harrison. Subject: "Colorado's Early-day Toll Roads." This will be an informative paper by a careful researcher. If you want to eat, mail reservations to Westerners Headquarters, 414 Denver Theater Bldg., Denver 2, Colorado.

**NOVEMBER MEETING**

Date will be announced later. Speaker: PM Bob Cormack. Subject: "Fifty Years of Cowboying." Material about Will James, cowboy-author-artist. Newly discovered early drawings by James will be exhibited.

## FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

CM Caroline Bancroft writes: "I have been amused at South Pass Pete's little flurry (in the New York Westerners Brand Book) about Denver Westerners and women members. It would not be becoming for me to rise to his defense, but the fact remains that if I were to choose four people in Colorado who know accurately the greatest amount of its history, I would pick Agnes Wright Spring, Louisa Ward Arps, Alys Freeze and Doroles Renze—all women." Miss Bancroft is modest. Other ladies, if asked to select, would probably add a fifth: Historian Caroline Bancroft.

A note from Miss Ella B. Clifton, CM, 1577 Kearney St., Denver 20, advises Roundup that her sponsor, RM Edward W. Milligan, now 92, has been hospitalized for about six months. All Denver Westerners will regret Ed's illness. He was one of the original members of the Denver Posse, was for years active in its affairs, read papers at meetings, and contributed to monthly and annual Brand Books.

Editor Don L. Griswold, at the September meeting of the Denver Posse presented to Charter Posseman Edwin A. Bemis the number one copy of the Denver Westerners Brand Book for 1961 (just published), a copy especially and beautifully bound. The 1961 book is dedicated to Bemis, who for years has been dedicated to the service of the Westerners.

On Page 10 of the June Roundup, the first name of CM Karl Yost was spelled "Carl." The editor regrets the error.

Friends and customers (they're the same) of Bookseller Fred A. Rosen-

stock, PM, will be glad to know that he has completed the move of his Bargain Book Store to 1228 East Colfax Avenue, Denver. Here he will have better opportunity to devote himself to his specialty of Western Americana.

CM Byron L. Akers of Colorado Springs had a fine long article in the Colorado Springs Gazette for Sunday, Sept. 23, concerning the new 1961 Brand Book of the Denver Westerners. He has the gratitude of the posse. Akers, who retired from his job as managing editor of the Gazette, now owns and operates "Ghost Town" in Colorado Springs in a tremendous old building that once was a part of the Colorado Midland shops. Here he has assembled many precious relics of Colorado's early history.

Some years ago, at a December Ladies' Night of the Denver Westerners, a trio or quartette of musical possemen headed by Arthur Carhart at the piano put on a delightful and memorable performance, playing and singing songs of a period when popular music was sweet and melodious, not raucous and cacophonous as most current songs are. Those earlier days were those when songs were meant to be sung by any and all, not just listened to on a juke box or transistor radio. Spontaneously, Carhart & Company's audience joined in singing the old songs. We sang, and suddenly and for a brief half-hour we were all young again. It was well that the lights were dim then, for in the eyes of some there were tears of happy recollections. . . . It is suggested to the committee on program for the next December meeting that they hire no whining, vulgar "folk singer," play no rackety records, but that they do engage Carhart & Company to present a re-run of that well-remembered performance.

## SEPTEMBER MEETING MINUTES

Extracts from (and comments on) the minutes of Roundup Foreman George R. Eichler:

The first fall meeting was held on Sept. 26, 1962, at the Denver Press Club, with Sheriff Erl H. Ellis presiding. According to Chuck Wrangler Richard Ronzio, there were present 53 persons: 34 possemen, 17 corresponding members, and two guests.

Following dinner, self-introductions were given. On behalf of PM Fred A. Rosenstock, it was announced that his new bookshop would be open to the public on Oct. 12.

Don Griswold, Publications Chairman, reported that the 1961 Brand Book was nearly ready. Copies would be mailed to possemen within a week, and to all others who ordered immediately afterward. Of the 600 copies made, only 200 remained at that moment unsold. Griswold hoped that some copies would be available for display and sale at the Second Conference on the History of Western America.

Roundup Foreman George R. Eichler announced that the above-mentioned conference would be held at the Denver Hilton Hotel Oct. 11 to 13, 1962. Registration fee \$2.00. The Denver Posse is programming the Friday luncheon and one of the Thursday panel sessions.

Don Griswold was again recognized. He announced that the 1961 Brand Book (of which he is editor) is dedicated to PM Edwin A. Bemis, a charter member of the Denver Posse. Griswold displayed an especially and beautifully bound copy of the book, copy number one of edition, and presented it to the startled Bemis, who (for once) was almost speechless. He did manage graceful thanks.

The speaker of the evening, Len Shoemaker, retired U. S. forest ranger, was introduced by a former as-

sociate in the Forest Service, PM Raymond G. Colwell. Shoemaker's subject was "Roaring Fork Pioneers." He told of the actions of the Devereux family of Glenwood Springs and the Williams family of Marble, Colo.

Roundup Foreman Eichler's minutes conclude: "The Press Club's public address system, repaired during the summer, was in good working condition; the air conditioning was satisfactory; and the meeting was held without incident." What did he expect? A Liston-Patterson affair?

## ATTENTION, BOOK REVIEWERS!

One of the largest and best publishers of books about the West has complained that only four of his books have been reviewed in Roundup during 1962, although he has published many more than that number and has sent review copies to the book review editor. It appears he has good reason to complain. Who is at fault? Not the Roundup's Editor. Book reviews have been printed as soon as possible after reviews were received by him. Not the Book Review Chairman. He forwards them to the Editor promptly. The trouble is with those who have taken books for review and failed to deliver. They deserve a good skinning, having fallen down on their obligations and promises.

No reviews appeared in the August number because none was on hand in time for that issue. More than a dozen unreviewed books were in the hands of reviewers at that time.

It is especially requested that reviewers study the arrangement of heads for book reviews used in this issue of Roundup, and follow the arrangement, giving all the information given therein, in their own book reviews.





# HISTORICAL BACKGROUND OF FORT LOGAN, COLORADO

By EVAN EDWARDS

Evan Edwards, whose paper on the history of Fort Logan begins on this page, was born in Baltimore, Md., Dec. 18, 1903. He was educated in Lawrence (Kans.) public schools and at the University of Kansas. On Aug. 14, 1928, he was married to Marie Gaunt. As a newsman he worked for United Press, the Oklahoma City Times, and the Journal-World. From 1939 to 1946, he was with the U. S. Department of Agriculture in Lincoln and Denver. Since 1946 he has been publicity representative for very many companies, societies and charitable organizations. For some time he has been Staff Assistant in the Department of Institutions, State of Colorado. In this job, his duties took him often to Fort Logan. Fascinated by the old fort, he compiled its history in this paper which was read to the Denver Westerners and their guests at their meeting at Colorow Cave on Aug. 25, 1962.

—The Editor.

It was on a Colorado autumn day in 1887 that a small band of U.S. Army troops made camp in the rolling foothills country ten miles southwest of Denver, to mark the initial occupancy of the recently established Colorado military reservation, later to be named Fort Logan. Born amid controversy in a new era of American military strategy, the new post was to serve in many ways through several periods of history, and during two world conflicts.

Thousands of men and women have traversed its broad acres over the years, some of them to be recorded in history, such as Gen. Phil Sheridan and Gen. John Alexander Logan, both of Civil War fame; Gen. Arthur MacArthur, whose son was to become a national hero; Col. Henry C. Merriam, who commanded Fort Logan longer than any other officer, and Dwight D. Eisenhower, who saw duty on the post as a young officer early in a brilliant career which took him to the White House.

Some old-timers recall that Ike visited Fort Logan in the early days,



EVAN EDWARDS

possibly around the time of his marriage in 1916. But the official view as reported by the Office of the Adjutant General, Washington, D.C., is that Major Dwight D. Eisenhower was stationed at Fort Logan December 26, 1924, to August 19, 1925, and was assigned to Detached Officers List, 38th Infantry, as a Recruiting Officer.

After 75 years, Fort Logan has turned from the historic past to a new frontier, a new field of service to mankind. On part of its famous

ground is rising the Fort Logan Mental Health Center, Colorado's second mental hospital, its latest weapon in the battle against emotional illness.

The infantry, the cavalry, the horses and mules, the caissons, the engineers, the Air Force, and the rest of the once colorful military panorama are now history. Some of the old brick buildings which are serviceable house patients and doctors and nurses. Many of the old structures have disappeared, including all the frame construction erected during World War II. From the original 110-foot flagstaff, installed about 1890, the flag flies every day just as it did through the pioneer years. And there are many who feel that the history of old Fort Logan provides a fitting tradition for the new frontier and the dedication of a hospital for people who need help.

In the 1880s, the military posts of the relatively new west were being abandoned. Most of the Indian tribes had been moved to reservations, and there was no longer a need for numerous, small, scattered cavalry garrisons to protect the increasing numbers of white settlers. The army sought to establish a few large, new forts near growing cities with railroad facilities to expedite troop movement in times of emergency. It was felt that the spread of the rails made it no longer necessary for the military to rely entirely on horses and mules for transport.

The Secretary of War and others began urging Congress to authorize the new forts, but there were complications. Since the Indians were pretty much under control, some Congressmen felt there was no need for big, new installations. And leaders of the labor movement, involved in the strife of the turbulent period of 1880-1886, felt it was no mere coincidence that it was proposed to station large numbers of federal troops near growing, industrialized cities.

On June 8, 1886, General Sheridan announced his support of a plan to develop a fort near Denver. The Denver Chamber of Commerce instituted an active campaign to get the new installation. Colorado Senator H. M. Teller introduced a bill in Congress to appropriate \$250,000 for the post.

The Senate passed the bill July 26, 1886, but the House delayed until February, 1887, reduced the appropriation to \$100,000, and stipulated that the War Department be given exclusive jurisdiction over any site selected. George C. Symes, Congressman from Colorado, led a heroic fight to convince Congress that the labor angle did not apply to his State, and that troops probably would actually be needed occasionally to suppress Indian trouble, say historical accounts.

In any event, Congress approved the Denver venture and, about the same time, rejected an offer by Chicago to furnish the site for a similar post. Later, Chicago was to get a fort and the Denver and Chicago reservations were to be involved in a change-of-official-name designation. On February 17, 1887, President Grover Cleveland signed the bill establishing a post near Denver, with an appropriation of \$100,000, and including the stipulation that Colorado should cede the necessary land at no cost to the government.

According to historical references, Denver citizens named David H. Moffat, pioneer railroad builder, chairman of a committee to select a suitable site. C. S. Morey, wholesale grocer, was secretary of the group. In all, 11 different sites were studied. Many Denverites favored a location near Sloan's Lake and close to Denver so the citizenry could take advantage of the social events such as the band concerts, dances and parades. They did not want a site ten miles out.

Phil Sheridan was then General of

the Army and had taken quite an interest in the Colorado development. He was authorized by the Secretary of War to select a site, and came to Denver on March 20, 1887, by special train from Cheyenne. He was accompanied by his Chief of Staff, General A. E. Baird; his brother, Colonel Michael Sheridan; and Henry R. Wolcott, of the Denver committee. The general viewed all the sites and returned to Washington.

Ten days later, on March 30, General Sheridan announced his choice, the "Johnson Tract," sometimes called the "Johnson Ranch," on the Morrison branch of the South Park Railroad, 10 miles southwest of Denver. Purchase of the site was financed by contributions from more than 100 firms and individuals. General Sheridan said he chose the site because of the rail spur, a "never-failing stream of pure, clear water," a plateau suitable for a parade ground, and marvelous scenery. People in Denver began calling the new fort "Sheridan Post, U.S.A." But the War Department temporarily referred to it as "Camp Near the City of Denver." Choice of the site led ultimately to the closing of Forts Garland, Crawford, Lewis, Lyons and Uncompahgre. More popularly, the new post was known for some months as "Fort Sheridan," in honor of the General. And about this time, a military site was approved near Chicago, and was known there as "Fort Logan," in honor of the Illinois Civil War hero and statesman.

Historical records indicate that the first federal troops reached the Colorado area on October 13, 1887, when Capt. J. H. Baldwin of Co. E, Eighteenth Infantry, had 22 men in tents on the bank of Bear Creek. However, when Major George G. Brady of the Eighteenth arrived, he ascertained they were camped on the Mason W. Howard ranch, not on the military reservation. So they moved on Oc-

tober 22, the date regarded as constituting official occupancy of the post.

A few days later the first train arrived, bringing from Fort Leavenworth two army wagons, 12 mules, and additional troops. Among them was the wife of a sergeant, said to have been the first woman on the post, and the reservation's first laundress. Her name is not recorded.

Early in November, 1887, Capt. L. E. Campbell, Acting Quartermaster, came to direct construction. Plans called for a ten-company post, six companies of infantry and four troops of cavalry. All buildings were to be of brick. Captain Campbell was harassed by small appropriations, labor troubles and red tape. On July 6, 1888, the first contract was awarded, amounting to \$98,000, to the Thomas H. O'Neil Company of Wichita, Kansas.

General Sheridan had planned to return and design the layout of permanent buildings, but he became seriously ill and died August 5, 1888, less than a month after ground was broken for the permanent fort.

As permanent construction became available, in May, 1889, two companies of the Seventh Infantry joined the garrison, and with the relief of the pioneer companies of the Eighteenth Infantry the following October, two additional companies and the headquarters unit of the Seventh Infantry came to the reservation. The commanding officer was Col. Henry C. Merriam, who held the position for eight years, longer than any other commander.

Congress began to provide additional funds, lessening Captain Campbell's problems. In June, 1889, Woodbury and Page of Denver received a contract for \$100,000, for additional buildings. Each Congress supplemented the financial assistance, and by 1894, when the fort was completed, nearly \$500,000 had been expended.

Upon completion in 1894, the post had accommodations for 28 officers, two troops of cavalry, eight companies of infantry, a headquarters staff and a band. There were three stables for horses and mules, a bake-house, hospital, guardhouse, shops, pump house, administration building, sewer system and roadways.

Meanwhile, the matter of official designations for the Chicago and Denver posts was unresolved. The Chicago installation was still being called "Fort Logan," and the Colorado post was known as "Fort Sheridan." General John Alexander Logan of Illinois had, as a U. S. Senator from that State, been a supporter of plans to establish the Chicago fort. He was described by a historian as "clearly the most eminent and distinguished of the volunteer soldiers" of the Civil War. He was made brigadier-general after Fort Donelson, and a major-general after Vicksburg. At one point he commanded the Fifteenth Corps of the Army of Tennessee.

General Logan, as a volunteer leader, was said to have spent much time in Colorado and had many friends in Denver. After the Civil War, he declined a permanent commission in the Army and was discharged in 1865. He returned to Congress and served both as a Congressman and a Senator, the latter from 1871 to 1877. He helped organize the Grand Army of the Republic, and three times served as its Commander in Chief. He conceived the idea of Decoration Day, which has been observed since May 30, 1868, when as head of the GAR he called on members to decorate the graves of soldiers with flowers. Senator Logan was defeated when he sought reelection in 1877. He died December 26, 1886.

General Logan had made his imprint, but so had General Sheridan. In 1888, the War Department concluded it had best name the posts.

General Sheridan was on his death bed, history states, June 1, 1888 (He died Aug. 5, 1888), when Congress made him a four-star general. Then the Secretary of War inquired which post he would like to have bear his name. The General believed the Chicago post would become one of the nation's finest, and asked that it be named after him. It was. After some delay, the Secretary of War designated the camp near Denver as Fort Logan on April 5, 1889.

In December, 1889, Colonel Merriam took six companies of the Seventh to South Dakota to help put down a feared Sioux uprising, but it had been settled by the time Fort Logan troops arrived. The Seventh left April 20, 1898, for duty in the Spanish American war. It was succeeded by the Fifteenth Infantry, and after a few months, the Twenty-eighth Regiment moved in. About this time, Fort Logan became more of a rest and recruiting center, and a temporary station for various army units. Between 1894 and 1909, various units of the Second, Seventh, Fifteenth, Eighteenth, Twenty-first, Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-ninth Regiments of Infantry, and the Second, Fifth and Sixth Regiments of Cavalry composed the garrison, none remaining for long.

Among the commanding officers at Fort Logan was General Arthur MacArthur, father of General Douglas MacArthur. He headed the post in 1901-02, when his son was a student at West Point.

In 1909 Fort Logan was made a recruit depot, and was in this category for twelve and a half years. In 1929, the First Battalion of the Thirty-eighth Infantry arrived to form the garrison for five years. During World War I, the reservation was used as a receiving station for thousands of enlisted and drafted men, and numerous temporary wooden structures were built. At one period, Fort Logan housed

units of the ROTC, the Organized Reserve and Citizens Military Training Corps.

In June 1927, the Second Engineers took over the post, coming to Fort Logan from Fort Sam Houston. They did much repair and new construction. In 1939, the Eighteenth Engineers replaced the Second, and made up the garrison until 1941. During the period 1937-1941, about \$1,000,000 in WPA funds was used to rehabilitate the post.

The Second Engineers had a colorful history. It was one of the few American regiments to be organized on foreign soil, according to a history of the Second, published in 1929. It came into being on July 1, 1916, at Colonia Dublan, Mexico, as the result of an expansion of the old Second Battalion of Engineers. Through this affiliation, the Second traced its ancestry to Companies C and D, Engineers, organized in 1861, and thus was entitled to bear on its regimental colors the several battle streamers of the Civil and Spanish-American Wars and the Philippine Insurrection.

When U. S. Forces were withdrawn from the pursuit of the Mexican bandit, Villa, in February 1917, the Second returned and took station at Camp Baker, Texas, near El Paso, and was there under canvas on the banks of the Rio Grande when the U. S. declared war on Germany. The Second was part of the Second Division of the AEF and participated in every battle of that Division during its stay in France.

The history of the Second Engineers relates: "The morale of the Second Engineers was always high. It never failed; it never caused a serious delay because of poor roads; it never failed to have its bridges ready when needed; it never lost an inch of ground to the enemy; and, remarkable even for Engineers, it never failed to have every squad arrive at the proper place

at the appointed time, no matter how dark the night or how poor the trail."

During the 1930's, Fort Logan was the site of a headquarters and supply outfit for CCC camps.

The war clouds were gathering and so it was that in 1941, the Eighteenth Engineers, who had replaced the Second, moved out to take a new station in California. It was a spectacular, motorized journey, according to accounts. There were nearly 100 heavy trucks, some carrying pontoons for water crossings, trailers, staff cars and a score of motorcycles. As the unit roared out of the post, Fort Logan, soon to become a subpost of Lowry Field, entered a new era of history.

During World War II, Fort Logan was a receiving station for enlisted and drafted men. Lowry Field installed at Fort Logan a clerk-typist school for Air Corps personnel, and at one time the post held German prisoners of war. In the spring of 1944, the post became a convalescent center for Air Force crews.

After World War II, the reservation was used as a discharge center. Late in the summer of 1946, the Veterans Administration re-activated the hospital, and utilized the facility until occupancy of the new VA hospital in Denver in August, 1951. A skeleton crew of VA personnel occupied the premises until 1960 when 308 acres was deeded to the State for the Mental Health Center. The Martin Company occupied some buildings for about two years, ending in January, 1961.

The VA crew, including a fire department and maintenance staff, kept an eye on Fort Logan. But to all intents and purposes, it was a ghost fort.

In its hey-day, Fort Logan was a complete community, with well over 200 buildings of all kinds. It housed more than 5,500 persons at the height of World War II.

Many of the early buildings were completed in the 1880's, and the early 1900's. During the period of occupancy by the engineer units more officers' quarters and other buildings were put up, mostly in the 1930s.

The original church vanished over the years, but a frame chapel was erected in 1942 or 1943, and will be preserved. There were six large barracks for infantry and cavalry and two for band units. Three large brick stables housed horses and mules.

Facilities included a disinfecting building, a dead house, an isolation hospital, band stand, several wagon sheds, green house and nursery, ice house, coal yard, commissary, powder magazine, garage, shops and post engineers office, among others, and a parade ground of 32 acres. There were numerous doubles for married and bachelor officers, and for NCOs.

Resplendent must have been the word to describe the large home for the commanding officer, completed in June, 1891, at a cost of \$13,647. It has beautiful stained glass windows and rich interior wood work. Overgrown by trees and shrubs is the sidewalk from the CO's home to the parade ground, enabling him to review troops without muddying his boots. Over the years the Corps of Engineers compiled records, with photographs, on the various structures, including all pertinent information. The record lists the capacity of the commanding officer's quarters as: "1 Colonel."

The old records reveal interesting comparisons with present day building costs. The former headquarters building, a two-story brick structure now occupied by administrative personnel of the Mental Health Center, was completed June 10, 1889, and cost \$2,232.34. "Double officers quarters," completed September, 1888, capacity "1 Captain" (each side), cost \$6,125. You could build a durable wagon shed to shelter 11 wagons for \$2,250 in

1907. The old frame bandstand, which disappeared years ago, cost \$241, in the early days. A cavalry stable, capacity 70 animals, was built for \$7,600, in 1891. Spacious company officers' quarters, finished in 1888, went up for \$3,062.50. A hospital, completed in 1888, to house 40 patients, is listed at \$19,865. The dead house, finished in August, 1890, of brick, cost \$850.

Some of the early brick structures vanished over the years. Others have been removed to make way for new mental health facilities. Many are in good condition, and are being used for staff and patients. It would not be economical to remodel some of the others still standing.

During the past two years of change, the Fort Logan Mental Health Center has continued to operate its sewage and water systems. The fire department was inactivated when the post was annexed by Denver. Road maintenance is handled by the State Highway Department. The gas and electric utilities were sold to the Public Service Company of Colorado.

After 308 acres of the approximately 600 acres of reservation were deeded to the State by the federal government, the government sold the remaining acres, on the western side of the reservation, to private interests.

The federal government retains and operates the Fort Logan National Cemetery to the northwest. It occupies a portion of the original reservation and was the post cemetery from 1887 to 1950. There were 367 recorded burials from the post alone, the first being that of Mable Peterkin, daughter of Private Peterkin, Co. E, Eighteenth Infantry, who died June 28, 1889.

Legislation introduced by former U. S. Senators Edwin C. Johnson and Eugene D. Millikin established the national cemetery as of March 10, 1950. The cemetery has 15 developed acres and 117 acres remaining for future use. The original Fort Logan

post cemetery was 3.2 acres.

There was some confusion about the name of the original reservation, and likewise that of the small community just east of the post. Over the years it has been called "Fort Logan" and "Logantown." Actually, according to the State Historical Society, it is Sheridan and always was. It was founded in 1887 by Isaac E. McBroom, and named after General Phil Sheridan. It was incorporated April 1, 1890, comprising about 700 acres. Part of the confusion arises from the fact that the U. S. postal service designated it as the site of the Fort Logan Post Office, which is still there.

Staff members of the Mental Health Center encounter fact and legend after they have been on the post a little while. Fact is that there are surprisingly few relics or mementos of the old days. Veteran observers ascribe this to the facts that (1) all the various units stationed at the post packed up and took their gear with them when they left; it was never an "abandoned" fort, and (2) over the years so many people went through that they undoubtedly picked up what souvenirs remained. There isn't even an old mule shoe on the place.

There is a small museum in the custody of James J. Flynn, senior supply officer, who wishes there were more items of historic significance. Included are: a small glass and metal pen set, a silver baby rattle, a small iron press, a pamphlet titled "A Warning Against the Evil of Profanity," sections of the Denver Times for December 10 and December 17, 1911, and the Denver Post for July 5, 1912, pieces of the San Francisco Chronicle with an 1894 imprint, a copy of the Rocky Mountain News dated August 24, 1941, an old metal cuspidor, and a catalogue of the N. O. Nelson Company, St. Louis, listing plumbing goods, some quite ornate, dated 1893.

The legend concerns one or more

signs reported to have been stored in the old barracks, proclaiming "No Buffalo Shooting from the Windows." They are said to have been over the name of General Sheridan. A number of persons relate that they know someone who knows someone who saw the signs. And they may have existed, but if so, were spirited away long ago. Since General Sheridan died in 1888, and since the buffalo are reported to have vanished from the area before that date, some people doubt that such signs ever existed.

One person who saw much of the history of Fort Logan is Mrs. Agnes Paden, of Sheridan, who was in the Fort Logan Post Office for 33 years. She was post-mistress from 1932 until her retirement in 1953, and recalls the bustling days of World War II and the heavy mail load.

Also living in Sheridan are Sgt. and Mrs. Fred Keckler. He first came to the post in 1909, from New York, with the Fifth Infantry. He also served with a field artillery unit and was in the Philippines twice. He married in 1917, and he and Mrs. Keckler lived for some years on the old Rucker farm, part of the original Fort Logan purchase. The sergeant recalls Dwight D. Eisenhower, and believes he had a role as "police and prison officer" while at the post. Sergeant Keckler retired in 1932. He and his wife remember Sgt. Sam Behrman, now believed to be living in Evergreen, who (they say) had charge of the nursery and green house at the post for many years, and who personally supervised planting of many trees, including the evergreens.

Ed Evers, Navy veteran of World War II, now building and grounds supervisor at the Mental Health Center, has seen duty three times at the post. He was with the CCC headquarters unit and also with the Veterans Administration in earlier days.

Doyle C. Fender, Health Center fire

inspector, was fire chief of Fort Logan from August, 1942, until the property was annexed by Denver in late 1961, and protection assumed by the Denver fire department. He had 50 men and five trucks under his supervision during World War II. Three of these trucks are in storage and on standby.

Mrs. Marie Baker, 744 Geneva St., Aurora, is the widow of Sergeant-Major Charles M. Baker, Sr., who was with an infantry outfit at Fort Logan in 1918-1922. They later were transferred to San Antonio with an army band group, a train trip via Kansas City requiring four days. They came back to the fort in May, 1924, and Sergeant-Major Baker was recruiting officer for the Colorado district until his death in 1933. He is buried at the Fort Logan National Cemetery.

By 1960, it was apparent that the old reservation was to assume a new role in Colorado's broadened mental health programs. Plans were being developed which would bring the new into contrast with the old. But there was general agreement that the color

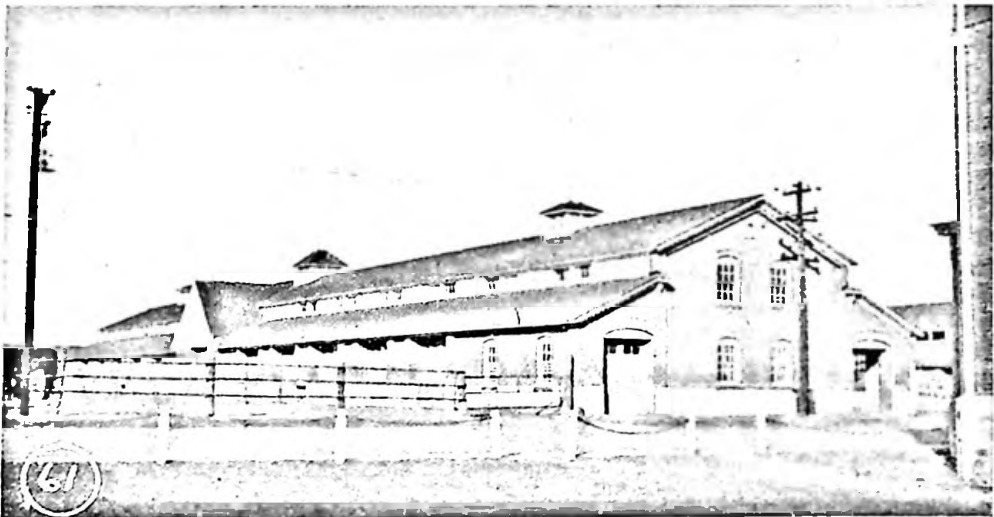
and tradition of the old reservation would be retained as much as possible. Some obsolete structures had to be removed, but many of the familiar brick buildings still stand proudly, are in use, and will continue to serve for many years.

There is agreement, too, that the spacious 32-acre parade ground, which General Sheridan admired so much, will be left untouched. New buildings will not mar its broad terrain.

[Compiled from records of the State Historical Society and other sources.]

#### SIGNIFICANT DATES IN THE HISTORY OF FORT LOGAN

- Feb. 17, 1887, President Grover Cleveland signed bill creating new military post near Denver.
- March 30, 1887, General Phil Sheridan announced choice of the site.
- Oct. 22, 1887, First troops officially occupied the post.
- April 5, 1889, Secretary of War officially designated Colorado post as Fort Logan.
- May 15, 1959, Colorado General Assembly appropriated \$150,000, the first funds for Fort Logan Mental Health Center.
- April 1, 1960, Federal government decided 308-acre site to Colorado for the Fort Logan Mental Health Center.
- Feb. 3, 1961, Governor McNichols and others participated in groundbreaking ceremonies.
- July 17, 1961, First patients admitted.



Cavalry Stable, Fort Logan, Colo. Built 1891. Cost \$7600. Now used as a warehouse. Photo from U. S. Corps of Engineers.



# I REMEMBER DENVER

By MRS. AVERY EDWARDS ABBOTT, CM

I was born in Chicago about the time of the Spanish-American War. My father, Ralph C. Edwards, had been employed by Stafford Brothers in the Chicago Stockyards. He got a position at \$40 a month with Clay, Robinson & Co., at the Denver Union Stockyards. Our first home in Denver was at 36th and Williams, near old Chutes Park (which terrified the day-lights out of me).

I recall the old Denver Carnivals, held in the fall, I think. These were a kind of Mardi Gras, with parades and so on, to which my mother took me. Car fare was a nickel, and so was a loaf of bread. We could buy enough beef for supper for a dime, and the butcher gave you a piece of liver-wurst free and threw in enough liver for the cat.

Soon we moved to Elyria where we rented a nice five-room house at \$10 a month. ["Elyria: Village in Denver County; population in 1900: 1384. Railroad name: Pullman."—A Gazetteer of Colorado by Henry Gannett, Washington 1906.] We lived on Powell Street (now Humboldt). E. C. Stark was mayor, and a Mr. Moore was town marshal.

Elyria boasted of 26 saloons, and John Blatnik's was down the street on the corner. Sadler's was at the other end of the block. Coulter and Beal had the grocery and Lymans ran the drygoods store. Telephones were at the drug store and at the market, which also housed the postoffice. I remember the old Owens Hotel in the Yards, and Ward's Hotel at the foot of the hill on beyond our street and over toward the Yards.

