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Painting the Land
of the Last Souls
by Otto Kuhler, CM

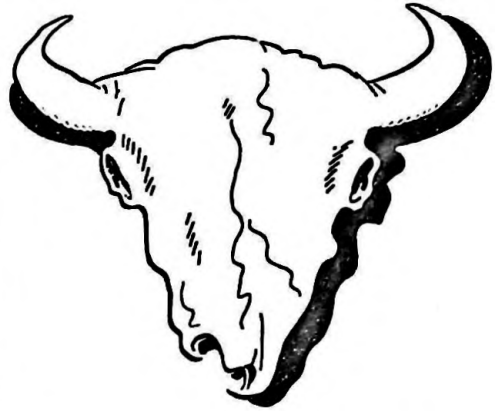


Photo by Rob Plummer, CM

NUMA JAMES—Sheriff for 1964



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 Deputy Sheriff—Kenny Englert
 Tally Man—William G. Brenneman
 Roundup Foreman—George R. Eichler
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OUR NEW SHERIFF

The man on the front cover is NUMA L. JAMES, our Sheriff for 1964. He was born in Chicago but his family moved to Denver when he was two years old. He was educated in the Denver schools and the University of Denver. His father was a miner working in the various mines around Cripple Creek, Central City, Dumont, Idaho Springs, Alice, and Yankee Hill.

His newspaper career started in 1928 in Topeka Kansas. At the present time he is the General Advertising Manager for the *Rocky Mountain News*, and has been with that paper since 1942. He has held many offices in Advertising organizations and was elected "Ad Man of the Year" of the Advertising Federation of America, 9th District. This includes nine states. He has also lectured and taught advertising at the Universities of Denver and Colorado.

He became a CM of the Westerners in 1955, and a member of the Posse in 1956. He was Registrar of Marks and Brands, 1957, editor of the 1957 Brand Book (Vol. 13) and Registrar of Marks and Brands, 1958.

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PAINTING THE LAND OF LOST SOULS

by Otto Kuhler, CM

As I have the honor of addressing you tonight, I feel it my duty to tell you that my story cannot satisfy the conscientious historian, since as an artist I am quite unable to collect statistics, historical data and details, or keep a checkbook straight.

Like a writer who is often inspired to his best work by events or impressions beyond his control, so was I moved to do a series of paintings of an era in Colorado history to which I feel my engineering and artistic background gave me the means.

The work has no other purpose than to retain for future generations, a pictorial record to round out the poor and scarce pictorial material that is available. Whatever there is to be found is in no way in proportion to the importance of an era of the age of steam, which historically speaking, came to an end only yesterday.

In the clear mountain air of Colorado I had forgotten that since my early youth I had lived a life with coal, had spent years in the coal blackened lands of Germany, Belgium, France and later in the smoke choked valleys of Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, etc. The discovery of a vast, vanished coal industry in Colorado therefore came to me as an anticlimax, shocking me with its dramatic setting in a barren land with century old, ominous names. I had learned that Colorado is one of the coal richest states of the union, but the little mines of the northern coal-fields, where I used to pick up my winter coal for the ranch, had impressed me little, since they were only primitive and puny compared to what I had learned to live with in days gone by. It was the basic element of the great industrial revolution of last century, which would have been unthinkable without it and without which we still would be living in the horse and buggy age.

Coal became the benefactor of mankind when the steam engine was invented. As the gaping firedoors of bigger steamboilers howled for more and more coal, man went after it. Great engineering battles were fought above ground, but the cruelest war for evolution and progress was fought underground in deep, dark, danger-infested holes. As the demand increased, man went deeper and ever deeper into the earth. With every foot downward the task of getting the coal to the surface became more difficult and far more dangerous.

But not only underground coal became a treacherous killer, but even above ground. When the great architects and stonemasons of the



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medieval ages designed and built their great cathedrals, and wood or charcoal still provided daily warmth, they could not know that the fine grained limestone they used for their lacelike structures would soon be viciously attacked by the sulphuric acids from coalsmoke. Most unfortunately, limestone has a great affinity for sulphuric acid and suddenly these great works of art were in danger of crumbling away.

The tendency of weakening the limestone by chemical erosion had impressed itself upon my mind, when as a boy of ten I had leaned my hand on an ornamental rose of the sculptured stone railing on the spire of the ancient Cathedral of Antwerp. The rose broke off, shattering into dust when it hit the stone floor. I was impressed by the silent danger at work on the stone, and never do I remember ever to have seen the great cathedral of Cologne without a scaffold for repairs.

Nobody thought of smog in those days or what it might do to humanity that had to live with it. The miners had learned their skillful trade from their fathers and grandfathers and a floating population caused by industrial expansion was still unknown. Miners could be easily identified by their burning eyes that looked at you from deep, dark eyesockets ingrained with coaldust. Elizabeth Arden and Helena Rubinstein would give a million dollars today if they could reproduce this eyeshadow for our ladies.

Nobody thought that by inhaling the ever-present coaldust underground, miners' lungs would look as black as their eyesockets, shortening the average lifespan of a coal miner in the German mines to 48 years. This too was an accepted fact by miners and mineowners at the turn of the century.

A great change in my youth came when my father exchanged me with the son of a Belgian friend so we both might learn the respective languages at an early age. For me it was extremely fortunate that my temporary father, whom I called Uncle Arthur, was the President of the Belgian Touring Club, with many Tourist guidebooks to his name. To him and his patience I owe it that my artistic emotions were aroused when we toured the art museums and cathedrals, so that the names of such old masters as Breughel, Rubens, Rembrandt, Ten Eyck, etc., became an early asset to my vocabulary.

Even more impressive were the early contrasts I noticed in the Belgian and French coal districts as compared to my homeland of the Ruhr. The Ruhr mine owners had early realized that their mines were to be permanent institutions, since the coal beds were of immense depths that could only be guessed at. In the Ruhr mines it was not at all uncommon to see the neat red brick buildings that housed administrative offices as well as shafthouses, engine and boilerhouses, etc., fronted by a vast lawn with well maintained flowerbeds of geraniums, ivy, etc. High, spotless windows would let the sun play on the huge polished members of machines and colored tile floors and walls. Slender,

tall brick chimneys would carry whatever little smoke there was high into the air to dissolve. Tiled bathhouses permitted the miner to change into street clothes after a hot shower, while his working garments were hoisted up on pulley wires high under the ceiling to be disinfected from vermin or communicable diseases by superheated steam.

What I had seen in the early days of Belgium, Holland and France were wide beaches with luxury hotels, the fertile fields of Flanders, the green clad hills of the Ardenne mountains. How great then was my shock when alone at a later date I ventured into the coal districts. Already from far away silhouetted black slagpiles rent the horizon like giant pyramids. By street car and on foot I wandered into the small towns that surrounded the pits. Here were no tall stacks to diffuse the smoke, but short, thick stacks, forever belched forth heavy black clouds of coalsmoke, the unburned particles of which settled over town and land and made a blooming fruit tree look whiter than any I had seen before.

Even the miners looked different. Coming from a twelve hour shift in the hot holes underground, their hands and faces unwashed and black with coal dust, in baggy, black corduroy pants I got more than one furtive, hateful look and never a greeting. Small, chunky, bent over men, they clomped along in their wooden shoes to endless rows of small stone houses, one like the other, that wound along the hillsides on narrow, cobbled streets. The mine pits, located in shallow valleys, kept on pouring out black smoke day and night, creating a smog-cover that rarely enabled a sunray to pierce.

Irving Stone, in his book *Lust for Life* of the life of Vincent Van Gogh in the "Borinage," gives us a vivid picture of the conditions, when his host tells him:

"Here in the Borinage we are not even slaves, we are animals. We descend the pit at three in the morning. For 15 minutes we can rest while we eat our dinner, bread and cottage cheese, and then we work until four in the afternoon. It is black down there, Monsieur, and hot. So we must work naked and the air is full of coal dust and poison gas, we cannot breathe. When we take the coal from the seam there is no room to stand up. We must work on our knees doubled in two. We begin to descend, boys and girls alike, when we are eight or nine years old. By twenty we have the fever and lung trouble, if we do not get killed by Black Damp, or in the cage that hauls us up and down. We may live until 40 and then die of consumption."

Vincent Van Gogh at that time was struggling to become an artist. He sketched the miners and to me it seems, that he, just like I did, then got his early impressions, so that never later was he able to see the human body as a thing of ethereal beauty, and always retained an animalic clumsiness in his human figures.

At the impressive age of my early teens conditions like these left

confused impressions, which were even deepened when Uncle Arthur gave me Emile Zola's literary masterpiece *Germinal* in French, based on life in the French mines. Eagerly I read it several times from stem to stern with my dictionary alongside, so that my mastery of the French language materially improved. Sensing my deep interest in the arts which he had carefully nurtured, we now switched from the old masters and cathedrals to the art of Constantin Meunier. Uncle Arthur took me to the museum and locations where his paintings and sculptures were to be seen. Meunier had shunned all tradition and, not unlike Zola, felt that the drama of the coal mines had to be brought to the public's conscience by his work.

In these days of eternal strife and revolt between capital and labor—a byproduct of evolution created by the machine age—Meunier succeeded so well, that the impact he created may well be compared to Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in this country. His works may well have unlocked in me the hidden desire to follow in his steps as an artist. However the desire was never strong enough to lead me off my path of duty to prepare as the single heir to take over father's steel mill by becoming an engineer. Steel was to be my heritage.

After my return from Belgium I had begun my engineering studies which at that time still included two years of shop practice in which we were taught the rudiments of forging, casting, riveting, the use of machine tools, etc.

The outbreak of World War I left me dumbfounded. Instead of waiting to be drafted, I made the strictly selfish move to volunteer for the engineers and after only two weeks of being trained to learn how to salute a superior, I found myself very much out of place, in Belgium, which I had learned to love dearly in my youth.

Even while I was still an inexperienced cub-engineer, my knowledge of Belgium, its language, customs and industry landed me as a trouble-shooter assistant under the command of a Captain in the staff of the General of Engineers. I was still no more than a private. By 1917 army moral had reached a low point and Belgian industry had almost come to a standstill due to abuse of worn out machinery and exhausted manpower. With my Captain and a small staff we were transferred to Charleroi, center of the coal district.

Conditions of the mines were appalling, since technically or socially little or no improvements had been made since I had last visited in the "Black Country" some ten years before as a boy. In the Ruhr, Heinrich Koppers and others already had laid the foundation for the giant chemical industries that developed later. New processes and machines enabled the making of such byproducts as aspirin and anilin dyes and hundreds of other products from coal gases, that still belched unused from the fat, short Belgian stacks. Everywhere I went, I still found builder's plates on steam pumps, hoisting engines, etc., indicating that

they had been built 50-60 years before. Only loving care, ingenuity and devotion had kept these inefficient antiques going through decades.

My Captain, a watchmaker by profession in civilian life, understood little or nothing of my problems and left me alone, using his office purely for supplying me with the materials I demanded. Never once did he dare to go down into a mine. Instructed to look for sabotage, I never found a trace of it, simply for the reason that if the miners had done it, the miserable pay as well as their extra food ration would have been cut off, and starvation would have set in fast. My production problems I soon recognized, were not to be the worn-out machines, but the exhausted, starved workers that were to run them.

Before my transfer to the coal districts, I had operated and extended a logging railroad with Belgian workers, to supply lumber for trench construction when the famed "Von Schlieffen Plan" of lightning conquest, had mired down in the mud of France. Then I had found it convenient to fake my list of workers by padding it with ghosts and collecting the army bread for them. This I distributed to my key men, who then did not shun to work overtime. This efficient system, I now introduced in the mines with the result that coal again soon began to dribble from the pits. Nor did I object if they piled coal so high on the cars that it fell along the track outside the mine, where their children were eagerly waiting for it in the dark. For once they had a little heat in their homes again.

Before the "Hero Grabbing" commission got around to me for the last and most foolish offensive, it had ended in another sea of blood, and the war was over and I was back in the Ruhr, searching for a future to keep on living. In the aftermath of war, there was nothing to do. I used the time on hand to search the libraries for writers and artists that had been inspired by the industrial scene.

In Germany was Heinrich Kley, whose fantastic, masterful pen sketches may be known to some of you from the weirdness of his subjects. At present his art is seeing a revival in U.S.A. where many of his sketches are reproduced in inexpensive books. Soon we were friends. In England Frank Brangwyn and Muirhead Bone had produced dramatic, monumental etchings of shipyards, steelmills, coalmines, etc. In America, that wild and erratic Philadelphian, Joseph Pennell had nailed down forever the mines of the Appalachian anthracite region and the smoke filled valleys around Pittsburgh, in masterful etchings. It decided me not only to become a painter, but also an etcher. In etching I had felt to be a medium that lent itself better than any other art form for the expression of industrial subjects, besides being the only medium in which the artist could reproduce his own work.

Through the exchange of a few pounds of black market bacon against 4 lessons in etching I became an etcher. Looking for more information and schooling I enlisted at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts

in Dusseldorf. When my drawings and sketches of blast furnaces and mine tipples, etc., were submitted to the acceptance commission, all were rejected. Fortunately I had enclosed a few sketches of my beloved dachshund "Emil." In these sketches, the commission discovered a trace of talent and I was accepted. In these days Germany was starving and so was my dog and I. Meat was a rare black market luxury.

To be able to work, I had been lucky to find a studio in Dusseldorf, where I lived with my dog. My landlady had been advised to let my dog out, after I had left for the Academy, but I had not figured on the sharp, long nose of my dachshund. He would trace my steps and appear in class, since in the summer heat, doors and windows were wide open. To guard our precious lunches consisting mostly of sticky, black bread and cold sliced potatoes, we kept them on the back of our easels. The dog would go from easel to easel wagging his tail, but when a lunch package had a smell of meat, he would grab it, and with ears flapping, he would disappear through the open door. It took only 3 days that the same dog whose sketches had gained me admission to the Academy also terminated my art education, and we were both thrown out. It was the only art training I ever got.

Young and optimistic as I was, I did not look upon my expulsion from the Academy as a disastrous failure, because the few days in class had taught me that if I wanted to make an artist's career of painting the drama of the steam age I would have to go it alone. And so I have traveled ever since along the road of coal, and steam and steel.

To my new homemade career I brought as assets: optimism, enthusiasm, some natural talent and a war-acquired knowledge of the anatomy of machinery. Probably an even greater asset was my Belgian bride, Simonne, which after a year of international red tape salted with racial and national hatreds, I finally brought to Dusseldorf. In April 1964 we will have been married 44 years. So equipped, I was instantly successful in commercial and fine arts, even while I did not trust the sudden affluency.

As a Christmas present, I received from Simonne a book on America. It was this book that made me look to America as the only hope for security of the future.

When France decided to kill the Ruhr by demanding coal as war reparations, it took its lifeblood away. Without coal, the millions of the Ruhr would starve, industrialist and worker alike. When it sent in its unwilling war-weary army to occupy the pits in the hope of enforcing its demands with bayonets, the Ruhr pulled its fires. The Ruhr died. You cannot dig coal with bayonets.

It was then not difficult for me to burn my bridges and go to a steamship agency and book my passage to America. Runaway inflation had reduced the German mark to almost nothing and to this day, I do not remember how I ever got the 40 million marks that represented my

fare of 165 dollars and some 50 dollars that I left with Simonne, until I could earn enough to pay for her passage only three months later. True to my calling I selected Pittsburgh as my destination, where I arrived with just eight dollars to my name on May 10th 1923.

Nothing I had ever encountered before could compare with the gigantic concentration of industry in and around Pittsburgh. Squeezed into narrow valleys of mighty rivers, deeper and steeper than the valley of the Ruhr, with inclined railways shuttling up and down the steep hillsides, rivers packed with long tows of coal barges pushed by splashing sternwheeled steamboats, big, black locomotives moving and puffing everywhere at my feet under a blanket of reddish iron ore smoke. The picture was overwhelming.

Everything was new to me. I would have to learn all over again and tackled my work with a fanatical enthusiasm. When I showed my first paintings and etchings, Pittsburgh took me to its heart as the first artist that showed in pictures, its great pride based on fire, steam and steel.

As my work became noted in New York and spread over the land through its publications in national magazines and art shows, we moved to New York where a great harbor, gigantic bridges and enormous buildings offered me new opportunities to be portrayed. Well established and prosperous, we got caught in the depression which we weathered out on a small farm, living quietly but never hungry. From it I emerged as the first designer of streamlined locomotives and luxury trains that soon proudly roamed our vast country.

Every time, in the years before, at the height of my creative efforts and their recognition, I had been fighting my way out of a war, a ruinous inflation, several revolutions and finally a depression. That kind of repetition eventually becomes boring, and I set out to do something about it. Secure living at the little farm had shown me the way to keep well and alive at a time when former executives were selling apples on street corners. The only security I could think of was ownership of a productive piece of land. For Simonne, my daughter and young son it was a rude change from a life of comfort and even luxury, on the edge of a great and interesting city like New York. When I saw the steam age coming to its end through industrial progress in electronics, chemistry, aviation, etc., I knew I had to get that piece of land and found it here in Colorado at my ranch. Again we burned our bridges and moved here in 1947.

During the fifteen years of backbreaking labor to get going again in a new field of enterprise, my past, that had always been connected with big industry, became dimmer and dimmer.

In the clear Colorado skies the smell of coal and steam, of oil and water dripping on hot steel, that I had loved so well and so long, became only a dreamy memory. Off and on I was inspired to do a painting, but

mostly it was far more important to build a new fence, ride after stray cattle into the mountains or clean an irrigation ditch. But sitting on my fine horse, looking over our fat cattle, or the big meadows of the valley, pride of ownership made it easy to forget 3 scores of years of art and industry.

While we had been restoring our ranch into an efficient unit from a neglected wreck, we had found little time to satisfy our curiosity of our new homeland in the West. But for a long time I had harbored the desire to do a painting of the Santa Fe railroad's famous train "The Chief" ascending Raton Pass, when still hauled by mighty steam engines.

A little more than a year ago under a brilliant, cold sky we searched the mainline from Trinidad to Raton for the proper setting I had in mind for my painting. On the few occasions that I had seen "Fisher's Peak" I had been deeply impressed with it as one of the most remarkable landmarks nature had provided to watch over one of the world's great trade routes, the Santa Fe Trail. Wherever I had seen big rocks on trade routes of the world before, they had all been spiked with guns. Fisher's Peak, looking more like a frowning citadel than even the famed Gibraltar Rock, had no guns. In any case I could not think of composing my painting without showing its remarkable silhouette. This brought us to Raton Pass.

When I got up next morning, which happened to be the shortest day of the year, the rising sun tinted the far away Sangre de Cristo range, while the land in front of me still rested in a deep shadow the big peak cast far to the north. Suddenly I remembered the high arch of the church on the hill behind Morley, the only crumbling remnant of a town or village of which there was no other trace left. I had seen the walls without roofs, indicating large structures that once had been, and the big slagpiles on the hillsides. Was this all that was left of the big Colorado coal industry I had heard about? If it was, what had caused its sudden death? What further mysteries were hidden in the deep long shadow at my feet? I also wondered, why had the early explorers left such ominous names centuries ago, as: Land of lost souls, Pass of the Rat, Hellfire river, Orphan county when they were looking for the seven Cities of Cibola?

My somewhat frightened curiosity was aroused to the point that I had to find out more. Once, some ten years before I had been impressed by the barren, dry plains of dead, grey grass that stretched away to the east; by the brutal, eroding cliffs covered with black, stunted pinion shrubs and the dark, silent canyons that had been slashed out of the hills by violent floods. This time I was going to find out.

Quite by accident we chose the Ludlow road to get to the edge of the plain from which the cliffs rose. Somehow the name Ludlow had always sounded to me as the last beat of the big drum in Chopin's

"Funeral March." And it was at Ludlow that I got my first shock, when we pulled up to the miners' monument.

In my memory, indelibly engraved, were the powerful and dramatic sculptures that Constantin Meunier had created of the inhuman life of Belgian miners. Compared to these masterpieces the Ludlow monument, completely lacking inspiration and feeling for the dramatic events on these barren plains, told me nothing. Neither did the human figures, that seem to have been added as an afterthought in an unsuccessful attempt to arise emotion in the human heart. I did not even care for the name of the fumbling sculptor, and was far more impressed by the lonely setting on these windscarred vast, grey plains that seemed to have been predestined as a tragic location of tragic events in the evolution of human relations.

From a little shack emerged a man of approximately my age, carrying a shovel of which long use had eaten away half of the blade. "August" introduced himself as the guard of that ugly chunk of chiseled rock, which he kept neat and planted with flowers in summer. Of the Ludlow affair, I knew next to nothing. I listened to him relating his version of the battle to me in a curious mixture of Italian, German and Spanish, as he had lived through it. I had long learned that there are always two sides to a story, and having neither inclination nor talent for investigation of past labor wars, I felt that I would be unable to resist a burning desire to recreate in my work not the events as they might have happened, but that the land itself where they had happened was sad enough to suggest in paintings, the tragedies of the past.

This desire was tremendously amplified when I asked August: "Where are the mines?" and with a great sweep of his arm, he indicated the mouths of the canyons, saying: "They were there in the hills, but there is nothing left—all gone, taken away—Kaput."

August told me of the thousands of miners that had lived with their families near the mines in "Coal Camps," as he called the dreary villages, under the ever black cover of smoke from miles and miles of stinking "Beehive" coke ovens, the block iron stacks of the boilerhouses and the locomotives hauling long coal trains day and night from the canyons. To me, used to permanent installations of great mines from Europe and Pennsylvania, as well as the Virginias, complete erasion of such huge installations with hardly any trace left, seemed incredible.

To recreate the mines and villages in their day of dusty glory in a series of paintings, became an obsession. My whole youth stood before me again in infinite clarity, now accented with the great sadness of this land and its fearful history, about which I felt, far more than I knew. I had not been unhappy to forget all about my youth.

If we wanted to cover the 250 miles to our home that day, some of it rough stretches of dirt road, it was time to leave. The mines in their dark canyons would have to wait. When near the small town of Aguilar

the modest wrought iron portal of a cemetery I had once visited, etched itself against the grey winter sky, I could not resist to show it to Simonne. There were still the little graves and burial mounds with their modest headstones with outlandish names, the little sun-bleached flags and paper flowers on soldiers graves, placed there long ago on Decoration Day, and a few crumbling adobe mausoleums surrounded by rusty iron fences, whose open gates swang creakingly in the steady prairie wind. Quickly we left after I had made a few rough sketches.

Next morning I could hardly wait for daylight to start my painting. Entitled "The Graves of Aguilar" it became Number One of a series of eventually twelve paintings, all of which I did in rapid succession, my heart guiding my brush.

With the always amiable help of the Western Collection of the Denver Public Library I found a few scenes as well as the book by Barron Beshoar "Out of the Depths," which I read from end to end in one night. When I showed the "Graves of Aguilar" to Barron only a few days later, with his customary enthusiasm he encouraged me not only to continue the series, but suggested I contact Arthur R. Mitchell, an artist of Trinidad.

"Mitch," whom I classified immediately by his work as one of the truly great Western artists, gave me all his help, as well as most of his time in guiding me to the scenes where once great installations had stood in the now deserted and still canyons. When I showed him my first three paintings and he had found out what this "Damned fool flatland furriner" was trying to do in his immediate homeland, we soon became sincere friends. In all decency I want to say that the series of the "Land of Lost Souls" would never have been completed without his generous help and enthusiasm, as well as sometimes very "ornery" but always constructive criticism.

As "August" had told me, in the canyons there was little left that could guide anybody not familiar with the functions and technical arrangement of a coal mine, but there were the endless ruined rows of the cursed beehive ovens, great blocks of concrete in which the anchorbelts still stood solidly imbedded, telling me that here once stood a big ventilating fan, a powerful steamhoist, a pump, a breaker, etc. While the big, black slagpiles are still there, indicating the huge amounts of coal that were torn from the immensely rich seams, many of the roadbeds and highways, and bridges have gone down the canyon in the flash floods of that unfriendly land. Of the temporary miners' shacks, nothing more is left than the big rocks that once served as hastily built foundations.


It is not difficult for me to visualize the miners that spoke in many tongues, who once had hopefully left their grapevine covered little homes with a small garden on the hillside of the sunny Mediterranean, only to find themselves under a stinking cloud of steam and smoke with

a hard clay in their backyard, that grew only cruel cacti or rattlesnakes. For me it was the same picture all over again—only in this windswept, barren land it was only grimmer.

With "Mitch" as my guide I found the great concrete slabs that closed the entrances to many shafts, were hundreds had died in many cruel accidents, but where nobody as yet, had found the decency to commemorate their sudden death in the dark holes under the hills. I know well enough that new fuels have killed the mines with long overdue industrial progress, but I still cannot overcome the feeling that this modern age seems in a hurry to forget this important but cruel age. Compared with it, the much exploited shootings and hangings that were a part of the conquest of the West look diminutive and slightly ridiculous.

So that this chapter of Colorado history may not be entirely forgotten in these days of rapid humane and technical advancement my wife and I dedicate this series of twelve paintings to those whose broken bodies still lie under the barren hills in "The Land of Lost Souls." Simonne, who is today the legal owner of the series, is taking steps that it will be preserved as a permanent gift for all time, and become a part of the history of the State of Colorado.

(Editor's note: This superb and magnificent collection of 12 paintings, all framed in old weathered wood, was displayed at the January meeting at the Press Club. We hope to reproduce some of these in the coming months.)



T R A I L D U S T

LYLE G. McCANN, 429 Cadwell, NW, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49504, is interested in Mitch Bouyer and Thomas H. La Forge. La Forge arrived in the Crow Country from Virginia City in 1865. There he met Bouyer, who was a soldier at Fort C. F. Smith. He was also a guide on the Powder River expedition under Gen. P. E. Conner in 1865. McCann wonders if they had any connection with the Custer Battle. Westerners are asked to write to him at the above address.

Does anyone know anything about CHESTER LYMAN SMEED? If so, write Fred Mazzulla, 950 Western Federal Savings and Loan Bldg., Denver, Colo. 80202.

Who received Regular Edition number 416 of the 1962 Brand Book? We don't want it back—we just want to know where it went. Please write to F. B. Rizzari, 1716 View Point Road, Lakewood, Colorado 80215.

(The following is reprinted from the *Taos News* for Thursday, Jan. 9, 1964, under a picture of *Caroline Bancroft*, CM and Marion Estergreen.)

CAROLINE BANCROFT, Denver author, and Taos writer, Marion Estergreen, are pictured during Miss Bancroft's overnight stay this week, when the Coloradoan was returning home after a three week visit in Santa Fe with Justice and Mrs. David Chavez Jr., while a guest at La Posada. Miss Bancroft has published 17 books and booklets including "Silver Queen: The Fabulous Story of Baby Doe Tabor," "Famous Aspen," "Glenwood's Early Glamor," "Denver's Lively Past," "The Unsinkable Mrs. Brown," "Gulch of Gold," history of the Central City area, and "Colorful Colorado." MGM Studios has just filmed, from her story of Mrs. Brown, "The Unsinkable Mollie

Brown" with Debbie Reynolds and Harve Presnell, in the leading roles and with location shots in Denver. Presnell also had the lead in the Broadway musical and touring company featuring the same story. From Miss Bancroft's "Silver Queen" came the opera, "Ballad of Baby Doe," presented at the Central City Opera House in 1956 and 1959 and which has now been produced over the world; and every year at the New York City Center Opera House. Miss Bancroft is a third generation Coloradoan who began writing her first history for *The Denver Post* in 1928. Her pioneer grandfather, Dr. F. J. Bancroft, was a founder of the Colorado Historical Society and its first president. She still lives in the old family home. Mount Bancroft, Continental Divide peak, was named for her family and its Lake Caroline for her.

Westerners Do Write Books

The following books were written and published by Posse and Corresponding Members during 1963.

Mr. Barney Ford, by Forbes Parkhill, PM

Historic Alpine Tunnel, by Dow Helmers, CM

Adventures at Timberline, by Jack Foster, RM

The Hanging of Jack Slade, by Dabney O. Collins, PM

Treasure of the Sangre de Cristos, by Arthur Campa, PM

Easter Island, by Nolie Mumey, PM

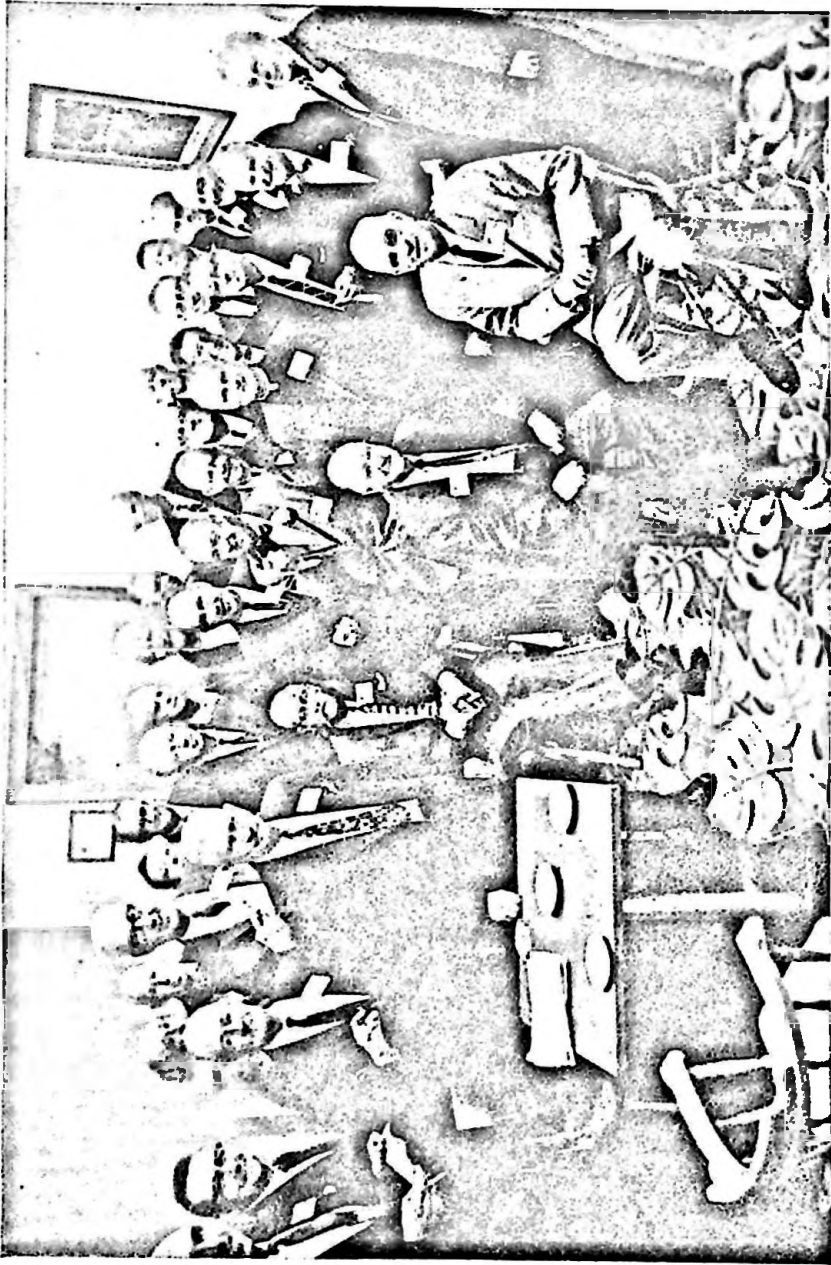
Jeep Trails to Ghost Towns, by Robert L. Brown, CM

Western Yesteryears, by Forrest Crossen, CM

(Forrest is also the author of that magnificent book, *The Switzerland Trail*, the story of the Colorado and Northwestern and subsequent Denver, Boulder and Western Railroad.)

Corresponding Members—Attention!!! The list of authors is probably incomplete. If you have written anything on the WEST and had it published in a Newspaper, Magazine or Book form—let us know about it. If you have a paper you would like to see in print, send it to us. Space permitting, etc., we will do our best to print them. Please keep copies for your files, as things do get lost.

An inquiry from LT. COL. ROBERT M. PATTERSON, Cavalry (Ret) through the Colorado Press Association has been forwarded to the Westerners for reply. Col. Patterson would like to correspond with people interested in Custer's Battle of the Little Big Horn and the Lost Adams' Diggings in New Mexico. Anyone so interested should write Col. Patterson at Room 17, Ward 404, Fitzsimmons General Hospital, Denver Colorado, 80240.



Members of the Posse after electing new officers for the year 1964. Photo by Fred Mazulla, PM.



Photo by Rob Plummer, CM

Possemen **ROBERT CORMACK** and **DABNEY O. COLLINS** present a plaque to Mrs. **AGNES WRIGHT SPRING, CM**, at the December meeting. It reads: **The DENVER POSSE OF WESTERNERS** present to one of their distinguished Corresponding Members, **AGNES WRIGHT SPRING**, this token of their admiration and appreciation for her long service to the cause of **WESTERN HISTORY**, during her years as State Historian both of Wyoming and Colorado, and take this means of thanking her for countless kindnesses and unlimited generosity in sharing with others, her store of knowledge. The true story of the American West is better known because she came this way.

December 14, 1963
Denver, Colorado



Photo by Rob Plummer, CM

OTTO KUHLER, CM—Inventor, Engineer, Craftsman, Rancher, Artist—and a **TRUE WESTERNER**, discussing the twelve paintings depicting the **LAND OF LOST SOULS**.

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

Col. Joy R. Bogue, USA (Ret.), 1816 Hercules Drive, Colorado Springs, Colorado, is now an economic analyst, investment adviser, public speaker, and teacher. (Did we say retired?) He also has published several articles in military publications pertaining to Profession of Arms. He is interested in early Colorado History, and that of the Leadville, Aspen and Glenwood Springs areas in particular. He comes recommended by Roy F. Barnes, CM. Colonel, we salute you.

Darathy D. Bright, 4391 Taos Drive, San Diego 17, California, a legal secretary. Darathy's interest lies in early mining and railroad history of Colorado. She joins us, recommended by Dick Bright.

John S. Nicholas, Jr., 98 Round Hill Road, Greenwich, Connecticut, is engaged in estate investment management. He is especially interested in the late 19th Century period of the Central City area. His grandfather was a miner in the Central City area from 1885-1905. His father lived for twelve years on Eureka Street, Central City.

Paul D. Riley, Box 101, RCA BMEWS Project, APO 23, New York, New York. Paul's present job is a Communications Leader on the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System near Thule Air Base, Greenland. He has written "Cripple Creek Letters," Colorado Magazine, October, 1957; and the "Diary of Amos Billingsley," Colorado Magazine,

October, 1963; as well as several newspaper items. He is interested in the homesteading and ranching days of the west, especially southwestern Nebraska. Right now he is researching a history of Wm. J. McGillin and the Harlem Cattle Co., J4 brand, that was headquartered in S.W. Nebraska in 1877-1900 and had ranges in Colorado in 1884, and Montana in 1886. He is recommended by Agnes Wright Spring and Arthur Carmody, Trenton, Nebraska CMs.

Erika R. Skibbe, 270 Milwaukee, Denver, Colorado 80206. Erika is secretary to the Advertising Director of the Rocky Mountain News. She was a charter member of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado, formed in 1957, and was the program chairman for the first year. She is interested in photography, jeeping, hiking, and ghost towns and is an amateur rockhound. Recommended by Numa James, PM, and Bill Brennehan, PM.

Fred Walker, 1375 Glencoe, Denver, Colorado 80220. Sales Representative for Harper and Row, Publishers, Inc. (Education Division), servicing elementary and secondary schools in Colorado and New Mexico. Recommended by Fred Rosenstock, PM.

David B. Landis, 345 East 57th Street, New York 22, New York. Dave is a lawyer. He and his wife have been members of the New York Posse for a number of years. Recommended by Mr. and Mrs. L. P. McArthur CM of Greeley.

E. S. Kassler, 680 South University Blvd., Denver Colorado 80209. Retired capitalist. Comes by PMs A. J. Bromfield and Fred M. Mozzulla.

J. M. Murphy, 1095 Garrison St., Lakewood Colo. 80215. Is retired from the Ford Motor Co. and presently represents the John E. Wolf Co., Oklahoma City, Okla. What do they do, J.M.? He is interested in the early settling of Colorado and the West in general. Recommended by Les Williams, PM.

Jackson C. Thode, 3261 So. University Blvd., Englewood Colo. Budget Analyst for the Rio Grande Railroad Co. Jack's special interest is railroads. He is a Charter Member and immediate past president of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club. He has been a judge in the Western Federal Savings and Loan Historical Contents, several times. Besides his interest in railroad history, he also pursues photography as a hobby. Recommended by Fred M. Mozzulla and F. B. Rizzari, PMs.

Harold A. Walfinbarger, Jr., 1600 Grant St., Denver, Colorado 80210. An Artist, Illustrator and Art Teacher of his own art classes. He has designed and illustrated, *Matadors of Mexico*; *Charles D. Poston, Sunlight Seer*; the *Denver Posse Westerners Brand Books* for 1948 and 1960, as well as numerous other articles on the West for various magazines, books, etc. Besides being interested in southwestern history, he is an amateur archeologist. Recommended by Dabney O. Collins and Guy M. Herstrom, PMs.

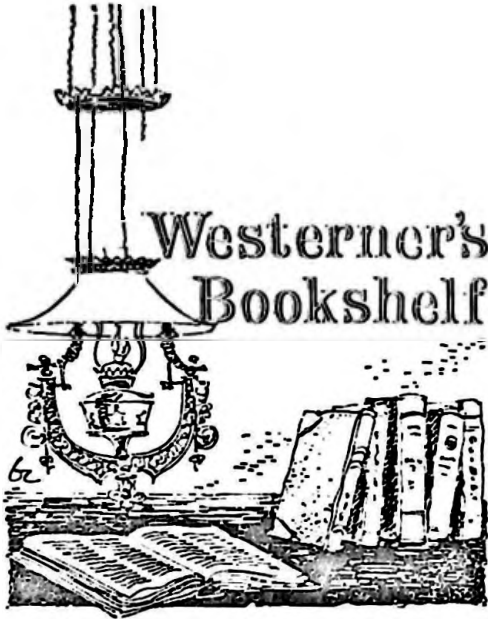
Arizona Pioneer Historical Society, 949 East 2nd St., Tucson, Arizona 85719. We welcome this Society and look forward to seeing more of Arizona material in the ROUNDUP.

Georgina W. Brown (Mrs. Ross E.) Mt. Vernon Country Club, Rt. 3, Golden Colorado. Free lance reporter for the *Jefferson Sentinel*, *Arvada Enterprise*, *KLZ*, *UPI Trade Journal*. Has published articles of Historical interest in the *Sentinel*, *Enterprise* and the *Golden Transcript*. Is a member of Theta Sigma Phi and has been its president; member Colorado Press Women, and public relations for the State of Colorado Civil Defense and Women's activities. She is a native of Leadville, Colo.

Whoops!! Pardon us but our slip is showing. In the Roundup for December, 1963, page 20, we identified Nyle H. Miller, CM as a SHE. Nyle is a man—and don't you forget it.

Reservations for all meetings and dinners—

William D. Powell, Chuck Wrangler
The Westerners
Elk Falls Ranch
Pine, Colorado, Route 1



TALES FROM THE BRUSH COUNTRY, by Bunyan Blackwell. The Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas. \$5.95.

In this neat volume, Author Bunyan Blackwell gives us a top-flight selection of tall tales and fact stories, seven in all. He also gives us an unforgettable picture of the Brush Country of West Texas—beautiful and friendly on one hand; awesome and treacherous on the other.

Of four stories which carry Blackwell's brand, **NO ROAD OUT** will tug at your hearstrings as you **LIVE** with a seven year old boy, lost and alone in the brush wilderness. **SAVED TO BE SHOT** is also on the sober side, the harsh truth and pretty much of a "tear-jerker." But, by contrast, you'll smile over an old favorite yarn by O'Henry, and chuckle when Blackwell tells how a man and a rattlesnake became pals while riding out a flood astride the same log. Finally, as a bonus for us readers, that world famous Texan, Bigfoot Wallace, spins a tall, tall tale! Heartily recommended.

Stephen Payne, PM

RODEO: LAST FRONTIER OF THE OLD WEST, by Robert West Howard and Oren Arnold, a Signet Book, Published by the New American Library, New York, 1961, 144 pp., illustrated with photographs, 50 cents, paperback.

This little book should be required reading for all tenderfeet before admission to a rodeo, and it makes good and interesting reading for all who are interested in the truly native western and unique American sport, rodeo. With the assistance of the Rodeo Cowboys Association and other experts, including our own unequalled authority Agnes Wright Spring, the two authors have provided a complete short course in rodeo history, techniques, types of events, including biographies of famous rodeo cowboys and horses. Included is an epilogue of cowboys' terms and glossary of rodeo terms. Written with dash and humor, this book can be read for enjoyment and the information the reader incidentally picks up will add to his enjoyment of the next rodeo he attends.

W. H. Van Duzer, CM

NORTHWEST TRAIL BLAZERS, by Helen Addison Howard, 8vo., 418 pp., index, bibliography, illus., color frontispiece by Charles M. Russell. The Caxton Printers, 1963, \$6.00.

This is a hefty volume, which in eight sections, covers sixteen or seventeen men who were the makers of the Pacific Northwest, comprising the states of Montana, Idaho and Washington.

Among the men narrated therein, and they were **MEN**, are Captains Lewis and Clark, David Thompson, Father De Smet, Father Ravelli, Governor Stevens, Conrad Kohrs, cattle king, William Andrews Clark and Marcus Daly, copper kings.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book relates the labors of Father Ravelli, Jesuit missionary, who was physician and surgeon, artist and sculptor, a mechanical genius, ministering angel to pioneers and Indians alike. In 1845 he arrived at St. Mary's mission and there

set up a small grist mill with buhr stones brought from Antwerp, which provided flour for the priests; soon after he constructed a workable sawmill, using five wagon tires for part of the mechanism. The hardships endured seem incredible; mail only once a year, with provisions also taking that long, having to be transported from Fort Vancouver, 800 miles away.

"Con" Kohrs started as an assistant in a butcher shop, working for twenty-five dollars a month, later becoming the main factor in supplying beef for the miners and settlers; in time he owned 30,000 acres of land, herd of registered cattle, and also became a breeder of blooded horses.

William A. Clark, a young school teacher from Iowa and Missouri, where he had taught three terms before twenty-two years of age, came to Colorado in the fall of 1862, working in the quartz mines for \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day compared to his salary of \$50.00 per month in the schools. The next spring he proceeded to Bannack, Idaho Territory, making a stake of \$1,500, which he invested in provisions, hauling them from Salt Lake City to the diggings. A few years later he engaged in banking and

mining, first in silver and then in copper. This brought him fortune, but laid the ground for political and business battles with Marcus Daly, promoter of the Anaconda Copper Company. Clark bought his way into the United States Senate at a cost of over \$400,000 and this stigma hung over him in spite of his wealth, estimated at from eighty to two hundred millions (when income taxes were unheard of).

Marcus Daly, the "father" of Anaconda Copper, worked for the Walker Brothers of Salt Lake City, first as a miner and then inspector. He recommended the mine to them, when it was offered at \$30,000, but they turned it down. Buying it in for himself, he interested George Hearst in the property, who in turn brought in Haggin and Tevis of San Francisco, who had made millions in Utah mines. After amassing a comfortable fortune, he and Clark clashed in various ways, one over the senatorship, also in the selection of the state capital, Daly wanting Anaconda and Clark Helena; with Clark winding up the victor.

A worth-while volume and well documented.

Carl F. Mathews, PM

NEXT MEETING – FEBRUARY 26, 1964

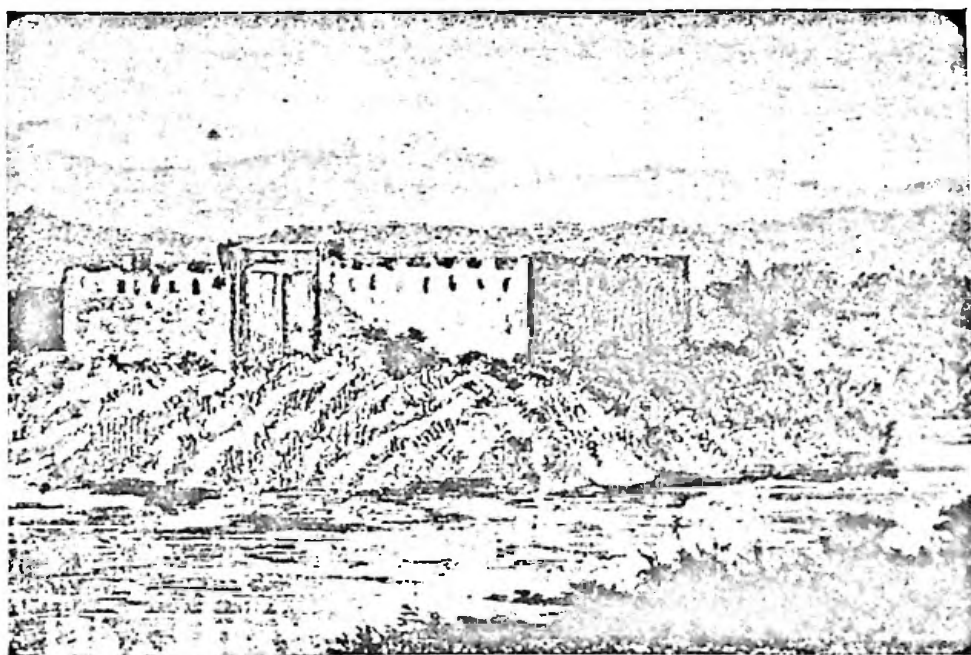
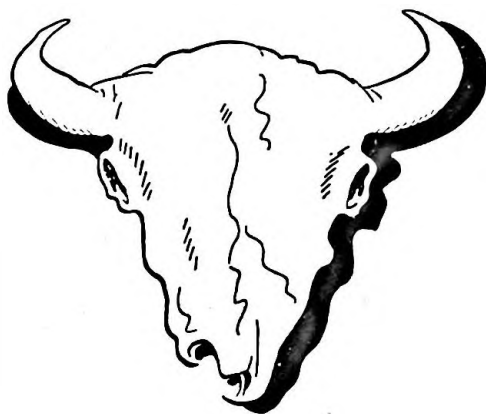
Denver Press Club as usual. HOWARD L. SCAMERHORN, associate professor of history, University of Colorado will read, "The Story of Aviation in Colorado." This is the second program in which the subject was assigned by the executive board. This is the last program arranged by outgoing Program Chairman, Forbes Parkhill. Our thanks to you, Forbes.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

FEBRUARY
1964
Volume XX
Number 2

IN THIS ISSUE—

Oliver Perry Wiggins—
Fantastic—Bombastic—Frontiersman
by Lorene & Kenny Englert



OLD FORT PUEBLO, circa 1830



The Denver Westerners Monthly



ROUNDUP

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LORENE ENGLERT is the wife of PM Kenny Englert. Both are avid historians and their collection of Western artifacts is legendary. Lorene received her B.A. degree at Randolph-Macon College in Virginia, and her Master of Arts degree at Colorado College. She taught in Mexico and attended college in the City of Mexico. She also has done graduate work at the University of Colorado, and during the war was the first woman to attend the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena.

Lorene and Kenny are members of the Ghost Town of Colorado Springs, the State Historical Society, and the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region. They have read many papers to these various groups. Kenny is past President of the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region, and has just been elected its president again for 1964. He is also Deputy Sheriff of the Denver Posse for the coming year.

They have three children, Kendra, Steve and Holly. Kendra has won honors in the Essay contests conducted by the State Historical Society.

The story of Oliver P. Wiggins, was presented at the December meeting of the Posse. The Englerts have as many pages of footnotes as there is of the text. Because of the length of these notes, we were unable to print this in the January Roundup. I have cut these considerably for this issue, but if there are any doubts as to statements in the text, they can be authenticated. Ed.

OLIVER PERRY WIGGINS

Fantastic—Bombastic—Frontiersman

by Lorene and Kenny Englert
(all rights reserved)

Twenty years ago, with little writing experience, I would probably have started this paper in the following dull manner: "Oliver Perry Wiggins was born at Grand Island, near Niagara Falls, on July 23, 1823, and died in Denver, Colorado, on November 30, 1913."

Ten years later, having been privileged to study Professor Francis W. Cragin's¹ notes on Mr. Wiggins, I would have opened with the following dramatic blow-up: "Oliver Perry Wiggins was one of our country's greatest frontiersmen! He knew everyone west of the Mississippi worth his salt pork. He 'counted coups' with those who galivanted around the buffalo wallows, trapped the beaver ponds, or engaged in Indian skirmishes." I would have told you then: "He was a confidante of Kit Carson and was his constant side-kick for twelve years. He was closely associated with Lupton, Bridger, Baker, Beckwourth, Fitzpatrick, the Bents, the St. Vrans, Sublette, Wooten, Meek, Goodale, Bill Williams and others no less notable."

I'm sure that ten years ago I would have been proud to boast: "Oliver Perry Wiggins was one of the guides who led Fremont on his first and second expeditions. It was he who brought the first Mormons to their present location, and he was the leader of the first wagon train to the rich gold fields of California." Ten years ago I would have crowed: "He fought valiantly with the Texas Rangers at Monterey and participated nobly in the Civil War."² I would also have told you that he was one of the founders of Denver and built the first house in that city." But now, ten years later, knowing less than I did twenty years ago, but with my eyes open wide, I wish to start with the following statement: "Oliver Perry Wiggins was one of the biggest damned liars that ever straddled a horse or ate beaver tail."

Maybe you think Charles Christy and Captain Wm. Drannan stretched the truth, but their elastic imaginations didn't outdo Mr. Wiggins's flexible mind. Some of Drannan's pseudo-experiences parallel the alleged adventures of Oliver Wiggins. Both started west when fifteen years of age. Both met Kit Carson and he took each one under his buckskin. Both stayed close to the great man for twelve years. Both went with the scout on his last hunting expedition, although Drannan, according to his second book³ was in Texas at the time, and Wiggins, in

¹Cragin Collection, El Paso County Pioneer's Museum, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

²A letter dated October 8, 1963 from the National Archives states, "No record of military service was found for Oliver P. or O. P. Wiggins during the Mexican or Civil war."

³Drannan, *Chief of Scouts*, *op cit*.

least three different accounts, places the hunting trip in three different places. here should have been a period of three overlapping years (1847-1850) when Drannan and Wiggins would both be with Carson, but neither of these bull-lingers mentioned the other. Although both men conjured up fantastic episodes in which they were the heroes, there was one great difference between them. Drannan didn't bamboozle the historians. Mr. Wiggins on the other hand, not only fooled them, he took them hammer, trigger, and target. This paper has been written to show how this faker outwitted historians.

At the turn of the century our old codger had outlived most of his contemporaries, so when he recounted the tarradiddles about what happened fifty or sixty years before, there was nobody left to call his bluff. He first mentioned his 'coups' to his friends, then impressed by his own importance, he told them to reporters. Finally he advanced to the ultimate goal, he repeated them to open-mouthed historians. From 1887 on, he gave out about forty interviews.

There must have been something about Wiggins that inspired belief and admiration, because people who should have known better treated his incredible stories with the greatest respect. Maybe it was his tall soldierly bearing, perhaps it was his bright blue eyes. Whatever it was, it couldn't excuse the tall tales he told. This would not concern us but for the fact that several of our very finest historians, Edwin L. Sabin among them, used material furnished by Wiggins, and apparently found nothing wrong with it.⁴

Let's examine one of Oliver Perry Wiggins's imaginary experiences. Wiggins sketched the picture; the reporter gave it literary color. This episode supposedly took place in October, 1839, at the foot of Pikes Peak, where the town of Manitou Springs now plays host to summer visitors. We are informed that a vast tepee village of all Indian Nations had been pitched, and that no blood could flow while these tribes were at the sacred medicine springs of Manitou. And now to quote the article:

Far up the valley and along the Ute Pass were the austere Utes, the 'Four Hundred' [elite] of the redskins . . . Further down the valley were the camps of the Cheyennes, the Arapahoes, the Sioux, the Kiowas, the Pueblos, the Navajoes, the Apaches and the Comanches, and many small or sectional tribes.

The article continues:

. . . aloof from the camp of the red men was a smaller group of tents, the property of none other than Kit Carson and his trappers. [Wiggins was one of this band.]

According to Wiggins's imaginative mind, this powwow continued for two weeks; to quote the article again:

the most interesting part was the wooing and internmarriage of the younger braves and squaws. . . . to the romantic young redskins the garden, [of the Gods] was a place for love making and seeking of mates. Each morning the

⁴Edwin L. Sabin, *Kit Carson Days*, Chicago 1914.

young squaws and braves, sons and daughters of tribes that in other times were deadly enemies, wandered away among the fantastic rocks and stone gods, and spent the day. . . . When nightfall arrived the young people, filled with the glory of love, and knowing nothing but the mates at their sides, returned to the camps, and preliminaries for the weddings were arranged. . . .

Mr P. Wiggins added the following preposterous statements:

I remember that one day at sunrise, fully eight hundred young squaws and bucks started up Pike's Peak afoot. (Now mind you this was October and it would have been freezing cold on the Peak.) They were gone two days and poor Father Machauf, (Sic) (a Catholic missionary who lived among the tribes) was a much overworked man as a result. [Trying to get them all married.]

Now if you can swallow that malarkey I have some enlightening information for you. According to the records Father Machebeuf was not even in this part of the country in 1839. He was in Ohio, and didn't come west until 1850. His biographer, Father Howlett, didn't publish his book, *Life of the Right Reverend Joseph P. Machebeuf* until 1908, too late to do Wiggins any good. In the second place, Kit Carson by his own admission, had not been in the Taos or Colorado country for several years preceding this, and did not return to this vicinity until 1841. But to cinch the whole horse, E. Willard Smith talked to Kit Carson on October 2, 1839 at Fort Davy Crockett in Brown's Hole, when Kit was supposed to be cavorting with the Indians at Manitou.⁵

Oliver Perry Wiggins was well versed in all the phases of western history, and some of his descriptions would have fooled anybody. Unfortunately, they were accepted by Edwin L. Sabin, and have been used since 1914 by almost every Carson historian. Sabin's specialty was Carson, and so was Oliver Wiggins's. It was a good specialty for Wiggins, because at the turn of the century no scholarly biography had been written about the frontiersman. Dewitt Peters', *The Life and Adventures of Kit Carson, the Nestor of the Rocky Mountains*, a rip-snortin book published in 1858, was the 'Bible' for later historians. It was not until 1926 that Blanche Grant edited and published Carson's own unadorned autobiography,⁶ and this, like Howlett's book on Father Machebeuf, was too late to do Wiggins any good.

The old man loved to tell how he met Kit Carson. In fact he blabbed it to at least ten different writers. The gist of the story is as follows. When young Wiggins arrived on the west bank of the Mississippi river he saw a group of freighters who were ready to set out on the long journey to Santa Fe. He hired out as a bull-whacker, and soon found himself on the prairies with a caravan of wagons, each drawn by five to ten yoke of oxen. Day after day dragged along and the youth was getting tired of driving sore-footed cattle. Sudden things were enlivened by the appearance of Kit Carson with his band of 100 doubtful rangers, who were to guard the train through the dangerous district.

⁵With *Fur Traders in Colorado, 1839-40. The Journal of E. Willard Smith*, LeRoy Hafen, Colorado Magazine, Vol. 27 No. 3, p. 175.

⁶Blanch C. Grant (Ed.), *Kit Carson's Own Story of His Life*, Taos, New Mexico, 1926.

infested by hostile Kiowas. Naturally there had to be a bang up, shoot'em up, Indian fight, and this took place within a few days. That fight was the turning point in the life of our young Oliver, and he decided he'd join the rough-riding band. When Carson's group left the caravan the lad rode into Taos with them.

Now let's analyze this oft-repeated story. Question number one, When did Wiggins come West? Question number two, How many wagons were in the caravan? Question number three, Where did Kit meet the caravan? Question number four, How many were killed in the fight between Carson's men and the Kiowas?

Question number one—When did Wiggins come West? He told one writer it was in 1835, and added that he was fifteen years old and was born August 19, 1820. He informed two penpushers that the year was 1837, and he gave the date of 1838 to six writers. He added in one account that he was seventeen years of age and was born in 1821. Take your pick! I might accept a birth date of July 23, 1823, but I won't buy the fact that he came west in any of these years he mentioned.

Now, let's analyze question number two—How many wagons were in the caravan? He told Edwin Sabin there were "fifty-two"; to another writer he said "one hundred thirty", he stated to Eugene Parsons that there were "one hundred and eighty." I guess if Wiggins could keep raising the ante, there was no valid reason for Mrs. Blackwelder, in her new Carson book, not to do likewise. She upped the caravan to nearly two hundred wagons.

Now to question number three—Where did Kit meet the caravan? Some accounts say at the crossing of the Arkansas in Kansas; some say at Bent's Fort in southeastern Colorado, while another states that it was in the northeast corner of New Mexico. This alone, having the meeting place in three different states, should be proof, that every statement of Wiggins, is subject to investigation.

Question number four is—How many were killed in the fight between Kit's men and the Kiowas? Many writers don't say, but one mentions two whites and twelve Indians. Another says one white and one hundred redskins.

It is of very little importance to history where Wiggins met Carson, or whether or not there was an Indian attack. It is, however, very important that the following questions be answered. Question number one, How does the year 1838, placing Carson in the Arkansas Valley and Taos country, affect history? Question number two, Did Carson, as Wiggins stated, ever have a band of men? Question number three, How could anyone believe anything Wiggins said after reading his absurd description of Taos?

Let's be scholarly and start with question number one—How does the year 1838, placing Carson in the Arkansas Valley and Taos country, affect history?

In 1858 Dewitt Peters put out the misinformation that Carson had been a hunter for Bent's Fort for eight consecutive years. He intimated that this was between the years of 1834-1842. Other early Carson biographers, such as Abbott, Burdett, and Grinnell, followed Peters's lead and repeated this lie.

Finally the renowned Edwin L. Sabin jumped into the act. He knew that between the years 1833-1841, Carson had been seen in the northwest, by such people as the Rev. Samuel Parker, Sir William Drummond Stewart, Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman, Osborne Russell, Joseph Meek, and Father de Smet, just to name a few. He knew he couldn't justify the "eight year" bit, so, with the help of the bogus Wiggins, he came up with the following:

Oliver Wiggins again is authority for the statement that to supply meat for Bent's Fort required only two big Buffalo hunts a year. . . . I am inclined to the opinion that this huntership at the post comprised four years, 1838-1842, of two seasons each, rather than eight straight years from 1834 on.

Now what was the result of Sabin's erroneous reasoning? It was this; since 1914, when Sabin's book replaced Peters's as the authority on Carson, almost every historian has stated that Kit was hunter for Bent's Fort for "four Years". If Wiggins hadn't been in the plot to muddy the waters of history, chances are that Sabin would have stated correctly that Carson didn't come to, or back to, Bent's Fort until 1841.⁷ The continual repetition of an error does not make it a fact.

However, one good thing emerged from these distortions. It is this. Anyone who ever claimed to be at Bent's Fort with Carson, during any of these years, can be looked upon with suspicion. Captain James Hobbs, who, like Wiggins, has been widely quoted, stated that he saw Carson in 1837 and again in 1839 on the Arkansas River. You can find Hobbs's boots thumping and stomping over most books that relate to Bent's Fort or to Carson. Although I have not, as yet, investigated Hobbs thoroughly, I feel that in some respects, he should ease over gently and lie next to Wiggins. Then they could both lie and lie!

Question number two is—Did Carson, as Wiggins insisted, ever have a band of men? Let's suppose he did.

1st. Peters constantly refers to "Kit and his men." This is only natural, because Peters wanted to give to Carson all the importance and glory he could. Every single biographer that followed Peters and wrote about Carson, spoke of "his band," or "his men."

2nd. Every pseudo-frontiersman who attached himself to Carson, always became a member of his group.

Now let's look at the evidence that Kit didn't have a band of men.

1st. Neighbor Carson, Fremont, nor George Bent ever mentioned any followers Carson might have had.

2nd. Carson couldn't afford this luxury. He made one dollar a day during the time he worked at Bent's Fort, and only \$100.00 per month while he was with Fremont. Kit admitted that at rendezvous:

we [trappers] passed the time gloriously, spending our money freely never thinking that our lives were risked in gaining it. Our only idea was to get rid of the dross as soon as possible. . . . Trappers and sailors are similar in regard to the money that they earn so dearly.⁸

⁷*Ibid.*
⁸*Ibid.*

3rd. Carson was just one of the mountain boys until 1845 when he received national recognition through Fremont's report of his first and second expeditions.

And now to the fourth and last question. How could anyone believe anything Wiggins said after reading his absurd description of Taos? This is what our old friend related:

Taos [was] the town founded in New Mexico by Carson. . . . I found the town composed of the large hewn log cabin of the Carson family; a number of adobe huts where lived the trappers and scouts of Carson's little army, and innumerable sheds and stables where were gathered the live stock of the community.

Edwin Sabin was aware that Wiggins had made these farfetched statements, but he did not include them in his book. Probably Sabin knew about another Taos, one that had been founded about three hundred years ago.

Shortly after Wiggins joined Carson, the frontiersman allegedly gave him a Golcher and Butler gun. Janet le Compte wrote the following about this weapon:

It was some years ago that Wiggins parted with this gun, and since then it has been displayed like a crown jewel in a glass case, first in the Capitol and then in the Colorado State Museum, at Denver. Every year it is gawked at by thousands of people. You might even say it is Colorado's most famous gun. . . . Paul Rossi, the State Museum's gun man, admits he doubts the gun ever belonged to Kit Carson . . . 'the trouble with this rifle,' says Mr. Rossi, 'is those thirty-six brass tacks you see on the stock. When Wiggins gave this rifle to the museum, he explained that twenty-nine of the brass tacks represented Indians killed by Carson, and the group of seven tacks recorded Indians killed by Wiggins himself. The large tack in Wiggins's group marked the end of an Arapahoe chief.' . . . Mr. Rossi concluded, this gun probably did not belong to Kit Carson, or if it did, Carson was not the one who pounded brass tacks into the stock. The logical man for that piece of carpentry . . . would have been Oliver P. Wiggins.

Wiggins told three visionary stories about how he got this gun. Number one. One day young Oliver shot twenty rabbits. Thirteen of them were slugged through the head; seven through the body. *The latter he threw away.* When he returned to Carson's house that night, one of the trappers called out to Kit: "He's got thirteen rabbits and every one shot through the head." "Did you do that?", asked Carson. "Yes, sir," replied the youth. "You see it spoils them for cooking to shoot them through the body." Carson was impressed and promoted young Wiggins from herder to hunter and presented him with the rifle which is in the Colorado State Historical Society.

I'll bet you're thinking those brass tacks were for cottontails and the big one for a snow-shoe rabbit! Well, you're wrong. Here's fable number two. In 1839, a band of Indians filched eighteen mules from a government surveying party. Carson was asked to recover them, but instead he sent Wiggins, his

subaltern, and a few men. In a surprise attack Wiggins and his helpers killed all the redskins and retrieved all the mules. When Wiggins returned to Taos, Carson gave him a percussion rifle, now in the State Historical Society.

Janet le Compte wrote:

The rifle has on its stock 36 brass headed nails, according to Wiggins, 'one of them for Santana, an Indian chief killed at Bent's Fort'. Now, if you think this Santana is the same as the famous Arapahoe chief represented by the big tack, you're mistaken. Santana was a Kiowa and incidentally he was killed in Texas in 1871.

In both of the preceding lies Wiggins got the gun in 1839. Now the truth of the matter is this; the gun, as authorities agree, wasn't manufactured until sometime in the 1850's!⁹ Before 1910 some tattler must have told this to Wiggins, because in the third imaginary version, Parsons states:

Wiggins says 1865 was the worst year for Indians he ever saw, . . . They were committing depredations all over the plains country. [Wiggins stated:] 'I got lots of medals for bravery'. In the Museum is a relic of those awful days. It is a long-barreled rifle with twenty-seven notches for the Indians shot with this weapon by Kit Carson and nine notches for the braves snuffed out by Wiggins.

There is one final word about Oliver and this gun. Chauncey Thomas, referring to a Wiggins article, stated:

Doubtful. Better verify all his claims. I knew him. Some reliable old timers claimed that 'he drew a very long bow'. His 'Kit Carson Rifle' now in the CSHS museum is not genuine and Kit Carson's son (K.C. 2nd) also told me so.

He signed this with his initials, C. T.

Oliver Wiggins not only dug deep in his 'possibles bag' for the yarns about the gun, he also told some whoppers about his trapping experiences. From Edwin Sabin who obtained this material from Wiggins, we quote the following:

[the] Wisdom [River] was found to be virgin ground. At one place the two-foot channel had been dammed and expanded into a shallow pond ten miles wide; from this great collection of lodges the Carson party took 3,000 beaver,

Concerning this same trip, Wiggins told a reporter that instead of a pond ten miles wide:

There was a section of the [Wisdom] River, seventy miles long which had been dammed by the beavers until it had spread five miles wide.

