

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



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Pulled No Punches"  
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West"  
—Bob Cormack  
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Blizzard"  
—Otto Kuhler

•  
Mrs. Eimo Scott Watson, whose late husband was one of the founders of The Westerners, pins the gold star badge of the sheriff's office, on the lapel of Robert L. Perkin. Sheriff Perkin was unanimously elected to this top office of the Denver Posse at the December Westerners' meeting. (Below)  
Photo by courtesy of Fred and Jo Mazzulla.



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VOLUME XIX  
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JANUARY  
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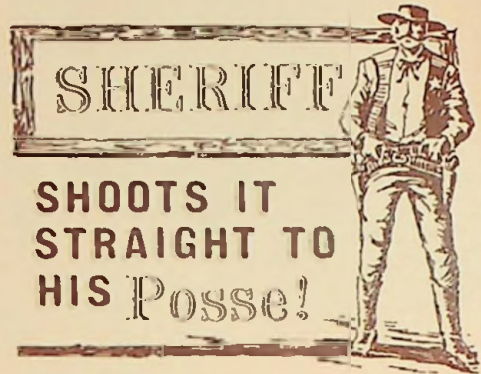
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**Reservations for all meetings and dinners**—Kenneth E. Englert, 604 Prospect Lake Drive, Colorado Springs. MElrose 3-9293

**1963 OFFICERS**

**Sheriff**, Robert L. Perkin  
**Deputy Sheriff**, Herbert P. White  
**Roundup Foreman**, George R. Eichler  
**Tally Man**, William G. Brenneman  
**Chuck Wrangler**, Kenneth E. Englert  
**Registrar of Marks and Brands**, Robert B. Cormack (Editor of Monthly ROUNDUP)  
**Publications Chairman**, John J. Lipsey (Editor of 1962 BRAND BOOK)  
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**Membership Chairman**, Erl H. Ellis  
**Awards Chairman**, Harold H. Dunham  
**Program Chairman**, Forbes Parkhill  
**Book Review Chairman**, Numa L. James



SHOOTS IT  
STRAIGHT TO  
HIS Posse!

With the generous cooperation of ROUNDUP Editor Bob Cormack, and as his space permits, I should like during the coming year to present to you from time to time certain reports and comments for (I trust) the Good of the Order.

At this juncture a year ago, Sheriff Erl Ellis addressed to all of us a half-dozen well-chosen and pithy paragraphs underscoring the need of the Denver Posse for more Corresponding Members in order to maintain the quality of this publication. The results were most gratifying. As he comes to the end of his trusteeship as our Sheriff, Erl leaves us (and me) in an enviable position. During his tenure, our CM roll has topped 800—and is still growing. We have become a sizeable organization, linked primarily so far as our valued CMs are concerned by ROUNDUP. Moreover, Tally Man Bill Brenneman reports

*continued on page 30*

**27 FEBRUARY MEETING**

This month's meeting of the Denver Westerners will be held on Wednesday, February 27, 1963 at the Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm Place. Dinner at 6:30 p.m. Ken Englert will collect your \$2.75 and your change will again be made in silver! Business meeting and program to follow. The program will be a "Trilogy from West of Denver." A trio of PMs from the great County of Jefferson in Colorado: Richard A. Ronzio, Charles S. Ryland and Francis B. Rizzari will present the following papers: "Fort Crawford on the Uncompahgre" (Dick), "Vasquez Fork" (Chuck), and "It's a Hell of a Way to Run a Railroad" (Francis). You all know these prominent PMs . . . so come prepared to enjoy a very interesting evening. Reservations absolutely a must . . . address them to Chuck Wrangler, Ken Englert, 604 Prospect Lake Drive, Colorado Springs.

**27 MARCH MEETING**

The March meeting will be held at the Denver Press Club as usual, 6:30 p.m. The program according to the new program chairman, Forbes Parkhill: "Sand Creek: A Clash Between Heroes," by Michael Straight the distinguished writer, author of CARRINGTON, a study of the Fetterman "massacre," and of a forthcoming novel embodying a new approach to the controversial Sand Creek affair.

He completed his education in England, joined the political staff of President Roosevelt, piloted a B-17, and served as editor of the *New Republic*. His home is at Alexandria, Virginia, but he recently returned from the Bahamas, British West Indies. You'll not want to miss this one!

# PERSONALIZED NEWSPAPERS PULLED NO PUNCHES

by Betty Wallace

Of the thousands of would-be empire builders who surged westward at the close of the Civil War, none contributed more generously to the permanency of that colonization than the men with printer's ink in their veins. Establishment of their newspapers came on the heels of every strike, large or small—antedated only by the ubiquitous saloon. The record is replete with literally scores of journals that appeared—fifty or more in Gunnison County alone, during the period 1879-1900. Some endured only long enough for the editor to get a stake to invest in mines, a few existed only during political campaigns, and the sturdier survived flood, fire, boycotts, libel suits, and personal vituperation into the present day.

Each of these newspapers, as well as preserving a record of occurrences in the camp, revealed a personality of its own, largely because each had at the masthead a remarkable individual, distinguished in some way from his contemporaries. Hence, any study of the journals themselves becomes a study in personalities. Limitations of time, however, make possible only a cursory glance at some of these individuals who gave direction to early Western Slope journalism, particularly those of the Gunnison Country.

Gunnison County's first newspaper, *The Hillerton Occident* (in Taylor Park) was founded in 1879 by Henry C. Olney, then editor of *The Lake City Silver World*, and later a partner in

CM Betty Wallace (Mrs. Frank), whose paper on some of the more intimate details of the early Colorado newspaper dynasties on the western slope is herewith presented, grew up in the Gunnison country. She worked for the old Gunnison NEWS-CHAMPION, starting as a college freshman. For the past seven years she has taught English and American Literature at the Gunnison High School. Mrs. Wallace is author of the book, "Gunnison Country" which she informs us is a shortened, published version of her Master of Arts thesis, written while studying at Western State College, Gunnison, Colo.

*The Gunnison Review*. Olney, who became an especial target of Dave Day's vitriolic pen, lived through the Civil War, attempted houseburning, pot shots at his shadow, and all the usual vicissitudes of pioneer journalism, to die in the middle of a Masonic convention speech at Boise, Idaho, thirty-six years to the day from the date of the first issue of *The Review*. The drama of the situation would have delighted him, could he have reported on this last episode of his career.

A. B. Johnson, also of *The Gunnison Review* (founded May 15, 1880), had the distinction of possessing—in addition to the BS degree attributed in its barnyard sense to most newspaper editors—an A.B. degree, an M.A., and a Double Dragon of the Sun degree, the last bestowed on him by the Emperor of China when he was American Consul to that country.

George S. Irwin, founder of *The White Pine Cone* in 1883, revealed a touchingly sweet disposition when he openly stated, with the sang-froid with which he might have announced a wedding, that he had been sentenced to fifteen months in the Wyoming penitentiary for unintentional violation of the postal laws of that state. While he was serving his term for a relatively harmless offense, his *Cone*, under the editorship of George A. Root, was concurrently carrying, without bitterness, stories of murderers released on the flimsiest of excuses.

Most colorful of all Western Slope editors was, of course, Dave Day,

whose exuberant originality made his *Solid Muldoon* a byword—and not always a nice one—in the state and much of the nation. Day was the epitome of personalized journalism, a kind of journalism in which names were named and dirty skunks were called dirty skunks; and in which the editor took a personal interest in everything from the largest head of cabbage to the latest in wife beatings—a type of journalism which made as much use of its enemies as of its friends.

Rarest of all, however, was Frank Root, who, when he returned to Kansas, was said to have edited *The Gunnison Review* for six years without having made a single enemy—rare distinction, indeed, when one considers some of the comments that appeared in *The Review* from time to time!

With such individuals as editors, it is not astonishing that the early journals became mainsprings of fact and fancy, tragedy and humor, elegance and vulgarity, and one cannot peruse any of these old pages without acquiring an intense admiration for their founders, as well as a great curiosity as to what motivated them. In a materialistic sense two possibilities immediately present themselves: money and/or fame.

In the case of the former, we find that the editor, like the doctor, was among the last of the creditors to be satisfied. Frank Root of *The Review* was humbly grateful for a "fine mess of garden sass" from a delinquent subscriber, and for a box of crackers from the local bakery and a turkey from the meat market. Irwin of *The Cone* was similarly grateful for a "fine lot of water cresses," for a "big fat pullet and a pound of genuine farm butter," as well as for a mess of fine trout, "enjoyed by the big and little Cones." This barter system and the practice of taking much of their advertising out in trade ap-

peared with the first issue and has never entirely disappeared from small town newspaper business.

Cash seems to have been a very scarce commodity unless the editor, as was occasionally the case, could raise enough money from mining investments to keep the paper going. *The Cone* laments:

Some of the business men report money hard to get. That's nothing. They ought to be in the newspaper business a while. . . . We have a few anxious creditors watching the corners, staring at the editor. . . . As we are not running this *Cone* for glory or for the fun of hard work, we should like to see a dollar or two occasionally drop our way. P.S. This is a hint.

And to a rumor of another paper to start in White Pine, *The Cone* editor says:

If there is anything this camp needs more than another newspaper! By combining profits three or four might be able to support a peanut stand.

The tendency seems to have been to start another newspaper whenever three or more people got together in disagreement with the current editor!

By 1890, the seventh year of *The Cone's* publication, Editor Irwin is warning his delinquent subscribers not to allow their daughters to use copies of *The Cone* in their bustles:

There is so much due on it that they might catch cold. So avoid catastrophe by paying up.

That same year *The Cone's* editor found it necessary to go prospecting in Mexico and concludes his appeal for funds by commenting that:

at birth a doctor gets fifty dollars; at marriage, the preacher gets ten dollars; at death, the undertaker, one hundred dollars; but the editor never gets anything except a lambasting as soon as he ceases to devote all his time strictly to puffing up the other people's interest without pay and aspires to make an honest dollar or two himself.

This state of affairs was by no means limited to Gunnison County.

Dave Day of *The Solid Muldoon* started optimistically enough, saying in September, 1881:

Thanks to a generous and warm-hearted people, we emerge from the brush [two years of existence] with the largest subscription list in the San Juans.

Before another year had passed, *The Muldoon* had moved to better quarters, but Day says facetiously that he was in "an ocean of woe": One suit in the Supreme Court; the managing editor suing the outfit for its full value; minor stockholders clamoring for a receiver; the local attorney howling for his fees; the company president gone celebrating, the secretary on a round-up, the treasurer out electioneering, and the foreman trying to trade his old bills for clothes.

Another year Day moaned that the paper was thin because he had "just returned from Denver with a headache, busted, first of month bills due. . . ." By 1885 Day complained that the populace owed him \$1,000 in subscriptions and advertising, and "the office is papered with deeds of trust. . . . Enormous crop of delinquent subscribers will be dunned. . . . The negligence on the part of those we favored is growing monotonous. . . ."

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Obviously, the early newspaper man did not stay with his enterprise for wealth's sake.

Was it then for fame that he endured pinching times, political animosities, and sometimes downright physical abuse? Few escaped the scathing pen of a contemporary, and many achieved fame if to be famous was to be branded a pinhead, a con-summate ass, a liar, a lecherous scoundrel, a blackguard, a saddle-

colored brute, a stinker, an infamous puppy—to quote a few of the milder terms. Actually, the epithets often showed remarkable originality and were elaborately phrased. The vituperation was mutual and, one sometimes suspects, enjoyed. Said *The Gunnison Tribune* (successor of *The Review*):

This editor has been branded a "gimlet," but he never tried to beat an employee out of a cent . . . nor is he a drunken sot. If this is not sufficient, this office will make public more facts about our detractor.

And again this barb at *The Gunnison News-Democrat*:

We have received a large amount of abuse from one certain print, but rather than personally to hold up to gaze the record of its irresponsible editor, we have remained silent. The public is not interested in that sort of stuff.

But the public was—and still is—and the editor did not, of course, remain silent, for he speaks of "that vile sheet on Virginia Avenue" thus:

Blackmailers and slanderers are sometimes sent to the pen, shouts the alleged newspaper on Virginia Avenue. Fortunately for *The Democrat* editor, blackmailers seldom get their just dues.

When called a tenderfoot because *The Review* was a month younger than *The News*, *The Review* replied:

We were rustling for a livelihood in the West years before the editor of our contemporary realized the world existed three leagues beyond the white beans and tobacco leaves down east where he was first uncoiled.

*The News-Democrat* was frequently the recipient of this type of fame, for *The Review* variously labeled its editor as "that old maid in charge of the E. A. Buck folder," "our sleepy neighbor of that penny folder," "an acrobat who can find a new political home about every year," "that old lady in charge of Buck's pocket edition," or "that lavender-haired contemporary

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## Denver Westerners' ROUNDUP

*The Review* saw nothing incongruous in calling Editor Babcock of *The News-Democrat* an old maid, and shortly thereafter acknowledging:

We are under deep obligations to *The News-Democrat* for use of the type and the report of that office of the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce.

It was with genuine regret that *The Review's* successor, *The Tribune*, reports the collapse of *The News-Democrat* in 1891, and even *The Muldoon* sympathizes with the defunct journal for attempting to run "a six-column paper in a one-column town."

Newspapers, of course, mixed vigorously in politics, and no so-called "independent" survived for long. Sylvester Richardson, founder of the Gunnison colony, did make some feeble attempt at bipartisanship in the early issues of his *Gunnison Sun*, but soon found that impossible and joined the rest of his newspaper brethren in the thick of campaign fighting. He could not, however, outdo *The Review*, whose sharp wit stung all democrats, particularly Tom Maloney, whom it called "that fat boy from Irwin who is toddling around the county under the impression that he is running for county treasurer," and "shyster, cheap fraud, self-conceited."

*The White Pine Cone* apparently did not think highly of any politician, for it comments: "A baby born with little brain and four hands is well equipped for politics." But the Republican-minded *Review* deprecated only the Democrats:

Barring the ladies, the asses that brought up the rear of the democratic parade last night was the best looking portion of the parade.

Classic of all election propaganda in the Gunnison Country was a hand-



The Gunnison REVIEW was first housed in this shack in West Gunnison. In 1880 no buildings, except the barely visible outhouse at the far right, appeared beyond it toward the Palisades. (Photograph courtesy of Dr. Lois Borland.)

who is so unprofessional, uncouth, and void of merit."

Both *The Solid Muldoon* and *The Review* speak of a rival as "that campaign weakly," or "that religious weakly." One of the milder means of slighting a contemporary sheet was to use its name, if used at all, with small letters as compared to capitals normally used to denote the name of a newspaper.

The more high-sounding the insult, the better, apparently, and *The Review* was supposed to be revealing its erudite superiority when it wrote of *The News-Democrat*:

It takes a good while sometimes to pound an idea into the cerebro-spinal enlargement of our acephalous contemporary's nervous cord.

One week *The Review* declared, "The Buck folder disgraced journalism this morning," and with equal aplomb says a short time later:

We are again under obligations to *The News-Democrat* last week for press-work facilities. Behold how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!



January, 1963

bill distributed by *The Democrat* in the fall of 1880:

**WHY VOTE  
for an  
ILLITERATE,  
IGNORANT  
INCOMPETENT**

**Whose undersheriff is also a  
broken-down OLD DRUNK**

Once election was over, however, most animosities ceased, and the newspaper could get down to the serious business of promoting the community and the mines. Having supported Jack Bowman for sheriff, as opposed to Doc Shores, whom *The Review* accused of being remiss in his duties as city councilman, the paper could, the week after election, concede that Shores was a man of "decision of character," who would run the office honestly and faithfully and would not let the "court house gang" dictate to him. Such philosophical musings as these appeared in *The Review* after every election:

The defeated candidate is easy to spot. He has blue on the nose and feels blue all over.

Better to have crowed too soon and lost, than never to have crowed at all.

This is Thanksgiving—the Democrats for what they won; the Republicans for not losing more.

Editor Root summed it up when he wrote in 1882:

People seldom die because their favorite candidate is not successful. They may mope around a few days, go out behind the barn and kick themselves, even go hungry to make up what they lost on election bets. But disappointment never kills them. When next election fever breaks out, they come up, fresh and smiling, and eager.

The same might well be said of the newspapers themselves.

Political candidates and opposing editors were not the only ones to feel the wrath of *The Review*. Broad hints



The Gunnison REVIEW was housed in this frame building across the street from La Veta Hotel. Its quarters were later occupied by C. T. Rawalt's Gunnison EMPIRE. (Photograph courtesy of Dr. Lois Borland)

were frequently used for more personal reasons:

It is gently whispered that the vigilantes will soon have a task to perform if certain characters are not out of town on an early day.

In the interests of bill-collecting *The Review*, April 23, 1881, says:

We notice that a certain individual is back in Gothic and has organized a big stock company. If he don't send us \$6.50 pretty soon that he owes us for job work that he procured off us last July . . . we propose to give him a little gratuitous advertising.

People too tight to subscribe for the paper, but borrowed it from their neighbors, were equally blessed:

May theirs be a life of single blessedness, may their paths be carpeted with cross-eyed snakes, and their nights haunted with knock-kneed tomcats.

Lending the weight of its advertising columns to help in domestic matters, *The Review* carried in February, 1886, a timely warning from a lady of the community:

Mrs. Frank Callaher warns all liquor dealers in Gunnison that from this date

any who sell Mr. Gallaher any intoxicating drinks of any kind will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

She says that he comes home drunk and abusive every night, added *The Review*, helpfully.

Considering the vitriolic comments and their meddling in private affairs, the early editors suffered relatively few libel suits, acme of all personal notoriety for an editor, but few escaped at least some such legal actions. One biographer of Dave Day estimates that *The Muldoon* enjoyed 47 libel suits, and *The Review-Press* in 1888 comments, offhandedly, that its libel suits—in the plural—as well as those of *The News-Democrat*, have been continued to the next term of court. *The White Pine Cone* complains in 1883 that “this seems to be a year for libel suits. *The Cone* is jealous of its contemporaries. A libel suit is splendid advertisement.” *The Cone’s* turn came, however, when it was threatened with a suit the following year, at which time Editor Irwin suggested that the injured party pay his subscription, long past due. “We might need the money to defend ourselves.” Actually, most such suits were “continued to the next term of court” indefinitely, for it seemed to be a general judicial opinion that it took a lot of character to be worth the \$10,000 usually sought in such cases.

One week Johnson of *The Review* reported a libel suit as having been quashed by Judge M. B. Gerry, “thus ending all the stir and bluster.” Immediately thereafter, with supreme confidence, he asserted that the backers of the successful candidate for mayor had bought votes openly for \$5 apiece, and “If this is a libel . . . bring us to account for it.”

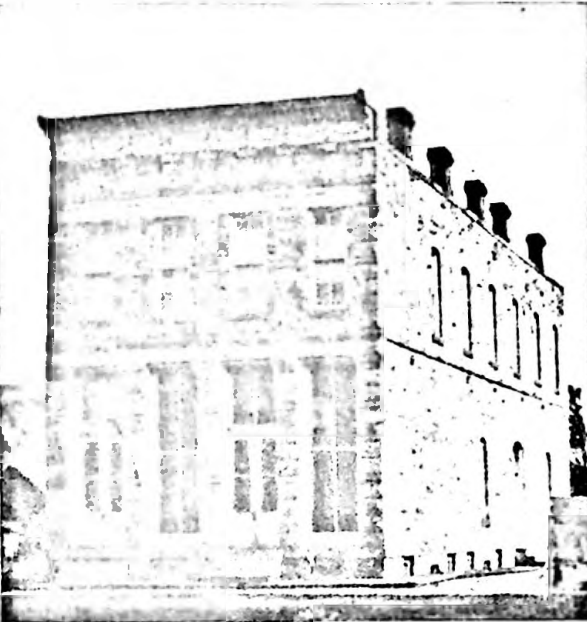
This same Editor Johnson—he of the Chinese Dragon degree—achieved widespread publicity over an assault made by an irate candidate—a successful one at that—who sneaked up



FRANK ROOT of the Gunnison REVIEW was said to have edited the REVIEW for six years without having made a single enemy—this in spite of bitter comments that appeared in the REVIEW from time to time. (Photograph courtesy of Dr. Lois Borland.)

on him from behind and caned him. Johnson, so he said, promptly knocked the man under the counter and would have given him a sound thrashing if not deterred by the rest of the office staff. Reversing the situation, a Tin Cup editor undertook to horsewhip a Justice of the Peace, and found himself served with a warrant for assault and battery.

While Day and others might have somewhat enjoyed their reputations as hell-raisers, it is doubtful if any newspaper editor ever stayed with the business just for this type of fame. Name-calling, libel suits, personal assault were just occupational hazards that each editor accepted as his lot in publishing. What then, remains as an explanation of this mania, this zeal with which they pursued their way? The only reason is obvious: overwhelming faith in an



Gunnison's first newspaper, the Gunnison NEWS, was housed at one time in the basement of this old Masonic building. The structure had another story, which was removed in June, 1881, when walls started to crack and buckle. (Photograph courtesy Gunnison Newspapers, Inc.)

idea, an idea as old as progress itself—in this case, the idea that each western camp could become a metropolis, that the West could be civilized, that men could and would conquer nature, human and physical.

To achieve their goals, they possessed as weapons of their faith—courage, a sense of history, and considerable literary skill. The newspapers believed that a community without editorial leadership is lacking an essential ingredient for progress, and there was no dearth of editorial leadership on the Western Slope. It might be true that *The Solid Muldoon* was tabooed in many homes, along with *The Police Gazette*, but nevertheless, Day's worst enemies must grant that he was "one of the journalists who never fails to express his thoughts with brilliance and to the point. He is courageous and fear-

less . . . his pen can be more severe than a two-edged sword."

Day and all the others were boldly partisan for their state, their county, and their camp. The 1880 *Review* deplores notices in Kansas exchanges that some returnees were denouncing this state:

People will learn, after awhile, that they cannot pick up twenty dollar gold pieces or even silver dollars here. They have to work for what they get, just the same as they do in any other part of the country.

*The Review* then turned on Denver papers:

Denver papers lie when they say recent storms blocked all passes to the Gunnison Country. Roads were never in a more favorable condition.

Rivalry, much less serious, was aimed closer home:

Three babies in Tincup in less than 24 hours! Patriotic people of White Pine should wake up and be up and doing. We can beat Tincup on minerals, and it is humiliating that she should get ahead of us on so small a matter as a few infants.

*The Cone* challenged the Pitkin *Mining News* when that paper asserted Pitkin had the handsomest town board of any city in the state. *The Cone* boasted of:

Mayor Crawford, a brunette, with a stature of Hercules, and beautiful raven ringlets about his ears, and a mustache to captivate the heart of every spinster, were he a bachelor.

"BIG STRIKE . . ." at never-mind-where was standard claim of the front page of every newspaper. Every camp was "coming to the front" shortly. One journal suggested that each paper keep in standing type, to be used at frequent intervals, this blurb:

In the spring this camp will witness a great influx of capital and largely-increased prosperity.

Some exaggeration is pardonable

when *The Review*, in its promotional enthusiasm, reported in 1880 that buildings were going up so fast in West Gunnison that "one citizen had hard work to find his house one night, having been absent several days." "Verily, the sagebrush town groweth," rejoiced *The Cone*.

Each new business venture was hailed with enthusiasm:

George Willard is proposing to erect a bath house on Tomichi south of Main. Let us have it by all means as printers and lawyers need renovating the worst kind.

This was indeed progress from the previous year, when *The Review* had commended the large number of people bathing in the "clear" water of the Tomichi River every night.

First and foremost, the camp newspaper promoted civic growth and the area's mines, but it did far more than that. It was a militant voice against all evils and injustices, according to the editor's moral, ethical, and political views. The newspaper spoke out against a poor water supply, too shallowly laid mains, mistreatment of burros, indecency of harlots, evils of gambling, the dumping of garbage too near town, inadequate and poorly staffed schools, filthy jails, lynchings, businessmen who failed to clean the snow from their sidewalks, indifferent policemen who tolerated "three plain drunks sitting on the sidewalk," lack of proper quarantine, want of a town band, depletion of trout streams, unfenced cemeteries, jury tampering, pigs in the street, and scores of other evils.

It supported tree planting, woman suffrage—and gallantly refrained from pointing out that suffrage and the 1893 depression arrived the same year!—and adequate protection against fire. As early as August 2, 1882, *The Review* was pressing for establishment of a Normal school at Gunnison. It favored the working-man's right to organize, and free en-

terprise—in this case, the right of a saloonkeeper to undersell his competitors if he so wished. About the only thing *The Review* did not take a stand on was whether Main or Tomichi should become Gunnison's principal street. (It was located on neither.)

In addition to this editorial courage, the pioneer editor had, almost invariably, a sense of history. *The Review* in April 1882, when not yet two years old, reported theft of its "old" files of *The Gunnison News*, *Gunnison Democrat*, *Pitkin Independent*, *Elk Mountain Pilot*, *Elk Mountain Bonanza*, *Gothic Miner*, *Tin Cup Record*. Unfortunately most people—then as now—would not have considered a two-year-old newspaper as "old," and since these papers were undoubtedly unbound bundles, they were probably borrowed as bedclothes for some prospector down on his luck, or went under somebody's carpet or floor to keep out Gunnison's famous 35 degrees below temperatures. *The Review*, however, declared, "The editor took great pride in possessing complete unbroken files of every newspaper published in this county since the spring of 1880. These papers are invaluable to us."

Further evidence of this historical sense lies in the issues of *The Review* but two months old with the appearance of a five-chapter serial by Sylvester Richardson, relating the early history of the settlement (then less than five years old!), and with the later publication of a Women's Club edition devoted to local history. It is appropriate that *The Review* has the distinction of being the only paper in Gunnison County that has, through its descendants and fusions with other journals, known continuous publication since May 15, 1880, now more than 82 years. Its blood is part of the blood-stream of the current *News-Champion*, having been absorbed by that paper in 1904, after

undergoing a name change to the *Tribune* in 1891.

The fact that Kansas has a more complete file of early Gunnison County papers than has our own state may be attributed to the historical foresight of George and Frank Root, who went from editorships here to Kansas.

Third characteristic of the early press—a fine writing style—might be missed at first glance, for writers of the early journals employed the usual clichés: all new-born boys were “bouncing baby boys”; baby girls were “sweet-faced”; all wedding stories end with “And may all their cares be little ones”; anyone placed in jail was in “durance vile”; all inebriates were “plain drunks.” The same stale jokes appeared: “The only way a lady can keep ahead of *The Review* is to use it in her bustle.” “A man was held up last evening between East and West Gunnison. He was so drunk it took two men to hold him up.” “How do people live in Gunnison? Just as they do down east—by eating and breathing.”

Puns were often in evidence: In protesting the quality of Gunnison milk, *The Review* complains that the milk tastes pretty strongly of the Gunnison River, and “we pay for the udder kind.” *The Review* philosophizes on the Ute Indian problem by saying, “There is no Utes in having so much trouble with the Indians.”

All papers were partial to alliteration, and column headings included: Dorchester Dots, Local Laconics, Railroad Rumblings, Tomichi Topics, Cone Chronicles, Sargents Shots, Doyleville Doings, Monarch Matters, Sargents Samples, Pitkin Points, North Star Notes, Wired Waifs, Jolly Jottings, Willard Wafts, Cochetopa Chips, Marble Musings, Neighborly Narrations, Butte’s Bubbles. Variations showed some originality: Songs from Waunita Pines or Observations of Our Smart Aleck. An occasional

turn of phrase could be striking, for example, *The Muldoon’s* “scarlet daughters of prosperity.”

Obituaries were especially personal and detailed, even macabre, as was a report in *The Lake City Mining Register* of the death by suicide of a young woman:

So well was the corpse preserved and so lifelike every expression that the family, although the funeral was advertised for last Friday, were loathe to consign the body to the tomb. A battery was used to ascertain whether she was really beyond the power of human aid, but the result proved conclusively that too well the deceased had performed her rash deed. It is impossible now to say just when the remains will be consigned to the quietude of the grave, as the family are determined that she shall not be taken from them until signs of decay become more apparent than they are at present.

The editor of *The Review* might speak modestly of a lady as having broken a “limb” instead of a leg, but he could also write, less delicately:

Three young wild town lads were arrested for drunk and disorderly conduct, charged with trying to lure an alleghippie into an outhouse for imm purposes.

Or *The White Pine Cone*, whose erary standards were exceptiona high, could call up a questionable picture in writing of Will McConnell aroused from sleep by a knock at the door. Believing it to be one of the neighbor boys, McConnell opened the door “with one of his eyes shut, the other half-shut.” He found a woman on his doorstep, and, said *The Cone*, “Will was in unadorned loveliness.” (We’ve since wondered if *The Cone* meant literally unadorned, for, with the climate at White Pine being what it is, we always thought bachelors slept in their long-handles, at least.)

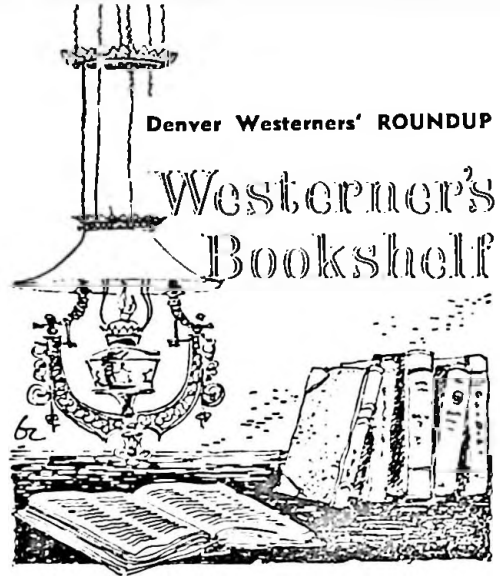
Writing could be more serious and more often than not possessed considerable literary merit, as witness this explanation of *The White Pine Cone’s* choice of its unique name:

We chose the name of *The White Pine Cone* because it is different (odd); appropriate for a paper in a town nestled among white pines laden with cones; a cone is composed of many new leaves; at the base of each is a germ, a seed of new life. The nucleus about which is added the particles which by and by develop into a perfect tree. So we trust it may be with *The White Pine Cone*. Each week a new leaf will be added to the germ hereby planted and the sum of these leaflets will constitute a perfect *Cone*. We trust that in each of these leaves there may also be found a germ which will bring forth abundant harvest for the camp of which we are the exponents.

Even when admitting, after the booms of the Eighties had faded, that people were afflicted with the blues and business dull, and that "owing to hard times the Gaiety Dance Hall has dispensed with its banjo player," *The Gunnison Tribune* could write:

These are the times that try men's souls. This is the winter of our discontent. . . . But do not despond, friends. . . . Hold fast to the faith. . . . The tide will turn with us this year. A little longer waiting and all will see the dawn of the coming day.

While any generalization in a field so rich in individualism is faulty, one can but conclude that the majority of these early editors did not persevere in their endeavors for money or for fame, but because of a deep faith in the West. That they led with courage, sensitivity, and literary skill cannot be denied. Olney, Johnson, Day, the Roots, and others of their kind—including Charlie Adams and Henry F. Lake of a later period—never ceased to look for the "dawn of the coming day." Through the pages of their *Review*, *Cone*, *Muldoon*, and other papers with which they became affiliated, they wielded greater influence on the development of the Western Slope than any other single group of men. A rich heritage lies in their records of history as it was being made, and their files, in the words of *The Gunnison Review*, are, indeed, "invaluable to us."



**NEW MEXICO;** One of the national American Guide series. Sponsored by the U. of N. Mex. Third Edition fully revised by Joseph and edited by H. C. Alsberg. 458 pages. Hastings House, New York, 1962. \$6.95.

This handy volume not only is a guide book, a gazeteer, but contains as well, a great amount of historical information and facts pertaining to the "land of enchantment," the Sunshine State. Commencing with a general discussion of "The State Today," the ensuing chapters deal among other subjects, with the "Archeology," Indians, History, Folklore, the Arts, the Land, the Economy and other matters in connection with the region.

Suitable space is devoted to a consideration of the pre-historic peoples which inhabited the area some ten or twelve thousand years ago, and the remaining evidences of their civilization and culture. There is presented an unfolding scene of the later occupation of New Mexico by the various Indian tribes. Then less than 50 years after Columbus discovered America, the Spaniards came in with their exploring parties and colonizing projects. This was the beginning of the Spanish-Mexican period. Coronado conducts his famous search for the Seven Cities of Cibola. Oñate marches in to colonize the region and sets up the first Spanish settle-



ment and capital at San Juan. Scores of Spanish and Mexican politicians and church officials invade the area. The Conquistadors dominate the scene.

New Mexico is rated as one of the nation's most colorful states and has a vast amount of material to interest the visitor, student and researcher. The new Guide book does a splendid job of presenting the attractions and the resources of the state. The authors offer a chapter of General Information, including important facts about hunting and fishing in New Mexico and the regulations applying to these sports. Space is also given to various other outdoor activities. Considerable attention is given to a most interesting history of transportation in this state. There is a Calendar of annual events of general interest, as well as of the native Fiestas and Ceremonials, of which there are some fifty held at various points during the year.

Albuquerque, Santa Fe and Taos, each because of outstanding importance in its particular field of interest, is given individual treatment in the book.

The second half of this New Mexico Guide book is devoted to detailed and most enlightening descriptions of some 18 or 20 motor tours accessible to the traveler. Extensive information concerning points of interest along the route, mileage between points, geography, road conditions and the history of the important sites and locations, all are nicely and adequately handled. The history presentations are indeed quite commendable.

Other features of this volume are a Chronology, an extensive Bibliography, a lengthy Index, a nice set of maps and scores of beautiful half-tones of worth while scenes and subjects in the Sunshine State. Individuals having even a remote interest in this state will find the Guide book very much worth having.

Paul D. Harrison PM

**GREAT GUNFIGHTERS OF THE WEST**, by Carl W. Breihan. The Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas (1962). 12mo, 176 pp., index, illus. \$5.95.

American edition of a book first printed in England, portraying the lives of nine American gunmen of the 1870's, '80's and '90s, with some slant toward the British mind.

Imagine your reviewer's surprise upon reading Breihan's account of the arrest of Henry Starr and "Kid" Wilson (page 110), where he states: "At Fort Smith, Arkansas, the alert deputies of 'Hanging Judge' Parker spotted the outlaws and they were captured. There was more than forty thousand dollars in the wagon." Here, the book seems to be historically incorrect.

The facts were: On July 1, 1893, Starr, Wilson, and 17-year old Mary Morrison arrived in Colorado Springs, Colorado, going to the Spaulding House, a medium-priced hotel, where they registered as Frank Jackson, John Willison and Mary Jackson, all of Joplin, Mo. When they came down the stairs next morning Starr was recognized by William Feurstin, a tuberculer from Fort Smith, who was living at the hotel. Hastening to his room he called the clerk, Byron Himebaugh, and asked him to notify Chief of Police L. C. Dana. Dana, who had been advised that Starr might come to Colorado Springs, dispatched Detective Joel Atkinson to watch the men. Later in the day, the men walked up Tejon Street to Huerfano Street, entered the store of Oppenheim Brothers and arrayed themselves in new suits, also buying gold watches and chains. They then hired a carriage and spent the day sight-seeing in Manitou Springs.

That evening Starr was late for supper at the hotel, so again walked up Tejon Street to Huerfano and entered the Cafe Royal, where he or-

dered a meal. Meanwhile Atkinson had followed him on the opposite side of the street while Dana and Capt. J. W. Gathright came up behind Starr. They walked into the cafe, sauntered to Starr's table and grabbed him by the arms while Atkinson took a .45 Colt from his waistband. With Starr in jail, the officers learned that Wilson had gone to Colorado City, a pleasure-loving town adjoining Colorado Springs; Dana and Gathright took a street car and found that Wilson was in a house of ill-fame, then, aided by two Colorado City officers, entered the room and found Wilson lying in bed with his revolver under the pillow, also \$30 in money and a gold watch and chain on his person. With the men in jail, officers went to the girl's room where they found \$1460 in bills and \$500 in gold in a valise. She claimed to be married to Jackson (or Starr) but later confessed they were not. She was released July 7th to return to her home in Indian Territory, being without funds.

Starr and Wilson were taken to Denver on July 5th, by two Deputy U. S. Marshals and held on orders of U. S. Marshal Crump of Fort Smith, Starr being wanted for the murder of a Deputy U. S. Marshal at Fort Smith, the robbery of the Bentonville, Ark., bank and the murder of the cashier. Press dispatches from Fort Smith, Ark., dated July 15th, said that Starr and Wilson had been returned by two Deputy U. S. Marshals on that date.

A photo of Starr and Wilson can be seen at the Police Department in Colorado Springs.

Carl F. Mathews, PM

#### BOOK REVIEWS FOR ROUNDUP

... should follow format as shown in ROUNDUP; name of Book, Author's name, original date of publication, name of present publisher, and price. Not over 250 words if non-fiction; 150 words or less for fiction. Reviews must be sent in within 30 days. Reviewer keeps the book.

## BOOKS FOR REVIEW

During the past year your Book Review Chairman has received a number of fine paperback reprints of famous writers' works on Western Americana. These books are given to the Posse for review in the monthly ROUNDUP, and many reviews have been published. There are still some available, for either Posse or Corresponding members, which have not yet been reviewed. For those who might be interested, the following titles are available:

**THE WILD HORSE OF THE WEST,**

Walker D. Wyman

**HOME BELOW HELL'S CANYON,**

Grace Jordan

**HUNTING THE BUFFALO,** E. Douglas

Branch

**THE PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF**

**JAMES O. PATTIE,** James O. Pattie

**COMMERCE OF THE PRAIRIES,** Josiah

Gregg (2 Vols.)

**MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRA**

**NEVADA,** Clarence King

**WOODEN LEG,** Thomas B. Marquis

**PINNACLE JAKE,** A. B. Snyder

**WESTWARD THE BRITON,** Robert

Athearn

**COWBOYS AND COLONELS,** Edmond

Mandat Grancey

**VANISHED ARIZONA,** Martha Sum-

merhayes

Write to N. L. James, Book Review Chairman, Denver Posse, 180 So. Marion Pkwy., Denver 9, Colorado. First come, first served and book will be mailed.

## BEGINNING IN THIS ISSUE OF ROUNDUP . . .

and continuing for the next five months will be a reproduction of a lithograph drawing of one of the famous guns that helped to capture and settle the West. Bob Cormack, your ROUNDUP editor thought you might enjoy these reproductions (gun collector or not). Bob feels that the first reproduction he is bringing you is one of the most important "shootin' irons" in the series for many reasons . . . maybe you'll agree, maybe not! Bob feels the Colt "Peacemaker" was darned important in subduing the wild west . . . and in keeping it subdued. Next month Bob plans that you might see and read a little about the derringer and derringer-type pistols originated by Henry Deringer of Philadelphia. Bob is prevailing on PM Charles B. Roth and PM Dabney Otis Collins to bring you a story of their favorite "guns of the West" in forthcoming issues. We hope that this series of gun prints will have enough interest that reproductions suitable for framing can be made available to all interested at a nominal fee. This reproduction is inserted in this issue of ROUNDUP so that it may be lifted out without destroying the continuity of your publication . . . let us know if you might desire a set of the complete series if published in September, 1963.



# GUNS

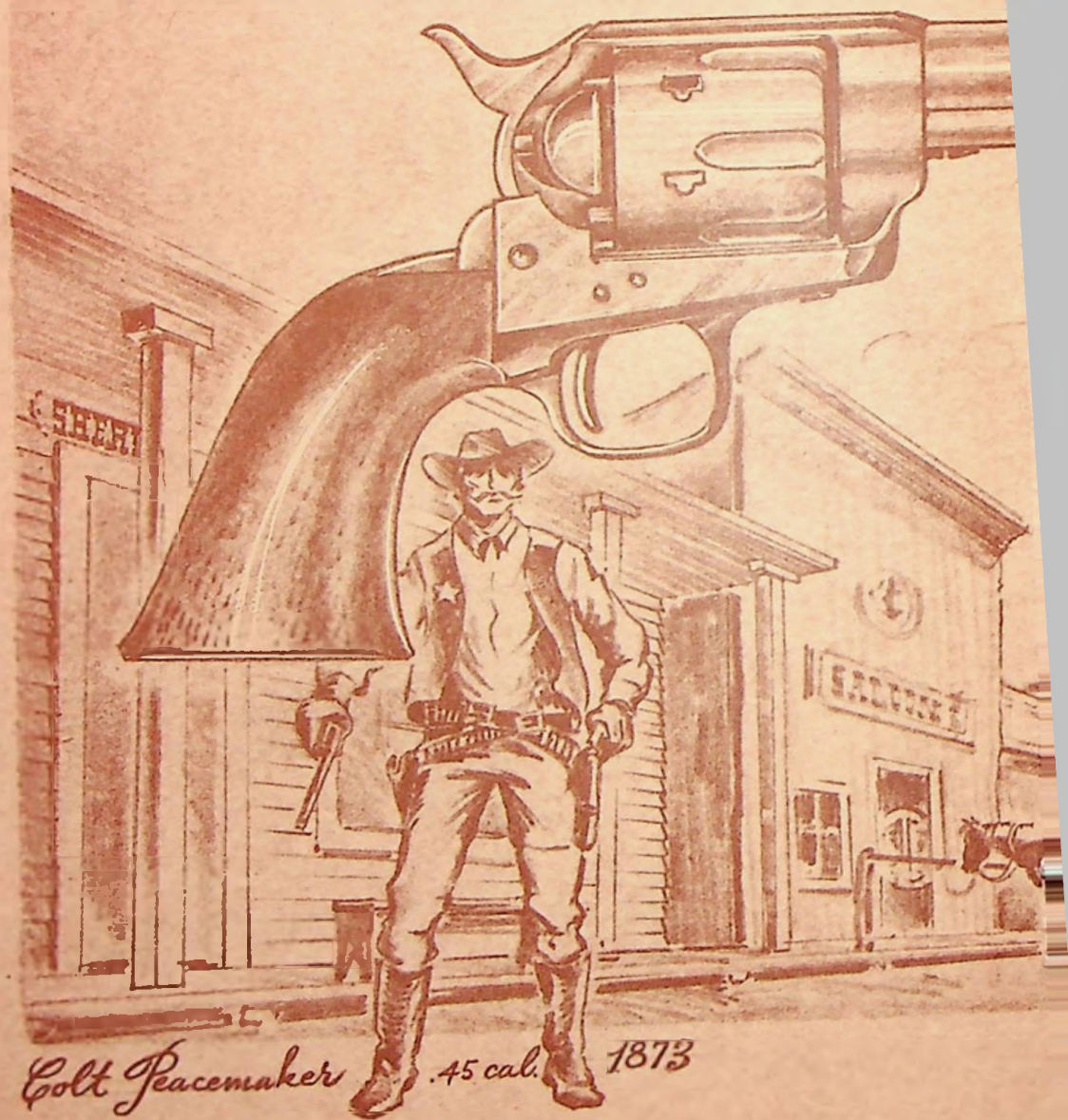
*That Helped Win The West*

## COLT PEACEMAKER .45 Cal. - 1873

The Colt single-action Army revolver is the traditional side arm of the Old West. This gun was adopted by the frontier like nothing before or since. When the new frontiers were blazed, the "Peacemaker" helped protect the settlers against hostile Indians and wild animals and aided in bringing in some small game for food. It was originally produced in .45 caliber, with 7½ inch barrel, for Ordinance issue to troops. Custer's Seventh Cavalry troopers each carried one of these weapons with 18 rounds of ammunition in addition to his Springfield .45-70 single-shot.

The "Peacemaker" immediately became popular with civilians and was soon followed by other calibers and barrel lengths. The Samuel Colt Co. made a brilliant move by chambering this six-shot model for the same cartridges used in the Winchester '73. In other than .45 calibers, it was called the "Frontier Six-shooter." Of the many nicknames earned by this firearm, a few were: "hog leg," "plow handle," and "cut-ter." This model was the first large revolver made by Colt to use self-exploding, center-fire cartridges.

Continued to page 18



Colt Peacemaker .45 cal. 1873



Bob Cormack '63

The "Peacemaker" was closely linked with the romantic sagas of frontier days, when Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill Hickok, Wyatt Earp, Billy the Kid and Calamity Jane dispensed what was known as "Colt Justice." Bat Masterson's favorite Colt was a .45 single-action with a stubby  $4\frac{3}{4}$  inch barrel. Wyatt Earp usually wore two of this caliber. The left one was a "Peacemaker" with  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inch barrel, the right had a 12 inch barrel. Known as a "Buntline Special," this Colt had been made to order and presented to him. According to testimony of his friends, Doc Holliday definitely did not lug a shotgun everywhere with him. His pet was a nickel plated .38 double-action Colt, though on many occasions he was known to carry additional artillery. Billy the Kid had small hands, and therefore preferred his .41 Colt double-action to the .44-40 he sometimes used. Butch Cassidy favored the Frontier .44-40 Colt with  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inch barrel. Wild Bill Hickok gained his fame with two 1851 Colt Navy .36s with ivory grips. He retained his fame with two "Peacemakers" and died with a Smith & Wesson tip-up .32 rim-fire revolver in his pocket. The  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inch barrel was the cavalry model, the  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inch, the artillery model and the  $4\frac{3}{4}$  inch barrel, the civilian model. The .44 caliber model was known as the Frontier Model.

Robert B. Cormack



# NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

We welcome these new Corresponding Members to the Denver Posse of the Westerners . . .

Abbreviations used on membership designations:

CM—Corresponding Member

PM—Posse Member

RM—Reserve Member

**Leland C. Bacus**, 4969 South Grant, Englewood, Colo., is a district agent of the USDI, Fish and Wildlife Service Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. He is in charge of all predatory animal and rodent control work in Colorado. Mr. Bacus is active in the coordination of the Federal Land Administration and its agencies with the State's various livestock associations and the State Game and Fish Department. Mr. Bacus was with the Department of Forestry, Colorado State University, Ft. Collins, Colorado. He has taught school, coached and started in his present profession with the predecessor of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service as a government hunter. Hobbies: collector of Indian artifacts, trade beads (particularly those of the White River Utes), is presently collecting data and preparing a history of the service in Colorado which employs him. His interest in the Westerners has developed over a period of years after having purchased twelve of the past Brand Books.

**Crawford R. Buell**, 1220 Gaylord St., Apt. 205, Denver 6, Colo., is a chief of the Compensation Branch in Denver regional office of the Post Office Department. His position entails salary and wage administration as well as job evaluation. He has had numerous articles, bulletins and pamphlets published recently on his career work. In the 1930s he had articles published on forestry and logging. Mr. Buell is a horticulture graduate of the University of Arizona, 1924; did graduate work in forestry at the University of California; received his M.A. in Public Administration from American University, 1958. He has been a career forester for ten years, was a member of the first polo team at Arizona U., is a Lifetime Master (Pistol) National Rifle Association, 1959; is a retired cavalry reserve officer. He is interested in Navajo history after surrender to Kit Carson 1863-64. Hobbies: photography, pistol shooting, fishing, and oil painting. He became acquainted with the Denver Westerners through Dr. Frank D. Reeve of New Mexico Historical Review also through the Potomac Corral and the work of John Ewer of the Smithsonian Institute.

**H. S. Downing**, 601 Midland Savings Bldg., Denver, Colo., is an oil operator dealing in leases, royalties, minerals and drilling. He is interested in authentic books, papers and articles giving the true history of the old West. Hobbies: conservation of all natural resources, especially our wild life and primitive areas. Mr. Downing became a Denver CM through the interest he developed while reading various Brand Books of the Denver Posse.

**Raymond J. Heath**, 1955 Glencoe St., Denver 20, Colo., is a lawyer and the executive secretary of the Public Employees Retirement Assn., State of Colorado. He has had many papers published on various phases of his present work. He is particularly interested in Colorado and southwest Americana. Hobbies: western yarns, coins and stamps. His interest developed in the Denver Posse of Westerners through the purchase of the Brand Books since they were first published.

**Allison E. Nutt**, 735 Cook St., Denver 6, Colo., is assistant regional director, National Labor Relations Board. He is involved in labor and industrial relations in Colorado, Utah and Wyoming. He is very interested in early trade union activity and

history. Mr. Nutt became interested in the Denver Westerners through the Brand Books.

**Agnes L. Miller (Mrs. F. E., Jr.)**, 135 Agate Way, Broomfield, Colo., a housewife that is also employed at the University of Colorado as secretary to the Provost, is interested in Colorado history. Mrs. Miller became interested in the Westerners through Mr. John Holzworth of Grand Lake, Colorado.

**Arminta P. Neal (Miss)**, 4960 W. Oregon Place, Denver 19, Colo., is curator, Dept. of Graphic Design, Denver Museum of Natural History. As curator, she is responsible for the design and construction of exhibits and habitat groups. Among her published works: "Cigar Box Diarams," "A Portfolio of 12 Authentic Western Houses," and various articles in CURATOR and CLEARING HOUSE NEWSLETTER for Western Museums. Miss Neal served for two years in intelligence in the Signal Corps and in Special Services from 1944 to 1946; she also does freelance illustrations for anthropological publications. Hobbies: early English and southern Appalachian folk songs and in tracing the westward expansion of these folk songs. Her interest in the Westerners was created through CM Robert L. Akerly.

**Gary Charles Balliet**, 2529 E. Cresthill, Ave., Littleton, Colo., is chairman, Dept. of History; instructor of contemporary civilization and history of western United States at Littleton High School. Mr. Balliet was at one time a guide at Yellowstone National Park. He is interested in railroad and mining history, especially in Colo. Hobbies: tape recording interviews on steam railroad; photography, book collecting on subjects pertaining to railroads and mining. His interest in the Westerners developed through the acquaintance of various members of the Westerners and at the Second Conference of History of Western America.

**William H. Hensler**, 1081 Jamaica Ct., Aurora, Colo., is a sales representative for REA Express. He has had numerous photographs published. Mr. Hensler has a fine collection of over 1,000 books, including many old, handwritten volumes. He is interested in western art and literature. Hobbies: photography, exploration of historical locations, natural history, geology and genealogy. He became interested in the Denver Posse of Westerners through the purchase of the last six Brand Books.

**Leonard Calvin Shoemaker**, 2148 S. Downing St., Denver 10, Colo., is a retired forester, presently occupied in historical research. Len says he has worked at "twenty odd" occupations ranging from ranch hand to store manager in the past "many" years. In 1913 he started with the Forest Service as a forest guard, then became a forest ranger and more recently has been an information specialist for the U.S. Forest Service. He has had published: "Saga of a Forest Ranger," "Roaring Fork Valley" and numerous other articles. Mr. Shoemaker is a member of the State Historical Society and the Denver Botanic Gardens. He is interested in the early history of the Roaring Fork valley in western Colorado. He is an old friend of the Denver Posse of Westerners having had invitations to give papers before the group in 1951 and 1962.

**E. H. Collins**, E. 2903 25th, Spokane 33, Washington, is a retired civil engineer, a member of the Spokane Posse. He is interested in early hydro power development and history. His interest in the Denver Posse was stimulated through PM Erl Ellis.

**W. T. Little**, 20 W. Fontanero, Colorado Springs, Colo., is a bureau chief of the ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS. He has had numerous articles published, one, in the Denver Posse Brand Book entitled "The Royal Gorge War." Mr. Little's interest in the Westerners came through PM Ken Englert.

**Vincent Raphael Mercaldo**, 119-06 Liberty Ave., Richmond Hill 19, New York, is a head cutter and pattern maker for Brooks Bros., neckwear division. He has had several articles published and has assisted in the illustration of many books. Mr. Mercaldo is an original member of the New York Posse of Westerners, is at the present time, the Deputy Sheriff. He owns the Mercaldo archives, is interested in old photos, collects material on Hickok, Cody, scouts, outlaws, troopers, etc. Hobbies: photography, painting, collecting western Americana, books and woodcarving. His interest in the Denver Posse was stimulated through his old friend PM Fred Mazzulla.

**Perry Eberhardt**, 1160 Niven Ave., Denver 21, Colo., is editor of the NATIONAL UNION FARMER, the official organ of the National Farmers Union. He has been a reporter for the DENVER POST and International News Service, a teacher and has worked in public relations. He is interested in general western history but more especially, ghost towns, mining camps and western legends. Among his published works: "Guide to Colorado Ghost Towns and Mining Camps" (1958), and "Treasure Tales of the Rockies" (1961). Hobbies: photography, labor history, Indians, the West. His interest in the Denver Posse was developed through the acquaintanceship of PM Alan Swallow, PM Francis Rizzari and CM Kirk Whitely.

**H. George McMannus**, 1011 E. Lexington Drive, Glendale 6, California, is a design engineer with 21 years experience on aircraft landing gear and components. He is with Menasco Mfg. Co. Mr. McMannus is a life member of the Sierra Club, is interested in preserving some of the dwindling wilderness areas. He is interested in Colorado and southwest U.S. history. He resided in Denver until the age of eleven. Hobbies: photography, hiking, western book collecting, books of the southwest and California. He became interested in the Denver Posse through his membership in the Los Angeles Corral and through the purchase of several of the Denver Posse Brand Books.

**Albert Hubbard**, 2628 S. Crest Ave., Castro Valley, California, writes: "I enclose herewith my money order for \$3.50 to join the Denver Westerners. I am hoping that you will consider me eligible (for membership). I arrived in Denver in 1891 from Newton, Kansas, bringing with me my 48 inch high wheel or 'ordinary' as we called them in those days. Started to school in the old Denver University on 14th St. In 1894 started selling Victor bicycles at the corner of Stout and 18th. In the spring of 1904 my wife and I moved to Jamestown above Boulder where my wife ran the Evans House, and where my brother-in-law and I worked over the Golden Age mining dump. Later we came back to Denver and got into the automobile game. For recreation I climbed Longs Peak, Pikes Peak and the Spanish Peaks. At one time I owned a 160 acre ranch at Shaffer's Crossing. Left Denver in 1925 for California, but am still a Denver booster and get homesick every once in a while for the Mile High City. I am now 91 (ninety-one) and the doctor says I'll reach a hundred . . . so send your ROUNDUP to keep me up to date on Denver and the West.

**Cary I. Crockett**, 10 Belle Air Road, Colorado Springs, Colo., is in real estate sales and leases, has had some 70 magazine feature type articles published in Sunday papers and special interest magazines on local Colorado subjects. Mr. Crockett has river logged in the Choctawhatchee Delta country, mined in Virginia canyon, farmed on the high plains, uranium prospected in the Rockies, traveled in Europe, Asia and America. He is interested in lost mines and treasures. Hobbies: skin diving, restoring horse drawn vehicles. He became a corresponding member to the Denver Posse of Westerners through the assistance of PM Ray Colwell.

**Virginia R. McConnell (Mrs. John C.)**, 1112 N. Meade Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo., is a housewife and free lance writer. She is presently compiling a history of Ute Pass, is a publicity director and writer for the Colorado Springs Symphony Orchestra. Mrs. McConnell has a B.A. degree in history from Oberlin College, is very active in numerous civic and social groups of her city. She has had articles published in TRAILER LIFE, COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE-TELEGRAPH, FREE PRESS and in the ESTES PARK TRAIL. She is interested in the history of Pikes Peak and its area, also in Colorado railroads. Hobbies: skiing, hiking, and western history. She became interested in the Denver Posse through numerous of its members and the use of the Brand Books for reference material.

**Mrs. Robert J. Keck**, 701 Grace Ave., La Junta, Colo., is a housewife that is interested in the history of southwestern Colorado. She graduated from Colorado University in 1938. Hobbies: horseback riding into remote areas of Colorado and along irrigation ditch systems. Her interest in the Denver Posse came through a newspaper story on the group.

**C. Glynn Fraser**, 27 Skyline Drive, Denver 15, Colo., is a public relations counsel on management, fund-raising and relating community-to-product. He is a key organizer and executive for the Inter-American Youth Leaders Training Project of the State Dept. Is active in the Boy Scouts of America and the local Chapter of the Public Relations Society of America. He has had numerous articles published. Mr. Fraser is interested in Lewis and Clarke and the Rocky Mountain West. Hobbies: big game hunting, hunting and fishing books over 100 years old, English and western Americana, Greek and Latin history and literature. He became interested in the Westerners through PM Armand Raeder and through various stories about them in the Press.

**Joe Payton**, P.O. Box 101, Westcliffe, Colo., is editor and publisher of the WET MOUNTAIN TRIBUNE, Westcliffe, Colo. He has had numerous stories published in his own newspaper and in nearby metropolitan papers as well. His western history interests are primarily in Custer County and more generally in all of the State. Mr. Payton is a member of the Colorado Press Assn. Hobbies: golf, scenic drives and all sports. He became interested in the Denver Posse through the efforts of PM Bill Brenneman and CM Bill Long.

**John R. Hudler**, 1850 Senter, Burlington, Colo., is the owner-editor of the BURLINGTON RECORD. He became interested in the Denver Posse of Westerners through the efforts of CM Bill Long.

**Marcellus S. Merrill**, 335 Colorado Blvd., Denver 6, Colo., is owner-general manager of the Merrill Engineering Laboratories and Merrill Axle and Wheel Service. He has had numerous technical articles published, is interested in Georgetown and the Steamboat Springs areas. His interest in the Westerners was created by PM George Eichler.

**Evelyn Selters (Mrs. Nelson)**, Monte Vista, Colo., RR 1, is a housewife interested in San Luis Val-

*continued on page 28*

## FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

**RM LeRoy R. Hafen** visited the Westerners in their last meeting. He reported he is presently soliciting any support the Westerners may give him on a current project—that, of preparing an encyclopedia or dictionary of over 300 mountain men; when finished, this work will be published in four to six volumes. Mr. Hafen asks any PM or CM with research or information on mountain men to write their story or biography and send the material to him: Professor of History at Brigham Young University, 1102 Fir Avenue, Provo, Utah.

**CM Stanley Zamonski**, a contributor to the 1961 Brand Book, an internationally-known Denver photographer and writer, will conduct a 15-day tour to Poland, departing from New York on June 15. Mr. Zamonski recently returned from an extensive tour of Poland, covering more than 900 miles. While on this journey, he captured over 4000 Polish and European scenes on film. He will also visit Munich, Vienna, Rome, Nice, Madrid, Brussels and Amsterdam. Zamonski had two Colorado feature stories published in the Polish issue of the National Geographic Magazine, one on Trail Ridge and the other on Red Rocks Park.

**PM Alan Swallow** is confined to bed at his home having suffered a heart attack around Christmas. We are sorry to report that no visitors are permitted at present—we sincerely hope that we have good news on Alan's condition by next ROUNDUP.

**PM Ralph B. Mayo** has been named president of the Metropolitan Safety Council. Mayo was elected by the new board of governors following the annual meeting of the local chapter of the National Safety Council.

**PM Dr. Nolie Mumey**, Denver surgeon, author and Western historian, was one of 50 scientists and physicians

that recently left Valparaiso, Chile, on a Chilean battleship as a member of an expedition to Easter Island. Dr. Mumey will study the cultural and medical background of the early inhabitants on the isolated Polynesian island. The expedition will be on the island, famed for its huge stone carvings out of volcanic rocks, for two weeks.

**PM Thomas Hornsby Ferril**, made the Denver Press twice in the last few weeks. In a Rocky Mountain News story written by **Sheriff Perkin**, Tom remembers the great poet, Robert Frost, who died last month. Tom Ferril, Denver poet, won the first \$1,000 Robert Frost Poetry Award with his poem "Cadetta—C&S," an account of a going back again to the Colorado mountains by way of the narrow-gauge Colorado & Southern train up Platte Canon. In another News Story, **Tom Ferril** and **Sheriff Bob Perkin** were among a group of Denver writers honored by Loretto Heights College. They were in a parade of students who moved the entire library of the College, volume by volume to a beautiful new building. The Denver authors carried their own autographed works to the new edifice with due ceremony. **Thomas Hornsby Ferril** carried several volumes of his published poems and essays, **Robert Perkin**, his history of Denver, "The First Hundred Years."

**A memo to us** on the Pacific Northwest History Conference:

The next Pacific Northwest History Conference will be held in Tacoma April 18, 19 and 20, 1963. Advance registration blanks will be mailed the first week in March.

Theme of the Conference will be THE ETHNOHISTORY OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST. Speakers and panelists will be experts on the historical contributions of the many ethnic groups who settled and developed the Pacific Northwest.

The History Conference will be preceded by the Pacific Northwest Museums

Conference which will be held at the Washington State Historical Society Museum on April 18th, H. J. Swinney presiding. Correspondence concerning the Museums Conference should be directed to Mr. Swinney, Director, Idaho Historical Society, Boise, Idaho.

### DENVER WESTERNERS' MEETING

January 23, 1963

The first meeting of 1963 was held at the Denver Press Club at 6:30 p.m. with Sheriff Robert L. Perkin presiding. Attendance was 80, composed of 31 Posse and Reserve, 39 Corresponding members, and 10 guests. (Out-of-town members included LeRoy Hafen, RM; Jeff Dykes, and Dow Helmers, CMs.) Also present as a guest was George Champion, honorary mayor of Como, Colo., who was hosted by the speaker of the evening.

Chuck Wrangler Kenny Englert announced only 65 advance reservations had been made. The additional 15 places caused some delay by the Press Club in arranging seating and meals. The Wrangler said unless proper notification can be given in time for the club to arrange for Westerners' meetings, other restrictions may be imposed on attendance.

Self-introductions were made around the room as usual. Harold Dunham reported the death of Ed V. Dunklee, a Reserve Member and a charter member of the Denver Posse. The secretary was instructed to write a letter of condolence to the Dunklee family on behalf of the Posse.

Following a break (no Posse meeting was held), Sheriff Perkin turned the meeting over to Francis Rizzari, PM, who introduced the speaker, CM Allison Chandler of Salina, Kan. Chandler's paper concerned Como and King Park, Colo., and was very well received. Following the 50 minute talk, Chandler exhibited 47 slides of the South Park country. PM Fred Mazzulla (sometimes known as Doc Holliday) furnished the projector and

manpower to operate same. Questions and answers and general discussion on the paper continued until about 9:15 p.m.

The Sheriff, at the general meeting, announced the chairmen of the regular committees. Appointed were: Erl H. Ellis, membership; Harold Dunham, awards; Numa James, book review; Guy Herstrom, nominating; Forbes Parkhill, program; John J. Lipsey, publications.

The meeting adjourned shortly before 9:30 p.m.

Respectfully submitted,

Geo. R. Eichler Roundup Foreman

### OTTO KUHLER'S FAMOUS "SOUTH PARK" NARROW GAUGE PAINTINGS TO BE REPRODUCED IN ROUNDUP

Corresponding member Otto A. Kuhler has given us permission to reproduce various of his famous water color paintings. Otto has been active throughout his life in the railroad design field as an engineer or as an artist, climaxing his career as the world's pioneer of streamlined locomotives and luxury name trains. He was codesigner of the Hiawatha trains. He designed the Royal Blue Rebels, John Wilkes and Black Diamond trains. Otto and Mrs. Kuhler retired to one of Colorado's prettiest ranches, surrounded by towering peaks, fifteen years ago . . . however, it was no retirement for Otto, who since has kept his water color brush and oil palette busy painting the western trains that are rapidly disappearing from their historic habitats and the passing scene.

Worldwide, enthusiastic response came on the first publication of Kuhler's "Fine Art Prints" as the first full color railroad lithographs since "Currier and Ives" prints made history a century ago. For more information and prices on Kuhler prints or originals, write KZ Ranch Publishers, Pine, Colorado.



EMPTY



SADDLES

**Edward V. Dunklee**, Charter Member of the Denver Posse of Westerners, long active in promoting United Nations activities in Colorado died at St. Luke's Hospital Thursday, Jan. 17, after a brief illness.

Ed lived at 727 Washington St., was a Denver attorney, civic leader and a former state senator.

He founded the Colorado Assn. for the United Nations and served for 13 years as president of the United Nations Committee for Colorado. Most recently he was regional chairman of the United States Committee for the U.N., and a member of the Board of Governors of the American Assn. of the U.N.

In recent years he traveled extensively throughout the world as a voluntary ambassador of good will and promoter of United Nations activities. His hobby became collecting artistic and historical objects from the countries he visited. The mementos filled more than a dozen showcases in his home. Ed also was interested in legal history of Colorado.

RM Ed entered St. Luke's Hospital for treatment of an inflammation in the heart region. He was stricken at his home Jan. 9 and was ordered hospitalized after suffering severe pains in his chest. His condition earlier had been reported good.

Dunklee, the son of the late Denver Dist. Judge George F. Dunklee, was born in Corpus Christi, Tex., Aug. 8, 1888. He came to Denver as a boy and received his master's degree from the University of Denver and his law degree from the University of Colorado.

He was a longtime Democratic district captain and served as a state senator for three terms from 1915 to 1919.

During his tenure in the State Legislature, Dunklee was active in promoting a bill authorizing an addi-

tion to the State Hospital at Pueblo, backed a plan to reorganize the numerous bureaus in the state government, and was prominent in promoting an anti-loan shark law which cut interest rates from 36 pct. to 12 pct.

He was a member of St. John's Episcopal Cathedral, and board member of the Denver Area Council of Churches.

Survivors include his wife, Obie Sue; three sons, Donald of Denver, a former state senator and real estate man; David, an attorney and mayor of Bow Mar; and Edward of Denver, owner and operator of a music school; a daughter, Mrs. William Porter Durkee of Washington, D.C.; two sisters, and nine grandchildren.

Denver Posse members will indeed miss Ed's presence and many contributions to its development.

**CM Arthur T. (Cap) McDannald**, an oil man and cattleman with extensive land-holdings in Colorado and Texas, died of natural causes January 20, in his sleep at his ranch near Hartsel, Colo.

The 235,000-acre ranch is believed to be the largest spread in Colorado. McDannald also owned the 10,000-acre Ken-Caryl Ranch southwest of Littleton, Colo., and several ranches near Houston, Texas.

He was head of the McDannald Oil Co. of Houston and a director of the Bank of the Southwest, also in Houston.

McDannald was born in Martinsburg, Mo., May 22, 1887. During his lifetime he became owner of one of the largest herds of Angus cattle in the West. He also ran commercial Herefords, Rambouillet and Suffolk sheep and registered quarter horses.

McDannald's survivors include his wife, four daughters and two sons.

# WESTERN INDIAN ART BY GEORGE CATLIN

BY KATIE WEAVER

Denver Art Museum

Staff Member

George Catlin was the first artist of stature to travel our Western plains to make a documentary record of the primitive Indian tribes. He often traveled with Government treaty-making parties to capture his realistic, detailed portraits. His work includes the costumes and the proud, noble character of women and warriors and chiefs of such tribes as the Sauk, Kansa, the warring Comanche, Nez Perce, Cherokee and Osage.

The scenes of hunting, tribal dances, feasts and religious ceremonies captured by Catlin in a rapid simplified style, attest to the breadth of his travels and to his determination to seek out, interpret and record all aspects of the life of the Indian.

John C. Ewers, Smithsonian authority has said: "All who enjoy learning about the Indians in the day before the covered wagon and the Indian wars should be grateful to George Catlin for his vision and accomplishment in preserving a pictorial record of a picturesque era in history that is forever gone."

Catlin, tired of his life as a lawyer and portrait painter of Eastern gentlemen, decided to devote his time to documenting the life of the Indian.

In the foreword to the "Descriptive Catalogue of Catlin's Indian Collection," Catlin wrote: "I wish to inform the visitors to my collection that, having some years since become fully convinced of the rapid decline and certain extinction of the numerous tribes of the North American Indians; and seeing also the vast importance and value which a full pictorial history of these interesting but dying people might be to future ages—I set out alone, unaided and unadvised, resolved (if my life should be spared),

**AN EXHIBITION** of 35 oil paintings and 12 color lithographs by George Catlin (1796-1872), famous artist and historian of the American Indian, will open at the Denver Art Museum's Chappell House, 1300 Logan St., Feb. 22. It will continue on view through Sunday, March 17. The exhibition, circulated by the Smithsonian Institution, is sponsored here in Denver by the John G. Duncan Estate.

by the aid of my brush and my pen, to rescue from oblivion, so much of their primitive looks and customs as the industry and ardent enthusiasm of one lifetime could accomplish, and set them up in a gallery unique and imperishable, for the use and benefit of future ages."

After two years of painting Indians of the East, from 1829 to 1831, Catlin ventured westward into the central and southern Great Plains, the eastern forest and regions as far west as the Rockies. He carried his canvas from tribe to tribe, recording appearances and customs of the Red Man.

In 1832, he struck out on a remarkable field trip which led him 2000 miles up the Upper Missouri into the wilds as far as the mouth of the Yellowstone.

On this trip, he painted the earliest known Indian portraits as well as village and hunting scenes of the nomadic, buffalo-hunting Cheyenne, Blackfoot, and Western Sioux and of the agricultural Mandan and Hidasta Indians who inhabited the region which is now North Dakota.

Paintings included in the present

exhibition have such intriguing titles as "Red Thunder," "Son of Chief Black Moccasin," "The Last Race, Part of a Religious Ceremony known as Okipa" and "He who Ties His Hair Before."

Catlin's collection toured the Western United States in 1838 and 1839, and was taken to London in 1840. After being shown in Paris in 1848, it was returned to his gallery in London.

In 1832, the majority of these paintings became the property of Joseph Harrison, Jr., of Philadelphia. The executors of his estate transferred them to the Smithsonian in 1879 as a gift to the United State National Museum.

During the past two years the Smithsonian Catlin Collection has been undergoing expert cleaning and restoration. The present exhibition will afford the public its first opportunity to view a sizable group of these revitalized paintings which represent so impressively the Old West.

Reprint Rocky Mountain News.

### **A GOOD IDEA . . . A FINE PROJECT, QUOTED FROM A RECENT LETTER. . . .**

from Erl Ellis to Sheriff Perkin, "It is always logical for the Executive Committee to consider new activities to broaden the scope of The Westerners' contributions toward the ends of the purposes written into our constitution. There is a feeling among many members, I think, that we might give space in our ROUNDUP to some items that would be of interest to corresponding members who are not as active historians as perhaps are the majority of our posse members. Guides to existing literature might be helpful. One thought has been offered that we might work up bibliographies of published material per each county of Colorado, such

bibliographies to be more than a mere listing, to be instructive as to character and coverage of each item. . . ."

How do we get started? We're open for suggestions. Shall we select several counties, or a couple of subjects? Do we have any volunteers? We think it is worthy of consideration and action. Drop me a note . . . Editor Bob.

### **JUDGE WILLIAM S. JACKSON**

#### **Added Historical Note To Denver and Rio Grande History in 1948**

by Don L. Griswold, PM

The Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad Company was originally built as a narrow-gauge line in the 1870s, but as competition from other railroads, particularly the Colorado Midland, increased in the late 1880s, the Denver and Rio Grande Western changed from narrow-gauge rails and equipment to broad-gauge rails, engines and cars except on the branch lines which did not have sufficient business to warrant the expense. Such branch lines were either abandoned or operated on reduced schedules and, during the twentieth century, competition from highway trucking and other means of transportation increased to such an extent that schedules on the remaining narrow-gauge tracks became very limited. Some employees on these sections of the D. & R. G., many of whom had worked for the company for years, were forced to seek other employment or transfer to positions on the broad-gauge sections of the railroad. During the depression years of the 1930s reduced schedules on all branches of the Denver and Rio Grande brought a conflict of interest between the narrow-gauge and standard-gauge employees which was settled by the precedent-setting agreement in which firemen of narrow-gauge lines were given limited seniority as of the

bargained contract date of August 1, 1936. This seniority continued with some voiced discontent until the 16th of January, 1945, on which date the broad-gauge firemen voted to reject the 1936 agreement, all of which set in motion a legal contest that did not end until the Supreme Court of Colorado issued its decision on the 22nd of March 1948. After a careful study of all issues and points of law had been made, Justice William S. Jackson and four of his associates (two justices not participating) decreed that the narrow-gauge employees were entitled to their limited seniority rights because they had bargained honestly and with justification for them. This declaratory judgment not only settled the specific problem of the narrow-gauge employees but eliminated many civil suits which could have been brought to the courts, had the decision been a different one.

One of the most interesting historical points is the fact the decision was written by Judge Jackson, son of the senior William Sharpless Jackson who was the secretary and treasurer of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad from 1871 to 1874, receiver for the railroad during 1885-86 and then president and board member for several years. Judge Jackson, a charter member of the Denver Westerners, also wrote about the Denver and Rio Grande for the first BRAND BOOK in his paper, "The Record vs. Reminiscence," and explained the controversy between the D. & R. G. and Midland railroads, a study based on the actual records and letters of his father. It seems appropriate the Judge should have written the Colorado Supreme Court decision for a case which concerned a company about which he knew so much.

Posseman Jackson was Deputy Sheriff of the Denver Posse in 1947, Membership Chairman in 1950, and Sheriff in 1957.

## VOLUME 1—NUMBER 1 & 2 BRAND BOOK MAKES ITS DEBUT JUST 18 YEARS AGO

The first issue of the Denver Posse of Westerners . . . "The Official Organ," of the BRAND BOOK saw the light of day March 1, 1945. Today, at eighteen, much more mature . . . more refined, and certainly . . . a great deal larger . . . the BRAND BOOK has had its name changed to the ROUNDUP . . . and has given its name to the yearly publication of the organization. Your ROUNDUP editor looks back to the writing of the first editor and registrar of marks and brands and finds much to think upon in his very first lead article . . .

"Every once in a while an organization seems to arise out of sheer need for a medium whereby men of common interests can gather and exchange ideas and experiences. For a number of years such eminent Colorado men of letters as Dr. LeRoy R. Hafen, Colorado Historian, Professor Levette J. Davidson, nationally known folklore authority, and Thomas H. Ferril, poet and writer, have recognized the need for an informal assembly of men interested in various aspects of western cultural history. Unfortunately, circumstances never seemed quite favorable until the summer of 1944, when Leland Case, editor of THE ROTARIAN and a member of the Chicago group known as "The Westerners," visited Denver and suggested the organization of a Colorado affiliate of "The Westerners." The result was the organization of this Chapter on January 26, 1945.

"Our one and only purpose in this organization is to exchange information relative to the cultural background and evolution of the vast region referred to as the Rocky Mountains and 'The West.' Fortunately this geographical limitation is broad enough to encompass everything from

the Mississippi River to California. And, strangely, this seemingly unlimited scope is thoroughly justified by history, for few regions in America have been so closely allied to their surrounding areas. Starting with the Spanish explorations emanating from New Mexico, the French explorations from the northeast, the fur traders, such noted expeditions as those of Lewis and Clark, Pike, Long, and Fremont, the Santa Fe trail to the South and the California and Oregon trails to the North, Colorado has been crossed and recrossed north and south, east and west by men seeking the wealth of other regions. When, after 1858, men began to stop using the region as a highway to New Mexico and the Pacific and began to settle in its valleys and mountains, they soon discovered that they had overlooked one of the richest and most productive areas in the New World. 'Like flies drawn to honey' the adventurous, the poor and rich, the laborer and the capitalist, the Scotsman, Irishman, German, Swede, Pole, Cornishman and Cockney poured into the Rockies. From Indiana, Illinois, Massachusetts, Virginia, California, and every other state and territory came the Americans. Each contributed his share to the culture of the region—to that already implanted by the Ute, Cheyenne, Kiowa, Apache, Navajo and Pueblo.

"It is hoped that in the months to come The Westerners will explore not only the obviously important aspects of this cultural diffusion, but the by-ways, the side roads and detours of the highways of civilization that have made this region so outstanding. . . . Sheriff Elmo Scott Watson of the Chicago Westerners was the speaker at our initial meeting in January, and his paper resulted in an active discussion that was ended only by the lateness of the hour. Posseman Levette J. Davidson, now

on leave from the University of Denver on a Social Science Research Council grant, gave the February meeting many a chuckle with his sparkling examples of 'Tall Tales of the Rockies.'

"It is unfortunate that the discussion which preceded and followed each of these programs cannot be reproduced, for it is in such active participation that each member contributes to the meeting. At the February session, our dinner discussion elicited from Posseman William MacLeod Raine a lively and intimate picture of his friendship with Eugene Manlove Rhodes. It was wholly an unexpected thrill, and yet it is upon such features that The Westerners thrive.

"Membership in The Westerners is by invitation, and due to wartime food restrictions the active membership is limited to forty. There is no limitation however, on corresponding members. This latter classification is for those interested in this organization, but who live outside the city and county of Denver."

Herbert O. Brayer, editor

## AND . . .

The same issue of BRAND BOOK published this listing of . . .

### CHARTER MEMBERS

#### Denver Chapter of The Westerners

**Edwin Bemis:** Editor, The Littleton Independent; Secretary, Colorado Editorial Association.

**Herbert O. Brayer:** State Archivist for Colorado; Historian; Director Western Range Cattle Industry Study.

**John T. Caine III:** Director, National Western Live Stock Show; Former Professor of Animal Husbandry, Utah State College of Agriculture; Promoter and Publicist.

**Arthur Carhart:** Office of Price Administration.

**George Curfman:** M.D. Physician-surgeon, Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad.

**Levette J. Davidson:** Professor of Literature, University of Denver; Author and Folklore Authority.

**Edward V. Dunklee:** Attorney at Law.

**Robert Ellison:** Retired oil executive; One-time Member of the Wyoming Historical Monuments Commission; Collector of Western Americana.

**Thomas H. Ferril:** Poet; Author; Editor of the house organ of The Great Western Sugar Company.

**LeRoy R. Hafen:** State Historian for Colorado; Executive-director, Colorado State Museum.

**Paul D. Harrison:** Office of Price Administration.

**E. W. Milligan:** Vice-president Kistlers Stationery Store; Lecturer of Early Western History with illustrations.

**Lawrence Mott:** Denver Public Library; Engineer.

**Nolie Mumey, M.D.:** Physician-surgeon; Author and Historian.

**Forbes Parkhill:** Office of Price Administration; Author; Journalist.

**Virgil V. Peterson:** Associate State Archivist for Colorado; Geologist; Archaeologist.

**William MacLeod Raine:** Noted Western Story Writer.

**Fred Rosenstock:** Book Dealer; Publisher.

**Charles B. Roth:** Author.

**B. Z. Wood:** Professor of History, Colorado Woman's College.

**Arthur Zeuch:** Printers Representative for Bradford Robinson Printers; Photographer.

## WELCOME . . . NEW HANDS

*continued from page 20*

ley history, the Utes and psychic phenomena as documented in Western history. Hobbies: antique collecting. She became acquainted with the Denver Posse of Westerners through PM Richard Ronzio.

**Dave Harrison,** 2565 S. Dennison Ct., Denver 22, Colo., is a director of field operations, Dept. of Defense, Office of Civil Defense, region 6, Denver. He is interested in Colorado history and western short stories. Hobbies: hunting and fishing. PM Bill Brenneeman convinced CM Harrison that he would enjoy membership in the Denver Posse of Westerners.

**Dr. Eugene M. Fusco,** 9 Buttles Ave., Columbus 15, Ohio, is a surgeon and western historical writer. Dr. Fusco is Sheriff of the Columbus Posse of Westerners. He has had some fifty articles on the West published. The latest, was in the October issue of MONTANA MAGAZINE, entitled, "Last Hunt of General Crook." Dr. Fusco is a Colonel in the Sons of Union Veterans, 1st Ohio Regiment, is a member of the American College of Surgeons, assistant professor of surgery at Ohio State Univ. He is interested in early outlaws and law men, the Civil War as related to western history. Hobbies: woodworking, photography. He became interested in the Denver Posse through PM Fred Mazzulla.

**Alexander Summers,** Box 268, 108 Westview Place, Mattoon, Illinois, is an oil equipment jobber interested in the Civil War period of Indian and western history. Indian agents and the career of William Palmer Dole. He has had several pamphlets on local Illinois history published as well as book reviews in the ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL JOURNAL. Mr. Summers is past president of the Illinois Historical Society, founder and past president of the Mattoon Historical Society, secretary for seven years of Illinois State Teachers College Board, member of the Chicago Corral of Westerners. Hobbies: collecting books, and manuscripts about the West. His interest in the Denver Posse came through his membership in the Chicago Corral of Westerners.

**Paul E. Lappala,** Hiwan Hills, Evergreen, Colo., is a teacher of sociology and history, is interested in western community life. He has been a contractor and salesman. His hobbies are photography and skiing. His interest in the Denver Posse came through the efforts of CM Paul Pustmiller.

### Membership Address Changes:

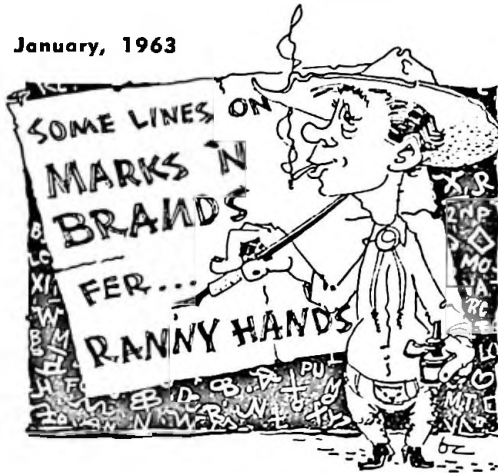
PM Fred Mazzulla  
950 Western Federal Bldg.,  
Denver 2, Colorado.  
PM Kenneth Englert  
604 Prospect Lake Drive,  
Colorado Springs, Colo.  
CM V. C. Carlson  
691 S. Vine St.,  
Denver 9, Colo.  
CM Elvon L. Howe  
2320 S.W. 79th Ct.,  
Miami 55, Florida  
CM Robert H. Owen  
1539 Hillcrest Ave.,  
Pennsauken, New Jersey

### Membership Resignations:

CM Philip J. Rasch  
CM Ronald F. Voight  
CM Fred C. Vetting  
RM Wilford W. Barber

### Membership Deletions:

RM Edward V. Dunklee  
CM A. T. McDannald  
CM Orin Diedrich  
CM Warren L. Boughton



It was mighty neighborly of you fellas to make up a quorum all legal like, to just get enough votes together to elect me yer new Editor of this here range beller. I shore felt nice and proud that evenin' but I just couldn't figure out what all the quiet jackass brayin' in the background was about. I think I'm beginnin' to see the diamonds on the rattler now, tho! That fella John Lipsey wrote me and he said, "I wish you success in yer new job. You will find it to be one of the most difficult you've ever had." Then in the December 1962 ROUNDUP, this same Lipsey maverick says that after January, 1963, PM 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.

Well, I'm right here now to say that God gave us two ends—one to sit on and one to think with! The success of our doin's depends on which end we use the most! Well by thunder—I ain't gonna be sittin' in any doggone UNEASY CHAIR! And that ain't all—I'm known around these here parts as FAST DRAW CORMACK—and what's more I'm purty dadburned quick at erasin' too! I only make human mistakes—and I want you all to know that I don't bury my mistakes like some of these frontier sawbones I have knowed—I gotta live with mine, so—I'm just warnin' any

snaky perfectionist here and now that my typewriter ain't the best speller—my pen only has a B.F.A. degree which didn't include the punctuation course (I never did pay the postage due on that dadblasted series) just couldn't figure out what a bunch of dots, lines, marks and such could be used fer. And last but not least—I never could quite school my horse hair brush in the finest gramma like the purty school marm used to rattle off!

I'm not as fortunate as Mr. Lipsey is to have a right nice helpmate to save him from embarrassin' blunders, somebody to spend uncounted hours in correctin' copy, in re-typin' typescripts, and in reading proof over and over again! Nope, I'm goin' ta be doin' it all—and standin' up too. If ya want to cancel yer subscription to this here ROUNDUP it's yer privilege—but I kinda figure that ya ought to stick around a little bit and see the daggondest spark flyin' two-fisted bunch of fun since High Noon—yep, I figure it ain't gonna be no Dark Day at Black Rock.

I'm shore glad that Julia Lipsey is gonna be around to put out that 1962 BRAND BOOK and I think we all owe her a real hoop and holler fer the fine job she gave us on the 1962 ROUNDUP.

Don't be gettin' no ideas that I'm apologizin' fer the editin' job that I'll be doin' this comin' year—cause I ain't. I just feel a little soft geetar music might lull you critters out there to sleep before some dang coyote starts a real fer goodness stampede. Might say that I shore think all of us owe a lot of thanks to last year's head men of this here Posse fer a doggone good job of Rannyhanin'—our Sheriff, Erl Ellis; our Chuck Wrangler, Dick Ronzio; the Membership Chairman, Nevin Carson. The preceding Sheriff, Charles Ryland; Harold Dunham, Chairman of the Awards Committee; Don Criswold, fer a very well received and edited BRAND BOOK—Chairman Alan Swallow of the Program

Committee; and Numa James, chairman of the Book Review Committee.

To those hands that will carry on in the same ridin' spots they had last year—George Eichler, the Roundup Foreman; Bill Brenneman, Tally Man; thanks for a real fine job of leather pullin' last year—and I'll help ya both anyway I can with my FAST DRAW in 1963!

To our new Sheriff, Bob Perkin, who was Deputy last year, you got a darn good Posse of some 50 tall in the saddle Rannyhans that want to build fences, gather beef or hunt strays—you call it! The best to ya.

I'm lookin' forward to the 1962 BRAND BOOK—I hope that fella Lipsey gets settled down though, 'cause first he gives his address as Ave Atque Vale and then quick like he's at Ave et Salute! I'm goin' ta think twice before I send in my green foldin' money fer one of his BRAND BOOKS 'til he settles down at one address for a spell. Least ways you know where you can get me—my spread's at 1363 Pierce St., Lakewood 15, Colorado, U.S.A. You can reach me over the Bailin' wire by callin' BE 7-1959.

Yers very respectful  
Bob Cormack

P.S. I wonder if that fella Lipsey took his wife with him when he moved?

P.S.S. Thanks, Julia fer spellin' my name write.

## SHERIFF SHOOTS IT . . .

*continued from page 2*

that as of Jan. 1, 1963, we not only are comfortably solvent but also that the financial outlook is brighter than it was a year ago.

Obviously, this places a large responsibility on those of us who will be your officers during 1963. We are acutely aware that, through the skills and artful guiles of Editor Cormack and with the assistance of all concerned, we must keep ROUNDUP rolling along at the fine momentum bequeathed by Editor Emeritus John Lipsey. We trust all our new CMs will be impelled to renew their member-

ships. We further hope that additional CMs, now bawling far out in the brush as lonely dogies, can be brought in to the bunch. To that end, all Possemen and CMs are hereby officially deputized as evangelists. (Information leaflets and application blanks always available from Headquarters, 414 Denver Theater Bldg.)

Your officers and Editor Cormack will at all times welcome, from Possemen and CMs alike, suggestions, contributions, happy thoughts and other good offices.

To assist me in serving you during the year ahead, I have made the following appointments.

**Publications Committee**—John J. Lipsey, chairman; Don L. Griswold, Guy M. Herstrom, Ray G. Colwell and Numa James. (Our Bylaws provide that the Publications Committee shall consist of the incumbent Brand Book Editor and his four immediate predecessors as Registrar of Marks and Brands.)

**Program Committee**—Forbes Parkhill, chairman; Maurice Frink, Harold Dunham and Fred Rosenstock.

**Membership Committee**—Erl H. Ellis, chairman; J. Nevin Carson and Fletcher Birney.

**Book Review Chairman**—Numa L. James.

**Awards Committee**—Harold H. Dunham, chairman; Ray Colwell, Maurice Frink, Forbes Parkhill and Herbert P. White.

**Nominating Committee**—Guy Herstrom, chairman; Lester L. Williams and Ed Bemis.

With such a fine lineup, with the proved devotion and energy of your other elected officers, and with the pace-setting heritage left us by Sheriff Ellis and his 1962 Administration, I look forward confidently to a successful year. I am proud and pleased that you have selected me to wear your star, and mindful of the obligations it imposes upon me.

Bob Perkin, Sheriff





JEFFERSON



# SOUTH PARK GROUND BLIZZARD

(Inside Back Cover)

---

by **Otto Kuhler**

South Park Ground blizzards howl off the 14,000 foot peaks surrounding that vast, high plain. They drive enormous snowmasses at 75 mile speeds ahead of them, burying man, beast and all transportation. Before continuing towards "Como," only a few dubious, dangerous miles, the engineer checks with the agent, the fireman checks his sandbox, and a worried rancher on his horse asks the conductor about his lost herd. Old No. 76, complete with beartrap stack and snowplow, weathered many of these storms. Popping off confidently, she is ready to tackle this one.

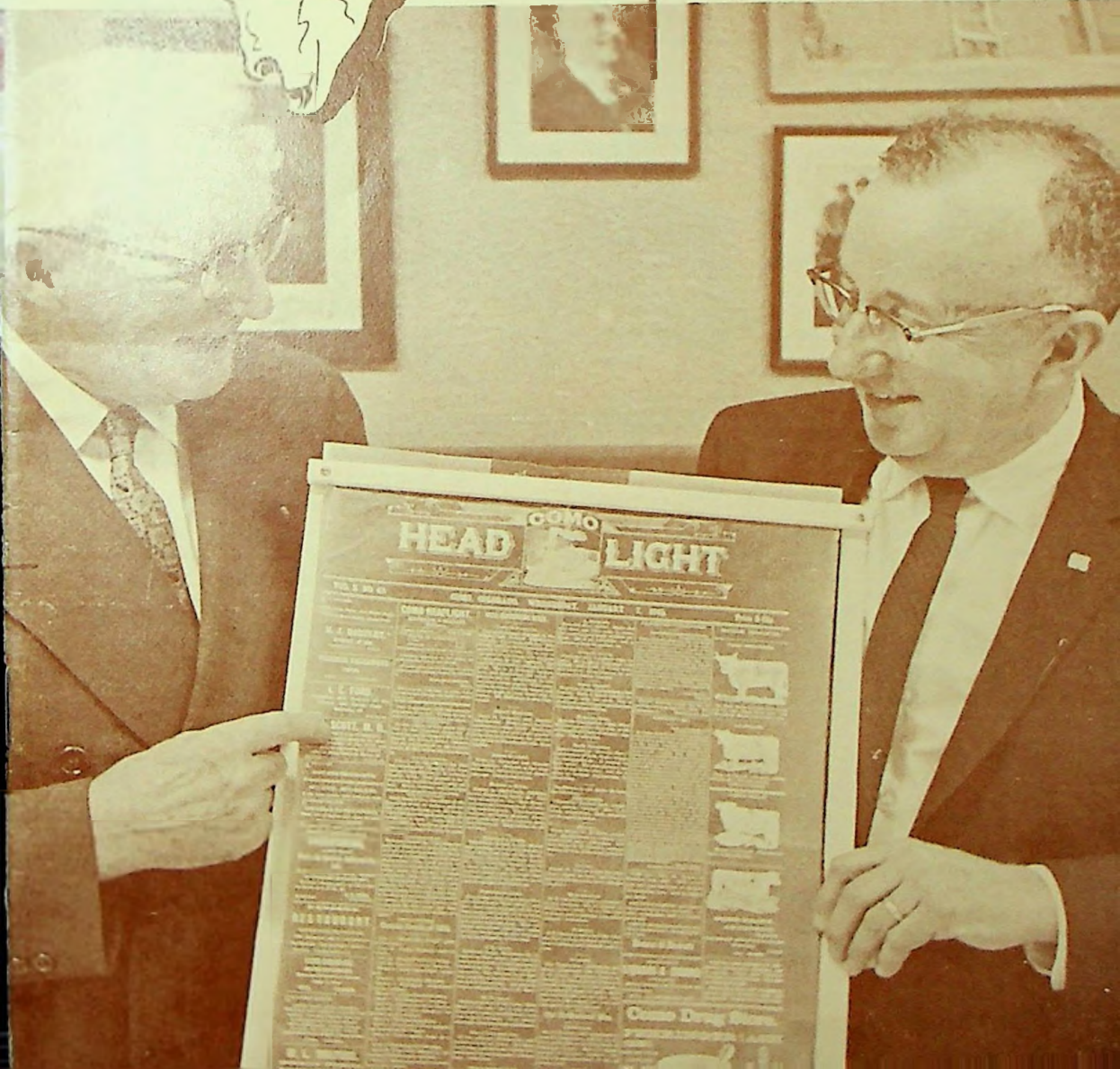
The DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
**ROUNDUP**



IN THIS ISSUE:

- "The Story of Como & King Park, Colorado"  
—by Allison Chandler
- "Guns That Helped Win The West"  
—Charles B. Roth
- "Chow Stop At Como"  
—Otto Kuhler

CM Allison Chandler, author of "Como & King" shows the honorary mayor of Como, Colorado, George Champion II, (left) a photostatic copy of the COMO HEAD LIGHT, early newspaper of the railroad village . . . subject of this month's historical paper. (Cover photo courtesy of Fred and Jo Mazzulla.)



# the DENVER WESTERNERS MONTHLY ROUNDUP

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1963

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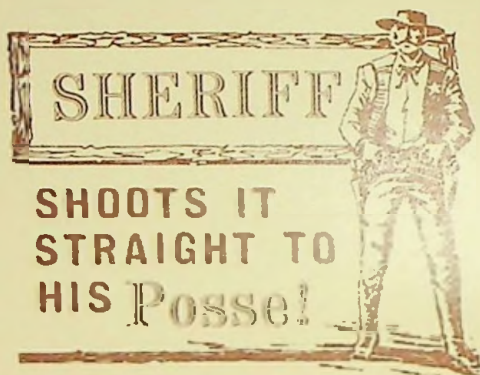
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**Reservations for all meetings and dinners**—Kenneth E. Englert, 604 Prospect Lake Drive, Colorado Springs. MEIrose 3-9293

#### 1963 OFFICERS

**Sheriff**, Robert L. Perkin  
**Deputy Sheriff**, Herbert P. White  
**Roundup Foreman**, George R. Eichler  
**Tally Man**, William G. Brenneman  
**Chuck Wrangler**, Kenneth E. Englert  
**Registrar of Marks and Brands**, Robert B. Cormack (Editor of Monthly ROUNDUP)  
**Publications Chairman**, John J. Lipsey (Editor of 1962 BRAND BOOK)  
**Preceding Sheriff**, Erl H. Ellis  
**Membership Chairman**, Erl H. Ellis  
**Awards Chairman**, Harold H. Dunham  
**Program Chairman**, Forbes Parkhill  
**Book Review Chairman**, Numa L. James



**P**lanning moves forward on our two summer meetings—the big annual Rendezvous of all Westerners in August, and the more recently traditional July dinner meeting in Colorado Springs.

Former Sheriff Fred Mazzulla has consented to apply his broad shoulders to the ball and get it rolling. So he is hereby officially designated Chief Trader of the '63 Rendezvous. His committee of *engagés* will be (at his request): Al Bromfield, Charles Davlin, Francis Rizzari, Dick Mondo and Charles Ryland. Such talent, of course, leads one to expect bigger and better things than ever took place on the Green a century ago.

We hope to give you firm information on place and date in the very near future. Meantime, keep August in mind as Rendezvous-time.

We especially urge and invite Westerners elsewhere in the nation—West-

*continued on page 22*

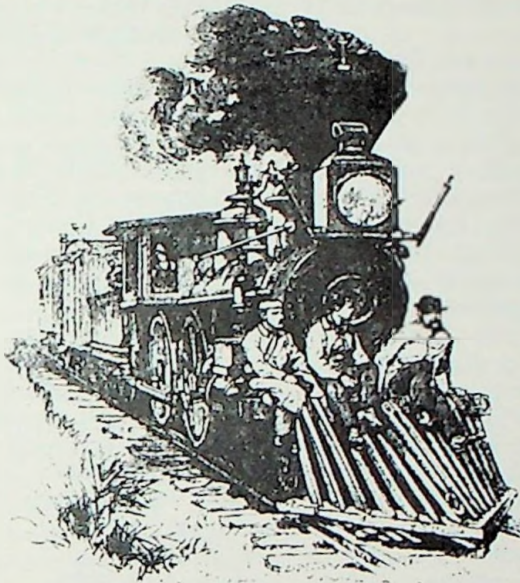
#### 27 MARCH MEETING

This month's meeting of the Denver Westerners will be held on Wednesday, March 27, 1963 at the Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm Place. Dinner at 6:30 p.m. \$2.75 per plate, only to those making advanced reservations with Chuck Wrangler, Ken Englert. Business meeting and program to follow. Program according to the program chairman, Forbes Parkhill: "Sand Creek; A Clash Between Heroes," by Michael Straight the distinguished writer, author of CARRINGTON, a study of the Fetterman "massacre," and of a forthcoming novel embodying a new approach to the controversial Sand Creek affair.

#### 24 APRIL MEETING

The April meeting will be held at the Denver Press Club as usual, 6:30 p.m. The program: PM Fred Mazzulla will present an illustrated paper entitled, "M. W. Trester, Wild Life Photographer to the West." Fred and Jo Mazzulla recently became the proud recipients of a very fine collection of glass and cut film negatives and prints taken by the plumber, restaurateur, auto designer prospector who turned photographer . . . M. W. Trester. Mr. Trester photographed the western scene from Alaska to Mexico for sixty years. His famous "motor palace," still in existence, traveled to take this photographer to his subject matter. Trester captured with his lens, on his glass plates, scenes from the Yukon gold rush, herds of buffalo, elk and other wildlife of America. For some of the most dramatic and historic pictures of western Americana, be sure and be present when Fred presents this interesting illustrated paper.

# THE STORY OF COMO & KING PARK, COLORADO



*by Allison Chandler*

CM Allison Chandler was born March 1, 1906 in the Santa Fe railroad town of Newton, Kansas. He grew up in the Swedish-American community of Lindsborg, Kansas where he went through the Lindsborg public schools and Bethany College. His first newspaper job was on the Lindsborg News-Record in September 1929 and he has been in that field ever since, except for a trip to India at the taxpayers' expense during World War II. Chandler has been in the Harris newspaper organization since 1940 and with the Salina, Kansas Daily Journal advertising staff the past 12 years.

His first view of the Colorado Rockies was in 1912, which included a Denver-to-Salt Lake City

round trip on the D&RG. His first time on the summit of Pikes Peak as a "footpad" was in 1934, his last, via cog road in 1957.

Chandler's first historical manuscript written in 1953 concerned his boyhood experiences in Newton. It was considered by New York book houses but remains unpublished. His second manuscript begun in 1953 concerns the history of the interurban trolley lines in Kansas. This work is now in the hands of a publisher. His third manuscript concerns Como and King Park, Colorado, begun in 1959 after his first visit to that area.

**C**omo is a 9,796 feet high Colorado village 85 highway miles southwest of Denver along US 285. It is nestled along the northwest rim of the South Park at the foot of 14,000 feet mountain peaks. Como's current population is about 23 residents, plus something

like 30 "week-enders."

It was not always thus. Stimulated by the great Leadville silver strikes of 1878, Como came into being with a rush in the summer of 1879. The narrow gauge Denver, South Park & Pacific Railroad reached the area the

year and a townsite was laid out by George W. Lechner, large landowner, on the old Stubbs Ranch. The town grew up around the new wooden station that summer, and the railroad built a red brick hotel and dining room and eventually a circular stone and wood-walled roundhouse and repair shops.

Paralleling the Leadville silver strikes was the discovery of semi-bituminous coal deposits in 1876 or 1877 just northwest of the Como townsite by George Lechner and three miles southeast of Como by George Boyd. This led to the formation in April 1879 of the South Park Coal Company to operate both areas and the hiring of many miners mostly of Italian extraction. A community sprang up around the southeast coal diggings in the spring of 1879. The miners named the place Como after their home town at the base of the Bergamo Alps and the 64 acre near-by pond, Lake Como, after beautiful Lake Como in Northern Italy.

Railroad tracks reached the area in June, 1879, and a wooden station (which still stands) was built by the company and named Como, apparently to serve the new mining settlement. But a new town immediately sprang up around the station and it was called Como. Then the original Como mining community had its name changed to King or King Park after County Clerk W. H. King of Park County, who also became King's postmaster and manager of the company store. The southeast mines were called the Boyd mines, the Lower Como mines and the King mines. But the name King stuck with the mining town throughout its existence, while the name Como remains today with the former railroad center. The coal deposits northwest of Como were called the Upper Como mines.

The first steam train reached the site of Como from Denver, 88 rail miles away on June 21, 1879, and

Como became the railhead of the young narrow gauge line. Newly named and laid out Como became a tent city of some 6,000 during its first wild summer. In a rush to get to Leadville people rode and shipped materials at exorbitant rates from Denver to Como, then hauled them over the ghastly height of 13,280 feet Mosquito Pass to Leadville in heavy freight wagons, burro packs, wheelbarrows and even on the backs of prospectors.

Muriel Sibell Wolle in her book "Stampede to Timberline" has this to say about Como that first summer:

"Workmen, freighters, miners and trainmen milled around its muddy streets or packed its variety shows every evening. One tremendous canvas pavilion boasted a solid board dance floor, a good band, a 25 foot bar and lunch counter and gambling rooms, all of which were crowded night after night."

The Park County Republican in its summer issue of 1956 had this to say about Mosquito Pass traffic in the summer of 1879:

"In that year, in the month of June, one railroad office in Chicago sold over 600 tickets to Leadville, routed Denver & South Park to Como, thence via Spottswood & McClelland stage lines over Mosquito Pass to Leadville, the 'carbonate city.'"

In this period railroad passengers were reported to have been charged ten cents per mile from Denver to Como, while freight rates for the same distance reputedly zoomed to \$29.00 a ton. Two years later passenger fares were only slightly less costly, according to Crofutt's 1881 "Grip-Sack Guide of Colorado" in this statement:

"Como is reached by daily trains: fare \$7.35."

Considering the 88 mile distance, Denver to Como, the 1881 fare would have been eight and one-half cents per mile.

Newspaper writers of that period record that in the summer of 1879 westbound shipments of freight became so great that large portions of the townsite were piled high with provisions and equipment awaiting transport over the high pass into Leadville by whatever mode was available. The railroad finally placed an embargo on further shipments until the freight wagons and other vehicles could snake enough material over Mosquito Pass to relieve the congestion in the Como railroad yards.

By 1880 most of the tents were gone from Como and the town had settled down to a much slower and more substantial building of both business and residential structures. The Rocky Mountain News of December 7, 1880 indicated that the new Gilman Hotel had been finished by the railroad in October and that a roundhouse and railroad shops were contemplated. Research of the Denver Public Library reveals that the 1880 federal census listed Como as having 134 permanent residents. Crofutt's Grip-Sack Guide of 1881 estimated Como's population at 500.

The establishment of Como as a tent city and the birth of King are considered concurrent and the two places existed as sister towns for almost two decades connected both by wagon roads and in late 1879 by a 3.32 miles spur of the railroad, according to Mac Poor in his book "Denver, South Park & Pacific."

Semi-bituminous coal mining in the Como area resolved itself into a modest digging a half mile northwest of the town called the Upper or Como Mines No. 1 and 2; and the much more extensive development three miles southeast of Como, referred to as the Lower or King Park Mines No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7.

The Upper mines, served by a wagon road and a short spur of the Utah Park railroad, were worked by George Lechner, its discoverer, as

early as 1887. According to Mac Poor Lechner was known to have dug coal from the outcroppings and to have hauled it by the wagonload into Fairplay where it brought \$10.00 per ton.

The Upper mines in their period of development called for the building of an engine house and coke ovens and were probed as far as the fourth level of the slope. The two mines were operating as late as September 1882, according to one of the many Union Pacific Coal company maps furnished by L. M. Charles, the company's chief engineer at Rock Springs, Wyoming. It is presumed the Upper mines ceased production shortly after that year. Randy Ballinger, surviving child of Como's last newspaper publisher, Webster Ballinger, recalls as a Como schoolboy, in the 1890s hauling coaster wagon loads of coal home from the old diggings and outcroppings.