I remember the torchlight parades (to which Father took me when Mc-

Kinley was assassinated. All this really dates me, but I no longer care.)

Father took me for a walk every afternoon, and often this walk ended at the Stockyards. I was terrified beyond voice when we took the catwalks above the waving heads of the long-horns in the corrals. The hogs fascinated me, as did the sheep. (Such smelly tastes!)

Mr. Fine and Mr. Gill were at the Stockyards Bank, and I regarded them as personal friends. Mother hated business, so, after Father died, when I was about six, I had to walk back and forth to the bank for my mother. It never occurred to anyone that there was any danger of my purse being snatched, or of my being molested. The stockmen, many of them, knew who I was and stopped to inquire about Mother and my baby brother. They had been faithful in coming to see Father during his last illness.

Swansea School was too far from our house for me to walk, so Mother taught me at home. We used an arithmetic which my grandfather had written. Since he was connected with the American Book Company, I had plenty of textbooks. All I had to do was to write Grandfather if I wanted another book.

We took the Stout Street cars, one of which turned off to go to Riverside Cemetery, and the other (which we rode) was marked "Stockyards." Mother sent me down town sometimes to Hurlbut's Grocery, in the Loop, where bananas were ten cents a dozen. For a long time we had to change at the Fortieth Street Station, as the Stout Street cars gave better service by that way.

In winter Hurlbut's smelled of hot

coffee, buttered popcorn, cupcakes, overshoes and wet clothing. In summer, large glass jars of lemonade were on display, and cookies, candies, magazines and other penny-catchers.

Another errand I performed was to ride the street car to Fifteenth and Stout and go to Totman's Drug Store for items unavailable at the Elyria druggist's. If the clerk saw me and paid me heed, I could catch the same car back after it went through the Loop.

Our neighbors were all friendly: the Scoons (who still live in Denver), the Bennetts, the Riggses, and others. Mr. Wargen had the butcher shop, and he always gave me either a cupcake or some liverwurst. The Meagers lived across from Wargen's. Butter was 15 cents a pound. Lion and Arbuckle coffees were popular brands.

I remember the day when three Polish workmen at the Omaha and Grant Smelter (the shadow of whose smoke-stack almost fell across our house, and whose smoke was said to kill all our germs) were sitting on kegs of

dynamite while eating their lunch. They had the bad judgment to strike matches on the kegs to light their pipes. Parts of the men were picked up all over town and windows were shattered for several blocks around. It was quite an occasion!

Of course the perfume of the packing houses blended with the smelter smoke, and some of Mother's friends turned their noses pretty high when they came to see us. But this was not so that they could sniff the perfume to greater advantage.

We had a lovely garden—both flowers and vegetables. We took wild-flower walks, and could go wading in the Platte River. It may have been a horrible neighborhood. I'm not sure. But I had a wonderful little-girlhood there—until Father's death.

A year or so after Father's death, my grandparents came to live with us, and Mother decided to move to South Denver, where I grew up and went to school.

—1924 Addison Way,  
Los Angeles 41, Calif.



## Westerner's Bookshelf



**MY LIFE ON THE RANGE**, by John Clay, with an introduction by Donald R. Ornduff. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 372 pgs., \$5.95.

John Clay, a young, well-educated Scot, travelled through the United States and Canada in 1874 on a pleasure trip and what he saw of the West, especially of its cattle industry, was of vast interest to him. He went home, only to return to the States in 1879 as an Assistant Commissioner of the Royal Agricultural Commission, which was formed because of Great Britain's concern over the possibility of competition from cheap beef produced on the Western range.

This proved to be John's opportunity, as it led to extensive travel and investigation in the Western range country. He helped a Scotch syndicate purchase the 115,000 acre Chowchilla Ranch in California's San Joaquin Valley and from then on, John Clay was never far from cattle and cattle ranching.

The Chowchilla transaction was made shortly after the beginning of the vast boom, largely financed in England and Scotland, that was to sweep the range country during the next four or five years. Imaginations overseas were fired by stories of the enormous profits that could be made

from such investments and John Clay was ready. He invested the funds placed in his hands by British and Scotch speculators and his advice came to be keenly sought. He became a man of influence.

John Clay had a rare combination of talents. He had courage and integrity, his instinct and training developed skill in livestock and ranch management and he possessed an unusual financial talent which helped him succeed in the management of the properties under his direction, even in the face of adversity. He was a leader of men, serving six years as President of the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association and ten years as the head of the International Live Stock Exposition. He numbered among his friends and acquaintances most of the leading figures of the plains and mountain states of his time.

Clay's book is replete with facts, financial and historical, brightened with a sense of humor and by bursts of sentiment and his biographical studies of the old time cowmen are excellent. Reading the book one realizes that Clay was a fine business man in the realm of cattle and land.

The original edition of *My Life on the Range*, privately published by Clay in 1924, has been out of print for many years and is a high-priced collector's item today. The book is the best of all sources on the British-owned ranches and one of the best ever written on the cattle era.

—ARMAND W. REEDER, PM

**LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO — THE TOWN THAT WOULDN'T GAMBLE** by Milton W. Callon. Published by the Las Vegas Daily Optic, Las Vegas, New Mexico, 1962. Limited edition of 1500 copies. 352 pages, 52 pictures and index. \$5.75.

Milt Callon heeded well the admon-

ition of Professor Channing, who said, "Exhaust your field before you attempt to write history." Milt has spent the better part of 17 years digging out the history of Las Vegas, New Mexico. He has read everything available, talked to those who know or claim to know, made endless notes, and when there was no more material to be had, wrote this priceless Western history. The title given avoids confusion with the sister city in Nevada. This book is the complete story of fabulous Las Vegas on the Santa Fe Trail. All facets are included and developed. Most interesting to me were the land grants, topography, inhabitants—good and bad—wagon trains, railroads, law suits, soldier-boys, the business life, beginning on or about the 16th of January, 1821 and closing with 1962. Give or take a couple of typos, it is a perfect job, save for the near serious mistake on page 129, "raising children."

Remember that only 1500 copies are being printed.

—FRED M. MAZZULLA, PM

**PIKES PEAK BY RAIL** by Frank R. Hollenback and William Russell, Jr. Sage Books, Denver, 1962. 91 pages. Regular edition, wrappers, \$2.00. Limited ed. (300 copies), numbered, signed, cloth, \$5.00.

This is a delightful booklet made up of readable text, 88 rare stereos and photos, table of contents, maps, profiles, buff data, locomotive rosters, and a brief, illustrated history of the Mt. Washington Cog Railway. There is no index. Unusually outstanding is the bibliography. The "Pied Piper Tale" by Judge Eliphalet Price is the highlight of this publication. The good Judge probably triggered the tourist rush to the world's most famous peak!

—FRED M. MAZZULLA, PM

## TALES OF A TALLY-MAN

By Bill Brenneman

[The Editor asked the hard-worked Tally Man (Treasurer) of the Denver Posse to tell Roundup's readers some of his experiences on his 1962 job. Herewith are presented extracts from his response.]

One of the most annoying and expensive problems results from the red tape in collecting corresponding membership dues from government-related institutions: libraries, colleges, and historical societies. Corresponding members are billed during their anniversary months, with a standard invoice-type letter, accompanied by a completed membership card, indicating that dues are paid for the year to come. First-class postage, invoice, card and envelope bring the total cost of the package to about eight cents. (This does not count the Tally Man's salary and time—about ten minutes per billing.) All that's necessary for the member to do is to send back his check for \$3.50, of which an average of \$3.28 goes for the Roundup subscription. But our good friends at many institutions fire back at me a request for invoices in quadruplicate or triplicate, quite often a notary's seal, signatures, counter-signatures and so on. It is not unusual to have more than \$4.00 invested in some of these memberships before we ever see a check for \$3.50. Our suggestion: Surely all such agencies have petty cash funds or revolving funds for recurring expenses such as magazine subscriptions. While I appreciate the fact that they are trying to safeguard the funds of taxpayers, they are wasting more time and paper than the whole business is worth. Help!

But there is another side of the coin: a type of response guaranteed to give a lift to the spirits of any organization's keeper of the red ink. Example 1: Greeley Attorney John W.

Henderson, a CM for ten years renewed his \$3.50 membership the other day with a check for \$8.50, and wrote that the extra \$5.00 was "for the pot." Bless him! Example 2: Ellis K. Baker, of Fremont, Calif., a publishers' representative who joined up in 1960, sent a check for \$10.50, representing payment in advance for three years! He must have a lot of faith in Roundup's Editors who get out a Roundup month after month, year after year.

It appears to my unpracticed eyes that the finances of the Denver Westerners are in good shape. We've been running in the black all this year, to date. Everything for which we've been billed has been paid, we have a nice little reserve in the general fund savings account, and a good start has been made on the scholarship fund.

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## LADIES' NIGHT DECEMBER 15th

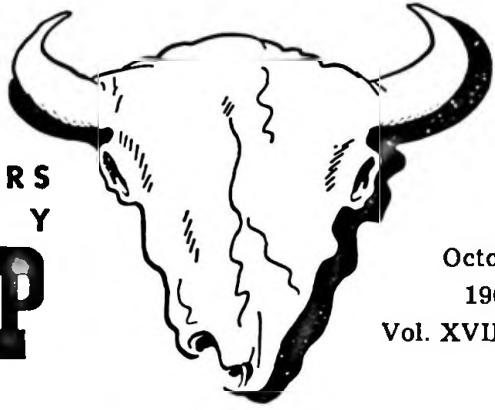
by George R. Eichler,  
Roundup Foreman

The Denver Posse's annual Christmas meeting, one of the three regular meetings to which ladies are invited, will be held at the Heart o' Denver Motor Hotel, East Colfax Ave. and Downing St., on Saturday, Dec. 15.

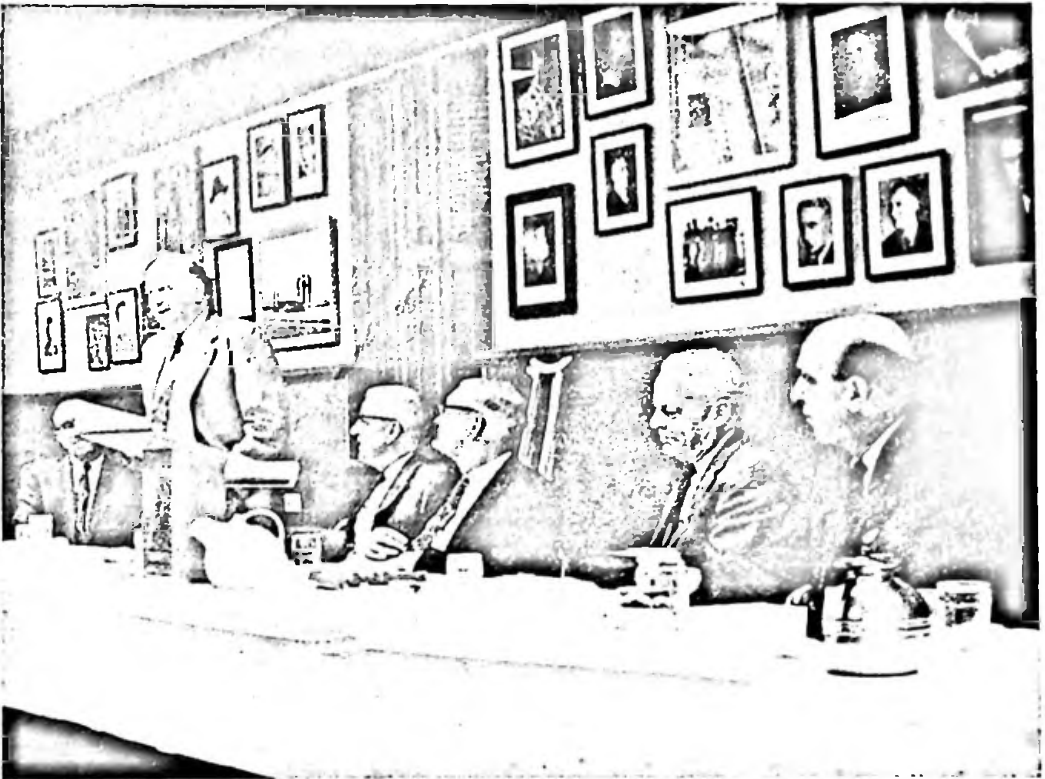
A vote of the Posse's Executive Committee was unanimous in making the change, at least for the 1962 affair. The large, private dining room in which the Westerners will meet has a warm, friendly atmosphere, the hotel's food is excellent, and free parking is available on the hotel grounds.

Details of the Christmas meeting and program will be worked out by the Executive Committee and announced in Roundup and by special invitation to all Denver Westerners in ample time. All members are urged to mark their calendars now, however, to reserve the date of December 15 for the annual meeting.

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



October  
1962  
Vol. XVIII, No. 10



Edwin A. Bemis, charter member and first sheriff of the Denver Westerners, thanks the posse for Copy No. 1 of the 1961 Brand Book, which was dedicated to him. L. to r.: Publications Chairman Don L. Griswold; Bemis; Raymond G. Colwell (who introduced the speaker); Len Shoemaker, speaker of the evening; Sheriff Erl H. Ellis; and Roundup Foreman George R. Eichler. Denver Press Club, Sept. 26, 1962. Photo through the kindness of Fred and Jo Mazzulla.

INSIDE: "ROARING FORK PIONEERS" by LEN SHOEMAKER.

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



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The Westerners  
414 Denver Theater Building  
Denver 2, Colorado

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**OFFICERS**

*Sheriff, Erl H. Ellis*  
*Deputy Sheriff, Robert L. Perkin*  
*Roundup Foreman, George R. Eichler*  
*Tally Man, William G. Brenneman*  
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*Registrar of Marks and Brands*  
*(Editor of Monthly Roundup),*  
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*Book Review Chairman,*  
*Numa L. James*

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Please send correspondence and remittances to:

George R. Eichler, 414 Denver Theater Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

Please send material intended for publication in ROUNDUP to:

John J. Lipsey, 1920 Pinegrove, Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, Colo.

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**NOVEMBER MEETING**

The next meeting of the Denver Westerners will be held at the Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm Place, Denver, on Nov. 28, 1962. Dinner will be served at 6:30 p.m. (If you want to eat, mail your reservation to Westerners Headquarters, 414 Denver Theater Bldg., Denver 2.) Speaker of the evening will be PM Bob Cormack. Subject: "Fifty Years of Cowboying." Material about Will James, cowboy-author-artist. Newly-discovered early drawings by James will be exhibited.

**DECEMBER MEETING—LADIES' NIGHT**

The Denver Posse's annual Christmas meeting, to which ladies are invited, will be held at the Heart of Denver Motor Hotel, East Colfax Avenue and Downing St., on Saturday evening, Dec. 15.

Roundup Foreman George R. Eichler writes that the large private dining room in which the Westerners will meet has a warm friendly atmosphere, that the hotel's food is excellent, and that free parking is available on the hotel's grounds.

Speaker of the evening will be Betty Wallace, author of the book, "Gunnison Country." She has developed material about the newspaper dynasties of the Western Slope of Colorado and will present this in her paper.

Details concerning the Christmas meeting and program will be sent to all Denver Westerners in ample time. But all members are urged to mark their calendars now to reserve Dec. 15 for this annual happy party.

## FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

A hard-cover edition of PM Forbes Parkhill's new book, "Last of the Indian Wars" appeared last month.

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RM LeRoy R. Hafen and his wife, Ann, will edit a new series of five books on fur traders. This series will be published by Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, Calif., and will be uniform with the already scarce set, "The Far West and the Rockies," also edited by the Hafens and published by Clark.

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PM Don Bloch adds a note to the Editor's nostalgic paragraph about the December meeting (Ladies' Night) of the Denver Westerners when Art Carhart & Co. played the old songs and all hands or voices sang. Bloch reminds us that this was in December 1948 when he put on a program about Denver's first movies, and there were furnished slides to which we sang so happily. Thank you!

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Roundup Foreman George R. Eichler reports that Denver Posse and Reserve members registering for the Conference on the History of Western America were: Scott Broome, Arthur Campa, Dabney Otis Collins, Harold Dunham, Geo. R. Eichler, Erl H. Ellis, Jack Foster, Maurice Frink, Don Griswold, LeRoy R. Hafen, Paul D. Harrison, Guy Herstrom, Numa L. James, John J. Lipsey, Fred Mazzulla, Nolie Mumey, Forbes Parkhill, Robert L. Perkin, William D. Powell, Armand W. Reeder, Francis B. Rizzari, Fred A. Rosenstock, Philip D. Whiteley, and Gerrit S. Barnes. Other Possemen were present for portions of the program but apparently neglected to register.

Evan Edwards, whose paper on Fort Logan was read at the August meeting of the Denver Westerners in Colorow's Cave, read the same interesting paper to the Littleton (Colo.) Historical Society on Oct. 23.

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On Oct. 8, 9, and 10, 1962, the Rocky Mountain News published articles by Forbes Parkhill, Dabney Otis Collins, and Erl H. Ellis, all Denver Westerners, as salutes to the Conference on the History of Western America. When we read them, we became even more proud than we had been that we belong to an organization that includes such superb historians and excellent writers as these three, and others like them.

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While attending the Conference on the History of Western America, the Editor and his wife got their first real acquaintance with that grand hotel, the Denver Hilton. We marveled at and admired its elegance and were grateful for courteous treatment from members of its staff. It is a hostelry of magnificent distances and scattered lifts, and our legs were almost exhausted by walking from the far end of the adjacent parking catacomb to one set of elevators, walking further to the ground floor, taking an escalator to the lobby floor (where registration was), going back down the escalator, threading the labyrinth of corridors to another set of elevators, dropping to floor 2B, and walking to one meeting hall. To get to the other meeting hall, it was necessary to retrace one's steps to the lobby floor, pass the registration desk and go a little further. Thank goodness there were bar stools near this hall! The Hilton took the conference, originally scheduled for the Albany Hotel, after the Albany suffered from a disastrous fire. This was a favor granted to the historians, and they are grateful.

## MEMBERSHIP GROWTH

By George R. Eichler,  
Roundup Foreman

The number of Denver Westerners' corresponding memberships has now passed the 700 mark. As of this date there are 705 CMs.

This means an increase of 205 for this year as we had an even 500 on January first.

A breakdown shows 262 CMs in the Denver area and 434 elsewhere in Colorado and the United States. (In my report of March twenty-eighth we had 218 in the Denver area, 323 elsewhere. The surprising fact of the latest total is that our Denver-area membership has increased by 44 while our out-of-Denver membership has increased by 111 since the March review.)

It would appear that we are not getting through to prospective members in the Denver-Colorado Springs-Boulder area as well as we are to those outside our immediate area. I think this may be mainly because our local members (those who attend or may attend meetings) take the organization for granted while those members who are not able to attend (because of distance) appreciate the benefits as exemplified by our excellent magazine, Roundup.

A few new memberships have been obtained via the sale of Brand Books (joining to make it possible to purchase the book at members' price); a few were obtained from the recent Conference on the History of Western America. Applications still are being received from the large mailing earlier this year.

I hope to be able to check the roster of registrants for the above-mentioned Conference and send invitations to those who are not Denver Westerners.

With our record number of CMs, adding our 50 Posse and 11 Reserve, our total membership is now 766.

## OCTOBER MEETING

By PM Francis B. Rizzari for Roundup  
Foreman George R. Eichler

The Denver Posse of the Westerners met at the Denver Press Club on Oct. 24. Total attendance 61 (36 PMs, 22 CMs, 3 guests).

CM Milt Callon announced that his book, "Las Vegas (N. M.)—The Town That Would Not Gamble" is a best-seller in New Mexico. He displayed photos of Ceran St. Vrain's grave and flour mill at Mora, N. M.

Sheriff Erl H. Ellis announced that there will be no conflict between the Thanksgiving period and the November Westerners meeting this year, since Thanksgiving Day is on the 22nd, and the meeting on the 28th. The Sheriff expressed thanks for the work done by PM George R. Eichler on the Conference on the History of the American West.

In the absence of Tallyman Bill Brenneman, the Sheriff gave the financial report. The posse is solvent. And it has over 705 corresponding members.

Publications Chairman Don L. Griswold reported that only 88 of the new 1961 Brand Books remain to be sold. (Better send in your order.)

There followed the usual introductions of members and guests. After the usual break, PM Forbes Parkhill introduced PM Paul D. Harrison, who read a paper about Colorado's toll roads.

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*De minimis non curat lex* is a maxim often quoted by judges. This can be very loosely translated: The law doesn't give a damn about trifles. Neither does this Editor care for trifling objections. (Yes, he knows that other old gag: Trifles make perfection. But he despairs of accumulating enough trifles to add up to that blessed state.)



# ROARING FORK PIONEERS

By LEN SHOEMAKER

Len Shoemaker, author of the article on Roaring Fork Pioneers which begins on this page, is a Coloradoan by birth and rearing. He was born at Rosite, Colo., April 22, 1881, and began his education in schools at Satauk and Carbondale, Colo. He attended Denver's Opportunity School for three years and extended his schooling by correspondence courses. For 15 years he worked at several jobs, including an extensive one with the Colorado Supply Company (a subsidiary of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co.). Then he joined the U. S. Forestry Service and held important positions with that service in and near Colorado's magnificent Roaring Fork Valley. On Dec. 31, 1943, Shoemaker retired from the Forest Service after 30 years and three months of happy employment. He is author of two books: "Saga of a Forest Ranger" and "The Roaring Fork Valley."—The Editor.

W. B. DEVEREUX

Walter B. Devereux came to the Roaring Fork Valley of Colorado in 1883. A few years later his brothers, J. Henry and Horace K., followed him to Aspen, and were his associates in several business enterprises. In 1880 Walter married Mary Porter Gregory, of New York City, and three sons, Walter B., Jr., William G., and Alvin were born to them.

This manuscript deals mainly with material received from Alvin, who was born in Glenwood Spring, Colo., in 1889, and now resides in New York, N. Y. His contribution to the history of Western Colorado will no doubt be appreciated by all lovers of historical lore who may read it.

The following excerpt, taken from the November 20, 1934, issue of the *New York Herald Tribune*, gives the approximate date of W. B. Devereux's birth, and describes his early activities.

"Mr. Devereux was born in Decem-



LEN SHOEMAKER

ber 1853 at Deposit, N. Y., the son of Alvin and Julia Tanner Devereux. He attended Deposit Academy, was graduated from Princeton in 1873 and took the degree of mechanical engineer (Bachelor of Mining Engineering) at Columbia University School of Mines in 1878. He was awarded the Experimental Science Fellowship while at Princeton, where he later took his M.A. At both Princeton and Columbia he played on the football team. From Princeton he went to Tasmania as a member of the United States Government astronomical expedition, which observed the transit of Venus across the sun. He returned to attend Co-

lumbia. He began engineering practice in Michigan, going later to North Carolina and then to Lead, S. Dak. In 1881 he was made manager of the Dakoma Copper Company, at Globe, Ariz., where he remained for two years, and for the next ten years he was manager of the Aspen Smelting Company, at Aspen, Colorado."

In 1883 Jerome B. Wheeler, a New York capitalist, who had just moved to Aspen, organized the Aspen Smelting Company to treat the local ores. Knowing of Walter Devereux's ability in that field, he invited him to become manager of the new industry. Walter's accomplishments in that capacity are described in a memorandum which was written by his eldest son, Walter B., Jr., who at that time, 1906, was a mining engineer and a partner in some of his father's affairs.

"In August of the same year (1883) Mr. Devereux [Walter, Sr.] went to Aspen, Colorado, as manager of the Aspen Smelting Company; and from that time until the year 1893 he was actively interested in and connected with the development of the silver mining industry of that district. On his arrival in Aspen he found no available supply of ore for any smelting operation. On his advice, Mr. J. B. Wheeler, President of the Aspen Smelting Company, decided to make a market for ores in the hope that this would stimulate development. Mr. Wheeler agreed to furnish the money for buying ores with the possibility that in the end, if sufficient ores were not developed to warrant smelting operations, all the ores purchased would have to be shipped at a loss by wagons 45 miles over [12,075-foot] Independence Pass to the D. & R. G. Railroad at Granite.

"Their hopes and expectations were not disappointed—with a cash market for ore vigorous development was begun on the Spar, the Vallejo, the Emma and Aspen mines on Aspen Mountain, and on the Molly Gibson

and Smuggler at the foot of Smuggler Mountain. Rich ore was struck in the Spar and Vallejo early in '84, in the Emma in the summer (September) of '84, and in December of that year the famous ore body in the Aspen. Unquestionably this decision materially expedited the development of the Aspen district, the building of the railroad, and indirectly the development of that section of the Western slope of the Rocky Mountains.

"In August 1884 sufficient ore had been accumulated to warrant a short smelting campaign, and in that month the smelter was started with about one month's supply of ore on hand. Developments were rapid and the smelter was in almost continuous operation until the spring of 1886 when the decision to build the Colorado Midland Railroad made it a commercial economy to hold the ores until railroad transportation gave access to plants with facilities for making better smelter mixtures.

"Upon the formation of the Aspen Mining and Smelting Company—a consolidation of the Aspen Smelting Company and a number of mining properties in the Aspen district—Mr. Devereux became manager of that Company.

"When smelting operations were first started at Aspen, coke was hauled in wagons from Crested Butte about 35 miles away and on the other side of the [Elk Mountains] divide. But in 1886 Mr. Devereux took up the development of coal lands at Jerome Park some 30 miles from Aspen. These coal lands were the nucleus of and afterward became part of the property of the Grand River Coal & Coke Company, which was later sold to the Colorado Fuel Company (which later became the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company). Under Mr. Devereux's direction several coal mines were opened up and fifty coke ovens were built in the construction of which he used fire brick made on the ground—

this was an economical necessity due to lack of railroad transportation and the desire of the Company to be prepared to sell coke as soon as the railroad was completed.

"During his metallurgical work at Aspen he invented and patented fourteen inventions of great importance in lead smelting. Among these the simplest and best known is the hole drilled in the side of the Slag Pot to draw off molten slag above the matte settled in the bottom. This patent was shortly afterwards sold to the Omaha and Grant Smelting & Refining Company and the process was used by them until the era of large settling pots. He also perfected and patented an adjustable tuyere which, among other things, replaced the unsatisfactory canvas sleeve with an airtight metal sleeve.

"Owing to the base character of the ores in Aspen and the impossibility of making the suitable mixture, the metallurgists generally prophesied a failure of the operation at Aspen. The ore generally was a lime gangue and carried large percentages of zinc and baryta, the only available supply of iron was 18 miles distant, and siliceous ores had to be hauled about the same distance, and at times it was necessary to use barren silica in order to get the smelting mixture.

"In consequence of the large percentage of bases in the ore the lead well then in common use could not be worked successfully. To avoid these difficulties Mr. Devereux designed and perfected a settling pot with a separating chamber and a movable lead well, which he afterwards patented.

"Metallurgists will appreciate the difficulties of the situation at Aspen, —a lime ore carrying a large percentage of zinc, baryta, and some arsenic and copper; the only siliceous ores (and those not enough) 15 miles away; barren ore about the same distance, and a 35-mile haul for coke; and after

smelting, the bullion and matte 45 miles from the nearest railroad point."

As told or implied in the memorandum, a smelter was built, ores were purchased and operations were started in August, 1884. The smelter had a daily capacity of eighty tons. As cited, many difficulties arose but Devereux overcome each problem as it appeared and ran the smelter successfully until rail transportation of the ores to other smelters replaced the need for it.

After the smelting company was reorganized as the Aspen Mining & Smelting Company, it became active in many mining ventures, which gave Devereux a chance to exercise his talents for inventing new devices and initiating new methods of procedure, as previously stated. He became interested in the possible use of electric power in the mines, and blue-printed the plans for a hydro-electric power plant. In cooperation with D. R. C. Brown and J. W. Downing, such a plant was installed in their Castle Creek water project. It was successful, and is recognized as the first plant of its kind. It led to the development of the large Roaring Fork Water, Light, & Power Company in 1887, which was incorporated by Brown, Downing, and Horace K. Devereux on April 25, 1887.

While I lived at Aspen I had been told that the then superintendent of the company, C. E. Doolittle, had originated the hydro-electric plant then in use by that company. Of that matter, Alvin Devereux makes this statement:

"About the Roaring Fork Electric Light and Power Co., my recollection from what I used to hear my father say was that Mr. Doolittle was the superintendent in charge of the power plant but that my father was the general manager of the plant and was the one who formulated the plans for the establishment of the same. The incorporators of that company were not

necessarily the leading spirits in it. Mr. [J. M.] Downing, or Judge Downing, was I believe the attorney for the company and my uncle Horace probably was asked to act as one of the incorporators for convenience. Incorporators of a company are not necessarily the mainsprings in the formation of the corporation. As of the time we are talking, my Uncle Horace was a young aide for my father, having graduated from Princeton in the Class of 1880."

The operations of the Grand River Coal & Coke Company are well and reliably covered in my book "Roaring Fork Valley," but because of the statement made in paragraph five of Walter B., Jr.'s memorandum a brief review of those activities is necessary, to wit:

The wagon road to Jerome Park was built by employees of the Wheeler Company from Emma (the end of the county road) to Marion and Spring Gulch in 1883 and 1884. At that time coal seams were opened at each place and coal was widely distributed throughout the Valley. In 1887, prior to the arrival of the Colorado Midland Railroad's branch line, fifty coke ovens were built at Union siding (so named later) between the mines. These are the operations, undoubtedly, which Devereux helped to develop, as stated.

It is a well-known fact that James J. Hagerman, J. B. Wheeler, and others, had organized the Grand River Coal & Coke Company in 1885 and 1886 and that Devereux was its general manager. Under his direction the Jerome Park, Four Mile, and New Castle coal mines produced enormous quantities of coal and coke. The coke ovens at Union were abandoned when Cardiff became the seat of their coking activities. Eventually 240 ovens were constructed there and used for over thirty years.

As Devereux's interests shifted from metal to coal mines, he changed

his place of residence. He first rented then bought the Prey (later Wulfsohn) place just below the confluence of the Grand (later Colorado) and Roaring Fork Rivers. He lived there for a few years, then used the place as a summer home until 1906. Mrs. Devereux called their home "Cedar Bank."