Oliver Wiggins also added that Kit Carson took forty-three men and two-hundred Indians along.

When Wiggins spun this story to Francis Cragin, he omitted the size of the dam, changed the year from 1841 to 1844, and lowered the two-hundred and forty-four trapper brigade to a measly twenty men. Wiggins stated:

⁹Paul Rossi, Colorado State Museum to Janet le Compte.

[the twenty men] had twenty traps apiece. . . . The catch . . . [on the Wisdom River] was larger than any other . . . The trappers averaged 150 skins apiece, which made more than one horse could carry.

At this point the good professor must have been scratching his head and stroking his beard, because, in parenthesis in his notebook, he scribbled the following:

(Each horse was supposed to carry about 100 skins; and of the two horses with which each [of the twenty] trapper[s] was provided, one carried this number of skins while the other bore the remainder [of fifty skins] and the trapper; where were the 20 traps carried?)

We might ask, How were the blankets, guns, grub and camp equipment toted?

Regardless of what year Wiggins gave for this incident the whole thing has no historical importance, since it obviously is a fabrication. The only value it has is to point to the lack of veracity in Wiggins's statements. The old fake regaled all listeners with false, but fascinating stories about how he trapped and hunted with Carson until April of 1842, when Kit packed his bags, took his half-breed Indian daughter by the hand and left for the states.

Wiggins knew that Carson joined Fremont's expedition, while Kit was in the east on this trip. This posed somewhat of a problem; namely, how could Wiggins join the expedition from Taos? For a man with Wiggins's imagination, this was easily solved and he conjured up the idea of having Kit send a runner for him. This would have been an excellent plan, except that Wiggins never could stick to any one story. He was even brassy enough to give three different accounts to one man—Professor Cragin.¹⁰

Wiggins told the Bancroft interviewer that Kit sent two runners to Taos. One of these men contacted Wiggins and told him to employ four French Canadians and meet Kit at Ft. Laramie. The other runner, according to Wiggins, was to contact Kit's wife and tell her about his new employment. This is absolutely absurd since Kit didn't, at this time, have a wife. He had just taken his motherless daughter east.

Our old charlatan told one writer that Kit sent word to Taos, asking that he, Maxwell, Bob Dempsey, Sol Silver and others meet him at Ft. Laramie. This also is sheer poppy-cock, since Fremont had hired Maxwell in the east and he was the hunter of the expedition.¹¹

In still another article we read the following:

At St. Joe, Beckwourth and Mc Gaa were hired as runners. . . . Their instructions were for Carson's men to leave Taos and to meet the Fremont party at Ft. Laramie.

When David Lavender picked up this story, and used it in *Bent's Fort*, it came out even more garbled:

Kit sent two Delaware Indians from Kansas Landing to Taos. They carried word for Sol Silver, Oliver Wiggins, and others of Kit's old crew of rollicking free trappers to meet him near South Pass.

¹⁰Cragin Collection, No. 25, pp. 74 and 88; No. 18, p. 22.

¹¹John C. Fremont, *Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the Year 1842* etc. Washington, 1845.

In this statement we get not only Delaware Indians, but an entirely new rendezvous.

All this hocus-pocus about getting Kit's alleged band of men to meet him at Ft. Laramie, came from the bray of the mule: namely, Oliver Perry Wiggins! None of the early Carson biographers, such as Bigelo, Peters, Abbott, or Burdett mention such goings-on.

Wiggins must have thought this first expedition was a complete bust, because he didn't elaborate on it very much. However, Fremont's second, in 1843, was a different matter. Here Wiggins's ability to confuse, distort, and foul up history was at its zenith. Nevertheless, Edwin Sabin and others believed this twaddle. First of all, Wiggins convinced almost all historians that Kit pledged himself to Fremont after the first expedition. This is pure bunk! Kit bound himself to Fremont after the second, but not after the first.

In order to understand fully how Wiggins twisted the facts about Fremont's second expedition, it is necessary to know part of the real itinerary first. We know from Fremont's Journal that Fremont and part of his company, were travelling up the South Platte River and reached Fort St. Vrain on the 4th of July. On the 6th, Fremont and part of these men left the fort and on the 14th arrived at Pueblo. Carson, who was at Bent's Fort, was advised that Fremont was only about seventy-five miles away, and Kit decided to ride over and see him. Fremont asked Carson to join the expedition and Kit accepted the employment. Fremont started north from the Arkansas on the 16th. Kit returned to Bent's Fort, procured mules for the outfit, and met Fremont at Fort St. Vrain on the 23rd. These are the facts.

Now here's where Wiggins loused up Sabin, and Sabin in turn, contaminated other writers. Sabin knew that Fremont was at Fort St. Vrain on July 4th, and that he went down to the Arkansas and met Carson at the site of Pueblo, because he stated this in his book.¹² Yet he quoted Wiggins's ridiculous story about Carson being in the group that celebrated the fourth at the (Bent's) fort. The essence of this fable is this: Fremont's men and Carson's band were boozing it up in honor of the day. Suddenly Wiggins got in a fight with one of Fremont's men, and to quote Mr. Wiggins from Sabin's book:

Pat thought he was physically capable of making me submit to his orders, but when I went into the fort I asked them to send a wagon out after the sergeant. [Because I'd beaten him up.]

According to Wiggins there was a sharp scene between Fremont and Carson over this affair, but Kit was firm and Fremont backed down. The latter instructed his men to keep out of trouble. The only reason I can give for such outlandish historical recording, is that Sabin must have been mesmerized by Wiggins's spurious statements.

Again it is necessary to know Fremont's next route in order to understand how wily Wiggins, again mangled the truth. At Fort St. Vrain Fremont split his party into two groups. One section he placed under the command of Fitzpatrick, with instructions to proceed north to Fort Laramie and then west

¹²Sabin, 1914, *op. cit.* 220-221.

toward the Snake River. The other group, under the command of Lt. Fremont, with Kit Carson as the guide, proceeded up through the Laramie Plains, down the Sweetwater, and met the Fitzpatrick party near Fort Hall, in Idaho. From there, Fremont followed the Snake River, crossed the northeastern corner of Oregon, and reached the Columbia River. Again, these are the facts.

None of this authentic setup appealed to Wiggins. He didn't like the guides and he didn't approve of the route. So this is what he did. He kicked Fitzpatrick out of the expedition, replaced Carson with himself, and marched Fremont and the exploring party to the Sawtooth Range in southwestern Utah! The reason Wiggins led this pilgrimage was, according to himself:

[I] knew that part of the country much better than did Carson. . . . [I] had been over the trail many times, had hunted and trapped in the foothills and knew every foot of the country . . . [I] was an indispensable man to Fremont.

Wiggins didn't think much of the "Pathfinder" because he said, "Fremont was a great novel reader, and I believe he got many of his curious ideas from them." The reference to novel reading might give us a clue as to where Wiggins obtained many of his fantastic fables.

Not only did Wiggins lead Fremont down the shadowy Sawtooth trail, but he also led an elusive group of Mormons to Utah in 1846. These men were supposedly to explore around the Great Salt Lake for Brigham Young. In May of that year Wiggins set out like Don Quixote. He was followed by Jim Beckwourth, six Mormon pioneers and two Mormon cooks. When they reached the Great Basin, the mountain men fished and hunted; the Mormons made daily excursions and, according to Wiggins "kept copious notes." The cooks continued to serve up lousy grub, and this was more than Wiggins could stomach. He had naturally, a solution. Jim Beckwourth, who as Wiggins put it, "was way up in roasting or frying" took over the culinary department. The Mormon pilgrims, according to Wiggins, were enthusiastic and returned east with a glowing report for Brigham Young.

Let's ask a couple of questions about Wiggins's pipedream. Question number one—Where was Beckwourth at this time? Well, he was horsing around and stealing mounts either for himself, or for General Kearney.¹³

Question number two—Did any historian ever pick up this tale and pass it on to other writers? The answer is yes—Coutant did in his *History of Wyoming*.

When we analyze other lies that Wiggins wrote to Coutant, we wonder how that historian ever used any Wiggins material at all. For instance, our old boy told Coutant that Carson came west in 1832; actually the year was 1826. Wiggins gave Coutant a long string of very early pioneers but, as far as I know, history doesn't repeat any of their names. Have you ever heard of Outwine de Bleury, Ike Chamberlain, Napolcon Beauvaise, Napolcon de Frances, or Father Mc Baupe?

Wiggins threw Coutant a curve, but the old faker didn't get to first base with Bernard de Voto. De Voto, in his book, *The Year of Decision: 1846*, wrote:

¹³James P. Beckwourth, *The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth*, New York, 1856.

No one of the six Mormons whom Wiggins names as composing the party can be identified in any of the Mormon roles open to me, . . . and various students who have access to the Church library are unable to identify them there. The same students assure me there is no allusion of any kind to such an exploration in any of the records of the Church. The idea must be dismissed as speculation.

De Voto calls it "speculation," I call it "hallucination."

An *important* and *true* event did happen during September of this year 1846. It was the Battle of Monterey in Old Mexico.¹⁴ Wiggins wanted desperately to participate in this, but he was galivanting around with the Mormons. But as usual he was able to remedy this situation. He simply upped the date of the battle to the following year, 1847!

Wiggins regaled various writers with his deeds of daring in this battle. He never could make up his mind, however, whether he was badly wounded in the hip, the wrist, or the thigh. He boasted how he held a bridge at Monterey against all odds. The only trouble was, the river he mentioned wasn't even close to that town. But, the biggest mistake Wiggins made was to tell everyone how Carson's band of men, with Kit leading them into victory in Old Mexico, joined the Texas Rangers. It's true that Carson was at the Battle of Monterey—but Monterey, California!¹⁵

No doubt you have guessed that in the archives of the Texas Rangers there is no record that Wiggins was ever a member; nor has he any military record whatsoever, in Washington. By now it is hoped that you are convinced that Wiggins had an imaginative mind, and could devise and invent almost any situation. But there are *six* things that we actually know about him.

Number one. He was born!

Number two. He crossed the plains. At St. Louis, on April 28, 1850, Perry Wiggins joined the Chalmers party on its way to California. We know that on June 11, 1850, he left the group with the Marshville boys in the vicinity of Scottsbluff, Nebraska. This is mentioned in the "Journal of Robert Chalmers."¹⁶

Number three. He was married and had a family. Martha Wardell Wiggins, his wife, died on October 16, 1895. Even in death the old four-flusher couldn't let her have the headlines. Her obituary gave her only cursory mention, but went into great detail about Wiggins and his daring deeds.

Number four. There are three official records on him, other than those previously mentioned. First—He was a guide for five days, from November 15, 1863, for Lt. Akin at Post Alkali, because this is recorded in the Quartermaster General's Office. Second—He was a claimant against the government for horses stolen by the Indians in December, 1865. This is in one of the *House Executive Documents*. Third—It is recorded in Washington that he was appointed the first post-master at Byers, Colorado, on February 27, 1873.

¹⁴This battle is mentioned in nearly every account of the War with Mexico.

¹⁵Grant, *op. cit.*

¹⁶Utah Historical Quarterly, Vol. XX, 41.

Number five. His real activities got into the Denver newspapers, now and then, from 1863 on. *The Rocky Mountain News* reported that he was at Bannock Montana on May 12, 1863; he was stage agent at Alkali in 1866; he made a trip to Denver in March of that year. The same paper mentioned him six times during the 1870's. It told how he planted trees at Byers; when he made trips into Denver; the copperhead snake he had for a pet, and that he was on the Credentials Committee of the Republican Territorial Convention in June, 1874. In 1902 the papers were carrying stories about "getting O. P. Wiggins a job, in appreciation of his life." They also stated that he failed to pass the examination for watchman of the Civil Bldg., because he was over "eighty years of age."

Number six. We know he died on November 30, 1913. His death notice is in the Colorado State Archives.

A few years before Wiggins's death, a newspaper article quoted him direct, and it is not amiss to quote it here:

'No, I'm not related to Professor Wiggins, the end-of-the-world chap,' . . . 'and what's more, I'm against comets and all such foolishness.'

'When I was going home on the car Monday night a fat fellow with long hair touched me on the shoulder and said: 'My friend, are you prepared for the end of all things, which is to come this week?'

'Let her come', I said. [he] groaned, and said: 'Oh, how dreadful it is to find white hairs on a reprobate. What an example to the young!'

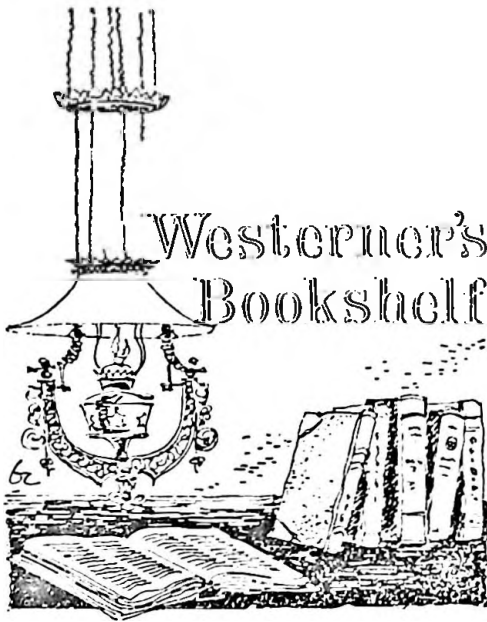
'If you don't stop that grunting', I said, getting mad 'I'll give you something to grunt for.'

['Let her come', I repeated] 'if she busts, my place in the Happy Hunting Grounds is all picked out. There's where I'm going to stop.'

In charity to the old codger, let's assume that fifty years ago he did go to the "Happy Hunting Grounds" and was surrounded by all his favorite cronies. In this eternal rendezvous he must have heard every 'coup' imaginable. Can't you just see Jim Bridger recounting his real experiences with 'Injuns' and 'bars,' while Wiggins, catching Carson's knowing glances, is forced to sit there with his big yap shut? Heaven must be an awful Hell for him! (Since he can't brag to *that* audience.) Yet, I hate to wish him into Purgatory, although there were many times when he so thoroughly confused me that I condemned him to Hell.

Let's just leave well enough alone and close by saying: While he was here on earth his bark was interesting, but to us western historians; his bite proved harmful.





BOY SETTLER IN THE CHEROKEE STRIP, by David Siceloff. Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers. 1964. 249 pp. Illus. by Alfred Dunn. \$4.95.

When the Cherokee Strip was thrown open Sept. 16, 1893, the author's father made the "run" and claimed a homestead. And shortly afterward young Siceloff, along with the family, journeyed from their Belle Plaine, Kan., home as pioneer settlers in the Strip.

"Boy Settler" amounts to one book-length chapter with breathing space provided by sub-heads for the various incidents recounted by the then eight-year-old settler.

It's an interesting book taken from the standpoint of the historic occasion of the Cherokee Strip's opening and that of an on-the-scene observer. But since it relies on the participation (or observation) of a lad of eight or nine, and these memories recorded after a passage of some 70 years, it would seem to be of small historical value in itself.

There is just a faint resemblance to be another "Little Britches" type book.

Whether this was the author's desire or not, it just doesn't come off.

The dust jacket points out the book should be of interest to juvenile readers as well as adults. This may be so but again the widely separated age groups demand different approaches, construction of the book, and summary.

Geo. R. Eichler, P.M.

THE LOOK OF THE WEST, 1860 — ACROSS THE PLAINS TO CALIFORNIA, by Sir Richard Burton. University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1963. Illus., 333 pp., \$1.60.

Sir Richard Francis Burton preceded a number of his fellow countrymen who visited the early American West. Robert C. Athearn, in his *Westward the Briton*, mentions more than 100 English, Irish and Scotch who traveled and observed west of the Missouri River between 1865 and 1900 and left their comments, both complimentary and otherwise. Some of the more noted travelers in this group were James Bryce, the eminent historian, Isabella Bird, who climbed Long's Peak in 1873, and the Earl of Dunraven, whose name is still a dirty word to some of the real, old-timers in our Estes Park.

Sir Richard was perhaps better qualified than many of his followers as an observer and commentator. Originally an army officer by profession he was familiar with Africa and India. He was one of the first Englishmen to visit the Mohammedan holy city of Mecca. Best known for his translation and annotation of *The Arabian Nights* he wrote on many other subjects, including his travels.

The volume here reviewed is a reprint from the author's book, *The City of the Saints and Across the Rocky Mountains to California*, first published in England in 1862. It includes only that portion covering his journey from St. Joseph, Missouri, leaving August 7, 1860, to his arrival in Sacramento, California in early November that year.

This 'Westward Ho' account rates Sir Richard as an observant traveler who

displayed an interest and an intelligent curiosity in all that he saw. His comments on the geography, the flora and fauna and all that he encountered are always to the point. In a brief, introductory description of the area from the Missouri River to old Fort Kearny, Nebraska, he says, "This territory is still possessed by settled Indians, by seminomads and by powerful tribes of equestrian and wandering savages, mixed with a few white men, who as might be expected, excell them in cunning and ferocity."

The narrative begins in St. Joseph. It introduces the fellow travelers and describes the outfit for the overland trip, including the armament. Burton says, "For weapons I carried two revolvers: from the moment of leaving St. Jo to the time of reaching Placerville or Sacramento the pistol should never be absent from a man's right side. . . . nor the bowie-knife from his left." It continues as a day by day account of the journey with pictorial descriptions of the landscape, the animals, the vegetation and road conditions. There are pungent observations on the way-stops, their caretakers and the food (for the most part, not complimentary). There are comments on the advantages of mules over horses, on the price of peltries at 'Laramie City,' on the use of the lasso, on Mormonism, and asides on all else that met the interested eye of this traveler.

In addition, the author includes a brief account of the various tribes of Sioux and the Indians of Utah and the Salt Lake regions. He also comments on the then Federal Indian policy and the part of the Army in implementing it. He has the practical point of view of the military man, ". . . the present policy is the best that can be devised for their extermination."

He is always the perfectionist. If he feels that his description or comment in the narrative does not complete the picture he takes care of the deficiency with a footnote. Here is a most explanatory

one which vividly describes the drinking preferences of the men who drove the wagon train ox teams, "Whiskey is now tested by the distance a man can walk after tasting it. The new liquor, called 'Tangleleg,' is said to be made of diluted alcohol, nitric acid, pepper, and tobacco and will upset a man at a distance of 400 yards from the demijohn."

To complete his account, Burton compiled a log of the trip from entries in his daily diary. It shows the distances between camping places, water, forage and wood facilities, the mail stations where the mules were changed, hours of travel, character of the roads, etc., "on the route along the southern bank of the Platte River from St Joseph, Mo. via Great Salt Lake City to Carson Valley." This makes a most interesting appendix.

The best conclusion to this review is a quotation from our fellow Westerner, Dr. Robert Athearn. His final comment in his foreword to this volume is, "Of his fellow Britons who adventured westward before the advent of rail service, few viewed the scene with a keener or more cosmopolitan eye, and Burton's account is one of the fuller and more interesting." And I say, Amen!

Granville M. Horstmann, CM

WHY THE WEST WAS WILD, by Nyle H. Miller and Joseph W. Snell, Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kans., 685 pp., \$7.95.

Seven Kansas cowtowns, which were the principal shipping centers for Texas trail herds from 1867 until 1885, were studied by the authors to provide material for this book. The authors state: "The world remembers these places chiefly for their extreme violence and for the men who supposedly cleaned them up. Much of what is known of this facet of the West's history has been decidedly slanted, knocked askew by a host of writers who have failed to look into first hand accounts of the actions they were recreating." This material is pre-

sented, they say, "in the hope that some of the misconceptions about cowtowns, and especially about the men who were the law there, can be corrected and knowledge of the Wild West brought into a proper focus."

Studded with names that were to become part of folk history and myth, the characters are put on proper perspective. Men like the flamboyant Wild Bill Hickok and the unimpressive policeman Wyatt Earp (he never was a marshal) are debunked, and men of the caliber of Bearcat Tom Smith, marshal of Abilene (perhaps the greatest Western marshal of them all), and Mike Meagher, the intrepid marshal of Wichita, are given the credit they so justly deserve.

After an introductory chapter, in which the authors give brief histories of the cowtowns studied, and another chapter in which they attempt to explain the motivations of the characters to be studied, they present, in alphabetical order, some sixty short but complete biographies of the individuals involved.

To make this a definitive work, the authors have unearthed all contemporary police references available in the files of the Kansas State Historical Society; delved diligently into the various city and county archives; obtained contemporary newspaper reports wherever available and studied the material in private collections.

Encyclopedic and authentic, the book is particularly valuable as a reference book of this phase of the old West, but valuable, too, to every student of Western Americana.

Armand W. Reeder, PM

CATTLE RAISING ON THE PLAINS, 1900-1961, by John T. Schlebecker. University of Nebraska Press. 328 pp. \$6.00.

This is a particularly well-planned and well-written book on the western cattle industry. This is a book any cattleman would wish to have in his technical library shelves. It is not a book for the

Western History Buff, because it is about the evolution of the cattle raising industry from the days of the open range to the modern day farmer-rancher operations.

The author takes the reader from the days when the cattle were raised on the open range, through the opening of the West by the railroads, through the nester period, through drought, floods, hopper scourges, and the "dust bowl" eras. He tells of the changes in livestock raising along with the changing times; how cattlemen gradually came to depend on government agencies for the help they needed in controlling tick fever, brucellosis, the prairie dog population and in the development of new feeds and other services.

Mr. Schlebecker writes of the problems of the cattlemen with government aid. They wanted to help but not controls. They needed the help the government gave them in the early '30's—through the depression and the dust bowl days; what led to and created the dust bowl agony and how it was finally thwarted by Nature itself. He follows the techniques of the rancher and of the dry-land wheat farmer, showing how each adopted the best of the other's system.

He points out how the cattlemen came to appreciate the advantages of range control, soil conservation, Forest Service control of the high country ranges and other governmental services to which he originally strongly objected. We read how biochemistry in the use of antibiotics, vitamins and hormones, and systematic poisons for worms and insects, all greatly aided the cattlemen in raising more beef per acre.

The boo elaborates on the obvious, that the fortunes of the cattlemen ebb and flow with the economics of the country as a whole. Our plains cattleman is no wa man of world dimensions. His sorghum comes from Africa; his wheat grass from Russia, and so on, down a long list.

The author, Dr. Schlebecker, with de-

grees from Harvard, Wisconsin and Hiram College is the recipient of the E. E. Edwards prize of The Agricultural Historical Society. He is at present on the faculty of Iowa State University and is a renowned authority on his subject.

William D. Powell, PM

NO TIME ON MY HANDS, by Grace Snyder, as told to Nolie Snyder Yost. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1963. 541 pp., 21 photographic illustrations, \$8.95.

In the spring of 1885, Charles McCance moved his wife and three small daughters from Missouri to Custer County, Nebraska, and set up housekeeping in a 12 x 14-foot sod house on a quarter-section homestead. The history of this pioneer family is seen through the eyes of Grace, the second daughter, who was three years old when the family arrived on the high plains. Nearly eighty years later, she tells her story via the pen of her daughter, Nellie Snyder Yost.

Grace became Poppie's boy, and to her fell a son's tasks. From the age of six, she was performing farm chores, such as milking, tending livestock, helping her father in the fields, and through long summer days herding cattle alone on the unfenced fields and open pasture lands, accompanied only by her small dog. A self-reliant, curious, enterprising, enthusiastic child, she dreamed three dreams: She wanted to make the most beautiful quilts in the world, to marry a cowboy, and to look down on the top of a cloud.

The second dream was the first to be fulfilled, improbable as it seemed in a community almost one hundred per cent agricultural. After she had embarked on a teaching career she met a real cowboy, Bert Snyder, and at eighteen married him. Her life continued to be dominated by the daily homely, often fascinating and sometimes harrowing events involved in her own domestic scene.

The dream of looking down on a cloud

seemed the least likely of fulfillment, but in her later years she has been flying from one end of the country to another, often travelling in her own son's airplane to the nearest town or market; and she has lived to witness John Glenn rocketing three times around the world in the space of a forenoon.

The chronicle of her childhood and early married life, like that of most pioneer accounts, is one of poverty, hardship, tragedy, brightened occasionally by simple pleasures and unexpected adventure. Pestilence, disease, cattle troubles, blizzards, sandstorms, prairie fires, hailstorms, floods, deaths, all occurred discouraging frequency, and only dogged determination, strong character, and fortitude enabled her family and their neighbors to survive. But survive they did, and how they did it, is spelled out in terms of high courage.

The fulfillment of her third dream began at the age of seven, when she carried to the fields with her small, hoarded scraps of cloth to be carefully stitched together while she was herding her father's cattle. As the years went by, her quilts became locally and nationally famous, and her exhibition took her on many journeys. Her most famous quilt, a flower basket petit point, required 87,789 pieces, put together in postage stamp sized blocks, each composed of eight tiny triangles of material, a further symbol of her determined and untiring spirit.

The book has something of the rugged quality of Rølvaag's *Giants in the Earth*, particularly in its depiction of the struggle between strong human endurance and the relentless elements. Its 541 pages are filled with incidents, personal and often nostalgic, summed up at the end by the author's warm philosophy: "I couldn't have asked for a more wonderful eighty years to live in . . . and through them all I have been *blessed* by having no time on my hands."

Scott Broome, PM

TRAIL DUST

Please be tolerant with your editor. (You may be IT one day!) But in the New Hands On the Range for January, he forgot to mention that Georgina Brown was recommended by PM Carl Mathews, and that J. M. Murphy had done the technical direction on two documentary motion pictures, "*The American Cowboy*," and "*The Pueblo Boy*." He also is interested in the American Indian and collects artifacts thereof. Trading session now open.

PM Charles Ryland appeared on KOA-TV, channel 4, Scope program, Sunday, February 2. He discussed his fabulous railroad collection. Nice going, Charles.

Sheriff Numa James has received letters of thanks from *Mrs. Alys Freeze* and *Mr. William Marshall*, thanking the Posse for the books placed respectively with the Denver Public Library, Western History Department, and the State Historical Society, in memory of *Posseman Ray Colwell*.

Did you know that the Equitable Building (where *PM Erl Ellis* works during the day) was erected in 1891-92? And that it housed the Executive Offices of the State of Colorado in 1893-94, while the State Capital Building was being completed?

(Editor's Note: *The Miner's Digest* in Cripple Creek, has a column called TREASURE CHEST OF THE WEST. It contains a lot of information. The following items have been gleaned and rewritten from that column.)

SIX BENT BROTHERS

Although William and Charles are the best known, there were four other brothers in this famous family. They

were John, Silas, Robert and George. Charles was born in 1799 and helped found the fur trading business of Bent and St. Vrain. He went to Taos New Mexico to look after that end of the business and was finally elected Governor of the State. He was killed in the Indian uprising of 1847.

Robert and George, along with Charles and William, had worked for the American Fur Co. before organizing their own. William built and managed Bent's Fort on the Arkansas. Robert and George helped him, but both died during the Fort's early years. Silas and John looked after the St. Louis end of the business.

17 COLORADO COUNTIES OVER 100 YEARS OLD.

The Territorial Legislature of 1861, divided the Territory into 17 counties—Huerfano, Pueblo, Fremont, Costilla, Conejos, Lake, El Paso, Park, Summit, Larimer, Weld, Douglas, Arapahoe, Boulder, Clear Creek, Jefferson and Gilpin. These counties, some of them changed greatly in size and shape, are still in existence today.

If any PMs of CMs are interested in the History of Amateur or Private printing presses in Colorado, contact Eileen Keim, 2319 S. Columbine St., Denver Colorado.

The Ghost Town Club of Colorado Springs, the oldest club of its kind in the state, celebrated the 20th Anniversary of its founding at a dinner in the Acacia Hotel, Colorado Springs, on January 24. The club was founded in 1944 by Mrs. Edward L. Kernochan, now a Corresponding member of the Westerners. Charter members of the

club included PM Carl Mathews and our late PM Ray Colwell. Other PMs who are also members are: John J. Lipsey, Les Williams, Erl Ellis, Guy Herstrom, Kenny Englert and Francis Rizzari. CMs LeRoy Ellinwood and Henry Clausen, also belong.

PIXIES PLUCK PIKE'S PLAQUE

The Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region would like to know just "wha hopen" to the 400 pound plaque that was intended to be placed atop Pikes Peak. It is 2 by 3 feet in size and carries a bas-relief portrait of the famous explorer. It was designed in 1956 by John Fettler, Colorado sculptor, on a commission from the Broadmoor. The plaque was turned over to the Manitou and Pikes Peak Cog Railway, to be installed in the new Summit House. Construction delayed the event, and now that the Summit House is almost completed, they started to look for the plaque, but can't find it! So go through your stuff, you collectors, and see what you can find. (Incidentally, Pikes Peak is so-called, because a man by the name of Pike, first took a Peek at it! Ed.)

NINETY years ago this month, the Boston and Colorado smelting works in Black Hawk, shipped a gold bar to Gilman, Son and Co., New York. It

measured about 15 inches long by three inches square and was worth \$12,500. It was the first gold bar shipped from any reduction works in the (then) Colorado Territory.

Had a note from Maurice Frink that his wife Edie, has had an operation for cataracts. Here's wishing you a speedy recovery, Ma'am. Maurice is teaching a class in magazine article writing at CU, and at the same time is writing a book.

Freeman Hubbard, Editor *Railroad Magazine* is looking for information regarding the Indian supply cars that were coupled to railroad trains fifty or sixty years ago, in order to haul supplies to the Indian Tribes. Anyone having information, is asked to write to him, care of *Railroad Magazine*, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, New York.

Our sympathy to PM Don Bloch. His father died suddenly on February 25.

Two authors that should have been included in our list of writers are Muriel Sibelle Wolle, *Montana Pay Dirt*, and Allison Chandler, *Trolleys Through the Countryside*. Mrs. Wolle's book is the story of Mining camps in Montana. It is a big book with 493 pages and 175 of her own illustrations. Allison's book is also a large one. It has 384 pages, with 150 illustrations, and 18 maps. Both were published by PM Alan Swallow.

NEXT MEETING – MARCH 25, 1964

Denver Press Club. Dinner \$3.00. Send reservations to: William D. Powell, 838 18th Street, Denver, Colorado, or call 266-2151, No Later than Tuesday Noon, March 24th. PM Francis Rizzari will give a brief resume of the "RAILROADS of the CRYSTAL RIVER VALLEY," and if time permits, he will show a few slides.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

MARCH
1964
Volume XX
Number 3

IN THIS ISSUE—

The Heroic Age of Aviation in Colorado
by Lee Scamehorn



Buckwalter Photo, Colo. State Historical Society

BALLOON ASCENSION, GEORGETOWN COLORADO. Date unknown.



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Reservations for all meetings and dinners: William D. Powell, P.O. Box 5067, Denver, Colo., 80217. Ph. 266-2151. Dinner \$3.00. Reservations only. (No guests with CMs.)



Our speaker this month, is Lee Scamehorn, Associate Professor of History at the University of Colorado. He received his BA degree from Western Michigan University, and his MA and Ph.D. degrees from the University of Illinois. He has been teaching at the University of Colorado since 1956. He is the author of "Balloons to Jets," a history of aviation in Illinois, published in Chicago, 1957. He has also written and had published, numerous articles on aeronautics and astronautics. He recently completed a 16-week radio show on the History of Flight, and an 18-week show on the History of space and Space Exploration. These were given over station KOA.

Photo by Rob Plummer, CM

THE HEROIC AGE OF AVIATION IN COLORADO, 1910-1918

by Lee Scamehorn

The opening decade of mechanical flight in Colorado was colorful and exciting. The flying machine, a novelty like the spherical balloon and the dirigible, found employment prior to World War I principally in the entertainment industry. Daring pilots, called "birdmen," became the great popularizers of aviation, by performing for the public.

Many were associated, at least at first, with pioneer manufacturers who hoped to create a market for their unusual products. Others built or purchased machines with which they performed locally and regionally, seldom acquiring either fame or fortune. Their contributions to the advancement of aviation have been ignored, while those of the nationally famous pilots have been frequently exaggerated.

Flight began in Colorado almost thirty years before the Wright Brothers flew at Kitty Hawk. In June, 1871, Madame Agnes Lake's Hippo-Olympid and Mammoth Circus, or the "California Circus," opened a three-day stand in Denver. Advertisements proclaimed that this was the "only traveling company that gives a grand free balloon ascension every day."

On the afternoon of the first performance, Bill Anderson, the troupe's acrobat-aeronaut, inflated a hot-air balloon in which he ascended before a large crowd drawn to the grounds in the hope of seeing a man travel through the air. The flight was brief, perhaps even disappointing. It closed with a crash into a yard on Holiday Street, but the pilot emerged unharmed from damaged shrubbery and immediately "solaced himself with a glass of beer."

In the next fifty years ascensions became a part of the American tradition; no Fourth of July celebration, fair, or old soldiers' and settlers' reunion was complete without at least one balloon and a "professor" in spangled tights. The addition of the parachute drop in the 1890's enhanced the act. In fact the craze for thrills led in time to many innovations, some bordering on the ridiculous: multiple ascensions; animal acts in which one or more pets were sometimes fitted with separate chutes; acrobats who rode bicycles, wagons, and even horses as they left the ground beneath a buoyant gas bag.

Many of those unusual stunts were attractions at Denver's famous amusement centers sixty years ago. John Elicth's Zoological Gardens, Manhattan Beach, Lakeside Park, and La Tuileries were favorite stops for itinerant and local aeronauts whose wares served to attract customers to the resorts' varied and entertaining facilities.¹

Outside of the entertainment world the balloon had no commercial value. Without motive power or directional controls, it was always at the mercy of the wind while in the air; and even then its limited gas and ballast permitted only flights of brief duration. Although adopted by scientists as a research tool for exploring the upper atmosphere, a role that has been greatly expanded in the last ten years, the gas-filled aerostat was unsuited for air travel. The dirigible, a motorized balloon, also possessed serious shortcomings.

Experiments with heavier-than-air flying machines commenced as early as the sixteenth century. Two hundred years before the balloon first appeared in France, Leonardo da Vinci, the "universal man" of the Renaissance, built and flew small model helicopters and ornithopters. However, the final achievement of mechanical flight had to await the invention of a light-weight source of power—the internal combustion engine—in the final quarter of the nineteenth century.

Probably the first experiments with winged craft in Colorado occurred in Colorado Springs, where William B. Felts planned an aerial trip from the top of Pike's Peak to some point within the city. A native of Missouri and a world traveler, the inventor moved to the resort community in 1897 to build a flying apparatus.

That summer he designed a giant mechanical bird, or ornithopter, which resembled the South American Condor, whose motion in flight he had reportedly studied with great care. While a local mechanic constructed the "aeroplane," Felts conducted experiments on the summit of the peak to determine the resistance of the atmosphere. In early August, satisfied that conditions warranted a flight, he strapped himself to the bird; after a running start he launched the machine from the roof of the Signal Corps Station. Instead of soaring through the air, pilot and craft dropped almost vertically a distance of twelve feet, crashing on rocks at the base of the building. Felts escaped with only injury to his pride, but the craft was demolished. He quickly departed for an unknown city, perhaps to study again the composition of the atmosphere.

Other Colorado inventors pursued the same objective with much the same results. Jerome B. Blanchard, a Denver laborer, offered a novel scheme which assumed that a vessel could be made to float on air as on water. His flying machine resembled a rowboat fitted with oars and sail,

¹For the growth of the ballooning profession in Colorado, see Howard L. Scamehorn, "The First Fifty Years of Flight in Colorado," *The University of Colorado Studies, History Series*, No. 2 (Boulder, 1961), 102-106.

with wings extending from each side of the hull to support it on the atmosphere. He planned to launch the craft from the top of the hill by running it along a track until manual operation of the oars, aided by wind catching in the sail, gained sufficient momentum for an ascension.

The state's most colorful aeronautical experimenter was George O. L. Davidson, a Scot who came to Denver in 1900 to manage a number of Boulder County mines for English investors. Previously he had inherited a sizeable fortune, reportedly \$50,000, which had been mostly squandered in oil and gold speculations; the remainder was to be consumed in an attempt to build an airplane for intercity travel.

He planned a large airliner, a luxury craft in every respect, to transport passengers at speeds of at least 200 miles per hour between major American cities. The time was near when Colorado residents could board one of his flying machines on a Saturday morning, fly to New York for a play or other entertainment, and return Sunday night, arriving in Denver in time for breakfast the next morning. All of this for a mere ten dollars fare!

Davidson's airplane was to duplicate the action of a bird in flight, substituting for the intermittent and reciprocal action of the wing the rotary movement of mechanics. The design, which he called "simplicity itself," was said to offer the safest and fastest means of long-distance travel; for long journeys it would eventually supplant the railroad just as the steam locomotive had superseded the horse-drawn stagecoach fifty years earlier.

The craft was unusual in that day, weighing nearly ten tons fully loaded, with accommodations for ten passengers or the equivalent in freight. Davidson justified the size on the grounds that "smallness of construction means [in proportion to size] heavy increases in weight and clumsiness." Just as large vessels navigated the Atlantic with greater ease and safety than a twelve-foot launch, a giant flying machine could travel through the atmosphere with greater efficiency and less hazard than a small one.

The airliner combined two motions—lift and forward travel. Horizontal windmills, or lifters, each containing 120 blades and driven by steam turbines located within the body or cabin of the ship, produced up to 30,000 pounds of lift by compressing air under each wing. Simultaneously, the craft was to be inclined at a slight angle so that it constantly slipped forward in response to the pull of gravity. Equilibrium was to be achieved by automatic adjustments on tail planes, while direction was to be controlled by movements of a forward vertical rudder, corresponding to a bird's beak.

The Davidson Flying Machine Company, organized in January, 1907, began construction of the airplane in a special pavilion, or hangar,

behind the inventor's home on Olive Street, in Montclair. The work continued at a rapid rate for almost a year, then ground to a halt as funds were exhausted. Davidson quickly explained the delay; his principal financial backer, Lord Armstrong, head of the British firm of Armstrong-Whitworth & Company, had withdrawn all financial support because of personal reverses abroad.² Davidson appealed to Denverites for aid until he could arrange for the sale of additional stock in England.

Hampered by inadequate funds, Davidson and his staff somehow completed the skeleton of the craft, including the propulsion system. In October, 1907, the giant was wheeled from its workshop and for the first time local residents were permitted to inspect its every detail. In that unfinished state it had cost an estimated \$30,000, and at least one-third that amount was needed to put it in proper condition for a test flight, scheduled sometime the following spring.

Eighteen months' effort reached a climax in May, 1908, when Davidson hoping to arouse local interest in the scheme, ordered a trial of the propulsion units. Unable to purchase two sixty-horse-power White steam engines included in the plans, he had acquired smaller Stanley models and a second-hand boiler guaranteed to withstand a pressure of 1,000 pounds. For a time the system worked as anticipated; the lifters rotated at a maximum speed of fifty-five revolutions per minute, producing, according to the Scot, ample lift for flight. Suddenly a violent explosion shook the craft and shattered windows for several blocks in all directions, sending residents scurrying for shelter from a supposed earthquake.

When the dust and debris finally settled, the airliner was a wreck. The boiler had exploded. Fortunately, Lester O. Parker, Davidson's chief engineer was only slightly injured, but all hopes for an early test flight vanished forever.

For a time the inventor sought funds in Denver to repair the crippled ship. Less than three weeks after the accident he made a final appeal; if funds were not forthcoming he would dismantle the machine and go elsewhere to demonstrate its practicability. "Is there not one wealthy man in the great and beautiful city of Denver," he asked, "who is willing to interest himself in such a great scientific problem as the conquest of the air?" Here was an opportunity for fame and riches; must it be said that on the eve of success Denver turned down the greatest invention of the age?

Unable to continue construction, or to face mounting debts, Davidson fled from Denver. He returned to London, ostensibly to raise funds, leaving behind a heavily mortgaged home, several thousand dollars in unpaid bills, and an invention of questionable merit. More than a year

²Davidson's backer must have been W.H.A.F. Watson-Armstrong, head of Sir W. G. Armstrong-Whitworth & Company, Ltd., manufacturers of heavy ordnance and naval vessels. For additional information on the inventor's financial problems, see *The Denver Republican*, August 17, 1907; *The Denver Post*, May 24, 1908; September 21, 1909.

later his two wealthy sisters paid off all notes, including the mortgage, but Davidson did not return to the city.

The collapse of the Davidson Flying Machine Company ended the initial period of aeronautical experimentation in Colorado. Until that time (1909), efforts had been largely misdirected. The Scottish inventor is a good example; his extensive labors produced nothing of value simply because of faulty principles. Without delving into the technical aspects of his design, it is perhaps sufficient to point out that he tried to combine the fixed-wing and helicopter designs, without understanding the essential problems of either. However, in an indirect manner Davidson had a far-reaching influence on the infant aviation industry, for he gave to Alliott Verdon-Roe, the founder of Britain's famous Avro Company, his first employment in aeronautical engineering.

Local interest in mechanical flight reached a new height in the summer of 1909, when *The Denver Post* offered prizes totalling \$10,000 for demonstrations within a six-month period. All competing machines had to carry, in addition to the pilot, one passenger, fuel for a trip of not less than 125 miles, and reach a maximum speed of forty miles per hour. Those rules, according to the sponsor, were similar to the ones under which the U. S. Army Signal Corps hoped to complete tests of a Wright biplane that summer.

The prize money was divided into two equal parts, one each for two round-trip flights to or from Denver. The first was open to contestants from the United States, and abroad, and had to cover a distance of forty miles. The second, over a twenty-mile course, was restricted to Colorado and other Western fliers and builders of airplanes. The Mt. Morrison Railway Company posted an additional \$5,000 for an aerial trip from Denver to the summit of Morrison Peak.

Eight builders, including six from Colorado, entered the contest, and invitations were sent to leading American and foreign fliers. The failure of even one to try for the money reveals a great deal about the status of aviation at that time. The task of constructing and operating airworthy machines was obviously still too much for local inventors; and successful manufacturers, in this country and abroad, did not have to travel to Denver to earn honors or cash awards.

The first airplane flight occurred in February, 1910, more than a month after *The Denver Post's* contest ended. Louis Paulhan, the "demon of the skies," made a series of ascensions from the infield of Overland Park, Denver's famous race course. The demonstration, although impressive, might have disappointed local fans had they known of the Frenchman's achievements in his own country, or at the recent aviation meet in Los Angeles. In fact, only one of his six aerial trips lasted more than a few minutes, and he failed to fly to Colorado Springs, or to circle Pike's

Peak, as his press agent seemingly promised. However, he showed that mechanical flight was not a hoax perpetrated by Eastern newspapers.

Exhibitions, although designed to exploit public interest in the airplane for a profit, provided local aviation enthusiasts with valuable insights into the technical aspects of flight. The Wright and Curtiss biplanes, widely used in demonstrations for several years, served as models for inventors throughout Colorado. Within a short time home-made copies were competing with the Eastern products throughout the West.

Also, exhibitions offered the only chance for the operation of airplanes at a profit. A growing number of manufacturers discovered that there was no market, either civil or military, for their product, at least not in the modern sense of the word. Men who hoped to take up aviation as an occupation, either by building or operating flying machines, had to become showmen.

Long a dream associated with crack-pots and eccentrics, the flying machine quite naturally became an object of almost universal curiosity. Charles F. Willard, an aviator trained by Curtiss, saw the possibility of exhibitions as early as 1909; after Tom Baldwin, a veteran balloonist, assured him that the scheme was practical, he booked a series of engagements in large cities in the East. Curtiss also performed publicly that year to produce revenues for his Hammondsport, New York, factory.

Exhibitions were, familiar sights throughout Colorado until America's entrance into World War I absorbed all professional airmen. Most of the early "birdmen" came from outside the state; some of them were initially associated with the country's leading manufacturers. The Wright Company, for example, formed a team of famous pilots, including Walter Brookins, Arch Hoxsey, Ralph Johnstone, Philip O. Parmalee, and Clifford Turpin, directed by A. Roy Knabenshue, a veteran aeronaut.³ The Curtiss Aeroplane Company organized a rival group of skilled airmen, which included J. C. Mars, Hugh A. Robinson, Charles F. Walsh, and the incomparable Lincoln Beachey, managed by Jerome Fanciulli, a former newspaperman. A competitive spirit developed between the two troupes, in part the outgrowth of a prolonged legal battle over the Wrights' charge that Curtiss infringed their basic patents covering airplane controls.

Many so-called exhibition companies appeared in 1910 because the demand for public demonstrations exceeded the supply of aircraft and fliers, but the Wright and Curtiss companies dominated the new industry that year and the next with their technically superior machines and trained personnel. Most of the engagements in Colorado by little-known or unknown fliers were disappointing in that early period of mechanical flight.

In September, 1910, the directors of the State Fair brought two St.

³A brief account of the Wright Exhibition Company is in Fred C. Kelly, *The Wright Brothers* (New York, c. 1950), 272-281; Howard L. Scamehorn, *Balloons to Jets* (Chicago, 1957), 57-61.

Louis aviators to Pueblo as substitutes for horse racing, the traditional highlight of the annual event which had been dropped because of agitation by the Pueblo Ministerial Association. Hillery Beachey and Howard Gill, the latter a novice, agreed to make flights in two Curtiss-type biplanes over a three-day period. Beachey failed to get off the ground, blaming Colorado's thin air; he received nothing for his effort and had to absorb the transportation costs. Gill received only token payment for a heroic exertion on the final day of the aviation meet. After running across the infield of the race track he coaxed the smaller of Beachey's machines into the air, rising to a height of almost fifteen feet for a distance of 200 yards before a gust sent him crashing to the turf. The ship was demolished, but the pilot escaped without serious injuries. After leaving Pueblo both men became accomplished airmen; Gill enrolled in the Wrights' Dayton school the following spring and later joined their famous exhibition troupe.

Six weeks after the Pueblo fiasco, Brookins, Hoxsey, and Johnstone staged an outstanding demonstration of heavier-than-air flight at Overland Park. In three days they fully revealed both the potential of their airplane and the hazard of air travel.

The initial performance, on November 17, attracted 25,000 spectators who watched breathlessly as the trio maneuvered across the sky, darting and swooping, occasionally diving toward the stand to the delight of the throng on the ground. Near the close of the performance Johnstone went off on a short trip away from the park, leaving Hoxsey, who was then in the air, to entertain the crowd; on returning a few minutes later he started a spiral glide, the trade-mark of the professional pilot. At a height of 500 feet the biplane fluttered momentarily, turned over, and plunged to the ground, killing the pilot. Brookins accompanied Johnstone's remains to Kansas City while Hoxsey completed the final two days alone; six weeks later he was the victim of a similar accident at Los Angeles.

The Wright Company returned in August, 1911, when Philip O. Parmalee and Clifford Turpin provided a dazzling display of flight during Colorado Springs' fortieth birthday celebration. On two consecutive days they flew from Roswell Park displaying skill and daring. On the second day Parmalee added an extra thrill by skimming over the beautiful Garden of the Gods, defying whirling air currents which sucked the speeding biplane dangerously close to the rugged terrain. Later on the same day, after crossing the foothills below Pike's Peak, he vowed someday to fly over that lofty mountain. It was a promise he did not keep. Less than a year later, he was killed while filling an engagement in North Yakima, Washington.

The Curtiss Exhibition Company largely ignored Colorado, perhaps because the Wright firm preempted both Denver and Colorado Springs.

J. C. Mars, one of the original Curtiss team members, did appear at Overland Park in November, 1910, in conjunction with demonstrations by Brookins, Hoxsey, and Johnstone, but failed to get his biplane into the air. The next year Hugh A. Robinson scheduled a four-day show in Glenwood Springs, which was suspended after a single flight. Robinson's first ascension indicated that his machine was incapable of performing properly at that altitude. After rising to a height of twenty feet, he decided on a quick landing; at that point he lost control and flew into a fence post.

When profits declined, reflecting the number of fliers drawn into the industry by the prospect of fame and riches, many of the exhibition companies turned to manufacturing. The Wrights disbanded their team at the close of the 1911 season; Curtiss filled only a few engagements the following year. Only one of the larger enterprises—the Moissant International Flyers—worked the circuit in 1912, then it also disappeared.

With the end of large exhibition teams many of the great names in American aviation disappeared from daily headlines, finding less glamorous positions in manufacturing and related enterprises. By that time flying had lost much of its appeal, to say nothing of monetary reward. Great risks, reflected in an alarming death-rate, also influenced many to abandon the fame. The hazards arose in a large measure from the absence of adequate flying fields. One pilot observed: "One of the paradoxes of flying is that the half-mile [race] track looks about the size of a postal card and the white fence posts around it seem as big as the Washington Monument." Perhaps it is fair to say that after 1911, the rewards were seldom commensurate with the dangers involved in public demonstrations.

One famous flier who remained active for several years was Lincoln Beachey, by almost everybody's choice the outstanding figure in the annals of early American aviation. Like many of his contemporaries, Beachey was a veteran aeronaut at the time flying machines captured the public imagination. In 1910, he enrolled in Curtiss' flying school at Hammondsport, and would not have graduated as a pilot had the pioneer manufacturer had his way. Beachey described his relations with Curtiss in 1914:

"It took a full year to induce Glenn Curtiss to give me a chance in the air. I tracked him from city to city and forced him to take me as a pupil to get rid of me. I smashed two machines in two weeks and he called me aside and told me I was not cut out for a flyer and that he was through with me. But I had a contract with him and made him give me another machine. It was never smashed.

"Then I became filled with a desire to outfly every other man in the game. I investigated the much-talked-of air pockets, vortexes, and other 'alibis' so dear to the heart of the novice flyer. I soon found out there 'was no such animal.'

"I kept at my investigation until I had performed most of the feats known to aviation and kept on inventing new ones. . . ."

Beachey became a living legend; his antics made him the darling of the public and the envy of fellow airmen. His aerial acrobatics, unequalled by other Americans at that time, became the occasion for numerous stories. One, for example, told of an engagement where Beachey's "sky waltzes" lived up to the claims his over-zealous press agent had employed in advertising which heralded the event. During the show one of the flier's managers asked a local character what he thought of the performance. "Guess he's doin' his best," came the response, "but I don't see how he ever got such a reputation; why he don't even fly straight!"

Beachey retired in 1913, after seemingly exhausting the capacity of the airplane for acrobatics and spectacular maneuvers. Three months later he returned to flying, ostensibly because Adolphe Pegoud, a Frenchman, had developed a challenging new stunt, the loop-the-loop. Beachey duplicated that act for the first time in November; before the close of the year he had completed six loops in a single day. Then he decided to exploit his achievement. With Barney Oldfield, a champion race driver, he returned to the exhibition circuit in 1914.

In October they appeared in Denver under the auspices of the local press club. The show opened with a short flight, including a single loop, reportedly at a height of only 450 feet. Oldfield completed two circuits of the track in his Fiat *Cyclone*, each time bettering by a fraction of a second the speed record which he had established four years earlier. Because both vehicles experienced mechanical trouble, a highly publicized race between airplane and automobile was cancelled, as was an event in which Beachey was to have bombed an imitation battleship in front of the grandstand. Two days later the two men presented the complete show in Grand Junction, where Beachey added an extra thrill by looping five times during a fifty-minute flight.

A brilliant career ended tragically in March, 1915, when Beachey crashed out of control into San Francisco Bay during a demonstration at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. His experimental monoplane collapsed during a power dive. The man who was ever-willing to "bet his life" that he could out-perform all rivals gambled once too often. On this occasion he demanded of his machine performance which it could not give; it was not sufficiently braced to withstand the strain of a steep dive.

After 1911 a new breed of fliers emerged, men (and women) whose fame was usually local or regional, seldom achieving the notoriety peculiar to the industry in the previous three years. The principal aviation centers remained in the larger cities; for example, Chicago's Cicero Field (owned and operated by the Aero Club of Illinois), served as a base of operations for pilots who performed throughout the Middle West and

West from May through September of each year. Roy N. Francis, Frank Champion, William Bleakley, Louis Gertson, Matty Laird, and Katherine Stinson came from the Windy City to perform in Denver, Loveland, Fort Morgan, Grand Junction, Montrose, Pueblo, and other cities.

Simultaneously, Colorado provided a crop of home-grown aviators to fill the continuing demand for public demonstrations. The first of these was Ivy Baldwin, a celebrated Denver balloonist and parachute jumper who began experimenting with flying machines as early as 1909. Four years later he became a pilot for the General Aviation Company, a Denver firm organized in 1910 to manufacture, operate, and sell aircraft. Lacking a market for its product, the company followed the example of the Wright and Curtiss enterprises by turning to exhibitions for revenues.

Baldwin operated a Wright biplane, equipped with pontoons, from the surface of Sloan's Lake, at Manhattan Beach during the summer of 1913. The flights were not a financial success. Too often scheduled performances had to be cancelled because of mechanical failures, and when he did get into the air, ascensions frequently closed with impromptu plunges into the water.

The hard-pressed firm recovered temporarily in 1914, when Chriss J. Petersen, a recent graduate of the Wright School, offered needed experience in the handling and construction of biplanes. He rebuilt the company's one craft, changing it to a land plane, which he flew in many Colorado cities the following summer.

The state's most successful aviation enterprise, the Matthewson Aeroplane Company, was also founded in 1910. E. Linn Matthewson came to Denver from a farm near North Platte, Nebraska, in 1897, to engage in the bicycle business; a few years later he began selling "horseless carriages," becoming one of the city's first automobile dealers. He also took up racing in local speed classics. On Memorial Day, 1908, he piloted a Thomas *Bluebird* to victory over a 320-mile course, finishing in eight hours and a half, well ahead of the second-place Locomobile driven by Albert De Gaston.

Convinced that the airplane was the coming mode of transportation, as the automobile had superceded the bicycle, Matthewson entered into a partnership with Walter L. Marr, an engine designer, to manufacture flying machines which closely resembled the Curtiss biplane. They opened a factory on Court Place, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets, to turn out aircraft designed to sell for less than \$3,500, at a time when most models commanded twice that amount.

The Matthewson-Marr craft completed a single flight in Colorado. On July 21, 1910, at an "aerodrome" on Monaco Boulevard one mile east of City Park, it rose to a height of twenty feet and traveled almost 100 yards. Later the same year Marr took it to Texas where the altitude of-

ferred hope for improved performance; in the same period, George W. Thompson and George Van Arsdale, Matthewson's new associates, constructed a biplane suited to Colorado's rarefied air.

Thompson, a small, unassuming, and daring man, became the state's outstanding pilot. After attending Denver schools, he had gone to California where, with Van Arsdale, a native of Providence, Rhode Island, he began designing airplanes without the means of constructing them. Both men returned to Denver in 1910 to work on the Matthewson-Marr biplane; when it failed to perform as anticipated, they formed a new company with Matthewson to manufacture modified Curtiss biplanes. As secretary of the enterprise, Thompson supervised building activities in the factory until it became apparent that exhibitions afforded the only chance for immediate revenues; then he reluctantly filled the post of chief pilot.

The Matthewson Aeroplane Company leased the Denver Motor Club's speedway at Sable, ten miles east of the city, for a testing ground, and as a site for factory and flying school. There, in January, 1911, Thompson and Van Arsdale tried their new model; in two days they ascended five times, some of the flights of several minutes duration. Convinced that the biplane could perform well in spite of the altitude, they quickly scheduled exhibitions in several Colorado cities.

The first, at the fairgrounds in Pueblo, was completed in unfavorable weather. Thompson started from the track in front of the grandstands, heading into a twenty-mile wind; the craft handled well until he reached the first short turn of the half-mile race course, then dove to the ground. A shattering jolt snapped four outriggers supporting the elevator, ending plans for a thorough demonstration of the machine.

Less than a week later, inclement weather delayed an engagement at Trinidad. A heavy wind storm overturned the canvas hangar; a center pole fell across the machine causing extensive damage. Four days later Thompson made one flight which closed with a bad landing, again necessitating several days for repairs. In that one ascension Thompson probably established a new record, although it was not officially recorded; he had taken-off from the highest point in the United States to that date.

During the balance of that season, Thompson demonstrated the biplane whenever it was in flying condition. In April, he flew from Sable to Brighton. In June and July he tested a new "headless" biplane, which he flew at the Fourth of July Celebration in Gillette, Wyoming, the first performance of a heavier-than-air machine in that state. On the same exhibition he also carried a passenger, Miss Eloise Shannon, a reporter for *The Denver Post*. One month later he staged a three-day show at Lakeside Park, Denver, witnessed by from 10,000 to 15,000 daily.

During the latter part of the summer the Matthewson company

booked exhibitions at the Prowers County Fair in Lamar, the Weld County Fair in Greeley, and at the Harvest Festival in Loveland. Although delayed one day because of rain, the flights at Lamar were almost flawless, thrilling large crowds on two consecutive days from Pueblo, Rocky Ford, La Junta, and Las Animas.

Fate turned against Thompson at Loveland. On the opening day of the festival he easily circled the fairgrounds twice at an altitude of more than 200 feet. On starting the descent for a landing the throttle on the Hall-Scott engine stuck; when within a few feet of the ground he decided to go up and around for another approach. As Thompson gunned the engine and lifted the nose of the craft in a sharp ascension, the tail banged the turf, throwing the machine out of control. The pilot emerged from the wreckage with only minor bruises, but the biplane was demolished.⁴ The next day's show was cancelled.

Three weeks later the Weld County Fair opened without Thompson as its star attraction, presumably because this flying machine had not been repaired by that date. The Fair Association, unable to secure another aviator for the highly publicized event, threatened a \$10,000 suit against the Denver aeroplane company, which finally agreed to stage an air show at a later date. Six weeks after the fair, Thompson finished off the "headless" biplane at Greeley when the first flight closed with a crash landing. He and Van Arsdale devoted the following winter to the construction of still another biplane.

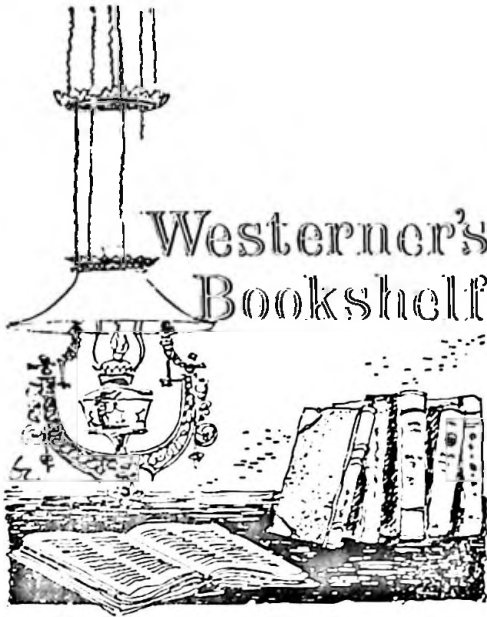
Until the latter half of the 1912 season, the Matthewson Aeroplane Company restricted its activities to manufacturing machines for an increasing number of professional pilots. Thompson supervised the factory at Sable, limiting his flying activities to test hops until August, when he reluctantly agreed to fill an engagement at Lamar.

On the opening day of the Prowers County Fair, the scene of a highly successful show the previous year, Thompson delayed his flight long past the scheduled hour because of uncertain weather. Finally, rather than disappoint 3,000 spectators, he decided to commence the show at 5:30, although still apprehensive about atmospheric conditions. On the initial start from in front of the grandstand he failed to lift off in time to clear telephone wires near the track; on a second try he ascended at a signal from Van Arsdale, cleared the obstacle, and darted off in the direction of Lamar.

Disaster struck at the close of what appeared to be an uneventful flight. As Thompson returned to the fairgrounds one of two things apparently happened: either he struck a branch of a tall cottonwood tree,

Continued on page 20

⁴The *Denver Republican*, August 31, 1911. A different version of the accident appears in *Acro and Hydro*, 11 (September 9, 1911), 503.



SEARCH FOR THE HIDDEN PLACES,
A Collection of Stories by Members of
the Western Writers of America. Edited
by E. D. Mygatt. David McKay
Company, Inc., New York, 1963. \$3.95.

Mrs. Mygatt intended this book primarily for the boys and girls of today who will probably travel to outer space but who, she believes, need meanwhile to know something of the true adventure to be found on some of the sideroads that lead to unsuspected places on the lowly earth.

She concentrates on the Rocky Mountain West, and in this book has assembled some of the writing about that area done by men and women who have lived there and have had the frontier experience which teaches skills and courage and self-sufficiency. It is out on the lonely roads that these things will be found, along with true adventure—this is Mrs. Mygatt's theme.

Among the writers from whose work she has gathered gems for this anthology are Mari Sandoz, S. Omar Barker, Howard Sinclair, Dorothy Johnson, Homer Croy and our own Stephen Payne of the Denver Westerners.

Each story has a moral, or lesson, but it is never obtrusive and never detracts from enjoyment of the story. The lesson is just gently absorbed through the medium of skillful writing. Stephen Payne's "Range Showdown," for example, tells with drama, suspense, and colorful detail how an 18-year-old boy grows up fast when responsibility is thrust upon him. Mari Sandoz contributes an animal story, and Howard Sinclair (Neckyoke Jones) tells, out of his own experiences as an adopted Indian, the old Lakota traditions surrounding ceremonial pipe smoking.

Mrs. Mygatt, herself a writer (*Rimrocked, Stand By for Danger, Prisoner in the Circle*), has chosen well and wisely, and has compiled a collection of fifteen western stories for teenagers that many an adult will enjoy as well.

Maurice Frink, PM

**CHARLES KING, AMERICAN ARMY
NOVELIST: A Bibliography from the
Collection of the National Library of
Australia, Canberra.** By C. E. Dorn-
busch; Foreword by Don Russell.
Twenty pages, seven full-page illustrations,
stiff wrappers. Cornwallville,
N. Y.: Hope Farm Press, 1963. \$3.00.

Born in 1844, Charles King was appointed to West Point by President Lincoln. He graduated from the Military Academy in 1866 and, having been commissioned second lieutenant, was assigned to reconstruction duty in New Orleans. In 1874 he fought Apaches in Arizona and was severely wounded at Sunset Pass. He was a regimental adjutant under General George Crook during the Sioux campaign of 1876.

Because of the old wound, he was retired as a captain in 1879, and became professor of Military Science and Tactics at the University of Wisconsin. It was then that he began to write books about life in the U. S. Army in the West. His most celebrated book was *Campaigning with Crook* (a factual account, first published in 1880). But most of his works were novels, the value of which was not

as literature but as pictures of the Army life he knew so well.

Despite his service-connected disability, King became successively colonel, acting inspector-general, and adjutant-general of the Wisconsin National Guard. During the Spanish-American War he was a brigadier-general of volunteers. In 1904 he returned to the National Guard and was active in its affairs through the First World War. He died March 17, 1933, after being credited by the War Department with 70 years of service.

During all this time he was turning out novels, short stories and articles, all of which enjoyed remarkable success, despite the trite plots of his fiction.

Mr. Dornbusch's bibliography includes 59 items, with illustrations of some of the handsome covers King's publishers provided.

Don Russell, editor of the Chicago Westerners' Brand Book (monthly) for many years, provided not only the introduction (from which most of the above information was taken) but 49 pages of typed notes on which Mr. Dornbusch says he has drawn liberally. Here is a bibliography valuable to King-collectors and to students of Army life in the West.

—John J. Lipsey, P.M.

GYPPO LOGGER—by Margaret Elley Felt. Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho. 315 pp. \$6.50.

A "gyppo logger" is essentially an operator who logs the skimmed milk of the lumber woods. He works the tailings and the dregs (sometimes) of what the Big Boys pass by, or disdain.

Mrs. Felt is married to a G. L. and this tells of her seven years in helping keep him afloat, sometimes solvent, and always hustling seven days a week to come up with lumber enough. It's hard, if not impossible to keep the Big Company superintendent from being more-than-ordinarily obnoxious. Her portrait of the bombastic, penny-ante souled 'super' is a pulsating, and very alive one.

If one loves the work, the country in which one performs it, plus the husband who got you into it, no other reason is needed. She certainly loves the Pacific Northwest country. Said gyppo logger, Horace W. Felt, was treated well by the gods, in that they provided him with Margaret. In this chosen work he certainly needed her loyalty and stamina. How she managed also to make notes and write, while bucking and cajoling the Big Company 'super,' is a very pleasant miracle to read about.

H. A. Clausen, CM

MONTANA PAY DIRT—A guide to the Mining Camps of the Treasure State, by Muriel Sibell Wolle, Sage Books, Denver, 1963, 436 Pages, a whole book-full of pen and ink and colored illustrations by the author, \$12.50.

You can use the word "Dedication" and spell it with a Capital "D," in talking about this very complete history of the Mining Camps of early-day Montana, so expertly done by Mrs. Wolle. Ten years' labor of love, research, and writing have gone into this volume, and no library of Western Mining Camps would be complete if it does not possess "MONTANA PAY DIRT."

