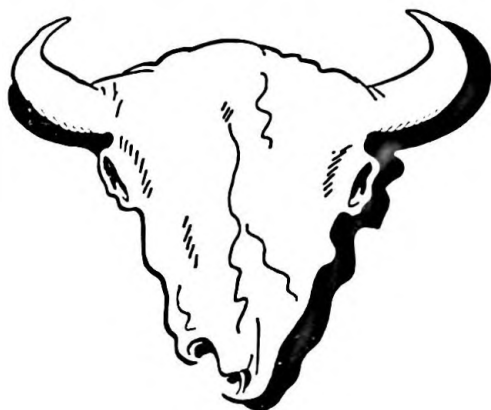


*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
**ROUNDUP**

JANUARY  
1965  
Volume XXI  
Number 1



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**A HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL  
PARKS IN COLORADO**

by

**Edmund B. Rogers**

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# The Denver Westerners Monthly



## ROUNDUP

Vol. XXI, Number 1

January, 1965

The ROUNDUP is published monthly by the Denver Posse of Westerners. \$4.00 per year. Entered as second class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office: 839 Pearl St., Boulder, Colorado, 80302. The Westerners office: 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Copyright 1964 by the Westerners Inc., a Colorado Corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

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### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Edmund B. Rogers was born in Denver, attended Cornell University for one year, and went back to Yale where he got his BA in the class of 1915. After two years with the Colorado National Bank, he became associated with the American Red Cross and later assumed the post of superintendent of the Rocky Mountain National Park. This eventually led to his appointment of superintendent of Yellowstone National Park in 1936 until his retirement. His interest in the national parks of Colorado is professional as well as personal. He and his wife, Sarah, have been prominent in Denver circles. Mr. Rogers is a member of the Colorado Mountain Club, of which he was charter member and president for two years. He is also a member of the University Club, Mile High Club, Cactus Club, and Rotary.

# A History of the National Parks In Colorado

by Edmund B. Rogers

The philosophy of land use and management of areas in the Federal Park System is spelled out in the Act of August 25, 1916, establishing the National Park Service. The act instructs the Service to promote and regulate the use of the areas under its administration by such means and measures as to conform to the fundamental purposes for which they were established. It defines the purposes to be to "conserve the scenery and the natural and historic objects and the wild life therein and to provide for the enjoyment of the same in such manner and by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations."

There are today eleven areas in Colorado which are administered by the National Park Service. Two of these areas are National Parks, one National Historic Site, six National Monuments and two National Recreation Areas. The two national parks, Mesa Verde and Rocky Mountain Parks were established by specific acts of Congress. Bent's Old Fort National Historic Site on the old Santa Fe Trail in the Arkansas Valley was recently authorized by the Act of June 3, 1960 after the State Historical Society offered to deed the tract to the Federal Government.

The National Park Service, under an interbureau agreement with the Reclamation Service, manages the recreational use at the Navajo National Recreation Area in the San Juan River basin and Shadow Mountain National Recreation Area near Grand Lake.

Under the Antiquities Act of June 6, 1906, eight National Monuments in Colorado have been set aside by Presidential Proclamation. Of these, two have been abolished by Acts of Congress.

The National Monuments created in Colorado under authority of this act are:

- |                 |   |
|-----------------|---|
| <i>Wheeler</i>  | December 7, 1908. A little known tract of badlands high above Creede, in the San Juan Mountains. It was abolished as a national monument and returned to the administration of the U. S. Forest Service by the Act of August 3, 1950. |
| <i>Colorado</i> | May 24, 1911. Sheer-walled canyons, towering monoliths and weird formations hewed by erosion in sandstone along the Colorado River west of Grand Junction.  |

- Dinosaur*                      October 4, 1915. This area on the Utah-Colorado border contains fossil remains of dinosaurs and other ancient animals. Boundary was extended into Colorado to include spectacular canyons cut by the Green and Yampa Rivers through upfolded mountains, by Proclamation of July 14, 1938.
- Yucca House*                      December 19, 1919. Unexcavated ruins of large prehistoric Indian pueblo in far southwestern Colorado.
- Hovenweep*                      March 3, 1923. Six groups of remarkable prehistoric towers, pueblos, and cliff dwellings in Utah and Colorado.
- Holy Cross*                      May 11, 1929. The face of the mountain bearing the Holy Cross. It was abolished as a national monument by the Act of August 3, 1950 and lands returned to the administration of the U. S. Forest Service.
- Great Sand Dunes*                      March 17, 1932. Among the largest and highest dunes in the United States were deposited over thousands of years in the San Luis Valley by southwesterly winds, rising against the lofty Sangre de Cristo Mountains.
- Black Canyon of the Gunnison*                      March 23, 1933. Awe-inspiring, sheer-walled canyon with shadowed depths accentuating the darkness of ancient rocks of obscure origin.

The areas administered by the National Park Service fall into three broad categories:

- Natural History.*      This group includes the great scenic areas with which we are all familiar. These are the areas in which nature is encouraged to follow its course.
- Human History.*      These are the areas of national significance that are identified with the activities of man, both historic and prehistoric. In this case it is man's modification of the environment or association that gives it some quality which is being preserved.
- Use Areas.*              This group was established predominantly for recreation use. Included in it are the National Recreation Areas, the National Seashores, National Parkways and the National Capitol Parks.

The establishing of areas for national protection and preservation only by specific acts of Congress was cumbersome and ineffective but the Congress was long reluctant to relinquish its prerogatives or to delegate its authority. After a series of proposals extending through many sessions,

Congress passed, and the President approved on June 6, 1906, an act to authorize the designation of areas to be known as national monuments. Under this act, known as the Antiquities Act, the President is authorized to set aside by proclamation, historic landmarks, historic and prehistoric structures, and other objects of historic or scientific interest which are situated upon lands owned or controlled by the Government.

Yellowstone National Park, the first of the Federal parks, was established in 1872. Three years later a portion of the military reservation on Mackinac Island in Michigan, was designated a national park. Remote in concept from our present ideas of a national area, Mackinac National Park was ceded to the State of Michigan in 1896 and is now forgotten as a national area. After this only one area, a grove of redwoods in California, antedates the first proposal to set aside a national park in Colorado.

It must be borne in mind that the forest reserve and national park concepts grew up side by side, probably stemming from the same root. It was not until the turn of the century that the two philosophies of land use as we know them today were distinctly separated. In the Act of 1890 which made the original withdrawal of lands which now comprise parts of Yosemite, and Sequoia National Parks, the word "park" does not appear. They were "reserved forest lands." The first proposals to set aside Glacier National Park were for "reserved forest lands." The Yellowstone Timberland Reserve, the first withdrawal under the basic Forest Reserve Act of March 3, 1891 which authorized the President to withdraw forest lands by proclamation, was placed under the administration of the Yellowstone National Park, and the park regulations for land use were applied to it. It was considered a part of the park to the extent that bills were later introduced to add it to the park. When the forest reserves were transferred from the Department of the Interior to the Department of Agriculture in 1905, the transfer of the parks with the forest reserves was considered by Congress.

Now we will turn to Colorado and review the history of the various proposals to establish parks in that state.

Hot and mineral springs have always caught the human fancy. Possibly the dominant interest grows out of some real or fancied medicinal and healing qualities they offer. Certainly legend and superstition have colored the approach. Proposals in Congress to reserve specific hot springs areas, and even to withdraw from entry all hot springs on the public domain have been perennial subjects of discussion.

Hot and mineral springs occur in almost every state of the Union. There are many in widely scattered parts of Colorado: Manitou, Idaho Springs, Glenwood, Poncha Springs, Waunita, Ouray, Pagosa and Hot Springs in Grand County and many others have been exploited. Hot

Springs of Arkansas, now a national park was withdrawn and reserved as early as 1832. In the proposal in 1864 to grant the Yosemite Valley to the State of California, hot springs were featured. The unique hydrothermal phenomena was the dominant consideration in the establishment of Yellowstone. Platt National Park in Oklahoma was originally withdrawn for its medical springs.

We have been discussing hot springs because the first proposal to establish a Federal park in Colorado, only six years after the Yellowstone was set aside, centered around Pagosa hot springs.

These springs first came to be known by the white man in 1859 when an expedition of the United States Topographical Survey explored the region. The springs had been frequented and used from time immemorial by both the Ute and Navajo Indians. Pagosa is said to be an Ute word meaning "healing waters."

In 1871 a Hot Springs reservation at this site comprising a mile square surrounding the principal springs had been set aside by Executive Order of the President. Fort Lewis Military Reservation comprising six square miles surrounding the hot springs reserve was established in 1878. In 1880 the hot springs reservation was designated a townsite, platted and opened to entry. The Army Post was abandoned in 1882.

In the 45th Congress (1877-1878) two identical bills were introduced carrying the title, "Relating to the Pagosa Hot Springs in the State of Colorado," in the Senate (S951) by Teller, and (HR4924) in the House of Representatives by Patterson. The act provided for the appointment by the Secretary of the Interior of a superintendent whose duties were to oversee the reservation, improve and protect it from deperidation. It does not specifically establish a park but it does so by implication. While the legislation was supported by a memorial of the Legislature of Colorado, the House bill was not reported out of Committee and the Senate bill was reported adversely.

The protection of the Pagosa Hot Springs did not come again in Congress until eight years later in the 49th Congress (1885-1886). In the interim the hot springs reservation had been opened to entry and the military post had been abandoned. On December 21, 1885 a bill, (HR194) was introduced in the House by Mr. Symes, carrying the title, "To establish a public park at Pagosa Springs in the State of Colorado." It provided that the described lands should be under the control of the Secretary of the Interior and, "hereafter be known as Bruno's Park." The described lands apparently included only those lots in the townsite which had not been patented. An identical bill (S1073), was introduced in the Senate by Senator Bowen on January 13, 1886. It was reported out of the Public Lands Committee with amendments which

provide that the lands be granted to the State of Colorado as a public park. No further action was taken on either bill. A memorial of the Legislature of Colorado supported the legislation.

Mr. Symes introduced the bill (HR1256) again in the next, 50th Congress (1887-1888). It was not reported out of committee.

In the 51st Congress (1889-1890) a bill (S2845) carrying the same title was introduced on February 25, 1890 by Senator Teller. The bill made the described lands a grant to the State of Colorado with some restrictions. Although a petition of the citizens of Pagosa Springs and Archuleta County protested against the bill, it was reported out with amendments and passed the Senate just at the end of the second session. The House did not act upon it.

A bill (HR7059) introduced by Mr. Townsend on February 17, 1890 in this Congress providing for the establishment of Bruno Park as a federal area was not acted upon. The name honors Felix Reville Brunot (misspelled Bruno in the bills), who was for several years a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, and was identified with the region as the result of important but now forgotten treaty negotiations with the Ute Indians. These treaties opened up the western half of the State of Colorado.

This sorry of the efforts to establish a federal park or the equivalent at Pagosa Springs was the first proposal made by the people of Colorado to accomplish anything of the sort. It came to nothing. Today the principal use of the hot springs is to provide heat for both public and private buildings.

In the 51st Congress (1889-1890) another proposal to establish a park appeared in Congress. Senator Wolcott of Colorado introduced a bill (3411), "To establish and maintain a national park in the State of Colorado." The lands involved comprised an immense tract of approximately 1,885 square miles, "lying near the head waters of the Yampa, White and Grand (Colorado) Rivers, commonly called the White River Plateau." The area included practically all of the White River Plateau or the "Flat Tops." It was bounded on the north and east by the Yampa River and on the east and southeast by the Colorado River, then called the Grand.