It might well be explained that all Como and King coal diggings were slope mines rather than shaft mines, the slopes being in the nature of long ramps of approximately 45 degree angle leading from the mine entry to the various levels of coal digging. Small mules transported coal and rock from the various mine rooms to the central slope, where it was brought to the surface by cable. Boiler houses and engine houses furnished the motivation of the cable, as well as supplying a movement of air in the mines.

Of the Lower or King Mines, discovered by George Boyd, Mine No. 1 proved the original coal-getter of the group and was well underway as a producer by 1880. A December 4, 1880 Como dispatch to the Rocky Mountain News stated that by that time at least three separate mines were in operation by the Union Pacific Railroad, which had taken over both narrow gauge railroad and coal mines that year.

Mine No. 1 entry was located al-

most in the heart of the King Park settlement. Directly to the south in the range of hills that encouraged coal mining development was Mine No. 2, a smaller area of coal probing that yielded four levels of mining and exploration before being abandoned. South of this was a "new trial slope," quite possibly King Mine No. 3. Maps indicate that this slope failed to yield levels or rooms of mining and did not contribute to King coal production. South of this entry, or three-quarters of a mile from No. 1 entry was King Mine No. 4, a somewhat ambitious coal digging that included at least four levels, an engine house and a blacksmith shop.

Mac Poor's book declares there were five mines in operation by 1883. A Union Pacific Coal company map of January 1885 indicates that King Mines No. 1 and No. 4 were still being worked, but that Mine No. 2 at King Park had been abandoned. It may be presumed that by early 1885 all original mines at the upper and lower sites had been abandoned except King Mines No. 1 and No. 4.

The demise of King Mine No. 4 is not known, but big Mine No. 1 was having its troubles as early as January 13, 1886. On that date the Fairplay Flume reported a fire had broken out at one level and was raging unchecked. The same newspaper reported on April 7th of that year that the fire was thought to have been brought under control. Mac Poor states that King Mine No. 1 caught fire in 1889 and was left to burn itself out. Mrs. J. H. Devine of Amarillo, Texas, who was born and spent her girlhood in King, recalls having been told about this fire at Mine No. 1. Mrs. Devine was Louise Marinelli, daughter of King's saloonkeeper, Peter Marinelli.

Before giving up as a major mine in the King Park area, Mine No. 1 had reached seven levels with extensive diggings at each level.

Mac Poor indicates all original coal mines at Como and King had ceased production by 1890.

The coal company's final diggings included King Mines No. 5, 6 and 7. New coal strikes in the area were reported March 17, 1886 in the Fairplay Flume and it is supposed that from this development came the last mines operated. King Mine No. 6, more than a mile and a half south of King Mine No. 1, was thought to have come into being in the late 1880s. Coal company maps indicate that as late as June 17, 1891, King Mine No. 6 was still active, had been developed in two levels and had contained coal veins three feet eight inches thick. Mine No. 7, a few hundred feet to the north, had become nothing more than a prospect hole, with no levels developed and no coal mined.

Maps further indicate that King Mine No. 5, which was to become the most productive digging in the area, had been established in 1889 just north of the burned-out King Mine No. 1, part of the first level of the new mine being dug by May 15th of that year. This level yielded little more than ten inch thick coal veins, but as the mine progressed from level to level the vein was to become as much as nine feet six inches thick.

Population of Como and King was strikingly close, according to federal census figures obtained from the Denver Public Library and from yearly Colorado Business Directories furnished by Mrs. Alys Freeze of the Western History Department at the library. The business directories gave King's population in the 1880s and 1890s as fluctuating from 200 to 400 persons. The same source indicated Como varied from 500 to 600 persons in the same period.

Mac Poor's research indicates that King Park contained 60 two and three room wooden tenement houses, a saloon, four stables, a blacksmith shop, a powder house, a carpenter shop, a





KING PARK, COLORADO

Col. W. W. Greene, photo.

scale house equipped with a Fairbanks track scale, and a 17,961 gallon wooden water tank.

Mrs. Devine recalls a company store, a combination church-school building, a near-town livestock pen, a livery stable, a small nearby cemetery and an unmarked division of the town into north and south areas. The upper or north part of King housed mostly Europeans, predominantly Italians, but also included Germans, Austrians, Hungarians and some Swedes. The lower or southern part contained Americans and miners direct from England. At least three springs furnished water for the town, storage being in barrels. Mrs. Devine recalls that rooming houses abounded in nearly every block of the King town-site. A final recollection is her remembrance of the many old-fashioned outdoor Dutch ovens in which the Italian women baked their bread.

In 1880 the railroad brought in Chinese coolies to work in the King mines, much to the resentment of the Italians. Violence flared momentarily, but finally the Chinese were allowed to work in peace. They made little impact on the town, while the Italians were in evidence throughout the life of King. Gerald Rudolph, Steamboat Springs, Colorado schoolteacher who is preparing a manuscript on the Chinese in Colorado, has intercepted a report that in 1885 many Chinese

miners were killed in an explosion at King Mine No. 1. Unfortunately, verification has not been found of this report, but it does imply Chinese may have worked in the King mines for several years. Mrs. Devine has no recollection of Chinese miners there in the 1890s.

Mac Poor indicates that peak production of the mines was reached in 1884, before the time of King Mine No. 5, with an output of 62,471 tons of coal. The 1886 fire in Mine No. 1 at King aided in coal output falling to 24,207 tons that year and a near coal famine existed in Park County. But in spite of the gradual abandonment of several mines, coal production beat back to 58,979 tons in 1892.

A difference of opinion exists regarding the value of the semi-bituminous coal mined at King. Mac Poor quotes H. H. Whitney, an old-timer of the region, as saying:

"The coal from the King mines was the finest steaming coal ever burned in a locomotive. However, the coal caused showers of burning sparks. For this reason King coal was directly responsible for the large spark arrestors peculiar to early South Park engines."

Arthur Johnson of Canon City, a former locomotive engineer on the Como-to-Leadville run from 1923 to 1936, recalls reports of other old timers to the effect that King coal was much too soft and light for ef-

fective use in the little locomotive boilers. Gilbert Lathrop in his book "Little Engines and Big Men" furnished another interesting appraisal of the coal in the Central Colorado region. In the 1880s soft coal from the Baldwin diggings, a sister field to the Como area near Gunnison, would be loaded into South Park railroad cars and the company would hook a car of the coal on behind the head engine of the Gunnison-to-Como trains in order to assure completion of the run over Alpine Pass.

The book "History of the Union Pacific Coal Mines" states that the presence of explosive gas in the King mines resulted in numerous serious fires and explosions. The book further quotes Robert Muir, a miner at King in 1886, who recalled that the roofs of all five mines were of soft, granulated, sandy shale, and that even with the use of crossbars, lagging, and mine support the wet sand would seep into the mine shafts.

On Tuesday, January 10, 1893, King Park suffered its paramount tragedy when the company's one remaining mine in operation, King Mine No. 5, sustained an explosion in room 35 that snuffed out the lives of more than 20 miners (the exact number varies from 21 to 27). Here are excerpts of the miners' funeral and burial following the disaster as recorded in the Denver Republican of Sunday, January 15th of that year:

"This has been a rather gloomy day in Como. Gloomy despite the fact that the sun has been shining and the wild storm has ceased for a time to mock and intensify the sullen sorrow which has enveloped everything. The people are feeling better now that the dead are buried and the steam is again rising in the boilers of the fatal old King mine. On Monday coal will be blasted again and Como will go about its business, though still darkened by the shadows that come cropping over from King Park. Seventeen

bodies were buried in the cemetery upon the hill this morning. These are all save those who were shipped away yesterday, and the remains of Charley Dorack, which will be buried by the Odd Fellows in Breckenridge tomorrow.

"At 10 o'clock a special funeral train came up from the mine. There were two coaches of the living and two box cars of the dead, a melancholy sort of sight that froze any chance smile and checked any happy thoughts. There were tear-stained faces at the frosted windows, and the clang of the engine bells was the most solemn dirge that ever was heard. A hundred men alighted from the cars and formed a procession. Every man wore a bow of black and orange ribbon tied in the form of a cross and pinned upon his coat front, and here and there was a stray regalia, the insignia of an Italian society—bright spots in the somber black of the melancholy procession.

"A door of the first box car was opened and the coffin nearest the door was lifted out and carried by six Italians at the head of the little column. It was taken at random to represent all the others in the services at the little church, an edifice so diminutive that the coffins themselves would have filled it. There Father Fogerty said the words that good Catholics like to hear on such sorrowful occasions. Prayers and blessings and a few words of consolation and sympathy. It did not last long, and the procession moved down the hill through the snowdrifts and back to the train, where the women and other corpses were waiting.

"The Como cemetery is situated in the windiest point in the South Park, an isolated knoll a mile from the town. The train pulled out there quickly, and the living and the dead were unloaded at the gate of the desolate burying ground. It took the sturdy miners all day yesterday to



COMO, COLORADO

Fred and Jo Mazzulla, photo.

dig the holes in the frozen ground, and when they had it done there were simply two big trenches twenty feet long, as wide as the length of a coffin, and as deep as the height of a man. Off to one side was a single grave, where Andrew Anderson was laid, isolated from the others because he was not of the same religious faith.

"In the long trenches the coffins were laboriously laid, eight in each big hole. No boxes enclosed the caskets, but they were laid on the ground and only rough boards were placed across them. This took a long time, for all was confusion, the crowd of Italians chattering in their strange tongue and calling out conflicting orders, and in their haste scattering clods with hollow clatter upon the exposed coffins. Above it all sounded mournfully the wailing of the women, which alone of all the confused noises none could fail to understand. It was a strange mixture of irreverence and sorrow, the matter of fact of the grave-digger and the volatile feelings of the Italian race. The men now and then stopped in the work and looked vacantly at the coffins, thinking of the bodies in them which none wanted to see again, and the widows, with brightly clad children in their arms, varied their cries and wailing with curious and forgetful gladness at the

strange scene.

"But all was done at last and the priest blessed a shovel full of earth and dropped it upon the coffins. Without ceremony the men began filling the trenches and the crowd went down the hill again.

"Thus ended the second chapter of the mining tragedy."

The mine boilers were soon fired up again and Mine No. 5 eventually began disgorging coal. But production dropped to 38,769 tons in 1893 and to 25,715 tons in 1894, according to Mac Poor's research. Poor's Manual of the Railroads indicated that the King Park company store enjoyed a profit in 1892 of \$4,402.10, while the 1893 profit was \$8,820.88.

Mrs. Alys Freeze of the Denver Public Library has contributed this bit of research from the Denver Times of December 31, 1895 concerning the status of King Park:

"Another of Park's notable industries is the coal mines at King, about three miles from Como, operated by the South Park Coal company. The local management of the mines is: Superintendent, Joseph Watson; Storekeeper, C. W. King; bookkeeper, E. M. Crenshaw; clerk, F. Glascock; chief engineer, John Holden; pit boss, Walter Moturan. The output for the present year will amount to about 41,800 tons, something like 3,000 tons

in excess of that of 1894. During the year 115 men have been employed."

Mrs. Devine recalls being told of an 1895 explosion in King Mine No. 5 and a coal company map indicates a fire occurred in the seventh level of the mine April 1st of that year. No report on injuries or loss of life has been found.

Despite fires, explosions and other work stoppages (the Fairplay Flume even recorded a strike by the King miners in 1886) and reports that the company lost money year after year, something more than 550,000 tons of soft black coal were removed from the several slopes in the known recorded period of 1883 through 1895 at King and Como.

A photo in the possession of Mrs. Devine indicates King's grade school population at 32 pupils in 1896, with Charles Rector as school professor. A July 1896 railroad timetable in the Como Record indicated the railroad was still operating a daily train on the King Park spur, although Mrs. Devine surmises this was simply a passenger coach hooked on behind the regular freight train. Population tables furnished by Denver City Library unofficially listed King as a 400 resident town in 1896 and as an abandoned community in 1897.

The huge King Mine No. 5 map of the Union Pacific Coal Co. specifies the big mine was abandoned October 18, 1896. Mac Poor writes that rails between Como and King were pulled up in 1899. King Park had become a virtual memory save for one Italian family. Peter Marinelli, King's saloonkeeper, was now hired as overseer of the dismantling of the mine property.

Mrs. Devine recalls that no attempt was ever made to install electricity in the King mines, miners' open flame oil lamps serving as illumination. She further recalls that small mules were used in the mines and were kept constantly underground excepting for

rest periods on the surface. These animals were smaller than regular size black mules but larger than donkeys. Two of the animals were bought by Peter Marinelli when Mine No. 5 closed. Mrs. Devine recalls that the coal interests at Baldwin learned of the Marinelli mules and within a year had persuaded the family to sell the mine-trained animals for use in the Baldwin diggings.

Mrs. Devine remembers that in 1913 her husband helped a Mr. Simmons dig for coal at King and that a strike was made, but that Mr. Simmons ran out of money and had to give up the venture. Mrs. Cherie Rymal of the Park County Abstract company office in Buena Vista reveals that leases were secured in 1931, 1932, 1933 and 1934 to rework the old King Park coal lands, but that each venture fell through at a loss to its promoter. Ex-engineer Art Johnson recalls attempts to recover coal at King which cave-ins and water seepage made unprofitable. Mrs. Rymal declares that ownership of much land in the Como and King Park area was retained by the Union Pacific Coal Co. until December, 1962, when the property was transferred to the Union Pacific Railroad.

George W. Champion of Denver, whose father was a Como grocer from 1898 to 1910 and who himself maintains a summer cabin in Como, made an on-the-site inspection of the old King Park area in the summer of 1962, found nothing in evidence but the various mine dumps and boiler house foundations.

Como, depending on the railroad, transport and various factors, was destined to survive as a healthy community well beyond the demise of its sister town, King. The narrow gauge railroad heads had ambitious plans from the first and Como early became the fork in the line from Denver, one route reaching Gunnison

*continued on page 15*

# GUNS *That Helped Win The West*

## DERRINGER ... SMALL BUT MIGHTY

It's a safe bet that out of every four men killed with handguns in the West, only one bit the dust from a bullet from the traditional Western six-gun—the big Colt Peacemaker, or the Smith & Wesson, or the Remington.

The other three died ignominiously when hit by slugs from a little shrimp of a gun called a derringer, the West's most successful killer. No one knows how many victims it counted, among them Abraham Lincoln.

The derringer was a compact little pistol which first saw light in Philadelphia, in 1825, when Henry Deringer, Jr., perceived the need for a small easily-concealed weapon. It was a smashing success, and imitators by the score sprang up. Since Deringer held no patents, they could copy his gun but not his name. So they called their Beringer, Erlinger, but finally the name derringer became fixed.

Derringers ranged in caliber from .33 to .51, in length from 15 inches to 3¾ inches. They had no range, no accuracy, very little power, no beauty. Why then did they succeed? Because they were so inconspicuous. You could hide them as easily as your false teeth, in a vest or shirt pocket, up your sleeve, in the crown of your hat, in your boottop.

Congressmen and other thieves, gamblers, pimps, church deacons, bankers, businessmen, even gentle ladies who fainted at the sight of blood carried derringers.

The first derringers were single barrel, muzzle loading. The two-barrelled derringer as we now know it came along in 1866 when Remington brought it out in .41 rimfire caliber. Remington made it in exactly that way for 71 years, abandoning it in 1925.

The derringer has had a recrudescence in the past ten years. Great Western Arms brought one out in .38 S. & W., and .38 Special calibers identical to the old Remington. The only derringer seen advertised today is called the "Mississippi Derringer." It comes in .22 and .38 Special calibers, costs \$29.50 or \$32.50.

So, if you hanker to own a derringer, here's your chance.

PM Charles B. Roth



Deringer



Bob Cornack '63

### SAM MUST FINISH THE BOOK

A story of Sam Seward. One time county assessor of Yuma Co. This interesting piece was brought to your editor's attention by Forbes Parkhill.

Very few people know anything about a bitch light of the olden days. In this era of electric lights, some of us can hardly understand a light from a lamp. The old chandelier with the candles, the kerosene lamp, and then the very fancy Rayo and the gas light. Such a flame. You were really in it when you could burn one of the late models. After the Coleman with its mantle, came the gas lights with the storage plant. Barrels of carbon made the gas. After the gas the 32 volt electric plants made their way. The gas light had to be pumped up and the more pressure the better the light. Sometimes they would roar with the pressure. The mantles which made the light were very delicate and many the hand that has been swatted for touching one of the delicate sacs. Now youngsters do their home work with special electric lights which are made to save the eyes. Bed lamps, reading lamps, piano lamps, floor lamps. All ultra in shape and lighting.

Now more about the bitch light. Grandpa Seward loved to read. He passed many an hour with his books and papers. There was only one lamp in the entire household. Grandpa had become engrossed in a wonderful story. Perhaps it was a western. It could have been a love story. Anyway, right in the middle of the story, the lamp ran out of oil. And Margret the mischief broke the chimney. Determined grandfather knew just what to do. He took from his pocket his one and only fifty cent piece. He folded it neatly in a piece of flannel from a shirt tail. Then he placed the flannel in a saucer of tallow. The lighted wick sent forth a stinky, smokey light. The book was finished the light extinguished and grandpa

took off for bed.

The next day the girls were cleaning up the kitchen. Aunt Mag tossed the tallow out of doors and washed the saucer. A hungry dog who was always waiting for bits of food, pounced upon the tallow, and hurriedly swallowed the wick, money and all. Mid morning, grandpa decided to go to Laird for some smokin. Imagine his consternation when he learned that Maggie had fed his fifty cents to the dog. Of course grandpa was angry. Everyone grieved at the loss of the very scarce article. Namely money. The girls looked and looked but to no avail. Spring cleaning and the usual cleanup of the house in order. Imagine the thrill when the raking uncovered a bit of tallow, a Fifty Cent Piece! "Oh Grandpa!"

No doubt grandpa went to town and brought back stick candy. A stick for each. Margret, Babe, Bertina, LeUna, Phoebe, Ida and Dick.

Mrs. Robert Seedorf  
Granddaughter  
Yuma, Colo.

The Rocky Ford Gazette, in its Diamond Jubilee issue for June 9, 1962, reported that there might not have been a Lamar, Colo., if a cattleman named Black had been willing to share a bit of his land with his neighbors. He owned or controlled the land surrounding a settlement called Blackwell (named for him) and demanded toll when cattlemen drove their herds to the Santa Fe Railroad stockyards at the station. One night the Santa Fe brought a work-train and crew to Blackwell, loaded up the station and other buildings and hauled them to a point beyond Black's land and established a settlement which was soon named Lamar, after Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar, a Mississippian who was in 1885 Secretary of the Interior in President Cleveland's cabinet.



## COMO

*continued from page 10*

over virtually impossible Alpine Pass in August 1882. The other route, built over 11,494 feet Boreas Pass and 11,318 feet Fremont Pass, reached Leadville in early 1884, the first train negotiating the route February 5th.

As long as Como had the fully operating railroad shops and division headquarters the town remained healthy. In fact, the Federal Census of 1890, 1900 and 1910 indicate Como was the largest town in Park County, eclipsing the county seat Fairplay and the mining town of Alma. Como had 375 residents in 1890, 407 in 1900 and 411 in 1910.

George W. Champion, who went to work as a youth for the Colorado & Southern at Como in 1901, gives an interesting appraisal of the Como roundhouse and shops in which he worked for several years.

Champion recalls that in his day at the shops the railroad employed something like 60 to 70 men and that in the late 1890s the number may even have reached 100. Adding the list of trainmen who made Como their home, plus division headquarters employees, the hotel and lunchroom staff and track workers, a modest appraisal of the railroad payroll in Como at its peak would be 150 persons.

According to Champion, the shop itself was given over to the complete overhauling of the little Mason Bogue narrow gauge engines. The importance of this location for engine servicing is reflected in a listing of distances from Como to terminals in the South Park line. The little engines had to traverse 63 miles of high country and mountain passes to reach Leadville. The 88 mile route to Denver was less arduous, but included Kenosha Pass. Another branch from Como to the London Mine via Garo Junction consumed 31 miles. And the tortuous, mountain-laden route from Como to Gunnison totaled 120 miles.

Como was occupied, two families lived

Champion recalls that one section of the wooden portion of the Como roundhouse contained the carpenter shop where doors and windows of engine cabs were repaired. Engine tanks and trucks were repaired and rebuilt in other parts of the circular building. There were 9 or 10 stalls in the wooden part of the roundhouse and shops, plus six in the stone-walled section of the building. The machine shop jobs and engine erecting were done in the stone portion of the shop. Another small portion called the paint shop was an area where paint, varnish and supplies were stored.

Champion further recalls that engine overhaul consisted of completely dismantling of the engine's working parts, air brake equipment, running gear, driving rods and link motion; while most all fixtures were removed and overhauled. Cylinders were re-bored and refitted with new piston heads. Driving wheels were turned or trued up in the big wheel lathes. In most cases new boiler flues were installed and at times new grates and ash pans replaced the old. A new paint job culminated the overhaul. Railroad cars and coaches were not serviced or painted at Como, according to Champion, just the locomotive: received the attention of the shop crew.

Bad times and the impossibility of keeping Alpine Tunnel open in the winter forced the railroad to abandon its southwest line from Gunnison to Chalk Creek Canyon in late October 1910 and in early December to move major repair operations from its Como shops to Denver. Como's official population subsequently dropped from 411 in 1910 to 132 in 1920.

Excerpts from a Denver Post article of Saturday, March 11, 1911, tell something of the drastic changes in Como during this period of curtailment:

"Three months ago every house in

in many houses, and fifty other families wanted to live in the town, but could not find room. Now typical dwellings in Como have doors and windows nailed up. Just last week a man sold his house and lot for \$50.00. Three months ago he refused \$450.00 for the same property. Como now has 20 families. Shops and roundhouse are closed. The railroad payroll is now an agent and a section gang."

But Como hung onto life. George Champion insists the Denver Post's account of shop closing in 1911 was not fully correct. Slack times had gradually brought on a business recession and there was not the sudden disaster-type of town desertion. Champion further declares the Como railroad shops did not completely close, but that the company kept a few men there to take care of running repairs, with a machinist in charge, a helper or two and a watchman, as well as a Como station agent. He estimates that the last engine was overhauled at the Como shops in November 1910 and that a few Como railroad shop men were transferred to the Denver shops. Most of them, however, found employment on other railroads. This shop situation continued at Como for another quarter of a century or more.

Even after the railroad further reduced its southwest route to Garo Junction in 1926, a point that connected Como with nearby Fairplay, Alma and the mining dumps, Como enjoyed business activity. Then on March 11, 1935 the paint shop in the wooden part of the roundhouse caught fire when a locomotive ignited a bird's nest in the eaves and burned, damaging two engines and a rotary snowplow. The damaged equipment was hauled to Denver for rebuilding and the wooden part of the roundhouse was not rebuilt. Finally in 1937 the railroad abandoned its entire operation to Leadville and the last narrow gauge train steamed into Denver

on Sunday, April 10th. In this connection, William A. Gibson, Sr., of Topeka, Kansas, learned through the "grapevine" of the C&S impending doom. Gibson, a Santa Fe railroad man, made a hurried trip to Denver, bought a round trip ticket to Leadville over the C&S and on March 29 and 30 took dozens of excellent snapshots along the route.

Como in its heyday of the 1880s and 1890s boasted a business district of dozens of stores. It had three hotels, the Gilman House, the Como House and the Montag House. Later in the 1890s the two story brick Kelley Hotel came into being. Of interest here is the presumption of Randy Ballinger that the pretentious three story wooden Como House had burned by 1888, as his father had salvaged lumber from the ruins that year to build a cabin next to the Ballinger home. The long red brick Gilman House became the Pacific Hotel, burned November 9, 1896 and was rebuilt into a smaller structure which survives today as a summer residence of Britton Smith, Denver hotel executive. The wooden Montag House ceased keeping roomers decades ago and the building has been torn down.

Some reports are that Como at one time boasted eight saloons in one block. This may be an exaggeration, but some of the better known places to wet the whistle during various stages of Como's history were the Turf Exchange, the Montag Saloon, the Log Cabin, the Elkhorn, the Colorado and the Allen Corner Saloon.

Of interest here is the fate of Henry Allen, originally known as one of the most honest gamblers in Colorado. Allen operated gambling devices in the Montag Saloon and had the reputation of refusing to gamble with a man unless he was sober. Allen later left the Montag and established his own wooden saloon on a Como corner site. Then he staked his faith in the

future by building an imposing brick saloon building on a corner near the railway depot, just a few months before the railroad shop force was drastically cut in late 1910. Some Como saloons reportedly survived until January 1, 1916 when the state of Colorado refused to renew liquor dispensing licenses.

Como had the usual and expected number of restaurants, grocery stores and meat markets, clothing stores, confectioneries, a bakery, two Chinese laundries (the Sang Lung and the Wo Lee), a dry goods establishment, a cigar store, drug stores, a notion store, lumber and coal yards, a dairy, barber shops, livery stables, physicians, a dentist, attorneys, an undertaker and a newspaper.

The *Como Headlight* first saw the light of day in the spring of 1883, the newspaper piloted by Linthicum & Bradley and printed as a four page weekly on a Washington hand press from about 30 cases of handset type. Its patented inside pages arrived weekly from the Western Newspaper Union plant in Denver. In 1888 Dick Linthicum sold out to Webster Ballinger, Como attorney. The paper's name was changed to the *Como Record* and Webster's sons began doing the actual work of getting the weekly publication "to bed." Sons Richard, Franklin, Randy and Sidney, in turn, took over the reins of the *Record*. In the words of Randy, last surviving child of nine in the Webster Ballinger family:

"When Dad ran out of Ballinger boys to print the *Record* he had to give it up."

Randy estimates the newspaper ceased publication about March 1907, the equipment was sold and whatever newspaper files existed passed into oblivion. Known single copies of *The Headlight* and the *Records* are owned by The Denver City Library, The Colorado Historical Museum, George W. Champion of Denver-Como, Don

Johnson of Fairplay who is a grandson of the gambler-saloonkeeper Henry Allen and son of former engineer Art Johnson, and the Kansas Historical Museum in Topeka. The most significant of these copies is the one in the Colorado Historical Museum, printed as a one page issue on the backside of floral wallpaper and issued March 2, 1899 in the midst of the South Park's great snow blockade.

Perhaps it might be mentioned that as the automobile made its impact on the nation Como was brushed lightly by this revolution and in the 1920s the town sported a filling station and a garage.

Como's public grade school, established with the town in 1879, survived into the era of consolidated schools and finally in 1948 bowed to the inevitable. Now Como boys and girls go to school in Fairplay.

Como enjoyed religious worship from the first. A community church was established in 1879 and later both a Catholic and a Methodist church held services in the town. No religious services have been held there since about 1915.

Several fraternal lodges flourished in Como as late as the early 1900s. And a boys' band under the direction of Jim Delaney, a Como railroad man, played in a downtown bandstand sometime during the period between 1900 and 1910.

Organized athletics are hazy in the memories of former Como residents. George Champion remembers that the Ballinger boys were exceptional athletes, while Randy Ballinger admits Como at one time had "three pretty good country baseball teams." Randy recalls playing on a Como kids' team that would walk over to King for a baseball game and walk home again after the contest. Another report is that Como's town baseball team would stage games with Fairplay, Alma, Jefferson and other nearby communities.

On one occasion a Como ball team scheduled a game at Pitkin, the team and fans chartering a two coach train to take them over Alpine Pass for the sports occasion.

The Fairplay Flume of early 1911 indicated that there were both boys' and girls' basketball teams representing the Como school that season.

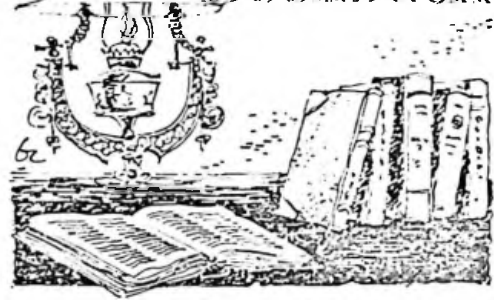
Street lighting in the early 1900s was by tall gasoline-fired street lamps and electricity did not reach the town of Como until the REA expansion of 1963. Homes were heated with coal, first from the King mines, later from Baldwin and Canon City diggings. Wood from nearby sawmills also helped in the winter months.

Como had a modified water system in its heyday with a few water mains, long since abandoned. Fire protection existed with a hose cart and an organized volunteer fire company, begun as early as 1884. At one time a steam pump in the railroad shops helped boost water pressure.

Como today is no longer a mining center, a division point, a railroad town. But people continue to live there, enjoying the exhilarating high mountain climate and the scenic splendors of the South Park. Ranchers, highway workers, Colorado pensioners, county officials make Como their home. There is even a Como Community Civic Club founded in recent years. Mac Poor has a summer cabin there.

The well-weathered wooden depot, the stone-walled roundhouse and the neatly-kept brick eating house building remain. And the railroad grade, the black cinders and the well-strewn ties are readily visible extending into the distance on either side of the town, suggesting happier and busier days when Leadville and Gunnison-bound double-header freights belched black coal smoke by day and whistled into the cold Colorado night as they chugged up the grade from Jefferson.

## Westerner's Bookshelf



**CUSTER AND THE GREAT CONTROVERSY, The Origin and the Development of a Legend, by Robert M. Utley. Los Angeles: Westernlore Press (1962). 184 pages, 8 illustrations, maps, footnotes, bibliography, and index. \$6.75.**

Probably the longest battle in history began on June 25, 1876, near a stream in Montana and as yet shows no signs of slackening, although the original combatants have been replaced and reinforced by countless regiments and bands of warriors, with charges and counter-charges, attacks, repulses, retreats, victories, defeats, with those engaged fighting one side, the other side, and sometimes both sides. Although no one expects final victory, final defeat is unthinkable and the end is not yet in sight.

Perhaps one of the best equipped and prepared troopers, or warriors, as you prefer, to charge into the fray is Bob Utley, who has just fired what might be the final hard-bound volley of well-placed .45-70's, but which will probably be only a rally. Utley, an Historian for the National Park Service, was for six years Ranger-Historian at the Custer Battlefield National Monument. He knows the terrain as well as any man, and has utilized this familiarity to describe the events exceptionally well.

Actually, Utley does not attempt to sound taps on the battle, but rather presents the background of the campaign, what the press did to the facts in reporting the battle, describes the debate that is still going on, tells the Indian side of the story, and concludes with the legend. It is a fair presentation and whether the reader is an old veteran of the controversy or on his first scout, he will find about all of the available information laid out with facts labelled as facts, lies as lies, and maybes as maybes.

The bibliography in particular is valuable to anyone who wishes to pursue study of the subject, or review his past reading. The illustrations are representative, ranging from photographs of some of the participants to Errol Flynn making his last stand. The book is well decorated, although the use of crossed sabers as a dividing mark—with points down—seems either an error or an ill omen.

If you are hooked on the Little Big Horn, don't hesitate—get the book. It is one of the best.

W. H. Van Duzer, CM

**LAND OF THE BLUE SKY PEOPLE,**  
by Luther E. Bean. Printed by The Monte Vista Journal, Monte Vista, Colorado, 1962. 99 pages. \$2.50.

This is a story about the vast San Luis Valley of Colorado, from pre-historic times to present day. According to the author, this "is not a history but rather a compilation of many facts and incidents of the area."

The author has apparently collected this material over a long period of time, through the help of pioneers, friends and students, and approaches his subject in quite a scholarly fashion. However, what might have been a smooth-flowing narrative reads more like a text book. His attempt to cover too large an area, time- and subject-wise, for such a small booklet results in rather superficial accounts on the wide range of subjects and people.

Many interesting anecdotes and historical facts are presented but, intermingled with an array of random incidents, opinions and conjectures, they lose much effectiveness in enlightening and in maintaining the reader's interest. Distinction between fact and hearsay, and the use of footnoting or some documentation would have been helpful and also would have aided the author in substantiating his conclusions. Considerable benefit would be gained by more thorough editing and proofreading, thus eliminating much overlapping and repetition.

Readers well-versed in Colorado and Western history are apt to find this booklet rather unenlightening except for the curiosity it might arouse for more intensive research. On the other hand, the newcomer to this field may find it rewarding because of the varied subjects touched upon in describing the San Luis Valley.

E. R. Skibbe, CM

#### **DENVER WESTERNERS' MEETING** **February 27, 1963**

The regular dinner meeting of the Posse was held at 6:30 p.m. at the Denver Press Club, Sheriff Perkin presiding. In attendance: 69, including 33 Posse and Reserve, 23 CM, and 6 guests.

Following dinner the usual self-introductions were made, and after a brief break the formal program got under way at 7:30. This consisted of a trilogy. Posse Members Francis Rizzari spoke for 10 minutes on some of the fun and problems in collecting; Charles Ryland for 15 minutes on the same topic; Dick Ronzio for 25 minutes on the subject of "Fort Crawford on the Uncompahgre." Another 25 minutes was spent in viewing several slides relating to the formal paper.

The meeting adjourned shortly before 9 p.m.

Respectfully submitted,  
Geo. R. Eichler, Roundup Foreman

# NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

We welcome these new Corresponding Members to the Denver Posse of the Westerners . . .

Abbreviations used on membership designations:

CM—Corresponding Member

PM—Posse Member

RM—Reserve Member

**Joseph D. Hutchinson**, 24 Range View Drive, Denver 15, Colo., is a retired captain of United Airlines. He has had several book reviews published and is interested in military, Indian, early trails, and aerial photography of historical locations. He has made numerous studies of the early pioneer trail routes from the air, is an amateur archaeologist, being a charter member of the Colorado Archaeologist Club. Hobbies: library of western history, has Indian and geological collections, interest in early Colorado. He became a member of the Denver Posse through his friendship with PMs Don Griswold, Fred Mazzulla, Dr. Nolie Mumeay, and others.

**John Jameson**, 11 Sunset Lane, Littleton, Colo., is editor and publisher of the Englewood Herald, Englewood, Colo. John is interested in dancing girls and railroads. He has had millions of words published in the newspaper columns over the past forty years (none of which is remembered, he states). He newspapered with the Associated Press over a large part of America, was chief of bureau in Indianapolis and Denver. He has a smattering of knowledge of the Five Civilized Tribes, having lived in Indian Territory and being part Cherokee. Hobbies: greenhouse and flower garden in which he is attempting to establish a selection of western plant life. John became a CM through the invitation of many of his friends who are Denver Posse members.

**Gerald E. Rudolph**, Box 104, Steamboat Springs, Colorado, is a teacher and wrestling coach in the Steamboat Springs Public Schools. He is interested in the fur traders and various national, racial, and religious groups in the west, more especially the Chinese. He was formerly a history teacher at East Denver High School and is the local leader of the Great Books Discussion Group. Hobbies: travel and camping. He became interested in the Westerners through CM Allison Chandler.

**V. R. Blackledge**, 2503 2nd Ave., Scottsbluff, Nebr., is business manager of the Scottsbluff Daily Star-Herald. Mr. Blackledge has had numerous newspaper articles and editorials published. He was the former mayor of Scottsbluff, vice president of the Nebraska Society for Crippled Children and past president of the Mountain Ad Managers Assoc. PM Numa James invited Mr. Blackledge's membership.

**James E. Tarter**, Tarter and Tarter, Mining Exchange building, Colorado Springs, Colo., is an attorney in general practice. He is a partner of the law firm of Tarter and Tarter and is the county attorney of El Paso, County. Mr. Tarter is interested in the history of New Mexico and Colorado. He received his AB degree from Colorado College with a major in history and his LLB from the University of Denver. He became interested in the Denver Posse through the efforts of CM Ken W. Geddes.

**Sam Zalevsky**, 963 Troy St., Aurora, Colo., is a registered pharmacist working at the Sam Frank Drug Co., 1080 E. Colfax Ave., Denver 18, Colo. His primary interest is Colorado history. He is past chairman of the 6th Annual Rocky Mountain Philatelic Exhibition, the present representative to American Philatelic Society from the Rocky Mountain Stamp Club. Hobbies: stamp and coin collecting. He became interested in the Westerners through PM Fred Rosenstock.

**John J. Bennett**, 231 E. Vermijo Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo., is a lawyer. His father was a well known lawyer in Colorado Springs for many

years. John is the chairman of the El Paso County Democrats. He has the honor of being the first man to run 100 miles at the Y.M.C.A. PM Kenny Englert took Mr. Bennett's application into the Denver Posse.

**O. T. Clagett, M.D.**, Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minnesota, is a general surgeon at the Mayo Clinic. Dr. Clagett is a native of Rifle, Colo., and is very interested in Colorado and western history. He is a corresponding member of the Denver Posse of Westerners through the courtesy of William Lipscomb, M.D., also a corresponding member of the Denver Posse.

## Membership Address Changes:

CM John W. Henderson  
Box 876,

Greeley, Colo.

PM A. J. Bromfield  
Western Federal Savings,  
17th and California Sts.,  
Denver 2, Colo.

CM Lyla L. Mariner  
1417 Glenarm Place,  
Denver 2, Colo.

CM K. E. Kellenberger  
1829 Gatewood,  
Oklahoma City 6, Okla.

PM Fred Rosenstock  
1228 E. Colfax Ave.,  
Denver 18, Colo.

CM Lewella Rogers  
1850 Mesa Ave.,  
Colorado Springs, Colo.

CM John D. Gilchrist  
729 N. Campbell,  
Tucson, Ariz.

CM Stuart H. Lovelace  
22 Skyline Dr.,  
Lakewood, Colo.

CM I. A. Larson  
c/o El Frontier Mobil Home Pk.  
Space 50 N. Flowing Wells Rd.,  
Tucson, Ariz.

CM Lee Robertson  
361 Belford St.,  
Grand Junction, Colo.

CM Robert K. DeArment  
2565 Ivy Pl.,  
Toledo 13, Ohio

CM Charlotte L. Trego  
Colorado Woman's College  
1800 Pontiac St.,  
Denver, Colo.

## Membership Resignations:

CM Bjorn Spang (Sweden)

CM Robert L. Stearns

## Membership Deletions:

CM Richard S. Worth

CM Harvey R. Sheldon

CM W. O. Mussey, Jr.

## Membership Unknown at Address:

CM Dr. Jamieson D. Kennedy  
947 Medical Clearing Co.,  
Camp McCoy, Wis.

CM Troy L. Parker  
66 Ashwood Dr.,  
Chapel Hill, N. C.

CM Richard J. Van Bernuth  
612 S. College,  
Ft. Collins, Colo.

## FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

PM Alfred J. Bromfield, busy president of Western Federal Savings, was seen in recent press notices as a judge for the *Rocky Mountain News* contest to choose the two finalists for an all-expense-paid trip for *News* carriers. The two winners were chosen on their newspaper route management, citizenship and scholarship.

Word reaches us that Denver CM W. O. Mussey, Jr., 3824 South Hudson St., passed away, November 10, 1962. CM Ella B. Clifton, 1577 Kearney St., called your editor to ask if charter member Edward W. Milligan was still a corresponding member and if he would receive a copy of the January ROUNDUP. Our records show that Ed is a CM and that he now resides at 410 E. Chestnut St., Oxford, Ohio. CM Ed has been hospitalized, CM Ella reports, since last April. The Denver Posse sends their greetings Ed—and best wishes for a speedy recovery.

PM Ralph B. Mayo and Mrs. Mayo were the recent subjects of an interesting feature story in the *Rocky Mountain News*, about their extensive travels and the use of their photography hobby to record the sights they have viewed in such far away places as the Virgin Islands, Jamaica, Bermuda, France, Holland, Switzerland, England, Scotland, Mexico, Italy, Hawaii and Canada.

"It's really wonderful to have two camera bugs in the same family," Mrs. Mayo said, as photos of their latest trip to Puerto Rico and Antigua were discussed.

CM Otto Kuhler recently gave one of his beautiful oil paintings to the Denver Press Club. "Monuments of Man and God," as it is entitled is hung in the room where the Denver Posse meets and can be viewed at your next attendance.

North Platte, Nebraska history will be relived again this coming July when the centennial of Ft. McPherson will

be celebrated. The centennial will feature a pageant of the vivid authentic scenes of early Nebraska, professionally produced with over 1,000 in the cast, July 18, 19 and 20, 1963 at the Lincoln County Fairgrounds.

Fort McPherson, established on the Oregon Trail in 1863, was the only major fort between Fort Kearny and Fort Laramie, a distance of 350 miles. Although active for only 17 years, it boasts the most colorful but least known history of any fort in the Territory of Nebraska. A cavalry post, it was headquarters for Major Frank North and his famed Pawnee Indian scouts. Among the generals who frequented the fort were Sherman, Sheridan and Custer; famous scouts who knew it well were Jim Bridger, Buffalo Bill Cody, Texas Jack Omohundro and California Joe Milner. The Plains States only National Cemetery is located on a part of the original reservation.

The Denver Post reports . . . "The old west, according to Hollywood's version, was a place where clean-shaven good guys were usually quicker on the draw than unkempt bad guys, and the girls were pure as the snow on Longs Peak. The west, as movie (and later TV) fans from New York and points east around the world came to know it, was a land of glamour, fast guns, and hell-raising in general. It was a place where outlandishly dressed cowboys sang songs under Texas skies to the beautiful daughters of cattle barons and then rode off into the sunset without having kissed them.

"Hollywood's west, in short, was a phony, pretentious and totally unreal place without the slightest coincidence to history. Among foreigners it has caused more misconceptions about this country than American tourists abroad. And millions of Americans still believe the only way the west was settled was at the hands of a six-gun at high noon outside the Longbranch Saloon."

In an effort to counteract this distortion, KRMA, Denver's educational TV

station, has signed a contract to produce a 10-part series on the west as it actually was and is today.

The contract, biggest in terms of money and production work for KRMA, was let by the National Educational Television center in New York. It is the first ETV-produced series designed specifically with international distribution in mind.

Called "The Glory Trail," the 10-part series is being written by *Denver Post* columnist **Jack Guinn** (Denver Posse member) and narrated by Red Fenwick, another *Post* staffer who writes a column for the paper's Empire Magazine.

**PM Guinn** was selected for the task because of his thorough knowledge of the west and writing ability (he's authored one book and co-authored another).

For the first episode, dealing with mining and Cripple Creek, Colo., photos from the files of Denver attorney-historian and Denver Posse member, **Fred Mazzulla** are being used.

Each episode will treat a facet of the west that influenced the growth, development and, sometimes, decline, of that part of the country.

In the Cripple Creek episode, the whole picture of mining will be examined. With minor variations, what happened at Cripple Creek happened to all of the mining towns of the west. Precious metals were discovered, a boom town occurred, and then a rapid decline.

**PM Guinn** said that a geological report revealed recently that about 100 years of gold was still left in Cripple Creek but that the metal was too expensive to mine. "That's certainly a comment on the changing times when gold, which helped develop the west, now is too costly to take out of the ground."

The changing times of the west will be an integral part of the series.

**A recent letter** to the Westerners' office: "Inclosed please find \$1.00 for which I would like to obtain the November 1962 issue of ROUNDUP. I am es-

pecially interested in the picture on the front cover as I am on it. The Alm family occupied the small square house in the center of the picture where a large family group is gathered. I am standing on the old well with my mother's arms around me. I was about a year old at the time so the picture was taken in 1890. We of course, knew the Black family who operated the toll gate.

"You might know my nephew **Herbert Johnson** as I believe he is a member of the Westerners. It was thru him we received the copy of "Round-up" we now have, but I want another copy if it's possible for me to get it."

Mrs. Maud (Alm) Patton,

112 Genessee, Medford, Oregon

**CM Herbert Johnson** lives in Los Angeles, California.

## SHERIFF SHOTS IT . . .

*continued from page 2*

erners less geographically favored, so to speak—to begin laying vacation plans which will include a Rendezvous in August. We cordially demand your presence. (This expansive invitation includes, quite naturally, all Westerners beyond the seas. Come in, England, Sweden, West Germany, France, et al.)

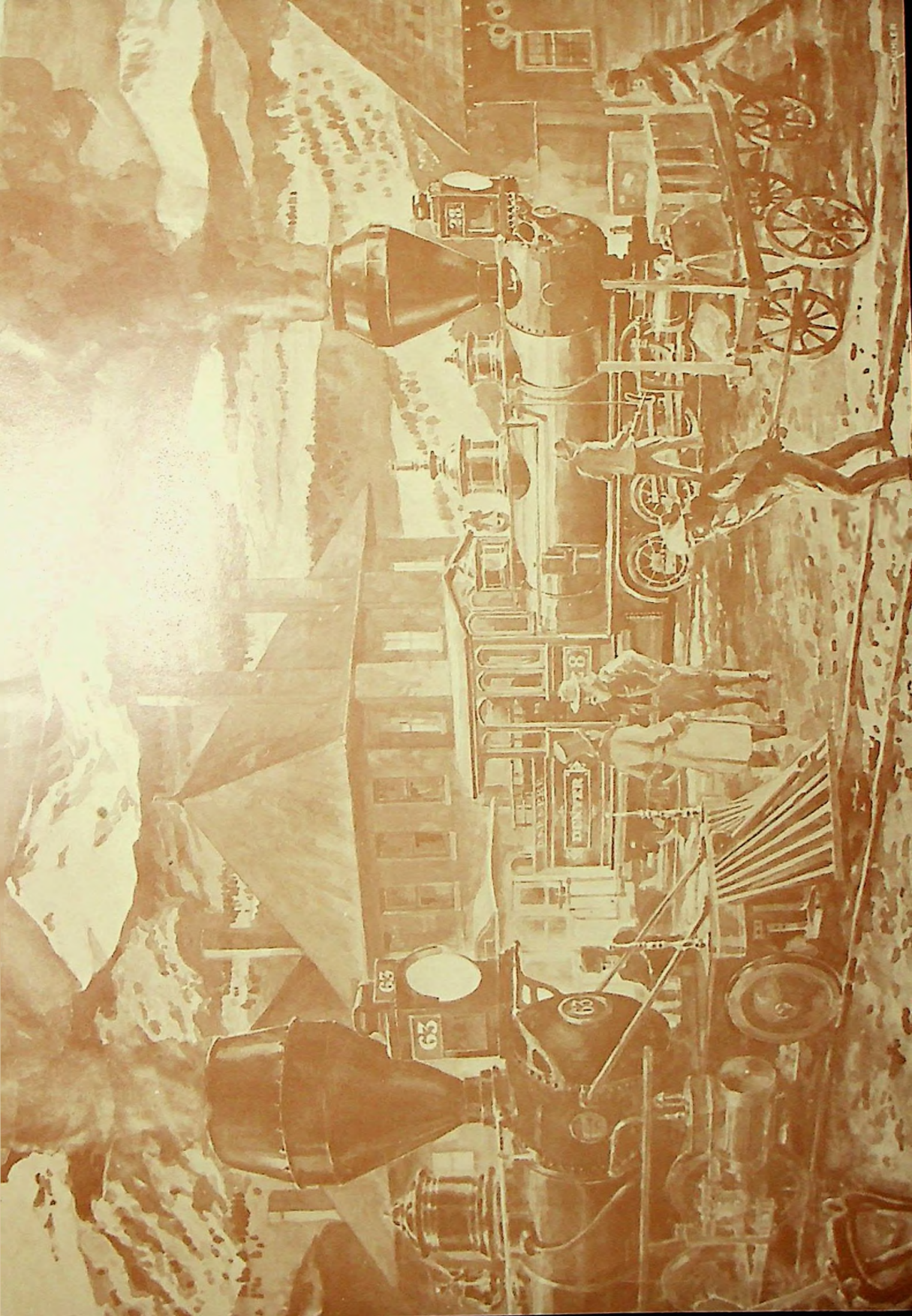
As for the July meeting in the Springs, Kenny Englert again has agreed to serve as Trail Boss. He has claimed as members of his committee every Westerner who is resident in or about the city of Little Lunnon or environs, including Colorado City, Broadmoor and Jimmy's Camp. It is so ordered.

Details, friends, in good time.

One further note before the gavel falls. I think we all owe ROUNDUP Editor Bob Cormack a large-sized vote of congratulations for that very handsome (saving an exception for the lefthand side of the cover page) maiden issue dated January. I am so moved, and so move.

Faithfully,  
**Bob Perkin, Sheriff**







# LUNCH STOP AT COMO

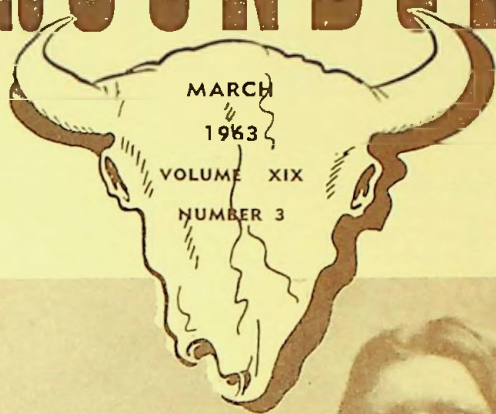
(Inside Back Cover)

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by **Otto Kuhler**

Como, Colorado was the Mecca of all footloose "South Park" trains. Here, in the windswept South Park, the mainline from Denver split for its climb to Gunnison or Leadville. The tired engines were permitted to rest and thaw out in a roundhouse of citadellic dimensions, while the crews and passengers took on fuel and food at the long bars of the Pacific Hotel, conveniently located beside the narrow-gauge track.

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



**IN THIS ISSUE:**

"Fort Crawford On The Uncompahgre"

—by R. A. Renzio

"Guns That Helped Win The West"—The Pepperbox

—by Dabney Otis Collins

"Pullman To Creede"

—by Otto Kuhler

•  
Chief Ouray, the great Ute chief, had much influence in his last years on the military operations that centered around Fort Crawford, the subject of this month's feature paper by PM Dick Renzio. Dick was raised near the site of old Fort Crawford but did not become interested in its history until lately. (Cover photo courtesy of Hazel Coleman, Saguache, Colo.)



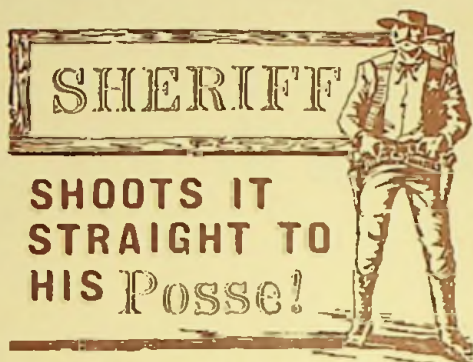
**FORT  
CRAWFORD  
ON THE  
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The DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
**ROUNDUP**

VOLUME XIX  
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MARCH  
1963



SHOOTS IT  
STRAIGHT TO  
HIS Posse!

ROUNDUP is published monthly by the Denver Posse of Westerners. \$3.00 per year. Entered as second class matter at Boulder, Colo. ROUNDUP publishing office: 839 Pearl St., Boulder, Colorado. The Westerners' office: 414 Denver Theater Bldg., Denver 2, Colo. Copyright 1963 by The Westerners, Inc., a Colorado corporation. The Denver Posse of Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

**USE THESE ADDRESSES for:**

**Correspondence and remittances**—George R. Eichler, 414 Denver Theater Building, Denver 2, Colorado.

**Material intended for publication in ROUNDUP**—Bob Cormack, 1166 So. Williams Street, Denver 10, Colorado. 733-1257

**Reservations for all meetings and dinners**—Kenneth E. Englert, 604 Prospect Lake Drive, Colorado Springs. MElose 3-9293

**1963 OFFICERS**

**Sheriff**, Robert L. Perkin  
**Deputy Sheriff**, Herbert P. White  
**Roundup Foreman**, George R. Eichler  
**Tally Man**, William G. Brenneman  
**Chuck Wrangler**, Kenneth E. Englert  
**Registrar of Marks and Brands**, Robert B. Cormack (Editor of Monthly ROUNDUP)  
**Publications Chairman**, John J. Lipsey (Editor of 1962 BRAND BOOK)  
**Preceding Sheriff**, Erl H. Ellis  
**Membership Chairman**, Erl H. Ellis  
**Awards Chairman**, Harold H. Dunham  
**Program Chairman**, Forbes Parkhill  
**Book Review Chairman**, Numa L. James

Judging from the comments that I have drifted in from those who tie up at the rail out in front of the sheriff's office, the Possibles Bag notion sprung on you at the March meeting seems to have met with some favor. I'm encouraged to propose it as a regular feature of our meetings.

At the next convocation I'll be prepared to invest an official Keeper of the Possibles Bag with the formal dignities of his office. There are a couple of catches, of course.

The Possibles Bag now in use—it's entirely authentic; the provenance is Crow—is on loan to us from an organization which always has been a best friend of the Westerners. Our friend even paid the insurance fee while it's in our keeping. Seems to me it would be nice if we had a Possibles Bag of our own. How about it, you collectors of Indian and mountain man relics? Would someone like to step forward as our benefactor,

*continued on page 19*

**24 APRIL MEETING**

This month's meeting will be held at the Denver Press Club as usual, 6:30 p.m. The program: PM Fred Mazzulla will present an illustrated paper entitled, "M. W. Trester, Wild Life Photographer to the West." Fred and Jo Mazzulla recently became the proud recipients of a very fine collection of glass and cut film negatives and prints taken by the plumber, restaurateur, auto designer, prospector who turned photographer... M. W. Trester. Mr. Trester photographed the western scene from Alaska to Mexico for sixty years. His famous "motor palace," still in existence, traveled to take this photographer to his subject matter. Trester captured with his lens, on his glass plates, scenes from the Yukon gold rush, herds of buffalo, elk and other wildlife of America. For some of the most dramatic and historic pictures of western Americana, be sure and be present when Fred presents this interesting illustrated paper.

**22 MAY MEETING**

The May meeting will be held at the Denver Press Club as usual, Wednesday, May 22, 1963 6:30 p.m. \$2.75 per plate. The program: Arthur Woodward of Patagonia, Arizona, former curator of the Los Angeles Museum, noted historian and member of the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners will deliver the evening's paper, entitled: "'The Firsts' of the Mexican War, 1846-48." Program Chairman, Forbes Parkhill promises it to be a very fine discussion and a real excellent entertaining evening. Chuck Wrangler Ken Englert asks you to again send in your reservation card to him pronto...if you plan to come or are bringing guests.



**FORT CRAWFORD, Cantonment on the Uncompahgre.** Building at the far left is the Fort Hospital, the building in the center is the guard house and the large white structure at the far right, the bakery. (No. 103 photo by Charles Goodman)

Colorado, if a sufficient quantity of agricultural land should be found there; or, if not, then upon such other unoccupied agricultural lands as might be found in that vicinity and in the Territory of Utah. A new reservation had been selected for the Utes by the Commissioners of the Interior Department at the junction of the White and Green Rivers; presumably, they could find no suitable lands in Colorado as the treaty specified. The Utes were not at all satisfied with the selection of the new reservation that was to become their new home and, when called upon by the Commissioners on August 23, 1881 to commence their movement to the new reservation, they flatly refused to go. The Commissioners appealed to General Mackenzie for military assistance to enforce the removal of the Indians, and acting upon orders from General John Pope, Mackenzie called the Ute Chiefs together and informed them that his orders called for their removal with force if need be.

Quoting from General Pope's report of September 22, 1881: "The next day the Utes submitted and pledged themselves to go quietly and at once. Mackenzie being satisfied of their good faith returned them to the charge of the Indian Commissioners, and they moved off in a day or two thereafter peaceably, but manifesting the greatest grief and regret at being

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The departure of the Utes was hailed as a great accomplishment by the people of Colorado; the *Ourray Times* had this to say on the occasion: "Sunday morning the Utes bid adieu to their old hunting grounds and folded up their tents, rounded up their dogs, sheep, goats, ponies and traps, and took up the line of march for their new reservation, followed by General Mackenzie and his troops. This is an event that has long and devoutly been prayed for by our people. How joyful it sounds and with what satisfaction one can say, 'The Utes have gone.'" After the evacuation of the Utes from the Uncompahgre Valley, General Mackenzie and his troops were withdrawn from the district and the garrison at the cantonment was reduced to four companies of the 14th Infantry under Lieutenant Colonel Henry Douglass.

Activities at the post now settled down to the daily routine of drill, guard duty, and parades interspersed occasionally with social functions and hunting expeditions into the adjacent

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"This summer again, I'm planning

to go overseas—and probably will have contact with Westerners both in Paris and in London. It's an experience, I tell you!, to sit in a hotel restaurant in Paris and in half-French and half-English talk with Sheriff Chen about the carryings-on of the Paris Corral which range from riding horseback and making movies to serious papers. And over in London at a dinner last summer, I chewed the fat lustily with a compadre who is writing a book about Wild Bill Hickok.

"We still have our home at Tucson (in fact Joan is out there at the moment) but live in an apartment on the near North side.

And To Mrs. Edward V. Dunklee:

"The Denver Westerners' Roundup for January is before me, and I've just come to pages 22 and 23. . . and here pause as memories surge through my mind. They are associated about the visit I paid to Denver, as recorded on page 2, when through the suggestion of a fellow Chicago Westerner and attorney, Samuel J. Sackett, I made contact with some of his old friends including your husband.

"It was your husband's encouragement as much as anything, Mrs. Dunklee, that led to the interviewing and the arranging and the talking and the writing which eventuated into the second unit of Westerners now known as the Denver Posse or Corral. And I see the date is January 2, 1945.

"At this belated occasion, I do want to pay tribute to your husband. His insight and scholarship, his friendliness and his persuasive ability to get things done—these were traits that stood out in the brief contact I had with him. But I remember him well because of them.

"Let me join with uncounted other friends in sending you sympathy. But I'm sure with many another, I should add that it is a sympathy laced with a feeling of elation that one of our fellow men should have had such a long, useful and productive career. I know that your memories must be rich."





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"It did me good to see your picture on the cover of the January ROUNDUP. Why don't you show a little of the effect of the passing years—as do the rest of us!

"I had a flood of happy memories as I studied the picture, and the significance of what you were there doing came through. . . memories I shall always cherish. Surely, Elmo and I, could we commune for a few moments, would have some high thoughts tinged with both gratification and surprise, for the ideas hatched in my "kiva" and your home so long ago have surely gone on to dramatic fruition!

"This summer again, I'm planning

to go overseas—and probably will have contact with Westerners both in Paris and in London. It's an experience, I tell you!, to sit in a hotel restaurant in Paris and in half-French and half-English talk with Sheriff Chen about the carryings-on of the Paris Corral which range from riding horseback and making movies to serious papers. And over in London at a dinner last summer, I chewed the fat lustily with a compadre who is writing a book about Wild Bill Hickok.

"We still have our home at Tucson (in fact Joan is out there at the moment) but live in an apartment on the near North side.

**And To Mrs. Edward V. Dunklee:**

"The Denver Westerners' Roundup for January is before me, and I've just come to pages 22 and 23. . . and here pause as memories surge through my mind. They are associated about the visit I paid to Denver, as recorded on page 2, when through the suggestion of a fellow Chicago Westerner and attorney, Samuel J. Sackett, I made contact with some of his old friends including your husband.

"It was your husband's encouragement as much as anything, Mrs. Dunklee, that led to the interviewing and the arranging and the talking and the writing which eventuated into the second unit of Westerners now known as the Denver Posse or Corral. And I see the date is January 2, 1945.

"At this belated occasion, I do want to pay tribute to your husband. His insight and scholarship, his friendliness and his persuasive ability to get things done—these were traits that stood out in the brief contact I had with him. But I remember him well because of them.

"Let me join with uncounted other friends in sending you sympathy. But I'm sure with many another, I should add that it is a sympathy laced with a feeling of elation that one of our fellow men should have had such a long, useful and productive career. I know that your memories must be rich."

# GUNS

## *That Helped Win The West*

### THE PEPPERBOX . . .

The Pepperbox was no glory gun. Never was it to be found in the holster of a Wyatt Earp or a Wild Bill Hickok. No song or story of the cowboy ever mentioned the lowly Pepperbox. Even its name detracted from its status as a fighting arm. Yet this homely, barrel-heavy, hard-triggered and poorly sighted hand gun with revolving barrel occupies an enviable niche in the gallery of frontier firearms.

It was the first multiple-shot hand gun. The multiple-barrel principle of three or more barrels revolving around a common axis dates back to primitive hand cannon of the early 1600s — two barrels side by side and a third barrel on top. The Pepperbox usually had six barrels, though one English model had eighteen.

The ignition system, called the percussion lock, is said by Charles Edward Chapel in "Guns of the Old West," to have been second only to the discovery of gunpowder in the history of firearms. It was invented, in 1807, by Alexander Forsyth, a Scotch Presbyterian minister. His percussion lock was destined to replace muzzle loaders and to open the way for breech-loading arms.

Forsyth's original patent was to load fulminate of mercury as a priming compound into a small metal bottle mounted outside of the gun, where it would be struck by the falling hammer. The hammer hit a tiny plunger on the bottle, exploding the priming powder in the pan. Flame from the explosion went through the touch hole and into the main powder charge. The cap lock, where the fulminate was loaded into copper or brass caps, was to come later. The percussion cap came into general use about 1840.

In 1837, the Pepperbox was introduced in America. Major manufacturers were Barton & Benjamin Darling, Ethan Allen, and Nichols & Childs, all in New England.

The Pepperbox enjoyed wide use in the East and South, even greater popularity among the '49ers. This fastest shooting iron gunned down many a miner wearing a single shot Colt. Another advantage of the snub-nosed six-shooter was its price, \$10 or \$15. But the Colt that sold for \$25 in the East cost \$200 on the West Coast.

Barrels were mostly 4 and 6 inches long. Calibers were usually .28 to .36; a few were .41.

The Pepperbox was a town gun, found more often up a man's sleeve or in his boot top than in belt or holster. Also, like the derringer, it was a lady's gun. At a range of more than a few feet it was inaccurate. But at the card table or saloon counter, or in a fancy lady's boudoir, it was a far better weapon for a man to trust his life to than a single shot pistol. Against a single shot, he could pepper his victim with six shots.

Through a strange circumstance, cartridge Pepperboxes continued to thrive long after their day was done. Smith and Wesson's patent, in 1856, on the breech-loading revolver, kept the Colt a single action until the patent expired. But the patent did not affect revolving hand guns with the barrels, instead of the cylinder chambers, bored through. So the Pepperbox, as well as the derringer, had clear sailing; it was in use up to 1900.

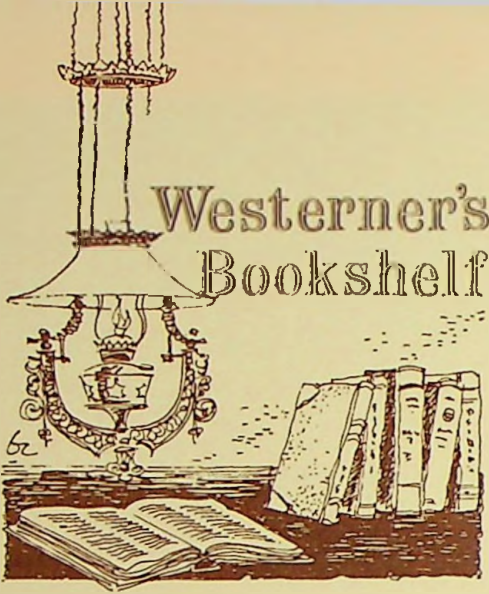
PM Dabney Otis Collins



*Pepperbox - Ethan Allen - 1836*



Bob Cormack '63



## Westerner's Bookshelf

**EXPLORING WITH FREMONT**, by Charles Preuss, Translated and Edited by Erwin G. and Elisabeth K. Gudde. (The Private Diaries of Charles Preuss, Cartographer for John C. Fremont on his First, Second, and Fourth Expeditions to the Far West.) University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla., 159 pp. \$3.95.

When the young German emigrant, Charles Preuss, came to Fremont in December, 1841, he was destitute and desperately in need of employment. He was a skilled topographer, but the failure of the United States Coast Survey to obtain an appropriation had thrown him out of work. Fremont came to his assistance and when, early in 1842, Fremont was commissioned to explore the country between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, he offered the position of cartographer and artist to Preuss, who readily accepted the assignment.

Many years later, in his Memoirs, Fremont spoke well of the young German, but it seems Preuss did not reciprocate his chief's friendly feelings. Preuss, in his diaries, is forever complaining about the shortcomings of Fremont, of the bad food and of the monotony of the prairie. He even spoke disparagingly of the Rocky Mountains while lauding the grandeur of the Alps. It is apparent, from reading his diaries, that Preuss was not

cut out to be an explorer, nor was he able to endure the hardships of travel over uncharted routes. While he did his work well, he was morose and melancholy and was unable to accept the American way of doing things.

Surprisingly enough, with all his complaining, Preuss readily accepted an assignment for the second expedition. He was not a member of the third expedition; it would have made him unhappier than the two preceding journeys. But he again signed up for the fourth expedition.

The importance of Preuss in the westward movement is based on his cartographical achievements, his skill as an artist and his contribution to our knowledge of western exploration as revealed in his diaries. These diaries, kept on three of Fremont's five expeditions, provide fresh material concerning certain controversial matters, particularly the events of the ill-fated Fourth expedition.

The editors have done an excellent job of translation from the original German, paraphrasing when necessary in order to make the text conform to English idiom without changing the meaning.

The book is a worthy contribution to the University of Oklahoma's Exploration and Travel Series.

Armand W. Reeder, PM

**GHOST TOWN ALBUM**, by Lambert Florin (Superior Pub. Co., Seattle, Wash., 184 pp., \$12.50)

This is the second book by Mr. Florin on the subject of Ghost Towns, and the fact that Mr. Florin is out photographing more ghost towns, means that we can look forward to another one in the near future.

Although titled "Album," sixty percent of the book is composed of descriptive material and interesting historical facts about the towns covered. Ghost towns in the States of California, Utah, Oregon, Wyoming, Wash-



ington, South Dakota, Montana, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Idaho and Colorado are included.

If one were to find fault with the book, it would be that the author attempts to cover too much territory.

The photography is superb and the accompanying maps by Mr. Florin's collaborator, Dr. David Mason, are excellent. Of special interest to Coloradans are the towns of Cripple Creek, Victor, Lake City, Creede, Spar City, Bonanza and Crestone. Although I have seen all of these towns at one time or another, it is always amazing to see how they look through the lens of another's camera.

F.B.R.

**HAROLD BRYANT, COLORADO'S MAVERICK WITH A PAINT BRUSH**, by Al Look. Golden Bell Press, Denver, Colorado, 1962. 115 pages, 37 painting reproductions in black and white, 10 in color, 7 dry brush illustrations. Introduction by Arthur J. Merrill. \$12.50.

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Mr. Look's first few chapters were a little hard to get into, we felt, with his use of western vernacular which has a tendency to overshadow his story. However, in later chapters the writing is just good story telling with

many quotes and numerous descriptions that permits the reader to almost live the frustrated, starved life of the struggling artist. The captions and colorful descriptions below the painting reproductions are the best part of the book.

The author says of Harold Bryant, "Nobody of any importance nominated Harold Edward Bryant as the World's best painter and it is better than an even bet nobody ever will. His own generation didn't really appreciate him until he crossed the skyline and very few friends recognized this maverick as a master with a paint brush. No art critic ever pinned the blue ribbon on his chest and no general ever kissed him with a medal, but plenty of cattlemen, the best who ever stepped across a horse, rate him as one of the top horse painters." Here, we will agree with the author! Bryant was a calendar artist in our thinking, as we began his biography, but as we read the last page, Mr. Look the author convinced us that Bryant was indeed, a very talented, dedicated painter who captured the last chapter of the changing West.

Look's fascinating story of Bryant takes us through the artist's early home life, the religious conflicts of his desire to be an artist, his early schooling in western Colorado, the family's sacrifices to send him to art school in Chicago, his rise to prominence as a commercial artist and illustrator, his fall during the depression of the thirties, his attempt to paint fine art, his "postal romance," and finally his marriage and a very short but sweet taste of recognition and "almost success" in his chosen field.

A frontispiece drawing of Harold Bryant by our late Herndon Davis in his unique "scratch" style brings a moment of reflection about our Posse friend credited with the execution of the "Face on the Barroom Floor" at Central City.

There is much to be desired in numerous of the color reproductions of Bryant's excellent paintings. Arthur Merrill the Taos artist, in his preface states, "Bryant had a talent seldom given to any human being. I do not hesitate to put him in the same category with such immortals as Frederick Remington and Charles Russell. Yet I consider Bryant in a class by himself, with a style and technique that is distinctly his own."

Robert B. Cormack, PM

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Anyone interested should be forewarned that this small volume (like one by Nell Murbarger, *Ghosts of the Glory Trail*, recommended by the author himself) contains a secret ingredient whereby its cost will in all likelihood exceed its initial price. I myself am left with a strong compulsion to go hunting for at least a dozen of the more than hundred titles mentioned.

Mr. E. I. Edwards, an authority on Southwestern desert books and owner of an outstanding collection thereof, was asked to name the twenty-five he would choose to retain were he required to dispose of all except that number. His choices, arranged alphabetically by author name and not in order of preference, make up the twenty-five short chapters, together with foreword on the reason for the book and a final chapter on books not chosen. Each selection is discussed in a warm, intimate, interesting manner, and he has arrived at a strikingly nice balance between reference and more literary material. His choices range from diaries, such as that of Father Pedro Font, which he ranks as "perhaps the greatest diary in all western hemisphere literature," LeRoy R. and Ann W. Hafen's *Journals of Forty-Niners*, Salt

*Lake to Los Angeles*, Lt. George M. Wheeler's *Annual Report Upon the Geographical Surveys West of the One Hundredth Meridian, in California, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona and Montana*, to such memorable volumes as Mary Austin's *The Land of Little Rain*, and Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop*.

Interspersed among his comments on his twenty-five particular choices are remarks on some seventy-five other desert treatises. His personal enthusiasm and persuasive style lend a distinctive flavor to what might otherwise have been mere bibliography, making the book not only good reference material but also good reading. It is a beautiful volume, with fine format, printed on laid Victorian Text paper, India color, with deckled edge, and deluxe binding. The issue was limited to 600 copies, of which only 500 were for sale, which were in such demand that the book went quickly out of print. It will certainly extend the horizon of anyone not hitherto desert-aware.

Scott Broome, PM

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The Battle of the Little Big Horn has been the subject of much controversy since the gunfire and warcries died away on that tragic day in 1876. Many accounts have been written, each in some way, disagreeing with the others which preceded it. Until 1931, when Wooden Leg's story was first published, the Indian side of that bloody conflict had never been told. The Indians, fearful of reprisals, had said nothing. Wooden Leg's story became the first account of Custer's fall by one who had participated.

Thomas B. Marquis served for a  
*continued on page 18*

# NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

We welcome these new Corresponding Members to the Denver Posse of the Westerners . . .

**Wilbur B. Richie, D.D.S.** Rt. 3, Box 589 Golden, Colo., is a dentist. Dr. Richie spent five years with the Adolph Coors Co., traveling the state in farm advisory work as an agronomist, in which he has a degree from Colorado State University at Ft. Collins. He is very interested in becoming more familiar with Colorado from its beginning to the present. Hobbies: exploring the back country of the state, hunting, fishing and 4-H work. His interest in the Denver Posse was kindled by CM fellow dentist, Dr. Charles Thompson.

**Ed Bartholomew,** P.O. Box 31, Toyahvale, Texas is an author, publisher of western Americana. He owns a former ghost town, located on a mountain top in west Texas, known as Madera Springs, Texas (Sans post office). Ed and his wife have been restoring the buildings for the past seven years, which is their home and work base. He has had many books published including 15 on western law and order and western Americana. He has written several books under the pen name, Jesse Ed Rascoe. He is a member of the Western Writers of America, the New York and Los Angeles Posse or Corral of Westerners. Mr. Bartholomew spent many years as an aviator, leaving this profession in 1947 to spend full time at his avocation which has become his vocation: researching, traveling and writing about the West. His special interest is in western law and order and western Americana. He owns the famous N. H. Rose collection of photo negatives. He became acquainted with the Denver Posse through his membership in other Posses and through our various publications.

**Robert D. Haines,** 336 Kearney St., San Francisco 8, Calif., owns the Argonaut Book Shop in that city. He is an antiquarian bookseller, specializing in Western Americana. His special interests lie in express and stage lines and early western news-

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**Betty Wallace (Mrs. Frank),** 323 So. Taylor, Gunnison, Colo., is a high school English teacher. She has had recently published a book entitled, "Gunnison Country." Her special interest is in the history of the western slope. A housewife that has had a broad background in journalism (Gunnison News-Champion), she delivered the interesting paper at the Christmas meeting of the Denver Posse. She became interested in the Westerners through Alan Swallow...and possibly because she was given the title of CM by John Lipsey and your present editor in error....so to rectify this, she sent in her membership application and check to keep these two editors honest! Thanks Betty!

**Reverend Stanley F.L. Crochiola,** P.O. Box 11, Pep, Texas, is known as F. Stanley. He is a parish priest that has had published: "Fort Craig," "The Apaches of New Mexico," "Rodeotown," "The Grant That Maxwell Bought" and many others. His special interest lies in early settlements of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona... especially the Spanish-American era. His hobbies: when not being a parish priest, he spends as much time as he can at research (when time permits), and then he paints oils of the New Mexico Missions, gives talks to clubs from New York to California on the great Southwest, making models of the old missions and then when time permits he writes. He became acquainted with the Denver Posse through his knowing: J. J. Lipsey, Fred Rosenstock, Fred Mazzulla and others.

## FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

**CM Perry Eberhart,** former Denver newspaper man and author of two books on Western history has joined the Denver field information unit of the U.S. Soil Conservation Service (SCS). For the past year, Perry has been editor of the National Union Farmer, official publication of the National Farmers Union.

**Bent's Old Fort National Historical Site,** recently declared as such by the Interior Dept., had its first superintendent appointed last week. He is Foy L. Young, former management assistant at Rocky Mountain National Park, Colo. He was appointed by Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall. The site, in Otero County, contains about 178 acres of land. It commemorates the role the fort played

in the opening of the West, built about 1833 by William and Charles Bent and Ceran St. Vrain.

**PM Arthur H. Carhart** authored an article entitled, "The Lore and Learning of Conservation" in American Forests, January 1963, magazine of the American Forestry Association, a reprint of which was passed out at last month's meeting.

**The State Historical Society of Colorado** has recently begun a program, under special legislative appropriation, to place its large holdings of Colorado newspapers on microfilm. Ultimately, all of the Society's holdings will be microfilmed, and the original copies of some of these newspapers will be made available for

acquisition and use to other libraries and institutions in the state.

The Society has determined that the original collections shall be offered to the public library located in the community where the newspaper was published, to the public or college library serving the general region in which the newspaper originated, to local or county historical societies, to the original publisher of the newspaper, or its successor, or to individual collectors, in that order.

There will be no charge to the recipient except the payment of packing and shipping charges. This cost could be avoided by the recipient making arrangements to have the papers picked up in Denver by private transportation.

#### HOW ABOUT A DENVER POSSE "TRADIN' POST"?

We've been wanting to start a sort of "Tradin' Post" column . . . but find that Doc Collins already thought up this one when he was editor of this monthly publication. We still think that the idea is a good one . . . how about you? Let your editor know.

Here's what Doc said to publicize the idea in his "Brand Book," now called the ROUNDUP, of June 1948. He headlined his story . . .

#### "THE TRADIN' POST"

"What do you have, of interest to fellow Westerners that you'd like to trade? Books, guns, Indian artifacts, coins, old letters—any kind of Western Americana. Send in your list and what you'd like to trade them for—together with your name and address.

"Come on—all you possemen and corresponding members! Let's start a good old-fashioned hoss trade."  
(From the July issue)

"What'll you swap, partner? If you human packrats have any books, guns, coins, Indian artifacts, prized signatures—in fact any kind of Western Americana you'd like to horse-trade for something else, put it in this column. Simply give your name and address and what you'll exchange for what. We'll list it here free."

#### WESTERNER'S BOOKSHELF

*continued from page 16*

time as agency physician for the Northern Cheyenne. It was here that he delved into the past of the northern plains tribes. Wooden Leg was his favorite among the story tellers, and the aged Cheyenne had been one of the approximately 1,600 Cheyenne camped along the Little Big Horn when Custer met his fate. Originally, Dr. Marquis had hoped to prepare an account of the Battle of the Little Big Horn, but he soon realized the rich trove of important information about the Cheyenne themselves contained in the old man's story.

As a result, not only an interesting account of the "Last Stand" of Custer evolved, but also an important glimpse into the life ways of the Cheyenne. Cheyenne laws, customs, morals, and religious beliefs are all detailed in this easily read book. Wooden Leg's references to certain incidents may cause some to dismiss them as mere superstition, but these references offer an important facet in the life of the plains Indian—a facet which is important to understanding him.

When the book first appeared in 1931 it was soundly criticized as being the bitter memories of a hateful old man. Though in some sections his bitterness toward the white man shows through, this is not a valid criticism. It is a simple straightforward narrative, told without fear of reprisal.

Though it has stimulated quite a bit of controversy, *Wooden Leg* is a worthwhile work, and one sure to be much in demand among Custer scholars for quite a while. The book has its shortcomings. At points the narrative seems almost too simple. But remembering that this is Wooden Leg's account given to the author through sign language, this is an objection which quickly vanishes.

Gary L. Roberts, CM

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papers. Hobbies: archaeology and anthropology of the western Indians. He collects primitive art of Africa, Pacific Islands and the northwest coast of America. He became a CM of the Denver Posse through his business relationships with PM Fred Rosenstock. Mr. Haines is also a CM of the Los Angeles Corral.

**Betty Wallace (Mrs. Frank),** 323 So. Taylor, Gunnison, Colo., is a high school English teacher. She has had recently published a book entitled, "Gunnison Country." Her special interest is in the history of the western slope. A housewife that has had a broad background in journalism (Gunnison News-Champion), she delivered the interesting paper at the Christmas meeting of the Denver Posse. She became interested in the Westerners through Alan Swallow...and possibly because she was given the title of CM by John Lipsey and your present editor in error...so to rectify this, she sent in her membership application and check to keep these two editors honest! Thanks Betty!

**Reverend Stanley F.L. Crocchiola,** P.O. Box 11, Pap, Texas, is known as F. Stanley. He is a parish priest that has had published: "Fort Craig," "The Apaches of New Mexico," "Rodeotown," "The Grant That Maxwell Bought" and many others. His special interest lies in early settlements of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona... especially the Spanish-American era. His hobbies: when not being a parish priest he spends as much time as he can at research (when time permits), and then he paints oils of the New Mexico Missions, gives talks to clubs from New York to California on the great Southwest, making models of the old missions and then when time permits he writes. He became acquainted with the Denver Posse through his knowing: J. J. Lipsey, Fred Rosenstock, Fred Mazzulla and others.

## FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

**CM Perry Eberhart,** former Denver newspaper man and author of two books on Western history has joined the Denver field information unit of the U.S. Soil Conservation Service (SCS). For the past year, Perry has been editor of the National Union Farmer, official publication of the National Farmers Union.

**Bent's Old Fort National Historical Site,** recently declared as such by the Interior Dept., had its first superintendent appointed last week. He is Foy L. Young, former management assistant at Rocky Mountain National Park, Colo. He was appointed by Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall. The site, in Otero County, contains about 178 acres of land. It commemorates the role the fort played

in the opening of the West, built about 1833 by William and Charles Bent and Ceran St. Vrain.

**PM Arthur H. Carhart** authored an article entitled, "The Lore and Learning of Conservation" in American Forests, January 1963, magazine of the American Forestry Association, a reprint of which was passed out at last month's meeting.

**The State Historical Society of Colorado** has recently begun a program, under special legislative appropriation, to place its large holdings of Colorado newspapers on microfilm. Ultimately, all of the Society's holdings will be microfilmed, and the original copies of some of these newspapers will be made available for

acquisition and use to other libraries and institutions in the state.

The Society has determined that the original collections shall be offered to the public library located in the community where the newspaper was published, to the public or college library serving the general region in which the newspaper originated, to local or county historical societies, to the original publisher of the newspaper, or its successor, or to individual collectors, in that order.

There will be no charge to the recipient except the payment of packing and shipping charges. This cost could be avoided by the recipient making arrangements to have the papers picked up in Denver by private transportation.

#### HOW ABOUT A DENVER POSSE "TRADIN' POST"?

We've been wanting to start a sort of "Tradin' Post" column . . . but find that Doc Collins already thought up this one when he was editor of this monthly publication. We still think that the idea is a good one . . . how about you? Let your editor know.

Here's what Doc said to publicize the idea in his "Brand Book," now called the ROUNDUP, of June 1948. He headlined his story . . .

#### "THE TRADIN' POST"

"What do you have, of interest to fellow Westerners that you'd like to trade? Books, guns, Indian artifacts, coins, old letters—any kind of Western Americana. Send in your list and what you'd like to trade them for—together with your name and address.

"Come on—all you possemen and corresponding members! Let's start a good old-fashioned hoss trade."  
(From the July issue)

"What'll you swap, partner? If you human packrats have any books, guns, coins, Indian artifacts, prized signatures—in fact any kind of Western Americana you'd like to horse-trade for something else, put it in this column. Simply give your name and address and what you'll exchange for what. We'll list it here free."

#### WESTERNER'S BOOKSHELF

*continued from page 16*

time as agency physician for the Northern Cheyenne. It was here that he delved into the past of the northern plains tribes. Wooden Leg was his favorite among the story tellers, and the aged Cheyenne had been one of the approximately 1,600 Cheyenne camped along the Little Big Horn when Custer met his fate. Originally, Dr. Marquis had hoped to prepare an account of the Battle of the Little Big Horn, but he soon realized the rich trove of important information about the Cheyenne themselves contained in the old man's story.

As a result, not only an interesting account of the "Last Stand" of Custer evolved, but also an important glimpse into the life ways of the Cheyenne. Cheyenne laws, customs, morals, and religious beliefs are all detailed in this easily read book. Wooden Leg's references to certain incidents may cause some to dismiss them as mere superstition, but these references offer an important facet in the life of the plains Indian—a facet which is important to understanding him.

When the book first appeared in 1931 it was soundly criticized as being the bitter memories of a hateful old man. Though in some sections his bitterness toward the white man shows through, this is not a valid criticism. It is a simple straightforward narrative, told without fear of reprisal.

Though it has stimulated quite a bit of controversy, *Wooden Leg* is a worthwhile work, and one sure to be much in demand among Custer scholars for quite a while. The book has its shortcomings. At points the narrative seems almost too simple. But remembering that this is Wooden Leg's account given to the author through sign language, this is an objection which quickly vanishes.

Gary L. Roberts, CM





S. J. H. 1908

HOTEL

DENVER & RIO GRANDE  
165



# PULLMAN TO CREEDE

(inside back cover)

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by **Otto Kuhler**

When the great silver boom came to Creede, Colorado . . . it of course brought many easterners. The railroads of the day combined their promotion in the Chicago area by advertising, "Take a Pullman All the Way to Creede." Artist Kuhler captures old No. 153 of the Denver & Rio Grande acting as a "pusher" to get the Pullman coaches up the steep grades between Denver and Alamosa over La Veta Pass. Otto tells us that the painting reproduced herewith was done before the modern highway was built through this particular canyon. He had to traverse an old wagon road closely following the old rail bed to reach the area that the painting depicts . . . the rest of the painting is from Otto's research and imagination. Our rail fans will probably ask how the railroads used the same Pullman coach from Chicago to Creede on standard and narrow gauge . . . well, they did some pretty big things in those days . . . at least in the wording of their fanciful advertising copy!

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



IN THIS ISSUE:

"Sand Creek: A Novelist's View"

—by Michael Straight  
"Guns That Helped Win The West" Remington Vest Pocket .22 Cal.

—by Bob Cormack  
"Kenosha Pass—D. S. P. & P. R. R."

—by Otto Kuhler  
**Michael Straight**, author of the highly praised "Carrington" and the recently published, "A Very Small Remnant," read his paper on "Sand Creek" before the Denver Posse of Westerners at their March meeting. PM Jack Quinn at the left introduced Mr Straight. Also seen in this month's cover photo is Sheriff Perkin and "Brand Book" editor John Lipsey (below). Photo by courtesy of Fred and Jo Mazzulla.



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

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APRIL  
1963

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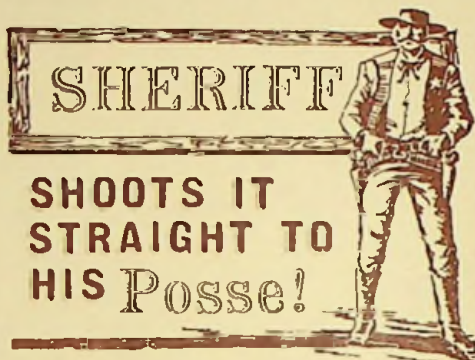
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**Material intended for publication in ROUNDUP**—Bob Cormack, 1166 So. Williams Street, Denver 10, Colorado. Phone: 744-6353

**Reservations for all meetings and dinners**—Kenneth E. Englert, 604 Prospect Lake Drive, Colorado Springs. ME1rose 3-9293

**1963 OFFICERS**

**Sheriff**, Robert L. Perkin  
**Deputy Sheriff**, Herbert P. White  
**Roundup Foreman**, George R. Eichler  
**Tally Man**, William G. Breneman  
**Chuck Wrangler**, Kenneth E. Englert  
**Registrar of Marks and Brands**, Robert B. Cormack (Editor of Monthly ROUNDUP)  
**Publications Chairman**, John J. Lipsey (Editor of 1962 BRAND BOOK)  
**Preceding Sheriff**, Erl H. Ellis  
**Membership Chairman**, Erl H. Ellis  
**Awards Chairman**, Harold H. Dunham  
**Program Chairman**, Forbes Parkhill  
**Book Review Chairman**, Numa L. James



The formal investiture ceremonies went forward as planned. Official Keeper of the Possibles Bag of the Denver Posse, the perquisites and dignities of the position, is Dr. Philip W. Whiteley, physician, minister to ladies-in-waiting, numismatist and patron of the Western arts. It is herewith ordained that henceforth in perpetuity he shall be privileged to use the honours "K.P.B." following his name. (We'll leave it up to him whether the designation shall be used preceding or following the M. D., F. R. C. S., D. Litt., etc., etc.) The same perpetual honours, it is to be hoped, will be bestowed upon his successors down through the years. Philip Whiteley, K. P. B., is further authorized by these presents to deputize an assistant or assistants to officiate in his stead if at any time flights of storks should darken the sky and keep him from our midst.

One additional announcement:

Our meetings thus far this year, thanks to the splendid efforts of our Program Chairman Forbes Parkhill, have been exceptionally well attended. We've been running at or a little beyond the capacity of the Denver Press Club to accommodate us comfortably, and the sell-out situation has been complicated by a dozen or more persons

*continued on page 22*

**22 MAY MEETING**

This month's meeting of the Denver Westerners will be held on Wednesday, May 22, 1963 at the Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm Place. Dinner at 6:30 p.m. \$2.75 per plate, only to those making advanced reservations by mail to Kenney Englert. (Sorry no reservations can be made for guests of Corresponding Members.) Business meeting and program to follow. Drawing for the contents of the "possibles bag." Program: Arthur Woodward, CM of Patagonia, Arizona, former curator of the Los Angeles Museum, noted historian and member of the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners will give a paper entitled: "The Firsts of The Mexican War, 1846-48."

**26 JUNE MEETING**

The June meeting will be held at the Denver Press Club as usual, 6:30 p.m. The Program: Milton W. Callon, CM will give a paper, "What Most People Don't Know About New Mexico."

**24 JULY MEETING**

The July meeting of the Denver Posse, in charge of the Colorado Springs Members, will be held at the Officers' Club of the Air Force Academy. Speaker will be Dr. Harvey Carter, head of the History Department, Colorado College. His subject: "Reminiscences of a German Gold Seeker." More details on this meeting in next month's ROUNDUP.

# SAND CREEK...

## A NOVELIST'S VIEW

*By Michael Straight*

MICHAEL STRAIGHT was born at Southampton, New York in 1916. He was educated at the London School of Economics and Trinity College, Cambridge. He returned to the United States in 1937 to join the political staff of President Roosevelt. After the war, in which he served as a B-17 pilot, he returned to Washington as editor of the "New Republic." In 1956 a summer spent on a ranch near the site of Fort Phil Kearny in northern Wyoming led to the writing of his first novel, "Carrington," a story of the Fetterman "massacre." He lives with his wife and five children in Fairfax County, Virginia. He has just returned from a trip to the British West Indies.

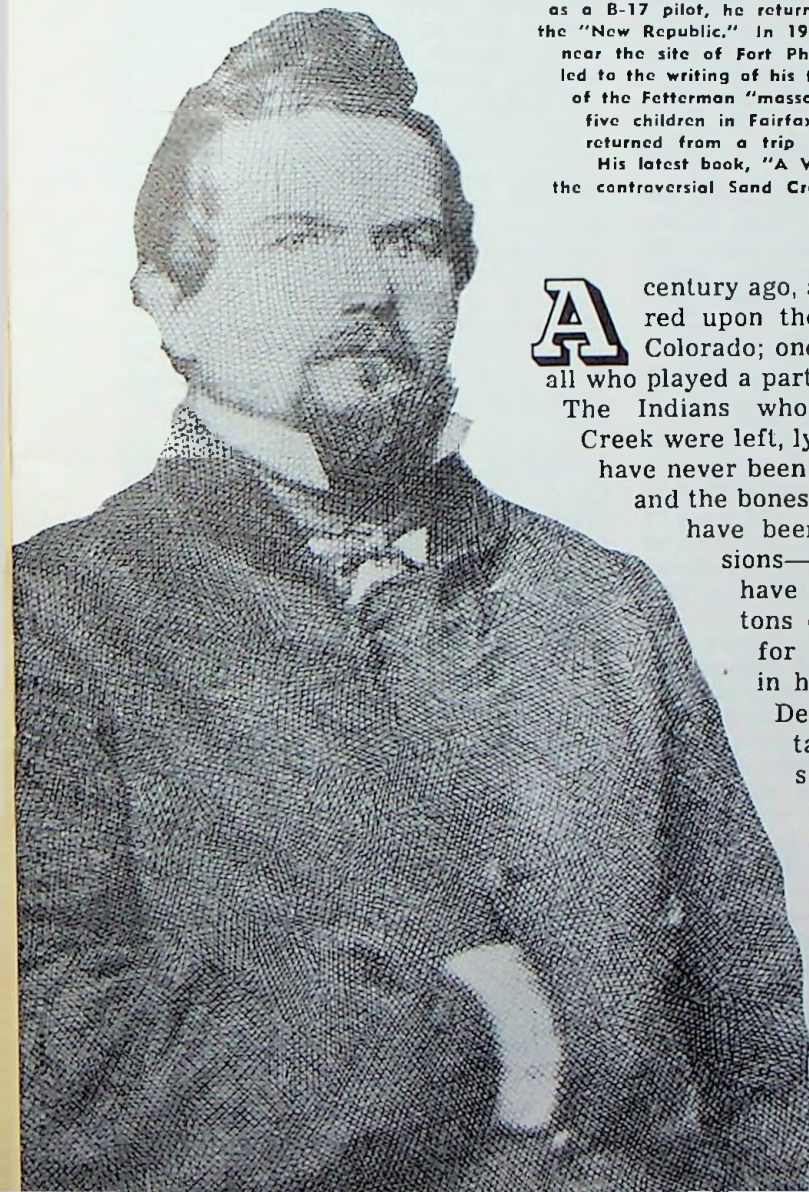
His latest book, "A Very Small Remnant," deals with the controversial Sand Creek "massacre." Its publication date was March 18, 1963.

**A** century ago, a memorable event occurred upon the plains of Southeastern Colorado; one that altered the lives of all who played a part in it.

The Indians who were killed at Sand Creek were left, lying where they fell. They have never been laid to rest. Their bones, and the bones of those who killed them, have been rattled on many occasions—so many that historians have sought to bury the skeletons of Sand Creek, once and for all time. Raymond Carey, in his paper, read before the Denver Westerners,<sup>1</sup> maintains that Sand Creek should have settled, long

Col. John M. Chivington posed in this rare photograph as the first Grand Master of Masons in Colorado, 1861. The "fighting parson" whose heroism in 1862 had helped rout the Confederates near Santa Fe, was a Colonel in the First Colorado Cavalry.

(photo from the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla)



ago, into the obscure niche in the national memory which it deserves. He asks why it continues, none-the-less to haunt us; to perplex and to divide us. The answer, he suggests, is that the fires of controversy which surround Sand Creek "appear," in his words "to be tended faithfully by some pernicious and anachronistic Vestal Virgins of the frontier, who bear an ancient grudge against dispassionate and trustworthy history."<sup>2</sup>

This sounds to me more like a charge than a hypothesis, and, since I have written one more book to keep the fires burning, I will, at once, enter a plea of **guilty**: or rather of **partial guilt**. I say **partial** for one obvious reason. I know that I am anachronistic; I suspect that I'm pernicious, but, much as I'd like to, I cannot in all honesty lay claim to being a Vestal Virgin.

"Dispassionate and trustworthy history" is a rare product, even among historians. The historian and the novelist are, none-the-less, poles apart. The historian, as Henry James noted, must say to his fancy: "thus far and no further." The novelist must let his fancy run. The historian must work within the boundaries of verifiable fact; the novelist must move on into the shadow world of character and motivation. It is as a novelist that I come to Sand Creek; so, at the risk of oversimplification, I want to suggest that the story of Sand Creek can be seen with some profit as a clash between the characters of two sharply contrasting men.

Let us go back then and pitch our tent in the debris of old campsites. Let us begin with the morning of September 4, 1864. On that morning, a sergeant and three troopers set out from Fort Lyon, the cavalry outpost whose ruins may still be seen near the town of Lamar.

The troopers' term of service had ended in the First Colorado Cavalry. They were on their way to Denver, to be mustered out. Then, five miles out of Lyons, they came upon three mounted Indians; an old man, a squaw and a boy.

As soldiers, the four whites were required to kill the Indians. As civi-

lians they were entitled to shoot them and to claim their ponies. The men felt perhaps that they were neither soldiers, nor civilians. In any case, they prepared to fire, and then lowered their rifles when the old man held up a piece of paper. He refused to give up the paper; so in violation of all regulations, the sergeant led the Indians back to Lyon, and into the headquarters of its Commanding Officer, Major Edward Wynkoop.

Wynkoop was twenty-eight years old at the time; he was six feet three in height. A photograph, now in the Colorado State Historical Society, shows him as he was: a bold, handsome man, in his blue cape, and long cavalry gloves.

Wynkoop has been described as a sentimentalist, a dreamer, an Indian lover, and—by George Armstrong Custer—as a plunderer, enriching himself at the taxpayers' expense. None of these terms seems to me to be accurate or even useful. Some historians have argued that a close correlation can be established between the attitudes of leading Westerners towards the Negro and toward the Indian. If such a rule can be established, then Wynkoop is an exception to the rule.

As a young man, Wynkoop moved to Kansas from his Pennsylvania home. Kansas, of course, was the great staging area for Colorado; it was in Kansas, Bleeding Kansas, that the five dominant figures of Sand Creek first became known. Four of the five were involved in the strife and violence that inflamed Kansas, and that carried over to Colorado. Wynkoop was not involved. He was not an Abolitionist or even an ardent Free State man. He kept clear of the skirmishes between the Border Ruffians and the Jayhawkers. He worked for the Land Office, and when word came that gold had been found in Cherry Creek, he joined a pioneer party and rode on West. He and his party found mica in the Arkansas River and, like every band of newcomers, supposed that it was gold. Wynkoop later recalled<sup>3</sup> the images that rose in his imagination: a palace on Fifth Avenue; a villa at Newport; a yacht riding

at anchor; a string of race horses—he was, in other words a representative young American.

Wynkoop built his cabin on Clear Creek—and lost it to claim jumpers. He listed his occupation as **prospector** when the 1861 census-taker came around. He was impulsive, chivalrous, carefree; his scrapbook, in the Museum of Anthropology in Santa Fe, is a chronicle of all the scrapes and adventures in which he found himself. He was an amateur actor, raising money for impoverished immigrants; a review in the *Rocky Mountain Daily News* describes his vivid performance as Edward Middleton in a play called **The Drunkard**. He leans on the bar in the climax of the play, trying to raise a glass of whiskey to his lips. His hand shakes so violently that he fails. He falls, sobbing on the bar. Then, as the audience looks on in deathly silence, he draws out a pocket handkerchief. He wraps one end around the glass, carries the other end around his neck, and so, with a supreme effort, hauls the glass up to his lips. He gulps down the whiskey; he gasps "My last!" The audience rises, cheering, to its feet.<sup>4</sup>

In the crisis of the Union, Wynkoop joins the First Colorado Cavalry. He leads a charge at Glorieta, wearing a shirt of scarlet flannel. His bravery is notorious. When Major Chivington takes over the regiment, Wynkoop moves up to Chivington's place.

Wynkoop was Chivington's choice to command the sensitive post of Fort Lyon. The threat seemed to be Confederate raiders; then, in 1864, Lyon became an important center of action against the Cheyennes. Chivington, as Military Commander of the Colorado District, pressed the doctrine of extermination. Wynkoop accepted it. "The Cheyennes," Chivington wrote to Wynkoop, "will have to be soundly whipped before they will be quiet. If any of them are caught in your vicinity, kill them as that is the only way."<sup>5</sup> "My intention," Wynkoop replied, "is to kill all Indians I come across."<sup>6</sup>

In time to come, Wynkoop was to hold that the Indian War of 1864 was

a war of oppression, instigated by Chivington. But, until September 4, Wynkoop held no such view. In his fragmentary autobiography written in 1876, and now in the Colorado State Historical Society, Wynkoop recounts his state of mind when the three Indians were shoved as captives into his office:

For over thirteen years, my lot was cast among the wildest Indian tribes that remain on our continent . . . for many years, as a Borderman and Pioneer in that wild country, where every man was supposed to carry his life in his hand, hearing at times of the outrages committed by the Red Man, I naturally . . . belonged to the Exterminators . . . I did not stop to inquire whether an Indian, when he killed a white man, or ran off cattle was justified or not. I thought that . . . the Red Man . . . was degraded, treacherous and cruel; that he had no rights that we were bound to respect; that in fact he had nothing but the instincts of a wild beast, and should be treated accordingly. . .<sup>7</sup>

In this spirit, and loyal to his superior officer, Wynkoop began by berating the sergeant who had brought the three Indians into the Fort. The sergeant defended his action, and, in any case, was no longer subject to Wynkoop's command. Wynkoop, in turn, could not release the Indians, nor could he kill them in cold blood. He learned, or perhaps he knew, that the old Indian was One Eye, who had lost his eye defending William Bent against the Kiowas, and whose daughter was married to John Prowers, the most successful of the Arkansas Valley ranchers. He accepted the paper that One Eye had brought. It was a message from the Council of the Southern Cheyennes, in response to Governor Evans' Proclamation of June 27. The Governor had offered to protect and to support all friendly Indians if they would go to designated places of safety. In turn the Council had conditionally accepted the Governor's offer and had un-

dertaken to inform the other Indian nations of its decision. The Council offered as a first step to exchange the white captives it held for Indian prisoners. It asked for 'true news.'

Wynkoop presumably asked why the Cheyennes had allowed forty-five days to pass before replying to the Governor's Proclamation. One Eye replied that Wynkoop soldiers had attacked and driven off Cheyennes who had attempted to bring word of the Council's decision to the Fort. Wynkoop was aware of one such encounter; he continued to challenge the sincerity of the Cheyennes. One Eye in reply spoke eloquently of the past prosperity and present misery of his people. Wynkoop was shaken; he records, in his manuscript his sense of bewilderment; his feeling of being at a loss. Toward the end of the interview he said to One Eye, "Did you not fear you would be killed when you endeavored to get into the Fort?"

"I thought I would be killed," One Eye replied, "but I knew that the paper would be found on my dead body, that you would see it, and it might give peace to my people once more."

"And how about him?" Wynkoop said, pointing to the boy. One Eye answered that the boy was also ready to die on the off chance that the message might be read.

Wynkoop continues: "I was bewildered with an exhibition of such patriotism on the part of the two savages and felt myself in the presence of superior beings."<sup>8</sup>

This brief encounter was, clearly, a decisive moment in Wynkoop's life. The transformation which it brought about in him was profound—so profound that we can only conclude that he was unconsciously prepared for it. He was by nature generous, warm-hearted, tolerant. The policy of extermination which he outwardly accepted, was in fact contrary to his own deepest instincts. The War for the Union had hardened him to violence but it had also aroused his veneration of heroic action in the service of one's country. The chance encounter with One Eye brought to his consciousness, in place of faceless and despised

enemy, a fellow human being. He saw in that human being the quality he admired above all others—courage. So One Eye brought Wynkoop back to himself.

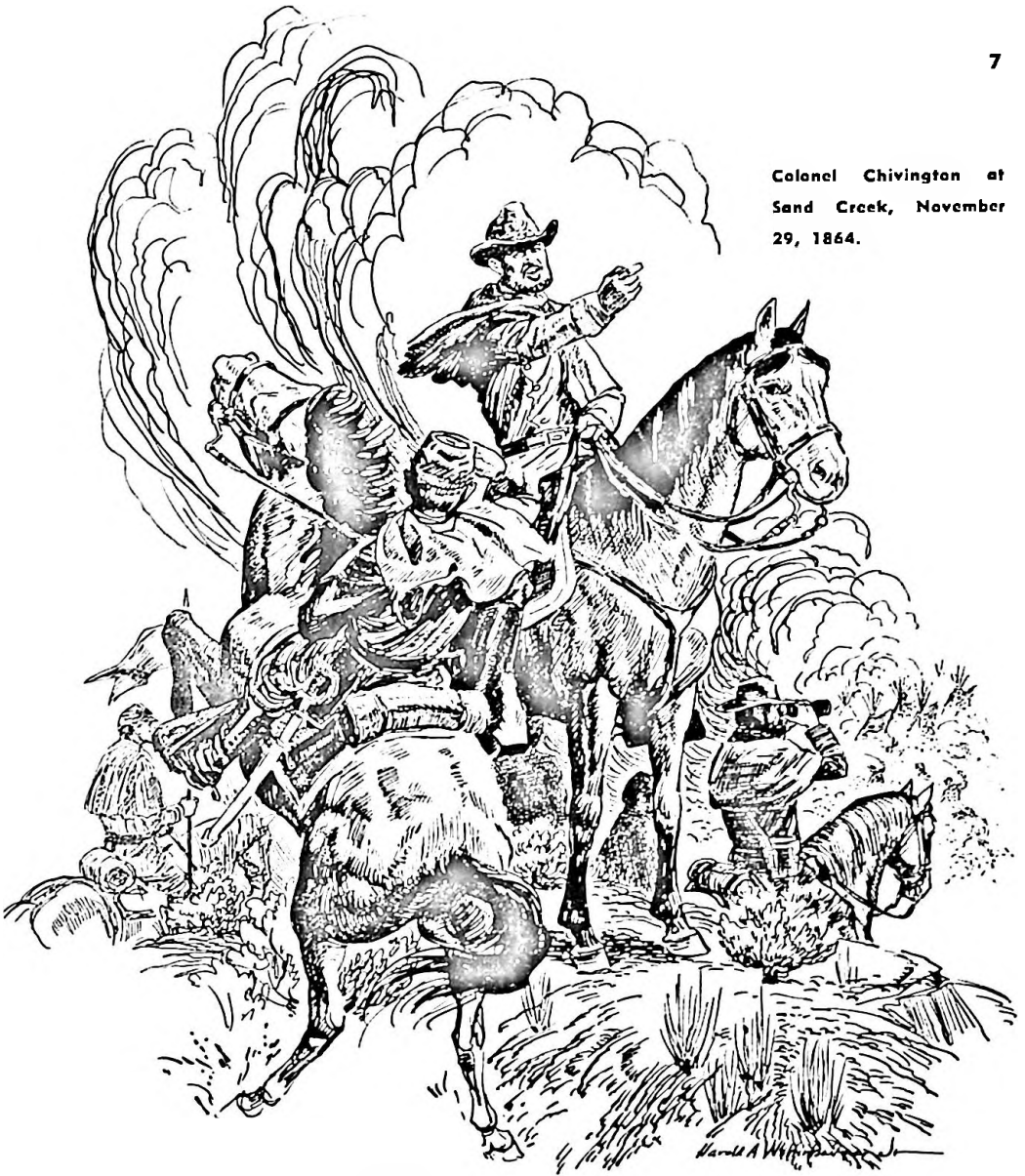
Wynkoop decided at once to take advantage of the Indians' offer. He questioned One Eye and learned that five white captives were being held in the camp of the Cheyennes. One Eye, going beyond the terms proposed by his Council, assured Wynkoop that if he would journey to the camp, those captives would be delivered to him without any exchange. Wynkoop left for the camp on the following morning, taking with him a small detachment of volunteers. He records in his manuscript that not only his officers but the whole garrison considered the expedition "a foolhardy and perilous one." "Yet," he adds, "my confidence was so great that the Indians intended to act in good faith, I would not have required a single trooper had I not been informed by One Eye that there were still roving war parties out with whom I might have trouble were I to run across them."<sup>9</sup>

Wynkoop in fact had to quell a mutiny among his own troops. He had also to overcome the intense hostility and suspicion of the Cheyennes. He succeeded because he and Black Kettle were wholly honest with each other. Black Kettle had conceded in his message that three war parties were absent when his Council voted for peace. Wynkoop in turn told the Council that he was not authorized to negotiate terms. He promised only that if the Council would return the captives he would take the Chiefs to Denver where they could meet the Governor.