This Mining Camp History of the Treasure State carries on well, even surpasses Mrs. Wolle's previous efforts which have had such a resounding reception by readers and seekers of early Western America lore: Ghost Cities of Colorado; Cloud Cities of Colorado; The Bonanza Trail; and Stampede to Timberline which has gone into its 9th printing.

One settles down with MONTANA PAY DIRT knowing full well just from the first "thumbing-through" that the book will make the early-day history of the Treasure State "come alive" to him. The Author not only writes from her intensive research of the various Montana Ghost Towns, but she further identifies the specific scene through her well executed professional sketches.

It would be unfair to the prospective reader to single out any particular spot that seems to highlight this very entertaining volume. They are all good, and each locale will present a lively interest not only to the avid Western Americana fan, but to the general reader as well.

It is very unlikely that Dr. Swallow through his Sage Books has ever put out a volume, illustrated so profusely. The sketches average nearly one to a page. Between the Author and the Publisher, the reader is presented one of the best done volumes on the American West. It deserves, and will receive undoubtedly, a high acceptance.

Herbert P. White, PM

DAKOTA COWBOY, by Ike Blasingame, (Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Neb. 317 pgs., \$1.60)

The author has done what many of us would like to do, written an interesting story about his own life. Few of us have lived so full and adventurous a life; fewer have the ability to record the story.

Blasingame makes frequent references to his boyhood and his family in Texas, but the story begins with his work with the Matador in May 1904. He worked for the Matador Land and Cattle Co., a huge Scottish company with holdings in many areas of the west, from Texas to the Dakotas and on into Canada. From the forming of the M.L. & C., to the closing chapter, the book throbs with people, places, and events of daily living. It is so filled with descriptions and character studies that it is difficult to highlight any one part. Here is a type of life which is gone. It was the last of the old cattle range eras. Ike Blasingame, worked as a cowboy; as rider of the "rough string" it was his work to break the horses for the cowboys as these horses were purchased. His account of the personalities of the horses, their devilment and working habits, is one of the highlights of the book.

He gives us a clear picture of that grand man of the cattle industry, Murdo MacKenzie, general manager of the Matador; his disappointment in Dode MacKenzie, his son; the loyalty of the men to Murdo MacKenzie and to the Matador itself. Some of the pictures he portrays of life in the camps, the Indian characters and others, come alive for the reader.

Ike Blasingame writes from personal experience and pure love of the life of those times. He leads us through the various seasons of the cattle industry, with glowing tribute to the men and beasts with whom he worked. He tells of the reasons for certain happenings that materially changed the cattle industry.

The reader is led from the plains of Texas, north by cattle train to the vast new plains of the Dakotas on the Cheyenne Indian Reservation, and on up into Canada, on the banks of the Saskatchewan. You follow the seasonal work and play of the cowboy. Their hard work, bitter boredom in the winter, and the expectation of the coming spring work after the terrible howling blizzards of the winter make good reading anytime.

An interesting, informative book that will hold the reader's interest throughout.

William D. Powell, PM

HISTORIC ALPINE TUNNEL, by Dow Helmers. Published by Sage Books, Denver, Colorado, 1963, 200 pp. Illustrated with 178 photographs, \$12.50 for the regular edition, \$15.00 for the limited, signed, numbered edition.

Who would have believed that enough original material was left concerning The Denver South Park and Pacific Railroad for anyone to accumulate enough data to compose a book on the most interesting chapter of the history of the "South Park," the Alpine Tunnel?

This, nevertheless, has been accomplished by Dow Helmers.

He narrates his many explorations in and around the tunnel with his family

and friends. He describes the thrill of discovering the sites and remains of the old construction camps. He has given directions, complete with a map so that others may also locate and visit these ghost camps. Detailed on the map also are the old toll roads, the mines and towns of the vicinity. He has made an exhaustive literature survey, and from this he relates many news items that present the events as they happened.

In his search, he has located several of the old "South Park" railroaders who have not crossed The Great Divide, and obtained their stories. These personal

reminiscences depict the true, really live story of the Alpine Tunnel.

It is a fascinating story of a fragment of Colorado's famous railroad history. For those who have an insatiable zest to accumulate collector's items, the author has a limited, autographed, numbered edition that will shortly fulfill these desires. For others, they have the choice of the first regular, or subsequent editions.

My only quarrel with the book is the poor quality of the illustrations. In most cases they are both too small and not clearly reproduced.

R. A. Ronzio, PM



KRAKEL AT GILCREASE

CM Dean Krakel, formerly a Denver PM, is now the Director of the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art, at Tulsa, Okla. Following is an extract from a recent Krakel letter:

"Gilcrease is a tremendous institution and I enjoy being with it. My work, however has certainly been cut out for me. We raised money for a building addition, and then built it. We have 11 galleries, auditorium, lounge, and gift shop, so it is quite an operation.

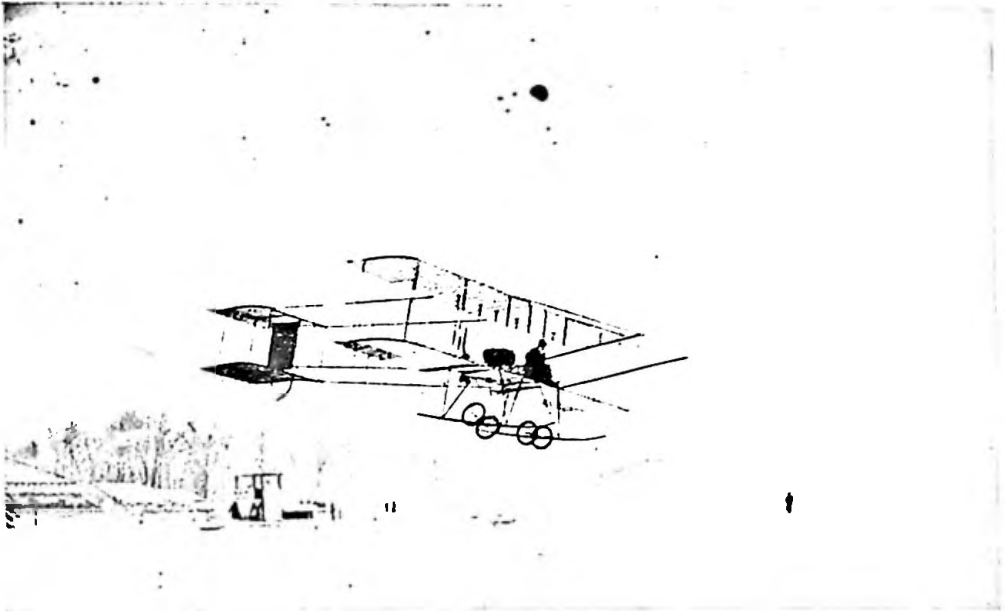
"The collection is tremendous, containing about 4500 bronzes and paintings: the best of Remington, Russell, Catlin, Miller, Moran, Sharp, Homer, Whistler, Eakins, *et al.*

"The Library is distinctive and contains some historical gems, such as the first letter written from the new world, first book, etc. It is a Westerners' paradise, and I thoroughly enjoy seeing the great paintings each day, busy as I am."

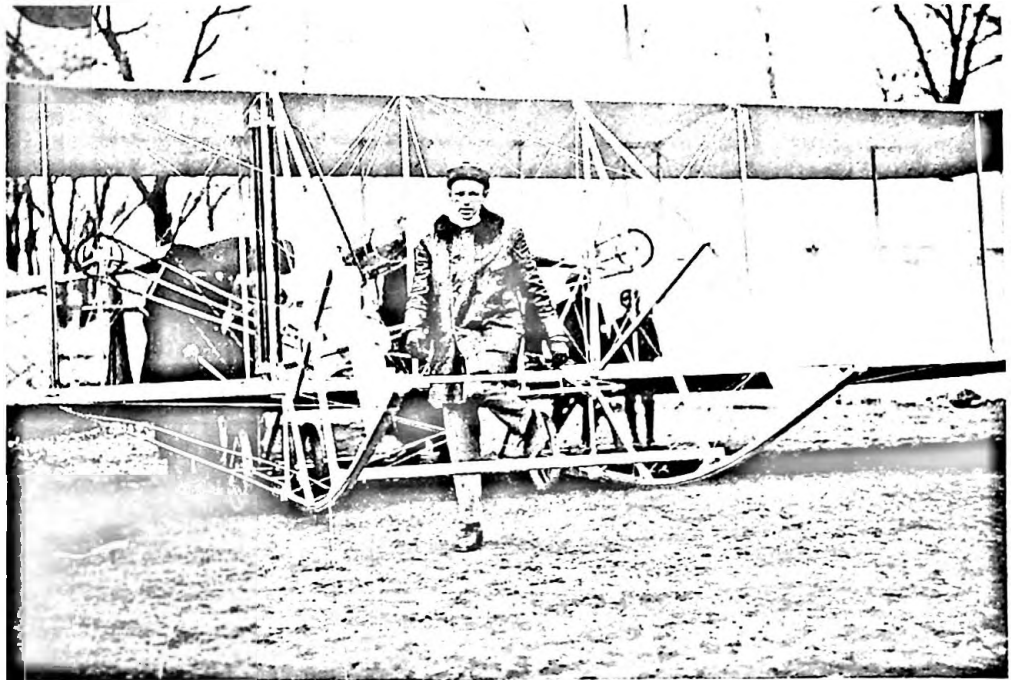
Denver Westerners will remember that Krakel was archivist of the University of Wyoming and curator of the Air Force Academy Museum at Colorado Springs, is author and/or publisher of a number of fine western books, including *The Saga of Tom Horn and South Platte Country (Colo.)*. Those who were present at a Westerners' meeting when Dr. Nolie Mumey read a paper in defense of Chivington, and when Krakel spoke most critically of the colonel commanding the Colorado troops. This *The Battle of Sand Creek* may have been the only one which was *enjoyed* by participants and observers.

-J. J. L.

PM AL BROMFIELD has missed a couple of meetings due to a broken leg. Nope, not skiing—gardening!!



Louis Paulhan, making perhaps the first aeroplane flight in Denver.
Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla



Arch Hoxey, and his aeroplane, Denver, 1910.
Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

HEROIC AGE OF AVIATION—

Continued from page 14

or his craft was caught in a violent downdraft. He lost control and, in the convulsion of the floundering craft, was thrown from the seat. He lived for an hour after the accident.

That crash ended a promising career. Until then Thompson and the Matthewson company seemed destined to earn for Colorado a prominent place in the annals of early aviation. Because there was no one on the local scene capable of filling Thompson's role, the Denver firm gradually disassociated itself from aviation, and Matthewson concentrated on the automobile business.

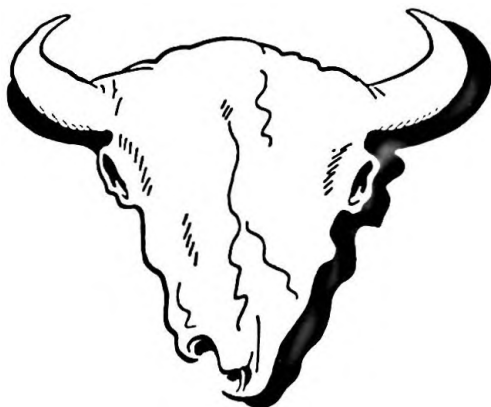
The contributions of Colorado aviators to the advancement of mechanical flight prior to World War I, have been largely ignored for half a century. Although less glamorous than Lincoln Beachey, or Brookins, Hoxsey, and Johnstone; Thompson, Baldwin, and Petersen acquired local and regional fame and, on that level, did as much to popularize aviation as any of the well-known national figures whose exploits have been exaggerated. The student of aviation history must seek on the community- and state-level the real pulse of aviation activity in that heroic age of flight.

NEXT MEETING — APRIL 22, 1964

“Hero Makers of the West” will be presented by PM DABNEY O. COLLINS. Denver Press Club as usual. Time—6:30 P.M. Send reservations to William D. Powell, P.O. Box 5067, Denver Colo. 80217, or call 266-2151, no later than Tuesday Noon, April 21.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

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Number 4



**RAILROADS
OF THE
CRYSTAL RIVER VALLEY**



The Denver Westerners Monthly



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NEXT MEETING—MAY 27, 1964

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THE RAILROADS OF THE CRYSTAL RIVER VALLEY

by Francis B. Rizzari, PM
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Probably no other section of the country has had as many different railroads projected and actually built, as the country drained by the Crystal River and its tributaries. No less than four steam railroads were built, along with one electric trolley line, and at least four other railroads were actually incorporated. All this in a valley scarcely thirty miles long and a few of its tributaries.

Nature has been generous with the Crystal River valley. Throughout its geologic history, she has deposited great quantities of coal of the highest quality. Silver, gold, and the less valuable metals, were also stored in liberal amounts. Then last but not least, she deposited great beds of marble, surpassed in quality, only by the famous Carrara marble in Italy. And there are those who will claim that Carrara is second best. After doing all this, she sat back and allowed the forces of glaciation to carve and erode one of the most scenic valleys in the state. When this was accomplished, she generously supplied millions upon millions of fish to contribute to man's recreation.

Evidence of mineralization was recognized in this region at least as early as 1875, when Holmes, a member of the Hayden Survey, mapped the area and in his report, referred to the lead-silver mineralization on Treasure Mountain. It was this search for precious metal that sent the first prospectors into the valley. The Crystal River was one of the few valleys in the state if not the only one, that was prospected from its mouth and its head, at almost the same time. Prospectors came in from Aspen and the north, and from Gunnison and Gothic, over Schofield Pass, on the south and east. As late as 1897 some maps show no road connecting Prospect, two miles west of Marble, with Janeway, a small settlement about twelve miles south of Carbondale. With the tremendous smelting activity at Aspen, the coal beds adjacent to the valley came in for their share of attention. Indeed, it was because of coal that the first railroad was built.

This was known as the Aspen and Western Railway Company. It was incorporated on the 7th of June, 1886 for a period of 50 years. Its capital stock was \$1,000,000 issued in 10,000 shares of \$100 each. Ten days later, it was reorganized in one of those mysterious shenanigans, but its original purpose remained the same. Its object was to "locate, construct, operate, maintain and equip certain lines of railway and telegraph between the different points and

places, hereinafter named and described . . . the same said lines of railway to be operated by steam . . . for the purpose of carrying freight and passengers." The main line was to follow the Grand or Colorado River, by the most practical route to the Utah State line. Other lines were to be:

"Also . . . a line commencing at a point on the above line at or near the mouth of Rock Creek,¹ thence by such route as practical, up the valley of Rock Creek to the town of Crystal in Gunnison County.

"Also . . . a line commencing on the last mentioned line near the mouth of Thompson Creek where same enters Rock Creek, up Thompson to the forks thereof, thence up the North Fork to its source."

In the same language, lines were projected up the Middle and South Forks of Thompson Creek, and a line up Coal Creek to its source. On the main line from Aspen to Glenwood Springs, lines were projected up Rifle Creek to the town of Meeker, a line up Elk Creek to the Carbonate Mining District, and below Glenwood, up Minnequa or South Canon Creek to its source.

Grading probably started soon after incorporation and Poor's Manual for 1889 reported the line was completed and opened for business on April 1, 1888. It had 13 miles of main track and one mile of siding, all narrow gauge. The cost is listed as \$520,000. Subsequent Manuals show no further information than that just given. Some historians report that the A. & W. operated only one train. Actually, the only work done by the company, was to grade their line from Carbondale to the Thompson Creek mines. They did not lay any track. On the 14th of January, 1888, the Aspen and Western Railway Company and the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, entered into an agreement whose first paragraph stated:

"That whereas the Aspen (and Western) Company is the owner of certain right of way, and of railroad grade constructed thereon for the distance of ten (10) miles southerly from the station of Carbondale, on the line of the Denver (and Rio Grande) Company to Willow Park, in the vicinity of certain coal mines situated on Thompson Creek. . ."

Thus we see that on January 14, 1888, the Aspen and Western had a grade only. Without quoting verbatim, let's examine the agreement further. The Rio Grande agreed to furnish all ties, steel rails, spikes, bolts and splices, and to construct as quickly as possible, the railroad from Carbondale to the tramway² at Willow Park. They were also to build a water tank at the Park, as well as the pipe to supply the water. A turntable and station completed the installation. All bridges needed were to be built by the Rio Grande, but the material was to be furnished by the Aspen and Western. The rail was to be 40 pound, furnished by the Rio Grande from their Denver to Salida line. Said rail was subject to inspection and rejection by the Aspen Company. The Rio Grande also agreed to operate and maintain the road and to furnish all rolling stock necessary for the operation, for a period of five years.

¹The name of Rock Creek was officially changed to Crystal River in 1901, although it was called Crystal River as early as 1880.

²Evidently, the A.&W. had built track of some sort.

Upon completion of the road, the Aspen and Western was to execute and deliver to the Rio Grande, twelve promissory notes, payable at monthly intervals from the date of completion, in an aggregate amount equal to the cost incurred by the Rio Grande. The notes were to be endorsed by the Colorado Coal and Iron Company. One important item in the agreement was, that in the event of a shutdown of the mines for a period of 15 days, or failure of the mines to produce 7,500 tons of coal in any 60 consecutive days, the Rio Grande could cease operation of the road until such time as the mines began to work again. The agreement was signed by David H. Moffat, President of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, and Henry Sprague, President of the Aspen and Western Railway.

From here on, the facts become vague. Perhaps only one train did operate. In any event, hard times befell the A. & W. In the records of the State Board of Equalization, we find the following report for the Aspen and Western for the year ending December 31, 1890.

County of Pitkin, 10.18 miles of track. Value, \$1,500 per mile, or a total valuation of \$15,270. County of Garfield, 2.70 miles of track, value \$1,500 per mile, or a total of \$4,050, making a grand total of \$19,320 for the 12.88 miles.

There was a notation below the official figures stating: "The track has not been used for years, and at least two miles have been washed away. The filler and all bridges are greatly damaged, and the majority of the bridges have been washed out. It will require according to the estimates of our engineers, about \$80,000 of expenditure before a train could be taken over it. The above valuation is last year's (1889) valuation, since which time the road has been greatly damaged. There is no rolling stock, structures, buildings, or tools."

The report was signed by E. M. Speck, General Manager of the Aspen and Western Railway, and was received on April 27, 1891, by Henry Tarbell, Secretary of the Board.

We can only guess as to what actually happened. It may be that the Colorado Coal and Iron Co. decided to close the Thompson Creek mines in favor of others. With the mines inoperative, the Rio Grande exercised their right under the agreement, to cease operations and maintenance. A couple of floods did the rest, thus accounting for the above report. Therefore in order to recover payment for money expended, the Rio Grande forced a foreclosure sale, and in 1892 or 1893, the Aspen and Western Railway was sold to the Crystal River Railway.

THE COLORADO AND UTAH RAILWAY COMPANY

This was the second railroad to be projected in the valley. It was incorporated on July 10, 1886, just one month and three days after the advent of the Aspen and Western. The original incorporation papers list the names and places of residence of the persons forming the association as being: J. C. Osgood, President, Crystal City; Julian A. Kebler, Pitkin County; John L. Jerome, Gilbert A. Easterly, and Henry Trobridge, all of Denver.

This railroad was unique in that it was to build *down* the Crystal River, whereas all other roads were projected to build *up* the river. The actual wording of its plans was, "Said railway shall commence at a point near the head of Crystal River (generally known as Rock Creek) at or near the town of Schofield, County of Gunnison, down the valley of said Crystal River to the junction with the Roaring Fork of the Grand River."

Branches were to be built up the North Fork of the Crystal, one up Yule Creek, one up Coal Creek, and one up Avalanche Creek. Lines also were planned to Glenwood, New Castle and elsewhere, but for this paper, we are concerned only with the Crystal River Valley. It was capitalized for \$1,000,000 in 10,000 shares of \$100 each. It appeared that this railroad was just another wild dream. However, I am indebted to Jack Thode, noted Colorado railroad historian, who furnished me with information of at least two different surveys. One in 1886 by an engineer named Richardson, and the other in 1890 by W. B. Lawson. These surveys cost someone some money—but who and how much, must remain unanswered for the present.

THE ELK MOUNTAIN RAILWAY COMPANY

This, the third railroad to be projected in the valley, was incorporated on the 29th of November, 1887, and chartered for fifty years. It was capitalized for \$1,000,000 to be issued in 10,000 shares with a value of \$100 a share. The incorporators were Orlando Metcalf and H. D. Fisher of Colorado Springs; Thomas H. Wigglesworth, W. D. Rector, and John Quinn, all of Denver. Metcalf, Fisher and Wigglesworth were all associated with the Colorado Midland.

The object of the company was to "locate, construct, operate, and maintain a railway and telegraph line from a point on the Roaring Fork River, in Garfield County, at or near its confluence with Rock Creek, thence in a southerly direction through and along the valley of Rock Creek to a point about twenty miles from the mouth of Rock Creek, thence in a southwesterly direction to the Tuscarora Coal bank, located in T. 11S., R. 89W. Three branch lines were also included in the original plans. The first from a point on Rock Creek about twenty miles from its mouth, southeasterly to its source. Second, from a point at or near the confluence of Coal Creek and Rock Creek, to the source of Coal Creek in Coal Basin. The third, from a point . . . on Rock Creek up the various branches of Avalanche Creek to their sources. Future construction was provided for in the sentence . . . "together with other branches which it may be desirable or necessary to construct."

The company was beset by trouble from the very beginning. Money was slow in coming into the treasury and construction problems must have been almost unsurmountable. With the rails of the Aspen and Western occupying the easiest route through the valley, the Elk Mountain engineers must have had a fine time trying to run their lines. Construction probably started late in

1887 or early in 1888. The annual report for 1890, submitted to the stockholders February 21, 1891, shows the following financial condition:

Capital stock	\$1,000,000.00
Proportion actually paid in	600.00
Amount of existing debts	12,000.00

Conditions did not improve during the years 1891 and 1892. However there were moments of optimism. In the *Rocky Mountain News* for May 27, 1892, it quotes the following item from the columns of the *Crystal River Current*, one of the newspapers published at Crystal City: "The grade of the Elk Mountain Railroad is now nearly completed to Marble and work is rapidly being pressed. By the late summer or early fall, the line will be completed and a market opened for the Yule Creek marble. . . ." Information is meager and very indefinite, as most projects are likely to publicize their advances but minimize their losses. The end could not have been far off on October 2, 1892, when the *Denver Republican* for that date reported that Thomas Wigglesworth, one of the original incorporators, had filed a lien against the railroad in order to secure an indebtedness of \$27,549.27. He asked that the lien be charged against the road-bed, the right of way, and the land upon which it was situated.

Wigglesworth claimed the money was due him for services as engineer and original contractor, and included four years, eight months and nine days service at \$500 per month, as well as money advanced by him to defray expenses. However, Robert Ormes in his book, *Railroads and the Rockies*,³ states the Elk Mountain was sold under a mechanics lien to Orman and Crook of Pueblo. In any event, the company was in a bad way financially, although it had completed its grade from Sands on the Colorado Midland, to Marble.

In the *Denver Republican* for January 1, 1897, the Elk Mountain Railway is listed as having been assessed on a valuation of \$1,000 for 1896. There were no buildings nor rolling stock listed, only the main line. Evidence points to the fact that no rail was ever laid, and the main line consisted of grade only. And so the Elk Mountain passes from the scene.

THE CRYSTAL RIVER RAILWAY COMPANY

This venture was organized on August 8, 1892, by J. C. Osgood, J. A. Kebler, C. H. Toll, and Henry Wolcott. Osgood and Kebler were in on the formation of the Colorado and Utah, away back in 1886. Stripped of the legal phraseology, the aims of the Crystal River Railway were:

The construction of a main line of railway with a connection with the D. & R. G. at Carbondale, or with the Colorado Midland at Sands, thence up the Crystal River to its source near the town of Elko, together with the following branch lines:

A line down the Roaring Fork, thence to Grand Junction.

A line westerly from New Castle, parallel to and on either side of the hogback to S. 24, T. 5S., R. 92W.

³*Op. cit.*, p. 296.

A line up Thompson Creek to its source.

A line up Avalanche Creek.

A line up Coal Creek.

A line up the North Fork of the Crystal River.

A line from near the NW¼ S. 7, T. 11S., R. 88W., westerly across the divide to the North Fork of the Gunnison. . . .

As mentioned previously, the Aspen and Western had been foreclosed and sold to the Crystal River Railway Company. At that time it had 13 miles of narrow gauge track, although as reported in 1890, it was in sorry shape. The Crystal River Railway now abandoned the three miles from Willow Park to the mines. (Evidently the D. & R. G. had replaced the tramway the Aspen and Western had from the mines to Willow Park.) The C. R. Ry. then changed the 3.5 miles from Carbondale to the mouth of Thompson Creek to standard gauge, leaving the 6.4 miles to Willow Park, narrow gauge. However it is doubtful if they ever used this, and why they only abandoned 3.5 miles instead of it all, remains a mystery.

Construction of the standard gauge line up the Crystal River toward Marble was progressing nicely when the panic of 1893 struck. All main line work was immediately suspended. The road continued to lose money while operating spasmodically until the fall of 1896. On October 9 of that year, the road was sold under a mechanic's lien of \$35,289. J. A. Kebler was appointed receiver. Somehow about this time, the control of the road passed to the C. S. Morey Mercantile Company, Mssrs. Orman and Crook of Pueblo, and the Crystal River Land and Improvement Company. At this time there were 13.8 miles of rail completed between Carbondale and the Hot Springs, and the remaining 3.2 miles to Coal Creek were almost complete.

In an effort to raise money for continued construction and operation of the line, Kebler petitioned the court to allow him to raise \$2,000 on receiver's certificates, payable in two years at eight per cent. The Morey Mercantile Co., the State Trust Co., which held the first mortgage bonds, and the Land and Improvement Co., all were agreeable to this arrangement. However Orman and Crook objected, saying this was all part of a plan for the C. F. & I. to gain control of the road. Disposition of this petition was not found, but the wheels within wheels continued to turn. The end came to the Crystal River Railway Company in 1898 when its name was changed to the Crystal River Railroad Company, then promptly foreclosed and sold to the Crystal River Railroad.

THE MINERAL BELT RAILWAY COMPANY

This was incorporated on July 21, 1897 for the usual 50 years. Its guiding lights were, Theodore Stegner, Kansas City, Missouri; James B. Orman, Pueblo; W.J.H. Miller of Fulford; Logan Russell and C. B. Miller, both of Denver. Its purpose was that of . . . "acquiring, purchasing, maintaining, operating, extending and completing, the railway and telegraph lines of the Elk Mountain Railway." The Elk Mountain had been sued by Wigglesworth in 1892. However

it is interesting to note that he is not listed as one of the incorporators of the Mineral Belt.

The main line was to commence at Sands, and terminate at or near the town of Crystal. Presumably it would utilize the Elk Mountain grade from Sands to Marble, and new construction would be required on to Crystal. W. J. H. Miller's influence is seen in the plans to "construct, equip, operate, and maintain, a railroad from the town of Eagle, to a place at or near Fulford."

Capital stock was \$50,000, issued in units of 1,000 shares at \$50 each. Its principal office was to be in Denver, but it "may establish one in New York City, where the Board of Directors and Stockholder's meetings would be held." No record was found of any activity whatsoever, however with a capitalization of only \$50,000, they couldn't have done too much.

THE CRYSTAL RIVER RAILROAD

This was incorporated on August 12, 1898, after the foreclosure of the Crystal River Railroad Company. The incorporators were: J. C. Osgood, J. A. Kebler, Henry Wolcott, all from the foreclosed road. New members were J. L. Jerome, who was with Osgood on the board of the defunct Colorado and Utah; A. C. Case and D. C. Beaman, both of Denver, and our old friend J. B. Orman of Pueblo. Orman as we remember, was one of the dissenters to Kebler's financial scheme to aid the Crystal River Railway Company because he believed it was a scheme for the C. F. & I. to gain control. Now here he is on the board of directors of another C. F. & I. project.

The aims of the company differ from those of the Crystal River Railway Co. in the first three paragraphs only. The projected line to Grand Junction, the one up South Canon Creek, and the line paralleling the Hogback, were all eliminated. Otherwise the projected lines in the Crystal Valley and its tributaries were the same.

Construction of the four miles from Hot Springs to Redstone, which had been interrupted by the panic of 1893, was resumed and finally completed in December 1898, and the railroad established a regular schedule, as one newspaper put it, "with a regulation time card." Redstone was to be the terminus of the standard gauge track. Work was started immediately on the narrow gauge line up Coal Creek to Coal Basin, and also on the line to Marble. By August 27, 1899, the C. F. & I. had 200 men working on the grade and laying track toward Marble and it was predicted that by early fall, the line would be in operation as far as Prospect, a small settlement about two miles from the town. Indications are however, that the rails never got beyond Placita, 7.3 miles from Marble.

The impetus behind the construction of the road from Redstone to Marble had been to obtain the business of the marble quarries up Yule Creek. In 1897, the value of the stone cut amounted to \$99,600, but this dropped to \$10,766 in 1899. This marble was used in the construction of a building in Denver. With its completion, the demand for marble dropped, causing the construction of the railroad to come to a halt, far short of its goal. Coal was still needed for the

coke ovens and steel mills, and the line was pushed up Coal Creek. This was completed on November 22, 1900. It was twelve miles in length and ascended a vertical distance of 2,242 feet. It had an average grade of 3.6 per cent, with a maximum grade of 4.4 per cent. Maximum curvature was forty degrees. Some idea of the difficulties encountered in the construction, may be seen from the fact that a string of 13 cars was able to straighten out only once between Redstone and Coal Basin, and then for only a short distance.

The narrow gauge equipment consisted of four locomotives, forty Ingoldsby dump cars, a rotary snow plow, flangers, way cars, flat and box cars, and combination coaches. The shops, engine house, and headquarters of the road were located at Redstone. As there was no screen or washer at Coal Basin, the mine run coal was hauled to Redstone, where it was washed, screened, and transformed into coke for shipment to Pueblo. By 1903, the amount of coal hauled from the basin was between 15,000 and 25,000 tons per month. This in turn, was converted into 6,000 tons of coke and hauled to Carbondale.

From the official company magazine, *Camp and Plant*, Vol. 3, No. 2, for January 1903, we learn that the entire line from Carbondale to Placita, a distance of 20.44 miles, had been converted to standard gauge on September 28, 1899. No reason is given as to why the change. This is one of those frustrating bits of information that drives historians nuts. If you check back, you will see that the first thing the Crystal River Railway Company did when it bought the Aspen and Western, was to convert the 3.5 miles of narrow gauge track from Carbondale to the mouth of Thompson Creek, to standard gauge, and to start construction of that of that same gauge toward Marble. We cannot check Poor's Manual because it makes no distinction between the standard gauge and narrow gauge rolling stock. It could be that the entire line had been relayed with heavier rail.

Business however was booming. For the year 1903, a total of 4,446 passengers was carried 79,244 passenger miles. There were 345,952 tons of freight hauled for a total of 4,885,350 ton miles. The net earnings were listed as \$84,587. These figures must have caused some ohs and ahs in the board rooms of some of the other railroads. At least one showed more than a passing interest.

In the *Rocky Mountain News* for September 19, 1903, we read of the authorization by the stockholders of the Denver and Rio Grande to purchase the Crystal River Railroad. They voted to increase the capital stock from \$44,400,000 to \$50,000,000 in order to make the purchase and to meet future requirements. Why the deal fell through is not known.

In 1906, the standard gauge line from Redstone to Placita was leased to the Crystal River and San Juan Railway. The Crystal River continued to operate the rest of the line to Carbondale, as well as the 12 miles of narrow gauge to Coal Basin. In 1908, this line was abandoned due to the closing of the Coal Basin Mine, thus depriving the railroad of more than two-thirds of its freight revenue. The standard gauge line continued to operate to Carbondale but mostly on the business furnished by the Crystal River and San Juan Railway. The report to the State Board of Equalization for 1909 shows the following financial condition:

Expenses	\$82,892.62
Taxes	9,734.88
Income	38,407.92
Loss	54,219.58

Fixed charges, which were not listed, were quoted as \$50,000. The loss would have been much larger, had it not been for \$36,000 paid as a subvention by the C. F. & I. for NO service rendered. This was paid yearly for several years. In the report for 1911, it states that the narrow gauge equipment is unused and unusable.

With the abandonment of the Coal Basin line, the road struggled along with huge deficits until it was shut down in 1918, due to the first World War.

THE YULE CREEK RAILWAY COMPANY

The company was incorporated on July 17, 1905, by George W. Bowen, Samuel I. Heyn, Pope Clark, Alfred E. Davis, and Rolla E. Block, all of Denver. It was to last for a period of 50 years. Its objectives were the same as the others. In fact I think they all copied a master sheet furnished perhaps, by a railroad incorporation supply company, strictly for Crystal River Valle/ railroads! They were to locate, construct, operate, etc., etc. . . . Capitalization was \$200,000 issued in 200 shares at \$100 each.

Its main line was to commence on the Colorado Midland, at a town called Bryant, later changed to Satank, and today called Sutank. The line was to proceed up the Crystal River to its junction with Yule Creek, thence up that creek to its source. Other branches were to be built to the mines and quarries as needed. No record was found of any activity whatsoever, so we consign it to the limbo of paper railroads.

THE CRYSTAL RIVER AND SAN JUAN RAILWAY

Before taking up the history of this railroad, it may be well to review briefly the history of the development of the marble quarries, which after all, were the main reason for this railroad's existence. Exposure of marble can be seen on both Yule Creek and the Crystal River between the towns of Marble and Crystal, and probably were examined by the first prospectors in the region. The first mention by a government publication, was made in 1882 by the U.S. Geological Survey in its "Mineral Resources of the United States" for that year. By 1886, a small quarry had been opened up on a "branch of Rock Creek." No further mention is made of this venture.

The first quarry of importance was opened by A. J. Mitchell and Billy Fine sometime in the 1890's. They soon sold their interests to Col. Channing F. Meek, the man who once declared that he would live to see grass grow in the streets of Lake City. Through money received from more than 18,000 stockholders, he

invested over six million dollars developing the Colorado Yule Marble Company and the Crystal River and San Juan Railway.

The railway was incorporated on October 26, 1906 with the following objectives: "to construct and operate as a common carrier of freight and passengers, a railroad operated by steam or other motive power from a point near Placita, County of Pitkin, to a point in or near the town of Marble, County of Gunnison, with switches, sidings, bridges, stations, roundhouses, telegraph and telephone lines, and all other structures, appurtenances and appliances, necessary and appurtenant to, or considered necessary in carrying on the business of the company. To buy, lease, or otherwise acquire, own and hold for investment, development, improvement or mortgage any such corporation." It was capitalized for \$100,000 in 1,000 shares of \$100 each.

The board of directors was composed of Channing F. Meek, Samuel I. Heyn, Tandy A. Hughes, George H. Hill, B. H. Giles, Henry P. Lowe, and Walter F. Schuyler. Its principal place of business and office was to be located in the town of Marble, Colorado. Note that one of the directors is Mr. Heyn from the Yule Creek Railway Company.

The first order of business seems to have been the leasing of the 3.5 miles of track between Redstone and Placita from the Crystal River Railroad. For this it paid a yearly rental of \$1,800 on a twenty-year lease, with option to renew for another twenty years. Construction was commenced from Placita to Marble, probably on the line surveyed by the Crystal River or even on the old Elk Mountain grade, and completed in November 1906. It had cost \$126,000. The rolling stock at this time consisted of one engine, one caboose, and one freight car.

The main business was hauling the finished marble from the mill in Marble to the Denver and Rio Grande at Carbondale. The marble was hauled from the quarries on Yule Creek, by nine four-horse teams. These could make two round trips daily. In the winter, sleighs were used, and blocks of marble weighing from eight to fifteen tons, were not uncommon. Eventually, a steam tractor was used, but very little was found regarding its operation. About 1910, the electric line was completed, although I was unable to find it listed in the Board of Equalization records. Grades on the line were very steep, running as high as 17 per cent. Runaways and accidents were frequent. Col. Meek was killed in 1912 when he jumped from one such runaway.

At the height of activity, the mill employed 700 men, with another 250 at the quarries. Between 1908 and 1917, the quarries and mill, cut and shipped 1,142,500 cubic feet of rough and finished marble, valued at \$5,422,000. The annual average value of the stone increased from \$1.85 per cubic foot in 1908, to \$6.63 per cubic foot in 1914, when finished marble was shipped to Washington, D.C., for the construction of the Lincoln Memorial.

With the entrance of the United States into the World War in 1917, the demand for marble ceased entirely. The town of Marble was deserted as families moved away. With the loss of the freight and passenger business, the Crystal River and San Juan Railway ceased operations. Its rolling stock for the steam portion of the road at this time consisted of one locomotive, one passenger car, and seven freight cars.

Poor's Manual for 1919 reports the railroad out of business. The volumes for 1920 and 1921 also report the Crystal River Railroad as not operating. However the 1919 report lists passenger revenue as \$755. None is listed for 1920. Although it is listed as not operating in 1921, the manual lists taxes and operating expenses at \$9,286, with a total operating revenue of \$4. The taxes paid by the Crystal River were high. Back in 1909, when the road had a loss of more than \$54,000, it paid taxes of more than \$9,700, on a valuation of \$83,000. At the same time, the Crystal River and San Juan paid \$155.31 on a valuation of \$23,000. These figures are from the State Board of Equalization Records.

With the quarries also out of business, they went into receivership and were divided into three parts and sold at auction at the Gunnison County Courthouse. The three buyers then pooled their interests for a short time under the management of a Mr. Chase. In 1924, the property passed into the hands of the Tennessee Marble Company. In 1926, a disastrous fire practically ruined the mill and this company ceased operation. It was then sold to Jacob F. Smith who sold it to the Vermont Marble Company in 1928. They partially rebuilt the mill and operated it until the permanent shutdown in 1941.

However, after the sale at the courthouse in Gunnison, and the quarries operating under Mr. Chase in 1922, new life was injected into the Crystal and San Juan. It is now called Railroad instead of Railway. Just when the corporation change took place or why, is not known. From available records, it now appears that the Crystal River and San Juan Railroad leased the entire line of the Crystal River Railroad, all the way to Carbondale, and commenced to haul a little marble again. No rental was paid to the Crystal River, but the lessee agreed to keep the property and rolling stock in good repair. This arrangement seems to have been renewed periodically until 1938, when the marble quarries announced they were shutting down. On March 4, 1938, the Crystal River Railroad filed a petition to abandon its line from Carbondale to Placita, a distance of 20.66 miles. However the quarries started work again and the petition failed.

Finally in the fall of 1941, the quarries announced a final closing down of all operations, effective in November of that year. On September 15, 1941, the Vermont Marble Company petitioned the Public Utilities Commission for permission to abandon the Crystal River and San Juan Railroad from Marble to Placita. The petition of the Crystal River Railroad was also filed again. This is probably the only instance in Colorado, where one company going out of business (the quarries) put two railroads out of business.

The decision to stop operations at the quarry and mill was hastened by a disastrous flood that struck the town of Marble on August 15, 1941. A cloudburst sent a wall of water and mud down Carbonate Creek almost without warning, and swept away most of the business district. The H. H. Williams' home, one of the larger in town, was turned around completely. The Marble poolhall was carried some distance from its foundation and lodged against the Masonic Hall. The town water system was completely wrecked. At some places, the water and mud reached a depth of twenty feet. The area where the business district stood is now covered by sand to average depth of ten to fifteen feet and a width of 1,000 feet.

The last train was run on or about August 23, 1942, when all operations ceased. The finishing mill, shops, rails and rolling stock were sold to the Morse Brothers Machinery Company of Denver. While the dismantling was taking place in 1942, Henry Kaiser tried to get a court order to force the sale of the railroad to him so he could haul coal from Placita to aid him in his war manufacturing effort, but he was unsuccessful. Had he succeeded, it is not improbable that today, we could once again buy a ticket on the road with that fabulous name, the Crystal River and San Juan Railroad.

THE TREASURY MOUNTAIN RAILROAD COMPANY

This perhaps, is the least known of the railroads in the valley. With the growing demand for marble in 1908, a quarry was opened on the side of Whitehouse Mountain, almost opposite those of the Vermont Company on Yule Creek. This was owned by J. A. Strauss and to develop the deposits, he organized the Treasury Mountain Railroad Co. It was incorporated on March 30, 1909. The directors were, E. T. Geryman of Hutchinson, Kansas; A. D. Walker of Hotton, Kansas; J. A. Strauss, B. L. Keating and Ben C. Hilliard, all of Denver. Its purpose was to construct and operate a railroad . . . from Redstone, Pitkin County to a town called Anthracite in Gunnison County. It was capitalized for \$100,000 in the usual 1,000 shares at \$100 each.

Construction started at Marble with a junction with the Crystal River and San Juan, either late in 1909 or early in 1910, and completed to the Crystal River Marble quarries, August 18, 1910. It was standard gauge and employed two switchbacks to overcome the steep grades to get to the quarry. Power was supplied by a Shay geared locomotive. Two flat cars completed the rolling stock.

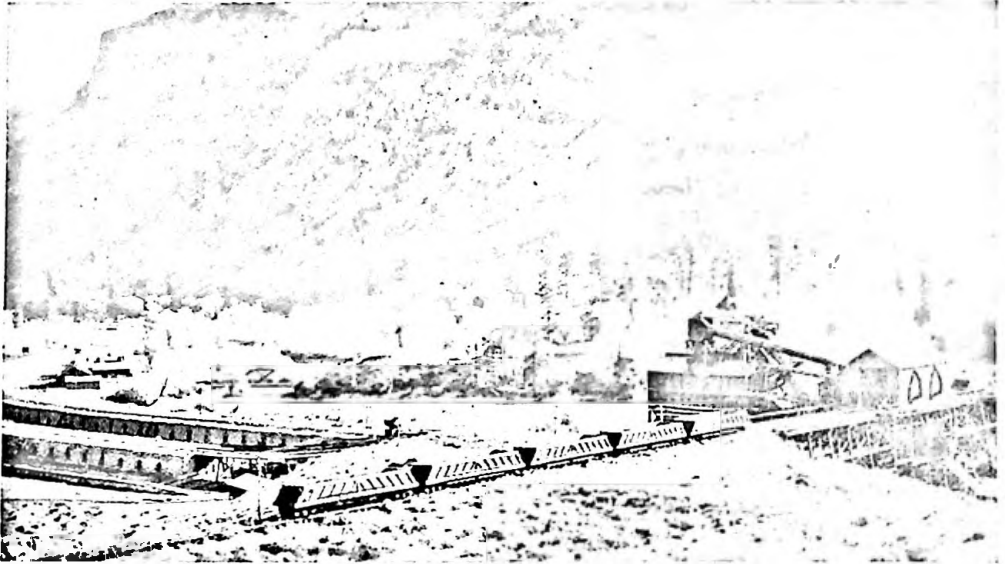
Most of the operation was confined to the building of the road, as it appears the quarry never produced marble in commercial quantities. The track was dismantled about 1943 or 1944. The old engine was left standing in a wooden shack at the foot of the inclined tramway that led up to the quarry opening. It was finally cut into scrap about 1946, and hauled away, thus bringing to an end, the railroads of the Crystal River Valley.



CHRONOLOGY OF THE RAILROADS OF THE
CRYSTAL RIVER VALLEY

- ASPEN AND WESTERN. 1888-1892. Built and operated by the D. & R. G. Length 13 miles. Foreclosed and sold to the Crystal River Railroad.
- COLORADO AND UTAH RAILWAY. 1886-1890(?) Made at least two surveys, but probably nothing else.
- ELK MOUNTAIN RAILWAY. 1887-1897. Graded from Sands on the Colorado Midland to Marble.
- CRYSTAL RIVER RAILWAY COMPANY. 1892-1898. Purchased the tracks and right of way from the Aspen and Western. Built standard gauge from Carbondale to Hot Springs, 13.8 miles. Sold to the Crystal River Railroad.
- MINERAL BELT RAILWAY. 1897-(?) Incorporated to take over the Elk Mountain Railway. No record of activity.
- CRYSTAL RIVER RAILROAD. 1898-1942. Took over the Crystal River Railway and completed the line to Placita, standard gauge, as well as narrow gauge to Coal Basin. Narrow gauge abandoned in 1908. Line from Redstone to Placita leased to Crystal River and San Juan Railway in 1906. Then leased entire line to the C.R. & S.J. from 1921(?) to complete abandonment in 1942.
- YULE CREEK RAILWAY. 1905-(?) No record of activity.
- CRYSTAL RIVER AND SAN JUAN RAILWAY. 1906-1942. Leased track between Redstone and Placita from the Crystal River Railroad. Built their own line from Placita to Marble. Eventually leased the entire line of the Crystal River Railroad from Placita to Carbondale. May have built the electric line to the quarries.
- TREASURY MOUNTAIN RAILROAD. 1908-1914(?) Built to bring marble from the Strauss quarry, later known as the Crystal River Marble Company, to Marble. Didn't do much business but they did sue the Crystal River and San Juan because of discriminatory freight rates. Strauss went down with the Lusitania. The Shay engine stood at the end of track until 1945 or 1946.





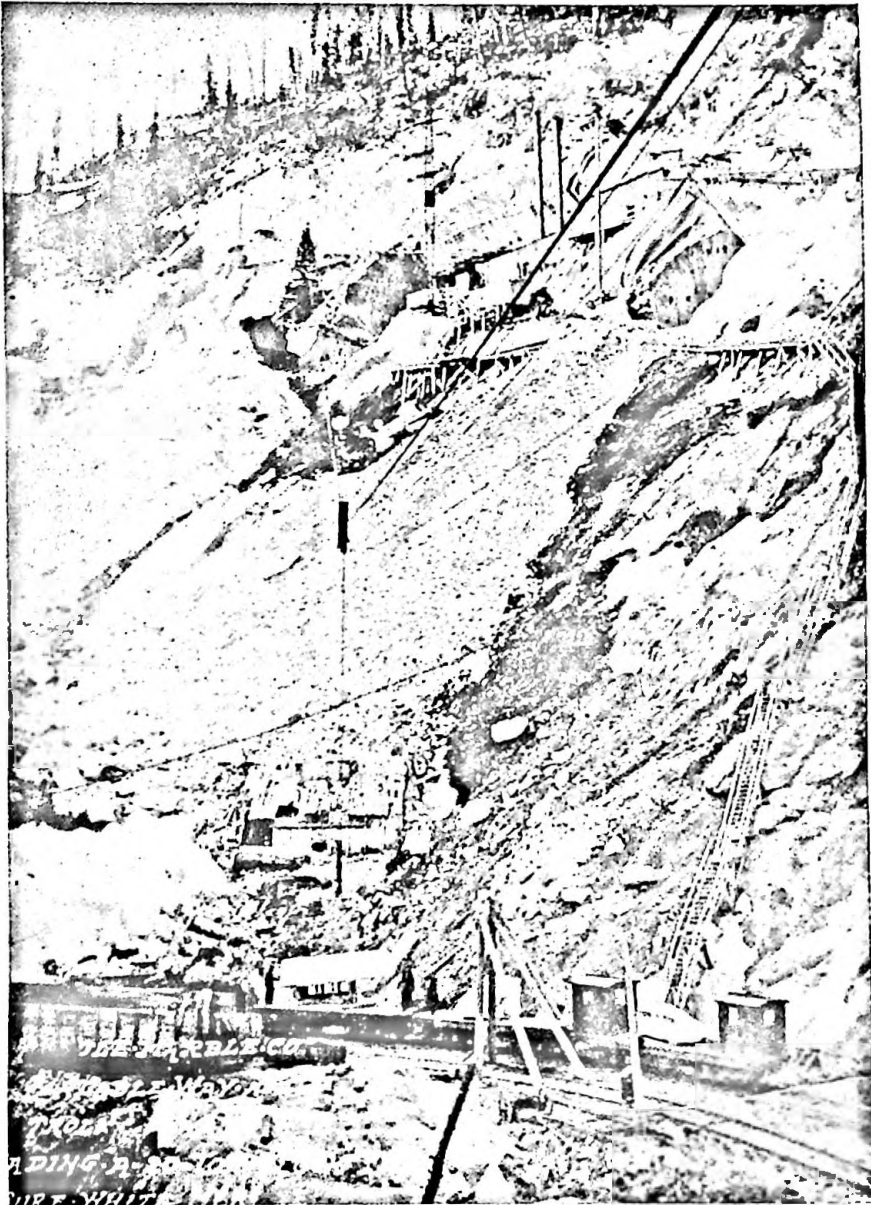
U.S. Geological Survey Photo

Coal washer and coke ovens at Redstone. The dump cars are on the narrow gauge Coal Basin line.

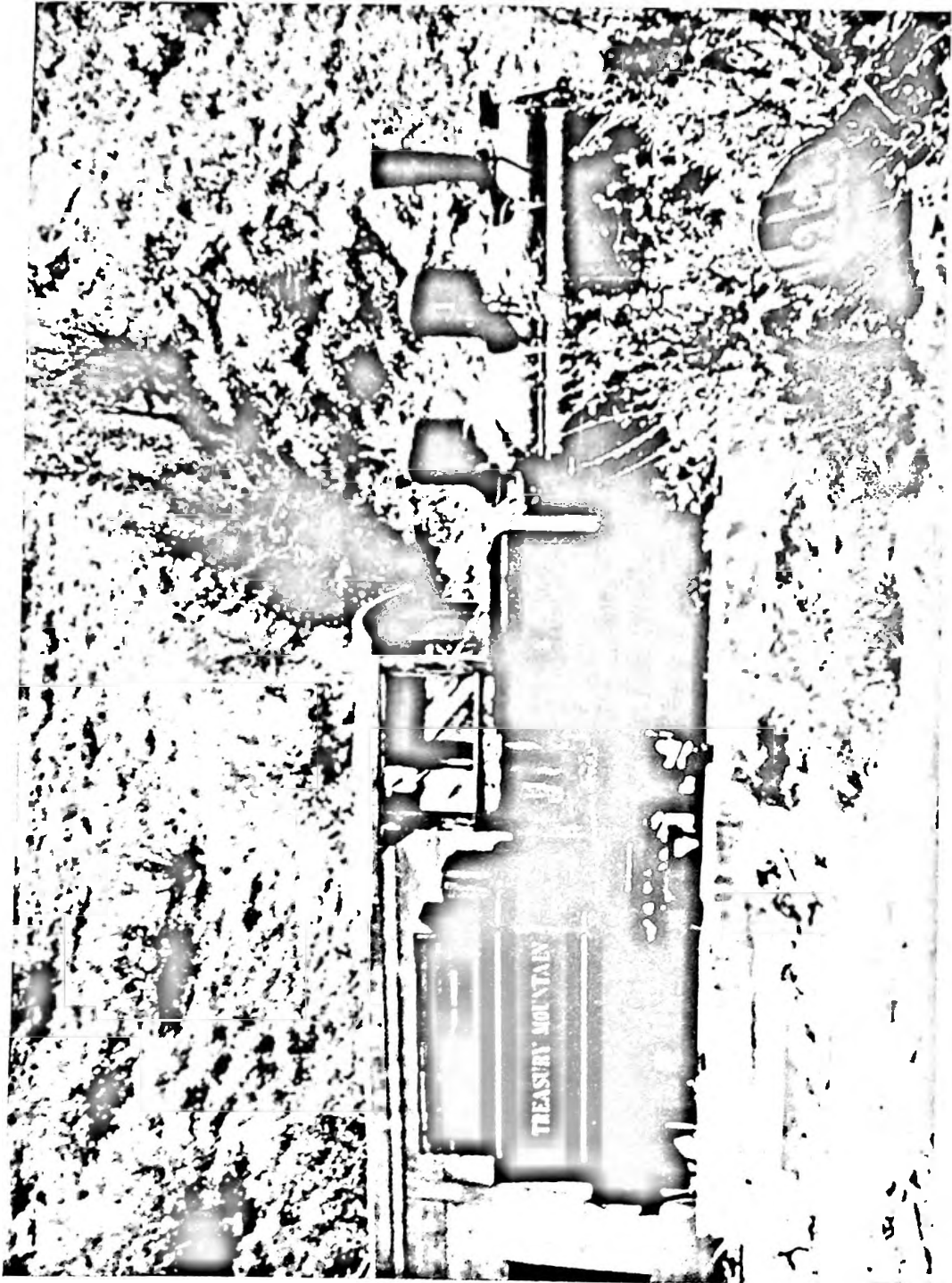


Eisler Photo

Crystal River and San Juan inspection car.



Loading a Twenty Ton Block of Marble at the Yule Marble Quarry



Treasury Mountain No. 1, standing at end of track, where it stood for almost 30 years. Collection of Fred and Jo Mozzulla

TRAIL DUST

HO for IDAHO

Some of us sometimes, are too concerned with the history of Colorado, that we fail to appreciate the rest of the West. The Idaho Bureau of Mines, has just published Bulletin No. 22 entitled, "*Gold Camps and Silver Cities*," written by Merle W. Wells of the Idaho State Historical Society. The Bulletin contains letters from the miners as well as many early photographs of the early towns that sprung up during the rush of the early 1860's.

It may be purchased for \$1.50 from the Idaho Bureau of Mines and Geology, University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho.

THANK YOU

We Westerners are very fortunate in that we have three very alert and aggressive sources of history available to us. I am speaking of the State Archives under Mrs. Dolores Renze; the State Historical Society under Harry Kelsey and Bill Marshall, and the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library, under Mrs. Alys Freeze and Mrs. Opal Harber, together with their respective staffs. What ever in the world would we do without them? Too often folks, we take your services for granted, just because you're there. But believe me —we appreciate your help and patience. Thanks, Pardners!!!

POSSEMEN ON TV

Sheriff **Numa James**, **Fred Mazzulla** and **Forbes Parkhill**, were recent guests on KBTV, Channel 9 HEART OF EMPIRE program on March 7. They talked about history, membership, programs, publications, etc., of the Denver Westerners.

HEAVENS TO BETSY!! NO WOMEN TO BE ALLOWED IN SALOONS

Cripple Creek, May 20, 1909—

R. L. Shewaiter, Chief of Police.

Dear Sir: You are hereby requested to enforce the ordinance relating to women in wine rooms and saloons.

This order applies to all saloons north of the alley between Bennett avenue and Myers avenue, and First and Fifth streets.

If found necessary to enforce this order, you are hereby authorized to suspend license of any saloon failing to comply with these instructions.

(Signed) L. A. Van Tilborg,
Mayor

The foregoing is a copy of an order sent to the chief of police yesterday by the mayor, and is self-explanatory in its import.

It is said that recently there have been a good many complaints made that women were frequenting saloons and wine rooms, and the order, it is believed, is the outgrowth of these complaints.

From the *Miners Digest*
Cripple Creek, Colo.

TWO MEMBERS VOTED TO POSSE

At the March meeting, two CMs were voted into full membership in the Posse. These were M. C. Poor and W. Keith (Pete) Peterson. "Mac" is the author of the famous book, *Denver South Park and Pacific*. "Pete" is an attorney for the City of Denver. Welcome Gents.



Westerner's Bookshelf



FIFTY YEARS ON THE TRAIL—The Adventures of John Young Nelson, as described to Harrington O'Reilly. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 291 pp., \$2.00.

This is an absorbing account of the varied experiences of a frontiersman on the Great Plains and in the Rockies during the half-century from 1840 to 1890. It is a new edition of an original volume published in 1889.

Leaving his home in Virginia during his teens, John Young Nelson made his way to the Mississippi River. After several trips up and down the stream as a boathand, he eventually joined a wagon train and headed for the West where he was to have more experiences in his lifetime than any three or four ordinary dwellers in the wilderness. Adopted into several Indian tribes, he was squawman, hunter, roustabout, guide, dispatch rider, mule skinner, interpreter, trail boss, and scout. On the journey, this group of traders came across a band of Sioux Indians, under the leadership of Chief Spotted Tail, encamped on the Platte River. Here Nelson left the caravan, entered the native village and insisted on being accepted as a member of the tribe. He was admitted and in the course of time, had three different matrimonial experiences with Indian girls.

In 1847, Nelson encountered the caravan of Mormons under Brigham Young, headed for the Promised Land. He was hired as a guide, journeyed overland to Utah and there proceeded to assist in organizing a settlement and explore the region. Eventually he tired of this activity and went back to rejoin his In-

dian friends on the Republican River in what is now Kansas.

In this account there is a wealth of vivid and detailed description of Indian life and customs, of western military outfits, posts and campaigns, buffalo hunts, horse stealing, treaties with the Indians and violations of treaties by both natives and whites. In fact almost every facet of frontier life on the high plains, is reflected in this splendid account of John Young Nelson, as related to his author friend, Harrington O'Reilly.

Paul D. Harrison, PM

TALES FROM THE BRUSH COUNTRY, by Bunyan Blackwell: The Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas. \$5.95.

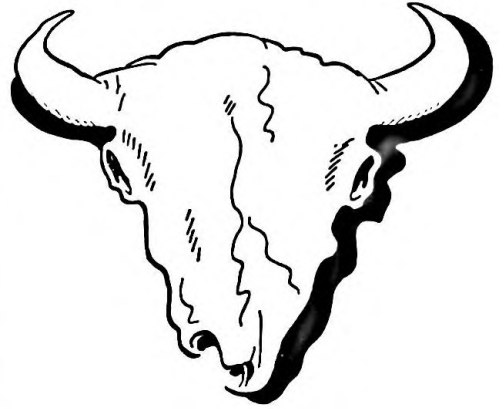
In this neat volume, Author Bunyan Blackwell gives us a top-flight selection of tall tales and fact stories, seven in all. He also gives us an unforgettable picture of the Brush Country of West Texas—beautiful and friendly on one hand; awe some and treacherous on the other.

Of four stories which carry Blackwell's brand, **NO ROAD OUT** will tug at your heartstrings as you **LIVE** with a seven year old boy, lost and alone in the brush wilderness. **SAVED TO BE SHOT** is also on the sober side, the harsh truth and pretty much of a "tear-jerker." But, by contrast, you'll smile over an old favorite yarn by O'Henry, and chuckle when Blackwell tells how a man and a rattlesnake became pals while riding out a flood astride the same log. Finally, as a bonus for us readers, that world famous Texan, Bigfoot Wallace, spins a tall, tall tale! Heartily recommended.

Stephen Payne, PM

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

MAY
1964
Volume XX
Number 5



**NOTES ON A
FEW EARLY TOWNS
OF
JEFFERSON COUNTY**



The Denver Westerners Monthly



ROUNDUP

Vol. XX, Number 5

May, 1964

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Reservations for all meetings and dinners: William D. Powell, P.O. Box 5067, Denver, Colo., 80217. Ph. 266-2151. Dinner \$3.00. Reservations only. (No guests with CMs.)

NEXT MEETING — JUNE 24, 1964

Speaker: PM ED BEMIS Subject: IT HAD WHAT IT TAKES

The story of Littleton, Colorado, a Dramatic Town since 1862
(Littleton is also the home of *The Littleton Independent*)

Denver Press Club. Time—6:30 p.m. Send reservations to:

William D. Powell, P.O. Box 5067, Denver, Colorado 80217,
or call 266-2151, no later than Tuesday Noon, June 23

Notes on a Few Early Towns of Jefferson County

by FRANCIS B. RIZZARI, PM

As the emigrants from the east began arriving at the Pike's Peak region, the first order of business was that of mining, rather than the establishment of permanent residences. One can imagine the impatience of the miners, rushing from creek to creek, panning for colors, and finding very few to make it worth while to settle in one place. Before gold in paying quantities was found, winter was upon them and it was necessary to build some type of permanent shelter from the elements. Reports state the winter of 1858-59 was extremely severe.

A few tents had been erected on the site of Golden in the summer of 1858, but nothing of a permanent nature. East of Golden, about two miles, the best colors had been found in the bars of Clear Creek, which was still being called Vasquez Fork—and a few log huts had been built on the north bank of the creek. The settlement, if it could be termed that, was called Arapahoe, Arapahoe City, or Arapahoe Bar. On November 29, 1858, the Arapahoe Town Company was organized with Marshall Cook, President; G. B. Allen, Secretary; and Thomas Golden, Treasurer. G. B. Allen is credited with laying out the townsite.

Near the end of 1858, two men arrived to spend the winter. They were George A. Jackson and John H. Gregory. Both had been prospecting on the Laramie but with poor luck. Whether they had known each other up north is not recorded. Jackson immediately built a cabin and prepared to spend the winter. One can imagine the long, cold, dismal nights in a smoke-filled cabin, half frozen, and probably half starved.

Now and then one or more of these hardy gold seekers would set out toward the west, wending his way up the streams into the hills, only to wander back again, more or less discouraged because the deep snows had prevented their prospecting. Tom Golden was one of these, and he actually camped on the site, where great discoveries were made later, but Dame Fortune looked the other way. Jackson and Gregory were also restless and eager to get going. Just which one left first is not recorded, as Arapahoe had no newspaper to record the comings and goings of its citizens. Jackson probably entered the mountains by way of Apex Gulch, where the following May was built the road that took his party back to his discovery. Eventually he arrived at Chicago Creek and made history.

Gregory, who has inaccurately been described as lazy and illiterate, left Arapahoe about the same time as Jackson. Some historians say he went alone—others say he took a few men from Arapahoe with him. Anyway, his trip up the canyon of Vasquez Creek, over the ice and boulders, must have been pure agony. Finding color along the way in what few bars were exposed, he eventually found himself at the site of present day Black Hawk. A heavy snowstorm caused him to return to Arapahoe, but he had found enough to convince him that he would return as soon as the winter was over. In the spring, Jackson and a party of about thirty men went back to Chicago Creek, while Gregory and his party returned to Gregory gulch, only this time they went in by way of Big Hill, into Guy Gulch west of Guy Hill. Horace Greeley states this group took the first team and wagon in with them.

Reports vary as to the size of Arapahoe during the winter of 1858-59. Hollister says there must have been fifty houses in the town. Others claim it may have had one hundred, but this seems doubtful. With the exodus of most of its population in the spring of '59, one would think that Arapahoe would have cashed in its chips, but such was not the case. In the *News* for May 14, 1859, the following notice was published in its advertising columns:

ARAPAHOE EXPRESS

Leaves Arapahoe for Auraria and Denver,
Monday and Saturday of each week, and
return the same days. Passengers and
freight carried.

Casto-Kendall & Co.

This advertisement ran for a short time only, and when we next hear of Casto and Kendall, it is in Greeley's report mentioned previously, as the men who took the first wagon and team into the Gregory District. Even though the town was losing its citizens to the richer diggings, others came to take their place. George B. Allen, who laid out the town-site, stayed until 1860. At the Constitutional Convention held in Denver in August, 1859, Arapahoe was represented by seven delegates. These were, G. B. Allen, M. Chilcott, W. L. Crocker, M. Cook, Sam S. Curtis, and Asa Smith.

In October, 1859, the *News* gives this description of Arapahoe: "Leaving Auraria, we crossed the South Platte, and passing near the base of the mountains, we went in twelve miles to Arapahoe, where we found a party engaged in sluicing for gold from Clear Creek, which runs by the town. A narrow ditch has been dug for conducting water to the

sluices. A ditch intended to be eight miles long is partly completed. When this enterprise is carried out, I predict that mining will pay if conducted on the hydraulic principle. Those at work at the sluices were making moderate wages. C. W. Fisk informs me that most of the buildings, which number twenty, were put up last spring. Since then but little has been done. Several contracts have been let for buildings, and the town promises to thrive again."

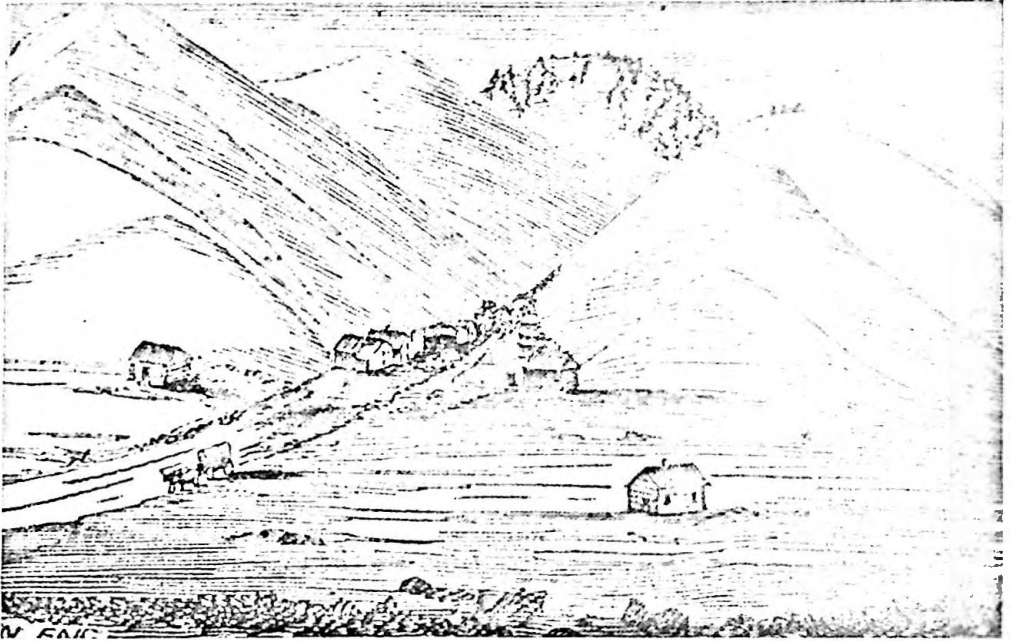
Another item in 1859 states that Davidson, Breath and Company were operating twenty-five sluice heads at Arapahoe, while McIntyre, Vance, and McFadden (sometimes spelled McPhaden) as well as B. F. Chase, were employing considerable forces of men in sluicing. In these placer operations, the first ditch ever constructed in Jefferson county was taken out of Clear Creek, just below the present site of Golden.