The bill was not reported out of committee and no further action was taken on it. The proposed park included a magnificent forest stand but no well known scenic points except possibly Trappers Lake. The project was one of the forerunners of the establishment of national forests. With the passage of the basic forest reserve Act of March 3, 1891, a large portion of this area was set aside as the White River Plateau Timberland

Reserve, by Presidential Proclamation of October 16, 1891. It was the second reservation set up under this act.

We turn now to another project for a national park in Colorado and the first to succeed. The prehistoric relics of Mesa Verde were first brought to public attention in 1876 with the publication of the Hayden Survey reports of 1874, 1875 and 1876. The pictures of cliff dwellings taken by Wm. H. Jackson had wide distribution. In the next few years many scientific studies were made which resulted in new discoveries and brought out immense quantities of artifacts. Pot hunters moved in and raided the unprotected structures. The pottery, tools and relics were widely scattered. Large collections went to Sweden and to the University of Pennsylvania. The State Historical Society of Colorado acquired a display that had been shown at the Columbia Worlds Fair in Chicago.

As early as 1886 a small but vigorous and untiring group of women dedicated themselves to preservation of the area and to salvaging of what had been passed over. For twenty years they worked tirelessly for support of the project. They gave lectures and in 1894 circulated petitions addressed to Congress. They solicited aid from various scientific and archeological organizations. At first they operated as an independent group. In 1897 they affiliated themselves with the Colorado and National Federation of Womens Clubs, and became the Committee for the Preservation and Restoration of the Cliff and Pueblo Ruins in Colorado.

The obstacles in the way of the committee's program were tremendous and seemingly insurmountable. The outstanding structures were located on Indian Treaty tribal lands. There was no legal authority under which these lands could be purchased or leased. The Indians had to be dealt with as a tribe. The chiefs quarreled among themselves and were jealous of each other and their holdings. The committee itself was also torn by a lack of unanimity and by clashes of personalities.

In 1900 the committee incorporated a non-profit Colorado corporation under the name of the "Colorado Cliff Dwellers Association." Those signing the articles were the following women, nearly all leaders and at that time widely known.

|                          |                     |
|--------------------------|---------------------|
| Luna A. Thatcher         | Emma Eldridge       |
| Virginia Donahue McClurg | Katherine Sumner    |
| Lucy E. Peabody          | Melissa Lewis Lewis |
| Anne Whitmore            | Lena Allen Stoiber  |
|                          | Rebecca J. Lowe     |

In 1900 the association negotiated a ten-year lease with the Weemanuchee tribe of Utes. The lease was submitted to the Department of the Interior. The Department would not approve it for several technical



reasons, chiefly because there was no authority in law for making the lease.

With the help of Senator Wolcott the Civil Sundry Appropriation Act of March 3, 1901 carried a rider which authorized the lease. The previous objections were overcome and the lease was approved by the Department of the Interior later that year. Alva Adams and David G. Fairley executed the necessary performance bond.

On February 22, 1901 in the closing days of the second session of the 56th Congress (1899-1900) Congressman Shafroth introduced a bill (HR14262) under the title, "Creating the Colorado Cliff Dwellings National Park." It was not reported back by the Public Lands Committee.

In the following Congress the 57th (1901-1902), two bills (HR7461) and (HR6270) were introduced in the House of Representatives by Messrs. Bell and Shafroth. While these bills were supported by a memorial of the Colorado Legislature, neither was reported back. However, in this Congress authority was enacted authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to negotiate for the relinquishment by the Indians of the tract and an appropriation for a survey of the mesa was provided.

In the 58th Congress (1903-1904) two bills "Creating the Colorado Cliff Dwellings National Park," (HR6784 and HR15986) were introduced in the House of Representatives by Messrs. Shafroth and Hogg. The Hogg bill was reported back with amendments but got no further action.

Bills under the title, "Creating Mesa Verde National Park," were introduced again in both Houses of Congress, the Senate Bill (S3245) by Patterson and the House Bill (HR5998) by Hogg, in the 59th Congress, 1905-1906). The House bill was passed by both houses and was signed by the President on June 26, 1906 to become the organic act of Mesa Verde National Park.

The battle was only partially won by the passage of the act establishing the park. The lands set aside by the act did not include any land within the Indian Reservation. However, the act did provide protection to all ruins within five miles of the park. It was not until 1913 that Congress ratified a treaty with the Utes and extended the park boundary to include the Indian lands. The victory was won!

The next proposal for a national park in Colorado also appeared in the 59 Congress (1905-1906). On December 6, 1905 Mr. Brooks of Colorado introduced in the House of Representatives a bill (HR4545), "Creating the Royal Gorge National Park," and another bill (HR4546) to cede the Royal Gorge to the city of Canon City. Senator Patterson introduced in the Senate on January 15, 1906 a bill (S3246) creating the Royal Gorge National Park, and on the same day another bill (S3247) ceding the Royal Gorge to the city of Canon City. On February 21, 1906 Mr. Brooks

introduced another bill (HR15344) to set apart the Royal Gorge as a public park.

The first House bill (HR4546) was passed by both Houses and was approved by the President June 11, 1906. As said above, the bill granted the Royal Gorge to the city of Canon City as a park. Some twenty-five years later the subject of establishing the park came up again. In the 71st Congress (1929-1930) Mr. Waterman on April 22, 1929 introduced a bill (S376) to repeal Cession Act of June 11, 1906 and set the area up as a national park.

The bill was not acted upon. The Royal Gorge remains today a municipal park of Canon City, commercialized by a toll suspension bridge and a cable railway.

The proposal to establish a national park in the Front Range of Colorado originated with Enos Mills who operated Longs Peak Inn. As early as 1910 he was, almost single handed, vigorously promoting the idea which he called the "Estes Park Project." He gave lectures, wrote articles and used every other resource within his reach. His approach



Spring House, Mesa Verde National Park

Denver Public Library Western Collection

was colored by an ardent distrust and dislike for the U. S. Forest Service. Unfortunately after the establishment of the park he turned against the Park Service too, and fought it with the same vigor with which he had supported its creation. He eventually was successful in having his property eliminated from the park.

The opposition to the park centered around the Forst Service. It was reluctant to surrender control over the lands concerned, and rallied to its side many private property owners as well as the mining, lumber and grazing interests.

The Colorado Mountain Club picked up the proposal and made the creation of the park its first major project. Although still in its infancy, having been organized in 1912, the club's influence reached far beyond the scope of Enos Mills' reach. The club won the support of other conservation groups, chambers of commerce, and service organizations, and gained nation-wide support for the project.

The first bill which was drafted by the president of the club, James Grafton Rogers, was introduced in the closing days of the 62nd Congress, (1911-1912). Congressman Rucker of Colorado introduced the bill (HR28649) on February 6, 1913, and on the following day Senator Thomas of Colorado sponsored the bill (S8403) in the Senate. Both bills were referred to the Committees on Public Lands. Although supported by a joint memorial of the Legislature of Colorado, neither bill was reported out.

The proposed park straddled the Continental Divide from Hagues Peak on the north to the line of the Moffat Road on the south, comprising some 800,000 acres.

The bills were introduced again at the beginning of the 63rd Congress (1913-1914) in the House (HR1634) on April 7, 1913 by Mr. Taylor and in the Senate (S580) by Senator Thomas on the following day. Both bills were referred to the Committee on Public Lands. Although Mr. Taylor had sponsored the bill, he went on record as a member of the House Committee on Public Lands opposing the bill because it covered too much land. Both bills died in committee.

The bill was redrafted to pull the south boundary back to the vicinity of Arapahoe Glacier and introduced in the Senate (S6007) by Senator Thomas on June 29, 1914, and in the House (HR17514) on July 2, 1914 by Congressman Taylor. Although the area of the park had been cut in half it still did not satisfy Mr. Taylor who insisted that the area should be reduced to one third of the original proposal. Neither bill was reported out of committee.

The bill was again revised and the south boundary moved further in. It (S6309) was introduced in the Senate only, by Senator Thomas on

August 17, 1914 and referred to the Senate Committee on the Public Lands. It was reported out of that committee, (S Rept. 792) on April 16, 1914 with amendments which drew the south boundary back to the drainage of the Middle St. Vrain River, and was amended and passed in the Senate. In the House a public hearing on the bill was held late in December of that year. Those appearing at the hearing on the bill:

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Governor Elias M. Ammons of Colorado                   | Enos A. Mills                                |
| Governor Elect George Carlson                          | Senator Charles S. Thomas                    |
| Senator John F. Shafroth                               | R. B. Marshall,                              |
| Mark Daniels, Superintendent and<br>Landscape Engineer | Chief Topographer<br>U. S. Geological Survey |
| National Park Service                                  |  |

Practically all the testimony presented was favorable to the park.

The Front Range Settlers League, an intangible organization, continued to shout its objections. Charles E. Hewes, operator of the well known Hewes Kirkwood Inn, Estes Park, was its voice signing as Secretary, but he refused to reveal who constituted its membership.

At the close of the hearing Morrison Shafroth who was chairman of the Colorado Mountain Club National Park Committee, presented a stereoptical exhibition of the hand colored photographs taken by F. W. Byerly.

The bill was reported (H Rept. 1775) with some minor amendments from the House Committee on the Public Lands by Mr. Taylor on January 12, 1915. It was amended and passed by the House and was approved by the President on January 26, 1915.

The park as established comprised approximately a quarter of a million acres. However, the boundary has never been finally stabilized. Revisions are continually under study. Thirteen boundary revisions have been made by Congress since the park was created.

With the establishment of Rocky Mountain National Park the state became park conscious. Denver developed an elaborate program for a mountain park system. A proposal to establish a national park centering on Mt. Evans became a part of the plan. In the 64th Congress (1915-1916) Congressman Hilliard on February 25, 1916 introduced a bill (HR12276) carrying the title, "To establish the Denver National Park in the State of Colorado, and for other purposes." The bill was never referred out of Committee.

Earlier in the same Congress, bill (S8064 and HR20754) were introduced making an appropriation of \$200,000 for the construction of a scenic road to Mt. Evans and granting the City of Denver the right of way over the public lands within a mile of said road.

In the following Congress 65th, (1917-1918) the bill to establish

Denver National Park was again introduced in both Houses of Congress by Senator Shafroth (S3587) and by Mr. Hilliard (HR9229). The bills were not reported out of committee. The project died.

It was almost twenty years before another proposal to establish a national park in Colorado was introduced in Congress.

On June 29, 1946 in the 79th Congress (1945-1946) Senator Johnson of Colorado introduced a bill (S2395) carrying the title, "To establish a National Elks Scenic Area and Park in the San Juan Range of the Rocky Mountains." The lands involved were described as "so much of the San Juan Range of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado as is included within the Uncompahgre, the Montezuma, the San Juan and the Rio Grande National Forests." This tract comprises almost the entire mountain section in southwestern Colorado. It placed jurisdiction in the Secretary of Agriculture and directed him "to develop and maintain the area as a scenic and recreational area without interfering with other uses authorized under applicable provisions of law relating to national forests." It further authorized the construction and maintenance of roads, trails, ski courses, buildings and other works, and the establishment and operation of facilities to service the convenience of the public in carrying out the purposes of the act. It also provided for reasonable charges for the use of such facilities and the expenditure of the revenue in carrying out the purposes. It authorized an appropriation in the sum of \$2,000,000 in carrying out the purposes of the act. The bill carried a new concept of national park use in that it tied the administration into the Forest Service activities.

The background of this bill is not available. Senator Johnson tells me that he cannot remember introducing the bill nor the source of pressure behind it. He says that from the title of the bill it probably had something to do with the Fraternal Order of Elks. He dismissed the subject with the suggestion that he probably introduced the bill, as he did many other, just to satisfy some pressure at the moment.

Senator Johnson introduced the bill (S251) again on January 15, 1947 in the next Congress 80th, (1947-1948). Neither of the bills was reported out of committee.