In addition to his activities with the Coal & Coke Company, he became interested in the development of the Glenwood hot springs, and Walter B., Jr., in his memorandum, made this statement: "In 1887 the Hot Sulphur Springs at Glenwood Springs, Colorado, were purchased by interests affiliated with the Grand River Coal & Coke Company and the Colorado Midland Railroad, and Mr. Devereux [Sr.] undertook the development of that enterprise which resulted in the thermal baths for which the resort is noted."

First, Devereux organized the Glenwood Light & Water Company in 1886 and it completed a project, which had been started by Isaac Cooper, to furnish those commodities to residents of the town. In 1887 the Colorado Land & Improvement Company was formed to develop the hot springs. It was reorganized soon afterward as the Glenwood Hot Springs Company, and the pool and bathhouses were constructed.

On that transaction, Alvin Devereux sheds this light: "Beside my father and his brothers, J. Henry and Horace K. Devereux, other important stockholders, at least of the Hot Springs Company, were Mr. James J. Hagerman, Mr. J. R. Busk, members of the Liverpool (England) family of Rathbone, and their fellow investors in the Colorado Midland Railroad Company, many of whom, like Mr. Lidderdale, then or later Governor of the Bank of England, were Englishmen. They were brought into the Colorado Midland Railroad and the local Glenwood Companies through Mr. J. R. Busk of the New York investment

and commodity firm of Busk & Jevons."

Another business concern which Devereux helped to initiate was the First National Bank of Glenwood Springs. In 1887 it was organized with J. J. Hagerman as president, Devereux as vice-president, and J. H. Fessler as cashier. It is still active, but Alvin tells that it ran into serious difficulties in 1893 when his father was president, his uncle, J. Henry, vice-president, and Fessler, still cashier.

Cash withdrawals were heavy during the business slump of that year and Walter went by train to Denver to get \$50,000 in cash to meet the withdrawals. While he was away demands increased and J. Henry and Fessler feared that their cash would be depleted before Walter returned. But very cleverly they averted the crash through the following maneuver:

Henry came to the bank early in the morning, but Fessler came later, after the bank had opened its doors, with his horses and buckboard and ostentatiously went into the bank and came out with his fishing rod and fishing equipment. Henry asked him, so that the crowd overheard him, as to where he was going and he said he had decided in view of the good day to go to No Name Creek or Grizzly Creek trout fishing. Henry wished him "Good Luck," and Fessler, whistling blithely, went on his way.

This nonchalant action on the part of the cashier of the bank was not lost on the crowd. Promptly people began to say to each other that if the cashier can go off fishing at a time like this, I guess the bank must be in good shape, and thereupon not only did the depositors stop withdrawing their balances but as the word got around many who had already withdrawn their balances redeposited them. Walter arrived with the additional cash on the following day but owing to the success of Fessler's fishing maneuver it was not needed.

Within a few years The Spa (as Glenwood Springs was called) was known far and wide as a fashionable health resort. More and more living accommodations were needed and the company planned for the construction of a large hotel near the hot springs. Construction of the Hotel Colorado (its designation) was started in August, 1892; it was completed in May, 1893; and opened to public use on June 10. At that time it was the second largest hotel in the State.

An 1893 issue of the *Aspen Times* told of the opening of the hotel and described the building as follows:

### GALA DAY IN GLENWOOD

#### The Opening of the Magnificent Hotel Colorado

#### OVER TWO HUNDRED INVITED GUESTS

*Many Prominent People of the West Attend to Take Part in the Festivities of the Occasion—The Grand Ball and Reception a Brilliant Affair—Adjutant General Tarsney and Staff Present in Full Dress Uniform—Description of the Building and Grounds.*

Glenwood, Colo., June 10—The Colorado, the finest hotel in the Rocky mountains, was opened tonight with a grand ball. Many society people of Denver, Salt Lake City, Leadville and Aspen were present by special invitation and New York, Boston and Philadelphia were represented. A good orchestra which had been engaged for the hotel for the season furnished music for dancing. The ball room is superb, and the hotel, which is built in Italian style, is a gem in a remarkable fine natural setting. W. Raymond, the Boston excursion manager, was present tonight

and received warm congratulations from his guests on having made Glenwood a resort for invalid tourists, in many respects superior to Hot Springs, Ark.

The house is under the management of A. W. Baily who has worked day and night for weeks to place it in readiness for the opening. Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff Sutton, of New York, had the honor of being the first persons registered. There are 201 rooms in the hotel and tonight every one is filled. The guests are served in the dining room by forty-five girls from Boston, Mass.

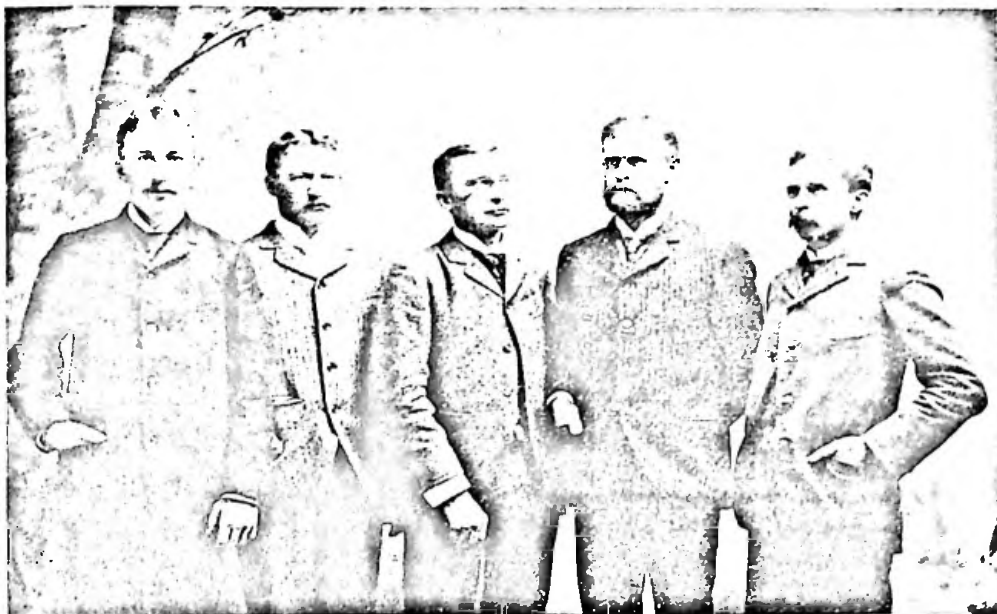
The Colorado is constructed of peach-blow colored stone and Roman brick. Its dimensions are 224 feet across the front and 260 feet square. In locating the building, advantage was taken of the natural slope of the ground, thus enabling the court to be terraced and adorned with fountains, paths, grass plats and beds of flowers, affording delightful promenades and commanding extensive views. An additional charm is added by the broad open corridors and verandas encircling the court. . . .

The hotel was designed by Messrs. Boring, Tilton, and Mellen, the well known architects of New York. It is in Italian style, the Villa Medici in Rome having given inspiration for its central motive, which consists of two towers with connecting loggias, offering fine outlooks over valley, mountain, and river. The hotel contains 200 guest rooms and about forty private bath rooms. . . . Most of the rooms are arranged in suites of two or more, with or without private bath rooms in connection. . . .

The Colorado is under the proprietorship of M. Raymond, of Boston, Mass., of the firm of Raymond & Whitcomb, the well known excursion projectors and managers, and with A. W. Baily, of Manitou Springs, Colo., as manager. Mr. Baily is favorably known to the public through his connection for a dozen years past with the management of the Mansions and Manitou House at Manitou Springs, and also as a hotel manager in Denver. His selection to direct the affairs of the Colorado insures the high character of the establishment.

According to Alvin Devereux, Raymond's firm ran the Hotel Colorado under lease from the Glenwood Hot Springs Company. A few years later, F. H. A. (Harvey) Lyle became the manager. He had charge of it and other company holdings for several years. Being a man of acumen and sound business ability, he brought fame and success to the hotel during his long tenure of it. His pleasant manners and pleasing personality made friends for himself and for the business. Throughout the years he faithfully maintained the standards of beauty and excellence which Walter Devereux had set up for the buildings and grounds.

Alvin says that "Lyle was an Irish Protestant, who came to Colorado Springs from India. In 1883 he became a salesman of coal for Devereux at Glenwood Springs. Subsequently, he became resident manager and then general manager of the hotel and other company properties. He had played polo in India, and at his insistence Devereux developed a polo field at the south edge of town. A team was formed with Lyle as the outstanding player. Polo tournaments were held for many years. Lyle died in 1912 and a host of friends and



THE DEVEREUX BROTHERS. L. to r., Paul (who died at an early age of tuberculosis); Horace K. (who mined at Aspen, Cripple Creek and elsewhere, and who for a while lived in Colorado Springs); James Henry (who was a mining engineer in Aspen and elsewhere); Walter B. (the bearded hero of Len Shoemaker's article); and Alvin, who lived and died in Hancock, N. Y. Photo from Alvin Devereux (son of Walter B.) of New York City.

business acquaintances mourned his passing."

Sometime after Lyle's death, a Mr. [E. E.?] Lucas managed the hotel, and, eventually, he purchased it. He ran it a few years prior to the time of his death. Since that time it has changed hands frequently.

Walter Devereux was a lover of the out-of-doors and usually made a hunting trip into the White River Flat Tops country each fall. And usually, several guests accompanied him. Among them at one time or another were William Lidderdale, then governor of the Bank of England, and Elihu Root, the noted lawyer and statesman. He had his own camp equipment and developed guides and assistants. Stephen Baxter, who had charge of horses and equipment, later took over as chief guide. Steve had a pack of hounds which he used to hunt cougars and bears. Eventually, he became as well known as Jake Borah

and John Goff, the renowned guides of the President Teddy Roosevelt hunting expedition to Divide Creek, Muddy Creek, and Crystal River in 1905.

Baxter and his son, Thomas, guided many hunting and other outdoor parties from the Hotel Colorado, other than that of Devereux. The two became warm friends and the Baxters subsequently played polo with Devereux, his brothers, and sons. On their expeditions into the mountainous country around Glenwood Springs, Walter employed George Smith, a blacksmith by trade, as camp cook. Smith had an aptitude for many things; he had not attended a college but was well read and often astonished Devereux's guests by quoting bits of literature and poetry, greatly at variance with his appearance and demeanor. After the Spanish War, at which time Smith was a corporal in the "Rough Riders," Devereux em-

ployed him in several capacities. He handled them well, but never succeeded financially, for among his good qualities he had one bad trait—a love of gambling—which was detrimental to his success.

Alvin Devereux furnished the following information:

"Walter B. Devereux's interest in developing the hot springs at Glenwood Springs as a health resort feature was aroused by the benefit they did to the health of Aspen miners suffering from lead poisoning. When Mr. Devereux first visited Glenwood he was told about a hot-vapor cave, on the south side of the Grand River, on the edge of town, which was used by the Ute Indians to take vapor baths in the cave. The cave, heated by a stream of hot sulphur water, induced a fine sweat. This sweating caused the lead oxide in the system of the miners taking the bath to be removed with the sweat, as it did with other infirmities in one's system.

"Mr. Devereux, who originally had intended to study medicine and knew a great deal about it, decided to send some miners suffering as stated to take the baths and see if they were benefitted. The results were so satisfactory that he then conceived the idea of developing the springs as a health resort and enlisted the support of the financial interests connected with the Colorado Midland Railway in the development of the resort. Of course, the main springs were on the north side of the Grand River and these were the ones around which the resort was developed.

"The new vapor cave on the south side was greatly enlarged by blasting to form several rooms for the bathers. The sweating removed all sorts of poisons, including alcohol, but the trouble was that it did not remove the source of a poison such as an infected tooth, so some patients were only temporarily benefitted unless the poison source (such as an infected tooth) was

discovered and removed. The resort has, I believe, continued to benefit many patients. The vapor cave is the best natural Turkish bath there is anywhere."

Having developed Glenwood Springs as a health resort, which after all was a side issue with him, Devereux opened a consulting engineering office in New York in 1895, although he continued, or at least his family continued, to spend summers at Glenwood Springs. He, however, was busy a great deal of the time in examining mining properties all over North America, including Mexico.

At various times he was consulting engineer for the Great Northern Development Company, National Lead Company, the E. H. Harriman interests, Durango Development Company, Smelting Corporation Company, and other mining enterprises. He was a member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain, the University, Metropolitan, and Downtown Clubs of New York, the Burlingame Country Club, the Boone and Crockett Club, and the Denver Club.

In June, 1935, the Boone and Crockett Year Book carried this statement:

"On November 19, 1934, through the death of Walter B. Devereux, at the age of eighty, the Boone and Crockett Club lost one of its early members and a man who in many ways best exemplified its ideals. Anyone reading Devereux's article on 'Photographing of Wild Game' in *American Big Game Hunting*, the Boone and Crockett Club book published in 1893, cannot fail to be impressed by his love for the open country, his appreciation of natural beauty, his energy, patience, courage, resourcefulness—these are the qualities which endeared Devereux to his fellow members and make his place one that can never be filled.—W. Redmond Cross."

In September, 1905, when he was



fifty-two years of age, Devereux went on a pack-train trip to the White River Plateau with his sons, William and Alvin. Shortly afterwards he attended a polo tournament where he suffered a paralytic stroke which paralyzed his left arm permanently and forced him to retire from active practice of mining engineering although he regained the ability to walk with a cane. Within the year his health improved and he continued to enjoy life for over twenty years. He resided in Maine and in California, and died at William's home in San Mateo, California, as previously mentioned, November 19, 1934.

Mrs. Mary Gregory Devereux died in 1911, their son, Walter B., Jr., in 1925, and their second son, William, several years later. Alvin lives in New York, N. Y. He is a counselor-at-law and is justly proud of the exploits and accomplishments of his admirable and talented sire. As his father was instrumental in developing so many of the early industries of the Roaring Fork Valley, I am glad to have this opportunity to narrate this account of them. Alvin's donation to the history of Western Colorado should be appreciated by all lovers of historical lore. My personal appreciation reaches far beyond these few words of thanks.

#### THE WILLIAMS BROTHERS

The Williams Brothers, Horace H., John A., and Charles Ambrose, were early arrivals in the Crystal River Valley of Colorado. They were born at Nelson, New York; Horace, July 7, 1862; John, September 25, 1864; and Ambrose, July 11, 1872.

In early manhood Horace and John were farmers; Ambrose taught school and was postmaster. On March 1, 1892, Horace married Alma Phillips at Holland Patent, N. Y., and five children were born to them, namely, Helen, John, Horace, Elsie, and Dwight.

In May, 1894, Horace and Ambrose

decided to move West and soon afterwards arrived at Marble, Colorado. As Crystal was then a more thriving community, they went on to that town and were employed by the Colorado Trading & Development Company, which operated a store at Crystal. In 1900, Horace took over the store and ran it for several years. He also operated a freight wagon between Crystal and Marble to bring in supplies.

At about that time Ambrose was employed by the Colorado Supply Company in their store at Placita, the C. F. & I. coal camp, six miles below Marble. When that mine was shut down he was transferred to their Sunlight store, and in 1903, became the store manager. In 1904, he was transferred to Spring Gulch, as manager of their store at that camp. A new post office, designated "Gulch" was established early in 1904, and he was appointed postmaster on February 13, and handled that work in connection with his duties as store manager.

During June of that year John came west and started to work for the Colorado Supply Company as grocery clerk and deliveryman in the Gulch store. But when Marble started to expand in 1905, he quit the job in June and joined Horace who had opened another store there. My acquaintance with him and with Ambrose began at that time when, fortunately, I was employed to fill the vacancy. I worked under Ambrose's managership for over two years and owe him much for his kindly assistance. He taught me how to apply my school-day knowledge of bookkeeping and helped me gain promotion with the company. In 1906 he attended our wedding at Carbondale, and over the years was a kind friend, like an elder brother to us.

John helped Horace run the two stores for a few years and, intermittently, whacked the mules on their freight outfit. In 1907 Ambrose was transferred to the Colorado Supply



The Williams home at Marble, Colo., after the great mudslide of 1941 took it off its foundation. (Photo from John P. Williams.)

Company's store at Crested Butte. But as business increased at Marble, he resigned in 1908 and joined Horace and John. The knowledge and experience acquired while with the Colorado Supply Company, he now applied to their business, and it prospered. Working together, the three brothers built up a thriving mercantile business which extended over a period of 30-odd years.

Although their store kept them busily occupied, they found time to join in some of the civic affairs of the town. At one time Horace served on the local schoolboard and John was town clerk for several years. They and Horace's family were devout Christians and all were active in church work.

Shortly after John reached Marble in 1905, the postmaster, Dr. E. W. Fuller, asked him to take charge of the office as acting postmaster. He took it over and soon thereafter, when the office was ranked as Third Class, he was appointed postmaster. In or about 1914 he was replaced by Charles McWilliams, who held the post until

the office was closed, following the decline of the marble business. The office was reestablished in the mid-1920s when conditions improved, and John was reappointed. He then held the post until he reached retirement age. About 1938 he was replaced by Anna Reyhauser, who served until the marble works closed in 1941.

Horace became ill in 1941 and died in the hospital at Glenwood Springs. His remains were buried in Rosebud Cemetery at that place. John and Ambrose closed the store and moved to Phoenix, Arizona. They retained their holdings at Marble, and returned each summer to spend a few months there. In 1948, 1959, and 1961, my wife and I visited them at Marble to revive our long friendship.

During our 1959 visit we attended services with them at St. Paul's, the little Episcopal church which stood near their home. It had been moved to Marble from Aspen in or about 1909, had been used regularly for a few years, but eventually services had been abandoned by the church. For several years John and Ambrose

had helped to maintain the building and had done the janitor work necessary to its use by the few remaining residents of the town. The Reverend George Veenstra, of Racine, Wisconsin, who was also visiting in Marble, preached an interesting sermon to an appreciative audience of twenty-three persons. It was a delightful experience.

Our 1961 visit was most auspicious, as it was (unknown to us then) our farewell to those dear friends.

In January, 1962, Ambrose wrote me that John had passed away on December 21, 1961. And in February, 1962, John P. Williams, Horace's son, wrote me that Ambrose had died on February 2. He had been struck by a car on January 30 and had never regained consciousness. John was 97 and Ambrose 89 years of age. Both bodies had been sent to Whiteboro, New York, for burial in the family plot, where their parents and grandparents are at rest, and there, far from the scene of most of their earthly activities, they, too, shall rest. Hail and farewell, dear friends!

John P. Williams, the elder son of Horace A. Williams, has generously given this statement concerning the members of their family. His mother, Alma Jane (Phillips) was born at Trenton, New York, May 3, 1868. She died January 12, 1928, and is buried in Rosebud Cemetery at Glenwood Springs. Horace's sister, Mrs. Mary Putnam, is still mentally and physically alert at the age of ninety-four years.

The five Williams children are alive (1962). Mary Helen (Foster) is a retired schoolteacher who lives at Tempe, Arizona. John P. is a contractor and builder; he resides at Hyattsville, Maryland. Alma Elsie (Brown) lives in Phoenix, Arizona. Her husband, George L. Brown, comes from another pioneer family of Colorado. His grandmother lived in Denver at the time of the Cherry Creek flood. Horace A., Jr., is a builder who lives at Frederick, Maryland, and Dwight A. is a pharmacist whose home is in St. Louis, Missouri.

His mother's brothers, Leonard and Ben Phillips, were pioneers at Aspen. Ben bossed the construction of Aspen's Hotel Jerome. He, Porter Nelson, and George Eaton were active in the development of mines at Crystal. George Tays, another relative, was an early settler at Crystal. He and three partners discovered the well-known Lead King Mine which lay near Crystal. They were its first operators. It was one of the big producers of that region. A son, H. E. Tays lives at Kenilworth, Utah.

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For many years Harper's Magazine has had a department called "The Editor's Easy Chair." Roundup's Editor has just re-read the several letters of opinion or protest from readers, letters printed in the August issue. Now he wishes he had bunched these and headed the collection: "The Editor's Uneasy Chair."

# REPORT ON THE SECOND CONFERENCE ON THE HISTORY OF WESTERN AMERICA

BY ROUNDUP FOREMAN

GEORGE R. EICHLER

The Second Conference on the History of Western America convened in Denver at the Hilton Hotel October 11, and when the meeting adjourned Saturday, October 13, a lusty new organization had been born: the Western History Association.

Four hundred and one persons registered for the Denver conference, including 202 from Colorado. Twenty-four Denver Posse Westerners were registered (Posse and Reserve) as well as scores of corresponding members.

The Denver meeting was intended to adopt a constitution and by-laws as proposed by the first conference held at Santa Fe in October 1961 (See "Roundup," Nov. 1961, pp. 15-17.) The three-day meeting also had a full program of papers relating to various phases of the Western America scene.

Elected as officers of the Western History Association were: Ray A. Billington, professor of history at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., president; Oscar O. Winther, history professor at Indiana University (Bloomington), vice-president (and president-elect); and John P. Bloom of the National Park Service staff in Washington, D. C., secretary-treasurer.

Named to the governing Council of the Association were: Walter Rundell, Jr., American Historical Association, Washington, D. C.; Robert C. Athearn, history professor at the University of Colorado; W. Eugene Hollon, University of Oklahoma; the Rev. John F. Bannon, S.J., St. Louis University;

Robert M. Utley, National Park Service, Santa Fe, N. M., and Don Russell of the Chicago Westerners.

The Association will meet annually about mid-October. The 1963 meeting will be in Salt Lake City October 17-19.

After preparing for a whole year between the Santa Fe and Denver conferences, a proposed constitution was presented at the Denver session. The purpose of the Western History Association is stated as: "To promote the study of the American West in all its varied aspects. The term 'American West' is here interpreted in its broadest geographical sense."

The constitution continues: "Just as the subject matter is not to be restricted to the Western United States, neither is the membership to have any boundaries of nationality. Specifically, residents of Canada, Mexico, and the United States will be welcomed into the Association membership. Moreover, any person interested in the American West, regardless of field of interest or occupation, is encouraged to participate in the Association."

Dues for membership in the Association will take effect when the Association has a quarterly journal as its official publication. The dues will be \$7.50 per year. (Publication of a journal is hoped for sometime next year.) However, registrants for the Denver Conference will be considered

as charter members of the new Association, as will anyone who sends in a check for the \$2.00 registration fee (the cost of registering for the Conference) for the balance of 1962. (Such checks should be sent to: Dr. Allen D. Breck, History Dept., University of Denver, Denver 10, Colo.)

While the founders recognize that "professional" historians will comprise the backbone of the new Association, the non-professionals are eagerly desired as members and participants. This is recognized in the constitution—and was evident at the Denver Conference. Of the 58 panel participants—involving 13 sessions—41 were from universities and colleges, seven were from state historical societies or other official organizations, and 10 were lay people, in other words, non-professionals.

Such a panel including non-professionals was programmed by the Denver Posse of The Westerners in a session titled: "Writers of the Purple Sage." Papers were given by Dr. Arthur Campa, PM, of the University of Denver on "Folklore and History"; Forbes Parkhill, PM, on "Fact, Fiction, and the Free Lance Writer"; and Robert L. Perkin, PM, Rocky Mountain News, on "Fifteen Years on a Pinto Pegasus." CM Marshall Sprague, book reviewer and columnist for the New York Times, was the panel's commentator. George R. Eichler, PM, was chairman.

A luncheon program was also sponsored by the Denver Posse with Sheriff Erl Ellis presiding. Jack Foster, RM, introduced the speaker, Thomas Hornsby Ferril, PM, whose topic was "The West: A Poet's View." Seated at the head table were, in addition to the representatives of the Denver Posse, men from seven other Westerner organizations: Peter Decker, New York; Paul Galleher, Los Angeles; Bert Fireman, Phoenix; John A. Carroll, Tucson; Harold Bulger, St. Louis; Don Russell, Chicago; and John

A. Hawgood, Birmingham, England.

Illustrating the wide variety of subject matter covered at the Conference are the subject titles for the twelve other panels: Uncle Sam's West: Government Explorations, The Southwestern Borderlands, The Sub-Surface West, Economic Development of the West, Problems and Perils of Promoting the Periodical Publication, The Fur Trade, The Cowboy—Yesterday and Today, Western Transportation, Literature of the American West, Digging for Western History, Indian-White Diplomacy in the West, and The Westerners' Quest for Statehood.

There was also a luncheon featuring Muriel S. Wolle (CM) of Boulder, whose subject was "Shadow Catching in Western Ghost Towns," a Conference dinner presided over by Ray Billington with Gov. Steve McNichols speaking on "The Westerners' Quest for Water," with introductory remarks by Walter Prescott Webb, and a final luncheon featuring Billington and his subject, "Whither the Conference on Western America?"

Social activities included a cocktail party for conferees hosted by Fred Rosenstock, PM, and his wife, Frances, at the new Rosenstock bookstore, and a cocktail party jointly sponsored by the Yale University Press and the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad.

One of the side-features of the Conference was a display by publishers and dealers of books on Western America with nearly two dozen exhibiting. The Denver Posse sponsored a table on behalf of all Westerners organizations (although no other Posse or Corrals exhibited) to show the 1961 Brand Book which was just off the presses, the Index to Westerners Brand Books, and the few copies of the 1958 and 1959 Denver Brand Books remaining in stock.

Posse volunteers who staffed the Denver display table were: Dick Ronzio, Francis Rizzari, Maurice Frink, Gerrit Barnes, and Scott

Broome, while Fred Mazzulla generously loaned a selection of his famous picture collection for backdrop decoration.

Proceedings of the Denver Conference will be published in book form by the Museum of New Mexico Press, which also published the papers of the Santa Fe meeting last year. LeRoy Hafen (Denver RM) will edit the volume with the assistance of Dr. Allen

Breck of D.U. and Robert Utley of Santa Fe.

Last, but not least, was a purely "social" event arranged by the Denver Posse: a Saturday breakfast for any and all Westerners. While the attendance, unfortunately, was small, the enthusiasm of the visitors (from Chicago, Los Angeles, Potomac, Omaha, Kansas City, Tucson, Phoenix, and New York) made up for the lack of numbers.

## Westerner's Bookshelf

**LAWS OF THE GREGORY DIGGINGS and LAWS OF THE (CENTRAL CITY) CENTRAL MINING DISTRICT; 1859 LAWS OF BUCKSKIN JOE, C. T.; HISTORY AND LEGAL PROCEEDINGS OF BUCKSKIN JOE, C. T., 1859-1862; and HISTORY AND LAWS OF NEVADAVILLE (COLO.).** Four items compiled and written by Nolie Mumey, M.D. Boulder: Johnson Publishing Company. Limited to 500 copies, all numbered and signed by Dr. Mumey. The set, \$10.00.

[Following are extracts from an entertaining two-column review written by the Denver Westerners' Deputy Sheriff, Robert L. Perkin, and published in the *Rocky Mountain News*, Denver, Sept. 16, 1962.—The Editor.]

Dr. Nolie Mumey—the indefatigable Denver surgeon-historian, has done much over a period of more than a quarter-century in making rare documents available, and in pursuing the little-travelled branchings of local history. Now he has turned his attention to these Colorado mining laws, and the result is another "Dr. Mumey package."

Now he has placed in selected bookstores a package which includes a 17 x 13-inch portfolio containing photo-facsimiles of laws of the Gregory Diggings and of Central City's mining district (two of the earliest Colorado miner codes); two hard-bound books dealing with Buckskin Joe jurisprudence; and another book, *History and Laws of Nevadaville (Colo.)*. The whole is available at \$10 in selected bookstores.

Dr. Mumey has reprinted the Nevadaville laws from the manuscript copy owned by Mrs. Patrick J. Hoare of Denver. Mrs. Hoare is granddaughter of Judge William Train Muir, the man who wrote the laws down and kept the record in 1861. The cover of the book reproduces the original cover photographically in Judge Muir's script.

The two books of Buckskin Joe laws and legal records are based on unique copies held by the State Historical Society of Colorado and the Library of the Colorado Supreme Court. The latter volume has a photo-reproduced cover duplicating the worn old marble-paper original, and the origi-

nal end-papers have been preserved in facsimile in both books.

The laws Dr. Mumey reproduces and discusses in introductory historical essays were concerned mostly with how a pilgrim to the Rockies took up a gold claim and defended it against all comers. But nothing was to impede the search for gold. Neither homes, nor gardens nor churches were sacred, and you could penalize a man to almost any extent—hang him by the neck until dead, or banish him “forever”—but you couldn’t take his gold-mining tools away from him.

Here is a packet of permanent value and much appeal to the history-conscious. This new Mumey package would make an admirable, thoughtful and far out-of-the-ordinary gift for Christmas. You may want to act promptly, for I doubt that many of these sets will be around when the Christmas-shopping season formally opens concurrently with the picking-over of the Thanksgiving bird.

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**MY LIFE ON THE PLAINS or PERSONAL EXPERIENCES WITH THE INDIANS, by General George Armstrong Custer, with an Introduction by Edgar I. Stewart. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 418 pgs., \$5.95.**

With the close of the Civil War, Custer had reverted to the rank of Captain. The future did not seem bright, but the army was the only career Custer knew.

In 1866, however, the military establishment was reorganized, providing for the addition of four cavalry regiments—the Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth. Although he had hoped for appointment to a higher rank, Custer willingly accepted the position of lieutenant-colonel in the Seventh Cavalry.

Covering the years 1867-69, the period of most extensive activity against the Plains Indians, Custer’s book tells of the newly organized Seventh Cavalry’s operations on the frontier. His account of life on the plains is valuable for its description of scenery, camp life and marches. The book contains intimate pictures of army jealousies and army scandals and it supplies Western historians with the details of early reservation days.

My Life on the Plains first appeared as a series of articles in Galaxy Magazine, a high-type magazine on the order of today’s Harper’s and Atlantic Monthly, beginning in May, 1872, and first appeared in book form in 1874.

The book, which is almost entirely autobiographical, aided in giving Custer his reputation as an Indian fighter. Before that, of course, his brilliant record in the field in the Civil War was well established.

An appendix to the book, entitled “Some Corrections of Life on the Plains” is a rebuttal by General W. B. Hazen, published originally in 1874, of Custer’s charges that Hazen had been guilty of bad judgment in protecting the Indians from attack after the Washita affair.

Edgar I. Stewart, authority on the Battle of the Little Big Horn and author of “Custer’s Luck”, has been well chosen to introduce and to comment on the General’s autobiographical work.