In January, 1860, Arapahoe City vied with Golden for the honor of being selected the county seat. Golden received 401 votes to 288 for Arapahoe. Also in January, the Golden City, St. Vrain and Colorado Wagon Road, came into Golden along the north side of Clear Creek, thus giving it better connection with Arapahoe, but by then, Arapahoe was too far gone for any road to help it. A map drawn by Burt and Berthoud, and published in the *Rocky Mountain News* in 1860, shows Arapahoe as quite a road center. Two roads connected it with Denver. One running down the north side of Clear Creek to a point nearly north of Denver; and the other, crossing Clear Creek at Arapahoe, and striking off to the southeast. The third road was the St. Vrain wagon road, which ran almost due northeast to Fort St. Vrain.

Asa Smith was appointed postmaster on February 2, 1860. From then on there seems to be no news at all until September 20, when a notice of a grand ball to be given in Golden, names six Arapahoe residents on the committee for arrangements. After this, so far as Arapahoe is concerned, the newspapers are silent, and the town fades into oblivion. It never seemed to have had any town organization, other than the original town company; no schools, no churches, nor any of the other pioneer amusements like shootings or lynching bees, and as far as we know, it never had a burial. Dredging operations in the early 1900's erased all evidences of the mining activity. On April 28, 1946, the State Historical Society placed a bronze marker on the approximate location of the town-site.

MOUNT VERNON

Dr. Joseph Casto, formerly of Arapahoe City, was the driving influence behind the settlement of Mt. Vernon. He had crossed the plains in the spring of 1859 with Wm. H. Byers and J. J. Reithman. He was in



Mount Vernon, 1860.

the party that accompanied Gregory, when that gentleman made his second trip into the mountains, discovering the Gregory Lode. However, just two weeks later he is in partnership with William Kendall, forming the Arapahoe Express line. In 1860, he was appointed postmaster at Mountain City, but Mt. Vernon was his true love.

The town was started late in 1859, mainly because it was located on what Casto described as, "the greatest thoroughfare in Jefferson Territory—the Denver, Auraria, and Colorado Wagon Road." Casto announced in the *News* and the *Mountaineer*, that free lots were available to those agreeing to build. By January of 1860, Mt. Vernon had 44 voters. These people showed their resentment toward Golden City by casting 35 votes for Arapahoe City and nine for Golden in the election for the county seat. Robert W. Steele, first governor of Jefferson Territory, owned a cabin in the town.

To survive however, a town must have commerce, trade, and traffic. These could only come from roads. However, Mt. Vernon was in peril from its birth, for although Casto continued to tell the Territory about

the Denver, Auraria, and Colorado Wagon Road, three other routes of travel were opened to the mines. These were the Golden Gate or Eight Mile Gulch Road; the Golden City, St. Vrain and Colorado Wagon Road; and the Apex and Gregory Road. These arteries of traffic diverted freight and passengers that should have gone through Mt. Vernon. However, W. H. Loveland and his Colorado Central Railroad practically killed all these roads, including the Denver, Auraria, and Colorado Wagon Road, a decade later.

It was a hard fight and for a while Casto held his own. Within six months of the founding of the town, G. F. Mallet records in the *Mountaineer*, that teams were going through Mt. Vernon at the rate of fifty or more per day, and that houses were going up as if by magic. The population had grown so much that Rev. J. R. Dean opened a summer school. Just how large the town was at the height of its boom is a matter for argument. In later years, when the town plat was filed, a foot note stated that there were quite a number of dwellings, a blacksmith shop, a store, two hotels and other buildings. But that was when the boom was over.

In 1860, George Morrison arrived and opened his hotel, the Mt. Vernon House. It is interesting to note his advertisement in the Burt and Berthoud Guide. It lists the address as simply, "Mount Vernon, Rocky Mountains." No mention of Jefferson Territory. The same guide describes Mt. Vernon as having about 200 population, and that lime and crude material for making plaster of paris is found in great abundance—also a building stone, having the appearance of common marble, is available in inexhaustible quantities.

By 1861, the Denver City, Auraria, and Colorado Wagon Road had been changed to the Denver City, Mt. Vernon, and Gregory Toll Road, the "shortest, best, and most travelled road to all parts of the mines." Officers of the company were: Governor Steele, President; J. C. Nelson, Vice President; and James Galbreath, Secretary.

Rev. Dean died in August of 1860. However, a meeting was held in September in Bell's Hall to consider the erection of a school house. Among those present were Dr. Casto and Gov. Steele. The site of the school was located at Kendall and Second Streets. No further mention was found of that school.

Mt. Vernon was unique in one phase of its history. The Territory of Jefferson was not functioning in a manner that was suitable to the citizens of the town. While others grumbled, Mt. Vernon acted. On September 19, 1860, they gathered together and organized the "District of Mt. Vernon." The boundaries were Golden on the north, to Turkey Creek on the south; and from the head of Mt. Vernon Canyon on the

west, to the line of the sandstone hogback on the east. A "constitution" was adopted which set forth in its preamble, that the people of the district were lacking institutions of government for the proper regulation of their civil affairs. In order to secure to them the things usually mentioned in such preambles, five "articles" and about two thousand words, completed the constitution. It also provided for a President, Vice-President, a Recorder and other officers, together with courts of both high and low degree, and of first and last resort.

An election was held the day after the adoption of the constitution, and Sam Caldwell was elected President; George Charles, Vice-President; and our friend, Dr. Joseph Casto, Recorder. It is believed that Governor Steele did not approve of the proceedings. In fact, in the *News* for February 18, 1861, a correspondent who signs himself "Ginger," accuses the Governor of planning to secede from Mt. Vernon. Later this same Ginger, made a direct accusation that Governor Steele was threatening Mt. Vernon's prosperity by building a road up Apex Gulch, or Amos Gulch as it was then called. This road became the Apex and Gregory Road mentioned earlier, and connected with other roads in which the Governor was interested.

Nothing came of the District of Mt. Vernon. Late in 1860, we find Casto sitting as a delegate in Golden to consider an organization for the whole Territory. The secession of Governor Steele effectively stifled the town's future. Although it existed for many years, its growth had ceased. Steele left the area in 1862. Casto left two years later and went to Illinois, but returned in 1868, staying until 1872. William Matthews arrived in 1868, and about the same time, E. J. Heatley opened a business there. George Morrison stayed until 1865 and then moved south to establish the town that bears his name today. In an interview many years later, Matthews stated that there were 500 people there when he arrived. One historian thinks the printer added an extra zero, or else the 500 were resting before going on to other fields. An 1890 shippers' guide lists a population of 49, but notes the mail comes from Golden.

Today, all that remain are the old cemetery, ruins of the old lime kilns, the old Matthews house, and a polished granite stone, set by the State Historical Society, marking the site of Governor Steele's cabin. U.S. Highway 40 and Interstate 70 pass high on the hill above the town-site, but they are still within a stone's throw of the old Denver, Auraria, and Colorado Wagon Road, that Casto described as the greatest thoroughfare in the Territory. It carries possibly, the heaviest traffic of any road through the mountains.

APEX

Apex is one of the real ghost towns, not only of Jefferson County, but of the entire state. Historians pass it by entirely, while extolling the advantages and opportunities recorded in the history of other towns in the area. It is not listed in the list of towns casting votes in 1860, in the first election in the county. Some writers claim Governor Steele divided his time between Mt. Vernon and Apex. We could not even be sure there was an Apex, were it not for the Apex and Gregory Wagon Road. The act to incorporate this road was approved by the Council and House of Representatives, of Colorado Territory, October 11, 1861.

The incorporators were R. W. Steele, Solomon Shoup, and L. L. Bowen. The line of the road was to extend from the junction on the Golden City and Denver Road at what was known as the Cold Spring Ranch (later the Pullman homestead, named for George M. Pullman, inventor of the Pullman car. Pullman filed a claim for 160 acres here on October 30, 1860), being about ten miles from Denver City, up the valley to the mouth of Amos Gulch, thence up said gulch to the summit of the mountains, thence along the present travelled road to the junction of the Gregory and Blue River Roads, etc., etc. . . . to the town of Missouri City. An old General Land Office plat for T. 4S., R. 69W., surveyed in 1861, shows the portion of this road near Cold Spring Ranch, and it is labelled "to Apex."

E. L. Berthoud, the official historian for Jefferson County in 1880, ignores Apex in the *History of Clear Creek and Boulder Valleys*. Burt and Berthoud also ignored it twenty years before in their Guide to the Rocky Mountain Regions, although they made quite a bit over Golden, Golden Gate and Mt. Vernon.

Richard Broad, writing in the *Colorado Transcript*, states, "the first gubernatorial mansion at Mt. Vernon has vanished, but if you wish to see what remains of the second, you will find them at the entrance to Apex Gulch."

All traces of the town were obliterated when construction began on Magic Mountain—ghostliest of all amusement parks.

GOLDEN GATE

The canyon that today is called Golden Gate, has long been noted for its terrific thunderstorms and resulting floods. The creek is almost dry most of the time and is confined by steep rock walls in a very narrow bed. Why anyone would want to establish a town at the mouth of such a place is a mystery—but someone did.

The town was the natural outgrowth of the building of the road through Eight Mile Canyon, as it was then called, to the Gregory Diggings. First mention of it seems to be in August, 1859, when it sent E. G. Sechrist, J. S. Rogers (Rodgers), J. J. Hawley, C. C. Post, S. W. Lincoln, and Alfred Tucker to the Provisional Convention in Denver. In September, 1859, the *News* states that it has ten houses, while Golden has thirty. A little later, 65 votes were recorded there to Golden's 163. As women and children could not vote, it is safe to assume the population was well over a hundred at that time. In any event, it was the second largest settlement in the county. In the election for the county seat in January 1860, Golden Gate cast 83 votes of which Arapahoe received 79 and Golden only four. This apparent animosity of Golden Gate, Arapahoe and Mt. Vernon toward Golden City is a mystery. Just why no one liked Golden is not recorded. Almost the same situation exists today with Denver and its smaller surrounding communities.

In this election, several candidates from Golden Gate were nominated. Tom Golden ran against Eli Carter of Golden for the office of Recorder. He received 79 votes to four for Carter, the exact count as for the county seat. However in the final count for the county, Eli Carter was elected. Today, only an occasional researcher finds Carter's name, while Tom Golden's is left for history in the town of Golden and Golden Gate Canyon. But let me add a note here: Was Golden City named for him—or for the supposedly "golden opportunities" afforded by the Boston Company that founded the town? Also, was Golden Gate Canyon named for him, or because it was the gateway to the gold fields? We know that Tom Golden was at Arapahoe, long before the town of Golden was started, but there is no record that he ever owned a lot in Golden City, or took part in its organization.

He was a pioneer in the field of merchandising, and was engaged in the commission business at Golden Gate. He was the first to advertise prices in the whole region. In the *Mountaineer* of March 28, 1860, he advertises shingle nails at 35 cents a pound.

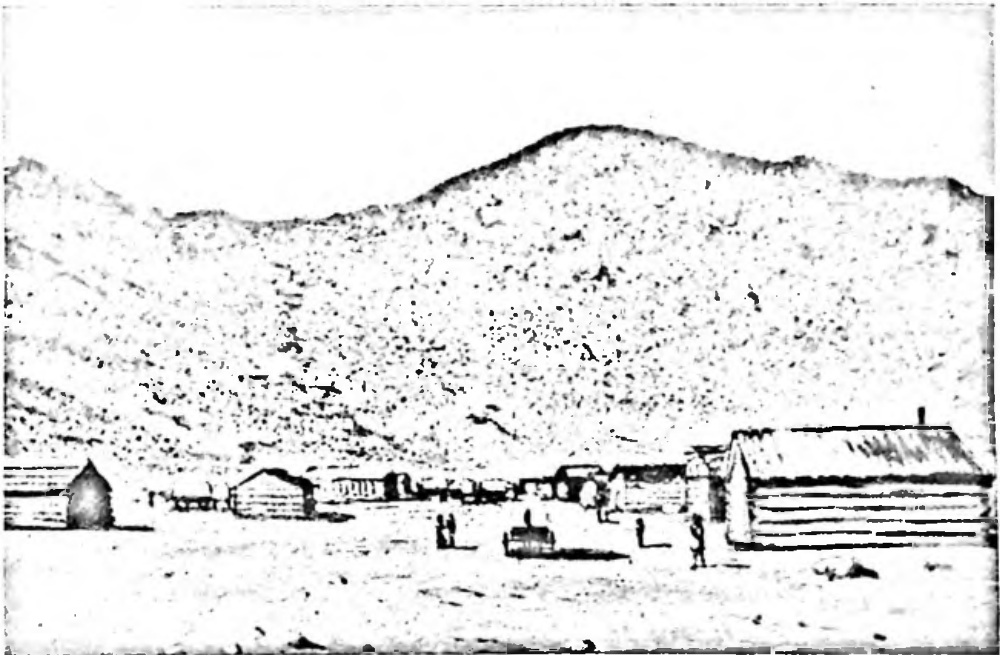
The Territorial Laws of Jefferson Territory, 1860, granted to the Golden Gate Town Company, consisting of J. S. Rodgers' Charles Fletcher, Tom L. Golden, H. S. Hawley, and W. G. Preston, the right to incorporate. The corporation was given the power to purchase and hold any quantity of land in the Territory of Jefferson where the town of Golden Gate is located, not to exceed 640 acres, and to lay off this land into parks, squares, blocks and lots, and to sell and dispose of same by deed. To pass laws for the election of officers at such times as may be necessary to carry on the business of the town, etc. etc. . . .

In the record books of Jefferson County, there is a plat of the town. It comprised some forty odd blocks. We repeat the legend on the map, with its uncorrected spelling:

"Golden Gate, Arapahoe County, Kansas Territory. Is situated at the base of the Rocky Mountains at the mouth of the cannon which is the only practical pass to Gregorys', Russells', Spanish, Jacksons', and Clear Creek diggins, which are the best diggins yet discovered. A fine stream of water runs through the town and there is plenty of Pine timber near, and is surrounded by a fine farming country."

We are also fortunate that we have a photograph of the town. It was taken in the summer of 1859, and shows a dozen or so cabins lining a single street. The town had not yet reached the proportions it had, when it boasted over 100 inhabitants, and the newspapers carried advertisements for its hotels and commission houses.

Edward J. Lewis went through there on April 21, 1860, and described it as "a village of 26 buildings in all stages of completion. Entered mountains here through a toll gate. . . ." Incidentally, Lewis mentions that by the time his party had reached Eight Mile House, they had crossed the stream fifty times.



Golden Gate City, 1859.

The claim to the townsite was contested by Alfred Tucker, who warned all comers in August, 1860, not to buy any lots from the Golden Gate Town Company, as these lots were on his farming claim. Tucker's claim was more or less successful, and his name is recorded for posterity in Tucker Gulch, whose floods and moods seem to match the temperament of the fiery Tucker.

Another prominent citizen was Dan McCleery. He was the original road builder of this section of the Territory. Late in 1859, he was the superintendent of the St. Vrain, Golden City, and Colorado Wagon Road Company. He is credited with building the first road through Chimney Gulch, so called because of the survival of the tall chimney of the toll house located at its mouth. He also built the early bridges across Clear Creek in Golden, and the first road between the Table mountains below Golden. There is a dispute between McCleery on one side and Alfred Tucker and Eli Duncan on the other as to who built the road through Golden Gate Canyon. He later fought in the courts with these men for its possession.

While in business at Golden Gate, running a restaurant and saloon attached, he was sworn in as mayor of Golden in June 1860. To show his appreciation, he entertained his constituents at a fine banquet at the Jefferson House in Golden. On July 8, he married Mrs. Harriet Williams. This caused the editor of the *Mountaineer* to wax poetic with the following verse:

A garland of poesy rich and rare,
In the bridgtoom's garland we'd twine,
But "Sweet Williams," the flower he holds most fair,
So let that adorn his good shrine.

William of old was a conquerer bold,
And by Daniel the lions were braved,
So we hope for the best, along with the rest,
That through them the country'll be saved.

News items of July 1860 tell us that D. McCleery is building a large hotel and restaurant at Golden Gate. Golden and Card are also building a hotel. This makes at least three hotels in the town as the Gate City hotel had had a "grand opening" in April of that year, at which the elite of Golden society danced until the late morning hours. Buddee and Jacobs, a commission house in Denver, also was planning to establish a branch there.

McCleery and Golden continued to advertise their wares in the *Mountaineer* until late in 1860. After this there are no more ads, and we assume that business in the town is already on the wane.

In the spring of 1860, the citizens of Golden and vicinity, asked McCleery to take charge of the Golden Gate or Eight Mile Gulch Road, and put it in operating condition. This he must have done as later reports state that he passed, toll free, over 400 teams hauling machinery in one season. Why free, is not recorded.

But trouble was brewing. Alfred Tucker and Elisha Duncan also claimed the road. In September, 1860, one John H. Kirby appeared in print, demanding justice for McCleery, who he said, had spent thousands of dollars in putting the road in shape. Tempers flared on both sides, and apparently there was some actual physical violence, for McCleery was tried in Golden for assaulting August Ingleman with intent to kill. Details are lacking as to the actual assault. He was freed because the jury could not agree. Meanwhile, Tucker went into Probate Court in Arapahoe County and obtained an order giving him possession of the road. McCleery, backed up to a man by the people of Golden, defied this order. The claimants then decided to do their fighting in the columns of the *Mountaineer*. In the issue for October 18, 1860, A. Tucker, W. H. Bates, D. M. Crume, Elisha Duncan and J. Bright Smith, signed a notice that they have organized a corporation to build a road from Golden Gate, west eight miles. In the next issue, the same advertisement appeared except that the signatures were A. Sucker, Rap Ro Bates, D. McRieum, Elegant Buncom, and Jay Bird Smith, the names being a parody on the names of the first ad. Apparently Tucker and his partners could not stand the ridicule, as the ads disappeared from subsequent issues.

In the end however, Tucker and Duncan seem to have won control of the road, and McCleery disappears—where we do not know. Tom Golden has already left and is heard from no more. The town existed for a few more years, but was given the final Coup de Grace when the road was practically abandoned after W. A. H. Loveland, built the Colorado Central Railroad through Clear Creek Canyon.

The decline of mining in the sixties also hastened its end, as well as that for its sister city, Mt. Vernon. A few stage coaches and freight wagons continued to use the old road occasionally, but most traffic was moving by rail. A roundhouse and shops were built in Golden, and as Golden Gate and Mt. Vernon declined, Golden's future shone brighter and brighter.

BRADFORD CITY

South and a little east of Morrison was Bradford City. It was founded and named for Major Robert B. Bradford, who was an early road builder. The town's only excuse for existence was that it was a convenient stopping place for travellers, before ascending Bradford Hill and dropping down into Turkey Creek, and proceeding to the mines in South Park.

Turkey Creek Canyon, just south of present day Morrison, was too rough and narrow for a road, therefore they looked for an easier way over the first hills into the valleys beyond. Evidence points to the fact that there were one or two houses started in the town by late 1859. Smiley states that Bradford City arose near the end of that year, and the *Rocky Mountain News* for January 18, 1860, mentions the new road to the mountains via Bradford. This road over Bradford Hill, joined the one that came down from Bergen's Park, at what later came to be called Bradford Junction. This was also called Hutchinson, and finally Conifer. All of you who were driving this way in the late twenties and early thirties, will remember the steep hill down into the village, and the old well sitting right in the center of the junction. Whew!

In 1860, L. N. Tappan published a map showing the routes to, and the locality of Colorado City. He does not show Bradford. Burt and Berthoud in their book, *The Rocky Mountain Gold Regions*, 1861, mention Bradford in their list of distances from Denver City to Tarryall, as being 14 miles from Denver. Otherwise they ignore it. In the *News* for April 25, 1860, Enos T. Hotchkiss advertises that he would keep all kinds of stock at Bradford. He claimed the best grass in the country, fine water, a good corral, and experienced herdsman.

On July 4, 1860, Webster D. Anthony went to Oro City over the Bradford Hill road. He writes, ". . . we soon arrived at Bradford City, consisting of about thirty vacant houses. In one place I noticed a board stuck up saying, 'Hotel,' but where this was located, I could not see. Here we ascend a very steep long hill over the mountains, following an old Indian Trail, the 'Ute Pass.' About half way up is a toll gate where, after paying \$1.50, we were allowed to pass. . . ."

Well, the town may have been deserted, but the inevitable toll gate was still operative. Who was the gate keeper? Compare the above description with one written only twenty days later by Edward J. Lewis, who was returning from the mines. (Lewis, you remember, went through Golden Gate on April 21, 1860.) He writes, "Descended this last of the mountains by a long winding and steep but tolerably smooth road, passed the toll gate (called 15 miles from Denver) and camped for noon about a mile beyond, near a good spring, in the town of Brad-

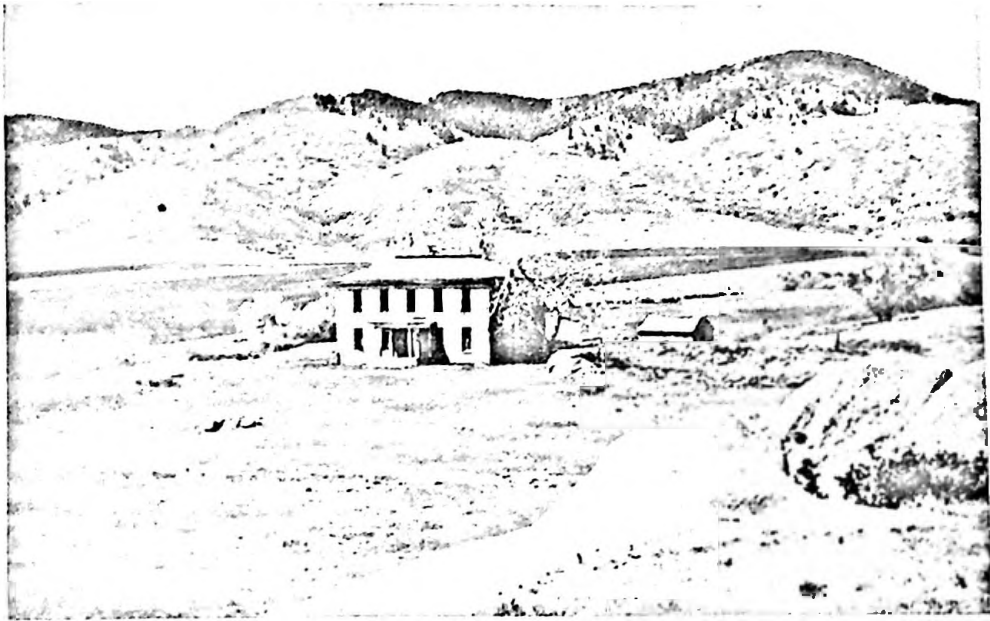


Photo by R. A. Renzio, PM

What's left of Bradford City. 1964.

ford. Here seem to be one stone and one frame house finished, an unfinished frame and three unfinished log houses." What happened to the thirty vacant houses?

On the 4th of August, Lewis returned to the mines and has this to say, "Rode slowly to Bradford, reaching the hotel at the spring at about 11½ A.M. . . . Took dinner at the hotel for 75 cents." Certainly the hotel couldn't have been built since he was at the spring only two weeks before. Or did he just choose to ignore it? Anthony, one month before, saw the sign "Hotel" but couldn't determine which building it was.

On October 11, 1861, the Council and House of Representatives of the Territory of Colorado, First Territorial Legislature, passed an act to incorporate the Denver, Bradford, and Blue River Road Company. The main line of said road was to extend from the city of Denver, by way of the village of Bradford, the north fork of the Platte River and the village of Hamilton, in South Park, to the village of Breckenridge, on the Blue River in the Middle Park. . . . Three toll gates were allowed although none were allowed between Denver and Bradford. Incorporators were R. B. Bradford, A. McIntyre, A. McFadden, D. C. Vance, Dan McCleery and others. McFadden, McIntyre and Vance, are former residents of Arapahoe City, and McCleery, of course, from Golden Gate.

From here on, information is scarce. We know that late in 1861, the miners were leaving Hamilton, Tarryall, and the Georgia Gulch areas for the Keane River Diggings. Lack of traffic and travellers left no one to give us word of the town. One of the last descriptions is found in the *News* for August 12, 1863. Our correspondent, who signs himself merely as "G", is enroute to South Park. He writes, "The first town the traveller hither hails to is the barren burg of Bradford, which contains three houses all told—a Dutchman's domicile (formerly occupied by the Miller dynasty) Stone's chateau (lately the Twelve Mile House), and a stone structure supposed to be inhabited by the Bradford family. A few romantic red rocks and caves . . . are the only objects of interest about or in the city limits, save here and there a wide-spread soap weed and a plump-hipped prairie dog. . . ."

The town probably actually died in 1867, when the road through the lower end of Turkey Creek was finished. By then Golden City was the capital of the Territory, and Bradford City joined Arapahoe, Golden Gate, Apex and Mt. Vernon, in becoming some of the very first of what we call today—Ghost Towns.

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

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TRAIL DUST

MORE ON THE BUGLE

Recently there has been quite a bit in the Denver papers concerning Mr. Sutherland and his bugle, with which he supposedly blew the charge for the "light Brigade." Well—Bayard Taylor had this to say, way back in 1866, in his book, *Colorado, A Summer Trip*. He has just arrived in Breckenridge, ". . . at the first house we reached, we found a long table set for dinner and a barrel of beer on tap, which had come over the Snowy range from Montgomery the previous day. The host, Mr. Sutherland, suspected our impatient hunger and delayed the meal long enough to add the unexpected delicacy of oyster soup. Then taking the bugle with which he blew the signal for the immortal Light Brigade to charge at Balaklava, he made the notes of 'Peas upon a trencher' ring over the shanties of Breckenridge. Since that splendid Crimean episode, Mr. Sutherland and his bugle have done loyal service in a Colorado regiment. . . ."

COLORADO PIONEER HONORED

Washington, May 1, 1964 . . . Senator Gordon Allott was notified today by the Board of Geographic Names that his suggestion for changing the name of previously designated Nigger Hill and Nigger

Gulch, near Breckenridge, Colorado, to Barney Ford Hill and Ford Gulch had been approved.

The Colorado Senator had suggested, early in March, that such a change be made in honor of a pioneer Colorado Negro, Barney Ford. Allott said at that time, "It is simply not fitting that such derogatory terms be used to designate geographic features right in the same area where an outstanding member of the Negro race contributed so much."

In commenting today on the action of the Board of Geographic Names, Allott said he was "delighted" at this action, "because now a distinguished Colorado Pioneer can take his rightful place in Colorado history." He went on then to pay tribute to noted Colorado author and historian, Forbes Parkhill, for his book "Mr. Barney Ford, A Portrait in Bistre" which, Allott said, "did so much to make Colorado and the Nation aware of the contribution of this outstanding Coloradoan."

Do you have a friend or acquaintance that is interested in the History of the West? If so, and he or she would like to become a Corresponding Member of the Denver Posse, simply send their name and address, along with \$4.00, to: The Denver Westerners, P.O. Box 5786, Denver, Colorado 80217.

Trail Dust, continued

Due to circumstances beyond our control, we were unable to print Dabney Collins' talk, "Hero Makers of the West" for this month's Roundup. Therefore—ye olde editor found it necessary to fill in with some of his historical notes on Early Towns of Jefferson County.

NEWS OF PAST AWARD WINNERS

John B. Brennan of Boulder, who was the second winner (1958) of the Westerners' Award, has been placed in charge of the Western Historical Collections at Norlin Library, University of Colorado. He is also a Ph.D. candidate in the graduate school.

Duane Allan Smith, winner in 1959, is now an assistant professor of history at San Jose State College in California.

Miss Maxine Benson, one of the three that tied for the Award in 1960, has joined the staff of the State Historical Society as assistant to Harry Kelsey, State Historian.

GEORGETOWN ZEPHYR

The heavy wind storm on Monday last lifted the train on the Colorado & Southern railroad, just below the town of Georgetown, off the track, and several passengers and members of the train crew suffered injuries. The accident happened at the same point where several others of a similar nature have occurred in past years, seemingly

at a point where two gulches meet, and the combined forces of wind from those sources have furnished the power to lift the entire train from the rails. In the wreck of Monday last, some 13 passengers were injured by broken glass and being thrown across the cars, and Mr. J. K. Robinson, the express messenger, was seriously injured. The train was barely moving at the time, and when the engineer felt the shock he put on the air and stopped immediately.

Central City Register Call,
Week, Feb. 7, 1904

PIONEER MINT

In 1861, there was a mint in Georgia Gulch, northeast of Breckenridge, operated by J. J. Conway. He minted gold coins in denominations of \$2.50, \$5.00 and \$10.00. They are very rare and much sought after by collectors. In 1860, there was an establishment in Denver known as the Denver City Assay Office. Very little is known of this, but it intended to also mint gold coins. Several patterns of the Denver Assay Office are in existence, although they are very rare, also.

In a coin sale in New York in March, a Denver City Assay pattern token and a J. J. Conway \$2.50 gold piece were offered for sale. The token brought \$190 and the Conway piece brought \$13,500.

CALIFORNIA GULCH ROAD

One of the first companies in the Territory of Colorado to build toll roads was the Tarryall & Arkansas River Wagon Road Co.. The Legislature authorized it to build a road from Fairplay in Park County via Weston's Union and Anderson's ranches, Snowy Range and the Arkansas River to California Gulch, later known as the California Gulch Road. California Gulch was the gold discovery site that later was renamed Leadville when silver

started a new boom.

Tolls were \$1 for one span of horses, mules or cattle; 25c for each additional pair of draft animals attached; 25c for each horse or mule with rider; 10c for each horse, mule, head of cattle or ass driven loose; 5c for each sheep, hog or goat. Free were persons traveling to religious services or funerals, posse pursuing horse thieves or cattle rustlers, and Indians, who had no money.

from *The Cripple Creek Miners Digest*



Westerner's Bookshelf



SAYNDAY'S PEOPLE; THE KIOWA INDIANS AND THE STORIES THEY TOLD, by Alice Marriott. University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1963. Illus., 221 pp., \$1.75.

This edition consists of two books, *Winter-Telling Stories* and *Indians on Horseback*, which were originally published in 1947 and 1948. The author, both an ethnologist and anthropologist, collected the tales and information for the books by "pencil and notebook recordings" made during two summers of watching and listening among the last of the Kiowa Indians in Southwestern Oklahoma. She says, "They remembered much, these old people. Tired as they were, they told their memories well."

From their memories came the *Winter-Telling Stories* of Saynday. Who was Saynday? He was both a trickster and a hero, he was mythical, he was vain and foolish. He was the one, the Kiowas tell, who got many things in our world started and going—some good, some bad, but all of them things that make the world the way it is.

The Kiowas say Saynday lived a long time ago and the events in his stories happened a long way back. He did,

however, leave the rules for the way the stories should be told:

"Always tell my stories in the winter,
when the outdoors work is done.

Always tell my stories at night,
when the day's work is finished.

Always begin my stories the same way.
They always must begin: Saynday
Was Coming Along—"

So the stories are told—how Saynday got the sun, how the white crow turned black, how the bobcat got his spots and many others. They all end, "And that's the way it was, and that's the way it is, to this good day." Saynday is long gone but his stories still carry on.

Indians on Horseback helps answer several questions about the Plains Indians. Where did they come from? How did the coming of the white man affect them? How did they live, name their children, make their tipis, cook their food? These are some of the questions answered from the memories of the elder Kiowas the author knew and talked with, Spear Woman, Old Man Tsoodle, Prickly Pear and others.

In her foreword to this edition, Alice Marriott says that Saynday's People is the story of the Plains Indian. She con-

cludes, "This is the way his people lived and worked, suffered and rejoiced. These are the stories they told about him—that old Uncle Saynday who was always coming along."

Granville M. Horstmann, CM

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN COLORADO 1860-1963, by Allen DuPont Breck. Big Mountain Press, Denver, 450 pp., \$10.00.

It is unfortunate, and perhaps symptomatic, that the historians of this state have largely neglected church history in favor of such subjects as mining, railroad building, and general lawlessness of all types. While this is understandable, it is a lamentable omission, for the efforts of those who established the Christian religion among the plains and peaks, were no less heroic than those of their more secularly minded contemporaries.

In the case of one major denomination, this situation has been remedied by the devoted researches of Dr. Allen Breck, whose newest work, *The Episcopal Church In Colorado 1860-1963*, covers the trials and triumphs, expansion and retrenchment of the Anglican Communion from the founding of St. John's Church In The Wilderness in year-old Denver, to that of St. John Chrysostom in Applewood Mesa last

year, and from the Episcopate of Bishop Talbot to that of the Rt. Rev. Joseph Minnis. But more than churches and apostolic succession, it is the story of devoted clergy and laymen whose efforts, largely unsung, resulted in a better moral and social climate for those who followed, and whose efforts to heal the sick, educate the young, and comfort the troubled, did indeed bear fruit.

In addition to the text, tables are included covering the names of all clergy who served in Colorado, the dates, dedications, and other pertinent data concerning the various individual churches, and statistics concerning the growth of the Episcopal Church over the years.

A number of illustrations are included, showing both historic and contemporary churches (many of these are, incidentally, from the collection of Sheriff Numa James), along with three color plates. The typography is excellent, errors are few, and it is one of the handsomest volumes published locally last year.

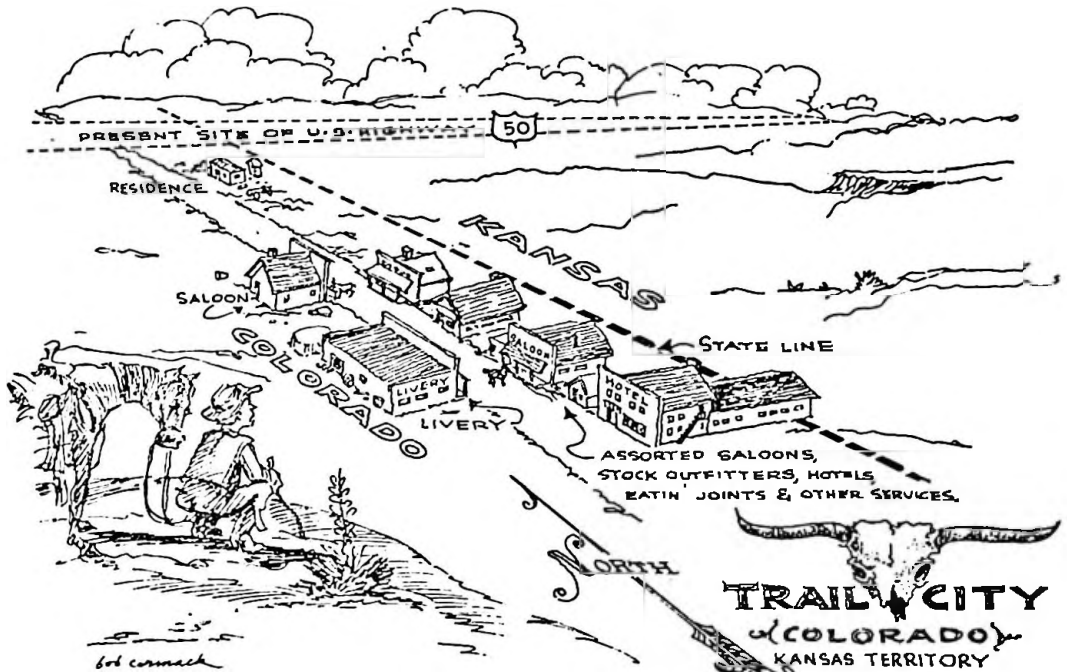
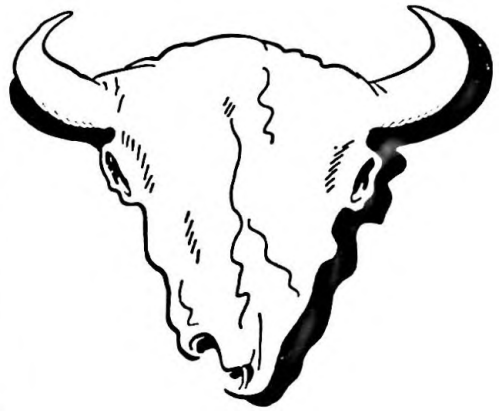
In summation, one may say that the Christian Religion was indeed fortunate to have such loyal servants as Kehler, Talbot, Spalding, and Hart, and the countless others who advanced its cause in Colorado, and that the Diocese is indeed fortunate to have an Allen Breck to chronicle their deeds.

Ross Grenard, CM

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

JUNE
1964
Volume XX
Number 6

IN THIS ISSUE
Trail City—That Was
the Town That Was
by Bill Powell, PM



TRAIL CITY AS IT MIGHT HAVE LOOKED IN 1886

Drawn especially for this article by Bob Cormack, PM.



The Denver Westerners Monthly



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BILL POWELL was born in Ottawa, Canada. He came to Colorado as a boy in 1922. He grew up on Colorado history, listening to his mother's stories of the early days—his father had come here in the 80's, and in partnership with Harry Wimbush, bought the Brisbain Walker ranch, now Berkeley, and sub-divided it.

Bill was manager of the old Home Public Market for ten years, then located on the present site of the *Denver Post*. He has a collection of photographs of markets all over the world. He served in the 15th Air Force with the 449th (H) Bomb Group during World War II.

His hobbies are Western History, early cattle trails, and Mission Churches of Colorado and New Mexico. He and his wife, Edith, live at Elk Falls Ranch, west of Shaffer's Crossing. When time permits, he skis, ice skates, hunts and fishes.

Photo by Rob Plummer, CM



TRAIL CITY-

THAT WAS THE TOWN THAT WAS

by Bill Powell, PM

In the excitement of the cattle trails of the 60's through the 80's, no one gave thought as to what would happen when the prairies were settled by farmers, squatters, and those known as "sodbusters."

In 1886, Kansas passed a ban on Texas cattle when infection set in on the trail, with a fever known as "Texas Fever." Herds were stopped from coming up the old trails that wound through Indian Territory. In order to move the herds again, they began to travel west through the northern tier of Texas counties, possibly following a route established at Dallas, until they reached a point near the present town of Texhoma, then turned north and west across the Neutral Strip to the southwest corner of Kansas.

Possibly one of Martin Culver's men was the first Trail Boss on this new route. It is reported that this Trail Boss tried to enter Kansas, but was met at the state line and turned back by guards who served papers on him. The Trail Boss put his leg over the saddle horn, looked the officers over, then turning to his men said, "Bend them west boys, there's nothing here but sunflowers and blankety blank blanks." The herds traveled west.

Martin Culver was a cattleman from down Corpus Christi way. He was a member of the Texas Livestock Association, was on the Committee on Brands, as well as the Association Committee on Crime. Later, on instructions from Dallas, Martin Culver went to Washington, D.C., and after a lot of palaver, delays and red tape, eventually obtained what he thought was a concession on a strip of land 3 miles wide along the east Colorado state line on Range #41. This is what he used as a cattle trail, and it came to be known as the National Trail on the maps of the day.

Some writers have declared that there is no documentary evidence of this concession, however, we have found where a Trail known as the National Trail was conceded for a period of ten years or until such time as it would be found necessary to open up the land to settlers. Newspapers of the day indicate that the government reserved Range 41W. for a trail, and the State of Colorado honored this arrangement.

The land was opened for settlement as of January 1, 1887. Over 100 filings were made in the Bent Land District, an area 145 miles long and 70 miles wide. The land office was located in Lamar, Colorado, and these filings were all made on the first day that the District was open. The acquisition of the Land Office for Lamar is a story in itself.

Several herds traveled this trail during the season of 1885. The trampling feet of the cattle and the rolling wheels of the wagons, cut deep grooves in the prairie for some three or four years. All this without any interference from Uncle Sam or the State of Colorado. However, there was opposition from the Bent County Cattlemen's Association, in Las Animas, but this seems to have quieted down rapidly.

The National Trail, as it was established, left the Western Trail near the present site of Woodward, Okla., then ran west along the northern tier of the Texas panhandle counties, to a point near Texhoma, then north across "No Man's Land" to the southwest corner of Kansas and up the Colorado side of the Colorado-Kansas line for some 160 miles.

Because of the rugged high countryland and the lack of water for the cattle, the trail veered to the west where stops could be made at sinks, water holes and lakes in order to water, feed, rest, and regroup the cattle and horses. The Trail did not touch the Kansas line again, however, it came near it at the turn which took it near Ogalalla, Nebraska on its way north to the Dakotas.

One branch of the trail, however, did turn west and north to about where Riverbend, Colorado, is now located, it had passed to the east and north of Kit Carson. There is a large monument to the Trail north of Kit Carson, and about three fourths of a mile east of the "Big Sink" where the cattle were watered. From Riverbend it went north near Brush, Colorado, then east of Lusk, Wyoming up through the Powder River Crossing, and passed west of Moorcroft, Wyoming, and up to Miles City, Montana.

During the summer of 1885 Martin Culver laid out a townsite on the banks of the Arkansas River in Eastern Colorado but did not incorporate it until November of that year. In the spring of 1886 the town was started at a point where the Santa Fe Trail and the proposed National Trail intersected. It was called, Trail City.

Culver had an agreement with the Santa Fe Railroad Company whereby he was to collect two cents per head for each head of cattle passing under the Santa Fe tracks at a point where the tracks passed over a dry creek bed. The creek bed was then deep enough for a man to sit on horseback and tally the cattle as they passed through. But now, it is almost completely filled in with silt and sand, blown in by the constant wind. The writer has a copy of this agreement with the Santa Fe Railroad Company, in his possession.

It is not known how long this arrangement lasted with the railroad. Some say the collections went on as long as the Trail lasted. We do know, however, that within two years, the area was opened for settlement.

Associated with Martin Culver in the land settlement, were two Garden City men, Howell P. Myton, who was Registrar of the U.S. Land Office in Garden City, and W.S. Smith of the firm of Smith and Bennett, Land Agents. At that time Martin Culver was living in Dodge City.

The new town company was incorporated with a capital stock of \$20,000 in 200 shares worth \$100 each. These men planned to make the town of Trail City another Dodge City. Many of the early residents did come from Dodge City. On August 25, 1886, the *Globe Livestock Journal* announced that the new town was "looming up" and was destined to become a "rip roaring Texas Cattle town of the west." One month later the *Pueblo Chieftain* reported that a number of buildings had been put up—stores, saloons and a large boarding house were going "full blast" and that nearly 100 lots had been sold at from \$100. to \$200. each.

From the *Bent County Register*, July 10, 1886 "Trail City is undergoing a big cattle trade at the present time, which will last until Fall. Their trade all comes from the Texas cattle herds." In 1886, the *Globe Livestock Journal* reported, "Trail City is taking on a little boom of their own, all on account of being near the time when the great herds will be loitering about there."

Bob Wright and H.M. Beverly of Dodge City each opened a general supply and outfitting store. Beverly's store soon became the largest of its kind in that part of the West. Martin Culver built a hotel that was rated second only to the "Silver Star" at Coolidge, Kansas. Richmond and Dunbar, ranch brokers at Dodge City opened an office at Trail City. J.P. (Print) Olive erected a stable and saloon and a residence. The Santa Fe Railroad built stockyards. The big saloon owners of Dodge City moved in with their gambling equipment and dance hall girls. But there never were more than two "houses" in Trail City, according to Ford Crittenden, who was a young lad in Coolidge, Kansas, and played around the whole area.

Originally, all of the buildings in Trail City were built right on the state line, so that part of the building was in Colorado with a rear entrance or exit directly into Kansas. If a lawman came in from Kansas, the "wanted" man went out the Colorado side, and vice versa. See Bob Cormack's drawing of the town. This was made from information obtained from interviews with people who knew the townsite and remembered the buildings.

In the Summer of 1886 the town was reported to have a population of some 500 persons, about 300 of them being transients. Besides the

saloons, dance halls and other businesses we mentioned, there were a few grocery and outfitting stores and a few homes, most of them located on the town's only street and on the west and north edge of town. This street, the main street, extended north and south from a point where Highway #50 crosses the State Line and south to the Santa Fe tracks. Because of the way the town was laid out on the State Line, the area became known as "No man's land."

The Texas herds began coming up early in June, 1886. By June 11th three herds had crossed the Arkansas River, two of them belonging to the Continental Cattle Company and one to Curtis and Atkinson. The foremen of all three herds were arrested by order of the Bent County Stock Growers Assn., on the charge that they had entered the state without health certificates for the cattle. The drover apparently had also antagonized the local cattlemen by wandering away from the Trail and trying to cross the river at other than designated points. On July 3rd their troubles were resolved. Meantime, other herds were arriving.

On July 3, 1886, a newspaper correspondent at Trail City reported that up to that time, 80,078 head of cattle had arrived, then he added the following: "This is a pretty dull place except when there are several herds near town, then it is a lively place. Last week, however, we had quite an item. A couple of cowboys came down the trail and went into R.M. Wright & Company's store and bought a pair of boots. Sometime afterwards it was discovered that one of them was a girl. She was persuaded to change her clothing and went home that night with Jack Rhodes. Her parents live near Cimarron." By July 29th the number of cattle passing through had reached 125,000 head and it was estimated that the total drive for the year would be around 225,000 head.

Trail City roared along the road to fame that summer of 1886. It did not become another Dodge City but it did rate high among the frontier towns in toughness, for it was called, "the hell hole of the Arkansas"—(From the *Texas Cattlemen*, June 1951 and from *Empire Magazine*.)

A lot of rough characters had congregated there, among them escaped convicts. Everything was wide open, day and night. The local Court, if there was one, must have been in session day and night, however, the nearest law was in Las Animas, Colorado, some 75 miles West. According to legend, men sometimes came into town and rode their horses right into the saloons to order drinks, but this has been told of every Western cattle and mining town.

Ford Crittenden, now 92, and a former resident of Coolidge, Kansas, but now of Syracuse, Kansas, told me that, "the town never was as big as they would like to represent it to be." He says that the herds were up to about 5,000 head only and not usually over 2,500 head, as more than that made them too difficult to handle for feed and water.

He also said that as a kid he had heard that the trail bosses gave away the young calves that were born on the trail from Texas. They were supposed to give them to the children of the settlers along the route. When he was 12 he rode out to meet one of the herds in the hope of getting one of the calves. He said that he saw one of the women of the town, who had also ridden out to meet the herd. One of the cowboys rode up to her and tried to manhandle her. Crittenden did not get his calf but he did get an insight into life at an early age.

"Trail City became one of the wildest and liveliest spots in the West for a few years. Trail City was just inside the Colorado line, near Coolidge, Kansas. It was the Arkansas River crossing point for north-bound herds from Texas. The old Santa Fe Trail ran east and west just north of Trail City. All the herds were stopped and held here by trail cutters, employed by the Kansas and Colorado ranchers to make sure that the through herds did not pick up and carry along cattle from the ranges through which they passed. Trail City lived just a few years, and no longer shows on the map. It was a wide-open cowtown while it lasted." From the MS in *Western Range Cattle Industry Studies*, by George A.H. Baxter, a Colorado cattleman for 60 years.

However, the wildness occurred only while the herds were passing through. One letter stated, "this is a quiet spot now, even a dog fight is excitement when the cowboys are not here." Coolidge, Kansas, was but 2 miles east of Trail City and there was considerable traffic between the two places. A stage or hack carried passengers back and forth. Murph Ward was one of the drivers. He was the father of Charles Ward, now of Holly, Colorado, and was a friend of Ford Crittenden.

The "dry residents" of Coolidge provided a lot of the traffic to Trail City. The fare each way was 50¢ per person. Usually the hack carried one of the girls from Trail City as an added inducement or bait. Coolidge also was the Division Point for the Santa Fe Railroad and the railroad men visited the town for a spree and a drink. It has been said that there were four or five hacks in operation between the two towns, but I could find no evidence of any other than the hack of Murph Ward.

When things were slow the girls from the "pleasure houses" would go to Coolidge to drum up business. Legend has it that the "girls" would ride behind the cowboys in the saddle, in the nude, but there is no actual evidence of this. I asked Ford Crittenden about it, and he said that they certainly didn't. "For one thing," he said, "the saddle would be too hard on bare behinds, and too rough to be bouncing around on a saddle."

Wild tales are told of every early Western town, of drunken cowboys and "girls" getting drunk, but the girls in Trail City did very little of this as it would interfere with their "cash sales" at a time when the herds were arriving. However, some of these "ladies of the evening" must not have

been too particular about their behavior, as it is reported in the *Coolidge Citizen* that a dance hall girl from Trail City was found lying drunk in the street of Coolidge, and that a crowd gathered and the town Marshal grabbed her by the feet and started to drag her off to jail. This aroused her and she told the Marshal and everyone within hearing distance what their relations had been in the past and what he had better do. He locked her up anyway, but word soon came from Trail City that he had better release her or the boys would come and get her. He released her.

The "boom year" for Trail City was 1886. By 1887, the town was almost dead. The *Colorado State Business Directory* for 1887, lists Trail City as a new settlement in the eastern part of Bent county, near (the) State line. Population, 100. H. M. Beverly & Co., general merchandise; Hart & Haynes, saloon; Prairie Lumber Co., lumber; and R. M. Wright & Co., general merchandise. By 1890, the directory has dropped it from the business section of the book, but lists it in the list of small towns. It notes that it has no post office. The population is given as 50. It does not even show it on the railroad, but only as having a stage to serve it. The location is given now as Prowers county, near the Kansas line.

The Southern Texas cattlemen had good reason to be happy at the close of the 1885 season. The Government had removed the trail block imposed on account of the cattle fever, from the Indian Territory and the drovers had cut a new trail to the northern ranges and markets.

From the *Texas Cattleman*, June 1951, we read of the details. In July 1885 President Cleveland issued an order ". . . all cattle must be removed from the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Reservations within 40 days." The new restriction was met with indignation and a delegation of cowmen visited the President in Washington asking for an extension of time. He refused to modify his order, explaining that the presence of the cattlemen was irritating the Indians. They returned home with the President's final admonition ringing in their ears, "No argument will induce me to change what has been done." The Indians were in Eastern Colorado, Western Kansas and the Neutral Strip.

The cattlemen grumbled but started moving their herds. Perhaps their compliance was accelerated by the presence of General Miles and his troops at Fort Reno under orders to enforce the President's decree.

The *Kansas Livestock Record* commented as follows: "As a result of the prompt and decisive action of the President, insuring a free trail through the Indian Territory to the northern markets for Texas cattle, the price of cattle in Texas has advanced fully 25%. This means millions of dollars to Texans."

Encouraged by the favorable trend of events, the Texas delegation again tried to get Congress to legalize the National Trail. Martin Culver

went to Washington to lobby for it. The writer has a copy of his pass to the House of Representatives.

Shortly after the 49th Congress convened, Senator Coke introduced Bill #721 which was read twice, then referred to the Committee on Commerce. Representative Miller introduced a companion measure in the Lower House. In March Senator Coke reported the bill out of Committee with amendments: He was able to get it reconsidered and the amended bill provided that "the public land in Range #41 along the east side of the Colorado line be preserved from all settlement for a ten year period and set apart as a National Livestock Highway." The amendments were agreed to and the bill was passed.

Three days later Rep. J.J. Reagan of Texas reported the bill back with a favorable recommendation and submitted a report setting forth four measures for its passage. (1) The Secretary of the Interior had informed the Committee that the land on Range #41 was generally of such a character as to preclude the idea of its being in demand for the purpose of farming or stock raising in the near future. (2) The quantity of land reserved for this highway was not excessive. (3) The size of the livestock trade justified setting apart this land, and (4) Gulf Coast cattle driven over a trail would be less liable to communicate "spenic fever" than cattle shipped by rail, as the drive required at least 60 days during which, time and experience had shown that the cattle lost the power to impart the disease.

On April 28th, Rep. Reagan called up the bill for consideration. It was read and Reagan stated that if there were no objections, he would move the "Bill be put upon its passage." The Speaker reminded him the bill was in Committee of the Whole, where upon the Congressman asked unanimous consent that the Committee be discharged and the "Bill be put upon its passage."

In the debate, members asked about the route, the right of the settlers on the land. Two amendments were made. (1) That the Trail should not be used until the interest of bona fide settlers along the Trail were either bought out or their consent obtained. (2) They reserve the right of the Government to repeal the Law. The question occurred on the passage of the Bill.

The House was divided. There were 69 Ayes and 29 No's. Rep. W.P. Hepburn of Iowa announced "no quorum," where upon Rep. Lanham of Texas demanded the Ayes and No's. Then Reagan asked for and received permission to withdraw the bill.

Just how much influence Culver had and how much pressure he was able to exert upon Congress we do not know. We do know that he was sent to Washington by the large cattle interest of Texas to lobby for the

passage of the bill. We do know that the bill was eventually passed in the House, or they thought it would pass, and so operated as long as they could on the Trail. But the bill, if it was passed, was never signed.

From searching old newspaper files, such as the *Bent County Register* and the *Lamar Register*, and from careful questioning and taping the answers of the few old timers that are left, we can imagine how Trail City looked. It is odd that with the numerous artists and itinerant photographers that roamed the Western plains that there are no actual pictures or photographs in existence of Trail City. So far as can be determined there are none. However, from the above research we have tried to show, from an artist's sketch, a pretty good idea of the town as it was laid out.

You will note that one or two of the homes were away from the lively part of town. Print Olive's saloon and livery stable were about in the center of town on the west side of main street. The mercantile and grocery stores were also on the main street. The hotel was towards the center of town. You will note that all of the saloons are on the east side of the street, facing the west and backing on the state line. This has been commented on previously.

The hotel building spoken of, was a two story frame structure, and the basement of the building was formed of railroad ties, set on end in the ground. Les Canfield, whose father owned the ground from 1902 to about 1909 or 1910, can remember seeing his father and brothers jerking out the old ties with a team of horses. That was about 1902. The hotel was reduced to a one story building and split in half. One half went to Coolidge, where it was torn down and the lumber used on other buildings. The remaining half was moved to Holly where it had a new roof put on it and is still in use as a residence.

After the Canfields moved away from the location of Trail City, it was taken over by Mr. House, of Holly, and on his death his daughter, Mrs. Andy Devine, of Hollywood, California, inherited the land and still owns it. She has it leased to a Mr. Jones who lives just across the line in Kansas.

Though Trail City was supposed to be wild and woolly, we can find only two references to killings in the newspapers of the day. One being that of Print Olive, killed by Joe Sparrow, who was later acquitted in Pueblo, on his third trial. We will not go into that at this time, as Mr. Chrisman, whom we heard speak at our June 1961 meeting, has covered that very well in his book, "River of Waters." The other reference is to a cowboy named James Redmond, who was supposed to have killed a man. The newspapers of the day mention the killing but do not name the victim. They also give the date, July 24th 1886. This is prior to the killing of Print Olive.

Not all the wild life was at Trail City. In the *Bent County Register* of June 25th, 1887, we read that "Bowie Knife Bill and Horse Pistil Jack" came up from Trail City to buck the tiger in Granada. Some of the boys paid their fare out of town. In the *Bent County Register*, we read that in June 1887, 34,000 head of cattle came over the Trail. This in the face of the fact that the area had been opened to settlement since January 1, 1887. In July 1887 we read that, "the Texas Cattle Trail, of which we know, have heard of and read of, will be a thing of the past after this year. It is one of the many changes in the west." However, the XIT did get two herds north as late as 1895, the last of them for that area.

One reference we have to Trail City and the river, is the article appearing in the *Colorado Magazine* of July 1943, by J.R. Bouldin, entitled "Crossing the Arkansas." In this article, Mr. Bouldin, then a lad of 13 tells of riding with a herd in May of 1886. On arriving at the Arkansas River, it was very high. The Trail Boss, James May, must have been a good one. They eventually did get the cattle across. However, while in the process, they noticed a house floating down the river with a woman and child on the roof. One of the cowboys tried to get to her, to take the child. After several attempts, he forced her to give him the child and swam his horse back to the bank. Then Mr. May tried to get the woman off the roof and onto dry land. After several attempts, he succeeded in getting her off the roof, only to have her turn the horse over in the swift river flow. However, they did get to the bank and the woman was able to tell them of her experiences, after the shock had worn off. She and her husband and family had taken refuge on the roof of their home, however, the husband and several of the children had been swept off the roof and she was only saved by the bravery of the cowboys. She was taken to Coolidge for treatment.

In July 1887, the *Bent County Register* tells us that 70,000 head of cattle that came up the trail this year bound for Montana and the Dakotas, have been turned back. A part of them will be shipped to Eastern Markets and the rest go back to Texas. Shades of Goodnight, cattle going back to Texas. All of this due to the price collapse in the market.

The old days were changing. Murph Ward closed down the hack and concentrated on horse breaking. He became one of the famous "breakers" for the ranch roundups in Colorado, Kansas and the Indian Territory. It is reported that he broke as many as 25 broncs a day, not of course training them. It is also said by those who knew him, that until he was 80 years of age, he could ride anything inside of a horse's hide.

By the end of 1887 the town was starting to wilt on the vine. We read of the death on October 10, 1887, of Martin Culver, founder of Trail City. He died in Coolidge and is buried there in the cemetery on the hill

north of town. Also in September 1887, we read of the death, by shooting, of William Olive, son of Print Olive, in Indian Territory at Beaver City.

In the Denver Public Library, Western History Department, there is a picture supposedly of some foundations of the old hotel in Trail City. However, we find that these are made with mortar and we are further told by Ford Crittenden, that in 1886 they did not use mortar in that area. We are also told by Les Canfield that they were the foundations of a building built by his father and older brothers about 1903. So even that picture of a bit of old Trail City is denied us.

As we speed by in our automobiles on Highway #50, we leave Kansas for Colorado. We look neither to the north nor to the south, where once there had been a town. A small town, true, but a town built for the Trail, one of the many cattle trails which opened up the West. It was the only town which was built for the Trail, short-lived, boisterous, rowdy and lustful, but a product of its time and place. No worse than hundreds of other cattle towns that preceded it—or that came afterwards. As we pass, if we look to the south, in our mind's eye we can see, and almost smell the dust and sweat; and hear the bellowing and yelling of man and beast, as the herd moves toward its destination.

Here the West opened up. Here, iron men came up the trail, young, wild, undisciplined—but men. Here, the longhorns were watered and started north again. As we gaze north, we can imagine the sight of hundreds of these longhorns, leaving the river against their wills, but ever forced on by these same men—unmanageable young men. Young men, some 18 years and up, some even younger, leaving their home and living for weeks with the same clothes on their backs, dependent upon the chuck wagon for existence. Cattle on their way to Montana and the Dakotas—there to live on the plains until fat. And in the Dakotas to be made ready for the slaughterhouse of Count Mores and Teddy Roosevelt.

These cowboys made no history, they were history in the making. They fought snow and blizzards, drought and heat, but the men who brought the longhorns north through all the hardships that nature, the Indians, and plain human cussedness could muster—these were the men who made our **WEST**.

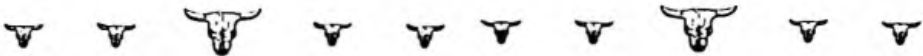
They have all gone to that "great roundup" now. May we revere them, revere their guts and possibly have enough of those same guts to work, slave and suffer in order that our own WEST may grow again through strength of its people as it did only a LIFETIME BACK.

I would be very thankless and thoughtless if I were not to show my gratitude for many people who helped me in the research and gave me leads, tips and information enabling me to complete this article. Among the many, I would like particularly to thank the following: Charles Ward, Holly, Colorado; Ford Crittenden, Syracuse, Kansas; Bob Mc-

Grath, Lamar, Colorado; John Kendall, Coolidge, Kansas; Les Canfield, Fort Morgan, Colorado; and Ed Canfield, Buena Park, California.

I am especially grateful to Bill Merrill, Lamar, Colorado for loaning me the old files of his father's newspaper, *The Bent County Register*, for the period from 1885 to 1890. To C. V. Mills, a writer for the *Lamar Tri State Daily News*. He helped in locating several of the historic sites. To Charles Hurd, deceased, Las Animas, Colorado, for the use of his files.

And last but not least, to the staff of the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library, for their untiring patience in looking up data for me.



NEXT MEETING WILL NOT BE AT THE PRESS CLUB. It will be held at the N.C.O. Club of the Air Force Academy, **SATURDAY, JULY 25.** Cocktails at 5:30 PM, Dinner at 6:30 PM. Reservations for this **MEETING ONLY** must be sent to: **KENNY ENGLERT, 319 SOUTH HANCOCK, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO,** no later than Wednesday, July 22. The speaker will be **ROY A. DAVIS,** longtime resident of Colorado Springs, who will talk on **INTERESTING BITS OF HISTORY IN THE COLORADO SPRINGS AREA. POSSEMEN and THEIR LADIES, ONLY.**



Photo by Marion Hedden

HE HELPED MAKE THE WEST. Lonely grave of an unknown miner near Kokomo, Colorado. Notice the boot nailed to the foot board.

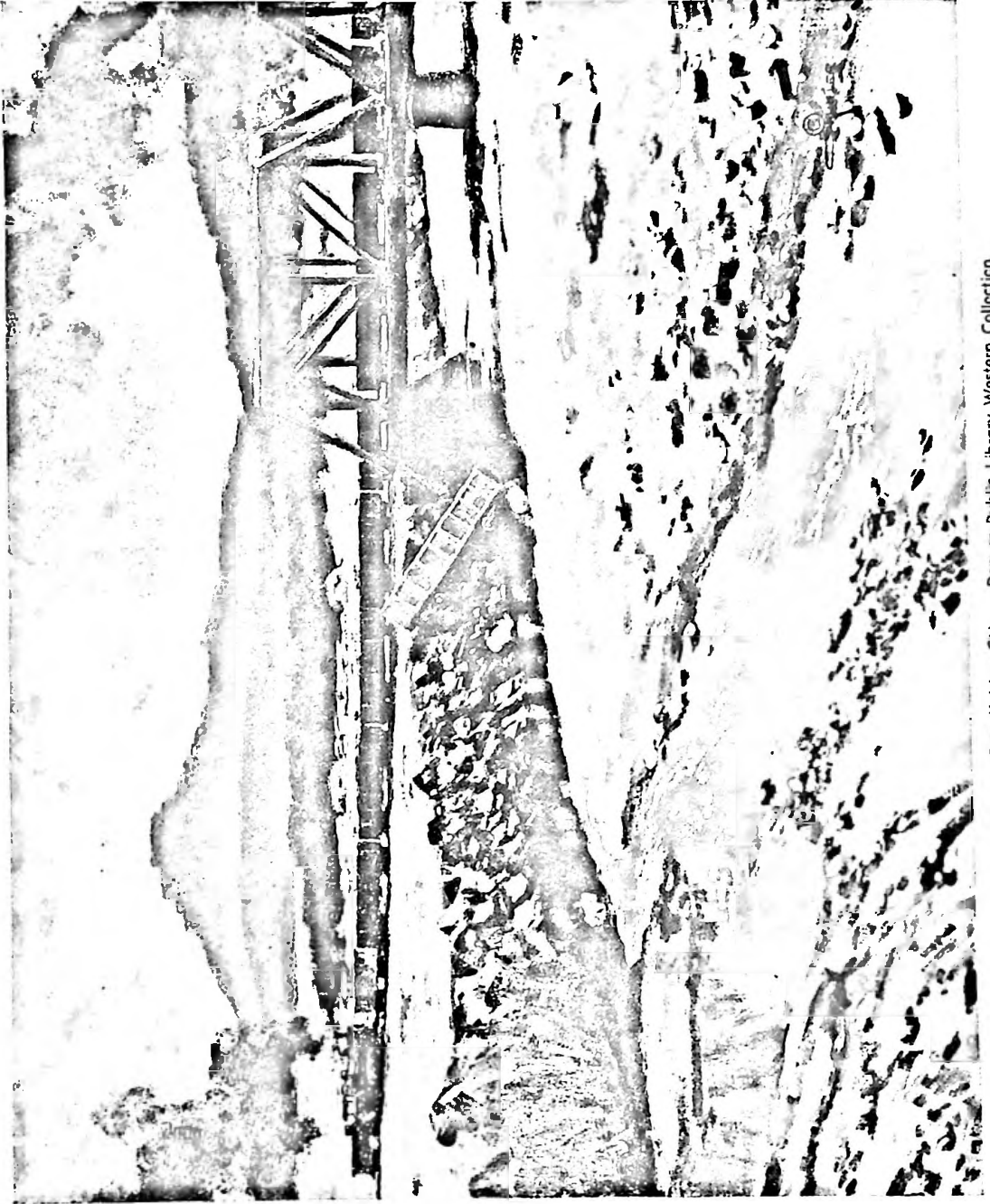
At the January meeting, we were privileged to hear "Painting the Land of the Lost Souls," by CM Otto Kuhler. He also had the twelve paintings that he had made. These were magnificent. Otto and his wife Simone, have presented these paintings to the Denver Public Library, Western History Department. Through the kindness of the Kuhlens and the Western History Department, we reproduce one of these on the opposite page. This is painting Number 11 in the series.