Some of the finest mountain scenery in Colorado is to be found in the San Juan and San Miguel Mountains. Being quite inaccessible, it is little known and is frequented only by relatively few hardy mountaineers. However, through the years the proposal to establish a national park in the San Juan Mountains has come up again and again, and has been the subject of various studies. Today there is a committee of the Colorado Mountain Club working on a project.

Turning back many years to the 49th Congress (1885-1886) we find

probably one of the most fantastic and puzzling proposals in the history of national park legislation.

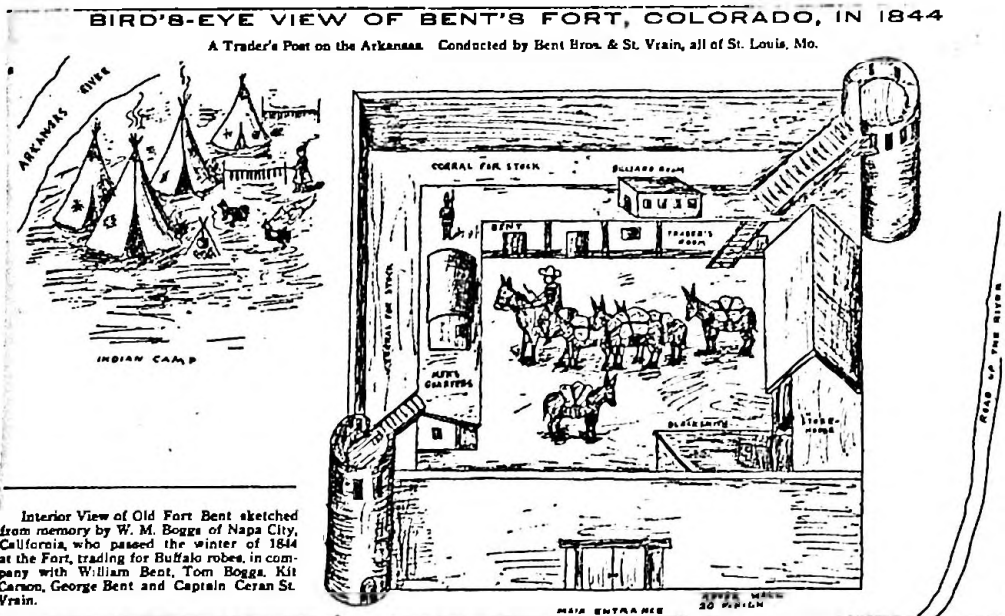
On March 6, 1886 Congressman Bunnell of Pennsylvania introduced a bill (HR6580) carrying the title, "To protect and preserve the scenery in South Park, Colorado, known as the Garden of the Gods." When printed the title was changed to read, "To preserve and protect the Garden of the Gods, in Colorado from spoliation, and to create a public park of the same." The bill was referred to the Committee on the Public Lands but was not reported out.

The text of Congressman Bunnell's bill is so curious and startling that it deserves reading in full. It is:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the tract of land in the State of Colorado lying near the center of said state and described as follows to wit:

Commencing where the twenty-eighth degree of west longitude crosses and intersects the thirty-ninth degree of north latitude, and running east fifteen miles, thence south thirty miles, thence west thirty miles, thence north thirty miles, thence east fifteen miles, to the place of beginning,

is hereby reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy, or sale



under the laws of the United States, and dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasuring ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people, and all persons who shall locate or settle upon or occupy the same, or any part thereof, except as hereinafter provided, shall be considered trespassers and removed therefrom.

'Sec. 2. That the said public park shall be under the exclusive control of the Secretary of the Interior, whose duty it shall be, as soon as practicable, to make and publish such rules and regulations as he may deem necessary or proper for the care and management of the same. Such regulations shall provide for the preservation from injury or spoliation of all timber, mineral deposits, natural curiosities or wonders within said park, and their retention in their natural condition. The Secretary may, in his discretion grant leases for building purposes in said park, and purchase those already built, yet so as that no corporation or person who has already acquired title or lawful possession, or both, in the bounds of said park, shall be deprived of any property without a fair compensation, freely accepted by such owner or possessor.

'Sec. 3. That the Secretary shall provide against the wanton destruction of wild beasts or birds found within said park, and against their capture for the purposes of merchandise or profit. He shall also cause all persons trespassing upon the same, after the passage of this act, to be removed therefrom, and generally shall be authorized to take all such measures as shall be necessary or proper to fully carry out the objects and purposes of this act."

So read the language of the law proposed. This legislation covers a vast area. It includes Pikes Peak, Colorado Springs, Colorado City, Manitou and now Cripple Creek but mentions none of them. It does not lie in South Park. It includes quantities of land, even then in private ownership. Indeed the Garden of the Gods itself is recited as the main subject was no longer government property. Two railroads already crossed the described tract. In short in 1886 when Bunnell offered this bill the area was a well populated section of Colorado including but not mentioning the most famous mountain in America.

The provisions of the bill follow, in general that of the Act of March 1, 1872 establishing Yellowstone National Park, with two exceptions. It recognizes the existing private patented land holdings and authorizes their acquisition. It also provides that any revenue derived from the the operation may be use dfor development and improvements.

The lands described are a 30-mile square, 900 square miles comprising 576,000 acres. This is approximately one-fourth the area of Yellowstone National Park and little over two times the area of Rocky Mountain National Park. The north boundary passed through the town of Woodland Park and bisected the present Air Force Academy reservation. The east boundary skirted Austin Bluffs near the present eastern

corporate limits of the city of Colorado Springs. The south boundary lay near Cooper Mountain, eight miles north of Canon City. Lake George is just outside the northwest corner of the tract.

Approximately 60% of the lands involved had been patented and were in private ownership. Part of the tract was subject to a previous withdrawal for Pikes Peak Military Reservation which had been established by an Executive Order of December 12, 1873, and was not relinquished until January 22, 1889.

Colorado City which had been briefly the second territorial capital in 1862 had been platted in 1859 and became the first incorporated city in the state.

Colorado Springs had been laid out by General Palmer in 1871 when the first railroad reached its site. By the end of the first year the town boasted 150 buildings and a population of 800.

Manitou Springs had been platted by General Palmer in 1871 under the name of Villa La Font. The resort Manitou House had been built in 1872. The city was incorporated under the name of Manitou Springs in 1886.

Woodland Park, then known as Manitou Park was a flourishing mountain resort as early as 1875.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad had for many years crossed the proposed park at its eastern edge. The Colorado Midland Railroad had already pushed through Ute Pass from Colorado Springs and several communities had grown up along its line. The Manitou and Pikes Peak Railway had been incorporated in 1885 but the nine miles of track were not laid until 1889-1890. The 1890 census shows a population of El Paso County to be 21,239.

No available information reveals the origin or background of the introduction of this proposal in Congress. Bills do not appear spontaneously on the floors of Congress. They are always the result of pressure, either personal, local or national. Frequently a Congressman will introduce a bill to satisfy this pressure in the hope that his act will relieve him of any further obligation. It is a long and strenuous campaign to carry a bill through the complicated machinery and over the hurdles in Congress. In the great majority of bills introduced in Congress, the sources of the pressure behind them are quite obvious. In most other cases the pressure can be ferreted out with some research. However, the origin of the Garden of the Gods proposal is shrouded in mystery.

Frank C. Bunnell represented the 15th Congressional District of Pennsylvania, comprising the four counties of Susquehanna, Wayne, Wyoming and Bradford, in the northeast corner of the state. He had been elected to fill a vacancy in the 42nd Congress but was not reelected



again until the 49th Congress. He attended the Wyoming Seminary at Kingston, Pennsylvania. After a brief service as a volunteer in the Civil War, with a health discharge in 1863 he set up a mercantile business in Tunkhannock, Pennsylvania near his birthplace. Five years later he established the banking house of F. C. Bunnell and Company there. He was active in farming and local civic organizations. His contributions toward beautifying and improving the borough in which he resided were locally recognized. He listed himself as a farmer, merchant and banker.

In the first session of the 49th Congress he introduced a total of 32 bills of which all except the Garden of the Gods proposal were private. His only speech on the floor of the House was one on the subject of oleomargarine. He apparently was in poor health as many leaves of absence were recorded in the records.

Available records do not reveal that Mr. Bunnell ever visited the West or had any association with the dominant figures such as General Palmer, who were active in the development of the Pikes Peak region. Many of them were also Pennsylvanians, but the Congressman seems never to have known them.

There is nothing to indicate that the Colorado delegation in Congress showed any interest or took any part in the Pikes Peak proposal. Senators Teller and Symes and Representative Bowen were national park conscious. The latter two had introduced two Bruno Park bills in this same Congress and were pushing them through. In the following Congress Senator Teller sponsored a bill to authorize the construction of a road to the top of Pikes Peak.

The selection of the name for the proposed park is puzzling. The Garden of the Gods, picturesque as the name is, was this time little known and of scarcely more than local renown. It was in private ownership and was not returned to public ownership until 1909, when the children of Charles E. Perkins whose father had acquired it from the original patentee in 1879, deeded a tract of 480 acres to the city of Colorado Springs for a public park.

The dominant physical feature of the proposed park was, of course, Pikes Peak which was known throughout the nation but was not mentioned in the bill. It was one of the best known landmarks of the West. It had become the very symbol of the development of the Rocky Mountains. Countless covered wagons rolling across the Great Plains had carried the banner, "Pikes Peak or Bust." It is interesting to speculate as to what the fate of this proposed park might have been had it been identified with the magic name of Pikes Peak, and if established how its existence would have influenced the economy and development of the Pikes Peak region.

The foregoing recounts all that the records of Congress reveal of the history of projects for national parks in Colorado through the 80th Congress. It is a curious and unfamiliar chapter in our chronicles.



## Westerner's Bookshelf



**THE HIGHER LEARNING IN COLORADO, An Historical Study, 1860-1940—Michael McGiffert. Sage Books. 307 pp. \$6.50.**

Anyone who looks at the thriving institutions of higher learning in Colorado today could never imagine the trials and tribulations which these colleges and universities went through before attaining their present distinguished status. Professor McGiffert has included in his book, public as well as private institutions and covers those which have closed as well as those which are still in operation. Few of us realize that the Episcopal Church had a school called *St. John the Evangelist* in Golden or that there was another school called *Fountain College* in Colorado City for one year, or a Presbyterian College called *Longmont College* in the city of the same name. There was even a *Rocky Mountain University* from 1887 to 1902. Of the 18 private institutions, 9 have survived some becoming state institutions eventually like the *Colorado Mining College* which is now *Colorado School of Mines*.

The two leading universities in Colorado today, the *University of Colorado* and the *University of Denver*, went through some very difficult periods during the past century. Within the memory of a number of Coloradoians the now distinguished *University of Colorado* was referred to

as "Boulder High School" and the *University of Denver* was known under the unflattering nickname of "Tramway Tech" or "the college at the end of the streetcar line." Professor McGiffert has included in his study not only a factual account, but he has given the readers considerable background in the political intrigue generated in the institutions' attempt to secure funds. It appears that some of our leading legislators were somewhat reluctant to provide funds for higher education and as a result some of the private institutions run by various religious denominations fared better, for example, *Colorado College* was able to raise the remarkable sum of \$200,000 at the turn of the century. At this same time, the *University of Colorado* stood "in every sense at the foot of the salaried list," with an income for operating expenses which paid only one half of the sum needed.

Outside of the factual and statistical chapters in the first part of the book which he entitles, "Rhetoric and Realities" there are two others which reveal what Professor McGiffert calls the "western brand." Chapter 3 entitled, "The Democratic Stress" and 4 and 5, "Quest for Visibility and Risks of Visibility." By visibility in this case Professor McGiffert means the search for public prominence. According to the author the character of higher education in Colorado was given a pronounced democratic bent by principle

and circumstance alike. This applied to both private and public institutions.