If Wynkoop demanded much of the territory of Colorado in this proposal, he demanded much more of the Cheyennes. In recalling their response, it is worth remembering for a moment the assumption which governed our official attitude towards the Indians throughout the period of hostilities. We took it for granted that, although the Indians were savages, incapable of loyalty or obedience, their nations were more tightly governed than our own. Thus, our state and federal gov-



Colonel Chivington at  
Sand Creek, November  
29, 1864.



ernments made few and feeble attempts to police the boundaries of the Indian reservations; they conceded their inability to prevent their citizens from committing trespass, theft, and other crimes against the Indians, and from corrupting them by carrying on illegal trade in liquor and in arms. Yet General Curtis, commanding the Department of Kansas, to cite one example that bears directly upon Sand Creek, thought nothing of holding the Council of the Cheyennes responsible

for the transgressions of every Cheyenne. He demanded that the Council make full restitution for all alleged thefts of white men's property, and that it turn over Cheyennes accused of crimes to courts in which they were not even permitted to testify. He required the Council to deliver to him Indians who could be held as hostages—a demand which we would have rejected as barbarous, had it been imposed upon us.<sup>10</sup>

In fact, as the conference in the Big

Timbers shows, the Cheyenne nation was not as tightly governed as our own. Its members were torn between many conflicting loyalties; its Council was limited in power and had no means of enforcing its will.

The position of the Cheyennes was in itself, sensitive, equivocal, difficult. They were caught between their hereditary enemies and the whites, who were invading their lands and destroying their sustenance. They were, like most primitive peoples, past masters of the art of politics; yet their tradition was of little use to them in a wholly new situation. The buffalo hunters were forcing them into a position of dependence upon the white man's charity; yet, to the best of them dependence was repugnant. Three months before the meeting in the Big Timbers, Starving Bear, the leading warrior of the Cheyennes, had been killed in cold blood as he attempted to negotiate with the troops of Lieutenant Layre. His brother Bull Bear, was the leader of the principal war party, and he was bound, by the ancient law of his people, to exact revenge. The Cheyennes, in shaping their response to Wynkoop's proposal, followed an essentially democratic procedure. The leaders of the war party were permitted to harangue the crowd; the members of the Council spoke in turn, and Black Kettle was the last to speak. The Council debated through the night before accepting Wynkoop's proposal. In accepting it, the Council chose a course that placed the Chiefs in personal peril and exposed the entire nation to reprisals by the Sioux. Yet, when the decision was taken, the minority which favored war accepted it. Bull Bear climbed onto the cart with the Chiefs and was taken by Wynkoop to Denver.

There is a photograph in the State Historical Society of the citizens of Denver who rode to the outskirts of the city in their carriages to greet the Chiefs. There are thirty-three carriages, filled with well dressed ladies and gentlemen. Who are they, and why have they come? One answer is given by Wynkoop, in his unfinished manuscript. Denver, he tells us, was "in a state of considerable excite-

ment" and it was divided into two parties. One was led by Chivington and Evans, and supported by the contractors. Its spokesmen criticised Wynkoop, and its extremists undertook to attack him, and to kill the Chiefs. The second party, according to Wynkoop, consisted of the "respectable" portion of the community, and constituted the majority. It applauded Wynkoop, believing his action in rescuing the captives to be "more important than the prolongation of an unjust war."<sup>11</sup>

It is this second group that has come to greet the Chiefs. And whether or not they still command the majority in Denver, they are without doubt the aristocracy of the frontier. They are the Quakers and the ministers; the federal judges and the leaders of the anti-statehood movement which, three weeks earlier, trounced the party of Evans and Chivington at the polls. They have come out to demonstrate their belief in the possibility of reconciliation with the Indians; their opposition to the frenzied preparations under way in Denver for a full scale Indian war.

It is with these ladies and gentlemen that Governor Evans belongs, by upbringing, by association, and by conviction. It is their outlook which he expressed in his Proclamation of June 27. His second Proclamation,<sup>12</sup> licensing the citizens of the Territory to kill and to rob any Indian whom they judge to be hostile, is in contrast an incitement to lawlessness. Thus, as Wynkoop is led to be true to himself by the Indians, Evans is perhaps false to himself.<sup>13</sup> As Evans is no longer master of himself from August on, so he is no longer master of events in the Territory.<sup>14</sup> Events are shaped by the mob, and by the one man powerful enough to control the mob—John Milton Chivington.

Chivington is certainly one of the most arresting figures in the history of the frontier. He was, to begin with, a giant; a man of immense energy and ambition. The greatest moment of his life was undoubtedly the Battle of Glorieta. There, under fire, he performed heroic feats on behalf of the United States. He was acclaimed, and

made Military Commander of the Colorado District on his return to Denver. The year that followed was inevitably, an anti-climax. In the East, tremendous battles were shaking the continent, and men were rising to heights of national power and prestige that no man in the West could attain. Colorado was a backwater in contrast, a quiet region, save for a few minor raids. Chivington applied for a transfer to the Eastern battlefronts, where, he was certain, he could perform great feats for the Union. His application was denied.

The wisdom of hindsight is superfluous in judging what military policy was appropriate for Colorado in 1863 and 1864. The Union, of which Colorado was a part, was in danger of military defeat by the massed armies of the Confederacy. In the vast area that reached from Denver to Larned, and from the Arkansas to the Platte, less than three hundred soldiers were scattered in four posts. These three hundred men were charged with protecting not only the settlers of the region, but the immigrants who flooded through it. They could succeed only if all possible measures were taken to avoid an Indian war.

The war was avoided in 1863. Governor Evans in his report of October 16<sup>th</sup> noted that the Indians were quiet and that the leaders of the bands located on the Republican and the Smoky Hill rivers were doing their best to quell the malcontents who advocated war. He predicted that no troubles would develop with the Cheyennes, the Arapahoes and the Sioux.

Then, in November, Evans reversed himself, after a meeting with Robert North, a strange, illiterate man, white by birth and Arapahoe by adoption, whom some believed to be insane.

Despite the warning that North conveyed to Evans, there is no evidence that the plains Indians chose war in place of peace in the autumn of 1863. We know, from the reports of H. T. Ketcham, that the Indians of the Arkansas Valley were ravaged by smallpox; we know that many were kept alive by eating cattle of the immigrants that had died of disease. We

know that buffalo were scarce, due to the unfettered activities of the buffalo hunters, and that white traders were taking the few hides the Indians had treated in exchange for whiskey. But the Indians, Ketcham reported, were still friendly. When, in the spring the first fighting occurred between Chivington's troopers and the Cheyennes, the response of the Chiefs was to seek out William Bent in an effort to prevent the spread of war. Bent in turn tried to impress upon Chivington the desire of the plains Indians for peace, and their capacity, once provoked, to lay waste the settlements of Kansas and Colorado. Chivington answered that he was "on the warpath" and that the settlers would have to fend for themselves.

Chivington sent three detachments of troopers out to chastise the Cheyennes in the spring of 1864. Whether or not they acted upon false rumor or proven fact, they were sent in violation of an elementary rule of military policy: they infuriated the Indians without appreciably reducing their fighting capacity. Major T. I. McKenney, Inspector of the Department of Kansas, saw the danger. "It should be our policy," he wrote to General Curtis, "to . . . stop these scouting parties that are roaming over the country; who do not know one tribe from another and who will kill anything in the shape of an Indian. It will require but few murders on the part of our troops to unite all these warlike tribes."<sup>10</sup>

Did Evans and Chivington suppose that Curtis would come to their aid, once the Indians were aroused? Curtis was wholly occupied with the threat presented by the Confederate armies of General Price. It was not until October 28 that these armies were met and turned back in a battle in which two Confederate generals and five colonels were captured by the Union.

Did Evans and Chivington believe that they would be given massive aid from Washington for what Evans called "this gigantic Indian war"? The Confederate stragglers who failed to turn up in time at the Battle of Gettys-

burg outnumbered all the citizens of the Territory of Colorado. The capital of the Union was in greater peril than the outpost of Denver in the summer of 1864. Throughout that summer, the armies of the Union and the Confederacy were locked in the Wilderness. Grant tried to advance there, and lost seven thousand men in thirty minutes. It was not until September 3, the day before One Eye appeared at Lyon, that the earthworks around Atlanta fell to Sherman. Even then, the outcome of the struggle in which the Union was fighting for its life, was far from certain. Evans and Chivington then, are asking for too much, if they ask the President of the United States and his Secretary of War, to set aside the desperate problems which confront them, in order to give serious consideration to a border skirmish with wild Indians.

The One Hundred Days Regiment is none-the-less authorized by the War Department. And, in response to the frantic appeals of Governor Evans, supplies of a sort are obtained. Recruiting begins. "I am at work day and night filling the One Hundred Days Regiment," Chivington reports on August 19.<sup>17</sup> It is very much his child. He goes over the head of General Curtis in attempting to commandeer stores for the regiment. He goes over the heads of senior officers in Denver to pick a young lieutenant, George Shoup, for the colonelcy. The reason is surely that Chivington intends to take over the regiment before it moves into battle.

Against whom will it battle? The only clue that we have to Chivington's initial plans is his telegram of September 19, 1864 to Secretary Stanton. In this telegram he identifies his target as "Indian warriors congregated eighty miles from Lyon, three thousand strong."<sup>18</sup>

The camp in the Big Timbers is just eighty miles from Lyon; the Cheyennes and Arapahoes camped there, under Black Kettle, are three thousand in all. It is more than probable then, that this is the band that Chivington intends to attack as of September 19.

Three days later, when thirty-four

days of the hundred days have passed, Chivington receives word from Wynkoop that he is bringing Black Kettle and his fellow chieftains to Denver to negotiate peace.

Chivington wires at once to General Curtis in Leavenworth:

I have been informed by E. W. Wynkoop commanding Fort Lyon, that he is on his way here with Cheyenne and Arapahoe chiefs. Winter approaches; Third Regiment is full and they know they will be chastised for their outrages and now want peace. I hope that the Major General will direct that they make full restitution and then go on their reservation and stay there.<sup>19</sup>

. . . They will be chastised. . . they must make full restitution. . . they must wait, on their reservation. . . Chivington is apparently attempting to preserve his own freedom of action and at the same time to deny freedom of action to the Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

Curtis interprets the telegram as a request to block peace negotiations to the extent that he can; he complies with the request. The Governor also does his best to avoid any peace negotiations. He is no longer authorized to meet with the Chiefs he tells Wynkoop; he has no power; in any case, he is leaving town. Wynkoop with his Dutch stubbornness, refuses to accept these arguments. So Evans is forced to confront the central dilemma that haunts his conscience. Three or four times, according to Wynkoop,<sup>20</sup> the Governor repeats the question to which he can find no answer: "Wynkoop, what am I to do with the Third Regiment if I make peace?"

To Wynkoop, the answer is obvious: "Disband it."

"I cannot," Evans replies: "The Third Regiment was raised to kill Indians, and kill Indians it must."

Still, Evans gives in and meets the Chiefs at Camp Weld. He warns them that he cannot conclude a peace treaty, but he is led, by their obvious friendliness to revert to his initial plan of segregating the hostile and the friendly Indians, and of offering the

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# GUNS *That Helped Win The West*

## REMINGTON VEST POCKET .22 CAL.

The use of pistols in the frontier west was not limited to men; there are many records of their use for good or bad by good and bad women. Prostitutes sometimes carried a small derringer or pistol in a holster strapped around a leg like a garter or around their necks in a chamois bag. They had much practice in raising their dresses to get to their weapons. Free with their bodies, they were nevertheless stingy with their property. An instance in point occurred at Bodie, the toughest mining camp in the Sierra Nevada, "Where the smoke of battle hardly ever clears away." Here appeared Eleanor Dumont, a gambling-house operator known as "Madame Mustache." She was a woman of considerable business ability but no personal charm, and she knew fairly well how to take care of herself.

One night, as Madame Dumont made her way homeward with the take of her gambling house, two imprudent thugs sought to rob her. Instead of meekly handing over the money, she drew forth a pistol from her reticule and downed one of the thugs; the other made a hasty retreat. Maybe she was just upset to know that all men wanted from her was her money.

The "protector" that Eleanor drew on the two robbers could have been the small widely used .22 Vest Pocket Remington manufactured from 1865 to 1888 by E. Remington & Sons at Ilion, New York. The gun knew no limits. It even had its place in the cafe parlors as well as in the "parlor houses." The rugged individual felt at home in the late 1700's and middle 1800's. He relied on inbred courage and acquired armament in the event of trouble, to get him what he wanted. He didn't call for the cops when things were going wrong. He reached for his "thumb-buster" in his open top, quick draw holster, or he dived into his vest pocket for his lethal little derringer or Remington pistol. Probably at no time in history did firearms become so personal and so vital to everyday living.

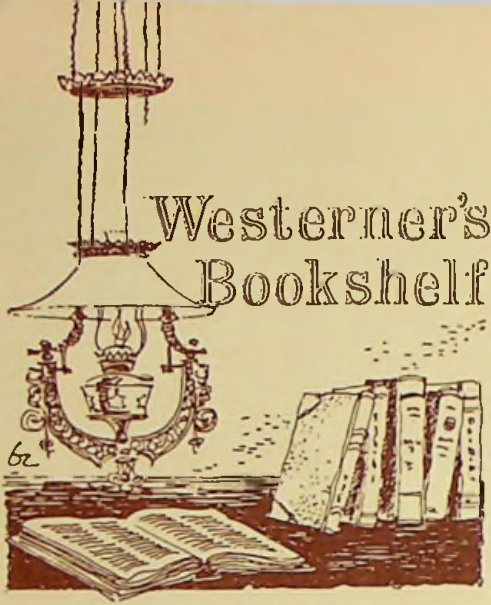
No fancy woman of the middle 1800's would ply her trade in the dance halls, saloons, and bordellos unarmed. For her a very small weapon was very desirable, tucked away at her garter or bust bodice, even if it lacked real punch. No man, in the code of the day, would shoot at a woman even though she might pot at him with her trusty little .22. Thus the tiny singleshot guns become popular "stocking" and "bosom" weapons—the smaller the better. 25,000 of the tiny three-and-seven-eighths ounce Remington Vest Pocket model in .22 caliber, single shot, were made and became a standard article of the wearing apparel of the well dressed lady of the evening throughout the West and South.



Remington Vest Pocket .22 cal. 1865



BOB CORMACK '63



## Westerner's Bookshelf

nacle Jake" could only have been distilled through the rich and retentive memory of a man like Bert Snyder, a jovial cowman who had shaped each anecdote in many re-tellings to its keenest edge of humour, over many years. The book has unhappily been published again without an index and with but eight of the original twenty-five photographs, but it is highly recommended for light reading.

Harry E. Chrisman, CM

**THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE**, by Juanita Brooks. Univ. of Okla. Press, Norman, Okla., 316 pp., \$5.95.

The Mountain Meadows Massacre occurred on Sept. 7, 1857, when a wagon train of emigrants, mostly from Arkansas and Missouri was attacked in southwestern Utah by a band of Indians and disguised Mormons and all members of the train killed, save a few children who were too young to tell about it.

There is no doubt the act was one of mob violence, caused in part by an unfortunate combination of attitudes and events. The Mormons became angry when they learned President Buchanan had ordered a force under Col. Albert Sidney Johnston to Utah to assert Federal authority over the Saints. Then the Fancher train, as it was called, given less aid than they had expected from the Mormons, grew belligerent and threatening. Among the group were some who called themselves the Missouri Wildcats, who openly boasted they had helped murder Joseph Smith. They turned their cattle into Mormon fields, appropriated supplies, shouted profane insults at Mormon women and mistreated Indians along the way.

Juanita Brooks, a devout Mormon, has taken upon herself the task of making a final evaluation of the guilt and innocence of those Mormons who participated in the massacre. Was Brigham Young led by his followers to believe that it actually had been an Indian massacre? Was John Doyle Lee the official sacrifice of the Mor-

**PINNACLE JAKE**, as told by A. B. Snyder to Nellie Snyder Yost. First pub. by Caxton Printers, Caldwell, 1951: 25 photo illus., 252 pp., \$4 (out of print). Re-pub. by Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1962: 8 photo illus., 256 pp., \$1.60. Bison Book Edition.

"Pinnacle Jake" Snyder, horse breaker for the 101 in Wyoming, won his range nickname because of Mr. Bones, a bunch-quitting gelding he rode, a horse that liked the "high places." "The third or fourth time I got on Mr. Bones, and he took off for the nearest peak or pinnacle," one of the boys said, "There goes Pinnacle Jake! The name stuck . . ."

The transition from the range cattle industry to the present beef economy on western ranches and in the nation's feed lots has needed such a pointing up as is given it in this work. Great changes occurred between the years 1885 and 1900. In the chapters dealing with the vast feeding operations of one cattle company of that time, The Standard Cattle Company of Ames, Nebraska, the author brings up the enormous differences it brought in the life of longhorn and cowboy alike. This whole story, from the free-swinging days on the open range to the stuffy, sheltered, barn-feeding of the big beeves (3,008 head under one roof!) is briskly told with a wealth of good humour and genuine information that makes it a pleasure to read.

Such stories as contained in "Pin-

*continued on page 21*



## SAND CREEK

*continued from page 10*

friendly Indians protection. The Chiefs, he wrote in his report upon the conference "were earnest in their desire for peace and offered to secure the assent of their bands to lay down their arms or to join the whites in the war against the other tribes of the plains."

"I advised them." Evans continued, "to make immediate application to the military authorities for, and to accept the terms of peace they might be able to obtain."<sup>21</sup>

Evans referred the chiefs to Chivington; Chivington in turn laid down the terms by which they would be exempted from the fighting to come. They should surrender their arms he said, and submit to the authority of Major Wynkoop at Fort Lyon. The Chiefs at once accepted these terms. Ordering them to Lyon, while Wynkoop was there, was a little like throwing Brer Rabbit into the old briar patch.

That night the word spreads through Denver that an agreement has been reached at Weld. The troopers of the Third Regiment stage a riot in protest; the freighters hitch up their wagons; the settlers head back for their ranches. The Indians move close to Lyon. Many of the young warriors are released to go hunting; others are put to work by Wynkoop, in the work they can do best. They ride over the plains as scouts under Wynkoop's direction; they report back to him. Traders who attempt to smuggle whiskey onto the reservation are caught and turned back; malcontents who ride off to join hostile tribes are pursued and brought home; stock that has wandered off is found and returned before trouble can occur. In the three months that follow the conference in the Big Timbers, no outbreaks between whites and Indians are recorded on the plains of Southern Colorado. Whites and Indians live side by side, according to a statement signed by every officer at Lyon, "as if the bloody scenes of the past summer had never been enacted."<sup>22</sup>

There are, none-the-less, many bands of hostile Indians on the plains. Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches are raiding south of the Arkansas River. More important, the Sioux are gathering in large numbers on the Republican and the Smoky Hill. "About one half of all the Missouri River Sioux and Yanktons who were driven from Minnesota" have crossed the Platte, so Bull Bear tells Evans and Chivington at Camp Weld. "What are the Sioux going to do?" the Governor asks. And Bull Bear answers: "Their plan is to clean out this country; they are angry and will do all the damage to the whites they can."<sup>23</sup>

Thus Chivington's military task is defined: to surround and to disarm the Sioux. It would be a difficult assignment for a commander of trained troops. It was a far more difficult assignment for the commander of the Third Regiment, hastily trained and poorly equipped; sluggish in movement and rebellious in spirit. The prospects for victory over the Sioux are dim, but Chivington must score a victory. He has been defeated in the statehood election. His term of service in the army is running out. General Connor is encroaching upon his territory, as Dr. Carey has noted.

On September 22, Ovando Hollister, an old campaigner, declares in the Black Hawk Register that the Third Regiment can accomplish nothing in the time that it has left. Three weeks later the last days are passing in which Chivington can set out with any hope of surrounding the Sioux and returning before the one hundred days are up. What are the alternatives to this campaign that must be difficult and may well end in disaster? To reconnoitre as far east as the Smoky Hill and then return to Denver? To place the Third Regiment in reserve? To disband it? "The Third Regiment was raised to kill Indians, and kill Indians it must." To protect the settlers of the Territory, or to vindicate its leaders? The pressures mount upon Chivington as the hundred days draw to an end; they are pressures of Chivington's own creation; pressures not of a military, but of a political and a psychological kind.

How would you and I react to these pressures? The question is bound to occur to us, but it is not enlightening; for we think of ourselves as normal, and Chivington was not a normal man.

We need at this point to bring into sharper focus our image of Chivington; not of the massive shoulders, the fierce eyes, the defiant chin, but of the spirit that stirred within his immense frame.

It is no easy task, for the testimony is lacking. The reason why it is lacking is, in itself of interest. Chivington had enemies rather than opponents and followers rather than friends. Both lived in fear of him. When a man who holds great power is greatly feared, other men do not reveal their thoughts about him. They forego their criticisms; they keep their suspicions to themselves. I say this with some knowledge, because I have seen it happen in Washington. I am certain that it is one reason why our image of Chivington is a blurred image today.

From this blurred image, certain traits emerge. I've mentioned Chivington's ambition; his energy; his physical courage; his physical strength. I see in him four other traits which, to me, stand in sharp contrast to the personality of Ned Wynkoop and which bear directly upon the course of events after the conference at Camp Weld.

**First, Chivington was a man of violence.** Clarence Lyman writes of his "great size and known ferocity."<sup>24</sup> "In action," according to Dr. William Whitford, "he becomes the incarnation of war." Chivington's daughter is quoted by Lyman as speaking of her father as "a street angel and a house devil."<sup>25</sup> He lays his revolvers out beside him on the pulpit; he tears the hats off men who listen, in his crowds; he smashes barrels of whiskey that he comes upon in Denver; he promises, in a speech on the Indians to "kill and scalp all, little and big."<sup>27</sup> Almost inadvertently, in his biography of Chivington,<sup>28</sup> Reginald Craig makes it clear that in Kansas and Colorado, from the pulpit and the army saddle, Chivington is a storm

center, around whose monumental figure, violence eddies and swirls.

**Second, Chivington was a fanatic.** The revealed truth of religion offered, perhaps, a starting point for him. But he moved far beyond the rough rules of frontier Methodism. He was not restrained by humility. He found his inspiration in the Old Testament with its jealous and vengeful Deity, not in the New Testament with its doctrine of forgiveness and love. The Methodist bishops, so Lyman says, deplored Chivington's lack of spirituality and urged him to wrestle with God in prayer. Chivington probably felt no such need. He was certain that he was the instrument of the Almighty. He felt himself subject to no human restraint as he strode through Denver and the mining camps, "battling for the Lord." He lacks all restraint in speaking of men who stand in his way. The critics of Sand Creek he tells the people of Colorado, "are more to be feared than the crawling viper"—they are "venomous as reptiles and cowardly as curs." They are "agents of His Satanic Majesty, the Devil." *Sois mon frere ou je te tue*; if the Indians resembled infidels, then the battler for the Lord felt little compunction in wiping them from the face of the earth.

**Third, Chivington had little moral scruple.** Several examples could be cited to document this statement; two will do.

When Chivington left the army and Denver he became a freighter, working out of Fort Laramie. From there, in the winter of 1867, a series of anonymous and scurrilous articles were mailed to newspapers around the country. The articles were investigated by General Palmer, the Commanding Officer of the Fort. The anonymous author proved to be Chivington. "Chivington has been here nearly all winter," Palmer reported to the Department of the Platte; "he enjoyed the protection of the place for himself and train and he was always politely treated. He has however been writing shamefully abusive and slanderous articles . . . in one of which he stated that the officers of

this Post were living openly with squaws. There is not a shallow of truth in his statement and I cannot permit him to return to this Military Reservation."<sup>29</sup>

A second example of Chivington's lack of moral scruple is his second marriage. He married the young widow of his own son, Thomas, and without the knowledge or consent of her parents. She fled to them within a few weeks of her marriage. Her parents denounced Chivington for this "criminal act" and "vile outrage" in a notice published in *The Nebraska City News*. *The Rocky Mountain News*, edited by Chivington's one-time champion, W. N. Byers, concluded on June 10, 1868, "It seems to be true that John M. Chivington has married his son's widow. What he will do next to outrage the moral sense and feeling of his day and generation, remains to be seen; but be sure it will be something, if there is anything left for him to do."

**Fourth, Chivington did not hesitate to use any means that served his ends.**

One example of this trait is the execution without trial of the five members of the Reynolds gang who passed under Chivington's care. No one can be certain who ordered their execution, but the official report of the United States attorney is surely weighty evidence. "...there is no doubt in the minds of our people that a most foul murder has been committed, and that by the express order of Chivington . . ."<sup>30</sup>

A second example is Chivington's action at the meeting called by the veterans of the Third Regiment to protest the Military Inquiry into Sand Creek. Speaker after speaker denounced the Inquiry as they had every right to do. Chivington's contribution was to shift the protest from verbal denunciation to physical assassination. To the veterans who were down and out in that winter, he offered five hundred dollars "to be used in killing Indians and those who sympathize with them."<sup>31</sup>

A third and less familiar instance of Chivington's methods may be found in an occurrence in the Raton Moun-

tains in March 1862. It was there that Colonel John Slough gave up the command of the First Colorado Regiment. In April, Chivington was raised to the colonelcy; in the interim, Samuel Tappan, the second in command, served as acting-colonel. In that capacity, Tappan investigated the circumstances which led Slough to resign. He discovered, so he wrote in his diary, that on the night before Slough surrendered his command, sentinels were withdrawn from around his tent on the orders of a high ranking officer, and men were posted around the tent in the darkness for the purpose of assassinating Slough. Tappan forwarded his finding to Slough and received in reply a letter dated February 6, 1863, from Alexandria, Virginia, where Slough was stationed. "I have no doubt," Slough wrote, "that your statement is true. There were men in the Regiment so ambitious and so malignant towards me that I believe the statement. . . I resigned the colonelcy because I was satisfied that a further connection would result in my assassination. I am satisfied that men now high in rank and command were at the bottom of the thing. I am now satisfied that today, if a chance offered, I would be murdered. I say this to you in confidence that you will keep it secret."<sup>32</sup>

There is no mention here of Chivington's name; nor would we expect his name to be mentioned in mails which we know were opened and read on more than one occasion. We must, of course, be careful in accusing men who cannot rise to defend themselves. But we cannot evade the issue by repeating the old injunction: say nothing but good of the dead. Tappan's diary makes it plain that he regarded Chivington as the source of the conspiracy against Slough.<sup>33</sup> And while many men disliked Slough, it is difficult to identify the "men now high in rank and command" with any save Chivington and his immediate circle.

These then are four characteristics which I see in Chivington. I have singled them out and dwelt upon them because they seem to me to bear directly upon all that follows the conference at Camp Weld.

In early October, the scattered units of the Third Regiment are ordered to gather in the Bijou Basin. From there, they may move south, or else east, to the Smoky Hill and the Republican. Chivington reveals his plans to no one, yet, on October 16 he sends a message to Wynkoop at Fort Lyon. "I have the best of evidence that there are a large number of Indians on the Republican and design to go after them. . . send as quick as possible those Starr carbines. . . I have moved the Third out sixty miles and will be after the Indians as soon as we get those carbines. . ." <sup>34</sup>

There are indeed large numbers of Sioux Indians on the Republican. Does Chivington still intend in mid-October, to go after them? Why, if secrecy is the key to success, does he confide in Wynkoop whose conduct he has criticized so sharply? Does he fear that Wynkoop will delay the shipment of the carbines if he suspects they will be used against the Cheyennes? Is he misleading the one man who can and will stand in his way?

On October 17, Major Scott Anthony is relieved from the command of Fort Larned and ordered to proceed to Fort Lyon. On November 2 he arrives there. He hands Wynkoop his orders, transferring him to Kansas; he takes over the command of Lyon in Wynkoop's place. On the same day, Shoup sends word to Major Sayr in the Bijou Basin: full rations are to be fed to the horses; there is work ahead. Shoup rides out to recall the companies still stationed on the Platte. On November 15 the Third Regiment breaks camp and heads south. Five days later Chivington mounts his black mule to ride off after the Regiment. General Connor watches him. Connor has learned that the Sioux are camped in large numbers on the Republican. It is the Sioux to whom he presumably refers when he tells Chivington that he will not catch the Indians on the plains. "I think I will catch them," Chivington replies. <sup>35</sup> Connor wonders, perhaps, if they are speaking of the same Indians. "Colonel," he says, "where are those Indians?" "General," Chivington answers, "that is the trick that wins in this game." The trick.

"There are but two persons who know their exact location," Chivington continues: "and they are myself and Colonel George L. Shoup." No one else will know.

On November 23, Chivington joins the Third Regiment and takes over its command. "Which gives pretty general dissatisfaction," according to Major Sayr. <sup>36</sup> Why? Dr. Carey tells us that the troopers wanted only to perform the bloody work for which they had enlisted. Maybe so. But they had endured a blizzard in the Basin; two men had died there, and thirteen had gone over the hill. Were these thirteen deserters so unlike the rest? My own hunch is that the one hundred and fourteen men whom Sayr recruited in Central City were not burning to fight the Indians. Nor, I would guess, were they deeply stirred by the oratory of Mr. H. M. Teller who addressed the mobilization rally. My hunch is they signed up because the floods and the other natural disasters of 1864 had left them broke. The army pay looked good to them in August; in November, after the blizzard, no pay seemed enough. My hunch is that the troopers were dissatisfied because they guessed that Chivington would lead them off on a long and a hard campaign. They were, I suspect, sick and tired of soldiering; like almost all soldiers, they wanted to go home.

Chivington was the master, not the slave of the Third Regiment. He leads it down the valley of the Arkansas River. The column advances like a giant amoeba, incorporating into itself all the life that it overtakes so as to ensure complete secrecy. It comes to Lyon and envelops it; sentries are posted around the Fort so that no man may escape. The officers of the garrison discern Chivington's purpose and protest against it. The Cheyennes are prisoners of war; the army is sworn to protect them. Then the violence and the fanaticism that Chivington bears within himself, burst out. He damns all Indians, and all white men who sympathize with Indians. Against Captain Soule he utters repeated threats.

At daybreak, on the following morning, the column stands on the bluffs that encircle the Big Bend at Sand Creek. Not one sentinel is posted in the village that lies sleeping below. Chivington orders the horse herds driven off so that none can escape. Then he shouts his order. It is something like this: "I am not telling you to kill all ages and sexes, but men, remember the women and children murdered on the Platte." The words are an incitement to massacre, and the massacre follows. Officers as well as troopers tear the scalps from living women. Men compete to see who can kill naked children barely old enough to walk. Chivington sees all this; he makes no move to halt it. If the atrocities mount in the heat of the moment, they continue in cold blood on the following day. A boy of ten is found unharmed, and executed. A prisoner is murdered with Chivington's consent. The troops spend the morning robbing and mutilating the dead.

The engagement is described by Chivington as "one of the most bloody Indian battles ever fought on these plains." "The Indians, numbering from nine hundred to one thousand," he informs the War Department, "formed a line of battle. . . stubbornly contesting every inch of ground. . . Between five and six hundred Indians were left dead on the field."<sup>37</sup>

Scott Anthony sends a contrasting story to his brother. "The Indians lost in all 168 persons," he writes on December 30. "Thirty-two of these were young warriors, forty-six were old men, the balance squaws and children."<sup>38</sup> George Bent who was in the village when it was attacked reported that 163 Indians in all were killed, of whom 110 were women and children.<sup>39</sup> These totals tally closely with the estimates of James Beckworth, John Smith and six officers of the Lyon Battalion.

Chivington in turn lost eight men; four of these were killed by Indians including George Pierce who rode into the village to rescue John Smith, the interpreter who was living there, from the concentrated fire of the

Third Regiment.

There were, according to Anthony, about forty armed Indians in all, at Sand Creek. Not far from Sand Creek, he added, 2000 warriors were gathered in three camps. Chivington, he concluded, "has whipped the only peaceable Indians in the country, which I wanted him to do . . ."<sup>40</sup>

So I see Sand Creek as a clash between two sharply contrasting personalities. The interview with One Eye leads to the meeting in the Big Timbers; that meeting leads in turn to the conference at Camp Weld. Each of these incidents reflects deepseated traits in the American character, but the thread that leads from one to the others, and makes all three possible, is the personality of Ned Wynkoop. Had another man, Scott Anthony say, or Jacob Downing, been the Commanding Officer of Fort Lyon in September, 1864, I suspect that One Eye's desperate mission would have failed.

In the same way, the decision to attack the Cheyennes, and the manner of the attack, are to me expressive of the personality of John Milton Chivington. Chivington himself affirms that this is so. "White men of the frontiers," he cries in his message To The People of Colorado, of June 1865, "White men of the frontiers, do you desire to become the servile dogs of a brutal savage? If you do, this policy (of criticizing Sand Creek) will suit you, though I thought differently, and acted accordingly."<sup>41</sup>

Granted then that fear, intolerance, frustration and the desire for revenge were loose elements in the Territory in 1864; it was due to the extraordinary personality of Chivington that these elements fused and found expression in the savagery of Sand Creek.

The paradox follows: Wynkoop by seeking to save the Cheyennes and by winning their trust, made it possible for Chivington to accomplish what he described as "almost an annihilation of the entire tribe."<sup>42</sup>

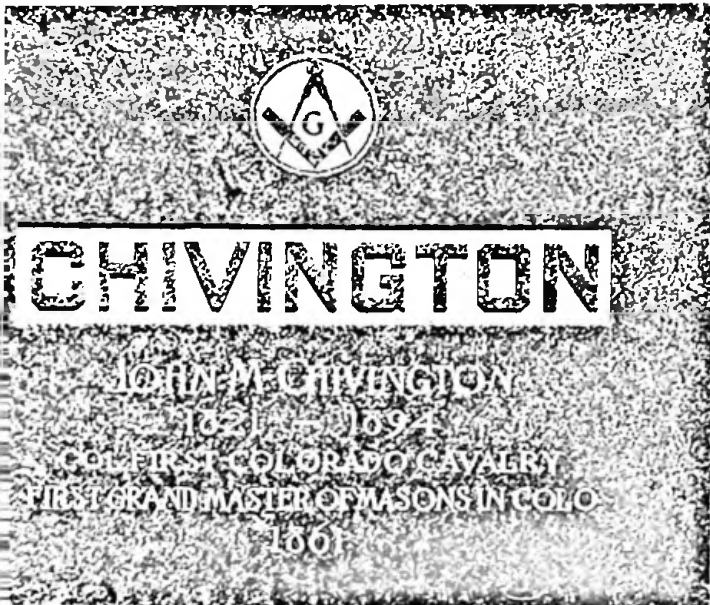
The paradox is an ancient one; it was defined by Heraclitus, twenty-three hundred years before Sand Creek. Good and evil, justice and in-

justice, fire and ice, said Heraclitus, cannot exist without each other; the conflict between these mighty opposites is the logos that binds all things.

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 11 Wynkoop's Unfinished Colorado History, 107-108  
 12 Proclamation of August 11, 1864; cited in *Massacre of Cheyenne Indians*; Report of Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War; Part III 47.  
 13 Members of the Joint Committee could not understand why Evans did not follow up the Conference at Camp Weld, "with affirmative action to secure peace." "I will simply say" Evans replied, "that . . . the people were terribly excited and making a great cry that I did not do anything for

- them." *Condition of the Indian Tribes*, Report No. 156. 39th Congress 2nd Session, 48.  
 14 Representative Ross asked: "Had you nothing to do with directing the troops when this attack (at Sand Creek) was made?" Evans replied; "Nothing. I had no more command of those troops than I had of the Army of the Potomac. I did not advise it in any way." Ibid. 48. The Committee regarded this as an abrogation of authority on the part of the Governor.  
 15 *Report, Commissioner of Indian Affairs*, (1863) 121.  
 16 Report of June 15, 1864. *Rebellion Records* Series I Vol. XXXIV Part IV, 402-404.  
 17 *Records of the War Department, United States Army Commands*, District of Colorado, Letters Sent, Jan. 1864-May 1865, Vol. 323 Department of Kansas; National Archives.  
 18 *Massacre of Cheyenne Indians*, 68.  
 19 *Rebellion Records*, Series I, Vol. XLI Part III 399.  
 20 *Condition of the Indian Tribes*, 77.  
 21 E. W. Wynkoop's Unfinished Colorado History, 110-111.  
 Evans spoke of the Cheyennes thereafter as prisoners. Samuel Tappan in his notebook, defined their status a little more precisely. "I do not hesitate to declare that the Indians encamped on Sand Creek on the morning of the 29th of November were, to all intents and purposes in law and in equity, prisoners of war on parole."  
 22 *Sand Creek Massacre*, Senate Executive Document, No. 26, 93. In defending himself against the sharp criticism of the Committee on The Conduct of the War, Anthony maintained that the Arapahoes were truly prisoners of war, but that the Cheyennes camped at Sand Creek were not. It is true that the Arapahoes surrendered their arms to Anthony and were issued prisoners' rations. The Cheyennes in contrast divided: Six hundred followed Black Kettle to Lyon; 2000 remained on the Smoky Hill. This second group asked permission to come in as prisoners; permission was refused by Anthony on the ground that he lacked the sup-



"John M. Chivington, 1821-1894, Col. First Colorado Cavalry, First Grand Master of Masons in Colorado, 1861," reads the tombstone of the commanding officer of the Third Regiment, perpetrators of the "Sand Creek massacre." John Milton Chivington is buried in Denver's Fairmont Cemetery. His actions at the engagement at Sand Creek, November 29, 1864 are still argued in historical circles . . . the basis for his actions lies with him below this granite monument just a stone's throw from the grave of another notorious Denverite . . . Mattie Silks. (photo from the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla)

plies to feed the entire band. Anthony stated his belief (*Massacre of the Cheyenne Indians*, 71) that the larger band held stolen stock and might not surrender it. It was the smaller band that went to Sand Creek on Anthony's orders and undertook to remain there until word was received from Curtis, confirming or withdrawing their provisional status as prisoners of war. "I told them," Anthony reported to Curtis on November 16, "that no war would be waged against them until your pleasure was heard." It was this band that was attacked by Chivington.

<sup>23</sup> *Condition of the Indian Tribes*, 90. Evans cites Bull Bear in his own defense in a letter to The New York Tribune.

<sup>24</sup> Clarence A. Lyman, *The Truth about Colonel J. M. Chivington*, Mss. in the State Historical Society of Colorado.

<sup>25</sup> William Clark Whitford; *Colorado Volunteers in the Civil War*.

<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>27</sup> Sworn testimony of S. E. Browne; *Condition of The Indian Tribes*, p 71.

<sup>28</sup> Reginald S. Craig, *The Fighting Parson*; West-ernlore Press.

<sup>29</sup> Records of the War Department, United States Army Commands, Fort Laramie, Dakota Territory, Letters Sent, Sept. 29, 1865-August 15, 1867, Vol. 12, National Archives. See also the Omaha Weekly Herald, April 12, 1867. This newspaper, to which Chivington sent his anonymous articles, reveals him as the author and denounces him as a "rotten clerical hypocrite."

<sup>30</sup> *Rebellion Records*, Series I, Vol. XLI, Part III 596-97.

<sup>31</sup> *Rocky Mountain News*, Feb. 8, 1865.

<sup>32</sup> Diary and Notebook of Samuel F. Tappan, State Historical Society of Colorado. Tappan states in his letter to Slough that he intends "to have the guilty parties punished, however high in rank they may be." His letter is dated December 28, 1862. It is perhaps more than a coincidence that word reaches Tappan within a month that Chivington has threatened to put him "in irons."

<sup>33</sup> *Records of the War Department*, United States Army Commands, District of Colorado, Letters Sent, Jan. 1864-May 1865-Vol. 323 Department of Kansas, 223.

<sup>34</sup> *Diary and Notebook of Samuel F. Tappan*, p. 34. "Chivington commenced his military career by conspiring against the Colonel of his Regiment and ended in perfidy and disgrace, a fit conclusion to such a commencement." Also, ". . . murder, assassination and perfidy he (Chivington) would make his instruments to secure the possession of his object." pp 62-63.

<sup>35</sup> John M. Chivington, *The Pet Lambs*, XXIV, Denver Republican, May 18, 1890.

<sup>36</sup> *Major Hal Sayr's Diary of the Sand Creek Campaign*, The Colorado Magazine, Vol. XV, March 1938.

<sup>37</sup> *Second Report of Colonel Chivington*; cited in *Massacre of Cheyenne Indians*, 49.

<sup>38</sup> State Historical Society of Colorado.

<sup>39</sup> Letters of George Bent, Item 22; Western Americana Dept., Yale University Library.

<sup>40</sup> Letter of December 23rd 1865, State Historical Society of Colorado.

<sup>41</sup> John M. Chivington, To the People of Colorado, Denver, June 1865.

<sup>42</sup> *First Report of Colonel Chivington*, November 29, 1864; cited, *Massacre of Cheyenne Indians*, 48.

The Apishipa River was given its name by Indians, who found that when it overflowed onto adjacent meadows, its water became smelly, so they called it Apishipa, or "stinking."

## WESTERNER'S BOOKSHELF

*continued from page 14*

mon Church? Why do Church authorities still withhold vital and necessary information regarding the affair?

The author examines these questions, traces the background of the conflict and analyzes the emotional climate of the time. Her approach to this classical tragedy of the Old West is fair and objective and her book, first published by Stanford University Press in 1950, is the most complete and scholarly examination yet made of this historic event in early Utah history.

Armand W. Reeder, PM

**THE PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF JAMES O. PATTIE**, introduction by William H. Goetzmann. Keystone Western Americana, Lippincott, New York, \$2.35.

James O. Pattie, the author of this book, was a young Kentuckian, mountain man, Indian fighter, explorer. His journal reveals his exploits and adventures among the Indians and Spaniards between 1825 and 1830.

The narrative begins with Sylvester Pattie, James' father, after the untimely death of his wife, organizing a small party for a trapping expedition to the upper Missouri. James Ohio Pattie, his eldest son, was but a school boy at the time, but he prevailed upon his father to take him along. Sylvester left behind eight other children, destitute and deserted, never to see them again.

At Council Bluffs, they were halted in their progress by the Indian Agent, who turned them back because they did not have trapper's licenses. Instead of returning home, they turned southwest and later joined up with the trapping and trading party of Sylvester Pratte.

In 1824, having worked to Santa Fe and the valley of the Rio Grande, Sylvester again played a hero's role by rescuing the beautiful Jacova, daughter of a Mexican grandee; and from then on the Patties could do no wrong in New Mexico. After a short life as a fur trapper, Sylvester retired to become owner and operator of the Santa

Rita copper mines in the Apache country.

Young James continued his life as a trapper, exploring all of the Southwest from the Rio Grande to the Colorado. He made an incredible trip northward along the Colorado, the Grand, and then via the parks of Colorado to the Big Horn, Yellowstone and Upper Missouri and in the process was the first white American to view the Grand Canyon.

In 1827 James Ohio and his father made a last attempt to find their fortunes in the West. This search saw them travel from the mouth of the Colorado across the desert to California. Once there, they were thrown into prison by Governor Echeandia and while in prison, Sylvester Pattie died. After his release from prison, James Ohio Pattie lived through still more adventures, finally working his way back to Cincinnati, where he arrived broken and penniless. Old beyond his years and with no way to make a living, he put his story together to sell to whoever would buy it. It has become a Western Americana classic.

Glynn Fraser, CM

## DENVER WESTERNERS' MEETING April 24, 1963

The regular dinner meeting of the Posse was held at 6:30 p.m. at the Denver Press Club, Sheriff Perkin presiding. In attendance: 84, including 40 Posse and Reserve, 30 CM, 10 guests (4 unaccounted for).

Following dinner the usual custom of self-introductions followed with a few of the members making pertinent announcements and remarks. A brief break was called and the Posse members retired to a side room for a short closed meeting. The purpose of the Posse meeting was to discuss the problem arising from the large turnouts that each meeting was producing. The number at each meeting was approaching the maximum that could be conveniently handled by the staff of the Press Club. After a lengthy discussion on various solutions to the problem it was moved and seconded that guests of corresponding members in the future could not be accommodated for the dinner portion of the meeting. Only Posse members in the future would be allowed the privilege of inviting guests and only when proper and advance reservations were made for them.

Following the break, the formal meeting

and program got under way. Numa James, book review committee chairman, reported that a small announcement in last month's ROUNDUP on paper-back books available for review drew many requests and that they had all been assigned to reviewers. He also reported that the books out for review were being reviewed and the reports coming in were very good. Fred Mazzulla, chairman of the August meeting committee, announced that the meeting date had been set for Saturday, August 24, 1963. The place had as yet not been selected, but that it would not be in the Colorow Cave. More details would be forthcoming. He announced also that a new Westerners Posse had been formed in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Sheriff Perkin announced the appointment of Dr. Phil Whiteley as "Keeper of the Possibles Bag" and that the drawing for its contents would be a regular feature of our meetings. He asked for future contributions to the "Bags" interior.

At five minutes to eight, Sheriff Perkin asked PM Forbes Parkhill, chairman of the program committee to introduce Fred Mazzulla, speaker of the evening. PM Mazzulla delivered a short paper concerning the biography of M. W. Trester, Westerner's Westerner, pioneer photographer and then showed many slides of Trester's photographic efforts. Sheriff Perkin adjourned the meeting at 9:15 p.m.

Respectfully submitted,

Robert B. Cormack

Registrar of Marks and Brands

## THE SHERIFF SHOOTS IT . . .

*continued from page 2*

who have arrived at each meeting without advance reservations. Posting those reservation cards to Kenny Englert is highly important to the peace of mind of assorted Posse officers, Press Club Steward Jimmy Fillas and his culinary staff.

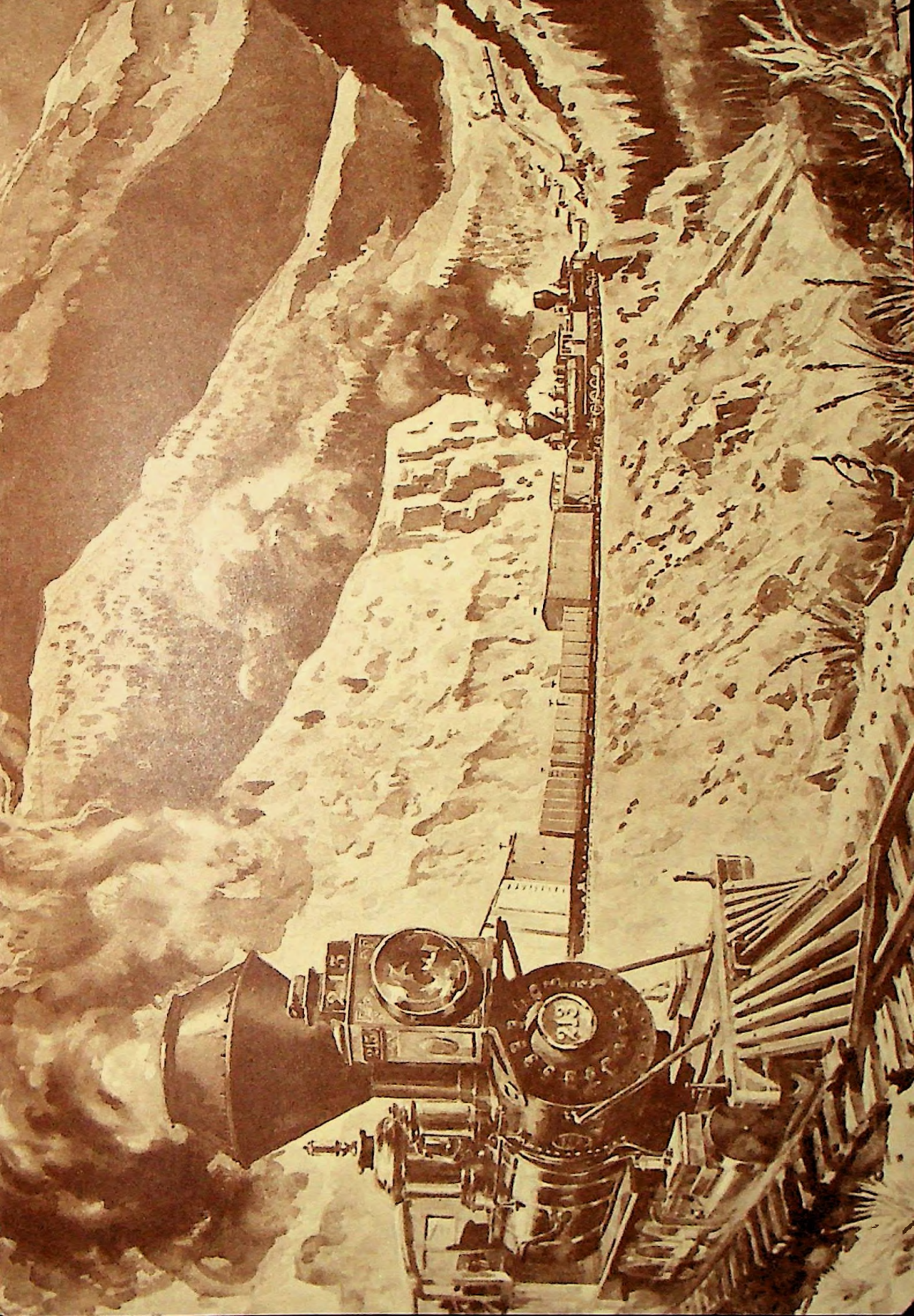
All of us, I'm sure, are enjoying these lively, up-to-capacity meetings, but we have reached the point where we are bursting seams. Accordingly, the Posse Members, in session duly assembled, have voted a House Rule, effective immediately, restricting to Posse and Reserve Members the privilege of inviting non-member guests to our monthly dinners.

This Rule, I hasten to add, is imposed by necessity and does not result from any diminution of Western hospitality. Corresponding Members who have a special friend or prospective member they would like to have join us undoubtedly can make prior arrangements with a PM to sponsor the guest—provided Kenny gets that advance notice for his head-count.

Faithfully,

**Bob Perkin, Sheriff**







## KENOSHA PASS

(inside back cover)

by Otto Kuhler

"213" starts its slow trek up the east side of Kenosha Pass with its train of freight cars behind, assisted by two "pushers." Down in the valley through which the train just came is seen a passenger train from Denver approaching the water stop of Webster. Today only the underpinnings of the water tank are still standing at Webster which for some time was the terminal of the Denver South Park & Pacific Rail Road, where passengers changed from train to stage for the trip to Fairplay, Leadville and points beyond. The original watercolor from which this reproduction was taken is owned by William Kostka, Denver.

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



A  
WESTERNER'S  
WESTERNER...



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

VOLUME XIX  
NUMBER 5



MAY  
1963

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## USE THESE ADDRESSES for:

**Correspondence and remittances**—George R. Eichler, 414 Denver Theater Building, Denver 2, Colorado.

**Material intended for publication in ROUNDUP**—Bob Cormack, 1166 So. Williams Street, Denver 10, Colorado. Phone: 744-6353

**Reservations for all meetings and dinners**—Kenneth E. Englert, 604 Prospect Lake Drive, Colorado Springs. MEloose 3-9293

## 1963 OFFICERS

**Sheriff**, Robert L. Perkin  
**Deputy Sheriff**, Herbert P. White  
**Roundup Foreman**, George R. Eichler  
**Tally Man**, William G. Brenneman  
**Chuck Wrangler**, Kenneth E. Englert  
**Registrar of Marks and Brands**, Robert B. Cormack (Editor of Monthly ROUNDUP)  
**Publications Chairman**, John J. Lipsey (Editor of 1962 BRAND BOOK)  
**Preceding Sheriff**, Erl H. Ellis  
**Membership Chairman**, Erl H. Ellis  
**Awards Chairman**, Harold H. Dunham  
**Program Chairman**, Forbes Parkhill  
**Book Review Chairman**, Numa L. James



Space in this here booklet of historical writin's has been so doggoned short that I haven't had a proper place to, thank some dern swell people fer heppin' me get th' thing to the printers in real good shape. When it came to findin' somebody in th' Posse to do a real good job of readin' copy before we send it to the publishers . . . well, we looked through the list and when we came to Reeder, that's where we stopped. Yep, Armand Reeder is a readin' all the copy afore it goes in fer good grammar, punctuation, etc. Well, when it comes back from the printers all prettied up in type We take the proofs over to a fella who goes through it with a real fine sweepin' broom to get out all of the errors he can find. That feller is Scott Broome. What gets by Scott is practically nothin' . . . but it is does, his wife Marie catches that! My sincere thanks to PM Armand Reeder, PM Scott and Marie Broome for the many hours they give to your ROUNDUP every month so that it may be a more professional, correct publication.

*continued on page 21*

### 26 JUNE MEETING

This month's meeting of the Denver Westerners will be held on Wednesday, June 26, 1963 at the Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm Place. Dinner at 6:30 p.m. \$2.75 per plate, only to those making advanced reservations by mail to Kenney Englert. (Sorry no reservations can be made for guests of Corresponding Members.) Business meeting and program to follow. Drawing for the contents of the "possibles bag." Program Milton W. Callon, CM will give a paper, "What Most People Don't Know About New Mexico."

### 24 JULY MEETING

The July meeting of the Denver Posse, in charge of the Colorado Springs Members, will be held at the Officers' Club of the Air Force Academy. Speaker will be Dr. Harvey Carter, head of the History Department, Colorado College. His subject: "Reminiscences of a German Gold Seeker." More details on this meeting in next month's ROUNDUP.

## SPECIAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDING MEMBERS . . .

Because of the limited capacity of the "meetin' hall" at the Denver Press Club for Denver Westerners' dinner meetings, the Posse has been forced to limit attendance to members only so far as Corresponding Members are concerned. Guests may be brought only by Posse and Reserve Possemen.

This will apply to all regular meetings in the future and will not affect invitations to guests for the August Rendezvous and the annual Christmas meeting. Both of these meetings are held in other locations.

There will be no regular meeting in July. Posse members from Colorado Springs for the last several years have arranged a July gathering to which only the Posse and Corresponding Members in the Colorado Springs area are invited—again, due to limited seating facilities.

All Westerners are reminded that advance reservations are necessary for the regular fourth-Wednesday meetings. A postcard addressed to the Chuck Wrangler, Kenney Englert (see above for address), will insure your admittance.



M. W. Trester's famous "Motor Palace" in which he and Mrs. Trester traveled from coast to coast and border to border. This wonder car was a large sky blue vehicle built on a Model 15-45 White, 4-ton truck Chassis. Cost, \$16,000!

## M. W. TRESTER

### *Westerner's Westerner*

by Fred M. Mazzulla

An issue of the "Brand Book" or "Roundup" would be incomplete without a credit line or two, below photographs from the Mazzulla collection of western historical prints and negatives. The credit would also be half correct if it read . . . "courtesy of Fred Mazzulla." Jo Mazzulla, Fred's charming wife and collector-mate is as enthusiastic about their mutual hobby as is he. They began their interesting hobby some twenty years ago with motion pictures. When they moved into their new home on East Eighth Ave, they commissioned the late Herndon Davis to paint a series of portraits of historical Colorado personalities for their basement decor. In working with Herndon they

wanted to be sure of the accuracy of the subject material to be painted, with the assistance of the late Ralph Carr, it was found that Herndon's research was very accurate . . . this led to copying of photographs, taking many of their own and to the start of building one of the finest private archives of western photographs in the world. They have shared their fine collection with anybody that may need the photographs . . . but not if a profit is to be realized. Any profit from their books of published photos, etc. is used to assist in defraying the expense of bringing the photos to the printed page, screen or T.V. tube.

In our many years of collecting, Mrs. Mazzulla and I have managed to collect a few negatives and pictures. If I told you the exact number, you would not believe it and I would probably doubt it, so let's just skip it.

Our most recent find came about this way: A Mrs. Trester read a story

in *The Denver Post* about a movie that was being made about Cripple Creek. It is the combined effort of E.T.V. Channel 6, Jack Guinn, Red Fenwick and The Mazzullas. Mrs. Trester phoned and asked if we would be interested in using some of her husband's pictures taken in Cripple

Creek. My wife and I called on her after having made an appointment. After some pleasant conversation, Mrs. Trester handed me seven albums and told me to tear out anything I wanted because she was going to burn what I didn't want. I told her that if this were true, I would want all of them and I would expect to pay a fair price. She replied that she was 85 years old, that she had all the money that she needed, and would not under any circumstances sell her husband's treasures. Then she added that she would be happy if I would take them all because she knew I would treasure them the same as her husband had treasured them.

Later, she found two more albums and a scrap book and gave them to us, together with the contents in the dark room and including about a ton of glass plates. Out of this ton of plates and nine albums, I have seen only one published photo. You will find it in the *Rio Grande Southern Story* by Josie Crum on page 284 of the 1961 Edition, and on page 320 of the 1957 Edition.

Here is some proof for my low estimate of the source material that is made available to the student or researcher.

I have no idea of how many photographs Trester sold. That he tried to sell his photographs is evidenced by his business cards, his displays, and this form letter:

M. W. TRESTER,  
WILD GAME PHOTOGRAPHER,  
2010 Clarkson St., Denver, Colo.  
Dear Sir:—

Your inquiry concerning Wild Game Views has been received, and am pleased to state that I can furnish you one or more from my famous collection of Views, or, if you so desire, can furnish you in book form, or unmounted.

I have among my collection of

wild game photos—Deer, Elk, Antelope, Mountain Sheep, Buffalo, Bear, Lions, Wolves, Coyotes, Porcupine, Raccoon, Eagles, and nests, etc. Also I have the only view in the world showing Mountain Sheep, Deer and Elk, wild and in the heart of the Woods, in one photo. My wild game views have all been taken in the heart of the wild game countries and are celebrated for their natural appearance. Churches, Synagogues, Stone Idols of all descriptions, and a various collection of views taken all thro' Old Mexico. The Bull-fight pictures are especially interesting, being taken at different times during the progress of the fight.

Size, 5x7 views, 25 cents each or \$2.50 per dozen, unmounted, or will enlarge from any of these negatives, 14x17 or larger, \$4.00 to \$6.00 each. Postal cards, three for 25 cents. All of these negatives will make beautiful enlargements for framing.

When ordering please state fully what kind of prints you desire, and to what purpose you wish to put them, and I am sure I can make a satisfactory selection for you.

Always enclose post-office money order when placing your order.

Trusting that I may hear from you by return mail, and assuring you that your orders will be given very careful and prompt attention, I remain

Very truly yours,  
Martin W. Trester.

During his life time, Trester wrote his autobiography. Mrs. Trester promised to give it to us, but before delivery, changed her mind. She explained that there was so much that was personal that she just couldn't

let me see it.

After a bit of urging on my part, she promised to send me a letter telling about her husband. This is the letter without any changes of any kind:

"Born on a farm near Lincoln, Nebraska, October 3, 1873, with a broken right arm. It was the same year England established her power on the west coast of Africa and annexed the Fegi Islands to Great Britain. The same year David Livingston, Scotch Explorer died.

"My Father fought in the Civil War and served in two different Federal War prisons of the South. I lived on the farm with my parents until 1883. The family then moved by covered wagon to Calwell, Kansas where I run the town herd of cattle for awhile. Later I opened a lunch counter. In a year I sold the counter. Then the family moved to Denver, Colorado for one year, then to Salt Lake, Utah by covered wagon.

"Went to Oklahoma by covered wagon in 1893 by way of Arkansas City to attend the Cherokee Indian Strip opening of Government land in the Indian Territory. I had a lunch stand there. Then back to Denver in 1895 where I began furnishing horses and pack outfits for hunting parties and fishing and prospecting for gold. Also did guiding parties for wealthy Eastern people. During the winter I worked as conductor some times for the Tramway and did various other kinds of work to make money for summer trips.

"In 1900 went to Nome, Alaska to the 'Gold Rush.' From Seattle, Washington traveled by boat to Alaska on the Cleveland through the Bearing Strait. Passed thru great ice bergs. Saw many whales and great schools of Alaska Hair and Fur Seals. Saw many polar bear on floes of ice. The supply boat Schiikum broke up in a big storm near the Alaskan coast. I salvaged much of supplies, selling

them. Did well in placer mining. I shot a big Kodac bear and brought the hide home with me to the States. During the fish (smelt) run, I caught and sold boat loads of fish and sold them. Then went back to placer mining and sold gold from mining.

"Returned to the States on the S.S. Kimball on September 9, 1900. It was the last boat out of Nome, Alaska. It was a rough voyage. The boat pitched, rolled and seemed to be diving for the bottom of the sea most of the time. From Seattle, I went to San Francisco, then to Denver.

"In October, I was sent to the Le Roy mines in British Columbia, then back to the mines in Cripple Creek. Soon, I quit mining on account of health. Took up paper hanging, painting and carpenter work. Then in summer went to mountains guiding hunters and tourists. I made enough money during the winter to go to the mountains in the summer. I went to Old Mexico and roamed around for awhile.

"Got caught in a severe cave-in in the mines. Was in the hospital a long time. When partly recovered, I went traveling in a covered wagon with an old man friend. Visited the Uinta Indian Reservation in Utah. Later to Wyoming where I lived among the Indians and photographed them. Spent much time in Yellowstone National Park and Jackson Hole Country photographing wild life.

"Later, I went back to mining. Sold my own mine in the southern part of the State of Colorado. Later had a plumbing shop in Denver. Bought my first Ford in 1913. Sold Ford cars for some time.

"Married June 1917. Went fishing on Willow Creek near Gramby, and to Yellowstone National Park on Honeymoon. I was 44 years old. I had made enough money at various lines of work that I could have a life of leisure—travel, hunt, fish and enjoy life.

Bull-ho Bullies -  
class + calves -  
"Mooseman"  
Tractor No. # 575

The M. W. Tractor  
Photo Studio  
(Text slow)  
somewhere in Wyoming.

Wild Black Tail  
Deer in  
Wyoming.  
Tractor No. # 517

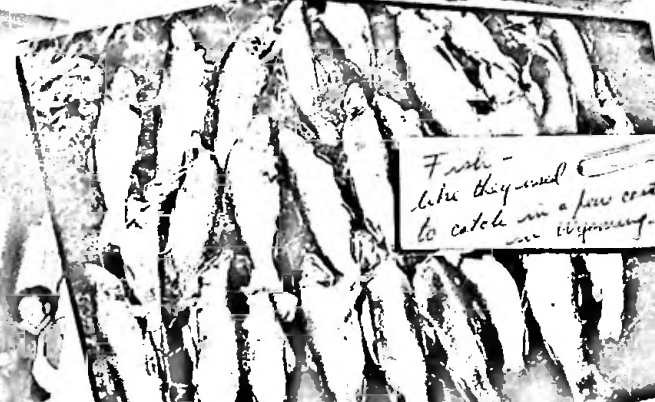
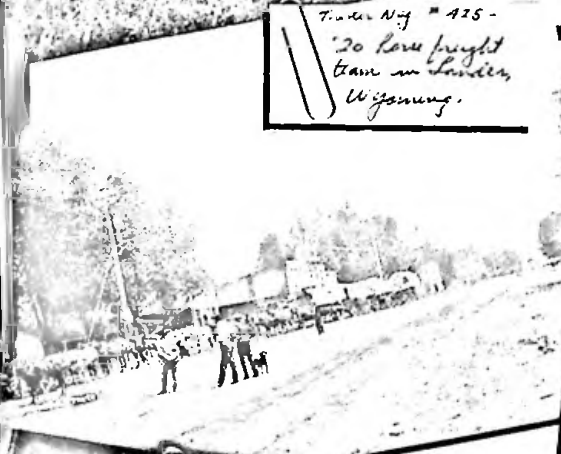
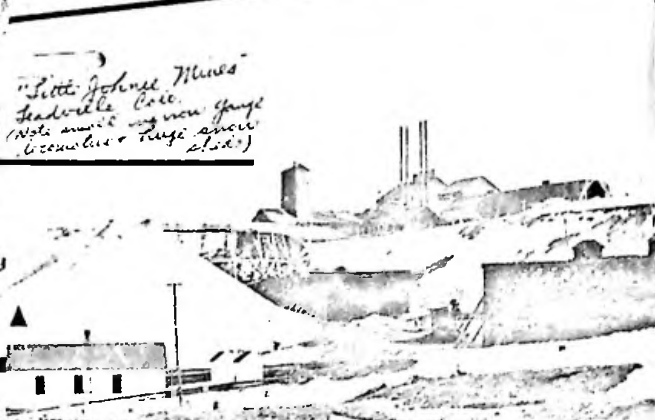
"Little Johnny Mines"  
Leadville, Colo.  
Note arrival of new gauge  
(circled in large open  
slide)

Tractor No. # 425 -  
20 horse freight  
team in Powder,  
Wyoming.

Atmos. Colorado  
site of Tractor's  
mine -

Saloon - and  
the "Boys" -  
Powder, Wyo.

Fish -  
like they used  
to catch in a few creeks  
in Wyoming.





M. W. Trester -  
Prospecting and  
Hunting in  
Alaska



U - can't see!  
Jackson Hole, Wyo.



Jackson  
Wyoming

"Crane Creek"  
Jackson, Wyo.  
Saloon  
(in piece ABOVE,  
ALSO.)



First train into Victor  
- Colorado Springs and  
Cripple Creek R.R. #103  
Engine - (1901) 'SAGAR LINE'



Indians taken  
a little NIP -  
(wonder where they  
got it?)



Indian Mother  
and Son - (Not  
same dress + shirt  
material)  
Trester neg #430



All of these photos  
from the recently  
uncovered collection  
of M. W. Trester.  
Courtesy of Fred & Jo  
Maggall's.

"Had several house cars. In 1921, built a \$16,000. one and started traveling around the United States. Traveled North, South, East and West, just everywhere in the special built car that took us wherever I wanted to drive it. We returned to Denver now and then. Stayed awhile in the mountains and then off again for a new adventure.

"In the early 1920's I made a \$50,000 commission on a mining deal in Cripple Creek.

"Many years when we had just a Ford roadster we spent two and three months in summer in the mountains living in a tent and fishing and enjoying the beauty of the Colorado mountains. Once, we had the largest aparies around Denver.

"In our Motor Palace Home on wheels, we spent one winter in Death Valley, California; one in southern Texas; one in New Mexico; one in Florida; another around the Salton Seas of California. Several summers we roamed the country around Aspen, Colorado and the Snowmass region, fishing and hiking and riding horses and having fun.

"We built our home at 17th Avenue and Gilpin, in 1927 to settle down more or less and have a place to call home when traveling grew tiresome. I contracted and built the two houses. They were show houses of the Barr Lumber Company."

\* \* \*

"Mr. and Mrs. Mazzulla:

"Information of our travels will be found in the albums I have given you and Mrs. Mazzulla. I sincerely hope all the pictures and albums will be preserved for educational purposes and the Old West. The pictures represent years of hard and careful work of my dearly beloved husband, Martin Willis Trester, who passed away July 17, 1962."

Laura B. Trester /s/

Mr. Trester was one of the guides in the Teddy Roosevelt hunting party

that came to Colorado.

\* \* \*

The Wonder car called the "Motor Palace" was a large sky blue affair built on a Model 15-45 White, 4-ton truck chassis. It had a top speed of 40 miles per hour, was 6' from floor to ceiling and the inside dimensions were 6' x 8'. It had 5 speeds forward. Some of the features involved in this wonder car included hot and cold running water, 2 stoves—1 gas and 1 steel range, work bench, toilet, 2 adjustable chairs, 8 electric lights, folding dining room table, large size bed, cut glass flower vases, silk curtains over the eight bevelled-edge windows, complete kitchen cabinet, complete tool chest, miniature bath arrangement, 20-gallon gasoline tank, 25-gallon water tank, automatic oil supply and a short circuit check which warned of the short by extinguishing the lights.

To get some idea of the Trester philosophy of life, I quote from his scrap book. Near a photograph of bathing beauties, we find this little gem:

"My eyes were like little birds, flitting from limb to limb."

About California, he wrote:

"California The Land of Bumcum."

"We remained in California until it finally got so wet from the heavy continual rains that the City of Los Angeles started to building Ferries across the streets, we then decided that it was time for the Motor Palace, to travel towards the Rising Sun and Beautiful drier Colorado and its wonderful mountain range."

"California The Land of Make believe."

"In California they have wonderful Roses without any odor; Beautiful fruit without any taste., Wonderful Rivers without any water, And they also have the largest Trees the smallest stoves and the Greatest Liars of any place on Earth."

He had this to say about Mexico:

"Mexico—Church steeples and bell-towers pierce the sky line of Guadalajara. The voice of the city is the clamor of its great number of bells. In the background rises the 200 foot-high twin pyramidal towers of the cathedral, which was begun in 1571."

In an extended interview in 1924 at Cleveland, Ohio, we found this:

"Let me tell you," he solemnly stated, "the east isn't American any more. It's so full of foreigners you can hardly hear the English language spoken now. Just look along the streets and you'll see how it is. They're not American people walking around there. And they don't want to be American—not American as we know it."

"We saw just one city east of here that seemed more like an American city than any other in the east," spoke up Mrs. Trester. "That was Rochester. It seemed like quite a home town."

"But Buffalo!" snorted Mr. Trester. "Why, it was there that a policeman told us he guessed if they let in any more immigrants the rest of us would have to get off the earth."

"All the big cities are alike—full of foreigners," he went on. "We're getting them even in Denver. But outside of the big cities you'll find us westerners pretty much full-blooded Americans. Just as soon as you get west of the Mississippi—from there to the Rockies and from the Canadian border down to a line where the Mexicans have swarmed in through the southern part of Texas, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Arizona—you'll find solid, home-loving, church-going families. I don't care where they came from originally, they're REAL Americans; not like the kind you find down east and filling up our cities."

"It isn't moral—the way they live," Mr. Trester went on from where his wife left off. "And that means people with money as well as people that haven't any. But if they aren't moral

in New York and those other cities up north, you ought to see them when they get to Palm Beach. Gosh! they haven't got ANY morals down there! The only other place I've seen as bad as that—and I've been everywhere—is California. One's as bad as the other. Say, after we left California I found out the law lets the women go bathing in the ocean between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. without any clothes at all. They didn't tell me that while I was there. Now, I've got to go all the way back to see for myself!" He chuckled again and Mrs. Trester laughed with him. They certainly are congenial—those two."

M. W. TRESTER was every inch a "Westerner's Westerner."

\* \* \*

#### DENVER WESTERNERS' MEETING May 22, 1963

The meeting was called to order by Deputy Sheriff Herb White, in the absence of Europe-touring Sheriff Bob Perkin. Present: 30 Posse, 20 Corresponding, 3 guests for a total attendance of 53.

Self-introductions were made. It was announced that PM Les Williams was confined to Memorial Hospital in Colorado Springs.

PM Whitely officiated at a drawing from the "possibles" bag, with the winner PM Rizzari (knife, courtesy of PM Nevin Carson).

No regular Posse meeting was held, and after a stretch period, the meeting resumed at 7:30 p.m. to hear a talk by CM Arthur Woodward of Patagonia, Ariz., on "Some Firsts of the Mexican War." The talk was a rather long one, and, with discussion following, the meeting was adjourned about 9:30 p.m.


Respectfully submitted,  
Geo R. Eichler  
Roundup Foreman

## HOMESTEADING . . .

ELLA WATSON'S (Cattle Kate) CAPITAL CRIME

by William R. Kelly

CM William R. Kelly is not entirely new to the Denver Posse of Westerners. A practicing attorney in Greeley for almost sixty years, he has contributed to previous issues of the ROUNDUP. He is a graduate of the University of Colorado and Law School. Kelly's story on Cattle Kate is an interesting bit of western Americana.



Homesteading in the cattle country of central Wyoming, in the 1880's was hazardous. That was yet the era of the "Cattle Kings." They sought to sweep back the tide of taking up of public land by immigrants. The public homestead area was the great free pasture domain of the cattlemen. They got there first, and observed that homesteads were generally filed where there were springs. Water gave control of grass. And homesteads meant fences and roads.

Besides, the cattleman, earlier on the ground, claimed that the homesteaders, in their sparse rations and lack of capital would at times butcher an unbranded calf for beef. The homesteader sometimes reasoned, though, that the animal so fed on public domain grass, whether deer or steer, got his flesh from free grass of land that belonged to everybody, hence anyone should appropriate his share of that product.

And there were the mavericks, the calf on public range without anyone's brand. Since the cattleman's custom approved his putting his own brand on the calf, why shouldn't the homestead settler do it also?

The ranchers, then established in possession, maintained that a homesteader was a menace to the country, by plowing up the grass of the open cattle ranges.

In the volume "Wyoming," of the American Guide Series, sponsored by the State itself in 1941, it is, at page 74, stated:

"In the early days it was the unwritten law of the range that any unbranded animal over a year old, a maverick, could be branded and claimed by the person who found it. From the beginning of the cattle industry there was much trouble with cattle thieves, or rustlers, who changed the brands or killed the animals for beef. This stealing was doubly hard to curb, with mavericks available on the range that could be used as a basis of a new herd.

"During the early 1890's the term 'rustler' came also to be applied indiscriminately to settlers and homeseekers who resisted the large land-owners."

Cattlemen combined their opposition to homesteaders. Ensuing cattleman's tactics include some acts of killing of fellow beings now shocking to contemplate. The culminating episode, of course, was the cattleman's hired army of gunmen who, enmasse, invaded Johnson County, the "Johnson County Cattle War" of 1892.

A preceding killing of two people, one a woman, in 1889, by a small group of lynchers, is the main subject of this writing.

In justification of the ranchers, John Clay, representative of organized cattlemen, in his memoirs, "My Life on the Range," gave the excuse that courts were appealed to, but gave no redress. But it hardly holds true. No one was ever tried among the six men who killed Ella Watson.

*Continued on page 15*

# GUNS

## *That Helped Win The West*

### WELLS FARGO HANDGUNS

Just let anyone mention the guns of the Wells Fargo messengers and what guns do you think of immediately? Why, the good old double-barreled sawed-off shotguns, of course. Wasn't this the gun the Wells Fargo men used in liquidating the stage robbers? Didn't they describe their jobs as "riding shotgun"? But that gun, as Kipling was wont to say, is another story.

An equally interesting, if less known, story is the story of the Wells Fargo handguns, two of which gained enough hold in history to be called the Wells Fargo guns. One writer said that they played as important a part as the shotgun, but that it was "more sensitive," an euphemism if I ever saw one.

Contemplate first the little diamond of Wells Fargo handguns, the Wells, Fargo & Co., Pocket Model Colt of 1849. It's a tiny thing as handguns of its era went, a tiny caliber, .31, but a mighty reputation.

This Colt had a three-inch barrel, was designed with the Wells Fargo name on the butt, and had a beautifully-engraved cylinder, showing the familiar stagecoach robbery scene.

It was perfect for its intended use, a gun to be carried in the coat pocket and used at close quarters. First models had five shots in the cylinder, later ones, after 1860, had six. They were muzzle-loaders, of course.

When the breech-loader came in, the darling of the Wells Fargo bosses and their messengers was the Smith & Wesson Schofield .45 caliber model. The messengers took to it, believing the statement that the men of the Old West refused to die unless shot with a .45.

The S. & W. Schofield was stamped with the familiar Wells Fargo name, so there was no mistaking it as the real McCoy.

And these were the handguns of Wells Fargo, supplemented, of course, with Remingtons and Colt Bisleys and other guns which a particular messenger fancied.

But the Colt and the Schofield, these were the old standbys—and they never let a Wells Fargo man down, 'tis said.

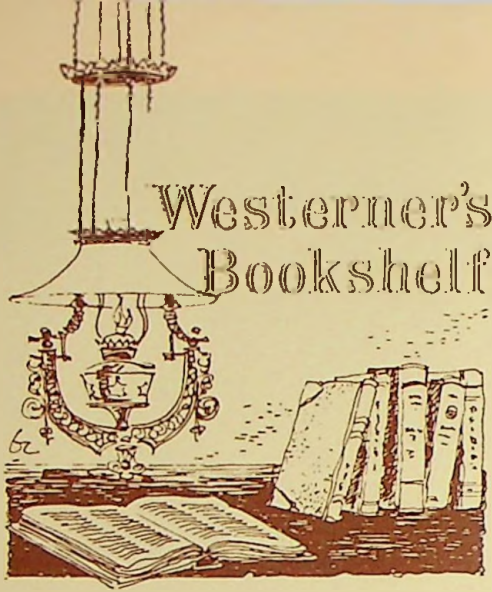
PM Charles B. Roth



*Smith & Wesson - Wells Fargo.*



Schofield. 45 cal. Bob Cormack '63



## Westerner's Bookshelf

**MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA**, by Clarence King, edited by Thurman Wilkins. *Keystone Western Americana Series* of J. B. Lippincott and Company, New York, 1962. 292 pp. and 14 p. introduction. \$2.50.

Here is escapism and relaxation for the harried twentieth century man of affairs. Let him settle back in his easy chair and read this old fashioned travel-adventure book that jogs along at the pace of a mule, and describes mountains and valleys, peaks and lakes and deserts, as if time was inconsequential. Let his mind wander back nearly a hundred years in time, let it travel geographically to California's high Sierras, and then let it settle down in imagination around a campfire, with the pines singing softly as the mountain breezes sweep through them, and then let him relax—relax as a master story teller spins yarns about his adventures with Josiah Whitney's California Geological Survey. For Clarence King, New England born and bred, considered himself first a geologist, and then many other things, high on the list of which was the avocation of writer.

First published in book form in 1872, this charming book, of a kind all too rare in the literature of the Old West, has remained in print for most of the ensuing years. Now it is being rediscovered by a new generation of lovers of the West and lovers of good writing. Chapter V, "The Newtys of Pike," is alone worth the

price of the book. But the entire product, identical to the 1872 edition, but with an excellent introduction by Thurman Wilkins and with a beautiful cover, makes this a doubly worthwhile reprint.

Richard A. Bartlett, CM

**COMMERCE OF THE PRAIRIES**, by Josiah Gregg (2 volumes), *Keystone Western Americana Series*, published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York, 1962. 352 pp., index, maps, paperback reprint, complete and unabridged, \$1.95.

This two-volume reprint of the 1844 edition of a book universally conceded to be one of the ten best source books on the West, is a real find for historians and Old West book collectors.

Josiah Gregg, born in Tennessee in 1806, came west seeking to regain his health, and stayed to become a highly successful trader and merchant on the Santa Fe Trail. In the course of his wide travels he saw a great deal, understood what he saw, and fortunately for those who came after him, had the sense to record it, and the ability to communicate his observations to others. Eye-witness narrative of a participant in the life of the frontier always has a perennial appeal, and even the baldest account carries the feel of high adventure. But Gregg's interests covered such a broad range, his details are so copious and related with such precise accuracy, that few books can stir the imagination as this one does.

Originally published in 1844, *Commerce of the Prairies* ran into eight editions within a few years, then was more or less forgotten until reprinted in 1905. Since then, two more versions have appeared, but unabridged reprints have continued to be hard to locate. Hence the importance of this new reprint.

Bernice Martin, CM

**NEVADA'S TURBULENT YESTERDAY**, by Don Ashbaugh. *Westernlore Press*, Los Angeles, 346 pp., \$7.50.

Here is another of the many books  
*continued on page 22*



These early day acts of the cattlemen discouraged the homesteaders' settlement by violent incidents such as are here related. But the outcome was a forced acceptance of homesteaders as entitled to enter and improve the public domain. A trial of a federal court case in Cheyenne thirty years after the lynchings, here related, showed the change.

Resisting a lawyer's temptation to dwell on details of the trial, and on the men of state and national note, there as witnesses, there will be recited the bringing of the "Cattle Kate" hanging into it and how, in afterthought then it caused a revulsion to men of the country. The suit was United States versus A. J. Bothwell and Steward Sanford. The writer represented Sanford only, the 1917 buyer of the Sweetwater ranch from Bothwell. It was to enjoin fences Bothwell had previously erected, alleged excluding the public from a great area of public domain.

Sanford, on acquiring possession, in 1918, had removed some fences and made gaps in others there to permit accessibility to others, on the thousands of acres which Bothwell had surrounded, it was charged. The ultimate outcome of the unlawful fencing case in United States Circuit Court of Appeals was to adjudge that there was no ground to hold the lands were then illegally enclosed, but to recommend that Bothwell be held for rent for his many years of exclusive use of public lands.

In that trial it came out that part of the "Bothwell pasture" included Ella Watson's homestead and the homestead of James Averell. The man who ended up with their homestead lands in 1917, when he sold the ranch, had been A. J. Bothwell. The specter of the woman slipping into that trial thirty years after her hanging, was one of those dramatic incidents which sometimes make memorable what would otherwise be a

hundrum court proceeding.

The range area involved was that on the Sweetwater river, a few miles above where it flows into the North Platte River. Pathfinder dam was to be built, about 1909, across that junction, to create the great body of water which now extends westward upstream to bisect the ranch. This "Bothwell" 2000 head of cattle "spread," extends south along Horse Creek, to bestride the Sweetwater, and thence on south, along Arkansas Creek, to embrace a range of 35,000 acres, most of it still public lands. Two ranges of mountains on the west and east sides of the "Arkansas pasture" converge so close together at the south as to nearly practically enclose that south township-size acreage.

Bothwell had acquired from the State a string of six forty-acre tracts across this south end and had put fences on them across that gap between those mountains.

The Sweetwater valley was historic for a hundred years as the trail of mountain men. Independence Rock, the "Register of the Desert," is upstream, near the west line of the Bothwell ranch. Devil's Gate, of Mormon trek tragic incident, is only three miles further up the Sweetwater. It was a well traveled trail. A store and saloon, run by James Averell, was on the north, or Horsecreek side.

Ella Watson, from Kansas, had there filed on a homestead March 24, 1888. James Averell had filed on one there in the "Horsecreek pasture" February 24, 1886. They were nearby. She worked in his store. The cattlemen claimed, after her killing, that she was Averell's consort. Ella Watson's own story is untold. They got rid of her by her lynching. Dead women tell no tales. John Clay, in his book, now in its second reprinting, "My Life on the Range," gave her a bad name. But could his ex post facto "hearsay" be competent as that of an eyewitness?

Other appraisals of Ella Watson, dubbed "Cattle Kate," were not all the same as were those of her by the writers who, after the event, gave the cattlemen's excuse. One is impelled to ask what others said of her. But let us first quote from Mokler's "History of Natrona County." (Alfred James Mokler, *History of Natrona County, Wyoming*. The Lakeside Press, pp. 265-272, 1932.)

"The day and date was Saturday, July 20, 1889, when James Averell, a man who conducted a saloon and small store in that part of the country, and Ella Watson, who ran a 'hog ranch,' and who adopted the name of Kate Maxwell, but who was dubbed by her friends "Cattle Kate," and was a consort of Averell, were hanged to the limb of a tree, in Spring canyon, near the Sweetwater river, about five miles west from the Averell ranch."

Kate had taken up a homestead about a mile northwest from the Averell ranch, near "Steamboat" rock, where she built a cabin and had a pasture fenced in, and in a very few months had accumulated a very nice herd of cattle. When questioned as to how she acquired the stock, she simply said she "bought" them, and there was no law to disprove that she was not the rightful owner of them.

In the Casper Weekly Mail April 7, 1889, was published a letter by James Averell, condemning the cattlemen operating there on the Sweetwater. Among other things the correspondent said: "They are land grabbers, who are only camped here as speculators under the desert land act. They are opposed to anything that would settle and improve the country or make it anything but a cow pasture for eastern speculators. It is wonderful how much land some of these land sharks own—in their own minds—and how firmly they are organized to keep Wyoming from being settled up, in which they are wrong, as the fu-

ture landowners in Wyoming will be the people, to come, as most of these large tracts are so fraudulently entered now that it must ultimately change hands and give the public domain to the honest settler. Is it not enough to excite one's prejudice to see the Sweetwater river owned, or claimed, for a distance of seventy-five miles from its mouth by three or four men?" (The scene of the lynching was then in Carbon County, which, with Rawlins as its county seat, then extended north to include the now Natrona County.)

The first news of the hanging to reach Casper was on Sunday morning, July 21, at about eleven o'clock, nearly a whole day after the tragedy occurred, when E. J. Healy rode hurriedly into the village on horseback and told the authorities that Averell and the Watson woman had been taken by a mob and hanged side by side to a tree near Averell's ranch. The people of Casper were aware that trouble had been brewing in that neighborhood for a considerable length of time. Phil Watson, the deputy sheriff, whose headquarters were in Casper, immediately started out with a posse of men to make an investigation. Upon arriving at the Averell ranch the deputy sheriff and his men ascertained that the facts were as represented by Healy, and the bodies had not yet been taken down.

The deputy sheriff and several men were guided from the Averell ranch by Frank Buchanan about five miles up the Sweetwater river, and turning to the south. Following up the gulch leading into the rocks, in the darkness of the night, they found the bodies hanging close together, each at the end of a rope, which had been thrown over the limb of a scrub pine tree. The authorities cut the ropes and let down the bodies and carried them to the Averell ranch where an inquest was held by Esquire Emery,

Dr. Joe Benson, Tom Denson, Jess Lockwood, E. J. Healy, Jud Brazil and Frank Denson.

From the evidence given by Frank Buchanan, Ralph Cole, Gene Crowder, and John DeCory, the coroner's jury returned a verdict that "the deceased man and woman, James Averell and Ella Watson, came to their deaths by being hanged by the neck at the hands of A. J. Bothwell, Tom Sun, John Durbin, R. M. Galbraith, Bob Connor, E. McLain and an unknown man." The unknown man is said to have been George B. Henderson, who was shot and killed about a year later. The next morning two graves were dug a short distance east from the Averell building and the bodies were buried by the deputy sheriff and the other men who were there at the time.

Gene Crowder, a lad about fourteen years of age, who was at the Watson woman's cabin when the men drove up, gave his version of the taking away of the man and woman as follows: "I was at Ella's house trying to catch a pony when the men drove up. John Durbin took down the wire fence and drove the cattle out of the pasture while McLain and Connor kept Ella from going to the house. After a while they told her to get into the wagon, and she asked them where they were going to take her. They told her to Rawlins. She said she wanted to go into the house to change her clothing, but the men would not permit her to do so, and they made her get into the wagon. Bothwell told her that he would rope and drag her if she did not get in. She got in and then we all started for Jim Averell's place. I tried to ride around the cattle and get ahead of them, but Bothwell took hold of my pony's bridle and made me stay with them. I then stayed with Durbin and helped him drive the cattle, while the others went ahead and met Jim, who was just inside his second gate,

and who was just starting to go to Casper. They made him throw up his hands. And they told him they had a warrant for his arrest, and after they made him unhitch his team, they all came up where the cattle were and Jim asked Durbin where the warrant was. Durbin and Bothwell both threw their guns on Jim and told him that was warrant enough. They then made Jim get into the wagon and drove back a way and around on the north side of the rocks. John DeCory and I hurried down to Jim's house and told the folks there that they had taken Jim and Ella and were driving around the rocks with them. Frank Buchanan got on a horse and followed them, and he was gone several hours. When he came back he told us they had hanged Jim and Ella."

Frank Buchanan testified before the coroner's jury to the effect that "when the boy told him Jim and Ella were being taken away by the mob, he got his six-shooter and a horse and went around to the west end of the rocks and saw them going toward the river. They drove into the ford and followed up the bed of the stream for about two miles, once stopping a long time in the water and arguing loudly, but he could not understand what they said. After they came out of the river, on the south side, they went toward the mountains and pulled up a gulch leading into the timber and among the rocks." He, the witness, then said, "rode around on the south side of the rocky hills, tied his horse and crawled over close to where they were. Bothwell had the rope around Jim's neck and had it tied to a limb. He told Jim to be game and jump off. McLain was trying to put a rope around Ella's neck, but she was dodging her head so that he did not succeed at the time. I opened fire on them, but do not know whether I got anyone or not. They turned and began shooting at me. I

unloaded my six-shooter twice, but finally had to run, for they were shooting at me with Winchesters. I ran to my horse and rode back to the ranch and told them that Jim and Ella had been hanged, and then I started for Casper. I got lost and pulled up at 'Tex's ranch about 3 o'clock next morning. The hanging took place about twelve hours before."

"Tex" is E. J. Healy, who brought the news to Casper, and whose homestead shack was not far from where the government bridge now crosses the Platte River, about twenty-five miles southwest from Casper.

Buchanan further said: "Averell never owned any cattle and there were none in his pasture at the time of the trouble; the whole affair grew out of land troubles. Averell had contested the land that Connor was trying to hold and he had made Durbin some trouble on a final proof, and he had kept Bothwell from fencing in the whole of the Sweetwater valley. Ella Watson had a small bunch of cattle, nearly all of which were freshly branded, as she only recently got her brand recorded."

Bob Connor, who, it is said, never denied that he was with the party that did the hanging, told some of his friends that when they started out to get Averell and the Watson woman, they had no intentions of hanging them, but they did intend to scare them and force them to leave the country. After forcing them to get into the wagon they took them to the Sweetwater river and told them that they would drown them if they did not promise to go away. Instead of promising to leave the country the man and woman laughed at them, and told them there was not water enough in the stream to give them a decent bath. Some bitter words were passed by both sides, and then they came out of the stream and the victims were taken up into the gulch

known as Spring Canyon, among the timber and rocks, and ropes were thrown over the limb of a small tree and nooses were placed about the necks of the man and woman. They were once more told that if they would agree to leave the county they would be turned loose, but they again laughed at them and said that they did not dare to hang them, and then it is said, Bothwell gave Averell a push and Henderson pushed the woman, and they both swung out between heaven and earth, and the two souls were sent into eternity.

Ella Watson's father came from his home near Lebanon, Kansas, and made his headquarters at Rock Springs, where he remained until after the case against the men was disposed of by the grand jury. Mr. Watson said that Ella was his oldest daughter, and she was twenty-eight years of age at the time of her death.

The grand jury reported as follows:

"Territory of Wyoming vs. Albert J. Bothwell, Earnest McLain, Robert B. Connor, Tom Sun, Robert M. Galbraith and John Durbin. Not a true bill." The records then follow: "The grand jury at the present term of this court, having failed to find a true bill of indictment against the above named defendants, or either of them, it is ordered by the court that the above named defendants and each of them and their bonds be discharged. Samuel T. Corn, Judge."

On January 21, 1891, the lands filed upon by Ella Watson and James Averell were contested by Henry H. Wilson. The Averell homestead was filed upon February 24, 1886, in the Cheyenne land office. The Ella Watson homestead was filed upon March 24, 1888. The contestee stated that Averell and Watson "died in July 1889, without legitimate issue of their bodies, being each a single person, and that the improvements on the said lands had been sold by the administrators of the estates of the

said persons, and since their death the said premises have been entirely abandoned."

So much for the account by one who gave it much research.

In real evidence, what was there to the lynching to absolve its perpetrators? They were never brought to trial. Of the six, maybe seven, who did it, three had died violent deaths within two years, two left the country, two were surviving at the time of the 1919 unlawful fencing enclosure trial. And of the eyewitnesses who might have testified against the killers, within a year, one, a boy, died; two dropped out of sight.

Henderson, by grand jury time, had been killed in a gun duel. The witnesses to the hanging had disappeared, Ralph Cole, apparently by killing, after having been followed by Henderson. Buchanan was "induced" to leave the country, John DeCrory and Ralph Cole also disappeared. The boy, 'Gene Crowder had died. Thus the prosecution was blotted out.

Should someone, not a cattleman examine the facts?

Was "Cattle Kate" Ella Watson, a cattle thief?

Mark Countryman, in the Wyoming State Journal of Lander of January 10, 1935, tells his recollection, as a youngster in the Sweetwater country in the late "eighties," Kate Watson's time. The issue of the Journal is in the University of Wyoming State Archives.

"Now and again small droves of cattle were trailed along behind the white topped prairie schooners as they went bobbing over stretches of the old Oregon trail. One such herd was purchased by Cattle Kate. For several days she had dickered with immigrants to purchase their cattle as they camped near her home which was located a few hundred yards west of Black rock, a mass of black appearing granite now protruding from the upper waters of the Path-

finder reservoir.

"Since a price could not be agreed upon for the cattle the covered wagons once more took up the trail, but after three or four days was overtaken by Cattle Kate, mounted on a trusty steed. Her small figure set in her side saddle very erect, her sparkling eyes and ready smile bespoke excellent health. After a brief parley Cattle Kate now exchanged a roll of banknotes for the cattle and trailed them back to home, which was also the home of Jim Averell, as their homesteads adjoined. A log structure it was with doors and window casings painted a pale green. Rumor had it they would be married when they had made final proof on their homesteads."

Whose cattle did Bothwell and his men turn out of her corral, and who got them? Who got her homestead land? Countryman, further writing, said:

"Rumor had it that Ella Watson had dickered cowboys out of a share of these mavericks, which fact, however, was never very well substantiated. Since the eighteen or twenty head of cattle purchased from the emigrants had increased to only twenty-eight head after a year's time, it being the previous summer when she had purchased them from the emigrants."

Must only the cattlemen's exoneration of themselves by traducing her character be weighed in appraising their own virtue in killing her? Even though the six killers escaped trial, some there were who disagreed with their public service.

Are Bothwell and his five helpers to be accorded absolution in their range cattlemen's idea that it was good law at that time to run off homesteaders in the "Bothwell pasture," and that if they did not take their chance to leave the country the homesteaders' defiance should be punished as a capital offense.

Possibly some of Ella Maxwell's side of it is excusable.

Interesting, in the files of the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department, is a copy of a letter of May 9, 1931, from Frank Filbey of Peru, Indiana, which reads in part:

"I was acquainted with Jim Averell and the lady known to the riders of the cattle range, as Cattle Kate but whose correct name was Ella Watson. . . .

"They had claims of fine land below Independence Rock in the Sweetwater Valley in Carbon County, Wyo. They had a store where we riders often purchased cartridges, socks, tobacco and little supplies needed. Jim also had a government license to sell liquor. . . .

"Kate, as we all knew her was a very pretty little woman and I can say I never seen a thing wrong with her or a bad move from her. . . . They were proving up on their claims and selling goods to the cowpunchers. I was riding at the time for the II Bar Eleven Ranch, Sam Johnston, foreman."

After relating the practice in those days, of cowboys putting their own brand on any maverick or unbranded calf, Frank Filbey's letter continues:

"Rumor had it that Ella Watson had dickered cowboys out of a share of these mavericks, which fact however was never very well substantiated, since the eighteen or twenty head of cattle purchased from the emigrants had increased to only twenty-eight head after a year's time, it being the previous summer when she had purchased them from the emigrants."

Mokler, the conservative Casper newspaperman, Grand Secretary of the Masons for Wyoming, though giving some of the other witnesses' story, felt he must make, in his chapter, extenuating concessions to his cattlemen readers.

Was there any remorse by the

killers?

A. C. Campbell was a young lawyer in 1889, who got into the incident next year in prosecuting the man who shot Henderson. Campbell became a successful and prosperous member of the Cheyenne, Wyoming bar and had a part in the legal incidents of the greatest of oil fields—Salt Creek, and in the oil production of the Muddy Creek field. In a testimonial dinner tendered him by the bar of that area in Douglas, Wyoming, ten years ago, Campbell reminisced of this tragic episode of the North Platte and Sweetwater. He said he could vouch for it that the account recorded by Alfred Mokler in his "History of Natrona County" stated the facts, that he knew well, as a neighbor, one of the perpetrators of that act, and that in recent years that one who helped in her execution had said he had no regrets.

But the writer hereof was witness in 1919, thirty years after that small group had killed Ella Watson and Jim Averell, that one strong willed man of that party sustained a shock by her resurrection. It was in the unlawful fencing case trial against Bothwell.

No one has written Ella Watson's, the victim's version of her homesteading and cattle acquisitions. It has been a one-sided story. Bothwell knew that. His strong mind retained the scene.

Bothwell, as principal defendant in the unlawful fencing case, still strong bodied, white haired, erect, of masterful Roman nose and commanding carriage, sat at the 1919 counsel table behind his lawyer, William E. Mullen. The writer sat next behind Bothwell, and in front of Stewart Sanford.

Attorney Mullen had defendant's witness, John Mahoney, on the stand. Those present at the preceding meeting of witnesses showed a little uneasiness. Mahoney offered to prove public access to the pasture, recited

his trailing of two bands of sheep across the Arkansas pasture, from south to north and back again, one summer. Then was asked to identify the year. Remember this is thirty years later. Mahoney, in response, said it "was the year after the Cattle Kate hanging," that one shepherd then was afraid to go through and more recitals, bringing in "Cattle Kate."

A silence that was emphatic fell upon the court room. Judge, witnesses, all, were benumbed in an awkward pause. Bothwell's frame shuddered, gave a jerk, as if a high voltage current had been shot through it. Maybe he was reenacting the strangling of Ella Watson on the rope end. District Judge Riner announced a recess. The released audience drifted into the corridor, but the men could think of nothing to begin a conversation.

"Cattle Kate" was back to all in the Cheyenne Court room in 1919. Albert J. Bothwell, then in his seventies, stunned by that public resurrection, was no longer the imperious big cattleman and public lands possessor who, in his strength, had set out to "get rid of Cattle Kate," and who, that July afternoon, thirty years earlier, had threatened to use a rope on her. He had helped haul her the five miles from her cabin to the gulch on Spring Creek and there had seen done his purpose to hang the begging woman. He saw her body there kicking, dangling from the scraggly pine. She would not get a homestead patent.

The fencing case trial went on in subdued tone.

Bothwell had got Ella Watson's homestead land, "Cattle Kate's," and had resold it to Sanford with the rest of his assembled big cattle ranch. He was now a prosperous retired man of substance, who craved esteem of his fellows, but they shunned him there in court. Thirty years had made his conscience acute.

After all, had Albert J. Bothwell, now the old man, really "got rid of Cattle Kate"?

You can't help thinking about that shudder.

Author's Note: The trial court's decision was for both Bothwell and Sanford. Upon the government appeal of it, the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals upheld denial of the injunction sought, but left open the case against Bothwell for rent. 277 Fed. 419.

## MARKS AND BRANDS

*continued from page 2*

Last month when CM Arthur Woodward addressed the Denver Posse, he gave his talk from notes rather than from a prepared paper. He has promised to get his talk to us in paper form . . . if this is accomplished, we will edit and publish that portion (or its entirety) which is suitable for our use in ROUNDUP.

If any Posse or Corresponding member may have written material that they feel is suitable for publishing in the ROUNDUP, we would be very happy to receive it.

Plans for the big yearly Rendezvous meeting are practically complete according to Fred Mazzulla, chairman of this committee. The Annual Rendezvous will be held August 24, 1963 at the Elk Falls Sportsman's Ranch above Shaffer's Crossing. Social hour from 4:30 to 5:30, dinner from 5:30 to 6:30 and the program from 6:30 on. George Morrison will bring us his music and entertainment. Mr. Morrison, famous orchestra leader and composer was a student of Fritz Kreisler and the "discoverer" of Hattie McDaniels. Paul C. Henderson of Bridgeport, Nebraska, author of "Landmarks on The Oregon Trail," published by the New York Posse of The Westerners—will bring us a paper titled, "Mountain Men and Fur Traders." The Committee is talkin' about holdin' a sort of "tradin' session" during the social hour. If you have something you feel you want to trade fer somethin' else . . . they say, "Bring it on up and display it." Tables will be provided for the display. Elk Falls Ranch is easy to find . . . go up through Morrison, up Turkey Creek past Tiny Town on up to Shaffer's Crossing. Turn north (right) out of Shaffer's Crossing and go on 2½ miles to the Ranch. The road (and ranch) is well marked . . . the area we will be using is protected from the elements . . . the location is beautiful. Mark the date down and plan to bring Mrs. Westerner.

Yers very respectful,  
Bob Carmack

## WESTERNERS' BOOKSHELF

*continued from page 14*

on Ghost Towns that is being published, but this one touches the subject from a different angle. Much of the material was originally published in the Las Vegas Review-Journal, of which Ashbaugh was feature editor for some ten years.

The author divides the book into six parts, covering the state from the southernmost tip to the extreme north. Where, but in the thoughts of the old-time miner would we find such names as Arabia, Aurum, Bullionville, Crescent, Delmar, Cornucopia, Hiko and Shoofly!

Pioche, founded in 1867, boomed to a population of 10,000 within two years, the mines there producing some \$100,000,000 in silver. Gold Hill, near Virginia City, had three mines which produced over \$58,000,000 in the twenty years from 1860 to 1880, the Crown Point paying in dividends almost \$12,000,000, and the Belcher, next to it, paying over \$15,000,000. The town died in 1943 when the Virginia & Truckee Railroad was abandoned. Hamilton made some kind of a record with 101 saloons. Eureka, founded in 1864, boasted 8,000 to 10,000 population in the 1870's and had 125 saloons, 25 gambling houses and produced over \$60,000,000 in gold and silver.

Belmont, now one of Nevada's best preserved ghost towns was founded in 1864 with the discovery of gold, silver and mercury ores and in twenty years had produced \$15,000,000 in gold and silver and 11,000 flasks of mercury. Aurora boasted the honor of being the county seat of both Mono County in California and Esmerelda County in Nevada, until a survey was made, placing it in Nevada. By 1865 it had nearly 3,000 inhabitants.

It is regrettable that both the author and his wife died before the book went to press, but others carried on and produced this fine book.

Carl F. Mathews, PM

**JIM BRIDGER**, by J. Cecil Alter.  
Univ. of Okla. Press, Norman, Okla.  
358 pp., \$5.95.

James Bridger, early western fur trapper, mountaineer, Indian frontiersman, and U. S. Army scout and guide, was an outstanding figure in early western and particularly Rocky Mountain, pioneering. The author, in this story of the noted old scout's life, relates that Jim Bridger possessed a most intimate knowledge of the Rocky Mountain Region; that he was among the first white men to use the old Indian Trail over South Pass; he was first to taste the waters of the Great Salt Lake, first to report a two-ocean stream, foremost in describing the Yellowstone Park geological phenomena; and that he originally selected the Crow Creek-Sherman-Dale Creek route through the Laramie Mountains and Bridger's Pass over the Continental Divide, which were adopted for the course of the Union Pacific Railroad.

For the information of those acquainted with the earlier editions of "James Bridger," the publisher explains that the latest volume presents a reservoir of new facts gleaned over a period of years of later research—an authentic story of Bridger's life. It is further stated that the biography includes only those events in which Bridger actually participated; improvable and uncorroborated stories, however, interesting, having been omitted.