PURGATOIRE RIVER GONDOLAS

All winter my wife and I had been crawling through a monotonous landscape so I might finish my series of paintings, braving mud and snow and rain.

Even under a rainy sky the valley of the Purgatoire took on new hope in budding trees and greening fields.

A long train of empty gondolas is on its tortuous way for more coal from the mines, crossing a gaily redleaded bridge, so that even black smudges of engine smoke do look less out of place than they did before.



Original painting by Otto Kuhler, CM — Denver Public Library Western Collection



Westerner's Bookshelf

WAR EAGLE: A Life of General Eugene A. Carr, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1963. Photos, maps, bibliog., 323 p. \$6.

This biography of General Carr is a vivid picture of the life of the professional officer during the last half of the 19th century. Carr was a perfectionist who led his command by brave and skillful example; and who wielded a "pointed needle" on higher command when he believed it necessary to protect his men. Tried by a court-martial in 1856, he was recommended for promotion shortly after the offense was committed. Suspension from command for being drunk was followed that same month by endorsement by A. Lincoln for brevet promotion to major general of the Regular Army. Years later a court of inquiry called at Carr's request resulted in implicit revocation of an admonition by Sherman, which had been given by direction of President Arthur.

During 40 years of service Carr won five brevets—and the Congressional Medal of Honor for brilliant action at Pea Ridge, though wounded three times. Following graduation from the military academy in 1850, Carr served on the frontier where he received an Apache arrow as well as grounding in the handling of small units. His indoctrination in logistics was so thorough that, years later, during the Sioux campaign of 1891, Frederic Remington expressed amazement at Carr's interest in "bacon and forage," rather than the tramp of steeled hooves, floating guidons, or flashing sabers.

General Carr participated in some 16 Indian fights from Arizona to Montana for which grateful legislatures of Colorado, Nebraska, and New Mexico commended him. In 1881, when false rumor reached the East that Carr's command

had perished at Cibicu Creek at the hands of the White Mountain Apaches, the *New York Times* wrote,

"General Eugene A. Carr was one of the most experienced of the Indian fighters . . . a bold and dashing commander . . . but always prudent . . . and in this only did he differ greatly from the lamented Custer in his character as a soldier."

Of saber charges, King quotes Lt. Price's account of Summit Springs as ". . . away dashed the troopers in one of the most superb charges ever made by the Fifth Cavalry." More impressive, however, are the author's accounts of pure "guts" displayed on the Candian river where pickets and animals froze to death, and on the "Horsemeat March" in Dakota territory after Custer's debacle. *War Eagle* records Carr's perseverance over recurring bouts of malaria, some three dozen fights and 24,000 miles of marching.

While Carr was assigned as personal bodyguard to Secretary Stanton, he, for 80 days, prevented General Lorenzo Thomas from taking over the office in the name of President Johnson, until impeachment proceedings failed. Later, and almost within "our time," he re-employed Cody as chief of scouts for the Big Horn and Yellowstone Campaign in 1876, Cody just having finished a season's tour with his show. Carr's experiences with Pawnee and Apache scouts make good reading; as does the change of "Wild Bill" Hickock from a top-rated chief of scouts in '68 to what Mrs. Carr characterized as "just another gunman" in Hays City in '75.

Professor King has made frequent use of the extensive memoirs and correspondence of General and Mrs. Carr to illuminate official reports. Chapter references and citations are numerous, and the

bibliography is extensive and well grouped. The end-paper maps of the campaigns are not up to the excellence of the research and the lively writing of the text.

CRAWFORD R. BUELL, CM

THEY CALLED HIM WILD BILL,
The Life and Adventures of James
Butler Hickok, by Joseph C. Rosa,
University of Oklahoma Press, Nor-
man, Okla. (1964) 278 pp., index,
illus. \$5.95.

Author Rosa, a member of the English Westerners Society, has written—after a superb job of reading and research—one of the finest biographies yet produced on Wild Bill Hickok. This biography traces the chronological events in Hickok's life in a table which strangely enough is in the back of the book and winds its way through the retelling of the many adventures in Bill's life gleaned from an extremely extensive bibliography of 136 sources. These include: books, pamphlets, magazines and articles and many newspapers. Much new material was acquired through overseas correspondence to modern day residents of the Wild Bill frontier.

Hickok, a striking figure of a man was 6 feet 2, broad shouldered, slim hipped and handsome. His long auburn hair hung down and draped around his shoulders setting off his lean tanned face which was accented by a straw-colored mustache. Bill carried two colt pistols (1851 type) in his gun belt and had two small .41 caliber derringers stashed away in his well tailored waistcoat.

Wild Bill is described by Rosa as a freighter; a village constable; a Civil War teamster, scout, spy and sharpshooter; a detective; a deputy United States Marshal; as a scout for General Custer; as Sheriff of Ellis County Kansas while at the same time town marshal of

Hays; a performer in Colonel Giner's Circus, as a performer in Sidney Barnett's Wild West Show and Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and as a very unhappy actor of short-duration on the New York stage. Bill later was a marshal of Abilene and was seeking gold in the Black Hill when he met his untimely death. Rosa upholds Wild Bill's killings, he swears that they were all "fair fights." He killed at least seven men—and, "He was a lawman when he killed these seven," said Rosa, "so he had the right to do it, in a way."

As a western celebrity, Hickok joined the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show in 1873 and toured all the way back to New York. He realized by then that the day of the plainsman was over—doomed by the advancing railroads—he left his newlywed wife, Agnes Lake, after a short honeymoon and went out West to try to get enough gold to retire on. The West was full of toughs like John McCall who later was to creep up behind Bill and blow out his brains . . . not even giving him a chance. Rosa the British teletype operator-author writes, "and McCall even dares to call himself a gunfighter." Most of the toughs and "punks" like McCall usually left Hickok alone.

"One thing I've learned is that great Western fighters weren't quick on the draw like television heroes," Rosa says, "they generally had their guns out when they came shooting. But I'd stack Hickok up against any of the present day fast draw experts. He'd have the psychological edge, because if he went for his gun they'd know he intended to kill or maim them."

Rosa says that "political interests" in Deadwood hired McCall to kill Hickok because they feared him. But what no one knew, not even the assassin, was that at 38, the great Westerner's eyes were fading . . . he was going blind.

Robert B. Cormack, PM

COLORADO VOLUNTEERS in the CIVIL WAR, The New Mexico Campaign of 1862, by William Clarke Whitford, D.D. Republished by the Pruett Press, Inc., Boulder, Colorado (1963) 159 pp., index, illus., maps. \$3.70.

The original paper bound edition of this book is now a collector's item and was originally published by The State (Colorado) Historical and Natural History Society, 1906, in Denver. The author, William Whitford was the president of Milton College. This new reprint is paper bound also and being a facsimile reproduction of the early edition contains all of its many photos, prints and maps.

This new reprint is enhanced by the addition of a comprehensive index and an introduction by Agnes Wright Spring, State Historian Emeritus. In this reprint is the story of "Gilpin's Pet Lambs"; of Ford's Independent Company and Dodd's "Foot Volunteers"; of Kit Carson and the New Mexico Militia. You'll run across your favorite, well known names like: Pigeon's Ranch, Valverde, Florieta, Johnson's Ranch, Pecos Pueblo, Fort Union and Apache Canon in this heroic tale told in 1906 of the "Gettysburg of the West." Remember, it was at Johnson's Ranch that Major John M. Chivington earned the fame that was to drive him in 1864 to play a dreadful role at Sand Creek.

The puzzling story of the attempted assassination of Colonel John P. Slough is in this book, also. It was at Pigeon's Ranch that a captain in the First Regiment of Colorado Volunteer Infantry watched his colonel closely and later said that he "would have shot him on the

spot" if he had made a suspicious move.

Colorado's role in the Civil War is dwarfed by the tragic and stirring battles that raged in the East. But, surprisingly, the state supplied more volunteers per capita than any other state and its casualties ran higher.

Robert B. Cormack, PM

THE SOUTH DAKOTA REVIEW, by the English Department of the University of South Dakota, Vermillion. Vol. 1, No. 1 (Dec. 1963), 64 pp. \$1.25 per yr. for two issues.

Corresponding member of the Denver Posse of Westerners, Dr. John R. Milton, sends us the first copy (Volume 1, number 1) of the South Dakota Review of which he is editor. The Review is scheduled to come out twice a year: December and in May. It is copyrighted by the English Department of the University of South Dakota. The subscription costs \$1.25 for one year (two issues), checks should be made payable to the University of South Dakota.

The first issue contains two essays; "Myth and Reality on the High Plains," by Herbert Krause and "Miss Morland's Mind: Sentiment, Reason, and Experience in Northanger Abbey," by Daves Chillman. It also contains narrative verse, five pieces of poetry with a Western flavor, some notes and reviews and a piece by the editor, John R. Milton. The Review desires contributions in the form of fiction, poetry, essays, on literary or pertinent historical subjects, drama, book reviews, and notes on items of interest in a general cultural sense as well as specific topics.

Robert B. Cormack, PM

NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

William M. Murray, 2843 Olive Drive, Cheyenne, Wyoming. Is a partner in Ed Murray & Sons, Insurance, Bonds and Real Estate. Is interested in western mining and railroads, and especially in all phases of the history of Wyoming. Recommended by Bill Powell, PM.

Edwin H. Olmstead, Mounted Route, Pine Road, Mount Holly Springs, Pennsylvania 17065. He is president of the Eaton-Dikeman Company, Mount Holly Springs, Pa. Is a Board member of the Cumberland Historical Society & Hamilton Library Association; President of the Harrisburg Civil War Round Table, and a member of the Newcomen Society of North America. His hobbies are photography, hiking and camping. His historical interest in the West is in Colorado railroads, mining towns and ghost towns. Recommended by Charles Ryland, PM.

Lawrence H. Talley, Box 137, Milton, Wisconsin. Is a Director of Government Research and Development for the Parker Pen Company. Previous to that, he was with the Atomic Energy Commission for ten years. He is a professionally trained chemist and has had several scientific papers published. His hobbies are riding and Rodeos. His interest in history is in the development of the West as a commercial empire, and the part played by the "little people" in this development. He applies for membership through the advice of a friend, and from reading a copy of the Roundup.

Byron B. Walfo, 2023 West 86 Terrace, Leawood, Kansas. He is an artist, specializing in Western American scenes. Some of his paintings include Beaver Valley Mountain Men in Early Day Glacier Park area, and Roman Nose Charge at Beecher Island (Wray, Colorado). These are in the permanent western artist room of the Russell Gallery, Helena, Montana. Three paintings in the BMA Tower, Kansas City, Missouri, as well as many more in the hands of private collectors. His hobby

is the building of a model of the railroad along the Santa Fe Trail from Westport to Cimmaron. He is a Charter Member of the Kansas City Posse. His main historical interest is the Santa Fe Trail from Westport Landing to Santa Fe.

Raymond G. Carey, 1590 So. Monroe St., Denver, Colorado 80210. Is a Professor of History, University of Denver. Before coming to Denver, he taught at Syracuse University and at Northwestern. Also taught summer sessions at University of Alberta and British Columbia. He wrote "Colonel Chivington, Brigadier General Connor, and Sand Creek," for the 1960 Brand Book. His main historical interest in the West is the 1864 crisis and Sand Creek.

Edmund W. Carr, 1545 Fillmore Street, Denver, Colorado 80206. Is employed in the office of the City Engineer, doing research in matters pertaining to Civil government. He is a second generation member of one of the pioneer families of 1858. Other hobbies beside the West include being a rockhound, and archeology and anthropology. Is especially interested in developmental history of Denver. Applied for membership through association with PM W. Keith Peterson.

Edward P. Stuart, 401 Jasmine St., Denver, Colorado 80220. Employed as Regional Manager, Lincoln Engineering Co., of St. Louis, Mo. Besides being interested in Western History, he skis and fishes. Heard of the West-erners through PM Henry Tall.

Raymond D. Sloan, 3206 South Clayton St., Denver, Colorado 80210. Area Manager of the Humble Oil and Refining Co., and is a Geologist by profession. He is also the owner of the Diamond Bar T Ranch, Fraser, Colorado. His dad was the first sheriff of Cimmaron County, Oklahoma in 1907, and his uncle was the last manager of the XIT Ranch in Texas. His hobbies include ranching,

woodworking, photography, as well as collecting books on the Civil War and guns.

George Fronval, 82 Rue La Fontaine, Paris XVI, France. Writes Western stories and articles for French magazines. He has had 15 books and 200 articles published about the American West. His hobby is "all things about the West."

Mrs. Louise C. Harrison, Hotel Splendide, Empire, Colorado.

T. N. Luther, 6840 Cherry St., Kansas City, Mo. Is Industrial Editor, Remington Arms Company. He has served as Deputy Sheriff

of the Kansas City Posse, and heard of the Denver Posse from them. His publications include Vol. 5, No. 1 and Vol. 6, No. 1, of the **Trail Guide**, official publication of the Kansas City Posse. As a side line, he operates a book business by mail dealing in out of print Western Americana. Is especially interested in Custer, Colorado, Wyoming, the Fur Trade and Indians.

Address changes:

Nolie Mumey, 1510 Humbolt St.,
Denver, Colorado 80218.

Byron L. Akers, 2011 North Cascade Ave.,
Colorado Springs, Colorado



Colo. State Historical Society

ANOTHER EMPTY SADDLE

Mr. Edward W. Milligan, well-known Denver resident for many years, died May 31, 1964, in Oxford, Ohio, at the age of 94.

Mr. Milligan was Past President and State Historian of the Colorado Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, a member of the Colorado State Historical Society and was an authority on the history of Colorado and the Southwest. He was noted for his extensive collection of photographic slides and the countless illustrated lectures he gave on

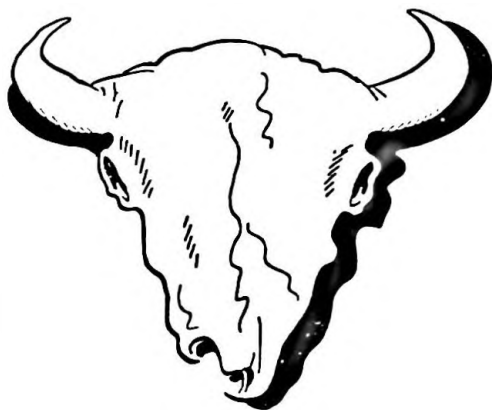
Colorado and Rocky Mountain history.

Mr. Milligan was a member of the Teknik Club of Denver for 25 years, the Friends of the Denver Library, the Denver Chamber of Commerce and the Denver Posse of Westerners.

Born in Du Quoin, Illinois, in 1869, Mr. Milligan came to Denver in 1899. He joined the W. H. Kistler Stationery Company, was made a Director in 1902, Vice President in 1943 and retired in 1953.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

JULY
1964
Volume XX
Number 7



IN THIS ISSUE—

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—PM DABNEY O. COLLINS

and

The Would-Be Judge—

Ira E. Leonard by

—CM PHILIP J. RASCH



The Denver Westerners Monthly



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PM Dabney O. Collins is no stranger to the Posse and Corresponding members of the Westerners. "Doc" has been a member of the Posse since its first year. He has served as Sheriff, Editor of the Brand Book, and has still found time to give us many papers on Western History. His "Hero Makers of the West" was given at the April meeting, but we were unable to publish it until now.

CM Philip J. Rasch, Sneads Ferry, North Carolina, comes a long way for his western material. His "Would-Be Judge—Ira E. Leonard," is another fine paper related to the Lincoln County War. Although not as familiar personally to our members as Dabney, Phil has written many papers for the various editions of the Denver Westerners' Brand Book, as well as those of the other Posses.

We feel quite honored that we can present these two papers by such eminent historians as "Doc" and Phil, in the same issue of the Roundup. Ed.

HERO MAKERS OF THE WEST

By Dabney Otis Collins

Every age has produced its heroes. All have their origin in the crucible of fact and fiction, folk tale, fable, myth and rite. Incidents and actors in folk tales are the same all over the world. Every modern day hero has his counterpart in the legends and myths of the past. The hero, endowed with superhuman prowess by his worshipful public, aided by the device of the image makers, is gradually, insidiously removed from the world of reality, to dwell forever on a Mount Olympus whose crown is cushioned in the clouds of folklore.

Even villains, whose deeds have lifted them to heroic stature among their admirers, are accorded a lease on immortality. The deaths of John Wilkes Booth, Jesse James and Tom Horn, were fact as final as death itself. Yet that part of the public in whose imagination they strode the earth with mighty stride refused to let them die. Booth lived on and on, appearing in many places, reluctantly to pass away in peaceful old age in some friendly village. Until recently, Jesse James was seen in various parts of the West. And if the clock could be turned back a few years, there would be men to tell you that Tom Horn is still alive—they had actually seen him a couple of days ago.

Butch Cassidy was, at best, somewhat less than a minor hero. Yet there has grown around him a legend that identifies him with a hero of the Middle Ages, none other than Robin Hood. There is no written evidence that this free-booter of Sherwood Forest ever lived. Folk tales of his robbing the rich to give to the poor, of Robin Hood and his Merry Men playing tag with the Sheriff of Nottingham are doubtless only tales. So light-hearted Butch Cassidy and his Wild Bunch continue to ride the outlaw trail from Mexico to Canada, robbing the rich and giving to the poor, with sheriffs from half a dozen states hot on his horse's tail. The mantle of another imaginary hero, William Tell, may have fallen aslant the powerful shoulders of that terror of the flatboatmen, Mike Fink, who delighted in shooting cups of forty rod liquor off the heads of his friends.

The typical American hero is neither rich nor intellectual, more likely he is poor. As heroes of all lands, he has passed through a period of adversity. He lives with danger, loves freedom with passionate intensity, wins by bravery in action. Whether soldier, statesman or frontiersman, he is a man the average citizen can understand, a man he would like to be. But the accent has

been on muscle over mind. In a hero popularity poll of average Americans, Paul Bunyan, who built the Rockies with the earth he scooped up to form the Grand Canyon, and Pecos Bill, his kinsman in the Southwest, would easily defeat Benjamin Franklin and Alexander Hamilton.

The winning of the West is the great American fantasy. In the approximate four decades required to wrest the vast, uncharted expanse of emptiness from its Stone Age inhabitants, a new breed of hero was born, a vigorous crop of hero makers spawned.

In the days of Daniel Boone, born near Reading, Pennsylvania in 1734, the West was Ohio and Kentucky. Dan was the son of a blacksmith. He couldn't read or write, but was a natural hunter. At this time the movement of the "natural man," started by Rousseau, was becoming active among the Colonists. In increasing numbers, they turned their faces westward, in search of adventure and more elbow room. Land companies were formed. Young Boone, as agent for the Transylvania Company, crossed the Alleghenies to explore the forests and rivers of the wilderness soon to be known as "Kaintuck." A simple, kindly man, he was unable to compete with the complexities of civilization. To escape it, he moved farther and farther west. "I wouldn't live within a hundred miles of a damn Yankee," he declared. Bankrupt in Kentucky, he moved on to Missouri. Here he died, crippled with rheumatism, at 90. He was buried in the cherrywood coffin kept under his bed. During his long life, Daniel Boone's niche in history as America's first western frontiersman was buttressed by reams of poetry crowning him with the halo of rugged individualism. Swept up in the wave of the natural man, Lord Byron's great poem of the day, **Don Juan**, added to the Boone legend.

In 1784, John Filson, a schoolteacher, wrote the Boone autobiography. "Not a lie in it," said Dan'l. The book, rendered also in French and German, lifted the backwoods squirrel rifleman to world recognition. He became the Hawkeye, Deerslayer and the other heroes in James Fenimore Cooper's Leather-stockinged series. Timothy Flint's **The Achilles of the West**, Frederick Whittacker's dime novel, **Boone the Hunter, or the Backwoods Belle** furthered the image of the fearless frontiersman in the darkest reaches of America.

Dan Beard continued the accolade of the hero makers, transfigured the intrepid backwoodsman into the guiding star of every Boy Scout.

Of all the heroic characters who strode the fabled land between the Big River and the Big Ocean, none was so colorful—none so completely epitomized the romance and red-blooded adventure of the West—as Buffalo Bill Cody. To our fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers, this glamorous figure with the flowing hair and fearless countenance typified the American frontier. When he died in Denver in 1917 three cities—Denver, North Platte, Nebraska, and Cody, Wyoming—waged desperate war for the not unprofitable honor of being custodian of his bones. Even today—nearly 50 years after his death, more than half a million people visit the tomb of Buffalo Bill on Lookout Mountain, near Denver, every year.

Bill Cody possessed all the essential attributes of an American hero. He was born poor, died poor. At the age of twelve he had to quit school to become head of the family. At fifteen, he was riding Pony Express on Jack Slade's dangerous division of the Overland Mail. Crack rifleshooter, expert buffalo hunter, chief of scouts with the Fifty Cavalry, Indian fighter, slayer of Chief Yellow Hand, fond of children—Cody had all the makings of a hero. He even looked like one—a lodgepole-straight 6 foot 2 in his beaded moccasins. And he had a way with women. They swarmed toward the John Barrymore of the Plains like butterflies to a Kansas sunflower in August. Even as a drinking man, Buffalo Bill won the envy and grudging admiration of all who knew him.

All this is common knowledge. But there were other youthful Pony Express riders, other buffalo hunters, Indian scouts and fighters fully as able as Will Cody. He might well have remained one of the lesser frontier characters. But the law of unity in hero making—time, place, man, and image maker—was decided in his favor. Buffalo Bill caught a fast ride to fame on the BB&I—the Buntline, Burke and Ingraham Express.

Edward Zane Carroll Judson—Ned Buntline—was a more fabulous character than even he could invent in his 400 dime novels. He once wrote a 60,000-word novel in a week, and this was before typewriters. He is reputed to have made as much as \$20,000 a year, as a writer. He was born in Harpersfield, New York, in 1821. His father, also an author, wrote the biographies of Washington and Patrick Henry, and **Sagas and Heroes of the American Revolution**.

Ned Buntline first comes to notice as a midshipman, at the age of 17. In one day, so the story goes, he challenged 13 midshipmen with duels with swords, fought seven, marked four combatants for life, and was not scratched. But the Navy scratched his name from the rolls.

His footloose disposition brought him to Nashville. A man had the audacity to accuse him of improper relations with the man's wife. Buntline killed him. Captured by a mob, he was strung up. But the rope broke, the sheriff fought off the mob and jailed him. Buntline's luck held, and we hear of him working on newspapers while writing his magazine, **Ned Buntline's Own**. In the courthouse at Carlisle, Illinois, I was shown a yellowed clipping of the local newspaper, written and signed by Ned Buntline.

Back in his home state, he kept two wives, wrote his magazine while commuting between them. In New York, he led the Astor Place riot of 1849. He was arrested, spent a year in jail, emerged a hero. In St. Louis, he became a leader of the Know Nothing Party, got arrested for inciting a riot and fled the state. All this time, he was furiously turning out novels of sea adventure and pirates, nor did he forget **Ned Buntline's Own**. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in the Union Army. He fought in no battles, and served several sentences for desertion.

The war over, Buntline went back to newspaper writing. To fill in the empty spaces, he became a temperance lecturer—and a convincing one, it is

said. Before each lecture he was so well-fortified he could lick the Devil in a bare knuckle fight. In the meanwhile, he explored the caverns of Kentucky, collected several bullets in his body and two more wives, but was still undomesticated.

It is generally thought that Buntline came west in 1869 in search of new story material, and that he met Bill Cody at Fort McPherson, Kansas. Don Russell, in his definitive work, **The Lives and Legends of Buffalo Bill**, to which I am indebted for much of the information on Cody and Buntline, says this is not true. Instead, Buntline was returning from an unsuccessful temperance lecture tour in California when the meeting with Cody took place.

The meeting resulted in the novel, **Buffalo Bill, the King of Bordermen**. It met with wild acclaim in the East. The legend of Buffalo Bill had begun. Three years later, the play, **The Scouts of the Prairie; or Red Devilry As It Is**, by Col. E. Z. C. Judson, opened in New York with Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack Omohundro playing leads. Some 2500 boys and young men crowded Nixon's Amphitheatre. Both the play and the acting were so bad, wrote one critic, that it was almost good. Buntline had placed Buffalo Bill on the stage and Bill, a natural showman, began to build his own public image. **The Scouts of the Prairie**, atrocious though it was as a play nevertheless brought the living West to an America hungering for adventure in the raw. A week in Boston, in 1873, grossed \$16,200. After this one year with Buffalo Bill, Ned Buntline decided to go his own way. Counting all reprints, he wrote 14 Buffalo Bill dime novels—out of a total issued in the United States of 1700.

John M. Burke, a member of the troupe, now became the principal contributor to the Buffalo Bill legend. Though a native of Washington, D. C., who had probably never been west of the Mississippi, he wore his hair long as befitted a frontiersman with the name, Arizona John. Before joining the Buntline-Cody troupe, he had been a stock company actor and journalist. When introduced to Bill Cody by Buntline, he said reverently, "I have met a god."

Arizona John Burke was a publicity genius. Affable, well-liked, he was welcomed in any newspaper office. He adjusted publicity releases to the towns the show was in. Playing a town in heavily German and Polish Wisconsin, Cody's name was advertised as Koditz. In a city like New Orleans with many citizens of French origin, the spelling might be Codette. Playing in the East, Buffalo Bill would be descended from a long line of Celtic kings.

Burke hit his stride as press agent when Buffalo Bill moved his play from the stage to the outdoors. For 34 years he built the great legend that Ned Buntline had begun. Adding to the epic sweep of his frontier hero the virtue of gallantry, he never tired of describing Buffalo Bill's knightly behavior toward Annie Oakley and Calamity Jane. The master of the flowery adjective that transcended the superlative, succeeded in weaving fact and fancy into a pattern so intertwined that it is scarcely possible for a true biography of Bill Cody to be written. It was largely through Burke's wizardry of words, coupled with a good head for business, that the Buffalo Bill Wild West was a world

success. At its height, it grossed half a million a year. When Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack decided to go separate ways, Burke went with Jack. Doubtless he had seen the curtain falling for the man he had devoted most of his life to making a hero.

The third great weaver of the Buffalo Bill myth was, like the first, as fabulous in real life as many of his characters in fiction. Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, a Mississippian, was a Confederate officer at 18. After the War Between the States, he became one of those most romantic of men, a soldier of fortune. Ingraham fought in Mexico, South America, Crete, Austria and Egypt. In a Cuba revolution, he was captured by the Spanish and sentenced to be shot. He escaped to the United States and began writing dime novels of his adventures for Beadle and Adams.

On a trip west, the Southern colonel with slouch hat and walrus mustache, met Buffalo Bill. His first Buffalo Bill story ran in six issues of Street and Smith's **New York Weekly**, in 1876. Two years later, he wrote a play for Buffalo Bill, modeling it on the Robin Hood myth. In 1883, the opening year of the show, Ingraham wrote two Buffalo Bill dime novels. As Buffalo Bill's Wild West gained in popularity, Ingraham's output increased. In 1892, he wrote nine original Buffalo Bill Novels for the Dime Library, and by 1895 was producing nineteen a year. His total was 121, all written in long hand.

Three other important authors of Buffalo Bill fiction were W. Bert Foster, William Wallace Cook, and John Harvey Whitson.

What is to be said for the image makers of Buffalo Bill? They took a living character, endowed him with all the qualities of a superman, made him symbolize the West as the public wished it to be. What matters it that fiction becomes truth, and truth fiction? These men created a myth and the whole world loved it. As long as there's a West, and little children love to dress up in buckskins and feathers, the spirit of Buffalo Bill will live on.

The conspicuous gunmen of the West were of three classes. The first was composed of those who were enemies of organized society. Their measure of justice was the power of their six-shooters. Examples were Billy the Kid and John Wesley Hardin.

Men of the second class of gunmen, though efficient at the business of killing, were not trouble-hunters. Many were at one time or another peace officers in frontier towns. Bat Masterson and Wild Bill Hickok were of this type.

The third class was the law officer who served society fearlessly and with little pay. Such men were Sheriffs Pat Garrett, Bil Tilghman and Jeff Milton.

William H. Bonney, Michael McCarthy, Billy the Kid—take your choice—was born in New York City, November 23, 1859. At the age of eight he was living in Silver City, a New Mexico mining town, in the intervening years having lived in Coffeyville, Kansas, in Colorado and Santa Fe, and having acquired a stepfather named Antrim.

At the age of twelve, in Silver City, Billy killed his first man, a blacksmith who made a remark about the boy's mother that he considered an insult. Billy knifed him to death.

Killing men was to be his life. In Arizona, an accomplished gambler and gunslinger at sixteen, he killed a man in a card game, then a Negro soldier. He murdered Indian trappers and stole their peltries, rustled cattle. Further killings in Mexico and New Mexico completed his training for the Lincoln County War. This was to be the stage from which the cold-blooded little killer would vault into western history as the Boy Hero.

Dr. Chesmore Eastlake, in the 1948 *Brand Book of the Denver Westerners*, wrote:¹ "The one photograph of Billy the Kid shows a young man whom any physician would diagnose as an adenoidal moron, both constitutionally and emotionally inadequate to a high degree. His career, when examined impartially and judged on evidence from all sources, both favorable and antagonistic, supports this psychological analysis."

As examples justifying his conclusions, Dr. Eastlake cited the murder of Sheriff Brady; the murder of Joe Grant, where the Kid set the cylinders of his drunken victim's gun so that the hammer would fall on empty chambers; his habit of letting others take chances for him, which led to the killing of his friend, Tom O'Folliard.

The doctor's evaluation of Billy the Kid as a human rat who killed for the love of it, agrees with that of all who have made a study of his career—all, that is, except his image makers.

The first of these was a printer named Marshall Ashman Upson. He was born in Wolcott, Connecticut in 1828. Leaving his job on the *New York Herald*, Ash Upson came West to Albuquerque. In the peaceful little village he set up a newspaper, dabbled in politics, became adjutant general of the territory. Later, involved in a scandal of speculation with public funds, Upson went back to his printers' case.

In Silver City, at Mrs. Antrim's boarding house, he formed a liking for little Billy. Upson saw him again, a few years afterward, while postmaster at Roswell. The Lincoln County War was on, and now it was Billy the Kid. He was a member of the posse bringing Billy Morton and Frank Baker, arrested for the murder of Tunstall, to Lincoln.

"It's all over for those poor boys," Ash Upson prophesied. "Billy will never let them get to Lincoln." He was right. The Kid shot them both out of the saddle "while trying to escape."

Upson was boarding with Pat Garrett when that peace officer killed Billy the Kid. He claimed the credit for writing Garrett's book on the Kid. This book forms the genesis of Billy the Kid literature. It heralds him as an invincible composite of Sir Lancelot, Robin Hood and Casanova. Incidentally, Ash Upson died a drunkard.

Charles Siringo, Texas cowboy, Pinkerton detective, consultant in Hollywood westerns, snatched up the torch. His book, **A Texas Cowboy, Fifteen Years On the Hurricane Deck of a Spanish Pony**, alone would have

¹Sec. Typing the Western Gunman, by Chesmore Eastlake, M.D., *The Westerners Brand-book*, 1948, p. 201.

established the legend of Billy the Kid. It was standard bunkhouse reading, and has sold over a million copies.

"The boy who never grew old has become a symbol of frontier knight-hood, a figure of eternal youth riding forever through a purple glamour of romance." The writer is Walter Noble Burns. The book is **The Saga of Billy the Kid**. It took up where Siringo left off, is better written, and, if possible, even more partial. Published in 1926, the Saga made Burns' reputation as a western writer, made Billy the Kid a permanent fixture in the Western Hall of Heroes . . . "a genius painting his name in flaming colors with a six-shooter across the Southwest sky."

Such was the soaring renown of this youth of chilled steel nerve and deadly aim that, as the Cisco Kid, he was the hero of a story by the greatest of all short story writers—O. Henry. And what other gunfighter, on either side of the law, has a complete line of nationally advertised western wear bearing his name . . . or has had so many books written about him as to require a published bibliography?

The years of the cowboy, as he is fixed in the American tradition, were less than a quarter-century. The first Texas trail drive was in 1866, the last in the early 1890's. Long before this, barbed wire and windmills had ended the open range. In these few years, the cowboy became the shining symbol of free man in the wide, open spaces, a sun god that struck fire to the American imagination.

He is still-eyed, soft-voiced, and he sat proud in the leather. He was loyal to the death to the brand for which he rode. His six-guns blazed only in the pure joy of living or in the cause of the right. He took his liquor straight and his fun where he found it, but held rigidly to a black and white code in which a good woman was placed on a pedestal tall as the skies.

To young America, its gaze ever westward, the cowboy typified the new land of the setting sun. He was a knight in the saddle, direct lineage of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. The time, the place demanded a hero to satisfy the public imagination. The cowboy became the symbol of adventure and romance in a big land, wild and free, called the West.

The myth of the clean-living, fearless, straight-shooting cowboy riding the boundless spaces of sagebrush and cactus, always to right a wrong, man to man, was eagerly accepted the world over. It has resulted in a folk hero and a literature purely American.

The cowboy-hero formula was set in 1902, with the publication of **The Virginian**, by Owen Wister. In its first year, an insatiable public demanded fifteen reprints. This model of the Western novel contains all the basic elements of the popular western story—brave, still-eyed hero who finally won the schoolteacher from the East . . . the gentleman gambler and rustler . . . the conflict of good and evil . . . the walk down, as TV'd every Saturday night by Marshal Dillon.

Owen Wister, a Harvard graduate, learned about the West while recovering his health in Wyoming. He had a penchant for writing about

heroes. He was author of the lives of Grant and Theodore Roosevelt, and was working on the life of Washington while writing **The Virginian**.

Next in importance in creating the myth of the cowboy hero was Zane Grey. A dentist in Zanesville, Ohio, he closed his office in 1904 and began to write western novels and magazine serials. His writing schedule was 100,000 words a month, always in long hand. By 1950, sales of Zane Grey novels had reached 24 million.

He had only one plot—the fearless cowboy riding into the purple sunset through a big, wide world lovingly described in purpler prose. Zane Grey was not a good writer. But he gave the people what they wanted. I remember, as a youngster in Alabama, his stories took me out of the cottonfields to the sagebrush flats. They made me want to come West.

Eugene Manlove Rhodes, William McLeod Raine, Emerson Hough and O. Henry contributed mightily to the cowboy myth. Over a hundred more are listed in the Western Writers of America. Credit should also be given to the dear, dead pulp western magazines, many of whose hard-working writers—at one or two cents a word—probably averaged less for a year's work than the TV western writer gets for one story.

And in our own Posse, William McLeod Raine wrote 82 western novels in 82 years. Among present members, Stephen Payne, Forbes Parkhill and Arthur Carhart rank high among writers of cowboy fiction.

But what has happened, in literature, to the mountain man? In comparison to the cowboy, nothing. Of all the unsung heroes, none is blanketed in deeper shadows of non-recognition than the fur trapper, fur trader, mountain man. Here was the most self-sufficient man America has produced. Armed only with knife and long rifle and courage, his moccasins trod a land never before touched by an American. He was his own provider and arsenal; the maps he followed were in his head; day and night he walked with danger. He fought blizzards and floods, Blackfeet and starvation. The mountain man was the ultimate expression of the free man.

In comparison, the cowboy was a hired man on horseback, with prescribed duties. He seldom went hungry unless he lost the chuckwagon. As occupational hazards, his fall from a horse or flesh-tearing ride after a critter in the brush scarcely compared with what a Blackfoot could do to a beaver hunter. A large percentage of them met violent deaths.

The mountain man, as a type, did not fit the heroic mold. Jedediah Smith had all the qualifications of a hero: fearless leader, explorer, Indian fighter, great moral, spiritual and physical stamina. Few, however, besides students of Western history, know of Jed Smith. Jim Bridger is known mostly as a teller of tall tales, Kit Carson and Tom Fitzpatrick more as explorers' and immigrants' guides than mountain men.

Builders of their public image have been mostly scholars and historians—Washington Irving, Hiram Martin Chittenden, LeRoy Hafen, Bernard DeVoto, Dale Morgan. In his great novel, **The Big Sky**, A. B. Guthrie's realistic portrayal of mountain men is more savage than heroic. No normal man would want to be identified with the lead character.

John Charles Fremont had the universal appeal of the hero: self-taught, handsome, ambitious, courageous to the point of recklessness, illegitimate son of poor parents. He personified the intrepid explorer, the Pathfinder of our westward march to the sea. He was hailed as the conqueror of California. Reports of his expeditions, plentifully colored with episodes of danger, were featured in the nation's press. On a wave of popularity accorded few in our history, Fremont was nominated for the presidency of the United States. New states and territories rushed to name counties, mountains, towns in his honor.

His first expedition covered the first half of the well-traveled Oregon Trail, his second the remaining half. His guide on the first expedition was Kit Carson, on the second Tom Fitzpatrick. Both of these mountain men were guides on the California expedition. And Old Bill Williams guided the ill-fated expedition to find a railroad route through the Colorado Rockies in dead of winter. The cost was eleven dead, including Old Bill.

Fremont was a paper hero. The paper work that made him so, was done by his wife, Jessie, daughter of Thomas Hart Benton, powerful senator from Missouri. Jessie rewrote Fremont's reports with style and lively imagination that captured the nation. The public saw not a second lieutenant of the U. S. Topographical Corps, well-protected by troops, led by seasoned mountain men over country they traveled twenty years before. The picture Jessie drew was of a brave young explorer risking his life against stupendous odds in his heroic effort to gain knowledge of the West for his countrymen.

The Preuss maps and other scientific information obtained on the Fremont expeditions were a solid contribution to American history.

Fremont was arrested for insubordination to a superior officer, General Kearney, and court-martialed. During the Civil War he was removed from his Southwest command by Lincoln. As governor of Arizona Territory, he neglected official duties, instead, promoted gold mining ventures. At the end, standing bankrupt amid the rubble of his dreams of glory, he was supported by Jessie's writing. Many books have been written of the Great Pathfinder, some favorable, some unfavorable. But it was Jessie, the "immortal wife," in the happy phrase of her biographer, Irving Stone, who placed John Charles Fremont in his niche of Western hero.

Nevins, among other scholars, has worked hard to keep him there.

Standing before the towering majesty of Mount Rushmore, the American Shrine of Democracy, as it has come to be called, one might wonder why the nation has awarded no heroic stature to some other great presidents. James K. Polk, for example. In his single term, Polk made secure for the United States, the territory Jefferson had envisioned. Victory in the Mexican War added the present states of Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona, California, and parts of Colorado and Wyoming. His 54-40 or fight challenge drove the Hudson Bay Company and the British from Oregon and Washington, opened the Northwest for settlement.

Polk's bold policy of Manifest Destiny planted the Stars and Stripes on the shores of the Pacific. He made the nation physically whole. Yet few presidents are so little known.

James Polk was a protege of Andrew Jackson. He had been Governor of Tennessee, Jackson's floor leader in the House of Representatives. He was an orthodox party Democrat. His mind was rigid, narrow, obstinate, but it was also powerful. No one bluffed Polk, nothing could change his determination. He was a reticent man, without humor, and he kept a diary.

But he had no Parson Weems sacred to the myth of George Washington, his little hatchet and the cherry tree. Polk had no image makers. He did have Bernard DeVoto, but **The Year of Decision**—which spells out the greatness of James Knox Polk—was published 97 years after his death.

We are witnessing in our times an interesting contrast in the hero-making of two presidents. Texas-born Dwight D. Eisenhower has attained the stature of national hero. He meets the requirements of what Americans demand most in their heroes: humble beginnings, love of the outdoors, personal charm, simple in his greatness as the supreme leader of the Allied Forces to victory, alert to the best interests of his people, as president.

John F. Kennedy, as president, had many of the attributes of General Eisenhower. The policies of their administrations were similar, their personalities reached out to all the people. As soldiers, however, there was a distinction important in hero-making.

Eisenhower's genius was that of the strategist and commander; in all his career he was probably never in range of enemy fire. But who can forget the picture of the brave young PT boat lieutenant swimming from his burning boat with a rope clenched between his teeth, pulling a wounded seaman to safety through enemy-infested waters? Who ever forgot the picture of Washington crossing the Delaware?

And there is the startling parallel between the deaths of John Kennedy and Abraham Lincoln. Both were assassinated in the vigor of their middle years. Both died in the attempt to settle the differences between the South and the American Negro in the cause of civil rights. Death came to both on a Friday, almost exactly 100 years apart. Lincoln was the first Republican president, Kennedy the first Catholic president. Both were succeeded by a Southerner named Johnson.

The Lincoln-esque funeral service, attended by the world's high and mighty, witnessed by perhaps 150 million Americans and many more millions in other lands . . . the massive publicity in every media . . . the eternal flame rising from hallowed ground—the legend has begun. Who can say what final tribute the people will bestow upon this hero and martyr—John Fitzgerald Kennedy—the man destined for his moment in history.



THE WOULD-BE JUDGE — IRA E. LEONARD

by Philip J. Rasch*

By Lincoln County War buffs Ira E. Leonard is remembered as the man who (unsuccessfully) assisted in the prosecution at the Court of Inquiry of Lieutenant Colonel Nathan Augustus Monroe Dudley, Ninth Cavalry, and later (successfully) defended Billy, the Kid when the latter was tried for the murder of Andrew L. "Buckshot" Roberts. By most others he is forgotten. Perhaps this is as it should be. His failure to be remembered today is at least of a piece with his failure to achieve the constant goal of his adult life—the prestige, authority, and security of a Federal judgeship.

Leonard was born on March 25, 1832, probably in the state of New York, and seems to have grown up in the village of Batavia, New York. As a young man he worked as a printer in the office of the *Advocate* and later studied law with Judge Moses Taggart. About 1860 he was living in Watertown, Wisconsin, where he was in partnership with Myron B. Williams. Ten years later found him domiciled in Jefferson, Missouri, and a judge of the Twenty-third Judicial Circuit in the southeast portion of that state. He had previously served as prosecuting attorney and district judge. Leonard was an active Republican and was rewarded by the party with the nomination for Judge of the Supreme Court in the elections of 1872. When the ticket went down to defeat the disappointed attorney left the state, opening a law office in Boulder, Colorado, in 1874, in connection with W. E. Beck. The move may in part have been dictated by reasons of health, as Leonard suffered from severe asthmatic attacks which left him unable to talk. He seems to have been accompanied by his wife, Mariah, born in New York c. 1832, two daughters, Edith, born in New York c. 1857 and Ella, born in Wisconsin c. 1859, and a son, Ira E., Jr.

The following year Leonard applied for an appointment as a Federal judge. When the anticipated vacancy did not occur, he moved to Las Vegas, New Mexico, arriving there in 1878.

The lawyer first enters Lincoln County history on February 24, 1879, when he wrote Governor Lew Wallace, informing him that another lawyer, Huston I. Chapman, had been assassinated in Lincoln, and commenting that he had warned the victim to be more discreet in his conduct or he might have trouble. On March 4, 1879 he wrote to the Secretary of War, formally ac-

*Mr. Rasch is no stranger to the Denver Westerners. He has written several papers on various phases of the Lincoln County war, which have been published previously by the various Possees. Ed.

cusing Dudley, then commanding Fort Stanton, of having abetted in the murder of Alexander A. McSween and the burning of his home, of threatening Justice of the Peace John B. Wilson, of permitting the Tunstall store to be robbed, and of making slanderous charges against Mrs. McSween. He also accused Lieutenant James Hansel French, Ninth Cavalry, of drunkenness on duty, of forcing his way into Mrs. McSween's house and insulting her, and of threatening and falsely arresting Chapman. Dudley promptly demanded, and was granted, a Court of Inquiry.

Leonard made his first visit to the county a month later, when he attended the April term of court there. For an individual who had no connection with affairs there and who repeatedly suffered from severe asthmatic attacks, he was wonderfully busy meddling with matters which did not concern him. Wallace appears to have reposed a great deal of confidence in the lawyer and the latter functioned as though he were the governor's deputy. His correspondence with that functionary shows him advising the sheriff and insisting upon his arresting malefactors, testifying before the grand jury, developing a decided antipathy for the officers at Fort Stanton and an equally warm attachment for the McSween cause, demanding that the officers enforce the vagrant act and the law prohibiting the carrying of arms, and in general assisting "in prosecuting and bringing to Justice the Outlaws then under arrest and who might be arrested."¹ These actions did not guarantee his universal popularity. District Attorney William L. Rynerson, suffering from a galloping case of badly bruised feelings, told all who would listen that he was simply a figurehead and that Leonard was the Governor's prosecutor, the man who had been selected to see the defendants punished. The outlaws promptly posted a notice on a tree to which Leonard's horse was hitched advising him that if he did not leave the country they would take his scalp and send him to hell. A few nights later two desperadoes passed his office at a full gallop and fired two shots at Leonard. A deputy sheriff named McPherson, whom Leonard had brought to Lincoln with him, was also fired upon, the bullet grazing his forehead.

Leonard promptly reached for his pen. He wrote Wallace that Judge Warren Bristol "had the timidity of a child" and was "unable to stay the lawlessness, his own misdirected action had produced;" Rynerson's actions were "contemptible;" Dudley's conduct was "most wicked and vile," and busied himself helping the Judge Advocate at Dudley's Court of Inquiry. Appearing before the court as a witness, he testified under oath that he "had no malice or ill will against [the defendant] then or now" and that the only motive actuating him was a zeal for the public good.² These pious protestations accord but illy with the fact that practically simultaneously he informed Wallace that Dudley "is the most unmitigated old scoundrel that ever had an existence" and a few months later described him to the Territorial press as "impetuous, vindictive, overbearing, self-conceited and meddling."

¹Ira E. Leonard to Lew Wallace, May 20, 1879. In the William Henry Smith Memorial Library of the Indiana Historical Society.

²In Proceedings of a Court of Inquiry in the Case of Lt. Col. N. A. M. Dudley. Records of the War Department, QQ 1284. In Notional Archives.

Within a fortnight Leonard saw the handwriting on the wall. He warned the governor that it was clear the Court intended to whitewash Dudley and that he had a good notion to show his disgust by abandoning the case. When the Court quite correctly found in favor of the defendant, Leonard's fury was unbounded. The kindest thing he found to say of the officers composing it was that they were a set of "egotistical damned fools" and that military courts were "an expensive and stupendous farce." Apparently Leonard's own self-conceit was never troubled by the slightest suspicion that he might be wrong about anything.

The surviving correspondence between the Governor and the lawyer arouses suspicions that a deal of some kind had been consummated between the two. The reader is led to suspect that the price for the latter's services was a promise of the executive's aid in securing a Federal judgeship. On November 13, 1878 Wallace sent Secretary of the Interior Carl Schurz, a petition signed by five prominent lawyers of Santa Fe recommending his appointment to the judgeship of the First Judicial District. President Rutherford B. Hayes, however, selected Lebaron Bradford Prince for the post, and both the Territory and Lincoln County ignored the governor's recommendation that Leonard be recompensed for his work.

That worthy was occupied in representing Mrs. McSween in prosecuting a criminal charge of arson³ against Dudley, alleging that he was responsible for the burning of the McSween home during the Five Days Battle,⁴ and a civil one of libel, accusing the officer of having written letters to Wallace designed to bring her into public scandal. The lawyer made a trip to Colorado and failed to return in time to escort his client to court at La Mesilla, whereupon Judge Bristol ordered her arrest for contempt. When she did appear she requested a continuance to the next term so that Leonard might represent her. This the judge denied, and Dudley refused to consent to the charge being dismissed. The case went to trial before a jury who deliberated less than two minutes before returning a verdict of "Not guilty." The courtroom thereupon burst into applause, which was suppressed with difficulty by the sheriff and the court. So far as the writer has been able to determine, the libel case never came to trial.

In 1880 Leonard was living in White Oaks. The following year he accompanied Billy the Kid, to Mesilla to act as his attorney on a charge of murdering Roberts, and succeeded in obtaining a ruling that the United States Court was without jurisdiction in the case. The Kid was then promptly turned over to the Territorial Court to answer a charge of murdering Sheriff William Brady, found guilty, and sentenced by Judge Bristol to be hanged.

Leonard returned to Lincoln, where he was injudicious enough to champion the cause of a Mrs. Ella F. Murphy. Mrs. Murphy had been employed as a teacher at the Mescalero Agency commencing May 6, 1881. Conditions there were far from desirable. Since no suitable accommodations were avail-

³Cause No. 298, Lincoln County, renumbered Cause No. 533, Dona Ana County, New Mexico.

⁴Rasch, Philip J., *Five Days of Battle*. Denver Westerners *Brand Book*, Vol. 11, pp. 294-323, 1955. Johnson Publishing Co., Boulder.

able, she had to sleep, cook, and live in the schoolhouse itself. The final straw seems to have come when Agent William H. H. Llewellyn informed her that she could not use articles purchased for the Indians and that all blankets and other Indian goods in her possession must be returned. On July 13 she left the Agency. That same day Llewellyn requested that she be removed, on the grounds that she was "incompetent, untruthful, and has been twice intoxicated since I have been here. She is insolent and presumptuous." She had, he alleged, written him an insulting letter when he had informed her that she could not use supplies furnished for the Indians, was an "intolerable nuisance," sought "extraordinary favors," made up incorrect reports, and had had a "questionable career in Washington, prior to her coming here."⁵ His request was promptly granted by Acting Commissioner E. L. Stevens.

Mrs. Murphy had let it be known in Lincoln that she had come to the county seeking reimbursement for some cattle which had been stolen by the Mescaleros. A few days after leaving the Agency she obtained a position as a teacher for the school in Lincoln. A few days more and she had told Leonard a sad story of how she has been mistreated by the Indian Agent. Leonard promptly wrote the Commissioner of Indian Affairs that Llewellyn was "devoid of every principle of manhood and entirely unfit to occupy a position of trust," had treated Mrs. Murphy worse than a brute, and had circulated reports that she was a lewd woman. The Agent had, he alleged, sought her discharge so that she might be replaced with a teacher of his own choosing, and was secretly planning to have the reservation reduced in size so that he might obtain control of some potential mining property. The teacher also induced a Luther M. Clements to take up the cudgels on her behalf, but his letter does not seem to have survived.

A special agent was sent to investigate, sifted the affair to the bottom, and informed Leonard that he had been duped by a woman who had been treated better than her conduct deserved. No whit daunted, the lawyer took his protege into his home. His guest promptly returned thanks by stirring up trouble between her host and one of his business associates, County Clerk Ben Ellis, culminating in her buying property jointly owned by the two and ordering Leonard to vacate his office therein. He retaliated by beginning an investigation into Ellis's official records. In spite of various warnings, he uncovered enough evidence of misconduct to lead him to threaten to send Ellis to the penitentiary. Meanwhile, however, his erstwhile partner and the cause of the trouble had departed together for parts unknown.

Shortly thereafter Leonard removed to Socorro and opened a law office. In the winter of that year P. A. Simpson was removed as postmaster of the village and the newcomer appointed in his stead at a salary of \$600 per year. Later he complained that his expenses totalled \$151.50 more than his income.⁶ Once settled, the attorney formed a law partnership with G. W. Fox,

⁵Wm. H. H. Llewellyn to Hon. Commissioner, Indian Affairs, July 13, 1881. Records of the Bur. of Indian Affairs. In National Archives.

⁶Ira E. Leonard to Lewis Wallace, Nov. 26, 1888. RG 60. Records of the Department of Justice, Appointment Records. Ira E. Leonard. In National Archives.

obtained a financial interest in the *Socorro Sun*, acquired a ranch near the town and interests in mining properties near Kingston, and pursued the almighty dollar in various other ways. All of this seems to have profited him but little. Parish mentions that Pat Garrett helped the Charles Ilfeld Company to collect an "all-but-hopeless account" from Judge Leonard who must surely have been our subject. In 1885 he sold the ranch to H. C. Shipp for an undisclosed sum.

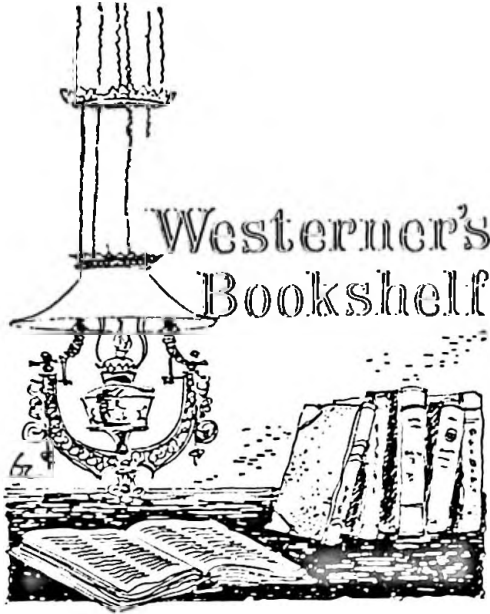
Leonard's health continued bad and in June, 1887 he sold out and accompanied by his son, moved to San Bernardino, California, in hopes that his asthmatic condition would improve. These were in vain. On November 26, 1888 he wrote Wallace, now living at Crawfordsville, Indiana, that he could see no improvement in his health. He added that he planned to return to New Mexico, and besought his old friend's aid in securing appointment as Judge of the Second District. Wallace wrote Attorney General W. H. H. Miller several letters strongly supporting the candidacy of his former comrade in arms in the Lincoln County Troubles. Other old acquaintances also rallied to his support. Even Llewellyn wired Miller that Leonard was "an able attorney and an honest man."

However, dissenting voices were raised. William Watson, a White Oaks attorney, complained that Leonard was physically unable to perform the duties of the office and alleged that in 1880 he had attempted to defraud John E. Wilson of that town, out of a mine. Sheriff C. A. Robinson, of Socorro County, alleged that the applicant was in poor health and had been guilty of unethical conduct in a dispute between Benjamin McLain and John W. Terry in 1886-87. Leonard vigorously denied the charges and furnished affidavits from Drs. Joseph S. Martin and Charles F. Blackington to the effect that his affliction would in no way interfere with his performance of the desired duties. These took on a rather hollow sound when the *Rio Grande Republican* announced that Leonard had died on July 6, 1889, and added, "He had been ailing for some time and his death was not unexpected." His survivors could take just pride in the fact that Wallace had characterized the head of their family as "A good lawyer, and an honest man, he is one of the bravest I ever knew."

Acknowledgments

The writer is indebted to **Miss Jane F. Smith**, Notional Archives; **Miss Margaret Gleason**, State Historical Society of Wisconsin; **Mrs. Elizabeth Comfort**, State Historical Society of Missouri; **Charlotte Marcy Read**, Holland Purchase Historical Society; and the Public Library, Batavia, N. Y., for their assistance in collecting the material for this paper.





Westerners' Bookshelf

TRAIL DUST

Last month PM Bill Powell presented us with a paper on "Trail City." Bill tried to dig up an original picture of the town. Some of the answers were interesting. Following is one of them:

Mr. William D. Powell

Elk Falls Ranch

Pine, Colorado

Dear Mr. Powell:

Your letter of June 14, addressed to Mr. Mike Foster of our New York office, has been forwarded to my attention.

The best information that we can obtain in answer to your questions about the TRAILMASTER program, is that **Trail City, Colorado**, referred to in that episode was invented by the writer and had no intention of referring to an actual place. The entire show was filmed on the back lot of the studio and there are no sketches of the setting.

Thank you for your interest in our programming.

Best regards,

s/ Eli Henry

Director of Press Information
Western Division

American Broadcasting Co.

GHOSTS OF THE ADOBE WALLS, Nell Murbarger, Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, 1964, 373 pp., 55 Illus., Index, \$7.50

Some people buy books because their titles are intriguing; others, because of the expensive covers and bindings; and still others, because they are written by well known authoritative authors. Nell Murbarger's books fall into the last category as far as this reviewer is concerned. When I find anything written by this gal, I read it!

Ghosts of the Adobe Walls is the story of the Ghost Towns, mining camps, abandoned stage stations and army fort in Arizona. Writing in her easy, informal style, using the first person, Miss Murbarger takes the reader all over the state in her ten year old car (with 165,000 miles to its credit), visiting these historic spots, talking to the old timers who are left, and reliving the "good old days."

Nell has drawn on old newspapers and mining magazines to give us the facts and flavor of the old camps as recorded during the boom days. A roster of "Ghosts" completes the book.

Ghosts of the Adobe Walls is a must for all students and armchair explorers of the West, and for Arizonans, it's a book to carry in the car at all times.

F.B.R.

See where P.M. Nolie Mumey showed his carvings of "Santos," patterned after early Spanish wood carvings, at a recent "Doctors' Hobby Show," sponsored by the Women's Auxiliary of the City's Medical Society. The **Medical Tribune** also carried a good picture of Doc.

LOST MINE

The Spaniards and Indians told many fabulous tales about lost mines

TRAIL DUST, Con't.

around the historic Spanish Peaks. One of the later true stories, is that of a great mine that is yet to be discovered. An old prospector was looking over the terrain near the head of Cuchara Creek beyond La Veta, when he picked up a piece of float that was laden with precious metal. When smelted, it produced \$3,000 worth of gold and silver. The old prospector spent the rest of his days trying to find the source of the float. Somewhere on the slopes of the nearby mountains is the outcropping of the mother lode from which the float was broken. Many men have failed to find it—but some place there is a fortune beneath the crust of the earth in the vicinity of the Spanish Peaks.

Miners Digest, Cripple Creek

All sorts of ideas have sprung up to give to the public, entertainment based upon the old west. Probably the first of these was square dancing, which continues to have universal appeal. Then other innovations came along. Ghost Towns were built in facsimile. Old railroad trains were renovated and run on short circular tracks. Stage coach rides and pony express runs, complete with Indian attacks and holdups were reactivated.

Now from Quinter, Kansas, comes

another idea. Frank Hefner will take you on a one-day (ten miles) or more, wagon train journey along parts of the Smoky Hill Trail. Write him for particulars.

A story comes out of Dodge City, via the **New York Times**, that motorcycles are replacing the horse in the stockpens of a couple of livestock companies. 'Pears that the horses just plain ate themselves out of a job. It costs from \$7 to \$12 a week to feed a horse, and he eats whether he works or not. A small motorcycle can run a week for \$1.50.

At one company, 14,000 head of cattle were moved from holding pens to sales pavilions, then to the corrals for outgoing animals, all by motorcycle.

On July 26, 27, 28, and 29, the University of Denver presented a Symposium on archives and History. The Westerners were represented at the luncheon on July 27 by Sheriff Numa James, who presided, and PM Fred Mazzula and his wife, Jo, who presented the program—"The Non-Academic Approach to History; Sight and Sound."

At the luncheon on July 28, PM Nolie Mumey spoke on "History as an Avocation."

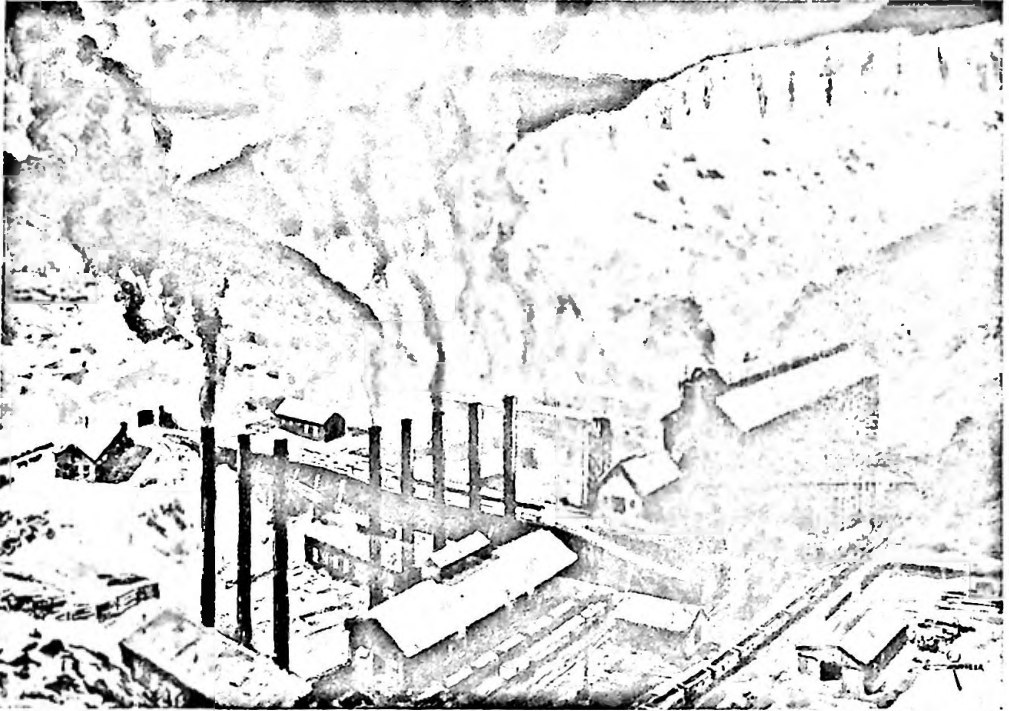
PM Alan Swallow was one of the commentators at the morning session.

In spite of ALL previous announcements there will be a Scholarship Award made this year. Send Contributions to Wm. Brenneman, 2561 So. Dennison Court, Denver.

NEXT MEETING – AUGUST 16 (SUNDAY)

To be held at the FORT, two miles south of Morrison, on U.S. 285. Festivities start at 4:00 P.M. Possemen, Corresponding Members and their Ladies. Our speaker will be Mr. JESSE L. NUSBAUM, of the National Park service. Send Reservations to Bill Powell, before Thursday, Aug. 12.

Through the courtesy of CM Otto and Mrs. Kuhler, and the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library, we present another of the superb paintings of the Land of the Lost Souls, painted by Otto and shown at the January meeting. This is number 7 of the series.



Original painting by Otto Kuhler CM. Denver Public Library Western Collection.

BLACK MOUTH OF THE MOLOCH

European miners did not speak of mine explosions. They simply said, "the mine let go," like it was something to be expected sooner or later.

When the big coalmine Hastings Nr. 2 "let go," 129 were killed. Like the old Symian God "Moloch," who demanded newborn children to be thrown into his fiery bronze mouth, the black hole of Hastings had its human sacrifice. The mine hole is sealed up now with a concrete slab, monument to those that rest under the hill. Long rows of crumbling coke ovens under crumbling cliffs and huge concrete foundations, testify that "Hastings Nr. 2" was a big one.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

AUGUST
1964
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Reminiscences of Montezuma, Chihuahua,
and Saints John

by Elizabeth Roller



SAINTS JOHN, COLORADO. C. 1885



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Reservations for all meetings and dinners: William D. Powell, P.O. Box 5067, Denver, Colo., 80217. Ph. 266-2151. Dinner \$3.00. Reservations only. (No guests with CMs.)

NEXT MEETING SEPTEMBER 23

"Undue Process of Law—Here and There"

Illustrated talk by PM Fred Mazzulla.

Rough, Rugged, Revolting and Repulsive!!!

Denver Press Club, at 6:30 PM. Send reservations to PM Bill Powell, P.O. Box 5067, Denver Colorado 80217, or call 266-2151, before Monday noon, September 21.

REMINISCENCES OF MONTEZUMA, CHIHUAHUA, AND SAINTS JOHN

by Elizabeth Roller

Most of the names used herein are of real persons. In a few cases I have made use of fictitious names to avoid embarrassment. And lest I confuse you with mention of Decatur, Rathbone and Argentine, all refer to the same town. According to Post Office rulings when a Post Office was abandoned and later reestablished, a different name must be used. The town was Decatur until 1893 when the name Rathbone was assumed. I do not know the origin of this. In late 1902 the town became Argentine, named for the Pass, and by that name it has since been known.

In early 1881 or 82 my father, Benjamin F. Rice arrived in Chihuahua from Leadville. He was a native of Jackson County, Kansas. As a young school teacher of several years experience, he came to Colorado in 1879, attracted by the Leadville boom. He and a companion assumed that teachers would be needed in the expanding West. But mining offered hopes of wealth and adventure and neither young man followed his original vocation. The adventure materialized but the wealth evaded him. Although he made some good strikes in the Leadville area, my father seemed more interested in the pleasures and excitement of that lively city. He had been reared in a strict religious atmosphere but gambling fascinated him. He used to boast that he became a crack faro-bank dealer, an avocation that paid him handsomely when he wished to practice it. But this business he put completely behind, when he married.