From the detailed account given in the book, it would seem that teachers salaries and the cost of living did not become properly equated until just recently. From 1895 to 1911, for example, the average faculty salary remained at \$1800 while the cost of living rose 60%. There were some gains made by 1930 but the great depression set the universities back to such an extent that they had to consolidate administrative offices and academic departments in order to stay open. The *University of Colorado*, for example, cut supplies 25%, books 40% and laboratory equipment 93%. The Colorado General Assembly reduced the appropriation for agriculture extension service by 50% and by 1904 the State University tied summer salaries to tuition income. The only way to cut down expenses was to leave vacancies unfilled and to reduce the salaries as much as 40%. A turning point was reached by 1937 for public institutions by the enactment of an income tax. Since the study only includes the history of higher education through 1940, the explosive growth of Colorado's colleges and universities is not mentioned except to say that it has taken place. Professor McGiffert concludes by saying that Colorado has in many respects presented an exception to the national pattern of challenge and response during the past quarter century.

It is evident that the author has consulted an extensive number of sources in preparation for this study and in so doing has given the readers a very interesting and complete account of higher education. It is a historical study, as the title indicates but it is

very interestingly written and quite informative.

Arthur L. Campa

**THE BANDITTI OF THE PRAIRIES. A Tale of the Mississippi Valley. By Edward Bonney. University of Nebraska Press. 262 pp. \$2.00.**

This is the first printing of a new edition from a record of Bonney's adventures as a bounty-hunter which was first published in 1859 by W. W. Danenhowe and the Chicago Steam Press. The adventures as a bounty-hunter started in Nauvoo on the Mississippi River in Illinois.

Because it was almost impossible for law enforcement officers from the outside either to apprehend wanted men or to secure a conviction in Nauvoo because the town had been made an exceptional state-within-a-state by the Illinois legislature, it became a haven of refuge for some of the numerous criminals who intimidated the Mississippi Valley region in the early frontier days.

In 1845 Edward Bonney moved to Montrose, Iowa and set up headquarters for his self-appointed career as an agent of law and order. As a bounty hunter, Bonney worked with officers but was never officially appointed a law-enforcement officer.

The original publication was written partly to convince his enemies that he himself was not guilty of any illegal acts altho he was not averse to passing counterfeit bills, if it suited a particular purpose, or to double-crossing individuals that he had taken into his confidence.

The accounts of the apprehension, trials and executions of the various outlaws and murderers of the period

makes for very interesting reading, and, while the literary style is not of the best, the accounts are a straight forward, personalized record of Bonney's adventures to help the peace officers on a lawless frontier area of America. The book will make a good addition to any collection of Western frontier history.

B. L. McFadden

**JEDEDIAH SMITH**, by Dale L. Morgan. University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1964. 330 pp. Paperback, \$1.90.

All Americans should feel indebted to Dale Morgan for a mighty effort in bringing to the readers the story of Jedediah Smith. From scraps, bits, letters, and old records, he has put together the life and times of perhaps the outstanding Western man of his time.

Jedediah Smith was not only a moral man, he was an honorable one among wild, half-savage, untamable men. He held to his own principles, and to his everlasting credit stayed with his morals as a Christian throughout his lifetime.

The descriptions of his life, the privations he endured make one realize just how rough life was in those days for the Mountain Man.

This book is well written. It is a good recording of the life, times, and experiences of a man among men.

If you are interested in the history of the opening of the West, then this book is a *must* for your library.

William D. Powell PM

**CORN AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE UPPER MISSOURI**, George E. Hyde and George F. Will. Originally published by William

**H. Miner Co., 1917. Republished in paperback. Bison Books, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Neb. 1964. \$1.60**

It is a generally well-known fact of American History that the Indian, Squantum, taught the Pilgrims how to raise corn on Cape Cod, and perhaps less well-known that the Sullivan expedition across New York State's Southern Tier during the Revolution destroyed extensive fields of corn cultivated by the Iroquois, but very little has ever been published of a definitive nature on what has been done on the agriculture of the Plains Indian.

*Corn Among the Indians of the Upper Missouri*, by George F. Will and George E. Hyde, which was published in 1917, is perhaps the standard work on the subject, and was reprinted, in paper, last year by the University of Nebraska Press. It is an excellent work, covering in great detail all facets of the role corn played in the civilization of the Mandans, Omahas, Sioux, Pawnee, and other tribes.

As such, it is a worthwhile guide not only to a facet of western agricultural history very rarely explored, but also of great value in its interpretation of Indian customs, dances, and ceremonies as related to corn. For the Plains tribes cultivated corn extensively, developed techniques and seeds far more advanced and better suited for the plains than those of the early settlers, and belied the popular "image" of them as being non-agricultural.

## TRAIL DUST

### NEW CORRESPONDING MEMBERS

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

Aten, Augene L., M.D.  
8215 Westchester  
Dallas, Texas 75225

Dr. Aten is a psychiatrist who served in the Navy during World War II. His father lives in Denver and is 92 years of age. Dr. Aten claims to have been over most of the mountain passes in Colorado.

Vislisel, Richard L.  
Box 207  
Golden, Colorado

TV—Transmitter Engineer, designed and built the new radio studio KVOR in Colorado Springs. As a hobby he collects antiques and repairs clocks.

Williams, Jean  
3308 Thirty-fourth Street  
Lubbock, Texas

Mrs. Williams tells us that her occupation is "mate of William Williams." She is preparing a manuscript on BELLE PLAINE STORY (Ghost Town in Texas). Mrs. Williams has been involved in work of the New Mexico Historical Society as Chairman of the Hall of Fame Committee and is a member of the Nebraska, Kansas and New Mexico Historical Societies and Western History Association. Her special interest is writing about little-known characters and events of the West.

Hart, Herbert M., Major  
832 Romney Lane  
Virginia Beach, Virginia 23455

Major, United States Marine Corps (Intelligence and Infantry officer in U. S. Atlantic Fleet). Major Hart has published "Old Forts of the Northwest" and "Old Forts of the Southwest," Superior Publishing Co., 1963 and 1964 respectively. He has traveled over 40,000 miles to these old forts in his research studies.

Barker, S. Omar  
1118 Ninth Street  
Las Vegas, New Mexico

Well-known writer of western fiction and verse. Author of BUCKAROO BALLADS, SONGS OF THE SADDLEMEN, SUNLIGHT THROUGH THE TREES, LEGENDS AND TALES OF THE OLD WEST, and many hundreds of western short stories, verses and articles. His colorful career includes United States Forest Ranger, high school principal, teacher of Spanish, New Mexico legislator and President of Western Writers of America, 1958-1959. As one of his hobbies he mentions "braggin' on my wife, also a western writer and now teaching English."

Baudat, Rene  
1900 Monaco Parkway  
Denver, Colorado 80220

Manager of the 26Club, located on the 26th floor of the First National Bank Building.

### HISTORICAL GROUP HONORS FRED ROSENSTOCK

At the January meeting Fred Rosenstock, Posse member and well-known book dealer, was given a special award by the Denver Chapter of the American Association for the Study of History. This award was presented by Bill Marshall, Director of the Colorado Historical Society, and was given for Rosenstock's pub-

lication of ASHLEY'S DIARY. One thousand copies of this book were printed of this famous trapper and explorer, often referred to as "the man who broke the fur barrier." The book was published by Laston-Kennedy of San Francisco, one of the nation's finest printers.

## An Interesting Bit of Denveriana

by Forbes Parkhill

Uncle Sam's plan to build a second isthmian canal recalls the fact that in 1887 a Denver corporation was organized to construct a \$12 million canal through Nicaragua and actually spent \$4 million for surveying the proposed route.

During the 1849 California gold rush Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt proposed the construction of a Nicaraguan canal along the route of his trans-isthmian steamboat-and-stagecoach transportation system. From its eastern terminus on the Caribbean, his steamboats ascended the San Juan River and crossed Lake Nicaragua, leaving but fourteen miles of stagecoach transportation between the lake and the Pacific.

In June, 1887, the Nicaragua Canal Construction Co., backed by New York capitalists, was incorporated in Denver to construct the canal originally planned by Vanderbilt. Of its capital stock of 120,000 shares, 119,980 shares were to be issued in payment for property and rights in a concession granted the company by the Republic of Nicaragua to excavate and operate a maritime canal across the republic from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

None of the thirteen directors can be identified as Denver residents, although a Denver office was maintained in the Hughes Block, where the Neusteter store now stands.

According to files of the *Rocky Mountain News* the company spent \$4 million on surveys, but the French company under de Lesseps had begun construction of the Panama Canal five years previously. This company failed and in 1904 the United States government paid \$40 million for its property and concessions, and plans for the Nicaragua Canal were abandoned. The Panama Canal was completed in 1914.

A volcano eruption that destroyed the town of Virgin Bay on Lake Nicaragua cast doubts on the practicability of the Nicaragua route. Had it not been for the hazard of volcanic action, plus the de Lesseps' failure which made it cheaper to complete the Panama project than to build a new canal, the Nicaragua Canal might have been built by the Denver corporation many years ago.

**LAWRENCE C. SIGSTAD**

The Denver Corral is short one of its Tophands with the passing away on February 13 of Lawrence T. Sigstad, well-known Posse member from Boulder. Mr. Sigstad was sales representative for Ginn and Company and has been associated with Fred Rosentock in the textbook branch of Old West Publishing Company for over 20 years. He served in the Posse as Program Chairman and read a paper on "Wit and Humor of the American Indian." Mr. Sigstad was an outstanding student of Indian lore. The members of the Denver Westerners express their sympathy to his son Steve and daughter Sally, both living in Boulder.

**Estes Park Auto Road**

Denver Public Library Western Collection

## A Visitors View of Denver, 1908

by Antonio Lucero

Antonio Lucero of Las Vegas, New Mexico wrote this description of Denver in 1908 after a political convention. The excerpt was contributed by CM Milt Callon.

"Furthermore all I might say would fall short of picturing in its true colors, an enthusiasm which was frenetic, a display of finery which was profuse to the extreme and which invaded the whole city, the palatial homes, the crowded avenues and streets, the costly edifices, the beautiful parks and gardens, and a multitude cheerful and noisy which, beside this name, deserved that of a human avalanche which from all this great nation had come to take possession of the city of Denver." . . .

"By night the spectacle in Denver had something of the fantastic, something one had to see to appreciate, and made an impression upon the thousands of visitors that was gratifying and pleasing to an extreme. . .

"It looked as if an incandescent light had been placed on every inch of space available on the sides and tops of every house in the city, and these, added to the handsome decorations which were displayed everywhere from the tops and sides of buildings, gave the city an appearance which was enchanting and brought forth from all sides words of praise and admiration."

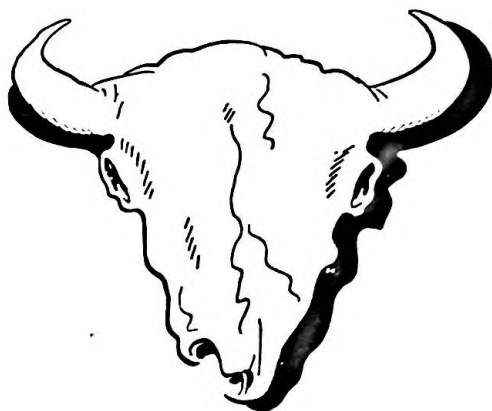
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NEXT MEETING – FEBRUARY 24, 1965. Denver Press Club, as usual. LESTER L. WILLIAMS, M.D., practicing in Colorado Springs. Originally from Ohio and a graduate of Western Reserve University. He has been a resident of Colorado since 1946. His subject will be "Disaster in Fountain—1888." This is the last program arranged by our very able, outgoing Program Chairman, Dr. Nolie Mumey.