Jim Bridger's first excursion into the hazardous experiences of the western wilderness was his enlistment as a member of Gen. William H. Ashley's expedition to explore and trap the upper reaches of the Missouri River, under Major Andrew Henry.

For Jim Bridger, the significant and dramatic portion of his life commenced on April 3, 1822, when the Ashley party shoved off from the levee at St. Louis. With this beginning, the fascinating story of the life and experience of Jim Bridger in the Great West unfolds with exciting and scintillating chapters, to result in his becoming one of the most outstanding and important men in the exploration and pioneering of the Great West. Included in this very worthwhile volume, is a splendid bibliography and a well-detailed index.

Paul D. Harrison, PM







## EXCURSION ON MARSHALL PASS

(inside back cover)

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by **Otto Kuhler**

This historical painting of early railroading in the Colorado Rockies was commissioned by Dr. Robert Black, author of a very fine history of early American railroading titled, "Railroads of the Confederacy." Dr. Black of West Hartford, Connecticut remembered an excursion trip he had taken as a young boy over Colorado's Marshall Pass and wishing to retain the exciting experience he asked artist Kuhler to paint the picture that we reproduce on the inside of this cover. We are informed that this painting has seen very little reproduction . . . previous to this publication.

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



Denver Posse  
**RENDEZVOUS**

ELK FALLS SPORTSMEN'S RANCH

**SATURDAY, AUGUST 24TH**

The 1963 Annual Rendezvous meeting of the Denver Posse of Westerners will be held up in the Rockies, at beautiful Elk Falls, just a short drive from Denver. CM W Keith Peterson, asst city attorney of Denver, will present an illustrated paper: "Denver Then and Now." Prehistory of Denver will be presented, slides of old city sites will be compared with their modern day counterparts.

Your Westerner Lady is invited please make your reservations as soon as possible! (See page 2 for more details)



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

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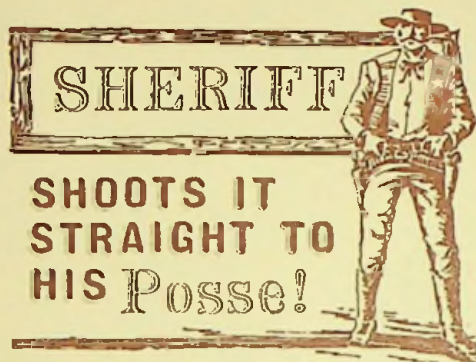
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**Material intended for publication in ROUNDUP**—Bob Carmack, 1166 So. Williams Street, Denver 10, Colorado. Phone: 744-6353

**Reservations for all meetings and dinners**—Kenneth E. Englert, 604 Prospect Lake Drive, Colorado Springs. MEloose 3-9293

#### 1963 OFFICERS

**Sheriff**, Robert L. Perkin  
**Deputy Sheriff**, Herbert P. White  
**Roundup Foreman**, George R. Eichler  
**Tally Man**, William G. Brenneman  
**Chuck Wrangler**, Kenneth E. Englert  
**Registrar of Marks and Brands**, Robert B. Carmack (Editor of Monthly ROUNDUP)  
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**Preceding Sheriff**, Erl H. Ellis  
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**Program Chairman**, Forbes Parkhill  
**Book Review Chairman**, Numa L. James



INVITATIONS have gone out to all posses and corrals of The Westerners for which we have mailing addresses asking them to join with us for the '63 Rendezvous at Elk Falls Sportsmen's Ranch, Saturday, August 24. We hope many will be able to accept and would like nothing better than to be privileged to welcome delegations from the English, Swedish, West German and French outfits. I'm not sure how you say "podner" in Swedish, but we'll manage it somehow.

Details on the Rendezvous will have been received by this time at all your home diggings, and here's a sweep of the Stetson to Chief Trader Mazzulla and his committee for arranging what obviously is going to be a real fine outing. Those of you who don't know the Elk Creek Falls country have a treat in store.

Being a mountain man at heart (as well as a packrat-collector type), I for one am looking forward to this year's innovation: the trading session, rendezvous-style. Hope you are too. Chief Trader Mazzulla urges everyone to bring along his duplicate West-

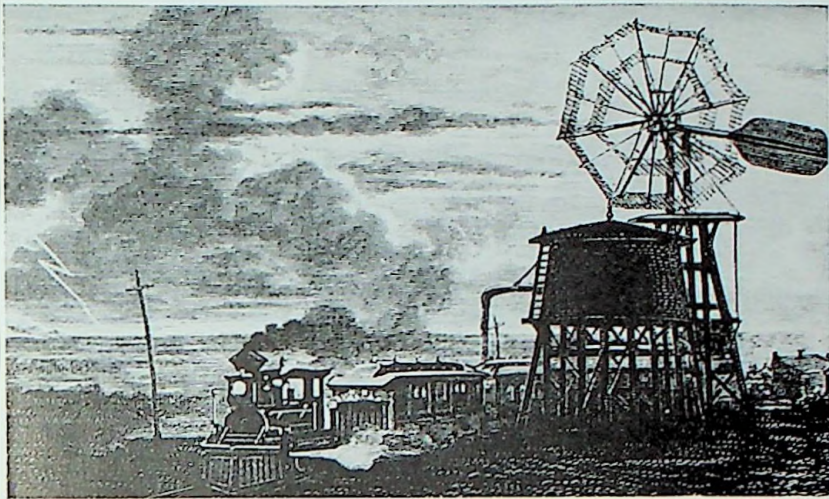
*continued on page 22*

#### 24 AUGUST MEETING OF DENVER POSSE

This month's meeting will be held at the upper picnic ground of the Elk Falls Sportsmen's Ranch, two miles north of Shaffers Crossing. Take highway U.S. 285 out of Denver, through Morrison, up the beautiful new 4-lane speedway past Tiny Town traversing Turkey Creek. On through Conifer to Shaffers Crossing. It's around 35 miles to this point . . . a real thrill to drive that newly opened highway. Turn north out of Shaffers, keep going 'til you reach the Ranch. It's at the end of the good-surfaced road . . . and if you don't turn off into a ranch gateway along the two miles to Elk Falls . . . you shouldn't get lost. It's well marked. The social hour will start a little earlier than usual, allowing the entire evening's program to be moved up an hour so that it will not be too late for the drive back to Denver. Social hour . . . 4:30 p.m., wonderful charcoal broiled steak to your liking . . . 5:30, the program promptly at 6:30. During the social hour a real rendezvous style trading session will be held for you "traders." Music and entertainment by the famous orchestra leader and composer, George Morrison. All this and your Westerner lady at your side for only \$3.75 per plate. Hard likker refreshments . . . as well as the other type, available at a bar set up by the Ranch (don't bring yer own squeezin's this year . . . also don't worry about inclement weather . . . 'cause you'll be under cover). Get yer reservations in pronto to Chief Trader Fred Mazzulla, 950 Western Federal Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

#### 25 SEPTEMBER MEETING OF DENVER POSSE

Back to the Denver Press Club to their fine facilities and food to hear Professor Carl W. Ubbelohde of the Department of History, Univ. of Colo., now completing a history of Colorado. His subject: "The History of the Labor Movement in Colorado."



Print courtesy of Denver Public Library Western Collection.

## A PRAIRIE TOWN OF TRAIN ROBBERS

by Stanley W. Zamonski, CM

CM Stanley W. Zamonski has had a colorful career. Raised in Pennsylvania, he studied aeronautical engineering in Boston. He served as a pilot in the Air Force seven years and was shot down thirteen times. After World War II, he studied art and history, specializing in 16th-century Eastern Europe and is a member of the American Association of Teachers of Slavic and East European Languages. While working as an engineering draftsman, he began free-lance writ-

**E**VERY state has its oddities, but Colorado is unique in that it once boasted of a town whose only source of employment was the "robbing of trains."

During the colorful pioneering era of the railroads, the iron horse was under continual threat of attack in its treks across the lawless country of border ruffians, Indians, and train robbers. Fortunately, the companies were able to cope with the difficulties as was evident

ing and then branched out into photography. His curiosity and tirelessness as historian led him to many previously undiscovered materials about the American West. As free-lance writer he has published dozens of articles and he is presently one of the leading free-lance photographers of Colorado. CM Zamonski has contributed to previous issues of the **ROUNDUP** as well as the **BRAND BOOK**. His latest book, "The Fifty-Niners" was recently published by Sage Books, Denver.

by the many trails of track which brought the covetous comforts of the Eastern civilization Westward.

But, by the middle of 1876, the Kansas Pacific Railway was confronted by a new and mysterious gang of thieves, whose work was so thorough and brazen that whole freight cars were mysteriously robbed of their contents. Since the railroad officials were unable to halt these alarming thefts, they appealed to a Den-



Kit Carson, Colorado, as it looked about the time the Kansas Pacific Railway was besieged by wholesale robbery. Circa 1875.

ver detective agency, where one, Alexander McLean, was assigned to the case.

From an investigation along the entire track from Denver to Kansas City, he assumed that the lonely way-station at the town of Kit Carson, some hundred and fifty miles southeast of Denver, was the likely base of operation.

Late one evening in January of '77, McLean, disguised as a tramp, alighted from an eastbound train. Dusting off the rags of his bedraggled army uniform, the bewhiskered scamp with bloodshot eyes, scanned the huddle of false-fronted frame, adobe and dugout buildings that stood out gray and dull against the deep blue Colorado sky—tiny mounds of civilization on the vast and barren prairie.

Kit Carson, originally the site of that famous frontier scout's trading post, gained notoriety as the headquarters for the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, buffalo hunt in 1872. Later its main street was the trail for the great Texas-Kansas cattle drives. And since the town was situated at the top of a long railroad incline, it prospered as a road terminus. For it was here that the long chain of heavily loaded rail-cars were laid up to await hauling over the steep grade in smaller numbers. And it was during this waiting period that McLean believed the thefts were executed.

As the tramp rambled down the dusty street, he noticed that the citizens of Kit Carson, some two thousand in all,

lived very much like people of any other western community of equal numbers. However, there seemed to be an unusual number of idle hands. Every saloon and gambling den, in fact, every shady nook was cramped with loafers who spent their time at cards, swapped tales over a drinking glass, or else, just slept off last night's drunk where they happened to fall. And yet, each man was as prosperous as the next. Strangely, for a bustling town with its rip-roaring past, the town was a model of respectability. The popularity enjoyed by the Constable and the Justice of the Peace, was most commendable.

In reality, Kit Carson was a "Robin Hood's Shangri-La"—an asylum for the "Forty Thieves" with treasure-laden caves, magic words and all. Everything from the food on their tables to the clothing on their backs and the furniture in their houses, was of an ominous origin. All were stolen goods!

Attracted by the clangor inside one of the weather beaten buildings, the vagabond glanced up at the false front where the words "Kit Carson Saloon" stood out in large black letters. Once inside, he let it be known that he was a hungry army deserter, in search of a hideout.

Within two days' time, the happy-go-lucky, hard drinking McLean enjoyed the freedom of the town, adopting the carefree mode to his own idle sporting



Kit Carson as it appears today (on the horizon) . . . and all that is left of the old town of train robbers is marked by two scrub trees in the foreground. (photo by Stanley W. Zamonski)

ways. Before long, the few dollars he brought with him were spent on drinks for the "boys," an act, which, along with his witsome string of salty jokes, won him many friends.

Gaining the confidence of his new found friends, the visitor learned that the town's only occupation was the robbing of freight cars—a trade which they gladly assured him was as simple as it was profitable. Wagons were driven along side the standing box cars under cover of the night, and the contents pilfered and secreted in caves until disposed of by competent dealers.

McLean, playing his part well, expressed the desire to join them. Upon temporary acceptance, he was surprised to learn that the smoothness with which the town operated was due to the fact that the Justice of the Peace, Patrick Shanley, and the Constable, Worth Keene, were the ring leaders. He also learned that the railroad guard, Frank Williamson, who accompanied the trains, was himself one of the thieves.

McLean made many friends, but there were a like number of more sober-minded citizens who were not as happy in having the newcomer share in their plunder. Furthermore, it was the opinion of some that the stranger might even be a railroad agent in disguise. They argued that to admit a man about whom little was known, was a very risky business.

The next morning a meeting of confederate leaders decided on the fate of the intruder. Figuring not to take any chances on him, he was to be hanged as a horse thief. Should anyone grow inquisitive, the Constable was to be responsible in apprehending this so-called rustler, while a dozen hand picked eyewitnesses were to support the Court headed by Justice Shanley.

At noon time, the detective in disguise, while loitering around the railroad station, overheard the conversation between a group of men who were seeing Williamson, the train guard, off on his trip to Denver. Much of this talk concerned McLean's own necktie party.

Alarmed, McLean secreted himself until the next westbound train pulled out. Catching it on the run, he rode to Hugo and wired to Denver, advising his association about the train guard Williamson. From there on, Sheriff W. Frank Smith took over.

The carefree idleness of the Kit Carsonites was sharply curtailed when at sun-up a special train, bringing Sheriff Smith and a large posse, arrived from Denver. Everything was planned so as to take the town by surprise. Thus, when the police burst into the houses, many of the unsuspecting citizens were still in bed, while others had their breakfasts of stolen groceries interrupted.

Once the men folk were placed be-

*concluded on page 22*



## CUNPLAY AT OLD BURLINGTON

by B. L. "Billy" Boyles CM

Mr. Berlyn L. Boyles, or as he would rather be known and called, "Billy" is a very enthusiastic corresponding member of the Denver posse. Billy saw the light of day around the turn of the century in Indiana. He attended the University of Illinois and spent a little time in the Army during World War I. He eventually settled down in Longmont, Colorado where he now resides with his wife Lillie. Billy tells us his hobbies are: western history, photography and printing. In addition to his interest in the Westerners, he has been an active member of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, is a member of the Longmont Museum Board of Directors and is the past president of the Longmont Museums, Inc.

When Billy can find time away from his Electric Shop, he writes historical articles and stories. Among those that have found their way into print are: "Denver Longmont & Northwestern Railroad" (for Rocky Mountain RR Club), "History of St. Vrain No. 23, A.F.&A.M.," and many historical short stories on the Longmont area for the LONGMONT DAILY TIMES-CALL. Mr. Boyles is currently researching and working on a very comprehensive history of the Longmont, Colorado area.

The burial ground of Will DuBois on the DuBois farm, Left Hand Creek, southwest of Longmont, Colorado. Here Glenn McDonald points out the grave site, April 13, 1963.

(photo courtesy of the author)

ONE of the most stirring and talked-about shooting episodes in this region's history ended over 93 years ago on a farm a few miles southwest of Longmont, Colorado. Here, Bill DuBois, son of a well known and respected family of the Left Hand Creek locality, shot out a losing battle from behind his wounded buckskin pony with an infuriated posse from Old Burlington.

William Collins DuBois came to the Colorado country with his parents and family in the early summer of 1859. Marshalltown, Iowa had been the latest in a series of moves for his parents, Ebenezer and Sarah Ann Dubois.<sup>1</sup> Since roving Indians were a constant menace in that day, the family traveled the long, dangerous route to Colorado as part of a wagon train. Their group was com-



posed of about 400 hopeful souls, young and old, with their many items of household equipment: furniture, bedding, clothing, etc.—in fact all the migrants had in the world, in most cases. Probably the DuBois' were better equipped than most for a trip of this kind. Their three heavy wagons, each drawn by three yoke of oxen, contained everything needed for a fresh start in the new country to the west. In addition, they owned a good, serviceable carriage, drawn by a team of horses, in which rode Mrs. DuBois and the youngest of their eight children in comparative comfort.

But tragedy seemed to stalk the family in late years, and this overland trip was no exception. Thomas S. DuBois, next to the oldest son and 19 at the time, was accidentally shot and fatally wounded while removing his hunting rifle from one of the family wagons. There was nothing to do but bury the youth along the trail and continue on with the rest of the wagon train. One can imagine the feelings of the grief-stricken parents, already tense from their constant vigil for Indians and the other inevitable worries accompanying a trip of this nature.<sup>2</sup>

At length the party reached Fort Laramie, on the North Platte river, in what is now southeastern Wyoming. A "Pilgrim Camp," where weary travelers could gather and rest, was found a few miles down the river to the east of Fort Laramie. Only a few days before their arrival, Horace Greeley had stopped at the Pilgrim Camp on his way to California. Here he made a speech about his recent trip from the East to inspect the booming Colorado mining camps. Although he was far from complimentary to the places he had visited here, reports of his experiences excited the curiosity of some members of the Iowa wagon train, including the DuBois family.<sup>3</sup>

Accordingly, they abandoned plans to go to California, and turned south, heading for the Boulder (Colorado) mining region. In due time they came to the entrance to Left Hand Canon, some 8

miles north of Boulder. Here they found a sizable camp of Arapahoe Indians, led by their friendly chief, Left Hand. He was a large man with broad shoulders, his right arm having been amputated just above the elbow; hence his name, Left Hand. Finding this tribe co-operative, the DuBois' decided to settle here, as they were interested in farming, rather than mining.<sup>4</sup> Ebenezer DuBois picked a farm on the banks of Left Hand Creek about 3/4 mile southeast of the entrance to Left Hand Canon. As time went on, he improved this land and erected a log cabin on the south bank of the creek and proved up on 160 acres there in 1869.<sup>5</sup>

About the time the DuBois family came to this region, the little settlement of Old Burlington was getting started. Old Burlington was located in the river bottom of the St. Vrain river, just south of what is now the city of Longmont, Colorado. Mrs. Mary Allen's hotel and stage station and most of the town's business houses were clustered about the crossroads where today the Nelson Road and U.S. Highway 287 meet. By 1862, Old Burlington boasted its own post office, and by the time land was purchased for the Chicago-Colorado Colony, which laid out and started Longmont, Old Burlington was a thriving town of several hundred souls.<sup>6</sup>

In 1867, Will DuBois, then 29 years old, filed on a piece of land near the St. Vrain River, a few miles east of Old Burlington. Here he erected his own cabin and proceeded to improve the farm, evidently with the idea of patenting the land in his own name. His place adjoined that of Rueben Coffin, who was proving up on his own place. These men became good friends and neighbors, visiting back and forth often. DuBois spent many pleasant hours at the Coffin cabin, even sleeping there many times.<sup>7</sup> But for some reason or other DuBois did not prove up on his place, and moved back home with his father, his mother having passed away in 1862 or 1863. He was seen more and more around Old

Burlington, and got to running around with a character by the name of Jack Watkins. Watkins was a tough one, once killing a man "just for the fun of it." It was such a fellow that young DuBois fell in with, and it soon became evident that trouble would pop up sooner or later.<sup>8</sup>

John H. Wells, a lawyer, located in Old Burlington soon after arriving in Colorado, had set up a law office.<sup>9</sup> In July, 1869, he was appointed the postmaster at Old Burlington, and hired one Ed Kinney to act as assistant postmaster. Ed Kinney's folks lived up in Left Hand Canon a short distance and Ed owned a few good horses. Horse racing being what it was in those days, many people owned race horses and followed this exciting sport. Young DuBois owned one, too, and when a "sharpie" drifted in from Wyoming with a horse that "couldn't be beaten," a match was soon set up between his horse and the one belonging to Kinney. Although Kinney's horse proved to be the fastest, its rider was bribed to throw the race, and Kinney lost. This affair was thought to have been the start of hard feelings between Kinney and Will Dubois.<sup>10</sup>

From the very beginning, the stage route from Denver north to Laramie passed through Old Burlington, the Allen Hotel later being designated its headquarters. U.S. mail was carried in addition to passengers and some freight. As time went on, owners of the stage line became unhappy with their mail contract and were openly complaining. Stage hold-ups gradually increased in frequency, and it soon was common talk that some of these were "put-up-jobs," to force the government to take away the mail contract.<sup>11</sup>

Things finally came to a head on Sunday, December 26, 1869. On that day the stage was held up in Spring Canon, a few miles north of Old Burlington, and the mails opened and scattered about.<sup>12</sup> To make matters worse, the stage driver was reported to have been shot, but not seriously wounded. In

the course of this operation, someone reportedly recognized Will DuBois as one of the hold-up men.<sup>13</sup> In a few days DuBois, with three companions, Jack Watkins and two men by the names of Smith and Morris, were arrested on the charge of holding up the stage, and taken to Denver to await trial. After about six weeks in jail, their case came up for trial. Ed Kinney, apparently being the principal complainant, was called on to testify, but for some reason refused to appear. Other evidence being insufficient, the men were turned loose.<sup>14</sup>

While sweating it out in jail, the four men devised plans to get even. Just as soon as released, notes were sent to the men they assumed responsible for their arrest and incarceration. These men included Ed Kinney, acting postmaster, John Wells, postmaster, Will Dickens, constable and J. K. Manners, Justice of the Peace at Old Burlington. The notes demanded payment of \$300 to cover the men's attorney fees and reimburse them for their trouble.<sup>15</sup> A deadline of March 1, 1870 was specified, but little attention was paid to these notes.<sup>16</sup>

On February 22, 1870, John Wells and Ed Kinney left Old Burlington early in the morning for the Little Thompson region northwest of town. A colt belonging to Kinney had strayed up there, and they drove a light wagon pulled by a team of horses to retrieve the colt. A Washington's Birthday celebration was on tap for Old Burlington that night, and they didn't want to miss out on that. In the afternoon, as they approached town from the north, Wells was driving the team and Kinney was seated in the rear of the wagon, legs dangling out the back, leading the colt by a halter. About a mile or so from home, on what is now Longmont's Main street, they were accosted by Will DuBois on horseback. He was an excellent rider, had a fine buckskin pony and was an expert with a gun. He first ordered Wells to halt the team; then asked him what he proposed to do about the money he and his

buddies had demanded. Wells replied that "he would think it over," so DuBois turned to Kinney. Just what happened next is not clear. Some say Kinney was shot without warning; others say he started to draw his gun and was beaten to the draw by DuBois. Anyway, the first shot took effect in Kinney, scaring the colt, which reared back, pulling Kinney out into the road. DuBois shot Kinney four times after that, and left him to die in the road. In the meantime, Wells whipped the team and started south. He was soon overtaken by DuBois, who ordered him to return and take care of Kinney. Wells was told by DuBois: "I'll let you go this time, but g-d d-n you, I'll get you next time!"<sup>17</sup>

Will DuBois immediately headed southwest for home. Wells returned for Kinney's body and hurried on to Old Burlington. On his way home, DuBois met a friend who inquired about his haste, to whom he replied that he had left Ed Kinney back a short distance in the road and that he was very sick. That was an unforgettable day in Old Burlington. Just as soon as Wells arrived and told his story, Will Dickens, the town constable, gathered together a posse to get Will DuBois. A messenger was dispatched to Boulder to get the sheriff. Sheriff Howell, being away on business at Whitney, his deputy, Robinson, organized a posse to join the manhunt.<sup>18</sup>

That afternoon the posse from Old Burlington left for the DuBois home on Left Hand Creek, reaching there sometime after dark. They immediately surrounded the home and settled down to wait for daylight before attempting to get their man.<sup>19</sup>

Rueben H. Coffin, who probably knew young DuBois better than any other man in the posse, volunteered to approach the home as soon as daylight came, to see if he could talk DuBois into surrendering peacefully. As he approached the cabin he whistled to attract DuBois' attention and called him by name. DuBois inquired as to who

was coming, Coffin gave his name, stating that he wanted to have a talk with him. When he got within a couple of rods of the house, DuBois shouted: "Coffin, you needn't come any closer." Coffin replied: "Will, I haven't a thing, not even a jackknife." "Alright, you can come up then." Coffin then went right up to the house and tried to reason with the hunted man, telling him that there were at least 20 guns pointed at the house, and that the best thing he could do was to surrender peacefully. He also promised him he would do his best to see that he got a fair and impartial trial. But his efforts were to no avail. DuBois insisted that he would not surrender, and added: "G-d d-n them, I've got death for a few of them!" He had a rifle and two revolvers. He then added: "I will never surrender; if I could get away from here, I would leave the country and you'd never see me again."<sup>20</sup>

During this interview it was getting somewhat lighter, enough so that DuBois could see the party was moving in a little closer. He said: "Rube, you had better get back to your friends; they are getting too close. I've got death for a few of them." Then he called to his brother: "George, bring out that horse!" He still had his buckskin pony saddled and all ready to go, tied in a back room of the cabin. As Rueben Coffin turned to leave, DuBois said: "Rube, I would like to shake hands with you." As the two shook hands, Coffin noted that DuBois held a revolver in his left hand, probably surmising that Coffin might attempt to hold on when they shook hands.<sup>21</sup>

As Rueben Coffin returned to the posse, the man who held his Henry rifle came running up and handed out the gun. "No, I can't shoot, I just shook hands with him!" Coffin said. A few minutes later DuBois, riding his pony, made a break through the lines. He did get away, but in doing so, was shot through the foot. The ball went through the arch of his foot and into his horse, wounding it slightly in the shoulder. This surprise

move took many in the posse off-guard, and by the time they had reached their horses, DuBois had gained a head start on them. The hunted man headed northwest towards Left Hand Canon, the posse hot on his trail. But that was the last any of them saw him that day. He knew the country like a book, and even with his horse bleeding from the wound, he easily gave them the slip. All that day the hunt went on, but DuBois was not to be found. Finally the posse gave up the chase and headed back east for Old Burlington to get supplies and fresh horses.<sup>22</sup>

Late that evening DuBois came back down out of the canon, his wounded foot paining him no end. He thought it best not to go back to his own home, but headed for the Jimisons, friends of the family, who farmed about a mile due east of Table Mountain (shown on Geological Survey maps as "Table Mesa"). Mrs. Jimison kindly dressed his foot and put him up for the night. The hired man, with whom DuBois slept that night, slipped out in the early morning hours and aroused neighbors, who quickly formed a second posse to try to take him. This party got within sight of the Jimison home before DuBois saw them approaching. He quickly mounted his horse and headed for the opening at the north end of Table Mountain leading to Left Hand Canon. But this party soon headed him off, so he turned back and took the main road east towards Old Burlington. The supposition is that he realized then that he couldn't get away, so decided to go to Burlington and kill as many as he could before being taken himself.<sup>23</sup>

Before leaving the Jimisons, DuBois spotted Mr. Jimison's rifle hanging on the wall. He told Mrs. Jimison that he wanted the gun, but she refused to let him have it. As he left, he took it anyway. By this time, Bill Dickens and his party had again started out from Old Burlington. When they reached what is today known as the Nelson Corner, someone shouted: "There comes Bill Du-

Bois!" He was seen coming towards them. The men deployed across the road and called on DuBois to surrender. Instead, he bravely rode up to within 50 or 75 yards of the men, dismounted, dropped on one knee and took his first shot at Bill Dickens. Will DuBois was a crack shot and all that saved Dickens right there was the fact that the sights on Jimison's rifle were set for a long shot. Jimison had only recently been on an antelope hunt, his sights had been set for long shots, and were apparently left in that position. The ball passed through Bill Dickens' hat, too close for comfort. The moment DuBois took his shot at Dickens, he jumped to his feet and started to get on his horse. Just then a shot got him under the arm. He turned, threw himself on his face on the ground, drew both revolvers and went to shooting. But the fight was soon over, DuBois being mortally wounded in a matter of a few seconds. As he quit shooting, one of the posse shouted: "For God's sake, stop shooting, you have him all shot to pieces now!" When the party drew up within a rod or two of the man, DuBois raised his hand and took a blind shot with one revolver. He was prevented from shooting more by one of the party shooting him through the head.<sup>24</sup>

Will DuBois' body was taken back to Old Burlington where a coffin was made. Later the body was buried on the DuBois farm on the banks of Left Hand Creek, beside that of his mother.<sup>25</sup>

#### FOOTNOTES

<sup>1</sup>"Will DuBois' father, Ebenezer Collins DuBois, was born in 1808 in Canada; his mother, Sarah Ann, in Virginia, in 1818. They were married about 1832. Their first child, Agnes, born in 1836, died at the age of four. Ebenezer was a molder by trade and came to Lake County, Ohio, in the 1830's to work in one of the many iron foundries in northeastern Ohio. William DuBois was born there in 1838, Thomas S. in 1840, James E. in 1843 and Mary Catherine, in 1845. Later, the family moved to LaPorte County, Indiana, where Sarah Ann was born in 1847, Samuel George in 1850, and Horace Singer in 1851. Their next move was to Marshall County, in central Iowa, where John H. was born in 1855, Charles in 1856 and Oren Edward in 1857. Ebenezer sold his farm there in April, 1859, and he and the family left shortly thereafter for California. It is not known just when or where the family joined the big wagon train, also headed for California." From the letters of Mrs. B. A. Vecchiarelli, Mountain View, Calif., whose grandfather, Ernest Ed-

*continued on page 20*

# GUNS *That Helped Win The West*

## OVER AND UNDER DERRINGER

Captain John G. Bourke, writing in 1891 of his experiences with General George Crook, Civil War hero and conqueror of the infamous Apache Geronimo, mentions one peace officer in Arizona who was described as carrying eleven little guns concealed at various points about his person. Bourke says, "He drew them from the arm holes of his waistcoat, from his boot tops, from his hip pockets, from the back of his neck, and there they were, eleven lethal weapons, mostly small derringers, along with one knife." To the casual observer this walking arsenal was apparently unarmed.

For those who felt a need for a firearm but yet did not wish to be conspicuous about carrying one, there was an ample supply of unlimited models in varying calibers. Colt produced a variety of caplock pistols with a revolving cylinder, such as the Paterson and Hartford models. He was followed by E. Remington & Sons at Ilion, New York. Their Rider patent and Beals' patent pistols were made in great quantities. Remington, like Colt, eventually went from the manufacture of caplock pistols to conversions from caplock to metallic cartridges, and then to specially designed cartridge derringers and multishot cartridge pistols.

The first of the breech-loading small pistols of heavy caliber was the Moore, which had a .41 caliber barrel that turned down to eject and load. This was first advertised in 1864. Colt soon bought out Moore's National Arms Company and marketed the pistol under the Colt name in 1870.

The four-barreled Sharps became a popular pocket weapon in the early 1860's. These were small calibers, .22 and .30, and the four barrels were fired in turn by a revolving firing pin which struck the rim-fire cartridges one at a time.

The little gun that really established itself as the deadly pocket weapon of the era, the one known as the "river-boat gambler's favorite," was the .41 double over-under derringer made by Remington. This tiny gun, with its two three-inch barrels, placed one over the other, was a powerful package. Its flat shape and blunt barrel as well as its size made it ideal for concealment in a vest or coat pocket and its twin tubes fired as quickly as the hammer could be cocked and trigger pulled. This small pistol became the model for more powerful pocket weapons until the automatic pocket pistol appeared in the early 1900's. Remington continued its manufacture until 1935, making over 150,000 of them. Today they still are available in a .22 caliber, with minor changes, manufactured in Germany.

PM Robert B. Cormack

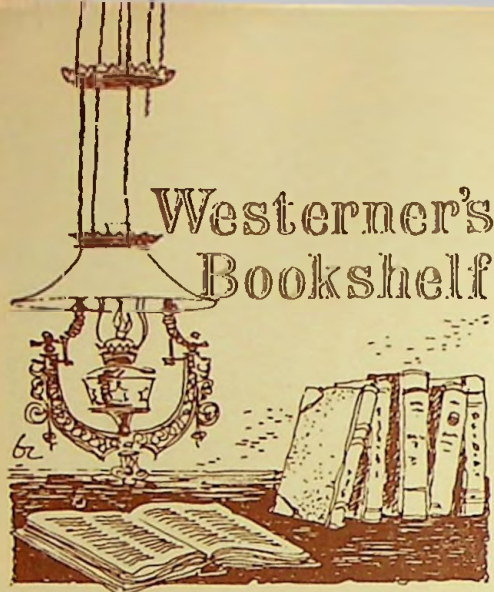


Remington .41 cal "over and under" derringer



yer

Bob Cermack '63



## Westerner's Bookshelf

**MANUEL LISA, AND THE OPENING OF THE MISSOURI FUR TRADE**, by Richard Edward Oglesby. Univ. of Okla. Press, Norman, Okla. 245 pp. \$5.

Most writers see the beginning of the fur trade of the American West in the highly publicized and relatively successful voyages of William Ashley and they follow with the exploits of Jim Bridger, Jed Smith, Thomas Fitzpatrick and others, overlooking that earlier era and the men who started it all, such as Manuel Lisa, John Colter, and Edward Rose, an era which really ushered in the fur trade.

Born of Spanish parents in New Orleans on September 8, 1772, Lisa came to St. Louis in the 1790's. Before the end of the century he was well established in the fur trade and secured from the Spanish government about 1800 the exclusive trade with the Osage Indians at Fort Osage.

Manuel Lisa was the first trader to ascend the Missouri River, going up that stream for the first time in 1807; he was the founder of several Missouri Fur Companies; he and his partners, including Auguste and Pierre Chouteau, Pierre Chouteau, Jr., Sylvestre Labbadie and William Clark, practically dominated the trade from 1807 to 1820; Lisa was an Indian Agent during the war of 1812 and retained the friendship of the Indians despite British efforts to win them over to their side; he was the opponent of Wilson Price Hunt in a fantastic keel boat race up the Missouri and practically set the stage for later fur traders and trappers.

Lisa's relations with the Indians were always friendly; he helped them to make the transition from a primitive, nomadic existence to a more sedentary one. He

helped them preserve their lands and kept white poachers from their hunting grounds.

Several attempts were also made by Lisa to open up the Santa Fe trade, but his main interest was always the Upper Missouri and the Northern Rocky Mountains.

Manuel Lisa was a man of boundless strength, energy and business acumen, but in the face of overwhelming adversity and business crises he never achieved the success or attained the wealth to which he was entitled and he died on August 12, 1820, a comparatively poor man. For his great contribution to the fur trade and to the opening of the West he should be better known and remembered.

The author has written a serious and scholarly work on Lisa, which is well documented and authenticated. The appendices include a typical fur hunter's contract; a standard Indian treaty; the articles of agreement of the St. Louis Missouri Fur Co., 1809; and the articles of agreement, Missouri Fur Co., 1812—interesting and enlightening documents for those interested in this period of the early American West.

Armand W. Reeder, PM

**BRAVE WARRIORS**, by Norman B. Wiltsey. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1963. 379 pp., 39 photo illus. \$6.50.

Each of the seven chapters of this volume covers the history of a Western Indian tribe: Nez Perce, Cheyenne, Modoc, Apache, Crow, Comanche, Sioux. These originally appeared as a serial in *True West* magazine, the first in the fall of 1953. The following year, their author, a New Yorker, moved to Austin, Texas, to become research editor of this publication, whose first issue carried the slogan: "All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West," and the editor's declaration of intention "to publish an HONEST magazine on the West as it *really* was and *is* . . . for people who want the facts along with their entertainment." The articles met with warm reader response, and have now been collected in book form by the Caxton Printers. The late Walter Prescott Webb, who was the competent consultant for the magazine in which these first appeared, predicted that its issues would become of great historical value.

Mr. Wiltsey, now a free-lance writer living in California, has covered considerable ground in each chapter, and, in his own words, sought authenticity of action and



background. Because of its original formation, the series lacks, perhaps, the sweep that might be achieved by the overall conception and contemplation involved in the actual writing of a book. However, each tribal story is comprehensive, fast moving, and very readable. The author has a deeply rooted interest in his subject, and he writes with enthusiasm. The thirty-nine photographs, most of which are reproduced through the courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution, are pertinent and well chosen.

Scott Broome, PM

**THE CHEROKEES, by Grace Steele Woodward. Univ. of Okla. Press, Norman, Okla. \$5.95.**

This is Volume 65 in the University of Oklahoma Press series on Civilization of the American Indian. Inasmuch as the Cherokees are regarded as the most advanced of all U.S. Indian tribes, their story fits the University's series admirably.

The civilization of the Cherokees began with the Spanish landing on the southeast coasts in the 16th century. There were, later—after much war—treaties with Britain and the American Republic.

The tragedy of enforced removal to what now is Oklahoma began in 1838. In Oklahoma, misfortune plagued the Cherokees for many decades.

Today, however, the Cherokees comprise more than 50,000 in Oklahoma alone. They have furnished many illustrious names to the U.S. heritage. (Will Rogers would be enough by himself) and they intermarried to a great extent with the European strains of modern America.

Lee Olson, CM

**THE SOUTHERN CHEYENNES, by Donald J. Berthong. 8vo, 446 pp., illus., extensive bibliography, index. Univ. of Okla. Press, Norman, Okla., 1963. \$5.95.**

This, Volume 66 of the Civilization of the American Indian series, is another of the fine works being produced by the University of Oklahoma press, and shows a great amount of research on the part of the author, associate professor of history in the University of Oklahoma.

The book complements "The Fighting Cheyennes," by George B. Grinnell, published 1915 and re-issued 1962, and adds a great deal of unpublished information. One chapter is devoted to the controversial "Sand Creek Massacre," and three follow-

ing chapters tell much of the revenge inflicted upon the white settlers and soldiers in retaliation.

The concluding chapters relate in detail the depredations of the Cheyennes and their allies; the trouble caused by whiskey runners and corrupt Indian agents, the Government investigations and the final surrender of the Indians when they were forced by hunger and harassment by the Army to abandon their long held ideas of supremacy over the whites.

The map of Bent's Old Fort on page 95 is somewhat of a poser, with the directional arrow pointing to the bottom of the page yet indicating North, contrary to most interpretations of direction on maps. The general opinion of all who knew the fort state the main gate was on the east and the horse corrals on the west, with bastions or towers on the south-east and north-west corners.

Carl F. Mathews, PM

(More Book Reviews on Page 22)

## FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

PM Jack Guinn, DENVER POST columnist, in one of his recent columns, had this to say about several of our other Possemen: "Some local historians were having a discussion the other day about what the oldtimers preferred when it came time for the cocktail hour and it was generally agreed that the pioneers would drink whatever was available. That just goes to show you that nothing in the west ever changes very much.

"However, Novelist *Forbes Parkhill* said he had it on good authority that a majority of oldtimers, offered a choice, would take straight whisky. He said he got this information from the late Billy Thompson, who tended bar around Denver for a long time, 10 years of it at the Brown Palace.

"Attorney *Fred Mazzulla* spent 15 years or so trying to prove that Mr. Thompson was the younger brother of Ben Thompson, Texas gambler, gunfighter and peace officer of some note. Mr. Thompson had the right name, presumably showed up in Colorado about the time Ben's brother disappeared after some spectacular affray, and even had a large scar in the same place the outlaw once got popped with buckshot.

"However, much to Mr. Mazzulla's dis-

may, Mr. Thompson would never admit anything.

"Anyway, Mr. Parkhill said Mr. Thompson told him that even though most of the old boys liked their whisky raw, a great number liked it mixed in some fancy manner. He also told Mr. Parkhill that the only possible way to mix any drink right was to add to it one drop of rum.

"That might even enliven today's martini, but Mr. Mazzulla speculated that some other concoctions of the wild west wouldn't be as easy to work out these days. He said he had in mind the Swiss-S, a cocktail favored by Laura Evans, the grand old lady of the parlor house circuit, and her recipe for adding zest to this refreshment.

"A Swiss-S, as he remembers reading the formula, was liquid dynamite made with whisky, absinthe and a touch of soda.

"Madame Evans gave it new life by pouring in a little laudanum."

CM *Louisa Arps* and CM *Robert L. Brown* recently were listed among the speakers in the Denver Public Library's "Colorful Colorado" program series. This series has been held at the Main Library for many years for tourists and Denver residents. The programs held on Thursdays at 12:15 p.m. from June 6 through July 25 were attended by many local Westerners. Mrs. Betty-Jo Rule, public relations officer for the Public Library of the City and County of Denver sent us a program and invitation for the series, however it arrived too late to be included in the ROUNDUP. CM *Louisa Arps* spoke on "Front Range Panorama," and CM *Robert L. Brown* spoke on "Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns."

PM *Charles B. Roth*, our sympathy to you on the recent loss of your daughter Mary Grace Wheeler.

PM *Art Carhart* had a fine piece in THE FORD TIMES magazine. It was a 3-peak auto excursion from Denver which took the motorist to Mt. Evans, Longs Peak and Pikes Peak—all over 14,000 feet and all sentinels visible from Denver.

PM *Thomas Hornsby Ferril*, Denver poet, was among the 31 leading American poets to be commissioned to create a poem for the Steuben Glass Co.'s "Poetry in Crystal." His poem, "Horn of Flowers" was interpreted in glass and then published in book form with the glass masterpiece it interprets.

CM *Ed Murray* writes us from Texas stating that he's really moving around. He

writes, ". . . this topographic mapping I'm in keeps us 'gypsying' around right now . . . Francis Rizzari (PM) can tell you about it!" He sends his regards to all his Denver Posse friends . . . and more especially to CM "Mac" Poor.

CM *Edith Stuart Jackson*, Columbus, Ohio, writes, "The latest BRAND BOOK, and the accumulative index, as well as the ROUNDUPS have all been of great merit and stimulation to the reader, especially one who is knee-deep in the researches of the Teller County History, which is my project. Every now and then I come up for air long enough to feel guilty that I have not prepared and submitted for consideration of the ROUNDUP some fact of my work, just to show my good will and interest, but the time I have to devote to it at present seems better spread on the actual coordination of research materials for my use, and depth in attack on some new subjects dealing with the life in great Cripple Creek, Victor and other towns of Teller County. I hope to have another research bout this summer since it has been nearly two years since the last one, and I have a lot of details I wish to work on. My spring board into this sea of history has been the journalistic history of the area, and the study of the newspapers of Colorado which have special contributions for my aim of recovering the real history, as separated from the myths. From that I have gone into detailed history of the various towns, their social institutions, political history, and so on. The mines and mills, transportation, communication, as well as the pre-history of the region, pioneer settlers, fur trappers and so on are other parts of the studies. I have been particularly interested in the past several years in the theater and amusement history and the military history and have spent most of my time working out those subjects. I enjoyed the article on the great fires of Cripple Creek and the maps sent round in one of the publications. I can say that I verify the carefulness of the author's research."

CM *Frank O. Kelley*, Topeka, Kansas, writes, "I have been a CM of the Denver (Posse) Westerners for many years and find the ROUNDUP very interesting. I am a long-time employee of the Union Pacific railroad and particular items of RR interest as the story of Como and King Park are enjoyed. I rode over the old South Park line through Como a number of times, and rode the passenger train through there on

April 1, 1937 just before the line closed its operation."

CM Al Sherlock has added a mountain lion to the many trophies he has bagged down through the years. Sherlock selected a spot in Globe, Arizona, known as the "Zane Grey Country" for his latest kill. Sherlock, a Denver attorney, set out with a licensed guide and a pack of seven hunting dogs to stalk his prey. The day before, the lion had slain a Hereford calf. Next day, bright and early, one of the hounds managed to tree the lion, which climbed to the top branches. Sherlock fired and the lion came tumbling to the ground in a dead heap. Al again in the news where he participated in the rattlesnake roundup sponsored by the Okcene, Oklahoma, Chamber of Commerce. CM Virginia Lee Wilcox was given a fine review on the COMPREHENSIVE INDEX TO WESTERNERS' BRAND BOOKS in a recent issue of CORRAL DUST. The review: "Virginia Lee Wilcox's COMPREHENSIVE INDEX TO WESTERNERS' BRAND BOOKS, 1944-1961 (Denver Westerners, 414 Denver Theater Bldg., Denver 2, \$2) is a valuable book of reference. It contains both a subject and an author index to various publications of THE WESTERNERS. Each posse or corral of THE WESTERNERS is entirely independent of all others—there is no national or federating central organization. Miss Wilcox's index covers the periodicals of the Chicago, English, Kansas City, New York, Potomac (Washington, D.C.), Spokane, Stockton (California), Tucson, and Wyoming Westerners; the seventeen annual bound volumes of the Denver Posse and the nine bound volumes of the Los Angeles Corral that have appeared irregularly, 1947-1961. The index does not cover the periodicals of the Swedish and German Westerners, nor the monthly publication, *The Monthly Roundup* of the Denver Posse nor *The Branding Iron*, the occasional publication of the Los Angeles Corral. Also omitted are: *Great Western Indian Fights* (New York, 1960), the first volume of the *Great Western* series of the Potomac Corral and *Landmarks on the Oregon Trail* (New York, 1953), published by the New York Westerners. Despite these omissions, this is a mighty good start and worth the money."

CM Ralph C. Taylor recently announced his retirement as news director of THE PUEBLO STAR-JOURNAL and the PUEBLO CHIEFTAIN after 42 years in

Pueblo with the two newspapers. His voluntary retirement at 59 is because "We want to do some traveling and pursue some interests we have while we are young enough to enjoy them." Taylor has authored a book titled "Colorado, South of the Border," which will be issued this summer. It is the culmination of his great interest in Colorado history for many years. Taylor has written the "Colorful Colorado" weekly column in THE PUEBLO STAR-JOURNAL and SUNDAY CHIEFTAIN since September, 1947. This column will be continued as usual. His search for the stories behind many of the historical events of the state led him into fields of interesting personal events in history which have made him an outstanding authority on Colorado's development. He is vice president of the State Historical Society of Colorado.

PM Erl Ellis, now making his home in Denver after residing in Idaho Springs, Colorado for many years. He and Scotty are living at 1955 Albion St., Denver 20, Colo.

PM Thomas Hornsby Ferril again in the news . . . written up as the featured speaker at the annual meeting of the Denver Bar Association.

CM Dr. Horace E. Campbell, Denver, was named recently as the winner of the MEDICAL TRIBUNE'S 1963 Auto Safety Award. Dr. Campbell, former police surgeon, considers himself a perpetual "needler" of auto manufacturers to persuade them to build cars that will "package" the passengers safely.

CM Lyle G. McCann writes, "in reference to a 'tradin' post' in a recent issue of ROUNDUP, I think it is a good idea. I have nothing I would want to trade but I would be interested in buying the first twenty issues of "Live West" magazine . . . provided of course the price is reasonable." (Ed's note—we wonder if CM McCann means "True West" magazine?)

CM Anders Erik Schlyter writes us from Sweden saying, "I have been around Europe for the last year but still get the very nice and interesting ROUNDUP sent to me from my parents from my old address. I am working for an American company today, the Sweda Co., which is a subsidiary of the Litton Industries of U.S.A. I hope that I may be able to study the west better now, as I am not moving around so much."

# NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

We welcome these new Corresponding Members to the Denver Posse of the Westerners . . .

Abbreviations used on membership designations:

CM—Corresponding Member

PM—Posse Member

RM—Reserve Member

**Allan Clevenger**, 3183 S. Gaylord, Englewood, Colo., is editor-publisher of *The Daily Journal*. He was a merchant seaman in World War II, was editor of *The American Horologist & Jeweler*, a monthly, national magazine. Mr. Clevenger has been a staff writer and in advertising sales of magazines and newspapers in California and Colorado. He is proprietor of the Cottonwood Press, a private press. He is interested in early day newspapers and publishers. Allan became interested in the Denver Posse through his friendship with George Eichler and Bob Cormack.

**Forest Crossen**, 2002 Spruce St., Boulder, Colo., is a writer and lecturer. He has published "The Switzerland Trail of America," and scores of magazine articles and newspaper feature stories. At one time, Mr. Crossen was a telegraph operator at Corona on the Moffat (D&SL) Railroad. He was also a Montana rancher. Hobbies: steam engines, photography and railroads. He is particularly interested in the early fur trade, Missouri River steamboating, mountain railroads and "people." He became a Denver Posse corresponding member through the efforts of Fred Rosenstock and Bryant McFadden.

**William D. Hill**, 1331 Downing St., Denver 18, Colo., Apt. 106 is a member of the U.S. Army assigned to Army intelligence. He is a collector of books pertaining to outlawry and law enforcement in the West and is an avid reader of general western history. PM Don Black presented Mr. Hill's application for corresponding membership.

**Henry Gentsch Jr.**, 3667 S. Acoma St., Englewood, Colo., is an artist-woodcarver, a hand craftsman specializing in western subject matter. He has been creating, for many years, a series of dioramas (wood carvings to scale in a three dimensional setting) each depicting in detail a phase of the Colorado story. He is particularly interested in early Colorado history, diaries, photos, etc. He became interested in the Westerners through CM Lorn Wallace.

**R. H. Luckenbach**, 1155 Ash St., Denver 20, Colo., is resident manager of Parkway Towers Apts. He is very interested in early Colorado history. He renewed his corresponding membership in the Denver Posse after having dropped out for a short while.

**Rev. Declan Madden**, 1060 11th St., Denver 4, Colo., is a member of the clergy. Hobbies: western history, stamps and covers. He is very interested in all phases of western Americana. He became interested in the Denver Posse through CM Daniel A. Stone.

**Charles E. Mitton**, 2157 S. Clayton, Denver 10, Colo., is owner of Finance Insurance Agency and Mountain Finance Co. Mr. Mitton is interested in western history . . . is a native of Colorado. His father was a builder of early Colorado railroads and highways. He became a Westerner through the efforts of CM George Godfrey.

**Herbert W. O'Hanlon**, 65 Del Mar Circle, Aurora, Colo., is an English teacher in the Aurora Central High School. He has had various articles published in train hobby magazines. Hobbies: railroads, railroad relics, rocks, ghost towns. His special interest in history is that of railroads, ghost towns, etc.

**Lester R. Rein**, 23 S. Downing St., Apt. 235, Denver 9, Colo., is semi-retired. "Working as an investor for Mrs. Rein and myself." He was formerly parts and service manager for Clinton & Held and Held & McCoy Co. He was vice president and director of Knights of Ye Round Table. Hobbies: golf, walking in the mountains. He is interested in the history of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Wyoming. He became a member of the Denver Posse of Westerners through his good friend, PM Andrew Dyatt.

**Martin Rist**, 2301 S. Josephine, Denver 10, Colo., is professor of New Testament and Christian History at The Iliff School of Theology, he is also Librarian of this institution. As a teacher he has supervised the writing of many theses on history of religious bodies in Colorado. He wrote "History of Religion in Colorado" in LeRoy Hafens' COLORADO AND ITS PEOPLE, "Christian Beginnings in Colorado," in the 1957 BRAND BOOK, "Methodism Goes West" in the three volume HISTORY OF AMERICAN METHODISM, to be published by Abingdon in January, 1964. He is currently working on a sketch of the first Denver baker, Henry Reitze. Martin Rist is president of the Rocky Mountain Methodist Conference Historical Society. He has a Ph.D. degree from the University of Chicago. Dr. Rist tells us, "it is not a hobby, my chief interest is in the study of the New Testament and early Christian history." He is also interested in the history of religious bodies of this region. He became a member of the Denver Posse as a result of his associations with PMs Harold Dunham and Numa James.

**Harold T. Seely**, 1118 E. Yampa St., Colorado Springs, Colo., is a retired civil engineer. He was an engineer in the Soil Conservation Service, Air Defense Command, is a Colorado registered engineer, a fellow of the American Society of Civil Engineers. He is past president of the Colorado Society branch. Hobbies: member of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, collects books and pictures of Colorado railroads and steam locomotives. His special interest is in Colorado railroads, Pikes Peak region and Colorado history. He became interested in the Westerners through the friends he has in the Historical Society of Pikes Peak Region, El Paso Pioneer Association, PM Ray G. Colwell, PM Carl Mathews and PM John J. Lipsey.

**Carl Soderberg**, 1434 Tamarac, Denver 20, Colo., is a camera shop manager. His hobby is photography and his main interest is in mining and railroad camps of Colorado.

**Everly N. Berry**, Wauneta, Nebraska, is co-owner of a retail drug store and was formerly a bacteriologist with U.S. Army. He has had several articles published in TRAIL & TIMBERLINE, the publication of the Colorado Mountain Club. He has been relatively active in this organization for the past ten years, is also a member of the Colorado Historical Society. He is interested in southwest Nebraska history and the complete history of the mountain valleys of the high country of Colorado . . . anything and everything about Otto Mears. He became interested in the Denver Posse through Westerners who are also members of the Colorado Mountain Club

and from the publications of the Posse. He has all of the BRAND BOOKS published to date.

**Clark H. Fuller**, Route 1, Box 172, Sidney, Nebr., is a retired farmer-rancher, is president of the Cheyenne County Historical Association. He is presently engaged in raising money to buy and restore Ft. Sidney. Mr. Fuller has been writing historical stories for the SIDNEY TELEGRAPH. He is a past district governor of Rotary, district 563 and past president of Sidney Rotary Club. Hobby, color photography. He is interested in Indian wars, the building of the Union Pacific railroad, the early open range history. He became interested in the Westerners through CMs Otto Unfug and Dr. P. M. Rogers.

**Keith Munro Gibson**, 206 Briarhill Drive, Port Credit, Ontario, Canada, is a lawyer in a large legal firm specializing in casualty litigation. He is active in bar associations and their activities, local historical groups, boys' athletics and church work. Hobbies: model railroading, photography, civil war, western Americana and local history. He is particularly interested in railroading and ghost towns and became a corresponding member of the Westerners through the efforts of PM Don Black.

**W. D. "Dick" Grisso**, 1515 Glenwood, Oklahoma City 16, Okla., is a corporation executive, president of producing oil company, Van-Grisso Oil Co. He had recently published by the Stagecoach Press of Santa Fe, "From Where the Sun Now Stands" Mr. Grisso is listed in Who's Who and recently completed eight years of service as a regent of the University of Oklahoma. Hobbies: reading history, trout fishing. He is interested in all phases of the history of the Southwest and west from the time of Coronado up to the present.

**Don Harly**, P.O. Box 111, Canon City, Colo., is publisher of the CANON CITY DAILY RECORD. He is interested in the history of old towns and newspapers. Don became interested in the Westerners through Tally Man Bill Brenneman.

**Frank S. Johnson**, 335 Teller St., Salida, Colo., is a restaurant owner and is interested in the early days of the west and Colorado. He became a member of the Denver Posse as a CM through the efforts of CM Betty Wallace.

**Michael Straight**, 6300 Green Spring Road, Alexandria, Virginia, a writer who has had published, "Carrington," "A Very Small Remnant." Mr. Straight is interested in Colorado history and became a member of the Westerners through the efforts of Sheriff Robert Perkin.

**George M. Zigich**, 1528 Cedar St., Pueblo, Colo., is a letter carrier at the Pueblo Postoffice of Uncle Sam. He is interested in western Americana and became a member of the Denver Posse through the efforts of CM Edward H. O'Brien.

**Eugene J. Rakosnik**, 4461 S. Elati, Englewood, Colo., is a bookstore owner and manager. Hobbies: coin and stamp collecting, sports. He is interested in early mining, cattle ranching and the development of the west. PM Fred A. Rosenstock is Mr. Rakosnik's sponsor.

**Isabel Donovan Blair (Mrs. William P.)**, P.O. Box 272, Sterling, Colo., is a housewife. She is interested in all phases of Colorado history and became a member of the Westerners through the knowledge of the group she received from the Lagan County Historical Society.

**John Dunkel**, 2600 Creston Drive, Hollywood 28, Calif., is a TV writer. He has written for Gunsmoke, Rawhide, Wyatt Earp, Broken Arrow, Wagon Train, "et al," (he writes). He has had numerous short stories published, he won the Cowboy Hall of Fame award for the "Best TV Western Fiction" in 1960, 1961, also several Writers Guild nominations, mostly for westerns. He is interested in the southwest especially in the Tucson area. He became a member of the Denver Posse having heard about it through

the Los Angeles Corral. He is a CM of Los Angeles and Tucson.

**Gordon Martin**, 316 Hillside Drive, Topeka, Kansas, is editor of the editorial page of the TOPEKA CAPITAL-JOURNAL. He has had 34 years of news stories, features and editorials as well as signed columns. He is a former editor of the SANTA FE NEW MEXICAN, and was a political writer for the ALBUQUERQUE JOURNAL. Hobbies: collecting western books, keeping and expanding his Leica slide file of Colorado and New Mexico, whose history also interests him. PM John J. Lipsey interested him in becoming a member of the Denver Posse.

**Richard J. O'Connor**, 1951 Yank Court, Golden, Colo., is regional manager of Sabena Belgian World Airlines. He is interested in Remington, Russell and Custer. He became interested in the Westerners through A. J. Bromfield, PM.

**Robert K. Brown, M.D.**, 1624 Gilpin St., Denver 18, Colo., is a surgeon whose private practice is limited to chest surgery. He has miscellaneous papers on medical subjects published in the JOURNAL OF THORACIC SURGERY, ANNALS OF SURGERY, etc. He is interested in early days of medicine and physicians in Colorado. He became interested in becoming a corresponding member through the BRAND BOOKS of the organization.

**W. D. Hallister**, 1755 High St., Denver 18, Colo., is retired. He has had published various papers on the use of asphaltic oils in the construction and maintenance of roads. He was a vice president of the Englewood State Bank of Chicago, was with the Continental Oil Co for many years and at one time was vice president of the United Oil Co., a Conoco subsidiary. Hobbies: Indian artifacts, book collecting (especially early writings of Mark Twain), 19th century U.S. postage and revenue stamps, private printing and book binding, drawing and painting. He is especially interested in literature on New Mexico and the west in general. He became a Westerner through the friendships of PMs Charles B. Roth and Fred Rosenstock. He owns a complete set of the annual BRAND BOOKS of the Denver Posse.

**Harry A. Fowler**, 818 17th St., Room 438, Denver 2, Colorado, is a sporting events and ice show promoter. He is interested in anything western and became a CM through the efforts of PM Numa James.

**Brent J. Lovell**, 4201 Mackay Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah 84119, is director of marketing and sales activity for the Eberhard Faber Pen and Pencil Co. in Utah, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. Prior to this, he spent 5 years with Prentice-Hall, Inc., publishers, as a college division fieldman. He has been interviewing old time miners for the past 4 years attempting to acquire recorded events and happenings that can be tied into basic research using journals and other reliable sources. He hopes someday to put this material into a manuscript format for publishing. Hobbies: reading all phases of western history, the history of cattle and cattlemen of the Rockies. He is interested in mining history, particularly in the Great Basin where it has been overshadowed by Mormon history. He became interested in the Westerners through CM J. L. Gillispie of Sheridan, Wyoming.

#### Membership Address Changes:

**CM Vincil S. Lester**  
85 Sierra Ave.  
Alamosa, Colo.

**CM L. S. Ballard**  
Twin Lakes, Colo.

**CM Joseph Butterfield, M.D.**  
2198 S. Jackson St.  
Denver 10, Colo.

- CM George E. Fullerton  
811 Milford St.  
Glendale 3, Calif.
- CM Velma Linford  
Apt B 1008 River House  
1111 Army Navy Dr.  
Arlington, Va.
- CM Elliot W. Weger  
1925 Glencoe St  
Denver 20, Colo.
- CM Edith Saline  
402 Pleasant St.  
Colorado Springs, Colo.
- FM Robert B. Cormack  
1166 S Williams St  
Denver 10, Colo.
- PM Arthur Zeuch  
2455 University Heights Ave.  
Boulder, Colo.
- CM Caburn Library  
Periodicals Librarian  
Charles Learning Tut Library  
Colorado College  
Colorado Springs, Colo.
- CM Glen H. Hayward  
Rt. 2  
Evergreen, Colo.
- CM Dr. George J. Collings  
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Portland, Oregon
- CM I. A. Larson  
Box 152  
Torrington, Wyo.
- CM Robert K. De Arment  
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- CM James S. Miles, M.D.  
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2164 Balboa Ave.  
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- CM Carl L. Pearson  
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- PM Erl H. Ellis  
1955 Albion St.  
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- CM Kenneth W. Geddes  
Mining Exchange Bldg.  
Colorado Springs, Colo.
- CM Ross Grenard Jr.  
633 Gilpin St  
Denver 18, Colo.
- CM Robert W. Buggeln  
1005 Buckingham Way  
Morrisville, Penna.
- CM Lyle L. Mariner  
Evergreen, Colo.

#### Membership Resignations:

- CM Carl E. Smith  
CM Richard G. Conn  
CM Carey V. Liggett  
CM Herb Glass  
CM Amy Lathrop  
CM George G. Topping  
CM Mrs. Herbert Weston  
CM H. E. Wolf  
CM Floyd E. Merrill  
CM Willard R. Smith

#### Membership Deletions:

- CM George W. Berry  
CM University of Colorado Libraries  
CM Arthur A. Wright (deceased)  
CM Courtney L. Moore (deceased)  
CM Raymond O. Lavery (deceased)  
CM Fred Vaile (deceased)

## GUNPLAY AT OLD BURLINGTON

*continued from page 10*

mund DuBois, was the youngest brother of William C. DuBois.

In the BOULDER CAMERA of September 17, 1932, Forrest Crossen describes at length the DuBois family's trip via wagon train from Marshalltown, Iowa, to Colorado. "As the trip progressed, oxen pulling the three DuBois wagons became 'soft-footed,' and were unable to keep up with the rest of the train. As a result, the carriage carrying Mrs. DuBois and the youngest members of the family was abandoned to the elements and Indians, and the horses that pulled it were used to help pull the heavy wagons of furniture. At one point during the trip an ominous rumble was heard ahead. The wagon master, one A. A. Chaplin, being an old hand at this business, instantly recognized the roar as caused by stampeding buffalo. Immediately, orders were shouted to 'corral.' At this command, the train quickly split into two sections; the lead wagon of one section turning to the left, the lead of the other section, to the right. In a short time the two lines circled out and came together again, forming a tight circle. Quickly the oxen were unhitched and driven to the center of this circle. Each evening this operation was done automatically as the train reached the place chosen in which to spend the night. Lookouts were then set up to guard against Indians and other preparations made to spend the night safely. Luckily for them, the stampeding buffalo passed on by at a safe distance, and in a matter of a couple of hours the wagon train proceeded on its journey."

The accident that killed Thomas S. DuBois graphically illustrates the many perils of a trip through western country at that time, and the utter helplessness in time of serious accident. Mrs. B. A. Vecchiarelli describes in detail the circumstances: "Tom's father, Ebenezer, with older brother, Will, started to leave their camp one morning to hunt for buffalo. As they were leaving, Thomas asked to go along. His father consented, and in the hurry and excitement of removing his gun from a wagon, the weapon accidentally discharged, striking the youth in the upper arm. Will immediately rode back to the last town passed by the wagon train in search of a doctor. Much time was lost before one was located, and consequently it was several hours before the boy had medical attention. On the doctor's advice, the boy's arm was amputated, using a wood saw belonging to his father. But the delay and resultant loss of blood had weakened the youth so much that he died early the next morning."

Horace Greeley, editor of THE NEW YORK CITY TRIBUNE, left that metropolis on May 9, 1859, to see for himself actual conditions in the mining regions of Colorado and California. He arrived in the Colorado country late in June, much the worse for an accident that had befallen him some 200 miles to the east of Denver. After inspecting several mining towns here in Colorado, he left for Fort Laramie, some 200 miles to the north, on June 21, 1859, on his way to California. From Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson's article, Denver Westerners' ROUNDUP, August, 1962.

Mr. Greeley reached the Pilgrim Camp east of Fort Laramie on July 2, 1859, where he made a talk to the travelers assembled there. Although his remarks were reported to be far from complimentary to the Colorado mining business, many of his listeners, probably spurred by plain curiosity, headed south for the Colorado country. Among them, at about this time, was a party containing Morse H. Coffin. Mr. Coffin finally reached Boulder, where he remained until the following year, when he took up land in the region east of present Longmont, and remained to help settle this locality. From Morse Coffin's article, LONGMONT LEDGER, July 12, 1907.

4In an article in the BOULDER CAMERA of

September 17, 1932, Forrest Crossen describes the Indian camp as composed of Chief Left Hand and about 30 members of his tribe. They were probably settled here temporarily for the purpose of hunting and laying in meat supplies to carry them through the approaching winter season.

<sup>1</sup>Records in the Boulder County Assessor's office at Boulder, Colorado, show that Ebenezer C. DuBois patented 160 acres of land in section 19, township 2 north, range 70 west, on September 11, 1869.

<sup>2</sup>Alonzo N. Allen and step-son, William H. Dickens, built in 1859 what is generally believed to be the first log cabin in Old Burlington. It stood on the west side of the road there (now U.S. Highway 287), just south of the St. Vrain River. A granite marker at the side of the road marks the spot. In 1864, Mr. Holladay, of the Overland Stage Company, induced Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Allen to build a hotel at Burlington to serve customers of the stage line. This building was constructed on the east side of the road, about where Johnson's filling station is now. Old Burlington was what is known as a "swing stop" on the stage line—a place where meals were served to passengers, and where fresh horses were kept to replace tired ones. W. H. Dickens also built a 30 by 50 foot barn to house and feed the extra horses kept there. (Lon Allen says this latter building was on the west side of the road, and further south from the hotel.) In the course of time, Mrs. Mary Allen built up an enviable reputation for her excellent meals and warm hospitality. From LONGMONT LEDGER, June 28, 1946.

When Longmont was platted in the spring of 1871, many Old Burlington residents joined the Chicago-Colorado Colony and moved north into the new town. Mrs. Allen's hotel building, among several other structures, was moved to the southeast corner of Third and Emery, Longmont, where it served as the Silver Moon Hotel for many years.

The town of Old Burlington, now long deceased, should not be confused with the present town of Burlington, County Seat of Kit Carson County, in the extreme eastern part of Colorado. The latter town was laid out in 1887. (Author)

<sup>3</sup>Following the murder of William H. Dickens in late November, 1915, many rumors popped up to the effect that he might have been done away with by one of the remaining members of the DuBois family, who lived in the Boulder locality. There were then, still living in Longmont, three members of the posse that shot Will DuBois in 1870. These men: Rueben H. Coffin, Captain George W. Brown and Charles H. Baker, made a lengthy statement refuting this charge and describing in detail many of the events leading up to the shooting of Ed Kinney, and the death of Will DuBois a couple of days later. This important statement is presently on file at the Longmont Museum, Inc., St. Vrain Building, Longmont, Colo. Henceforth in this paper, it will be referred to simply as: "The Coffin Statement."

<sup>4</sup>See Coffin Statement.

<sup>5</sup>Lawyer John H. Wells came to Colorado in 1866 from northern Illinois, after serving a term in the Union Army during the Civil War. He first came to Denver, but soon after moved up to Old Burlington, where he set up his law practice. His fame spread rapidly; in 1867 he was appointed County Judge in Boulder County; in 1869 was appointed postmaster in Old Burlington. Later, in November, 1870, he was elected a representative in the Colorado Territorial Legislature. When Longmont was started in 1871, he, with many others from Old Burlington, pulled up stakes and moved north up the hill to the new town. Judge Wells died in 1923. A daughter, Mrs. Carol Wells-Roberts, graduated from Longmont High School in 1894, and lives today in Southern California.

<sup>6</sup>In the LONGMONT LEDGER, March 12, 1937, Charles H. Baker, at age 90, relates some of his recollections of early days in Old Burlington. Of course, he mentions the DuBois affair of

early 1870, and surmises that part of the hard feeling between Ed Kinney and Will DuBois was probably due to this horse race. Later Kinney apparently had a part in preferring charges against DuBois and the three other men accused in the stage hold-up of December, 1869.

Alonzo Allen, in his article in the LONGMONT LEDGER of Feb. 26, 1937, says of Will DuBois: "DuBois was a buffoon . . . always playing jokes and making himself conspicuous, but was not at heart a 'bad' man. He was a member of a good family . . . a black sheep . . . crude and rough in his eating habits . . . with long, black hair. He usually wore a medium size turtle-shell on a handana handkerchief looped around his neck . . . usually was barefooted, even when he attended church in the old schoolhouse . . . many worse men than Will DuBois went unhung."

That Will DuBois was conscious of his civic responsibilities is evidenced by the fact that he was a member of the "Burlington Home Guards," a local organization of fighting men formed in the early 1860's for defense against Indian attacks. From: "Over Hill and Vale," Volume 2, page 81, by Harold Dunning.

<sup>7</sup>See Coffin Statement.

<sup>8</sup>See BOULDER COUNTY NEWS, Tuesday, March 1, 1870. This account places the site of the hold-up as Spring Canon, southwest of present Loveland, Colorado. In the BOULDER COUNTY NEWS of January 4, 1870, the following statement is seen: "The following list of letters from the Boulder postoffice were in the mail robbed on Sunday morning, the 26th of December near Cheyenne. . . ." Local stories place the hold-up near Virginia Dale, in northern Colorado. (Author)

<sup>9</sup>Interview with Bernard and Harold Davis, 609 Collyer St., Longmont, Colorado, February 24, 1963.

<sup>10</sup>BOULDER COUNTY NEWS, March 1, 1870.

<sup>11</sup>BOULDER COUNTY NEWS, March 22, 1870 Will DuBois' lawyer was General G. W. Chamberlain, of Denver.

<sup>12</sup>*Ibid.*, March 1, 1870. This account of the tragedy says the letters specified that \$300 be paid by each recipient; Coffin's statement says the amount was \$200 for each man.

<sup>13</sup>See Coffin Statement. Several locations have been pointed out as the place of the shooting of Kinney by DuBois. Most agree that it happened on what is now the main north and south street through Longmont, U.S. Highway 287. Some place the location as about the present Mountain View Cemetery, between 11th and 13th streets, others insist that it was just south of 15th street, on Main. Still others contend that it happened at Mumford's Corner, now the intersection of Highway 287 and Highway 66, north of the city. All of this controversy goes to emphasize the fact that a story of this magnitude gets a lot of knocking around in the course of 93 years.

<sup>14</sup>BOULDER COUNTY NEWS, March 1, 1870.

<sup>15</sup>See Coffin Statement.

<sup>16</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>17</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>18</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>19</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>20</sup>BOULDER COUNTY NEWS, March 1, 1870.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The author would like to acknowledge the invaluable help received from the following persons: The Longmont Public Library staff, Mr. Martin of the Boulder County Treasurer's office, Mr. Bert Smith of the Boulder County Assessor's office, Mr. Hansen of the Weld County Assessor's office, Miss Lucille Fry of the Norlin Library at Colorado University, Mrs. B. A. Vecchiarelli, Mountain View, California, Miss Hazel Faivre, Boulder, Colorado, and Frank Bruning, Lon Allen, Glenn McDonald, Jean Zweck, Mrs. Lola Blystone, Bernard and Harold Davis, and Mrs. L. E. Cushman of the Longmont area.

**WESTERNERS' BOOKSHELF***continued from page 15*

**FRONT RANGE PANORAMA**, edited by Louisa Ward Arps and prepared by the Front Range Panorama Committee of The Colorado Mountain Club. Published by The Colorado Mountain Club; not dated, \$3.75.

This set of plates, consisting of a general map of the Front Range from Colorado Springs north to Fort Collins and seven sectional sketches of the sky line as seen from Denver, is contained in a durable and attractive double envelope. It should have great appeal to members of the Colorado Mountain Club especially, as well as to other residents of, and visitors to, the metropolitan area. Most people are struck by the western skyline as seen from the city and want to be able to identify its features.

Because of the mechanics of the problem, it will be of most value when it is used at the "zero point," the Museum of Natural History in Denver's City Park, but the general idea is usable from any location along the plains at the base of the Front Range. The sketch of the range as seen from Colorado Springs in 1874 by W. H. Holmes, which was made for the 1877 Hayden Atlas of Colorado, adds immeasurably to its interest for residents of the Pikes Peak Region.

The comments of Mrs. Arps on each of the sheets are interesting and well done. So far as this reviewer is concerned, the general map by Gertrude Pierce is the most usable thing in the set, because for the first time all the major peaks and many lesser ones are identifiable on one map without the necessity of sorting out a multitude of details which clutter up all the other maps I have seen of the same area.

All of those who contributed to the success of what was obviously a major project are to be congratulated.

Ray Colwell, PM

**NEW BOOK ON FORESTS . . .**

Paul H. Roberts, Prescott, Arizona, has recently signed a contract with The Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas, for the pub-

lication of his new book entitled **HOOF PRINTS ON FOREST RANGES**.

The author, a veteran employee of the Forest Service, uses his vast experience to write a volume of the battle between the cattle and sheep grazers when the West was wild. Wild horses roaming the forest reserves, an account of the legendary Texas Longhorn, and the colorful history of the range offer some entertaining reading. In addition, **HOOF PRINTS ON FOREST RANGES** is heavily annotated and could be a magnificent reference book.

Mr. Roberts is a graduate of the University of Nebraska. He has received the Superior Service Award from the Department of Agriculture and the Honorary Forester Emeritus Appointment, also from the Department of Agriculture. The author has contributed articles to magazines and publications too numerous to mention, mostly in connection with his official work in the Forest Service.

**TOWN OF TRAIN ROBBERS***continued from page 5*

hind bars, and the women and children deported, a railroad demolition crew moved in. After thousands of dollars worth of materials were recovered, the deserted buildings and caves were razed, so that within a week's time, the old site of Kit Carson looked as desolate as the surrounding prairies. As a result of this, a change was effected upon the map of Colorado.

Today, few if any travelers, who traverse U.S. Highway 40-287 from Denver to Kansas City, know that the present town of Kit Carson is a mile north-east of the site of old Kit Carson.

**THE SHERIFF SHOOTS IT . . .***continued from page 2*

ern trade goods—arrowheads and buckskin shirts, old books and photos, narrow gauge relics, Indian beadwork, saloon tokens, whatever—so we can all squat around on our haunches and dicker and swap and lie to each other.

I'll see you on the Elk come Aug. 24.

Faithfully,

Bob Perkin, Sheriff



## REYNOLDS' GOLD HIDDEN NEAR ELK CREEK

IN 1861 in Park County, Colorado, two brothers were among those working the placer mines. Jim and John Reynolds were just filling their time until something better came along, and they thought it did when Colorado went on record as favoring the Union when the Civil War began. This gave them cause to leave the mines and move to Texas where they joined the Confederate Army. The Army wasn't all that they had expected, and in their growing discontent they began to tell their buddies of the wealth and easy living they had seen in Denver and that it was just sittin' there like a duck to be took! They began to gather up recruits for their little band and in April of 1864 they rode out with a gang of 50 men, all malcontents and cut-throats, heading for Denver. Their aim was to terrorize the growing little town into complete submission, to pillage and then raze the settlement on the banks of the junction of the Platte and Dry Creek.

On their way up from Texas they rode north and picked up the Santa Fe trail. Along the trail they ran into a Mexican wagon train which they held up. The gang's loot amounted to \$40,000 in currency, \$6,000 in drafts and about \$2,000 in coin. Discontent immediately began to grow within the ranks of the nefarious band when Jim Reynolds decided to keep all the money instead of dividing it among the participants in the hold-up. He used the excuse of wanting to use the loot to get arms and paid recruits for his proposed raid on Denver. In distrust, 28 of the gang quit and pulled out. He lost fourteen more before he reached Colorado, leaving him eight hangers-on.

At California Gulch, near the present site of Leadville, Colorado, the small group held up the Denver-Fairplay stagecoach which was driven by one Abner Williams. The lone passenger of the stage was William McClellan, line superintendent. This little foray which netted them the tidy sum of \$63,000 was to eventually lead to their doom. The money chest's contents consisted of \$40,000 in currency and three cans of gold dust valued at \$23,000. It wasn't enough to rob the stage with the line "soop" there, but Jim Reynolds violated one of the cardinal ethics of highway robbery by relieving the stage driver of a measly 15 cents. It was a breach of good brigandage in those days to rob a stage driver, a sort of "unwritten rule."

Driver Williamson was so angry at this breach of the highwaymen's code that he swore he'd some day get his revenge. McClellan, the stage line superintendent, was robbed of \$400 and his valuable watch, and to complete the job the mob went through the mail bags and rifled the letters taking out \$10 and \$20 bills which the hard-working Fairplay miners were sending home to their families.

Following the stage robbery, the bandits moved on down the Platte eastward, robbing everybody they came across and over-running all the ranches along their path. Hot on their tail was a posse organized among the Summit County miners, many whose little contribution to their loved ones back home had been so unceremoniously purloined from the rifled mail. The pursued gunmen, Jim and John Reynolds, Jack Robinson, Tom Knight, Jack Stowe, Tom Holiman, John Andrews and Owen Singletary left the main Old South Park stage road and camped on Deer Creek above the present town of Conifer. The posse, organized by Gen. David Cook, chief of government detectives in Colorado, was closing in on the gang so the Reynolds parted company with the rest of the gang to hide the stolen money and gold in a prospector's hole near the head of Deer and Elk Creeks.

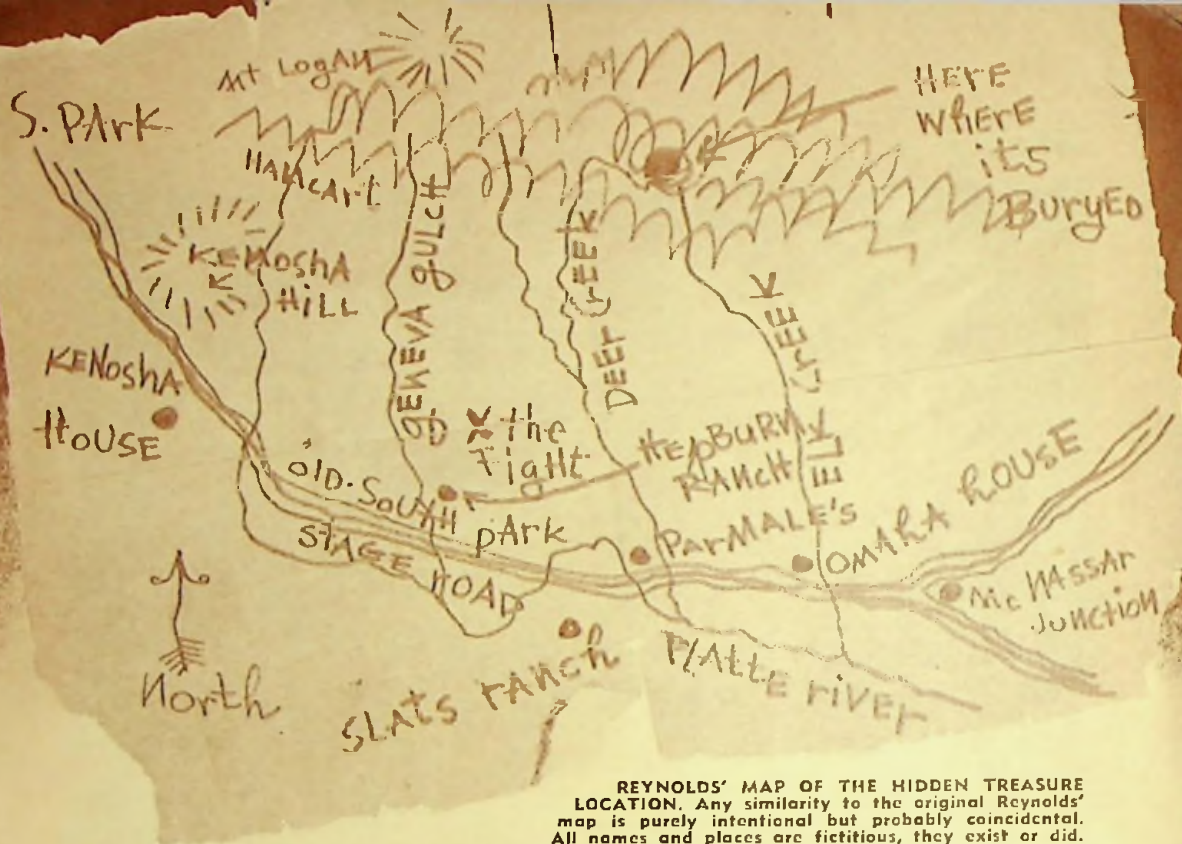
A little later, when they had rejoined the gang, they were completely surprised, while eating, by the posse who had sneaked quietly upon them and opened fire. The angered miners in their over-anxiousness to annihilate the bandits allowed most of them to escape in the heavy timber. Owen Singletary was killed and Jim Reynolds was wounded in the arm. The posse of miners saw fit to behold Singletary and take this trophy of the hunt back to Fairplay with them. Tom Holiman was captured the next day and forthwith, confessed his part in the escapade. John Reynolds and Jack Stowe in their escape, rode down and crossed the Arkansas River but during the chase, Stowe was seriously wounded. The remaining gunmen, now horseless, had made their way clear down to Canon City where they were easily captured hiding in a thicket of underbrush by a small detachment of the First Colorado Cavalry. This now brought the score of the desperadoes captured to five, with one dead. These included: wounded Jim Reynolds, Jack Robinson, Tom Knight, John Andrews and Tom Holiman. The captured raiders were taken to a military guardhouse in Denver where they were tried by a military commission for highway robbery and robbery of the United States Mails. They were found guilty and ordered to Fort Leavenworth where the court's verdict was to be carried out.

Co. A, Third Regiment of Colorado Volunteers, commanded by Capt. T. S. Cree, was ordered to transport the sentenced prisoners to Fort Lyon where Regular Army troops would then take over and escort the robbers to Fort Leavenworth Federal Prison. By a strange twist of fate, the ambulance in which the prisoners were being transported to Fort Lyon was being driven by none other than Abner Williamson, the stage driver from whom the Reynolds' gang had filched 15 cents. On the third day out from Denver, Captain Cree called Alston K. Shaw, head guard, aside and told him: "They were tried and sentenced to be shot. We dared not carry out the sentence in Denver, and sending them to Fort Leavenworth was just a bluff. We are to dispose of them on the road somewhere unknown to anyone."

Williamson drove the ambulance down Squirrel Creek road until they were behind a well hidden bluff. The prisoners were then ordered out, chained together, blindfolded and placed in a row, with Reynolds smack in the center. Before leaving Texas, Reynolds had sworn that the band would stay together "until our bones bleach out on the prairie." He refused to make any final statement concerning the whereabouts of the hidden treasure. The multiple shots from the execution squad guns shattered the stillness of the morning and the five bandits dropped to the ground. Williamson's bullet killed Jim Reynolds—he had found his revenge.

A few hours after the firing squad had finished their task and the escort had departed, John Andrews shot through the breast and left for dead, gained consciousness. He painfully crawled to an abandoned cabin where he dressed his wounds. He was able to make his way, a week later, to the main road where he was able to send a note for assistance to a friend in Denver by a passing traveler. Three days later the friend arrived and drove Andrews concealed in a wagon back to Denver where he was nursed back to health. After his recovery, Andrews made his way to Santa Fe to join John Reynolds and Stowe—the only remaining members of the gang. Shortly after Andrews arrived in Santa Fe, he and Stowe were found dead—probably very neatly arranged by one John Reynolds.

Reynolds with the alias of "Will Wallace" became quite friendly with a rough character



**REYNOLDS' MAP OF THE HIDDEN TREASURE LOCATION.** Any similarity to the original Reynolds' map is purely intentional but probably coincidental. All names and places are fictitious, they exist or did. Source: the late Elmer Berg, owner of Elk Falls Ranch and the Rocky Mountain News of April 27, 1906 and Sept. 18, 1949.

named Albert Brown who became his partner in the new venture of robbing strangers on the outskirts of Santa Fe. In October, 1871, the pair decided to go to Denver. On their way up, near Taos, they raided a Mexican ranch where Reynolds was mortally wounded. Just before he died the last remaining member of the gang and the only man left that knew where the buried fortune was hidden, divulged the information to Brown. He told Brown all about the hidden treasure that was secreted at the head spring of Deer Creek by his brother Jim and himself, drawing a map of the vicinity as he recalled it for Brown and then gave him the following instructions: "Go above Geneva Gulch a little ways and you'll find where one of our horses mired down and we had to leave it there. At the head of the gulch, turn to the right and follow a mountain around a little farther. Just above the head of Deer Creek, you'll find an old prospector's shaft running back into the mountain at about timberline. It's back there in the hole. We walled the hole up with stones and stuck a butcher knife into a tree about four feet from the ground, broke the handle off and left it pointing to the entrance of the hole."

Brown saw to it that Reynolds was buried and then made two unsuccessful trips up to Geneva Gulch. He found that a forest fire had destroyed all the timber in the described area of the hidden treasure. He did run across a human skeleton minus the head (probably Singletary), and a skeleton of a horse that apparently had been left to die after it had become mired. Records fail to indicate what happened to Brown after he failed to find the treasure and apparently gave up the search.

The crude map Reynolds drew for Brown came into General Cook's possession eventually and he permitted many interested people to copy it.

A strange twist to this interesting story of western buried treasure is that maybe it has already been found . . . yet hundreds of seekers still search the Colorado mountains at the head of Deer and Elk Creeks every year . . . well, just a hopin'. A story in the ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS of April 27, 1906 tells of a mysterious find up near Fairplay:

"A buried plunder aggregating in value \$18,000 was uncovered by two prospectors, Sullivan Davis and Holmes Robbins, in an abandoned shaft about three miles from town on the Horseshoe Road. The treasure is for the most part in gold dust, although some is in paper money.

"The two prospectors had been employed in a mine at Horseshoe, but obtained a map purporting to show where the treasure was hidden. Six weeks of ceaseless work was finally rewarded with success. The treasure was undoubtedly buried by the Reynolds gang of outlaws, a gang of bushwhacking Confederates that infested this section in the fall of 1864."

The shaft in which the two lucky prospectors found the money fits the description Reynolds gave Brown—but the location does not. How much was buried by the Reynolds boys is also a mystery. The first sortie, that with the Mexican wagon train, netted \$48,000 . . . was this divided among the members of the original 50-man gang, or was part of it buried with the loot from the second raid . . . that of the stage coach where more than \$63,000 was taken? Well, Westerner, the records say that \$63,000 was buried . . . it may still be there for the findin'!

PM Robert B. Cormack

in this

# new mexico

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

# ROUNDUP

JULY

1963

VOLUME XIX

NUMBER 7



The DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
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**25 SEPTEMBER MEETING**

The meeting this month of the Denver Posse of Westerners will be held on Wednesday, Sept. 25, 1963 at the Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm Place. Dinner at 6:30 p.m. \$2.75 per plate, only to those making reservations by mail to Kenney Englert. Program: Professor Carl W. Ubbelohde, Department of History of the Univ. of Colo. His subject: "The History of the Labor Movement in Colorado."

**23 OCTOBER MEETING**

At the Denver Press Club Program: CM Byron G. Hooper. His subject: "The Story of the Julesburg Area."

**COVER ILLUSTRATION:** a watercolor, one of a series painted in 1943 by your editor. His impression of a Penitente procession leaving the morada on its way to Calvario with the Cristo staggering under his heavy cross. Los Hermanos Penitente are still found in New Mexico, the main subject of July's ROUNDUP.



Milton Callon, CM



MILTON CALLON was born in Indianapolis, Indiana in 1906 where he also received his education. He attended Butler University, leaving before he finished his college education, to enter the entertainment field as a radio and nightclub singer. His college preparation for a writing career, after three years, did give him a fine background in history, Spanish and journalism. He originally planned to travel South America and write. Milt states, "Not being very good competition for Bing Crosby, Rudy Vallee or Dick Powell, I found a more profitable occupation in my own business. Just prior to World War II I entered the employment of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., as a service manager in various towns of Indiana." He came west in 1945 for his health, ending up eventually in Las Vegas, New Mexico. Mr. Callon left Las Vegas in 1960, after selling a box manufacturing business which he had established, coming to Denver. He has had a number of articles published in the EMPIRE MAGAZINE of the DENVER POST and in the NEW MEXICO MAGAZINE. He has also contributed to the FAMILY HANDYMAN, a national how-to-do-it magazine. Recently he has devoted much time to the writing of an informal history of Las Vegas, New Mexico, titled, "Las Vegas, New Mexico . . . The Town That Wouldn't Gamble." He lives at 615 Clarkson St., Denver, is married and the father of a married daughter and a son who is presently in the Army Air Force.

# *What Most People Don't Know About*

# NEW MEXICO

*by Milton Callon, CM*


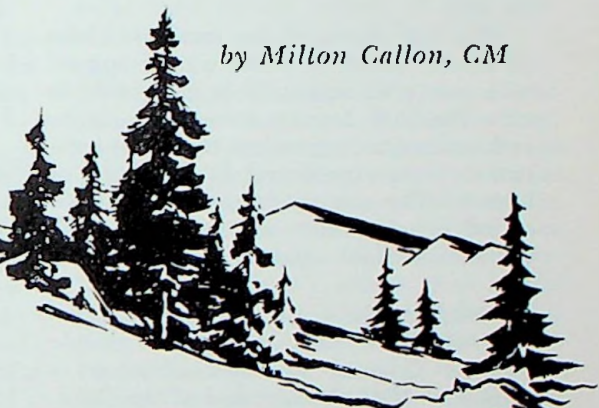


Illustration through the  
courtesy of the Title Guaranty  
Co., Denver, Colorado.

**I**T has become evident to me that the average person in the United States is unaware of the more important aspects of New Mexico history, and, from their cursory examination of the state some people look upon New Mexico facetiously, as SUN - SAND - AND - SANTA FE; others view it from the standpoint of, PENITENTES - POLITICIANS - AND - PREJUDICES; and still others, as, CONQUISTADORES - COMANCHES - AND - COWBOYS.

These narrow, qualifying appraisals of the Land of Enchantment have been an unceasing inspiration for me to set the record straight. I want to reveal the true picture of New Mexico through the eyes of the people who made history during the years—1846 to 1963. For my per-



sonal edification, I want to understand what effect the SUN, SAND and SANTA FE had on the history of the State. I must fathom the reasonings of the PENITENTES, POLITICIANS and the people's PREJUDICES. Finally, I hope to follow the trails, trials and tribulations of the CONQUISTADORES, COMANCHES and COWBOYS through those turbulent years into the current era that can also be described, facetiously, and, alliteratively, as ATOMS - ATMOSPHERE - and - ALBUQUERQUE.

In the process of the research and revelation I hope to reveal the answer to the enigma of the Spanish-American people. The perplexing question couched in this enigma is this: Why are the Span-

ish-Americans of New Mexico, "the people different"? A long list of supporting queries provide the basis for the main question. Two, as samples, will be sufficient at this time. Number one: Why are there so few physicians among the Spanish-Americans of New Mexico? Number two: Why do the sugar beet manufacturers prefer Mexican *braceros* to the poor, welfare-dependent Spanish-American laborers of New Mexico? The answers are intriguing and are the end results of the state's history.

In order to accomplish this it is necessary to refresh the memory with a short review of the forces at work in the social, economic and political fields just prior to 1846.

The first event to be recalled is the Kearny invasion. It was a war of aggression—one of conquest. It is impossible to view the New Mexico scene with clarity and understanding unless the Kearny invasion is so considered in the light of history. The native Mexicans of 1846 called it aggression and many of their descendants look upon it as such to this day.

Visualize, therefore, the social structure of New Mexico as the people awaited General Kearny's advance in August of 1846. It consisted of the Dons, living aristocratically and clinging vicariously to Spanish heritage; the peons, the lowest class of the society, living in feudal social security; the Mexican colonists being betrayed by the government that sponsored their colonization efforts with Mexican land grants; and the numerous Indian tribes fighting each other as well as everyone who encroached on the land to which they claimed prior right.

So much for the social aspects of the people of New Mexico. Economically they were a pastoral populace. The Dons ran large herds of sheep, a few cattle and enough horses for their working needs while their peons tilled the gardens and small patches of wheat and corn. The colonists, bound by stipulations in the land grants, grubbed out a

living on tracts usually of small acreage and supplemented their livelihood by herding sheep on *partidos* with the Dons. They were required to ditch and till their individual gardens and fields as well as the community gardens. It was also their job to build the plaza on the grant, ditch for community water and carry arms in protection of the granted land. The economy of the Indians was a doubtful one that depended almost entirely on their ability to fight and steal. The few peaceful Indians in the Mexican colony raised corn and similar crops with large herds of goats and a few sheep to supplement their diet. All classes participated in the yearly buffalo hunts until they disappeared from the Staked Plains. For twenty-five years prior to the invasion the entire territory enjoyed both an economic boost and social change from contact with the wagon trains.

As for politics, the Mexican people of the colony were never naive. The system imposed by the Mexican government brought into being a patronage policy that left little to be desired for ambitious political aspirants. The tariffs imposed on the wagon trains were often determined by political needs. The land grants were politically fostered and the *alcaldes* who administered them maintained a favorable position to enhance their own well-being under a system of nepotism, patronage and boss rule by the *patrons*.

The bloodless battle of the New Mexicans to maintain these social, economic and political levels thus far described is the history of New Mexico. Only an unbiased account of the battle can record a true analysis of the contrasting and confusing facets of New Mexico's history.

With a refreshed background and the privilege of hindsight, it is possible to observe how the conqueror and conquered met in an almost silent and at the same time, thunderous clash in the wave of Manifest Destiny. Silent because of the nature of the conquest and thunderous for the violent collisions of social, economic and political forces that were

seemingly necessary to bring the state of New Mexico out of the category of—"a wild and useless desertland"—to its unique position in the Atomic Age.

For the purpose of this paper I have divided the period to be discussed, 1846 to 1963, into four parts. The first will cover the men I have chosen to represent conditions as found in 1846 and, necessarily, will have no time limits because their influence was felt before and after the occupation.

The second part will deal with the various colonists that followed the tide of Manifest Destiny from 1846 to approximately 1920.

The third, is an era of economic collapse from 1920 to 1945.

The fourth describes the colonization which began with the explosion of the first Atomic bomb at Trinity Site, New Mexico and is still in progress today.



A glimpse into the life of Don Jose Albino Baca of Jemez Springs, New Mexico, reveals the highest caste in the social structure. In a letter to the author from Mrs. Charles Meyers of Las Vegas, New Mexico, this is explained in great detail. She is the niece of Tia Maria Baca y Romero. I met Tia Maria a short time before this letter was written and at eighty-nine years of age she was reluctant to impart much knowledge of her past to a stranger. Subsequently, I received the letter mentioned and it covers much of the life of Tia Maria's father, Don Jose Albino Baca. Don Jose, like many other Mexicans of his day, had moved from one location to another when the grass became thin and he actually arrived in Las Vegas five years

after the Kearny invasion. He had already become wealthy on a grant near Jemez Springs west of Santa Fe. He and two brothers, Anecito and Simon, married sisters and commenced building their homes in Upper Town Las Vegas in 1851. At the peak of his career Don Jose had a twenty-room, three-story mansion built around a large placita. Gardens surrounded the hacienda and walnut trees, brought out from the east, flourished in the river bottom soil around the house as well as numerous fruit trees.

Don Jose was a freighter on the Santa Fe Trail and the owner at various times of from 30,000 to 50,000 sheep. An excerpt from Mrs. Meyers' letter sheds some light on the activity of this class of Mexican in the middle 1800's. I quote:

"Two other brothers of Jose Albino were Pablo Baca and Rumaldo Baca, both very prominent citizens, always working together, they made a fortune selling sheep, which they would buy in New Mexico for \$5.00 a head and take them to California to what is now Catalina Island. There's where they would graze their sheep. Santa Catalina was just a wilderness, until finally they were having bad luck, as the wild boars were killing their sheep, but they had already made a fortune. Tia Maria says that at one time they made thirty thousand dollars just speculating with their sheep."

Don Jose Albino Baca is an excellent example of the Mexican aristocracy of the days of the Kearny invasion. His fortune slowly dwindled as the grass became shorter and shorter and there were no new and fresh fields of grama grass to be obtained by grant from a benevolent mother country. The land grant system was a thing of the past and the Dons could no longer denude one area by over-grazing and be assured of greener pastures under another grant. The three mansions in Upper Town Las Vegas slowly crumbled away and vandals tore them apart in search of a mythical fortune supposedly hidden somewhere on the premises. Now Tia Maria

sits silently in her rocker dreaming of the golden days of the Don. But few know of the small cache of treasures she has hidden away in her solitary bedroom. It is lined with ancient santos and under the bed is a pair of Spanish spurs that were brought to America by Don Jose's great, great maternal grandfather with the letter "M" emblazoned on them to identify the Montoya family. Close by her bed is a china closet holding 104 pieces of Haviland china, together with 14 linen tablecloths, some Mexican drawn work (*Perfilados*), all mementoes of the aristocracy of New Mexico, 1846.

It would be extremely difficult to trace the life of any particular peon who might have served a Don such as described above. It is sufficient to relate that they composed a large segment of the population, and with the decline of the aristocracy it is reasonable to believe that they drifted to other locations and led the life of squatters following the only method they knew which might afford a livelihood—that of the pastoral man of the soil. It would be interesting to know from unquestionable authority what it must have been like for this class of New Mexican to be suddenly cut off from the feudal security of the *patron*. They were definitely a serious problem for the United States officials who came to rule over the conquered territory.

The one remaining vestige of the 1846 period is found in the life of the Mexican-colonist. Some grants have passed down through the families of this middle-class group. Juan de Dios Maese was the *alcalde* of the village of Nuestra Senora de Dolores de Guadalupe de Las Vegas. In 1835, he and Antonio Casaus, Miguel Archuleta, and Manuel Duran, representing themselves and twenty-five other interested parties, petitioned the *alcalde* of San Miguel del Bado for a grant of land on Las Vegas Grandes. On April 6, 1835, Jose de Jesus Ulibarri y Duran, Justice of the Peace, or, as known in Mexican officialdom, the *alcalde*, accompanied the twenty-nine petitioners to the Vegas Grandes. As per the stipula-

tions of the grant they selected a town-site, two community gardens, an easement to a convenient watering place, and distributed land to each petitioner. No one was given more land than he could till. The remainder of the land was for common pasture and was to remain the property of the village at large to be granted out to new settlers who could prove the need of land for the sustenance of their families. This was the format for nearly all Mexican land grants. They were designed to encourage colonization of New Mexico and meant to provide outposts or buffer states to assist in fighting off the Indians.

Juan de Dio Maese was the first *alcalde* in New Mexico to surrender a village to General Kearny. The general immediately requested his allegiance to the United States and then reappointed him as *alcalde* of the town. There was little choice for the villagers since the central government was represented by the governor, General Manuel Armijo, who had chosen to betray his constituents rather than fight.

At this point we must again walk in the shoes of *this* class of New Mexican. They had every reason to believe that the land rightfully belonged to them after being assured that all land grants would be recognized by the United States government. However, it was more than fifty years before the titles were cleared through the Surveyor-general's office and finally through litigation to the Supreme Court of the United States. This long delay was a severe blow to the social and economic well-being of the territory. Juan de Dios Maese's plight was not an isolated case! This same negligence on the part of the United States was evident throughout the conquered land and was contrary to the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

It would be interesting to review the history of the Maese family to the present date, but a short paper of this kind does not permit. Ramon Maese of the Town of Las Vegas, has recorded for posterity some of the intimate details of



the Maese family. These are saved in a pamphlet written by Andres Hernandez, who is now serving in an administrative capacity with the Youth Corps in Central America. His pamphlet is titled, "This They Said." Ramon relates how they lived on their small irrigated farm near La Liendre on the Army wagon route from Fort Sumner to Fort Union. They had to drive nearly one hundred miles to the salt beds near present-day Willard; their fires were kindled by striking steel against flint into a tinder box of string that had been soaked in fresh spinach juice and allowed to dry. In his day La Liendre was a thriving agricultural community with three mercantile establishments. He attributes its demise to the following cause: "Because of our ignorance of English we did not understand what it meant to register a water right. As a result 'a more intelligent and energetic' people filed claim for our water. The right to our water was established and the Storrie Project was built to store the water to irrigate new farm land. Without water our community could not live. That is why nothing remains at La Liendre but abandoned houses."

While this is not a complete and accurate story of the land grant and water problem, his recall of events carries more than a little truth. Some of his own native landholders were eager to release the good solid bone they were gnawing to reach for its larger image reflected in the irrigation canal.

Thus far the plight of three classes of the conquered people has been reviewed. The fourth, the various Indian tribes and pueblos, has been more widely publicized and historically recorded. Of the four, their future seems more secure. The Navajos and Jicarillas are gaining daily as a group society through federal legislation. Irrigated lands and subsidized industry are lending confidence to the tribal governments and their grant of franchise has brought them into the political scene. In reviewing the entire battle of the conqueror vs. the con-

quered, it appears logical that the Spanish-American populace would be better off if they had fought for their homeland and lost a glorious war. Then, perhaps they would have been put on reservations and today enjoyed the fruits of uranium deposits, forests, and government subsidized irrigation projects. Of course, there is more jest than seriousness in this statement, but many of the New Mexicans of Spanish-American heritage would be much better off if it were true.

The New Mexico scene, 1846, would not be complete without a glimpse at the religious aspects of the colony. There were many in the territory who looked upon Kearny's conquest as a Protestant inspired invasion. This, however, did not develop as seriously as the religious controversy within the Catholic Church.

The position taken by Padre Antonio Jose Martinez, parish priest of Taos at the time of the Rebellion of 1847, offers a final brushstroke to the complete picture of pre-invasion New Mexico. His name was linked with the assassination of Governor Albino Pérez of the Mexican period and also that of Governor Charles Bent in 1847. However, the consensus holds that he was not directly connected with either killing. At the same time it is contended by most historians that his writings incited both outbreaks.

He turned his editorial wrath on anyone who he thought was detrimental to the welfare of the native people of New Mexico. When he wasn't castigating the Americans for their methods, he was taking Bishop Lamy to task for what he thought were excessive levies for sacraments and church funds. This eventually led to his replacement but not until nearly all of the Mexican priests of the territory had received the same treatment from the Bishop.

E. K. Francis in an article appearing in the *New Mexico Historical Review*, Vol. XXXI, No. 4, October, 1956, on page 289, summarized the controversy in this manner: "Under the circum-

stances it may even have been unavoidable. But it left a wound in the side of the Catholic Church in New Mexico which was long to heal, and the scar can yet be felt. To the Spanish-American minority, however, the wholesale removal of the native clergy has been a tragedy; for it deprived them of their natural leaders capable of cushioning the shock of conquest from which as a group the Hispanos have never quite recovered."

There are discrepancies in E. K. Francis' observations. It is true that the controversy in the Church may still be evident in a small way, but it cannot be said that the native people were in the minority. Their role as a minority is only of recent years. When the controversy was in its height, they were a large majority of the population, and it is important to recognize this fact because they were divided over the issue when they needed solidarity the most. In addition, the native clergy definitely offered a minimum of leadership. The Reverend Cabino Rendon, born in Las Vegas in 1864, and a convert to Protestantism, has testified to the author in letters and personal interviews that his faith in the Catholic Church was shaken early in his youth because the native priests were poor speakers; understood little about the problems of the natives; and conducted the sacraments with gross irregularity. He lost complete faith with the church when the Jesuit priests, whom he understood and respected, were forced out of the town by a jealous local parish priest. Incidentally, Reverend Rendon is living in Denver and will be one hundred years old.



The second subject to be discussed is the post-conquest colonization. It must be covered in three groups: Number one, the merchant-colonists or merchant-capitalists; number two, the railroad-colonists; and number three, the agricultural-colonists.

The origin of the merchant-colonist can best be described with a glance at the life of Solomon Jacob Spiegelberg. Jacob was a German-born Jew and came to the United States in 1846. He joined the command of William Alexander Doniphan and accompanied him to Chihuahua. Upon his return to Santa Fe he was appointed sutler, charged with provisioning the troops. From the commercial contacts thus made he was soon able to put himself in the wholesale and retail business. He has been recognized as the first sedentary merchant in Santa Fe.

The journal of another merchant, Andres Dold, of Las Vegas, is a recorded account of the method of merchandising in those early days. Andres, like Jacob Spiegelberg, operated a wagon train as well as his store. Dold came to Las Vegas in 1850, and with his brother John, opened a store that year. The journal covering from July 29, 1865 to August 20, 1866, tells the story of the progression from merchant-colonist to the stature of merchant-capitalist. In the intervening fifteen years he had become a freighter on the Santa Fe Trail; shipper of local produce to Army forts; purchaser of products from the Mexican colonists; and he extended credit to them; subsidized their crops and, in essence, completely controlled the economy of all those who chose to do business with him. Until the commercial banks appeared just prior to the coming of the railroad, the Mexican colonists were entirely dependent on merchants such as Andres Dold. The biographies of these merchants over the territory tell the history of the early territorial days. Charles Ilfield and Carlos Blanchard, of Las Vegas, Gustave Elsberg and Jacob Amberg, of Santa Fe, Simon Seligman, and

Abraham Staab, also of Santa Fe, Nathan Bibb of Cubero, New Mexico, and Dr. Henry Connelly, later to become governor of the territory, had stores at Las Vegas, Peralta, Santa Fe and Albuquerque.