—ARMAND W. REEDER, PM

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**JOURNAL OF THE WEST, vol. I, No. 1, July 1962. A comprehensive, illustrated quarterly magazine devoted to western history and geography. Editorial and publication offices: 1915 South Western Ave., Los Angeles 18, Calif. 120 pages. \$6.00 a year.**

The brave, new Journal of the West deserves a warm welcome from all

amateurs (lovers) of western American history. It is made up in the classic style used by many university publications: fine paper, clear type, tipped-in illustrations, pages ten inches tall. It is printed at the modern printing plant of Lorrin L. Morrison. Editors and publishers are Lorrin L. Morrison and Carroll Spear Morrison; the 12 manuscript editors include historians on the faculties of universities in California, Nevada and New Mexico.

The first number contains eight feature articles on western history and ten long and serious book reviews. Contributors include J. N. Bowman, Richard F. Pourade, Iris Higbee Wilson, Francis B. Holland, Jr., Jack D. Forbes, Margaret Romer, and Velma Stevens Truett.

—JOHN J. LIPSEY, PM

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**SHALLOW DIGGINS** (Tales from Montana's Ghost Towns), compiled by Jean Davis. Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers, 375 pages. \$6.50.

Here is a delightful and refreshingly different book about the early mining camps of Montana, now called Ghost Towns.

Sometimes in a history of a mining district, nothing can be more boring than good old solid facts and figures of the production of mines, mill runs, etc. While not ignoring the statistical facet of the history of Montana Ghost Towns, Jean Davis has given us a new approach to the subject, hence the subtitle "Tales from Montana's Ghost Towns." These are the little incidents that happened to the people in these towns, but at the time of their happening, they were not so little to those involved.

Mrs. Davis has divided the book into two parts, namely: "The Mining Camps" and the "Trade and Transportation Centers." Nearly one hundred of these are mentioned. And just

for good measure there is a chapter on Lost Mines and Buried Treasure that will make you want to quit your job and head north. Imagine a hunk of rock quartz weighing almost 600 pounds carrying gold of greater value than anything ever found before in Montana. But the vein from which this piece of quartz came, has never been found. Many "lost" mine stories have been started by someone carrying a piece of rich ore from a known mine to a cabin miles away, then leaving it there to be found at a later date—and to start a hunt for a "lost" mine. But who would cart a 600 pound rock and do this?

The tales Mrs. Davis has compiled are well documented. She also has a bibliography and an index of the Ghost Towns. Sixteen pages of photographs also add to the book. Approximate locations of the towns are shown on the end papers, which have the map of Montana showing the individual counties.

The book is intriguing and easy to read. You'll like it.

One question Mrs. Davis—What is the name of the town on the dust jacket?

FRANCIS B. RIZZARI, PM

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**THE KILLER MARSHAL**, by Wayne D. Overholser. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1962. 153 pages. \$2.95.

This is a lively novel about a Wyoming town named Buckhorn, not far from the Colorado line, and near Brown's Hole. A small town, yet large enough to have in it some threatening elements, it becomes the headquarters of Lee Yager, who enjoyed killing.

Yager is the new marshal, hired by Al Budd, an arrogant, menacing rancher who counts his word law. Budd wants to prove his point in hiring Yager to clean up crime in the town



and lend a hand in some of his private plottings. But the new marshal has his own ideas and soon it is discovered by Budd and the town that they have more on their hands than they bargained for. But there is a rancher who wants only to be left alone to live a decent life. He is Dan Morgan, hero of this struggle between justice and its counterfeit. Eventually it is Morgan, owner of a one-man spread, who faces up to the marshal and forces the dramatic and unusual finale.

Overholser fiction is noted for its accurate historical background. This is a book for Westerners who like their western fiction to have authenticity as well as guts.

—G. S. BARNES, PM

can be reached only by sea are described for travelers by boat, and maps of the larger islands are included.

A sketch of the 400-year history of the region, and helpful hints for the traveler, constitute helpful adjuncts to the book. Places where gasoline, supplies, etc., can be secured are listed for all the routes. Custom regulations, information about money, and other useful items are included.

The book is manufactured to the usual high standards of The Arthur H. Clark Company. It is a desirable volume for the library of anyone interested in Lower California, and is almost a must for anyone planning an extensive trip on the peninsula.

W. SCOTT BROOME, PM

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**LOWER CALIFORNIA GUIDEBOOK,**  
by Peter Gerhard and Howard E. Gulick. Glendale, Calif.: The Arthur H. Clark Company. Three-color folding map, 16 detailed route maps, 4 city maps, 22 illustrations, 243 pages. \$6.50.

This is an excellent guidebook, first issued in 1956, second issue revised in 1958, and this up-to-date third edition, considerably enlarged and revised in 1962. It contains reliable information on the various modes of travel on the peninsula, location, types of accommodations, food, whether good, poor, or inedible, and their general cost.

The routes described, varying from paved highways to little-known desert and mountain byways, comprise the main portion of the book. Complete route mileages and point-to-point mileages are given for each route. The descriptions of the various routes detail the roads, missions, cities, villages, mining, fishing, and agricultural communities in hidden valleys, tropical beaches, camping spots, and even pack-animal trails. Places that

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Colorado Magazine (official organ of the State Historical Society of Colorado) for October 1962 published a long, interesting and generally favorable review of the Denver Westerners' 1961 Brand Book, edited by Don L. Griswold. You'll enjoy reading the review and the book. The review is unsigned. CM Agnes Wright Spring is editor of the magazine; PM Maurice Frink is executive director of the society. Thanks! If you've not yet ordered your copy of the Brand Book, you should do so now. Price of the book is \$11.00, except that until Dec. 1, corresponding, reserve and posse members may buy copies for \$9.00, if any copies remain. At last report only a small percentage of copies was unsold. Send check to Denver Westerners Headquarters, 414 Denver Theater Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.



### MORE ON WALTER AND HORACE DEVEREUX



In 1946 Percy Hagerman (son of the railroad and mining tycoon, James John Hagerman) wrote a history of the Cheyenne Mountain Country Club of Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, which history was published in a pamphlet by the club. Here is an extract from that pamphlet. This relates to two of the Devereux brothers of whom Len Shoemaker writes so well in this issue of Roundup:

"Polo had been played in and around Colorado Springs as long ago as 1887 and, as I remember it, Joe Stevens, Arthur Baker and Francois Grageotti were the chief promoters of the game. It was kept up at the Cheyenne Mountain Country Club quite regularly for the first ten years (1891-1901) of the club's life, but without organizations and without important trophies.

"In 1902 Walter B. Devereux put up a cup known as the Rocky Mountain Polo Championship Trophy, to be played for annually at Glenwood Springs, Colo., and to become the property of the club winning it three times. That same year the Cheyenne Mountain Country Club won it with a team composed of Gerald B. Webb, Captain; Charles A. Baldwin; Harold J. Bryant; and Horace Devereux. As the polo field at Glenwood was abandoned years ago, it cannot have been played for recently. . . .

"In 1903 Theodore Roosevelt played in a pick-up game at the Country Club, which was probably arranged for by his Rough Rider friend, Horace Devereux. It is not recorded how much of a game the colonel put up. No doubt he made a lot of noise."

When one uses the trite expression "His word is as good as his bond," this may mean that his bond is no good either.

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The most dramatic moment at the Conference on the History of Western America was one not scheduled. While one speaker was reading a paper on the fur trade, a fairly young man walked down the center aisle, took position directly in front of the speaker extended his arms to make his body into the shape of a cross, and began to talk loudly. The speaker, as dumfounded as his hearers (some of whom thought it was a gag put up by friends of the fur-trade man, and others feared he was about to announce that the building should be evacuated) quit reading, and stared. The visiting person turned and addressed the audience. "I am the Lord Jesus Christ," he announced firmly, and continued talking, while the audience sat stunned. In a moment or so, the chairman, Dr. LeRoy Hafen, RM, with presence of mind and with courage, went to the young man, laid an arm across his shoulders and led him peacefully from sight. Members of the audience burst into laughter, probably from relief or hysteria (for insanity is never funny). But the uninvited guest was not through. In the hard-walled corridor outside the hall, as full of echoes as the corridors of time are said to be, his voice rang out again: "My God, my God, why has thou forsaken me?" Then an elevator swallowed him. When the Second Coming does arrive, it is hoped that there will be no laughter. If there is, heaven help the laughers!



# NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

BY THE EDITOR

**Mr. M. B. Berger**, Vice-Chairman of the Board of the Colorado National Bank, was introduced to the Westerners by his friend and associate, Alfred J. Bromfield, and he lately became a CM. He is especially interested in the history of Denver and Colorado, and he pursues his hobby by making exploratory jeep trips into the mountains. His address is P.O. Box 5168, Terminal Annex Sta., Denver 17.

**Mr. Eugene Cervi**, 1326 Delaware St., Denver 4, Colo., became a CM because of his "long association with and respect for many of the members" of the Denver Posse. He is editor and publisher of "Cervi's Rocky Mountain Journal," a "weekly Denver newspaper of business and neglected public affairs of significance." He was a reporter on the Rocky Mountain News and Denver Post between 1929 and 1941; was an information specialist for the war effort during the Second World War; and was Democratic State Chairman from 1944 to 1948. He is especially interested (historically) in learning how the power structures of western communities evolved, were sustained, and served or failed in moral purpose. His hobby is politics of a partisan nature and people, "including individuals and the barbaric mass." And this interest "extends to the undeserving poor and the underprivileged rich." Quite a boy!

**M. Scott Carpenter**, Ph.D., Box 95, Palmer Lake, Colo., became interested in the Denver Posse through Westerners Caroline Bancroft and John J. Lipsy. He is now a CM. He is father to the Scott Carpenter who, in the Aurora VII, became the second American astronaut to sail around the earth at extremely high altitudes. But long before that notable event, Dr. Carpenter had had a distinguished career. He is a graduate of the University of Colorado: B.S. (Chem. E.), 1922; Ph.D., 1925; and he had two years of post-doctoral study at Columbia University. He is now retired from his position as director of research of the Givaudan Corporation (which manufactures aromatic chemicals for the perfume and allied industries). He holds some 20 or 30 domestic and foreign patents, and has contributed a number of articles in the field of organic chemistry to scientific journals. Dr. and Mrs. Carpenter are guiding lights in the lively Palmer Lake Historical Society. His especial interest is in the history of the four-corner states and in their Indians. Hobbies: color photography, painting, Navajo religion, travel.

**Avery Edwards Abbott** (Mrs. C. W.), 1924 Addison Way, Los Angeles 41, Calif., has become a Denver CM through her friendship with Westerners Ellsworth, Lipsy, Mumey and Hafen. Her especial historical interests are in early 20th Century Denver, Littleton area and Cherrilyn (where she lived during her childhood) and in Colorado generally. Mrs. Abbott says she is a part-time secretary at Occidental College, full-time homemaker, gardener and grandmother. For a number of years she worked for the celebrated western publisher, Arthur H. Clark Company, and it was there that she became interested in western books, of which she now has a large collection.

**Mr. Milt D. Hinkle**, P. O. Box 228, Kissimmee, Fla., has become a Denver CM through the influence of PM George R. Eichler. His interests include all the West, where long ago he was a cowboy and an inspector for Hallis and Platt. True West has published many of his articles, including "The Dusky Deman Cowboy," "The Erps and Mastersons I Knew," and "Dock Riders." His hobbies include the collection of pictures of the old West.

**Kenneth Leonard**, M.D., Garrison, North Dakota, became a Denver CM because he liked being a CM of the Chicago and New York Westerners. He is especially interested in the fur trade and early western history. He collects used Indian guns and other weapons, and St. Louis Plains rifles, and Indian trade beads and other trade goods.

**Mr. Robert W. Pradt**, 2905 S. 60th St., Milwaukee, Wis., is an artist who paints under the name of Winston Krebs. He was induced to become a CM by his friend, CM Charles Scholfield of Wausau, Wis. Artist Pradt-Krebs is a representative of Bresler Galleries, Inc., where he is learning the business and studying to be an appraiser of fine art objects. He has been an art teacher, a commercial artist and an illustrator. He is especially interested in mountain men and the early development of the Rocky Mountain states, and in western artists of the 19th century.

The managing editor of the Grand Junction Daily Sentinel, **Mr. Alan M. Pritchard**, 208 Country Club Drive, Grand Junction, Colo., has become a member by invitation from PM Don L. Griswold. He is especially interested in ghost towns, old newspapers, old photos, and Spanish-American influences. He is author of the article, "The Walkers of Grand Junction" in the Denver Westerners Brand Book for 1961.

**Mr. William C. Henderson**, 1229 N. Union Blvd., Colorado Springs, is a vice-president and director of the Pikes Peak Bank of Commerce, and is mayor of Colorado Springs. He is interested in Colorado history and especially in ghost towns. He was introduced to the Westerners by PM Kenneth E. Englert, and is now a CM. He is a member of the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region, the American Philatelic Society, Colorado Springs Stamp Club, the American Topical Association, the Zebulon Pike Coin Club, and is a former member of the Colorado Springs Planning Commission.

**Mr. Devin Adair Garrity**, 682 Forest Ave., Rye, N. Y., is a member of the New York Posse of the Westerners, and lately became a Denver corresponding member. He is president of the Devin-Adair Co., book publishers in New York City. His chief interest is in publishing Western Americana. He has begun the publication of a series of books of western history which he plans to be second to none in quality. One of his hobbies is natural history, especially ecology. It was a pleasure to meet personally the charming Mr. Garrity at the Second Conference on the History of Western America in Denver.

**Mr. Philip M. Lorton**, Box 598, Alamosa, Colo., is a general insurance and real-estate broker. Through the influence of PM Guy M. Herstrom and PM William D. Powell, he has become a Denver CM because he is interested in the history of southwestern Colorado, the San Luis Valley, and of northern New Mexico.

**Mr. Jack D. Rittenhouse**, P.O. Box 921, Santa Fe, N. M., has become a Denver CM. His interest lies chiefly in the early history of New Mexico. He is the compiler of the valuable New Mexico Civil War Bibliography, and publisher of a series of handsome historical books and booklets. His sponsor is George R. Eichler, Roundup Foreman.

**Mary Stansbury Williams (Mrs. Frank Sanford Williams, Jr.)**, 4 Canon Ave., Manitou Springs, Colo., is a housewife who was influenced in her decision to become a Denver CM by the late PM A. N. Williams and by Mr. and Mrs. Guy M. Herstrom. Her especial interest is in the pioneers of the West. Other hobbies: rack-collecting (with her husband and three sons), and reading about the West (particularly Colorado).

**Mr. Henry A. Clauson**, 107½ E. Bijou St., Colorado Springs, Colo., has been persuaded by his friend, George R. Eichler, to rejoin the Denver Westerners as a CM. His chief interests are in Colorado's history and in early tent shows in Colorado. He is a dealer in books, mostly out of print, and the author of a number of papers (read to historical societies) on Colorado's and the Pikes Peak Region's history. His hobbies are classical music, Chinese art, reading and collecting Balzac, Conrad, Hardy, Schweitzer, collecting the paintings of S. Macdonald Wright and Thomas Hart Benton, and "keeping in touch with old musclehead pals." In his dark past he was a professional wrestler, gandy dancer, tuna fisherman, member of the Wobblies (I.W.W.), stenographer, liteguard, professional model, and reporter on a Danish newspaper. He is still a stout fella!

**Omer C. Stewart, Ph.D.**, 921 Fifth St., Boulder, Colo., is Professor of Anthropology at the University of Colorado. He is a member of many learned societies, and has had published scores of articles on ethnology, archaeology and Amerindians. One of his principal interests is the "Peyote Cult," on which topic he read a paper to the Denver Westerners. The Denver outfit is glad that Dr. Stewart is now a CM.

**Mrs. Virginia L. Cochrane**, P.O. Box 25, Kansas City, Mo., first learned of the Denver Westerners through her father, the late great western bookman, H. M. Sender. Mrs. Cochrane is carrying on her father's book business, and has now become a CM.

**Lucy Ferril Ela (Mrs. Wendell Dennett Ela)**, 106½ Easter Hill Court, Grand Junction, Colo., became interested in the Denver Westerners through her brother PM Thomas Hornsby Ferril, and has become a CM. She is interested in Western history in general, and particularly in biographies of those who have made that history. For 21 years she served on the Grand Junction school board, is a National Accredited Amateur Flower Show Judge, is a member of the Grand Junction Reviewers Club, is a Past President of the Colorado Association of School Boards. Mrs. Ela's husband's father came to Grand Junction in 1883, the year after the Utes moved out. She herself feels like a San Juan pioneer. She engages in bird-watching, garden-club activities, conservation and "Sunday painting."

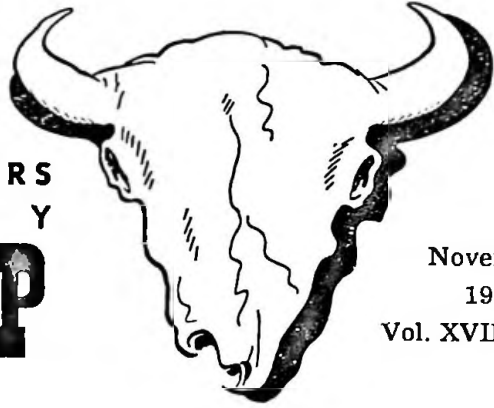
Won't you be glad when these bushmen, Fiji or haystack hairdos have gone the way of the dodo?

"That's a very interesting question," mumbles the harassed TV panel member. What he really means is: "Be damned if I know how to answer that one."

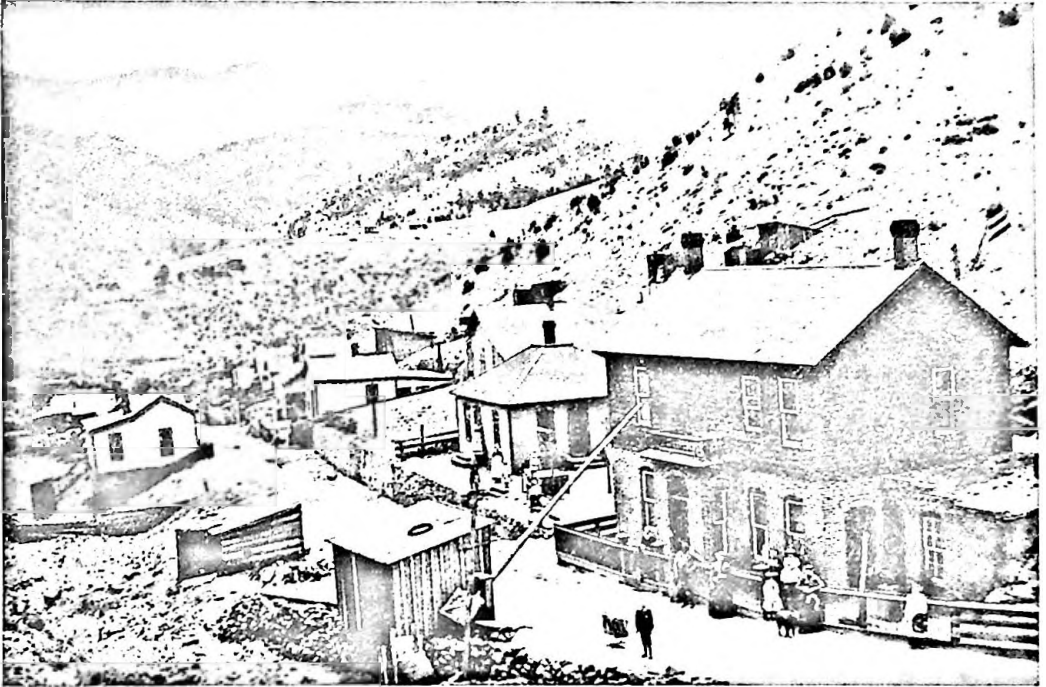
Needed: A definition of "un-American." It seems to be a modifier used to precede anything the speaker or writer does not like. But there are many excellent things that are un-American: Irish linens, British tweeds, Scotch whisky, French perfume, and Italian porno-actresses. Not everything made in America is the best of its kind in the world. Not every American is a person of superb character. Practically everybody is able and anxious to point out somebody he or she thinks is the great American stinker.

**Mr. B. Lee Pace**, 801 Grant St., Denver 3, was for years the conductor of a delightful column called "Mirror and Spyglass" in two Colorado Springs weeklies. When he was appointed public-relations man for Governor Ed Johnson, he moved to Denver. Several years ago, he revived his "Mirror and Spyglass" column for the Sunday edition of the Colorado Springs Free Press. Here he publishes whatever he pleases about people he likes or dislikes, history, current events and personal opinions. . . . In his Free Press column for Sept. 30, 1962, he published a long article about the Denver Westerners, winding up with information telling about how one could become a Denver Westerners' corresponding member. For his kind words about the organization, B. Lee Pace has the gratitude of the Denver Westerners.

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



November  
1962  
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**ABOVE:** Toll-gate in Virginia Canon, on the road between Idaho Springs and Central City (Colo.). Photo from the Francis B. Rizzari Collection.

**INSIDE:** Toll-roads in Colorado by Paul D. Harrison.

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Please send material intended for publication in ROUNDUP to:

John J. Lipsey, 1920 Pinegrove, Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, Colo.

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**DECEMBER MEETING — LADIES' NIGHT**

This issue of Roundup will probably reach members too late for the following information to be of any value. But for the record, here it is:

The Denver Westerners' annual Christmas meeting, to which ladies are invited, will be held at the Heart o' Denver Motor Hotel, East Colfax and Downing, on Saturday evening, Dec. 15, 1962. Dinner will be served at about 7 p.m., and the meeting will follow in the hotel's large private dining room. Fine food is promised. There will be sufficient bar service, and plenty of free parking.

Speaker of the evening will be CM Betty Wallace, author of the book, "Gunnison Country." In her paper she will present interesting material about newspaper dynasties on Colorado's western slope.

Full details about reservations, etc., are probably already in the hands of RMs, PMs and CMs within a half-day's drive of Denver.

Between dinner and the program, election of officers for 1963 will be held.

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**JANUARY MEETING, 1963**

The January 1963 meeting of the Denver Westerners will be held on Wednesday the 23rd, at the Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm Place. Dinner will be served at 6:30. Terms \$2.75. Reservations necessary.

Speaker will be CM Allison Chandler, a newspaper man of Salina, Kans. Subject: "Como, Colo." This will be a digest of a big book Chandler has finished, and which Sage Books will publish. It concerns the once-important division point on the Denver, South Park & Pacific R.R. The talk will be illustrated.

## FROM THE CORRAL BALL

On Nov. 2, the celebrated historian of the Southwest, J. Frank Dobie, 74, was severely injured in an automobile accident in Austin, Texas, where he lives. At the latest report Roundup has, CM Dobie was convalescing. His many admirers among Denver Westerners may care to send him brief notes of sympathy, addressed to him at his home, 702 Park Place, Austin 5, Texas.

—O—

CM Dolores Calahan Renze, Colorado State Archivist, got her name and face in the Denver Post when that paper published on Nov. 11, 1962, a piece titled "She Cleans House for Colorado," by Phyllis Nibling. This tells of a 25-year project for disposing of junk in the State's crowded record rooms and preserving the valuable.

—O—

PM Lester L. Williams, official physician to the Colorado Springs Fire Department, recently read to the Palmer Lake Historical Society a paper on "Cripple Creek Conflagrations." Thus an expert on fires, their dangers and preventions, and a most appreciative audience got together.

—O—

PM Nolie Mumey, M.D., asks that he be quoted as follows: "I am of the opinion that anyone who attempts to harass an editor fails to show his appreciation. It must be remembered that he devotes his time, his talents and his energy for the good of the organization. Therefore he deserves praise, not unwarranted criticism. *Frustra laborat qui omnibus placere studet* (He labors in vain who tries to please everybody.)" Dr. Mumey is not inexperienced in the trials of an editor. He was editor of the Denver Westerners' monthly publication and

edited two handsome volumes of the Denver Westerners' annual Brand Book.

—O—

CM John B. Marshall, Pasadena, Calif., sends in a suggestion that the theme for the next annual volume of the Denver Westerners' Brand Book might be history of individual mining camps in Colorado. This suggestion comes too late for use in the 1962 book, the pattern for which has already been set. But future Brand Book editors might well consider it.

—O—

PM Paul Harrison, in his paper on Colorado's toll-roads in this issue, had not sufficient time and space to go deeply into the history of toll-roads over Independence Pass. Those interested in these roads will find themselves delighted by reading PM Don L. Griswold's "Happenings Along The Twin Lakes and Roaring Fork Toll-Road" in the October 1959 Roundup.

—O—

PM Francis B. Rizzari writes as follows: "Regarding the destruction of cabins in Ghost Towns, I have a letter from Mr. H. N. Watson, Supervisor of Gunnison National Forest. In this letter he denies that the Gunnison Forest has destroyed or burned or removed any cabins. However, this does not resolve the edict by the Forest Service regarding the old saloon at San Bernardo, or Matterhorn, on the old Rio Grande Southern." . . . Along this line, it grieved the Editor when he observed at Ashcroft, Colo., last September the deterioration of old structures in that ancient town since his visit of a few years ago. It appeared that there were fewer buildings, too. Signs indicated that the town is in the domain of the U. S. Forest Service.

**MAZZULLA AND MUMEY KEEP  
HERNDON DAVIS' SECRET  
26 YEARS**

When former Denver Westerner Herndon Davis, 61, died in Washington, D.C., early in November, a long-time secret was disclosed. He is the artist who painted the well-publicized portrait on the floor of the bar of the Teller House in Central City, Colo. Since the picture mysteriously appeared on the floor in 1936, the name of the painter was not known. Only three persons knew the secret, Mrs. Herndon Davis, Dr. Nolie Mumey and Fred M. Mazzulla, and they were sworn to secrecy until Davis' death. Since his death, Mumey and Mazzulla have revealed that Davis painted "The Face on the Barroom Floor" and that his wife, Nita, was the model.

Here is the story, according to UPI: Davis, who was at various times a Denver Post and Rocky Mountain News artist, had been engaged by the Central City Opera House Association to make paintings for the Teller House and the Opera House. Davis and Miss Anne Evans (who was an angel and a leading spirit of the Association) got into an artistic argument and disagreed violently. A young busboy, who had heard the row, told Davis: "You're going to be fired. Why don't you give them something to remember you by? Paint a picture on the floor."

When the bar closed for the night, Davis locked himself in the establishment with painting materials, a brick, and a bottle of rum. With the brick he smoothed the floor; with the paints he put the face on the floor; with the rum he kept himself encouraged.

Mazzulla and Mumey kept this story untold for 26 years. If you, too, have secrets you want kept, better tell them to Westerners Mazzulla and Mumey.

**SNAKE-SLAUGHTER**

PM Don L. Griswold sends Round-up a clipping from the Tri-County Tribune of Deer Trail, Colo. From this it appears that lately a Tribune reporter was invited by the Dave Jollys (Senior) to come to their ranch and to go rattlesnake hunting. "About noon next day, we arrived at the Happy Hunting Grounds, about three acres in size. Dave got out of the car with his gun and cautiously entered the snake arena.

"The reporter and his wife stayed in the car and very slowly drove into the snake pit. There was a shot and a rattler was writhing in his last agony. My wife screamed, and there was the biggest bull rattler I ever saw, slithering toward the den. Dave was called. One shot and the reptile went to his reward. From then on, it was bang-bang about every ten seconds.

"The climax came when we looked into a hole and saw a big bundle of snakes. Dave gave them a salvo of three shots and the mass was snake-hamburger. Fourteen snakes were in the bundle."

In about two hours 50 or 60 rattlers were killed. A total of 177 rattlesnakes were killed by Dave, Sr. (a Denver CM), in four days. This is fine for anyone who loves to go snakehunting. This Editor has lost no rattlers.

—O—

Writers who report conversation (factual or fictional) try to depart from the monotony of "he said" by using other expressions. Sometimes this effort leads to absurdity. E.g.: "Yes, indeed," grinned he." Try grinning that some time.

—O—

"Heart-rending" (meaning tearing or ripping a heart) is a perfectly good expression. But to use "heart-rendering" (as a Denver radio personality did the other day) is silly—unless one means cooking of a heart for its fat.



# TOLL-ROADS IN COLORADO

By PAUL D. HARRISON

Paul D. Harrison, a charter member of the Denver Westerners Passé, was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa, but has lived in Colorado most of his life. He has been a student of the history of this State ever since his high-school days. The earlier years of his adult life were spent as a journalist, on the staffs of several of Colorado's daily newspapers, as well as several years on Wichita and Portland (Oregon) papers.

Later he entered the mercantile business in this State. With the advent of World War II, he entered the government service as a public-relations specialist. Later he served the State of Colorado, in which service he is now engaged. Between times he has been occupied as a radio-news editor and also has had some interesting experiences as an Indian trader.

Most of his spare time has been spent in reconnoitering old historic sites, old historic travel-routes and browsing among records in various county court houses in this and adjoining States. He has acquired a vast amount of information regarding Colorado's early history and has a considerable library and record-file devoted to pioneer days.—The Editor.

Following the discovery in 1958-59 of gold in apparently paying quantities in what later became the State of Colorado, there occurred a tremendous influx of persons to this region. Out of the combination of circumstances during the next half century there emerged a fantastic network of privately established wagon transportation routes.

Spectacular as it was, this phenomenon of widespread interlacing of mostly high-country wagon-roads clinging to precipitous cliffs, climbing steep grades, crossing perilous mountain passes or plunging through dense pine forests, has thus far largely escaped the attention of the chroniclers of Colorado history. As a record of human achievement in the face of great difficulties and privations, the tale of the development of the toll-roads and other Colorado early-day wagon-roads, is worthy of detailed treatment.

In the period from 1859 to 1909 in Colorado over 600 companies applied for and received official charters as

wagon-road corporations. Estimating the average capitalization at about \$20,000 per concern, they represented a possible expenditure of some \$12,000,000, a substantial sum for that period. Estimating that about 250 of these companies actually improved and operated an average 20-mile stretch of roadway each, the total would aggregate about 5,000 miles, or the distance from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Assuming that these same 250 enterprises served only the communities at either end of their course, it may be concluded that they provided travel facilities for at least 500 camps, towns, villages in this region.