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

FEBRUARY  
1965  
Volume XXI  
Number 2



MEXICAN BEAUTY IN NEW MEXICAN FOLK COSTUME

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From the Cradle to the Grave  
in Hispanic Customs of the Southwest  
by Arthur L. Campa, PM



# The Denver Westerners Monthly



## R O U N D U P

Vol. XXI, Number 2

February, 1965

The ROUNDUP is published monthly by the Denver Posse of Westerners. \$4.00 per year. Entered as second class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office: 839 Pearl St., Boulder, Colorado, 80302. The Westerners office: 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Copyright 1964 by the Westerners Inc., a Colorado Corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

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### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Arthur L. Campa, Chairman, Department of Modern Languages at the University of Denver since 1946. Professor of Modern Languages and Folklore at the University of New Mexico, 1929 to 1942. For the past 35 years Prof. Campa has traveled over the Southwest under numerous grants from Rockefeller, Gugenheim and Cutting fellowships. He has also served in the Diplomatic Corps in Peru and with the State Department in Spain.

# From the Cradle to the Grave in Hispanic Customs of the Southwest

by Arthur L. Campa

There was a time not very long ago when the word "Southwest" had a broader connotation than it has today. It meant quaint, isolated villages, stretching from the Colorado mountains down to the Gulf of Mexico along the Rio Grande, where Spanish was the *lingua franca* of Indian and European alike. It meant herds of buffalo, pronghorn antelope, mustangs and longhorn cattle in the *chaparral*. It meant a folk culture, a subculture whose configurations were largely drawn from the heritage and tradition of Mexico and Spain. There were also a few adaptations from Indian culture where the aboriginies were assimilated by Spanish families in the course of time. But, in the main, the customs of these original Southwesterners were modifications of those they brought with them when they settled the west in the late sixteenth century. The life of the Southwest, until half a century ago, was a sharp contrast to the urban continuum of the middle west and east of the United States.

Custom and tradition were the guidelines of folk behavior that comprised the way of life of the Hispanic settlements of the Southwest. Some vestiges of this folk culture persist today in architectural designs, in arts and crafts, in folksong and dance and in the more covert practices of isolated villages of New Mexico and Texas, but with modern communication facilities this traditional existence is being supplanted by a rapid acculturation to modern American life. It is part of a repetitive cycle which culture has traversed all over the globe since man began to move out of his heimat through sheer curiosity, simply to see what lay over the hill, or as part of his insatiable desire to better himself.

We do not regret or mourn the change; as students of western civilization we observe and study our heritage and find it interesting to inquire how people lived in the days when time was simply a philosophical concept, when there was less to do and more time in which to do it. The peasants and settlers of colonial days have now become as hard pressed for time as the other fellow—they have developed ulcers, anxieties and all the failings of today's successful men. A few decades ago, Hispanic

folk had ways of doing that governed his existence from the cradle to the grave. Some of these ways and practices I'll mention tonight as an historical reminiscence of traditional lore.

From the time that a child was conceived, the expectant mother relied strongly on tradition to guide the course of her future child, by observing those taboos of practices which would insure her welfare and that of her offspring. For instance, in order to prevent harelip, she carried a key in her pocket and under no circumstances should she be exposed to *susto*, lest the child be born deformed. This meant that she should avoid being suddenly frightened. Of course, the village witch could maliciously cause this, so pregnant women avoided any illwill from these supernatural beings. If she had *antojo*, that is, a craving for some particular dish, she was never denied her satisfaction of the craving. Women usually craved some of the goodies that they could not enjoy during the interim of child bearing.

When the time arrived for the child to be born, it was customary to engage the services of a *partera*, or mid-wife; an older woman who had given birth to several children of her own and who was also versed in all the taboos and precautions known to tradition.

After the child was born the mother kept to her bed for twenty days, during which it was *de rigueur* to serve her chicken and chicken soup. This fare was looked upon as very nourishing and particularly good after childbirth. The husband always set aside the chickens which his wife was to consume during her long convalescence. This long convalescence was certainly not the case among the Indians of colonial days. The chroniclers of the conquest reported numerous cases where the Indian mother was surprised during a wood-gathering expedition and gave birth to a child unassisted, washed it in the stream, and after bundling him up in her shawl, placed him on top of her load of wood and carried it home unceremoniously.

As the child grew up in the Hispanic community there were certain practices established for his protection. Aside from the religious fetishes which he carried around his neck to guard him from the evil spirits, he was taught that in order to avoid being hit by lightning, he should always carry a piece of silk inside his hat. He wore his trousers above the ankle for good luck, avoided stumbling on his left foot and placed his shoes at night at the head of the bed. Salt over the shoulder and black cats crossing his path were beliefs that 100 years ago had not become part of Hispanic folklore—they were introduced by the English-speaking settlers. But, mothers were mortally afraid of *el ojo*, a hex which could be placed by someone who inadvertently fixed an admiring gaze upon an attractive

child. This could be easily removed by spitting in the child's face and making the sign of the cross.

Once the child was born, custom dictated the ways in which he was to be brought up and the manner in which his religious training was to be carried out. The Catholic church ritual was, of course, the basis upon which the number of folk customs developed, with numerous variations in each locality. The first event in the child's life was the christening, which entailed first and foremost the choosing of the *padrinos*, or god-parents. Whenever possible, the parents chose a prominent member of the community, for practical reasons. This was done very formally by letter, and unless the person approached had had too many requests he usually accepted the invitation. Oftentimes the name of the prospective god-parents, the mother's or father's, depending upon the sex of the child, was included in the name of the child. There were many instances in which a child had as many as five or six names in order to honor the close relatives and god-parents. In this connection, it is interesting to note the names that were used for children in New Mexico. Many of them correspond to those in the pastoral novels of the sixteenth century in Spain. This practice has almost died out today. One is more likely to find such Nordic names as Sandra Sanchez and Sally or Yvonne Vigil.

It was customary, until recently, for the god-parents to provide a *canastilla*, or layette, whose value was arbitrarily set at \$15.00. Those relatives or close friends whose names had been given to the child when baptized also contributed to this layette, and in this manner the child was ushered into the world with a good start. The god-parents, following the custom of the church, would take the child to the altar to be baptized while the parents remained behind until the ceremony was over. As the child was returned, the god-parents had a quatrain which they recited and which went something like this:

*“Aquí les traigo esta prenda  
Que de la iglesia salió.  
Con los santos sacramentos  
y el agua que recibió.”*

As the parents took over the child they in turn would recite:

*“Recíbote prenda hermosa  
Que de la iglesia saliste,  
Con los santos sacramentos  
y el agua que recibiste.”*

On the way from the church the christening party was assailed by

children shouting "*pastilla*." This meant that the god-father would have to distribute goodies, or small coins, all the way to the house. As soon as the party reached the parents' house the children's requests were off limits. The god-parents usually prepared themselves for this custom by having pocketfuls of small change. This custom still persists in the northern villages of Spain. In southern New Mexico and northern Mexico, instead of asking for *pastilla* they called for *bolo*, a corruption of the Greek word *óbolo*, a coin worth a sixth part of a drachma in ancient Greece and equivalent to twenty *céntimos* of a *peseta*.

The artificial non-familial relationships established by this christening act were much stronger among Hispanic folk than elsewhere. This relationship was known as *compadrazgo*, or co-parentage—that is, the parents of the child and the god-parents were drawn together with a relationship that usually lasted for life. The *padrinos* were a sort of social insurance that guaranteed protection to the child during his youth and took care of him in case one of the parents died. This type of traditional social welfare is highly regarded by social workers today because it provides a foster home in case of death in an atmosphere which is not unfamiliar to the child. The parents saw to this throughout the life of the growing child by reminding him to see his *padrinos* on his Saint's Day or his birthday. The *padrino*, in turn, would always acknowledge these visits by a *recompensa* to the child in the form of a gift. If the growing boy showed any talent and the *padrino* was a man of means, he would see to it that he got some schooling, or would help him in any way to cultivate his particular talent. Many children were adopted by their *padrinos* when the latter were childless or in order to relieve over-crowdedness in large families. This *compadrazgo* was an artificially created familial bond that held together entire communities.

The behaviour of growing children was also governed by accepted customs in lieu of education. For example, a child was always taught never to take a drink of water in the presence of his elders without first offering his glass to all those present saying, "*gusta usted*," to which the elders responded with "*buen provecho*." It was also considered bad form not to invite visitors when one was seated at the table. If a stranger or a caller rode in and he greeted his host with the salutation of "*Buenos días*," even though it was past noon, it was taken as an indication that the traveler had not had his lunch, whereupon he was immediately invited to *pasar a tomar café*. There was also an unwritten rule about fruit: any traveler was allowed to eat his fill at a watermelon patch or in an orchard, but it was considered stealing if he took any with him. The usual comment of farmers on those days was "*Cuando Dios da, para todos da*." In

speaking to their elders children were taught to remove their hat or to cross their arms. It was bad form for a young man to address his elders with his hat on. There was no reference to sex made in the presence of unmarried girls and if it became necessary in the course of a conversation to mention sex, or even a lady's leg, it was usually prefaced with "*con el permiso de la gente.*" On the other hand, the mating of animals for breeding purposes was just part of the chores in which the children participated without malice and without any concern. Once a girl was married, however, she could listen to any kind of a discussion involving sex and she was also privileged to smoke, if she so desired. The older members of the household usually had their *punche* bag, or their *cajita de fumar*, which was daintily kept by the ladies. This little box contained a bag of tobacco in which Bull Durham was substituted for *punche*. Instead of the cigarette paper which accompanied the Bull Durham bags, the ladies and many men preferred the *hoja*, or corn husk. The finest part of the corn husk was usually saved at harvest time and neatly cut for smoking. After a young man was old enough to smoke there was one courtesy that he could never expect from his elders and that was *lumbre*. Many a daring young man received a cane blow over the head when he approached an older person asking for a light.

In most homes the lady of the house excelled in some particular dish. When the *sopaipillas* or some *guiso* turned out particularly well, she would take a *cazuelita*, a little clay tureen, fill it with her specialty, cover it neatly with a couple of *tortillas* right off the griddle, throw a clean napkin over it and tell one of her boys to take this *bocadito* to the *vecina*, or neighbor, because her husband was very fond of this particular dish. The dish was not to be returned empty, so the neighbor would wait until she made her specialty and would then return it. This was a way of saying thanks.

A good deal of attention was given to the training of the boys so that they could be *hombres* and there were a number of ways in which a young boy could prove his manhood. There were few sports, but what few there were demanded a good deal of physical prowess—the breaking of horses, horseback riding and the handling of stock are just some of the many occupations in which a young boy could give proof of his courage. In northern New Mexico there was always the *corrida del gallo*, in which the young men from one village would team up against an equal number of young men of a nearby town. A young cock, rooster or chicken would be buried in an open place up to its neck, the men would take turns riding by at a full gallup until someone pulled the rooster up by the head. All the *compañeros* on his side would run at full speed to the

base line a few hundred yards away. The opposing team would follow in hot pursuit and try to retrieve the rooster. The rooster-carrier would protect himself by hitting his opponents with the new dead fowl. Several of these contests would take place during feast days with the rooster ending up in the pot. It took good horsemanship to be able to play this game successfully. It was sort of a primitive football on horse-back, and after a few drinks could get very rough and sometimes very comical.