There were many more and the competition for the Army business was keen. The pressure was on the Mexican-colonist to produce. They received the hard goods of the Santa Fe Trail when crops were good—and—loans of seed, food and sheep on shares or *partidos* when they failed. While the merchant was exacting a double profit from all his transactions the Mexican colonist was depleting his pastures by over-producing. The bitter truth of this system of merchandising soon became evident. The depleted soil, combined with weather and climatic conditions of the territory, made it impossible to produce enough for the population, much less the tremendous demands of the Army installations. The Mexican colonists literally tilled and grazed their lands to poverty, and when this was done, the merchant-colonist or capitalist had to look elsewhere to keep his business going. The Charles Ilfield Company was the lone survivor of this era of the economy.

The coming of the railroad-colonists changed all aspects of the New Mexico territory and not all the changes were good. Chaos and progress traveled hand-in-hand as the rails advanced. The railroads replaced the wagon trains and the merchant-colonists lost their hold on the supply and demand. Banks were established and the personal credit system between the merchant-capitalist and the petty-capitalist slowly disappeared. This was a severe blow to the Mexican-colonists and contributed heavily to their eventual subordinate rank in the economy. Wholesale firms came in with the railroad and usually participated in the acquisition of new townsites. Albuquerque and Las Vegas were both colonized in this manner. The new firms held a decided advantage over the older established merchants, and the specialization

of merchandising arose from the union of the railroad-merchant with the railroad.

The railroad-colonists also brought with them an unprecedented demand for real estate. There were but few government land grants available to the railroads and the Spanish and Mexican land grants were cloudy in title. An expected complement of lawyers followed the tracks of land speculators, merchants and all the conglomerate of society that accompanied the railroads across the nation. The lawyers had been doing quite well with land cases following the wake of the surveyor-general's rulings, but a real bonanza hit when the railroads began to creep slowly over the entire territory. Most of these cases were handled on an acreage fee basis and the large land holdings of Thomas Benton Catron, Robert Ingersoll, A. A. Jones, and many others can be attributed to the multitude of claims and counter-claims filed on land grants.

By the time the land companies of the midwest joined forces with the railroads for their speculation in dry land and irrigated farming projects, two classes of the pre-invasion society were on the verge of passing out of the economy. The large land grants were being cut up in the litigation to establish title and the appellation of Don was passing from the agrarian land-holder to the successful lawyers and politicians. The Mexican land grantees were clinging to small worn out patches of land that barely sustained them and their contribution to the overall economy was becoming smaller and smaller. The time was ripe for the biggest agricultural fiasco of the twentieth century.

The Mexican town grants of the territory were sparsely settled with individual owners, and when the Supreme Court of the United States established title on these claims, the various grant boards that administered the land found themselves in legal possession of vast tracts of land. Most of these were disposed of through sales to land companies

promoting dry land farming projects and irrigation at from 75¢ to \$2.00 an acre.

This large scale land promotion brought a flood of mid-western farmers into the territory with high hopes for sunshine, health and fantastic production. The venture succeeded only in the cotton-producing regions of the south and southeast where deep wells and artesian water assured sufficient moisture. Wherever the farmer plowed the natural grama he was rewarded with phenomenal production when the rainfall was exactly right, but the periodic dry spells, early frost and summer hail were his natural enemies in the grama grass lands. Abandoned villages all over the northeast corner of the state testify to the folly of dry land farming. Wherever the plow uprooted the natural grass it is still barren after more than fifty years. The influx of the agricultural-colonists continued well into the period of economic collapse of 1920-1945.



The economic distress period from 1920 to 1945 was triggered by the fall of beef prices in 1920 and 1921. In retrospect it is easily seen that the cattle industry in New Mexico was on a marginal basis from the beginning. Its origin in the state had not been under the best possible conditions and droughts and blizzards plagued it from the first. The history of grazing on the cattle land in the eastern portion had begun with the buffalo. On the staked plains the Mexican *cibaleros* had competed with the American riflemen until the buffalo herds were extinct. The Mexicans then began rounding up the wild mustangs while

their compadres brought in sheep. As things progressed, in a negative fashion, it became profitable for the Mexicans to collaborate with the Indians in cattle rustling raids on the West Texas cattle herds. The roundup forays of retaliation, instigated by the Texas owners, led to the discovery of the driving range from the Rio Grande to Colorado. The army forts along the way presented a profitable and ready market. From this series of events the Goodnight-Loving and Chisum trails were established in New Mexico. Goodnight and Loving would put their herds over the drives and dispose of them from fort to fort until they finally brought the trail into Colorado. Chisum established a similar and equally profitable one to the west and into California.

The blizzards of 1887, and the big "die-up" brought about a new alignment in southwestern cattle business. By 1920, the herds were smaller and of better quality; ranches were fenced and the cattlemen of New Mexico held an enviable position with the bankers of the state. It was not uncommon for the bankers of that era to loan more on cattle than was reasonably safe. Something of the merchant-capitalist and petty-capitalist relationship remained. It was standard procedure for the banker to "tide him over a dry spell." The falling beef prices in 1920 caught nearly all the banks in the West and when the Federal Reserve Bank refused to discount any more cattle loans, the economic system of New Mexico lost the last vestige of its original economic attitude—the close personal relationship between buyer and seller and borrower and lender.

At the beginning of this economic collapse there were eighty state banks and forty-seven national banks in New Mexico. The number of banks decreased from a total of one hundred and twenty-seven to seventy-four in four years. In a period of three and one-half years the total resources of all banks in New Mex-

*continued on page 20*

# santos... the sacred folk art of new mexico.

In the Spanish language the word "santo" (plural santos) is a generic term used in New Mexico to denote representations of saints or holy persons. When used to designate any specific character, the word becomes a title, as in Santo Domingo. A crucifix, a religious print, statue or painted panel are referred to as a santo.

In New Mexico, two types of santos are recognized as a pure art form of the settlers of these areas. The figure in the round, or the statue, is known as a *bulfo*. The painted board, relief panel, or print is a *retable*.

These native religious art forms of New Mexico have been a subject of great interest to the residents, visitors, and historians for many years. During the past twenty-five years numerous individuals have collected examples of the art, finding in them much of the spirit and charm with which the Spanish-American of New Mexico is so richly endowed. Today there are thousands of santos scattered from one end of the United States to the other, indicating the acceptance of this folk craft as a true form of American peasant art.

One might think that it would be difficult to collect santos, and that subtle and underhand methods might be used to secure them, because after all they are property of the Church. The images of the saints are . . . in many cases, Church property and their public sale over the counter of a curio or art store, might raise the question of whether the articles are not possibly stolen property. It is known, however, that many reputable dealers have handled the sale of santos in the best of faith, and with the full knowledge of local Church authorities.

In the frontier society of early New Mexico, the primary cultural force was the Catholic Church. Education was brought to the people by their parish Church, social activities were all primarily of Church origin. The chief communal task for the small settlements and villages was the construction, maintenance and monetary contribution to the Church. The padre, as in Old Mexico, was the guiding light of the parishioners around him. . . . their life began and ended with his blessing, consequently it was only natural that he should be their guide during the years in between. Thanks to the padre's efforts . . . art found its way into the humble household of the Spanish colonists.

Every adobe home on the frontier had a patron saint and should have somewhere in one of its

corners, an image of him. In early times the supply of santos, like many other religious items was severely curtailed, because trade with Mexico was carried on only under the most difficult conditions. Ox cart trains made slow progress over the *camino real* from central Mexico, and the commodities transported were of prime necessity for the colonists. The demand for religious furnishings in the colonies grew in direct proportion to the increasing population, and these articles that were manufactured in Spain or Mexico were completely out of reach for the average man. The padre found an answer . . .

The Franciscan fathers were well trained for their tasks in frontier life. When it became necessary to adapt their traditional architectural forms to a new building material, the adobe mission style evolved. To supply furnishings for the structure, they were again forced to rely upon their talents. The educational background of the padres placed them in a role of not only the spiritual leader, but also the cultural head. Among the padres were undoubtedly men with some modest artistic ability . . . to these men was assigned the task of creating representations of the saints. Working with native materials and the tools at their disposal, they portrayed Biblical characters in sculpture and painting, in the Spanish tradition. The demand soon outgrew the production capacities of the friendly padres, so by necessity they offered instruction and guidance in the craft to the santos developed into a legitimate business as well as a devotional practice, among the people. There are two types of santos (makers of santos) that should be recognized . . . the professional and the amateur. The one created a religious figure as a marketable product. The other worked for more idealistic reasons . . . the desire to express his faith in, and devotion to his religion. From the profusion of examples it must be assumed that the art was once very popular. The professional santos was in the same position as the New England itinerant portrait painter. Both were commercial artists peddling their products or accepting commissions for special types of work. The santo maker of New Mexico undoubtedly traveled from one small village to the next, accompanied by a burro load of sacred images, selling or trading his merchandise for the produce of the villagers. Because the professional was a full

time worker in this specific trade, he probably possessed greater ability as a sculptor or painter than did the amateur who made only an occasional santo. The better craftsmen developed distinct styles in their art, which allows the identification of a man's work by his style. No santero, however, ever signed his statues. There are some examples of painted boards, retables, where the individual artisan did sign his efforts. The list of known santeros is so small it is hardly worth mentioning.

The religious folk art of New Mexico was created out of necessity and as it grew, it became the major artistic expression of the Spanish-American frontier. Other arts and crafts flourished and prospered in the great Southwest, but none received the devotion and care which the santos merited . . . if for no other reason than that they were holy objects. The other arts and crafts were frequently used to enhance the appearance of a santo. Tin niches, or sconces might be prepared for the new figure, carved wood stands might support the image, and the finest of needlework could be seen in form of clothing. As in Europe . . . the arts found their locus in the Church.

The native arts gradually gave way to the tide of commercial articles. The presence of gaudy plaster statues in the churches today attests to the changing ways of the Spanish-American.

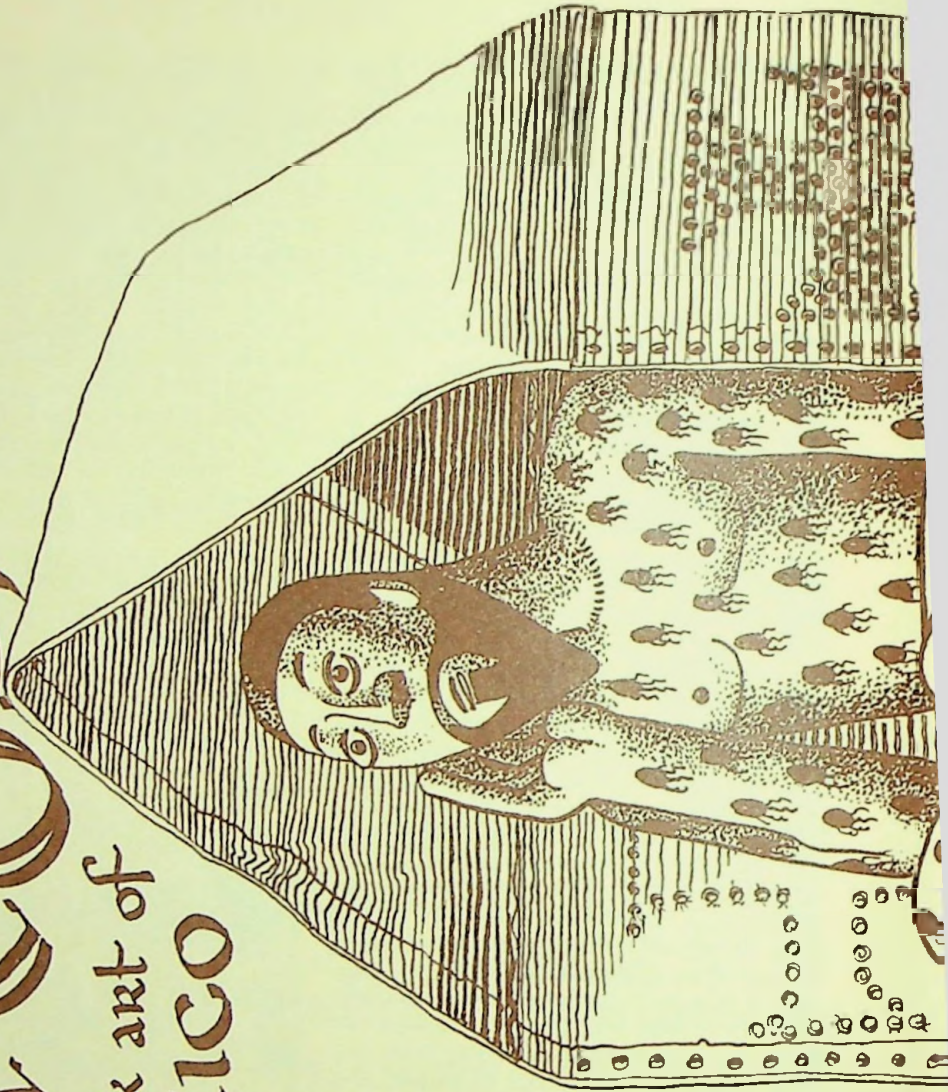
Santos were constructed of cottonwood although pine was available . . . and in great quantities. Cottonwood was used because of its softness and the ease with which it could be worked. It splintered very easily but the clever craftsman found ways of hiding the faults with his gesso and paint. Each santero used a "secret" formula in preparing his gesso, but basically it was probably the same mixture that his wife prepared primarily out of gypsum and a few other ingredients to smear on her interior walls for decorative purposes. Many of the santos were attributed to the Penitent Brothers, Los Hermanos Penitentes. The ecstatic devotion of the members of the brotherhood produced one of the distinctive forms readily distinguished from other examples.

For further reading, and also the source for the above information on santos: "*Santos, the Religious Folk Art of New Mexico*," by Mitchell A. Wilder with Edgar Breitenbach. "*Saints by the Vallées, Christian Sacred Images in the History, Life and Folk Art of Spanish New Mexico*," by Jose E. Espinosa. PM Robert B. Cormack

(SEE NEXT PAGE)

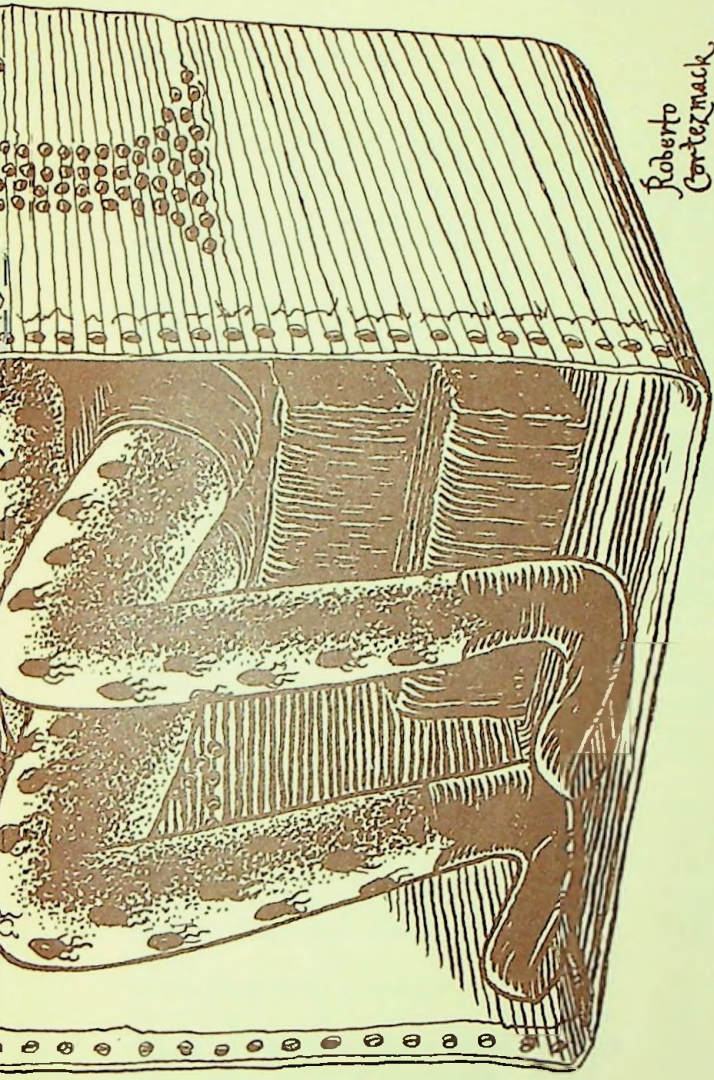
# SANTOS

the sacred folk art of  
new mexico



The santo illustrated at the right is JOB. The statue is 14½" high and is from the Frank Applegate collection now in the Taylor Museum of Fine Arts Center of Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Ever since early Christian times Job has been the symbol of faithful reliance on God. St. Gregory the Great's moral explanation of the book of Job became one of the classics of Christian literature. Since the late middle ages, Job's story was presented on the stage of the religious theatre. Throughout the centuries the vicissitudes of his life were depicted in art. When in the course of the counter-reformation a need for new devotional images arose, the figure of Job was one of them. Detached from its narrative context it became an "exemplum



Roberto  
Cortezmack

patientiae," symbol of Christian patience.

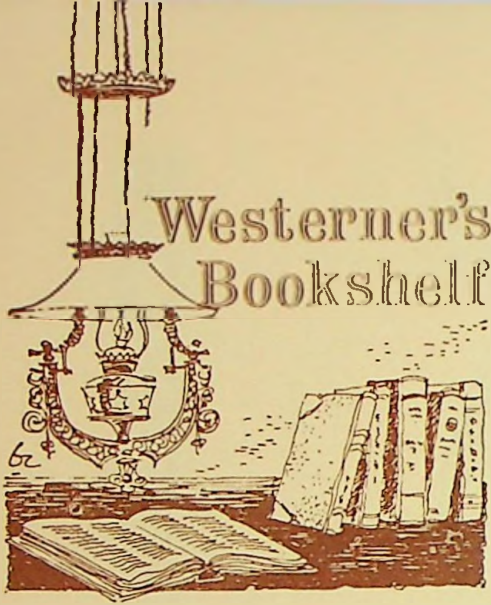
This admirable little bullo shows Job seated in accordance with the scriptures, tho a wooden seat has replaced the usual dunghill. Except for the trunks, his well modeled body is nude. He is completely covered with balls. Job supports his head with his right hand, a gesture of contemplation, while at the same time his left arm is bent horizontally in a rather strained position. The implied active character of this gesture counteracts the passiveness of the other. Job is engaged in patient meditation, not in inert brooding. Mental activity is likewise reflected from the inward expression of the eyes.

As a patriarch of the Old Testament, Job has been given a place in the hierarchy of the Christian Saints. He is a patron against morbus gallicus, syphilis.

The tin niche in which Job patiently contemplates his condition, is made of an old gasoline can. From an account in "Tin Crafts in New Mexico" introduction by Carmen G. Espinosa, New Mexico State Department Vocational Education, Santa Fe, 1937 . . . we learn that during the time American troops were quartered in Santa Fe, people bought empty oil cans from the soldiers. The ingenuity of the Spanish-American in devising useful objects from the meager materials at hand often brings about astonishing results! Source: "Santos, the Religious Folk Art of New Mexico," by Wilder and Breitenbach.

# plate 1 /

First in a series of art plates on the historical sacred art of the early western scene . . . its meaning to the people or ethnic group producing it.



**THE WILD HORSE OF THE WEST,**  
by Walker D. Wyman. Lincoln,  
Nebraska, Univ. of Nebr. Press, 348  
pp., \$1.60.

Dr. Wyman traces in an authoritative, well-documented account, the various theories as to the origin of the wild horses of the western mountains and plains, in this beautifully illustrated volume.

The author's stated purpose in writing this study was to set forth the main outline of the history of that horse between 1600 and the present time. He relates how the horse was introduced into America, by way of Europe, by the Spanish as well as other nationalities that settled our eastern shores. The stray from the Spanish missions and expeditions, horses that either escaped or were stolen by the Indians, became the wild mustang that was at one time a competitor with the buffalo for dominance on the great plains, and the subject of much of the romance of the West.

Dr. Wyman's fascinating story begins with the feral (escaped) horse in U. S. Territory, which from approximately 1600 began to spread its increasing numbers rapidly northward from Texas. He deals with their impact on the American Indian tribes, radically changing their culture, making them a mobile population, and a formidable cavalry; later he shows

their influence on the western rancher, to whom the mustang finally became a serious economic problem, to the present time when cattlemen and state legislatures have destroyed almost all wild horses as pests on the open range.

The author has gathered a wealth of well-documented data. He has presented merely the facts, from the beginnings of the mustang in America to his near extinction today. He takes neither the part of the sentimentalist lover of horseflesh nor that of the mustanger whose livelihood was gained in the capture and disposition of the wild horse. However, he gives due credit in his preface remarks: "To that little horse, dean of mammals, which has had such great influence throughout history, especially in the range country of the West, the writer bows with a respect bordering on veneration." Wyman's research is a fitting monument to "The Wild Horse of the West."

The volume is ably illustrated by the late Harold E. Bryant, native of Colorado, whose sketches enhance many pages. His paintings indicate a love of the horse in all of his romantic beauty.

Virginia Lee Wilcox, CM

**THE HUNTING OF THE BUFFALO,**  
by E. Douglas Branch. Univ. of  
Nebr. Press, Lincoln, 1962, 232 pp.  
(A Bison Book) \$1.40.

This short book—only 232 pages—tells of the two greatest tragedies of the American West: the destruction of the buffalo and of his follower, the Indian.

The book is all the more remarkable when you consider that, standing as it does for the highest there is in research and writing ability, the author was only 20 when he began working on it, only 24 when it was published, already a Ph.D. from the State University of Iowa.

The preface to this edition is by



J. Frank Dobie, who had great influence on Branch when Branch was a teenage student in Dobie's English classes at Oklahoma A. & M. But Dobie's influence, alas, didn't last long after Branch finished school, when another influence took over: the distillers. Branch died on skid row in Chicago. He was 49.

The book which Branch wrote almost 30 years earlier will have to stand not only as a brilliant piece of work but also as a perpetual black indictment of the American pioneer.

It was he, with his greed for land and money, who destroyed a great natural resource worth how much on today's market? Let us see. Let us say that the white man's gunning killed only 10 million buffalo (some authorities claim it was three times that). On today's market, figuring them worth \$250 a head, the waste was two and one-half billion dollars!

The book itself is no stodgy accusatory thing. It is lively, as moving as "the swiftness of the hoofs of the thundering herds that roamed the Great Plains," as the *Boston Transcript* put it. The Indians, the whiskey merchants, the hide hunters, the bone pickers, the crooked Indian agents, and a Secretary of the Interior named Columbus Delano (doesn't that name have a familiar ring?), who was perhaps the most guilty of all, march before you.

You must read this book. I warn you, however, once you read it you will find it hard evermore to be very proud of being an American—it is that brutal and sweeping in its indictment.

Charles B. Roth, PM

**COWBOYS AND COLONELS.** Narrative of a Journey Across the Prairie and over the Black Hills of Dakota, by Edmund Mandat-Grancey. Translated by William Conn. New York: J. B. Lippincott Company (1963). 352 pp. Paperback, in Keystone

**Western Americana series.**

Two things should be kept in mind: the book was the result of a three-week tour of the Black Hills; the author was writing for the French reading public, not for Americans.

The Baron de Mandat-Grancey and a companion reached Rapid City by stagecoach from Ft. Pierre, June 27, 1883. On July 17, they were eastward bound from Sidney. In these three weeks the observing Frenchman, with the critical eyes of a foreigner in a strange land, absorbed enough to compile this interesting and rather charming narrative.

De Grancey was sort of a minor Tocqueville; he sees facets of the Western frontier that the natives overlooked. He notices details of food, dress, manners, and speech, with nicety of expression, mild sarcasm and humor. The food is terrible: "In the course of ten minutes they bring us something smoking in a tin porringer, the strong putrescent odour of which has already reached our olfactory nerves. On inspection we find the contents to consist of rough pieces of venison, chopped with a hatchet and fried with rancid lard." The men: "They have the same beard, long and ill-combed, flannel shirts, and trousers big enough to serve as models for a new 'divided skirt.' All these men look tired out and prematurely old." The men were crude and vulgar but he thought the women worse. He was fascinated with the cowboy and admired his freedom and toughness, but condemned his free use of the gun and his lack of discipline. The author is more impressed with the mining industry, which was his particular mission, than he was with the people, but he does sense the power of economic freedom and the vigor of the democratic way of life. Altogether, the Baron put together a rather remarkable, and certainly still readable, series of observations and anecdotes. He liked the

Hills, for he returned later and bought a ranch near Buffalo Gap. His further adventures are described in *La Breche Aux Buffles*, Paris, 1889.

The book was first published in France as *Dans Les Montagnes Roucheuses*, and the first English edition was published in London in 1887 under the present title. Unfortunately, the book contains errors of fact which were not noted. For example, Wild Bill wasn't under contract to exterminate the Sioux at so much per scalp; Jack McCall was not the proprietor of the saloon in which Hickok was killed; and McCall didn't just happen to be passing through Yankton when he was apprehended (pages 135-138). Even though a facsimile method of reproduction was employed, a section of notes at the end might have been added.

The introduction by Professor Howard R. Lamar of Yale is altogether admirable.

J. Leonard Jennewein, CM

**EXPLORING THE GREAT BASIN**, by Gloria Griffen Cline. Univ. of Okla. Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1963. 254 pp., 16 illus., 5 maps, footnotes, bibliography and index. \$4.95.

Volume 39 of the American Exploration and Travel Series of the University of Oklahoma Press is an exceedingly complete history of that area of the West comprising most of Nevada and parts of Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, and California. It is the Great Basin, a bowl with no outlet to the sea for its rivers, and the last part of this country to be explored.

Historically, the author describes the Indian residents of the basin, the explorations and explorers, the fur trappers, the role of the basin as part of the route further west, and concludes with Fremont finally developing the correct theory of the geographic nature of the basin. Geography, climate, and general descrip-

tion are not neglected. Adventurers and explorers, from the Spanish, through the British, and finally the Americans all visited the Basin. Hudson's Bay men and our mountain men and fur trappers all played their parts on this vast stage.

The profound research of the author provides some details which readers may find excessive, but the book will surely be a standard source for the history of the area.

W. H. Van Duzer, CM

**HOME BELOW HELL'S CANYON**, by Grace Jordan. Univ. of Nebr. Press, Lincoln, Nebraska. 243 pp.

Originally published in 1954 by Thomas Y. Crowell, this Bison Book paper-back edition has just recently been issued.

The wife of a man who subsequently became the governor of the State of Idaho, took her three small children, and twenty-five borrowed dollars to a sheep ranch on the banks of the Snake River, in the ranching area just below Hell's Canyon, "that deepest scar on North America's face." The daughter of a physician, her eldest child at the age of ten "had never spoken to a doctor nor had an inoculation or a 'shot.'" It was a pity, for if the whole family had taken typhoid "shots" before embarking upon a life in which drinking river and irrigation ditch water was routine, the future governor might have escaped an attack of typhoid fever which nearly deprived the State of Idaho of an excellent executive.

This all happened in the depths of the Depression and was contingent upon the loss of their earlier ranch and then the loss of their bank savings. The father had been at the ranch they hoped to be able to buy, for six months. His family, escorted by Grandpa, arrived at the ranch with an empty lunch hamper, the portable typewriter and three dollars, having spent the last sixteen hours bucking

up the roisterous Snake, the last few hours by moonlight. The captain could tell where "the channel" was by the outline of the cliffs against the sky, thirty-five hundred feet above.

The adventures, the grinding toil, the near-disasters, the minor triumphs, all, were probably not unique to the Jordan family. What was unique was that the mother could write (remember the portable typewriter), and she led her three children to write diaries as well as carrying them through Calvert to high school (we thought Winnetka was better).

The book is a work of art, as well as a thrilling documentary, which are just the reasons, of course, that the University of Nebraska Press has

added this reprint to its list of outstanding Bison Books.

Horace E. Campbell, M.D., CM

**FORTY MILES A DAY ON BEANS AND HAY**, by Don Rickey, Jr. Univ. of Okla. Press. Photographs, maps, biblio., index, 382 pp., \$5.95.

The period of Indian warfare between the Civil and Spanish-American wars has inspired countless books, both fact and fiction, mostly presenting the viewpoint of the commissioned army officer. Not one—that's right, not one—has ever represented in its entirety the documented viewpoint of the enlisted soldier, until the publication of this really remarkable fact-packed and highly readable volume.

*concluded on page 19*

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS' ANNUAL BRAND BOOK FOR 1962:

A Progress Report by John J. Lipsey, Editor

On June 26, 1963, copy for the Denver Westerners' Annual Brand Book for 1962 was placed in the hands of the printer. As of this writing (July 26, 1963) composition is in progress and galley proofs of some articles are expected shortly. It is hoped that the book may be ready for distribution in November of 1963. But orders are not solicited now. Announcement will be made in ROUNDUP and by direct mail as soon as the cost of the book has been determined.

The last copies of the 1961 Brand Book were sold almost as soon as the book was published. It is the present plan, however, to print 50 fewer copies of the 1962 book.

Following are the articles and authors to be presented in the 1962 Brand Book:

1. Out of the Original Rock, by J. Frank Dobie.
2. The Diary of Mary Ellen Jackson Bailey, edited by Agnes Wright Spring.
3. The Fight for the Stratton Millions, by David P. Strickler.
4. A Survey of the History of the Exploration of the Colorado River, by Dwight L. Smith.
5. Here They Killed Jed Smith, by Harry E. Chrisman.
6. The Myth of the Two-Gun Man and the Fast-Draw Artist, by Charles B. Roth.
7. Some Hand-Guns of the Fur Trade, by C. P. Russell.
8. Don Hunter of Dove Creek, by Al Look.
9. Chaos in Lincoln County, by Philip J. Rasch.
10. Some Notes on Newton Earp, by Gary L. Roberts.
11. Denver's Major Clubs, by Caroline Bancroft.
12. The Cheyenne Mountain Country Club of Colorado Springs, by Percy Hagerman.

13. The Union Printers' Home, by Dowell E. Patterson.

14. Unsolved Crimes of the Pikes Peak Region, by Carl F. Mathews.

15. Historical Background of Fort Logan, Colo., by Evan Edwards.

16. Horace Greeley, the Man Who Took His Own Advice, by Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson.

17. Roaring Fork Pioneers, by Len Shoemaker.

18. Toll Roads in Colorado, by Paul D. Harrison.

19. Will James, by Bob Cormack.

20. Conception and Birth of the Denver Westerners, material furnished by Edwin A. Bemis.

21. Comic Supplement: Four short, light pieces on Colorado history by John J. Lipsey:

a. Light-hearted Princetonians "Survey" Colorado in 1877.

b. Colorado's No Man's Land.

c. The Unsinkable Legend of Mrs. Brown.

d. Once a Champion, Always a Champion.

Each article will be illustrated by photos, drawings and/or maps. Most pieces will also have spirited introductory drawings by the distinguished Colorado artist, Archie Musick. End-papers will be two Denver street scenes reproduced from A. E. Mathews' famous "Pencil Sketches of Colorado" (1866), courtesy of Nolie Mume, M.D.

In former years all members in good standing (posse, reserve and corresponding) have been allowed a two-dollar discount from the established price of the Brand Books on prepaid, republication orders. The same discount will be allowed this year. So, don't let your membership lapse.

## FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

Sheriff Robert L. Perkin, congratulations on the new appointment as director of public information at the University of Colorado Medical Center. Dr. John J. Conger, acting dean and Medical Center director, made the announcement of Bob's selection for the position. Our Sheriff, the ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS book editor and veteran reporter, has been on the staff of the paper for 26 years, which he joined shortly after his graduation from the University of Colorado in 1937. His service was without interruption except for a short period during World War II, when he worked as assistant regional director of the Office of War Information and later as communications officer with the Navy in the South Pacific.

At the University of Colorado Perkin was president of his class and Cane Bearer. He edited the student newspaper, then called the Silver and Gold.

Bob is a member of the National Assn. of Science Writers, and was the first newspaper man to receive the distinguished service citation of the Colorado State Medical Society.

Mrs. Arthur A. Wright, writes, "Because of the death of my husband, Arthur Wright (Corresponding Member), in September of 1962, I am returning the membership card for the Westerners, with deep sorrow and regret. Arthur did so enjoy his association with the organization, and his friendship with many of the members. Western history was his first interest, as you may know, he was a history and social studies teacher. He had spent several years in research on the 'Otto Mears Story,' as well as on the Colorado regiment's part in the Civil War. This material is now in the hands of Dr. Carey, Dr. Breck, and Dr. Dunham of the Denver University history department, and I am hopeful of having it published in some form in the future."

CM Crawford Buell writes, "For the

last two months I have been in the southwest, mostly on business, but along with that it was possible to see numerous persons and do library research concerning the Long Walk of the Navajo Tribes, 1864-68. Have been working on this for three years, but was transferred from Washington last October before I had completed gathering record material that is available there. Although I began study with a visit to the Tribal officials in 1959, and to various southwest libraries at that time, I hope to progress on it more rapidly now that Denver is my home. Would you know any Westerners who might have leads to material on this subject? Incidentally, though I missed Art Woodward's talk at the May Meeting, it was a pleasure to discuss the Long Walk study with him in Tucson shortly afterward. We met in John Gilchriese's home." If any of you can assist CM Buell, contact him at 1220 Gaylord St., Apt. 205, Denver, Colo. 80206

PM Fred Mazzulla informs us that the portrait of Ella Watson (Cattle Kate), used on page 10 of the May ROUNDUP was painted by the late Herndon Davis. Our engraving was taken from a color transparency in the Mazzulla collection. Fred tells us there are only two other known photos of Cattle Kate, one that he has of her riding her favorite horse and a tintype in the Wyoming State Historical Museum.

CM Joseph P. Hile, of Mercer Island, Washington writes, ". . . Since moving to the Seattle area, I certainly have missed attending the regular monthly meetings. I eagerly await each issue of the ROUNDUP to keep me posted on 'what's going on'."

PM Maurice Frink, chairman of the judging committee which annually selects Miss Indian America, recently had a feature story in the DENVER POST (Contemporary Magazine section) titled, "Miss Indian America . . . a Judge Tells How She's Picked." Selection of Miss Indian America climaxes an annual

three-day gathering of North American Indians at Sheridan, Wyoming. They renew acquaintances, revive tribal rites and dances, hold contests, races and games. Originated in 1953 by F. H. Sinclair of Sheridan, Indian Days first was conducted as an adjunct of the Sheridan Rodeo. It was established as a separate entity in 1954, however. It is a non-commercial, non-profit enterprise to foster a better understanding between Indians and non-Indians, to combat discrimination, encourage Indian arts and crafts and to preserve Indian traditions.

PM Fred Rosenstock's Denver-published book is included in the traveling exhibit of the Rounce and Coffin Club's selection of the most beautiful Western books of the year. Congratulations, Fred!

The 27-volume "Western Books" exhibit was on display at the Denver Public Library in August.

Among the chosen books is "John Doble's Journal and Letters From the Mines," edited by Charles L. Camp and published by Fred Rosenstock's Old West Publishing Co. of Denver. The book was designed by Lawton Kennedy, famous California typographer.

The Rounce and Coffin Club, with headquarters at the Huntington Library in San Marino, Calif., is an organization of West Coast book-lovers and fine printers which for 25 years has made an annual selection of the finest books published in Western states.

CM Dean Krakel, former archivist and museum curator for the Air Force Academy in Denver and at Colorado Springs, now director of the Gilcrease Institute (also a CM) and editor of its lavish, color-filled magazine . . . tells us that a Colorado writer and an early painter of Colorado and the West hold the spotlight in the new issue of the American Scene Magazine, published by the Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art in Tulsa.

The Colorado writer represented in the latest "Yellowstone Country" issue

of American Scene is Burton Harris of Boulder, author, bookman and authority on the fur trade era of the West.

Harris writes in American Scene of "John Coulter, Discoverer of Yellowstone Country," a biographical sketch of the intrepid mountain man who made a mid-winter trek through the land of trembling Earth, spouting geysers and boiling mud springs which became the legendary "Coulter's Hell."

One of the color-illustrated articles of the magazine deals with Thomas Moran, Western artist noted for his early scenes of Colorado and Wyoming. Among the reproductions is Moran's painting of the Mount of the Holy Cross, painted in 1873 when Moran accompanied the Hayden survey expedition to the Colorado mountains.

Subscriptions to American Scene, published four times a year, are available at \$5 by writing to Krakel at the Gilcrease Institute, P.O. Box 2419, Tulsa, Okla. Single copies are sold at \$1.25.

## WESTERNERS' BOOKSHELF

*continued from page 17*

Aided by a Ford Foundation grant, the author has assembled an immense amount of material dealing with the part played by the enlisted soldier in the Indian Wars. Only incidentally is it a history of the Indian campaigns. Although more than three hundred living veterans supplied the author with personal accounts of their army life, the book is far more than a collection of reminiscences. As a reference work it should prove invaluable.

The regular army soldier was the stepchild of the republic, psychologically as well as physically isolated from most of his fellow Americans, but he created the framework of law and order within which the settlement and development of the West became possible.

Read this book.

F. P.

it has spread to the northeast and north-central counties. The plight of San Miguel County is indicative of most of these counties. As of July 1, 1962, the unemployment in the county stood at 33%. The several relief agencies dispensed \$125,933.00 in San Miguel County during the month of June, 1962. This covered Old Age Assistance, Dependent Children, the Blind, the Disabled, and the General Assistance Fund.

There is some hope for these counties in the New Area Redevelopment Program which is actively engaged at the present time in developing lakes, ski areas and other recreational facilities. A high-level bridge planned for 1963-64 across the Rio Grande Gorge, near Taos, New Mexico, will be the opening step for access roads to the high mountain country of the north.

These new highways will penetrate the last outpost of the civilization that met the Kearny invasion. A third colonization will sweep in on these arterial highways. They will be seeking recreation, skiing, summer cabins and hunting lodges. The REA will progress slowly up the highest peaks and bring light to the lowliest of hovels that have been the refuge of a simple mountain folk for almost two hundred years.

VIPs of the next generation will loll in their hammocks in the mountain country and watch the rocket ships zoom over the land of Lucien Maxwell, Ceran St. Vrain, Carlos Beaubien, Kit Carson, Charles Bent, Archbishop Lamy, and numerous others who lived through the turbulent years of the invasion, the colonization, and the economic chaos. The era of Atoms, Atmosphere and Albuquerque will be in full swing and New Mexico will have come of age.



William Gilpin, Colorado's first Territorial governor, was a fantastic combination of dreamer and adventurer. At 15 he was a veteran of the Seminole wars . . . at 21 he had edited a St. Louis newspaper and had been admitted to the bar.



This here issue of yer range beller the ROUNDUP marks th' half way mark as my duties as yer Registrar of Marks 'n Brands. I've sure had a pitch fork fulla fun gettin' out the publicashun fer ya all. It's been a little slow a comin' to ya once in a while . . . but we're about back on skedule again. Seems like the ol' Posse has had a few papers given before them of late that jest weren't th' publishin' kind . . . or the author gave us his speech from notes and promised to deliver the paper to my apple box desk later . . . which, I jest ain't seen in th' mailbox yet. This has meant diggin' a little fer fit material to bring to ya in yer printed ROUNDUP. Mind ya, I ain't complainin' . . . 'cause this diggin' has brought to my attention the seriousness of many of our CMs in their western history interest . . . and the ability ta research and then put a parcel of history in writin'.

Take that ol' Billy Boyles and his story on "Old Burlington," . . . that fella wanted ya ta be so sure of his authentic sources that he had more footnotes and bibliography than he had story. You oughta meet Billy some time . . . I did, and he's quite a dedicated amatoor western historian. Since I'm supposed ta be handlin' yer "marks" . . . I'd like ta report about some that I've had come in by pony express of late. Got a real pen pal in that CM feller, Harry Chrisman down there in Liberal, Kansas. Chris writ me a nice letter statin' as how he thought he'd better pass up my invite to have one of his writin' pieces in yer '63 BRAND BOOK . . . 'cause he was doin' a piece fer John's up and comin' '62 volume (which sure sounds like a real leather puller. Did ya read about it on page 17 of this here periodical?) . . . and he was afinishin' up a book fer Alan Swallow which he calls a "salt mine" . . . but has somethin' ta do with "Chariot of the Sun." Chris enclosed a real genuwine sticka Black Jack in his letter and said, "An old Indian custom."

yers very respectful,  
Bob Cormack

# the ABIQUIU golden curse

Antonio Jose Martinez left Abiquiu, New Mexico after a very sad marital experience altered his sedentary life. Don Martinez had nineteen had lost his wife to a sudden frontier ailment after a short marriage. His sorrow was relieved by the soothing passages of the Bible to the point that he knew he must dedicate his life to the teachings of "El Cristo." In 1826 he was ordained after a hasty completion of a sketchy education in Latin grammar and moral theology, and was assigned to the Parish of Fernandez de Taos.

The legend of "The Abiquiu Golden Curse," may have come down through the years from Father Martinez' stories about the hidden treasure that he had heard related by many of the old-timers around the Plaza of his boyhood home, Abiquiu. The Padre was credited with the first newspaper in the province of Taos (1835) and whether he fabricated to fill space in his columns along with the news of the parish or whether the legend came from authentic traceable sources is only known to the dusty pages of a few long forgotten tomes of Church history or reports in the archives of the Catholic Church.

Padre Martinez openly admitted that the celibacy of priesthood was not for his romantic soul and energetic powerful body . . . he was known to have a few concubines scattered around in the adobes of his parish. History will not tell us, but our imagination can certainly carry us to the pillow where the tale of "The Abiquiu Golden Curse," must have been related by our amorous Padre many times to prove that he "truly was a man of the world."

One Gravel Martinez, long buried in the Spanish cemetery near the Colorado ghost town of Chicago, related many times the legend that had come down from his San Luis Valley ancestors through several generations, to his compadres during sheep shearing time. Elizabeth Willis Dec Huff also included the legend in her book, "Say the Bells of Old Missions," legends of Old New Mexico.

The locale of the legend is centered at Abiquiu, New Mexico, nestled among the cedar-coated mesas on the Rio Chama about 68 miles northwest of Santa Fe. Lying in a green valley, the center of a farming and stock raising area, Abiquiu is three miles northwest of the Pueblo Abechiu (as it was known when the Spanish came into the area in 1747). The Pueblo, now in ruins, became the site of a settlement of Genizaros (Sp. begotten by parents of different nations) in 1778 and was one of the stops of the Spanish trail to the new village on the mud flats out near the Pacific founded three years later by the Spanish governor of California, Felipe de Neve . . . called El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles de Porciuncula (later shortened for obvious reasons to "L.A.").

The Genizaros, captives ransomed by the Spaniards from the Apache and Comanche Indians and subsequently released from slavery, were also the Spaniards' prisoners, whose status was that of slaves, but who eventually were redeemed or released. Among these settlers were a few of the more enterprising Spaniards who, able to pick up a few parcels of land here and there by special grant from the Mexican government became the aristocracy . . . the Dons.

It was one of these rich Dons that our legend has for its principal character. For many years he had hoarded much gold and silver, much of it in coins and small trinkets. His hoard was secreted in a huge iron-bound chest which he guarded with the utmost care in a windowless room of the great house for fear that his treasure might be stolen. The miserly, stingy Don gave money only to his priest . . . and this only because he did not wish to alienate the Padre and thereby lose his blessings. Even the Don's son saw little of the monetary wealth and hardly ever saw the secreted chest whose great hand-wrought iron padlock was opened only when the Don had more wealth to add to the contents of the chest. The padlock was unlocked with

only one key . . . a tremendously large key that was always carried next to his body.

One night the household of the Don was aroused by a fast riding horseman who reined up before the "casa grande" shouting at the top of his voice, "Get your gun and come into the village. The Navajos are coming on a raid." As the rider dashed on to give warning to others on down the road, the Don began to run back and forth in his huge, long front room wringing his hands in worry, screaming at the top of his voice for his son and his trusted foreman Ramon. The Don knew that the Navajos raided usually for food, fruits of the fields, sheep and goats, horses to ride, or for women and children to supplement their slave strings; but of late, he knew also that they had learned the value of gold and silver and would take that, whenever they might run across some.

As the Don's son and Ramon hurried to him he bellered, "Ramon, hurry, quickly hitch the horses to one of the coaches. We must take my big chest to the Padre for safe keeping!" When the foreman, Ramon, brought up the horses and coach, the three men with much difficulty, lifted the treasure chest into the vehicle and whipped the horses into a fast trip to the mission church. Arriving there the Don yelled out excitedly, "Father, Father." Previously warned, the padre ran out. "Father, the Navajos are coming, please let me hid my precious savings in this chest 'neath the altar of the church where St. Francis will keep them safely for me."

"But, my son . . ." said the Fr. hesitantly as he was interrupted by the excited Don who ordered, "Here, Father help us . . . it is heavy to lift." The Don having been very generous to him, and because there seemed no time to argue the issue, the Padre assisted the other three men in dragging the heavy chest into the main chapel. Swiftly the men moved the altar and at the Don's order, commenced to dig a hole where the altar had been, large enough to receive the huge heavy chest. When the chest had been hurriedly but carefully lowered into the hole, dirt was thrown upon it . . . here the Don cried out, "Please, Father, place a curse upon anyone who disturbs this chest!"

The Fr. answered reverently and quietly, "No, that would be a sin, my son . . . but we shall ask a special blessing only upon the owners of this treasure. May it bless only its owners, our Don here, and his only son." For quite a while nothing was heard in the chapel but the thud of the earth falling upon the chest followed by the slap of the spade packing the earth.

Suddenly a bloodcurdling scream rent the stillness as the raiding Indians began filling the chapel . . . their long, black, braided hair accenting their bronzed faces ornamented with ceremonial decorations in bright colors, brown bodies bare and glistening only covered by loin clothes, buckskin leggings and moccasins soiled from long, hard traveling. The Spaniards were helpless, they had no weapons, only the implements with which they had buried the chest . . . these were useless. The Indians shot them down and dragged their bodies into a pile. Ramon, who had been instructed to look after the horses, alone had escaped. The Navajos set fire to the wooden portions of the church, inside and out, and went on to the town. The church was not entirely destroyed because the thick adobe walls allowed the flames to travel only so far, but it was damaged beyond use until it could be repaired . . . and, until a new padre was found to take over the duties of the one that had just been relieved of his earthly tasks. After the raid the impoverished people of the parish were too busy mending the other damages wrought, and in finding enough food upon which to exist, to think about repairing or even using their church. When the time came, many months later, it was decided by the townspeople to abandon the damaged church and replace it with a much larger

(Continued to back page)



edifice within the village limits.

The legend continues . . . bandits learned of the vast fortune in treasure the late Don had possessed and had buried in the now crumbling adobe church. The bandits also heard of the sole remainder of the "treasure burial," . . . the trusted servant Ramon. They sought him out, and finding him one night they demanded, "Tell us where the treasure is!" Ramon refused, but after some arm twisting and other minor forms of torture, he cried out in pain, "It is buried." Following more torture, poor Ramon finally took them to the church ruins and was forced there, to point out the exact spot where the altar had been, and where the bandits hoped under which the buried chest was still secreted.

One of the bandits took the spade they had brought and began to dig. When he lifted the first spadeful of soil, he gasped and fell dead! The remainder of the treasure seeking band upon seeing their "hermano" drop dead . . . dropped their spades or digging implements and rushed to him, their eyes bulging with fear. They carried him cut, lashed him to his horse and galloped away, not even to look back.

Ramon in awe, told his story to his amigos, his bruises and marks of torture confirmed his story didn't they? Well, it seems that the treasure was a curse to all but its former owner, the Don,

now deceased. No one has ever dared to dig for it since . . . according to the old-timers sitting on the worn curbs of the Plaza . . . the treasure chest, filled with its coins and trinkets of pure gold and silver still lies buried beneath the altar ruins of the old church . . . and, who are we to doubt the legend of "The Abiquiu Golden Curse"? Abiquiu is only a mountain crest or two north from Los Alamos, about seventy-five or eighty miles by way of the pinon and pasture edged road. Here's another New Mexico village that's building a mighty potent legend of its own . . . not about gold, but blessings and curses having something to do with plutonium and uranium.

PM Robert B. Cormack

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## NEW MEXICO . . .

*continued from page 10*

ico dropped from \$73,000,000 to \$42,000,000. The slight breathing spell between 1925 and 1929 was hardly enough to bring the economy back on a solid footing, and the depression of 1929 took over to again stimulate a downward trend. For those who have heard that the depression never hit New Mexico, the explanation is found in the observation of many old timers when they say: "We hardly knew the difference."

If these economic disasters were not strong enough to change the entire picture of the state, the drought of the thirties finished the job. What has been called, nationwide, the Dust Bowl, was the result of drought that visits New Mexico every twenty-five to thirty years. In this case it spread on high winds to the plowed soil of midwestern states. One hundred and twenty-seven years of weather records reveal that "Minor" dry spells occur between seven to nine years. The severe droughts appear in twenty-five to thirty year cycles. 1879 was recorded as a devastating year. The sheep died of scabies, the streams dried up and the fields of the Mexican colonists were scorched out of existence. By 1903, the process was repeated though not quite as bad or widespread, but far more serious than a dry spell. Thirty years later another drought began and continued for almost three years. I would like to deviate at this juncture to point out something that has probably already become obvious to all of you. It has been approximately thirty years since the dust bowl. New Mexico has been extremely dry for the past 16 months. Conditions are approaching drought proportions, and from the records, either this drought will be the worst on record, or the following one of the nineties.

To summarize the outline from 1846 to 1945: New Mexico was a conquered foreign country, bilingual and multicultured; its productivity had been overestimated and misused; the flora and fauna were indigenous to an arid climate,

but were not easily replaced once they were removed; the timber of the forest lands was small and difficult to harvest for a profit, and the grama grass was severely damaged.

On the brighter side of the picture, New Mexico was the frontier of oil exploration by 1945, and to keep the record straight, the Terrero mines near Pecos in San Miguel County had produced \$30,000,000 in gold, silver and copper before labor troubles shut them down. It must also be noted here that since the development of New Mexico's resources came so late in the nation's industrial history, the untapped deposits of oil and coal are still either a well-guarded secret or relatively unknown.

Socially, the Spanish-Americans had, for the most part, become dependent on the several governmental relief agencies. Duplication in the Spanish language was still a must for many newspapers and documents. World War II had lifted the economy to some degree and forced a closer relationship between the Spanish-Americans and the Anglos. Finally, the years 1941 to 1945 were wet years for the normally dry country. New Mexicans of all races are notably able to forget about disasters and drought, and the war economy coupled with the needed moisture raised the spirits of the people and they were well-adjusted for the fourth phase of the American period—the second colonization.

The majority of the people in New Mexico had not welcomed with open arms the various relief programs of the thirties, but once they were in operation they showed a remarkable adaptability for procurement. When the first atomic bomb exploded on the White Sands, the congressional representatives were in harmony with the national administration and had had considerable experience in obtaining government assistance. Coupled with this representative skill was the utility of the land for missile and atomic experiments. Los Alamos had already been established. Dr. Robert H. Goddard's rocket tests on the White

Sands had been under way since 1929, and Utah, Colorado and New Mexico were the focal points for uranium prospectors.

For the first time in its long history, New Mexico was bursting with prospects of a real and substantial economy. The Hobbs oil fields were producing regularly; the Farmington area was coming out of the experimental stage in gas and oil exploration; the Chino Copper Mines were well established, as were the Potash Mines of Carlsbad, the uranium prospectors were swarming over the north-west corner of the state, and an unsuspecting Indian was not many years from stumbling onto an uranium bonanza on the Santa Fe right-of-way near Grants. The colonization period of the missile and atomic age was on its way.



It would require much more space than is available in this paper to give proper accounting of the past eighteen years of colonization, but some representative figures will suffice to excite the imagination on the scope of this new expansion in New Mexico. The population in Albuquerque has risen from approximately 50,000 in 1945, to a metropolitan figure of 286,000, its bank deposits from around \$30,000,000 to almost \$300,000,000. Some of its new industries include, the Atomic Energy Commission Operations Office; the \$40,000,000 Sandia Laboratory; the Armed Services Special Weapons Project at Sandia; and the Air Force Special Weapons Center at Kirtland Air Force Base. Seventy-seven electronic research and products firms have been established in Albu-

querque in the last ten years, and the American Car Foundry employs 2,200 employees with a basic annual payroll of \$13,000,000. This only touches on the Albuquerque expansion story, and its continued growth will depend on its water supply.

The White Sands Proving Ground has been a boon to both Alamogordo and Las Cruces. Holloman Air Development Center has made Alamogordo the "Rocket City." At Clovis the Cannon Air Force Base, an integral part of the Tactical Air Command, has reached the proportion of a \$250,000,000 military installation. Swift and Company and the Safeway Stores, Incorporated have built plants there recently, the former a slaughtering house and the latter a fluid milk plant. Walker Air Force Base in Roswell, a part of the Strategic Air Command, plays an important part in the economy there, along with twelve Atlas Intercontinental Missile Bases and one of the five government Saline Water Test Plants.

Farmington was only a hamlet before World War II, but now the population is rising so rapidly that it can only be estimated as somewhere in the 20,000 figure. By 1955, there were 1,500 natural gas and one hundred and fifty producing oil wells. This San Juan Basin now pumps natural gas to the Pacific Northwest through 1,500 miles of pipeline and 600 miles of sixteen inch pipe carries crude oil to California.

This is only a peek at the second colonization. It has wrought a vast change in the Land of Enchantment. Supplementary Spanish newspapers are no longer needed; the Spanish-American and Anglo issue is rapidly disappearing; a new breed from the Ivy League has moved into the principal cities; the political scene is showing some stability in the face of stiff opposition; and the tourist business has recently received a legislative boost by programs for its improvement.

While this terrific expansion has taken place in the last eighteen years little of

The DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y

KANSAS

AND THE LAST INDIAN RAIDS

# ROUNDUP!

AUGUST

1963

VOLUME XIX

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# The DENVER WESTERNERS M O N T H L Y R O U N D U P

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**23 OCTOBER MEETING** of the Denver Posse will be held the fourth Wednesday of the month at the Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm Place. Dinner at 6:30 p.m. \$2.75 per plate, only to PMs and their guests and CMs making reservations to Kenney Englert. Program: CM Byron G. Hooper. Subject: "The Story of the Julesburg Area."

**27 NOVEMBER MEETING** again at the Press Club. Program: CM Robert L. Brown, teacher of history at South High School, Denver. Author of "Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns." Subject: "The Silver Boom in the San Juans."

**THIS MONTH'S COVER** is a tempera painting of the great Sioux Chief Red Cloud who would give Chief Dull Knife, of the fleeing and marauding Cheyennes, refuge if only he weren't surrounded by Federal troops and if Dull Knife and his people weren't able to move because they were being sought to be returned to Fort Reno following the bloody raids on the Sappa of northern Kansas. The portrait was painted by William W. Cormack (1922 in Casper, Wyoming) father of your editor, Bob.

Illustration courtesy of Title Guaranty Co., Denver, Colo.



THE AUTHOR OF THE PAPER, "The Last Indian Raid in Kansas," has long been with the Indians he tells about, in this month's ROUNDUP, in their "happy huntin' ground." Mr. L. M. Foster, as we shall call him, was the father of the person writing down the story, signing his footnotes and comments as, "G.N." G.N. is also unknown to us, however, we do know where the paper originated in its present form before your ROUNDUP brought it to you. PM Philip W. Whiteley, MD, had a nurse working in his office that had told "Doc" about the Paper. . . and of course, he immediately picked up the conversation. . . forgetting his gynecology problems. You can imagine what occurred next when this Indian lore, artifacts, and you-name-it collector heard her description of the "eye-witness" story and paper. . . yes, you're right! That's why you are able to read this story, published just as we received it. Very little editing was done on the original manuscript, in order to maintain the original flavor, Ed.)

An Eye-witness account of . . .

The Last Indian Raid In . . .

# KANSAS

SEPTEMBER . . . 1878

By L. M. Foster



**T**he North Cheyennes, who had moved to the Indian Territory soon after the Custer massacre in 1876, became dissatisfied and wanted to go back north. They were kept under the guard of soldiers. The night of September 8th they silently moved out of camp near Fort Reno, Oklahoma on their flight to their old home in the far north, leaving the soldiers to discover their absence in the morning. The head Chief was Dull Knife, the sub-chiefs were Old Crow, Wild Hog and Little Wolf. See the map on back

cover of *Roundup* to follow Dull Knife's escape route.

"The next morning, two troops of cavalry started on Dull Knife's trail with orders to round him up and bring him back but the Indians moved on unmolested. They came to the Kansas state line September 14th, and crossed into Kansas near the southeast corner of Comanche county. The first tragedy was committed at Shelt's camp near the state line on the Salt Fork of the Arkansas river. A baby was mortally wounded and two other persons seriously wounded. They then moved on to the Payne ranch.

Mr. Payne was shot in the neck, Mrs. Payne in the hip, the baby shot through the chest. Tom Murray was killed alone on the prairie.

"News reached the frontier settlements in neighboring Barber county, and soon about fifty frontiersmen were in the saddle and moving out to intercept the Indians. They fell in with the soldiers who were sent out to intercept and capture the Indians.

"The Indians camped in a canyon about forty miles southeast of Dodge City, Kansas, in what is now Clark county. The Barber county men wanted to make an attack at once but the army officer said he would wait until morning to go into battle with the Indians.

"The soldiers pretended to guard the canyon but chief Dull Knife took advantage of the darkness and moved out leaving the soldiers to guard an empty canyon. The next morning the Barber county citizens went home in disgust. The Indians continued moving northwest, crossing the Arkansas river near Cimarron, Foote county, now Gray county.

"From there they continued their journey in a northwesterly direction. Colonel Lewis came from Fort Wallace and met the Indians south of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, now the Union Pacific Railroad, and had a sharp skirmish in which the Colonel was killed. He is the only officer we have any record of who tried to check the Indians till they reached Fort Robinson where they were captured.

"After the fight the Indians moved on north, crossing the U.P.R.R. near Monument. They moved in a northerly direction till they struck the North Solomon and followed it down to the Sheridan Post Office. Here, a Mr. Bayless and his family were eating dinner when the Bayless boy went to the door and on looking up the draw, said that there were some boys up there. Mr. Bayless knew there were no boys, as there was no one living west of him. He said 'There are no boys up there. Come and eat your dinner.' But the boy said 'I know there are some boys and they have got something that is shining.' Mr. Bayless thought of Indians and went to the door. Sure enough there were Indians. He said it looked like about four hundred at about four hundred yards from the house. He hitched the team to the wagon and started them down the river. He stayed until the Indians were about two hundred yards from

the house. Then he mounted a horse and rode away, leaving the savages in possession.

"A few days before this my father and my brother-in-law came in from Buffalo Station and reported that Indians had been seen south of the K.P.R.R., Sunday, September 29th. We went to Slab City, which was one mile below where Jennings now stands. The place is now owned by John Tacha and he had "SLAB CITY" in large letters on the front of his barn. As we were returning from church, we met Eliphalet Johnson. He told us the Indians were at Sheridan.

"As soon as we got home we commenced loading the wagon with such things as they had to have for camping out and my brother Joe took them to Spring City (now Lenora). Most of the settlers from Sheridan to where Allison, Kansas now stands, left their homes. Some stopped at Newt Lytle's, some at Alf Tyrell's and some went to Lenora. Some went as far as Kirwin.

"As soon as we could get our guns and horses ready, Eliphalet Johnson, H. Johnson and my father started up the river to join the men who were watching the Indians from a hill on the Frank Lytle place, now known as the Frank McGuire place. I started for the Prairie Dog to notify the settlers of the danger. I had gone but a short distance when I met Oliver and Ira Taylor. They told me that they thought that the Indians would be on the Prairie Dog.

"We had ridden about two miles when I was thrown from my horse by its stepping in a badger hole. After we had come some seven miles, we saw Newt Lytle's cattle coming from the southwest. Taylor said he thought it was Indians. I told him I did not think so as Indians usually rode single file. Oliver said he did not want to get west of the Indians so he and his brother turned back, leaving me to go on alone. Just as I came to the river north of where McClain's house now stands, I heard three shots. After I crossed the river I rode out on the bottom where I could see the white men on a hill on the Frank Lytle place. A man stepped out to one side and motioned me to come on. When I rode up, my father was the first one I met. I asked if there were any Indians there. He said, 'Yes, don't you see them?'

"They were camped at the Bayless house. They had killed a beef and some hogs and were having a big feast. Father said, they

had been shooting at something, which later on we learned was land hunters from Jasper county, Iowa. A bullet hit Mr. Young in the back. His partner, thinking him dead, started his team on the run and drove to the George Shoemaker's on the Prairie Dog. Mr. Young lived until the following Friday when Doctor Gochenaner of Ellis put him under the influence of chloroform to probe for the bullet. He died in the operation.

"While I was talking to my father, Henry Tyrell rode up and asked if I wanted to ride up close to the Indian's camp, so we could see what they were doing. There were six of us rode up the river, Joe Bayless, Jack Leatherman, Frank Lytle, George Kias, Henry Tyrell and myself. By the time we got near enough to see them, it was dark. We could see them passing back and forth between ourselves and the fire. When we started back my horse stepped in a prairie dog hole and again threw me. This time I hurt my shoulder in the fall. The boys asked me if I was hurt. I replied, 'not serious.' I remember I remounted and we rode on to where the men were. By this time it was pretty dark.

"I will here mention some of the firearms in our crowd. As I remember, George Kias had a Sharps rifle that used a percussion cap to explode the cartridge. He had to drop the breech block and drop in a ball in the chamber, then pour in the powder behind the ball, then pull back the breech in place, then put a percussion cap on the tube and he was ready to shoot. I think there was one or two Spencer carbines in the crowd but very few shells for them. These guns shot seven times. Most of the men were armed with muzzle loading rifles. One man had a Star carbine but no cartridges. There were few good guns in the country at that time.

"When my father and my brother got home, they lighted a lantern to do the chores. Oliver Taylor, seeing the light, started out on foot and walked six miles below Lenora that night. The next morning men were riding up the river in groups. As Elijah Johnson and I were going up the river we met Josh Moore coming from the Indian camp with a McClellan saddle he had picked up. The Moore family still have the saddle.

"Monday, September 30th, they were on the Prairie Dog before daylight, plundered the home of Mr. Peck. He was the post

#### BACKGROUND FOR DULL KNIFE'S RAID OR THE LAST INDIAN RAID IN KANSAS by PM Philip Whiteley

As a result of Indian depredations, things came to such a state in the 1870's that settlers, miners, freighters and travelers had to be protected from these incursions. Several bands of hostile Indians were captured and placed on reservations, among whom was the Cheyenne Chief Dull Knife and his followers. They were held under close surveillance at the Red Cloud Agency, in Nebraska, until an order was issued by the War Department to Captain Lawton to take them under military escort to Fort Reno Reservation, Indian Territory (Oklahoma). The Indians complied with this transfer without any annoyance from Dull Knife. Later, Dull Knife made the claim that he surrendered under a promise that if he should become dissatisfied with the Darlington Agency at Fort Reno, he would be allowed to return to his northern hunting grounds again.

Shortly after his arrival with his tribe at the Darlington Agency, he began to foment trouble and rendered himself as obnoxious as possible to every one with whom he had any dealings. The agent, John D. Miles, located Dull Knife nine miles above Reno, close to Dutch Jake's ranch and near the present town of Calumet, in the valley of the North Canadian. Dull Knife complained about the water, the nutritive qualities of the grass for his ponies, and the scantiness of rations. Whether this was true or not, Dull Knife certainly stirred up a lot of strife. This was a quality in which he was not in the least, lacking.

During the winter of 1877-78, when rations were issued, Dull Knife appeared and received his share. The cattle were turned over to the Indians to kill at the "issue" pen. The steer would be turned loose, the Indians pursuing it on horseback, armed with bows and arrows to kill the animal after a chase of a mile or so. The squaws followed on foot with their skinning knives to make short work of skinning and cutting up the meat, utilizing most of the steer. The small intestines were emptied by squeezing out the fecal matter and then they were draped around the necks of the

*(Continued on next page)*

master at Shibolet. They went from there to the James Gaumer ranch. He had just laid in his supply of winter clothing and supplies. They relieved him of these and also took an English prayer book which belonged to Mrs. Gaumer. It had her maiden name in it. It was picked up near where Ludell now stands and after forty-three years was returned to the owner.

"I here give a letter written by George Evans: 'I was with the boys of 1878. J. B. Jennings and I held cattle on the Prairie Dog in 1878-79 and on the 29th of September went down to Slab City to Church. When we started home we stopped with a bachelor (Nels Bronner) to stay over night.

About nine o'clock a fellow came in and reported a man had been shot by the Indians on the north fork (Solomon). J. B. Jennings and I saddled up our horses and went to George Shoemaker's and found it was true. We then gathered up our horses and notified the settlers along the creek. We found all of our horses but four which the Indians got.'

"We all gathered at Shoemaker's and next morning Peck hitched up and said he was going home, that he didn't believe there were any Indians about. He had to go over a hill and when he reached the top he saw the Indians. He turned around and came back on the jump. Four of us

#### THE LAST INDIAN RAID IN KANSAS • BACKGROUND *(Continued from page 5)*

returning ponies. A halo of flies accompanied the squaws on their homeward journey. Later this practice of killing was abolished and the animals were shot in the "issue" pens, dragged out and butchered.

Dull Knife kept the path between his adobe and the agency in well worn condition and managed to put in the whole winter, but kept the "trouble kettle" boiling. The Indians disliked leaving camp and traveling in the wintertime.

Come spring in the valley, Dull Knife made preparations for departure. The agent offered to move the camp to a location eight miles east of El Reno. Conditions of water, timber, and grazing should have satisfied Dull Knife's demands but he once more began to object, his stall being, that there was a lot of family sickness. Suspecting treachery, a troop of the Fourth Cavalry was sent to guard the Indians. This caused more griping and whining.

Meantime, the summer of 1878 was passing away and Dull Knife did not change residence. During this time he and Wild Hog, his lieutenant, tore around like a loose cyclone. They bartered for firearms and ammunition and made themselves a real nuisance to everyone by continuous proposals to make a trade.

Finally on September 1, 1878 the agent discovered that Dull Knife had gone. Then the agent dispatched a message to the commanding officer at Fort Reno who asked the messenger to take it up the river to the troops who were guarding the Indian camp.

Every soldier was sound asleep. Dull Knife's medicine was too strong for the soldiers. Dull Knife departed with less than one hundred warriors, a full complement of squaws and paposes. The Indians marched to the Cimarron river, raiding ranches and killing on the way.

The next day after the Indian departure, the Cavalry troops under the command of Major Randerbrook pursued and attacked the Indians at Antelope Hills, after their refusal to surrender. This fight resulted in something of a "draw." Dull Knife then went northward after crossing the Cimarron and began his depredations on the ranches, cattle and ranchers in Kansas. His ultimate goal was to reach Red Cloud, chief of the Sioux who was somewhere in Nebraska, across the "Big Running Water" (the North Platte).

Following the raids along the Sappa, described by an eye-witness in the accompanying paper, Dull Knife said to Little Wolf, another Lieutenant of the Cheyenne under Dull Knife, "Soon we will be with our friends beyond the Running Water. Only a few more days and we will be among our friends and relatives with Red Cloud." He was interrupted by another chief who retorted, "But soldiers surround all of our Cheyenne relatives and Sioux friends. We are shut out. . ."

"We have a right to be with Red Cloud! We were on his agency before we left to look at the south," Dull Knife argued. However, Dull Knife was captured on Chadrone Creek, October 23-25, 1878.





CHIEF DULL KNIFE (1828?-1879) of the North Cheyennes from a painting by James L. Vlasaty.  
—from Philip W. Whiteley collection

rode to the top of the hill and when they saw us, they left. (Peck ran a little store.) They cut holes in the featherbeds, took some bolts of calico, got on their ponies, took hold of the ends of the rolls and unwound them and scattered the feathers from the featherbeds.

"Sol Reese came along and joined the gang to kill Indians. The boys followed the old S.F. (Ogallala cattle trail). Sol and I went to Oberlin to get ammunition. We got to the widow Anthony's place about nine o'clock that night and found the boys there. They had killed a beef and were having supper. About twelve o'clock, a woman and two little girls came and told us the Indians had killed their two brothers and burned the house. Their name was Laing. Next morning we started out, went about five miles and struck three Indians. One of them was killed. The other two got away.

"By that time the soldiers came and Sol went with them. They advised us to go back to Oberlin. On the Sappa, the Indians had killed about fifteen people. Two women were captured by the savages. They were the Van Clever girls. The Indians kept them about three hours and turned them loose. The Indians did not scalp or mutilate either of them.

"The girls were in the wagon with Mr. Laing and his son who were going to

Kirwin to put papers on land. The girls were going to Oberlin. One of the men who followed the Indians (Wm. Street or Strup) afterwards married one of the girls. The girls said that the Indians came up to the wagon and said, 'How,' and when they went to shake hands they shot Mr. Laing and his son and took the girls captive. The Laings were from Canada and had many fine clothes and about a thousand dollars in money. The Indians destroyed what they could not take. They killed the old trapper, Abernathy. A man who had a gun was bothered but little. The trouble was, that but a few had any firearms.

"The paper stated that the dead were buried at Oberlin. This was a mistake. Ed Miskelly was buried at Buffalo Park. Vick Dowling and Ed were on the Republican River fixing up for the winter. Ed had come back looking for the cattle and the Indians got him. Vick Dowling wanted me to take Ed to Buffalo where his father ran a section house. I told him I was horseback. He told me to get someone else to cart Ed's body and he would give him one hundred dollars, so I got Jule Uford to take his team. He refused to go unless someone went with him, so Newt Lytle went along. Dowling sent the money to Sam Holstein to give it to Uford and told him to keep it, so Newt and I were out.

"The Laing's suffered more than anyone else. Four of them were killed and their money and property were all destroyed.

"About a half hour before the Indians reached H. D. Colvin's place, eight miles southwest of Oberlin, a young man rode in and reported that his partner, Mr. Young, had been shot by the Indians on the north fork of the Solomon and that he had brought him to George Shoemaker's on the Prairie Dog and that he was after a doctor. The people did not believe his report however, thinking the shooting had come from some other source. The people also saw Indian scouts on the hills south of Oberlin but supposed them to be white men. Paid no attention to it, not realizing their danger till Wat Smith and Joe Rabb came in with the wagon and horses on a run. The Rabb family and Smith women were in the wagon. The tire was off one wheel. They reported that Indians had killed Mr. Hutson (Hudson) and supposed Mr. Smith to be dead. On going back next day they found him still alive with six arrows and three bullet

holes through his body. He died after about thirty-six hours of suffering. Smith and Hutson were making hay when the Indians arrived. Wat Smith made his escape by following down the bed of the stream. The Indians arrived at H. D. Colvin's, September 30th.

"We give a copy of Mr. Colvin's letter: 'I lived with my wife and two daughters six and eight years old, in a log cabin with a pole and dirt roof. It was located on a spring branch near Sappa Creek, about eight miles southwest of Oberlin, Decatur county, Kansas. The Indians came upon us about 8:30 in the morning, September 30th. My wife was the first to discover them and as soon as possible, we went into the cabin and when they came too close we opened fire on them. My wife with a one shot gun and I with a cap and ball, Colt's Navy Revolver, firing through loopholes made by knocking out chinking blocks in the wall. They immediately left us. I presume they were about two-hundred-fifty of them in sight of us at one time—bucks, squaws and all included. They kept on the creek, killing two men about one half mile from my place and then spread up and down the creek, killing men, ravishing women and girls but neither women or children were killed. They did not scalp their victims, hence the name "Dull Knife." They massacred settlers in Decatur county. I took my family to Oberlin that night and next morning at daylight, Judge G. Webb Bertram hitched his team to my wagon and a few others went with us to the vicinity to bring in the dead.'

"Arriving at the Keifer ranch, we met the troops manned by Sergeant Track, under the command of Major Mauck, of the regular army who were leisurely following the Indians. They camped that night on one side of Beaver Creek with the Indians camped on the other side, a mile or so apart; their camp fires in sight of one another.

"Meanwhile, a party of cowboys and settlers had organized and started after the Indians, who, becoming aware of the movement by the scouts, broke camp and hurried north, not stopping until they had crossed the U.P.R.R. near Ogallala, Nebraska.

"When the redskins arrived at the ranch (Keifer's) they found Mr. Lynch there. Mr. Lynch had worked on the U.P.R.R. when it was building through Kansas and had

had to guard the camps on account of the Indians. Mr. Lynch had a boy with him. They went into Mr. Keifer's dugout for protection when they saw the Indians coming. While Mr. Lynch was helping Mrs. Keifer hide the children away to keep them quiet, the Indians stole three ponies he had tied in the yard. One of the rascals, who had taken an apron from one of the Van Clever girls, ventured around in front of the dugout and made an attempt to look in at the window and Mr. Lynch shot him. He tumbled to the ground and Mr. Lynch saw his comrades pull him around the dugout. He also saw the Indian's gun on the ground. The boy stepped out and got it and came back into the dugout unmolested.

"The Indians went into camp near the Keifer ranch, not suspecting any trouble with the whites and then turned their ponies out to graze. Mr. Lynch slipped around and captured five of their ponies and got away with them. The Keifer ranch is now owned by W. O'Toole.

"Moses Abernathy had sold his claim and he and Marcellus Felt were going to Oberlin to fix up the papers. These men were killed just over the hill, west of where the O'Toole school now stands. (This school stood on the S½ of NW of 6-4-29 in the present summit Township, G.N.) Also two men were in a dugout and could have defended themselves as they had guns but became frightened and made a run for their lives. They were killed on the O'Toole ranch, south of the creek, nearly south of the school house. A gunman by the name of Westphalen saw the Indians coming and made his escape by jumping over the bank and ran to O'Toole's shanty in which some grain bags had been set in the windows to keep the mice from destroying the grain. It looked as though they had fortified against the Indians so they passed on without molesting him. He had no gun.

"Immediately before the raid, John Humphrey came home from Buffalo Park and told his folks the Indians were south of the railroad and he thought it would be advisable to get out before they got there. His father thought it would be better to stay on the claim. On the morning of the 30th of September they went to the prairie after a load of hay. The Indians came on them and wounded John. He got away and hid

(Continued to page 18)



"The 20-Mile House" as it was called on the Smokey Hill Stage Route between Denver and Leavenworth, Kansas, was located at "Parker Junction," now Parker, Colo.  
(Photo from Denver Public Library Western Collection)

## SMOKEY HILL ROUTE . . .

### *Denver's Lifeline to the East in the '60's*

The modern-day motorists, speeding south out of Denver, give little thought to the old State Highway 83, running parallel and just east of the four-laned Denver-Castle Rock freeway. And yet, Route 83, commonly referred to as the "Parker Road" is probably Colorado's oldest and most famous road. Today, except for the historical marker near Parker, little remains to remind you of what was once the real wild west. What enchantment still remains, lies thirty-some-odd miles to the west, where the towering snow-capped Rockies reach out to meet the azure skies just as they did a hundred years ago.

Back in the early 1800's, when Colorado still belonged to Spain, the route first came into use as part of the "Trappers' Trail" when the American Fur Company represented by such famous mountain men as Bill Williams, Kit Carson, Jim Bridger and others, beat the first trail to the virgin hunting grounds.

With the discovery of gold in California, the Forty-niners immigrating from the Southern states came up the Arkansas River as far as Pueblo, turned north and continued along the "Trappers' Trail" to where Denver now stands. The route then became known as the "Cherokee Trail" because of the large party of Cherokee Indians from Georgia, heading for the California gold fields. A number of these same Cherokees returned to Colorado in 1858 with the famous W. Green Russell prospecting party, who made the strike that started the Pikes Peak gold rush a year later.

Captain Marcey followed the old "Cherokee Trail" while on his way from Fort Union, New Mexico, in 1858, bringing supplies to General Johnston's forces that

were fighting the Mormons in Utah. Meanwhile the "Pikes Peak or Bust" gold stampede brought more men and their families along the Smoky Hill Route. But the severe winters, the scarcity of water and the Indians took their toll and the route became known as the "Unmarked Grave Route."

In December, 1858, a man named Bacon from Michigan was the first to traverse the route. He followed the Smoky Hill River until the stream petered out, then traveled by compass until he reached Cherry Creek near the future town of Parker where he picked up the trail used by the trappers and the Cherokees. See map on back cover of this month's ROUNDUP.

A few months after Bacon, and not very far from the site of Parker, an Arapahoe Indian found the emaciated body of Daniel Blue. He brought Blue to Denver where the starving man, having been nourished back to health, revealed a horrible tale of cannibalism.

Daniel Blue and two of his brothers had set out from Leavenworth by the Smoky Hill route, and were shortly after joined by a man named Soleg. Ignorant of the treacherous country ahead, their provisions soon gave out. Figuring that they hadn't far to go, they killed their horse for food and loaded the cart with it, taking turns in the harness. The tedious task soon devoured their strength and, when the last piece of horse meat was gone, they sat down to die. Soleg was the first, but before he passed away, he requested them to make use of his remains. They lived on his body for eight days.

The oldest of the Blue brothers, Alexander, was the next; and at his last request, his body furnished the two remaining

brothers with food as they resumed their journey. The youngest brother, Charles, passed on and for the next ten days Daniel subsisted on his brother's body. When he was found, he was already on the verge of death and insanity, not realizing that he was but a short distance from the trail that led to Denver along the banks of Cherry Creek. Daniel regained his physical strength, but his mind was gone. The citizens made up a purse and sent him back to the States to his friends.

A year later, 1860, W. Green Russell reported upon the Smoky Hill route in the interests of Leavenworth, Kansas, along which the Butterfield Overland stagecoach line was established with a terminal at Parker. Not long after, another line, the Leavenworth-Pikes Peak Express, converged at Parker and followed the old trail to Denver. And it was always a happy day when the weary covered wagon and stage coach travelers reached Parker since it offered the first signs of civilization. Here they usually pitched camp, replenished their water supply and gave thanks that the barren prairies were behind them.

In the late sixties, James Parker, realizing the necessity of suitable quarters at the Parker Junction, established a roadhouse destined to become famous as the "Twenty Mile House." The place was a long, low building of log and frame construction. The two large cottonwood trees at the north and west side served as a landmark for travelers. The building had ten rooms and a huge dining hall, all spread on the ground floor. Meals were served to traders, freighters, gold seekers and all comers. The immense fire place in the dining hall was indeed a welcoming sight to weary and chilled sojourners. Besides the hotel, there was a blacksmith shop and stable.

The dining hall also served as a ballroom four times a year—on the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year. People came from all directions and paid an admittance of five dollars. This included the dinner with a night's dancing to happy polkas, Virginia reels, quadrilles, Dutch gallops, and mazurkas. Here the farmer and the rancher met the bullwhacker, in buckskin pants fringed down the seams, flannel shirt, black boots and large dusty sombrero.

Since there wasn't much dancing at the "Twenty Mile House," the fellows would

amble down to John C. Melvin's "Twelve Mile House," where every Saturday night they dozi-do'd with comely girls attired in full, trimmed hoopskirts and waist-tight-fitting dresses.

The "Twelve Mile House" was located on the east bank of Cherry Creek, twelve miles from Denver. John Melvin came to Colorado in '59 from Connecticut and took up a homestead twelve miles southeast of Denver. Here he raised cattle, and being a race horse enthusiast, raised blooded horses until called into service with the First Colorado Cavalry during the Civil War. Upon his return, he brought his bride to his three-room log house on the ranch; and later, because of the heavy transient trade that passed the place along the route to Denver, he built an additional ten rooms. A large kitchen was outfitted with two stoves and the large ballroom was furnished with furniture freighted in from the States. Some of the furniture was bought from disappointed gold seekers returning to the States.

The barroom also served as a post office thus enabling Mr. Melvin to attend to both businesses at the same time. In the large grove of cottonwoods along the banks of Cherry Creek, a pavilion was built where many picnic parties from Denver came to dance and feast. And since Mr. Melvin's hobby was race horses, he constructed a half-mile track where meets were held. Cowboys gave exhibitions of skill in riding and roping. Denverites with their stylish tallyho and prancing blooded horses drove out to wager stakes on races and cock fights. For the hunters, game was plentiful—with herds of antelope, jack rabbits, and wild duck that frequented the stream. But most of the social life centered around the dinner dances that generally lasted throughout the night and well into the next day.

Indians were constant visitors and, though they were generally friendly, no one could forget that only a few miles away the Hungate family, consisting of a young couple and two golden haired little girls, was murdered by the Indians in '64. Whenever there was news of an Indian marauding party, all the neighboring families drove their wagons to the "Twelve Mile House" hoping there would be safety in numbers. Here the women and children remained while the armed men rode off in pursuit.

*(Continued to page 17)*

# hide decoration... the sacred ceremonial art of the sioux

The art of the Plains Indian is a lively, bright decoration that in most cases carries a most vital message. The art in some instances is the Indians' own visual documentation of an immense panorama of events preceding, during and following the last great heyday and the tragic ending of old Plains life. Other forms of the art are symbolic decorations used as a means of communication to the supernatural powers of his belief. He asks for, gives thanks and identifies himself as an individual in the form of a symbolic trademark to his Gods in the art decoration used in most of this form of art. In a third form of his art, the Plains Indian uses native or available materials to simply decorate the artwork with no thought of story or message.

Before the introduction of horses and firearms in the 18th century, the life of the Plains Indian was endowed with the same stalwart characteristics which were to shape his future destiny. The Plains Indian was war-like, aggressive stoical and sometimes visionary, but always he zealously guarded his homeland. In the pre-Spanish days, there were Indians who farmed and those who hunted. The sedentary Pawnee, Arikara, Mandan, and Hidatsa settled on the banks of the Missouri River and its tributaries where they built dome-shaped earth lodges surrounded by great stockades. Many of these communities became important towns, often inhabited by several thousand people. To support such communities, the women filled the fields in the bottom lands beyond the stockade walls. Others, like the Sioux, Cheyenne, Crow, Arapaho, Comanche and Kiowa, were nomadic. They lived in skin tipis and tracked the buffalo on foot.

The use of firearms and the horse introduced by the Spaniards changed the life of the Plains Indian almost overnight. The mobility of the horse opened a vast territory and the lure of the great buffalo herds appeared to hunter and farmer alike. A nomadic existence became the accepted way of life and tribes ranged from the Mississippi to the Rockies, from Canada to Gulf tracking large herds of buffalo, elk, antelope and deer, controlling the far-reaching grasslands and guarding them against the intrusion of white traveller, surveyor, hunter, gold seeker, trapper and colonist.

The entire Plains Indian culture was affected by this roving existence. The hunter-warrior became the dominant figure in the social structure. Art forms were also affected. In this period of swift travel, possessions had to be compact, portable, lightweight—so the skins, bones, and sinews

the hunted buffalo and other animals became the basic materials for household utensils, clothing, and for the house itself. Art for the Plains Indians was an integral part of their lives, and was manifest in everything they made. Art was found in the decoration of all skin objects and in the embellishments of war club or pipe, but more important, art was the actual form of the object itself, whether it be a painted robe or a feathered war bonnet.

There were few professional craftsmen among the American Indians, everyone contributed to the total tribal expression or effort. There was, however, a definite division of labor. Carving, leather working, painting of tipi linings, ceremonial robes or other objects was in the province of the men. The Plains buck was the hunter, the warrior, the diplomat, the religious leader of his tribe. His arts and crafts were definitely related to his occupations. He was also of ceremonial and religious paraphernalia. Within this area of creative activity was the eagle-plumed war bonnet, and the battle war shield, both an important part of the battle regalia to be worn as a magical protection against arrows, etc.

The carving of the bowls of the stone "peace pipes" was another of the man's artistic task. Pipes were used in tribal rites, private ceremonies and frequently for pleasure. Smoking the pipe was an essential feature in pledges between man and man, tribe and tribe, or between nation and nation. No undertaking, whether a solemn religious ceremony, a mundane trade agreement or a momentous battle, was considered without first offering the pipe. Thus, the pipe itself was a symbolic instrument frequently endowed with magical properties and consequently, it was carved and decorated with special care.

The Plains Indian squaw was the home owner, consequently, articles pertaining to household management were her particular handiwork. The women were also responsible for the making of clothes. The buffalo hide robe was the basic article of clothing for both men and women. Under the artistic hands of the women this all important article of clothing achieved distinctive styling and decoration. The robe decoration might involve any one of several techniques. Robes could be painted or adorned with quill or bead work. Using porcupine bone brushes, earth and vegetable color, which were mixed in tortoise shell mixing bowls, the hide painter-artist would sketch out her designs on a skin which had previously been sized and prepared either with the juice of a cactus or beaver tail glue.

Her painted design and decoration would take many forms: a schematic stylization of the buffalo, a complicated hour glass design believed to represent a spider, or a conventionalized feather design in a radiating medallion sometimes called the "black bonnet." If quill work, were selected for the robe's decoration, technical dexterity was of great importance. Using a snaw thread and a bone awl the women embroidered the flattened porcupine quills, or heavy grasses, dyed in various hues into a kind of plaiting.

Costumes of the Plains Indians also made by the women were very colorful. Leggings, moccasins, the men's great poncho-like shirts, all attained an art style that was bold and dashing. In addition to making clothing, the women made many of the utensils, the facilities for the storage of food, supplies and personal belongings. Among these were the large parfleches, or rawhide cases. They made the highly decorated pipe cases, each individually designed by the pipe keeper's wife or sister, and no two of the cases were ever alike. The elaborately decorated bags became a badge of office by those head men who, as keepers of the pipe, were called upon to officiate at pipe-smoking ceremonies.

A very close relationship with the supernatural was an important factor in the success of many Indian undertakings. Countless elaborate ceremonies were devised by most of the Plains people in order to achieve the desired harmony with the mystical powers. Some of these practices took the form of sympathetic magic wherein man, imitating the buffalo, propitiated the Buffalo God to assure good hunting. Others, like the Sun Dance, which was directed toward the objective of receiving a vision, included elements of self torture as well as supplication. Visions were extremely important to the Plains Indians in that they provided the recipients with personal mentors. These guardian spirits usually took the form of an animal or bird and served as a special envoy to a particular god. Each of the many ceremonies had paraphernalia peculiar to it and the variety of accoutrements was many.

For further reading and source see above:

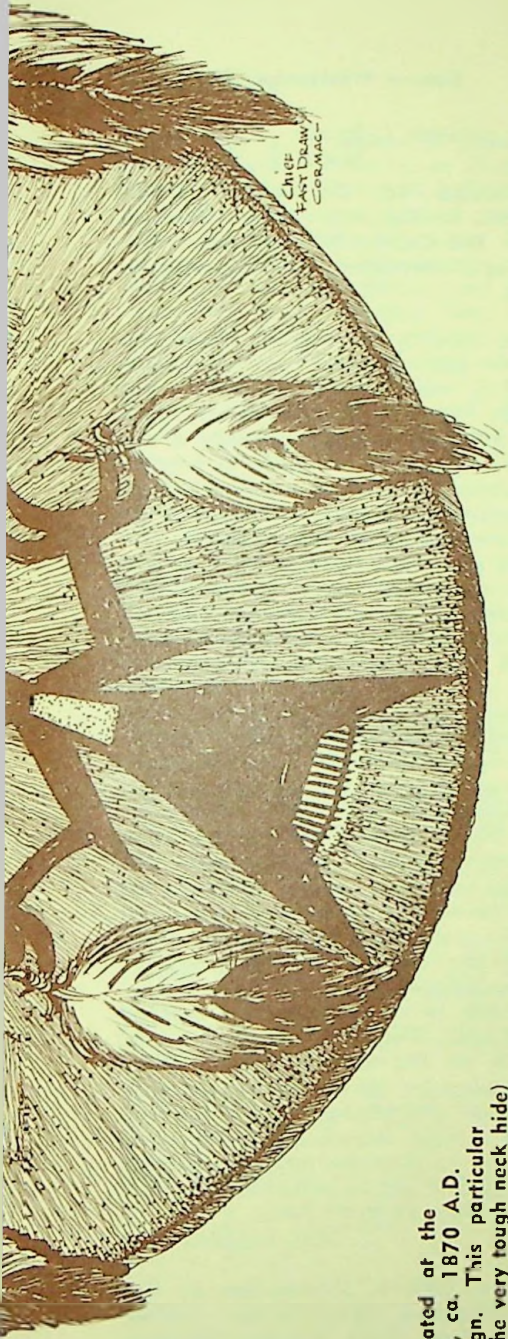
"Indian Art of the Great Plains," The Denver Art Museum, Fall quarterly, 1956; "Indian Art of America," a publication of the Denver Art Museum, Winter quarterly, 1960; "The National Geographic Magazine," March 1955; "America's First Painters," PM Robert B. Carmack

(SEE NEXT PAGE)

# "HIDE decoration

...the sacred  
ceremonial  
art of the  
SIOUX





The war shield illustrated at the right is a Sioux shield, ca. 1870 A.D. with thunderbird design. This particular buffalo leather (from the very tough neck hide) shield, with red painted design, feathers attached, 17¾ inches in diameter, is from the C. W. Douglas collection.

The shaman or medicine man of the various tribes and nations of the Plains Indian held a very unique position in his ethnic group. He was infallible! His ceremonies with the use of his "medicine" and his magical bundles conjured up visions or dreams that when related to the members of his tribe—collectively or individually—were "good" or "bad" medicine. When the shaman delivered his verdict on procedure to the user of his medicine, he also provided certain prescriptions for its proper use. Thus, the creator of the manifestations of the supernatural power and the recipient or user were in a sense, doubly insured. If the warrior were killed in battle, or the hunter while on a hunt, in spite of supernatural protection, the fatal result was attributed not to the failure of the spiritual effectiveness or to the lack of

valor, but rather to the misinterpretation of the vaguely defined magical procedure.

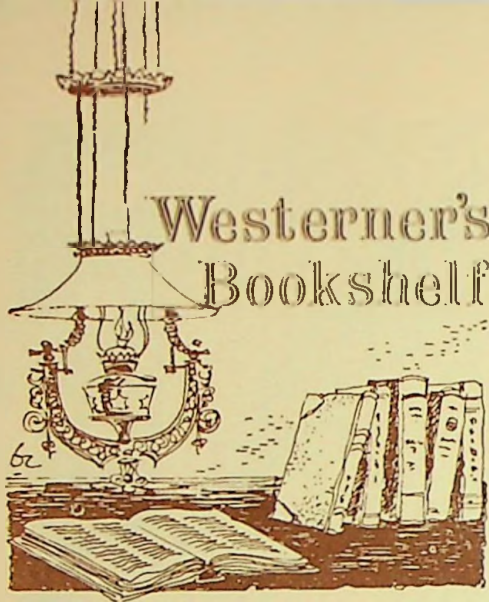
The shaman was a leader in his tribe but only in the particular phase of the tribal life that he was trained, that of a priest—if we may refer to it as such. His authority was slight, and matters of importance were decided by a council of the older men. The shaman cured the sick, compelled the game to be plentiful, brought "bad medicine" against the foe in battle, and performed other acts closely related to magic. Also, he conducted elaborate ceremonies, such as the sun dance, which required the knowledge of rituals, of songs, and dances.

The war shields of the Plains Indians held a uniquely exalted position among objects of war and in most tribes; it was the privilege of the shaman to make them, decorate them and

barter them. There were magical implications involved. The painted designs were symbolic representatives of the supernatural power received by the shaman in his dreams or visions. The mystical symbols painted on shields often displayed an animal guardian. This might be a hawk, swallow, bear or their symbolic manifestations. These strikingly virile expressions were bold and colorful in design and were further embellished with such additional accoutrements as flannel strips and feathers. These, for the Plains Indians, were the emblematic counterparts of the great heraldic devices of the European knight in feudal times.

## plate 2/

Second in a series of art plates on the historical sacred art of the early west.



## Westerner's Bookshelf

### **COLORADO, SOUTH OF THE BORDER, by Ralph C. Taylor.**

*Colorado, South of the Border* is a remarkable presentation of the panorama of history in our state mainly south of the Arkansas, a region usually given little more than passing reference by general historians of Colorado. Selected from a long period of weekly newspaper columns and newspaper broadcasts from Pueblo, his largely self-contained chapters have a broad range in both subject matter and time. Some readers may find this diversity and relative lack of continuity a weakness. But for those who have longed for a convenient, detailed and well-executed arrangement of many of the facts of southern Colorado history this book, with its index and glossary of place names and historical monuments, should be most welcome.

A reviewer of Taylor's book must of necessity limit himself mainly to general comments about this rather amazing compilation of material, and I commend it as most useful and interesting as well as being important in helping to fill a major gap in the narrative of Colorado. However, I did get the impression that some of the assertions in the book may be a bit too flat. Speaking from some knowledge of local history, I must say, for example, that I was disappointed to see, unadorned, the statement that Trinidad was named for Trinidad, the daughter of Felipe Baca. There is good reason for doubting that Felipe Baca had a daughter of that name, and there are at least two other versions of the name's origin. But these are relatively minor points and certainly do not seriously detract from a book that is as welcome as rain to sun-

### **Denver Westerners' ROUNDUP**

parched southern Colorado.

Morris F. Taylor, CM

**JEEP TRAILS TO COLORADO GHOST TOWNS, by Robert L. Brown. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1963. 239 pp., illustrated with photographs. \$5.50.**

If you have a jeep (or a reasonable facsimile) and a desire to visit almost inaccessible, abandoned and picturesque town-sites, "Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns" will be a most useful guide. If you have no jeep, or if your years of scouting the mountains are over (as mine are), you'll find that reading the book and admiring the pictures are delightful entertainments.

There are 98 excellent photographs superbly reproduced, many of which recall to me happy week-end field trips with the Ghost Town Club of Colorado Springs. Some of these illustrations indicate that even in my time a good many buildings have disappeared, and that in time many of the ancient communities will "fade like a dream." Maybe you'd better see them while you can, and take along a copy of Robert L. Brown's book.

There are 59 ghostly and secluded towns and districts pictured and succinctly described. In each case, careful directions are given as to how to arrive where you want to go. Accurate brief histories are given. Most of the familiar and easy-to-reach cities are omitted.

This book is not designed to supplant Muriel Sibell Wolle's big and beautiful "Stampede to Timberline" or Perry Eberhat's encyclopedic "Guide to the Colorado Ghost Towns and Mining Camps," to both of which Author Brown gives full credit for help. It supplements them, specializing on sites hard to get to. Ghost town enthusiasts will want all three books.

John J. Lipsey, PM

**SOLDIER & BRAVE, introduction by Ray Allen Billington. Harper & Row, Publishers, New York. 1963. 279 pp., 232 illus., 9 maps, Index, \$6.50.**

Volume XII, the *Soldier & Brave*, is the first of a 16 volume series to be published on the work of the National Park Service in the conduct of the National Survey of Historic Sites & Buildings provided for in the Historic Sites Act of August 21, 1935. Succeeding volumes will treat other



broad themes or phases of American history as commemorated in, or illustrated by, surviving historic sites and buildings.

*Soldier and Brave, Indian and Military* affairs in the Trans-Mississippi West, including a guide to historic sites and landmarks—is an informative and profusely illustrated book meeting two important needs. It provides a compact, authoritative narrative of the turbulent relations between Indian and white man in the trans-Mississippi West during the nineteenth century, and it is an invaluable guide to the historic sites on which this history was made.

This was the period when the trapper, the explorer, and finally the settler were pushing westward into lands where the Indian had always roamed at will. The inevitable clash between the two cultures was violent and tragic. Attempts to make a farmer out of the nomadic Indian, to

teach him the white man's ways, were tried but failed. Treaties were made and broken—as often by the encroaching whites as by the Indians. From Minnesota to Texas and Arizona, from Kansas and Oklahoma to California, the history of the West during this time is written largely in raids, massacres, ambushes and pitched battles.

Historians, archaeologists, students of Western Americana and tourists will find the site descriptions of Part II of *Soldier and Brave* especially useful. Here a careful listing of missions, schools, forts, trading posts, reservations and battlefields includes information about their dates, location, ownership, present conditions, how to get to them and what to look for. The result, combined with the narrative history of Part I, is a fascinating and important contribution to the knowledge and appreciation of our Western heritage.

Robert B. Cormack, PM

## NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

We welcome these new Corresponding Members to the Denver Posse of the Westerners . . .

Abbreviations used on membership designations:

CM—Corresponding Member  
PM—Posse Member  
RM—Reserve Member

**Milton H. Booth**, P.O. Box 1130, La Junta, Colo., is the editor and publisher of the *Arkansas Valley Journal*, which is a regional farm and ranch weekly publishing considerable early historical matter on the Arkansas Valley and the Santa Fe Trail. Mr. Booth is interested in the Santa Fe Trail history and became interested in the Westerners through the efforts of CM Robert D. Ellis.

**Rudy Savage, Jr.**, 1320 Blake St., Denver 4, Colo., is the president of Continental Paint & Supply Co. He is interested in Western history in its entirety. He became interested in the Denver Posse thru PM Bob Cormack.

**Floyd F. Sturgeon**, 1034 Carey, Longmont, Colo. is the manager of the Mountain States Telephone Co. serving Longmont, Lyons, Mead, and Erie. Mr. Sturgeon is particularly interested in ranching and mining history. As a hobby, Mr. Sturgeon classifies himself to be a "junk picker," i.e., wagons, buggies, steam engines, old organs, player pianos, old glass or anything that is old. He became interested in the Westerners through his friend CM C. Fred West.

**Robert A. Theobald**, 147 Bellaire St., Denver 20, Colo., is a lawyer and the owner of Summit and Lake County Abstract Companies. He was Senator for the State of Colo. from 1946 to 1953, and Director of Revenue for Colorado 1956 to 1963. He is especially interested in the mining of the early days. He became interested in the Westerners through the efforts of PM Fred Rosenstock.

**Otha Donner Wearin**, Hastings, Iowa, is a farmer. He has had several writings published, including, "An Iowa Farmer Abroad," "The Story of a Court House," "I Collect Character Bottles," "Century on an Iowa Farm." Mr. Wearin is a former member of the Iowa Legislature and U.S. Congress. He is a collector of western art, western

Americana, character bottles (Collection known as "House of a Thousand Bottles"), and he operates a craft, antique, and gift shop on the farm. At one time, Mr. Wearin had a corresponding membership in the Denver Posse, and is also in correspondence with the Los Angeles and Omaha Posses.

**Newton Earl Wessman, M.D.**, 1320 South Minnesota Ave., Sioux Falls, South Dakota, is a physician and surgeon. He collects books on western history, Indians and collects Indian artifacts. He is especially interested in Indian wars, Indians in general and Indian artifacts. He became a CM of the Denver Posse thru the efforts of CM C. J. McDonald, another MD and friend.

### Membership Address Changes:

**CM F. S. Peterson**

12 Hough St.,  
Falconer, N.H.

**CM I. A. Larson**

1505 W. Arthur,  
Hanford, Calif.

**PM Arthur Zeuch**

1932 Lawrence St.,  
Denver, Colo. 80202

**CM Samuel P. Arnold**

Box 155, Star Rt.,  
Morrison, Colo.

**CM A. G. Schafer**

6126 W. 64th Ave.,  
Arvada, Colo.

**CM Beulah Heskett**

Denver Book Co.,  
505 16th St.,  
Denver, Colo. 80202

### Membership Deletions:

CM Willis M. Webber, Jr.

CM Laura Kubin

CM W. Marshall Cross

## FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

CM Paul C. Henderson informed us in plenty of time to replace him as speaker at The Annual Rendezvous meeting, August 24th. We were sorry to hear of the serious illness in his family . . . the reason for his not being able to be with us. Paul, we hope you will take a rain check, as many of the Westerners would like to hear your announced paper!

PM Jack Guinn, "Denver Post" columnist, in his column "Jack Guinn Says," says. . . "Dr. Nolie Mumey, Denver physician, historian and friend of worthy causes (and Denver Posse Member), says there has been enthusiastic response to his proposal to rescue the Tabor Grand Opera from the clutches of progress.

"Numerous persons of prominence have written or telephoned to say that they are ready to join him in organizing the Tabor Grand Opera House Association, a project which he intends to launch right away.

"One communication came from as far away as East Lansing, Mich., where Frank C. Rutledge, professor of theater history at Michigan State University, is compiling histories of the country's famous old theaters and opera houses. He wrote that he had seen photographs of the interior of the Tabor, 'one of the really impressive houses in this country.'

"Professor Rutledge suggested another possible use for the Tabor: 'Many of the Michigan communities are making arrangements with a college to operate a summer theater in their opera house each season. This draws the tourist trade and pays the upkeep of the building. Here at the university we have a regular research team that goes out to assist the communities in return for access to the opera house records so that its history can be written.'

"Dr. Mumey's main problem is figuring out some way to buy the Tabor back from the Park City Corp., the company which is planning a 40-story apartment building. This assumes, of course, that the new owners might be willing to sell. *It might be easier if Dr. Mumey engaged some slick talker to consult with the Park City architects and press agents and propose a compromise. Consider what a grand thing it would be if they left the theater part of the*

building and constructed all around it whatever they plan for the property."

PM Art Carhart, author and conservation expert, Guinn also tells us recently lost a bet (lunch at the Denver Press Club) from the same PM Mumey. *They got into an argument over the definition of a freemartin and Dr. Mumey correctly claimed that it was a female calf. The reason he was so sure, he said, was that when he was in college he stated in an examination paper that it was some kind of a bird.* (Ed's note. . . we thought it was a "free-load drink with one 'I' closed!")

CM Otto Kuhler, Colorado artist had an exhibition of more than 45 of his oil paintings, etchings and watercolors in the lobby of the Mile High Center, Denver, in salute to the railroad buffs and their convention, who were in Denver the early part of Sept. Your Roundup reproduced many of Otto's train paintings the early part of this year.

CM Agnes Wright Spring, Colorado state historian, will retire this fall.

Mrs. Spring announced recently she will leave state service, Oct. 1 after 14 years with the State Historical Society. She has served seven years as state historian.

A noted authority on Western history, Spring said she intends to devote full time to her writing career. She is the author of 16 books, a play, and some 600 feature articles.

Her last book, *The Horse Wrangler*, is in its second printing.

Born in Delta, Mrs. Spring spent most of her childhood in Wyoming, graduating from the University of Wyoming in 1913. She was honored in 1961 as the first woman to be chosen a distinguished alumna by the university.

She attended the Columbia University School of Journalism for several years before being named Wyoming state historian in 1918.

Mrs. Spring married Archer T. Spring, a mining engineer, in Denver in 1921, and shortly thereafter became a national officer of Pi Beta Phi, national women's social sorority.

For 27 years Mrs. Spring was woman's page editor of *The Wyoming Stockman and Farmer*.

No one has been chosen to succeed her. Her contributions to the Westerners have been numerous—we all will miss her in this position but know that her assistance to our

cause will not be dampened by this resignation.

**PM "Doc," Dabney Otis Collins** mentioned in Pasquale Marranzino's column in the Rocky Mountain News. . . "Pokey" says, "It was, in the middle of the night when I perused the current New Yorker Magazine when I ran across a 2-column ad in the back of the slick touting Colorado in the fall. 'A subtle suggestion for an autumn to remember,' the ad read, 'Simply Colorado.' And it went on.

"The subtlety, of course, ends with the suggestion. Then the fun begins. Colorado at aspentime fairly stands up and waves vividly colored reasons why you should be here. Alpine wonderlands come alive in green and gold and scarlet—almost shocking. Fat rainbow trout spoil for a fight. Fascinating Ghost towns awake just a little for you.