What happened to the other 350 corporations of the original six hundred or more which officially expressed their intention of going into the wagon-road business. Some merely were promoter's dreams, many others were unable to finance themselves, a number were simply "dummy" corporations intended only to threaten or discourage some eager competitor from proceeding further. Sometime firm-members disagreed among themselves; many concerns ran out of money and quit entirely or were re-organized. A number were victims of extended litigation. The casualty list in this field of operation was impressive.

Rumors of the existence of scattered discoveries of gold deposits in the region now known as Colorado circulated back in the "States" for many years before any serious attention was paid to them. Finally the persistence of these reports so stirred the imaginations and ambitions of many people in the eastern parts of the country that throngs of adventurers, fortune

hunters, gold seekers, investors and persons seeking ground-floor business opportunities responded to the call in what became a grand climax to the long period of tales of riches to be gained on this frontier. Commencing as a mere trickle in 1857 and 1858, the movement became a tremendous surge in 1859.

The immigrants to what was becoming known as the "Pikes Peak Gold Region," halted momentarily in the neighborhood of the so-called "Cherry Creek" settlements, where they soon exhausted the scant pockets of placer gold in the streams of Cherry Creek, Dry Creek, and the nearby channels and bars of the South Platte River. The settlements in the area around the confluence of Cherry Creek and the South Platte were the new communities of Montana City, Auraria, St. Charles and Denver City.

When these shallow mineral deposits were depleted, the Argonauts who stayed on looked around for new fields to prospect. The Rocky Mountains to the west presented what appeared to be the most favorable area for the location of gold deposits. Accordingly the newcomers fanned out in several directions until they eventually reached every nook and corner of the region. They found, however, that there was little pure gold to be had for the mere "picking up." Most of that which was to be obtained had to be dug for, and then be mechanically or chemically separated from the rock with which it was combined. This was a dampening realization for it meant the need for considerable manpower, material, equipment, tools, machinery, housing and subsistence for a sustaining population.

Since these mineral discoveries were being made mostly at remote points in the mountains and were difficult of access, a real problem of travel and transportation was usually to be faced.

Here was an almost unexpected obstacle. Out on the plains a cart, wagon or carriage could be taken almost anywhere without much difficulty, often over natural roads. But in the mining districts, where the treasure lay, it was a different story. These were indeed the vast, formidable and rugged Rocky Mountains with almost no roads and but few trails. Travel and transportation were of the essence in connection with these mining booms, but to accomplish this movement, adequate passageways were necessary.

At the outset of the gold rush, passable roads in the mountains did not exist. Nor at this raw and hectic stage of area development were there any governmental units in existence in the region, capable of providing any public roads.

Organizations, communities, groups or even individuals, desiring to move wheeled vehicles back and forth over certain routes, had to build their own roadways. The earliest of these roads generally were nothing more than wagon-tracks along which only the largest rocks were cast out and only fallen timber which completely blocked the way was moved aside. Little or no effort, except over extremely rugged terrain, was made to keep the roadway level transversely. On many of these pioneer routes scarcely a trip was made during which it was not necessary for the traveler to do some work on the road itself in order to get over it.

At the same time there were rapidly increasing demands throughout the mining regions for heavier volume and more convenience in the transportation of persons and goods. Arising to capitalize on this situation were the opportunists of the day who saw the need for improved roadways and who organized special companies to provide this need, usually on a fee basis.

### Turnpikes and Toll-Roads

Harking back again into the somewhat dim past, toll-roads as such may be traced back to medieval days in Europe when they were called "turnpikes." The term originally indicated a spiked barrier across a roadway, at which the traveler had to pay toll to be allowed to pass. A hinged bar across the roadway was a customary form of toll-gate. The custom was transplanted to this country during colonial days when commercial roadways, exacting fees or toll from travelers, became quite common. As public roads replaced the private thoroughfares, the simpler term "pike" was frequently applied.

Eventually public thoroughfares came into use in the eastern states and private ones went out of style. At the outset of the gold rush in Colorado, however, no improved roads existed and scores of commercial projects sprang into existence. In adopting corporate names for themselves only a limited number reached into the past to revive the term "turnpike." probably the first to include this word in its company name was the Fremont Orchard Plank Road and Turnpike Co., chartered August 14, 1862, by the Colorado Territorial Assembly. Others using the term were The Fort Lupton and Golden City Turnpike Co., in 1863; The Del Norte and San Juan Turnpike Co., in 1875; the San Juan and Silverton Turnpike Co., in 1876; the Alpine & Chalk Creek Turnpike Co., in 1879; and the Colorado Turnpike Co., at Grand Junction in 1894.

In addition to the "turnpike" term in connection with a corporate name, these firms might variously have designated themselves as a road company, a wagon-road company, a wagon-toll-road company, a toll-and-wagon-road company, a toll-road-and-bridge-company, etc. Occasionally they tried to indicate in the firm name, the various

other functions the company intended to perform, such as:

Lake City—Toll Road, Wood & Coal Co.

Leadville—Twin Lake and Gunnison Toll Road, Mining and Town Co.

Kit Carson & Arkansas Valley Road and Telegraph Co.

Twin Lakes Steam Ferry and Navigation Co.

Peoples Toll Road, Mining and Manufacturing Co.

The longest name was perhaps the Gilpin, Jefferson and Boulder County Coal, Ore, Railroad and Wagon Road Co., while the oddest name probably was that of the Greyback Toll Road Co., extending along Placer Creek west of La Veta Pass in the Sangre de Cristo mountain range.

The various firms which were being established to provide roadways on a commercial basis for vehicular and other kinds of travel, were commonly referred to as "toll-road" companies. Their plan of action usually was to select and lay claim to what appeared to be a strategic route, to proceed (more or less) to develop a roadway and then to restrict travel thereon to paying customers (except as otherwise provided in the charter.) Then, as now, most organized groups or firms were aware of the benefits and protection accorded concerns taking on charters under the provisions of corporation law. Virtually every wagon road company went to the Territorial Assembly or to the Territorial Secretary, or to the State Secretary to take out a franchise thus to become a legal corporation and enjoy the benefits thereof.

With reference to the occasional use of the terms "charter," "franchise," and "corporation," in connection with these wagon-road companies, it may be well to examine the application of such terms to these enterprises. Primarily the issuing of a charter by a Territorial Assembly or the Territorial

Secretary or the Secretary of State was an official act which designated the particular petitioning organization as a legal corporation. Under this franchise the corporation was endowed with certain legal rights and benefits, as well as being charged with certain responsibilities. In the case of any disaster happening to the company, the individual members enjoyed a certain degree of immunity from legal action against them personally. Practically every wagon-road concern, organized in Colorado in those days, was thus incorporated.

During the second session of the Colorado Territorial Assembly an act was passed, establishing the procedure for granting charters to road, ditch, manufacturing and other companies. Under this legislation the name of the company, the route of the road and the amount of capital stock authorized were to be approved by the county commissioners and otherwise legalized by officials of the counties in which the terminals of the road lay. The clerk of the county court then forwarded the petition to the Secretary of the Territory for recording and presentation to the legislative assembly. A separate bill had to be enacted for each charter granted.

The charter as issued by the legislative assembly contained a roster of the persons forming the company, a description of the route over which the road was to be built, the number of years for which the charter was to be issued, the number and location of the toll gates, and a schedule of toll rates to be charged.

Presumably bogged down by this increasing routine of road-business, the Assembly, in 1868, adopted a general incorporation act which provided for filing of papers with the county clerk and the Territorial Secretary, and the subsequent granting of corporation charters without legislative approval. The legislation was later amended to

require the charter to set forth the names of the first year's board of directors.

In 1859, after the mining boom got well under way, there emerged a "pseudo" regional government calling itself the Territory of Jefferson. Among the business transacted by this body was the issuing of corporation charters to petitioning organizations. On December 7, 1859, this Assembly granted charters to four original wagon-road concerns to operate in the Colorado area. They were:

The Denver, Auraria & South Park Wagon Road Co.

The Denver, Auraria & Colorado Wagon Road Co.

The St. Vrain, Golden City & Colorado Wagon Road Co.

The Boulder City, Gold Hill & Left Hand Creek Wagon Road Co.

However, the Territory of Jefferson failed to receive the approval of Congress, and in the year following its creation, it was dissolved. Meanwhile, in 1860, the Nebraska Territorial Assembly, claiming jurisdiction over a portion of Colorado, on January 13, 1860, issued a charter for a project in Colorado, the Beaver Creek Road & Bridge Co.

During the same year, the Territory of Kansas, also claiming jurisdiction over a certain portion of Colorado, on February 27, 1860, issued charters for three road corporations in the region:

The Pikes Peak & South Park Wagon Road Co.

The Denver, Auraria & Colorado Wagon Road Co.

The Denver City & Beaver Creek Wagon Road & Bridge Co.

In 1861 the Territory of Colorado was legally organized and in due time commenced the issuing of corporate charters to petitioners. The first of this series of actions granted on October 3, 1861, to the Enterprise Wagon Road Co., a franchise for a road

through the foothills to Blackhawk. During the balance of that year, eight additional wagon-road corporations were authorized by the assembly. During the next few years, up to and including 1867, the legislative body instituted some forty odd wagon-road companies.

While the Colorado Legislative Assembly was itself processing corporate charters, permission was also delegated to the office of the Secretary of the Territory to issue such documents. The very first of these went to a road company on October 13, 1862, the Clear Creek & Hot Sulphur Springs Wagon Road Co. Only one more wagon-road company was legalized by this office during that year. It was the Clear Creek & Guy Gulch Wagon Road Company, on November 10, 1862.

The last of the wagon-road charters to be processed by the Colorado Territorial Assembly for wagon-road companies was issued in 1867. After that year all wagon- or toll-road charters were handled by the Territorial Secretary until August 1, 1876, when Colorado became a State and these duties were assumed by the Secretary of State.

The most prolific period in the generation of toll-road companies in Colorado occurred during the years 1879, 1880 and 1881. Sixty-four corporations were franchised in 1879, sixty-two in 1880 and forty-six in 1881. In other words, about 28% of the approximately 600-company total over the 50-year period under consideration were activated in this three-year stretch. These figures in general indicate the intensity of the mining boom then in progress at Leadville, at a number of camps on the western slope, and elsewhere about the state.

In the very early days of toll-road development in Colorado, the procedure for obtaining a right-of-way for the project was ordinarily quite nebulous and informal. This was dif-

ferent from and had nothing to do with obtaining a charter. The company upon determining the general route desired, hoped to be able to demonstrate possession before some competitor could move in. The country was wide open and the theory was that the first arrival on a site was the rightful claimant. There was also prevalent a general idea that the naming or describing of a given route in a charter or articles of incorporation gave the corporation the right to the ground necessary for that route. This was a misapprehension, as the issuing of a charter or franchise did not carry with it any property rights. Many a group of individuals experienced a rude awakening when they discovered that someone else had jumped their claim by occupying the route upon which their charter said they planned to establish their proposed wagon-road.

To prepare a toll-road for operation after the course had been laid out, it was usually customary to remove such obstacles as boulders, stumps and fallen or growing trees which might be in the way. Usually stream crossings in the form of suitable fords or occasional bridges had to be provided. Steep banks of gulches or arroyos at crossings often had to be reduced. Some effort was usually made at grading or smoothing the roadbed. Then finally there was the selection of a nice, narrow neck in the canon, or gulch or valley, where the toll-gate and a toll-gate keeper's hut or even a house would be erected. A dandy monopoly on travel thus was created.

On a sizeable wagon-road project, to get the enterprise into actual good regular operation generally was no small feat. Since these roads frequently were located in rough country and in remote areas, construction problems were plentiful and serious. Work was almost altogether done by hand labor. Seasons were short and weather often was severe. Costs were high and

hazards great. Many a brilliantly conceived project, caught in a combination of these problems, fell by the wayside.

Once completed, a wagon-road, no matter how well built, was never actually secure for the reason that it was always at the mercy of the elements. Weather hazards consisted of mud-slides, rock-slides, flashfloods, deep snows, icy roads and damage from alternate freezing and thawing and "heaving from spring thaws." Rather than contend with these difficulties year in and year out, some companies gave up the struggle. Usually others took their places, however.

#### Opposition to Toll-Gates

It was not unusual for the settlers or the travelers, or both, to resent, protest or resist the establishment and the operation of a toll-road on a certain route or the erection of a toll-gate at a certain point. Often these situations mushroomed into bitter feuds or pitched battles. This was particularly true in cases where an open route had formerly been in use, and then the route later was claimed, posted and closed to all but toll-paying customers.

A classic example of such a situation existed in southern Colorado where the noted pioneer, "Uncle Dick" Wootton took up a homestead along the old road extending across Raton Pass, did some improving of the route, opened a trading post on his homestead, secured a charter (February 10, 1865) from the Colorado Territorial Assembly, erected a toll-gate and commenced doing business as the Trinidad, Raton Wagon Road Company." Travelers and local settlers objected, contending that Raton Pass had been in open use so long that it was public domain. Wootton, however, stood his ground and backed up his demands with whatever weapon might come to hand and collected his toll. Charles Goodnight, the renowned cattle drov-

er, originally came across Raton Pass with a herd of several thousand "critters." Dick Wootton demanded a toll charge of ten cents a head, a rate which infuriated the cattleman. Goodnight paid the fee but declared he would not travel Raton Pass again, but would find another route across the range. This he did by going, next trip, some 20 miles east and crossing Johnson's Mesa by way of what has become known as Trinchera Pass. Fearing this discovery would divert travel from his road, Wootton then endeavored to make concessions to Goodnight to return to Raton Pass on future drives, but to no avail. Goodnight continued to use Trinchera Pass for all the rest of his drives.

A protracted roadway controversy took place southeast of Creede after the discovery in May, 1890, of silver and lead in that district. One of the "fortune-hunters," Martin V. B. Wason, who came into the community following the mineral strike, later homesteaded a tract of land a couple of miles down the valley from the original settlement. The much-used original main road leading to a great mining country passed almost thru the center of this property. However that fact was ignored by Wason, who with two members of his family, Harriet L. and Edith Wason, on December 30, 1890, incorporated the Wason Toll Road Company, established a townsite on the homestead, erected a toll-gate across the travelway and in 1891 commenced a 75¢ fare for passage.

Residents of the area and travelers complained vigorously, and their protests resulted in August, 1892, in Wason being charged with obstructing a public road and ordered to show cause why the company should not cease demanding toll for passage. While the controversy was still in progress, the toll-gate in March, 1893, suddenly disappeared and traffic again moved freely along the road.

The difficulty flared up again however in 1893, when after Creede citizens had campaigned to have a new county (Mineral) created with Creede as its seat, the deciding officials designated the town of Wason as the new county's headquarters. This action brought violent protests from the Creede people who loudly demanded that their town be named the county seat. As a result of the clamor Creede finally won out, but Wason made good a threat to resume collecting fare for traffic on his original toll-road. More litigation ensued, a public investigation took place, findings against the toll-road company were returned and the route was finally declared a public thoroughfare and re-opened to free travel.

Abner Sprague, pioneer homesteader and later prominent resort operator in the Rocky Mountain National Park area, clashed with a toll-road operator in St. Vrain Canon over the existence of a toll-gate in St. Vrain Canon. Sprague used to relate how he came close to being shot over this affair. The argument ended when the county took over the road.

Another controversy over a toll-gate occurred near Manitou Springs when, in the spring of 1860, several Kansans, doing business as the Pikes Peak and South Park Wagon Road Co. under a charter from the Kansas Territorial Assembly, attempted to close off the already well-traveled Ute Pass road or Ute Indian trail, as it was originally known. According to dispatches carried in the Rocky Mountain News, the local settlers, in June of that year, called a protest meeting after the company commenced to collect toll for use of this formerly open route. Decision was made to resist the company and the case wound up with the settlers finally forcibly removing the toll-gates and declaring the route once again a free road. Eventually county funds made it possible for Ute Pass to remain toll-free.

The storied Garden of the Gods in the Pikes Peak region was the setting, not too many years ago, for a feud which lasted for many years over a certain stretch of roadway and the land abutting it on either side. The subject of the controversy between a land-holder and the battle-joined communities of Colorado Springs, Colorado City and Manitou Springs, was a point believed to have been on the old stage road between Denver and Colorado City.

According to published information on the case, it appears that, adjacent to the Garden of the Gods, the right of way of this public highway and stage road, oddly enough, passed directly between the famous Balanced Rock and Steamboat Rock, about 12 feet apart. An opportunist, Paul Goerke, came along early in the period and homesteaded a sizeable portion of the land on all sides of these two peculiar geological formations, whose fame already had spread afar. This homesteader erected his home on the place, and being a professional photographer, commenced to take souvenir pictures commercially of the visitors to these scenic attractions. Soon he erected a curio store through which the tourists had to pass to ascend the steps which he had chiseled out to the deck of Steamboat Rock.

It seems that this commercializing of these natural phenomena irked the city fathers of the nearby towns so much that they protested vigorously. The homesteader (or his son and successor) replied by actually building a fence around the Balanced Rock and charging admission to enter and see the Rock. The battle then raged more furiously, and the landowner built a gateway between the two rocks and instituted a toll charge for passage through this corridor. So uneven was the lay of the land thereabouts that there was no way for the traveler to bypass or flank this alleged nuisance. Complaints were voluminous and bit-

ter. The region in general was widely and severely criticized for permitting this so-called offensive situation to prevail. For several years officials, visitors and residents of the area were forced to endure the alleged annoyance. Finally a joint community effort to overcome legally this condition was entered into and preparations were made to file suit. Attorneys, aided by historians, researched old records and discovered that this passageway between Balanced and Steamboat Rocks had once been a public road. When the matter was heard in civil court, the plaintiffs based their contention on the constitutional "right of eminent domain," proved their arguments and won the decision. Promptly the offensive fences and gates were removed and visitors were able to view the scenic wonders and travel the road without having to pay for the privilege. Later the City of Colorado Springs bought the Goerke property and added it to the city park known as the Garden of the Gods, allowing all hands to view the natural wonders freely.

#### Other Pikes Peak Region Roads

The Pikes Peak region for a number of reasons figured prominently in the history of wagon-road systems of early Colorado. In the first place, it was the gateway to the celebrated Ute Pass, a pathway used by various Indian tribes from time immemorial, as they moved to and from hunting areas or battle grounds or engaged in trading expeditions. This route, from most indications, appears to have been the earliest entryway in this part of the West from the plains to the mountain hitherland. It was depended upon and used extensively by the white people. Early explorers followed its course; fur trappers packed back and forth along this trail; it served as a passageway for the prospectors and operators of the gold placers in South Park; and still later it was the mighty road of

the rumbling wagons hauling stacks of supplies and equipment in, and tons of smelting ore out of booming Leadville and other mining camps in the mountain country. Ute Pass stands out prominently in legends and the traditions of the West. Southern Colorado pioneers and historians have declared that in 1859 this seemed to be the only feasible route into South Park.

The term Ute Pass normally was and still is applied specifically to the narrow rocky gap through which Fountain Creek passes at and above Rainbow Falls, a mile or so above Manitou Springs. In general, however, Ute Pass was sometimes considered to be all of the route between Manitou Springs and Divide (or Florissant) and beyond.

Two years after the original and unsuccessful attempt of the Pikes Peak and South Park Wagon Road firm to establish a toll project on this route, another effort of local pioneers to "organize and operate the Ute Pass Wagon Road Company," was sanctioned August 8, 1862, by the Colorado Territorial Assembly. Among the prominent sponsors of this project were A. Z. Sheldon, Wm. H. Young and John E. Tappan. This endeavor did not get far.

Next, Sheldon, together with Rev. Wm. Howbert and others, again, under the banner of a re-established Ute Pass Wagon Road Co., incorporated July 25, 1864, tackled the difficult project, but could not raise enough money and finally gave up.

Meanwhile, Sheldon, undaunted, and with a new group of associates, on November 30, 1865, launched still another project under the same corporate name of Ute Pass Wagon Road Co. This enterprise still did not accomplish its purpose, only one and one-fourth miles of a scheduled three-mile stretch of necessary rock work having been completed before its promoters gave up.



Finally, in 1871, with other competitive wagon passageways into the mountains in other locations posing a competitive threat to the Ute Pass traffic and trade, the entire local community of business men and public officials got behind the wagon-road project. Ostensibly as a private concern, but actually sponsored and backed by the El Paso County commissioners, a new Ute Pass Wagon Road Co. was incorporated on April 13, 1871, to complete and operate the enterprise. This was one of the first instances of substantial official and public support given to a wagon-road project in Colorado, minor scattered similar indications elsewhere notwithstanding. A county \$15,000 bond issue for the undertaking was put before the voters and was carried June 20, 1871, by 153 to 92. Work got under way, the bottleneck at Rainbow Falls was eased and the road to South Park, Tarryall and the forthcoming Leadville mining district became a vitally important thoroughfare.

By 1878, sizeable mule-team freight wagon trains were plying back and forth through Ute Pass and a stage line was in operation over this route to South Park and via Weston Pass or Trout Creek Pass to Leadville. Great importance was attached to this highway in the pre-railroad phases of the Leadville mining boom.

Another factor which gave prominence to the Pikes Peak Region in wagon-road history was the founding of Colorado City at the very outset of the gold rush and its subsequent great importance as a trading and supply center. It was then a hub of freight and stagecoach activity in this area, but long since became a part of Colorado Springs.

The very presence of Pikes Peak itself was responsible for the establishment of some ten or twelve toll-road companies. These outfits hoped to capitalize on the resort popularity of Manitou Springs, which lay at the

foot of Pikes Peak, and of Broadmoor. Hundreds of tourists and vacationers were making the trip to the hotels and resorts at Jones Park and Seven Lakes by pack train over primitive trails. To profit by establishing wagon-roads to these areas, the Cheyenne and Beaver Toll Road Company first was organized in 1875. It was followed by re-organizations and competitors in 1879 and '80. In 1879 the Crystal City and Pikes Peak Wagon and Trail Co. was organized to serve a slightly different area and was followed by other enterprises in the same section.

Then, in 1882, came the daring proposal by the Ute Pass and Pikes Peak Signal Station and Toll Road Co. to build a wagon road to the summit of Pikes Peak. While records indicate that this effort was completed about the fall of 1885, this is not definite.

Later on articles of incorporation for another project, the Cascade & Pikes Peak Toll Road Co., to commence at the site of the present town of Cascade, were filed with the Secretary of State's office June 7, 1887. Prominent on the list of members of the board of directors, was the name of Cyrus K. Holliday of Topeka, Kansas, who, in 1859, had been one of the founders and the president of the Atchison and Topeka Railroad Co. which later became the Santa Fe system. Holliday, together with C. N. Story and some other officials of the Santa Fe, becoming impressed with the Ute Pass area west of Colorado Springs, spent some time in the Pikes Peak region. Story and several of his associates were the promoters and filed incorporation articles January 1, 1887, for the Cascade Town and Improvement Co. (Santa Fe railroad historians please note.)

When, in 1922, after the Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek Railroad operation (known as The Cripple Creek Short Line) was discontinued, W. D. Corley, a Colorado Springs coal mine operator, acquired the railroad

property and undertook to convert the roadbed into an auto toll-road. This turned out to be an ambitious project, time-consuming and expensive. The widening and conditioning of the many tunnels, numerous bridges and huge trestles along the route proved to be a major undertaking and this toll-road, for a number of years, operated as "The Corley Road." It eventually reverted to the status of community property, finally was thrown open as a public highway and now is regarded as one of the most scenic auto-roads in the nation. It is presently known as "The Gold Camp Road."

During its lifetime as a toll-road, the Corley Road came into conflict with another thoroughfare in the district, a route known as the Old Stage Road. This was an evolution of the earlier Cheyenne and Beaver Toll Road, originally conceived in 1875 by Henry McAllister (one of the founding fathers of the D&RG Railroad) and his associates, and it was revived in 1877 under new promoters as the Cheyenne and Beaver Park Toll Road Co. This route, to commence south of South Cheyenne Canon, was projected back and forth, up around and along the slopes of Front Range until it reached the level of the plateau immediately abutting Pikes Peak.

To elaborate on this route, in 1879 the Cheyenne, Lake Park and Pikes Peak Toll Road Company was established. Its objective was to extend the route northwest through Lake Park to a point known as "The Crater" near the summit of Pikes Peak. A still later revision of this system was the extension of the toll-road westward past Bison Lake and Beaver Park into the Victor and Cripple Creek District. With the advent of a stage line on this course, it then became known as the Cripple Creek Stage Road. The old railroad grade and the old stage-road criss-crossed each other in the area beyond St. Peter's Dome.

When the Corley highway people endeavored to separate the toll road from the then public stage road they experienced continuous difficulties. Modern grade separation of this sort is accomplished by means of underpasses and overpasses. However, the expense of such construction in this case was prohibitive and the toll-road people erected various chain and wire cable barriers to keep the "free roaders" off the toll-road. Obviously some disregard and resentment resulted and there was a period of cable-cutting and road-jumping in this remote locality. It was not feasible to station permanent guards at these places so a mild conflict prevailed for several years between some stage-road travelers and the toll-road operators.

Here and there throughout Colorado there has been established during the present generation an occasional toll road or turnpike. Spencer Penrose, A. E. Carlton and a group of Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek mining capitalists formed a company and in 1911 commenced work on what was to become known as the Pikes Peak Highway. Two years later, Penrose and a party of six made the first ascent over this road to the summit of the Peak. For many years following its opening and until the completion of a public state road up Mount Evans, the Pikes Peak project claimed the distinction of being the highest automobile road in the world.

The route of this highway was built through agreement with the Pike National Forest officials, partly on government land. This arrangement provided that upon the conclusion of a specified term of years, the enterprise was to cease as a private operation and the roadway was to become open to the public free of charge. Spencer Penrose, king of the latter-day entrepreneurs, near the expiration of the contract, protested the terms and undertook action to retain private control of the highway. The

government eventually won out and the road reverted to public ownership.

However, this status appeared to be not so good after all, as the cost of maintaining the roadway year in and year out became a financial bugaboo. For a period of years, the Pikes Peak Highway was almost an orphan that nearly everyone wanted to see operated toll-free but which no one wanted to pay for. Responsibility for this white elephant was tossed about among government, city, county and State Highway Departments until finally it was accepted as a toll road and currently is operated as such by the City of Colorado Springs.

The same general syndicate which promoted the Pikes Peak Highway, namely the Penrose interest, also was behind the toll-road constructed in the 1920s up the east and north faces of Cheyenne Mountain near Broadmoor and Colorado Springs. This project operates as a commercial enterprise. The toll-gate area is the site of the world-renowned Cheyenne Mountain Zoo. Above the Zoo is the "Will Rogers Tower of the Sun" built by Spencer Penrose as a burial place for himself, his wife and their friends. The road continues to the top of the mountain, where there is a lodge, operated by the Broadmoor Hotel interests. Toll: \$1.00 a person.

Toll roads have staged a comeback in recent years in some parts of the country. The present-day type of hard-surfaced pay roads, however, is a precisely-engineered, multiple-lane, high-speed, long-distance trunkline automobile thoroughfare. They are variously called toll-roads, turnpikes or freeways, and sometimes facetiously referred to as "raceways" or "speedways." Generally they are sponsored jointly by the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads and the various state highway departments. One such toll-road was constructed and opened in Colorado in recent years. It is commonly known as the Denver-Boulder Toll Road or

Turnpike; it assesses a 25-cent toll charge and is an economic success. It was built under the auspices of, and is operated by, the Colorado State Highway Department.

Locating the course of a wagon-road often was a real problem. In the selection of a route along which a project was to extend, the company officials or the construction superintendent generally found it expedient to lay out the course so that it bypassed major uplifts or narrow rocky chasms with inadequate solid ground at the bottom on which to provide a suitable roadway. In many cases the alternate choice of a flanking route under such conditions turned out to be a roundabout, laborious climb up a tortuous steep grade. Such situations gave Colorado some of its most spectacular and awe-inspiring toll-roads of the early days.

An outstanding example is the case of the "Grand Canon of the Arkansas," more commonly known as the "Royal Gorge." This tremendous rift in the earth's surface was too much for the highway builders to penetrate. Both the Canon City, Grand River and San Juan Road Co. in 1861, and the Currant Creek and Arkansas River Road Co. chose to route their projects well to the north of the "Big Canon," as it was often called. One concern, the Poncha Pass Wagon Road Co. (1871), proposed to build through the Gorge, but this was never accomplished. The Canon City & San Luis Valley Wagon Road Co., in 1874, planned its course to turn south of the Gorge and over Hayden Pass in the Sangre de Cristo range, while the Canon City & South Arkansas Wagon Road also selected a route south of the Royal Gorge, but eventually returning to the river valley and continuing thence past Cotopaxi, to the neighborhood of present-day Salida.

Wagon-roads bypassed the Black Canon of the Gunnison, as does the present highway. Clear Creek Canon

was too much for the road builders of the pioneer days, who detoured either to the south or to the north of this narrow passage. The Colorado Central Railroad later successfully negotiated this canon and, years after it was abandoned, the State Highway Department constructed a fine modern auto-road on the old railroad grade, but only after numerous tunnels were driven through massive rock spurs.

Big Thompson Canon was bypassed by routing the road to Estes Park over Bald Mountain to the north, or by other courses to the south.

The old original trail and road through Ute Pass kept well up on the mountain side south of Rainbow Falls, following the course of old Indian Trail.

In the San Juans the various old toll-roads did not try to negotiate Animas River Canon proper, but skirted this abyss, on either side.

South Platte Canon was pretty much of a problem for the road companies who preferred mainly a route via Mt. Vernon Canon, Bergen Park across Bear Creek and Elk Creek, finally to descend into the Platte Canon at Bailey.

The Eagle River Canon near Red Cliff posed a problem. The operators of wagon-roads in the area between Red Cliff and Minturn or Eagle found it necessary either to climb Battle Mountain on the north or to traverse the rough country in the St. Louis Creek region and enter the Brush Creek valley on the south. Such deviations from a more direct route were expensive and time-consuming when traveled, but nevertheless usually unavoidable. One of these companies was the Eagle River Toll Road Co., using the route over Battle Mountain. This was one of the most spectacular routes in the state.