He knew many of Leadville's famous, including the Tabors and he became well acquainted with Soapy Smith who was then perfecting the Sapolio technique that gave him his name. In his idle moments Father sometimes acted as a henchman or "shill" for Soapy. He would, surprisingly, purchase a bar of soap that contained the hidden five or ten dollar bill and would display it excitedly. Of course the lucky money was later returned to the soap merchant but there was always a cut for services rendered. It was a wild camp and easy-come, easy-go was the philosophy.

But in 1882 he and a friend, Paul Elgin went to Chihuahua. The town was new and bustling. In a mineral collection at home we had a number of specimens of wire and ruby silver ore. Most high-grade ore is singularly disappointing to the eye of a novice, but these strikingly beautiful veins of pure metal could be appreciated by anyone. It seemed the hills were full of it and the adventurers thought they had reached their goal.

In 1882, my maternal grandfather, William Warren Carle, left his family in Boulder and went to Chihuahua to look after some mining property. At that time the Chihuahua and Decatur children attended a common school midway between the towns. They needed a teacher and having heard grandfather mention that his wife was a teacher, they asked him if she would consider filling the position. Delighted at the prospect of having his family with him, he sent for them and grandmother became the teacher. My information seems to conflict with a *Montezuma Mill Run* item, which tells of a dance given for Miss Jones upon completion of a school term in Decatur in September 1882. It is possible my aunt has confused dates but grandmother definitely taught in the school I describe.

My grandmother was a woman of exceptional intelligence and wide experience. She had been a successful teacher for a number of years and her inquiring mind was never at rest. I remember her splendid vocabulary and knowledge of classic literature. She wrote a flowing Spencerian hand and her letters are models of composition. Among a number I have preserved, I treasure greatly one written to my grandfather away on a business trip soon after their marriage. It has been praised as a love letter of deep sentiment and beauty. Former pupils have attested to the interest she aroused during that brief term of school.

The schoolhouse stood within the boundaries of the local cemetery and the children played between the mounds and repeated the legends of the people lying there. My aunt recalls the story of the first grave in that spot. It was told that two prospectors riding from Chihuahua to Decatur passed the pretty place and remarked that it would be a pleasant place for a graveyard. "I think I'll start one there," said one miner. Returning home, possibly a bit unsteady from a night's pleasures, this man's horse shied at some object in the shadows and he was thrown on some sharp rocks and killed. Recalling their conversation, the friend asked that he be buried on that spot.

Today all that remains to show the location of either school or cemetery is a modern gravestone erected in the 1900's by the Clancy family. It bears the names, Helen Clancy, 1881-84 and Mary E. Clancy, 1885-88. If you look about you can find a number of old graves, with the familiar ring of round stones to mark the outlines.

My aunt was five when she came to Chihuahua and her memories of that school year are vague although she attended with the older sister—then eight years of age.

When school ended my grandparents decided to open a boarding house and they moved into a two-story home on the mountain side and from that time until they left the mining camp in 1888 they boarded the miners and lumber-jacks and fed transient visitors. I mention the lumber-jacks especially because my mother used to tell us about the Swedish boarders who were kept busy supplying the timbers for the mines. Not much has been recorded about the timber men but they had a great part in the mining industry.

Mrs. Sharp quotes from *the Montezuma Mill-Run* of June 24, 1882, "There are 54 substantial buildings in town, one hotel and two restaurants." That fall the Carle boarding house was added.

My father went to board with the Carles and was with them most of the time until they departed. It was during those years he decided he had found his future wife. He told me that as she blossomed into girlhood, he never seriously considered as a wife anyone but the older daughter, Mabel.

My aunt noted that from October until June the town was almost isolated. The mail came through with some papers and magazines. The Denver, South Park and Pacific had reached Breckenridge in 1881 and doubtless miners and investors penetrated the high mountains during the winter but she thinks those communications were infrequent.

I asked her about their food. To me the very thought of planning and preparing meals with the limited foodstuffs then available, seems appalling. She says that she was not much concerned about meals. I suppose such things seemed matter of course to a five or six-year old. There were no canned foods except the familiar sweetened Eagle Brand condensed milk. She remembers diluting and mixing it with water for the pitchers on the long dining tables.

In summer, the Clancy family kept a herd of milk cows on the mountain meadows but during the winter moved them to their ranch below Dillon. The fresh milk and cream were a welcome addition to the diet. Butter, of course, was a staple at all seasons.

The boarders often gave small coins to the polite little waitresses and when she had saved a quarter, my aunt would ask permission to go to Mrs. Clancy's for a jar of the thick yellow cream. This was the only delicacy she recalls actually craving. It was this Clancy family who erected the memorial referred to above.

There was constant baking. There were always brown, crusty loaves of bread and grandmother's soda biscuits were famous. She produced quantities of cookies and pies. She had plenty of dried fruit—apples, peaches, pears (rather more costly) prunes and apricots. Besides dried fruit pies she made spicy custards and a tasty vinegar pie which I can assure you was delicious. Certainly lemons were seldom available but apples appeared in the fall and kept nicely in storage in the caves. My aunt says grandfather's sister in Michigan sent them boxes of fresh apricots in the summer. These were indeed a treat. Even during my childhood, oranges were such a delicacy that finding one in the toe of a Christmas stocking was a thrill.

The winter supplies were laid in generously; potatoes, onions, turnips, rutabagas and carrots. In late spring the Blue River farmers brought in parsnips. No self-respecting gardener dug parsnips in the fall. Their sweet rare flavor was improved by the freezing in the soil. Perhaps that's why fall parsnips never taste so good to me. My aunt does not recall much cabbage. Beans, of course, were valuable food and were on the table several times a week.

For storage most people built caves. In my scrapbook is a letter written by grandmother January 2, 1884, to her mother in Michigan. She says, "It was 28° below in Montezuma but we do not mind the cold at all. Our house is so warm and our wood so good. Nothing freezes in our cellar."

I asked Mrs. Black if they had wild game. She can remember little but rabbits and woodchucks or ground hogs as we called them. No kidding, I've

eaten them when I was small. Mother sometimes roasted a fat young ground hog with sweet potatoes and Father said it was quite like 'possum. But Mrs. Black says the miners killed them mostly for their fat which was excellent for greasing boots. There were deer and elk in the country below Dillon and probably some of this meat came to the camps.

For winter meat, they had ham and bacon and of course salt pork. Certainly beans and sowbelly were invaluable in settling the West. Mrs. Black says they used to freeze large cuts of beef in a snowbank and take it when needed as we now do from the deep freeze. Of course the cold was a great help in keeping food. When I was a girl in Montezuma we could freeze ice cream at any time. An old mine tunnel right in town could furnish ice whenever we cared to go into its depths.

As in any district with pockets of rich ore, high-grading was a problem. One mine owner was working a property containing especially valuable ore. He had been certain for some time that he was being robbed and he strongly suspected one particular employee, Mr. H. but he had been unable to catch him with the plunder. He had my father and Paul DeLamar deputized, and armed with a search warrant, they approached Mr. H's home. The two children said their parents were not at home but as the deputies stood at the door. Mrs. H. appeared. She was a very large woman, tall and powerful, who habitually wore a slat sunbonnet with a high starched crown which added to her militant appearance. "What's going on here?" she demanded. When the young men presented their warrant and stated their desire to make a search she replied, "Go ahead and search." Cupboards, beds, chests revealed no hidden hoard. Finally they came upon a box in the corner. "Nothing in that but old clothes," she said. "We'll take a look," and they bent to examine the contents. Immediately the lady, who had kept her hands concealed behind her back let loose. With a heavy chain in one hand and a hammer in the other she attacked the surprised men. Though unprepared for this and severely beaten, they were able to subdue her and continue their search. Under the rags they found many bags of ore, later identified as coming from the looted mine. I am not certain how far this search was legal. Amusingly enough, my aunt does not remember if Mr. H. was arrested, tried or punished. Perhaps he suffered only the loss of his job and the stolen ore. The family were long-time residents of our country and I recall that Mr. H's means of livelihood were usually on the shady side.

The Mitchells were the only family I knew who lived continuously in the same place through all the years. Many of the old prospectors remained in the district or the county, moving from one mine or area to another, or "batching it" at new holes where they always hoped to make a strike.

But the Mitchells were in Chihuahua in the early years and remained long after the town had disappeared. They lived a little beyond (east?) of the town proper, along the Decatur road.

Grandmother, who had a vast respect for education, told me that Mrs. Mitchell had attended Oberlin College, and she was the first college coed I had ever known. I was rather in awe of her because of that. However, this interest did not make Grandmother and Mrs. Mitchell, friends. They had little

in common. (Perhaps they might have "communicated" through a mutual interest in the use of the English Language. Grandmother was a purist and had a vast vocabulary and ability to express herself.) But she undoubtedly disapproved of the constant nagging and belittling of her husband that I recall was Mrs. Mitchell's greatest fault. Grandmother had had her trials throughout her married life, but she was ever loyal and loving to our little grandfather. Even in those days the Mitchells were not too congenial.

Mr. Mitchell carried the mail from Decatur to Montezuma, and Mrs. Mitchell was a writer of considerable ability. I have a clipping from a Denver newspaper, date, unfortunately unknown, in which she graphically describes an overnight trip to the summit of Gray's Peak. My aunt says she has read several articles written by Mrs. Mitchell in magazines, but I do not know what these magazines were.

The Mitchells worked separate mines or separate parts of the same mine, and they never lost their faith in eventually "striking it rich." I can now find only one tunnel opening near their home, but there may have been others. The story persists.

I do not know when their grand climactic quarrel occurred. My brother thinks that there was never the long, bitter silence I have pictured; that there may have been intervals of peace and communication, but I cannot recall when they were on speaking terms. Of course my acquaintance with them was after the early 1900's. At any rate, it was accepted as a known fact in the communities around the vanished town of Chihuahua, that the Mitchells never spoke to each other.

He moved to another room of the house; the Sharps think it was another cabin. There still remain the ruins of several structures. She continued to cook his meals and wash and care for the house in the early 1900's when I used to accompany my father on his produce wagon, from which he sold beef, vegetables and fruits to the scattered residents of the valleys. We would stop at the Mitchells where close bargaining was the rule. If it were necessary to communicate with her husband, Mrs. Mitchell never spoke to him directly, but conveyed the message to my father or me or even the dog or cat or some inanimate object. She was always the spokesman. There is a legend that their separate diggings were parallel and only ten or twelve feet apart. In the days before their final disagreement and while they were still on quarrelling terms, they had connected the tunnels by a passage-way. Passersby told of violent arguments which ended with Mrs. Mitchell armed with a pick or shovel pursuing the poor man around and around the mine.

She was known as a good miner and worked her claim diligently. Mrs. Black says she used to carry the waste from the mine in an old dishpan. Mrs. Sharp says she had a reputation for being miserly—probably an understatement. A story was told that she hired a miner to help her and that he was to board with her. When pay day came, his board bill equaled the amount of wages due him. I always wondered how they managed to exist. The mail route had been abolished long ago. Possibly she had been paid for some of her writing but she did not continue this long. One of my informants thinks it possible they

produced some paying ore but Leland Sharp, who knows the mines of the region like the back of his hand, says this is not likely.

In answer to a request for information concerning Mrs. Mitchell's attendance at Oberlin, I have received a letter from the secretary there. From the meagre details I could supply—a guess at her age and the decade in which she might have been registered and with no idea of her first or maiden name—they seem to have identified my lady. They list a Fannie Rosecrans from Henrietta, Ohio who was enrolled in 1873-74 for a select course, probably in the Literary Department. A note, filed in her Alumni Record indicates that she married a W. L. Mitchell of Nevadaville, Colorado April 7, 1877. This seems to fit the scanty statistics I have. When I told Mrs. Black she said, "Oh, yes, now I remember. It was Fannie and Billy Mitchell." I hope to pursue this line further when I have time. I am interested in learning more of their history, especially where they spent their last days and where they died and are buried.

There are some conflicts in my information concerning the toll roads over the Passes. George H. King in the March, 1937 *Colorado Magazine* says, "Miners began to move from Georgetown to Montezuma as early in the spring of 1868 as the Loveland Pass was open, crossing the range by pack train, the only mode of transportation at that time. From Frank Hall's *History of Colorado*, I find that it was first planned to have a stage line over Argentine Pass but it was later decided to run over Loveland which was 1500 feet lower. The route was completed in 1879. The winter of 1880-81 was very severe and the Loveland stage was unable to get through. The mail then came over Argentine by horseback and later in the spring by buckboard. This was possible because during the winter the high winds swept the snow off the roads on Argentine and it could usually be crossed more easily than Loveland. But during the 1880's there were toll roads over all three passes—Loveland, Argentine and Webster and stages travelled over all of these at one time or another.

My father told of driving a six-mule stage over Loveland. He took delight in swinging his teams and heavy coach around the sharp curves to the accompaniment of frightened shrieks from the timid lady passengers. There were no regular rest stops in those days but the forested areas gave a measure of privacy in the absence of your favorite two-holers. I am sure my father was no relation to the bus driver who conveyed Denver Ghost Towners to Cripple Creek last summer but he told of his cruel delight in driving long distances without a stop until some long-suffering lady grew bold enough to ask for a halt.

The stage ride was often full of thrills. My aunt tells of a runaway team on the Argentine Route. Homer Buttrick, a mere lad, held his wild team and swaying coach to the road, while urging his passengers to jump. She says all escaped without injury, including the driver but the horses were killed as they plunged over the mountain side, the coach overturning upon them. Homer drove stage many years in Routt County before the Moffat Road was built and he was known as a capable, courageous and resourceful driver.

Argentine Pass was sometimes a fearsome place, even in the summer. A girl friend and I rode to the top one day in July, 1909 and were caught in a violent electric storm. The charged air snapped and crackled until the horses'

manes and tails sometimes stood straight out and they were frantic. We were forced to dismount and lead them hurriedly down the narrow trail—all that remained of the old toll road. We were vastly relieved to get away from the summit.

My father had become disillusioned with mining and he took up freighting, acquiring an outfit of his own. He hauled ore to the railroad and brought back machinery, food and other supplies. He never returned to the mines, although our family's existence depended for years upon the mining industry. The country was populated by dreamers who never gave up. Some day they would strike it rich. But our father put it resolutely behind him as he had gambling. He often remarked that for all practical purposes, mining and gambling were synonymous.

Grandfather was a Justice of the Peace in Chihuahua from 1884 to 1888 and in Egeria Park, Routt County from 1893 to 1914. During these years he was highly respected and greatly loved. He decided many cases among neighbors and performed dozens of marriages. He was always the counselor and friend of the citizens and during his many years as Justice, it is said that he adjusted more neighborhood disputes without cost to either disputant than ever went to trial in his court. (From a biographical sketch in the *Steamboat Pilot*.)

The marriage business was not always profitable. I quote from one of Grandmother's letters: "Within the last eighteen months Warren has married five couples and only one paid him anything. One gave him \$3.00. Warren must buy the license and also pay for two marriage certificates for each couple. It is the custom for the groom to pay what he has a mind to."

The mines were playing out, people were discouraged and many were leaving. My grandparents followed many Summit County pioneers who were starting new lives in Routt County. In 1888 they moved to Egeria Park, now the area around Yampa and took up a homestead.

My father told me that as he bade the Carles goodbye he said to Mabel, now a mature fourteen, "One of these days when you've grown up, I'm coming to see you and I'll have something to ask you." In the summer of 1891 he went to Egeria Park with the question and in September of that year they were married. She lacked a month of being seventeen.

Grandmother had been strict about politeness and respect toward all boarders and childhood habits are not easily broken. To my mother, her husband was always Mr. Rice. I never heard her call him by his first name.

The Carles had been gone about a year when a disastrous fire destroyed most of the buildings in Chihuahua. They say there were about two solid blocks of houses and stores facing the main street with many others on back streets. At this time my father and a sister's family were living in two cabins back from the main part of town and close to a small stream. Father, my aunt and her two children worked feverishly to save their homes. By my father's directions, they soaked quilts and blankets in the stream and covered roofs and much of the side walls and continued to pour water over the buildings as the fire raged around them. Their isolated location as much as their labor saved the cabins, which were among the few that remained after the fire.

In 1911 or 1912 when my father had his store in Montezuma, he tore down the one cabin he still owned in Chihuahua and rebuilt it for a storeroom next to our main building. When, in 1916, I think one of Montezuma's major fires wiped out most of the town's remaining business section, the log cabin from Chihuahua succumbed to the flames. At this time the family had returned to the ranch and were leasing the buildings which were completely destroyed.

Meanwhile, back to Chihuahua. The Pennsylvania and Peruvian Mines among others were still producing ore and when he went to Routt County to claim his bride, my father was no longer the fun-loving prankster; but was considered a solid citizen with a prosperous business and a bank account. Soon after their marriage, he signed a new ore-hauling contract. He would require six complete outfits with five drivers besides himself. It was a day's trip with a heavy load to the railroad at Keystone and another day was required to return and reload. By plan three drivers were at each end of the line each night.

Mother began a busy life cooking for the teamsters. The two Carle sisters had never been separated for long and when fourteen-year-old Ruby came to visit in October, she stayed on to help with the cooking. My aunt recalls their pride when they put on their first Thanksgiving dinner, complete with turkey. My aunt says they had never prepared a turkey but took their problems to Mrs. Filger, whose kindly advice and sympathy smoothed many rough spots for my mother.

Incidentally, Filger City, on Lenawee Mountain, in Mrs. Sharp's words, "was named for Mr. Filger, discoverer of the famous Winning Card lode."

When the first son was born to the Rices in June 1892, business was still good. But father was looking ahead to another home and had acquired by pre-emption, the ranch above Dillon where a younger brother still lives.

But in 1893 came the panic and panic is the word for it. Banks and businesses collapsed—the big bank in Denver that held Father's savings failed completely. All over the country people were penniless. Father still owed on some of his equipment and much of his equity was sacrificed to pay off his drivers and current obligations. There was no market for silver and therefore no ore to haul. The family moved to the ranch. It was a difficult year. In a letter written by my mother a month after my birth in March of 1894, she says, "We hope to get some hens from Mr. D. on what he owes but if we cannot get them we'll get along without as we have been doing." I take it she meant get along without eggs. She told me that many times that winter she did not have stamps to send letters to her parents.

There was one, one-room log cabin on the ranch and father worked at moving other cabins to enlarge the living quarters and to satisfy homesteading requirements. These cabins, for a long time low, dirt-roofed buildings are still standing, and are an integral part of the big two-story house now seen from the road. The family had not permanently deserted Chihuahua for they lived there again for a year or so, but by 1897, they settled down to ranching in earnest. Although Father continued freighting as a sideline, our contacts with the upper country were somewhat infrequent.

The winter of 1898-99 was known to all residents of the mountains as "the hard winter." If you have access to the fabulous *Denver South Park and Pacific* by M. C. Poor, you should refer to Chapter 4, titled simply, "Snow, South Park's Greatest Enemy." Conditions in the territory served by the railroad are strikingly portrayed. Mrs. Sharp's account of the experiences of the Klinessmith family in Sts. John during that winter is also a fascinating narrative.

Mrs. Black recently recalled for me some interesting details of life in Montezuma during the hard winter. The C & S from Denver to Leadville was blocked for 78 days. Although there was no real famine, there was a dangerous shortage of food in the territory dependent upon the railroad. Mrs. Black says that the supply of sugar had been exhausted when Dolph Domedeane who ran one of the saloons discovered a sack of sugar he had stored away. He measured it out pound by pound to all residents with no idea of profiteering. I'm sorry no one now lives to tell how Mr. Domedeane's supply of beverages held out.

A farmer in the Blue River Valley had a fat old bull that was consuming quantities of feed needed by other animals so he butchered the "critter" and took it to Montezuma where it sold readily. It was tough and unpalatable but it *was* meat. The suet was especially welcome since there was a great lack of lard and butter.

Mrs. Bianci, Mrs. Black's mother had a considerable number of people to feed. She had just bought the last sack of flour in the general store and it was lying on the counter while she completed her purchases when another customer spied it and was about to make off with it. Mrs. Bianci went to battle for her flour and with the help of the clerk was able to recover it.

All bread those days was made at home but the stores ran out of yeast. But some of the housewives did not depend upon commercial yeast but used a starter. Possibly some of you are familiar with this method. When the usual bread sponge was mixed, a jar of this sponge was held out and it served as yeast for the next batch of bread. This went on indefinitely. The thrifty bakers with their starters kept the neighbors supplied as the starter jar passed from home to home. Bachelors relied mostly on sour dough which must have solved the yeast problem for them.

There were tales of hoarding, of committees who summarily ordered distribution of hidden food. But most people shared their meagre supplies unselfishly, especially where children were to be fed. I could tell you much more of the hardships and fantastic conditions at our home on the ranch and up and down the valleys but I refer you to the railroad book for the splendid pictures and account of the struggle between the snow and the railroad.

In the spring of 1899 my Aunt Ruby came to teach the Montezuma School. She says that as she rode her saddle pony on the Montezuma road the drifts on either side were so high she could not reach the top. It took most of the summer to melt away.

There were a number of families living in Montezuma and she says some children came from Sts. John and Argentine, although I believe there was a regular school there. Leland Sharp's mother, then Bertie Klinessmith taught there in 1902-03.

In the winter of 1909 business complications involving bad luck, poor management on the part of a relative, and bond commitments to keep the mail stage running, made it necessary for my father to take over the general store in Montezuma, and the Dillon-Montezuma stage line. This was a serious upheaval. The ranch was our home and our roots were firmly planted there. We all dreaded the change. But for five years the family was again a part of the mining camp. These years brought many sorrows, some pleasures and a measure of prosperity. That first spring the family was hardly settled when we lost my smallest sister to a virulent attack of diphtheria and because she was laid to rest in the rocky cemetery on Collier Mountain, it followed that others of the family lie beside her. Now that the peaceful graveyard on a mesa near Dillon has been moved because of the big dam, we are profoundly thankful that our loved ones are in undisturbed ground. Only one sister was buried in the Dillon cemetery.

I was away at school most winters but the summers were full of work and fun. The seven young people in town roamed the mountains and explored mines and mills. Our favorite walks were to Sts. John, The Franklyn House and the Rock Soda Springs below Chihuahua. If you have missed this explanation in Mrs. Sharp's article, the name is properly Sts. John. It was so named in 1867 by a group of Free Masons for St. John the Evangelist and St. John the Baptist. There were often miners working in the vicinity but for three summers of which I speak, the town was mostly unoccupied. Most of the old mine dumps were being worked over and lessors were able to glean a modest living from individual leases. I think this has been responsible for Montezuma's continued existence. When promoters came in with grandiose ideas they repaired or rebuilt the mills and started with extravagant payrolls and heavy overhead and the operations rarely paid off—except, I may remark, to the promoters. But the independent miner with only his own expenses, often managed a spare but adequate living.

I have noted the fascination the old town of Sts. John still holds for visitors. It was always so for us. It never seemed the typical, hastily thrown-together conglomeration of most mining camps, but a town built for beauty, comfort and friendliness. Too bad it is slowly but surely disintegrating.

There were two soda springs on the Chihuahua road and both were popular picnic spots. At the Rock Spring the clear highly-charged water bubbled from a small bowl in a large boulder and made wonderful effervescent lemonade.

The Franklyn House had been long deserted but it was still standing—a spacious two-story white-painted building with evidence of past splendors. This and the Fairchild House in Mantezuma were gracious homes that bore no resemblance to the usual weathered shacks.

Once we took saddle horses and rode over Webster Pass leading our mounts down the vast rock slide that had obliterated the eastern approach, thence to Hall's Valley and back by way of Handcart Pass. I remember the wooden rails that still lay on the old grade where in the 80's a small railroad had carried ore from the Whale mine to the smelter at Hall's Valley. Do any of you railroad buffs know the story of that line?

One summer there was much activity at Sts. John. English investors had again become interested in the old mine and they started up on a large scale bringing in, I recall, a number of miners from Joplin, Missouri. I never knew why, surely there were plenty of experienced hardrock miners in our country. Heading the operation was Mr. Mumby, an aristocratic and thoroughly British type. He fitted up the superintendent's house and with his wife, lived here quite luxuriously. Mr. Mumby was an ardent fresh-air and exercise fiend; he was addicted to a cold-water dip daily. Now it happened that several families in lower Montezuma had dammed the river just above town and had constructed a pipe line to their homes, thus enjoying the luxury of running water through the summer. It became known that Mr. Mumby was using this convenient pool above the dam for his daily bath. Every morning he would sprint down the hill from Sts. John for a refreshing splash in the always icy water. The indignant residents issued a request that he "cease and desist." I am sure he had no intention of offense and although he was always a bit haughty and aloof he was cooperative and found a bathing spot elsewhere. It was reported by other occupants of the town that during the winter he dove from his second-story balcony into the huge bank of snow in front of the house, emerging pink and glowing, and full of energy.

Among the supervisory staff there was a young Norwegian engineer named Eyvan Flood. He was the first expert skier we had known. He had professional equipment and his daring exhibitions on our wintry slopes made him a model and hero for all our boys. As I remember him, he was a splendid example, educated, intelligent, likeable, always a true gentleman. He could swoop down the hill from Sts. John in "nothing flat" and he knew all the techniques. Skiing became a passion. This was just before Carl Howelstone, whom I came to know well, appeared in Steamboat Springs and inoculated the population with what has become an incurable disease.

Bobsledding was a popular pastime and not only boys and girls but the older people enjoyed its speed and exhilaration.

Funerals were important social functions in our quiet town. The citizens attended in a body and contributed voluntarily whatever services were necessary. There was one funeral with a macabre ending. Dan Dolan, I shall call him, was an immense fellow, a kindly and respected bachelor who lived at his claim above Argentine. He came to town infrequently during the winter and it went unnoticed that he had not been seen for some time. In early spring a roving miner came upon his cabin and found him lying inside, dead. It is likely his death occurred sometime before but the temperature had been below freezing and the body was frozen stiff. When word came to Montezuma a group of men went to bring the old man in for burial. With respect for his enormous body, a large casket was ordered and competent citizens prepared the body and placed it in the coffin. I suppose there must have been a hasty autopsy but in those days an undertaker was not required by law and such services were often dispensed with. The funeral was set for the next day with services as usual in the school house. But the weather had turned warm and as the ceremony began, it became apparent that haste was imperative. The ritual was speeded up but an ominous

crackling startled the congregation and the boards of the casket began to separate. A horrible stench filled the air! The body, thawed and decomposing, swollen with naseous gases was breaking from its narrow confines. Without delay the place was evacuated. After consultation, a few brave men invaded the malodorous room and with stout harness straps secured the bulging case. There is a considerable climb to the Montezuma cemetery and I think no mobile transportation had been provided. I believe the pallbearers had to be reinforced frequently but they finally reached the grave and poor Dan was quickly and thankfully interred.

My favorite tale, I think, concerns the time Mrs. Black led her milk cow over Argentine Pass. I asked her last winter to repeat it for me.

This happened at some time after 1900. There had not been a wagon road over the Pass for years but travellers on foot or on horses or burros, still followed the old short cut from Georgetown to Argentine. The Blacks had been running a small store in Idaho Springs but business was not good and they were steadily losing money. Mrs. Black wished to sell out the store and return to Montezuma where they owned a house and she hoped they could find a better living. Mr. Black resisted the idea but finally tired of the arguments. Always irascible and unpredictable, he took the oldest child, a little girl of about eight and left for Montezuma telling his wife she was free to do as she pleased. She disposed of the stock, closed the store and shipped their belongings by rail to Dillon.

There was still the family cow which she was determined not to give up. For her two boys, about four and six, she rented two gentle burros and also loaded them with small bundles. Then she started on her long walk leading the cow. It was November but the winter had not yet become severe. She walked and walked, through Georgetown and up to the Pass. "Oh, yes," she remembered, "there was my canary! I led the cow with one hand and carried the cage in the other." At the summit they were met by Phillip Bianci, a nephew of her stepfather, who was expecting them. There they turned the burros loose to return to their owners and started down the steep trail. But the smaller child soon tired and refused to take another step. She recalls that Phillip was wearing a long knitted woolen scarf and he used this to bind the little fellow to his back, a la papoose. It makes an amusing picture—but pathetic. The brawny Phillip with the packaback boy, the older child trudging manfully along and the weary woman leading the cow and carrying the canary. At the foot of the pass, Phillip had left a team and buckboard, and only the cow had to walk the last miles.

"And do you know," said Mrs. Black, "it must have been plenty cold on the pass. The next day the end of the cow's tail dropped off—it had been frozen!"

And now, as Lady Godiva said as she returned from her famous ride through the streets of Coventry, "I am drawing near my clothes." Recently I read that as of the last census, Montezuma had 17 residents. This is increased in the summer months by the tourists. After all these years, there is finally no school. Pupils are bussed to Dillon and Breckenridge. There is still a stageline



Westerner's Bookshelf



THE MISSOURI, by Stanley Vestal.
University of Nebraska Press, 368 pp.,
\$1.60.

Stanley Vestal's fine story of the Missouri River, first published by the University of Nebraska Press in 1945, has been reprinted as a paperback at a popular price.

Mr. Vestal's portrait of the Big Muddy is no less readable and valid today than it was nearly 20 years ago. In it, he traces the course of the highway that opened the West, from its mouth near St. Louis to its source near Three Forks, Mont., in the human terms of the men and women who used it and its waterways to write history.

In time and geography, he weaves the story of the Missouri through the eyes of Manuel Lisa, the Spanish trader who is called the "Father of Navigation" on the river; Lewis and Clark, Sacajawea, the trader Wilson P. Hunt, the first of the steamboaters, Father DeSmet, Kit Carson, General Custer, Chief Joseph, and dozens of others of the great host of pioneers, boatmen, cavalymen, Indians, cowboys, sodbusters, dam-builders—all those in the great parade of adventurers who used the Missouri to conquer the Great Plains and the Rockies and the Pacific West.

But never for a paragraph can the reader forget that the hero, the chief protagonist, the villain of the story is the Big Muddy itself, for, as Mr. Vestal writes:

"There are streams that have no story except that of the people on their banks, but the Missouri River is a story in itself—no idyll or eclogue either, but an heroic poem. It is a thoroughly masculine river, a burly, husky bulldozer of a stream, which has taken on the biggest job of moving dirt in North America. It has been well-named the Big Muddy."

Thus, eloquently, in human but authentic terms, does the story of the Missouri unfold. It is too bad that the publishers of the current paperback edition did not add a chapter bringing up to date what has happened along the Missouri in the past 20 years.

Even now, a new chapter in the history of the Missouri is unfolding as men and machines labor mightily to harness the immense powers of the great river. Multi-purpose dams designed primarily for flood control, but incidentally generating electric power, are forming major new recreational areas along the stream and its tributaries, and state and federal agencies are making surveys which ultimately will result in new playgrounds for millions of Americans following in the footsteps of Lewis and Clark.

William G. Brenneman, PM

SHEEPHERDER'S GOLD, by Temple H. Cornelius. Sage Books, Denver, 186 pp., illus., \$4.50.

Come, all ye tarriers with the taste for gold in your veins! Gather up your pick and shovel, buy or rent a jack and load up with grub, then join the search.

Written by the co-author of "Golden Treasures of the San Juan," this is a fitting continuation to that volume. Here are presented by an old-time prospector, an apparently well authenticated account of ten lost lodes in the San Juan Mountains of southwestern Colorado, told in a stimulating manner and with directions to the general vicinity of each.

Due to some of the original locator's sense of direction, the length of time since discovery, and climatic conditions which may have caused snowslides and erosion, these lodes or deposits are still being sought and no doubt some one with luck on his side will chance upon

one of them, when, we can only conjecture. Then there will be a mighty rush of old-timers and amateurs hoping to make a fortune. Herein is the account of a sylvanite deposit, specimens from which assayed around \$12 per pound, and under present-day regulations worth \$20 or more per pound! Worth looking for?

Were your reviewer twenty-five years younger, he would be far and away in the lead, hoping to locate just one of these fabulous deposits, then lead the life of Riley.

Carl F. Mathews, PM

WAR CHIEF JOSEPH, by Helen Addison Howard and Dan L. McGrath. University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 368 pp., \$1.65.

This book may be summarized, as can the whole Indian story: "The Indian never broke a treaty, the white man never kept one." It is a Bison Book reprint of the 1941 volume from the Caxton Printers, Ltd., and is a labor of love and high scholastic achievement, documented as few Indian histories have been.

Chief Joseph, of the Nez Perces, proves to be a most remarkable Indian, wise and humane beyond all others, probably the outstanding personality in Indian history. It is a good story, skillfully written, as dramatic as every good story must be. The venality and incompetence of some of the Indian agents is recorded with no names withheld, and with effective documentation.

The excellent typography, pleasing paper, and durable binding maintain the high standard of the Bison imprint. Many who missed the earlier editions will find this one, with maps and drawings by George D. McGrath, together with historic photographs, rewarding indeed.

Horace E. Campbell, CM

LOG OF A COWBOY, by Andy Adams.

University of Nebraska Press, 387 pp.

Since 1903 this book has been printed and reprinted. How many times? Who knows?

Probably no author, past or present has written so factual a picture of the "Trail Days."

From the beginning of the book in Texas to the final play in the saloon in Montana, the book reflects the days of hard work, worry, misery and the daily chores, dangers, joys and plain dog-weariness of the "Trail." One can feel, almost hear the day to day talk of the cowboys as they push their way north from the Lone Star State.

The binges in Dodge, Ogalala, Frenchman's Creek. Surely the end in each case of weariness, boredom of the plains and of good, alert animal spirits again seeing humans and some semblance of civilization.

The stories on the Trail at night camp. Surely here is native Americana at its best. Tales of the "War," of homesteaders cattlemen.

We, the so-called "Western Buffs" are indeed fortunate to be able to read such a book and be taken with authenticity to the days of the "Trails."

If this book is not in your library of Western Americana, it should be.

Truly a book to have, to read and to cherish.

William D. Powell, PM

COMMITTEE OF VIGILANCE, Revolution in San Francisco, 1851, by George R. Stewart. Houghton Mifflin & Co., 1964, \$5.00.

The story begins in February, 1851, when the young city of San Francisco was plagued by bands of what were called "Sydney ducks" (thieves and ex-convicts from Australia) who were perpetrating many crimes of violence, one of which, a murderous assault upon a

small merchant which yielded the two men concerned about \$1,600, brought matters to a head and resulted in the law-abiding element forming a committee to combat the rising tide of crime.

Several names were considered, among them "Committee of Safety," and "Committee of Public Safety," but the suggested "Committee of Vigilance" seemed more to typify the purpose or intent of the most substantial citizens, among whom were two bankers, one considered the richest man in San Francisco, several shipmasters, a number of merchants and business men, among whom was Samuel Brannan, a leader but crafty and wealthy.

While Stewart has used a great deal of material from H. H. Bancroft's "Popular Tribunals, Vol. I," it is also evident that he made free use of the early newspaper files to document his interesting account of the settling of the vital problems which confronted the pioneering residents of the metropolis of the Pacific coast.

Carl F. Mathews, PM

THE STORY OF WESTERN RAILROADS, by Robert Edgar Reigel. University of Nebraska Press, 345 pp., \$1.60.

This is a sketchy story of some phases of some Western Railroads. The author has taken some facts that applied to certain railroads and, in a highly opinionated manner, has presented a distorted conception of early western lines as a whole. History is reported to a degree, but is interpreted to a greater degree, usually without the facts. Repetition, contradiction and errors are apparent. Thorough proofreading could have eliminated these faults.

Under the title of "Federal Aid" the matter of land grants are covered only to the extent of what the railroads received. No mention is made of the trans-

portation concessions exacted by the Government in return for the land.

On page 43, our author states with regard to land grants: "****Lobbying had rapid growth while bribery and corruption were omnipresent.****" On page 46, he states: "****Political corruption and demoralization, which were frequently linked with the railroads****." This tone is carried on to the point that a naive reader could believe that railroad progress was synonymous with the advance of evil—that railroad corruptors were "omnipotent." These statements do not identify the railroads concerned nor the political bodies corrupted, thus, giving a general impression.

On the subject of locomotives, I quote from page 4: "The early upright boiler was soon replaced by a *vertical* one with steam coils."

On page 70, the statement is made that the original plans of the Union Pacific included a branch line to Sioux City. On page 71, I quote: "The Sioux City branch was eventually built south instead of southwest and joined the main line at Fremont." On page 124, referring to the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, the author states: "The St. Paul and Sioux City was leased, making direct connections with the Union Pacific." The Union Pacific has a branch line from Columbus, Nebraska, to Norfolk, Nebraska, and is north of the main line. I believe the author got lost here and was describing Chicago and Northwestern extensions as Union Pacific construction.

On page 215, it is stated that the early eighties found the Chicago and Northwestern in the Dakotas, Kansas and Nebraska. I quote from the same page, with reference to the Chicago and Northwestern: "****During that decade the road reached Granger, Wyoming and Superior, near the southern boundary of Kansas.****" The Chicago and North-

western has never operated to Granger, Wyoming, and *it did not operate* into Kansas. Superior is in Nebraska, a few miles north of the Kansas line.

Typical of this book's omissions, is the fact that transportation, the only reason for the existence of the railroads, is not brought into focus at any time. The author's natural tendencies lead him into the field of politics rather than the history of Western Railroads. The book does not qualify under the title given to it.

Eugene Barber, CM

THE OREGON DESERT, E. R. Jackman & R. A. Long. Caxton, 405 pp., index, illus., 118 photos, some color, \$4.95.

An unusual book; by two old-timers; Jackman, who is well-known and highly regarded in agricultural extension work, Long, rancher, who made this eastern Oregon desert his home. The highly important fact about the book is, that the authors, both, know their subject, have lived much of what they record, and each in his special way observed keenly and has recorded his observations and experiences.

The book in itself is unusual, because chapters are by one or the other of the authors, with personal experiences of friends included. There is a lack of linkage, therefore, between parts of the book. But each section becomes a "paper" on the chapter's subject. As in other western books in this general bracket, there is considerable text dealing with livestock; its place on the desert, hazards of natural kind, hazards that were man-invented. But there is much more than the usual "livestock" book about the west. There are bits about individuals, about vegetation of the desert, the wildlings and their place in desert life—in fact, so far as a book

may, it comes nigh to taking you into this less-known range country.

I have traversed this different desert of eastern Oregon; on one trip, seeking facts concerning the Sheldon Antelope Refuge in the southeastern corner of the state, I established foot-on-soil contact—which is a first move toward acquaintance with a land. The desert here is different; and so are its inhabitants. Long, in the chapter, "My Saddle's My Home," tells of folk and their chattels and the struggle to take root to live in the austere region. Jackman's chapter on the coyote, and on antelope, squirrels, mule deer, their wild neighbors and their habitat, contains basic western lore. This is a western book for Westerners.

Art Carhart, FM

ULENDO, by Archie Carr. 258 pp., index, illus., exceptional photos & map, Knopf, \$5.95.

Positively, this is *not* a "western" book. Why review it? Because it has in it an excellent presentation of the smashing impact of heedless human beings, dissipating their natural resources wealth, heading toward basic poverty in much of their riches. It is, therefore, a book to be read by many, including westerners for we have smashed and continue to smash, some of the most fundamental foundations of western life that lie in water, soil, forests, grasslands—the whole complex that is life and of which we are a part. Beyond that, this book will teach you in 258 pages, more about the inter-relationship of life of all kinds, the regimen named ecology, than most of us would soak up in a college course. And still beyond that, it is a bookwise adventure into a land that is at a point of "development" and "disasters" that the west faced three-quarters of a century ago—and that land is Africa.

Art Carhart, PM

FARM COUNTRY, by Joe F. Combs. 207 pp., index, small chapter heading sketches, Naylor, \$5.95.

This is not strictly a "western" book; but it has considerable western flavor in it. Combs is an ex-farm boy, who writes columns on rural lore and recollections, that have appeared in the Beaumont, Tex., *Enterprise*. The book is a collection of these columns.

This ex-farm boy contracted a fierce case of nostalgia while reading these thumbnail commentaries. They tell of geese, tomcats, 'possums, thunderstorms, bumblebees, spinsters, hawks, farm dogs, mules and hawgcalling, and many another miniature moment of farm life. A book for those who would hark back to yesterdays on the farms; a book for the young if they have any interest in the American farmer and his life some decades past.

Art Carhart, PM

HOOF PRINTS ON FOREST RANGES, by Paul Roberts. 151 pp., illus., Naylor, \$6.00.

Inevitably, in years ahead, books about early days of the U. S. Forest Service will be written by "researchers." But there still is a squadron or two of the old guard that grew saddle calouses, knew how to throw a diamond hitch, rode wilderness trails and often such trails led to rendezvous with a forest

fire or a face-up to some cantakerous stockman with a hundred or more animals in trespass and had to be run off the forest.

One member, who, happily, puts words together so they have meaning, is Paul H. Roberts, USFS retired. "Retired?" That's what it says on the jacket of the book, "Hoof Prints." But try to follow the man! He's on the go; headquarters at Prescott, Ariz., and before he swung away from Forest Service employment, he'd been mixed into almost every sort of national forest activity.

I have one quarrel with this book; it probably has not "spilled all the beans" about some of the high-tension clashes between cattlemen and sheepmen, between forest rangers and both groups of stockmen, and a lot of other tough and hair-trigger moments on the range. But here is another of those precious first-hand books, written only by one "who was there" that must go into what we know as "source material." If you are interested in national forests as such, or the sheep business, or how the longhorn cattle were saved from extinction and placed in Oklahoma's Wichita National Forest, or cattle on the range, or the lives of those men who stood up to all trial and encounter so the forests might become what they are today—

Here's a book you'll want to grab onto; the gent who wrote it knows his west.

Art Carhart, PM

SCHOLARSHIP AWARD

The 1964 Westerners Scholarship award of \$300 went to Larry D. Ball, a graduate student at the University of Colorado. His subject was, "Southwestern Conditions and Outlawry at the Turn of the Century." Before coming to the University of Colorado, he was a student at Arkansas State College and the University of Arkansas.

CM Milton W. Callon has an article in the August issue of the *New Mexico Magazine* entitled, "THE RED CORNER." It deals with a specific location of the LLANO ESTACADO, geology, geography, history and even a gun fight. Milt is the author of the book, "Las Vegas (NM) The Town That Wouldn't Gamble."

and post office, but no store. Of all the large business houses, only the Rocky Mountain House remains. The Sutherland house still nestles against Glacier Mountain on the road to Sts. John, but the family rarely returns to it.

With the completion of the Dillon Dam, this region will become a popular recreation area, and summer visitors will increase. I sometimes think I should like to live another summer there but it would not be the same. I fear Montezuma and I have both changed greatly.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

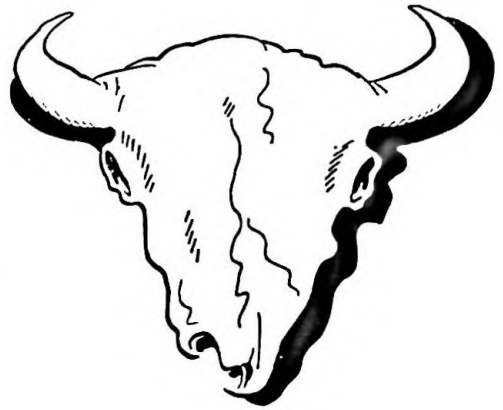
If these reminiscences seem too strongly biographical, I plead guilty. For over eighty years my family has been closely associated with the history of the area, and it is only natural that I should recall especially those incidents in which my people participated.

There are three persons to whom I am indebted for a great deal of my material. Thanks are due to Mrs. Leland Sharp and her article, "Montezuma and Her Neighbors," *Colorado Magazine*, January, 1956. Mrs. Isabelle Black of Montezuma, who in 1960 was honored at Breckenridge as the oldest living pioneer of Summit County. She was born in Central City in the 70's, and has resided in the mining camps of Sts. John, Preston Tunnel, Montezuma, Argentine (Decatur), Idaho Springs, Kokomo, Cripple Creek, and Breckenridge.

And there is my aunt, Mrs. Ruby Neiman of Steamboat Springs, whose lively memory has been a gold mine. In our every conversation I have been amazed at the immense amount of history yet to be exposed.

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C U S T E R O N

T H E

W A S H I T A

by Reginald S. Craig, CM



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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Reginald S. Craig was born in Florence, Colorado. He received his elementary education in Alamosa, Colorado and Troy, Wisconsin. He received his degrees from the University of New Mexico and the Los Angeles College of Law. He served as an enlisted man in World War I. In World War II, he served with the Corps of Engineers as a captain and major, and was retired with the rank of colonel.

He is a Fellow in the American Society of Civil Engineers, was a member of the engineering staff of the City of Los Angeles for over thirty years, and is presently employed as Director of Planning for the City of Vista, California. He is married and has one son Douglas, who lives in Salt Lake City, Utah.

He is the author of *The Fighting Parson*, a biography of Col. John M. Chivington, published by the Westernlore Press. He also wrote an article on the Indian War of 1864, which appeared in the *Tradition* magazine for January, 1962. In addition to being a Corresponding Member of the Denver Westerners, he is a member of the State Historical Society of Colorado.

CUSTER ON THE WASHITA

by REGINALD S. CRAIG, CMI

It was a clear, crisp day near the middle of October, 1868. The white tents of the Seventh Cavalry stood in orderly rows not far from the north bank of Bluff Creek in southern Kansas about thirty miles southeast of Fort Dodge. Along the creek, patches of scarlet sumac stood out in occasional contrast to the yellow and gold background of the brushy timber, which had been turned to fall colors by the early frost. All around the camp the vast prairie was covered with endless fields of tall, blue-stem grass waving in the wind.

George A. Custer, who had risen to the rank of major general during the Civil War and was now serving as a lieutenant colonel in the regular army, sat down with his officers to an early evening meal in the officers' mess tent of the regiment. Having just been recalled to active service to lead the Seventh in a winter campaign for General Philip Sheridan, after a suspension by a court martial of some nine months previous, he had arrived that afternoon and assumed command. There was some tension in the air, since several of the officers present had been active in preferring the charges upon which the general had been convicted. However, Custer, himself, was determined to consider the incident closed and, to the fullest possible extent, to treat all of his officers solely on the basis of their performance of duty. The commander had taken only one mouthful when the meal was interrupted by a series of loud war whoops accompanied by rifle fire.

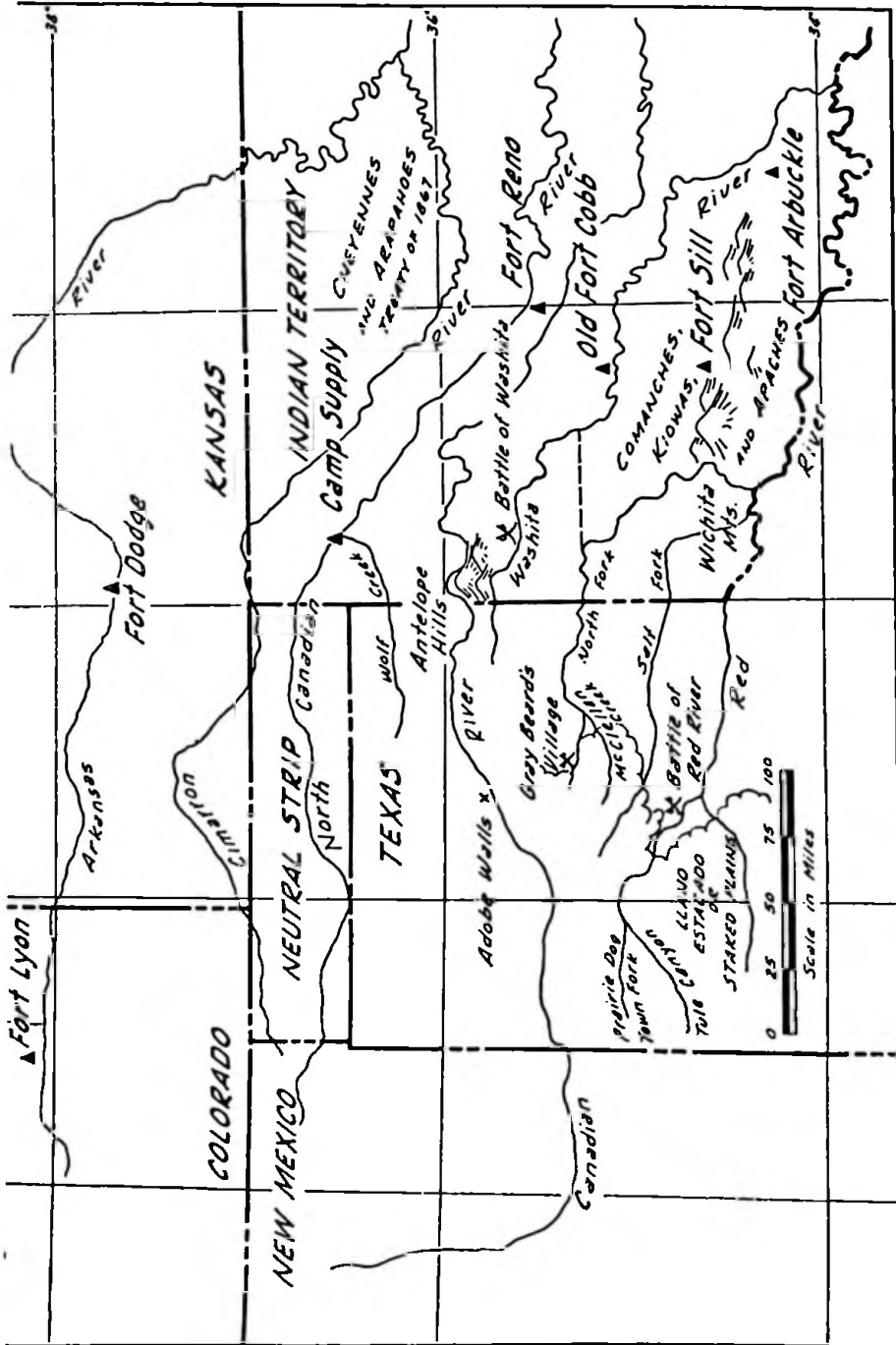
All of the officers rushed outside, seized rifles and joined the soldiers in returning the fire of a considerable body of warriors who were riding past the camp at full gallop. After passing the full length of the camp on one side, the red men swung around the end of the tent area and rode full speed down the other side of the camp. Riding in single file, they displayed great boldness and superb horsemanship. Upon completing the circle of the camp, they disappeared behind a low hill several hundred yards to the east. Within a few minutes they emerged again, whooping and firing as they made another circuit of the camp. This maneuver was repeated several times with the apparent intention of enticing the soldiers to follow them. However, Custer had learned about Indian tactics in the campaign of 1867 and had no intention of being led into an ambush.

The command was soon organized for defense. The troops took cover and began a deliberate and effective fire which quickly discouraged the warriors, and the attack ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The officers returned to their supper and Custer asked for information on the significance of the attack. "This sort of thing is an almost daily occurrence," said Lieutenant Moylan, the regimental adjutant, "and, as a result, we have been placed in what amounts to a state of seige." Several detachments were sent out that night in a fruitless search for the camp of the hostiles. Custer then broke camp and made a seventy mile scout to the east, but he failed to find the Indians' base of operations. Finally, he abandoned the area south of the Arkansas, which the red men regarded as their own, and established his camp on the north bank of the river about ten miles below Fort Dodge. Here, in the vicinity of other troops being concentrated by General Sheridan for a proposed winter campaign, he was free from harassment.

The Indian war of 1868 was the result of a long series of incidents in the settlement of the western frontier. Following the gold rush of 1859, white settlements had been established along the base of the Rockies on lands which had previously been occupied by the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Although the government subsequently negotiated a treaty under which the two tribes gave up all claim to their traditional hunting grounds in return for a small reservation, their dissatisfaction grew until they took the warpath in the spring of 1864 and kept up their attacks until a new treaty was signed in the fall of 1865. They remained relatively quiet during 1866, but the following spring they again went to war in alliance with the Sioux. This conformed to the normal practice of the plains Indians, who liked to make peace in the fall so they could go into warm, safe quarters for the cold weather and resume their raids in the spring when the new grass would support their ponies and there was plenty of game.

Pursuant to the report of a congressional committee which placed the blame for Indian wars on aggression by the army and the settlers, a "Peace Commission" was created to deal with the western Indians. This commission met the southern plains tribes on Medicine Lodge Creek in southern Kansas in October, 1867, where they negotiated the government's last treaties with the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Comanches, Kiowas and certain minor tribes. In these documents, the Indians agreed to give up war, to settle on new reservations in Indian Territory and learn to farm.

The Cheyennes and Arapahoes remained generally quiet until August, 1868, when they again began to raid the Kansas settlements. General Sheridan, the commander of the Military Department of the Missouri, was unable to follow the fast moving raiders in the summer, and asked his superior, General Sherman, for authority to mount a winter campaign against the hostiles. At a stormy meeting in Chicago, Sherman finally secured the approval of a majority of the members of the peace commission, and on October 15 he issued his orders for the operation.



CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN PLAINS
1868 - 1874

This was the first action leading to the pacification of the central and southern frontier, although it was seven years before this end was accomplished. From this point on, the Indians had Sheridan to deal with. He refused to accept any excuses for their raids, and continued his efforts to enforce the terms of their treaties with unshakable tenacity until the southern tribes were finally forced to settle peacefully on their reservations. Sheridan's plan called for a main striking force, which would march south from Fort Dodge while two other columns were converging on the same objective, one moving easterly from Fort Bascom, New Mexico and the other marching southeasterly from Fort Lyon, Colorado. While he waited for orders to advance Custer was engaged in perfecting the training of his regiment, with intensive target practice as a major activity. Since it was announced that the forty best shots would be assigned to an elite corps under the command of Lieutenant, formerly Colonel, W. W. Cook, there was intense rivalry and all of the men showed great improvement in marksmanship. Custer also arranged at a nearby village of friendly Osages to recruit a group of Indian scouts consisting of Chief Little Beaver, a medicine man called Hard Rope, eleven warriors and an interpreter. An old frontiersman known as California Joe and a dozen other white civilians completed his scout detachment. Joe was a loquacious character, who apparently had roamed the entire west and had numerous hair raising adventures, if his stories were to be believed. He had a heavy beard and long hair and usually wore a huge, black, slouch hat, a soldier's overcoat and wool trousers tucked in the top of knee boots. He was never seen without his stubby pipe, and he always rode a finely formed mule instead of a horse.

Due to the distance from Fort Dodge to the probable winter quarters of the wild tribes, Sheridan decided to establish a temporary base about one hundred miles to the south, and four hundred wagons were loaded with supplies for this facility. Although the Nineteenth Kansas Cavalry, which had been raised especially for the campaign, had not arrived, Sheridan ordered the advance, and, on November 12, the Seventh Cavalry forded the Arkansas and took up the march for Indian Territory. Riding a spirited horse at the head of the column, young Custer was an inspiring figure, slender and of medium height, with a hawk-like nose, a mass of curling, yellow hair reaching to his shoulders and a long, flowing moustache. Wearing black, cavalry boots, cavalry trousers, fringed buckskin shirt and a broad-brimmed slouch hat, he was not dressed in the regulation fashion for an officer in the field. By nightfall he had made camp on Mulberry Creek, where he was joined by the wagon train and five companies of infantry under Colonel, formerly General, Alfred H. Sully, the district commander, who took active command of the entire expedition.

Resuming the advance the next morning, the column continued southerly for several days without encountering any signs of Indians. On the fifth day out from Fort Dodge, as they were moving down the valley of the North Canadian River, sometimes referred to as Beaver Creek, the Indian scouts discovered the trail of a war party, from 100 to 150 warriors strong, moving in a northeasterly direction. When camp was made that night Custer requested General

Sully for permission to follow the Indian trail back to its source and attack the village from which it originated. Sully disapproved the request on the basis that it would be impossible for such a large force to move through the Indian country without being discovered.

Early the next afternoon the expedition reached the previously selected location for the base of future operations in the angle between Wolf and Beaver Creeks just above their confluence, which they designated as Camp Supply. Three days later General Sheridan arrived with an escort of three hundred men and assumed command of the expedition. Preparations were immediately started for Custer to continue the advance with eleven troops of the Seventh Cavalry and his scout detachment, a force of from eight to nine hundred men. A wagon train was organized and loaded with a thirty day supply of rations and forage, and, on the night of November 2, Sheridan issued orders for the movement to begin at daylight the next morning. His orders to Custer were to search for and attack or destroy the winter villages of the hostile bands. That evening it began to snow and continued all night.

Early the following morning the men fell out in the storm and quickly ate their breakfasts standing around their campfires with the snow nearly up to their boot tops. It was still a few minutes before daylight when Custer rode over to Sheridan's tent for a final report. "What do you think of this snow storm?" asked the department commander. "Nothing could be better for our purpose," replied Custer. "We will be able to move without any great difficulty, but the villages will be immobilized." Sheridan wished him success and the cavalry commander galloped back to his men. The bugles sounded "To horse," and each trooper stood in line at his horse's head. The command "Prepare to mount" and "Mount" were given, followed by "Advance." The band struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and the column moved out in a blinding snow storm.

That night they camped on Wolf Creek only fifteen miles from their starting point. It stopped snowing that night, and for the next two days the command continued to move southwesterly up the valley of Wolf Creek under better traveling conditions. The next day they turned south. Passing over a divide and traveling slowly through the deep snow, they made camp that night on a small stream about a mile from the Canadian River.

After talking with his Indian and white scouts, Custer decided that the raiders which made the trail the troops had crossed on the way to Camp Supply might now be on their way back, and that they would probably cross the river at some point upstream not more than fifteen miles away. Accordingly, he decided to send Major Joel Elliot with three troops up the north bank of the river to search for evidence of passage of Indians. He instructed the major to take up the pursuit at once if he found a trail, and to send word back of the estimated number and character of the Indians and the direction in which they were moving. In the meantime the main body would cross the river, and, if no word was received from Elliot, continue on over the Antelope Hills in a southerly direction to a camping ground on one of the small streams near the head-

waters of the Washita River. Promptly at daylight, Elliot moved out with his command, accompanied by four Osage trackers and two white scouts. About an hour later California Joe reported that he had found a place where the wagons might cross the swift, swollen river, and the movement began. The mounted troopers had no difficulty, but bringing the wagons over was a slow and laborious operation.

The Antelope Hills are a prominent landmark consisting of five separate elevations rising from one hundred and fifty to three hundred feet above the surrounding plains. Custer stood on a flat area near the top and surveyed an immense circle of white extending to the far horizons. The last wagons were approaching the top of the terrace, the rear guard of cavalry was just leaving the river and the remaining troops had closed up and dismounted. The commander was about to order the advance resumed when he saw the figure of an approaching horseman, which he soon recognized as Elliot's scout Corbin. Within a short time the scout galloped up and informed him that the major had discovered and was following the trail of an Indian war party about 150 strong, which had crossed the Canadian less than twenty-four hours earlier and taken a course a little east of south.

Corbin was provided with a fresh horse and sent on to overtake Elliot with orders to continue the pursuit and information that the main body would advance in a direction to intercept the Indians' trail by dark. Custer held a hasty conference with his officers and announced his plan of action. One officer and a guard of eighty men were assigned to remain with the train with instructions to follow the main body as rapidly as possible. Tents and extra blankets would be left in the wagons, and, after twenty minutes allotted for preparation, the remainder of the command was to advance in light marching order.

At eleven o'clock, when the specified time had elapsed, the advance was sounded and the expedition moved down the south slope of the hills and across the open plain, which was covered with snow one foot in depth. They traveled rapidly throughout the rest of the day without halting for rest or refreshment, and, in the early evening, they found the trail of the war party with indications that Elliot had also passed in pursuit. The general scanned the area ahead. Since the land stretched level and unbroken for miles, it was obvious that the major was far in advance. He could see that they were slowly descending into a valley, and far ahead there was the dim outline of distant timber, which probably marked the edge of a stream. He sent a few of his best mounted troopers on ahead with instruction for Elliot to halt at the first point where wood and water were available and await the arrival of the main body. Hour after hour they struggled on with both men and horses suffering from hunger and thirst. Finally, at nine that night, they reached the point where the advance party was waiting for them on the banks of a small stream.

Custer ordered an hour of rest. Saddles and bridles were removed, and the horses watered and given a feed of oats. Small fires were built in the shelter of the deep creek banks, and officers and men made their supper from a few pieces of hard bread and a cup of hot strong coffee, their first refreshment



THE annual Brand Books of the Denver Posse of the Westerners all contain conscientiously-researched and prepared papers, whether by the professional historian or amateur buff, and are of lasting value in preserving the history of the American West. From the formation of the Denver Posse in 1945, the importance of the manuscripts presented at monthly meetings was recognized, so the charter group voted to underwrite the cost of publishing in book form the best of these papers, plus other studies of historical worth. Through the publication of these yearly volumes, the Posse hopes to share its findings on the West and to make a worthwhile contribution to western culture.

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SECTION I—TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

Bob Cormack—*The Exaggerated West of the Beadle and Adams Dime Novels*. Your Brand Book editor sets the pace of the 1963 volume by pointing out the impact the early mass-produced "yellow books" had on the development of the early West.

Raymond G. Carey—*The Historian versus the Historical Novelist*. Dr. Carey of the University of Denver, Department of History edits a debate between himself and historical novelist Michael Straight. The debate was recorded at one of the 1963 Denver Posse meetings and later transcribed for publication.

Michael Straight—*Sand Creek, a Novelist's View*. The historical novelist, the author of "A Very Small Remnant" and other works digs up a few "skeletons" in the controversial Sand Creek "massacre." He shows how Wynkoop by seeking to save the Cheyennes and winning their trust, made it possible for Chivington to accomplish what he described as "almost an annihilation of the entire tribe."

George Bent—*Sand Creek, an Eye-witness account . . . or Half-Breed Warrior defends Terrors of Western Plains*. This eye-witness account of the Sand Creek Massacre is from a series of articles that appeared in the Denver Times. The author, a son of Col. William Bent writes a debatable narrative.

Barry C. Johnson—*Tragedy at White Horse Creek—a Military Account*. An unpublished account of an incident that occurred during the Wounded Knee Affair. This interesting bit of research and story comes to us from across the Atlantic . . . from an English Westerner, their Vice Chairman.

George H. Harries—*Tragedy at White Horse Creek—a Newspaper Correspondent's Lecture*. This fascinating account of the Wounded Knee Incident in South Dakota relating the causes, effects and lessons of the massacre was published in the July, 1962 ROUNDUP, edited by John J. Lipsey.

SECTION II—YELLOW LEGS AND COPPER SKINS

E. Miles Fusco, M.D.—*The Tragic Death of Captain Crawford*. The Sheriff of the Columbus Corral of Westerners, uncovers a moving story about the famous Apache renegade Geronimo and the untimely death of Captain Emmett Crawford. The story is taken from the diary and letters of the then thirteen-year-old, Charlie Roberts—later to become

Congressional Medal of Honor winner, General Charles D. Roberts.

John Carson—*The Captain Who Wouldn't Stay Buried*. The author of numerous true Western stories published in as many magazines, a former Wyoming lawman who is now a railroader, tells a fine detailed story of Captain Emmett Crawford's three burials—a sequel to Doctor Fusco's "Tragic Death."

Robert G. Palmer—*The Death of Yellow Hair*. A Denver radio and T.V. newsman and newscaster relates an interesting story on how General George A. Custer probably died and a god synopsis of the entire battle—"Custer's Last Stand," the most spectacular defeat suffered by U. S. troops in the history of the Indian wars—on the Little Bighorn.

Dale F. Giese—*The Canadian River Expedition, 1858-69*. The historian of Fort Union National Monument, Watrous, New Mexico digs into the files, correspondence and papers of Ft. Union to get the detailed authentic story that he relates of a campaign which sought to put an end to the depredations carried out by the Plains Indians.

H. D. Hampton—*Problems of the Frontier Soldier, 1866-83*. This paper by a young history student at the University of Colorado was one of those submitted in the Denver Posse of Westerners' annual scholarship award contest of 1963. Its well researched material prompted its publication.

L. M. Foster—*The Last Indian Raid in Kansas—September 1878*. The eye-witness account of the Kansas raids of old chief Dull Knife and his braves after their escape from Fort Reno, is a fast moving story filled with tragedy. The story as related to his daughter came into Dr. Philip Whiteley's hands who passed it on to the Denver Posse.

Richard N. Ellis—*Copper-skinned Soldiers: The Apache Scouts*. Another scholarship awards contest paper prepared in 1963 by a University of Colorado student of history. Desiring to encourage young students in the pursuit of creative historical research, this paper was selected for publishing in this year's volume because of its uniqueness.

Bert M. Fireman—*How Far Westward the Civil War?* Executive vice president of the Arizona Historical Foundation and Sheriff of the Phoenix Corral of Westerners presents an excellently prepared paper on the stirring events in the Western thrust of the Civil War.