"**'THERE'S A DISTANT** music of a happy fiesta—wind sighing through ancient cliff dwellings—churning hoofbeats at the rodeo—and the active social hum of gracious, cosmopolitan resorts. Now that we mention it— isn't this your song? It made pretty good music to me and I supposed that if I were imprisoned in the massive pillbox called New York I would fill out the coupon attached to the ad promising more facts on an autumn adventure.

"It was a fine piece of descriptive, tantalizing and brief writing.

"**SO WHEN THE DAWN** came, I called Lew Cobb who handles various and sundry things putting Colorado's best foot forward to lure more visitors. Lew was pleased that we noted his ad. The author of the message, he disclosed, is Dabney Otis (Doc) Collins who has been doing ad blurbs around this town for almost as long as anybody. Doc is free-lancing in advertising now and the state calls on him and his typewriter every once in a while to entice tourists."

**PMs Fred Mazzulla and Dr. Nolie Mumey** were recently named the judges of "Personalities of the Old West Contest," sponsored by the Rocky Mountain News and **PM Al Bromfield's** Western Federal Savings.

The popular contest is seeking material about the lives of famous Colorado pioneers—both famous and lesser-known. This could include photos, letters, diaries, personal possessions—anything that sheds some light on historical figures.

## LIFELINE TO DENVER

(from page 10)

Those were uneasy days for the women, for in spite of their knowledge in the use of guns, their husbands would be gone occasionally for days at a time.

One day, Mr. Detrich, who lived not far from Parker, drove to Denver for a load of furniture. On his return trip, it being already late, he spent the night at the "Twelve Mile House." The next morning before he reached home, a band of Indians attacked his ranch where he had left his wife and five-year old boy in the care of his sister and a hired hand. Seeing the Indians coming over the hill, they started running across the fields to their neighbors. However, Mrs. Detrich, an expectant mother with her small son clutching fast to her hand, couldn't run fast enough to escape and both were killed and scalped.

It was believed that some whites were among the band of Indians because Mrs. Detrich had five hundred dollars hidden on her person, of which she was stripped. Mr. Detrich stopped again at the "Twelve Mile House" on his way to Denver with the bodies of his wife and child lying on the floor of his spring wagon, covered with a canvas. Mrs. Detrich had been completely scalped, but the lad still had a small patch of hair above his right ear.

Troops were organized in Denver and the country searched, but no trace was ever found of the marauders.

Since court was held at Kiowa—some twenty miles further east—oftentimes judge, jury, prisoners and guards would stop over, stirring excitement as the prisoners with their heavy, clanking chained legs took their place at the dinner table. Many times fugitives from the law would seek shelter and food, but not until they had departed was it learned that oftentimes the soft-spoken gentleman was a wanted murderer or holdup artist.

With the coming of the railroads in the 1880's, the popularity of the old stage coach stations and hotels began to fall. Once the "Twenty Mile House" and the "Twelve Mile House" had lost all of their former splash and splendor, they were abandoned to the destructive elements of nature. Today little, if anything, remains to mark the sites that once were teeming with gay life.

**CM Stanley Zamonski**

## LAST INDIAN RAID IN KANSAS

*(Continued from page 8)*

himself (his father was slain here G.N.).

"Brant Street came down the creek calling for volunteers to help hunt John Humphrey who was almost unconscious when they found him. They took him to the surgeon who was with the soldiers. The surgeon said that he did not have time to probe for the bullet so they took him to Oberlin where he soon died.

"W. O'Toole and Jake Keifer had been up the south Sappa looking for a place to hold cattle, going to about where Achilles now stands. While returning, just down the creek from the Robert Bridle place, now owned by Yohon Koehler, they met the Indians. Mr. O'Toole was armed with an axe and Keifer with a club that chanced to be in the wagon. Mr. Kiefer motioned them to stop, which they did. O'Toole and Keifer then started the oxen down the creek on the run and jumped out of the wagon and ran down into the creek and followed up the creek to Mr. Bridle's. They told the folks of the Indians' coming. They hid in the brush nearby and while hiding from the Indians, Mrs. Bridle had to hold her hand over the little girl's mouth to keep her from making a noise. While the Indians were plundering the household goods, the Indian boys were shooting at the chickens with bows and arrows in the yard.

"Mr. Walters was found about a week after the raid. He was lying in a low place and buck brush all around him. Nick Dowling and Ed Miskelly were on the Republican, fixing up for the winter. Miskelly had started out to look for the cattle that were being driven to the ranch. He stayed all night with William Uford. On the fatal morning, he left his wagon, gun and cartridge belt at Uford's place and started out to find the cattle. The boys from Sheridan and Decatur counties that were following the Indians, found the body on the north Sappa. His quirt still on his arm and around thirty-five dollars in his pocket.

"W. O'Toole figured from the looks of the horse tracks that they must have been running. Miskelly was shot and the Indians never stopped but went right on after the horse. Mr. O'Toole said he helped take up several of the bodies of those who had been killed and everyone of those bodies were

powder burned, showing that the Indians were near them when they were shot. There were two Laings killed who had been working on their dugout just east of the elder Laing's claim, now owned by Mr. Hackney. This place is on the north Sappa near the Rawlins county line. A number of the Sheridan and Decatur county boys followed the Indians to the north Sappa. Henry Tyrell and three or four other fellows went to a well to get a drink of water and some Indians fired on them from the brush. They couldn't see an Indian but finally discovered three; an old squaw, a boy and an old man. They ran them into a willow patch. The boys captured the young Indian's horse and thought they crippled the Indian but he and the squaw got away. The old Indian went up the creek, riding a mule that belonged to a man on the south Sappa. Just as he went over a hill on the north side of the creek, near the Rawlins county line, Willis Gorman took a shot at him.

"When the boys rounded him up by the old cottonwood tree near the creek, he had dismounted and there was blood on the saddle, leaving us to believe the bullet from Gorman's rifle had pierced him. There were several shots fired at him but no one knew who fired the fatal shot. The Indian still tried to shoot after he was too weak to raise his revolver. George Evans was standing by Warren Jennings and the Indian tried to raise his revolver toward them but wasn't strong enough. Mr. Jennings pulled his gun down on him and said: 'You would try to shoot me!' The gun held fire and went off in the air as he tried to drop the gun back. Sol Reese scalped the Indian and the scalp hung in the Pioneer Drug Store at Oberlin for many years. The boys sold the stuff they got from the Indians to pay Jake Keifer for a beef they got of him. I never learned who got the pony, saddle and field glass. The field glass had a piece shot out of it. Frank Turner got the blanket and Rigdon got the muzzle-loading rifle. The reason the boys couldn't find the Indian's revolver after he was killed, was because Rigdon had concealed it and brought it home with him. He showed it to us a few days later. The Indian had a quilt that belonged to Billy O'Toole. Some people thought the Indian killed on the Beaver, some time after the raid, might have been the one the boys crippled on the Sappa. I

have heard several stories about the killing of this Indian but I think the following is about as correct as we can get.

"Some fellows had been out hunting and discovered an Indian under a rock on the side of a bluff near the Beaver. The Indian bluffed them with a bone, they, supposing it to be a gun. They went to Mr. Abbot's and told him about the Indian. Mr. Abbot's brother had been killed by the Indians in the raid. He took his gun and went up and killed the Indian. This Indian had been crippled and left when the Indians went through. They claimed he had existed on old dead cattle that the Indians had slaughtered until these men found and killed him.

"While the boys were following the Indian trail, Gus Cook came up and told them he had found a little Bohemian girl and that he had left her his horse in some timber in a draw while he came out to see whether it was Indians or whites coming. I never learned what became of the girl. A family came out from Ohio that Mr. Blue tried to get located north of Norton, but he said that he had some friends further west and that he would go out there and look at the country before locating. He drove on and when he got a little farther west of Oberlin, he discovered the Indians and told his wife and two little girls it was every fellow for himself and they would have to run and hide. He went over and hid himself and after he thought the danger was over, he came back to the wagon and found his wife unmolested. He asked her where the girls were and she told him that the Indians had taken them. He did not know what to do but thought the girls might come back so he stayed there until it was getting dark. He saw two figures coming toward the wagon and when they came up, found them to be his girls. He then started east and got back to Mr. Blue's place in Norton county. Mr. Blue persuaded him to stay all night with him and the next morning he and his family started back for Ohio.

"After the massacre on the Sappa, they took Ed Miskelly to his folks at Buffalo Station. When they reached the station they telegraphed for help to Ellis and to send a surgeon at once. The Indians had made a raid on the Sappa and there had been a lot of people killed and a lot more wounded. Dr. Gotchenaner volunteered to go and there were about eighteen men offered to go with him as an escort. I only know one of

these men, J. E. Taylor of Greenville, Michigan. They telegraphed the governor for guns and ammunition and the governor telegraphed back: 'I have a dispatch from General John A. Pope, saying, "There is not an Indian within a hundred miles of the Kansas line."' This made the operator mad so he telegraphed back: 'Tell the John A. Pope to go to Hell. The Indians are here and we want guns and ammunition.' They didn't wait for a reply but took what horses, guns, and ammunition they had and left.

"Superintendent Brinkerhoff of the K.P.R.R. ordered Mr. Saunders to take his engine and two box cars and take Dr. Gotchenaner and his escort to Buffalo. They picked up Dr. Scott of Wakely (Wakeney). When they got to Buffalo, they loaded their camp outfit in a wagon, the escort being mounted on horses. They started for Oberlin and when they arrived they went up the Sappa to the Keifer ranch where they rendered valuable service for two or three days. Mr. Taylor speaks of holding the chloroform while the Doctor operated on a young man's eye while another young man stood on the opposite side of the table holding a pan of water for the Doctor. This was William O'Toole who now owns the ranch where the operation was performed.

"They started back to Ellis, stopping on the Prairie Dog to see Mr. Young who was shot at Sheridan. Dr. Gotchenaner put him under the influence of chloroform to probe after the bullet and he died in the operation. This party helped bury Mr. Young at Shi-boleth.

"While the Indians were in camp near the Keifer ranch, they took two of Sam Holstein's nephews. They were small boys and the Indians kept them until dark. An old Indian man took them outside of camp and turned them loose, telling them to go.

"After the massacre on the Sappa, the settlers along the creek went into Oberlin and stayed until the danger was over from more Indians getting away from the reservations in Indian Territory. They dug rifle pits and prepared for further trouble with the Indians. The Dunlops, who lived on the north Solomon, about two miles east of the Norton-Decatur county line, made a large stockade of timber, set on end, about ten feet high. It was later used for a corral.

"There were some Indian reports after the raid, but all proved to be false. About the time that the Indians left the north

Sappa, the soldiers following them, came up. Major Mauck employed Sol Reese to act as a scout and sent Bill Street with the dispatches to Major Thornburg who was stationed on the U.P.R.R. in Nebraska.

"Henry Shidler and William Marshall were hunting stolen mules and were killed about eight or ten miles north-west of Oberlin. They were first buried where they were killed but later Mr. Roberts and Mose Mitchell came down from Nebraska and took up the bodies and buried them near Cedar Bluffs. Pat Rathburn (Rathbun) and Frederick Hemper (Hamper) met a small band of savages and after they shook hands with them started on. The rascals turned and fired on them. Mr. Hemper was instantly killed but Rathburn made his escape.

"When the Indians came down near Beaver they came on to a herd of Texas cattle that were being driven through on the trails. They had a skirmish with the cowboys in which one of them (cowboys) was killed. He was nearsighted and was some distance from the others when the Indians came up.

"The Indians passed through the little Bohemian settlement on the Beaver, killing the inhabitants and destroying their property. They captured a woman in this little settlement and kept her all night and after the most shameful treatment that could be inflicted on a woman, they let her go. There was a Bohemian girl who was working for a family at a cattle ranch on the Beaver. She got permission on that morning, to go home and started out alone. The savages captured her and kept her all night and after the usual brutal treatment turned her loose also.

"Antone Sterner, one of the first settlers killed by the North Cheyennes, was killed in his cornfield and his wife was only a few rods away when he was shot. August Blume, one of the first five settlers, had his life spared by being away from home. He was away at work. His wife was at home alone but was not molested. After the Indians had passed, Mrs. Blume found a life and prayer book mentioned previously.

"There were fourteen persons killed on or near the Beaver. I was only able to get the following names: Frederick Hemper, Antone Stuner, Janoshich, and Abbot. There were nineteen killed in Decatur county. Here are the names: J. G. Smith, John C. Hutson, William Laing, John C. Laing,

William Laing Jr., Freeman Laing, E. P. Humphrey, John Humphrey, Moses Abernathy, Marcellus Felt, Geo. W. Walters, and Ed Miskelly, Freedman, Westphalen and son, John Irwin, Mr. Lull and Mr. Wright. Mr. Wright, and two of the Laing boys were killed on the north Sappa. The rest of the men were killed on the south Sappa. Hank Sheidler and Marshall were killed about eight miles northwest of Oberlin. Theodore Stedman was hauling a ridge log for a dugout on the north Sappa when the Indians came up and shot him in the arm. They discovered he had a wooden leg and went off and left him, fearing that if they killed a cripple some great calamity might befall them. Stedman recovered from the arm wound.

"From the Beaver, the Indians went north until they came near Driftwood, then turned northeast down the divide and crossed the Republican near the mouth of the Driftwood and went northwest. They crossed the South Platte near Ogallala, Nebraska (October 4th). They went on north and crossed the North Platte and on into the sand hills. (This part concerning the following of the Indians down the Driftwood, must mean down the Burntwood as the troops camped south across the Republican from the Quarter Circle W ranch. This would put them in the angle formed by the Republican running eastward and the Burntwood running from the southwest, northeastward into the Republican. G.N.).

"On finding that the Indians had broken into small squads and scattered, leaving a trail so dim that it was hard to follow, the Major gave up the chase and came back and reported it would be impossible to follow the trail through the sand hills. The soldiers from Fort Robinson captured Dull Knife's band and took them to the fort and kept them there for some time. When Dull Knife became tired of prison life and made a break for liberty, a large number of his warriors were shot down.

"It is claimed that Dull Knife and his squaw made their escape and joined Sitting Bull who was then in Canada and lived with the Sioux until his death. It was also claimed that some of the young warriors left the main band before they were captured and got through to Sitting Bull. However that may be, there was a goodly number of the North Cheyennes taken back to the Indian Territory."

*The Autobiography of a . . .***ROLLING STONE**by *Dr. Harvey Lewis Carter, GM*

The following autobiographical outline is a concise version of the diary of Gottfried Haeberle. The diary and its many interesting stories was the program of the meeting held in Colorado Springs for the Denver Posse in July. The members of the Posse from Colorado Springs were hosts. Dr. Harvey Lewis Carter is a corresponding member of the Denver Posse. He is an educator and western historian. Dr. Carter is author of "Zebulan Pike, Pathfinder and Patriot," and "The Far West in American History." He is chairman of the department of history in Colorado College, is Campbell Professor of American History at C.C. and is also curator of the A. B. Hulbert Memorial Collection of Western Americana in the new Tutt Library of Colorado College.

The reminiscent narrative of Gottfried Haeberle was brought to my attention in July 1955 by Miss Marian Fling, a teacher in the Colorado Springs Public Schools and a member of my summer course in the History of the Rocky Mountain West at Colorado College. The manuscript is the property and in the possession of Mr. and Mrs. George Bottje of Colorado Springs. Mrs. Bottje is the daughter of the wife of Gottfried Haeberle, the author of the narrative, by her second husband, Zingulus Boynton Pierce. Gottfried Haeberle established himself as a confectioner in Colorado Springs soon after having written his life story. This is proved by tax receipts in the possession of the Bottjes dating from 1874. The Haeberle dwelling and shop was at 224 East Vermijo Street, Colorado Springs. At the time that it was torn down in the fall of 1955, it was one of the oldest houses in the city. Gottfried Haeberle died in 1878 and is buried in Evergreen Cemetery, Colorado Springs. A photograph in the possession of the Bottjes shows him to have been a well dressed, bearded man of slightly less than medium stature, but stockily built. They also have a music box which he brought from Germany.

Gottfried Haeberle and Marian (Pankau) Haeberle had four children Lena, Emma, Matilda, and Gottfried. The first two, called Linale and Emale, are mentioned in the narrative; the last two were born in Colorado Springs. After the death of her first

husband, Mrs. Haeberle married Zingulus Boynton Pierce and they lived for some time in California where their daughter Irene (Mrs. George Bottje) was born. A daughter of the younger Gottfried Haeberle is living in Oklahoma.

The book in which the life story of Gottfried Haeberle is written is a 556 page scrap book purchased by him in 1846 for use as a recipe book. The first 188 pages are filled with recipes in a regular and well written hand. The next 52 pages are blank. Then follow 54 pages of recipes which are scrawled rather hastily. In the center of the book are the 92 pages of his life story written on his forty-third birthday, February 26, 1873. The next 118 pages are perhaps half of them blank but some contain recipes and drawings for fancy cakes. There are 52 pages of index, two pages for each letter of the alphabet. In addition, there are 44 pages of pencil drawings of flowers, leaves, animals, birds, geometrical designs, and elaborate cake plans which were apparently made by Haeberle while he was an apprentice and before he purchased the scrapbook, for these pages are not bound in.

The Bottjes also had a translation which had been made by some friend of the family many years ago. This translation was inaccurate in certain respects and a fresh literal translation was made for me from the original German script in the scrapbook by Mrs. Bruce Smith (née Boller, of Munich, Bavaria). Using this translation, I have prepared a somewhat smoother reading narrative which is too long for reproduction here. I have, therefore, prepared a brief chronological summary, based on the manuscript, to which I have added a few parenthetical notes and comments.

The writer intended the story for his children in order that they might not be ignorant of his adventures. The outline is presented here as a memento of a portion of

the American past that was filled with remarkable adventure, namely, the mining frontier of a century ago.

*Chronological Outline of the Life of  
Gottfried Haerberle*

- 1830 Gottfried Haerberle is born, on February 26, in Goepfingen, Wurttemberg, the son of a furrier.
- 1843 He finishes his schooling.
- 1846 He completes his apprenticeship in the confectionery trade.
- 1847-8 He travels in Switzerland and to Frankfurt on the Main.
- 1848 With 175 gulden from his father, he goes to America; Havre to New York, August 11 - September 17, 1848.
- 1848-51 He works at his trade in New York City.
- 1852 He arrives, in February, in San Francisco, via Panama.
- 1852 He goes to Sacramento in May and thence to the mines at Harper's Camp, where he has some success in panning gold. (Efforts to locate Harper's Camp have been unsuccessful).
- 1852 Returning to San Francisco, after some months, he goes to Yreka.
- 1852 Back in San Francisco, he joins a silver mining company sailing for Guaymas, Sonora, in the fall. This venture is attacked by Indians and fails. (Count Raousset-Boulbon organized his filibustering expeditions for Sonora in 1852 and in 1854. Haerberle may have been a member of one of these parties, without realizing the political implications).
- 1853 He walks, for the most part alone, from Guaymas to San Diego, traversing the peninsula of Lower California in 109 days. (This is his most remarkable adventure).
- 1853 He returns to San Francisco and works at his trade for a few months.
- 1854 He travels across Mexico to the West Indies for a couple of months.
- 1854 He joins the Fraser River Gold Rush but returns, disappointed, to San Francisco. (His recollection may be at fault here; the Fraser River Gold Rush was in 1858).
- 1855 Losing \$3000. in a bank failure, he gambles away the \$700. he has left, then goes to the mines, walking six days from Sacramento. He recoups his fortunes to some extent.
- 1856-7 Returning to San Francisco, he sails to New York, where he works through the winter.
- 1857 He goes to Germany in April. At home, he is pressed to remain and to get married but, in the end, his wanderlust is to great, he leaves.
- 1859 He arrives back in San Francisco, in the spring. He finds everything considerably changed.
- 1859 Dissatisfied, he returns to New York, then works in New Orleans and travels in the South.
- 1860 He arrives in St. Joseph, Missouri and hears of the Colorado gold mines.
- 1860 He goes over the plains to Colorado with a wagon train; St. Joseph to Denver, in 34 days. Disappointed in the mines, he returns to Omaha.
- 1861 He goes to New York and then sails to San Francisco once more.
- 1861 He goes to Marysville and thence to the mines.
- 1862 He pays another visit to Germany, with the same result as before.
- 1862 Returning to San Francisco, he goes to Portland and Victoria, engaging in the confectionery business for himself. He sells out, returns to San Francisco, decides to go to Missouri and try to find a wife.
- 1864 He sails to New York and then goes to St. Joseph, Missouri, where he meets a German girl that he likes.
- 1864-5 He works for several months in Denver in order to get enough money to get married (He probably worked for Baur, the pioneer confectioner, in Denver).
- 1865 He marries Marian Pankau in St. Joseph. She is Catholic, he is Protestant.
- 1865-8 They engage in the confectionery business in Omaha and do very well for a while.
- 1869 He moves to Denver with his wife and two little girls. They have a confectionery business there.
- 1873 Having overworked and feeling despondent, he writes his life story for his children, February 26, 1873.
- 1874 He moves to Colorado Springs and establishes his business there. Two more children, a girl and a boy, are born there.
- 1878 Gottfried Haerberle dies and is buried in Evergreen Cemetery in Colorado Springs.





## Fort Dodge and thousands of Mexican pesos

Young Martinez had heard about the tragic attack and massacre by the Indians, way back in 1853, so many times that it began to arouse something in his lazy being likened unto a previous quest by a Spaniard who sought the "seven cities." Martinez had questioned his father many times about the sudden attack way up there in the "gringo" country. His father had told him how their twenty-one bags of silver pesos had been buried, and how he Jesus M. Martinez had been the lone survivor, how he had escaped to return to Mexico and recover from his tragedy.

Young Martinez bolstered with his father's dying request to seek the hidden silver and with his father's instructions and directions crudely marked out, he set out for Dodge City, Kansas in the States to comply with his father's request and to satisfy his own growing interest. The story of Jesus Martinez's buried silver was told something like this in the early eighties around Dodge City:

"In the year of 1853, when the country was as wild as the plains of Africa, only traversed by tribes of Indians and bands of Mexicans . . . and these only at great intervals . . . when there were no railroads running west of St. Louis, and all the freight transmitted by the government was carried over this country by large freighting wagon trains, a freighting train consisting of 82 men with 120 wagons started from Mexico across the plains, heading for Independence, Missouri, to purchase goods. The whole outfit was in charge of an old Mexican freighter named Jesus M. Martinez. They traveled along the old Santa Fe trail and every night they would corral their wagons and keep guards posted to give the alarm if danger should approach such as Indians, bandits, or prairie fires. One evening they halted about sundown, formed their usual corral of wagons and prepared to rest for the night. They had been sighting Indians all during the day, but the sight of these 'children of the plains' was no real source of consternation or annoyance, as they had never been troubled by them before nor had they seen any hostile manifestations. Some time during the night the men who were on guard observed objects not far from camp, the dogs began barking and making quite a fuss, and presently the watchmen became suspicious and aroused old man Martinez.

"Martinez, being an old plainsman and understanding the tactics of the Indians, after closely observing through the darkness, came to the opinion that Indians were lurking around, and that their intentions were not good. He awoke some of his men and they held a kind of consultation as to the best course to pursue, . . . finally they decided to prepare for the worst. They immediately began digging trenches and preparing for their defense. The moving objects out in the darkness beyond them all this time seemed to grow more numerous and finally could be seen on all sides.

"The Mexicans waited in awful suspense, having entrenched themselves as well as possible in the hastily dug ditches and behind piles of dirt. Finally, with yells and screams the Indians made a charge upon the camp from all sides. The Mexicans received them like true martyrs and being well fortified had every advantage. Their 82 guns poured fatal balls into the yelling and screaming savages at every report. The Indians finally fell back and the Mexicans then hoped for deliverance, but it was hoping for too much . . . like against fate. The next day the attack was renewed at intervals, and at each attack the brave Mexicans fought like demons. For five days the siege continued, a few of the Mexicans being killed in the meantime, and many of the Indians. During the time of the raid the Mexicans had scarcely slept, but what struck terror to their hearts was the knowledge that their ammunition was nearly gone. On the sixth night the Indians made a more desperate attack than previously. They seemed crazed for blood and vengeance for the chiefs they had already lost. As long as their ammunition lasted the Mexicans continued their stern resistance. It steadily decreased until

none was left. Then their guns were still, and they were swallowed up like Pharaoh's hosts in the Red Sea, by the wild Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Kiowas.

"We need not dwell upon this scene of butchery and it is only necessary to relate that one man is known to have escaped in the darkness, and that man, somewhat strange to note, was old Jesus Martinez. How he managed to secrete himself we can hardly divine, others might have been carried away and held captive until death, but he alone never told the story to the pale-face. The Indians pillaged the train of all the flour, bacon and other edibles, they took the stock, set fire to some of the wagons, and then, immediately left the field of carnage. Old Martinez remained in his hiding place until morning and until the Indians were miles away, then creeping out he surveyed the remains of what a few days ago was his jolly, jovial companeros. He was now alone with the dead.

"As is nearly always the case with persons when no eye is near, he thought of the valuables, and knowing that quite a large amount of silver was stored in one of the wagons, he searched and found a portion of it. He found twenty-one small bags, each containing 1,000 silver Mexican dollars. These bags he carried some distance from the camp, we cannot learn exactly how far, or in which direction, and buried them. He then started out and made his way back to his old home in Mexico, where, it seems he died soon afterwards. Before he died he told his son what has been related above, and advised him to hunt for this hidden treasure. What goes to corroborate this story was the evidence of Dr. Wilber of Kansas City, who sold goods to these Mexicans and knew of their having a considerable quantity of silver in their possession."

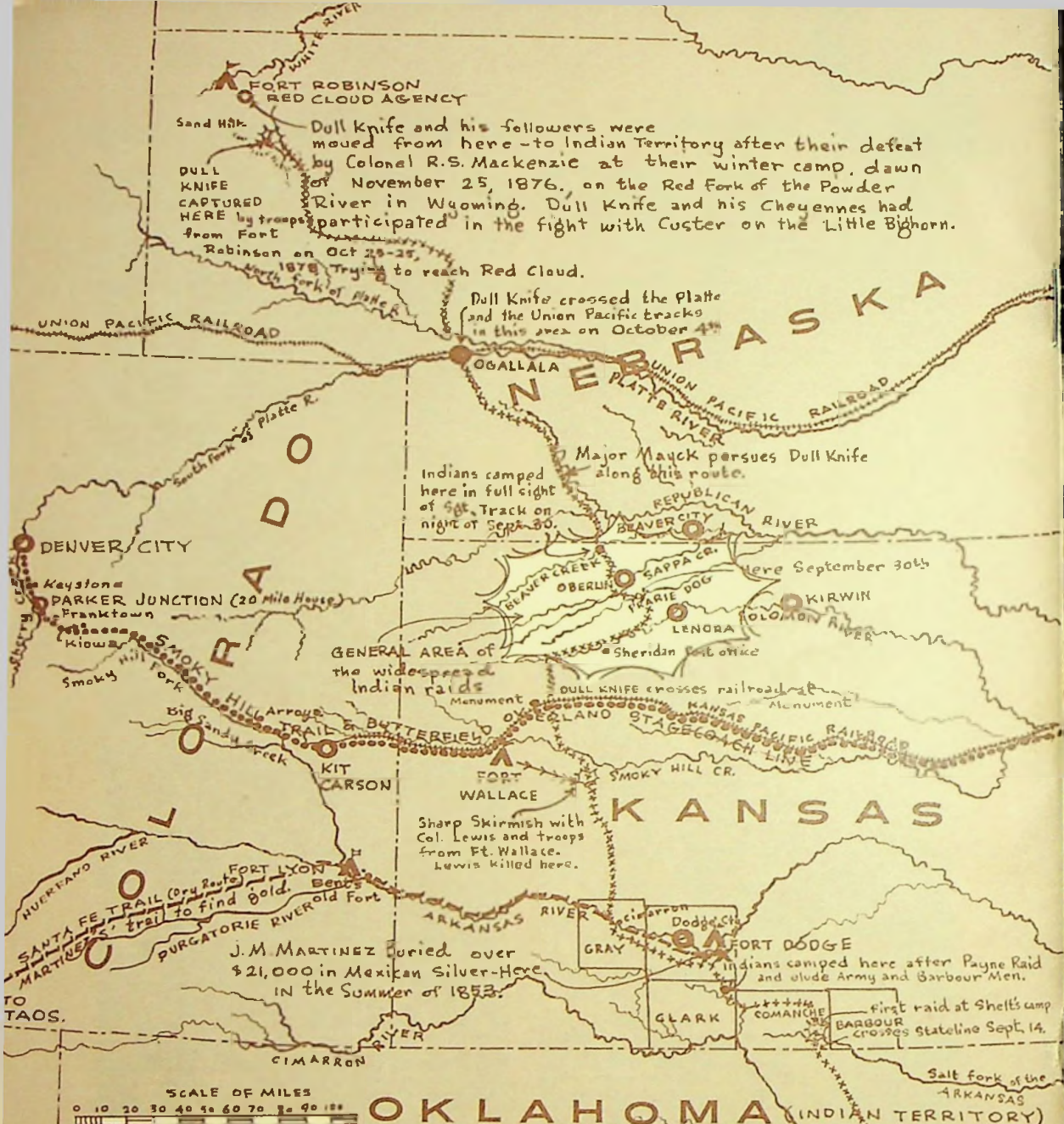
Young Martinez, pursuant to his father's request and advice came to the young city of Dodge some years after his father's death. When he arrived at Dodge he sought assistance from one native whom he took into his confidence. The two men found the spot where the silver was supposed to have been buried from the crude directions old Martinez had previously given. The site of the massacre was easily found, even after the many intervening years . . . about four miles west of Dodge City. The spot where the pits, trenches and mounds had been hurriedly thrown up for defense was still plainly visible in 1913 according to Robert M. Wright, Mayor of Dodge in 1872, the year the town was laid out. Mayor Wright in his book, "Dodge City the Cowboy Capital and the Great Southwest," describes the site. He also stated at that time there were two men still living in Dodge who knew the details of the hidden treasure and its supposed location.

For many days that grew into weeks, young Martinez searched the ground in the vicinity of where the treasure presumably was buried. He used a sharpened stake which he drove into the ground at intervals wherever he supposed the treasure might be concealed. He was not successful, and not being of a very persevering nature abandoned the search but remained around Dodge City for some time. He spent his time in the various Dodge saloons, becoming quite a hard drinker and gambler. Whether his money ran out or for no reason . . . he finally, one day packed up and made his retreat to Mexico, never to return . . . so the Natives say.

Soon after his departure, one of the men to whom he revealed the secret, made a partial search for the silver treasure. He hired men whom he swore to secrecy and set to digging for the cache. They found nothing and eventually abandoned the search.

This treasure may have fallen into some lucky digger's hands long ago . . . or it might still be there for the searching . . . but, we do know that there is plenty of corroborative evidence down around Dodge that this is a true story.

PM Robert B. Cormack



FORT ROBINSON  
RED CLOUD AGENCY

Sand Hill

DULL KNIFE CAPTURED HERE by troops from Fort Robinson on Oct 25-26, 1876. Trying to reach Red Cloud.

Dull Knife and his followers were moved from here - to Indian Territory after their defeat by Colonel R.S. Mackenzie at their winter camp, dawn of November 25, 1876, on the Red Fork of the Powder River in Wyoming. Dull Knife and his Cheyennes had participated in the fight with Custer on the Little Bighorn.

Dull Knife crossed the Platte and the Union Pacific tracks in this area on October 4th

Indians camped here in full sight of Spt. Track on night of Sept. 30.

Major Mayck pursues Dull Knife along this route.

GENERAL AREA of the widespread Indian raids

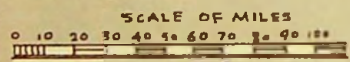
Sharp Skirmish with Col. Lewis and troops from Ft. Wallace. Lewis killed here.

J.M. MARTINEZ buried over \$21,000 in Mexican Silver - Here in the Summer of 1853.

Indians camped here after Payne Raid and U.S. Army and Barbour Men.

First raid at Shelts' camp BARBOUR crosses stateline Sept. 14.

Salt fork of the ARKANSAS



THIS *Map* OF THE LAST INDIAN RAIDS IN KANSAS SHOWS ALSO THE SMOKY HILL STAGE ROUTE AND THE TRAIL YOUNG MARTINEZ TOOK TO SEEK HIS FATHER'S BURIED TREASURE.

\*\*\*\*\* DULL KNIFE'S ESCAPE ROUTE  
 ..... SMOKY HILL STAGE ROUTE  
 - - - - - MARTINEZ'S ROUTE TO DODGE

CARTOGRAPHER CORMACK

CHIEF DULL KNIFE'S CAMP (DARLINGTON AGENCY) FORT RENO

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



SEPTEMBER  
1963

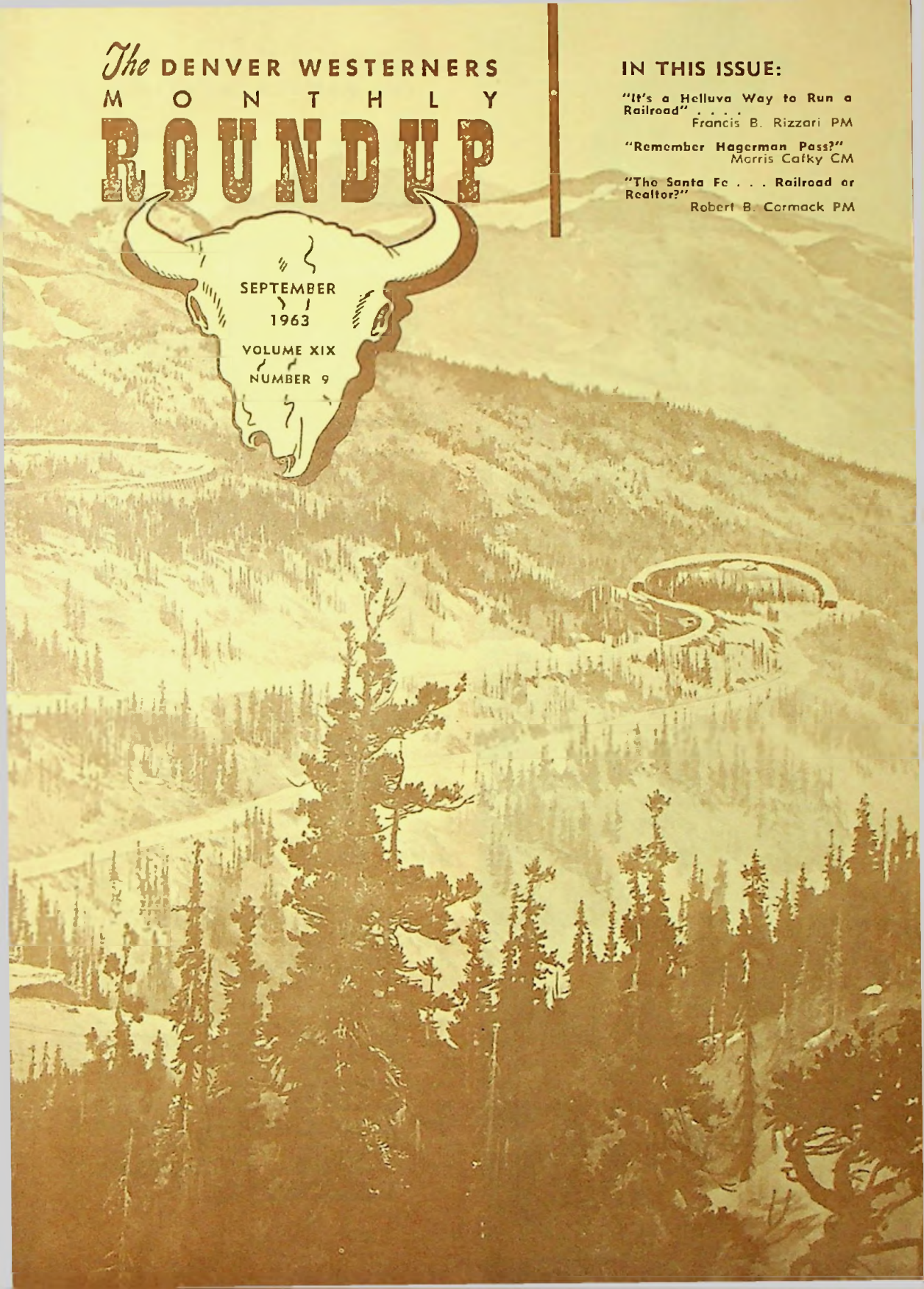
VOLUME XIX  
NUMBER 9

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Railroad" . . . . .  
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"Remember Hagerman Pass?"  
Morris Cafky CM

"The Santa Fe . . . Railroad or  
Realtor?"  
Robert B. Cormack PM



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

VOLUME XIX  
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SEPTEMBER  
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**Reservations for all meetings and dinners**—Kenneth E. Englert, 604 Prospect Lake Drive, Colorado Springs. MEIrose 3-9293

#### **1963 OFFICERS**

**Sheriff**, Robert L. Perkin  
**Deputy Sheriff**, Herbert P. White  
**Roundup Foreman**, George R. Eichler  
**Tally Man**, William G. Brenneman  
**Chuck Wrangler**, Kenneth E. Englert  
**Registrar of Marks and Brands**, Robert B. Cormack (Editor of Monthly ROUNDUP)  
**Publications Chairman**, John J. Lipsey (Editor of 1962 BRAND BOOK)  
**Preceding Sheriff**, Erl H. Ellis  
**Membership Chairman**, Erl H. Ellis  
**Awards Chairman**, Harold H. Dunham  
**Program Chairman**, Forbes Parkhill  
**Book Review Chairman**, Numa L. James

#### **FUTURE MEETINGS . . . THE DENVER POSSE**

Meetings are held at the Denver Press Club, 1330 Glanarm Place, fourth Wednesday night of every month, 6:30 p.m. Dinner \$2.75 on reservation only (no guests with CMs) to Kenny Englert.

**25 SEPTEMBER . . .** program: Professor Carl W. Ubbelohde, Department of History, University of Colorado. His paper: "The History of the Labor Movement in Colorado."

**23 OCTOBER . . .** program: CM Byron G. Hooper, Jr., executive vice president of the Savings & Loan League of Colorado, Inc. His Paper: "The Story of the Julesburg Area." CM Hooper lived at Julesburg for ten years and has accumulated a fund of interesting factual material about this area.

**27 NOVEMBER . . .** program: CM Robert L. Brown professor of Colorado history and Western history at Regis College two nights weekly and an instructor of history at Denver's South High School. His paper: "The Silver Boom in the San Juans." CM Brown is past president of the Colorado Ghost Town Club and author of the recently published book, "Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns."

RAILROAD FANS . . .  
can you identify  
this cutsey?  
(turn the page)

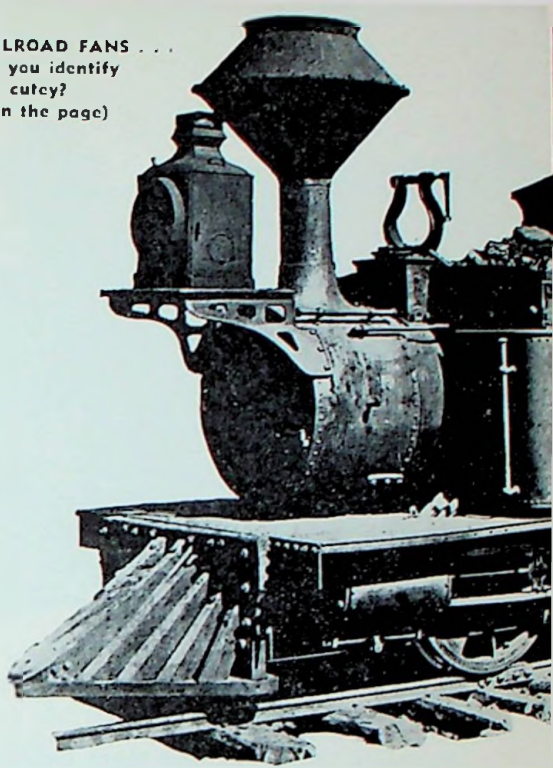
# *It's a Helluva Way To Run a RAILROAD*

*by Francis B. Rizzari, PM*

PM Francis Rizzari needs no introduction to the Posse members or our corresponding buddies. He's a real Westerner that shares his many interests with his fellow Westerners . . . and his interests are varied. This paper was originally prepared for a meeting of the Denver Posse, February 27, 1963. That evening, his fellow Goldenite, railroad "bug" and Westerner Chuck Ryland took a portion of the meeting and then gave the third member of this infamous group, Dick Ronzio, the floor and Dick delivered a real fine paper on Fort Crawford . . . leaving "Fireman Francis" holding this paper . . . we hope you enjoy it . . . we did!

Several years ago, when the Rio Grande Southern Railroad finally banked its engine fires for the last time, there was a considerable amount of records that were to be given away or burned. Tons of these records were in the old depot building at Ridgeway and the railroad offered first choice of them to the State Historical Society. After the Society had taken their pick of these, word was noised around that the remaining records were to be burned.

Subsequently, one Sunday with another couple, my good wife and I headed for Ridgeway. After stopping for a late breakfast in Montrose, we were just leaving town when we heard the fire sirens screaming. Never being prone to ignore completely a fire siren, we took off to see what the excitement was all about. A huge plume of smoke seemed to be emanating from the lumber yard on the edge of town, and sure enough, that's where the fire engines were headed. The lumber yard was a complete loss and

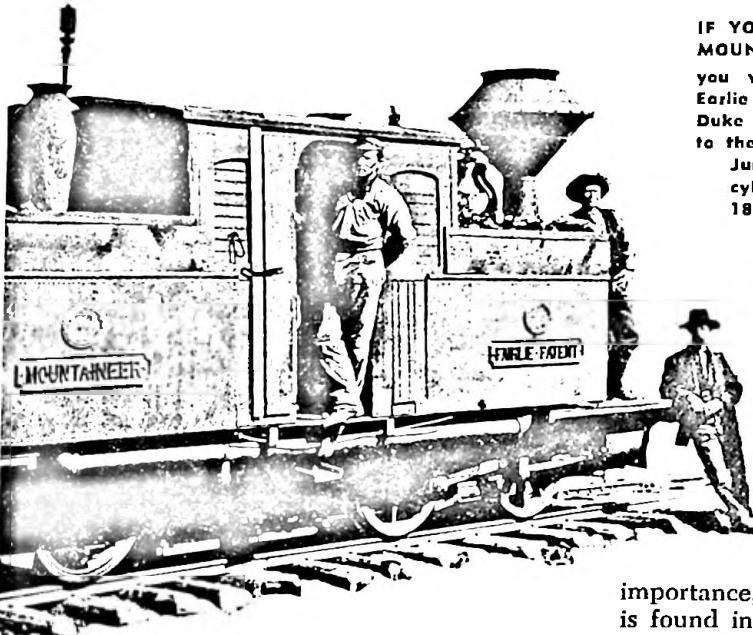


after a delay of about two hours, we proceeded to Ridgeway, arriving there just about noon.

The station attendant was just leaving for lunch and told us to come back in an hour. I spent the time visiting various people in town and managed to borrow a couple of pictures to copy. We returned to the depot and the attendant told me to help myself and I proceeded to the attic where the records had been stored for years. What a mess!!! Someone obviously had been there after the Society, and papers of all sorts were scattered all over the place. Coal dust and accumulated soot from the old RGS engines, steaming by for years, had settled over everything. Just moving a few papers or pages, brought up choking clouds of this dust. However in poking around I found a large thick volume of train orders and bulletins. For those of you who do not know what these small insignificant looking papers are, let me tell you that no railroad wheel turns without an order—and all policy decisions and employee actions in the operation of the railroad, are governed by bulletins. These are the Bible of any railroad. The P. U. C. and the I. C. C. bodies set forth the rules

**IF YOU GUESSED D & R G's # 101 . . .  
MOUNTAINEER . . .**

you were right. Little old Mountaineer, Earlie Patent was built in England for the Duke of Sutherland who gave the engine to the D & R G. It was put in service in June 1873. Gauge, 3' 0", Number of cylinders—4, size of cylinders 10" x 18", Diameter of drivers 39", weight on drivers 62,000. Le Chatelier water brake, Stephenson valve motion, single reverse and throttle levers operated both sets of machinery. Engineer John Moulton came from England with the engine and remained to operate it. Fireman West fired the two boilers from doors located on the side and also acted as postmaster at El Mora. This picture was taken at the summit of Veto Pass, Alt. 9400 ft. by Hawkins.



regarding the public, but these bulletins set forth the details, etc. in which these rules must be followed, as well as any other pertinent information that the railroad thinks its employees should have. Let us look at a few of these and see what makes a railroad tick.

Bulletin #651

All Conductors and Engineers.

Hereafter you will positively refuse to allow push cars to be attached to trains or engines, unless such cars are in charge of employees of the Roadway or Bridge & Building Departments, or unless the party in charge of the car is an employee and has special permission from this office.

C.D.W.

Superintendent.

Just four days later, Bulletin #655 states:

All Concerned.

One of our First District Conductors has been given ten (10) demerit marks for carrying people on his caboose and allowing them to attach a push car.

C.D.W.

Superintendent.

News in a happier vein and of more

importance, probably, to the railroad men is found in Circular #38.

All Employees:

The pay car is scheduled to move from Durango to Ridgeway on Monday, August 22nd, leaving Durango at 7:00 A.M.

C.D.W.

Superintendent.

How many times have some of you waited for a train to arrive or depart? Were you irritated if it was late? Well, this bothered Rio Grande Southern passengers also, only they evidently complained loud enough for the top brass to hear about it. Circular #40 was issued:

All Agents.

Considerable complaint is made on account of our agents giving incorrect information on their bulletin boards as to the arrival and departure of passenger trains, and this is a matter I wish you to watch very closely and see that the information is given as nearly correct as possible.

C.D.W.

Superintendent.

Almost everyone tries, or would like to try to pass the buck once in a while. Some of the RGS men may have been more successful than others. An unnumbered bulletin read:

All Conductors:

Our enginemen complain that at Durango they are compelled to

throw switches in moving their engines from train to engine house and vice versa. I have promised them that trainmen will do this work, and I will thank you to instruct your brakemen accordingly and see that it is done hereafter.

This not only applies at Durango, but at Rico, Telluride and Ridgeway as well. It of course will not apply to helping engines who may arrive at a terminal ahead of the train, but will apply to helping engines leaving terminals and with the train.

C.D.W.  
Superintendent.

After a day's run, it seems that RGS trainmen wanted to lose as little time as possible in getting home after the train had arrived at its destination. This practice came to the attention of the Superintendent with the following bulletin resulting:

Bulletin No. 672.

I notice that our passenger and mixed trainmen are in the habit of removing their uniform coats and caps before arriving at terminals and substituting their citizen's coats and hats.

I desire this practice discontinued and want Conductors and Brakemen to wear their uniforms and caps until passengers are discharged from trains.

All our freight men are supplied with hat badges and I desire these worn at all times when employees are on duty.

C.D.W.  
Superintendent.

A few weeks later, Circular No. 54 directed to all Agents, read as follows:

It has been decided that all Station Agents wear the standard cap and badge, as covered by Rule J of the Rules and Regulations, and I will thank you to advise me what size hat you wear, that the necessary caps may be ordered at once.

C.D.W.  
Superintendent.

Railroads have a system of merits and demerits that are given to their employees as rewards for service beneficial to the railroad, or negative, as the case may have been. One wonders what actually happened at the time. The whole railroad family knew the details, but at this late date, only the bulletin gives the official punishment, and the reason for doing so.

All Concerned:  
One of our First District Brakemen has been given Thirty (30) demerit marks for attempting to drop two coaches from mile post 10½ to Ridgeway on April 13.

C.D.W.  
Superintendent.

And Mack Sennett probably could have used the following situation in one of his comedies:

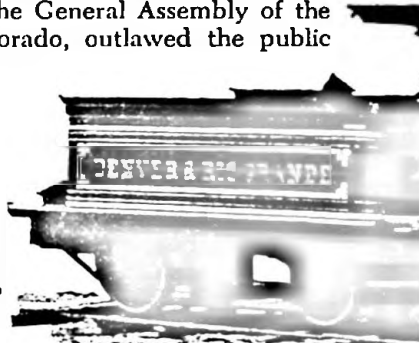
All Concerned:  
One of our First District Conductors has been given Fifteen (15) demerit marks for refusing to accept stop signal from a Section Foreman after car on which section men were riding, and which was being trailed behind train, had derailed.

C.D.W.  
Superintendent.

The determining value of the merits is sometimes hard to figure. For instance a conductor, two brakemen, the engineer and fireman of a train were all given five merits each for extinguishing a fire in a hay field, yet the same number of merits was given to a passenger brakeman for taking a gun away from a dangerous drunken passenger. Evidently damages for burnt hay were greater than for bullet perforated passengers!

In 1911, the General Assembly of the State of Colorado, outlawed the public

WAGGING ITS  
TENDER  
BEHIND!  
... another  
D & R G early  
onc. . . know it?  
(turn the page)



drinking cup unless it could be sterilized after each use. Circular 67 states in part that . . . "the common drinking cup in use in offices, shops, roundhouses, passenger coaches, cabooses, depots, locomotives, bunk or outfit cars, with water kegs on Bridge and Building gangs, extra gangs or section gangs, or in any other use, or used in any other service heretofore by more than one person, shall be done away with.

"This company will not attempt to furnish individual drinking cups for each of its employees."

Every one of us has, at some time or other, wanted to ride in the cab of a locomotive. Relatives and friends of RGS trainmen enjoyed this pastime also.

All Engineers:

I am informed that some of our younger engineers have, on some occasions carried relatives and others on their engines while in work train service. This is, and always has been prohibited, and any further violation of these instructions will call for very severe discipline.

C.D.W.

Superintendent.

Interchange of rolling stock from other railroads, brought it's share of headaches to the top brass also, to wit:

All Freight Conductors:

I notice that very little attention is being paid to my instructions regarding the furnishing of this office with Form No. 3909, showing air hose, brake shoes, journal brasses,

etc., that are applied to D.&R.G. equipment while on this line.

All such articles are properly chargeable to the owner of the car, and whenever you fail to give me this information, you are simply beating this company out of a charge that we are justly entitled to.

Please understand that I want it.

C.D.W.

Superintendent.

Bulletins and Circulars were not issued every day, but in the minds of the trainmen, they were probably issued too often. Some, perhaps quite a few, were either ignored or just conveniently forgotten. Let's take the case of the empty oil barrels.

Bulletin 761 (dated) September 21 (is a telegram)

Conductors, 2nd District:

Complaint is made that Continental Oil Barrels, delivered at Glencoe empty for shipment to Durango, have been allowed to remain on platform an unreasonable length of time before picked up by our crews. See that these are picked up at first opportunity hereafter.

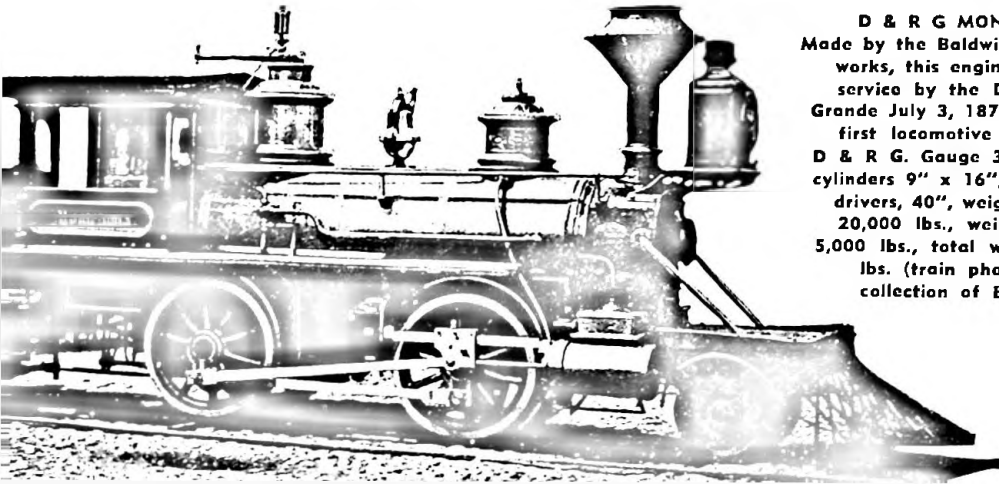
C.D.W.

Superintendent.

On November 7, another bulletin was sent out.

Freight Conductors:

Very little attention seems to be paid to the picking up of Continental Oil Company's empty barrels at non-reporting stations, and some of them are allowed to remain at such



**D & R G MONTEZUMA #1**  
Made by the Baldwin Locomotive works, this engine was put in service by the Denver & Rio Grande July 3, 1871. It was the first locomotive used by the D & R G. Gauge 3' 0", size of cylinders 9" x 16", diameter of drivers, 40", weight on drivers 20,000 lbs., weight on truck 5,000 lbs., total weight 25,000 lbs. (train photos from the collection of Bob Cormack)



points an unreasonable length of time.

These barrels are very plainly marked and there is no excuse for their not being picked up except when you do not have a car for their accommodation. Please give this proper attention.

C.D.W.  
Superintendent.

December 30.

All Agents:

Considerable delay has been occasioned to empty iron barrels of the Continental Oil Company at different stations on this line, by reason of freighters leaving the barrels on platform and not asking for bill of lading, and agent having to ascertain name of consignor before making billing.

These barrels are of course all numbered, and in such cases where name of consignor is not known, or cannot be ascertained without causing a delay, agents may show that the empty barrels are returned from "platform."

In this way there should be no delay in the return of empty iron barrels after delivery to the depot, and I want you to give the matter your close attention.

C.D.W.  
Superintendent.

Consecutive bulletins sometimes were as far apart as the two poles in the subjects of their contents. Two bulletins issued on the same day, aptly illustrate this.

All Agents:

Colorado State Board of Health has proclaimed absolute quarantine of Town of Swink Colo., account smallpox, (and) prohibits any person to enter or leave town, forbids passenger trains to stop there to let passengers on or off; also forbids mail, freight or express matter to be accepted at Swink. Incoming mail may be thrown off and incoming freight unloaded with proper precaution,

but passenger trains must not stop, and freight trains as briefly as possible, and only to unload freight. These orders are imperative. This Company will be governed accordingly.

C.D.W.  
Superintendent.

The very next bulletin issued the same day, was directed to:

Passenger Trainmen.

My attention has been called to some of our trainmen being unnecessarily attentive to lady passengers, and while it is expected that you will continue to attend to the comforts and wants of passengers in way of their being properly seated, in assisting them on and off trains, and answering in a civil and courteous manner any questions, it is not intended, nor will trainmen be permitted to occupy seats with lady passengers for purpose of mutual entertainment, or otherwise.

C.D.W.  
Superintendent.

And so it went throughout the life of the Rio Grande Southern. There were many different superintendents over the years, but the bulletins and circulars were the same. If something happened, there was a bulletin. If something was about to happen or the possibility of something happening, there was a bulletin.

The convenience of owning an automobile has caused the public to use this mode of transportation in preference to railroads. This loss of passenger revenue has been a considerable factor in the demise of many of the so-called shortlines. An RGS bulletin written nearly fifty years ago, contains a veiled prophecy in this regard.

Bulletin 945. July 28, 1915.

Conductors and Engineers:

I notice that some of our engineers are negligent about whistling grade crossing signals. With the advent of the automobile, public highways are being travelled more each year, particularly between Dallas and Tellu-

ride, and Dolores and Durango. The view from public highway is quite obscure in some localities, and it is of utmost importance that signals be sounded on approaching all crossings, regardless of whether such highways are travelled much or little.

C.D.W.  
Superintendent.



### OTHER WESTERNER POSSES

Early this year your editor suggested that it would be a good idea for some action and assistance from someone in compiling a list of the other posses and corrals of the Westerners . . . well, nothing was done a list of the other posses and corrals of the start! Thanks to Denver PM Armand Reeder, for these:

#### *THE SANTA FE CORRAL*

El Aguacil (Sheriff .....Jack Rittenhouse

El Diputado (Deputy Sheriff .....  
.....Truman Matthews  
El Secretario (Secretary)....Robert Kadlec  
El Ladron Oficial (Treasurer) .....  
.....Manuel A. Gonzalez  
Dinner Meetings are held the third Thursday of each month, except during July, August and September, at the La Fonda, Santa Fe, New Mexico. Denver Westerners are invited to attend if in the vicinity of Santa Fe at the scheduled time.

#### *THE ST. LOUIS WESTERNERS*

President .....J. L. Keel  
Vice-President .....Clarence H. Schultz  
Secretary .....J. Orville Spreen  
Treasurer .....James V. Swift, Jr.  
Dinner meetings are held the third Friday of each month from October to May (except December), at Garavelli's Restaurant, 301 DeBaliviere Ave. Dinners are informal social gatherings followed by a short business meeting. The highlight of the evening is the presentation of a paper, talk (sometimes illustrated) or exhibit on some topic pertaining to the American West. Visiting Denver Westerners are cordially invited to attend these meetings.

## REMEMBER HAGERMAN PASS?

*by Morris Cafky, CM*

(Editor's Note: Facts in the following short paper have been gleaned from the text of the writer's forthcoming book, "Colorado Midland," to be published in 1964 by the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club.)

When James J. Hagerman pushed his standard gauge Colorado Midland Railway through the heart of the Colorado Rockies in 1886-88, he little realized that the railroad's first tunnel under the Continental Divide would be used for less than eight years. Nor did he foresee that his dream railroad would be operated for only three decades. However, the shorter-lived tunnel had a career in every way as fantastic as that of the railroad.

Work began on the more than 2,000 feet of tunnel, 16.3 rail miles west of Leadville, before mid-June of 1886. Vigorously pushed at first, the work of ex-

cavating the bore slowed down the following winter, but was not completely suspended. By March, 1887, half the tunnel was bored.

Despite a vast amount of drinking, wenching and fighting by tunnelmen in the no-holds-barred construction town of Douglass City, work was then accelerated to such purpose that Hagerman Tunnel was completed on June 14, 1887. Penetrating the Sawatch Range 547 feet below Hagerman Pass, the tunnel was 2,060 feet long, 16 feet high and 18 feet wide; it cost \$200,000 and thousands of man hours of bone-cracking labor. For a few short years, it represented the highest point above sea level—11,530 feet—yet reached by a standard gauge adhesion railway in North America.

Train service through the tunnel con-

tinued without interruption from the summer of 1887 until December 17th, 1893. On that date, trains began running through the longer and lower Busk-Ivanhoe Tunnel, built by the Busk Tunnel Railway Company and rented to the Colorado Midland. However, trackage on the old "High Line" was left in place.

In the summer of 1897, a row over rentals caused the Busk-Ivanhoe Tunnel owners to summarily evict the Colorado Midland. Preparations by the latter to move upstairs again included clearing ice out of the Hagerman Tunnel. Overly-optimistic reports of daily progress by the section foreman in charge brought this classic telegram from the C. M. management:

EITHER YOUR REPORTS ARE DISTORTED OR THE TUNNEL IS LONGER THAN WHEN WE LAST USED IT. YOU REPORT CLEARING MORE TUNNEL THAN ITS ORIGINAL LENGTH AND YOU'RE STILL NOT THRU WITH THE JOB. EXPLAIN YOURSELF!

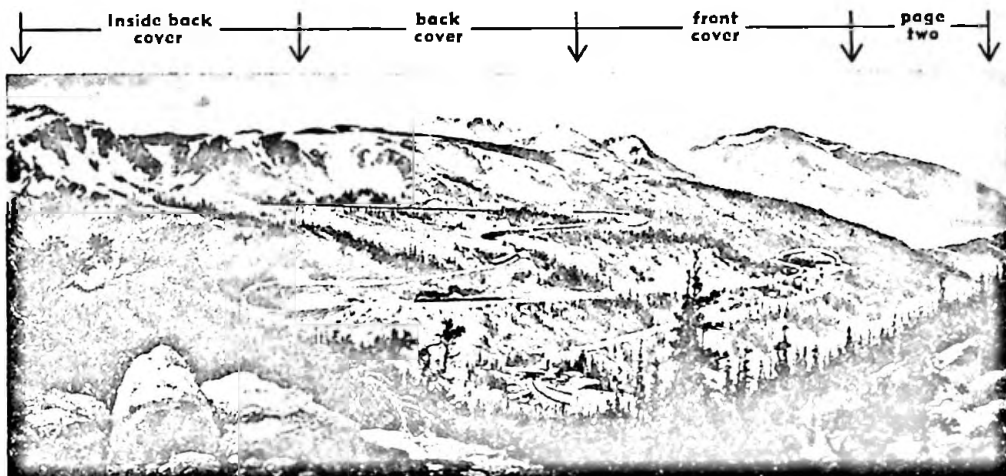
The foreman's alibi is lost to posterity, but it must have been good; he persuaded the roadmaster to dispatch several carloads of salt as an auxiliary to shovels, drills and dynamite. On October 31st, 1897, trains again began laboring through Hagerman Tunnel. Another service interruption occurred early in 1899 when the wild winter of that year closed the Colorado Midland west of Leadville for 78 days! The line was reopened in April.

The very next month, the railroad and the Busk-Ivanhoe people came to terms, and the last revenue train for all time passed through Hagerman Tunnel May 25th, 1899. The locomotive of the dismantling train literally blew taps for the tunnel and the "High Line" in the Autumn of the same year.

Today, most of the bore is blocked by caveins save for about 75 feet at the east portal. Yet, this well-nigh obliterated engineering feat is well worth a visit. There, amidst the silent grandeur of the Sawatch range, man may muse upon the temporary nature of things material.

**SEPTEMBER ROUNDUP COVER . . . (See page 22 also)**

THE OLD MIDLAND RAILROAD WINDS OVER HAGERMAN PASS . . . just as this reproduction of a fine old steel engraving of that Pass winds around your September ROUNDUP. The engraving by John A. Lowell & Co. from the original Painting by Charles Graham, copyright 1893 hangs in RM Jack Foster's office, another one in Mr. A. Wilson's establishment at 321 14th St., and the reproduction here was furnished through the courtesy of the Pick Photograph & Blue Print Co., 1015 17th St., Denver . . . For you Railroad or high-country "fans" . . . the Pick print is for sale . . . beautifully framed.



**THE****Santa Fe****... RAILROAD  
OR REALTOR?**

Over a hundred years ago, there was a young man in the Old West—a young man with vision and courage . . . C. K. Holliday, whose dream of a great railroad serving the West and Southwest has come to reality in the one hundred and three year development of the Santa Fe.

Starting as a 17-mile between-settlements railroad in Kansas, Santa Fe has grown to be the longest railroad in the United States with 13,073 miles of track . . . and the only railroad under one management between Chicago and California.

Its history is the history of a young and vigorous nation, when tough, daring men in denim and leather forged a great empire in the West and Southwest with timber and iron, steampower, and a ready Sharps rifle . . . preparing the way for farm and industry. As you travel along the Santa Fe's historic route—the old Santa Fe Trail—modern adventurers remember how the Santa Fe grew—conquering the vast frontier, opening the West to settlement and commerce, pioneering new methods and science in railway progress.

In 1876, when the timetable reproduced (one side only) on the next four pages was printed, the Santa Fe railroad was eight years old. It pushed as far west as Pueblo, Colorado and was carrying settlers by the thousands to break prairie sod and dig for gold or silver in Colorado. Before the turn of the century, the Atchison Topeka and Santa Fe was to build its tracks to the blue water of the Pacific, to the Gulf of Mexico and on up to the Great Lakes.

This old timetable expounds the fabulous healthy air of Colorado, the rich

gold and silver strikes of the San Juans and then in a subtle businesslike way . . . takes off on a Real Estate Sales promotion. With a landgrant right of way through Kansas, varying from fifteen to twenty-five miles, the A T & S F ended up with some two-and-one-half million acres on their hands . . . so, why not exploit it. The copy would put an advertising copywriter to shame today . . . but on the other hand . . . the land was still subject to scattered Indian raids.

Mr. A. S. Johnson, acting Land Commissioner and his assistant Arthur Gorham in their little office in Topeka, Kansas thought up the following reasons "why YOU should buy along the A T & S F right of way . . . in their land grant.

First—It is a new enterprise, fitly termed "The Best Thing In The West," offering the best opportunities to secure a location suitable to any branch of farming or stock-raising. Yet, on the outside cover of the timetable the great San Juan Mines were headlined . . . "The San Juan Route! Being 142 Miles the Shortest." . . . so, if you were discouraged at mining . . . try your hand at farming.)

Second—The location is central—along the 38th parallel, the favored latitude of America, equally adapted to corn, wheat, fruits and cotton. Free from the long, cold winters of the North, and the hot, unhealthy influences of the South.

Third—The climate is mild, being in the latitude of Southern Kentucky and Virginia, and the fertility of the soil is such that with ordinary industry the purchaser can pay for his farm and improvements from the products of the land.

Fourth—You are not compelled to go into the wilderness, but into a country settling rapidly, where you will find im-

(Continued on page 22)

FROM THE RIVER TO THE MOUNTAINS  
 VIA THE  
**ATCHISON TOPEKA AND SANTA FE R.R.**

THE NEW AND DIRECT ROUTE  
 FROM KANSAS CITY TO ATCHISON  
**PUEBLO**  
 COLORADO SPRINGS, MANITOU,  
**DENVER,**  
 CANON CITY, CUCKARAS, TRINIDAD  
 AND ALL POINTS IN  
**COLORADO.**

SIX HUNDRED MILES OF  
 River, Plain and Mountain-Scenery.

The Great Southern Route Through Kansas.

C. F. MORSE, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Topeka, Kansas.  
 T. J. ANDERSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Topeka, Kansas.

**FREE!**

**ATCHISON TOPEKA AND SANTA FE RAILROAD.**

SEE KANSAS BY DAYLIGHT  
 THROUGH PASSENGER TRAINS  
 From KANSAS CITY AND ATCHISON TO THE  
**ROCKY MOUNTAINS**

Fare Low! Equipment Perfect! Officers Attentive! Only Direct Route to the most wonderful Mountain Regions of America.

The Land Hunters, Gold-Hunters  
 AND  
**BUFFALO HUNTERS ROAD.**  
 THE ONLY DIRECT ROUTE  
 TO THE  
**SAN JUAN MINES**  
**CALIFORNIA of 1876**

ELI LEWIS, Jr., Gen'l Traveller Agent, Topeka, Kansas.  
 W. F. WHITE, Gen'l Ticket Agent, Topeka, Kansas.

ATCHISON TOPEKA AND SANTA FE RAILROAD

Although it really is the property of the A. T. and S. F. R. R., this entrancing scene is called the Garden of the Gods. The garden is most remarkable for its fence, which is built of rock, water designed by Nature, and is 2,000 feet high in the lowest place. In the line of production this Garden is here. The explorer being able at any moment to "turn" and behold a "carrot" line. The principal "saw" however is banded about by pilgrims from the East. Tennyson was inspired by this beautiful scene to write his lines.

"Come into the garden, Maud,"  
 which Maud can easily do by purchasing a ticket over the line which celebrated A. T. & S. F. R. R.

ATCHISON TOPEKA AND SANTA FE RAILROAD

THE DUTCH WEDDING.

This is one of the most remarkable specimens of Dutch Nature we ever saw. It is located in Blomont Park, Colorado, and is called the "Dutch Wedding," owing to its singular resemblance to that peculiar form of the marriage ceremony. The minister stands in front, clad in a long black and white gown, and wears a hat of the Middle Ages, topped like a big snuffbox. The bride and groom are easily distinguished. The groom is attired in the conventional white dress attire. The bride's dress, it will be observed, is badly girded, and is cut bias—bias indeed. Her neck is encircled by an enormous necklace of pearls, and a collar as large as a wheel is fastened to her neck. They propose to settle down just where they are, an extended wedding tour. They propose to settle down just where they are, an extended wedding tour. They propose to settle down just where they are, an extended wedding tour.





**2,500,000 ACRES.**

IF YOU WANT

**A FARM OR HOME**

YOU SHOULD BUY OF THE

**Atchison, Topeka & Santa R. R. Co.**

FOR THE FOLLOWING REASONS:

**FIRST.**—It is a new enterprise, fully termed "THE BEST THING IN THE WEST," offering the best opportunities to secure a location suitable to any branch of farming or stock-raising.

**SECOND.**—The location is central—along the 36th parallel, the favored latitude of America, equally adapted to corn, wheat, fruits and cotton. Free from the long, cold winters of the North, and the hot, unhealthy influences of the South.

**THIRD.**—The climate is mild, being in the latitude of Southern Kentucky and Virginia, and the fertility of the soil is such that with ordinary industry the purchaser can pay for his farm and improvements from the products of the land.

**FOURTH.**—You are not compelled to go into a wilderness, but into a country settling rapidly, where you will find immediately good society, good newspapers, good churches and good markets, with good schools and free education for your children.

**FIFTH.**—The prices of the lands are very low, ranging from two to nine dollars per acre.

**SIXTH.**—The lands are sold on eleven years' credit, with interest at seven per cent.

**SEVENTH.**—Their grant offers the largest body of choice valley land in the West, situated along the Cottonwood and Arkansas rivers.

**EIGHTH.**—The road is now completed to Pueblo, Colorado, connecting with the Rocky Mountain system of railroads, and opening a profitable Western market for the products of the Arkansas Valley.

**NINTH.**—Good soil, abundance of pure water, a mild and remarkably healthy climate, with low prices, and eleven years' credit, make up a total of inducements greater than is offered anywhere else on the continent of America.

For CIRCULARS, containing full general information about these lands, with particulars of terms to purchasers, exploring tickets, rebates on fare and freight, address:

**A. S. JOHNSON,**

Acting Land Commissioner,

ARTHUR GORHAM, Asst. Land Commissioner. Topaka, Kan.

THE

**Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe**

RAILROAD

IS THE

**SAN JUAN ROUTE!**

BEING 142 MILES THE SHORTEST.

THE ONLY LINE

**COLORADO!**

With Passenger Cars equipped with Westinghouse Air Brakes, Miller Couplers and safety Platforms. The only Line with continuous Mail.

The excellent track of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, together with its splendidly equipped rolling stock, makes it by far the most desirable Route to DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS, and THE GREAT SAN JUAN GOLD AND SILVER MINES.

**Freight! Freight! Freight!**

For all matters pertaining to the shipment of Freight to the fine agricultural region of Southwestern Kansas, the great national region of Southern Colorado and New Mexico, and the famous San Juan mining territory, for special rates for Emigrants, movable stock, miners' outfits, and low business load-out to the carrying trade, apply to or address:

**M. L. SARGENT, Gen'l Freight Agent,**  
TOPEKA, KANSAS.

— OUR AGENTS: —

The following gentlemen will take pleasure in answering all inquiries in detail, and will furnish Maps, Time Tables and "San Juan Route" and the Iron Trail" upon application. Address the nearest Agent.

**W. W. LORD, Jr.,**  
Traveling Agent,  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

**C. F. SPURGIN,**  
Traveling Agent,  
22 Broadway, New York City.

**HARVEY B. BRYNER,**  
General Agent,  
Fourth and Pine Streets, St. Louis.

**L. H. WATSON,**  
General Eastern Agent,  
22 Broadway, N. Y.

**M. S. BRIDGEMAN,**  
Agent,  
Kansas City, Mo.

**B. SOLOMON,**  
Agent,  
67 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Or any of the General Officers or Traveling Agents.

The habitation portrayed above is called a "dug-out," and the appellation has a beautiful significance, since the inhabitants themselves "dug-out" of some of the Eastern States for the Western World. This style of building is the only one which combines both a ground floor and a ground roof. The family usually sleep on the innermost floor, from which originated the expression "bed-rock." It is objected that the architect of this structure ran the thing into the ground, but this is a mere quibble which should have no effect on emigration. The A. T. & S. F. Railroad Company offers the following millions of the East every facility for erecting these comfortable homes, furnishing the land on easy terms, and also selling holes which the emigrant can drive into the ground at any point which meets his approval.



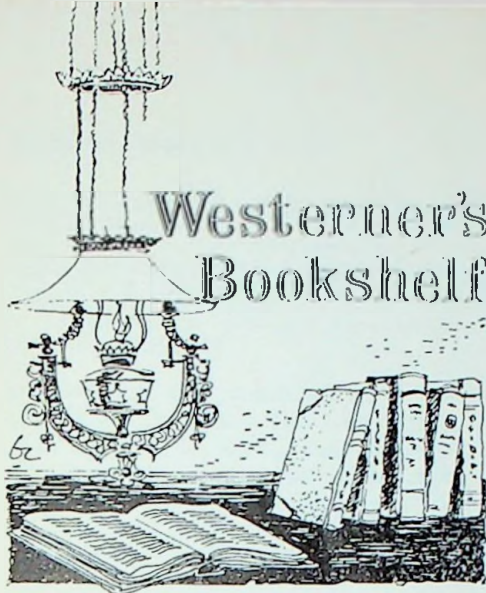
THE ONLY LINE TO THE GREAT SAN JUAN ROUTE IN COLORADO

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE RAILROAD

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE RAILROAD





**THE MILITARY CONQUEST OF THE SOUTHERN PLAINS**, by William H. Leckie, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla. 235 pp., \$5.95.

This is the first comprehensive presentation of the military conquest of the Southern Plains which followed the Civil War. The basis of the struggle stemmed from a determination of the Comanches, Kiowas, Kiowa-Apaches, Southern Cheyenne and Arapahoes to keep their homeland and maintain their way of life against the white settlers who were infiltrating their country and destroying their commissary—the buffalo.

The government tried to make some settlement of the differences which existed when the Medicine Lodge Council was held in Kansas in October, 1867. It was a marvelous spectacle, with uniformed troops and bedecked warriors of the southern plains attending. Among the noted chiefs present was Satanta (White Bear) and Kicking Bird and Lone Wolf of the Kiowas, whose tribe had probably killed more white men considering their numbers than any other western tribe; Quannah Parker of the Kwahadi Comanches, Ten Bears of the Yamparika Comanches, Black Kettle of the Cheyennes and Little Raven of the Arapahoes.

The government authorities wanted the Indians to go to assigned reservations; the Indians wanted to be left free to roam the plains and hunt their buffalo. While some of the chiefs signed the treaty, others did not, and most of those who did sign, danced out again on the warpath at the first opportunity. The Medicine Lodge Treaty accomplished nothing.

The author does not place all the blame on the Indians, however, and he shows the

vacillating moods of Federal Indian and military policy and the pathos of a people who were being deprived of subsistence and gradually forced from their lands by the encroaching settlers.

Mr. Leckie tells the story and tells it well. His cast of characters is notable. On the Indian side is Lone Wolf, Kicking Bird, Satanta, Satank, Quannah Parker, Stone Calf and others. On the military side are such eminent Indian fighters as Sherman, Sheridan, Custer, Grierson, Davidson and Mackenzie. The action at Sand Creek, the Washita, Adobe Walls, McClellan Creek and Palo Duro Canyon is recalled in detail.

To visualize the extent of the tremendous operations involved, one must remember that the Southern Plains are vast in extent, stretching south from the Platte River to the Rio Grande and eastward from the Rocky Mountains to about the ninety-eighth meridian. The most spectacular example of this country is the Llano Estacado or Staked Plains of northwestern Texas and eastern New Mexico. In terrain such as this came the troops to not only fight the Indians but to buck blizzards and extreme cold of the wintertime, the unbearable heat of the summer, the buffeting by the high winds and the deficiency of water which existed all of the time.

For the student of the American frontier, *The Military Conquest of the Southern Plains* presents one of the most interesting, dramatic and sustained series of conflicts known in the history of the West. The conquest of the marauding bands which heretofore had been riding unmolested to raid in Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas and Colorado and the final achievement of peace in 1875, when the Indians decided to follow the white man's road, is told in a balanced and objective fashion, backed up by copious footnotes and references which makes the work an authoritative one.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

**PRAIRIE TRAILS AND COW TOWNS**, by Floyd B. Streeter, Devin-Adair Co., New York City, N. Y. (Reprint) 214 pp., \$4.50.

Here is a book for "Western Buffs," especially those interested in the stories of Kansas. The author has painstakingly researched the old records and has come up with a lot of new yarns, plus a rehash of some of the old ones.

Actually Mr. Streeter has done a good

job on this. He has saved for us many a detail that would have been lost.

His description of old towns, long gone and of those we still have in "modern garb," are good. Some of his descriptions, especially of the buffalo hunts are extremely good.

One who has gone through the heart searing experience of digging through old records, in old basements of old court-houses can readily appreciate the great effort of time and no doubt money that has made this book one which fills a great gap in many a Westerner's library.

This book will open up many a door to stories only indicated by some vague headline in a yellow, torn "old newspaper."

This book is one which a "Westerner can recommend to another Westerner."

William D. Powell, PM

**A SCHOOLMASTER WITH THE BLACKFEET INDIANS**, by Douglas Gold. Caldwell, Idaho. Caxton Printers, 1963. 287 pp. \$5.00.

This is an off-beat Indian book. Instead of probing in some depth about the Blackfeet, with certain conclusions being reached, it, instead is a collection of anecdotes reflecting the Blackfeet, as individuals. Any conclusions which may be reached are those of the reader alone.

The author lived on the Montana reservation for many years as boy and man, since his father went there as a missionary. When he returned as a teacher he diaried his experiences and these are—or at least some—recounted in the book.

Gold is, and has been for several years, a practicing psychologist. In addition to teaching, he was superintendent of schools in Butte and was also with the Montana State Department of Education. With this background it is a bit surprising the author didn't develop a theme to help hold the usually-unrelated chapters together.

There are 50 chapters in "School teacher," some little more than a page in length, which does make for somewhat "choppy" reading. At the same time, if the book is taken simply as a collection of interesting sketches the reader will be well rewarded.

One can feel reasonably certain the material is true, and reflects the way of Blackfeet living as the author saw it from 1914 to 1934. The qualifying phrase is used only because Gold, at the conclusion of his pre-

face, apparently wishes to keep on the good side of his subject (subjects?) by not completely identifying his friends, for he says: "In the words of the movie screen, any resemblance you find here to real persons, living or dead, is merely coincidental."

Geo. R. Eichler, PM

**FORT HALL, GATEWAY TO THE OREGON COUNTRY**, by Frank C. Robertson.

Hastings House, New York. Photo illus., map, bibliography, index, 318 pp., \$5.95.

"Into his popular treatment of Fort Hall," writes CM LeRoy R. Hafen in his introduction to this absorbing and authoritative new book, "Frank Robertson has brought loving recollections of his boyhood in Idaho, Oregon and Washington which for many years centered about Fort Hall."

Fort Hall, in present-day Idaho, bore somewhat the same gateway relation to the Northwest that Bent's Fort bore to the Southwest. When Spain, Great Britain, Russia and the United States were waging a cold war for control of the fur trade of the vast territory known as the Oregon country, Fort Hall was the funnel through which settlers poured to make good the claim of the adolescent American republic.

Eccessively, it was a trading post for the mountain men and explorers, a way station for the California gold rush, center of a rich mining region, battleground of Indian wars, and hub of a vast cattle country.

This is no mere relash of existing authorities, for Robertson has lived many years in the Fort Hall area and has gained first-hand accounts from early residents, including Indians.

It is told in a style that has gained him an enviable reputation as an author of more than one hundred books, including his widely-read autobiography, **RAM IN THE THICKET**.

Forbes Parkhill, P.M.

**THE GREAT IRON TRAIL, The Story of the First Transcontinental Railroad**, by Robert West Howard, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 376 pp., \$6.50.

In writing a history of the first transcontinental railroad, Robert West Howard goes back to the beginning of railroading in the United States and delves into the political and economic background of the industry. Amassing and digesting the tremendous

(Continued on page 21)

# NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER POSSE

We welcome these new Corresponding Members to the Denver Posse of the Westerners . . .

Abbreviations used on membership designations:

CM—Corresponding Member

PM—Posse Member

RM—Reserve Member

**Jack C. Best**, 1901 West B. Street, North Platte, Nebr., is employed by the Union Pacific Railroad in the general claims department. He tells us that in 1959 while living in Portland, Oregon, using the pseudonym "John Carson," he submitted a story to a Western publication . . . and to his pleasant surprise it was accepted and since then he has been a regular contributor. He was in the 41st Infantry Division during WW II, is married and has three children. He has a fair collection of western books dealing primarily with the cattle drives, trail's end towns and gun-fighters. He becomes a member through the efforts of CM Harry E. Chrisman of the Denver Posse.

**Reginald S. Craig**, 420 Hillway Drive, Vista, Calif., is a civil engineer and attorney. He has had a biography of Col. John M. Chivington published, entitled, "The Fighting Parson." He also has seen many of his articles published. He was at one time on the staff of the Los Angeles City Engineer and served in WW II retiring as a Colonel. He is especially interested in the frontier history of Denver and Colorado and enjoys a hobby of research and writing on Western history. He became a member of the Denver Posse through its activities and correspondence.

**Winford Griffin**, 2415 Chelton Road, Colorado Springs, Colo., is president of The Central Colorado Bank. He has been connected with lending institutions and banking in Colorado for over forty years. He is interested in all phases of Colorado history. He became a member of the Denver Posse through the efforts of PM Kenny Englert.

**Donald W. Hinkley**, Rural Route #1, Box 386, Morrison, Colo., is a training supervisor in the plant dept. of the Mountain States Telephone Co. Hobbies: mountain photography, camping, hiking, and rock "hounding". He is especially interested in ghost towns and Colorado history. He became interested in the Denver Posse of The Westerners through the reading of many of the Brand Books and he learned about the corresponding memberships from PM Don Block and CM Granville Horstman.

**Robert W. Plummer**, 16887 W. 44th Ave., Golden, Colo., is a student at the University of Colo. and is assistant to Robert Richardson at the Colorado Railroad Museum at Golden, Colo. His hobby is photography. He is especially interested in early Colorado labor and mining history and in the early exploration of the area. He became interested in the Denver Posse through CM R. W. Richardson, CM Ross Grenard, Jr., and PM Dick Renzio.

**Dewey D. Davis**, P.O. Box 182, Milledgeville, Ga., is an accountant. He became interested in the West after having vacationed in Wyoming and Montana several times. He is a collector of books dealing with the American Indian and the old West. Mr. Davis is a member of the Montana Historical Society. He is especially interested in the American Indian and his role in the settlement of the West. He became interested in the Denver Posse through PM Alan Swallow.

**Hilda Montgomery**, Box 486, Akron, Colorado, is a social studies teacher in the Akron Junior High School. She is sponsoring and teaching the Pathfinder Chapter of Junior Historians. Mrs. Mont-

gomery is particularly interested in Colorado and Civil War history. She became a member of the Denver Posse through CM Luther Bean of Alamosa, Colorado.

**Orville Spreen**, 7946 Natural Bridge Rd., St. Louis 21, Mo., is now retired but was at one time the assistant to the president of the Wabash Railroad. He was historian of the Wabash Railroad and Chairman of the historic sites committee of the St. Louis Jr. Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Spreen is now secretary of the St. Louis Westerners and is one of their charter members. He is interested in Western US and U.S. railroad history. He became a member of the Denver Posse through his friend and former St. Louis Westerner, our PM Armand Reeder.

**Susan Lowndes**, c/o Station KWSL, 200 N. 6th St., Grand Junction, Colo. became a member of the Denver Posse through the efforts of PM Ed Bemis.

**Philip J. Rasch**, Rt. 1 Box 434, River Rd., Sneads Ferry, N. C. was a corresponding member of the Denver Posse while living in San Pedro, California. He dropped his membership for a short while but missing us . . . he returned to the Posse when he settled down in North Carolina.

**Robert P. Fullerton**, 430 Eudora St., Denver 20, Colo., is a Colorado State district judge, criminal division. His great grandfather came to Colorado in 1859, and his grandfather on the other side of the family tree came to Colorado in 1866. He is very interested in the history of Central City and Blackhawk, where his grandfather resided in 1866. He became a member of the Denver Posse through his friendship with CM Albert E. Sherlock and PM Fred M. Mazzulla.

**W. N. Bate**, Route 3, Box 457-H, Corpus Christi, Texas, is a research writer. In 1954 a book he wrote was published under the title, "Frontier Legend." His hobbies: genealogy, stamps and frontier history. He is especially interested in Kit Carson, the Bent family and Lucian Maxwell. He became a member of the Denver Posse of Westerners through the efforts of PM Kenny Englert.

**John Oliver West**, 1300 Randolph, El Paso, Texas 79902, is an associate professor of English, Texas Western College. He is also developing a program of development in folklore with emphasis on the Southwest. His doctoral dissertation was on the "good" outlaw tradition in the American Southwest which he hopes to rework very soon for publication. He is especially interested in Western outlaws, legends, and folklore-type materials. PM John J. Lipsey took Dr. West's membership into the Denver Posse.

**Richard Mohr**, Box 3003, Beverly Hills, Calif., is owner of International Bookfinders, a book search service. (Americana catalogs issued regularly.) He is interested in bibliography of Western Americana. He became interested in the Denver Posse through his membership in seven other corrals or posses of Westerners.

**Frederick Rebsamen**, 114 Calle, El Centro, Tucson, Arizona is an author who comes to membership in the Denver Posse through the efforts of Posse Members; A. J. Bromfield and Fred Mazzulla. Major General Warren C. Wood, USA-Ret., Courier Bldg., Gering, Nebraska, is editor and publisher

of the GERING COURIER and president of the SCOTTSBLUFF DAILY STAR-HERALD. He has had numerous historical features published. General Wood is past president of the Nebraska Press Assoc., past state commander of the American Legion and has had thirty-nine years of Army and National Guard service. He is presently the president of the Nebraska State Historical Society, chairman of the Old Settlers Association, Oregon Trail Days, member of State Murals Commission and the Nebraska University Centennial Commission. He is interested in Western history from the early explorers through the homesteading era. The General became a member of the Denver Passe of Westerners through the efforts of the Hon. Arthur Carmody, a CM in Trenton, Nebraska . . . who in passing is Senator Carmody.



## EMPTY SADDLES

### Membership Address Changes:

- CM Robert A. Edgerton**  
865 Harrison St.  
Denver, Colo. 80206
- CM Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson**  
1123 N. Cascade Ave.  
Colorado Springs, Colo.
- CM Frank E. True**  
50 Albion St.  
Denver, Colo. 80220
- CM Otis Gaylord**  
744 Josephine St.  
Denver, Colo. 80206
- CM John P. Runyan**  
56 Gillespie Ave.  
Fair Haven, N. J.
- CM Robert W. Howard**  
30 Doncaster Rd.  
Rochester, N. Y.
- CM John R. Milton**  
Univ. of S. Dakota, English Dept.  
Vermillion, S. D. 57069
- CM Edwin O. Murray**  
Box 352  
Lake City, Colo.
- CM Dick Bright**  
5375 Newland  
Arvada, Colo. 80002
- CM Herbert Johnson**  
410 S. Manhattan Pl, Apt. 307  
Los Angeles, Calif. 90005
- CM James E. Zachary**  
12658 S.E. 59th St.  
Bellevue, Wash.

### Membership Resignations:

- CM Frank Kontour  
CM Irving Wills  
CM Lewella Rogers

### Membership Deletions:

- CM Louis A. Holmes (deceased)  
CM C. W. Hurd (deceased)  
CM Maurice W. Leckenbey (deceased)  
CM Albert B. Hubbard (deceased)  
CM Laurence G. Dascom (deceased)  
CM F. Craig Johnson III  
CM Glen H. Hayward  
CM John D. Gilchriese  
CM William C. Kirk  
CM L. C. Slathower, Jr.  
CM Jack Snyder  
CM Clarence R. Worthington  
CM Kenneth L. Padgett

Seems like we've had a pretty good summer, what with not losin' any hoss shoes and th' likes . . . then all of a sudden the sad news starts to break all 'round! Word of the passing of many of our better known Westerners . . . There's:

**CM Albert B. Hubbard**, 2164 Balboa Ave., Del Mar, Calif., who wrote us only the first of the year: "I enclose herewith my money order for \$3.50 to join the Denver Westerners. I am hoping that you will consider me eligible (for membership). I arrived in Denver in 1891 from Newton, Kansas, bringing with me my 48 inch high wheel or 'ordinary' as we called them in those days. Started to school in the old Denver University on 14th St. In 1894 started selling Victor bicycles at the corner of Stout and 18th. In the spring of 1904 my wife and I moved to Jamestown above Boulder where my wife ran the Evans House, and where my brother-in-law and I worked over the Golden Age mining dump. Later we came back to Denver and got into the automobile game. For recreation I climbed Longs Peak, Pikes Peak and the Spanish Peaks. At one time I owned a 160 acre ranch at Shaffer's Crossing. Left Denver in 1925 for California, but am still a Denver booster and get homesick every once in a while for the Mile High City. I am now 91 (ninety-one) and the doctor says I'll reach a hundred . . . so send your ROUNDUP to keep me up to date on Denver and the West." CM Hubbard was survived by a daughter who wrote us and stated that he "just passed away in his sleep."

**CM Charles W. Hurd**, 87, Arkansas Valley historian and retired Las Animas Santa Fe agent, passed away recently, services were held at the Las Animas Presbyterian Church. Mr. Hurd died in La Junta hospital after emergency surgery.

He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Octavia Beck, Las Animas, and by a son, Rex Hurd, Colorado Springs.

Well known for his books and stories about pioneer life in the valley, he was mainly responsible for the location of Bent's Stockade near Pueblo—long lost to historians. This was the theme of his last book.

As a founding member of the Kit Carson Museum and its curator, he traveled the valley collecting articles for the museum.

Mr. Hurd was born in Kemptville, Ontario, Canada, Sept. 25, 1876, coming to the U.S. as a youth. Graduating from Colorado College in 1902, he moved to Las Animas in 1920 as Santa Fe agent.

**CM Laurence G. Dascom**, 111 West Lake, Ft. Collins, Colo. passed away at the age of 49. CM Dascom left us last December 10, 1962 . . . and for some reason word did not reach us. We

apologize for this very belated notice. Laurence, was well known to PM Otto Roach and CMs Hodgson and Lorn Wallace. He was an arthritic cripple unable to work and so devoted his time to his many hobbies. He was "father" of the Industrial Arts Fair at CSU, he worked at one time with Otto Roach as a photographer, he was on the engineering staff at Climax Molybdenum, also at Idarado at Red Mountain. Larry helped start the Ski Club at Climax and belonged to the Archeological and Historical Societies of Colorado. A fine wood worker and dedicated historian, he is survived by his wife Laru Dascom.

**Maurice W. Leckenbey**, Steamboat Springs, Colo., Editor and publisher of the STEAMBOAT PILOT, passed away in his sleep after several months of declining health. CM Maurice was well known to the Posse had been very active in political circles as well as newspaper and press organizations. In 1952 the University of Colorado honored him as one of its former students with its citation as "outstanding Colorado editor." An even higher honor was awarded him by the University in 1961 when he was chosen for the Distinguished Service Award "for dedicated service to his community and to higher education in Colorado." In 1960, his light-hearted book, "Put a Head On It," was published. It was an account of the "interesting era in Colorado journalism" in which he took part, and the interesting people—mostly newspapermen and political leaders—with whom he was closely associated. Maurice Leckenbey will be sorely missed by his many associates in the Denver Posse of Westerners.

## FROM THE CORRAL RAIL

PM *Maurice Frink* deserves congratulations and our thanks . . . "congrats" on the excellent job he did for the BOULDER DAILY CAMERA on the voluminous historical piece on the Boulder, Colorado area he prepared for them on the special open house section the newspaper issued on Sept., Friday, 13. "Thanks" from all present at the October meeting for a copy of the section he gave to those desiring it.

PM *Francis Rizzari* wasn't forgotten in the ROUNDUP story recently telling of the judges for Western Federal Savings' "Personalities of Early Colorado Contest" . . . your editor just didn't know! Francis was one of the judges along with fellow PMs Murney and Mazzulla.

PM *Fred Mazzulla* and wife Jo recently were reported to have gone to Gunnison to pick mushrooms and before leaving tried vainly to explain how to tell the edible from the deadly. Said Fred: "There's only one infallible test. Feed 'em to your neighbors, first." Thanks, Fred, but I'm busy next Wednesday nite!

PM *Ed Bemis* publisher of the Littleton Independent and Arapahoe Herald recently received the highest award given by the American Cancer Society. Ed, secretary of

the Colorado division, received a framed certificate and bronze medallion at the annual meeting of the Colorado division of the society at Children's Hospital in Denver.

The certificate states: "Award of the American Cancer Society—presented to Edwin A. Bemis, Colorado division, in recognition of his outstanding contributions to the control of cancer." It is signed by the president and chairman of the board of directors of the American Cancer Society. Bemis was re-elected secretary. He has been on the board of directors of the ACS Colorado division for many years.

PM *Herbert P. White* our deputy sheriff was also recently honored . . . he was awarded one of the three 1963 Regis College alumni awards given at the college's annual Homecoming dinner dance. Herb was presented the Honorary Ranger Award. He was cited for his advice to Regis president, particularly during the depression, that enabled the institution to keep going.

PM *Scott Broome* and wife Marie recently made a trip up through Wyoming and South Dakota. Among those that they stopped to histochat with is a friend of many of the Westerners . . . Dr. Harold McCracken, director of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody. We see by the papers, a few days later that Dr. Harold reported the discovery of the mummified body of a Stone Age man in the Wyoming Rocky Mountains of some 1,200 years of age. We are relieved to read that the mummy had long black hair . . . we all know Scott has short white hair. Thanks Marie . . . for the art postcards from the Black Hills . . . they are in our sculpture file!

PMs *Ralph B. Mayo* and *J. Nevin Carson* side by side in the DENVER POST Gallery of Fame for receiving plaques honoring a total of 73 years service with the Denver YMCA, Tuesday, at the annual presidents' meeting. Ralph, retired partner of a certified public accountant firm, has served 42 years with the YMCA, was president from 1926 to 1936, and now is chairman of the personnel committee; Nevin, chairman of the board of Carson, Inc., has given 31 years to the Y, is chairman of business and finance committee.

CM *Dean Krakel* writes: "I enjoyed hearing from you and seeing your name on Gilcrease's membership list.

"A lung problem laid me up for several

days so I am way behind in my letter writing.

"I like Tulsa very much. The museum and collection are terrific. Wish you could see it. On the 27th of October, we dedicated a new addition to our building. It was a great show and I am proud to have been a part of it, including stumping for the \$600,000.00.

"The two things I miss most here in this land of red earth, are the mountain air and the Westerners."

*PM Ralph Mayo* again in the Press . . . as president of the Metropolitan Safety Council he congratulated two Arvada housewives on the efforts of the council's School Safety Committee.

*PM Charles B. Roth* recently wrote: "Because the Westerners were so sympathetic when I lost my child I thought they might like to know what I have done to memorialize her.

"Over a 30-year period I have built up one of the largest private libraries in the country on personal communications. It seemed fitting I turn this over to DU as a living memorial to Mary Grace.

"It pleases me to contemplate that for years to come young minds will be helped and inspired by these books in her memory."

The memorial is to be known as . . . "The Mary Roth Wheeler Memorial Library of Human Relations." University of Denver, 1963.

*CM Velma Linford* recently was awarded The University of Wyoming Distinguished Alumna of the Year citation for 1963. She is now consultant with the Federal Extension Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Members know Miss Linford as a speaker on Wyoming and the Western Myth, and as author of *Brand Book* articles: "Out Jesseing the James Boys," "The Story of the Wyoming Lottery," and "The Grand Encampment."

For 8 years Wyoming Superintendent of Public Instruction, Miss Linford has served on numerous state and national education committees. Miss Linford is an active member of the Wyoming Historical Society, Women's Club, Westerners, Press Women and Delta Kappa Gamma. The American Cancer Society awarded her the bronze medal for cancer control. She is a Life Member of the University of Wyoming

Alumni Association.

As a lecturer and author, she speaks and writes on Wyoming laws, resources, industries and lore. Her published works include articles on education, the theater, early newspapers, mining, and the fur trade. Her history book, titled *Wyoming: Frontier State*, is used as a text in Wyoming schools. *PM Fred A. Rosenstock* of Old West Publishing Company is her publisher.

*PM Kenny Englert* just sent us a reprint from *SOUTHWEST LORE*, September, 1963, Vol. XXIX, No. 2, a story about Steven's (age 12) find in 1960 of a real genuwine injun skeleton down around the early Bent's Fort site . . . yep, Dad says itsa fack! Then . . . the next day or so, this story with a lotta West and "wind" . . . broke in the *GAZETTE TELEGRAPH*: "Kenny Englert's 'Drippings from the Springs' drew almost 100 members and guests to the recent meeting of the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region.

"Englert's widely-known story telling ability amused the historical buffs as he related tales of the 1870's in Colorado Springs.

"Not everyone knew or had heard of the eagle with the nine-foot wingspread that was captured and held in a dry goods box until the Fourth of July, 1873.

"Two bright young men decided to liberate the symbol of American freedom on that patriotic day. Bands played and crowds gathered at the northwest corner of Nevada Avenue and Kiowa Street, across from the present YMCA, to see the feature event.

"But the eagle, more than satisfied with his daily ration of meat and comfortable lodging, refused to take off on schedule and wouldn't leave the dry goods box. His disgraced owner finally prodded the eagle out of his house and stomped on the box, but to no avail. The eagle wasn't flying. Instead, he drifted around town for days, eating leftover scraps, until finally taking off for points unknown.

"Englert's tales also included the disastrous \$25,000 water tap bond issue brought before the public in 1876. Judge George H. Stewart, an early pioneer, brought the public's attention to the need for the water taps because the 50-foot city wells were bringing up a terrible-tasting alkali water. The judge and his supporters wanted water tapped from Bear Creek.

"Opposition forces succeeded in making

a laughing stock out of the issue by parading a huge ox up and down the city's streets with signs draped across his gigantic frame: "I drank Bear Creek water look what happened to me!"

"The bond issue lost.

"Then there were the tales about the depression of 1876 when one bank closed and the First National and People's Banks could hardly keep in operation. About that time two men 'discovered' gold-bearing quartz which S. C. Robinson assayed at \$40 a ton!

"Immediately the gold bug bit, and people worked overtime, staking out claims between Manitou Springs and Glen Eyrie. But all the rock they found eventually proved worthless. The year was 1877.

"Englert's first-hand tales from the late Dr. Henry William Hogeland recollected the doctor's days as a school boy at Colorado College when he and another youth dragged a goat to the top of Cutler Hall, and mashed aamburger cheese over the heating ventilators.

"The youths and the college were soon parted.

"The biggest tale, which eventually was published in the European press, was John O'Keefe's 1876 hoax about rats over-running the summit of Pikes Peak!

"This brought on discussion by some oldtimers at the meeting about the 35-pound floppy-eared, bushy-tailed rats of their acquaintance in the high country around Divide. Englert said he suspected the 'rats' could have been marmots, but the oldtimers disagreed.

"Among guests at the meeting were CM and Mrs. M. Scott Carpenter of Palmer Lake. Carpenter, whose son is famed U. S. astronaut Scott Carpenter, is secretary of the Palmer Lake Historical Society, and Mrs. Carpenter is program chairman.

"It could be that someday Dr. Carpenter may succeed in bringing his son to the region to talk on "Early American Space Feats."

"This historical society would love it." So would we!

*PM Don Bloch* got the "blocks" knocked from his dignity when we had the stupidity of using his name in a recent issue of the *ROUNDUP* and spelling it with a "k" instead of a "hatech!" Sorry *Don Bloch*.

## WESTERNERS' BOOKSHELF

(Continued from page 16)

amount of data involved would have been enough to curl the hair of a first-class railroad historian and while Mr. Howard is not in this category, he does do a fair job of it.

The railroads came as a part of the civilization pushing ever westward, but the earlier transcontinental lines were drawn across vast unsettled spaces by the magnet of population on the west coast and in isolated gold fields. This led to the building of railroads through thousands of miles of uninhabited plains and mountains where there was no permanent settlement and no traffic anticipated for years to come.

The Union Pacific was the first and has remained the outstanding example of a railroad built before the frontier came. As early as 1850, of course, promoters were toying with the idea of a Pacific railroad but there were not many men who could anticipate building a transcontinental line connecting the Missouri River and Pacific Ocean within the short space of twenty years.

The Civil War, of course, hastened the beginning of construction as the military realized the necessity of the Western part of the Union becoming connected with the East. President Lincoln recognized this fact when, in 1862, he authorized the construction of a transcontinental railroad. The following year work was launched by the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Companies. The enterprise slowly gathered momentum, and by 1868 the two companies had graded into Utah. Finally, on May 10, 1869, the last rails were laid, the golden spike driven, and the Union Pacific and Central Pacific locomotives facing on a single track, half a continent behind each other, touched cowcatchers at Promontory Point, Utah. The continent was spanned; the Indian country cut asunder. One epoch was ended; another had begun.

Perhaps Mr. Howard is at his best in analyzing the personalities of the men involved—Charles Crocker, William B. Ogden, Ted Judah, Collis Huntington, Leland Stanford and Thomas Clark Durant among others. His descriptions of the Chinese working on the railroad are also colorful and interesting.

Mr. Howard shows how "the Great Iron Trail changed both economic and social routines for the entire United States through

its realization of Northwest Passage," and became a real conqueror of the American West.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

**THE LAST OF THE INDIAN WARS** by Forbes Parkhill. Collier Books, New York, 1961. 127 pp., 1 map, bibliography and index. 95¢.

The book is an illuminating account of how the murder of an obscure shepherd and the indictment of Tse-ne-gat, a Ute Indian, precipitated the "Ute War" in 1915. Not only are the events of the so-called war faithfully reported, but the whole background of this final struggle of the Utes to save their land and some semblance of their independence is reviewed and documented.

Fascinating facets of the book include a concise and succinct examination of the government's vacillating Indian policy and the attitude of the white man toward the Indian. The exaggerations of the press concerning Indian depredations and the occurrences of the last struggle of the Utes are exposed by the actualities of the affair. The interjection of many Indian legends adds a delightful quality to the book.

The long and involved trial of Tse-ne-gat and its implications are expertly summarized. Although Tse-ne-gat won his battle for freedom, by the decision of a white man's jury, the land-hungry white cattlemen won the war.

L. T. Sigstag, PM

## THE SANTA FE . . .

(Continued from page 10)

mediately good society, good newspapers, good churches, and good markets, with good schools and free education for your children.

Fifth—The prices of the lands are very low, ranging from two to nine dollars per acre. (elsewhere in the folder is a dug-out, cellar type dwelling illustrated with this caption, "The habitation portrayed above is called a 'dug-out' and the appellation has a beautiful significance, since the inhabitants themselves 'dug-out' of some of the Eastern States for the Western World. This style of building is the only one which combines both a ground floor and a ground roof. The family usually sleep on the limestone floor, from which originated the expression 'bed-rock.'")

"The A T & S F Railroad Company offers the toiling millions of the East every facility for erecting these comfortable homes, furnishing the land on easy terms, and also selling the holes which the emigrant can drive into the ground at any point which meets his approval."

Sixth—The lands are sold on eleven years' credit, with interest at seven per cent.

Seventh—Their grant offers the largest body of choice valley land in the West, situated along the Cottonwood and Arkansas rivers.

Eighth—The road is now completed to Pueblo, Colorado connecting with the Rocky Mountain system of railroads, and opening a profitable Western market for the products of the Arkansas Valley.

Ninth—Good soil, abundance of pure water, a mild and remarkably healthy climate, with low prices, and eleven years' credit, make up a total of inducements greater than is offered anywhere else on the continent of America.

We've heard of selling the "hole in the donut," now it's "a hole for a home." That's the Santa Fe . . . a railroad that yesterday helped establish towns on the prairies, in the hills and along the Pacific and helped people them with pioneers. Today, it proudly serves the great empire it helped to build!