A long list of prominent Colorado pioneers played active parts in the wagon-road history of the Territory

and later of the State. Best known for his activity in this field, probably was Otto Mears, frequently called the "road builder of the San Juan." Others were Dick Wootton, E. L. Berthoud, John Evans, Bela M. Hughes, W. A. H. Loveland, John Q. A. Rollins, Thomas M. Field, Isaac Gotthelf, A. Cameron Hunt, and James P. Maxwell. H. A. W. Tabor early in his activity in the region worked on the old Ute Pass Road and later on the Virginia Canon Road between Central City and Idaho Springs. Later he was one of the founders and trustees of the Park Range Road Co. and of the Mosquito Pass Wagon Road Co. between South Park and Leadville.

In the records we find Otto Mears' name connected with approximately 15 different toll-road and wagon-road projects, a list too long to give in full here. The more prominent of them were, however, the Poncha Pass Wagon Road Co., the Lake Fork and Uncompahgre Toll Road Co., the Helena, Alpine and Elk Mountain Toll Road Co., the Poncha, Marshall and Gunnison Toll Road Co., and the Ouray and San Juan Consolidated Wagon & Railroad Co. Otto Mears did not originate or establish all of these roads. In many cases Mears came along well after a road enterprise had been established and was under operation and subsequently acquired an interest in this or that company. Nevertheless, he was a tremendous operator.

Mountain passes obviously must have been the bane of the toll-road builders' and operators' experience. Crossing a foothills divide or ridge, or surmounting a secondary range was not so serious, but putting a wagon-road over the backbone of the Continental Divide was a major engineering and construction project. Amazingly there were more than a score of such projects along the Continental Divide from the Wyoming border to the New Mexico boundary. The first pass over this main range in Colorado

to receive general travel was Cochetopa (of which, incidentally, there were two—the North and the South) in Saguache County. This crossing was in existence long before the mining boom occurred, having been used by Indians, explorers, mountain men, fur traders, missionaries, ordinary travelers and military expeditions early in the history of the region.

South Cochetopa Pass, now traversed by State Highway No. 114, was in the days of the early Spanish explorers called Puerto de los Cibolos and became known as Cochetopa Pass in 1853, when Beale and Heap traveled by this route from Missouri to California. [Cibolo is Spanish for "buffalo", Cochetopa is Ute for "Gate of Buffalos."] It was the first point on the Continental Divide in Colorado to be crossed by wheeled vehicles, when the wagons of Pope and Stover made the journey in 1837, followed in similar manner by Robidoux in 1841.

It is further distinguished by the fact that it was in this area within a distance of 25 miles that Col. John C. Fremont, in 1848 on his memorable fourth expedition, tried by way of some searched-for mountain pass to chart a transcontinental railway route across the Rockies. The outcome of this project, when the party encountered a severe winter snowstorm on the slopes of Mesa Peak and met disaster, is a matter of history.

That there was considerable uncertainty in the early days as to the geography and the location of the passes in the region, is apparent to any student of the period. The Cochetopa Hills to the north join La Garita Mountains which are a spur of the main San Juan range section of the Continental Divide further to the south. This mountainous uplift was reportedly accessible by one or more of a number of crossings, the names of which were Del Norte, Williams, Cebolla, Leroux and Puerto del Carnero,

in addition to the North and South Cochetopa Passes. Lacking adequate maps in the early days, differences of opinion as to the actual locations of these various crossings led to considerable confusion.

South Cochetopa Pass actually was on the route of the old well-known Ute Trail and extended westward across what was then the Ute Reservation. By virtue of the Brunot Treaty of 1873, the reservation was moved elsewhere and the hordes of white prospectors and settlers immediately rushed to the region. With this development, North Cochetopa Pass assumed the status of a commercial thoroughfare with the organization and incorporation Sept. 23, 1873, of the Saguache, Los Pinos, Lake Fork & Upper Rio Las Animas Toll Road Co., by a group of Saguache and other San Luis Valley individuals. This ambitious project proposed to establish a wagon-road for a distance of approximately 125 miles across virgin, rough, mountain country. It experienced only partial success.

Other notable mountain passes of the early toll-road days were Argentine, Stony, Vasquez, Jones, Hunters, Weston, Monarch, Sangre de Cristo, Berthoud, Slumgullion, Mosca, Mosquito and Breckenridge.

Glancing back over the years, this spectacular phase of Colorado's history looms, picturesque and impressive. It would no doubt be difficult to find a parallel anywhere to the vast labyrinth of roadways developed in this commonwealth in the years following 1859 by private, independent interests. Here was created a system of passageways that eventually reached into every section of the mountainous territory. The scene is the more striking when it is realized that the arrangement was accomplished in an era before the advent of the mechanized equipment now in use for road-building.

These original "road builders of

Colorado" in its first half-century, were the founders and the officials of the active, operating companies. They numbered about 1250 persons and they presented some interesting facets of human determination, ability and behavior. Although their activities occurred a hundred years (more or less) ago, they left their marks in more ways than one. Great numbers of these "marks" are still to be seen, such as the dim trails on the prairies, the continuous pale outlines winding through the hills and the frequent long scars and old maintaining-walls along the mountainsides.

Not only did these pioneers provide the first network of passable wagon-roads in the territory, but they contributed in many other ways to the building of this new empire. They organized or otherwise participated in great numbers of local business en-

terprises. Frequently they were members of town councils, county officials, or members of the Territorial or the State government. With the coming of the railroads into the state, some three score wagon-road operators or officials moved ahead and became identified as promoters or executives of some of the various railway enterprises.

These early-day road-builders were, in many cases, motivated by the desire for personal gain, but the traditions and the records indicate that the majority were intensely public-spirited. They were always ready to assume difficult parts in the development of this new, raw territory. To these pioneers goes a tribute as genuine as that paid to the earlier explorers and settlers in this forbidding section of the Rocky Mountain West.

## NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANCE

BY THE EDITOR

**Mr. Edward Hugh Blackmore**, No. 26, Okehurst Road, Eastbourne, Sussex, England, has been a student of North American Indians since 1908. He was a friend of the late Ernest Thompson Seton. In 1932 he was adopted as a brother in the Mohawk Bear Clan by Chief Os-ke-non-ton. Mr. Blackmore is a painter of American Indians, a maker of Indian costumes, and a lecturer on the Amerindian. He is especially interested in the arts, crafts and history of the Plains Indians (particularly the Sioux). He has become a Denver CM by invitation from his friend, PM John J. Lipsey.

**Mr. Robert Lawrence Denholm**, 1791 South Fairfax St., Denver 22, is Chief of Administrative Services, Colorado State Department of Institutions. Invited by PM Bill Brenneman to become

a Denver CM, he accepted. He was from 1951 to 1961 in the administration section of Colorado General Hospital and the University of Colorado Medical Center. Hobbies: fishing, pro-football and the Denver Garden Club.

**Charlotte Wood Nicholas (Mrs. John S.)**, whose summer address is Box 371, Grand Lake, Colo., and winter home is at 200 Hathaway Park, Lebanon, Penn., has become a Denver CM because her husband (who died in 1960) was a CM and because CM Carolyn Rhone of Grand Lake invited her. Mrs. Nicholas grew up in Denver, and graduated from the University of Denver in 1917. Her western interest centers in Nevadaville, Colo., where her husband was born, and in Central City and Blackhawk. She is now engaged in compiling a genealogy of her husband's family.

The Wyoming State Library, Supreme Court Bldg., Cheyenne, Wyo., has become an institutional CM because **Rosemary Martin**, Executive Secretary, thought it ought to.

**Mr. Evan A. Edwards**, 2282 S. Madison St., Denver 10, an institutional staff assistant. Colorado Dept. of Institutions, became acquainted with the Denver Westerners through Possemen Bill Brenneman, George Eichler and Bob Perkin. For a brief biography of the new CM, see page 5 of the Roundup for September 1962, alongside the paper on the history of Fort Logan, Colo., which he read at the Denver Westerners' Cave meeting in August. His historical interests center about Indians and the military in the West.

**Mr. Kenneth L. Gaunt**, 2965 S. York St., Denver 10, is a pharmacist with the Park Hill Drug Company, who was induced to become a CM by CM B. B. Baker. His historical interests lie in early church history, early drug history, lost mines and buried treasure—all in Colorado. He is president of the Empire Toastmaster Club, an amateur magician, and a coin collector.

**Mr. Edwin H. Hoover**, 6973 East Fourth Ave., Denver 20, is public relations director of Spears Chiropractic Hospital, Denver. Bill Brenneman got him to become a Denver CM. Mr. Hoover is interested in pioneer ranchers, artifacts, mining lore and cattle brands. He has had published about 200 short stories (mostly westerns) and novelettes in Street & Smith magazines, Adventure, Argosy and other magazines, and "articles too humorous to mention." He has worked as a reporter on the Denver Post, Dallas Dispatch, Cleveland Press and INS. He has been PR man for the Colorado Cattlemen's Association and (*mirabile dictu*) for the Colorado Sheepmen's Association, as well.

**Mr. William C. Jones**, 2803 Quay St., Denver 15, became a Denver CM through his friend, Ross B. Grenard, Jr. Mr. Jones is a teacher of geography and American history in York Junior High School, Denver. He is particularly interested in the railroads of the West, a member of the National Railway Historical Society, and is president of that society's Intermountain Chapter this year.

**Mr. Bundy Colwell**, Colwell Bldg., 3223 West 6th St., Los Angeles 5, Calif., is president of the Colwell Company (mortgage investments), has become a Denver CM because his uncle PM Raymond G. Colwell pressured him. He is interested in Cripple Creek and California history. Bundy Colwell's father was Alfred B. Colwell (Raymond's eldest brother), who went to Cripple Creek in 1894 and became a well-known mining engineer in that district and in Nevada, California and Arizona.

**Mr. Raymond J. DeMallie, Jr.**, 745 Atlantic Avenue, Rochester 9, N.Y., is a high school student who became a CM because he had read some of the Denver Posse's Brand Books and other publications. Hobbies: corresponding with a missionary on the Tongue River Reservation, and collecting Western Americana.

**Charlotte Leona Trego**, 1645 Garland St., Denver 15, is director of public information for Colorado Woman's College, Denver. She became interested in the Denver Westerners through PM George Eichler, and is herself now a CM. She has a B.A. from Stanford University and an M.S. from Columbia. She was formerly a reporter on the Larimer (Wyo.) Boomerang, Bill Nye's celebrated newspaper, and on the Monte Vista (Colo.) Journal. She has spent 22 summers near Creede, Colo., photographing, mountaineering, horseback-

riding and fishing. She has written for the Empire Magazine of the Denver Post.

**Mr. Daniel C. Paxton**, 3059 S. Leyden, Denver 22, is executive secretary of the Rotary Club of Denver, in charge of office management, public relations, and editing a weekly Rotary bulletin. Through newspaper articles and his friendship with PM A. J. Brumfield and PM Nevin Carson, he became acquainted with the Denver Westerners. So he is now a CM. During the Second World War he served 4½ years in the U.S. Coast Guard and became a CPO. Before he came to Denver in July 1961, CM Paxton was for 15 years Executive Secretary of the Rotary Club of St. Louis. He is especially interested in the history of the opening to settlement of western territories.

**Mr. Kenneth Geddes**, P.O. Box 243 Ackley, Iowa, is a newspaper editor and publisher. Formerly he edited the Cripple Creek (Colo.) Times-Record. He is deeply interested in gold camps and other western mining towns. Through his friendship with PM Raymond G. Colwell, he has become a Denver CM.

**Mrs. Marian P. Smith**, Box 288, Leadville, Colo., is curator of Healy House and Dexter Cabin Museum, an operation of the State Historical Society of Colorado, at Leadville. She was brought into the fold of Denver CMs by Kenneth Englert. She has long been interested in Colorado's history and has published booklets on "The Story of Healy House" and "The Leadville Ice Palace," as well as many historical articles. If you don't recognize Marian P. Smith, you will probably remember "Poppy" Smith as a charming hostess.

**Mr. Marsh B. Belden**, 2222 Mesa Road, Colorado Springs, is engaged in exploration for oil and gas. He is interested in western history in general, and in antique guns and automobiles and in ghost towns in particular. He was invited by CM Roy F. Barnes to become a Denver corresponding member, and did so.

**Mr. Ralph H. Knoll**, 5143 Allison St., Arvada, Colo., has enlisted as a Denver CM, by invitation of his friend CM Royce D. Sickler. He is traffic manager for the Rio Grande Motorway, Inc., and is especially interested in narrow-gauge railroading in the Rocky Mountains.

**Dann L. Smith, M.D.**, 4200 E. 9th Ave., Denver, is associate dean of the University of Colorado School of Medicine, and associate dean of that school's medical faculty. He has published 30 scientific papers and one medical textbook; and is a charter member of the 71st Infantry Division, 609th Field Artillery (Pack). Dr. Smith is a dry-fly fisherman who is especially interested in the history of the White River area and the White River Utes. He has become a Denver CM by invitation from CM Harold Ashmun.

**John R. Milton**, Ph.D., 1217 Tenth Ave., S.E., Jamestown, N.D., is professor of English and chairman of the English Department, Jamestown College. He teaches western American History, and his teaching specialty is the literature of the American West; and his particular interests are in mountain men and the use of western history in imaginative literature. He has published "The Loving Hawk" (a book of regional poems) and many essays on western literature in the South Dakota Library Bulletin, Western Review, Western Humanities Review, The Critique, The Cresset, and other periodicals. Dr. Milton is a board member of American Studies Association, the editor of Plainsong, a reviewer of western books for three publications. He became a Denver CM through association with PM Alan Swallow.



# Westerner's Bookshelf



**MEMOIRS OF A LAWMAN**, Edited by Wilson Rockwell, Denver: Sage Books, 1962. 373 pages, 35 illustrations, footnotes. \$6.00.

Wilson Rockwell has done a good job in editing the autobiography of Cyrus Wells ("Doc") Shores, and the heirs of Doc Shores should be praised for releasing the manuscript for publication. In a preface, the editor tells how Shores wrote his autobiography when he was more than 80 years old, went to New York and offered the manuscript to a publisher. Indignant at demands for revision, Shores brought the manuscript home. It remained in the family's possession until recently when relatives released the material to Rockwell, and afterward deposited it with the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library.

Shores, born in 1844, in Michigan, became a hunter and trapper while still a boy and naturally went west, heading for the Montana gold fields in 1866. He worked as a freighter, on the Missouri River steamboats, as a tie-hauler, cattle-drover, and in 1880 arrived in Gunnison, Colorado, where his career as a peace-officer began. This work brought him into contact with Alfred Packer, Tom Horn, and other interesting characters of the era. He later worked as an investigator for the Denver and Rio Grande and Wells Fargo, closing his career as police chief of Salt Lake City.

Shores' accounts of the activities which made up his long, full life provide a wealth of color, with day-to-day incidents on the trail, in camp, and working as a freighter, drover, hunter, and lawman.

The photographs, engravings and sketches add much to the factual account, but the footnotes, referring mostly to pages of the manuscripts, seem rather unnecessary, except perhaps for verification purposes.

This volume is excellent source material for researchers and writers, and is darn good reading for anyone who enjoys a first-person account of life in our west from 1866 to 1900.

W. H. VAN DUZER, PM

**REBEL OF THE ROCKIES; A History of the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad**, by Robert F. Athearn. New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1962. 362 large pages, illustrated, bibliography, and index. \$10.00.

The narrow-gauge railroads and the steam locomotives that have passed from the American scene have created an interest in railroad history, flooding the market with numerous volumes about their origin and their departure. None of these roads had such trials and hardships as the Denver and Rio Grande, and this is the story that is told in "Rebel of the Rockies."

The large 8vo volume has a beautiful jacket showing a picture of one of the modern streamlined trains. The date "1833" on the inside of the front flap is a misprint.

This volume depicts an era in narrow-gauge railroading, combined with many incidents in financing and legal entanglements during the struggle to extend the road into the mineral regions of the Rockies. The indomitable spirit of William J. Palmer and his associates to fight on despite their lack of funds; their determination to



create towns along the projected routes; and their will to push on despite the opposition of competing lines, especially the Atchison and Topeka which resulted in a small scale war over the route through the Royal Gorge, are well delineated and documented.

A portion of the site of Colorado Springs was purchased from the United States Government for 80¢ an acre, and the townsite was sometimes called "Little London." The railroad was incorporated on October 27, 1870, with a capital stock of \$2,500,000. It is illuminating that this railroad fought hard for survival and won the battle.

During the Panic of 1873, 77 American railroads failed, but the Denver and Rio Grande earned \$200,000. It was threatened by the invasion of the Kansas Pacific and the Santa Fe railroads. In 1875, Palmer went to Paris to try to interest French capital in the road. The Atchison and Topeka (Santa Fe) reached Pueblo, Colorado, in February, 1876. By 1877, the Rio Grande could not meet the interest on its bonds. The Royal Gorge war lasted two years, but eventually ended in favor of the D. & R. G.

This fine volume should be on the shelf of everyone who is interested in railroad history, for it is full of facts relative to a narrow-gauge railroad which has become one of the finest and best equipped standard-gauge roads in the entire country, one which passes over and through the scenic Rockies.

NOLIE MUMEY, PM

**POWDER RIVER COWMAN**, by George Heinzman, N. Y.: The Macmillan Co., \$2.95.

Here we have a "conquest of the West" situation with strong man Jed Bowen to do the job and charming Star Fawn to supply that something

without which no modern Western novel can win publication.

Author Heinzman spikes his story with emotions, triumphs, tragedies and no end of conflicts. Sure-fire, time-proven old-hat strategems and cliches run wild; sex scenes leave nothing to be inferred and stark realism will turn strong stomachs. All of which makes an exciting piece of escape fiction to please readers who don't give two whoops for a genuine sense of reality, for plausibility or for a believable plot.

The reader who does demand reasonable credibility may get past the corny opening scene, but I doubt he can force himself to swallow Jed's eight-man victory over from sixty to ninety odd Sioux warriors. But that's the worst one, and the book is smooth, easy reading.

STEVE PAYNE, PM

—O—

In 1896, D. V. Burrell grew the first commercial cantaloupe seed in Rocky Ford. From this beginning came the nationally-known "Rocky Ford melons." The D. V. Burrell Seed Company has flourished and grown and is now under the management of D. V.'s son, J. Harold Burrell and Harold's sons. Mrs. E. Maude (Piper) Burrell (Mrs. Delevan V.) retains a financial and personal interest in the company's affairs.

—O—

Fowler, Colo., was named for O. S. Fowler, the famous phrenologist who made a fortune from his lectures and books about how bumps on the head indicated something about the character of a head's owner. Fowler got sick and came to Colorado, settling in the locality of the present town. He remained there and became the area's greatest booster. The townsite was platted in 1887.

# LETTER FROM PIKE'S PEAK

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BOSTON DAILY JOURNAL, NOV. 24, 1860  
*Combinations of Legality at Pike's Peak—A Judge and a Journalist in Trouble—  
 Gamblers Petition—Newspaper Office and Arsenal—How the Pony Runs—Trade  
 with Salt Lake— Mining Matters—*

[This letter was supplied to Roundup through the kindness of PM Don Bloch.]

Denver City, Pike's Peak, November 13, 1860.

*To the Editor of the Boston Journal:*

The pleasure of living in a country without government, or rather, with a half dozen governments, has been peculiarly apparent during the past few weeks. This Territory, known by the various titles of Pike's Peak, Jefferson, Idaho, and Tahosa, has as many systems of governments as names.

The laws of Kansas apply to one portion of our central El Dorado, and those of Nebraska to another. Last winter, in the absence of anything better to employ their time, the people established a "Provisional Government," and appointed for their officers some of the poorest of poor politicians, who found it exceedingly difficult to rule over their subjects. This proving almost useless, another form of government has been in operation during the summer in the shape of miners' courts and municipal organizations. These have been established, each to have jurisdiction over its own small district, and work admirably, except when a case of magnitude comes under two or more of them. A territorial organization, which all are devoutly praying for, will do away with all these troubles.

At various times during the summer W. P. McLure, Judge under the Provisional Government and Post Master of Denver, has threatened the life of a journalist named Goldrick, on account of certain statements made in the *St. Louis Democrat* last winter. Goldrick made complaint against McLure before the

People's Court of Denver, and the offender was ordered to give bonds of \$2,000 to keep the peace for one year. He refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Court, but offered to give bonds to any amount to Goldrick *personally*. This was not accepted, and the gentleman went into the custody of the Marshal, only to be rescued about twelve that night by a crowd of his friends. After two days delay and one ineffectual attempt at recapture, a crowd of the citizens marched to the Post Office, and Mr. McLure was compelled to sign the bond he had before refused and acknowledge the "People's Court of Denver."

The "respectable" gamblers of Denver have brought a petition before the People's Court, praying for an ordinance to prohibit the playing of certain games. The amusements particularly obnoxious to them are known as "three-card monte," and "the strap" and are famous for the facility with which they "draw in" the green ones. What action will be taken is not yet determined. It will be impossible to put a stop to *all* gaming, owing to the large number of our citizens who patronize the fickle goddess. The saloons are, each night, crowded with her votaries, and large amounts of money changed hands at the tables of the professors of the seductive art.

This morning I paid a visit to the office of the *Rocky Mountain News*, the leading daily and weekly paper of the gold

region. A graceful festoon of revolvers hung over the sanctum table, within reach of the editor, and three ominous-looking guns were resting in the corner. Descending to the composing and press room, I found each man quietly at work in his proper place, with "something that would shoot" lying near him. An attack upon the office had been threatened, and the proprietors were of opinion that it would not be a successful one. Col. Colt, the pistol man, is highly respected by all the *News* establishment, from the senior editor to the junior devil.

The news of the result of the Presidential election reached Denver in two days and twenty-one hours from St. Joseph, a distance of 696 miles. It was brought through by pony express, at a speed averaging a little over ten miles an hour. The last ten miles and eighteen rods were "done" in thirty-one minutes by a famous horse belonging to A. B. Miller, the sutler at Fort Wise.

Quite an extensive trade has been opened of late with Salt Lake. Two great staples of the West, flour and corn, are brought hither from the realms of Brigham Young, and sold at lower rates than the same articles can be furnished at from the States. Miller, Russell and Co., the well-known government contractors, are at present the only men concerned in the business, but it is probable that by next season they will have many competitors. The Salt Lake basin is one of the gardens of America, and can easily be made to furnish food for one-half the dwellers in this land of gold.

The quartz mills, those of them at work, are doing a good business. The C.O.C. and P.P. Express takes about \$7,000 worth of dust by each tri-weekly coach, and Hinckley's Express, running weekly by Western Stage Co., forwards about \$15,000 each trip. As most of the gulch diggings are abandoned for the season, these amounts come mainly from the mills. Many mill owners have ceased operations till next summer, and stored their machinery "where rust cannot corrupt."

The San Juan mines in New Mexico are at present attracting considerable attention among our gold-seekers. Men thought to be reliable have lately come from that region, bringing fine specimens of gold, and telling finer stories about the richness of the diggings. Many parties have left to try their fortunes in that locality. The distance is upward of three hundred miles and the route to be traversed is through a country but little known. Not only the humble professors of the pick and spade are on the way, but several of our lawyers, doctors, and other ornamental members of a semi-barbarous state of society, have loaded their wagons and donned their overcoats for an autumn journey to the headwaters of the Rio Grande. It is to be feared that many of them will return in the spring without a "huge pile" of the yellow metal.

—T.W.K.

—O—

In RM Jack Foster's Rocky Mountain News (Denver) for Nov. 19, 1962, there appeared an article by CM "Doc" Little about PM Kenneth Englert's complete collection of Colorado's license plates. The collection begins with 1913, when the State began issuing plates (instead of making owners have their own plates hammered out by blacksmiths). It includes the tabs that were in certain years of shortages fastened to plates of the previous years. Although the collection is almost (but not quite) unique—there is one other complete collection—it is of great interest to pretty nearly anyone. It lacks in utility, however, for Englert has not the cars to go with the plates. Curious persons may view the collection at the bottle bazaar of the Englerts at 319 S. Hancock Ave., Colorado Springs.

—O—

One duty of an editor is to correct errors that may be made by contributors. Q. But who corrects the editor's errors? A. His wife!

### FOR TRUTH AND PLEASURE

During the past year, several members of the Denver Westerners have made gifts (some large, some of medium size) to the posse, to be used as the posse saw fit. These gifts were made in appreciation of the pleasures and benefits they had gotten from their connection with the organization. These funds have been used to gain more members and to give members more for their money. In 1962, it is believed, members got even greater value for their memberships and for their purchase of Brand Books than they got before.

Such giving should be encouraged, but not because the posse needs the money. Tallyman Bill Brenneman reports that the posse's financial condition is excellent. Giving should be encouraged because it will permit the Denver Westerners to do more in discovering and publishing new material, and in spreading the truth about the history of the American West. It is certain, too, that givers got satisfaction through their giving, and showed appreciation of the enjoyment they had gotten from association with those of like minds.

This is no appeal for funds. There is *no necessity* for anyone to give. But, if you feel moved to send gifts for the propagation of the truth, you may send your check to The Denver Westerners, 414 Denver Theater Building, Denver 2, Colo. Gifts will be acknowledged gratefully, and will be used as wisely as the posse can use them.

—O—

### BURIED TREASURE

CM F. Martin Brown, the distinguished author of a number of books on scientific subjects, long-time teacher at the Fountain Valley School at Colorado Springs, has been granted \$14,000 by the National Science Foundation to complete in the next two years a work on William Henry Edwards, the

great American naturalist who was born in 1822 and died in 1909. (Edwards' most important work was the compilation and publication of his 18-volume "Butterflies of North America.")

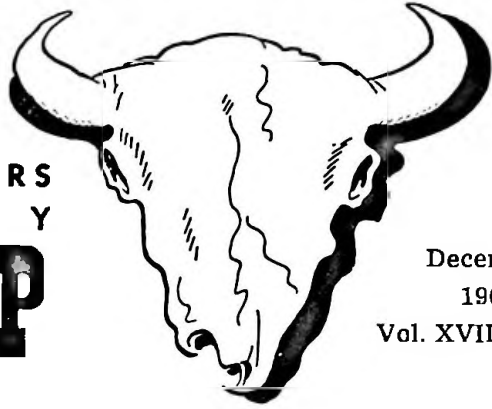
In pursuit of his subject, Brown found in the archives of the State of West Virginia 2000 Edwards letters, two of which concerned the Devereux family who had helped him in his work at Glenwood Springs, Colo.

But, more importantly, he discovered at Charleston (W.Va.) all of the notes and the completed color plates for an unpublished Edwards book that was based on the field work of David Bruce, a Brockport muralist who spent the summers of the last two decades of the 19th century in a cabin above the Whale Mine in Hall Valley, overlooking South Park, Colo. With this material are six books of completed and superb water color paintings by Mary Peart of Philadelphia!

In San Francisco, Brown found 750 Edwards letters. In Chicago he located about 10,000 letters by various authors written in the 1800s. He found about 50 letters from H. K. Morrison, who rambled from Oregon to Arizona and Alabama. Brown believes this cache contains much material about the work of other early western naturalists. Brown is almost nuts at the discovery of so much buried treasure.

—O—

The term "date line" as used in newspaper-writing and broadcasting these days is an anachronism. (E.g. "Date line Cape Canaveral".) No present-day newspaper that I know about puts a date line on a news story. They used to do so. But now if you want to know the date of a story, you look at the date of the newspaper and subtract one day. What they do start the story with is properly called a "place line".



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

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**ABOVE:** Ed ("Blackie") Blackmore (Denver horse-trainer who "cowboyed" with Will James) and Author Bob Cormack holding pen-and-ink portrait of James, done in 1930 by the late Westerner Herndon Davis. Photo by courtesy of Fred and Jo Mazzulla.

**INSIDE:** "Will James: A Cowboy for 50 Years" by Bob Cormack.

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Please send correspondence and remittances to:

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Please send material intended for publication in ROUNDUP to:

John J. Lipsey, 1920 Pinegrove, Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, Colo.

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**JANUARY MEETING, 1963**

The next meeting of the Denver Westerners will be held on Wednesday, Jan. 23, 1963, at the Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm Place. Dinner will be served at 6:30. Terms: \$2.75. Business meeting and address of speaker of evening will follow. Speaker: CM Allison Chandler, Salina (Kans.) newspaperman. Subject: Como, Colorado. Como was, as railfans know, an important division point on the late, lamented Denver, South Park & Pacific Railroad. For some years, Chandler has devoted time to collecting facts about the rise, progress and decline of this most interesting Colorado town. His talk will be illustrated. Chandler is a top-notch writer and an enthusiastic member of the Westerners. . . . Reservations are necessary, except for out-of-state Westerners. Address the Chuck Wrangler, Kenneth Englert, 604 Prospect Lake Drive, Colorado Springs.

**FEBRUARY MEETING**

The February meeting of the Denver Westerners will be held at the Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm Place, on the 27th of the month. Dinner will be served at 6:30. Terms \$2.75. After dinner, the program will be in charge of Possemen Richard Ronzio, Charles Ryland and Francis Rizzari. Heaven knows what all they'll dredge up from their recollections of fighting each other for old Colorado photographs and other historical materials. Illustrated (we hope). Reservations necessary.

# AVE ATQUE VALE

By JOHN J. LIPSEY (1962 Editor of Roundup)

This is my last Roundup.

When I first sat down in the Roundup Editor's Uneasy Chair on Jan. 1, 1962, I made the following resolutions:

1. To get the publication out on time (that is in time for the meeting notices contained therein to be useful to members). (I failed twice on that.)

2. To keep the publication as free as possible from typographical errors. (I know of two that eluded me.)

3. To have no "Continued in the next issue," and no "Continued on page x" slugs in the publication. (There were no contributions split into two issues, and only twice was it necessary to continue on a non-following page.)

4. To include more "personal" material. (There have been more personal paragraphs than has been customary and the "New Hands" column, a welcome to all new CMs, is a new departure.)

5. To mention never the trifling business in which I have been engaged for more than 37 years. (You may search the columns of the 1962 Roundup, but you'll not discover there what that business is. Editorial work has caused that business to suffer, but it never amounted to much anyway.)

6. To get along well with all hands. (Failed.)

7. To stay within Roundup's budget, and within the limits as to number of pages (16 to 32) asked by the executive committee. (I have at this writing, no complete report as to budget, but I don't think the ceiling

has been busted. The limit on number of pages has been respected.)

8. To eliminate (when necessary, and as far as I was able) from manuscripts of contributors errors of grammar, punctuation, spelling, windiness and fact.

9. To give CMs their money's worth.

10. To avoid dullness as one would sidestep an unattractive sin.

Roundup's readers are competent to judge whether or not these noble New Year's resolutions have, in general, been kept or broken.