If a young man was able to stand the inclement weather he would be taken by his father on a buffalo hunt, in order to help provide meat for the village. The members of these expeditions were known as *ciboleros*. The New Mexicans, like the Indians, utilized the buffalo in colonial days as a source of meat and also for its skins. At one time, the New Mexican buffalo hunters were considered the best horsemen in the Spanish colonies. There were no rifles in colonial days which they could use to snipe at the beasts as they grazed in peaceful valleys. The men used lances, somewhat like the Indians did. They would never cross a herd, but would run along



Modeling 18th Century New Mexican Spanish Dress by University of New Mexico Students



side of it, and with lance in hand, make a lunge forward with the horse and drive the lance between the ribs of the bull, right behind the shoulder blade. The trick was to stick the animal and veer away in order to keep from stumbling over the carcass. This required some exact timing on the part of the rider, both in driving in his lance and in handling his horse. The meat was cut into *cecinas* and dried, depending upon the time of year, and was then brought back on pack horses as *charqui*.

Another way that a young man could test his manhood was to join in a trading expedition with the Comanche Indians. These expeditions were seasonal and pre-arranged with the Indians, who would meet the colonials at given places east of the Pecos on the Staked Plains, or south, towards the Big Bend country. The traders were known as *Comancheros*, and there were some families who made a living from this trade, particularly in Doña Ana County. Eventually this trade fell into disrepute through the infiltration by a number of renegades who used the *Comanchero* trade as a marauding expedition. This was particularly the case in Texas, where *Comancheros* became synonymous with ruffians and thieves.

Being, for the most part, agricultural folk, men responsible for good crops depended very strongly on the weather, and custom guided them in the days when there were no weather forecasts. The system they used was a simple one called *cabañuelas*. *Cabañuelas* is an old system for computing the weather for the entire year. It works in this manner. The weather of the first twelve days in January corresponds to the twelve months of the year. Beginning with the 13th day, each day represents the months of the year in reverse. From the 25th to the 31st each half day represents the weather for each month in succession, and the first twelve daylight hours of the last day of January also indicate the weather for the entire year. The average of these observations is the weather forecast for the entire year. (This works only "along the Rio Grande," however.)

Another way in which a young man could prove to a prospective father-in-law that he was worthy of a wife was to join the annual trading expedition to Chihuahua. These expeditions were called *conductas* when they were accompanied by some sort of military protection. The preparation for one of these expeditions was rather lengthy and took a good deal of planning. A man would have to have a certain number of pack animals, a good supply of tradable goods in the form of skins, ores, grain, etc., and would also need to know how to load his string of mules or burros. The loading of pack animals on *fustes* or *palisales* was a skill in which the New Mexicans became masters. The Anglo-Americans who came west learned from these mountaineers the art of mule loading. On a given night

all of the owners transporting goods to the fair would meet and elect a *mayordomo*, a sort of trail boss who became sole arbiter on the trip. Early in the morning the pack animals were loaded, after which they strung down the northern canyons of the Spanish trail. As they traveled south, others would join them, and by the time they arrived in Chihuahua the *conductas* were good-sized affairs. The *Chihuahuenses* would ride into the plains to meet the New Mexicans, shouting "*Ahí vienen los nuevos mexicanos.*" If a young man was able to stand the rigors of the long trek south, fighting the weather, and survived successfully the dangers of the expedition, Indian attacks, etc., he was considered *muy hombre* and worthy of a wife. Oftentimes, however, in addition to bringing such luxury items as sugar, face powder, coffee and dry goods, New Mexican men would also bring a young wife along, much to the disappointment of the girls they had left behind.

The events leading up to the eventual wedding were also governed by custom. As it is well known, young people were never allowed to see each other without the presence of a *dueña*, or someone to chaperone them. For the most part, marriages were arranged by the parents of both parties. Young lovers, however, found many ways of communicating their intentions to each other at the *bailes* and at church, if they lived in a big enough village where there was a priest, or in gatherings such as weddings, christenings and so on. The formal custom in the larger towns followed a pattern which lasted until not too long ago. A young lady was allowed to have as many *pretendientes* as she could attract, which meant that she was of age, and on the market, so to speak. If a young man wanted to show his admiration for a young lady he could muster some *Músicos* and give the girl a *serenata* in the evening in front of the house, preferably at the *reja* of her window. It was a breach of etiquette for the young lady to show her face until things had progressed further. If the young man was serenading her for the first time and she showed interest it would simply mean that she was too anxious to get a beau. She could receive as many of these *serenatas* from different young men as she wanted, but if she wanted to acknowledge the young man's presence she could light the lamps or the candles in her room, in order to show that she was aware of his presence. This meant some encouragement to the young swain. The young man could choose to serenade her in the evening or at dawn—this was known as *gallo*, and she would observe the same conduct as with the *serenata*. If she felt so inclined, and with the permission of her parents, she could throw open the window and conveniently drop a handkerchief or give some indication that she was pleased. This was known as *corresponder*. Those with poetic in-

clinations took this opportunity to compose or recite such well-known coplas as:

“Eres chiquita y bonita,  
Linda sin comparación.  
Linda tu madre y tu padre,  
Y toda tu generación.”

At the *bailes* there was ample opportunity for the young men to show their feelings for the girls of their choice, although it was never done directly. There was usually the intermediary, the *trobador* who was always present at the *bailes* and ready to oblige any young man who wanted to express his feelings in verse for a small consideration. When a young man was dancing with a girl he particularly liked he would turn to the *trobador* as he danced around the room past the musicians and say, “*Estímela, trobador.*” This was an indication to the village bard that he was to compose something appropriate and flattering for the young man’s dancing companion. As they went around the second time he would have something improvised in octosyllabic verse. Sometimes they would wait for an interval when the musicians shouted “*¡Bomba!*”. Then the *trobador* would step forward and recite verses in praise of the ladies present or direct his attention to a particular one. If two young men were vying for the same lady, each one would hire a *trobador* and a contest would develop with the audience choosing sides. Eventually the composers would stand on a table in order to be better heard, and as the evening progressed and the contest got hotter, silver coins began to fall upon the tables urging the *trobadores* until one of them was vanquished. They would also end in a more pugnacious manner.

A young lady could not accept the attention of *pretendientes* indefinitely. This would be considered fickle. She could indicate her choice in many ways, and in the case of a serenade she might come to the window and talk to the young man as the musicians played. When it was decided that the young man should settle down, there was a family gathering at which time the emissaries who were to carry the *carta de pedimiento* were chosen. This mission was usually given to an uncle or an aunt, and sometimes the parents themselves did the honors, if they could not find a suitable representative. On the day designated for this occasion the entire village was buzzing with anticipation at the “surprise” call being made at the girl’s home. Everybody knew that such-and-such a person was going to *pedir mujer*, or ask for a woman’s hand, and if they did not know they could easily guess when they saw the couple in their Sunday’s best gravely walking towards her house and holding in

their hands a piece of paper, the contents of which everyone knew by heart. Everyone knew the contents by heart because they had used the traditional formula of "I take the pen in hand," ("*Tomo la pluma en la mano.*") The best room in the house, which was usually *la sala*, would be made ready to receive the delegation, and after the usual circumlocution by the peasants, the *portadores* would stand up and very formally announce what their mission was. The parents of the girl would take the letter, well aware of its contents, and after reading it, if they could read, would set a *plazo*, which is a time limit for the family to decide whether or not the request is acceptable. This was followed by the most trying period for the prospective groom, for it was during this *plazo* that he had to give every indication of his worth. As already stated, the prospective father-in-law, if he was uncertain about the capabilities of his future son-in-law, could demand that he prove himself by joining a *conducta* to Chihuahua and thus prove that he was man enough. On the other hand, the girl's parents might set the customary two to three weeks' period before committing themselves. It was up to the young man to win the good will of his prospective in-laws by a show of generosity and prowess. This was known as *granjeo*. It simply meant that the young man had to court the good will of his future in-laws. During this period he was a model young man, abstemious, hard working, and well behaved. His men friends usually tried to tempt him and if they succeeded in getting him drunk, it was considered great fun, although by so doing he might be jeopardizing his acceptance by the family. During this time he would bring the best vegetables from his garden, or whatever fruits were in season, and leave them at the door of his future bride. At the end of the waiting period the same delegation went to the girl's home to get the answer. With the same formality they were given either a negative or positive answer. If the petition was denied the young man, he was said to be given *calabazas*. This happened when the young man aspired to the hand of someone who was above him or when he was well known in the village as a notorious drunk or loafer. If he was accepted, the father of the boy would stand at the door of their house and shoot a few rounds in the air with his gun, jubilant over the success, and telling his friends that *le dieron mujer a mi hijo*. This was a sign for people to congratulate him and to drop in for a glass of *vino*, which usually followed the period of abstinence. The two families got together and arranged for a *prendorio*. This was a ceremony that corresponds to today's urban announcement tea. The girl's parents invited members of both families in order to become acquainted with all those who were to be united. It was customary at this time to bring presents to the bride-to-be and help out

with her trousseau. When everybody had been dined and wined, the parents of the couple announced to them that it was time to meet all their *parientes políticos*. They had two types of family relationships—*carnal*, or blood relationships, or *políticos*, that is, by marriage. The girl proceeded to shake hands with all of the boy's relatives and to say "*servidora de usted.*" The young man greeted all of her relatives and said to each one, "*servidor de usted.*" In this fashion they acquired a large number of *tios* and *primos*. This was the reason why in small villages there were so many *primos*, or cousins. After this engagement, the next important event was the *casorio*, or marriage. In cases where there was strict observance of the Catholic ritual, they went through a period that they used to call *rodar*, which is equivalent to the publishing of the banns. There were two practices observed during this period: one required that the young man live in his future bride's home and chop all the wood which would be used in preparation of the wedding feast. In other cases, the prospective groom was expected to give the *diario* to his future bride with which to provide for all her living expenses. This cus-



New Mexican Mountaineer Children in 18th Century Costume

tom was a very practical one and did not encourage long engagements. When the day for the wedding, which was set at the *prendorio*, was reached, there were other responsibilities assumed by both the groom and the best man. The former provided the *donas* for the bride—that is, he had to pay for her complete outfit, but not for her trousseau. The latter paid for the wedding feast. Until recently it was customary for the groom to observe a very old Spanish custom of giving the bride the *arras*. In the Middle Ages the groom would give to his bride thirteen gold coins in exchange for the dowry which she brought to the home or as an appreciation for the personal virtues of the bride. The Spanish Goths in the seventh century had a custom very similar to this, from which the Spanish practice may be derived. In New Mexico the sum given by the groom consisted of fourteen *reales* which he turned over to his bride at the altar. It was always carried in silver and was never referred to as \$1.75. At the proper moment the groom asked the best man for the silver coins which he deposited in the bride's hands. The wedding party left the church for the *comida*, which usually took place at noon, and along the way the children, again, would call for *pastilla* or *bolo*, as they did at the christening. The procession was led by musicians consisting usually of a fiddler and a guitar player. One of the old Spanish ballads telling of the marriage of Spain's epic hero, El Cid, to Doña Jimena, described a wedding party which is almost a duplicate of the old New Mexico custom.

Before the wedding fiesta began, the village *trobador* performed a long ceremony called *entriega de novios*, or the turning over of the bride and groom. In some of the mountain villages of New Mexico they still observe this custom. The *entriega* is a long poem in octo-syllabic quatrains in which all the duties of the wife and the husband were recited, and were considered the last advice or *amonestaciones* given them. After the wedding dinner the *baile* began and lasted until sun-up. The friends of the groom acted as solicitous hosts who tried to induce the groom to drink as much as possible. A successful fiesta consisted of getting him to pass out on his wedding night. He awakened the following morning in bed, fully dressed and wondering what happened. This was the traditional form of a charivari. In Valladolid, Spain, the brothers of the bride take the groom on a ten-mile hike on his wedding day in order to limit his *bravía*, so that he will be good and tired on his wedding night. This is another variation of the same custom.