Dabney Otis Collins—*On the Trail of the Ghost Dancers*. "Doc" Collins, author of "The Great Western Rides" and the more recently published booklet, a best-seller, "The Hanging of Bad Jack Slade," writes a thought provoking paper in his colorful, imitable style on the ghost-dancing Sioux.

SECTION III—WOMEN IN A MAN'S WEST

Edwin A. Poole—*Charbono's Squar*. A paper originally read before the Spokane Posse and appearing only in part in the March issue

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William R. Kelly—*Homesteading—Ella Watson's (Cattle Kate) Capital Crime*. Lawyer-historian Kelly relates an interesting story of a woman slipping into a court trial thirty years after her hanging.

Earl Scott—*She Wore Pants*. A well authenticated story from old newspaper files of the masquerade of one of America's most fabulous and least-known women of the Civil-war period, the much cussed and discussed "Mountain Charley."

Stanley W. Zamonski—*Female Wagonmaster*. Author of "The 59ers—a Denver Diary," tells a bold, short story of Betsy Hergesheimer and her biggest thrill.

Walter Hart Blumenthal—*Group Weddings in Old Texas*, is a unique chapter from the frontier era. New York Posseman Blumenthal relates a story of Father Muldoon's group wedding where first the offspring were baptized and then their parents were joined in "holy matrimony."

SECTION IV — SETTLEMENTS — MILITARY, MINING and MISSIONARY

Fred L. Lee and John Edward Hicks—*Fort Osage and George Champlin Sibley*. Two members of the Kansas City Posse collaborate to present a fine paper on the first outpost of the United States in the Louisiana Purchase. Fort Osage, 1808-1827, built on the Missouri by William Clark, joint commander of the Lewis and Clark expedition two years after the return of the expedition.

Richard A. Ronzio—*Fort Crawford on the Uncompaghe*. A descriptive paper by Denver Posseman Ronzio that is profusely illustrated with rare historical photos.

Byron Hooper—*Fort Sedgwick and Julesburg*. A fine historical piece on Julesburg, Colorado—crossroads of Indian raids, pony express, stage lines and later the railroads—by one of the Denver Posse's newest members.

Robert L. Brown—*Parrott City and John Moss*. The author of the recently published "Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns," writes a fine tale of another ghost town on the La Plata River in Colorado's beautiful San Juan Mountains.

Allison Chandler—*The Story of King Park and Como*. A Kansan comes to Colorado to research and write a fine historical paper on "Coal Mining Como" and its little known neighbor, King Park.

Robert H. Rose—*Padre Kino's Missions*. From the Potomac Corral comes a splendid narrative of Father Eusebio Francisco Kino, the Jesuit missionary that established twenty-four missions in the great Southwest. Mr. Rose was chief park naturalist for the Southwestern National Monuments and in this position was able to gain much first hand knowl-

edge of his subject. His paper on Fr. Kino was not written until 1962 and was published in serial form in the Potomac Corral's "Corral Dust" shortly thereafter.

SECTION V — PEG LEGS, PEOPLE, PROBLEMS AND POLITICS

Frederic E. Voelker—*Tom (Pegleg) Smith*. From one of the founders of the St. Louis Westerners and its charter president comes a word sketch of a western adventurer.

Al Look—*Peg Leg Foster, Outlaw from Outlaw Mesa*. Another fine and amusing character study from a frequent contributor to the publishing efforts of the Denver Posse. Illustrated with photographs taken by the author, who states that John Foster, his subject doesn't look like an outlaw—but tells how Foster calmly draws. "Peterson needed killin' and I guess fate just sort of picked me for the job!"

F. C. Wobbe—*Billy Jenkins, Germany's Buffalo Bill*. From the German Westerners, "The Billy Jenkins Posse" comes an interesting, short, biographical story of the man that made Germans conscious of America's great West through his famous European Wild West shows.

Frank M. Hillary—*The Death of Francisco Villa*. The Tucson Corral's contribution to the 1963 "all posse-coral" Brand Book is a piece about the death of "Pancho Villa"—a legend of our lifetime—yet, an event that took place over forty years ago. The author of this excellent narrative is married to the former Maria de Los Angeles Gallegos born in Loveland, Colo.—her father was a Villista. **Robert E. Eagen**—*Boothill Victims and What happened to them*. Author Eagen tells a fascinating tale, profusely illustrated from his famous photographic collection, of the Boothill victims and why Dodge City couldn't keep them buried.

Billy Boyles—*Gun Play at Old Burlington*. A short paper describing "frontier justice" and gun play in a small Western town.

Carl Ubbelohde—*Colorado Labor Politics and Warfare*. In a fine piece of historical retrospect, history professor Ubbelohde tells of the development of the Colorado Labor movement from its inception in the early mining days down through 1915. You'll meet "Big Bill" Haywood, you'll read about the Cripple Creek-Victor and Ludlow strikes.

Jan Shipp—*The Mormon in Politics*. The award-winning paper of the Denver Posse 1963 Scholarship Award competition is concise study by a young housewife doing graduate work at the University of Colorado. Her study relates the history of Utah and the Mormons to the larger pattern of Western and United States history.

Philip W. Whiteley, M.D.—*George Elbert Burr—Pioneer Etcher of the Southwest*. A fine biographical paper on Burr and his excellent work is presented by this collector of the artist's etchings and other works.

tion see back side of folder!!

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since four that morning. Promptly at ten o'clock the command formed silently in a long line and filed off in a column of fours. Far in advance two of the Osage scouts followed the trail by the light of the moon, gliding sliently over the surface of the snow. Marching behind them at a distance of three to four hundred yards to avoid alarming the enemy, were the rest of the white and Indian scouts led by Custer. The troops followed behind at a distance of a quarter to a half a mile. Except for the tread of the horses feet, the column moved in silence.

After traveling in this manner for a number of miles, the two leading scouts stopped. Word was sent back for the cavalry to halt and Custer went forward. "What is the matter?" he asked. One of the Indians, who could speak broken English, replied, "Me don't know, but me smell fire." Several officers had ridden up, and they all expressed doubt since they could smell nothing. The expedition commander then directed the two Osages to proceed with even greater caution, and the column resumed its march. A half mile further on the guides stopped again, and, when Custer rode up, one of them pointed to the glowing embers of a dying fire about seventy-five yards to the left and said, "Me told you so." From the numerous tracks found in the snow it was decided that Indian boys tending a pony herd had used the fire to keep themselves warm.

With this evidence of the proximity of an Indian village, the advance was resumed with even greater caution. This time, in order to keep in close touch with the situation, Custer himself rode with the two Osages, who continued on foot keeping just in front of his horse while they carefully studied the trail. As they approached each rise in the ground, one of them would go on ahead, leaving the general and the other behind while he carefully crouched and peered over the crest of the hill. Finally, the Indian who had discovered the fire stopped for some time at the top of a low ridge, where he could be seen intently scanning the area beyond. Then he turned and came creeping back to the general's horse. "What is it?" asked Custer. "Heap Injuns down there," replied the Osage. The commander dismounted, handed the reins to the other guide and accompanied the Indian to the top of the rise.

Looking in the direction pointed out by the guide, Custer could dimly make out what looked like a large body of animals not more than half a mile away, but he could see nothing to distinguish them from a herd of buffalo. "Why do you think there are Indians down there?" he asked. "Me heard dog bark," was the reply. This seemed like good evidence, but the general wanted to be sure. He listened quietly and soon heard the barking of a dog in the timber to the right of the herd, followed by the tinkling of a small bell such as Indians tied around the neck of the leader of their pony herd.

Leaving the two Osages to keep watch, Custer hurried back to the other scouts and sent word to the cavalry to halt in place and for every officer to ride forward. When they arrived he took them to the top of the ridge to survey the area. Then they returned and he outlined his plan of battle. The command, which now consisted of about eight hundred men, was divided into four detachments. Major Elliot, with G, H, and M Troops, was directed to move

around to the left of the line of advance to a position nearly in the rear and to the east of the village. A column composed of B and F Troops, under Captain, formerly Colonel, William Thompson, was assigned to march to the right around the opposite side of the Indian camp and to occupy a position adjacent to the troops of Major Elliot. Colonel Edward Myers, with the third column consisting of E and I Troops, was ordered to occupy a position in the timber about a mile to the right of the head of the column as then halted. The fourth column, under Custer's immediate command, which included A, C, D and K Troops, the scouts and Colonel Cook's sharpshooters, was assigned to cover the sector immediately to the front.

Major Elliot and Colonel Thompson moved out at once with their commands, and the other two columns remained in their original positions. As they waited throughout the long, weary hours, the men suffered from the increasingly bitter cold. Custer wrapped the cape of his overcoat around his head and slept for an hour until he was awakened by the cold. Then he got up, walked among the men and tried to bolster their morale with words of encouragement. He found most of them huddled at the feet of their horses in groups of three or four, holding on to the bridle reins and trying to gain some warmth from each other.

An hour before daylight Colonel Myers and his men moved off to the right. All of Custer's men were now in position, and Chief Black Kettie's sleeping Cheyenne village of sixty lodges was entirely surrounded. Earlier in the evening, however, the camp had been far from quiet. Excitement had begun late in the previous afternoon at the arrival of two big war parties under Black Shield and Crow Neck, which were returning from successful raids on the Kansas settlements. They were welcomed with great enthusiasm, and the whole village prepared for a big scalp dance. A large fire was made from dry logs, and when the moon rose the dancers assembled from the lodges along the Washita River in response to the summons of the crier's high pitched voice. With his face covered with the black paint of victory, each young brave wrapped himself in the same buffalo robe with his intended squaw and joined the circle of dancers. Tied together with rawhide ropes to prevent any of them from leaving until the dance was over, they kept moving and chanting to the steady beat of the drums for hour after hour. Many of the young squaws proudly carried the weapons of their heroes, or displayed the bloody scalps they had taken from the tops of long poles. Finally near midnight, the fire burned low, the dancers left for their lodges and quiet settled on the camp.

Just before dawn on the morning of November 27, Custer placed his men in line. Colonel Cook and his forty sharpshooters were formed as a separate unit, dismounted and stationed in advance of the left side of the line. In spite of the freezing cold the men were ordered to strip for battle by removing their overcoats and haversacks. It had been understood that each column would advance as close as possible and attack at daylight without further signal, although the band, which accompanied Custer's detachment, would strike up the instant his phase of the attack began.

As the morning light began to show in the east, the general and his command passed over the ridge and started down the slope toward the village. As the light increased Custer began to catch glimpses here and there of the tall, snow covered lodges scattered among the trees on both sides of the river, with smoke from smoldering night fires rising from their tops. The commander was about to give the order for the attack when a single rifle shot rang out from the opposite side of the camp. He quickly turned to the leader of the mounted band and gave the signal for him to strike up "Garry Owen," which had previously been designated as the piece to be used to open the engagement. The familiar notes of the rollicking marching song of the regiment filled the valley, and the music was answered by the cheers of the men in position on all sides of the camp. The buglers sounded the charge, and the battle of the Washita began as the entire command dashed into the village from all directions. Black Kettle ran out of one of the nearest lodges with a rifle in his hand and tried to rally his braves with loud war whoops. Before he could get off a shot, however, he was cut down by the fire of the sharpshooters and his body slid off the bank into the water.

The surprise was complete. Large numbers of Indians ran out of their lodges and jumped into the waist deep, icy water to take refuge under the high banks, or hid behind trees or logs. Many of the women and children scuttled into hiding places in the brush while the men and some of the squaws began to put up a vigorous defense. The deadly fire of the sharpshooters wrought great havoc among them, but they fought desperately from their shelters, returning the fire of the troops with rifles and bows and arrows. At the first attack a considerable number of Indians rushed to the east in Major Elliot's sector, and some broke through and escaped downstream. Orders had been issued to avoid killing women and children, but many of the squaws were as dangerous as the men, while the reckless boys from ten to fifteen years of age were often as expert and determined in the use of weapons as the warriors. Accordingly, it was impossible to discriminate.

After reaching the center of the village Custer ordered his men to dismount and take cover while they dislodged the Indians from their shelters behind trees and logs and beneath the banks of the river flowing through the center of the encampment. As soon as the warriors were driven from the camp area he sent for one of his scouts, a short, heavy-set Mexican who also acted as interpreter. He had spent most of his life with the Indians and married among them. Although his name was Romero, the soldiers had dubbed him Romeo and he answered to that name as readily as his own. On the commander's instructions he visited the lodges where a number of the squaws and children were hiding, instructed them to assemble in several of the larger tepees near the center of the village and, with some difficulty, convinced them they would not be harmed.

At about ten o'clock while the fight was still raging on the outskirts of the camp, Custer was somewhat surprised to see a small party of mounted Indians collected on a knoll downstream from the village in the direction taken by the warriors who had escaped through the lines at the beginning of the attack. He

decided, however, that, after getting away, they had managed to catch up some of the ponies and were anxiously watching the progress of the fight although they were too few in numbers to join in themselves.

In the meantime, large numbers of the Indian ponies, alarmed by the noise of battle, had rushed into the village and were captured by details of soldiers. Riding his favorite mule and swinging a lariat around his head, California Joe drove in three hundred more with the aid of two squaws he found hiding in the brush.

Some time later it was seen that the group of Indians on the hill below the camp had increased to nearly one hundred. Custer examined them through his field glasses, and noted that they were all well mounted, fully armed and dressed and painted for battle, with brightly colored war bonnets and waving lance plumes. Further, more warriors, also mounted, armed and ready for battle, continued to arrive from beyond the hill. This seemed inexplicable. A few of the warriors might have escaped from the village and caught up some ponies, but not that many. Besides, they would have been able to carry nothing with them except their rifles and perhaps a few blankets. In order to solve the riddle the general visited one of the lodges occupied by the women and children, and questioned one of the older squaws with Romero's help. She gave him the surprising information that the Cheyennes the troops had been fighting were only a small portion of the Indians in the vicinity, and that the remainder of the Cheyennes, the Arapahoes, Comanches, Kiowas and some Apaches occupied a string of winter villages extending ten miles downstream from the captured encampment.

The soldiers succeeded in quelling resistance in the vicinity of the camp, and Custer took advantage of the lull to check his casualties. He found that Captain Hamilton had been shot from his horse during the first charge and died instantly. Colonel Barnitz was mortally wounded, and Major Elliot was missing and presumed dead although his body had not been found. Two other officers had been wounded, Walter Kennedy, the sergeant major of the regiment, was missing, and there were a number of other dead, wounded and missing enlisted men. Large numbers of warriors could now be seen on all sides, and it was apparent that the troops were surrounded.

Two hundred men were assigned to destroy the village. They tore down the lodges and placed the material in huge piles with the property found in the camp, which included plunder from the Kansas settlements, 1123 buffalo robes, quantities of arms and ammunition and large amounts of dried meat and other provisions. Torches were applied and the camp was soon reduced to ashes. This seemed to enrage the Indians, who attacked vigorously at all points, but Custer remounted several squadrons and assigned them to an attack. Heavy fighting continued until three o'clock when the warriors fell back.

Concerned for the safety of his train, and fearing disaster if he retreated encumbered with 875 captured ponies, the general decided to destroy most of the animals. The squaws were taken out to the herd and told to select mounts for themselves and the children, and a firing party proceeded to kill the remaining

ponies. Details were sent out to look for the dead and wounded on both sides. They found the bodies of 103 Indians, including a few squaws who had fought with the men or had been killed by accident. No more dead or wounded soldiers were discovered, and the fate of Major Elliot and his missing men remained undetermined. Finally, one of the scouts came forward with the information that the major had tried to capture the Indians who had been escaping through the gap in the lines at the beginning of the fight. He called for volunteers and rode off with the sergeant major and eighteen men, calling back in a joking sort of manner, "Here goes for a brevet or a coffin!" Several parties were sent out in the direction indicated by the scout, but after searching for nearly two miles, they all returned without finding any traces of the major or his men.

An hour before nightfall Custer assembled the entire command near the site of the village. Led by a strong force of skirmishers and with the band playing and colors flying, he started the column down the river directly towards the hills where strongest bodies of Indians were collected. For a few minutes the warriors stared in amazement, but they soon realized that the pony soldiers were bearing down on their villages, which might suffer the same fate as Black Kettle's camp. Without firing a shot, they turned, and moving rapidly down the valley soon disappeared except for a few warriors, who had been left to hover on the flanks of the troops. The march continued until it was dark enough to provide concealment. Custer then gave the order to face about, and the column set out on the back track to find and join the wagon train.

At two in the morning they went into bivouac, and the men were permitted to build fires from the timber along the river, but there were no rations. At daylight the troops were again in the saddle, and by ten o'clock they had joined the train. The teams were immediately reharnessed, and the entire command moved out without stopping for food. Finally, in the early afternoon, they went into camp and enjoyed a full meal, the first food for many of them since the handful of crackers they had eaten at nine o'clock the night before the attack.

The march was resumed the next morning, and several days later the command reached the last camp on Wolf Creek. By exchange of messages, carried by scouts between Custer and Sheridan, it was agreed that the department commander would review the returning troops near camp headquarters. They started on their last march on December 2, and by midmorning they were approaching Camp Supply. The snow had melted and the weather moderated. The command crossed over a slight ridge and began descending the long slope leading to the camp. Custer rode in the lead, wearing fringed buckskin shirt and leggings and with his rifle across his saddle. He was followed by the Osage trackers, dressed and painted in their war costumes. As they advanced they chanted war songs, fired their guns triumphantly, and at intervals uttered shrill war-whops. Next came the white scouts, followed by the prisoners mounted on Indian ponies. Some distance behind the prisoners, the troops marched in column of platoons, led by the band playing "Garry Owen." The troops passed the reviewing station with the lines perfectly dressed and at the

correct intervals, and were conducted to an area on the edge of Beaver Creek where they pitched their tents and settled down for a brief rest.

This was the end of the first phase of the campaign of 1868. It was the opening move of Sheridan's policy that "punishment must follow crime," although the last act was not to take place for nearly seven years, when the southern plains tribes finally straggled back to their reservations after defeat in the campaign of 1874-75.



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THE SEVENTH U.S. CAVALRY CHARGING INTO BLACK KETTLE'S VILLAGE AT DAYLIGHT, NOVEMBER 27, 1868.—[SEE PAGE 111.]
From Harper's Weekly, Dec. 17, 1868. Denver Public Library Western Collection.



Westerner's Bookshelf



THE BEAVER MEN, by Mari Sandoz, Hastings House, New York. Illustrated, end-paper maps, bibliography, index, 335 pp., \$5.95.

Readers who have enjoyed the author's *The Buffalo Hunters* and *The Cattlemen* will relish *The Beaver Men*, latest of her Great Plains series. It is dedicated to the nameless coureours de bois who penetrated the farthest wilderness during two and one-half centuries from the beginnings of the fur trade along the St. Lawrence to the last great rendezvous of traders and trappers in 1834 in what now is Wyoming.

It lacks much of the vast detail of the two-volume *The American Fur Trade* by H. M. Chittenden and *The American Fur Trade* by Paul Crisler Phillips, also in two volumes. Making no pretense of covering the subject in depth, the author

breathes the breath of life into the voyages of the North American fur trade era and leads the reader vicariously to experience adventures and hardships of these hardy souls.

Her skill as a writer is evident in the manner in which she weaves her facts into a most absorbing story of one of the most colorful phases of American history.

If the book has a lack, it lies in its failure to include the account of the trappers of the Taos-Gila River Southwest, thereby leaving the impression that the fur trade of the western United States was limited to the Missouri River basin. An unusual and helpful feature is the three-page printed key to locations shown on the end-paper maps.

Highly recommended as a most interesting and entertaining history of the fur trade.—F. P.

OCTOBER MEETING

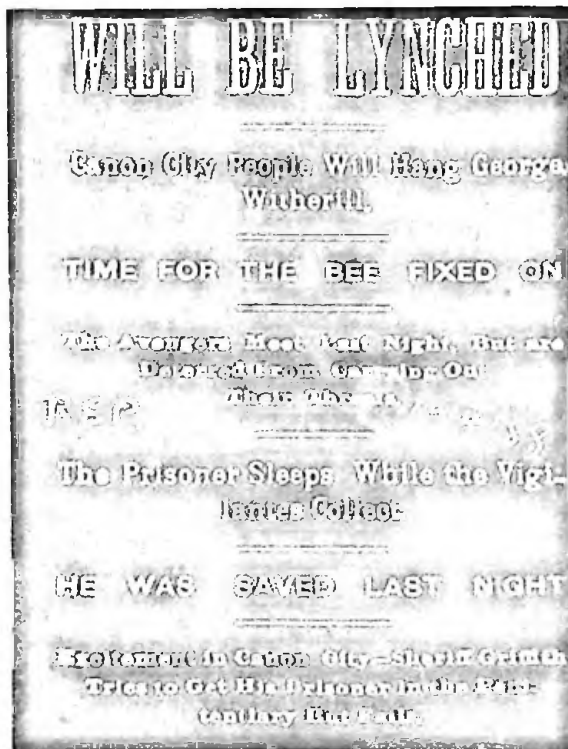
Wednesday the 28th. Denver Press Club as usual. **PM Don Bloch** will present the paper for the evening, and will announce his title then. Send reservations to PM Bill Powell, P. O. Box 5067, Denver, Colorado 80217, or call 292-1360 before noon Tuesday, October 27.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
 M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

OCTOBER
 1964
 Volume XX
 Number 10

UNDUE PROCESS OF LAW—
 HERE AND THERE

PM Fred M. Mazzulla



Denver Republican, December 4, 1888
 Fred and Jo. Mazzulla collection



The Denver Westerners Monthly



R O U N D U P

Vol. XX, Number 10

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Fred M. Mazzulla, former Sheriff of the Posse, needs little introduction to the Westerners. He was born in Trinidad, Colorado. However, as his father worked for various railroads, Fred has probably lived or at least passed through every railroad town in the state. He graduated from the eighth grade in Gunnison, and high school in Salida. He then attended the University of Denver, then on to Harvard, and then came back to Colorado, where he received his Law Degree from the Westminister Law School. Thus, by vocation, he is a Lawyer, but by avocation, he is a photographer, historian, and collector of historical pictures of the West. It is estimated that he has somewhere between 200,000 and a million pictures, glass negatives, and slides in his collection.

UNDUE PROCESS OF LAW HERE AND THERE

FRED M. MAZZULLA, PM
(Copyright 1964 by Fred M. Mazzulla)

Both the Colorado and Federal Constitutions provide that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law.

I will recall a couple of matters that happened within my experience and I will draw on some 25 years of painstaking and painful historical research for a few more.

Lincoln, in a letter to Herndon in 1856, wrote, "History is not history, unless it is the truth." What you will see and hear tonight is the truth beyond all doubt. Some will be light, some ugly, and some worse than ugly. Feel free to leave any time it gets too rough or rugged or revolutionary or repulsive.

Jefferson Territory was organized in west Denver in the summer of 1859. Denver and Auraria were consolidated; Denver got a charter; Moore was elected Mayor; and Sisty, Marshall. Here is the first annual report:

"During the year they managed to get a bridge across the river, and establish and maintain pretty good order in the city—that is to say, put a stop to mob violence and hung people who needed hanging legally and decently!!"

In 1947, I had the privilege of interviewing with my tape recorder the Hon. Fennimore Chatterton, who was Governor of the State of Wyoming at about the turn of the century.

He told me the real story about Tom Horn. At one time the Governor had decided to commute the death penalty to life imprisonment, but changed his mind when he learned that Tom's cowboy friends were going to stop the Union Pacific and rescue him. The Governor often referred to and emphasized, "We are a government of laws, and not of men." When we reached the end of the tape, I reached down and reversed the tape of my Webcor Recorder. This particular model machine would record in either direction without flopping the roll of tape. The Governor thought that the machine had been turned off.

I asked him if he was tired, and he answered that he was not. At the time, he was 93 years old. I asked rather timidly if he had ever heard of Big Nose George Parrotti. After a brief pause, I was informed that he had been an eye-witness at the lynching of Big Nose George along with Dr. Osborne.

NOTE THIS WELL . . . two future governors of Wyoming admitted being present at a good, old-fashioned western necktie party on Front Street in front of the Odd Fellows Hall in Rawlins, Wyoming. On the second track of the tape, the good Governor emphasized that the vigilantes and lynch law were a necessary evil to be tolerated when law enforcement broke down.

To me at least, that is a strong suggestion of what could be the undue process of law! It also is consistent with this quotation, "There was no Bible west of the Mississippi, and no God west of the Missouri."

I did my best to try to find a story or two that would bring on a smile or perhaps a chuckle, and maybe a belly laugh or two. I am sorry to have to disappoint you. This "Undue Process of Law" just isn't funny business. I will deviate a bit and read for you something that has to do with my hobby . . . a couple of letters having to do with photography. Last week, I received the following:

Hagerman Idaho
Sept 8 1964

Dear Mr Mazzula:

For a book I am now doing research for I'd like to use your photo of Mattie Silks which appears in the Parkhill book and of Jennie Rogers in the facade, unless you have another and better one. Will you kindly advise me on the inclosed postcard?

I shall of course be happy to make full acknowledgement to you in my book
Sincerely,
Vardis Fisher

On the post card that was enclosed, I answered that I could furnish for one-time use:

Mattie Silks 8 x 10 glossy — \$25.00

Jennie Rogers 8 x 10 glossy — 10.00

A few days later I received this masterpiece:

Hagerman Idaho
Sept 15 1964

Mr. Fred M. Mazzulla
Denver

Dear Mr Mazzulla:

\$25 for a one-time use of the picture of a -----? You must be quite a

joker. For my book I'm getting photographs from coast to coast and some are copyrighted and nobody has asked me more than \$1.50. My name is not Kennedy or Lodge or Johnson or Goldwater. I mean I'm not a rich author and no ———— ever lived whose picture was worth more than a buck.

So if that's your best offer I'll have to leave Mattie out of the book, and Jennie, unless I can find other Photographs. And [if I have to leave them out I'll give you a nice sentence or two as Mattie's and Jennie's custodian.]¹

Sincerely,
Vardis Fisher

P.S. My wife who is a real long-stemmed rose read the letter and says the last sentence is blackmail, take it out. So I have taken it out.

If it weren't for the fact that I am a meek, mild and law-abiding citizen, I might feel constrained to teach the honorable Vardis Fisher the meaning of Undue Process of Law. I further believe that any western jury or group of vigilantes would be in hardy accord.

Now, let's get on with some more Undue Process of Law.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DON'T YOU TRUST ME, HONEY?

Back in the depression days of 1938, Phil Gilliam was the new municipal judge and Sam Finnie and John Wells made up the morals squad. Denver was a wide open town with 35 houses operating between 17th and 24th Streets, and Blake and Broadway. As a new judge, Gilliam made the rounds with Sam and John for the purpose of seeing how the other half lived and to get oriented in his new job. The Judge wore a large pair of dark glasses for a disguise.

It was about 2:30 a.m., Sunday morning. The Judge and Sam and John had made the rounds and were having a sandwich and a cup of coffee at the Pikes Peak Cafe on Larimer Street. A young man about 24 or 25-years-old walked in and told Sam that he had a complaint, that his wife was in bed with another man. Sam said that they would check just as soon as they finished eating; whereupon the young man said that he too, would have a sandwich as he could afford it—he had a dollar.

The four climbed to the fourth floor of a building at 18th and Larimer. The husband banged on the door until the wife opened up. The Judge and the detectives forced their way inside. The wife had on a flimsy and torn slip. The stranger in bed covered his head. The wife asked the husband, "What's the matter, honey, don't you trust me?" Sam asked the husband if he knew the man in bed. The husband said, "No," he did not, and then introduced himself by holding out his hand and

¹This line was left on the original but crossed out.

saying, "I'm Mr. So-and-so, glad to meet you!" Sam shook his head, called the wagon, and the wife, husband and stranger were taken to jail and charged with vagrancy.

Monday morning, Judge Gilliam was on the bench minus dark glasses.

The stranger told the court that he was steadily employed as a salesman for the "X Company," that he had gone into a 17th Street restaurant for dinner, that the waitress had been most courteous, cheerful and friendly. He suggested a show and she accepted. After the show she invited him to her room and he accepted the invitation. As they entered the room, the husband started an argument. The salesman thought at first it was the old badger game, but was assured by the wife that it was not. Finally, the husband said he would leave for a dollar. It was paid by the salesman, and the husband left. He closed his defense by saying that if that spelled vagrancy, then he must be guilty, but that he did only what a normal, reasonable man would have done. The Judge took the case under advisement and went on to the wife's case. She told the Judge that she had been married to her husband for four years, that he refused to work, that she had to support him, that she would have divorced him, but could not afford it. She said that if working hard, and occasionally looking for happiness was vagrancy, she probably must be guilty and would have to go to jail. Again, the Judge took the wife's case under advisement.

The husband testified it was true that he did not work, because he did not have to. His wife made enough for both, but he didn't like the way she carried on with the salesman.

The Judge dismissed the charges against the wife and the salesman and sent the husband to jail for 30 days for vagrancy.

THE TELLURIDE ROBIN HOOD

The most amazing swindle in Banking History broke Thursday, September 5, 1929 in Denver, Colorado. Charles D. "Buck" Waggoner, president of the Bank of Telluride left his home town in the Silvery San Juans, August 25, and left Denver three days later for New York City.

On Friday, August 30th, three women and two men filed coded telegrams in Denver, to the correspondent banks of the six Denver Clearing House Banks. The New York Banks were instructed to deposit in the Wall Street Branch of the Chase National Bank sums ranging from \$75,000 to \$100,000 for a total of one-half million dollars to the credit of the Bank of Telluride.

On Saturday, August 31, a man representing himself to be Waggoner appeared at the Chase National Bank and drew drafts for a half-million

dollars. One Hundred Thousand dollars was used to pay off the obligation of the Telluride Bank owed to the Hanover Bank of New York City. Another One Hundred Thousand was paid to the Hanover Bank to discharge an obligation of a Packing Company, that had been guaranteed by the Telluride Bank, Seventy Thousand Dollars more went to the Hanover Bank to redeem stock of the Telluride Bank, that had been used as collateral for a loan. One Hundred and Ninety-five Thousand Dollars was deposited with a Pueblo, Colorado Bank for the benefit of the Telluride Bank, and Thirty Thousand Dollars went to the Continental Bank of Salt Lake City, Utah to the credit of the Telluride Bank. A draft drawn by the Guaranty Trust Company of Denver did not clear in New York, because of insufficient funds. The New York Bank phoned the Trust Company in Denver to cover the shortage, but was told that no draft had been authorized or drawn.

The alarm was spread immediately, but it was too late—the Four Hundred and Ninety-five Thousand Dollars had been withdrawn. The Fifteen Thousand on the Trust Company did not clear. “Buck” Waggoner had cracked or deciphered the secret code of the American Bankers Association, saved his Bank and the People of Telluride. The Telluride paper observed that “No one lost anything because they were all insured!”

On October 10, 1929, “Buck Robin Hood” Waggoner entered a plea of guilty in Federal Court, was sentenced to 15 years in prison and paroled June 6, 1935.

DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD

Parral is a junction point on a branch of National Railways of Mexico in the State of Chihuahua. There, two pictures of Dave Rudabaugh were taken on February 19, 1886, by a border photographer named A. W. Lohn. Sixty years later, an old friend, Frank Collison, said: “If ever there was a living man the Kid was afraid of, it was Rudabaugh.”

He was an aquaphobic, bartender, cattle rustler, Cypriophile, jail breaker, prospector, macquereau, misotonsorist, peace officer, ruffian, satyriasis, spendthrift, stool pigeon, tinhorn gambler, and train robber. He was rude and he was tough, and when you put them all together, they spell Dave Rudabaugh.

The Las Vegas, New Mexico *Daily Optic*, February 23, 1886, in reporting his death called him “an all around desperado.” He joined Billy the Kid's gang in 1880. Later he became manager of the cattle interests of the governor of the State of Chihuahua, Mexico. Cattle rustling became his avocation—at first for his employer, and later on from his employer. His pet pastime was to abuse the natives of Parral. He was playing cards and drinking Tequila in a cantina, when he drew

his gun and killed two natives and wounded a third. A buzzing musket ball ended his life. He died cursing in the middle of the street. His head was cut off and placed on a pole. It was exhibited and paraded about the streets of Parral.

In 1943 I met Mr. Lohn in Nogales, Arizona. We became good friends. He gave me the two poor negatives of Dave Rudabaugh. He had been in Parral on February, 1886, had witnessed the headless parade, and made two pictures. He made a few post cards and started to sell them on the streets. He was called in by the governor and ordered to surrender the cards and negatives. He did just that. Mr. Lohn was admonished: "I am not going to check on you. If any prints show up, we will do to you what we did to him. Do you understand?"

Lohn, as a good photographer, had made two of each, "one more for insurance." The two extra negatives had been in his safe for fifty-seven years. He had never printed them. He presented them to me, and added with a smile, "Don't forget what the governor said to me!"

Seventy-eight years have gone by, so perhaps it is safe to publish what are perhaps the two rarest photos in Western Americana. The only other likeness is in a painting, and shows only the back of the head of both Billy the Kid and Rudabaugh.

HE WAS FRAMED

Charles R. McCain and Witherill left Pueblo, Colorado at 9 a.m., October 25, to go to a mine eleven miles east of Canon City to haul ore. They had two teams, both belonging to McCain. Witherill had told McCain that he was foreman at a mine, and had hired McCain to haul the ore from the mine to the railroad.

That night they camped at Beaver Creek Crossing, about 18 miles from Canon City. McCain went to sleep in his wagon never to awaken again. Witherill sent a bullet through his brain, and then, "the friend grasped an axe and pounded McCain's head into a mass of broken bone and oozing brain." He then dragged the body into a ditch and covered it with rocks and dirt.

Witherill drove both teams into Canon City the next day. He wrote a letter to Mrs. McCain, telling that he had bought a ranch at Grand Junction, Colorado, had sold his teams, told the wife to sell all household effects, and to join him as soon as possible at the new home. The letter was signed Charles R. McCain. The wife upon receiving the letter, realized at once the letter had not been written by her husband, and fearing something was wrong, placed the matter in the hands of an

officer, who at once concluded that Witherill, a paroled life-terminer from the Canon City Penitentiary, should be apprehended. It was learned that Witherill had left Canon City for Denver. On October 31, the wanted suspect was arrested at Gouldings Stables in Denver. He had both teams, McCain's effects, and \$250.00 in cash. He claimed his name was Simon Cotter. The officer responded, "That may be your name now, but it wasn't Simon Cotter or Simon-says-Thumbs-up, when I saw you in the Pen at Canon." Blood stains were found in one wagon, as was an axe. He contended he had left McCain in Canon City alive and well, and that he drove the teams to Denver at McCain's request. When informed that the body of McCain had been found, he refused to say anything more.

Sheriff Griffith of Canon City arrived in Denver, November 2, but refused to take his prisoner to Canon City because of open threats of lynching. He took his prisoner to Pueblo for a week, then back to Denver, then by train to Florence, and by horse and buggy to Canon City on December 4th. That same day, both Canon City and Denver papers carried page 1 headlines, "Canon City People Will Hang George Witherill—Time For The Bee Fixed On." The next day the headlines were, "Strung Up!—His Desperate Fight for Life—He Used A Piece Of A Broken Bedstead For A Club And Is Shot Before He Gives In. Wounded, He Is Taken To A Telephone Pole And the Noose Adjusted—Stolid Demeanor Throughout—Details Of The Sensational Affair."

Witherill was lynched within a stone's throw from the penitentiary, where he had been confined for 15 years of a life sentence for another murder. Sheriff Griffith had been overpowered by a masked mob and his prisoner taken. The coroner's jury found that George R. Witherill came to his death on December 4, 1888 by being hung by the neck by some person or persons unknown. At least two, and perhaps three, were mistaken.

After the inquest, the body was placed in a pine box and put on view in a shed on Third Street. The coffin was to be buried in the Potter's field, but it was rumored that two sacks of sand would replace the cadaver. A large zinc tank was being constructed for the pickling of the body. Any sort of souvenir of the lynching is highly prized. The noose was sent to the widow of the last victim. Witherill's suspenders, a piece of the rope, a photo of the lynching, four spent cartridges, a moustache comb, and his walrus moustache were framed and hung in the lobby of a Canon City hotel for 15 years. About ten years ago the frame was sold in Colorado Springs at a storage house auction. It was bid in at \$5.00, and sold to Herndon Davis for \$25.00, who in turn traded it to its present owner for some photographic work.

LIVER AND BACON

The gulches between Printer Bay, Breece and Iron Hills were being panned for gold dust. Lawyer McMath and Doctor Hughes were both young, adventurous, single, and very popular in the camp. They batched together in a small one-room log cabin.

Shadrack K. Jones, a big, cheerful Negro from Texas, made a good living by cutting wood, supplying water and cleaning cabins.

The men panned as long as they could during daylight hours. Coming in at dusk, they would find that Shadrack had filled the wood box, and the water pail and started a fire. For this he would get a pinch of gold dust from each cabin—far more than he could pan in a long day.

One evening the men came in to find that the chores had not been done. The men marched to the Negro's cabin and found him dead in his bunk. His gold dust was intact, so foul play was ruled out. Dr. Hughes was asked to determine the cause of death so he performed a post-mortem examination, found everything normal except an enlarged liver. He removed the liver for further tests and wrapped it in a newspaper and took it home. He started a fire so that he could prepare supper, when he was called to attend a member of the camp who suffered a painful broken leg. He picked up splints, and his instrument case and ran to the injured man.

In the meantime, the lawyer arrived at the cabin, saw the fire going full blast, and the liver on the table, started preparing a feast of liver and bacon. He felt grateful that his bunky had procured fresh meat, which was very scarce in camp.

The doctor was unduly delayed in setting the broken leg, so the disciple of Blackstone ate heartily, and was just about finished when the doctor came in.

The lawyer told his partner to sit down and he would fix him a supper fit for a king. "Honest, partner," he said "I've just had a big supper." The remaining portion was wrapped up to be saved for tomorrow's breakfast. During the night, the doctor got up and put the remaining portion outside the door, where wild animals quickly disposed of it. The door was left open and a stray dog was blamed.

The lawyer and the doctor both left the camp and the incident was forgotten until revived for the Crystal Ice Palace edition of the Herald Democrat by Lewis W. Coe of Farmington, New Mexico on December 24, 1895.

ALFERD PACKER, COLORADO CANNIBAL

Alferd Packer, the Cannibal, was born in Allegheny County, Pa., November 21, 1842. He was by occupation a shoemaker. At the age of

20, he enlisted in the Union Army, April 22, 1862, at Winona, Minnesota, and was honorably discharged December 29, 1862 at Fort Ontario, New York, due to disability. He went west working at his trade and engaged in prospecting.

On November 8, 1873, as a guide for a party of 21, he left Bingham Canyon, Utah to go to the gold fields of Colorado Territory. Part of their food supply was accidentally lost crossing a river on a raft. A most severe winter made travel extremely hazardous. The food ran out. Late in January of 1874 they found shelter and food at Chief Ouray's Camp near Montrose, Colorado. On February 9th, Packer and five companions left the Camp contrary to the advice of Ouray.

Packer arrived alone at the Los Pinos Indian Agency, near Saguache, on April 16, 1874. He was fat and had plenty of money. His conduct invited suspicion and questioning by Otto Mears and General Adams. Packer broke down and made two confessions. He admitted that he had lived off of the flesh of his five companions the bigger part of the sixty days he was lost between Lake San Cristobal and Los Pinos Agency.

The five bodies were found. Packer was placed in a dungeon in Saguache, but made good his escape through the aid of an accomplice on August 8, 1874. He was arrested eight years later at Fort Fetterman, Wyoming, March 11, 1883. He was tried at Lake City, Colorado, April 6-13, 1883, found guilty and sentenced to death.

The Lynch Mob was ready to take over. To prevent this, Packer was moved during the night to the Gunnison jail, where he remained for three years. His case was appealed to the Colorado Supreme Court and reversed on October, 1885 (8 Colo. 361, 8 Pac. 564) due to a technicality, because he was charged under a Territorial law, but tried under a State law. The second trial was held in Gunnison, Colorado, August 2-5, 1886. The jury returned a verdict of guilty of manslaughter for each of the five victims. The court sentenced the defendant to 8 years for each of the 5 victims, or a total of 40 years. Packer served in the penitentiary at Canon City, Colorado from 1886 to 1907.

Sob sister Polly Pry of The Denver Post, and lawyer Wm. W. "Plug Hat" Anderson were given the task of getting Packer paroled. "Plug Hat" came up with the proposition that the offense having occurred on an Indian Reservation, the trial should have been in a Federal court and not a State court. There appears to be a great deal of merit to this theory.

Bonfils and Tammen wanted Packer as a sideshow freak with their Sells-Floto Circus. Governor Thomas sent to Salt Lake City for Doc Shores. Doc told of intercepting Packer's mail while he was sheriff of Gunnison County. Doc testified that Al was filthy, vulgar, selfish, and to

sum up, a disgrace to the human race. The Post was winning the fight, but the Governor had an ace up his sleeve. On January 10, 1907, Packer signed a parole agreement that provided, "He (Packer) shall proceed at once to Denver, and there remain, if practicable, for a period of at least six years and nine months from this date."

Packer had earned about \$1500.00 making hair rope and hair bridles while a prisoner. He paid "Plug Hat" a fee of \$25.00. Bonfils and Tammen demanded half of the fee. An argument developed in Bonfils' office. Present were Bonfils, Tammen, Polly Pry and Anderson. Bonfils struck Anderson across the face. Anderson went across the street, got his gun and returned to the office, entered without knocking and shot Bonfils in the neck and chest and Tammen in the shoulder and chest. Both ducked under Polly's full skirt. Anderson had fired four times and had one shot left in his gun. He was waiting to use that last bullet. Bonfils raised Polly's skirt to see what was going on. Anderson noticed that Bonfils was shaking like a leaf and that he was dripping wet. This struck Anderson's funny bone, and he jumped up and down and rocked with laughter. That laughter saved the lives of the owners of The Post.

Anderson was tried three times for the crime of assault with the intent to murder. The first trial started April 19, 1900 and lasted 9 days. The jury disagreed and was discharged. The same result was produced after a 9-day trial on August 2, 1901. The third trial started November 12, 1901, and four days later the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty."

The defense attorney, Col. John G. Taylor, made this statement, "I believe that The Denver Times was fairer to us than any other paper. The tone all the way through showed the facts exactly as they were, and I desire to give due credit to the stand the paper took in the matter."

The trial judge said to Anderson: "Your motive was admirable, but your marksmanship was abominable."

The Packer Story was discovered and popularized by Gene Fowler, Ralph Carr and Herndon Davis. Our Colorado Cannibal is hashed and rehashed badly by pulp magazines at least twice a year. I know this to be true because I sell them the pictures. Members of The Packer Club can be found in all parts of the world. Today, you can buy a Packer sandwich and a membership card in The Packer Club for \$1.50.

Red Fenwick, The Denver Post columnist, has just published a delightful color-covered booklet, "Alfred Packer, the True Story of the Man Eater." Red has done a very thorough job on our Cannibal.

Packer died April 23, 1907 and is buried in Littleton, Colorado. Thousands of tourists visit his grave every summer.

BIG NOSE GEORGE PARROTTI

Rawlins, Wyoming was a rough railroad junction town. Jim Rankin was the sheriff; his brother, John, deputy sheriff, and his brother, Robert, the jailer. The 3-room jail adjoined the jailer's residence.

Early in 1880, John Gordon set up a large tent, went to Cheyenne, got 6 or 7 girls, a small orchestra, and set up a dance hall. Fort Steele was being abandoned, and the town was full of soldiers. Gamblers and other undesirables flocked in. Holdups were pulled regularly.

The citizens appointed a vigilance committee. Officers served notice on the undesirables to leave town or else. Most of them left. Three remained. A few days later, two were found hanging from the stockyard's chutes. Three men had been rounded up by the vigilantes, but one had broken loose and escaped in the railroad yards. He was next heard from, in a letter to Marshall Jim Finley, saying if you want me, come and get me. I am a member of the "Bob Middleton Horse Thief Gang" in the Dakota Bad Lands!

The Union Pacific Railroad Company paid its employees in cash. A locomotive with a pay car made the rounds monthly.

One mile east of Como station was a wide curve. Big Nose George Parrotti and Dutch Charlie, together with other members of their gang, removed the spikes from the outside rail and the bolts from the angle bar. A piece of telegraph wire was fastened to the holes in the rail and the other end of the wire concealed in a clump of bushes. Apparently, the plan was to pull the rail when it was too late to stop, and rob the pay car.

The date was August 19, 1878. Section Foreman, Erick Brown, was walking track. He noticed the wire and the missing spikes and angle bars. He played possum and continued on one mile to Como, and reported the plot. The sheriff and U. P. officials acted promptly. An engine and a caboose left Rawlins. On board, besides the train crew, were Deputy Sheriff Rankin, Jim Finley, and Bob Widdowfield. At Carbon, they picked up Tip Vincent and a posse, and continued on to the scene of the damaged track. It became apparent to the would-be robbers that their plans would not work out—the engine was coming to a stop before reaching the spot. The Gang jumped on their horses and escaped up Rattlesnake Canyon to Elk Mountain. The posse had no horses, so repaired the track and went on in to Como. Widdowfield and Vincent got horses and took after the Gang. Near the top of Elk Mountain both were killed from ambush. The next day the posse found the bodies. The Gang got away.

Dutch Charley was arrested at Green River, Wyoming by Nathaniel K. Rosewell of the Rocky Mountain Detective Assn. He was put on the train to be taken to Rawlins for trial for murder. When the train reached Carbon, a mob of about 100 men was waiting at the station. Twenty-five masked men searched the train thoroughly for Dutch Charley. They found him behind some trunks in the baggage car. He was hurried through the crowd, to a telegraph pole a few feet from the train, stood upon a barrel, and a rope placed over his head. There was no noise or commotion. He was asked if he had anything to say. He tried to make a deal by saying he did not kill Widdowfield, and if spared his life, would tell all, and tell where the other members of the Gang could be found. After a brief silence, someone kicked the barrel from under him, he fell and died instantly. He was cut down late in the afternoon of the next day. The verdict at the inquest listed: "Death by being hung by persons unknown." His name was Charles Randoll and he was a native of Missouri.

Big Nose George remained at large until early in August of 1880. He was arrested in Miles City, Montana. On the 7th day of August, 1880, he was taken off the train at Carbon by a mob and promised the same treatment that was accorded Dutch Charley, with the same barrel and the same telegraph pole, but a new rope. After the rope was placed around his neck he chose to make a complete confession. He was put back on the train and taken to Rawlins and placed in jail.

On September 13, 1880, George Parrotti, alias Big Nose George was arraigned and pleaded "guilty" to the charge of murder. S. T. Lewis and C. W. Bramel were appointed to defend him. G. C. Smith was the prosecutor. Four days later he was permitted to change his plea to "not guilty."

On November 8, 1880, a motion for change of venue was filed charging bias on the part of the trial judge, whereupon the Hon. Jacob B. Blair disqualified himself and called in Hon. William Ware Peck, a Wyoming Supreme Court Judge.

The trial started November 16, 1880 to this jury: Thomas Creighton, A. O. Hamilton, George Bermingham, A. W. Eaton, A. W. Reynolds, E. J. Bowen, Walter French, Charles Kesterson, W. W. Chapman, L. W. King, E. Q. Swazey and C. E. Rand.

On November 18, defendant again changed his plea to "guilty," filed a motion for arrest of judgment and sentence. The matter was taken under advisement by the court.

On December 14, "All parties in interest being present, the above motion is denied and it is ordered that George Parrotti be hung on april 2, 1881, between the hours of 10 and 4 o'clock of said day, at the place

within the County of Carbon, Territory of Wyoming, provided for that purpose, and by law and by the officer appointed for that purpose—he hung by the neck until he is dead—and the court orders that a transcript of the testimony be made by the stenographer, and filed with the Clerk of Court, to be paid for by the County Treasurer.” On April 5, 1881, the transcript was filed.

Let us look at the last paragraph again. On December 15, 1880, Big Nose George was sentenced to die April 2, 1881. On Tuesday, March 22, 1881, about 7:30 P.M., Big Nose George attempted to escape, by removing his shackles, concealing himself in the water closet and striking Jailer Rankin over the head three times with 8 lb. shackles. Mrs. Rankin heard the commotion, locked the grated door and thwarted the break. Rankin suffered three ugly scalp wounds.

A crowd gathered. George was made to sit on a bench in the corridor, where he told the jailer that he was sorry. Excitement ran very high, but appeared quickly to subside.

About 10:30 P.M., Rankin was in his room talking to a guard named Simms. A rap was heard. Simms asked who it was. The answer was “friends,” and at that moment the door and hinges parted and all one could see was pistols and masks. Rankin’s keys were taken and the lynch mob went after Big Nose George. The lock would not open, so an axe opened the jail door, took the prisoner, and headed for the southeastern part of Rawlins. The crowd of about 100 was quiet and orderly. “The lookers-on being among some of the best people of the town, tax payers and law-abiding citizens, who all seemed to be fully satisfied with the lynching of the prisoner, while at the same time condemning the apparent necessity requiring such a proceeding.”

The scene was a telegraph pole on Front Street. Big Nose was placed on a barrel, the rope put in place and the barrel kicked away. Something went wrong, the victim’s feet touched the ground. The barrel was discarded and a ladder put against the pole. The victim climbed 6 or 7 rungs and the ladder was pulled out from under him. He grabbed the pole with his arms and his legs. He begged to be shot and not be allowed to strangle. His request—his last one, was refused.

The body was cut down the next day. Dr. Osborne, later Governor Osborne, with the help of his nurse Lillian Heath, skinned Big Nose George and cut away the top of the skull, in order to remove the brain. The skin was tanned and made into a medical instrument bag, razor strops, and a pair of lady’s shoes, and a tobacco pouch. Dr. Osborne used the bag and the pouch. The shoes were displayed in the Rawlins’ National Bank for years. They are now in the Rawlins’ Museum. The top of

the skull was used as a flower pot and as a door stop for years by Dr. Heath. It is now in the Union Pacific Museum in Omaha, Nebraska.

The rest of Big Nose George turned up May 11, 1950 in a whiskey barrel, while excavating the foundation for a new Hested store. The barrel was found at the northeast corner of the lot where it had evidently been buried years before by Dr. Osborne. All the bones were in the barrel except the top of the skull. The top was borrowed from Dr. Heath, quickly matched and identification was completed beyond all doubt. The barrel also contained a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkhams Vegetable Compound.

Nine years later, Dr. D. L. Blackstone, Jr., of the University of Wyoming Geology Department, informed Dr. Paul O. McGraw that on a dirt road near Elk Mountain there was a marker set in cement. The marker had something to do with Widdowfield and Vincent and Big Nose George.

My good friend, Dr. Paul McGraw, phoned the news to me. Within a week, our search party was in the field near Elk Mountain. The party consisted of Dr. Paul McGraw of the University of Wyoming Geology Department, myself and wife, Josephine, and Wild Bill Carlisle, the Lone Bandit. We had invited Bill because we thought he belonged—Bill was the last man to hold up the Union Pacific, and Big Nose George was probably the first to try it.

We were having trouble finding this illusive marker, so we stopped at the Mullen Ranch to ask for help. Mrs. Mullen, a very gracious lady, answered the door. She listened to our questions, and then told us that the marker was not in cement nor was it on a road. It was near the top of Elk Mountain, hidden away in a clump of trees, and a jeep or four wheel drive truck would be necessary to reach it through Rattlesnake Ridge.

I thanked Mrs. Mullen and told her we would try again later with a jeep. She then asked me who was in my station wagon. I told her it was my wife, Josephine, and Wild Bill Carlisle. She asked to meet Bill. After the introduction, Mrs. Mullen said to Bill, "Do you remember getting chocolate cakes when you were in the penitentiary in Rawlins?" Bill said that he remembered them well—he couldn't forget them. Mrs. Mullen then told Bill that she had sent him the chocolate cakes because Father Gerard Schellinger had told her there was a mighty good man in prison who needed help, and she took Bill's hand and said that the priest sure was right!

Mrs. Mullen then called her foreman and directed him to drive our party in her four-wheel drive to the marker. It is a piece of sandstone over four feet high and about two feet wide with this legend:

**Robert Widdowfield
of Carbon, Wyoming,
and Tip Vincent of
Rawlins, Wyoming.
Murdered here
August 19, 1878.**

We are still trying to find the marker near the dirt road that is set in cement.



Lincoln in his second annual message delivered December 1, 1862, said: "Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this congress and this administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation."

"What has once happened will invariably happen again when the same circumstances which combined to produce it shall again combine in the same way." (Speech, Springfield, Dec. 20, 1839, I, 112).

Due process of law has been defined in a most scholarly way as: "Any legal proceeding enforced by public authority, whether sanctioned by age or custom, or newly devised in the discretion of the legislative power, in furtherance of the general public good, which regards and preserves these principles of liberty and justice." (Hurtado vs. California 110 U.S. 516).

The line of demarkation between undue process of law and due process of law is a wide or a narrow one, depending on your point of view. This unsettled question is with us just as much today as it was in the summer of 1858 when the Jefferson Territory first annual report was made to our ancestors.



Westerner's Bookshelf



LAND OF THE DACOTAHS—Bruce Nelson. University of Nebraska Press. 354 pp. \$1.60.

The above work, a paperback reprint of the original book published in 1946, is a most excellent one. This is history, and it is more than that, for it combines the former with travel and adventure.

It gives a fine bird's-eye view of the development of the Upper Missouri Valley, in the process of which we are taken along on the early explorations, the fur trade, the river traffic tied in with it, the various gold discoveries, the Indian Wars. There is a well-handled account of Custer and his blunders at Little Big Horn which should silence (but probably won't) the apologists for the inept strutting peacock.

The telling of the open-range cattle industry is particularly well done. The chapter, "Badlands Emperor" recounts how the opposition scuttled Antoine de Vallombrosa, Marquis De Mores, when his successful scheme for packing and refrigerating beef right at the source of supply, threatened their swollen profits. The 'interests' cheerfully hit him below the belt, and wherever else he might be vulnerable.

The attempts to set up a Missouri Valley authority and come to grips with the needs of intelligently harnessing and using the Missouri River to the fullest is another absorbing chapter.

All in all this should be pleasurable and enlightening reading for anyone.

Henry A. Clausen, C.M.

WESTERN GHOST TOWN SHADOWS, by Lambert Florin. Superior Publishing Co., Seattle Washington. \$12.50.

This, the fourth book in the "Ghost Town Album" series, is another superb reproduction by the Superior Publishing Company of the excellent photographs of Lambert Florin.

Forty five ghost towns from Dawson City, Yukon Territory to Shakespeare, New Mexico, and from Rockerville, South Dakota to Douglas City, California, make up the text of the book. Needless to say, it is profusely illustrated with pictures of the remains of the settlements that sprung up over night and as quickly died when the mines petered out.

Of particular interest to Coloradans, are Poncho Springs, Shavano and Buena Vista. (However, Buena Vista can hardly be called a Ghost Town!)

One word keeps cropping up that makes this reviewer boiling mad. It is "Vandalism." This act alone destroys more of our historic places than any other thing. What possible pleasure can come from the wanton destruction of our historic sites? Soon there will be nothing left of the boisterous towns, whose mines contributed so much to our National wealth.

It is indeed fortunate that Mr. Florin's books will be left for future generations to read and visualize the way of life in this never-to-be again era in Western History.

F. B. R.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

Corresponding Member J. Frank Dobie died in his sleep on Sept. 18, 1964, at his home in Austin, Texas.

He was born Sept. 26, 1888, on a ranch in Live Oak County in southern Texas. He went "a far piece" after that: into the distant corners of his native land; into the mottes and mountains of Mexico; and into the capitals and culture-centers of European countries. But he was never able to get the dust of Texas out of his nose and mouth. His speech and his writing (when he wanted them to be) were as earthy as the clay his name might suggest.

His origin and his training prepared him well for the teaching, lecturing and writing that caused him to be called by many "Dean of Southwestern Writers." He studied in Texas schools and colleges, then at Columbia University.

He belonged to the earth and the cow-people tradition. He was a student of peons and pumas, mesquite and mescal, cattle and cowhorses.

He taught one year in a high school, became at professor at universities (including those of Texas and of Cambridge, England). In 1945 and 1946 he delivered lectures before American troops in England, Austria and

JAMES FRANK DOBIE

England. During the First World War he was a first lieutenant of artillery in the U. S. Army in France.

He wrote a score of books dealing with the American Southwest and West and their indigenes, one on Mexico, and one on England, and more than a thousand newspaper and magazine articles. Apparently he had a fountain pen filled with the life-fluids of western and southwestern fact and folklore, a marvelous pen that never ran dry. For despite ailment and injury, his production continued up to the last of his life, to the delight of myriads of Dobie fans.

Frank Dobie was a fierce foe of fools and frauds, a faithful and generous friend to his friends. He prepared and sent to me, the editor of the Denver Westerners' 1962 Brand Book, the superb "Out of the Original Rock," the life-sketch of George McGehee (an early exemplar of rugged individualism in Texas) which became the *pièce de résistance* of the book. This he did despite the fact that he was just recovering from an almost fatal November 1962 automobile accident. By so doing he earned the gratitude of all Denver Westerners and especially that of his admiring friend and beneficiary,

JOHN J. LIPSEY, P. M.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, & CIRCULATION

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 I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

/s/ George R. Eichler
 Secy. and Business Manager

NOVEMBER MEETING

Time: 6:30 PM November 25. **PM J. Nevin Carson** will give the program entitled, "**Denver and Colorado Place Names.**" Send reservations to William Powell, Box 5076, Denver, Colorado 80217, or call 292-1360 before noon Tuesday, November 24.

DECEMBER MEETING

Wednesday, December 16 at the Cherry Hills Country Club. All Posse Members and their ladies, and all Corresponding Members and their ladies or gentlemen, are invited. Cocktails at 6:00 PM, dinner at 7:00 PM. **Mr. Edmund Rogers**, former Superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, will speak on "**A Phase of the National Park Service.**" Send reservations as usual.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

NOVEMBER

1964

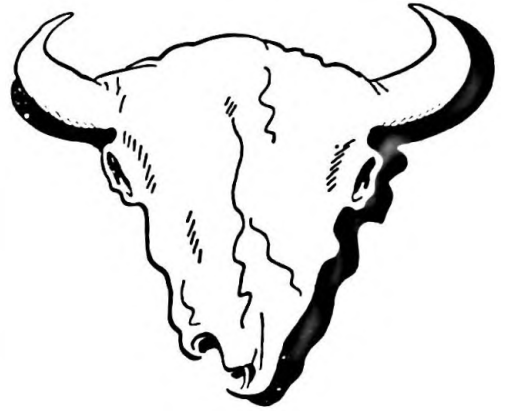
Volume XX

Number 11

Denver Westerners
Natural History
Library
In this issue:

The Prior Proposal; or,
The Problem Plumbed

by Don Blcch, PM



Merry Christmas

and

Happy New Year



The Denver Westerners Monthly



R O U N D U P

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

PM Don Bloch needs little introduction to the Westerners. He has been connected with writing, editing and journalism, practically all his life. He edited the Journal of Speleology for the first ten years of publication. He was a newspaper man and also taught Journalism in Washington, D. C. For over seventeen years, he was employed by the U. S. Forest Service as an Information Specialist. However he has always collected rare books, buying and selling duplicates, and now is the owner of the Collector's Center at 1640 Arapahoe Street. Branches are open in Central City during the summer months.

THE PRIOR PROPOSAL; OR THE PROBLEM PLUMBED

by DON BLOCK, PM

To have *really* "been there first" has ever been a sort of personal fetish with me. Thus, for example, I favor Ericsson before Columbus, Whitehead before Wright, Fitch before Fulton—and, for *this* paper to-night, Plumbe before Whitney.

It is not to perpetuate a puerile pun, nor to pursue alliteration to absurdity that I have titled it "The Prior Proposal; or, The Problem Plumbed." It is rather, to give the devil his due. I propose "to right a wrong: displace the present contender, and establish the rightful place of a virtually unknown pioneer:" and to prove, I believe beyond doubt, that it was *not* the one generally accredited, Asa Whitney, but in fact was John Plumbe, Jr., an emigrant Welshman who *first actively agitated* for a trans-continental railroad. His was legitimate "prior proposal," and this was in 1836.

It was the but recently, late, Stewart H. Holbrook, in his *The Story of American Railroads*, who sparked this present inquiry. His chapter (pp. 163 ff.) on "The First Transcontinental" carries these two sentences: "In 1847 Plumbe was honored at a meeting as the 'Original Projector of the Great Oregon Railroad.' Then, there was Asa Whitney." I read again: "Then, there was Asa Whitney." I am careful to say "*who first actively agitated.*"

"Who *thought* of it first," states Holbrook, "is beyond knowing. One of the earliest to propose the idea in print did not even sign his name. In the *Emigrant*, a weekly newspaper published at Ann Arbor, Michigan, he suggested that a steam railroad be built from New York City by way of the Great Lakes and the Platte Valley to the Oregon country. That was in 1832, when few Americans had gone overland to the Pacific, and even fewer had seen a locomotive.

"The idea was never *quite* extinguished thereafter. Almost at once Dr. Hartwell Carver, grandson of the Jonathan Carver who had explored a good deal in the field and even more in his fertile imagination, memorialized Congress to construct a highway of iron rails between New York and San Francisco. Four years later Lewis Gaylord Clarke said the idea had been his; and Clarke was followed by many others, including the Rev. Samuel Parker, Governor Lilburn Boggs of Missouri, and John Plumbe of Iowa. In 1847 Plumbe was honored at a meeting as the 'Original Projector of the Great Oregon Railroad.'—and that is where we come in . . .

Sabin's 1919 *Building the Pacific Railway*, pp. 14-17, carried this same information. He places *first* in the list with the idea however, "the American Robert Mills" who, in 1819, "proposed a steam carriage to run from the head of the Mississippi Valley to the valley of the Columbia. "The idea was so outrageous," he says, "that it was rightfully looked upon as a chimera . . ."

Virtually the same material is repeated (pp. 27-32) in 1950, in John Debo Galloway's *The First Transcontinental Railroad*. I blush to record, also, that my old friend, the fine historian, Alvin F. Harlow, now deceased by a few months, writes on p. 417 of his *Steelways of New Englands* "Asa Whitney . . . was the first man to dream of a transcontinental railway," and dates the "*dream*," at least as of 1840.¹

In Agnes C. Laut's *The Romance of the Rails*, p. 320, she laments "I don't know where poor Asa Whitney *got* what we would call the transcontinental mania . . . but his was the *first voice* to whom we can trace the call for steam to span from the lakes to the Pacific." The writer can answer both parts: "*I know*;" and "This is *not true*."

Whitney's connection with the subsequent history of the text herein, is outside my immediate concern. His period of greatest activity was from 1844 or '45 to '50. Laut says he was "a prosperous man" when the idea first came to him, but "was reduced to the poverty of peddling milk for a living in Washington" (D.C., that is) at a later date.

I wish here to focus upon Plumbe, for I had read again and again that Whitney was the first in the transcontinental field.

I wrote Holbrook for a lead on this name, Plumbe, then new to me.

¹Book-dealers' catalogues, also, err on this and perpetuate the error. For example: Yale and Brown. Cat. 45, Fall 1964—as below:

259. WHITNEY, ASA. Memorial of . . . Praying for a grant of land to enable him to construct a railroad from Lake Michigan to the Pacific Ocean. (Washington), January 17, 1848. 5-3/4x9 in., 7pp., unbound (removed). \$12.50

*30th Congress, 1st session, Senate, Miscellaneous No. 28. Whitney was the first to bombard Congress with plans for a transcontinental railway.

His reply was brief: "Sorry I cannot even recall the name of Plumbe. He might, of course, appear in some history of Iowa."²

He does appear, as I will show. Let me first, however, try those contemporary and current sources most likely to have at least mentioned Plumbe in connection with the conception of the transcontinental railroad.

The very latest, 1964, is James McCague's *Moguls and Iron Men*, a work specifically dealing with construction of transcontinent rails. No Plumbe; Whitney, yes. Our own Robert Ormes, in *Railroads and the Rockies*, omits Plumbe entirely, but says (p. 16) "Effective agitation for a Pacific road began with a decade-long cry of Asa Whitney." In 1926, Robert Edgar Riegel's doctoral thesis, *The Story of the Western Railroads*, was brought out by Macmillan in book form. One might expect some preliminary discussion of progenitors. No Plumbe, however—but Whitney is there. In the comprehensive *History of Transportation in the U.S. Before 1860* (C. E. MacGill, et al. 1910. Wash. Carnegie Inst. Rep'd. 1948), no mention is made of Plumbe. John Nathan Kane, in his *Famous First Facts* (N.Y., 1950) doesn't venture a guess on the subject. I did not have access to his 1964, 3rd Ed., just published. The Hafens, in *Central Route to the Pacific* (Glendale, 1957) by Gwinn Harris Heap, carry a long "Editorial Introduction," and Asa Whitney is in there big . . . but no Plumbe. *Iowa As It Is in 1855*, by N. Howe Parker, has a chapter on "Railroads." Not a word about John Plumbe, Jr. Edwin F. Johnson's *Railroad to the Pacific* (N.Y., 1854) says nothing about Plumbe.