PM Robert B. Cormack

## WRAP-AROUND COVER AT RIGHT . . .

**THIS LITHOGRAPH** of the east side of Hagerman Pass, on the Colorado Midland Railway, was made about 1892 when the Busk-Ivanhoe Tunnel was still being bored. The contractor's surface plant at the east portal of the Busk-Ivanhoe (later the Carlton highway tunnel) can be seen in the lower center of the lithograph (back cover). When completed, this tunnel replaced the old "High Line" over the pass. As shown, this route ascended the face of the Sawatch range via three huge lariat loops and finally plunged beneath the Continental Divide by means of the Hagerman Tunnel, the subject of one of the papers in this issue of the Roundup. (see page 8)







The DENVER WESTERNERS

M O N T H L Y

# ROUNDUP



OCTOBER

1963

VOLUME XIX

NUMBER 10

Denver Museum of  
Natural History  
Library

THE

## LABOR MOVEMENT IN COLORADO

... PATTERNS OF THE ERA OF INDUSTRIAL WARFARE



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

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**1963 OFFICERS**

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**Deputy Sheriff**, Herbert P. White  
**Roundup Foreman**, George R. Eichler  
**Tally Man**, William G. Breneman  
**Chuck Wrangler**, Kenneth E. Englert  
**Registrar of Marks and Brands**, Robert B. Cormack (Editor of Monthly ROUNDUP)  
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**Preceding Sheriff**, Erl H. Ellis  
**Membership Chairman**, Erl H. Ellis  
**Awards Chairman**, Harold H. Dunham  
**Program Chairman**, Forbes Parkhill  
**Book Review Chairman**, Numa L. James

**THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .** shows the Gatling gun set up by the Second Regiment of the Colorado National Guard on Bennett Ave. as the troops prepare for trouble in the Cripple Creek Labor War. Governor Peabody of Colorado declared the strike era under martial law on Sept. 4, 1903. The Gatling gun did not have to be put into action! It was trained down Bennett Avenue on the Midland Terminal depot. From the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla. This particular print is a recent acquisition and to their knowledge has never been used. This photo has been used as a "wrap around" cover to bring you its entire detail.

# THE LABOR MOVEMENT . . .

## *in Colorado—Patterns of the Era of Industrial Warfare*

by *Carl Ubbelohde*

**T**HE common, kitchen recipe for writing Colorado's labor history reads something like this: take some dynamite; add a few labor leaders, preferably Joseph Buchanan—the "Riproarer of the Rockies," Charles Moyer and Big Bill Haywood, and that picturesque socialist agitator, Mother Jones; stir in liberal quantities of strikebreakers—or scabs—depending on your viewpoint, some deputy sheriffs, the state militia, and perhaps a few contingents of the United States Army; sprinkle with words like syndicalism, Peabodyism, anarchism, capitalism, socialism, absenteeism—the result may equal fairly closely Cripple Creek in 1894 or 1904; Ludlow in 1914; Denver Tramway in 1920; or Columbine Mine in 1927-28. The common noun is "revolution," used either explicitly in titles, or implicitly in description.

From such ingredients, Coloradans have fashioned their labor history. So explosive has the scene been described, it hardly seems fair that most of the state's industrial upheavals have rated very little attention in the "schoolbook" histories. A quick examination of the indices of the "standard" textbooks of American history reveals, under the general entry "Colorado," notices of mention of the territory, statehood, gold, Indians, woman suffrage, vote for Bryan, University of . . . . No entries indicate a unique contribution to the nation's labor history. Cripple Creek disturbances may rate a sentence or two in the text, but generally only for use as an introduction to the story of the merging of the Western

Federation of Miners into the Industrial Workers of the World—and then the scene shifts rapidly to the I.W.W. strike at Patterson, New Jersey. Ludlow Station may also engage the textbook writer for a moment, but he is more concerned with the spectacle of the Rockefeller interests on trial, after the affair, than the aspirations of the United Mine Workers of America.

Either we read history differently on the local scene from what it really was, or the authors of standard texts focus their panoramic lenses somewhere other than the Rocky Mountain West. The latter is often true; Homestead, the anthracite eastern coal fields, Haymarket Square and Pullman town find their mark in texts more easily than western illustrations. But it is probably equally true that local historians and chroniclers have tended to concentrate on dynamit and sheriffs' posses in recounting the tale of the state's industrial warfare, paying too little attention to the goals of both organized labor and its adversaries. The methods—explosive and bloody—have obscured the interests and objectives of the partisans.

The history of the labor movement in Colorado is a story that begins in obscure newspaper accounts of carpenters' associations in Gold-Rush Denver. Its ending is this evening's newspaper, which will need rewriting in the morning. It is a story concerned with many elements not at all uncommon to the general history or organized labor in the United States. This is particularly true of the story of

the urban labor unions, where the skilled craftsmen found their way into national and international groupings, and their development follows the general, national pattern. There is little to use in attempting to cast Denver masons, carpenters, mechanics or artisans into any special role in the history of the American Federation of Labor. It is also difficult to relate a history of Colorado's labor unions as a separate, unusual history for the years from 1930 to the present. Their general development for the past three decades seems to parallel the history of the national labor unions.

If there is a separate, unique chapter in the history of Colorado's labor movement, it must be found in parts of the state other than Denver; and it must be found in a period of time earlier than the years of the Great Depression and the New Deal. There is a place where Colorado's labor unions waged a unique battle, and that was the mining camps and smelting mills. There is a period of fifteen years which represent more-or-less typical years in the growth of Colorado's labor relations. Those years formed the decade and one-half from 1900 to 1915. These years might well be termed "The Era of Industrial Warfare."

What was Colorado's economic status at that magic moment when the Nineteenth Century ended and the Twentieth Century began? What chance was there that the proud predictions of future progress could actually be realized in the new century ahead?

Colorado, in 1900, still suffered from the battering defeat of the Free Silver crusade in the election of 1896. In the four years since McKinley's victory over William Jennings Bryan, eastern gold bugs and deflationists cheered the return of prosperity as a certain indication of the rightness of their gold standard. But Colorado's mines, smelters, and tradesmen were left to work their own salvation. The whole silver crusade had been predicated on action by the Federal government—federal aid, if you will—to provide a purchase program for the harvests

of the state's most productive mines. With the defeat of silver, it was natural for many westerners, many Coloradans, to withdraw their dreams of outside intervention; to settle down to work out domestic problems behind a mental shield against rejoining the hostile, gold-standard, outside world.

Yet, paradoxically, it was largely forces reaching Colorado from far outside its political boundaries that generated the major economic problems of the first fifteen years of the new century. By 1900 the new type of corporate organization known popularly as the "trust," although it might legally be formed in any of a variety of fashions, had begun to invade the Rocky Mountain West. These new industrial organizations were designed to accomplish nothing less than nationwide control within their specific spheres. Mergers and consolidations of corporations into aspiring trusts continued unabated, despite state and national legislation designed to limit their growth and to control their more dangerous or obnoxious practices. The trusts' invasion of the Centennial State was somewhat belated; the East and the Midwest had been engaged in vigorous debate over the trusts for years.

The natural accompaniment of the trust was the corresponding growth of labor organizations. As industrial enterprises increased in size, the old-type relationships between employer and employee vanished, leaving the individual worker shorn of his stature, and his importance to his employer. The laborer no longer owned the tools necessary for the creation of the product, and he found his skills increasingly less important as the numbers of laborers flooding the market expanded. Thus the individual worker hesitantly began to join with his fellow workers in unions, seeking protection of his paycheck and his job. Like their business counterparts, the unions swelled in size and in power, stretching in time across local and state boundaries to become regional and national in scope.

The economic dislocations that had



Photo by Rob Plummer, CM

**CARL UBBELOHDE**, associate professor in the department of history of the University of Colorado was born in Waldo, Wisconsin in 1924. His early schooling was received in the Waldo schools and from there he continued his studies at Wisconsin State College at Oshkosh. His college work was interrupted by his service in the U.S. Army during 1943-45 in which he served in the European Theatre of Operations.

He resumed his studies at Wisconsin State, receiving his B.S. degree in 1948. Mr. Ubbelohde continued his studies at the University of Wisconsin where he received his M.S. in 1950 and his Ph.D. in history in 1954. Dr. Ubbelohde has received numerous awards in his field for his exceptionally fine work, among these: President Adams Fellow, University of Wisconsin; Genevieve Garst Herfurth Award for Outstanding Research in Social Sciences, University of Wisconsin; Faculty Fellowship, 1958-59, University of Colorado; 1962 Outstanding Teacher Award, University of Colorado and in 1962-63, Faculty Fellowship at the University of Colorado. He has been a member of the faculty of the University of Colorado since 1954.

His numerous contributions, articles and published pieces make a very impressive list. He has contributed to past issues of the Denver Westerners ROUND-UP and also the BRAND BOOK. His "Centennial Colorado," E. L. Chambers, Inc., Denver 1959, and "A Colorado Reader," Pruett Press, Inc., published in 1962 are the most complete and up-to-date histories of the State published since 1932. As PM Harold Dunham, who introduced him to the Denver Posse before his paper was given, stated, "It takes a man, foreign to Colorado . . . a man that has been out here only ten years, to do this work that has been needed for many years."

plagued the nation in the 1890s had undoubtedly helped to accelerate the growth of both the trusts and the labor unions. In 1893 the nation had suffered its worst depression to date; for four years the depression had continued. In that depression, solvent corporations were able to amalgamate with themselves less fortunate enterprises, and to seek strength against future panics by tightening their control through larger, and perhaps more efficient, organization. Laboring men, desperate for work during the depression, joined unions as the last resort to protect their wages and their jobs.

No more obvious omen of these changes was afforded Colorado residents than the reports which they read in their newspapers in the last year of the Nineteenth Century. On April 4th, 1899, Coloradans learned that the largest smelting concerns, not just in the state, but across the country, had joined together to form the American Smelting and Refining Company, soon to be termed the "Smelter Trust." Capitalized at \$65,000,000, incorporated in far-away New Jersey, this gigantic combination encompassed the Colorado Smelting Company and the Pueblo Smelting Company plants at Pueblo, the Durango Smelter at Durango, the Omaha and Grant and Globe smelters at Denver, and the Arkansas Valley and Bimetallic Smelter at Leadville, in addition to eleven other facilities located in other states. Coloradans learned also that one of the leading spirits behind the combination was H. H. Rogers who represented the interests of the Standard Oil Company, notorious in anti-trust circles as the first American trust.

Such a huge combination, with control of so many of the nation's smelters and reduction mills, presumably would be able to monopolize the smelting industry, arranging prices and wages at will. But, at the beginning, there was one important segment of the industry that was not included in the merger—the Guggenheims had not joined. Their Philadelphia Smelter at Pueblo, and their Mexican and Perth Amboy plants, remained outside.

Rumors soon circulated that the Guggenheims had refused \$11,000,000 for their properties. Financial seers guessed that the family had decided that too many of the merger companies had been earning small profits. The proper course of action was to wait until some of those enterprises had been brought into the profit column or eliminated. Meanwhile, with the Guggenheims independent, there seemed a chance that competition might remain a feature of the industry. Actually, negotiations between the trust and the Guggenheims continued, and within two years the monopoly was complete. In 1901 the Guggenheims agreed to exchange their properties for one-third of the stock of the American Smelting and Refining Company. They had also managed to buy more than one-sixth of the trust stock on the market, so they now controlled the trust.

Miners, mine-owners, laborers in smelters and refineries, and the public generally, found much to fear in the new trust. And if the American Smelting and Refining Company was the largest and most dramatic illustration of the new industrial concept, it was still only one of several examples of the modern business enterprise.

In the eyes of many, an even greater problem than the huge size of the trusts was the increasing interjection of "outside" control into Colorado's industries, and manipulation of the assets and securities of domestic enterprises. As a frontier region, Colorado traditionally had looked to the East and to Europe for investment capital; in fact, it still did, and would continue to do so for many years. But there was a growing recognition in the state that loss of control naturally followed outside investment.

Anyone who had watched the dramatic battles for control of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company at Pueblo, with its ore and coal mine properties in many areas, should have been aware of the trends of the time. John C. Osgood, who had headed the company since its formation in 1892, first engaged in a titanic

struggle to retain control against the assaults led by financier John W. Gates. That battle had hardly been won when a second engagement pitted Osgood against E. W. Harriman. This time Osgood needed help, and he found it in the financial strength of John D. Rockefeller and George J. Gould. But, as one of Pueblo's historians has put it, "like the Briton of old, these two men . . . proved to be his Hengest and Horsa, for although he succeeded with their assistance in defeating his antagonist, he no sooner freed himself from their grip than he found himself overshadowed by his allies, to whose influence he was obliged to succumb." With Osgood's retirement a short time later, Colorado's largest single industrial empire fell to "alien," i.e., Rockefeller, control.

The industrial empire of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company extended into ore mines and coal fields, particularly the southern coal fields around Trinidad where the best coking coals in the state were found. Thus corporate—and often Eastern—control of the coal fields accompanied the changes in ownership of the parent corporation. Much the same sort of consolidation occurred in other coal fields in Colorado. The railroads had been particularly responsible for opening the fields, and they, too, were engaged in the game of mergers, bringing extensions of their consolidations to the coal mines.

The Panic of 1893 had plunged many of the region's railroads into bankruptcy. When they emerged from receivership, they often took new, consolidated forms. An example was the Colorado and Southern Railway Company, incorporated in 1898. Into this system were merged several historic Colorado roads: the old Colorado Central, the Denver Pacific, the Kansas Pacific, the South Park, the Denver and Fort Worth. Ten years after its formation, a further consolidation took place when the Burlington Railroad purchased the Colorado and Southern.

Paralleling the concentration of economic activity on the part of corpora-



tions was the gathering strength of organized labor. In this, the Colorado scene again resembled the general development in the rest of the nation, except for the fact that the Colorado unions displaying the most "muscle" during the early years of the Twentieth Century did not include the American Federation of Labor. The A.F. of L., under the leadership of Samuel Gompers, had become the foremost organization of skilled workers in the United States. In Denver, and other cities, many craftsmen were members of locals affiliated with the Federation. But other unions had organized the mining camps and smelters, where skilled workers formed only a small part of the total labor force.

In the hard rock mining camps, the Western Federation of Miners had followed its early victory at Cripple Creek with rapid growth. In 1902, of the 165 local units forming the Western Federation, 42 were Colorado unions. The headquarters of the W.F.M. were located in Denver. Unlike the A.F. of L., the Western Federation was an industrial union, organized in vertical fashion in the mining camps. Also, unlike the American Federation, the Miners' Federation entered boycotts, strikes and politics with gusto. Samuel Gompers had chartered a conservative course for his A.F. of L., shunning unnecessary battles, insisting on allegiance to the capitalistic system, demanding only a larger slice of the capitalistic pie for the laboring man. The leaders of the Western Federation, on the other hand, seemed to enjoy the use of force, played politics with vengeance, and most of them were committed to the creed of socialism, immediate or eventual. The Western Federation, for a time, had been a part of the American Federation, but in 1897 had broken the tie; Gompers' union they now termed the "American Separation of Labor."

The coal fields of the state, on the other hand, were the province of the United Mine Workers of America—a national, industrial union that encompassed eastern, as well as western, coal miners.

Organized in 1890, under the effective national leadership of John Mitchell, the U.M.W. made national history shortly after the turn of the century when their strike against anthracite coal operators in the eastern fields had brought the first presidential intervention by Theodore Roosevelt. Western coal miners in states surrounding Colorado had been organized by the U.M.W., and labor contractors perfected, but the Colorado fields remained a challenge to the union's leaders.

Certain conditions, more or less peculiar to the Colorado scene, contributed to the explosiveness of the contests between capital and labor during the years from 1900 to 1915. One element of great significance was the number of unskilled laborers demanded in the coal fields, the gold and silver mines, and the smelting works. Brawn, not brains, was needed, and thus newly-arrived immigrants, and unemployed workers from other areas, could always be found to recruit into the ranks of non-union workers during times of crisis. In many instances, the struggle between mine owners and labor unions focused on the question of hiring non-union labor. The mine owners insisted on their right to import such men; the unions were equally insistent that it was necessary for them to intimidate, drive off by physical force, or in any other way, keep the non-union laborers out of the mines and mills.

Another contributing feature of the times was the large degree of "paternalism" inherent in the mining industries, an element the unions came to resist and the mine owners hoped to continue. Mines had often been opened in remote, inaccessible areas, where the operators had found it necessary to build boarding-houses, homes, and company stores in order to attract the labor needed to these out-of-the-way places. Often, however, what began as a convenience developed into a method of control which mine operators enjoyed. The limitations of freedom for the worker who lived in a company house, bought his groceries at

the company store, perhaps was paid in company "scrip"—paper currency valid only at the company store—came to be resented, and one of the objectives of the unions was to help the individual worker untie those strings.

An additional cause of stress in the Colorado industrial scene was the aftermath of the depression of the 1890s. While most of the rest of the nation bounced back into prosperity, the Colorado mining picture remained troubled. Cripple Creek gold found ready markets, but silver prices never recovered. Between 1900 and 1910 silver sold for prices ranging from 52 cents to 68 cents an ounce, far below its Nineteenth Century levels. Seemingly, the smaller the profits of mining and smelting, the more vigorous the scramble for both operators and laborers for their share of the gain.

Finally, some mention should be made of the dedication to "principle" on both sides of the controversies. Investors and managers were committed to a rigid concept of absolute refusal to recognize any "right" on the part of the unions to speak for their employees. As Rockefeller defined it, "It was upon a similar principle that the war of the Revolution was carried on." But labor leaders were just as convinced of the rightness of their position. When Big Bill Haywood addressed the first convention of the I. W. W., he called it "the Continental Congress of the working class." Between the extreme positions of the two sides, there seemed little room for compromise or adjustment.

Both capital and labor viewed the battle as occurring simultaneously on two fronts—one of these might be termed "legislative" and the other "direct action." Both sides engaged in efforts to persuade the General Assembly to enact statutes that would provide substantive gains for them, or defenses against their opponent's threats. Labor, for example, sponsored bills that became statutes providing for the establishment of a Bureau of Labor Statistics, charged primarily with enforcing labor legislation, in 1887; an anti-

blacklist law, in the same year; two statutes, in 1897 and in 1899, that allowed combinations of laborers to exist outside the conspiracy laws, but did *not* include the "right" of collective bargaining; a semi-monthly pay act in 1901; an eight-hour day constitutional amendment in 1902.

Capital, on the other hand, convinced the legislature in 1899 that combinations of laboring men should not be allowed to deter, in any way, workers from continuing in employment if they wished. Boycotts and intimidation of employers in other ways, were also proscribed. In 1905 the General Assembly asserted that picketing, or any other method of obstructing or interfering with a worker's job was illegal.

Usually these legislative battles did not end in the chambers of the General Assembly. Laws on statute books and laws litigated often were two different things. Both capital and labor defended their legislation in the courts, and challenged the constitutionality of their opponent's statutes. One of labor's constant refrains of the era was that the judiciary was composed of conservative, business-allied judges who interpreted statutes for the benefit of employers and to the detriment of the unions.

The other area in which the two antagonistic groups battled each other was the arena of direct action. The unions, once they had enrolled a sufficient number of members in an industry or mine, sought to convince the owners that, since the union represented the will of the workers, it should be allowed to bargain collectively for the work contract. To gain such recognition from the owners was the primary objective of all the unions during these years. Once that was achieved, the substantive details of labor contracts—hours, wages, conditions of work—could be bargained for. The strength of the union, and in its eyes, the welfare of the workers, depended on the union's ability to force recognition and the process of collective bargaining.

Employers were equally intent in their

refusal to recognize the legitimacy of the unions' demands for recognition. Denying completely the concept of collective bargaining, employers insisted that their relationship with each worker was an individual contract, and on that basis alone would workers' rights exist.

The strike was the ultimate weapon in the hands of the union—excepting here, the resort to violence which all too often characterized the ultimate method of both sides. By calling the workers out on strike, the unions hoped that the economic damage to the property owner would force him to negotiation. Owners tended to look upon the lock-out, and/or the importation of strike-breakers as an equally valid weapon. Let the men leave their jobs; other workers would be glad to replace them, and the union would disintegrate.

An example of the fact that the underlying contest in most labor disputes during these years was the question of union recognition can be seen in the Telluride strike of 1901. The owners of the Smuggler-Union Mines refused to negotiate with the Western Federation of Miners in a dispute concerning the "contract system" of paying employees which the union wanted abolished and replaced with a regular hours wage scale. The operators, on this occasion, hired strike-breakers on exactly the same terms they denied the union. Finally, Federation members literally drove the non-union workers from the district. While the violent methods employed captured the newspaper headlines, the historical significance rests on the fact that the question of conditions of work and wages was less at issue than union recognition.

In between, or perhaps above, the interests of the two groups stood the larger interests of the general, consuming public. Theoretically, this third interest could best be represented by the duly elected authorities of the community and state; the mayors, sheriffs, district attorneys, judges, legislators, and governors. All too often, however, the local city and county authorities were impotent to deal with

the violence engendered by the battles. And there was always the suspicion that state officers were prejudiced in their actions. Sometimes the prejudice—suspected or real—was directed to the side of the union, as in the Cripple Creek difficulties in 1894, during Governor Davis Waite's Populist administration. But more often, the unions believed, the pattern of the company's call for protection, and the penetration of the strike zone by the state militia (along with the declaration of martial law) worked to labor's disadvantage.

While industrial warfare erupted in many incidents during the years from 1900 to 1915, a common pattern seemed to develop from all the episodes. The specific complaint that led to the strike or lock-out might vary; disagreement over wages, hours, working conditions, or any combination of them, might be the spark which set off the clash. The outcome might also vary considerably, depending on the strength of the union and its ability to control its members; the determination of the mine owners and their ability to keep their properties operating with non-union workers; and, often to a large extent, the climate of public opinion and the attitude and action of the governor and the militia officers. The general patterns, however, can be deduced by examining, as illustrations, the strikes of 1903-4 at Cripple Creek, and the coal field disturbances of 1910-1914.

The years 1903 and 1904 were punctuated by outbreaks of industrial strife. Denver smelters, Idaho Springs and San Miguel County mines were struck for eight-hour-day contracts; coal diggers in both northern and southern fields engaged in strike activities. But it was at Cripple Creek that the bitterest and most violent of the crises occurred, and it was here that the Western Federation of Miners suffered one of its worst defeats. The Cripple Creek fields were still prosperous; millions were made from the ores and the processes of their refinement. The field was also to become highly organized, on both sides. Under the dynamic leader-

ship of Charles H. Moyer and Big Bill Haywood, the Western Federation had managed to enlist the majority of the fields' miners. The property owners had also organized into a Mine Owners' Association. Seeking additional artillery, anti-union forces had also joined together in a Citizens' Alliance.

It was in the reduction works at Colorado City, where Cripple Creek ore was processed, rather than in the gold fields, that the battle originated. The Western Federation of Miners, eager to complete its membership rolls among the mill workers, called out 3,500 Cripple Creek miners in a sympathetic strike to force union recognition in the mills. While these preliminary difficulties in the summer of 1903—on the surface—were soon settled, the trouble had only begun. Soon the mill workers were out again, this time to secure a reduction in hours of work from twelve to eight. And, by the end of October, 1903, the Cripple Creek miners were also on strike.

As the mine operators began to import non-union labor into the district, the union formed armed camps to barricade the roads and railroads running into the district. After appeal to Governor James H. Peabody, the mine owners soon welcomed an investigatory committee to the field. Immediately afterwards, on the committee's recommendation, the governor dispatched the National Guard to Cripple Creek.

Both sides were aware of the value of propaganda to enlist favorable public support. And soon they were using more direct techniques. The Western Federation of Miners published "scab lists," with pictures and descriptions of non-union workers in a clear attempt to intimidate the strike-breakers by openly inviting retaliatory measures against them. The mine owners instituted a card system, blacklisting members of the union from further employment. Thus did the hard-won legislative victories, on both sides, fare in a direct-action contest.

As the strike continued it became warfare for unconditional surrender. Terror

reigned in Cripple Creek as both miners and mine owners moved from intimidation and threatened violence to violence itself—raw and vicious. The climax was reached on June 6, 1904, when Harry Orchard, a professional terrorist in the employ of the union, dynamited the railroad station at Independence. Thirteen non-union workers were killed and many others wounded in the explosion which Orchard had timed to occur when a maximum number of strike-breakers would be present. While Orchard's identity as the perpetrator of the crime was unknown, both sides blamed the other for the deed. The operators' strong-men now moved in, wrecking the office and plant of the *Victor Record*, a newspaper that had remained friendly to the miners, and engaging in wholesale roundups of strikers, confining them in infamous "bull pens," driving many of them out of the camp, escorting some beyond the boundaries of the state.

Revulsion over the violence—which the public tended to blame the union for far more than the operators—the continued support of the militia and the drastic employment of martial law, the help of the Citizens' Alliance, all led to an operators' victory. By mid-summer, 1904, the strike was over, although the Western Federation of Miners never did terminate it officially. But they had lost, anyway. The operators had reopened their mines with non-union labor, and although the Federation would later attempt to re-establish its locals in the fields, it never again assumed any great importance in Cripple Creek. The leaders of the Federation seemed to understand the significance of the failure. The following year, 1905, they led their union into the grandiose combination known as the Industrial Workers of the World.

In the decade that followed this terror-filled strike, Colorado experienced continuing labor warfare. But not until 1914—a full decade later—did violence again reach such heights. Then the scene had shifted, from the gold fields to the coal

# A Portfolio of Photographs...

## VALOR & VIOLENCE IN...

### COLORADO LABOR STRIKES

(FROM THE COLLECTION OF FRED E. JO MAZZULLA)

#### UP IN DENVER...



William D. ("Big Bill") Haywood, vice-treas of the Western Federation of Miners, and Charles H. Moyer, pres. called a strike on Feb. 14, 1903 of the Mill and Smelterman's Union #125, of the W.F.M. "...forced to strike a blow on the industrial field against the arrogance of the mill trust, whose employees were denied the right to organize for self-protection under the penalty of a forfeiture of employment."

"Big Bill" was the center of a fantastic arrest and kidnapping Feb. 17, 1906. Moyer and a Denver businessman - Geo. A. Pettibone who were accused of hiring one Harry Orchard (alias, Hogan, Horsley) to murder former Idaho Governor Frank Steunenberg by bomb. Harry Horsley also confessed to the bombing the railroad station at Independence during the Cripple Creek labor war. Haywood was nominated for Governor of Colo. by the Socialist party while in jail up in Caldwell, Idaho. (He died in exile in Russia in 1928)



Mr. S. E. Hooper,  
Gen. Passenger & Ticket Agent, D & N G R R Co.,  
Equitable Bldg., Denver, Colo.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find tickets, Fort R-6, Nos. 215-216-217-228, which were purchased by members of the Western Federation of Miners who were taken from the train by the militia. Please send me check for unpaid portions.

Yours truly,  
*W.D. Haywood*  
Gen. Secy-Treas.

Letter above: courtesy of Colorado Railroad Museum Golden, Colo.

# AND THIS AT LUDLOW...



The Ludlow tent colony before the fire - the large tent at the right was used for recreation and meetings.



The Red Cross searching the colony after the "massacre".

In southern Colorado, in the small coal mining town of Ludlow, the miners on strike and the "militia" (volunteer "guardsmen" (Company B - Colorado National Guard) paid by the operators of the mine) were living in a tent city (more than 100 tents).



The charred ruins where 21 women and children died - April 20, 1914...

nothing happened! Monday the militia under the command of Lt. Linderfelt about 100 men - some machine-gun fire was directed at the miners, most of whom had taken positions in the creek beds and the woods into the colony area where defenses were covering in flight. The skirmish swarmed into the colony - looting and attacking the women and children, the tents and set fire to the shelters. 21 killed in the colony - 30 strikers.

Funeral of Ludlow victims from Catholic Church in Trinidad, Colorado. 14 of the below: 14 coffins placed on wagons in front of Church.



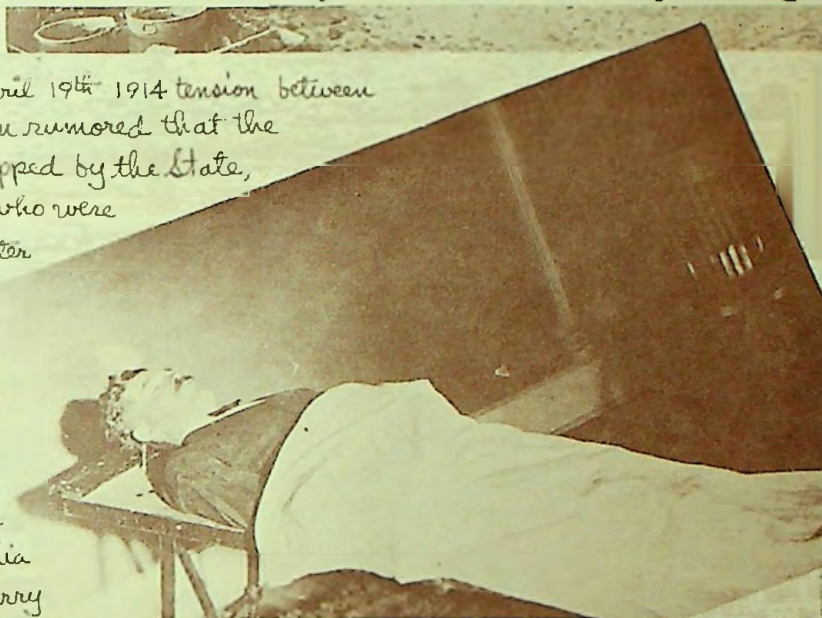


ruins of the tent that ended in fire + death.



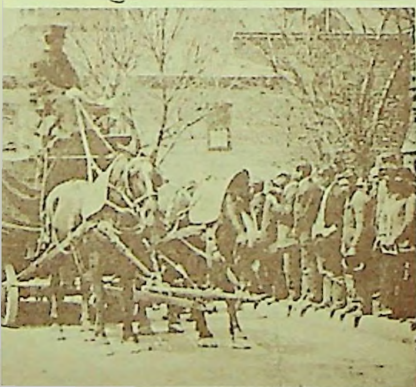
Another view of the burned out colony - Red Cross members searching for any household belongings remaining

of Ludlow - on Sunday April 19<sup>th</sup> 1914 tension between  
a breaking point. It had been rumored that the  
National Guard - armed and equipped by the State,  
"got to work" on the strikers who were  
300 tents). Sunday - the Greek Easter  
is 20<sup>th</sup>, 6. B. under the  
at 10: a.m. - let go with several  
and rifle fire. The fire was not  
men had left the tents and had  
and nearby hills. The fire fell  
as women and children were  
- lasted until dark. The militia  
got of everything they could carry  
children. They poured coal oil on  
The "Ludlow Massacre" dead:  
shot - 1 militiaman killed!



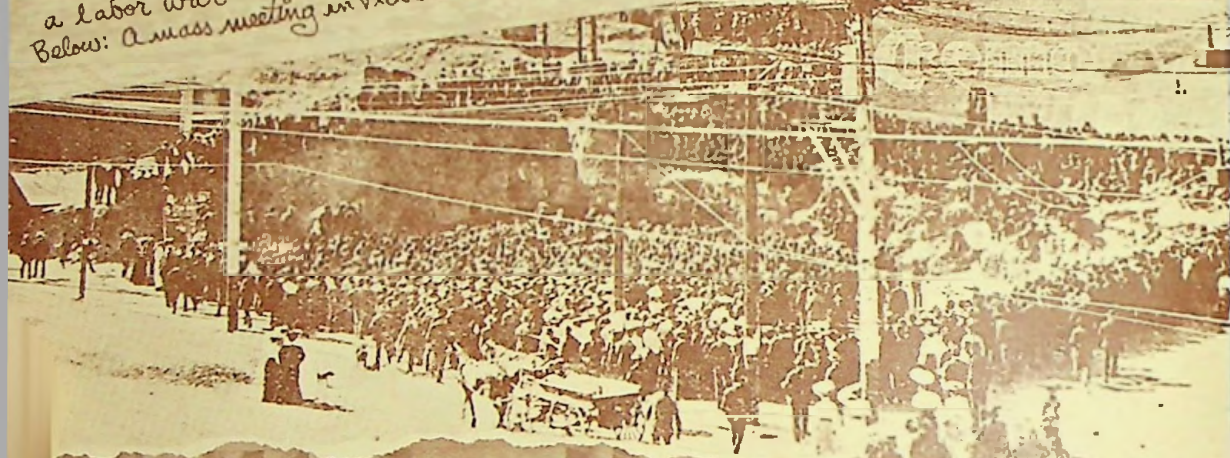
One of striking miners lying in state at a Trinidad mortuary.

victims were buried from the Church - Scenes below: The funeral procession.  
below: Priests escort remains to the waiting hearses.



# IN VICTOR AND CRIPPLE CREEK

a labor war had its violent climax in 1904.  
 Below: A mass meeting in Victor ended in riot - 2 dead!



Left: Cripple Creek under martial law - a Gatling gun points down Bennett Ave. anticipating trouble.  
 below: marching down Bennett Ave (Midland Terminal in background) from the Odd Fellows hall - the funeral procession of Alexander McLean moves to the cemetery. (killed at Independence)





## COLORADO LABOR MOVEMENT

(Continued from page 10)

mines, and a different organizing agency was involved. The United Mine Workers of America had been engaged in endeavors to unionize the coal miners of Colorado for some years. Sporadic outbreaks of difficulties in both northern and southern fields were finally climaxed by an all-out effort by the union in September, 1913. The basic goals were recognition of the union and a wage increase. But when the southern miners voted the strike, they listed additional demands: stricter enforcement of the state's laws providing an eight-hour day; health and safety regulations; the right to select their own living quarters, eating houses, and doctors.

John Lawton was the leader of the Colorado units of the United Mine Workers. He was aided during the strike by the best talents among the unions' national organizers, including the spectacular Mary Harris, the miners' "Mother Jones," an eighty-two-year-old Socialist.

The usual pattern of events began to unfold. The coal operators, with the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company the principle spokesman for the group, attempted to open their properties with non-union workers; the miners bent every effort to keep the strike-breakers out of the fields. The owners hurried appeals to the statehouse; the governor dispatched the militia to the fields. As the miners withdrew from the mines, they had formed tent colonies on lands near the mines that the union had secured. There they and their families were sustained by union funds.

Tension in the camps mounted, and violence seemed inevitable as the soldiers sent to guard the properties and the miners living nearby scuffled with each other. The climax came on April 20, 1914, at Ludlow Station, eighteen miles north of Trinidad. When miners and militiamen tangled, the soldiers began to drive the miners from the tent colony which housed some 900 men, women and children. Five miners and one militiaman

were killed but, even worse, fire burned through the tents and it was later discovered that two women and eleven children had been either burned to death or suffocated in what the union immediately labelled the "Ludlow Massacre."

Nor was this the end, for a ten-day war broke out up and down the coal fields, with burnings, dynamitings, and murders making up the pattern of the hour. Governor Ammons reluctantly agreed that the situation was beyond the control of state officials and appealed to President Woodrow Wilson for intervention by the United States Army. By April 30 a contingent was in Trinidad, ready to replace the militiamen.

With uneasy quiet enforced by the army, negotiations seemed possible. Through the mediation of the president, arrangements were finally completed, bringing a settlement late in the year 1914. The United Mine Workers of America were denied their major goal of recognition. The union was refused bargaining rights, and it withdrew its organizers from the Colorado coal fields. But the substantive goals of the miners were mostly gained, with promises of protected wages, hours, and working conditions.

To replace the organization that the miners were denied, the Rockefeller interests (through their Colorado Fuel and Iron Company) proceeded to establish a "company" union which purported to be a vehicle for voicing worker's grievances and desires. Hailed by many at the time as a sensible compromise in the labor disturbances that had rocked the state for more than two decades, the "Rockefeller Plan," in time, demonstrated the flaws that trade union men had always objected to in company unions. Despite the generous welcome that greeted the plan at its inception, it proved a weak friend to the laboring man.

By 1915—the year of the Rockefeller Plan—and the year that ends the decade and one-half that I proposed as a significant period in Colorado's labor history, a watershed had been reached. If the

settlement of the coal strike failed to meet the union's hopes, the legislative halls soon witnessed major union victories such as the state's first workman's compensation act, the creation of the state Industrial Commission, with provisions for arbitration of lock-outs and strikes, added protection for the safety, and working conditions, of children, women, and men in dangerous occupations. Explosions between management and labor would still occur, but violent civil strife had lessened.

A major reason for the fact that the upheavals of the first fifteen years of the Twentieth Century were not repeated later in such quantity may be found in the general economic position of the state's mines and mills. By 1915, those mines and mills, as well as Colorado's farms and factories, were being geared to the war-time prosperity. Within a few months, American participation in the European war increased the demands for goods. The decade that followed saw the state's mining industry and farms in disarranged, depressed conditions, and that depression of the 1920s flowed into the even larger depression of the 1930s. Then, however, under the New Deal, labor would win its greatest goal. Through the Wagner Act, and other na-

tional legislation, the right of collective bargaining was guaranteed to labor unions.

I would not suggest that the fifteen years I have discussed represent years of great victory for organized labor. Harry Seligson and George Bardwell have shown in their study of Colorado labor-management relations that the total membership in Colorado unions declined in these years, from 47,000 union members in 1902 to 27,000 in 1911.<sup>2</sup> Certainly neither Cripple Creek nor the southern coal fields brought success to their particular unions. But what was accomplished in these battles, and the many others of the era, was a growing recognition among the people of the state of the attitudes and aspirations of the two contestants—labor and capital. The deeds of Harry Orchard and the demands of Bill Haywood revolted many Coloradans. But John D. Rockefeller's testimony after Ludlow of his ignorance of conditions in his coal fields demonstrated that virtue and evil existed on both sides.

<sup>1</sup>Milo Lee Whittaker, *Pathbreakers and Pioneers of the Pueblo Region: Comprising a History of Pueblo from the Earliest Times* (Philadelphia: Franklin Press Company, 1917), p. 124.

<sup>2</sup>Harry Seligson and George E. Bardwell, *Labor-Management Relations in Colorado* (Denver: Sage Books, 1961), p. 38.

## DEADMAN'S LINE

by Stanley W. Zamonski, CM

THE bleating sheep scattered to let the seven mounted men pass. Their pistols and rifles ready, they reined up in front of the entrance to the lamp-lighted shepherders' wagon. In the hush of darkness the leader commanded, "You in there, come out with your hands up!"

Joe Allemand, half-owner of the herd was the first to jump to the ground, hands high above his head. In his middle thirties, he was a gaunt, square-shouldered fellow with a two weeks' stubble of whiskers. He recognized the leader.

"Hi Herb. What kind of a crazy game

is this? You wouldn't shoot a man, would ya?"

"The hell I won't," the tall, mustached rider snarled. His gun was in action, spitting red flames and crashing bullets into Allemand's chest.

It was the signal for the other six men to start shooting. The canvas-covered wagon lighted from within became a point-blank target. The two silhouetted men inside, unarmed and surprised, were shot down with murderous intent as the fusillade cut them down with merciless accuracy.

On instructions from the leader, five

of the raiders dismounted and hurled Allemand's body into the wagon. They then took the lanterns not in use and emptied their kerosene contents all over the wagon and the dead men's belongings, then set it afire. Still not satisfied, they turned on the sheep, killing twenty-seven, before they rode off and disappeared into the black of night, but first making sure that all telegraph wires leading out of Worland, Wyoming, had been cut.

This was the beginning of one of the many raids of the cattlemen against the sheepherders who invaded the ranges with their so-called "hoofed locusts." Furthermore the cowman on horseback always did have an instinctive contempt toward men who worked on foot. Their feuds were among the bloodiest in the West, the advantage generally with the cowpunchers since many a herder who had not been shot at was tied to a tree and had to watch while they burned his wagons, shot or clubbed part of the flock, and scattered the rest for the coyotes. At one time, more than a thousand sheep were driven over a cliff near Gunnison, Colorado, while in less than ten years in Wyoming alone, fifty men had been murdered, untold hundreds beaten, and more than twenty-five thousand sheep butchered in the field.

When this didn't discourage the sheepherders, the cattlemen set off land reserves known as "deadman's line" beyond which sheep were not to pass.

Joe Allemand and his partner Joseph Emge, cattlemen themselves with range holdings near Worland, Wyoming, found a grand bargain in the purchase of a large herd of woollies in the Big Horn country of northern Wyoming. Naturally, changing over to sheepherders, their opinions concerning the unfenced grazing lands had likewise changed. For at the turn of the century, sprawling Wyoming, with its vast barren stretches suited for little else but grazing, was literally swarming with stock.

None too surprising then that Allemand and Emge visualized that the

prairie country west of Worland was large enough to accommodate both cattle and sheep. It was a vast park-like region, hemmed in on the west by the Continental Divide and on the east by the Big Horn Mountains. Through the heart of this country flowed the Big Horn River, its numerous tributaries traversing the rich-grass lands.

Come spring, the partners, joined by a relative of Emge's, Jules Lazier, started their drive from the Big Horn and enroute had to cross the cattlemen's "deadman's line." By the first of April they were once more on Emge's range. But the sin of trespassing the "line" was unpardonable. According to the minds of the cattlemen, the several thousand sheep that had just migrated over the region, with their sharp teeth, had not only eaten up the grass close to the ground but their little hoofs had trampled what remained of the grass. A hurried powwow of cowpunchers decided that the sheepherders must go.

It was the third of April, 1909, to be exact. A dark cloak of nightfall blanketed the herders' campfire along the banks of No Water Creek, a gushing stream from the spring thaw. Something in the gentle prairie breeze aroused the sheep as they milled about uneasily, their heads up high. But the herders who already had their meal, busied themselves with evening chores within the wagon, unaware of approaching riders.

Just as unmindful was the fourteen-year-old boy who had hired out to them a short while before. He occupied the small tent at the edge of the jumpy herd. The yellow glow from a lantern highlighted the tent in the night. As a boy sometimes will, he was lying on his back daydreaming when seven mounted men rode up. It was an open-mouthed, staring, bug-eyed with fright kid that appraised the menacing array of six-shooters pointing his way.

"You got a horse?" a tall mustached rider asked of him.

It was awhile before the lad managed to close his mouth and swallow

hard with fear, before he answered, "Ye . . . ye . . . yes sir."

"Mount up, and get the h—l out of here. We ain't got anythin' against you, so just keep ridin' and keep your mouth shut. Do ya hear?"

The lad heard it all the first time. He saddled his pony and while he started across the prairie for the nearest town (Worland), the men spurred their horses in direction of the wagon. He hadn't gone very far when he heard the shootings. Shortly after he saw the flames of the wagon-suttee that lighted up the sky for miles around. At Worland, the boy spread the news about the raid.

At sunup the next day, a large party of town folk rode out to investigate. As a result of Allemand and Emge being well-known and respected, the entire region was violently stirring with vengeance. The massacre was a clear case of cattlemen's war against the sheepherders. Within the hour, the partisans taking sides threatened to split the territory wide open with a shooting war that pitted neighbor against neighbor. Furthermore, it involved the Federal Government since the murdered Lazier was a French citizen on leave from the French army. The United States had to pay a twenty-five thousand dollar indemnity for his death. At the same time, the National Wool Growers Association produced twenty thousand dollars to help solve the case.

Since all lines of communication had been cut, a rider was dispatched to the town of Basin, thirty miles north of Worland, to summon Sheriff Felix Alston. Being assigned the job of tracking down the killers, he stamped across Wyoming as no previous sheriff ever had in a cattle-sheep feud.

The herd boy, whose life was spared, divulged only the locale of the raid, not knowing any of the raiders. However, there were clues at the scene—a half dozen ejected shells lay on the ground to the left rear hoof marks of one of the raiders. The man's rifle had spewed its shells to the left instead, as was custom-

ary, to the right. The only gun of this make known to be in the area belonged to George Sabin, a member of one of the best-known and respected old cattle families in the state.

The Sheriff found it difficult to find people who would talk since most of them were in deep sympathy with the cattle interests. In fact, the Sheriff was even advised that it wasn't healthy to pry too far into the incident.

Weeks wore on into months, while Sheriff Alston ran down every rumor and whisper without success. But finally he found an old couple with whom guilt knowledge of the crime grew more important than the issue between cattle and sheepmen. The Sheriff promising never to reveal their identity, they told the story and implicated several neighbors.

Sheriff Alston picked two names out of the seven given him—a William Keys and Charley Faris. He chose these two because he considered them to be the weakest in character, and could probably be frightened into talking. They were arrested and jailed in separate cells. Alston then went to Keys' cell where he repeated the story told him by the old people, and asked if it was the true story.

Keys was startled at the facts. "How did you know that?"

"Faris told me. He confessed the whole thing on condition he didn't have to face trial and conviction. And, if you want to come clean, you might get the same opportunity."

No sooner had Keys told all he knew, when Sheriff Alston repeated the same strategy on Faris, and it worked.

The trial at Basin stirred bitter feelings throughout the State. Herbert Brink was convicted of firing the shots that killed Allemand and was sentenced to hang. However, his sentence was to be commuted to life imprisonment if the others pleaded guilty without trial. And since the evidence was overwhelming, the prisoners pleaded guilty. Sabin and another were given a twenty-six year

sentence, while two more were imprisoned for five years. One of them, Edward Eaton, died of a tick bite in the penitentiary a month after being sentenced.

Keys and Faris were given money and escorted across the Canadian border, having been guarded from the cattlemen who swore vengeance against them, while Sheriff Alston, as a reward for solving the massacre, was made warden of the Wyoming State Penitentiary at Rawlins.



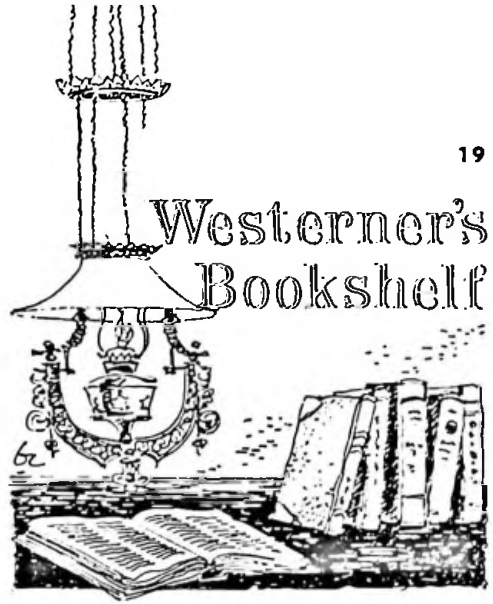
## 1963

**THE POPULAR CYCLOPAEDIA OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE**, being a complete library of useful information for the masses. . . embraced in the subjects of history, biography, natural history, travels, manners and customs, manufactures, vegetation, invention and discovery, mining, the sea, familiar science, the law, statistics, etc., etc. (with two hundred and seventy-three illustrations) published by F. M. Lupton, Publisher, New York, in 1888. . . . gives us this information on the Indians of the West. . .

### The Sun Dance of the Sioux

The dances of the Sioux Indians are all forms of worship, the three principal among them being the war, the medicine, and the great sun dance. When a young brave is anxious for distinction in his tribe he attempts to signalize himself in the atrocities of the great sun dance. It lasts three days, commencing at sundown, and the participants fast during the entire period. It is intended to gain the favor of the Great Spirit who dwells in the sun, and as the sun rises on the commencement of the dance, the braves salute it in chorus with their knives bare. Long ropes of rawhide are ready, dangling from a sapling, and, as the sun comes above the horizon, each Indian seizes a rope, puts two gashes an inch deep and about the same distance apart in his back or side, runs his knife through the flesh between them, and withdrawing it passes the rawhide rope through the wound and ties it, dancing and throwing his weight on the rope for hours at a

(Continued on page 21)



## Westerner's Bookshelf

**A CYCLE OF THE WEST**, by John G. Neihardt, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebraska, 1961; map, 656 pp., paperback. \$1.85.

John G. Neihardt's, "A Cycle of the West" is a collection of five songs: "The Song of Three Friends," "The Song of Hugh Glass," "The Song of Jed Smith," "The Song of the Indian Wars," and, "The Song of the Messiah." These poetic narratives are the planned accomplishment of the poet's life.

John Neihardt first saw the Western scene from a sod house on the Upper Solomon in western Kansas. The spirit of adventure had brought both sides of his family to the West in the early days and their reminiscences instilled in him the spirit and desire to epically narrate the saga of Manifest Destiny—the *voyageurs*, trappers, Indians, emigrants, and plain everyday adventurers and soldiers.

He followed the trails west, made friends with the Indians and was privileged to know many of the old soldiers and plainsmen of the songs he planned to write. By the age of 31 he had caught the heartbeat of a nation moving west and he completed his songs in his sixtieth year.

There are numerous comparisons that could be made to other epics of many languages but John Neihardt's five songs can best be described as a fountain of literary inspiration for all of us who strive to write about the history of the West. When the well runs dry in the dusty pages of research, we can turn to Neihardt's poetic prose in "The Cycle of the West" and receive a transfusion of the blood of literature that courses through his songs.

Milton W. Callon, C.M.

**INDIANS AS THE WESTERNERS SAW THEM**, by Ralph W. Andrews, Superior Publishing Company, Seattle, Wash., 176 pp., \$12.50.

The author has put together a veritable picture book in addition to 17 chapters of good reading depicting the life of the plains Indians as seen thru the eyes of brave souls in their attachment to a new land. Here has been gathered a wide range of material from Western historical publications, some from well known titles, mostly the work of Eastern writers and pioneer wives. Most articles appear as experiences actually lived by the authors. A few chapters are interspersed with fragmentary sketches by the author, himself.

For his illustrations, Ralph Andrews has delved deeply into the archives of the Smithsonian Institute, the Library of Congress, state historical groups, libraries, and museums. There are 21 excellent, full-page photographs of noted chiefs. Other photographs depict camps, tribal activity, warriors, paintings, and habits.

The deluxe page size of heavy enamel stock, beautifully printed with a choice selection of type faces; the author's dedicated care in the selection of material and the superb photography, give the owner an excellent library addition.

Otto Unfug, C.M.

**THE GREAT ENDURANCE HORSE RACE**, by Jack Schaefer, Stagecoach Press, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 62 pp., illus., limited editions (750 copies), \$4.50.

600 miles on a single mount in 1908 . . . Evanston, Wyoming to Denver! Could a bronco do it . . . could a man do it? Yep, and here's the true factual account of one of the most amazing horse races in the history of the American West. In 1908, twenty-five men, mounted on broncos or thoroughbreds, rode a 600-mile race from Evanston, Wyoming, to Denver, with each man riding one horse all the way!

This neat little book is the first ever published on this little-known race. Written by the man who wrote "Shane," the story gives an exciting mile-by-mile account of the historic contest. No horse was ridden to death, but few were able to finish this competition between the western "cold-blood" broncos and the "hotbloods" breeds from the East.

No one can ever forget Little Minnie, the 722-lb. bronco that carried a 208-lb. rider the full distance. Nor will any one forget Teddy the big brute bronco that had been successively a range horse, rodeo buckler, laundry wagon nag and finally a great race horse in this Western marathon.

Illustrated with a frontispiece tip-in photo of the winners and with 13 line illustrations in color by Sol Fielding. A credit is given in the book to PM Fred Mazzulla for securing the photo. The photo carries a Denver Post credit line. This little gem is well written, staged, designed, illustrated and printed. Another Stagecoach Press Book most Westerners will want for their libraries.

Robert B. Cormack, PM

(Continued on page 22)

## POSSE MEMBERS GIVE HISTORICAL NAMES TO STREETS

Thanks to the efforts of the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region, and three members of the Denver Posse of Westerners, dozens of new streets in Colorado Springs have been given names with historic significance.

Supplying builders and developers with such names has been a project of these three for several years.

The credit for finding suitable names should go to PM Kenny Englert, Carl Mathews and Raymond G. Colwell. Mrs. Kenneth Englert has also been very helpful in this regard.

In nearly all cases, the names are either historically significant to the Pikes Peak Region or the State of Colorado.

Only recently, several names were suggested to Roy Pring for a new development in southeastern section of the community.

The names included Bent, Meek, Preuss, Doniphan, Cooke, Whitman, Farnham, and Stewart. All of these men were in the state in the 1830s or 1840s.

Bent was suggested in honor of Bent's Fort. William Bent had a lot to do with the construction of this historic fort.

Dr. Marcus Whitman spent some time in Colorado in 1839, especially at Brown's Hole located in the northwest corner of what is now the state. This place was a

gathering place for mountain men and was later named Ft. Davy Crockett, but is now just a name in history. He and his wife were later massacred by Indians.

Joseph Meek was one of the famous so-called mountain men who spent a lot of time at Brown's Hole. His biography is included in Frances Victor's "River of the West."

Charles Preuss, a German, was a topographer with Explorer Fremont and some of his early day activities are recorded in a journalistic effort entitled "Exploring with Fremont."

Alexander Doniphan and Philip St.

George Cooke were both military men who went through the state and had dealings at Bent's Fort in the early days.

Thomas J. Farnham was an early day traveler whose activities have been recorded in his "Travels in Great Western Prairies." He also visited Bent's Fort.

Sir William Drummond Stewart was a Scotsman who came west and became acquainted with many of the mountain men. Several western paintings, done by a friend who traveled with Stewart, still hang in the Stewart Castle in Scotland, so it is said.



## IN 1888 . . .

(Continued from page 19)

time until the flesh is torn loose and he falls exhausted to the ground. If the flesh holds too long a friend will come and give him a push. When he has fallen his comrades gather round him and say that he will be a great chief.

### The Piute Indians of Nevada

There are between four and five thousand Indians in Nevada, consisting of Shoshones and Piutes, the former occupying the eastern and central parts of the State, and the latter the western. The Piutes are a branch of the Shoshone tribe, and formerly both were governed by one great chief. The Piutes are not hostile to the whites, although in times past there have been fierce battles between them, the last one taking place at Pyramid Lake. The Piutes were formerly a wild, strong, brave people, so famous as travelers that it is believed they originally came from Peru, while they now idle about the outskirts of white settlements. The name Piute was derived from their settlement near the lakes of the Sierra Nevadas, and is properly Pah-Ute or Water-Ute. In the larger towns along the eastern slope of the Sierras, the Piutes are more than half civilized, and as far as possible imitate the fashion of the white in dress, the women

wearing showy cotton gowns, and the men brilliantly-colored shirts, trousers and hats. The wigwams are set a few yards apart, and resemble dilapidated circular tents. As a stranger approaches, the red proprietor comes forward to meet him with a pleasant smile and at a lazy pace, greeting him with the usual "How?" which is the Indian abbreviation of "How do you do?" We illustrate a lodge of the Piutes, and likewise a number of lovers sitting upon a log awaiting the arrival of their sweethearts. This is characteristic of the courtship of the Piutes.

### Shoshone Courtship

Courtship among the Shoshone tribe of Indians is not so elaborate an affair as among more civilized people. In the first place it should be borne in mind that the young squaws are more fleet of foot than the bucks. Now, when a buck fancies a squaw, he provides himself with a lariat, as he would if he intended to lasso an animal. When she sees her admirer approaching she behaves, after her fashion, in the manner of other young ladies. She runs, and the buck runs after her. If she does not wish to be caught she quickens her pace, and is soon beyond the reach of the rope; if, on the contrary, she does not object, the noose slips easily over her head, and the prize is won.

Observed by Bob Cormack, PM

## DENVER WESTERNERS ATTEND WESTERN HISTORY CONFERENCE

A representative group of the Denver Posse of Westerners attended the meeting of the Western History Association Conference at Salt Lake City, October 17-19, with about 400 other interested "westerners." PM Fred Rosenstock ably chaired a section on publishing, at which A. A. Knopf, noted publisher, announced that in 1965 he would inaugurate a \$5,000 prize for the best written book on western history. PM Harold Dunham was the commentator on a paper by Paul Bailey (L.A. Corral), at a meeting chaired by Don Russell (Chicago Corral). Other Denver Westerners present at the conference were PMs Erl Ellis, George Eichler, RM LeRoy R. Hafen, and Gerrit Barnes and CM Royce Sickler. Many of the above group, in addition to other residents of Denver who were present, toured by bus the area that included the Great Salt Lake, the open-pit copper mining at Bingham Canyon, and Brigham Young University, where LeRoy Hafen teaches. CM Paul Gantt, now in Washington, D.C., who wrote on Alfred Packer, the "man-eater," attended the conference. **Harold Dunham, PM**

### DETAILED MAP OF RAILROADS IN THE STATE OF COLORADO, Colorado Railroad Museum, Golden, Colo., Publishers, \$2.

The map covers all known Colorado steam and electric railroad lines, standard or narrow-gauge, both operating and abandoned, and includes many miles of trackage never before shown on a Colorado railroad map. Also shown, for the first time, are locations of historic railroad displays within the State.

The publishers state that every effort has been made to make this map as complete and as accurate as possible, but that it is inevitable that some errors or omissions will have been made. They will, therefore, welcome corrections and additional data. If you find any obvious errors or have suggestions for future editions, it is requested they be sent to: Map Research, Intermountain Chapter, National Railway Historical Society, P.O. Box 921, Golden, Colo. **A. W. Reeder, PM**

### STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

(Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code)

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Geo. R. Eichler

Secy. and Business Manager.

Manzanola, Colo., took its name from the Spanish term for red apple which was produced in quantity in nearby orchards. Originally called Catlin, first settled in 1869, and given the name of an early citizen who also gave his name to the well-known Catlin Ditch. As Catlin, it was incorporated in 1891, but in 1900, it was re-incorporated as Manzanola.





**FACSIMILE OF THE "DESECRATED FLAG" WITH GRIEVANCES THE MINERS UNION PROTESTED IN THE CRIPPLE CREEK STRIKE**

"Martial Law Declared in Colorado!, Habeas Corpus Suspended in Colorado!, Free Press Throttled in Colorado!" so read the copy emblazoned upon the first three stripes of the American flag. Similar copy was drawn upon the flowing and waving lines of the ten other stripes, on the flag that was published and circulated by the Western Federation of Miners in 1904.

President Charles H. Moyer of the W.F.M. was arrested the 26th of March, 1904 at Ouray. He was taken to Telluride and there charged with "desecration of the flag." He was released shortly thereafter under \$500 bail but was immediately re-arrested by the military authorities. Moyer was held in the "bull pen" or jail for 100 days on this trumped up charge. "Trumped up" we say because William "Big Bill" Haywood, secretary-treasurer of the W.F.M. was arrested in Denver at the same time and held on the same charges.

Under the leadership of these two men the "desecrated flag" propaganda was created, published and distributed by the members of the Federation. The charges brought against them were done so as a mere pretext for holding them so that the W.F.M. would be without leadership during the crucial Cripple Creek Strike. The Mine Owners Association hoped that this action would cause the strikers to weaken without their two bombastic leaders, Moyer and Haywood.

On March 4th, Bill Haywood had said to a DENVER POST reporter when the strike was called, "The occasion for the strike was the absolute refusal of the mill managers at Colorado City to treat with or recognize the Union. Our men were discharged because they belonged to the Union; they were so informed by the managers. We then asked the operators to reinstate these men and consider a wage scale—they would do neither . . ."

Robert B. Cormack, PM



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



NOVEMBER

1963

VOLUME XIX

NUMBER 11

**IN THIS ISSUE:**

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Julesburg Area,"  
by CM BYRON G. HOOPER, JR.

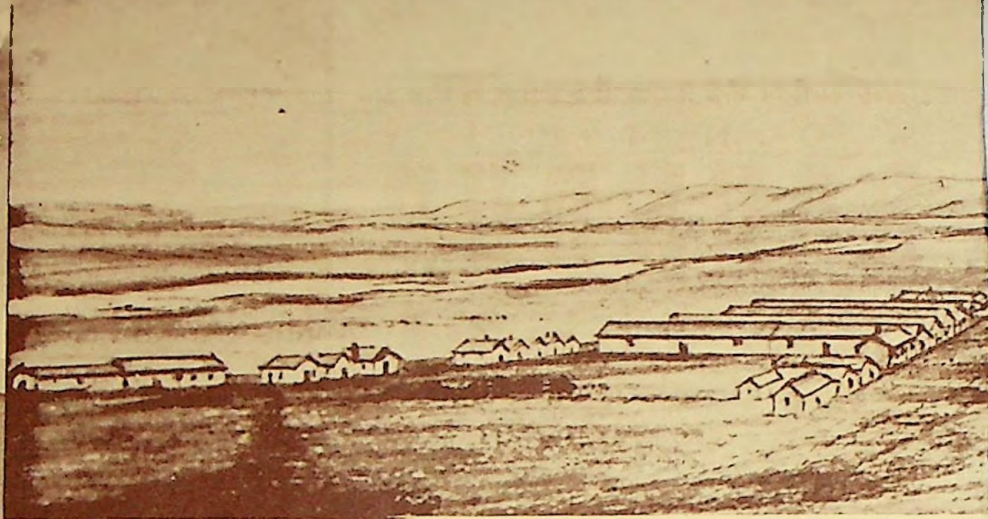
"Early Denver Journalism,"  
from the  
DENVER TRIBUNE REPUBLICAN

"Julesburg Area maps,"  
by PM BOB CORMACK

"Female Wagonmaster"  
by CM STANLEY ZAMONSKI

"Merry Christmas to you all!"  
from SANTA JAWEA





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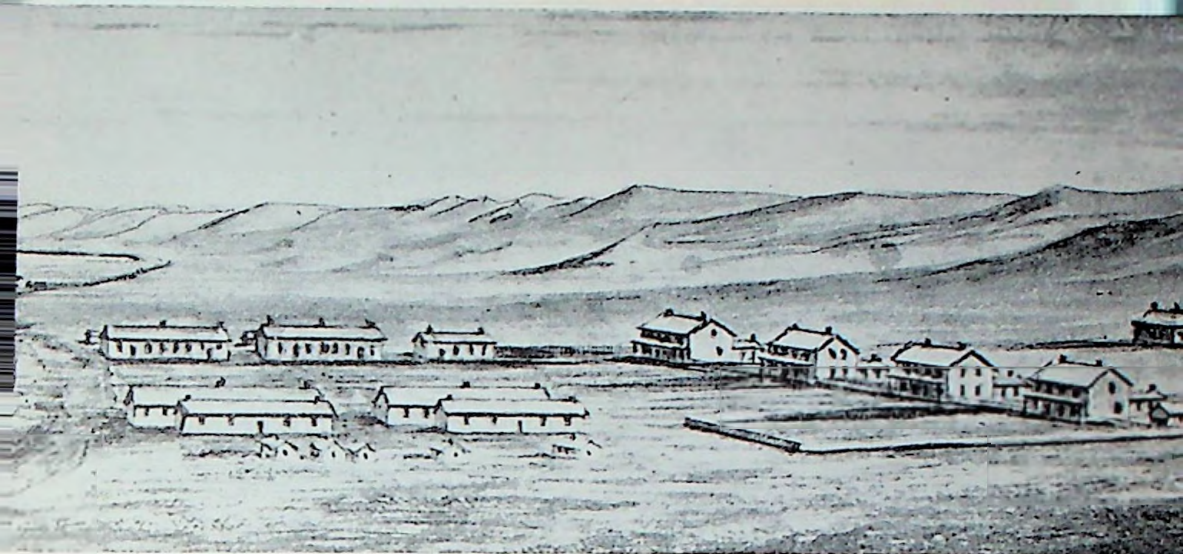
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**Roundup Foreman**, George R. Eichler  
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FORT SEDGWICK, C. T., view from the west, 1870. This old print from the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla shows the South Platte River in the background as it winds out to the Northeast and out of the Territory of Colorado. Before it was renamed Fort Sedgwick, this army camp was called Camp Rankin which was a little over a mile from one of the early sites of Julesburg. See map on page 11.

## A CAPSULE HISTORY OF THE JULESBURG AREA

by *Byron G. Hooper, Jr., CM*

Lieutenant Francis T. Bryan, United States Army Topographical Engineers, surveyed the small camp and the country surrounding it, wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead with the sleeve of his dusty uniform and made the following entry in his journal: "July 22, 1856 . . . country . . . is a high, dry, prairie—a dead, flat, burned up piece of ground . . . nothing green . . . except willows and grass along the banks . . . higher ground covered with buffalo grass—now burnt dry. Soil—mostly sand and gravel."

Bryan, camped on Lodge Pole Creek, ten miles above its mouth, was describing a locality that would become famous and infamous in the history of western America; for opposite the mouth of the Lodge Pole, on the right bank of the South Fork of the Platte River at a place which would be known as Morrell's Crossing, alias the Upper Platte Crossing, alias the Upper California Crossing, within three years would come to life on the "dead, flat, burned up piece of ground" an embryo of a community. This

embryo, nourished by the westward flow of civilization, would grow and yet remain stunted, would become alive and yet feeble. It would be a settlement of transients; a community of which the only permanent aspect appeared to be its physical components and these too would eventually disappear in a wisp of smoke. Only the name of this oasis in the "Great American Desert" will survive—Julesburg.

The ground traversed by Bryan's party was already historic. As early as 1720 an expedition under Don Pedro de Villasur visited the area seeking the French only to find death and destruction at the hands of the Pawnee Indians. Lt. Bryan was well aware of the first topographical exploration of the valley by Major Stephen H. Long in the summer of 1820, of Colonel Henry Dodge's saber rattling march through the country fifteen years later, and of Captain John C. Fremont's well publicized expedition of 1842. Possibly Bryan had also conversed with men who had accompanied William Henry Ashley's party in December,

1824, when it battled fierce winds and snow so heavy that small bands of trappers could not have proceeded had it not been for numerous herds of buffalo moving down the river making paths on either side. Among other firsts, Ashley's party would be the first Americans to discover the pass in the Rockies which would bear the name of one of Ashley's employees—Jim Bridger.

It was through Bridger's Pass to the headwaters of the Lodge Pole Creek that a party from Salt Lake City, under the command of Captain Howard Stansberry, Corps of Topographical Engineers, United States Army, traveled in September of 1850 to ascertain if this route was a more direct one to the Atlantic.

Stansberry found it decidedly preferable to the established South Pass Road along the North Platte River. He intended to proceed down the Lodge Pole to its junction with the South Platte, but being injured in a fall he was forced to terminate the expedition and proceed to Fort Laramie.

The year before Stansberry's visit, a party of Cherokee Indian immigrants, a portion of the Washington County Gold Mining Company from Arkansas, bound for the gold fields of California, passed through the country south of Bridger's Pass, but the route from Arkansas to North Park and then westward via the pass became known as the "Cherokee Trail."

Stansberry's report excited the imagination of those in Washington who believed that stronger ties and a more direct line of communication should be maintained with the new state of California and the intervening unsettled territory. This resulted in the introduction and passage, in March of 1855, of an appropriation bill in the amount of \$50,000 for the construction of a military road from Fort Riley to Bridger's Pass, and Lt. Bryan had been selected to complete the reconnaissance which had been started by Stansberry six years previously.

Bryan found the valley of the Lodge Pole wide and flat, with sufficient grass and water; a natural highway leading westward into the Black Hills and the tall straight pine timber from whence the valley obtained its name.

The water of Lodge Pole Creek, the protection against the elements afforded by the valley, and the abundance of grass therein made it a natural feeding ground for vast herds of buffalo and other game. In the wake of these herds came the nomadic

plains Indians. This land was eventually decided to the Cheyenne and Arapahoe tribes by the treaty of Horse Creek, September, 1851, provided the Indians permitted the Government to build roads and forts in the country, and agreed to keep the peace.

This the red man did for almost three years until a band of Brule Sioux was provoked into a fight near Fort Laramie which resulted in the death of a Lieutenant Gratton, his entire command of 30 men and an interpreter. This unfortunate incident created a chain reaction among the Indians and the military, which culminated in the chastisement of the Sioux at the battle of "Ash Hollow" in the fall of 1855, by a superior force commanded by General William S. Harney.

Harney's campaign of 1855 and 1856 had its desired effect and except for occasional pilfering and begging, the Indians were forced to abandon the valley of the Platte. With the appearance of Bryan's expedition on the Lodge Pole, the white man had now invaded the Indians' hunting grounds.

Bryan, as Stansberry had been, was greatly impressed with the potential of the Lodge Pole—Bridger's Pass Route, but he also called attention to the fact that although a practical wagon road led through the pass, it then suddenly stopped. This latter statement was probably added for the benefit of a reluctant Congress which in the summer of 1856 had failed to approve a bill appropriating \$3,000 for the construction of the road from Bridger's Pass to Great Salt Lake City. The Department of War declared that the completed road ". . . will be useful for military purposes in the march of troops to California and the Territories of Utah, Washington and Oregon, and in any military operation which it may be necessary to undertake in the region through which it passes."

The military was correct in assuming there would be need for movement of troops to one of the western territories. In a little over a year's time Colonel Albert Sidney Johnson, Commanding United States forces, would be ordered to the valley of the Great Salt Lake to suppress a rebellion of the Mormons living there.

Johnson, in dire need of men and supplies, believed that the Lodge Pole-Bridger's Pass Route was the most direct line of communication from the Missouri River to his base of operations at Camp Scott, Utah Territory, and in April, 1858, secret orders were issued



Photo by CM Rob Plummer

CM BYRON G. HOOPER, JR. was born in Cambridge, Nebraska which is on the Republican River "nigh onto a hundred mile or so" from the Julesburg Area of which he writes. He first saw the light of day on Sept. 19, 1926 and tells us that had he been born 75 years earlier he would have been traveling from town to town with his "paw" whom you might say was a modern day "drummer." Byron's father was connected with a chain of small dry goods stores and consequently the family moved quite often . . . but generally in the Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado area. He has lived in Holdridge, McCook, Wayne, Julesburg (1930-32) and Norfolk, where he attended grade and high school and the first year of Junior College.

Mr. Hooper served eighteen months in the United States Navy in the China-Formosa area on a mine sweeper. Following his Navy sojourn he attended the University of Nebraska where he received his B.S. in business administration degree. He continued his study, taking law . . . however about this time he married and Law School after a year was forgotten. He moved to Denver about 1953 working for the Austin Construction Co. out on Rocky Flats. He left this employment to open the first temporary employment service in Denver. He became associated thereafter with the United States Brewers Association, doing public relations work for them. Following this he moved to the Colorado Railroad Association for two years in a similar capacity.

Mr. Hooper for the past four years has been the executive vice-president of the Colorado Savings and Loan Association with offices in Denver. He was publisher of the ill-fated "Overland Express," a monthly newspaper with historical interest that he says, "Was a darned expensive hobby . . . but fun!" Byron Hooper is a very avid western historian and is an authority on "Slade," who is mentioned in his paper on Julesburg many times.

to Lt. Colonel George Andrews, commanding 6th Infantry, to conduct his command, about 300 strong, to Ft. Bridger via Ft. Kearney, Lodge Pole Creek, and Bridger's Pass. Arriving at Ft. Bridger the first part of August, Colonel Andrews reported that he was of the opinion that the grass was not sufficient for any large trains following each other and that the route should therefore not be used for large government trains, or number of emigrants enroute to Oregon, Utah or California, thus sounding the death knell for the Lodge Pole Valley as a recommended transcontinental route. However, it mattered little as the "War in Utah" was peaceably settled in June and there no longer existed an urgent need for a movement of troops and supplies. Emigrants on the other hand were content to follow the well established South Pass Route, which afforded them greater degree of protection and familiarity.

Hostilities with the Mormons having subsided, the United States Mail Service, which had provided Salt Lake City with meager postal service since 1849 until the summer of 1857, was renewed when a contract was made with John M. Hockaday and others for weekly service from Independence, Missouri, via Fort Kearny, Fort Laramie, South Pass and Fort Bridger. This same spring, prospecting parties from Georgia, Missouri, and Kansas which were washing the sand of the upper waters of the South Platte found enough gold in the vicinity of Cherry Creek to justify the rumors that had been circulating for years,—that riches existed in the Rockies. By early fall word of the "discovery" had reached the "states"; that winter Montana City, Denver City, and Auraria had come into existence.

Mail for these settlements was obtained at the nearest postoffice, Fort Laramie, on the North Platte where it was delivered by Hockaday and Company. However, during the winter of 1858-1859 William H. Russell and John S. Jones decided to run a stage-coach express from Leavenworth to the Pikes Peak region on a route proceeding as near as practical due west from Leavenworth, between the Republican and Smoky Hill Rivers. The route was surveyed, stations established, and the first coaches of the Leavenworth and Pikes Peak Express Company arrived at Denver on May 7, 1859. Hardly had the line been established, however, when Jones, Russell and Company pur-

chased from Hockaday the contract for mail transportation to Salt Lake City. And because it had to be carried on the Platte route, the new contractors found it advantageous to transfer their express line from the Republican.

In the meantime, 90 day notes which had been issued by Jones and Russell to finance the Leavenworth and Pikes Peak Express Company had come due and being unable to redeem them, the great freighting firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell, came to the rescue and took over the line.

Having been the principal freighters supplying Johnson's army in Utah, the firm of Russell, Majors, and Waddell was only too familiar with the perils of the Platte route by the way of Ash Hollow, and well aware of the advantage afforded by the Lodge Pole Valley. Therefore, it was decided when establishing the various stations along the Platte that one should be built opposite the mouth of Lodge Pole Creek, at which point a branch line would follow up the South Platte to the settlements at Cherry Creek. The westbound through coach would ford the river, continue up the Lodge Pole Valley for approximately 35 miles, then angle to the northwest over a thirty-mile ridge and intersect the North Platte trail just east of Courthouse Rock. Possibly this route had been used to a limited extent since Bryan's reconnaissance of the valley in 1856, but until the establishment of stations by the Leavenworth and Pikes Peak Express Company, the vast majority of those traveling west preferred the old trail which forded the Platte 29 miles below Lodge Pole Creek at Beauvais', crossed the divide and descended into the valley of the North Fork of the Platte by a treacherous incline at Ash Hollow.

To manage this station at the mouth of the Lodge Pole, a French-Canadian Indian trader by the name of Jules Beni was selected. Beni, or "Old Jules" as he was called became well known on the trail, and the station he kept became widely known as "Julesburg."

The through line was divided into three divisions: St. Joseph to the Upper Crossing, or Julesburg; Julesburg to South Pass; and South Pass to Great Salt Lake City; and, of course, the division from Julesburg to Denver. Not only was the station at the mouth of the Lodge Pole, the end of one division and beginning of two others, but it was also

designed as a "home station,"—a sleeping and eating stop for employees and passengers. Here were erected the largest buildings of their kind between Fort Kearney and Denver. The station itself was built of cedar logs, hauled by oxen from near Cottonwood Springs, at the forks of the Platte, a distance of 105 miles. Other buildings were built as they became necessary: an eating house, a telegraph office, a large store, a warehouse which held between six and eight thousand bushels of corn, a blacksmith shop, a stable which could accommodate approximately 50 horses, a repair shop, a large corral, and other outbuildings. In its balmy days the community did not exceed a dozen buildings. Wood for cooking purposes was at a premium, there being none from the forks of the Platte, a hundred miles to the east, to Fremont's Orchard, a hundred miles to the west. The residents of Julesburg were forced to have this luxury item hauled to them while the emigrants either cut a supply at Cottonwood Canyon or used buffalo chips.

The first coach from Denver via the Platte route departed Thursday, June 9, 1859. However, the first express for Denver by the new route did not leave Leavenworth until July 2, and arrived in Denver on July 9, making the trip in 6 days and 21 hours.

The change from the Republican to the Platte Route did not transpire without some difficulty; the conductor on the first stage from the west meeting passengers and mail from Denver at Julesburg apparently had not been advised of the new arrangements and refused to receive either for transportation east.

In February of 1860, the legislature of Kansas granted a charter to the "Central Overland California and Pikes Peak Express Company." This newly formed corporation absorbed the "Leavenworth and Pikes Peak Express" and obtained the U. S. Mail contract for service to Utah. Along with others, Russell, Majors, and Waddell were made directors of the new company, William Russell was chosen president, and Benjamin F. Ficklin, was named general road superintendent. Ficklin, who possessed great experience in the stage and express business, set out at once to put the line in order and to prepare the route from Leavenworth to Salt Lake for a proposed Pony Express. Three changes which were immediately executed by the new superintendent were: shortening



the route approximately 50 miles from Julesburg to Denver by running the stages over the Cut-Off Road; establishing a new division between Fort Kearny and the Crossing; and shortening the division west of Julesburg. He retained as agent for this division a man whose name was becoming legend along the line—Joseph Alfred Slade.

Slade, the youngest son of a United States Congressman from Carlyle, Illinois, and a veteran of the Mexican War, had freighted on the trail prior to being engaged as a division agent. In the latter capacity, he had created for himself a reputation of being a capable and an efficient stage man. However, his unsavory conduct when under the influence of alcohol caused many of the employes to fear him and none cared to gain his ill will. He was known to have had at least one killing to his credit, a freighter whose grave was pointed out as an historical attraction near the Green River. Stories of his activities circulated up and down the trail, being embellished with each telling, until it became impossible to separate fact from fiction. There being no semblance of law along the route, with the exception of the military at Fort Laramie and their jurisdiction was limited, Ficklin needed an agent who could forcibly manage the rather independent and sometimes belligerent employes of the company, and yet a man who possessed good business judgement, knowledge of the area, and the ability to deal with the public. Slade was that man, and Ficklin gave him license to do what he felt necessary to keep the coaches running and the mail delivered.

Slade immediately set out to supervise the construction of new stations and the renovation of the old ones; improve and increase company personnel; and distribute supplies in preparation for more efficient stage service and the Pony Express.

At Julesburg, "Old Jules" was reveling in the prestige which he inherited as being agent of the most important station between Leavenworth and Salt Lake City. In this official capacity he had managed the affairs of the Leavenworth and Pikes Peak Express Company pretty much to suit himself which included use of their stock or equipment for his own purposes and a slovenly execution of his duties. "The Weekly Rocky Mountain News" complained on March the 7th, that twice in three weeks mail which had been destined for Denver had been sent out from

the Crossing with the Salt Lake mail, and the last time the mail had been carried as far as Fort Laramie before the error was discovered. All things considered, Slade eventually determined that Beni was not a suitable representative of the company and decided to replace him with Green M. Thompson, a native of Maine, who with George W. Crissman, a young man from South Carolina, was considering establishing a store at Julesburg. Old Jules resented this infringement on his authority and brooded about the matter continuously blaming the only person he believed responsible—Joseph A. Slade. When a boy who had been hired by Beni quit and went to work for Slade at Horseshoe Station, Slade's home, Jules determined to "settle the score."

Some days later Slade arrived at Julesburg on a routine inspection of the line and was greeted at the station door by Jules who emptied the chamber of a Colt's cap and ball revolver into him. Slade, who was unarmed at the time, did not fall but staggered around the building, followed by Beni who further ventilated his person with a double barrel shotgun loaded with pistol balls. Jules, thinking that he had certainly mortally wounded his enemy and fearing reprisals by the other stage employes, immediately departed for a healthier climate. Slade was carried inside the station and the army doctor at Fort Laramie sent for. He arrived in due time and picked out nearly a handful of pistol balls from Slade's body. Slade lingered between life and death for a matter of days and then miraculously began to improve. He remained at Julesburg for several weeks until he was able to be moved to Horseshoe Station.

The shooting of Slade was not the only excitement at Julesburg in the spring of 1860; at 7:15 p.m., April 3, amid the cheers of the assembled populace of St. Joseph, a horse and rider dashed down the street to the steamer "Denver" which carried them both across the Missouri River, and the phenomenal Pony Express was launched. Sometime during the night of April 5, or the very early morning of April 6, the first of a series of riders in its nineteen month history arrived at Julesburg, and a fresh horse and rider proceeded on.

Express riders who served Julesburg were William J. (Billy) Cates, who rode from April, 1860, until October, 1861; Theodore Rand, known as "Little Yank," who carried

the mail between Box Elder and Julesburg; Martin Hogan rode between Julesburg and Mud Springs. Others were Richard Cleve, George McGee and W. Simmons.

The service had just commenced when one of the most remarkable rides in its brief history was made on the 8th day of June, 1860, by Jim Moore who rode from Midway Station to Julesburg and back, a distance of 280 miles in 14 hours and 46 minutes, an average of over 18 miles per hour.

In April the Postoffice Department advertised for bids on a mail contract from Julesburg, Nebraska Territory, up the South Platte, by St. Vrain to Denver City, Kansas Territory, 240 miles and back once a week. The last of May word reached Julesburg that a U. S. Post Office had been established there to accommodate the Pony Express and the bi-weekly mail service of the Central Overland California and Pikes Peak Express Company, and that Green N. Thompson received the appointment as Postmaster. In the meantime the Western Stage Company began establishing stations along the route with the intention of breaking the express and passenger monopoly held by the COC&PP.

Later it was announced that E. F. Bruce of St. Joseph was the successful bidder on the mail route with a low bid of \$800. The next lowest bid was \$2,400 for a service whose cost was estimated by the Post-office Department to be approximately \$19,200 annually. Bruce did not exercise his contract and it was later claimed that he was an employee of Russell, Majors and Waddell and that it was actually their bid which was accepted by the Post-office Department. Perhaps to appease that department and the citizens of Denver, in the middle of August the COC&PP Express commenced delivery of U. S. Mail. It is estimated that between six and seven thousand letters left Julesburg in the first delivery at a cost of 3c each as compared to the customary 25c express charge. However, the mail contract was awarded to the Western Stage Company; not from Julesburg only but from Fort Kearny connecting with their line to Omaha.

When their stages first began arriving in Julesburg, Green Thompson, being a loyal employee of the Central Overland and Pikes Peak Express Company, refused to yield up to the Western Stage coach the mail which had been delivered to Julesburg for Denver by the COC&PP's Salt Lake Express. He

also refused Western's passengers food and lodging and informed two that "they could have nothing in his house for either respect or money." Perhaps it was Mr. Thompson's uncooperative attitude that led the Western Stage Company to establish a station at the Nebraska Ranch, five miles above Julesburg.

By the first of November the telegraph line between Fort Kearny and Omaha was complete and working which prompted the "Denver Rocky Mountain News" to announce that it expected to give the results of the Presidential election within four days after Election Day, November 6th. The News had made arrangements for a telegraph dispatch to be sent by Pony Express from Fort Kearny to Julesburg where it was to be forwarded by COC&PP coach to Denver.

On Wednesday, November 7, the news was flashed via telegraph to Fort Kearny announcing the election of Abraham Lincoln. An extra pony was started immediately for California and the message reached Julesburg the next day. Unfortunately for Byers and readers of the "Rocky Mountain News," the special dispatch that was to have reached Denver Friday noon was not left at Julesburg but was instead carried on to California, and the "News" was scooped by "The Mountaineer" which issued an extra on the election returns that had been forwarded by the Western Stage Company's coach that left Fort Kearny Wednesday evening.

In the Spring of 1861 a man by the name of Bartholomew had been murdered at Split Rock Station west of Fort Laramie on the North Platte and rumors indicated foul play on behalf of the station agent Charley Bacon, his brother Pete and another employee, Harry Smith. Shortly thereafter Green Thompson received information that Slade had captured the three and hung them from the beam over the gate to their corral. As this trio had been suspected of other foul deeds in the vicinity, all agreed that Slade's action was justified. However, when an old mountaineer, John Savaugh, his Indian wife, and a hired hand were murdered in their ranch, the building burned to the ground, and two children driven out to die of exposure, stories began circulating that this treachery had been committed by COC&PP employees under orders of Slade who had taken a dislike to the Frenchman. These murders were vehemently denied but the story persisted and became one of but many of the tales about the division

superintendent which circulated up and down the line.

Slade's most bizarre exploit was yet to take place. While recuperating from the effects of Beni's wrath, Slade vowed he would kill the old Frenchman if their paths should ever again cross. But, Slade's position as division superintendent and the responsibilities it included, prevented him from searching for Jules, whose whereabouts were reported periodically to be in the Missouri River towns of Nebraska, or trading with the Indians along the Platte and the South Fork of the Platte. Slade, however, had instructed all the employees on his division to be on the lookout for the Frenchman. Some even claimed that he had actually set a price on Beni's head.

Sometime later when traveling east over his division Slade learned that his sworn enemy was definitely in the area and immediately dispatched some of his employees to locate and capture, if they could, Mr. Beni. This they did, at the stage station and ranch of Cold Springs, 22 miles east of Fort Laramie. Jules was tied to a post in the corral and in due time Slade arrived and had his revenge. Slade's enemies claimed that he killed the Frenchman in a most dastardly manner, by leisurely shooting away pieces of the unfortunate victim, all the while drinking with his comrades and enjoying immensely the sufferings of the old man. At last, deciding to put Jules out of his misery, Slade first cut off his ears and then ended his suffering with a bullet to the head.

Slade's friends denied this story and said that although Slade had cut off Jules ears, this was done after the Frenchman was dead and that Slade had immediately killed his enemy with two shots, the first hitting him in the mouth and causing little injury and the second striking him between the eyes causing death instantly. Whatever the true details, the fact remained that Slade had created a legend which he would find impossible to live down, and difficult to live up to, a legend which would contribute substantially to his own violent death in a matter of a few years.

Later in the year the Central Overland California & Pikes Peak Express Company commenced listing Julesburg on their way-bills, time cards and advertisements as "Overland City" the implication being, of course, that the company wished to obliterate the name "Julesburg" and the stigma

attached to the community by the Beni-Slade feud. What could be a more suitable name for a community that was entirely owned, with the exception of the store of Crissman and Thompson, and controlled by the Overland Stage Line. Still the name—Overland City—was seldom mentioned except by a few stage officials. Despite everything that was done, the old name Julesburg clung to the locality and so, in some sense, immortalized the old Frenchman.

In May the Western Stage Coach Company sold their entire interest to the Central Overland California and Pikes Peak Express Company, which included the mail contract from Fort Kearny to Denver. Shortly thereafter word reached Julesburg that Congress had approved a new overland mail bill and commencing July 1st, the COC&PP would carry mail six times a week between St. Joseph and Placerville, California with a tri-weekly service to Denver City. The bill also provided that until expiration of the contract or until completion of the telegraph, the Pony Express would run on a semi-weekly schedule.

But the days of the pony were numbered. In June wagons with poles from Denver and wagons from Omaha loaded with wire, and hogsheads filled with insulators began arriving in Julesburg for construction of the line west by the newly organized Pacific Telegraph Company under the direction of Edward Creighton. On July 4, 1861, crews of the company started their wagons westward, forded the Platte, and commenced work of the first transcontinental telegraph line.

Also, this month work commenced by the Missouri and Western Telegraph Company on their line west of Fort Kearny which was completed to Julesburg September 15th. Approximately one month later, on October 17, the line of the Pacific Telegraph Company reached Salt Lake City. One week later it was joined with the line from California, and the Pony Express became history.

A transcontinental telegraph line was now a reality, but not entirely satisfactory. "The Denver Rocky Mountain News," which was paying considerable fees for news dispatches by telegraph, was dissatisfied with the service and on April 5, 1862, demanded that the operator at Julesburg, C. E. Pomeroy be discharged immediately if the reports of the coach passengers were true that the lines were not down as reported by Mr.

Pomeroy. Two days later a poem was dedicated to Mr. Pomeroy in the columns of the same newspaper:

*To the Telegraph Operator at Julesburg,  
by Peter Punever*

"If there's no news of very special note  
Why fifteen pages you are sure to quote  
Of rumors, fabrications, interlarded  
With canards which the Eastern press dis-  
carded,

But if a battle's raging in the East,  
The coach arrives, and waits an hour at  
least.

You feel too lazy to record the news,  
Had rather, far, enjoy a quiet snooze.  
You scribble half an hour, then in disgust,  
Right "down" upon the floor the "lines"  
you thrust.

And this explains the rumors round the  
town,

You bet, old Hoss! we know "the lines  
are down."

Not down upon the road, as you well  
swear,

But down among the rubble 'neath your  
chair!"

In the latter part of July, 1863, Harry Creighton, brother of Edward Creighton, who had been in Colorado since the last of June seeking subscriptions for a telegraph line from Julesburg to Denver, announced that the subscriptions had been raised and that the line would be constructed; that as superintendent of the construction, he had contracted for poles, a large portion of which were already being delivered for use. From Omaha six or ten teams and wagons loaded with wire and insulators had started for Julesburg.

Telegraph communications had been disrupted periodically by violent summer electrical storms. After one such storm at Julesburg on August 9, a ranchman named Pete Hastings and a young man named John R. Holland, when attempting to repair the wire where it crossed the Platte, were instantly killed when lightning struck the line a considerable distance from where they were at work, descended the pole on which Hastings was climbing and the guide wire Holland was holding. Two other men were seriously burned but recovered.

On the 30th of September telegraph poles which had been passing through Denver almost every day since the 15th of the month began arriving at Julesburg. 30 men were employed and the work of extending the

line to Denver, where it would connect with one from Central City, was begun in a matter of days. At 4:00 P.M. on October 15th the wire was strung down F Street in Denver and continued on towards Central city, substations having been established at Valley Station, Junction Station and Living Springs. The line worked with good success up until the middle of November when the first serious break occurred caused by someone stealing about 60 feet of wire.

On September the 4th, 1864, Company F of the 7th Iowa Cavalry, commanded by Captain Nicolaus J. O'Brien, arrived at Julesburg from Fort Laramie with instructions from General Mitchell to scout the country and keep him advised by telegraph as to the presence of Indians. Within a few days this party received orders by telegram to make a fortification in the vicinity and prepare to stay there for the remainder of the Winter. For this purpose an adobe one story house, with an adobe storeroom, which had been recently constructed one mile west of Julesburg was purchased. It was called Camp Rankin. The soldiers immediately began enlarging and strengthening it with sod from the bottom along the river and cedar poles from Cottonwood Canyon. Work was also begun on a company barracks, stables, and large sod corral.

During the month of December Camp Rankin kept busy putting the finishing touches on their adobe fort, and escorting the mails and few trains passing through.

During December two men began selling whiskey and holding poker games in an old two room sod house that they had repaired approximately one mile east of Julesburg, and which was known in the vicinity as Bulen's Ranch. Business was brisk, particularly with the soldiers stationed at the Fort, who left a good deal of their Army pay with the two enterprising proprietors. This caused a good deal of consternation among the enlisted men who believed they were being cheated. Sometime between Christmas and New Year's matters came to a head when one of the soldiers claimed that the two occupants of Bulen's Ranch had attempted to kill and rob him, and a posse of his comrades decided to descend on the ranch in the dead of night and do away with its owners. Word of these plans reached the acting commander of the post and only his interception of the execution committee on

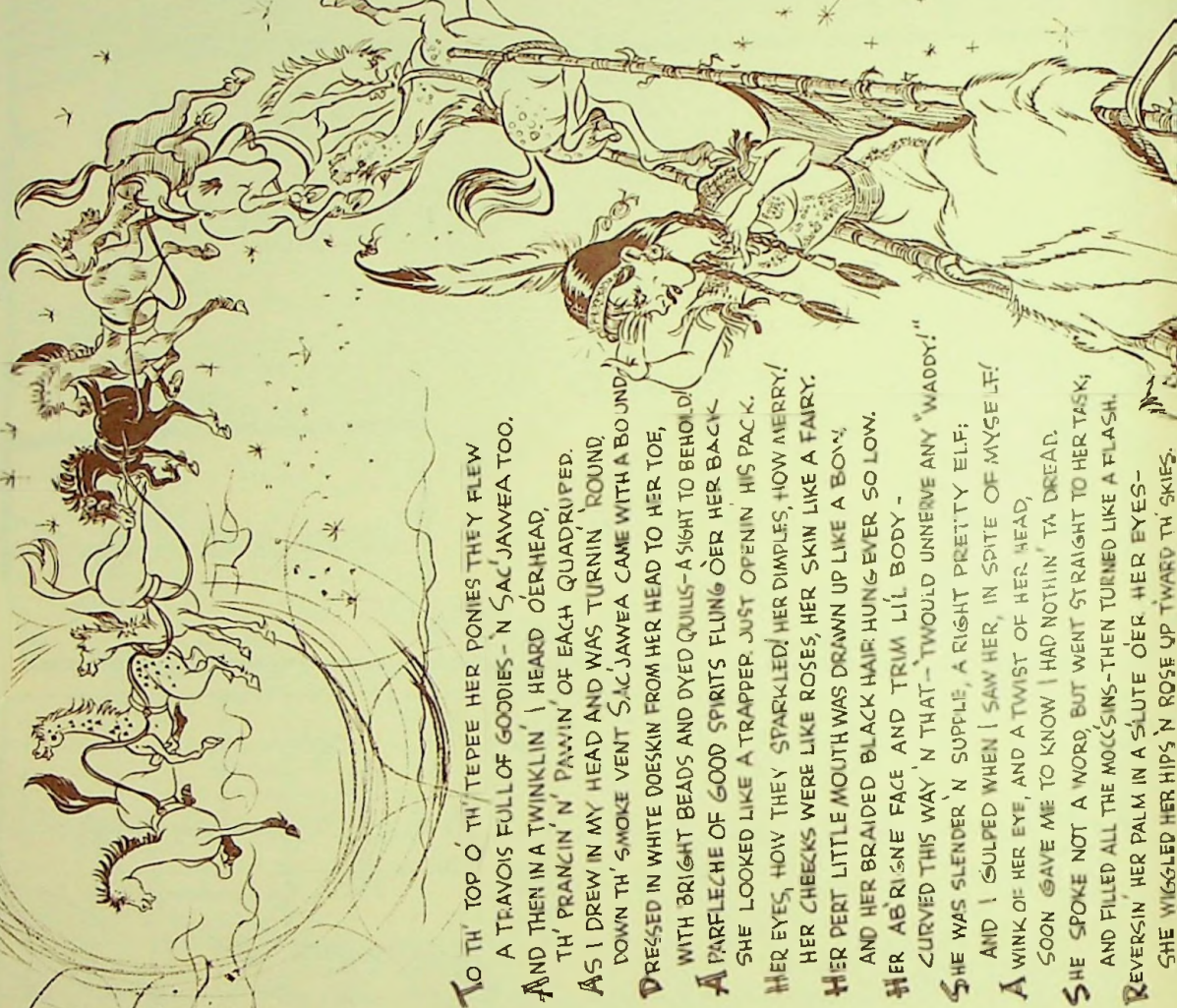
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# SACAJAWEA\* Brings A Touch Of The U

\*ALSO SACAJAWEA OR SACAGAWEAH - SOMETIMES...  
MORE FORMALLY CALLED MADAME TOUSSAINT CHARBOINEAU

CIRCA - 1804 • TRANSLATED 1963 BY PAM BOB & SQUAW JEAN CORMACK



WAS NIGH ONTA CHRISTMAS  
AND UP ON TH' PLATTE  
NO CRITTER WAS STIRRIN'  
E'EN A PACK RAT.

THE MOCCASINS WERE LAID  
BY THE FIRE WITH CARE,  
HOPIN' SACAJAWEA

SOON WOULD BE THERE.  
THE PAPPOSES WERE NESTLED  
'TWEEN BUFF'LO ROBES,  
WHILE DREAMS OF NEW TOM-TOMS  
TICKLED THEIR TOES.

MAW SQUAW IN HER JERKIN,  
AND I IN MY VEST

JUST LAYED OURSELVES DOWN  
FOR A LONG WINTER'S REST.  
WHEN OUT IN THE CAMP

THERE AROSE SUCH A CLATTER,  
I SPRANG FROM MY ROBES

TO SEE WHAT WAS THE MATTER.  
AWAY TO THE INGRESS

I FLEW IN A TRANCE,  
TORE OPEN THE FLAP,

AND LOOKED OUT ASKANCE.  
THE MOON ON THE CRUST

OF THE NEW SETTLED FROST,  
GAVE A LUSTER TO OBJECTS

THAT MY SIGHT CROSSED.  
WHAT MY ROVIN' EYES SAW

GAVE ME THE "WILLIES"  
A MINTURE TRAVOIS

DRAWN BY EIGHT LIL FILLIES!  
WITH A CUTE LIL DRIVER

SO LIVELY AND BRIGHT,  
'TWAS SACAJAWEA

TH' GOOD LITTLE SPRITE.  
MORE RAPID THAN EAGLES

HER COURSERS DID SPEED  
SHE WHISTLED AND SHRILLED.

TO TH' TOP O' TH' TEPEE HER PONIES THEY FLEW  
A TRAVOIS FULL OF GOODIES - N SACAJAWEA TOO.  
AND THEN IN A TWINKLIN' I HEARD OERHEAD,

TH' PRANCIN' N' PAWIN' OF EACH QUADRUPED.  
AS I DREW IN MY HEAD AND WAS TURNIN' ROUND,

DOWN TH' SMOKE VENT SACAJAWEA CAME WITH A BOUND,  
DRESSED IN WHITE DOESKIN FROM HER HEAD TO HER TOE,

WITH BRIGHT BEADS AND DYED QUILLS - A SIGHT TO BEHOLD!  
A PARELECHE OF GOOD SPIRITS FLUNG OER HER BACK.

SHE LOOKED LIKE A TRAPPER, JUST OPENIN' HIS PACK.  
HER EYES, HOW THEY SPARKLED! HER DIMPLES, HOW MERRY!

HER CHEEKS WERE LIKE ROSES, HER SKIN LIKE A FAIRY.  
HER PERT LITTLE MOUTH WAS DRAWN UP LIKE A BOY,

AND HER BRAIDED BLACK HAIR HUNG EVER SO LOW.  
HER AB'IGNE FACE AND TRIM LIL BODY -

CURVED THIS WAY 'N THAT - 'TWOULD UNNERVE ANY 'WADDY!"  
SHE WAS SLENDER 'N SUPPLE, A RIGHT PRETTY ELF;

AND I GULPED WHEN I SAW HER, IN SPITE OF MYSELF!  
A WINK OF HER EYE, AND A TWIST OF HER HEAD,

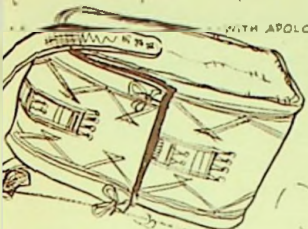
SOON GAVE ME TO KNOW I HAD NOTHIN' TA DREAD.  
SHE SPOKE NOT A WORD, BUT WENT STRAIGHT TO HER TASK;

AND FILLED ALL THE MOCCASINS - THEN TURNED LIKE A FLASH.  
REVERSIN' HER PALM IN A SLUTE OER HER EYES -

SHE WIGGLED HER HIPS 'N ROSE OER TWARD TH' SKIES.  
UP SHE AROSE TO JED TRAVOIS WITH A WHISTLE

# Best Christmas From The Mandan Villages

WITH APOLOGIES TO CLEMENT CLARK MOORE • THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL (OUR 1963 POETIC LICENSE JUST EXPIRED)



SLIPPED UNDER THE ROBE AS SOFT AS A THISTLE.  
 TO HER TEAM SHE MURMURED A SOFT, "LET'S GO BOYS!"  
 THEY CANTERED AWAY LIKE ROCKIN' HORSE TOYS!  
 BUT I HEARD HER PLEAD-ERE SHE DROVE TWARD TH' DARK,  
 "DON'T TELL ME WETHER LEWIS OR OL' BILL CLARK—  
 THAT I TOOK TIME FROM THEIR NOR'WEST EXP'DITION..."  
 TO BRING GOOD SPIRITS AN THESE WORDS IF YOU'LL LISTN'!

## A MERRY W. CHRISTMAS

FROM ALL OF US IN  
 THE DENVER POSSE  
 OF WESTERNERS  
 TO YOU ALL OUT  
 THERE IN THE BIG  
 WIDE WORLD!

### THE POSSE MEMBERS:

- GERRIT S. BARNES
- L. DREW BAX
- EDWIN A. BEMIS
- FLETCHER W. BIRNEY, JR.
- DON BLOCH
- WILLIAM G. BRENNEMAN
- ALFRED J. BROMFIELD
- W. SCOTT BROOME
- ARTHUR L. CAMPA
- ARTHUR H. CARHART
- J. NEVIN CARSON
- HATFIELD CHILSON
- DABNEY OTIS COLLINS
- ROBERT B. CORMACK
- HAROLD H. DUNHAM
- GEORGE R. EICHLER
- ERL H. ELLIS
- ALONZO E. ELLSWORTH
- KENNETH E. ENGLERT
- THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL
- MAURICE FRINK
- DON L. GRISWOLD
- JACK W. GUINN
- PAUL D. HARRISON
- GUY M. HERSTROM
- WILLIAM S. JACKSON
- NUMA L. JAMES
- JOHN J. LIPSEY
- CARL F. MATHEWS
- RALPH B. MAYO

- FRED M. MAZZULLA
- NOLIE MUMEY
- FORBES PARKHILL
- STEPHEN PAYNE
- ROBERT L. PERKIN
- WILLIAM D. POWELL
- ARMAND W. REEDER
- FRANCIS B. RIZZARI
- OTTO ROACH
- RICHARD A. RONZIO
- FRED ROSENSTOCK
- CHARLES S. RYLAND
- L.T. SIGSTAD
- ALAN SWALLOW
- CHARLES W. WEBB
- HERBERT P. WHITE
- PHILIP W. WHITELEY
- LESTER L. WILLIAMS

### THE RESERVE MEMBERS:

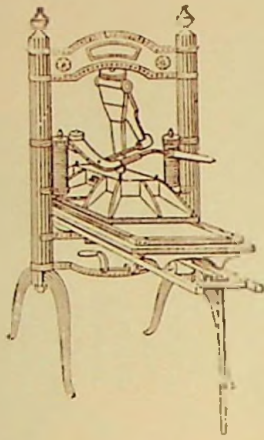
- GLENN L. DALY
- C. A. DAVLIN
- ANDREW DYATT
- JACK FOSTER
- LEROY R. HAFEN
- EDWARD H. HILLIARD, JR.
- CHARLES B. ROTH
- PETER D. SMYTHE
- HENRY W. TOLL
- ARTHUR ZEUCH

"NOW CALLED THEM BY BREED—  
 NOW, PINTO! PAL'MINO!  
 MORGAN, APP'LOOSA—  
 ON BUCKSKIN! ON QUARER HORSE!  
 ON CHICK SAW, ANDALUSIAN!  
 TO THE TOP OF TH' TEPEE,  
 ABOVE TH' SMOKE POLE!  
 NOW, GIDDYAP, GIDDYAP—  
 LET US ALL ROLL!"  
 AS DRY LEAVES THAT BEFORE  
 THE WEST WINDS DO FLY  
 WHEN THEY MEET AN OBSTACLE,  
 MOUNT TO THE SKY.



PM BOB CORMACK

## Early Denver JOURNALISM



### Peculiarities of the Herald's Paper, Press and Type in 1859 Lively Scenes in Camp When Denver Was in Idaho—What One Carolina Governor Said to the Other.

Colonel A. C. Ellithorpe of Chicago, now stopping at the St. James, is an old-timer in Denver journalism. He did not exactly assist at the birth-throes of the local lever of public opinion, but he helped wean it, which often is just as important. Denver was a roaring camp in those days, such a one as Bret Harte selected as the geography of his "Luck of Roaring Camp" the rough side of whose life is softened by the pathetic exhibition of nature's touch, a touch that makes the world akin. Denver was a supply station in 1859 on the great Pike's Peak trail, which turned twenty miles south of here off up the Cache la Poudre Canon.