A honeymoon trip was out of the question in the small villages of the Southwest. It was therefore customary for the parents of the bride to prepare a room where the newlyweds were left undisturbed for three

days. In some families it was customary to leave enough food to last this period, after which they went out and he presented her as *la señora* to all the villagers. In some towns this period lasted eight days. If the couple had set up their own housekeeping, the bride's mother allowed them to take the mattress with them as part of their wedding gifts. And, so the cycle of life began again for another generation.

The final episode governed by tradition was the last rites. When a person died the *dolientes* engaged the services of a *cajonero*, or a box maker, whose business it was to make funeral caskets. All the mirrors in the home of the deceased were covered with black as part of the mourning custom. This is comparable to the Irish practice of covering all mirrors so that the soul will not see itself before departing. A wake was held on the day before the burial beginning early in the evening when the body was laid out on a table covered with flowers and surrounded by candles. All the furniture from the room was taken out and chairs were placed along the walls. Those who came in to pay their respects took the chairs nearest the door and progressed clockwise, leading to a room where the immediate members of the family were gathered. It was here that they came to *acompañar en sus sentimientos*. After a brief *abrazo* and a few tears they proceeded from this room into the kitchen. The members of the family and intimate friends gathered for the *velorio*, or wake, and were kept awake by drinking black coffee and eating *empanaditas*, turn-over pies, which the neighbors prepared. The members of the family never helped in any of these preparations. It was the responsibility of all the neighbors who usually volunteered by bringing enough food to last all evening. After mid-night the wailing song of the *cantador* was heard intoning *alabados*, one of the oldest folk songs still sung in the mountains. At dawn the *rezadoras*, or professional mourners, recited the rosary and a few *Pater Nosters* at the end of which everyone went home and got ready for the burial the next day. Thus ended the cycle of life which began at the cradle and ended at the grave for the Spanish colonials of the Southwest.



## Westerner's Bookshelf



**KAWOO OF ALASKA**, by Gano E. Senter, Sage Books 1964, 113 pp., hardback, \$3.50.

A short illustrated book on the life and adventures of a young 14-year-

old boy shanghaied on a square-rigged ship, a personal story.

This book takes the reader back to a period that most people have read of but never did believe existed in

modern times: the days of the shanghai parlors in San Francisco's Embarcadero district.

Each chapter relates a portion of the life of a young man exposed to hardships almost unknown to present-day seafaring men, or to me of the fishing trade in Alaska. It is a tale of extreme hardships and of his progressive steps to improve himself.

Later he comes home to a prosaic life in the United States, eventually returning to Denver and a business life of great success.

To those of us who have read of the north country, it brings the spice of the sea, the bite of the north wind, the smell of the pine and the noxious odor of the fisheries.

His return with his wife to Alaska, seeing his old Indian friends, reliving the adventures of his youth, make this book enjoyable. Mr. Senter's descriptions of the life he led, both on the Agenor and as a captive, later as a member of the Kake tribe, are good, authentic, and make good reading for the armchair adventurer.

WILLIAM D. POWELL, PM

**SHADY LADIES OF THE WEST**, by Ronald Dean Miller, *Westernlore Press*, Los Angeles, 224 pp., bibliography, glossary, illustrations. \$6.95.

This book deals with what the author calls "the Westerner's favorite indoor sport." It should be made absolutely clear that he is referring, not to those upright and virtuous members of an organization known as The Westerners, but rather to the adult male population living west of the Mississippi.

This indoor sport was to be found in an establishment known as a sport-

ing house and (we have the author's word for it; this reviewer wouldn't know) participants included individuals sometimes known as sporting ladies, sometimes by other names.

This is far from being the first book devoted to the subject, but its predecessors, such as Herbert Asbury's *Barbary Coast*, have been limited in scope, generally dealing with the shady ladies of a single community. Miller's book ranges geographically from Texas to California and devotes some pages to Denver's Mattie Silks and Jennie Rogers. It provides entertaining reading and includes a glossary of sporting house terms, but unfortunately lacks an index.

FORBES PARKHILL

**THE GILA, River of the Southwest**, by Edwin Corle; *University of Nebraska Press*; paperback, reproduced from 1951 edition, 402 pp.; illustrations by Holt, Rinehart & Winston; *Bison Book*, \$1.60.

This paperback edition of THE GILA brings a glorious word-picture of the Southwest into the price range of the university student.

It is the story of a river. A river that somehow, from ages past, chose to find a course through the most intriguing, enchanting, and yet, violent land in the western United States.

Corle isn't satisfied to tell only of the white man's tenancy and trials along the river. He goes back as far as man's knowledge of creation has taken us and describes how civilization evolved along the river's bank and its many tributaries.

History is made up of people, places and things and the author missed none of these. He tells of a great civilization, the Hohokam, that once inhab-



ited the Gila's valley and how they suddenly disappeared to leave a blank page for the ethnologies to fill in at some later date.

From here on, Corle brings people to the Gila country in a long parade of pageantry that is colored with anecdotes, tales, and narratives, well documented by authentic references.

His easy flowing style leads the reader along in companionship with the steady flow of humanity that explored, ministered, taught, fought, administered and just plain lived along the miles and miles of the Gila's tributaries to its confluence with the Colorado River.

I would suggest that, after reading Chapters 1 and 2, the reader skip to Chapter 24 before reading Chapter 3. Chapter 24—"It's Poison!"—so vividly describes southern Arizona and dispels so many foolish notions of the flora and fauna along the Gila, you will want to take the delineation along with you as you follow the human footprints through the Gila's history.

MILT CALLON, CM

**THE SOUTH DAKOTA REVIEW**, Autumn, 1964. University of South Dakota, Vermillion, S.D. 111 pp. 75 cents a copy, \$1.25 a year.

This issue of the biannual publication of the English Department of the University of South Dakota lives up to a high standard of content and format, its contents centering on "The Western Novel." A symposium on this subject reflects the personal reactions of eight outstanding authors—Frederick Manfred, Frank Waters, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Vardis Fisher, Harvey Ferguson, Forrester Blake, Paul Horgan, and Michael Straight—to ten provocative questions posed to

them. Their differences, as well as similarities of opinion on these questions, are of more than passing interest. This section is followed by Four Essays on Western writing, by J. Golden Taylor, John R. Milton, Alan Swallow, and Michael Straight; a section on Poetry; and a Bibliography: The Western American Novel. Students, as well as readers seeking guidance on reading pertaining to the American West, should find this issue enjoyable and profitable. All of this reminds me of J. Frank Dobie's comment on regional literature: "Anyone who does not move beyond a region betrays the region. God bless me and my wife, my son and his wife, us four, no more." In the works of good writers, regional expression has universal appeal.

SCOTT BROOME, PM

**NOTORIOUS GRIZZLEY BEARS**, by W. P. Hubbard, in collaboration with Scale Harris; 12mo, 205 pp., index and illus., Western Sage Paperbacks; \$1.95.

One of the most feared animals of the wild, the Grizzley has been credited with the killing of thousands of deer, hundreds of cattle, flocks of sheep (sometimes as many as a hundred in a night), and an unknown number of men; however, the author of this book seems to have a soft spot in his heart for grizzlies, and condones his killings in part, since the animal had to find something to eat to continue living.

Hubbard, a professional guide, relates experiences with the animals and gives statistics to show the diminishing numbers, mostly compiled by the U.S. Fish and Game Commission, with some 800 in 1959, compared to 1350

in 1946 and 1200 in 1952. In the past few years the State of Wyoming has moved to protect the bears on non-livestock ranges, and the Park Service is doing the same for Yellowstone, where about fifty grizzlies live.

The authors list a number of especially well-known killers named according to their activities and character in the stock-killing line. Among the first was the "Red Robber," a freak with rusty-red hair, killed in 1885 in southwestern Utah by two prospectors who were rewarded with \$525. "Bloody Paws," killed in Montana in 1892 by an Indian, Buffalo Robe, after the slaughter of several hundred sheep; rewarded with \$350.

"Old Rebel" in Wyoming, killed by two soldiers in 1898 after a five-year period of killing many cattle; \$275 reward. "The Bandit" in Oregon, killed in 1904 after \$9,000 worth of livestock credited to him; \$600 reward gladly paid. In 1907 "Old laughter House" was killed in northern Nevada by a man named Foley, who collected \$523 reward. From 1903 to 1907 his kill included 250 sheep, 40 cattle, and an estimated one hundred or more wild horses and wild burros. "Two Toes" in Montana, killed in 1916 by a man named Dale; his record being about 150 head of cattle, value \$8750; reward paid \$575.

Best known to all Coloradoans was "Old Mose" who ranged over South Park for thirty or more years before his death in 1904. Wharton H. Pigg, owner of the Stirrup Ranch, lost a great number of cattle to the crafty killer from 1882 on. In April, 1904, Pigg learned of a man named J. W. Anthony who hunted bear with dogs and engaged him to trail the bear. With a pack of nine dogs, the men

pursued Old Mose for three days before catchin up with him. when Anthony located him in a clump of aspen on April 30th and killed him with several shots.

Old Mose was known to have mauled Jake Ratcliff (RadCliff) of Fairplay in the fall of 1882 so severely that he died; also thought to have killed James Asher whose body was found north of the Arkansas River between Canon City and Salida. He weighed over 1,000 pounds before skinning and dressing, and butchers were selling bear meat at ten cents a pound all over the area, claiming it to be from Old Mose.

Anthony took the hide back to Indiana and later, after moving to Berkeley, California, willed it to the University of California; the Canon City municipal museum tried to get it back but was refused.

CARL F. MATHEWS, PM

**WYATT EARP, "THE UNTOLD STORY,"** by Ed Bartholomew. Frontier Book Company, Toyahvale, Texas. 317 pp. \$6.00.

**WYATT EARP, "The Man and The Myth,"** by Ed Bartholomew. Frontier Book Company, Toyahvale, Texas, 327 pp. \$6.00.

These two books are companion volumes. The first, *Wyatt Earp, "The Untold Story,"* deals with the activities of the Earp clan from 1848 to 1880. Mr. Bartholomew relates in considerable detail the antics of Wyatt Earp, as well as the rest of the gunmen, lawmen, gamblers and sporting men who infested the boom cattle and railroad towns from Wichita to Dodge City.

The author is not a Wyatt Earp or a "Doc" Holliday fan, and he has done

an extensive amount of research to snatch away the halos that have been bestowed by the pulp magazines, radio, and television upon the Earp brothers, "Doc" Holliday, Bat Masterson, and others of the Kansas gunmen.

The second volume, *Wyatt Earp, "The Man and The Myth,"* outlines the activities of the Earps from 1879-1882. With the enactment of the Kansas Prohibition Act and the tightening of the embargo on Texas cattle, as well as the maturing of the Kansas boom towns, the wild elements, unable to find a market for their peculiar talents in Kansas, moved on to the new railroad and gold and silver camps of Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona.

Wyatt Earp tried to establish himself in Cimarron and Las Vegas, New Mexico, without success before drifting on to Tombstone, Arizona, where he was joined by his brother and "Doc" Holliday. The major portion of *"The Man and The Myth"* is concerned with their stormy stay in Tombstone.

Both books include fine bibliographies and contain excellent source material for those interested in the lawmen and desperadoes of the early west. We feel the author devoted too much space in his attempt to refute Stuart Lake, who wrote the first comprehensive biography of Wyatt Earp. He is also guilty of judging everything written by John P. Clum, Editor of

The Tombstone Epitaph, as being false because Clum was a political ally of the Earps during those turbulent days of early Tombstone. Both books are somewhat marred by poor proofreading.