Thus, 110 years, from 1854 to 1964, is covered by reputable historians dealing specifically with the subject of far western and transcontinental railways—and none of them pulled out a Plumbe. But there is ample evidence elsewhere. I have surveyed over a century of the negatives; let us view the positives.

The earliest evidence I found, and quite by chance, to credit Plumbe in this connection, was in the *London Morning Chronicle* of January 4, 1851. I had a micro film made at the library of Congress. In this article, one Thos. G. Cary writes: "Although very few of the present generation know when and where the scheme of an inter-oceanic railroad was first proposed, yet its history is an interesting one, and worth recording. As the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. was originally intended to carry mails and passengers to the mouth of the Columbia river, so also, the first movement in favor of a trans-continental railroad was with a view to consider-

²In a later connection, I queried James D. Horan, Asst. Mng. Ed., *N. Y. Herald Tribune* about his data on Plumbe in his book, *Mathew Brady*. His reply was equally blunt. He wrote, on 12/23/63, "I've searched my index research cards, but I'm afraid I can't help you on the Plumbe items."

necting the Atlantic states and Oregon, which was then our only possession on the Pacific coast.

"A public meeting was called together at Dubuque, in Iowa, in the year 1836, by a person named John Plumbe, a Welshman by birth, but naturalized in America. The object of the meeting was to take into consideration the feasibility of building a railroad across the continent to Oregon. The subject was thoroughly discussed at the time, but the obstacles were too great, and the expense too enormous, to allow any hope of carrying out the plan."

Dunbar's splendid 1915 4-volume *A History of Travel in America*, Vol. IV, pp. 1320 ff., resolutely documents the field of early envisioners—those who dreamed of the "possibility or desirability of a transcontinental railway . . . in an academic fashion . . ." But Dunbar names Plumbe as *proposing and agitating*—in 1836—"the building of a road . . . to Oregon."

Next, on the positive list in my researches, is Edwin L. Sabin's *Building the Pacific Railway* (N.Y., 1919). Before "we arrived at the lamented Whitney," says Sabin, "the Iowan, John Plumbe, Esq., had arisen. For four years, from 1836 to 1840, he worked by arguments written and spoken; the first of the 'railroad meeting' at Dubuque, in 1838, is historic; he memorialized Congress, received attention favorable and adverse, and in 1847 was awarded in public assembly the title 'Original Projector of the Great Oregon Railroad.' Fifteen years later, his plan was embodied in the first of the National Pacific Railroad acts."

A pair of books, in 1939—L.O. Leonard and J. T. Johnson's *A Railroad to the Sea* (Iowa City, Iowa), and William H. Clark's *Railroads and Rivers* (Boston), both give Plumbe a hand. In the *Railroad to the Sea*, it is stated: "In a private conversation John Plumbe, Jr. . . . had mentioned as early as 1836 the feasibility of an 'Oregon railroad.' Two years later (in 1838) he called what was probably the first public meeting to discuss the plan; and a committee appointed at that time had some effect on Congress. The memorialists were successful in getting an appropriation of two thousand dollars for a railway survey . . . In his call, Plumbe had declared that the proposition was 'paramount to any other that might be suggested . . .'"

Clarke, who labels Plumbe "a Southerner from Virginia," says: "This meeting is usually considered by historians to be the first meeting held in America for promoting a transcontinental railroad . . . Plumbe's idea caught hold, and Congress listened to a petition, by many considered absurdly visionary . . ."

Just how visionary is broadly suggested in two places. In his *A History of the People of Iowa* (Cedar Rapids, 1921) pp. 145-146, Cyrenus

Cole is discussing early surveys of cities of commercial importance on the Mississippi with the idea of locating a capitol. Dubuque was once so considered.

"While they tarried there," writes Cole, "they (the party, i.e., Governor Lucas, and Jesse Williams and Theodore S. Parvin, both from Ohio) met a young man who unfolded to them his plans for a trans-continental railroad . . . This young man was John Plumbe, Jr. His townsmen said he was crazy, at least on that subject. He was simply thinking twenty years ahead of his time."

And in a brief piece in the *Palimpsest* (Vol. XIX, pp. 89-97) for March, 1938, entitled "Plumbe's Railroad to the Moon," Jack T. Johnson quotes from the *Autobiography* of George Wallace Jones, one of the Congressional Delegates who presented Plumbe's March 26 memorial to Congress.

"I was amazed at the temerity of my constituents," he wrote, "in seriously sending me such an unheard-of prayer. Nevertheless, I felt in duty bound to present the petition, and did so, when it produced a great laugh and hurrah in the house, members singing out to me that it would not be long before my constituents would ask Congress to build a railroad to the moon."

Finally, John Debo Galloway, in 1950, in his *The First Transcontinental Railroad* (New York) corroborates the previous data, adding that "In 1839-40, Plumbe secured a memorial from the Wisconsin legislature³ addressed to Congress, asking that the surveys be continued west of the Mississippi. He took the memorial to Washington and spent considerable time on the subject . . . His plan proposed a company capitalized at \$100,000,000, to which would be given a land grant of alternate sections along the line of the railroad. Plumbe was the first to appreciate the magnitude of the task of building the railroad and to outline a practical method for accomplishment of the work."

The wise Matthew, XIIIth chapter, verse 57, said, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." The Iowans, however, though late, have given evidence in writing that honor was Plumbe's due.

Jack Johnson, in the piece already cited, scans Plumbe's life briefly, and brings it to a close. He "was born in Wales sometime in July, 1809, and in 1821 came to America with his parents. Previous to his coming to Dubuque in 1836 he had had some experience as a railroad builder. He was an assistant . . . in the survey and location of a railroad across the Alleghanies in Pennsylvania . . . he was a well educated man and a ready writer . . . and when he came to Dubuque he was an able correspondent of the leading newspapers in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore,

³Iowa was not yet admitted to statehood, but included in Wisconsin territory.

Washington, Cincinnati, and St. Louis . . . He was always advocating something. At public meetings, often called at his behest, he almost invariably served as secretary . . . of the local Lyceum and the Iowa Temperance Society, for example; and he served as one of the trustees of the town of Dubuque in 1837 and was re-elected in April, 1838.

"In 1839 he published *Sketches of Iowa and Wisconsin*. The purpose of this now rare book was to direct "the attention of Emigrants and others, to a portion of the United States, which all, who have examined it, unite in representing as "one of the finest domains that nature ever offered man." The entire account is a description of the country . . . and a prominent place is given to the status of the railroad and to the prediction that in the future the United States will have a 'free Railway, unparalleled in extent; and forming, when completed, the greatest thoroughfare in the world!'

"Plumbe never gave up the hope of a Pacific Railroad . . . In the spring of 1849 he went to California by way of the southern route to make a survey for his transcontinental railroad; and, returning after six months became more than ever convinced of the practicability of his railroad plan . . .

"He was a very modest man," Jackson continues and, later, when Asa Whitney gained wide popularity as the originator of the Pacific Railroad plan, he did very little to correct that impression. As a matter of fact, 'Whitney was in Europe when Plumbe was devoting the prime of his life to this great enterprise. Whitney did not begin his agitation of the question until Plumbe had written and spoken volumes on the subject, and labored for it nearly ten years. The main reason why John Plumbe was not known as the ablest writer in the West, on Western interests, and Western railroads, was because all his communications were published anonymously.'

"Besides having an interest in railroads, Plumbe contributed to the field of photography. "Another Brady associate," writes Horan, in his book, *Mathew Brady, Historian with a Camera*. (New York: 1955. Pp. 7-8), "was John Plumbe, who looked like a Corsican bandit with a thick black mustache, but was actually a man of tremendous vision and courage . . . in January of 1836 he drew up the first recognized plans for a railroad westward. . . . In 1839 his restlessness took him to New York, and when photography was born that summer, Plumbe immediately appointed himself one of its godfathers. His extensive experiments gave his name to the 'Plumbe-type,' a form of early photography not generally known except to the professional historians.

He established the first chain of Daguerrotype Parlors throughout the east, founded the Plumbe National Daguerrian Gallery and Photo-

graph Depot in Washington, D. C., in 1840 . . . and by 1845 his chain of studios included branches in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, Louisville, Saratoga, St. Louis, Albuquerque, Newport—even Paris and Liverpool.

“In order to gain recognition for his process, he began on October 31, 1846, to publish the *Popular Magazine*; and in December of the same year, *The Plumbe Popular Magazine*, a monthly publication, took its place, but suspended issuance within a few months. The Plumbeotype, advertised as “a reproduction on paper of a Daguerrotype,” was never patented. “His financial resources were stretched too thin,” according to Horan, “and his business collapsed.”

On May 30, 1857, the Dubuque *Daily Express* announced the “melancholy suicide of John Plumbe” on the previous day.” It was the tragic ending of a man whose hopes were long in coming to fulfillment.

“The *Agricultural Press* published at West Urbana, Illinois, commented upon his death. ‘Mr. P. might have been a wealthy man, had he lived for himself alone, but when he was prospering he wanted all those around him to share in his prosperity, and as he gave others opportunities to swindle him, and never having retaliated in turn, or at all desired to, we presume that in his later years he might have found himself in rather limited circumstances, which has, no doubt, had its effect in shortening his life.’

Plumbe ended his life nineteen years after he called the public meeting in Dubuque to endorse his railroad plans. Had he lived twelve years more he would have seen his ‘railroad to the moon’ completed at Promontory.”

To conclude.

John King, in a tribute to Plumbe in the columns of the Dubuque *Daily Times* in January, 1869, writes “As an intimate friend of Mr. Plumbe, knowing that he justly deserves the full credit of being the earliest advocate of this now highly popular and national enterprise (i.e., a transcontinental railroad),¹ I respectfully present the facts in the case.”

He proceeds to review, from Plumbe’s voluminous and largely anonymous writings “only a small portion of them preserved, including his personal diaries of 1836-40, what he feels is definite proof for his conclusion.

“The writer is well aware,” he says, “that there are many who claim to have been the originators of the idea of a railroad communication with

¹The first railway train operated from the Atlantic to the Pacific was the Trans-Continental Excursion sponsored by the Boston Board of Trade in May 1870, one year after the driving of the Golden Spike”—and it took eight days, from Boston to San Francisco. (P. 31, *The First Five Years of the Railroad Era in Colorado*. E. O. Davis. Denver, 1948)

¹ note in passing (*New York Times*, June 10, 1964) that Australia is to have its first trans-continental railway service, from Sydney to Perth, in 1968—a 2500 mile line.

the Pacific . . . but upon a critical reference to dates and memoranda of their claims, which are all on record and can be consulted by those who feel an interest in the matter, it is plain to every candid and unbiased mind, that they generally date long subsequent to the inception of the idea by John Plumbe, and also essentially lack as to having been put in any tangible form or shape, as he had so clearly done at the very outset, and which has been shown by undisputed proofs existing in the published records of the press in the city of Dubuque and elsewhere, as well as in the memory of living witnesses. . . . To John Plumbe and to Dubuque is due the honor and credit of originating and persistently advocating the great Pacific Railroad policy, years before the subject was taken up by Whitney or anyone else."

EPILOGUE

When Lucius Beebe and I made a prowl among the purlieus of my untidy home basement about three years ago, we were *both* discovering items for the first time. As with any bookseller, lots are often purchased with no complete knowledge at the time of every item involved.

One corner, because no shelves could be constructed there, was stacked high with dusty maps still rolled up in corrugated paper with cord around them. Most of them, on their rollers, were too tall to lay out on the available floor space, a few were short enough to chance a look at. I chose two or three of the latter, and let them out while Beebe looked on. Interesting enough, but no railroad significance. Then, from out of a newspaper wrapping half a century old, fell a map, slowly revealing itself as it unrolled from these two rods.

Beebe is never the man to let emotion get an upper hand. *Nil admirari* could well be his motto. With the flow of gusty profanity which came forth after a good look at this map, however, I am certain I detected at least abnormal surprise on his face. Translated for me, the profanity suggested I damned well ought to get that map framed before deterioration developed. Also, since Beebe was wholly unfamiliar with the map, it occurred to me that I should find out something about it.

Except for that of the printer, no otherwise identifying name appears on the map. The printer was Munson, of New York. The year of publication was 1847: remember that date, and the words "Oregon Railroad," for it is these items which have been most significant to my whole discussion here.

There are two great map depositories in the U.S. today at the Library of Congress, and at the University of Illinois. Inquiries to each of those regarding the map or possession of a copy, brought negative replies.

"In January 1847" says John King, in an *Annals of Iowa* article, (Plumb) wrote and had printed an address, in pamphlet form, and sent a copy to each member of Congress, urging the importance of setting forth the claims which an early construction of a *Railroad to Oregon* had upon the public interest and welfare."

Then, in March, the town meeting, the resolution, and "On this occasion," states King, "Mr. Plumbe delivered an able address to those assembled, of considerable length, on the subject, which was highly extolled; and, by resolution of the meeting, 5000 copies were ordered to be printed in pamphlet form, for distribution. He further delivered, in that year, several lectures on the subject, at Galena and Bloomington, Illinois, Burlington, Iowa, and at various other points in the West at all of which places meetings were held and strong resolutions were adopted in favor of the great enterprise."

Now . . . in 1839, Jeddediah Morse (our famous geographer) assisted his father with Henry A. Munson in the development of a method and process for printing maps in color on the common printing press (*Nat. Ency. of Amer. Biog.*, Vol .13. p. 353). Although I have searched in vain to find the dates of Munson activity, I know he was operating in 1847, at least.

It is entirely conceivable to me, that Plumbe sought out the firm of Munson when he was in New York, bringing with him the 1847 *Phelps map* (the best available at the time for his purpose), and that he ordered a copy made especially for him with certain alterations and additions—i.e., those evidenced in this map. These alterations included addition of "text below the map itself"—and this text is, in large part, from the address he had written in January, 1847 and had printed in pamphlet form. No true copy of this seems to be extant; but it is quoted from, or paraphrased freely, in King and elsewhere, and in Plumbe's *Sketches of Iowa and Wisconsin*.

This is a long shot . . . However, it is my conviction, finally, from all I have read in evidence, and from a careful reading of the text on this map, that it was the *very* one which John Plumbe, Jr. unrolled on the 26th of March, 1847, before "a large and respectable number of citizens of Dubuque convened at the Waples House," when and where it was "Resolved, Unanimously, that this meeting regards John Plumbe, Esq., as the original projector of the great *Oregon Railroad*," and that it went with him wherever he lectured afterward.



Westerner's Bookshelf



GUNNISON, A Short, Illustrated History, by Betty Wallace; paper bound, 90 pages, 12mo, illustrations and short bibliography. Sage Books, 1964, \$1.50.

Written by the author of the cloth-bound "Gunnison Country," this is an entertaining little booklet and sticks to the subject quite thoroughly. Among the subjects covered are banks, newspapers, the LaVeta Hotel, coming of the railroads, stockraising, ranching, etc.

Your reviewer did not like the small illustrations but we all know that cuts are expensive; the only photo which gives detail is opposite page 12, a full-page spread.

The author makes a statement on page 72, which is erroneous, where she states a lady tumbled into the Gunnison River from a Rocky Mountain Railroad Club special, and that her body was never found. The lady in question was Mrs. Anna E. Love 65, of Denver, and no one saw her slip into the river, although it was evident she got off on the wrong side of the train and plunged down the steep embankment. Her body was found about six or seven weeks later, several miles down stream, lodged against driftwood in the stream; she had lost practically all clothing.

Your reviewer was making the trip through the Black Canon on that train and can vouch for the condition of the river, high from melting snows and about one-third mud.

To anyone desiring a compact history of one of the early settlements of Western Colorado, this should fill the bill, and is thoroughly researched.

Carl F. Mathews, PM

AMONG THE TAILINGS, A Guide to Leadville Mines, by George and Ruth Gilfillan. The Herald Democrat Printing Division of the Continental Divide Press, Inc., Leadville, Colorado, zip code 80461. Price \$1.75.

To the Westerner seeking data in mining, with particular interest in Leadville mining, this new guide is a "gold mine" of information. Having tramped the hills around Leadville and having studied the basic source materials on the area, including the 1913 U. S. Geological Map of the Leadville Mining District, the Gilfillans have condensed into eighty-five pages an alphabetical listing of the major Leadville mines plus historical backgrounds of some of the mines such as the Little Pittsburg. Other useful information in the booklet includes a description of the three roads by which most of the mines can be reached, a summary of the Apex Law, a glossary of mining terms, and a digest of the 1872 federal act concerning the filing on and location of claims.

George Gilfillan has been in newspaper work for some forty-five years, twenty-five of which were spent on the *Detroit News* as a member of the re-

portorial staff. While working in this position, he met his wife, Ruth, who was on the newspaper's library staff. Before coming to Leadville, the Gilfillans edited and published the *Evergreen Mountain News*.

If you are interested in or need information on the mines of Leadville, you will find this booklet most useful.

Don Griswold, PM

REBELLIOUS RANGER by W. J. Hughes. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. 300 pp. plus map and illustrations. \$5.95.

The subtitle expands on the title: "Rip Ford and the Old Southwest," with the Ford being John Salmon Ford (Texas Ranger, physician, newspaper editor, surveyor, state senator, etc., etc.), a hero in dime novels of yore, and now—and for the first time—a well defined, colorful individual in this well done biographical work.

Rebellious Ranger, however, also details much of Texas' growing pains for Ford's life (1815-1897) spanned and was interwoven with the formative years of the Lone Star state.

Ford was a Man with a capital M and a true "Texian." He helped get Texas into the Union—and helped get her out; later he again was a key figure in returning Texas to the United States. From this one sentence alone it is apparent that Ford was a man who was in the middle of any activity that had to do with his adopted state (he was born in South Carolina) and came to be regarded as a trouble shooter par excellence.

Author Hughes (who has a degree from the University of Colorado among others) is quoted as having

written the Ford story because he felt "Old Rip" "had not been accorded proper recognitions to Texas history and, through them, to the development of the whole Southwest." He has accomplished his goal.

The book is packed with facts, but, like the subject, is not dull. As a matter of fact, it is surprising—and pleasing—to find such an entertaining "history" of a man's life and his place of life. Hughes backs up his story with a detailed bibliography, with brief footnotes included in the text, for further reference. And the index is a detailed one!

You'll meet many familiar names—such as Lew Wallace, Ranger Col. "Jack" Hays, Sam Houston, and countless new ones. But best of all you'll really get to know, and know very well, "Old Rip" Ford.

—Geo. R. Eichler, PM

OLD PORTS OF THE SOUTHWEST by Herbert M. Hart. 192 pages, 329 Photographs and Illustrations, Directory of over 500 Military Forts. Index. Superior. \$12.50.

This is a second in a series on historical Western Military Posts. The author took most of the photographs himself while on a 15,000-mile trip in 1963. This makes for truthful, first-hand history rather than the mail order kind that is too common. He has done a magnificent job recording nearly all the forts in Arizona, California, Colorado, Kansas, Nevada, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas and Utah.

I was quite disappointed because he omitted our *privately built* Fort Francisco. It is perhaps the best preserved of all of our Colorado Forts, built in

1862 by Col. John Francisco. In its time it has served as a fort, stage station, railway station, apartment house, and now it is a museum.

OLD FORTS OF THE SOUTHWEST belongs in every Western library. The pictures are excellent. The text sparkles with robust descriptive gems and punch lines.

Fred M. Mazzulla, PM

NEW MEXICO—A Short, Illustrated History, by Frank D. Reeve Sage Books, Paperback, 112 pages, 80 illustrations, 1964, \$2.00.

It has often been noted that the most difficult task for an author comes in the revision and condensation of a manuscript, whether it be a short story, novel, article or history. Frank D. Reeve in his book, **NEW MEXICO—A Short, Illustrated History**, has accomplished this task exceedingly well. Within the space of one hundred

and twelve pages and eighty illustrations, Mr. Reeve has condensed a narrative account of over four hundred years of New Mexico's history into an easy-to-read and delightful story of the LAND OF ENCHANTMENT.

The history is not meant to be an academic reference book for students. However, this reviewer deems it to be the finest descriptive, historical handbook yet written for the enlightenment and benefit of visitors to the State of New Mexico and prospective residents thereof. It is written by a man who is perhaps the most knowledgeable of the State and in such a way as to dispel many of the false impressions of the LAND OF ENCHANTMENT.

By intellection, sincerity and personal reporting, Mr. Reeve has imparted more historical significance to a most fascinating, multicultural community.

Milt Callon, CM



I'm not allowed to run the train,
Or see how fast t'will go.
I ain't allowed to let off steam,
Or make the whistle blow.
I cannot exercise control,
Or even ring the bell.
But let the darn thing jump the track,
And see who catches hell!!

In the May issue of the *Roundup*, we carried a story about the wind blowing a train off the track near Georgetown, Colorado. The picture reproduced above through the courtesy of PM Nolie Mumey, is mute evidence of the Georgetown Zephyrs.



Bill Kostka, CM, (rear) and **James Conrad** (foreground) working on their model of the famous Georgetown Loop, one of the railroading engineering wonders of its time. Kostka started the model years ago, scaled down from a drawing of the original Loop furnished by the chief engineer's office of the Colorado & Southern Railway. In the foreground above are some of the hundreds of photographs collected by the model builders to assure authentic looking bridges and scenery. Trackage on the model is complete with complicated control panel and wiring. Roughing in of the model's plaster mountains is also now completed. The original Loop was finished in 1884 and dismantled in 1939.

The Westerners express their deep sympathy to PM Charles Webb whose wife passed away, in November.

QUICK WATSON, THE TUMS!!

Ladies, if you're having trouble deciding what to have for your holiday dinner, consider the menu of the Tremont House in 1862.

Soup—Oyster

Meats—(Roast) beef, turkey, duck, elk, veal.
(Boiled) Corn beef and cabbage, turkey, oyster sauce, beef tongue, ham.

Entrees—Boiled chicken with drawn butter, breaded venison with grape jelly, filleted pork steak, raspberry jelly, giblet pie, macaroni and cheese, boiled hominy, boiled beans, Welsh rarebit.

Vegetables—Potatoes mashed, potatoes boiled and baked, squash, green corn, parsnips, cabbage, onions, beets, turnips, rutabagas, stewed tomatoes.

Relishes—Pickled tomatoes, pickled beets, pickled mangoes, potato salad, cold slaw.

Pies—Mince, peach, rhubarb, blackberry.

Cake—Jelly cake, pound cake, Queen Victoria.

Pudding—Tapioca, sage, sponge, cake roll.

Dessert—Frozen sherbert, charlotte de russe, blanc mange, pink jelly, lemon jelly, strawberry jelly, almonds, raisins.

Wines—Champagne, port, sherry, hock cotawba, claret.

Tri-Weekly Miner's Register, Central City.

Denver Public Library, Western History Collection

JANUARY MEETING

Date: January 27, 1965

Place: Denver Press Club

Time: 6:30 P.M.

Program: Reviewing the Western Literary Scene,
by **PM Armond Reeder**

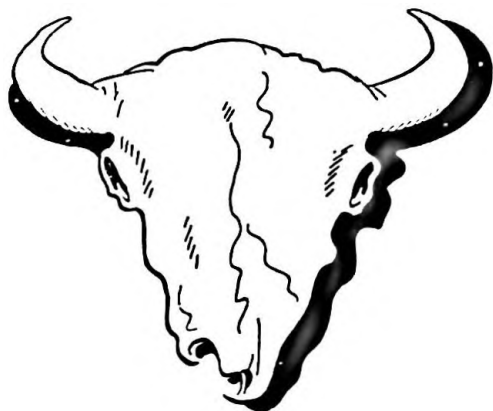
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THE HOLY MEN OF

THE SAN JUANS

by Guy Herstrom, PM



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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

PM Guy Herstrom is a native of Denver, educated in the Denver schools and graduated from Colorado College in Colorado Springs. After two years teaching school he became engaged in the general insurance business. His work has taken him over most of western and southwestern Colorado and northern New Mexico, and for a long time he has been interested in, and gathering data on, the Spanish and Mexican land grants of those areas. He and his wife Else are also interested in ghost towns and narrow gauge railroads of Colorado.

THE HOLY MEN OF THE SAN JUANS

by Guy Herstrom, PM

Nature has generously endowed the State of Colorado with some of the most beautiful mountain ranges in the world, but the beauty of our other mountains pale when compared with the grandeur of the San Juans. It would be a waste of inadequate adjectives to attempt to describe these awesome mountains with their deep gorges, tumbling waterfalls, their parks and meadows of millions of wild flowers, the slopes above timber line etched with everlasting snow, the color of the aspens in the fall as well as the beauty and softness of their Alpine glow as the sun sinks behind the massive peaks. One must see them in order to appreciate these mountains. Nature, as if jealous of the beauty she has created, has allotted man but a scant four months each year to enjoy her handiwork as summer comes late in the San Juans and winter in the high country arrives early, and then the mountains are quickly covered with a mantle of snow. The winters are long in the San Juans and as snowstorm piles upon snowstorm and the steep slopes of the mountains can no longer hold the weight of the snow the warm sun loosens the cumbersome cloak and sends it roaring down the mountain side to fill the many gorges and valleys. Our mountains in Colorado are laced with all-weather highways yet in the San Juans only one road, Highway No. 550, better known as the Million Dollar Highway, pierces this great mountain range and the State Highway Department could find no better route for this road than Otto Mears' old toll road. The State Highway Department for the past several years has made heroic efforts to keep the Million Dollar Highway open throughout the winter months, but when the blizzards rage on Red Mountain Pass, or Mother Cline decides to shake her apron and let the snow cascade down the slide named in her honor, the road is covered with snow and debris to a depth of forty feet and all automobile travel through the San Juans comes to a halt while the road crews labor to cut a path through the huge drifts.

It was not until September of 1957 that my wife Else and I were finally able to make a jeep trip through the San Juans. We had made arrangements with Helen and Ray Colwell and Carl Mathews to engage Buddy Davis of Ouray and his butane gas powered jeep for the drive. Arriving in Ouray a couple of days before our proposed junket we checked in at the Beaumont Hotel where we were escorted to a second floor room complete with a black marble fireplace and a private dressing room, and I might add the room was large enough to play a basketball game in it. The next day while we were waiting for the Colwells and Carl to arrive in Ouray, Else and I hired a jeep to take us to the Mountain Top Mine. Our journey led us past the Camp Bird Mine, then to the Revenue Tunnel and the ghost town of Sneffels on up to the Virginius Mine, then through the Flower Garden where acres of columbine were still in bloom, then up above timber line to see the remains of the old Humbolt Mine and finally to the Mountain Top Mine which stands just below the serrated ridge that divides the Ouray Area from the Telluride District.

This is a trip we can heartily recommend to anyone wanting to do some Jeeping in the San Juans, but our jaunt to the Mountain Top Mine was to be just a warm up for the trip the next day that was to take us to Lake City and Animas Forks. Else and I both believe this was the finest day we have ever spent in the mountains. It goes without saying it was wonderful to make the ride in such excellent company as the Colwells and Carl and it was a revelation to watch our driver, Buddy Davis, handle his jeep. Buddy took us from Ouray up the Million Dollar Highway past Bear Creek Falls and then we turned up Poughkeepsie Gulch and drove on past the Mickey Breen Mine; then as we neared timber line we stopped to explore the huge San Juan Chief Mill which is slowly disintegrating under the weight of the winter snows. Far above timber line we met a Basque shepherd who had run out of cigarette makings so we gave him a pack of tailor-mades, acknowledged his gracias and then began our ride up Engineer Mountain. Davis had hacked out a road of sorts that ended about thirty feet from the summit of the 13,190 foot peak. After climbing to the top of the mountain we took turns taking photographs of each other under the marker which reads "Here the boundaries of Hinsdale, San Juan and Ouray Counties meet". We then descended into the valley to Rose's Cabin only to find that this historic landmark had been purchased by a Texan who had razed the old building for its timbers. Our next stop was Capital City and we were amazed to find that the vandals and the elements had succeeded in destroying most of Lee's mansion. After lunch at Lake City we began our ride to Animas Forks. Our route took us up the Lake Fork of the Gunnison River past beautiful Lake San Cristobal and on to the spot where the village of Sherman had been

located, then up to Whitecross and on up Cinnamon Gulch where if you didn't mind traveling on a shelf road and looking down over the side of the jeep for some 1200 feet you could see a silvery thread that was the Lake Fork of the Gunnison. Our route took us up over Cinnamon Pass and on to the ghost town of Animas Forks which is located just below timber line and we wondered if there hadn't been an easier way to make a living instead of working under the conditions that must have existed when the miners around Animas Forks lived and worked there both summer and winter. We had no time to explore Animas Forks as the sun had slipped behind the western peaks and Davis was anxious to get his tenderfeet back to Ouray before we froze to death. So we set out for Engineer Pass and down Poughkeepsie Gulch and on to Ouray, arriving just as the lights of the little town began to twinkle in the dusk.

If you haven't taken a jeep trip over the trails of the San Juans don't delay too long as each year the county bulldozers are widening and improving the roads and already the beer cans and debris of the thoughtless are decorating the trails and it may be before long, a motel will grace the flat where Rose's Cabin once stood and that it will possible to buy gasoline and pick up a six-pack along the trail near Engineer Mountain.

Now let us turn back the clock some ninety years and take a look at the San Juans as the first miners and prospectors, in quest of hidden gold and silver, swarmed up the steep slopes and explored the deep gulches. Prospectors had entered the San Juans as early as the 1860s but their search for gold and silver had to be done while looking over their shoulders as the San Juan mountains were a Ute Reservation, and the Indians took a dim view of the gold seekers. However, the miners were not to be denied and were finally able to pressure the United States Government into removing the Indians from the mountains. The Brunot Treaty was signed in 1874 and The San Juan region was thrown open to the settlers. As could be expected there was a rush of prospectors to the mountains, when in 1874, Enos Hotchkiss brought in a paying mine near Lake San Cristobal and Otto Mears established a toll road from Saguache to the Lake City area. Lake City was a small camp but with the new road and Hotchkiss' strike nearby, it quickly developed into a trading center for the miners and became the largest town in the San Juans. The saloon owners, the gamblers, and the girls, came tumbling into Lake City when it became evident that there were miners with gold in their money belts who were forced to forego the peculiar type of culture they could bring to the camp.

Always eager to combat sin and high jinks wherever they began to get out of hand, the Presbyterian Church in the spring of 1876, dispatched Reverend George M. Darley to Lake City. The Reverend Darley wrote a book

of his tenure of service in the mountains entitled, "Pioneering In The San Juan", and published it in 1899. Brother Darley, as he was fondly referred to by the miners, established the first church on the Pacific Slope of the San Juans in Lake City in November, 1876, and he dedicated a Presbyterian Church in Ouray in October, 1877. The Reverend Darley fought sin in the San Juans for nearly five years but due to ill health he was forced to leave the mountains.

Father J. J. Gibbons of the Catholic faith didn't arrive in Ouray until 1888, several years after the Catholic church was established in the little town, but he too wrote a book entitled, "In The San Juan—Sketches", and published it in 1898. Although the Reverend Darley came to the mountains about twelve years before Father Gibbons, the good Father succeeded in having his book published a year before Brother Darley's. Neither of these books dealt to any extent with the history of the San Juans, but they were written rather to interest the members of each faith in the work the church had been doing in the remote reaches of Colorado.

Both books had chapters on the evils of drinking. Father Gibbons' chapter was entitled, "Baneful Effects of Intemperance", while Brother Darley's chapter was called, "Good Temperance Meeting In A Live Mining Camp". Both books contained similar chapters on the work the two padres had done to see that Christian funerals were made available for the good and the bad alike and gave considerable space to the futility of trying to beat the faro wheels. The Reverend Darley and Father Gibbons were both outstanding in their dedication to their faith. When the need arose, they went where they had to regardless of the weather or their personal health or safety. Each man was somewhat of a philosopher and possessed a good sense of humor. The evils of drink were naturally the main subject of their texts, and Father Gibbons stated he did not believe in total abstinence, but felt there were people who should not take, touch, or taste the forbidden cup. On the other hand, Reverend Darley was of the school which believed no one became a drunkard without taking the first drink, and he delighted in holding religious services in the saloons of the area and discoursing on the evils of drink, much to the discomfort and temporary loss of profit to the saloonkeepers. Brother Darley also held a series of "Murphy Meetings" at Lake City, and after each meeting the miners were asked to sign a pledge that they would stop drinking, and while Brother Darley knew most of the men signing the pledge would sooner or later return to the bottle, he felt a few months respite from drink would do them good. The saloon owners were naturally concerned over the drop in business of their gin mills, as a result of Brother Darley's activities, but as one saloonkeeper said, "Damn it, let him go, the more we say the worse he gets".

In spite of his convictions against alcohol Brother Darley was in the habit of carrying a flask with him on his trips across the mountains, and he says, "On one hard trip after crossing the Uncompaghre River, I found the camp of two trappers, Oregon Bill and Happy Jack. The latter was the most dime novel dressed trapper I ever met. His entire suit was made of red tan buckskin, fringed with enough Indian trappings to suit the blackest eyed dusky maiden in the Ute Tribe. I carried a small flask of whiskey in case of an emergency. So after sitting a while at the campfire I drew said flask and began rubbing my swollen limbs. Both men looked on and soon Happy Jack said, "That is the greatest waste of good whiskey I ever saw. Why don't you drink the whiskey and rub your legs with the flask?"

Father Gibbons also tells a story where a bit of the forbidden cup came in handy. It seems the good father and two visiting priests from Chicago, were on a hunting trip near Dallas Divide. They found they had brought neither enough clothing nor enough blankets to keep them warm during the bitter cold night. Both of the Chicago priests were having chills and could stand the cold no longer. I will now let Father Gibbons recite the following events:

"I decanted into a little pail some wine which we had taken for an emergency and placed the pail on the fire. It did not take long to boil and pouring out a liberal dose of the medicine into a tin cup I approached Father S who was in a shivering condition and at the point of a gun commanded him to drink it down. Father L was obliged to submit to the same imperious treatment, and then the medicine man bethought himself that he too was on the point of a chill. It is needless to say that we all felt better for the seasonable concoction, but sleep for the night had fled from our eyes and we sat around the fire while Father S indulged in long and diverting accounts of his scientific explorations."

In Father Gibbons' book I could find no mention of the dancehall girls or the prostitutes, but the Reverend Darley tells of Hell's Half Acre, the red-light district in Lake City, and of these girls says, "If the whole human race were constituted alike, all of the same temperment, all having equal advantages, then we might be able to judge correctly. It is well for the fallen that there are those on earth as well as in heaven who can be touched with the feeling of their infirmities."

The Reverend Darley also had some rather pointed remarks to make about the American Indian, and he says, "I have been with them in Montana, as well as Nebraska, and Colorado. Wherever I went I found them to be as lazy mortals that ever lived. Yet an Indian has rights that should be respected. To rob him and his tribe of land, whether through misrepresentation, or by selling stuff that is useless, or by cutting a double blanket in two

and calling it two blankets is robbery for which no honest man attempts to offer apology and for which God will call men to account. These gentlemen-wolves should not be allowed to deal with the Indian for savages cannot understand just how it is. All they know is they have been robbed and their only desire is for revenge on some other white man. This outrage is as hard for the whites to understand as the polished way in which the Indian is robbed is for him to understand. Hence our troubles with the Indians."

Father Gibbons speaking of his work in the American Missions states, "I had always found the Americans to be generous and self-sacrificing and I do not believe I have any prejudice in their favor because I was born under the folds of the Star Spangled Banner. Of the Irish and Irish-Americans there can be only one opinion and it is that in the masses you find two extremes, the worst and the best. They are great in faith, hope, and charity when they are good, but when they are bad, they are bad all over."

Father Gibbons gives the Cornishman a rather left-handed pat on the back when he tells of going to Telluride to conduct a funeral service, and states, "There was no church, Catholic or non-Catholic in Telluride. The Court House which was a respectable building was used for all kinds of meetings and by everyone; shows, lectures, dances, revival meetings, and church fairs were all held in the temple of justice, and on this occasion the funeral services were performed there. The majority of those present were Cornishmen. At that time few Americans could get work in the Sheridan Mine which employed some three hundred men. The Cornish are fine looking fellows with broad shoulders, of stocky build, and swaggering carriage. They have the reputation of being fine miners. It may have been because in their native country they had so much experience in this line of occupation. There were hundreds of them in Telluride where they practically ran the town. Lovers of good cheer they spent their money freely and fairly made the town howl during their all night carousals. They turned out by the hundreds for the funeral and the little court house was packed."

Now, let's skip back to the Reverend Darley and let him explain his views on lynching. He observes, "On general principles we condemn lynch law; first, as being in itself a breaking of the law and a crime against good government; second, as setting a bad example to the rising generation; and, third, as giving an excuse to bad men to take the law into their own hands that they may wreak their vengeance upon men who do not deserve hanging. Yet, every man who has seen much of frontier life will, I think, agree with me when I say that hanging is the only thing that will make some men quit their cussedness."

Whenever a mine accident occurred Father Gibbons along with Dr. Rowan, a Ouray physician and the local undertaker, were called to the scene of the disaster. Father Gibbons seems to have taken a dim view of Dr. Row-

an's talents for he tells us the miners in the area often came down from the mountains to enjoy Ouray's famous baths and to get a box of Dr. Rowan's pills. The doctor had a specific for all diseases under the sun and threatened to send every one who did not use his spring medicines to Rowan's Ranch which, in local parlance, meant the graveyard.

Reverend Darley's mission in the San Juans covered such distant camps as Silverton and Ouray. Services were suspended in these camps during the winter months, and brother Darley stopped going to Ouray when a church was established there in 1877. The Reverend Darley held services in the camps and villages of Sherman, Burrows Park, Tellurium, Animas Forks, Mineral Point, Rose's Cabin, and Capitol City, as well as at most of the bigger mines in the area, and as his mission was to bring religion into the district, he was much more interested in writing of his work than in giving us a description of these camps or the people who lived in them.

Sherman was located about sixteen miles above Lake City on the Lake Fork of the Gunnison River and was probably the most picturesque of the mining camps. It was situated in a forest of giant firs and at the fairly low altitude of 8,716 feet, thus enjoying a milder climate than most of the other towns in the district. The camp was established in 1877 and by 1880 had a population of one hundred people. It could also boast of a good hotel. Sherman grew slowly during the eighties and nineties and some time in the early 1900s during a cloudburst a dam broke above the town and washed away most of the buildings. There was still some mining around Sherman in 1925, but when we visited the spot a few years ago, there was nothing left to indicate where the town had been.

Traveling on up the Lake Fork but a scarce mile as the crow flies, but considerably farther by the torturous trail that only man or a sure-footed horse could travel, was the little camp of Argentum or Burrows Park. My map of the area shows the postoffice to be Argentum while Crofutt lists the camp as Burrows Park, sometimes called Argentum. The population of the little camp varied from fifty to one hundred. As the altitude of the camp was about 10,200 feet, probably most of the miners deserted the place in the winter. (There has been some confusion in my mind concerning Argentum, Burrows Park, Whitecross, and Sterling. I believe they were all the same camp or were located so close together they could be considered to be one camp. Argentum was the official postoffice in 1880 and in 1881 the camp became Burrows Park and in 1882 Whitecross. To add to the confusion the entire area of about five miles long and two miles wide was also called Burrows Park).

Again as the crow flies, a mile above Burrows Park at an altitude of 10,870 feet and located at the junction of Dead and Cleveland Gulches, was the little camp of Tellurium. In 1880 there were but a scant dozen people

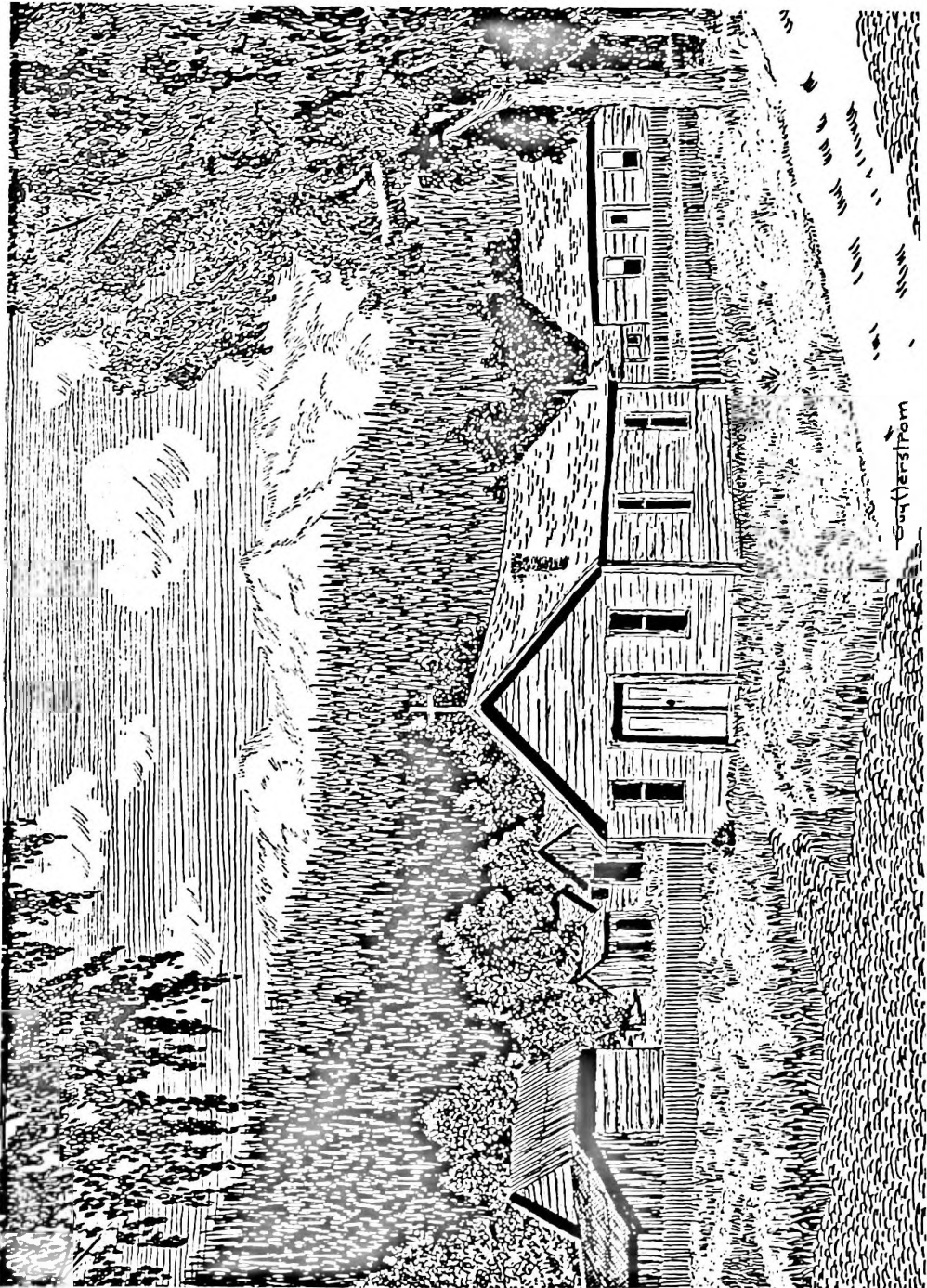
living there, but Crofutt mentions seeing an expensive mill standing idle at the camp.

Following Cinnamon Gulch and on up over Cinnamon Pass, the weary miner finally came to the fabled camp of Animas Forks located on the wind-swept mountain side at an altitude of 11,174 feet. Crofutt said, "The country was so wild and rugged that nothing but rich mines could ever induce a human being there longer than was necessary." Gold was found in the Animas Forks area in 1875, but it was not until 1877 that a townsite was platted, and buildings and lots were given free to any one desiring to locate there. By 1880 the little town contained two stores, a hotel, a number of saloons and shops, and a population of about two hundred souls. When the miners in the area voted that patent notices of mining claims should be published in the nearest newspaper, Sol Raymond came to Animas Forks with his printing press and did a flourishing business. As the prospectors flocked to the area, claim after claim was filed, and the little newspaper prospered, but by 1886 the country-side had been fairly well explored, and as it was rare for new claims to be filed, the printing press was shut down, and the Animas Forks Pioneer ceased publication.

The snowfall was heavy at Animas Forks, and it was not uncommon for the people of the town to dig through twenty-five feet of snow. As the little camp grew and the mines in the area became more numerous, the woodcutters had hacked down most of the protective timber cover from the mountain sides around the village, and the natives lived in fear of snowslides throughout the winter months. But all was not grimness at the Forks for in 1881, a Christmas celebration was held for the entire camp in the dining hall of the Kalamazoo House. There was a Christmas tree and toys for the children. The ladies of the town had prepared the community Christmas dinner. The menu consisted of turkey, chicken, mountain sheep, fresh oysters, and eggs, and egg nog was also served.

The trail from Animas Forks led on down to Eureka, Howardsville, and Silverton, but lest we be talking for hours on the early towns of the San Juans, we have decided to go no farther south than Animas Forks. Animas Forks was a hub of several trails that wound through the high San Juans. In addition to the trails to Eureka, Howardsville, and Silverton, there was a trail to Tellurium, to Burrows Park, to Rose's Cabin and Lake City, and to Mineral Point located three miles northwest; then a trail meandered on down Poughkeepsie Gulch to Ouray.

Mineral Point was a high camp located at an altitude of 11,508 feet. While good ore was discovered near Mineral Point in 1873, the camp did not blossom until 1875 when the miners spread like a plague throughout the entire area. By 1880 Mineral Point was a lively little camp of two hundred with a store, a sawmill, several restaurants and saloons. Reverend Darley



Episcopal Church, Lake City, Colorado. Drawn especially for this article by Guy Herstrom

tells of the two politicians who came into the San Juans, one summer in the early eighties, seeking votes for the fall election. The weather being mild, the two men held an open air meeting and debated at Mineral Point. The meeting was attended by a goodly number of miners from the surrounding mines. After the debate the listeners repaired to the various saloons at the camp. The hour being late when the party finally broke up, and a number of the miners being in no condition to travel, some of the local citizens opened their cabins to the visiting miners to allow them to sleep it off. In fact, the Justice of Peace, who also doubled as coroner, bedded down twelve miners on his cabin floor, and the next morning being a good politician aroused his sleeping guests to partake of a fine breakfast. However, one of the sleeping miners failed to come to the breakfast table, and upon closer examination it was found the poor devil had died during the night. The coroner quickly impaneled a jury of the remaining miners, and they brought in a verdict of death by whiskey. The coroner told the miners that it wasn't quite cricket to send such a verdict to the dead man's parents, and asked that they take another vote, and again the verdict was death from drinking whiskey. If the miners were stubborn so was the coroner, and he asked the miners how they would like such a verdict sent to their loved ones and ordered them to take another vote, and this time the verdict was death by heart failure.

Now, let's return to Lake City and study the camps that Brother Darley must have visited as he trudged up Henson Creek. His first call must have been at Henson, about four miles from Lake City. Henson was never a camp or post office, but rather an area where a number of mines were clustered along the creek, and here was located the famous Ute Ulay Mine, and near the mine the Crooke Brothers had built a large smelter. At times there were from 200 to 600 men employed in the area, and Brother Darley was indeed busy, not only preaching in the boarding houses, but giving courage to the sick and injured and presiding at the many funerals, for those were dangerous times along Henson Creek and the accident rate at the mines was appalling. Pneumonia, so dreaded by the high altitude miner, was ever prevalent, also, and as one old-timer stated, "Shootings were a dime a dozen".

Nine miles above Lake City Henson Creek meanders through beautiful Capitol Park, and here was located Capitol City. It too was established in 1875, and when Crofutt visited it in 1880, it had a population of but one hundred, and while he admired the scenery and the fine location of the camp, he was discouraged because most of the mining properties were tied up in litigation and two large mills stood idle in the town. Capitol City was chiefly famous for the beautiful brick mansion built by Mr. George S. Lee. Legend has it that Mr. Lee had dreams of Capitol City becoming the capitol

of the State of Colorado and perhaps his mansion would be the home of the governor.

Continuing on up Henson Creek some six miles past Capitol City was one of the most unique establishments in the San Juans, for here Corydon Rose built Rose's Cabin at an altitude of 11,300 feet. Rose's Cabin was probably the first building on the Lake City to Ouray trail, and as it was near the trails built later to Mineral Point and Animas Forks, it became the headquarters for the miners who roamed the high peaks. At Rose's Cabin the miner could pick up his mail, buy his supplies, eat at its restaurant, drink in its saloon, and listen to the gossip of what had been going on in the area, or rest up in one of the nearby cabins. Ore from the high country was brought to Rose's Cabin by burros, and there transferred to wagons to be hauled on into Lake City.

Good ore had been found on the slopes of Engineer Mountain as early as 1875, but it was not until 1882 when the Polar Star became a big silver producer, that the camp of Engineer City was established on the eastern slope of Engineer Mountain at a site known as American Flats. Engineer City was a tent camp and during the summer months three to four hundred miners were living in its confines. Engineer City could also boast that there was not one saloon in the camp, a feat that surely must have warmed the Reverend Darley's heart. Engineer City did not last long, but the mines on Engineer Mountain did play a big part in having the trail widened into a passable road to Rose's Cabin.

One other camp in the area that should receive some mention is Poughkeepsie located near the source of Poughkeepsie Gulch and close by Lake Como. It had a summer population of 250. In 1880 Crofutt said, "It was the 'biggest little camp' in the San Juans and is situated way above timber line. It has a store, seven restaurants and saloons and several comfortable buildings".

The Reverend Darley, his health broken by overwork and too much exposure to the elements, left Lake City in 1881. As he was packing his meagre belongings, he tells of two of his peculiar friends calling upon him and without any preliminaries one of them began piling up silver dollars and five dollar bills on a little table. When the money was counted, the one who had brought it said, "Mr. Darley, there is \$137.00 from the boys. Not one cent is from a church member. You have given us hell for five years, but you have always given it to us in the teeth. You have been kind to us when we were sick and never said one word against the dead. We are sorry you are going away, and this is to show our appreciation".

Now, let's skip over to the Western Slope of the San Juans and to the year 1888 where we find Father Gibbons busily engaged in bringing spirit-

ual aid to members of the Catholic faith located in a vast area that included Ouray, Ridgway, and Telluride to the north and Rico and Silverton to the south. Father Gibbons was pastor of the churches at Silverton and Ouray and had missions in the other camps in the district which meant that he held services when and where he could, be it in a Catholic miner's cabin, the local saloon, or boarding house. Space does not permit us to list the camps and towns that Father Gibbons had as part of his mission, but perhaps we can go on a couple of trips with him as he went about his duties.

Not too long after his arrival in Ouray Father Gibbons decided to hold a midnight service in Silverton on Christmas Eve, and then by a bit of hard riding to be back in Ouray for a seven o'clock mass on Christmas morning. Inasmuch as Father Gibbons had business in Silverton, he left Ouray a few days in advance of Christmas Eve, but before leaving he had made arrangements with his good friend Fred Thorton, a mountaineer and expert horseman, to bring two horses to Silverton on December 24th to test the trail and to act as guide on the return trip to Ouray.

In telling of his many trips to and from Ouray and Silverton Father Gibbons makes mention of the toll gate at Bear Creek Falls and of the toll tender who was so big, and who was always on duty, fair weather or foul, to collect the toll. Father Gibbons also tells the story of one time when returning from Ironton to Ouray in a Concord coach with a number of other passengers, one of the horses pushed its mate over the side of the bank. The coach turned completely over and slid down the embankment. Luckily no one was killed although Father Gibbons had his knee fractured. To compensate for his injuries the stage owners furnished him with a pass over the line. Father Gibbons describes the road from Ouray to Silverton as follows: "The road follows the circuitous canon, and it tested all the genius of Otto Mears, the pathmaker of the West, to construct it. It went east and it went west, it twisted and turned, and boxed the compass, and on a dark night it would perplex the most wide awake traveler to know what to do on this road."

Concerning his particular trip to Silverton at Christmas time he says, "I made the trip to Silverton in the usual way by stage without any more serious inconvenience than that of finding myself obliged to shovel snow, open the road, and help drag out the horses from high drifts. Napoleon's trip across the Alps may be considered pleasant when compared with the fatigue and perils of a journey away up in the clouds during one of the fierce snowstorms that sweep through the canyons. At times it is hard to tell which way the wind blows, it comes at once from all points and so thick is the fine sifted snow that you are almost blinded. Besides midway down the canyon on the narrow road drilled in the side of the mountain out of solid

rock with 2,000 feet of giddy heights above and a depth of 3,000 feet below, the mind is filled with consternation and dismay at the hoding terrors around". Arriving in Silverton, Father Gibbons called at the church and found a goodly number of women decorating the chapel for the Christmas Eve services and observed boughs of green were conspicuous everywhere and with the paper roses made by the ladies, "we decked the pines. Strange it was to see American beauties on pine trees, but the simple artists thought the effect good and there were no others to be satisfied." While in Silverton Father Gibbons dined with his good friend Barny O'Driscoll at the latter's cabin and in complimenting the fine meal served by Barney said, "He ransacked the butcher shop for the tenderest of the toughest Kansas chickens and the freshest of the stale of Kansas eggs which found their way into the mountain camps."

At twelve o'clock midnight the church was jammed to the doors with Protestants as well as Catholics. After the church services were over Father Gibbons and Fred Talbot ran for their horses. It was reported to be snowing in the high country and neither of the men looked forward to the trip home. However, they were soon past Stoiber's mill and heading for Red Mountain Town, but near the mill they became confused in the sifting snow and picked a trail that crossed to the opposite side of the valley so that it was necessary to retrace their steps. They followed a trail that meandered along side of the railroad tracks that led to Ironton. They knew there would be no trains on the tracks that night and that there were few bridges to cross. At Sheridan Junction they left the railroad tracks and followed a sled road that ended at Red Mountain Town. The storm had redeveloped into a raging blizzard, and at times it was necessary for them to crawl from their horses and walk in order to restore circulation. At Red Mountain Town they stopped to warm themselves, and Father Gibbons with tongue in cheek said, "Fred had a cup of coffee that must have been strong as he was quite talkative all the way to Ouray". Other than tramping a path through a snowslide that covered the trail, the rest of the trip was uneventful. Father Gibbons arrived in Ouray in time to say two masses and to quote him, "I was soon feasting on a breakfast of American bird".

The Red Mountain District was discovered in 1879 and by 1883 the town is unusual in that it couldn't seem to stay put, but seemed to meander all over the little valley. In 1886 the town was picked up and moved to the head of Red Mountain Creek. There are two reasons given for the moving of Red Mountain Town: the first was that the villagers wanted to be near the Otto Mears toll road, and the second was that the owners of the largest saloon in the District had built a fine new saloon at the new location so the rest of the town just naturally followed them.

In 1891 the Reverend William Davis was sent to Red Mountain Town by the Congregational Church to establish a mission. While the miners of the camp were polite, they informed Mr. Davis they felt no great need of a church. Unable to raise funds to build a church or to locate a room in which to hold services, the good Reverend moved on to Guston, a short distance from Red Mountain Town and a stone's throw from the Guston and Yankee Girl Mines. The Guston miners were enthusiastic about having a church in their camp, and soon a church, complete with steeple and bell, was made ready for the Reverend Davis. One individualist protested because there was no whistle installed at the church to announce services. He reasoned that all during his working life he had been called to work by a mine whistle so why couldn't the church call him to services by a whistle instead of a bell. As the story goes the elders agreed with his reasoning and had a steam whistle installed.

Another trip that Father Gibbons made summer and winter was to Telluride. It is a mystery why Father Gibbons elected to travel to Telluride by the murderous trail that led over the mountains rather than to take the stage to Ridgway, on to Placerville, and then into Telluride. It might be that church finances were low. This trail wandered up Canon Creek past the future site of the Camp Bird Mine and on up to the Revenue Tunnel. At the Revenue it was possible to rent saddle horses for the second leg of the trip to the Virginus Mine. Father Gibbons never mentions the town of Sneffels in connection with the Revenue Tunnel, but mentions he rented his horses at Porter's stable. The rented horse, once the Virginus was reached, was released and quickly galloped back to its stable at Porter's. From the Virginus the trail was narrow and could be used only by men and burros. The steep path zigzagged up the mountain side on past the Humboldt Mine and to the top of the ridge. The trail was steep and narrow on the Telluride side of the mountains until it reached the Sheridan Mine where it broadened out and could be used by horses and burro trains that seemed to be always on the move throughout the San Juans. It seems strange that Father Gibbons makes no mention of the Smuggler or Union Mines as all three properties were located close to each other. Father Gibbons tells the story of leaving Telluride one warm March morning for Ouray. He had rented a horse for the trip as far as the Sheridan Mine, but shortly after entering the trail he met a large burro train coming down the trail. Inasmuch as there was not room enough for both the burros and the horse, he was forced to release his horse and walk the entire distance to the top of Marshall Basin. The snow on the trail was deep and heavy, and because the sun was warm on the slopes he could see several small slides racing down the mountain sides. It was typical snowslide weather and the Padre wondered if the next slide might not be directed across his path. He arrived at the top of the ridge ex-

hausted and after resting for an hour or so he began trudging down the mountain side, but again the snow was heavy and wet. The priest decided he had had enough walking and worrying about snowslides so after folding his heavy overcoat into a pad he sat back on his haunches and with his legs in the air began sliding down the steep hill. Occasionally he slackened his speed by using his feet as brakes. He arrived at the Virginius Mine thoroughly wet and chilled from his sled ride, but in much better shape than if he had tried to stumble down the trail.

When it came time for the Reverend Darley and Father Gibbons to leave the San Juans, other holy men took up their work. And, when death came to the mining industry in the San Juans, as sooner or later it does to all mining districts, and the miners, the faro dealers, and the girls had left for more productive fields, the church stayed on and today in the pleasant little villages of Lake City, Ouray, Silverton, Telluride, and Rico the church bells are still calling the faithful to worship.



1407 SUREO RAILWAY IN THE SAN JUANS

George E. Mellan photo



Westerner's Bookshelf



A CONCISE STUDY GUIDE TO THE AMERICAN FRONTIER, by Nelson Close. University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1964. 8 vo., boards, 200 pp, plus 68 ppography, and an index. \$5.00

The author stresses the importance of westward expansion to American development and gives credit to Frederick Jackson Turner for advancing the idea.

Klose divides the advancing of the frontier into seven phases: 1) The Atlantic Tidewater 2) Old West 3) Eastern Mississippi Region 4) Mississippi Valley 5) Pacific Slope 6) Intermountain Region 7) Great Plains.

The first frontier to be advanced was by the Spanish through the discoveries of Columbus. The first English colonization was on the Atlantic seaboard which ended about 1700.

Klose gives a brief account of some of the western states and describes many of the problems which were encountered in the development of the frontier, such as: property, intrusion on Indian lands, treaties and Indian wars, distribution of public lands, "Squatters' Rights," Preemption Act of 1842, Homestead Act of 1862, financial effects on United States banks, transportation, government and politics, people and religious culture, mining, farming, and formation of towns.

This volume, which deals with the many phases of pioneer life and westward expansion, is a good guide and study, with excellent references to the frontier of America.

Nolie Mumey

THE WESTERNERS BRAND BOOK — No. 11 - Los Angeles Corral \$20.00.

Upon seeing this new volume, one is immediately aware that the style, size, and format of the first ten volumes of Brand Books from the Los Angeles Corral have been abandoned and that the present book has the same general appearance as the Brand Books of the Denver Posse. The earlier ten volumes, with pages about 8" x 10", were from the press of Homer H. Boelter, of Hollywood. No. 11 is by the Ward Ritchie Press and its pages are about 6" x 9".

Editor Russ Leadabrand has done something with this book that marks a departure from the "theory" of all previous Brand Books. He has not published the heterogenous articles or papers that have been given in a particular year to a particular group of Westerners or that have been random selections from other writers. With the blessings, it would appear, of the Los Angeles Westerners he has a book devoted to *one* subject: **The California Deserts**. True, the eleven chapters are written by that many different writers and so it is not exactly one "story"; but having a central theme makes for easy and entertaining reading; in fact, this reviewer did not lay the book down until it had been completely read. The volume is not as long as might appear from its size, for rather heavy paper is used for its 250 pages. The illustrations have fared well on the paper chosen.

(Continued on page 20)

TRAIL DUST

NEW OFFICERS FOR 1965

At the Christmas meeting, which was held this year at the Cherry Hills Country Club, the following were elected as officers for 1965:

Sheriff—**J. Nevin Carson.**

Deputy Sheriff—**Guy Herstrom.**

Register of Marks and Brands —
Arthur Campa.

Roundup Foreman and Tally Man
(Combined into one) — **Fred Maz-
zulla.**

Chuck Wrangler—**William Powell.**

NEW POSSE MEMBER

At the December meeting **Herbert O'Hanlon** of Aurora, Colorado, was elected to membership in the Posse. Herb has been a Corresponding Member for several years, is an expert and authority on Colorado railroad history, and has been President of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club. Welcome, Herb.

With this issue of the Roundup, your editor bids you a fond Adieu. This year has gone by faster than any of the previous ones in my life. Ben Franklin once said, "If you want a short winter, sign a note that comes due in the spring." To paraphrase that, "If you want a short year, take a job where you have to get out a small magazine every month."

Seriously though, it has been a lot of fun. I didn't do some of the things I had planned, but then I guess that's normal. One of the nicest things about the job has been my association with the Johnson Publishing Company. To

Ray Johnson, Jerry Johnson, and Carl Akers, my sincere thanks and appreciation for their cooperation, help and patience with an editor who thought a Pica was some kind of a fish, and half tones were made by singers with adenoids.

Now I turn the reins over to Art Campa, who will edit next year's Roundup. Be sure and keep your membership so that you won't miss a single issue.

F. B. R.

TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE DENVER POSSE OF WESTERNERS

As my term of office as your Sheriff comes to an end I wish to personally thank the Officers, Committee Chairmen, and all members . . . Posse, Reserve and Corresponding . . . for their very excellent assistance and attendance during the year 1964.

We have had exceptionally fine attendance at all our meetings, with outstanding papers presented by our speakers. These of course will be published in our annual Brand Book this coming year.

Members might be interested in knowing that the Denver Posse of Westerners is one of the largest in the United States, with members in every State and many foreign countries, England, France, Germany, Sweden, and others. Also, many of our Denver Posse members hold memberships in various of the other Westerners groups in the nation . . . from whom we are always happy to exchange ideas. Best wishes to all of you in the new year.

Sincerely,

Numa L. James, Sheriff

Denver Posse of Westerners

Using a time approach, the articles may be mentioned in this order: Pre-historic man in the desert is well covered in an outline archaeological study. Pre-gold-rush days are also involved in the biography of the Ute Wakara, who utilized the entire western desert areas for his horse stealing and slavery operations.

Of course the desert, especially Death Valley, experienced a new utilization with the discovery of gold in California. The longest treatise in the Brand Book, 50 pages, deals with the question of whether or not there was a "Lost Wagon Train" aside from the known troubles of a train in 1849. There are two examples of covering the history of a given area: Red Rock Canyon has a rather complete story; and then the Ghost Towns of Inyo County smacks of the familiar life-to-death struggle of mining camps. The travel over the desert is reflected in three articles: One deals with Sackett's Lost Wells of the Butterfield Overland Mail route; another treats of the forgotten Army Posts along the southern route; and still another tells the saga of Remi Nadeau, who reigned in the period 1869-1882 as the king of the desert freighters with his many-muled teams.

From 1920 on there was a Denver-

born photographer specializing in desert pictures, Burton Frasher. His life is outlined and then a portfolio of his pictures make up a separate section of the book. Then came the Desert Magazine, started in 1937, which has had a most successful career devoted entirely to the history and pictures of the desert; all fiction barred.

The Brand Book Editor, loving his desert, has wished to quell our qualms about the harshness of the desert, and he certainly has led us to a better understanding of the area. But one still gets thirsty while reading of the problems faced through lack of water. And one is still a bit worried about lost wells, forgotten army posts, wagon train mysteries, and ghost towns. Also these things lead to some understanding of California's fight for a share in *our* Colorado River waters, which subject is competently outlined in a recital of the results to date of the Colorado River Compact of 1922.

Railroad enthusiasts may complain about the absence of any story of the lines that crossed the desert, but one cannot have everything in a book limited in size.

A bibliography and expertly prepared index complete the book.

Erl H. Ellis

JANUARY MEETING

Date: January 27, 1965

Place: Denver Press Club

Time: 6:30 P.M.

Program: Reviewing the Western Literary Scene,
by **PM Armand Reeder**