The camp was full of miners—rough customers many of them—and the mild-eyed Methodist frontier worker jostled the slang-whanging bushwhacker from Missouri upon the public street. It was a cosmopolitan crowd gathered from every country, one might say, under Heaven, and it was not usual for the peal of the call for evening prayer to mingle with the shouts of satisfaction from a rough-clad throng as they turned their steps from Dry (Cherry) Creek, leaving swinging in the deepening twilight a limp, lifeless figure, upon whom the very birds perched in derision, the villain of many a crime whom justice suffered not to live. There were no Fourteenth street or Capitol Hill palaces here then; no great churches with magnificent organs

The editor of "The Writers' Journal," AUTHOR & JOURNALIST, Harold Ellithorpe after reading a recent issue of the ROUNDUP feature story on Chivington, brought this story to our attention. Remembering the controversial discussions that always follow a paper on "The Sand Creek Affair," or on Col. John M. Chivington, we thought the old newspaper story was worthy of reprinting for your further enlightenment in the weighing of your decision as to the "true Chivington." A distant relative of the Colonel A. C. Ellithorpe mentioned in the article, Denverite, Harold Ellithorpe found the story in the columns of the DENVER TRIBUNE REPUBLICAN of August 31, 1885.

pealing anthems of praise to the Giver of All Good in complicated harmonics. Huts and log cabins were the rule, roughly finished buildings the resort of luxury, whisky was rampant under such brands as "Valley Tan," "Tarantula Juice," "Forty Rod," "Stone Fence," "Kill at Sight," "Grease Fixer," etc., a style of nomenclature not now in use even on Larimer street. Those were the days when artillery revolvers and the delicate Bowie were necessary articles of dress, and the press suggestively referred to the occasional dropping of a man in the saloons as "An unfortunate occurrence." Private graveyards were the fashion. A man who could not point with pride to a more or less extensive cemetery of his own populating was not considered "much of a feller."

### The Denver Herald

This paper was born in 1858 at the hands of Thomas Gibson, now in Chicago, and was one year old in June 1859, when A. C. Ellithorpe, then a plain mister and seller of quartz-mining machinery, struck the town from Chicago. He became infatuated with the journalistic prospect, and bought out most of Editor Gibson's interest for \$700. THE HERALD was a 16x22, four paged sheet of five columns to the page, and a weekly. The paper was none of the best, and the type was so worn that many an impression resembled crow tracks with an occasional flurring of letters that made the space look as if spiders with inky legs had straggled over the page. Impressions were taken from an old Franklin press, a hero in its day, but about to yield the palm to newer and far better inventions. A few over 100 papers could be struck off in an



hour by Editor Ellithorpe, who was a printer by trade and a "right smart" hand at the lever press. The number of type cases in that office could be counted on the fingers on one hand, the compositors consisted of the editor's brother, helped sometimes by the editor, manager and publisher and sometimes not at all. The building was a two-story frame—to suggest brick would have been as bad as to appear publicly in a "biled shirt"—standing on the east bank of Dry (Cherry) Creek, about where Lawrence street now strikes it. The lower windows were protected by heavy board shutters, while the walls were also shielded by extra sheathing during the campaign before Lincoln's election, when the rough element of the community became unruly and there were at times fears for the safety of the HERALD office. The papers were sent out the day of publication by pony express to outside subscribers, and the pony express was extended at election time to Cheyenne. Colonel Ellithorpe spoke with animation as he described the appearance of the pony express bearing the news of the election from the last mail stage at Cheyenne. First there was the speck on the prairie against the clear sky. Then it grew larger and larger, till the red flag waving in the courier's hand could be distinguished, telling the excited 1,500 Denverites that the Illinois lawyer and rail-splitter was elected President of the United States.

#### The Herald Strong Republicans

This being Idaho Territory, of course no one could vote, so there was comparatively little excitement in political issues. But the HERALD was a strong Republican sheet. After the nominations Editor Ellithorpe had come out in a blasting editorial for the candidates of the Chicago Convention. The Chicago nomination was celebrated locally by a big bonfire in front of the HERALD office, the display of a big flag from the upper story and a "mass meeting," which was addressed by Editor Ellithorpe, General Larimer and other prominent Republicans. Colonel Ellithorpe gave up the paper in December of that year to the original proprietor, Thomas Gibson, to return to business interests in Chicago, but he had grown to be an influential citizen long before he left Denver. He was urged to go to Washington as Congressional Delegate, which he refused as he didn't care

to become a "political crutch," a gentle term then applied to territorial delegates.

His influence prevented a mob from lynching Gordon, the murderer, till a fair and impartial trial had been given him. This fellow, after brutally shooting a man in Denver, had been tracked to Leavenworth, Kansas and brought back by a vigilance committee. While in the hotel a mob assembled outside to lynch Gordon, whereupon Editor Ellithorpe, standing full height on the stage coach top, declared the man should have a fair show, and in reply to calls to get down, said nothing would take him down but a bullet. He called for the election of a Sheriff, that the work might be legally done, and a Sheriff was elected then and there. Gordon had a fair trial, and, after being convicted, he was allowed fifteen days in which to settle up his accounts and "hand in his checks." The Sheriff hung him in Dry Creek from a trestle.

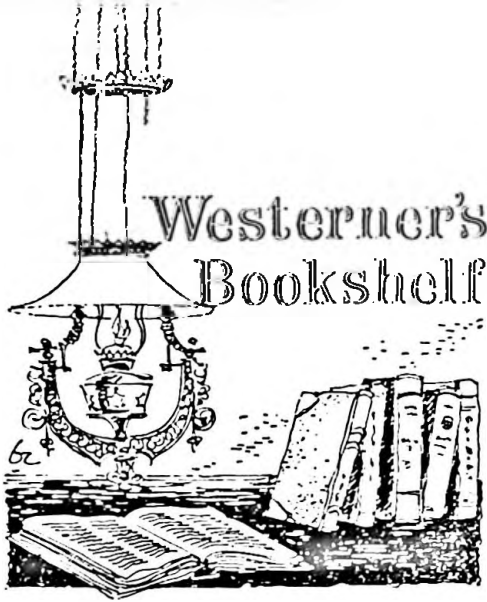
#### An Interesting Story

Colonel Ellithorpe tells this highly amusing reminiscence of old Denver times. He was standing before a saloon (on Larimer street) with a friend when Colonel, then a Methodist Elder, Chivington approached.

"This is Elder Chivington," said the friend, introducing him to the journalist. But the journalist thought the term "Elder" to be a joke, and immediately remarked, facetiously; "Boys, I believe it was the Governor of North Carolina who said to the Governor of South Carolina, 'It's a d—n long time between drinks. Let's go in and take somethin'.'"

Elder Chivington demurred, saying he took nothing stronger than soda water. "This is our Methodist pastor," explained the third party. "The h—l it is!" exclaimed the editor, in unguarded surprise. There was a scene of general embarrassment, which two of the party dispelled in "forty rod," while the parson took a plain soda.

Editor Ellithorpe subsequently organized the Thirteenth Illinois cavalry, and after resigning to obtain a Lieutenantancy in the regular Army, was made Colonel of one of the three regiments of friendly Indians which he had organized afterward on the Southern Kansas border at the instigation of Secretary Stanton. He was practically a Brigadier-General, and did valuable service during the long struggle.



## Westerner's Bookshelf

**WASHOE RAMBLES**, by Don DeQuille (William Wright), 12mo, 169 pp., illus., end paper maps, introduction by Richard E. Lingenfelter; Westernlore Press, 1963. \$7.50.

Something over a hundred years ago, a series of articles written by DeQuille appeared in the "Golden Era Magazine" of San Francisco, running in twelve installments from July to December, 1861, and also in the Era's monthly magazine "The California Magazine and Mountaineer." These articles detailed a prospecting trip taken by DeQuille and two friends into the Washoe district of western Nevada. Where they have reposed since is not revealed but where they are in book form, and in an edition of 1,000 copies.

DeQuille had prospected in California from 1857 to 1860 and had become somewhat of an amateur geologist, so it was more or less natural he should become interested in the new Silver discoveries in western Nevada, but what did he and his companions seek? Coal and quicksilver! In their rambles they came within a short distance of quicksilver deposits and quite near what later became one of Nevada's richest copper mining districts.

The author became well acquainted with the Paiute Indians and devotes considerable space to his relationship with them; while the Indians had been on a rampage the year before, his party seemed to get along very well with the nomads, partly by sharing tobacco and food with them.

Written in a humorous style, reminiscent of Bill Nye and Mark Twain, his accounts of the party's adventures and privations hold the reader's attention well. For many years

after, he and Twain worked on the Virginia City "Enterprise," where the latter gained his reputation.

Carl F. Mathews, PM

**RAILROADS AND THE ROCKIES**, by Robert M. Ormes. 397 pp. Sage Books, Denver, Colorado. \$6.50.

Here at last is a book that all Colorado railroad enthusiasts, as well as historians, have long wanted to see in print. A culmination of hours and hours of research has given us a compendium of hundreds of railroads in Colorado, and the Rockies, that were merely dreams, others on which varying degrees of work were accomplished, as well as the roads that were actually built and operated. The more important railroads are also included.

Ghost town hunters will also find the book of great interest as there are towns mentioned that have long been dead—in fact some of them were barely born, before they died.

The book is unique in that it is probably the only one in the world whose index comprises the text. It will also give a good foundation to further researchers into the history of some of these little known lines. It will amaze you as to the number of roads projected. One wonders how much money was actually taken in. Can you imagine a railroad incorporated in Colorado by Californians that was to operate entirely in Alaska?

The book is adequately illustrated with photographs and maps. However, some of each of these are smaller than this reviewer likes.

All in all, if you're interested in Colorado history at all, you'll like this one.

F.B.R.

**MISTER BARNEY FORD**, by Forbes Parkhill. Sage Books, Denver, Colorado, 1963. 218 pp., 14 illus., bibliography and index. \$4.50.

Barney Ford, the subject of Forbes Parkhill's story, was a half-white Negro slave, who traveled far, advanced the cause of his people, and exerted important influence on his white contemporaries and the political problems of his time.

He was born in the early 1820s at Stafford Court House, Virginia, the son of a Negro slave and her white master. He died in St. Joseph's Hospital, Denver, Colorado, on

December 14, 1902. In the intervening decades, this ex-slave, unschooled but spurred by his own native intelligence and persevering character, made enormous strides in political power, social status, and personal fortune, aided, according to the author, by an algebraic mystique that formed what might be termed his religion and provided him with a key to the solution of his own problems. He called it "the law of positivities," as contrasted with the more familiar "law of probabilities." His impact on national and Colorado state politics is impressive.

*Mister Ford's* life sounds, in today's climate of civil rights' issues, like a long and fruitful one-man Freedom March. The author's extensive research covering Ford's career constitutes a timely anticipation and illumination of today's ground swell of interest and action in the matter of racial justice. Looking at this lone crusader through the glasses of today's understanding, it is remarkable that during more than the last half of the nineteenth century, he was exercising his singular insight and farsight in the cause of the betterment of the lot of his own people, trying to find the answer to the questions that confront them today.

His story is moving and inspiring, and throws an encouraging light on the American Negro's effort to *overcome* the obstacles of prejudice that have beset his path. In the years ahead, we shall probably read many books on the history and interpretation of the Negro's fight for just recognition and opportunity. In the vanguard will certainly be Forbes Parkhill's story of *Mister Barney Ford*, who blazed his own early trail and carried his torch and standard in the struggle for achievement of the rightful place of his people in our One World.

Scott Broome, P.M.

#### **TWO DENVER POSSEMEN VOTED TO RESERVE MEMBERSHIP STATUS**

At a recent meeting of the board of directors of the Denver Posse of Westerners Charles B. Roth and Ray G. Colwell, both Posse members, were voted into reserve membership status by their own request. PM Roth is one of the charter members of the Denver Posse and has contributed much thru the many years as a very active member. Increased business pressure has caused Charley to step back as a Reserve member . . . we know that he will continue his interest and efforts. Ray asked for the Reserve status because of illness. PM Colwell was editor of the very excellent Volume 15, 1959 BRAND BOOK.

## **OODS 'N ENDS**

### **ABOUT JULESBURG AND FORT SEDGWICK**

In the fall of 1864 the Indians had begun to tire of incessant warfare. Winter was approaching, and the prospect of fighting increasingly active volunteer troops in the biting cold of a Plains winter was an unpleasant one indeed. A Southern Cheyenne chief, Black Kettle, approached Governor John Evans of Colorado and requested peace terms. Reflecting public sentiment accurately, the governor refused and instead decided to mount an offensive against the Indians, sensing their discouragement. Black Kettle next turned to the commanding officer of Fort Lyon, Colorado, who appears to have assured the chief that the troops at Fort Lyon would protect the Indians until peace could be arranged. Black Kettle and his people, about seven hundred Southern Cheyennes and Arapahoes, thereupon camped along Sand Creek, in eastern Colorado. Governor Evans ordered Colonel J. M. Chivington and his regiment of Colorado Volunteers to seek out and annihilate the village. Chivington believed strongly in a policy of Indian extermination and lost no time in executing the order.

On the morning of November 29, 1864, Black Kettle saw the militia deploy for attack. He hurriedly raised a large American flag over his lodge, and as an added precaution displayed a white flag. It was useless. Guns blazing, the Coloradans charged into the camp, indiscriminately slaughtering the surprised Indians—man and, reportedly, over two hundred women and children—as they emerged from their lodges. The victorious troops carried away a hundred scalps, which were displayed to the approving patrons of a Denver theatre.

Word of Chivington's deed spread swiftly among the Plains Indians and

# FEMALE WAGONMASTER

by Stanley W. Zamonski, CM

There was a saying in the Old West, "that only brave men dared to venture, while cowards never even started." Thus, the women who did come west were of the noblest stock, be they dance-hall girls, homesteaders, wives, or school teachers, it took courage and fortitude.

It took a mighty good man to boss a wagon train across the plains in the 1870's, and you can only imagine what a startling surprise it was to many an emigrant to see a woman hire out for this particular man-sized job. For five long years, Betty (Betsy) Hergesheimer did just that, and if her name didn't keep a ruffian in line, her Hawkins rifle and Bowie knife did.

Betsy's father was of sturdy Pennsylvania Dutch stock, a wagon maker by trade, in Scranton, Pennsylvania. When the coal fields felt a sharp decline following the Civil War, and news of the gold discoveries in Colorado, Nevada and North Dakota showed promise, the Hergeshimers joined the westward stampede. They got as far as St. Joseph, Missouri, where daily, dozens of emigrant trains were outfitted for the last leg, which was also the longest and most dangerous part of the journey to the "promised land."

It didn't take much to convince old man Hergesheimer that there was plenty of opportunity in St. Joe, and within a week's time, he was in business, not only as a wagon maker but as merchant and outfitter. Betsy was only sixteen then, and for the next six years when she wasn't kept busy working in her father's store, she was out exploring the endless prairie to the west.

Time after time, she would join the canvas topped wagon trains, winding in snake fashion at a snail's pace, just for the thrill of dashing home alone, with the long rifle slung across her knees. Her biggest joy was derived from watching the wagon boss at work. She thrilled in the authority, the know-how, the foresight, and respect enjoyed by those men. Oh! but to have been born a man—she wished it every day; to come and go as you wish, to dress in buckskins and shoulder a rifle, to ride the fastest horse in town. Slowly the dream grew into

a reality.

Stealing out onto the plains, the tall, broad shouldered girl Betsy, with her auburn hair dancing in the wind, would practice shooting. When business was slow in the store, and weather forbidding, she could be found in the back of her father's stables practicing with a Bowie knife, which eventually she threw with deadly accuracy. She also became proficient in the use of the black-snake, picking off a fly at twenty feet.

Unfortunately, Betsy had an eye ailment and had to wear spectacles, but as a result of this handicap, learned at an early age that she was a better shot with the rifle than with a revolver. Thereafter, she never carried a six-shooter. Also from necessity, she spent much of her time in the saddle, and was seen less and less in calico dress, preferring buckskins.

She had crossed the plains with a wagon train before her twentieth birthday, just for the thrill of it. The second time she got her start was when the regular wagon boss was killed during an Indian attack. Assuming the responsibilities, she guided the outfit safely to its destination. As of then she was on her own, as her reputation was voiced about. More and more emigrants sought out her services in outfitting their caravan, a service for which they were willing to pay well.

For the next five years Betsy guided over thirty wagon trains on their westward trek. Most of the time her only companion was the roan she rode, as fast and as endurable a steed as she could find. Generally she rode a few hundred feet in lead of the caravan and when night necessitated the circle-up, she stood her share of the watch. She never made excuses, realizing that she was vested with a man's responsibility in a man's world, thus she never asked for, nor gave quarter to anyone. She was as coarse as the toughest of the rough, when need be. But in spite of all, she was still a woman.

From early experience, she objected to liquor. Her first edict to a prospective caravan was that she would not tolerate any drinking as long as she headed the outfit. She didn't mind gambling, for a man might

gamble to pass the time away, for sport or profit, but a drinking man was a fool first and always. And weeks on a lonely prairie brought out the worst in any man with a woman like Betsy around, buckskins or no buckskins.

There were a number of times when certain parties made her wish she had never been a lady. A man named Dreyfus was one of these, when he stole into her tent one night. Betsy fought back desperately, but the brute finally subdued her, but only long enough to suddenly discover her knife buried to the hilt in his back.

There was William Henry, a gent who had never heard of the Dreyfus incident, who coveted her. He followed Betsy out of camp, and as he lunged, her knife was ready with a clean sweep across his throat. After that word got around, and she wasn't molested again. But Betsy was still a lady, she loved to read poetry, and even found time to fall in love. Thus, whenever possible, she always managed to arrange a stop-over at Fort Kearney, where a certain Sergeant Rufus Willpoit was stationed.

Life on the plains was never an easy matter. Betsy always had warring Indians to contend with, there were unscrupulous whites, blinding sandstorms, parched prairie the one day and raging cloudbursts the next. There was always some discord within the wagon train itself. It always seemed as if she was driving some too fast, and the others too slow. There was always the sick to look after, while accidents were quite prevalent.

Old newspapers credit her with shooting two renegades and an unaccountable number of Indians. In a duel with a Sioux, she was shot four times, once clear through the left breast, before she downed the warrior. For two weeks she lay in a raging fever before she was well enough to move. A month later she was back on the job.

All was not "love and kisses" with Sergeant Willpoit either. One day she got a letter that their affair was at an end. Little did he realize how right he was, for a few weeks later she was killed in an Indian attack on her wagon train. By the time Willpoit and his detachment reached the scene, the siege was over. In one of her shirt pockets he found his letter, and that same day he buried her. For Betsy Hergesheimer, who had such a great part in the making of an American legend, died at the early age of twenty-seven.

## THE JULESBURG AREA HISTORY

(Continued from page 10)

its way to reap their revenge prevented bloodshed at Bulen's Ranch.

It was to this ranch that the westbound treasure coach stopped after being attacked at 2:00 o'clock the morning of January 7, 1865, four miles east of Julesburg, and stayed until daylight, when it proceeded on to Julesburg, arriving about 8:00 A.M. Here the team was changed and breakfast was taken. At approximately 9:00 o'clock the coach proceeded on to Fort Rankin, where a military escort was requested and refused because scouting parties being out in all directions not enough men were available to provide an escort. The coach then returned to Julesburg, the horses unhitched and put in the stable. Shortly thereafter a band of Indians attacked a train which was camped one mile below and in plain sight of the station. A party of 37 soldiers and some mounted civilians immediately started to the rescue and the Indians retreated east and south towards the bluffs with the military in pursuit. As the troops neared the sand hills they suddenly perceived a large body of Indians concealed there and the command was ordered about and started towards the post. The band of Indians which it had been pursuing immediately turned about also and attacked the troops, attempting to hold them until more of the larger band could come up. Some of the soldiers threw themselves off their horses to fight afoot and were immediately surrounded and annihilated. The remaining troops retreated, part to Bulen's Ranch and part to Julesburg. The former being hard pressed, the troops at the station went to their assistance and then, as a body, fought their way back through the Indians now surrounding them, past Julesburg and to the Fort itself. Meanwhile, the civilians at Julesburg, hearing the fighting east of the station and observing that the small band of troops was vastly outnumbered, abandoned the town and on horseback and foot proceeded to the fort as fast as they could. The treasure express was left standing at the door to the station, the driver, and messenger fleeing for their lives.

Being greatly outnumbered, the troops and the civilians at Fort Rankin were content to stay within the fortified area and fire at the Indians with two mountain howitzers.

The Indians remained in the vicinity until two o'clock that afternoon, plundering the store and warehouse, taking load after load of goods south into the hills. That evening, after they had disappeared from sight, the civilians and soldiers returned to Julesburg to find the village in utter desolation. Windows had been smashed, doors splintered, furniture broken up, provisions and supplies belonging to the stage company and the store of Crissman and Thompson gone. Only the canned goods remained; the Indians had never seen them before and did not understand what they were. The treasure coach had been completely plundered; mail strewn about and the treasure chest gone. An accounting of casualties disclosed that one sergeant, three corporals, 10 privates, one recruit who had not been mustered in as yet (and was not yet on the company rolls) and four civilians had been killed. Two privates had been injured when thrown from their horses during the action. It was estimated that 35 Indians were slain. Later the messenger reported that he had found the treasure trunk about two miles from Julesburg and a small amount of money nearby. However, \$15,658 was never found or accounted for.

The next day scouting parties were sent out from Fort Rankin in all directions; the coach sent on under escort of 10 soldiers, and the citizens of Julesburg began repairing the damage done the community. The telegraph office, which had been completely demolished, was back in operation shortly, the operator having carried the instrument to the Fort just prior to the attack.

On January 9th Captain O'Brien at Julesburg reported to General Mitchell in Omaha that his scouts had found an Indian village 10 or 15 miles south of Whiteman's Fort on the Republican River, about 60 miles south of Julesburg. He also informed Mitchell that his scout reported not less than 4,000 warriors on the Republican. No doubt this report contributed to Mitchell's decision to lead an expedition against the Indians, and on the 10th of January all but a few of Company F left Fort Rankin for Fort Cottonwood to join in a march to the Republican.

With the absence of the soldiers, the civilians at Julesburg again abandoned the town and moved to the Fort. The telegraph apparatus was taken along thus allowing those at the fortification to send messages

to and from Denver but there was no connection with the main line. Traffic along the Platte had again come to a standstill, and the coaches quit running as the stage stock was being moved off the road from Julesburg to a safer place up the Platte. The Indians were in complete possession of the road from Alkali Station, fifty miles below Julesburg, to Valley Station fifty miles above Julesburg.

Telegraph communications to Denver were temporarily disrupted when the line was cut at the Wisconsin Ranch but repaired under cover of darkness.

Telegraph communications to the east were established on January 12 and continued until the 19th when the line went dead somewhere east of Alkali Station.

On Sunday, January 22nd, a large mule train from Denver with hundreds of passengers reached Julesburg, and the following day a large supply train from the east passed through, indicating that the route would be opened in a matter of days. On the 26th two coaches loaded with mail and six passengers passed through. The next day the telegraph to the east began working again reporting that Ben Holladay had stated that if Julesburg were sacked the Overland Mail would have to be suspended until Spring.

For the next several days a good deal of smoke was seen along the valley above Julesburg and it was assumed that the Indians were burning the abandoned stations and ranches up the line. On the 28th the Indians attacked Gillette's Ranch, nine miles west of Julesburg, in great numbers but were driven off. The small number of soldiers and civilians at Julesburg were much relieved when, on the 30th, the troops of Company F returned from the Republican to again occupy Fort Rankin. They had found no Indians.

The troops had just gotten settled when on the morning of February 2nd a small band of Indians charged close to the Fort, but remembering the lesson of January 7th, the soldiers refused to be drawn out and the citizens of Julesburg succeeded in reaching the fortification with no casualties. This small band was joined by a much larger group making a total of approximately 1,000 in all, who after circulating around the post for sometime, shooting and yelling, rode down to Julesburg and began to plunder it again. At the warehouse was a large supply

of shelled corn in bags and this they packed on ponies and took across the frozen river to a camp on the north side. After plundering the buildings the Indians then set fire to them, burning them slowly, one by one. In the meantime the soldiers and approximately 50 civilians at the Fort were content to shoot at any of the Indians that got within pistol or rifle range and the gun crew was kept busy firing the howitzer at the large band of Indians which was firing at the station. Suddenly in the Fort it was realized that a group of soldiers on horseback was making a dash by the town to the Fort and the gun crew concentrated on clearing a path for them. Within a matter of minutes, in the confusion which resulted from the vast number of Indians in the area and the smoke created by burning buildings, a small band consisting of 11 soldiers and 4 civilians, with a stage coach, and a mountain howitzer, charged through the Indians around the station to the safety of the Fort. They had made their appearance from the east so quickly that the surprised Indians had been unable to act. After reaching the fortification the soldiers and civilians continued watching the looting and burning of Julesburg but did not attempt to interfere with the superior force of Indians. The Indians went into camp across the river from the Fort, singing and dancing until almost daylight, when they moved up Lodge Pole Creek, destroying the telegraph line as they went.

The next day all that remained of Julesburg was a pile of smoldering rubble. The destruction had been complete, every building including the telegraph office, frame station, large barn, large warehouse, blacksmith shop and corrals estimated at a total value of \$35,000 had been obliterated. Thirty tons of hay, total value of \$1,500; 392,000 pounds of sacked corn at a value of \$78,400; provisions and stores valued at \$2,000 and one horse worth \$200 belonging to the stage company had been destroyed or carried off, a total of \$117,100.00.

Julesburg was to rise again on three different sites, Julesburg No. 2 located 3 miles east of the original town, Julesburg No. 3 on the north side of the river which would serve as end of the track for the Union Pacific Railroad in the Summer of 1867, and Julesburg No. 4 on its present site; but these are three more stories.

## ODDS 'N ENDS . . .

(Continued from page 17)

strengthened war sentiment everywhere. By June 1865, most of the great tribes between Canada and the Red River were on the warpath, and the handful of troops stood helplessly by in their forts while the warriors did as they wished.

Hundreds of vengeful Cheyenne and Arapaho warriors disrupted mail delivery, cut communications, and at one time so isolated Denver that only six weeks' supply of food remained in town. With increasing boldness they focused their depredations in the area between the North and South Platte Rivers. On January 7, 1865, one of their bolder attacks fell upon Camp Rankin (later Fort Sedgwick) and the small settlement of Julesburg, an important way station on the stagecoach and freight lines to Denver. Failing to take the camp, garrisoned by a troop of the 7th Iowa Cavalry, about a thousand Cheyenne, Arapaho and Sioux warriors sacked the town, taunting the soldiers and refugees from the town who watched helplessly from the camp only a mile away. A few weeks later Julesburg was again pillaged, and this time burned. Again, the small garrison dared not challenge the large war party.

"Soldier & Brave," a guide to Historic Sites & Landmarks, published by the National Park Service, U. S. Dept. of the Interior, 1963.

## TELEGRAPHIC MISCELLANEA

(From "Telegrapher," Vol. 1, No. 6, February 27, 1865)

The Pacific Telegraph—The late Indian depredations upon the Overland Mail and Telegraph are at an end. On the 7th ult. the savages attacked the mail station at Julesburg, where the branch lines to Denver connect with the main line to California, killing and wounding a number. The survivors retreated to the military post, 1¼ miles distant, where they established communication with the

outer world, and at midnight erected a pole, adorning its top with a tattered flag and an Indian arrow pointing west, and burying at its foot a paper signed by all within the walls of the post. The paper contained the following:

"This pole is erected by Philo Holcomb and S. R. Smith, operators Pacific Telegraph Line, and J. F. Wisely, Surgeon, U.S.A., six days after the bloody conflict of Jan. 7th, 1865, between 1200 Cheyenne warriors and 40 brave boys of the 7th Iowa Cavalry, under the command of Captain N. C. O'Brien. On this occasion the Telegraph Office and Hospital at the Mail Station were totally destroyed, and both Institutions re-established at this Post.

"The lives of 15 soldiers and five citizens were lost during this terrible raid, and their remains are interred near by. While this pole stands the wires will whisper a mournful requiem over the graves of the gallant dead; and when it falls, the same wires shall bear to a happy Nation, tidings of the destruction of its enemies.

"With a fervent prayer for the success of the Union cause, and shouts for victory to our arms, we raise this humble memorial, high in the free air.

"Julesburg, January 17th, 1865."

The Telegraph Operator from Junction Station arrived at Valley City on the morning of the 7th of January. He had an escort part of the way. He came the last 22 miles alone in the night. He found two wounded men at a ranch five miles West of here. They had crawled a distance of some ten miles. An escort was sent from here who brought the wounded men in. He found American Ranch, fourteen miles west of here, again on fire, and seven bodies burned to cinders. Among them were two children and one woman.

A large number of Indians are all along the road. Signal fires are burning at night in every direction.

It is expected that the Indians will butcher every person on the road unless

speedy assistance is sent.

Communication was re-established with Denver on the 12th inst., and California on the 19th.

Courtesy of Fred M. Mazzulla PM



### BACK COVER AND FRONT COVER—WRAP AROUND

THE BURNING OF JULESBURG, FEBRUARY 2, 1865, and the siege of Fort Sedgwick, as drawn at the time by T. H. Williams, of Colorado, The painting on the cover was taken from the above drawing by Williams, a photograph of which came from the Fred and Jo Mazzulla collection, by your editor Bob Cormack. A large photostatic blowup was made of the very poorly detailed and faded drawing in Mazzulla's photo by the artist and redrawn with an attempt to keep the detail exactly as it was in the original drawing. Cormack doesn't know if the line of men at the far right in the print (inside front cover—page 2) wrap-around is a bucket brigade . . . he wonders if the Indians still at the scene are friendly because there seems to be no activity or hostile action . . . also, many frontiersmen are riding horses or are participating in the quiet action along with the Indians that were drawn by Mr. Williams. Fort Sedgwick can be seen in center of the print (front cover) which in this case is directly west of Julesburg. See map on page 11 and story on page 17.



### INSIDE BACK COVER

"Old 61" of the historic and one of Colorado's most glamorous narrow gauge railroads, The Denver, South Park & Pacific Railroad, comes puffing down Platte canyon. The D.S.P.&P.R.R. was a dream of, and was later built by, John Evans. It ran from Denver to Gunnison with a short spur into Baldwin. This painting by Otto Kuhler, CM is the last of a series of six that have been reproduced in ROUNDUP this year. This particular print we thought was timely for this time of the year . . . what with the cold, misty winter mountainscape.







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

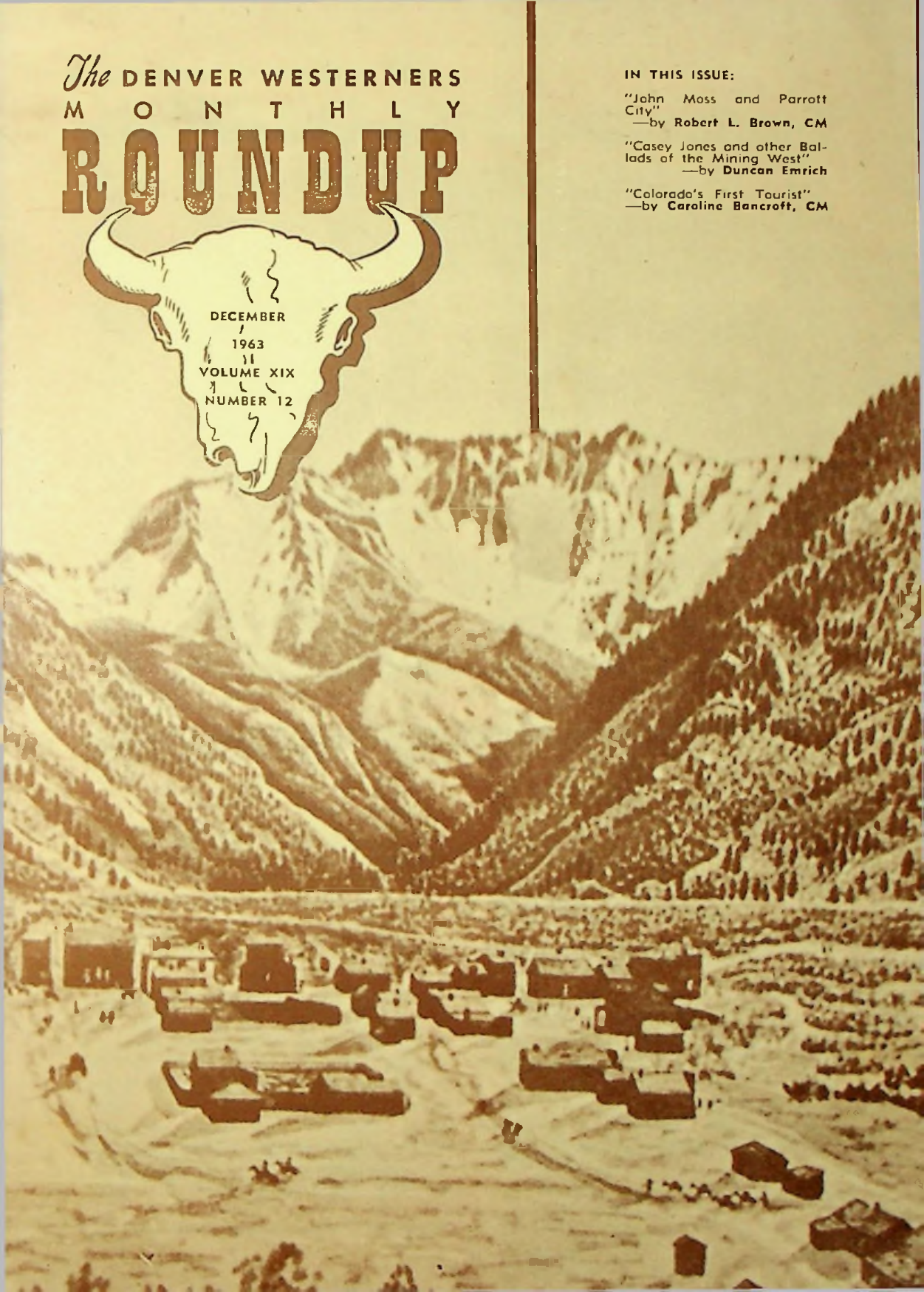


IN THIS ISSUE:

"John Moss and Parrott City"  
—by Robert L. Brown, CM

"Casey Jones and other Ballads of the Mining West"  
—by Duncan Emrich

"Colorado's First Tourist"  
—by Caroline Bancroft, CM





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

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**FUTURE MEETINGS . . . THE DENVER POSSE**

Meetings are held at the Denver Press Club, 1330 Glenarm Place, fourth Wednesday night of every month, 6:30 p.m. Dinner \$2.75 on reservation only (no guests with CMs) to Chuck Wrangler.

**22 JANUARY . . . Program:** CM Otto Kuhler, renowned artist will bring us a paper entitled, "Painting the Land of the Lost Souls." Otto will present the artist's point of view of the Ludlow Massacre previously shown this year in photographs and from the economic corporation merger and growing Union standpoint. He will exhibit a large group of his recent oils painted in the Purgatoire River area of Southern Colorado.

**26 FEBRUARY . . . Program:** Howard L. Scamerhorn, associate professor of history, University of Colorado, will present a paper entitled, "Story of Aviation in Colorado." His story will cover the era of balloon ascensions to the modern period.



JOHN MOSS (courtesy of the Colorado State Historical Society)

## JOHN MOSS and PARROTT CITY

by Robert L. Brown, CM

**T**HE founding of Parrott City is sometimes regarded with detachment in terms of its geographical relation to the over-all San Juan picture. Located some distance to the south and slightly west of the more prominent centers of the rush, Parrott City was built on the La Plata River in the mountains, a short distance to the west of present-day Durango and north of Hesperus. There is

almost no trace of Parrott City remaining today. The last few cabins were torn down many years ago; and the Parrott Ranch, near Mayday, now covers the site. The Barbee Hotel, the last of the original buildings, was struck by lightning July 7, 1963, and burned to the ground. The charred fireplace and foundations can still be seen.

During the summer of 1873, Captain

John Moss led a party of ten prospectors from California to the San Juan Mountains. The entire distance had been covered on horseback with pack animals carrying their equipment. The Californians came in by way of Arizona and Utah and brought very complete camping and mining outfits with them. After crossing the San Juan River, Captain Moss gave the name "Montezuma" to the wide valley by which they had entered the La Plata country (a name it still retains). Why he chose the name of the last Aztec Emperor of Mexico, long dead and not even remotely connected with the migration, remains a mystery. They took up claims on some nearby-placer grounds, and also located a few ranches while searching for gold.

They set up camp at the entrance to La Plata Canyon and immediately set out looking for riches. It seems paradoxical that they should seek gold in the midst of an area already becoming famous for its production of silver. What seems even more peculiar is their selection of a canyon whose name, La Plata, means silver in Spanish.

Since food supplies were diminishing, the party determined to seek an Indian camp. The superstitious might, at this point, say that the hand of fate intervened, for while hunting or cleaning his gun (the accounts vary), Richard Giles accidentally shot himself in the neck—an event that resulted in a change of plans for the California party. While one group, led by Moss, started toward New Mexico for supplies, the other erected a shelter for the comfort of the wounded man. Moss' party returned eighteen days later and finding Giles much improved, decided to move their camp to a spot beside the Mancos River. Their location there likely became the first permanent ranch in La Plata country.

While awaiting the recovery of his wounded comrade, Captain Moss made a treaty with the Utes which allowed the Californians to mine and farm thirty-six square miles of territory surrounding their camp. The Utes generally were

very hostile toward prospectors and settlers; but Moss had little difficulty coming to an agreement with Chief Ignatio, under which he was given control of land along the river to use as he pleased. Moss was not among those eager and premature San Juan prospectors who defied the Indians. He had deliberately sought out Ignatio and learned that the chief was not averse to the terms of a treaty then under consideration. Under the terms of this treaty, the Utes would receive a quantity of wool blankets, one-hundred ponies, sheep and other gifts. Near the center of this newly acquired territory, the miners planted the seeds of their town and called it California Bar. This strip also became known as the California Mining District.

As a result of the treaty with the Utes, a number of families now crossed the range from Baker's Park to establish farms in the lower valley. During the summer of 1873, several other pioneers, who now realized the necessity of an agricultural region in close proximity to the mining camps, came down from Silverton to locate ranches for themselves and their families across the range in the valley of the Lower Animas River. Fresh produce, they reasoned, would command a handsome price in remote and non-agricultural mining camps.

Later in 1873, a party from Arizona also prospected up La Plata Canyon and reached La Plata Bar in November. Good placer-gold prospects were indicated, and preparations were made for full-scale gulch mining. A heavy snow in December, however, put a stop to their operations until May of the following season. It was later determined that La Plata Bar would be a disappointment. The gold definitely was and is still there. Splendid returns were obtained from prospecting the surface, but the formation was such that bedrock could not be reached—hence, the impossibility of a successful, long-term operation.

Nevertheless, Moss had satisfied himself that the La Plata country was undoubtedly rich in both placer and lode



Photo by Rob Plummer, CM

**Robert L. Brown** is a past president of the large and active Colorado Ghost Town Club, is a corresponding member of the Denver Passe of Westerners and the Colorado State Historical Society. He has been teaching Colorado history for the past decade and is currently assigned as an instructor at Denver's South High School. Two nights each week he teaches the History of Colorado and Western History courses at Regis College. In recent years he has been in considerable demand as a lecturer and after-dinner speaker in this field for various civic groups. The Browns and their two children make their home in Denver. CM Brown is the author of a book recently published entitled, "Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns," Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. This book represents the culmination of three years of research and writing, along with many more summers of field trips on foot or by Jeep to the actual locations of hundreds of ghost towns. The account is written in popular style and is an attempt at reliving one of the most interesting and colorful periods in the fascinating story of the opening of the American West.

For this book the author has selected fifty-eight of these settlements from a much larger list of possible choices. Those chosen represent a generous cross-section sampling, typical of the various kinds of ghost camps where enough still remains at the site to be of interest to the visitor. An informal history for each location has been included, along with photos.

gold. Armed with a copy of his Indian Treaty, plus some samples of gold quartz and much free gold, he returned to San Francisco on horseback. There he showed the fruits of his labor to Parrott and Company, a family-owned and highly respected banking firm of that city. The partners approved of what they saw and granted him carte blanche to draw on them for all necessary funds. Moss, being somewhat overawed at the generosity of Tiburcio Parrott, patriarch of the clan, returned and changed the name of their little camp. California Bar now became Parrott City in honor of the elder member of the family.

John Thomas Moss was one of the most enigmatic and controversial personalities ever to enter the San Juan story. He was born at Utica, New York, March 4, 1839, and was baptized and brought up a member of the Episcopal faith. In the spring of 1854, his father moved to Iowa and bought a claim in Delaware County, where he built a log cabin for his family in anticipation of their following him west that September. Here they lived for more than a year and a half until the spring of 1856 when they moved to Mitchell County. During the fall of the next year, young Moss went west for his first time. His destination was California. The following twenty-two and a half years, or until his death in April of 1880, were spent in this section of the country.

During subsequent years, Moss often boasted that there were few locations west of Iowa where he had not traveled. He once served as a Pony Express rider, as a scout and later as an Indian interpreter. He was also entrusted with several important missions for the Federal Government. Moss was reported to have been one of the first white men to explore many of the obscure sections of the Southwest and was almost certainly the first Anglo-Saxon discoverer of the ruins of the prehistoric Pueblo people near the present site of Mesa Verde National Park. Being very highly regarded by the Indians, he was given the tribal name of

Narraguanep, which means "live forever." Moss served for a time as a guide for the Hayden Expedition, although he is rarely credited with this service. On another occasion he worked as an Indian agent in the San Juans for a short time.

Although Moss lacked the advantages of a formal education, he, nevertheless, gave his contemporaries the impression of being a well-educated man. According to those who knew him, he was most generous and open handed with his personal possessions. This characteristic, if true, probably accounts largely for his popularity with the Indians. They, in turn, would do anything he asked of them; and Moss always reciprocated most freely. Moreover, he could talk to them in their own tongue; and he was said to have been able to understand the language of most of the tribes in the Southwest. He was once observed sitting on the ground talking simultaneously with a Spaniard, a Frenchman and an Indian.

Moss was once identified with the great Colorado diamond swindle which attracted widespread attention about this time in many parts of Europe as well as in the United States. He appears to have been employed as a "boomer" in behalf of this fraudulent enterprise. Apparently, Moss had arrived in Denver where he was heard telling the story that an ordinary, industrious man might pick up from \$500 to \$5,000 worth of diamonds daily. He mentioned two men who had realized \$30,000 from the gems that came from only two days of washing. Moss said that he had been with a man named Stanton (first name unknown) when he picked up a gem which one of the Tiffany experts later valued at \$250,000.

Moss does not appear to have lost caste on the Pacific Coast because of his connection with the swindle. Soon after the exposure of this disgraceful affair, he was sent back to the San Juan country by Tiburcio Parrott. Moss had traveled about in the mountains of northern Arizona and southern Utah for at least a dozen years prior to his arrival in Colorado. Much of this time was spent with

the Indians. He was a nomad by nature, drifting from tribe to tribe. Reportedly, he never betrayed the Indians' confidence and had more influence in their council than almost any other contemporary-white man.

He was once rumored to have been the legendary-white man who led the Paiute Indians at Mountain Meadows, where they allegedly assisted a group of Mormons in the massacre of about 120 members of the Fancher party. Characteristically, instead of refuting the rumor, Moss bragged about his intimate friendship with John D. Lee, who became the chief scapegoat. Moss related details of the crime that damned him in public opinion. These details had actually been gathered several years later from the Indians themselves. That there was a white leader among the Indians was a fact amply testified to by witnesses at Lee's trial. "Who he was, I do not know, I never inquired to find out," said Nephi Johnson.

According to his daughter, Moss was not the kind of man to participate in such an atrocity. He would have more likely tried to prevent it. In truth, the Mountain Meadows Massacre occurred in September of 1857; and John Moss did not even reach that country until 1860 or 1861. Here again, the narrative once more becomes confusing inasmuch as a contemporary account relates that at the time of the Mountain Meadows Massacre John Moss had been seen frequently in the Company of John D. Lee. He was then living with the Paiute Indians twenty-five miles from the scene of the massacre.

Realistically, Moss could not possibly have taken part in the Massacre. In September of 1857 he would have been only eighteen years old and either on the way or freshly arrived from Iowa. It seems extremely unlikely that he could have gained the trust of the Paiutes this early in the game, let alone having lived with them or having been their leader. Lee was not tried until 1877, when he was convicted and ultimately shot by his own



people in March of that same year. During the two decades between the Massacre and Lee's execution, Moss could have known him and could have gained enough details to confound and shock his contemporaries.

John Moss was married at least twice. The first union, in California, proved to be a tragedy and might be one possible reason for the reckless behavior he pursued in the years following. In 1875 he was said to have been married in Denver to a beautiful southern girl from one of the aristocratic families in New Orleans. This was alleged to have been his greatest happiness. Here again, the narrative breaks down in confusion. His daughter mentions only two marriages. Nevertheless, there is also a record that he married Miss Alida Olsen at Parrott City on October 20, 1876, only a year after the Denver service. Alida was once described as being the "most prepossessing" woman in the camp. She was the post-mistress at Parrott City when Moss married her. There were only three or four other women there at the time. She had originally come to the La Plata country with her parents.

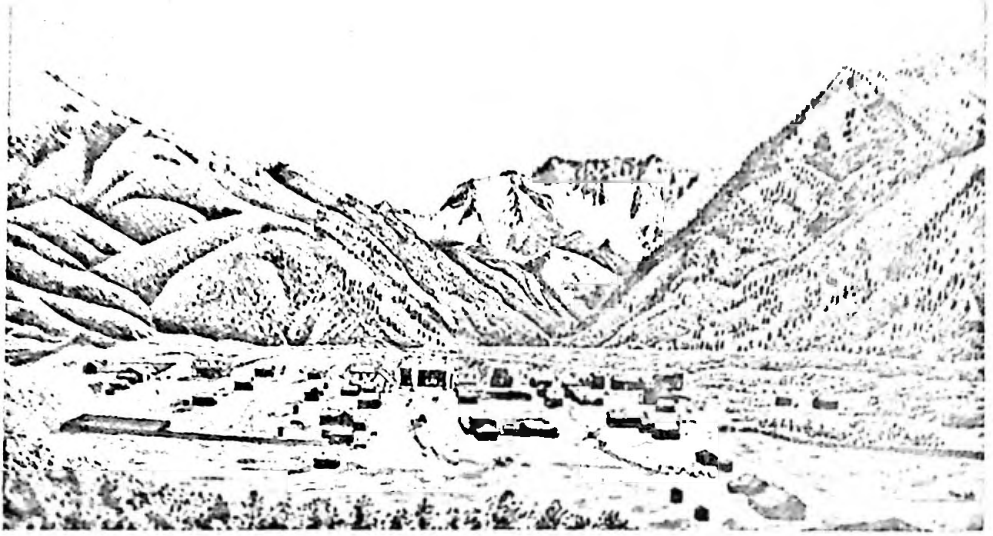
Among the other exploits for which Moss claimed credit was the first exploration of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Unfortunately, the details of his reported achievement appear to have been lost to the world and so far as is known, they appeared in print only in connection with the promise of a later, fuller story which never appeared.

In 1864 John Moss was appointed agent of the Mohave Indians of Arizona. At that time, Moss allegedly performed a feat that gave him a deserved national reputation. He had made plenty of money and was anxious to spend it. He believed that if the Indians knew the real strength of the white population of our country along the Atlantic Coast, as compared with their own numbers, they would "despair of keeping us out of the West and would submit to the inevitable invasion and thus save much bloodshed." He conceived the bold plan of taking an

Indian Chief named Aratopa, or Ahrata, on a trip down the Atlantic seaboard to give him proof of the white man's population centers. Moss also planned to take him to Washington to visit the "Great White Father," who happened at that time to be none other than Abraham Lincoln. Moss was to pay all expenses and see to it that the chief was returned to his own people after "three moons."

He was as good as his word in all respects and better in some. He took the chief not only to see the President, but also to see the beehives of population in the eastern states, and in a manner that caused them to be viewed in multiplied form. The Indian had never seen more than a few white men together at a time, and his notions of an eastern civilization were very crude. Moss and his companion went from Lower California to San Francisco in a steamer. East of the Rockies, they boarded what proved to be the chief's first train. Aratopa was terrified. When the speed got down to thirty or forty miles per hour, the old man tried to throw himself out the window. During the remainder of the first day of their journey, it took two men to prevent him from breaking his neck. He finally got used to railroad travel, however, and actually said that he liked it toward the last. The more he saw of city life, the more his amazement grew. Moss and his friend lived at one of the best New York hotels for a week, faring sumptuously.

During the night run south from Jersey City, Moss repeatedly made the chief get up and look out the window at the gas lights—the object being to make the Indian think that he was still riding through New York City. They arrived in Philadelphia before daybreak and remained there until night. When the journey to Baltimore was resumed, Moss still practiced his deception by waking the chief up at every town to convince him that they were still riding under the New York gas lights. The game was continually played on the unsuspecting and bewildered Indian until



**PARROTT CITY** as it was in 1881. Parrott City, the County Seat of La Plata County at that time, was built on the La Plata River a short distance to the West of present-day Durango and north of Hesperus. This photo-copy of an artist's impression of the town at that time is from the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla. It is enlarged and "wraps-around" your ROUNDUP for this month . . . the December issue.

the trip ended in Washington. When they returned to the wilds of the West, his people could not understand the long absence. The chief had three wives and many children, all mourning him as dead. Upon his arrival he wore a cocked hat with a black ostrich plume gracefully falling over his shoulder. He was attired in a full Major General's uniform, including the yellow sash. At his belt was a curved Japanese sword with a long handle. On his breast were ribbons and orders, and there were epaulettes on his shoulders. However, there were no shoes to match.

Aratopa feared to relate his experiences since he knew that his people would think he was lying, or worse yet, that he had been bribed to deceive them. He finally consented to tell his story. On a certain day the whole tribe assembled to hear it. When he described the journey by rail and told of riding two whole nights under the gas lights of a city, the untraveled Indians denounced his narrative as a monstrous "stiff." They nearly mobbed the old man. A council was called. It was decided to banish Aratopa from the tribe; and he was accordingly stripped of his eastern-made clothes and abandoned on an uninhabited island of the Colorado River, from which he was afterward rescued by his old friend Moss.

Years went by and Moss became firmly

entrenched in Parrott City. As the months passed, word of the La Plata strike inevitably found its way to the outside world; and a small rush migrated up the canyon to the new community, which may be properly dated from the summer of 1874. In June the first of several lodes was uncovered. Named the Mother Comstock, after the justly famous Nevada lode, it was hoped that the property would produce to the joyful tune of its well-known namesake.

Feeling the need of contact with the outside world, a post office was located at Parrott City in 1875. At a Constitutional Convention later that year, the town was designated as the seat of La Plata County, and John Moss was made a member of the initial Board of Commissioners. The first sawmill was hauled in piece-by-piece all the way from Pueblo by ox carts and the first logs were saved in May of 1876. This may be regarded as the beginning of the lumber business in La Plata County, still a highly profitable enterprise in the area today. E. H. Cooper brought in the first commercial stock of groceries and inaugurated the initial enterprise of that kind at Parrott City. Healthy growth of the town continued unabated as more and more people migrated into the district.

Moss was truly in his element at last. Parrott City was surveyed and subdivided on a large enough scale to allow



**PARROTT CITY** as it is today from the same location, or as close as possible, as the artist sketch done in 1881, shown at the left. Bob Brown, author of the paper on Parrott City, took this photo last year and believes that the artist in doing the sketch used "artistic license" in heightening the mountain range shown directly behind Parrott City . . . between the two converging hills creating the valley.

for its development into a potentially great metropolis. The first home to be erected was a fine one. It served both as the office of the Parrott Enterprises and also as the establishment of Captain John Moss. With the first wagon load of furniture, the largest barrel of whisky available also arrived. It was set up in the office, tapped, a faucet set in; and several tin dippers were hung along the wall near it. Every visitor was invited to take a dipper and put it under the faucet and fill it to the limit of its capacity. There was no restriction on the number of times each day a visitor might call and none as to the size of his drink. At the Parrott City office there was always a barrel on tap and another on the way.

In 1874 William H. Jackson, the noted pioneer lensman, came to the San Juans for the purpose of photographing its "grand and marvelous scenery." With him was Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, well-known writer of the day. They were visitors at Parrott City, where they were entertained by Captain Moss. He put them up at his house and introduced them to the miners, ranchers and to the barrel. "I will be glad to show you around," said Moss, "and I will show you something else no white man has ever laid eyes on, except myself." It developed that he meant the ruins of the cliff and cave dwellers, previously known

only to Moss and the Indians. He told Jackson that while visiting in one of the Moqui Pueblos, he had learned of the legend of the Cliff Dwellers. The date of Moss' first discovery of the cliff structures was probably 1869, certainly no later than 1873.

The personal letters of Jackson recall vividly his visit to the San Juans and his acquaintance with Moss. The Photographic Division of the U. S. Geological Survey of 1874 was outfitted as a separate unit. They left Denver on July 21, 1874, and made their way to the San Juan region. Jackson recalled that:

Our itinerary had been talked over and changed many times before our plans took definite shape. We had planned to photograph some of the reputed wonderful mountain scenery. I am very certain that there was no intention of our going south of Baker's Park and into the San Juan Basin until we met Tom Cooper and his outfit near the head of the Rio Grande on the way into that country. Having worked over most of the territory assigned to us we finally reached the Rio Grande on our way into the heart of the San Juans by way of Cunningham Pass. On the 27th of August we camped early in the day at Jennison's Ranch, since it was too late to cross the pass that day. We also wanted to do some photographing in the neighborhood. While we were unpacking, a burro train came along and went into camp nearby. As they passed us, there was much hilarity over the very comical appearance of one of the

party who was astride a very small burro with another one of the party following with a club, with which he was belaboring the little jack to keep him up with the rest of the train.

On our return to camp from our photographing day, this same man came over to visit us. A mutual recognition followed our meeting as I remembered him as a fellow townsman in Omaha, when I was in business there a few years previously. With all of us grouped around a rousing big fire after supper, we talked long into the night. The man's name was Tom Cooper. He explained that he was one of a small party of miners working some placers over in the La Plata Country. He had been out of supplies and was now on his return to camp. Since he appeared to be well acquainted with this part of the country, we "pumped" him for all the information that he could impart. As he was a naturally loquacious individual, he had a great deal to say, and, understanding in a general way the object of our expedition, he urged us by all means to come over to the La Plata and he would undertake to show us something worthwhile.

It was generally known that many old ruins were scattered all over the Southwest from the Rio Grande to the Colorado, but Cooper maintained that around the Mesa Verde, only a short distance from their camp, were cliff dwellings and other ruins more remarkable than any yet discovered. We decided to follow Cooper over to his camp as soon as we could outfit for the trip. It was from Cooper that we first heard of John Moss who he described as the high muck-a-muck or hi-yas-ti-yee of the La Plata region. He recounted how Moss, through his personal influence with the Indians, had secured immunity from trouble not only for his own operations, but also for others traveling through the country.

Soon after leaving Animas Park, we overtook and passed Cooper's outfit. A few miles farther we were very much surprised to see Moss himself, coming up from behind at a jog trot, with the evident purpose of overtaking us. Riding along together until we reached the camp, cordial relations were established very soon. Moss promised us his cooperation and possibly his company in our further operations. At this time he appeared to be about thirty-five years of age, of slender, wiry figure, rather good-looking, with long hair falling over his shoulders. He was as careless in his dress as any prospector or miner. Quiet and reserved in speech and manner generally, he warmed up to good na-

tured cordiality on closer acquaintance. We found out later that he could be a very agreeable camp companion. The Moss camp was located on the La Plata River where it emerged from Babcock Mountain and it was in truth a camp only, with a few small tents and some brush wickiups affording all the protection that they had provided for themselves up to this time. Their mining operations consisted of a ditch line, partially completed, running out onto a bench of the land extending down the river some two or three miles. [This would have been the flume of the Parrott City Co., conceived and operated by Moss.] It was supposed to contain enough free gold to pay for working it. I believe afterwards this was found unprofitable and the work was abandoned.

Both Ingersoll and myself were donated generous shares on the bar but it didn't mean anything in dividends to us. They were a jolly lot of old timers, mostly from California and the Southwest generally. Their operations were financed by San Francisco gamblers and engineered by Moss and their representatives. Just at this time, however, they were all very much worked up over an election that was about to come off. A new county, or township perhaps, had been formed from the newly acquired territory and officers were to be elected. After the polls closed that night, Moss and Ingersoll and I made a rapid ride over to Merrit's Ranch on the Mancos where we all put up for the night. Merrit was one of Moss' outfit who had taken up a claim on the Mancos, built a log house, and was experimenting in gardening. Just now he was bewailing the loss of some of his vegetables by an early frost. His heartier crops, however, had turned out very well.

With this ranch as a base of operations, John Moss showed William H. Jackson a variety of cliff dwellings that are now justly famous as Mesa Verde National Park. The Jackson and Moss party started out from Merrit's Ranch on a bracing September morning. Moss, of course, acted as their guide.

Cooper came with us, not that he was of much help, but because of his former friendship, and in that he was the means of bringing us to the acquaintance of John Moss. He was an easy-going chap, somewhat indolent, and content to follow along with the packs—

(Continued to page 21)

BOB CORMACK



ASEY



ONES

## and other Ballads of the Mining West

All of the songs here printed have been collected from oral tradition in the mining camps of the Western states. Some come from California and Nevada, others from Utah and Colorado. All have been sung or recited to me by miners in "off shift" moments of relaxation. I hope that you will enjoy them. They are dedicated to all people who know and love the mining camps of the West.

COLLECTED BY DUNCAN EMRICH

Copyright 1942. by Duncan Emrich

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB CORMACK



## ASEY JONES

*One of the great dangers in tunnelling and blasting for gold is the possibility of a "missed hole"—where the fuse in a dynamite charge seems to have fizzled out and become dead only to reignite, explode the charge, and trap the miner under tons of earth.*

Come all you muckers and gather here,  
A story I'll tell you of a miner dear.  
Casey Jones was the miner's name,  
On a Burleigh machine he won his fame.

Casey Jones was a ten day miner,  
Casey Jones was a ten day man,  
Casey Jones took a chance too many,  
And now he's mining in the promised land.

The story I am about to tell  
Happened at a mine called the Liberty Bell.  
They went into the crosscut and mucked her out,  
And Casey said, "We'd better step about."

Casey said, "We'd better dig in  
Before that damned old shift boss comes in;  
If he finds out we've been taking five,  
He'll send us to the office to get our time."

They went into the crosscut, put up the bar,  
Placed the machine up on the arm.  
Put in a starting drill with its bit toward the ground,  
Turned on the air and she began to pound.

Casey said, "If I haven't lied,  
There is a missed hole on that right hand side."  
His partner said, "Oh gracious me,  
If it ever went off where would we be."

They went into the crosscut to drill some more,  
The powder exploded with a hell of a roar;  
It scorched poor Casey just as flat as a pan,  
And now he's a mining in the promised land.

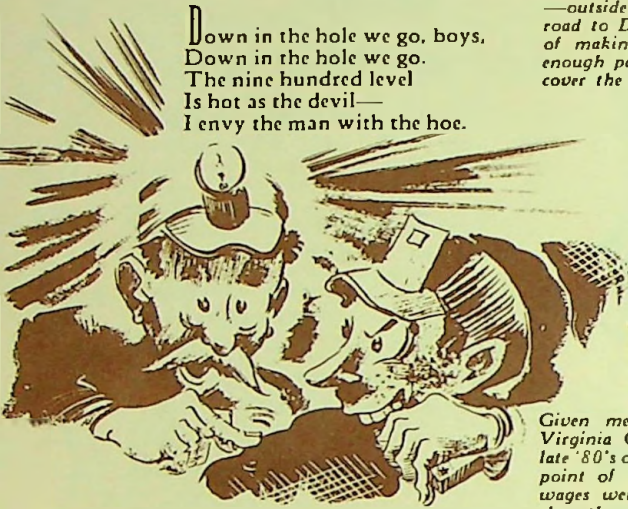
Casey said just before he died,  
"There's one more machine I would like to have tried."  
His partner said, "What can it be?"  
"An Ingersoll jackhammer, now don't you see."

Casey Jones was a ten day miner,  
Casey Jones was a ten day man,  
Casey Jones took a chance too many,  
And now he's mining in the promised land.



# LAMENT WHILE DESCENDING A SHAFT . . .

Down in the hole we go, boys,  
Down in the hole we go.  
The nine hundred level  
Is hot as the devil—  
I envy the man with the hoe.



*This ditty was given to me by Eric Kraemer, Stanford graduate and assayer for the Arizona-Comstock. Kraemer and his wife purchased an old brewery on the Six Mile Canyon—outside of Virginia City on the road to Dayton—and in the process of making the place livable struck enough pay dirt in the back yard to cover the original purchase price.*

## SAYS THE MINER TO THE MUCKER . . .

*Given me by "Dracon" Blake in Virginia City who heard it in the late '80's or early '90's as a song. The point of the ditty is that mucker's wages were fifty cents less per day than those of the miner.*

Says the miner to the mucker,  
"Will you give me a chew?"  
Says the mucker to the miner,  
"I'm damned if I do."

"Save up your money,  
Save up your rocks,  
And you'll always have a chew,  
In your old tobacco box."

## BONANZA NOT BORRASCA . . . . .

Bonanza not borrasca,  
Bonanza is the thing.  
It makes a damned good reason  
To drink and fight and sing!

*The Con V Mine is the local abbreviation for the Consolidated Virginia Mine, where the lower working levels, because of heat and steaming water, closely approximated an actual hell. By Contrast C Street, with its cool mountain air and twenty odd saloons meant heavenly respite from the daily shifts. From Virginia City.*

So, drink your drink to a mining town,  
Virginia City! Drink her down!  
The gold comes up and the beer goes down!  
Drink up, Virginia!

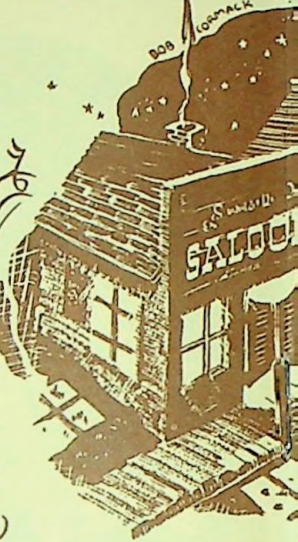
We've got it on the Comstock,  
We've got four miles of gold,  
And the little tot that's on your knee  
Will drill it when you're old.

We've got our heaven on C Street,  
Our hell in the Con V Mine,  
And the preachers never have figured  
Our theological line.

So, drink your drink to a mining town,  
Virginia City! Drink her down!  
The gold comes up and the beer goes down!  
Drink up, Virginia!

"West of the Mississippi whiskey and music  
are synonymous."

—John Lomax.



## COUSIN JACK SONG

*Sung  
Grass  
claims  
Charles*

You ask me for a song  
And I'll try to please you  
Don't blame me if I do  
For nature has its call.

But for  
They ha  
It's a sec  
Of lads

You'll find them on the  
You'll find them on the  
You'll find those boys  
And you'll find their mi

They come from distant  
And Virginia on the hill  
You ne'er can beat a Col  
For hammering on the d

Amongst you other Iris  
Do justice if you can.  
For there's none that ca  
With the good old Cor

But for  
They ha  
It's a sec  
Of lads

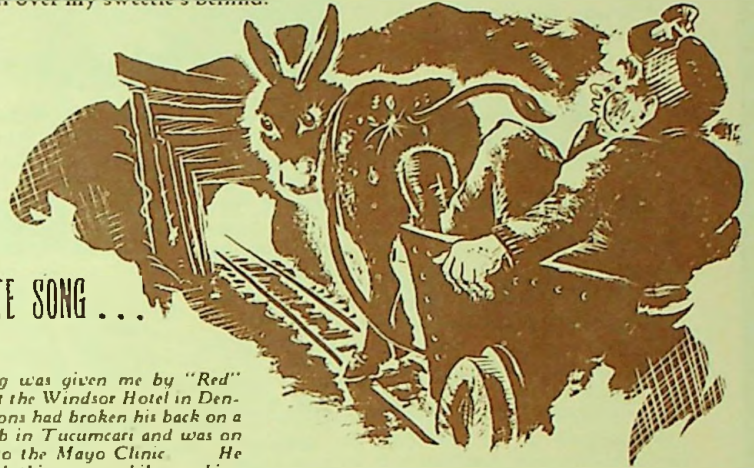


AL  
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An

## MY SWEETIE'S A MULE IN THE MINE.

*This ditty was sung to me by Tex McKinney, an old miner, at the time filling in between mining jobs as bartender at the Virginia Hotel in Virginia City, Nevada. The hotel has since burned to the ground and Tex has drifted out of the Comstock section. He sang it to me with great relish to the tune of "Blessed Be the Tie that Binds."*

**M**y sweetie's a mule in the mine,  
I drive her without any lines,  
On the rumble I sit,  
Tobacco I spit  
All over my sweetie's behind.



## DYNAMITE SONG . . .

*This song was given me by "Red" Parsons at the Windsor Hotel in Denver. Parsons had broken his back on a tunnel job in Tucumcari and was on his way to the Mayo Clinic. He first heard this song while working on the Moffat.*

**W**e're the hardrock men  
And we work underground,  
And we don't want sissies  
Or foremen around.  
We work all day,  
And we work all night,  
And we live on powder  
And DYNAMITE!

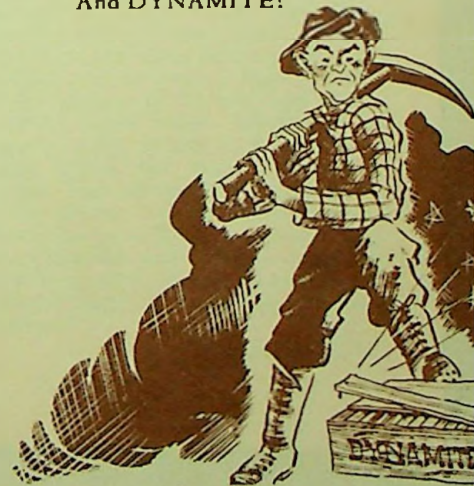
Oh, sometimes she shoots  
When you don't want her to,  
And then she won't shoot  
Spite of all that you do!  
And that's why dynamite  
Is just like a mule —  
And the man who says it ain't  
He's a goldarned fool!

Then slam it with a singlejack,  
And turn it around!  
We're the hardrock men  
And we work underground!  
We work underground in  
the candle light,  
And we live on powder  
And DYNAMITE!

Then slam it with a singlejack  
And turn it around!  
We're the hardrock men  
And we work underground!  
We work underground  
By the candle light,  
And we live on powder  
And DYNAMITE!

Old Johnny Deen  
Used lots of dynamite;  
He crimped all his caps  
With a single bite.  
But he got some new teeth  
From a dentist one day —  
And the first cap he bit  
Blew his whole head away!

Then pull out the steel  
From the hole in the rock!  
And put in the spoon  
And heave out the muck!  
Fill her up with powder  
And tamp her down tight,  
And break down the face  
With DYNAMITE!



*for me by Oakley Johns of Valley, California. Israel James that the song was written by Tregonning of Grass Valley,*

olks.  
all.  
ot suit

singing and for mining  
ve somehow got the knack,  
ond nature to that class  
alled Cousin Jacks.

mountain top,  
plain,  
where'er you go  
ning claims.

Tombstone  
l,  
asin Jack  
rill.

hmen

n compete  
ishman.

singing and for mining  
ve somehow got the knack,  
ond nature to that class  
alled Cousin Jacks.

## L FOR YOU, MY DARLING

ere's silver in the mountain,  
ld in the mine!  
for you, my darling,  
e day that you'll be mine!

ead when you're hungry,  
hiskey when you're dry,  
oney in your pocket,  
d Heaven when you die!



## ANOTHER EMPTY SADDLE..

Posseman Raymond G. Colwell, 73, of Colorado Springs, died on Nov. 25, 1963, after a prolonged illness.

Ray Colwell was for about 16 years one of the most valuable members of the Denver Westerners. He was a devoted student of Colorado history, a clear and skillful writer, an accurate historian. Always he was a helpful friend of those who sought truth, a courteous critic of any who fell into error. He served the Denver Posse in several capacities. One of these was as editor of the Brand Book for 1959, a superb volume.

He was born at Appleton, Wis., and with his family came to Cripple Creek, Colo., in 1899. There he graduated from high school in 1907. He attended Colorado College's School of Forestry in 1910, and was married in 1915. For many years he was with the U. S. Forest Service and was official historian of the Pike National Forest. After his retirement from the Service in 1952, he became a successful insurance executive.

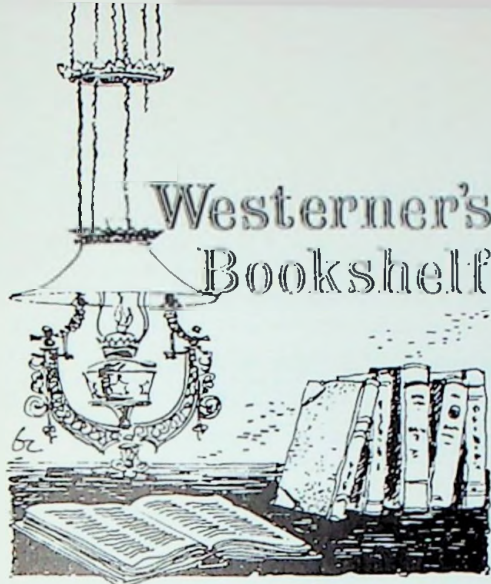
Colwell was a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Colorado Springs, the Masonic Order, the Colorado Springs Ghost Town Club (which he helped to found), the State Historical Society of Colorado (of which he was a regional vice-president), and the Denver Press Club.

He was author of hundreds of historical articles and an unpublished history of Colorado Springs. At one time he conducted a Colorado history column in the COLORADO SPRINGS FREE PRESS.

To his widow, Helen Colwell, and to their children and grandchildren, The Denver Posse of Westerners offers sympathy.  
J.J.L.







**KANSAS IN NEWSPAPERS**, by Nyle H. Miller, Edgar Langsdorf, Robert W. Richmond. Kansas Historical Society, Topeka, 1963, through the assistance of Robert W. Baughman, Liberal, \$9.95.

Newspapermen have always claimed they were recording history. The Kansas Historical society has brought out a huge volume of Kansas history that doesn't just borrow from newspapers—it borrows their entire front pages.

Doesn't it stand to reason that since 1803 the events that made up the state's history would have been recorded most vividly on the pages of nearby papers at the time they happened?

There are other advantages. The character and art of the typography is retained with photographic accuracy. The rest of the page—other than the story for which it was selected—is an impeccably authentic contemporary stage setting for the main action.

In these pages history doesn't stride—it gallops hell-bent. Wagon trains are attacked by Indians. Abolitionists and Proslavery forces publish their libels. There are sackings and massacres, border warfare and John Brown's insurrection.

There's a front page from that well-known Kansas newspaper, Rocky Mountain News, published by Wm. N. Byers & Co. (April 23, 1859) at Cherry Creek, Kansas Territory.

There's an adult Western in an 1877 issue of J. Clarke Swayze's Topeka Daily Blade. The column rules are turned. The evening before, Swayze was gunned down on the street by rival editor John W. Wilson of the Times.

The climax of the Stevens county seat war, won by Hugoton over Sam Wood's town of Woodsdale, is reported in the calm but vivid account of James Brennan's shooting Wood on the main street of Hugoton.

The Daltons? You've never heard the

story until you've read it in the Coffeyville Journal just two days after the abortive \$25,000 robbery in which eight outlaws and citizens bit the dust.

Have you heard of J. S. Sanders' industrial army (contemporary imitation of Coxe's) from Cripple Creek, Coal Creek, Victor, Florence and Pueblo? Read all about it, and "the most exciting day Scott ever witnessed," in the May 17, 1894 Scott City Republican.

A Socialist paper in a tiny Kansas town with more than two million circulation?

Three young Topeka mechanics built an airplane and flew it from a hay field southeast of town in 1911.

In 1931 the Chase County Leader at Cottonwood Falls gave its front page to stories and pictures of the nearby crash of the big TWA tri-motor. Among the eight men killed was Knute Rockne.

There were the black blizzards of 1935, reaching from western Kansas over to Lamar and even Pueblo. And ceremonies in Topeka in 1936 for Governor Landon, who reached only into Maine and Vermont.

Speaking of politics, at a Democratic banquet one of the students responded to a toast with an address, "The Student in Politics," which was printed in full—a column and a half of ringing Democratic principles. The editor of the Dickinson County News wound up the story, "So he naturally concludes . . . that the Democratic party deserves his first vote. And since the first vote generally determines his political standing, we find one more intelligent young man enlisted under the standard of Democracy." Along with the text of his address in that Nov. 18, 1909 front page was a picture of the student himself: Dwight Eisenhower.

The big book has 184 pages, with just about one newspaper per page. The dust jacket illustration is a great Western pulp cover, "A Kansas Editor Defending His Freedom to Publish," by Bill Nye. The end papers are Kansas newspaper flags (or mastheads, if you prefer), mostly of long ago.

A book like this costs money—far more than its \$9.95 price will ever return. So it takes more than old-time fighting editors. It takes willing and interested history buffs like Robert Baughman of the land and cattle company of the same name. Baughman is well known to every stamp and map collector in the world, but some Coloradans will remember him as onetime editor-publisher of the Delta County Independent. There's more than a little evidence that Baughman, a scholar and a gentleman, has a keen sense of history, and he has wrapped up a handsome hunk of it here in "Kansas in Newspapers."

Bill Long, C.M.



... *Tourism in  
Colorado*

## COLORADO'S FIRST TOURIST . . .

by *Caroline Bancroft, GM*

The first tourist in Colorado was the Bloomer Girl.

Her name was Julia Archibald Holmes, and she came along in a covered wagon train in 1858 with her husband just for the heck of it.

Known as the Lawrence Party because many of the travelers came from Lawrence, Kan., the train traveled up the Arkansas and eventually arrived at the present site of Denver.

But not Julia Holmes.

As the train neared the region around today's Colorado Springs, she took a look at Pikes Peak. Obviously it offered a true challenge for trying out her new bloomer costume, considered a scandal by many.

So she climbed the famous 14,000-footer, outlandish outfit and all—the first woman to scale the peak. Then she sat down on top to survey the view, on the very spot that was later to inspire Katherine Lee Bates to write "America, the Beautiful."

Both were typical tourists. But Julia was the first.

The next tourists were Eastern journalists and writers.

Henry Villard arrived in May, 1859 and was followed by A. D. Richardson and Horace Greeley in June. The three traveled by stagecoach, jolting along over the rough roads in the cause of gathering news about the gold strike.

They even rode mules to reach Gregory Gulch, and during the day-and-night trip Greeley's mule nearly drowned him fording Clear Creek. Although the three men used their observations in dispatches and later for travel books, nonetheless they were tourists.

They were followed by other hardy souls. Many were writers traveling on special assignments. Others came out of curiosity and later capitalized on their journeys by recording their impressions.

Historians are indebted to a long series of such tourists. Without their valuable comments, much of Colorado's early life would have been lost. Some came with mining or investments in mind but amplified their trips with pure sightseeing or side pleasure jaunts and then reminisced in print. Such travelers came from the mid-West, the East and as far away as Jamaica, England, and France.

Still others like Julia Holmes came, ignoring the hardships and Indian raids, just for the fun of it.

My favorite of this category was an Englishman, F. Barham Zincke, vicar of Wherstead and chaplain-in-ordinary to the queen. He was very British, very snobbish and quite appalled by the West, but had a nice sense of humor. The vicar recorded his impressions in 1868 in a London-published book called "Last Winter in the United States."

On his stagecoach trip up to Central City from Denver, he was scared spitless by the descent of Guy Hill. The driver gave the horses their head and let them race the coach to the bottom, knowing the brakes would do no good. Arrived in Central City, Reverend Zincke asked the landlord of his hotel if any one had been killed lately on Guy Hill.

"No," he replied, "not for two or three years. But, of course, every year several persons die of accidents."

Intrepid travelers of the 1860's had to fend for themselves without much assis-

tance from the natives. Everyone was too busy looking for gold or settling the country to pay visitors much mind. But when two railroads arrived in Denver in 1870, the long thousand-mile journey across the plains was not so arduous nor so hazardous. Besides, since the railroads wanted business, the advantage of tourists began to be thought of.

The cost of a trip to Colorado was still prohibitive except for the very rich. But railroad advertising stressed the advantage of a Western trip over Europe in avoiding seasickness and in not having to cope with foreign languages. In addition, soon the railroads offered the height of luxury in their Palace sleeping cars—Brussels carpets, frescoed roofs, seats cushioned with thick plushes, washstands of marble and walnut, etched and stained plate glass, and metal trappings heavily silver-plated. These comfortable conveyances took you straight into the wilderness. You could even rent your own Palace car and have it attached to this or that train at will.

The rental custom evolved into individually-owned private cars which facilitated bringing the *bon ton* from afar. In a short time Colorado was even more of a playground for wealthy Easterners and titled foreigners going on hunting and camping trips. Previously Lord Dunraven, and his hunting parties in Estes Park, had given momentum to a widespread desire to see the "Switzerland of America" (as Samuel Bowles, editor of the Springfield Republican, titled his popular book of a Colorado outing). Now it was made easy to see both the wonders and the wilds.

The next development in attracting the wealthy tourists was for the state to think in terms of spas. Manitou Springs, Idaho Springs, Hot Springs and Glenwood Springs all started to promote the curative powers of their water and to talk of large resort hotels. Both Manitou and Glenwood achieved their ambition and were soon fashionable gathering places where Easterners arrived "to take the waters." Colorado tourism was now

firmly established.

The state was second only to California in obtaining visitors for long stays. Naturally, attracting tourists for short stays was the next step. It was Thomas Cook of London who invented the public excursion train and the package tour, thus making travel available for the British middle class. Messrs. Raymond and Whitcomb of Boston took a leaf out of the Cook's Tour books. In 1881 they scheduled an initial excursion party to the Pacific coast. They took entire Pullman cars under contract for their patrons and made a snobbish appeal in their advertising that, if one traveled with them, one associated only with "tourists of a refined and cultivated class."

The Antlers Hotel in Colorado Springs (1883—the first of the state's big resort hotels) and a tally-ho trip to the nearby freakish Garden of the Gods were soon regular stops on the Raymond and Whitcomb tours (also adopted in succeeding years by Cook's and other agencies). The tourists were also driven to Manitou to taste the healing waters and to observe the fashionable life which, according to an English visitor, in 1880 was "more frivolous, not to say faster, than at similar places in the Old World."

The tours also stressed the wonders of Colorado scenery. They made Denver a stop because the narrow gauges from that town were admirable for viewing the mountain grandeurs without too much discomfort. Returning to the Windsor after a narrow-gauge trip, the travelers exclaimed as much at the spectacular feats of engineering they had seen as at the mountain peaks. And, as one Baltimore lady put it: "Everybody who is anybody, and who comes to Denver, takes the trip around the Georgetown Loop." Certainly Denver and Colorado Springs were "musts" on the tourist circuit.

For the rest of the nineteenth century the tourist business grew in volume. Fairs, festivals and rodeos were added to increase the interest and drawing power of the state. The most notable of these

was the Mountain and Plain Festival which was held in Denver for four days in 1895 and was repeated annually, sometimes running as long as a week, through the rest of the century. It was revived three times, in 1901, 1902 and 1912, and the possibility of holding another one is suggested every now and then as a tourist lure.

In 1908 the Denver Convention and Visitors' Bureau was organized for the purpose of promoting tourists and conventions on a nationwide basis. It has continued operating ever since. In June, 1951, it opened a hospitality center on the edge of the civic center where drive-in information may be obtained without alighting from a car. Other helpful services are also given the tourists.

Increased use of the "horseless carriage" in the 1900's changed the nature of the tourist business but not the dollar value. Large resort hotels, designed for spending the whole summer, gave place to wayside inns for short stays. These eventually developed into motels. Another aspect of the tourist business, brought in by the automobile, was the dude ranch. In the 1920's after automobiles became a commonplace, it was a delightful novelty to spend your vacation where the horse was king.

At first Colorado ranchers were very condescending about these paying guests and made no effort to entertain them. The visitors had to shift for themselves or fit into the regular work schedule of the ranch. But, when the Coloradans woke up to the fact that there were many years when the "dudes" paid for what was lost on cattle, ranchers decided they had a new industry on their hands. Dudes were in demand.

In the 1930's tourist business fell off because of the depression, but built up again. The year 1938 was the peak before World War II when a second decline set in. Since 1946 the business has seen a steady rise. Today all facets of Colorado tourism go together to form a modern bonanza. It is an industry that ranks higher more years than mining

(which made the state). At present it is topped only by manufacturing and agriculture. In 1958 the Denver Convention and Visitors' Bureau became a part of the larger organization called the Colorado Convention and Visitors' Bureau to promote all of the tourist and travel attributes including skiing on a state-wide basis.

In 1963 there were nearly 6 million tourists who spent \$488,000,000. Wouldn't Julia Holmes be surprised as she sat on top of Pikes Peak in her "bloomers" (ankle-length gathered pantaloons)? And what on earth would Julia think of the modern female tourist garbed only in shorts, halter, wedgies and black pixie sun-glasses? It's hard to believe, but it was poor Julia who was called "scandalous." Still her enterprise was the forerunner of a bonanza.

#### PM ED BEMIS HONORED RECENTLY BY LITTLETON

"Whereas Edwin A. Bemis has devoted a lifetime of service to our community; whereas the excellence of his newspaper, his leadership of the Colorado Press Assn., and his founding of the national organization, Newspaper Association Managers, have brought world-wide recognition to our city;

"Whereas his personal efforts thru many decades have been responsible for preserving the rich history of our area, which otherwise would have been lost with its pioneers;

"Whereas his great respect for tradition has been coupled with a perpetually youthful outlook and keen understanding which have made him a valued supporter of all necessary programs for progress;

"Now, therefore, be it jointly resolved by the City Council and Library Board of the City of Littleton that the soon to be constructed library building be named the Edwin A. Bemis Library so that future generations may be constantly reminded of the God-given power of a dedicated individual to make our community a better place for all of us to live."

# NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

We welcome these new Corresponding Members to the Denver Posse of the Westerners . . .

Abbreviations used on membership designations:

CM—Corresponding Member

PM—Pcasse Member

RM—Reserve Member

**G. Franklyn Brown, DDS**, 44 Broadmoor Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo. 80906, is a dentist. He is very interested in Colorado history. He became a member of the Denver Posse of Westerners through the efforts of Carl Matthews and after having read a story in the Gazette-Telegraph of Colo. Springs.

**J. L. Keel**, 119 N. Bemiston, Clayton 5, Mo., is in the management of oil and gas properties. Mr. Keel was born in New Mexico and has covered a great portion of the West in his work and travels. His main hobby is reading Western history. Presently Mr. Keel is the president of the St. Louis Posse of Westerners. He is especially interested in New Mexico and West Texas. He became a member of the Denver Posse because of the knowledge he gained of their activities through PM Armand Reeder and CM Orville Spreen.

**Thomas S. McNeill**, 207 Avenue "G," Redondo Beach, Calif., is a school principal for the Los Angeles City Schools. His hobby is the collecting of ephemera, books, catalogues, articles concerning the early artists and their work. He is especially interested in the early artists and their work . . . particularly those that came as far West as the Pacific Ocean.

**Frank L. O'Rourke**, Ru 50 Den Rt. 1, Chadron, Nebr.

**Don O. Clair**, Rt. 3, Box 684x, Golden, Colorado, is a partner in an advertising agency carrying his name. Mr. Clair is interested in the study, identification and collecting of early Americana. He became a member of the Denver Posse through his friendship with PMs Numa James, George Eichler, et al.

**F. Wesley Cawell**, 821 West 8th Ave., Denver, Colorado 80204 is an attorney who is also in the real estate and insurance business. He is an interested student of Colorado history, geography and Western archaeology and anthropology. He is especially interested in Colorado history, railroads, in coins, medals pertaining to Colorado and the West. He became a member of the Denver Posse after receiving an invitation in the mail.

**John N. Dahle**, 730 Equitable Bldg., Denver, Colorado 80202 is a lawyer. His hobbies: reading Western history, skiing, boating, and fishing. He is interested in the history of the development of the West. He is a corresponding member of the Denver Westerners because of his knowledge of the organization from PM Fred Mazzulla and CM Charles Haines.

**Herbert S. Edwards**, 2040 So. Fillmore, Denver, Colorado 80210, is a graduate student at the University of Denver. He is especially interested in the general development and growth of the Rocky Mountain West, and more particularly in Colorado . . . its history, railroads, and ghost towns. He became a Westerner through seeing copies of the BRAND BOOK and ROUNDUP, and through his friendship with various members of the Posse but more especially, CM Dr. M. Scott Carpenter.

**Herschel C. Logan**, P.O. Box 184, Salina, Kansas, is an artist, author and collector. Mr. Logan was a former CM of the Denver Posse that reinstated recently, "cause he liked the line of chatter in the new ROUNDUP." Herschel, the creator of the "Colonel" a cartoon character that appears regularly in the columns of the Salina Journal is an avid collector and authority of antique firearms. He is the author of: "Hand Cannon to Automatic," "Romance of the Old West," "Cartridges,"

"Buckskin and Satin," "Underhammer Guns," and numerous articles in leading magazines devoted to hobbies and antique arms. He has illustrated the "Other Days" books, and has received many awards for his woodcut prints. He is engaged in the commercial art and fine art fields when not out checking a new antique gun . . . or writin' a letter to yer editor . . . givin' him hell 'bout somethin'! Hersh . . . it's nice to have you aboard again! (Ed's note)

**William Harvey Hammer**, Rt. 2, Box 94, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80909, is a rancher, (he says on his application, "Cattle Raiser"). He has spent all his life on the above ranch location . . . it's the homestead. He states that he's no writer but that he spent four years in World War II and is a member of the C. C. A. His brand is the lazy tee-six. He is especially interested in the history of cattle ranches, brands and their origins. Mr. Hammer heard about the Westerners through the newspaper columns of the GAZETTE-TELEGRAPH newspaper of Colorado Springs.

**Arthur G. Rippey**, 2525 E. Exposition Ave., Denver, Colorado 80209, is a partner in an advertising agency in Denver that carries his name. He has had numerous articles published on antique automobiles in such national publications as: ROAD & TRACK, THE BULB HORN, etc. Mr. Rippey is president of the Mercedes-Benz Club of America and vice president of Veteran Motor Car Club of America. His all consuming hobby and main interest is the collecting and refurbishing of antique automobiles . . . he does have a little time however to enjoy railroading and the South-west Indians. He becomes a corresponding member of the Westerners through the efforts of PM Numa James.

**Arthur G. Sharp**, 311 Elm Circle, Colorado Springs, Colo., is in the management of personal investments and sells mutual funds. Mr. Sharp was on the faculty of Colorado College as director of the theater from 1929 through 1942. He owned and operated a dude ranch at Wagon Wheel Gap from 1945 through 1959. He says that he has been trying to see as much of Colorado as possible, especially in good dry-fly weather. He is especially interested in the discovery, development and disintegration of the mining camps of Colorado and the early "mountain men." He became a member of the Denver Posse through an invitation from John Lipsey, PM.

**D. C. Trester**, 1403 E. Madison, Colorado Springs, Colo., is retired. He is especially interested in the Colorado Indians and mountain men. He became interested in the Westerners through articles in the GAZETTE-TELEGRAPH in Colorado Springs. **Herbert Cromwell Arbuckle, III**, P.O. Box 3026, Kleberg Station, Corpus Christi, Texas 78404, is a student at Del Mar College, but is planning to transfer to Texas A & I in Kingsville, majoring in petroleum natural gas engineering. Hobbies: hunting, fishing and collecting books of Texana . . . and about, or by, J. Frank Dobie. He became a member of the Denver Posse through the direct mail campaign for the 1962 BRAND BOOK . . . it sounded good to him!

**Bennett Foster**, 630 Richmond N. E., Albuquerque, N. M., is engaged in historical research and reporting on the same. Specifically at present, N. M. cowmen from 1920 to 1934, the period just prior to the Taylor Grazing Act. He has had some twenty books published and over 200 short stories. He states that he has done a number of things . . . none of them very interesting, except to himself! Hobbies: fishing, (too old

to hunt) he likes to cook and does, but turns out some real messes once in awhile . . . says he won't ride anymore! He collects Denver Posse Brand Books, has them from 1945 on. He is interested in New Mexico, Colorado and Texas from about 1849 to the present. He became interested in the Denver Posse of Westerners through his wife, PM Forbes Parkhill and, "a lot of other guys!"

**Raymond Gruner**, 14127 Havenbrook St., Baldwin, Park, Calif. 91706, became interested in the Denver Posse through Dr. Harvey L. Carter, CM of Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colo.

**Howard W. Hailey**, 4190 Hessel Road, Sebastopol, Calif., is retired. Well I'll be hornswoggled! When I picked up this here applykashun to write up I dadgummed near dropped my tailor made offen my lower lip! This here Howard W. Hailey is none other than ol' Bill hisself! Bill was my boss fer a spell down at the old ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS . . . seems he was business manager there fer 16 long years . . . that's when ol' Bill Brenne-man was City Editor fer a minute and ol' Bob Perkin was still "Perkin" over his book column, in between a reportin' assignment . . . and ol' Numa James was helpin' to fill Bill's brand new little Tabloid with national ads! Daggone it's nice to have ya sittin' on the ol' corral fence again Bill. (Off the record . . . Bill's one of the few guys that could roll his own . . . and by gosh smoke 'em . . . right in that fancy office he fixed up at the big new NEWS building he and RM Jack Foster earned fer Scripps-Howard!) Imagine . . . Bill became a member of the Posse through a letter he received with a folder on the 1962 BRAND BOOK! Thanks Bill!

**Anna-Leah Hathaway**, 418 N. Hancock, Colorado Springs, Colo., is teaching the third grade in the Columbia School, School Dist. II, Colo. Spgs. She belongs to the Colorado Springs Historical Society. Hobbies: camera ("a bug," she says), an avid arrowhead hunter and is very interested in Colorado history and the San Luis Valley. She became interested in the Westerners through reading an article in the Colorado Springs GAZETTE-TELEGRAPH.

**Nyle H. Miller**, 635 Horne, Topeka, Kansas 66606, is the executive secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas. She is co-author of "Kansas: A Pictorial History" (1961), and "Kansas in Newspapers" and "Why the West Was Wild" (1963). She is especially interested in cowtown police and peace officers and assorted characters . . . and Kansas history. She became interested in the Denver Posse of Westerners through several members of the Denver Posse . . . she says, "All good guys!" Thanks Nyle . . . and have fun with yer history . . . hope we can hep ya some!

**Paul A. Schroeder**, 6030 Sheridan Road, Chicago 26, Illinois, is an investment banker. He collects books on the old west . . . has many, wants more! Hobbies: reading and studying history. He is especially interested in Western history. He became a member of the Denver Posse through the efforts of PM John J. Lipsey.

**Edward Stuart**, 401 Jasmine St., Denver, Colorado.

**Fred Walker**, 1375 Glencoe St., Denver, Colorado.

**Joe Chapman**, P.O. Box 919, Canon City, Colorado.

**Robert Dechert**, 228 Holstein Rd., Gulph Mills, King of Prussia P.O., Pa.

**M. T. Everhart, Jr.**, Hatchet Ranch, Hachita, New Mexico.

**M. B. Goldstone**, 19460 Lussen St., Northridge, Calif.

**David B. Landis**, 345 E. 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.

**Wilbur D. Smith**, 2244 S. 10th St., Springfield, Ill.

**L. C. Slatthower, Jr.**, 17 F St., Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, Colorado is a former CM that has asked for reinstatement.

**Mrs. Arvilla J. Vecchiarelli**, 293 Paul Ave., Mountain View, Calif. 94041, is a housewife that has

been working for nine years on her Smith-Du Bois family genealogy. She states that she has just completed the Smith lineage. She is very interested in the early history of Colorado previous to 1880 Mrs. Vecchiarelli becomes a member of the Denver Posse through the efforts of CM Billy Boyles of Longmont, Colo.

**Wilbur G. Hanes**, 125 East Boulder St., Colorado Springs, Colo., is president of Equity Producer, Inc. a mortgage banker. For the past several years his hobby has been the traversing of narrow gauge railroad grades of Colorado by Jeep. His main interest in Western History is the Colorado narrow gauge railroads. He was introduced to the Westerners by John J. Lipsey, PM.

**David W. Stevens**, 208, New Chemistry—Department of Economics, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo., is a departmental asst. in the Graduate School, Dept. of Economics. He is completing his work for his Ph.D. degree in economics. He states that beginning June, 1964 he will be utilizing the vast materials on the Utes collected by Professor Omer Stewart of the University's department of Anthropology. Mr. Stevens is particularly interested in the Southern Ute and Ute Mountain Ute Indians of Colorado. He became a member of the Westerners through the hearing of Thomas Hornsby Ferril's writing in the BRAND BOOK from a friend. He also has perused our various publications in the University of Colorado Western History Reading Room.

**Stephen O. Simpson**, 425 Panderosa Drive, Security, Colorado is an electrical engineer on the Base Engineers Staff, Air Force Academy, Colorado. He is interested in Colorado and New Mexico history. PM John J. Lipsey brought him into the Denver Posse of Westerners.

**Florence H. White**, P. O. Box 182, Cripple Creek, Colo.

**Erika R. Skibbe**, 270 Milwaukee St., Denver, Colo. 80206.

#### Membership Address Changes:

CM W. A. McReynolds  
1136 Sullivan Rd.  
Ogden, Utah

CM J. R. Zachery  
12658 S.E. 59th St.  
Bellevue, Wash.

CM Billie B. Baker  
1421 Pennsylvania St.,  
Denver, Colorado 80203

CM Stephen W. Pabs  
5155 E. Atlantic Pl.  
Denver, Colorado 80222

CM J. T. Taylor  
P.O. Box 41,  
Chama, Colorado

CM A. E. McClymonds  
314 Del Norte Rd.  
Ojai, California

CM Luther E. Mason  
Section II, VA Center,  
Martinsburg, West Virginia

CM Westerners Potomac Corral  
c/o William G. Bell  
4527 31st St. South  
Arlington, Virginia

#### Membership Deletions:

RM Raymond G. Colwell (deceased)

CM Mary Hudson Brothers

CM Michael Koch

CM Mrs. C. L. McLain

CM Arthur Murdock

CM Umatilla Gregory

CM Margaret Kunz (resigned)

CM Robert Denholm (resigned)

## JOHN MOSS . . .

(Continued from page 10)

very loquacious and full of wonderful stories concerning himself—supplying most of the amusement in the banter around the campfire after the day's work was over. Ingersoll and myself, with the two packers, represented the survey. We had three pack mules carrying the photographic outfit. Steve and Bob, with their packs, kept close to the trail most of the time while the rest of us were roaming all over, investigating every indication of possible ruins that came to our notice. When photographing was decided upon, one mule would be dropped out, and unpacked, tents set up and the views made while the others jogged along until we overtook them again.

Our first discovery was of a cliff house that came up to our expectation. This was made late in the evening of the first day out from Merrit's Ranch. We had finished our evening meal of bacon, fresh baked bread and coffee and were standing around the sagebrush fire, enjoying its warmth. Looking up at the walls of the canyon that towered above us some eight hundred or one thousand feet, we began bantering Steve, who was a big, heavy fellow, about the possibility of having to help carry the boxes up to the top to photograph some ruins up there. With no thought that there were any in sight at the time, Steve asked Moss to point out the particular ruin that he had in view. The Captain indicated the highest part of the wall at random. "Yes," said Steve "I can see it." And sure enough, upon closer observation there was something that looked like a house sandwiched between the strata of the sandstone very nearly at the top. Forgetting our fatigue, all hands started out at once to investigate. The first part of the climb was easy enough, but the upper portion was a perpendicular wall of some two hundred feet, and, half way up, the cave like shelf on which was a little house. Before we had reached the foot of this last cliff, only Ingersoll and I remained. The others had seen all they cared to, realized that they would have to do it all over in the morning. From this height we had a glorious view over the surrounding canyon walls, while far below our campfire glimmered in the deepening shadows like a far-away little star.

On the party's return trip, they spent three days getting back to the La Plata Camp. It was a busy time with a good deal of photographing and some digging

about the ruins. When they came out on the broad, open divide between the Dolores and San Juan Rivers, they went off on a wrong trail that led them into Lost Canyon. The following day, however, the party returned to their original route. They stayed long enough in the Mancos Valley to make some negatives of the ranch house and then started back to the La Plata Camp at top speed, getting there just in time for dinner before dark.

The miners had all moved down from the upper camp and were just starting a new one for the winter, the ditch having been brought down to this point. On the 16th of September in 1874, the Jackson party started back for Baker's Park again after a very cordial leave-taking all around. Upon their return to Animas Park, they found it almost entirely deserted because of an Indian scare. The farms were also abandoned.

In 1877 the most pressing needs at Parrott City were first of all a better system of communication with the outside world. A second desire was for a military post, military road and settlement of Indian troubles. An appropriation was sought to obtain money for the construction of a wagon road and mail route from Fort Garland, via Pagosa Springs, to Parrott City.

An early day account, typically optimistic, described the La Plata settlement as follows:

Parrott City is sixty miles from Silverton. It is a lively mining camp that is growing rapidly. Thus far it has suffered from difficulty of access, there being no wagon road connecting it with other towns and districts in the San Juans. Goods and supplies have to be packed in on burros. Notwithstanding its comparative isolation from its neighbors, especially during the winter season when the intervening range is almost impassable, the day is fast approaching when it will take rank with its sister towns of the San Juans. The gold placer mines in and around it are said to cover an area of ten miles long and from one to two miles wide along the La Plata River and are extremely rich. The quartz mines are equally rich in gold and silver and the veins are quite distinct and well defined.

The Moss company was eventually compelled to abandon the riverbanks and take to the mountainsides. Going farther up, they located the previously mentioned quartz lode which they called the Mother Comstock in honor of the great mine in Nevada. This property was also abandoned later.

Population growth continued until enough had arrived to result in the election of John Moss to the State Legislature in the general elections in the fall of 1876, during the first general assembly in the state after its admission into the Union. Moss was sent to Denver to represent the southwestern part of Colorado. Arriving in the Capital, he made several speeches in the House of Representatives.

At this time even the military rank of John Moss was open to question. On February 15, 1877, the *Rocky Mountain News* reported that:

Among the Democrats sent to the lower house in Colorado legislature was Colonel John Moss of La Plata County. The Colonel was described as being convivial, not to say bibulous in habit, and distinguished his entrance in politics by making himself hail-fellow-well-met with all the men about town. His worst sin was drinking. He kept a big supply on hand at all times and was under its influence much of the time. While in the legislature in Denver, Charlie Leichsenring's saloon held more attraction for him than the assembly.

Becoming disgusted with the lawmaking process, Moss took "French Leave" for San Francisco, leaving his constituents to look out for their own interests. It goes without saying that John Moss did not make a brilliant record as a legislator. Because of the fact that he remained there only half a day, according to one account, and less than two days in another, he was given the names of the "Great Absentee," and "The Missing Member."

The *News* articles further speculated that:

As a representative, Moss was entitled to pay of four dollars a day. Since he removed himself to California, it is expected that the watch-dog of the treasury, honorable Alva Adams, of Rio

Grande County, will probably see to it that Moss is not allowed to draw any pay that does not properly belong to him.

A later letter from Parrott City to the *Pueblo Chieftain* related a long list of grievances which that part of the state had been forced to endure, most of which could be traced to their sending a democrat to represent them at the legislature. In view of Moss' continued absence from the Chambers, the correspondent called upon the House to declare the seat vacant and order a new election, promising that "Politics will be ignored and that a good man will be sent to Denver now."

Moss personally did not want the position and said that there was not enough money in it. For another thing, the weather was nice and he had the wanderlust again. Frankly, it appears that he just wanted to be free to go where he pleased. For some reason, best known to himself, he chose never to return to the town he had founded. There is a humor that Moss and his wife, who accompanied him when he left Colorado, had another child born to them after arriving in California.

In September of 1879, three years after his much publicized removal from Colorado, the name of John Moss mysteriously turned up along with those of William C. Chapin and John Reed in an association organized to build a toll road from May's Ranch on the Dolores River to the mouth of Bear Creek in La Plata County. The affairs of the company were to be controlled by a board of three trustees. At the same time the incorporators filed for permission to build a road from the lower reaches of Lost Canyon to intersect with the main road at Grouse's Gulch. The capital stock of this company was twenty thousand dollars, and its term of existence was to have been twenty years. The eventual fate of the enterprise is unknown.

The efforts of the original Californians to establish themselves continued for several more years, until some time after John Moss' departure. As a matter of



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fact, some of them remained in the country permanently. Moss died in San Francisco in April of 1880 at the age of forty-one years. One reputed cause of his death was a combination of mountain fever and pneumonia, contracted while prospecting in the mountains. A more remote cause was a gunshot wound through his left lung which had been received years before when he jumped between a brother Mason and an infuriated Indian.

Moss' life was indeed stranger than fiction. Whatever his failings, he was, nevertheless, often described as being filled with human kindness. It would be interesting to know if Moss ever reflected upon that peculiar turn of fate, the accidental shooting of Richard Giles, that had originally detained his party in the San Juans, altered their plans and changed his future life and the subsequent history of La Plata County.

## TWO POSSEMEN VOTED BY BOARD TO RESERVE MEMBERSHIP STATUS

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Denver Posse of Westerners, held at the Denver Press Club on November 22, Posse members Raymond G. Colwell and Charles B. Roth were voted into Reserve membership status by their own request. This action took place just three days before the sad news of PM Colwell's death reached your board. He had requested this action on his status because of his illness. PM Roth asked for Reserve status because increasing business pressure has prevented his attending the meetings regularly, consequently he felt that his position should be given to a deserving "new blood" member. Charley will still be around we know, when a job he can handle comes up! Charles is one of the Charter Members of the Denver Posse and has filled many jobs for the nineteen years that the Denver WESTERNERS have been in existence. RM Roth's latest contribution to the Posse in the form of a fine paper in the 62nd BRAND BOOK debunking the "fast draw" boys was a real interesting and well-done piece. Come around Charley . . . any time!



With this here issue of yer rangle beller th' ROUNDUP I lay down my lariat . . . I'm thru ropin' in material and makin' Marks 'n Brands! You ain't heerd th' last o' me tho . . . 'cause now I pick up th' old runnin' iron 'n start a little BRAND BOOKin'. I shore have had a fine time friskin' around with yer ROUNDUP . . . and thet feller PM Lipsey down in th' south 40 shore was right when he said . . . "Boy, that's the hardest daggone job I ever had!" Speakin' about Lipsey . . . I can call him John know 'cause I really respect him after thet beautiful 1962 BRAND BOOK he let Julia hep him with. Yep, John . . . that's a purty good book! . . . and you shore were right 'bout this here job!

We'd like to thank PM Armand Reeder fer kinda brushin' up the typed manuscripts before they went to the printers . . . he kinda cleaned up a few glarin' errors and then when th' proofs came in by Pony Express from th' printers, PM Scott Broome and his dieshunary-hep-made, Marie went to work. What got by them was almost nothin! They learned me thet Kearney is Kearny and not Kearney . . . thet Posse is not Possee (but I couldn't convince one type setter . . . he insisted!) . . . that Bloch is not the wooden kind . . . that th' Sheriff didn't have a "s" waggin' after Perkin! Yep, them folks the Broomes, is darn good proof readers . . . they do just like the grammer books and dieshunary says! Thanks again Scott . . . and Marie. Thanks to Jo and PM Fred Mazzulla fer access to their fabulous photo album!

Now thet we're gettin' down to th' end of this here page, I think thet I should give some down-to-earth thanks and a lotta credit fer th' hep and patience thet my lil' bride has displayed . . . Jean has seen each issue conceived (not artificially either) gestate and finally be born! Thanks, Jean! So . . . until yer 1963 BRAND BOOK comes offen th' press . . . I'll be out ta pasture! Thanks ta ya all!

yers very respectable like,  
Bob Cormack, yer edytor