I had not gone far into the year 1962 when I began to appreciate more highly the work of my 17 (more or less) predecessors in the Editor's Uneasy Chair. I marvelled at their skill, patience, persistence, knowledge, labor and sacrifice. Now that I am about to join the ranks of Roundup's ex-editors, I salute these admirable slaves.

To those kind friends who have given encouragement, historical material and photographs and other aid, I offer my hearty thanks. To those who have objected to or criticized the Editor's work or product goes my gratitude, also. They, too, have helped. To Julia Lipsey, my wife, who has saved me from many embarrassing blunders, who has spent uncounted hours in correcting copy, in re-typing typescripts, and in reading proof over and over again, I acknowledge an unpayable debt.

Beginning with January 1963, PM Bob Cormack will occupy the Editor's Uneasy Chair. For him I wish greater success than I have had, and I urge

all good Westerner hands to aid him in his unpaid and exceedingly difficult job.

It is not really farewell (though the head might indicate that). For me there is little relief, from labor, in sight. I am now, and have been, engaged in compiling and preparing for publication material for the Denver Westerners' Annual Brand Book for 1962, to be published in the fall of 1963. So, I'll say instead:

**Ave et Salute!**

## FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

PM Robert L. Perkin, book review editor of the Rocky Mountain News, and recently installed 1963 Sheriff of the Denver Posse of Westerners, had, in the Dec. 1, 1962, issue of the Saturday Review a full-page review by him of Wallace Stegner's new "Wolf Willow: A History, a Story and a Memory of the Last Plains Frontier." Than Stegner, there is no one more competent to write about the West. And Bob Perkin, author of "The First Hundred Years: An Informal History of Denver and the Rocky Mountain News," has no superior as a reviewer of books about the West.

CM Dean Krakel (formerly a Denver PM), Director of the Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art at Tulsa, writes: "An Oklahoma Westerners outfit has come into being. It is a fine serious group. Membership is limited to 30 devotees. We meet every two months, and plan to publish occasionally. We don't have a corresponding membership." Welcome, podners!

Are you not glad the annual December potlatch is over? Be honest, now!

Since 1954, PM Maurice Frink has been Executive Director of the State Historical Society of Colorado. On Dec. 31, 1962, he retired to devote himself to writing and other private pursuits. On the following day he was succeeded by CM William E. Marshall. Roundup salutes Frink with a hearty "Well done!" To Marshall and the Society: Felicitations, and expectations of continuing success and progress!

A fine article about Father Stanley, the popular, beloved, prolific and controversial historian of the Southwest appears in the Southwesterner (Columbus, N. M.) for Nov. 1962.

One of the most interesting and historically valuable of the celebration issues Colorado newspapers have published in the last few years is the June 29, 1962, issue of the Rocky Ford Daily Gazette, published to honor the 75th anniversary of Rocky Ford's founding. The paper is published by Ross and Anne Thompson, and Mrs. Thompson edited the special edition. This is as full of taste and flavor as are Rocky Ford's watermelons and cantaloupes. It was delight to read so much of the history of the lower Arkansas Valley of Colorado (history that has been too long overshadowed by that of the mountain areas), and to see so many fine old photos that should be preserved.

From the radio we learn that PM Alan Swallow (publisher of Sage Books) was (a month or so ago) named as head of the Colorado branch of the American Civil Liberties Union. From a friend who tried to phone Swallow, we learn that Swallow was in the hospital for repairs during the holidays. Denver Westerners hope to hear good news of this active, useful citizen—soon.



# A COWBOY FOR 50 YEARS

By BOB CORMACK

PM Robert B. Cormack (alias Bob), whose paper on Will James begins on this page, was born in Edgewater, Colo., in 1914. He was educated in Edgewater and Wheat Ridge public schools and at the University of Denver and the University of Southern California. He holds the degree of Bachelor of Fine Arts.

He has worked in the scenic design department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, as a commercial artist in Los Angeles, as art director and advertising manager for the Denver Dry Goods Company. During the Second World War he served in the U. S. Navy. He has been promotion director of the Rocky Mountain News, Director of promotion and tourist activities of the Denver Convention and Visitors' Bureau; owner and manager of Cormack Industries (manufacturers of convention and trade-show displays); executive director of Industries for Jefferson County. At present he is a free-lance advertising and commercial artist, preparing illustrations, cartoons, and displays.

Bob Cormack, whose wife died in 1962, has three children: Cathy, a junior at the University of Denver, and twins, Caran and Christopher, seniors at Denver's South High School. He lives at 1363 Pierce St., Denver, in one of the 17 units of an apartment house he built recently.

He was a CM of the Denver Posse from 1949 to 1960, when he was elected a PM. He illustrated the 1961 Denver Westerners' Brand Book and designed its dust-jacket. Beginning with the January 1963 issue of the Denver Westerners' Monthly Roundup, he will succeed the writer as editor of this monumental sheetlet.

—J.J.L.

The title of this paper, "A Cowboy for 50 Years," is rather misleading. It might appear to be a historical sketch of 50 years of cowboy progress or history, but that is not correct. It is a compilation of interesting tales (and, I'll admit, some hearsay) about a cowboy who "cowboyed" for 50 years, and who became, some 35 to 40 years ago, one of America's favorite artist-authors.

I don't desire to title this paper "So-and-so, Cowboy-Artist-Author," because I'm not giving you a biography. The man about whom I write wrote his life-story in one of the best sellers, "Lone Cowboy," published by Scribners in 1930.

According to this autobiography, he was born on a day in June of 1892 in a grove of quakers and elders on a little creek that ran into Judith Basin in Montana. His father and mother

had stopped there after a long day's journey with a four-horse wagon and ten saddle horses. During that stop, a child was born without medical, or any other aid than that of the young husband. The child's name was William Roderick James, who became better known as "Will James."

Will James always considered that from the time he drew his first breath on June 6, 1892, until his last breath Sept. 3, 1942, in the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital, he was a cowboy.

The child's father was a Texan, his mother a southern Californian. Both were Scotch-Irish. His mother had some Spanish blood in her veins. His father had headed north to start in the cow business in Canada. When the baby was a year old, his mother died. Three years later his father was killed while working cattle. He was adopted by a French-Canadian trapper and prospector named Jean Beaupré. His faster-father was a kind and wise man who had little book-learning but was a past master at anything done out-of-doors, and he taught his crafts to Will.

The boy's first reading matter was a bunch of old magazines and saddle-catalogs found in scattered cow-camps. In late summers, Bopy, as the son called Beaupré, took him far to the north on trapping expeditions, sometimes as far as the Peace River country. He later reported that he did a lot of studying by the fireplaces of dugouts. Sometimes he'd pick up a piece of charcoal from a branding-fire and try to draw.

Many years later, when he was started in "the art game," a bucking horse fell on him and laid him up. It was then he was given two art scholar-

ships, which he did not use for long. He could not copy, he said, even his own work, and he never drew or painted from life. He was hampered in his writing by an inability to remember long phrases, dates and names. He was never inside a schoolhouse except for a couple of times when he attended a shindig.

Bopy's French was mixed with Indian speech. During the ten years the boy was with Bopy, he copied Bopy's mixed French. Afterwards he learned to talk with Mexicans and Indians, and this affected his writing style. When Will was 14, Bopy was drowned. But the boy was able to make a living for himself, for he had done a lot of riding for various outfits, while Bopy spent summers prospecting, and now Will began a career of riding for many of the biggest cow and horse outfits, ranging from Canada to Mexico. This kept up for years, until the horse fell on him and turned his thoughts from riding to drawing and writing.

Entirely ignorant of the publishing business, he was lucky, after a few months of struggling, to sell to *Sunset Magazine* for \$25 a drawing. *Sunset* continued to buy his pictures, for enough for the artist to keep alive on. He went to New York, where he did some magazine illustrations and painted covers. He sold some "idea drawings" to the old "Life." In 1921 he came back west.

But in 1923 he was not making ends meet. "My saddle was in hock." A friend pestered him to try writing to accompany his drawings. He bet the friend five dollars that what he wrote would return faster than he could send it. James lost the bet. Scribners bought his first piece, "Bucking Horses and Bucking Horse Riders." The next four pieces he sent in were accepted, and he thought he was a writer—a winner. The sixth came back promptly.

Just before he died, in 1942, he said he'd been lucky. He had had 19 books published, two of which were made into movies. At that time he had on hand, unsold, only two short stories, and he was still writing.

James was married once, to a very fine girl, he said. But he was so free and so ignorant of conventions that he figured it was best for both of them that he should be a "Lone Cowboy" again. He still had his horses (in 1942), which were his "pet likes." His "pet dislikes" were crowds, but he liked to mix with a few good friends. At a rodeo, he'd hit for the chutes the first thing.

Will James was in appearance a typical cowboy, long and rangy, with a face like an eagle. He owned a 12,000-acre ranch near Billings. He illustrated all of his own books. "Smoky" won the Newberry Medal in 1934, and has twice been filmed—as has "Lone Cowboy."

The girl he married, in 1920, was Alice Conratt.

Doris Montague said of him: "He can't spell worth a cent, and he does not know much about grammar. But he has a lot he wants to say, and he gets it out in the easiest simplest way he can."

Because of my study of art, and my profession, I (Cormack) naturally became interested in western art and artists. I appreciate Charles M. Russell's drawings, paintings and sculpture. Frederic Remington, with his art training and other educational advantages, has some beautiful work. But I still admire Will James, the true self-trained cowboy artist of our great West.

I was privileged to work closely with Denver's internationally-famous muralist, Allen True, whose murals grace the Colorado National Bank, the Telephone Building, and the Brown Palace Hotel (all in Denver), in the summers of 1933, 1934, and

1935. During that time I was working toward my Bachelor of Fine Arts degree at the University of Denver. Allen was a fraternity brother of mine. We cooked up the idea of doing something for posterity. So, we painted some designs in our chapter-house meeting-hall. I visited often True's small adobe studio in southeast Denver, off of University Blvd., way out past Cherry Hills Country Club. (During this time, Allen was working on the sketches that later resulted in the murals that now add beauty to the rotunda, ground-floor level, of Colorado's state capitol. I helped Allen in some of his research, sketches and lettering layouts.)

We had many long discussions on western art, and especially about Will James. Allen used Will's sketches from his "scrap file" or "morgue" often, in order to get the action and "feel" of a horse's anatomy. He thought highly of James's ability, but felt (as many others did) that Will got lost when he tried oils and water colors.

I have read and re-read most of Will James's books because of their genuineness, their true flavor of western cowboy life. I am not alone in this admiration.

Ross Santee, the cowboy, author and artist, wrote for the New York Tribune of Oct. 11, 1931, in a review of James's "Big Enough" that if anyone but Will James had written the second half of the book, it would sound like a pulp-paper yarn, but that the first half was one of the finest things Will James had done, and one of the best pictures of the cow country and the open range the reviewer had ever read. The drawings were in pen and ink, the medium James used best. The pictures would give one the story without a reading of the text. Santee also thought James could and did draw the range horse better than anyone else. "When James

draws a puncher on a horse, it's always a real cowpuncher and not just someone sitting on a horse and letting his feet hang down."

In May of the same year, Santee had written, in a review of "Old Timers and Horses": "James can get sentimental about a horse and it never bothers me, but when he writes about a girl, I always skip the piece. . . . Any time he gets away from the things he has lived and seen, and drags a woman into his pieces, they are apt to get pretty thin. But when James writes about the open range, I can always smell the sage." Santee later was to write a warm preface to James's "Book of Cowboy Stories."

In Denver's Rocky Mountain News for Oct. 22, 1933, a reviewer who signed his copy "L.H.L.", expressed another view: "Unfortunately, we cannot work up much enthusiasm for Will James's story-telling ability. He must know any number of good yarns, he knows western life as no other writer does; but when it comes to letting the story take form, the background, the local color and descriptions get in the way of the characterization, and the people he writes about lose distinction. On the other hand, we have the most profound respect for Will James's drawing ability. His horses seem just about to prance off the page and kick dirt all over you."

The Army relieved Will from the necessity of making a living during the First World War. He served as a member of the Mounted Scouts at Camp Kearny in California.

George Andrew Corley, a former Denver Post staff artist, wrote for the Empire Magazine of the Post for Jan. 5, 1947:

"Will James was 28 years of age when I first met him, and he was yet to have his first drawing published. I don't think he had even remotely considered writing at that time." Corley was attending the California

School of Fine Arts (generally known then as the Old Hopkins Art School, because it was housed in what was left of the mansion of the gold-rush millionaire, Mark Hopkins. The Mark Hopkins Hotel stands on the site now.) Corley continues:

"It was in this setting that Will James was introduced to art, and it happened by accident. An instructor at the school was Harold von Schmidt now [in 1947] an illustrator of western stories for the Saturday Evening Post and other nationally-circulated magazines. He was, at the same time, head of the art department of a big outdoor advertising company, and did occasional illustrations for *Sunset Magazine*.

"Von had advertised for a cowboy-model to use in one of his illustrations. The young cowpoke who answered his ad was dressed in the customary blue jeans and blue denim jumper of his craft. A blue cotton shirt without tie, a Stetson and high-heeled boots completed his outfit. His lower face, neck and wrists were tanned the color of saddle-leather. As the cowboy walked across the studio to take a seat, Schmidt was reminded of a sailor just ashore after many weeks at sea. In a shy way he explained that he was in the city for only a few days, as he had just come in with a shipment of cattle. Von decided he would do, and work was started immediately on the illustration.

"As the painting took shape, Von noticed that his new-found model took an extraordinarily keen interest in it. In his somewhat bashful manner, James made inquiries that showed a keen sense of observation. The illustrator, by gradual questioning, learned that his model 'drew some' when he was out on roundups, at rodeos, or just plain loafing between outfits."

Corley continued: "Von Schmidt asked him to bring some of his draw-

ings to the art school that evening. James came up with an armful. It was on that evening that I met him. During one of the rest periods, von Schmidt and Maynard Dixon (who also taught at the school) took the drawings into a vacant exhibition room.

"As the drawings were propped against the walls, the sketches appeared pretty crudely drawn and upon almost as many types of paper as there were drawings. Anything that would leave a mark on paper had been used, including chunks of charred twigs from branding fires.

"But with all the crudities of medium and technique, there was one quality that stood out like an electric spark: James's knowledge of the animals of our West. He knew them inside and out, knew the very workings of their untamed brains, and he possessed the unique ability to draw them in situations vibrating with intense action, or tight with dramatic suspense.

"Von and Maynard Dixon picked out a dozen of the better drawings and constructively criticized them for their creator. They closed the first confab by asking James to re-draw the 12, and advised him as to what paper and crayons were best for him to use. He was to return a few nights later with the new drawings.

"Will James did return, and the drawings he brought retained all the veracity and movement of the originals, but now had a uniformity of quality. Again I was privileged to listen to the criticism and encouragement given the young artist by Dixon and von Schmidt."

Maynard Dixon, who recently died in Arizona at the age of 72, has for years been ranked as one of the greatest contemporary painters of the West. Dixon knew the West, and he was not blind to the talent revealed in the drawings of the bow-legged

young man. He offered to take the set of 12 to the art editor of *Sunset Magazine*. James, of course was willing. *Sunset* purchased the entire lot and used them as full-page features in its next 12 issues. To Corley's knowledge, these were the first drawings of Will James to be published.

James enrolled in the art school. Von Schmidt and Dixon hoped that he might learn to draw the human figure as well as he did those of animals. But, to the end, the humans in Will James's drawings were his greatest weakness. Corley's belief was that the art instruction hardly scratched James's sun-burned surface, for Will was anything but a good art student.

He continued to wear the same outfit he had worn the first night. He later confided that it was his only one. He sometimes left his Stetson on during the life class. He was shy, most of the time. It was suspected that a good part of his ruddy complexion was due to the proximity of a female model who posed nonchalantly "in the altogether." The story has been told of Will in life-class that after the instructor had noticed his lack of interest, he was asked why he was not sketching from the model. Will replied: "If I'm going to draw udders, I'd rather draw them on cows than on nice ladies." During the three months he attended the thrice-a-week life-classes, Corley could not remember that James completed a drawing from the model. Corley said it was customary for the model to pose 15 minutes and rest three or four. During rest periods (probably to cover embarrassment) Will would begin a drawing from memory of some animal (a coyote, bear, wolf or horse). He would become so engrossed with the child of his imagination that he'd forget the flesh-and-blood model and continue with his mental model, even when the girl was posing on the stand.

Corley cherished a drawing Will

had made especially for him. He said that James did not learn much about human anatomy from his short exposure at Old Hopkins. He claimed he could recognize in nearly every figure drawing by James a self-portrait.

During intermissions, other students would gather around Will to watch, fascinated, as he drew his animals. Now and then they would get him started on tales of his cowboy experiences. He talked, as he later wrote, ungrammatically but never will dullness. As he warmed up to a story, cuss words would slip out, and suddenly he would become conscious of the fact that he wasn't at a campfire with cowpokes for listeners, but that his audience included well-bred young girls. Then he would end his tale in the middle of a sentence and point his nose at his easel.

Often, after class, Corley and James would roam the darkened streets of San Francisco, stopping at beaneries if the weather was foggy or cold, for chili and coffee. Sometimes they'd just walk to James's room in a cheap, midtown hotel. During these walks and talks, Corley was conscious of the loneliness of the range-bred man in the city.

One night while they were eating chili, James satisfied Corley's curiosity about the "III" that went with his signature on drawings. The "III" was James's cattle brand. He filled a napkin with sketches of cattle brands, showing how they could be altered. He claimed that his brand could not be altered so that the original brand could not be detected.

Corley asked the cowboy what he thought of Remington and Russell. James regarded Remington as a faker. Yes, James said, Remington could paint, but he did not know his subject matter at first hand. To a real cowboy his many mistakes were inexplicable, mistakes such as having a cowboy rope a steer from the wrong

side. "If a feller had done that in real life, he'd a-cut hisself in two."

Russell, according to James, was an artist to delight a real waddie. And he could paint, to boot.

Corley wrote: "When James left us, he did so as I imagine he left so many of the outfits he worked for. He just got itching feet, so he just left one night without farewells or leaving a forwarding address. I never saw him again. My surprise was great when, about a year later, I noticed a story in staid old Scribners Magazine, written and illustrated by Will James. From then on, editors clamored for his stories and drawings, and Will was a success with all letters capitalized."

Before I read what Corley wrote, I had thought the three slash-marks were just random strokes to accent his signature.

From Gil Traveller's column, "Cowboy Chatter," in the Monte Vista Journal for Dec. 18, 1942, I gained the last bit of information as to how Will James finally made "the big time." Gil Traveller wrote:

"I met Will some 20 years ago in Cimarron, N. M. At that time I was working for the C. S. Land & Cattle Company, riding on the summer range in the high mountain country. I was riding a nice fat bay horse, and had left him standing outside while I went into the postoffice. When I came out, a slim-built cowboy was standing by my horse, patting his nose. I said, 'Good morning!' He said: 'Howdy, this is a sure enough good horse you're riding. Where did you get him?' At that time there had been considerable horse-stealing in Colorado, New Mexico, Utah and Arizona. I thought, 'Unh huh, a deputy sheriff,' for Will James could have passed for one. Thinking to draw him out a bit, I replied evasively, 'Oh, up in Colorado.' 'Well, he is the real article, and I sure like a good horse. James is my name,' and he extended his

hand. 'Traveller's mine,' I replied. 'Just call me Gil.'

"We chatted for a few moments. It was just about time to put on the nosebag, so I said: 'James, you better come up to the house and have a bite to eat.' 'That sounds good to me,' Will replied. While we were having our noonday meal, Will told me some things about himself, his varied experiences on horse and cattle outfits all over the western country. When he left, I said, 'Any time you are in town, ride up here, put your horse in the stable, feed him some oats, and stick your feet under our table.'

"From time to time, when Will was in Cimarron, he dropped in to see us. I loved to sit back and listen to him tell stories. One day he brought a few of his drawings. They were true sketches of the life he knew so well. He gave me the choice of these pictures, and it was 'The Wild Horse Race.'

"Several times, Will had gotten a start, then bad luck just seemed to have the upper hand. Will said, 'About all I got left is the chance to try again.' Will's break came in an unexpected manner. I was up at the Springer cow camp with some friends. Will's log cabin down at the cow camp was set apart from the rest. He'd been doing a lot of drawing on wrapping paper, or any kind of tissue that would answer the purpose. His walls were covered with sketches.

"In our party were the Hon. John J. Nairn, world traveller; Dean Twitchell, dean of men at Yale University; Major Ed Springer and myself. We walked down to Will James's cabin. I opened the door when he hollered 'Come in!' The dean was delighted with the display of art he saw on the walls. The dean asked, 'What do you intend to do? You have talent!' Will replied, 'I just don't know. I drifted into Santa Fe, but no one seemed much interested in my draw-

ings until I met Wallace Springer, the mayor's brother. He told me to come up here and go to work. So here I am.'

"That evening at supper table, the dean said, 'It would be an outrage to let a fellow like this James go on drifting. I wish we could figure out some way for me to take him back to New York City.' The Nairns and the Springers put up the necessary funds, and Will James went east.

"One would have thought his troubles were over. But, as he told me the last time we visited him in his apartment in New York: 'When I got down here, of course I wanted to make a go of it, since they were sending me to art school. But I never had anyone talk to me like these art instructors. One of these fellows tried to tell me how to draw a horse and I couldn't do anything but laugh. The teacher had never owned or ridden a horse. He had the technique, whatever that is, but that was all. Anyway, I blew up and walked out.

"Then I was in for a siege of hard going. I thought I'd get a job drawing for some magazine. I found out that the editors all seemed satisfied with their artists and just weren't interested. I wore the soles off my boots trying to locate a meal ticket. I was really afoot. One day a friend told me to go and talk to an agent who might be able to spot some work for me or sell some of my drawings. Well, I did, and he did, and together we got going, and I have been busy ever since. Of course I get out of here when I can and go to my ranch in Montana. I used to think drawing and writing was a good easy job. I have never worked so hard in my life as I have for the past few years.'

"Then Will chuckled as he said, 'Gil, it was a good thing for me that you fellows came on that fishing trip. Yes, siree, it was my lucky day!'"

Now you've read two "eye-witness" accounts of how Will broke into the

art and writing game. The accident that caused him to settle down made him a "hungry artist" and led him to marriage, success and fame.

Bruce Crippen, publications director of Kiwanis International, told me recently: "Will James never made a [preliminary] sketch in his life. He drew 'from the seat of his pants,' and used absolutely no photos. Will said, 'If I can't feel it, I can't draw it.'"

Crippen, an artist and art director of note, knew Will James the last few years of Will's life, while he still had his ranch near Prior, Mont., and corresponded with him during his rise to fame, and later. His handwriting was described as gorgeous, and his letters friendly. Crippen said James made more than \$18,000 just from the Book-of-the-Month-Club selection of "Lone Cowboy," in 1930. With the money that was piling in on him, he bought a 12,000-acre ranch outside of Billings, near the Crow Indian reservation.

In "Lone Cowboy," Will wrote about his wife, Alice Conratt, saying that she was the sister of one of the cowboys he was running around with when he got busted up. James said he did his courting on horseback, dressed in a plain white shirt and "Mexican serges," and that she never saw him in a regular suit of clothes until the day before their marriage. Crippen said Alice was a fine girl; that Will was always neat in appearance, but not flamboyant in dress—no drugstore cowboy clothes for him; that he was always in boots or bootshoes. (Not in bed, I hope.)

With fame and fortune came new friends, many good, but some others had a bad influence on him. One of the bad friends was Jim Hill (son of the builder of the Great Northern Railroad). Together they were raising Black Angus cattle on Will's spread, "but mostly they were drinking," Crippen said. Will's wife took good

care of him during his heavy drinking, and ruled that there was not to be any liquor on the ranch. But Will had his bootleggers (this was during prohibition) clued in on "drop spots." Will's serious drinking seemed not to affect the production of drawings and stories. He had one book published every year (in some years two books) from 1924 through 1940. The year 1941 might appear to have been non-productive, but in 1942, the year of his death, "The American Cowboy" came out.

Will's wife wanted Judge (Colonel) Goddard, who came to Montana in the seventies, to put Will on "the Injun List." "The Injun List," during and immediately following prohibition was a list of all "alcoholic Indians" or trouble makers. A white wife could have her husband put on the list if his drinking problem became too severe. I have been unable to find out whether or not Will was put on the list. But many people who knew him well have said that Will had Indian blood in him, from his mother's side.

Will refers to drink and drinking in many of his cowboy stories, and he certainly was a confessed two-fisted drinker, but he did not (in Bruce Crippen's opinion) become an alcoholic until he came into wealth.

The Rocky Mountain News (Denver) in 1937 carried this news story, headlined "Cowboy Artist Ordered to Hospital as Alcoholic":

"Billings, Mont., May 25 (AP). Will James, cowboy artist and author, was ordered confined in the Hospital for Inebriates at Warm Spring Tuesday by District Judge Guy C. Derry. A jury of physicians found that the 40-year old writer . . . is 'unsafe to be at large in the community due to his excessive drinking, which has affected his mind and health.' 'Premonitory symptoms were hallucinations, lack of judgment and equilibrium,' the order stated.' "

James's 12,000-acre ranch, his pride for years, had dwindled through sales and foreclosures to some 16 acres in 1942.

The Associated Press, on Sept. 3, 1942, carried this story, which one paper headlined: "James, Cowboy Painter, Dies:" "Hollywood. Will James, who, 50 [sic] years ago left the Montana rangelands of his birth and won fame as writer and painter [sic], died today at Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital. . . . He had been in ill health for months, but entered the hospital only a week ago. James came to Hollywood about a year ago on a film assignment. It lasted only briefly, however, and of late ill health had kept him inactive."

So, still a cowboy after so many years, Will did not finish his assignment as "cowboy technical advisor" to Hollywood. But, almost four years after his death, the Rocky Mountain News in the movie section of the issue for Sunday, June 9, 1946, had a big spread with much art and banner head ("Will James in Denver"). This story read, in part:

"Will James, cowboy author and artist, died nearly four years ago, but he will be bringing pleasure to moviegoers again next week with his immortal 'Smoky.' Denver has been selected for the June 18 world premiere of the classic picture. The Denver, Esquire and Webber Theatres, where the show will play, are planning the sort of world premiere this town seldom sees. There'll be stars in person, Klieg lights, network broadcasts and an abundance of western stunts. . . . Will James played his own part in the 1933 version of Smoky, but his role is being taken by Burl Ives in this year's technicolor production. Fred MacMurray's six feet three inches made him a natural for Clint, the lonely cowboy. Anne Baxter . . . became the strong-willed lady ranch-boss."



Tonight, at this November 1962 meeting of the Denver Westerners, I have as my guest Ed Blackmore, a "ranny" who rode the ranges of Wyoming, Idaho and Montana with Will James. "Blackie," as we call him, is one of the finest horsemen in the Rocky Mountains. He is still "working the leather," breaking horses and training them. Also, he has numerous groups of young people to whom he is teaching the fine points of good horsemanship.

Blackie told me: "This is how I happened to know W. R. (Bill) James. The summer of 1911, I planned to go to the Big Piney country of Wyoming. I heard they paid good wages for hay hands there. I wanted a little stake for the winter months ahead. I was at Orchard, Colo., at the time, about 40 miles east of Greeley, on the South Platte River. I had two good saddle horses and a good outfit, about everything a 'ranny hand' would use. I put my bed and grub on one horse and rode the other, and headed out for Big Piney.

"I was in no hurry, and in about two weeks I landed a job at a big hay-camp close to Big Piney. I stayed there about 15 days. The mosquitoes and deer flies were so bad that I decided I didn't like the country, so I decided to move on west to Vail, Oregon. My horses were in good shape, so I went across country to American Falls, Idaho. I crossed Snake River there and went on west to Rupert, Idaho. I stopped there to get some grub and smoking tobacco, and decided to stay all night. I put my horses in a livery stable and my bed in an empty stall.

"I then went up town and stopped at a pool hall. It was about 7 p.m. I got to talking to a man who looked like a stockman, I wanted to know how times were around there and how work was. I learned he was John Hagberry, who had a horse-camp south

of there. He said he could use another man, and offered me a job helping trap wild horses. I thought I would give it a try.

"The next morning we left town about 6:30. We headed south, crossed the Snake River and travelled until about noon. John had a four up on a good wagon and a pretty good load: grub, rope, wire and other supplies. We stopped at a creek and watered and fed the horses. He said it was about 45 or 50 miles from Rupert to camp. We pulled into camp about seven that evening.

"John's two brothers, Lew and Ronald, and a fella named Bill James were at camp. I was told who they were and I told them who I was. They had just finished building a new horse-trap, and were ready to start chasing horses. In a few days we got started. I liked the job, because you rode hard and fast, and it was very exciting. I had chased range horses, but never wild horses. It was altogether a different kind of chasing.

"There were five of us working together. After I had been there a couple of weeks and had been a good hand, willing to work hard, they got pretty friendly with me. I liked Bill because he seemed to do things the easy way. He was older than I was, so I would do as he told me to. Bill and I rode together quite a lot and got acquainted a little.

"Around camp, I noticed Bill drawing pictures of horses, women, cowmen and animals. I picked up some of the drawings I liked and saved them. When we moved camp, I gathered up some more of them. Some were very good, and some I thought were poor. I kept the sketches in my bed, next to the tarpaulin. I mailed a few drawings to my mother to keep for me.

"Along about the first of October, we quit chasing horses and started to gather in the ones we had already caught. About the middle of Novem-

ber, Bill went to Montana for Thanksgiving and Christmas. I left my horses at the camp and went to Cheyenne on the train. My mother was there. We were to come back by the first of February, 1912. It was a hard winter, lots of snow and cold as the North Pole.

"When I got back to camp about February first, the Hagberry boys had moved the horses close to Snake River and were feeding them hay. Bill James came back about the first of March, 1912. Along in April, they shipped 400 head of horses to Miles City, Montana. Then we went back to chasing horses again. Near the middle of August, they quit chasing. Bill and I got our horses together and decided to trail them to Miles City and sell them. There was a good horse-market there then.

"Bill had five head of broke horses and I traded my two broke horses for ten head of unbroke horses to a cow outfit. I had another five head from the Hagberry boys—altogether 15 head. Bill and I gathered another eighteen head, so we had 33 horses to trail for about 500 miles. That is when I really got acquainted with Bill James.

"We were about a month going to Montana, back past the Big Piney country, north of Three Forks, over to the head of Powder River, and north and east to Miles City, trailing right down Powder River. We sold our horses, and had a good time for about a week. I sacked my saddle, rolled up my bed and caught a train for Cheyenne. Bill went on to Billings.

"I got a letter from Bill the next Spring, but I did not see him again for several years—in 1914, when the World War started in Europe and

horses got to be an extra good price. I had been breaking horses for the Warren Livestock Company. Then I went to Cheyenne and rode inspection all summer in 1914. That winter I rode inspection in Denver, and also in 1915.

"I heard that Bill made good with some of his drawings, but I did not get to see him again until 1920. We had a good visit then. I was married and had started a little ranch on Powder River. Several years later I visited Bill when he was at Prior, Montana. He had started a little ranch there. Bill and I visited quite a few times after that before he passed on."

The drawings and sketches I have here tonight, Ed Blackmore has carried in his bedroll and his hell-bag on his travels for about 50 years. These drawings were done on catalog sheets, cigarette papers, postcards, cheap drawing paper, etc.

Will James once said, "It must be great to be a cowboy." That's what a feller says to me one time. There'd a-been only one way of answering: a chance for him to try being a cowboy for a year or so."

Was James happy, cowboying? Maybe the pen-and-ink sketch of Will, done by our late friend and fellow-Westerner in 1930, and used on the dust-jackets of many of the later reprints of James's books, will help you decide. The drawing mentioned may be seen on the front cover of this issue of Roundup. The drawing is by Herndon Davis.



We Make Lots of Them. We Make Them Good. We Sell Them Reasonable.



No. 53 Price, \$40.00.

Tree Regular Cordon, with Medium Horn. Horn—Steel Rawhide Edge and Wrapped, or Leather Covered as shown. Seat Full. Jockeys. Seat and Girth one solid piece of Leather. Stirrup Leathers 3-inch. Half Double. Latigos 2-inch. Cincha Diamond. Any style Stirrup.

A Well-Made, Strong, Serviceable Saddle.

11

Will James used for his drawings whatever paper he had. For the above drawings, he used the white space in a saddle-catalog. (From the collection of Ed Blackmore.)



## Westerner's Bookshelf



**THE MOFFAT ROAD**, by Edward T. Bollinger and Frederick Bauer. Denver: Sage Books, Alan Swallow (1962). Limited Edition \$20.00; Regular Edition \$15.00. 359 pages, 430 illustrations, charts, maps and drawings.

The authors have done well in their chronicle of the building and operation of the railroad called The Denver, Northwestern and Pacific Railway, later The Denver and Salt Lake Railroad Co. and popularly known as "The Moffat." This line is now a part of The Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad. At the advanced age of 63, D. H. Moffat announced in 1902 his plan to build a new railroad west from Denver. Reportedly Colorado's richest citizen and with forty years of Colorado railroad experience, Mr. Moffat was well aware of the problems both financial and topographic, which faced such a venture. The Moffat road was an unlucky railroad from the start. David Moffat found it extremely hard to finance, expensive to build and almost impossible to operate.

A lesser man would not have staked his health and his entire fortune on his faith in the railroad, nor could he have inspired such devotion in his employees. The authors have brought out well the constant financial struggle, the maneuvering for right of way, and the almost weekly series of disasters which plagued the construction and subsequent operations.

After the completion of the road to Craig in 1913, westward construction was halted and never resumed. The enormous expense of operation over 11,660-foot Rollins Pass proved the need for a tunnel avoiding the

snowbound crest. Even the building of the 6.2 mile Moffat Tunnel proved to be much more expensive and difficult than anticipated.

The format of the book is in the current fashion of lavish illustration, large-page size and abundant detail. There is an index and a voluminous appendix with profiles, maps, charts, reproductions of timetables, passes, car and locomotive plans, a locomotive roster, bibliography and other matter to delight the railfan. Despite startling changes of tense, and frequent non sequiturs, the authors' attachment to the railroad and its people carries the narrative along. The facts, the personalities and the legends of "The Moffat" are all here. And Alan Swallow has produced an exceedingly handsome railroad book.

CHARLES S. RYLAND, PM

**CURTIS' WESTERN INDIANS**, by Ralph W. Andrews. Superior Publishing Company (Seattle, 1962). \$12.95.

It is a rare thing that one man should dedicate most of his adult life to a single historical project. There are two such projects, quite monumental in scope, that occur to me. One is Francis Parkman, with his epic *France and England in North America*. The other is Curtis' *North American Indians*. This was a lavish 20 volume work of photography and ethnology, the first two volumes of which appeared in 1907. The complete set cost each subscriber \$3,000; it may be found today only in a few major libraries. Ralph Andrews tells us about this colossal project, and the man who achieved it, in this splendid "picture book western." Over 100 of Curtis' mystic scenes

and "bronze enigma" portraits are reproduced.

Edward Curtis was a born poet-scientist whose primary medium was photography, although he also performed prodigious labor in gaining the confidence of the Indians and obtaining data on customs, language, dress, music and religion. As a young photographer in Seattle around the turn of the century, he was among the few to realize that the Indian, now subdued militarily, would soon disappear as a cultural entity. He resolved to devote his life to recording his subject for posterity, "before the last crest of eagle feathers disappeared into the dark arroyo."

He would cover all Indians of the U. S., British Columbia and Alaska "who still retained to a considerable degree their primitive customs and beliefs." He calculated that this enterprise would take 15 years and some 10,000 photographs. It actually took 30 years and over 40,000 exposures. This is perhaps our greatest single treasure trove of Indian lore outside of the Bureau of American Ethnology.

Quite obviously, this undertaking was beyond the means of a penniless young man. Curtis succeeded because his intensity and sincerity convinced men in high places—including President Theodore Roosevelt and J. Pierpont Morgan—that his plan must go forward.

A large element of just plain luck was undeniably a factor. How else can one explain the strange circumstances that led to Curtis' friendship with George Bird Grinnell, famous editor of *Forest and Stream*, and Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the U. S. Biological Survey? One day while climbing the crevasses of Mount Rainier he stumbled upon a lost and despairing half-starved climbing party, which included these two notables. Their gratitude toward their

rescuer ripened into lifelong friendship. Grinnell's beloved Blackfeet were the first tribe tackled by Curtis.

Apache to Klickitat to Yurok—some 80 "vanishing" tribes altogether—all are held in the magic spell of a camera operated by a master craftsman.

MERRILL J. MATTES, CM

**COLTER'S HELL AND JACKSON'S HOLE**, by Merrill J. Mattes. Yellowstone Library and Museum Association with the Grand Teton Natural History Association, in cooperation with the National Park Service, Department of Interior. 1962. 87 pp. (incl. bibliography), map, illustrated. Not priced.

This booklet is like a *filet mignon*—all meat and no waste. I doubt if even a Reader's Digest editor could condense it any more without losing something essential. Perhaps for that reason it impressed me as a bit on the order of a machine gun firing facts at the reader.

The multitude of personalities mentioned, and the many expeditions covered, bear out the author's thesis that "Jackson's Big Hole" was the crossroads of the fur trappers' domain.

The first quarter of the book reviews the setting and the terrain, the skeptically-received early stories of the area and its natural phenomena. A sketch of Colter's life effectively disposes of the almost universally held belief that Colter's Hell and the valley of the Yellowstone are the same.

Chapter V covers "The Golden Age of Discovery" 1810-1824, the heyday of the independent trappers. Chapter VI deals with the years 1825-1832, the height of Ashley's Rocky Mountain Fur Company. In Chapter VII, Mr. Mattes tells of the American Fur Company, 1833-1840. The last two

chapters take up half of the book and cover the "boom days" of trapping. In the Epilogue we learn that the Yellowstone Country was almost unvisited from 1841 to 1870, and some early maps are compared. The story ends with such men as Frederick V. Hayden and William H. Jackson "standing in the wings" as "the brief era of definitive discovery" was dawning.

A very fine abstract and collation of everything, so far as I could see (not being an expert), ever written on the area and the period. To be expected from the historian of the National Park Service.

RAY COLWELL, PM

**ON THE GLEAMING WAY**, by John Collier, former U. S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Denver: Sage Books (1962). 163 pages. \$3.50.

For eleven years Executive Secretary of the American Indian Defense Association, a founder of the Inter-American Indian Institute, Commissioner of Indian Affairs from 1933 to 1945, John Collier is the author of many splendid works on the American Indian. Probably there is now no other person so well-qualified to write about the Red Man.

In his foreword, Collier points out that this book is an expanded version of an earlier work produced in a limited deluxe, and therefore all but inaccessible edition. The original volume was entitled "Patterns and Ceremonials of the Indians of the Southwest."

"On The Gleaming Way" spotlights the Navajos, Eastern Pueblos, Zunis, Hopis, Apaches and their land and their significance in the world. The writer finds them magnificent.

A good description of the land in which these Pueblo and associated native groups dwell sets the stage for the narrative. Collier enters into an exhaustive search of the inner-

most thoughts of these dwellers of the mystic deserts, mesas, canyons and green valleys of the Southwest.

It is to be doubted that a more soul-searching study of any of the groups of American Indians has ever been produced by any writer. The book discusses the native economy of the area, the languages and dialects spoken, the archeological background, the conflicts between the natives and the exploring white invaders who subsequently sought to impose their religio-social complex upon the aborigines.

Collier explains the clans and secret societies. He describes the dances, festivals, ceremonials and rituals. Of the noted sacred dramas, he enables the reader to visualize the masterpieces of color, form, sound, mass rythm that these ancient productions really are.

PAUL D. HARRISON, PM

#### **PRESERVATION OF HISTORICAL AND ARCHEOLOGICAL SITES** By Raymond G. Colwell

Some questions were asked at the November meeting about the details of a developing coöperation between the State Historical Society and the United States Forest Service, looking toward the protection of ghost towns and historical and archeological sites on National Forest land. A more detailed explanation seems to be in order.

For some time some of us, PM Francis Rizzari in particular, have been concerned about reported destruction of old buildings whose historical value was not known to the Forest Service.

I was approached by my friend Keith Knutson of the Forest Service, who is working on an inventory of historical sites, buildings and so on. He wanted information primarily

(Continued on page 21.)

# NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

By THE EDITOR

**The Greenbriar Military School**, a boys' prep school at Lewisburg, W. Va., has become an institutional member of the Denver Westerners through the kindness of CM W. A. Worthington, Jr., of Pleasant Hill, Calif.

**Margaret Kunz (Mrs. Hans)**, 2831 W. 23rd Ave., Denver 11, has become a CM through her friendship with PM and Mrs. Guy M. Herstrom. She writes: "As a former citizen of Switzerland, America is a new world for me. I want to learn everything I can about the West."

**Mr. John L. J. Hart**, 500 Equitable Bldg., Denver, Colo., is a lawyer who is especially interested in explorations of western mountains and rivers. He was editor of *Trail and Timberline Magazine* about 1934. He is a member of the American Alpine Club, and an honorary member of the Colorado Mountain Club. He has written and had published "Fourteen Thousand Feet: A History of the Naming and Early Ascents of the High Colorado Peaks" (first edition 1925; second edition 1931). By invitation of PM Al Bromfield, he has become a Denver CM.

**L. Clark Hepp, M.D.**, 223 Republic Bldg., Denver 2, Colo., is an obstetrician and gynecologist. He is interested in western history, especially that of Colorado. He is a member of the Denver and Colorado Medical Societies, Colorado Coin Club, and National Numismatic Society. Hobbies: Coins, stamps, woodworking, photography. Through PM Philip W. Whiteley he learned about the Westerners, and now has become a Denver CM.

**Herbert G. Sinton**, 3645 Sinton Road, Colorado Springs, is president of the Sinton Dairy, Sinton Farm Company, and the Holland Dairy Farm Company. He served many years on the Colorado Springs City Council, District 11 School Board, and on the board of the Community Chest of the Pikes Peak Region. Mr. Sinton is the only surviving member of the "Committee of Fifteen," who worked for years for municipal ownership of public utilities in Colorado Springs, and who succeeded (in 1923) in acquiring the privately-owned gas and electric plants. This was the beginning of Colorado Springs Utilities Department, which now operates the magnificent city-owned gas, water and electric plants, a profitable multi-million dollar business. Mr. Sinton has become a Denver CM by invitation of his friend, PM John J. Lipsey.

**Mr. H. G. "Monk" Tyson**, 2570 Hoyt St., Denver 15, is a reporter, photographer and columnist on the *Denver Post*. He is interested in ghost towns, early-day railroading, mining, and (in general) in Rocky Mountain history. He has written for and had published in nationally-circulated periodicals many articles. Beginning in 1943, he worked as reporter, photographer, and feature-writer on newspapers in Kansas, Iowa and Colorado. For six years he owned and published a weekly newspaper. Hobbies: historical research, photography and fishing. He became acquainted with the Denver Westerners through friends who were members and from reading *Roundup*. He now is a CM.

**Mr. Frederick C. Ault**, 1232 Duenke Drive, St. Louis 37, Mo., is librarian of the Municipal Reference Library of St. Louis. His especial interests are in St. Louis and its historical connection with the West, and in the history of San Francisco and California. He became a CM through reading about the Denver posse, through membership in the St. Louis Westerners, and particularly through PM Armand W. Reeder. (Reeder was formerly president of the St. Louis outfit, and Ault was formerly secretary and is now treasurer of that group.) Ault is author of "A History of Municipal Government in St. Louis, 1808-1901."

**Kathleen Bruyn (Mrs. Marcel)**, 380 S. Pearl St., Denver 9, Colo., is a writer who is currently preparing a book dealing in part with Colorado history. She has had published a book, "Uranium Country"; a monograph on Matthias Klaiber, pioneer physician and minister; an article, "Uranium Boom." Mrs. Bruyn was for about 10 years a reporter and columnist on the *Niagara Falls (N. Y.) Gazette*; she has edited a Colorado weekly. She learned about the Westerners through printed references to their publications, and from reports on the Second Conference on Western History. She is now a Denver CM.

**Ruth Marie Colville (Mrs. Alex)**, Del Norte, Colo., is a housewife, teacher and writer whose interests center on the San Luis Valley of Colorado. She is also interested in collecting the folk songs and history of the Rio Grande Valley and the San Juan country. She has published "Canciones del Pasado" and many articles of local history. She lectures on the San Luis Valley, does photography for the regional Chamber of Commerce, dude ranches, motels and churches. She is author of "Ten Thousand plus Four Thousand High," "The Ride of Mark Bidell," and "Cancion del Viaje," all musical compositions. She has become a Denver CM through the influence of CM Elizabeth (Mrs. Richard) Conour, of Del Norte.

**Lucille E. Dern (Mrs. George)**, Guffey, Colo., is the wife of a former Colorado Springs city councilman, and is interested especially in the history of the Pikes Peak Region, especially of Cripple Creek. She has become a Denver CM by invitation of PM Kenneth Englert.

**Isabell Sullivan (Mrs. Vincent P.)**, 915 So. Division Ave., Sterling, Colorado, is manager of the Book Corner of the Journal Office and Supply Company in Sterling. She is especially interested in the preservation of historical facts and artifacts of Colorado and its surrounding states. She is a native daughter of Colorado, and was formerly connected with the Climax Molybdenum Company at Leadville. By invitation from PM Don L. Griswold she has become a Denver CM.

## SOME NEW HANDS WITH NO BRANDS

The following new corresponding members are welcomed to the Denver Westerners. Unhappily, their application blanks were not completed. So it is not possible to give the usual data about their activities and interests.

Dianne Rutherford, c/o Gift Shop, Hotel La Posada, Santa Fe, N. M.

Mrs. Dorothy K. Shaw, Box 510, Aspen, Colo.  
Marvin O. Clausen, 2941 Roscomare Rd., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Frank Eaton True, 550 S. Steele St., Littleton, Colo.

John H. McMasters, 2417 11th St., W., Billings, Mont.

Mrs. W. E. Snelson, 2406 Shell, Midland, Texas.  
Bert Fireman, 3800 N. Central, Phoenix 12, Ariz.

Preston Walker, 634 Main St., Grand Junction, Colo.

Arthur J. Merrill, Box 775, Taos, N. M.

Frank Montaur, Deer Trail, Colo.

Robert K. De Arment, 2565 Ivy Place, Toledo 13, Ohio.

Gordon Ballard, Deer Trail, Colo.

Judge Percy W. Metz, Basin, Wyo.

Thomas Kerwin, 1306 Denver Club Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

cowboy in his late teens or early twenties. Discussion on the paper was carried on from about 9 to 9:30 p.m. Accompanying Cormack was Ed (Blackie) Blackmore of Lakewood who had been an associate of Will James in his youth. Both Blackie's and Cormack's remarks were of interest to the Posse.

GEO. R. EICHLER  
Roundup Foreman

### DENVER WESTERNERS' MEETING November 28, 1962

The November meeting of the Denver Posse was held at the Denver Press Club at 6:30 p.m. with Sheriff Erl H. Ellis presiding. In attendance: 68, composed of 36 Posse and Reserve, 28 CM, and four guests.

Self-introductions were made, as usual. Don Bloch led a discussion concerning the statue atop the Mining Exchange Bldg.

Don Griswold, editor of the 1961 Brand Book, announced the book was sold out (the second year in succession), and that the original illustrations used in the book will be sold, but details were being worked out. He also repeated offers to sell the special dust jackets for the Brand Book at 50¢, and that copies of the Index to Westerners' Brand Books were still available at \$2.00.

Ray Colwell discussed, briefly, problems of securing and maintaining historic sites in Colorado. Maurice Frink announced his retirement as executive director of the State Historical Society of Colorado as of December 31.

Deputy Sheriff Bob Perkin introduced the speaker, PM Bob Cormack at 7:50 p.m. Cormack talked on "Fifty Years of Cowboying," the subject being writer-artist-cowboy Will James. He displayed, and passed around, many James pictures, including several original sketches made by the

### DENVER WESTERNERS' MEETING December 15, 1962

The annual Christmas meeting-ladies' night-election of the Denver Posse was held at the Heart o' Denver Motor Hotel, E. Colfax Ave. and Downing St., with 146 members and guests for dinner. This was the second largest turnout in recent years (166 attended in 1956, 140 attended in 1961).

Sheriff Erl Ellis presided with his usual charm and wit. Folksinger Ellis Skinner of Boulder sang a variety of songs and led the audience in a few group numbers.

PM Numa James introduced the speaker, Mrs. Frank (Betty) Wallace of Gunnison, Colo. Mrs. Wallace spoke for about 40 minutes on incidents of newspaper men and newspapers in the early days of the Gunnison Country. The paper was well received.

In a brief recess for a Posse meeting, those present heard a report by the Nominating Committee, chaired by Francis Rizzari, with members Dabney O. Collins and Philip W. Whiteley. The secretary was instructed to cast a unanimous vote for the following slate submitted: Sheriff, Robert L. Perkin; Deputy Sheriff, Herb White; Roundup Foreman, Geo. R. Eichler; Tally Man, Bill Brenne-man; Chuck Wrangler, Kenny Englert; Registrar of Marks & Brands, Bob Cormack. (The 1962 Registrar—John J. Lipsey—automatically becomes editor of the 1962 Brand Book, as outlined in the by-laws.)



Highlights of the meeting included special door prizes provided by PMS Kenny Englert, J. J. Lipsey, Fred A. Rosenstock, and Alan Swallow (listed alphabetically). The Posse provided all present with envelopes of some of the papers contained in the 1961 Brand Book.

Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson, whose late husband was one of the founders of The Westerners, again did the honors in pinning the gold star badge of the sheriff's office, on the lapel of the incoming sheriff.

Preceding the meeting and dinner an informal social hour was held with holiday beverages of assorted kinds. Lack of adequate "elbow room" for this part of the socializing was the only criticism heard of the 1962 annual meeting site.

The meeting was adjourned by Sheriff Perkin at about 10:15 p.m.

GEO. R. EICHLER  
Roundup Foreman

### DINNER RESERVATIONS

Reservations for the Denver Posse's monthly dinner meetings at the Denver Press Club will be taken only by the Chuck Wrangler, Kenneth Englert, 604 Prospect Lake Drive, Colorado Springs, Colo.

All male corresponding members (as well as Possemen) are requested to mail requests for reservations to the Chuck Wrangler so they reach him at least one day in advance of the scheduled meeting.

Reservation cards should not be sent to the Denver Posse's headquarters as this will result in delay for forwarding. Members are requested not to phone reservations.

This small change in procedure has been necessitated by the growing number of last-minute cards, letters, and calls to the headquarters office in recent months which made it impossible to carry on efficiently both busi-

ness and Westerners' affairs.

Male corresponding members living within reasonable driving distance of Denver are sent a reminder card about every third meeting. All corresponding members are notified of the August Rendezvous and December Christmas meeting. Posse and reserve members are notified every meeting.

Out-state and out-of-state male corresponding members only are invited to attend meetings sans reservation should they be in Denver when a meeting is scheduled. (Notices of meetings are always found on page 2 of Roundup.)

### HISTORICAL SITES

(Continued from page 18)

about the Pike National Forest. But, after some discussion, it became evident that this was something of much more than local importance. I suggested we set up a meeting in Denver between the Forest Service and the State Historical Society at which the whole problem could be reviewed. This meeting was held on November 21 at the State Museum Building and a procedure was worked out whereby the Society will expand its presently-existing catalog of such places by calling on the Regional Vice-presidents of the Society for help. They will be asked, I am informed, to furnish specific information on both historic and archeological sites in their respective districts.

As this information is received in the Society's office any such sites, on National Forest lands only, will be referred to the Forest Service which will request a field examination by three persons, one of whom will represent the Historical Society. These examinations will result in a point-rating on an established scale of values. If this rating meets the minimum requirements of the Forest Service as to in-

terest, importance, authenticity and so on, the Forest Service will invoke its Regulation A-3, under which each site can be classified as a historical or archeological site, and preserved and maintained as such. The Society hopes to extend the same procedure to other Federal departments such as the Park Service, Reclamation Bureau, Bureau of Land Management, and also the State of Colorado.

The project also envisions a program of sign-placing by the Forest Service or other agencies at sites where perhaps nothing in the way of structures is left.

From the standpoint of the Forest Service, this is all a part of the recreational program for National Forests. They feel that such places are an important part of the recreational resource and will show them on maps

and literature distributed to forest visitors.

From the Society's standpoint, I am told, it is hoped that the program will result in a considerable expansion of their present inventory of such places. By putting the gathering of the information on a systematic and uniform basis, it should eventually result in a master-file of great value to future researchers, especially since so many of the places are disappearing from the scene.

Finally, it should be made plain that the Society has always gathered and maintained this information. That part of the project is not new, it is simply an expansion of present practice. What is new is the close cooperation which seems to be developing between the Society and the Forest Service. I am very excited about this new phase.

## LIGHT-HEARTED PRINCETONIANS "SURVEY" COLORADO IN 1877

By JOHN J. LIPSEY

One of the most light-hearted surveying parties that ever came to Colorado was that of Princeton College's Scientific Expedition of 1877. When their task was done, two young members of the party, William Libbey, Jr., and W. W. McDonald, wrote what they called "A Topographic, Hypsometric, and Meteorological Report," whose text belies the solemnity of the title.

The expedition was commanded by two Princeton professors. One of them, Joseph Karge, had been a Civil War general and was now not only a scientist but a man of humor. The other professor, fortunately, was a physician, Dr. C. F. Brackett. The personnel included 18 Princeton students, graduate and undergraduate.

This trip was made at a time of

transition in Colorado. Gold-mining was still big business in Park and Summit Counties. The road across South Park was still kept dusty by the wheels and hoofs that bore travellers to the gold and silver mines of "the fabulous San Juans." Around Leadville, gold-mining was playing out. Heavy black sands were preventing the separation of gold from dross. But shortly the pestiferous black sands would be identified as silver-lead carbonate, and that discovery would make Leadville the silver-boomtown of the world.

The expedition discovered nothing new, but it was a grand summer vacation for all concerned, especially for its younger members. In Colorado, about all they did was to ride around

on horseback, measure altitudes in a number of places where elevations were already established with fair accuracy (hypsometry is the measurement of heights, as from sea-level), climb to the tops of 14,000-foot peaks, and take some fine photographs. With astonishing speed and ease, these young tenderfeet climbed Pikes Peak and Mounts Bross, Lincoln, Quandary, Silverheels, Princeton, Gray and Evans. They spent only four weeks in Colorado (June 25 to July 21) and then proceeded to Fort Bridger, Wyoming, for another month of scientific surveying of areas in that well-trodden vicinity.

It is remarkable and fortunate that during such a brief time they found time to visit so many settlements, and to leave for us, their successors, glimpses of life and people in them. Among the places they visited in Colorado were Denver, Van Wormer's ranche, Castle Rock, Leverson's ranche, Edgerton, Monument Park, Colorado Springs, Glen Eyrie, Garden of the Gods, Manitou Springs, Silver Springs ranche, Florissant, Wilkinson's (Wilkerson's) ranche, Hartsel's ranche, Clark's, Fairplay, Alma, the Salt Works, Trout Creek Valley, Helena (down the Arkansas from Buena Vista), Riverside, Granite, Twin Lakes, Weston Pass, "Fremont's Trail" to the Blue River and Breckenridge, Montezuma, Argentine Pass, Georgetown, Idaho Springs, Mount Vernon and Morrison.

Messrs. Libbey and McDonald did not let their scientific work interfere with observing and recording amusing incidents, describing the interesting (sometimes eccentric) characters they met, and telling about the wild life in the lusty settlements they visited, particularly in Alma and Breckenridge.

They arrived at Denver on June 25, 1877, and got saddle-horses, draft-animals and wagons. The horses had recently been captured (liberated we

say now) from the Sioux and were uncooperative. It took them four-and-a-half days to ride to Manitou Springs. They established a base at the Beebe House in Manitou Springs for the purpose of measuring the height of Pikes Peak.

This business of measuring Pikes Peak has been done many times, before and since then. Seldom do these readings agree any better than those made of the bacteria count of Prospect Lake water in 1962. I suppose the mountain-measurers' disagreement may be because of varying atmospheric pressure, or failure to agree on what sea-level is, or simply because someone has pushed some rocks around on top of the Peak. They found the Peak's altitude to be 14,147.28. Hayden's instruments had told him a few years earlier that it was 14,146.56 feet. These days (I read in the papers) it is 14,109 or 14,111, depending on who is writing. Pikes Peak's altitude is one thing that has not gone up since 1877.

In a few days the party rode on up Ute Pass, past Florissant and over Wilkerson Pass into South Park. At Wilkerson's ranche (they spelled it Wilkinson's) they were refused water for their horses. The lady of the ranche told them she had "no water for stoppers." Refusing water to travellers used to be considered in the West as something like crime. But if it is understood that each day several hundred animals used this road and that none of them had had a drink since they left the Platte, ten miles below Wilkerson Pass, you can sympathize with a rancher who had only limited supplies for his own stock. The thirsty beasts had to stumble all the way to Hartsel's ranche, a few miles southeast of present-day Hartsel, before they could drink. But they could not stay there. The summer roundup was in progress; cowhands and cattle occupied the area. At Clark's (now Hartsel) the

men found shelter and took baths in the hot sulphur springs.

Next day at eleven they got to Fairplay, where they saw hundreds of miners (many of them Chinese) placering for gold. In and near Fairplay, pans, hoses bigger than fire-hoses, sluice-boxes and dredges ("gold boats") have been used. For a thousand years (if our earth lasts so long) there will be seen around Fairplay the desolation wrought by hydraulicking and dredging. Thence they marched to Alma where they spent Sunday in idleness and the miners passed it "in the wildest sort of vice." That evening two men were shot in front of their hotel, "in a little row."

Having climbed and measured several peaks in the Park Range, they returned to Fairplay, visited the Salt Works, one of Colorado's earliest factories. (You can still see the long-abandoned works from a point near Antero Junction.)

They crossed to the Arkansas by Trout Creek Pass and climbed Mt. Princeton. The party took 101 trout (one weighing nine pounds) from streams near their camp that evening. The grasshoppers used for bait were harder to catch than the fish were. Up the Arkansas and past Granite ("a lifeless town") and to Twin Lakes they went. At the Lakes they found "a primitive hotel with cotton cloth partitions and a roof made of the tins of tomato cans."

They went back to South Park by Weston Pass, and on July 21: "We travelled over the now familiar road between Fairplay and Alma, and just before we came to Hoosier Pass we were overtaken by a worn-out and dilapidated-looking individual who entertained us by his interesting reminiscences of frontier life. He led us over Fremont's trail of 1853, instead of the regular pass road, and made the trip to Breckenridge very pleasant by his company. Here we discov-

ered that our fellow-traveller was the celebrated 'Dick Allen' of the Fairplay *Sentinel*. . . . The first thing we saw (at Breckenridge) was the grim face of Gen. Logan on the piazza, where he was surrounded by a crowd of admirers. Judge Silverthorn, who was the owner of this hotel, said the house was full, but if we could sleep in the 'corral' we might stay. . . . It was the upper story of the establishment, under the roof. While we were ridding ourselves of our numerous packages, the Judge disappeared. We found on going down that a drunken fellow had been behaving unseemly in the street, and that our little, shrivelled-up judicial authority had made out a warrant, served it himself, and seizing the prisoner by the back of the neck, had kicked him up the side of a hill to the calaboose, although the Judge had complained of being very ill a few minutes before.

"This little affair gave rise to a trial, which of course we attended. [Another judge, Rieland, presided.] Judge Rieland read from a large and formidable-looking document, 'Gibbs, you are charged with disturbing the peace.' (Aside) 'I'm in a hurry, so plead guilty. If you take one of them lawyer fellows, I'll stick you.' Gibbs asked how much the fine was, and the Judge announced very formally that he should be fined \$1.50 and costs. Whereupon Gibbs asked in tones that made several 'visitors' look around to see where the door was, 'Where's my revolver?' He only wanted to pawn it, however. After this the court adjourned for drinks all around.

"In the afternoon we went to see a wash-up in one of the neighboring gulch mines. Dick Allen went with us and explained the *modus operandi*. They took out \$2800 for 160 days' work. When we returned home we found that there were six of us compelled to sleep in the seven-by-nine corral—the Judge, Dick Allen, we three, and a native Hoosier."