GUY M. HERSTROM, PM

### QUOTABLE QUOTES (Courtesy of Milt Callon)

*Las Vegas Optic* — July 1, 1908:

"It is said that on account of the great altitude of Denver, where water boils at 198 degrees instead of 212 as at conservative levels, two drinks of whiskey are as effective as six drinks at lower altitudes. Nevertheless, it is inferred that the pint flask will not go any further during the Democratic convention than would the same quantity in Kentucky."

*Las Vegas Optic* — Feb. 14, 1880:

Dateline — Trinidad, Colorado: — "Trinidad wants a cemetery. Now, if there is any lack of material with which to fill it, Las Vegas (New Mexico) will respond nobly to a call for assistance."

*Las Vegas Optic* — Mar. 10, 1880:

(Squib from Editor Russell Kistler's column — Town Talk).

"A Mexican 'sleeping dictionary' may be a good thing in its way but we prefer the Spanish handbook to sharpen our knowledge of the castilian tongue."

### NEXT MEETING — MARCH 24, 1965

Denver Press Club as usual. ROBERT L. BROWN, Colorado History instructor, Denver South High School, will read ANIMAS FORKS—THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A MINING CAMP. The talk will be illustrated with slides. Mr. Brown is the author of *Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns* and *An Empire of Silver*.

## NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

We wish to welcome the following new Corresponding Members to the Denver Westerners.

**HERMAN J. ATENCIO**  
2706 South Wolff St.  
Denver, Colorado 80236

Mr. Atencio is an Assistant City Attorney who is assigned to the Claims Division. He is generally interested in Western History, and especially in Colorado History. He also has an interest in Spanish-Southwest History and San Luis Valley History. Mr. Atencio comes to us recommended by Keith Peterson, PM.

**ROBERT M. DRURY**  
2521 Washington Avenue  
Kansas City, Kansas 66102

Mr. Drury is a librarian at the Central Baptist Theological Seminary in Kansas City, Kansas. He expresses an interest in Western Americana book collecting and the pioneer in Western History. He learned about the Westerners through the members of the Kansas City Posse of the Westerners.

**DON L. EDMUNDS**  
843 W. Fremont Ct.  
Littleton, Colorado

Mr. Edmunds is a Procedures Engineer at the Martin Company and has a partnership in special products for advertising. His hobbies are gem and mineral collecting, fossil collecting, camping and the mountains in general. He comes to us recommended by Gary C. Balliett, PM.

**W. BRUCE GILLIS, JR.**  
2804 E. Peakview Avenue  
Littleton, Colorado 80120

Mr. Gillis is an attorney with the National Labor Relations Board. He is especially interested in the Colorado mountains and ghost towns. He comes recommended by Allison Nutt of Denver, CM.

**JAMES H. SKINNER, JR.**  
5825 W. Rowland  
Littleton, Colorado

Mr. Skinner is a partner in the law firm of Frant, Shafroth, Toll and McHendrie. He is a Certified Public Accountant. His interests are the history of Colorado and mining towns, and his hobbies are fishing and hunting. He comes recommended by Erl H. Ellis.

**MRS. DONALD W. THOMPSON**  
(Enid T.)  
Wheat Ridge, Colorado  
Wheat Ridge, Colorado

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

MARCH  
1965  
Volume XXIII  
Number 3

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by Lester L. Williams, M.D.



Dr. Lester Williams and Sheriff Nevin Carson, February 24, 1965, Westerners' Meeting  
(From the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla)



# The Denver Westerners Monthly



## ROUNDUP

Vol. XXIII, Number 3

March, 1965

The ROUNDUP is published monthly by the Denver Posse of Westerners. \$4.00 per year. Entered as second class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office: 839 Pearl St., Boulder, Colorado, 80302. The Westerners office: 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Copyright 1964 by the Westerners Inc., a Colorado Corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

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LESTER L. WILLIAMS, M.D., was born in Ohio in 1914. He attended Western Reserve University at Cleveland, where he received his B.A. in 1936 and his M.D. in 1940. He arrived in Colorado Springs in 1946, where he has practiced medicine ever since. He is a member of the Colorado Springs Fire Department, which was brought about by special ordinance of the City Council in 1948. He has also been an honorary member of the Police Department for the past 17 years. His chief aim in life "is to cure people and to put out fires."

# Disaster In Fountain - 1888

by

LESTER L. WILLIAMS

On June 26, 1964, a semi-trailer van containing 13 tons of nitro carbo nitrate, two tons of 60% gelatin dynamite, and 99 blasting caps burned, then exploded near Marshalls Creek, Pennsylvania, killing three fire-fighters, three passersby, injuring 13, destroying three pumpers of the volunteer fire department, and causing an estimated \$600,000 property damage. On Aug. 7, 1959 a truck containing 13,000 pounds of explosives was involved in a fire in Roseburg, Oregon. The truck exploded, spread-the fire. The end result included 13 deaths, injury to 150, and devastation of eight blocks of that community. These two incidents have resulted in a considerable clamor for regulation of transportation of hazardous cargoes on our highways.

Are such incidents new? No, the Pikes Peak Region need not take a back seat to either our east or our far west in anything, and transport disasters are neither new nor a stranger to this region.

When several conditions coincide a serious situation may develop. When a number of occurrences happen in just the right—or wrong—sequence, a disaster may result. Once upon a time a runaway train on a long stretch of downhill track, a tank car of flammable liquid, a carload of explosives, a stationary passenger train, and a small community striving to stem a conflagration, all combined in sequence to produce a disaster. That occurred in Fountain, Colorado, May 14, 1888.

Now, in the beginning, I'll have to confess that I wasn't here on that date. In fact my father was just six months old, so my information is second hand. It comes from newspaper files in Colorado Springs, Pueblo, and Denver, from the reports of the Santa Fe Railroad, and from other and devious sources. My story has gaps. If any of these gaps can be filled, I'll welcome the information.

On Monday, May 14, 1888, at 24 minutes past midnight, Atcheson, Topeka and Santa Fe fast freight No. 31 left Pueblo headed north. W. C. Chubback was conductor, and William Leavitt engineer. The freight took on water at Fountain, then went on to the yards at Colorado Springs arriving about 5 minutes past two. Orders were to unload three stock cars containing horses, the property of Mr. A. G. Dodge of Denver. These stock cars were in the center of the 17 car train. To cut them out the rear portion of the train was left standing on the main line about 400 feet

south of the Denver, Texas & Gulf Railroad crossing, at Moreno Street. The detached portion of the train consisted of caboose No. 90, a tank car containing 3,000 gallons of naphtha, one box car containing tiling, one box car loaded with "merchants iron," shafting, bars, sheets, etc. for the Colorado Midland shops at Colorado City, and one box car containing 18 tons, or 36,000 pounds of giant powder, consigned to the Thompkins Hardware Company of Leadville. These five cars were left with hand brakes set on the caboose and oil car, and the air brakes set on the remaining three cars. Conductor Chubback and his crew with Engine #565 then proceeded to unload the stock cars. The stock chute was on a stub track, so it was necessary to shove the cars in, unload two, then spot the third car for unloading. Due to the switching and recalcitrant stock this procedure required about 30 minutes.

Just as the second car was unloaded the brakeman called to Chubback that the hind end of the train was gone. The conductor didn't believe this at first, but he looked down the track and couldn't see the green and red signal lights on the crummy. He ran to the place where the cars had been and was horrified to find they really were gone. Chubback knew it was downhill all the way to Pueblo so the runaway cars would gain speed until they jumped the track or a collision occurred. He rushed to the depot to send a warning but the night operator was unable to raise Fountain. Chubback and his crew then took the front portion of the freight south on the main to overtake the cars running wild, but when they were just two miles south of Colorado Springs they saw the sky lighted ahead of them and they knew that disaster had struck.

In 1888 Fountain was a village of perhaps 200 people living in about 40 homes. Situated in the Fountain Valley, a natural north-south highway, it was not unexpected for the town site to be bounded by railroads. The broad gage Santa Fe tracks ran along the west edge of the town, while the narrow gage Rio Grande bounded the town to the east. In Fountain, the Santa Fe had two sidings, one 10 feet west of the main line was empty, the one 50 feet east of the main line and separated from it by the station held a bridge train of about 16 cars in which slept 20 men.

The morning of May 14, 1888, passenger train No. 7, the Kansas City Express, left Pueblo at 1:30 A.M. headed north on the Santa Fe tracks. Number 7, carrying only 34 passengers, was made up of four cars, baggage, coach, chair car, and sleeper; engine #562, Engineer William Cowen (better known as "Dad"), Brakeman Henry Heustis and Sam Andrews, and Conductor W. Scott Ammon, who has left us his account of this catastrophe in his report to Superintendent McMahon. Number 7 arrived in Fountain at 2:41 A.M., on time, and the locomotive stopped at the water tank about 15 feet north of the depot. "Dad" Cowen got down



and oiled around. The fireman remained in the cab firing up. Conductor Ammon talked for a time with operator Guy of Fountain, got his orders, and was about to signal out, when "Dad" Cowen's attention was attracted by an unexplained noise. "Dad" threw his head in the air, much after the type of a well trained pointer and attempted to solve the origin of the rumbling noise coming from the north. Seconds later, about 100 yards away, "Dad" saw a dark object bearing down on them. It had two red lights. An open door in the end of the dark object revealed the interior of a freight caboose. He realized some cars had broken loose from No. 31 and yelled to his fireman to jump. In a twinkling the five cars, traveling at an estimated 40 miles per hour, struck the locomotive of No. 7 with terrific force. The caboose reared up on the locomotive, knocking off the headlight and stack. The caboose was elevated to an almost perpendicular position. The force of the collision drove Number 7 back about 20 feet down the track bringing the engine and caboose directly in front of the platform surrounding the station. The end of the tank car was caved in by the front platform of the caboose, the tank ruptured and the oil discharged on the ground. The three other cars were piled up in confused wreckage on each side of the track. The momentum of the tank car carried the oil along both sides of the engine and under the wood station platform. Almost immediately the oil ignited from the locomotive, presenting a 3000 gallon spill fire to contend with. The collision shattered glass in the passenger cars and hurled dozing passengers from seat or berth.

Confusion began at once. The 34 passengers crowded out in their robes or traveling costumes, the occupants of the bridge train joined them, and lights began to appear in the village as the occupants had been awakened by the noise. As soon as the villagers dressed they congregated at the scene of the excitement. Fed by blazing oil the fire spread rapidly to involve the wreckage of the freight cars, the platform, and the station. To one observer, the burning naphtha around the locomotive made it seem a fiery iron horse. The train officers and bridge crew reacted well to the emergency, they uncoupled the coaches from the baggage car, released the air brakes, and one by one pushed the coaches and the Pullman about 100 yards down the track. A theatrical company sought to recover their effects from the baggage car but the spreading fire forced them to give up the attempt. Within 10 minutes of the collision several passengers who had sustained minor injuries were given first aid by the women of Fountain.

As soon as the trainmen had quieted the passengers and moved the passenger cars they turned their attention to the fire. They tried to move the engine, but without success. Fire-fighting facilities were meager,

being limited to an impromptu bucket brigade using water obtained from the tender's tank and the water tank just north of the station. The fire rapidly ate its way through the caboose and tank car and on through the wreckage.

Mr. C. F. Smith, age 33, manager of the Newton Lumber Company yard in Fountain was one of the bravest of those who volunteered to help. He climbed on the roof of the burning depot and poured buckets of water on the roof and down the sides. Passing water to him were Lawrence Weihart, a Swiss carpenter, age 42, and Charles S. Hatch, a Fountain youth of 17.

Henry Hutchin, better known as "Uncle," had been born in Ohio in 1816, came to Colorado in 1864 and located a ranch 4 miles north of Fountain. He moved into the village in 1880 to conduct a general store. Now, in this emergency, he stood on the tender of the locomotive attempting to extinguish the fire with buckets of water passed up to him by Mr. Bosworth of Fountain.

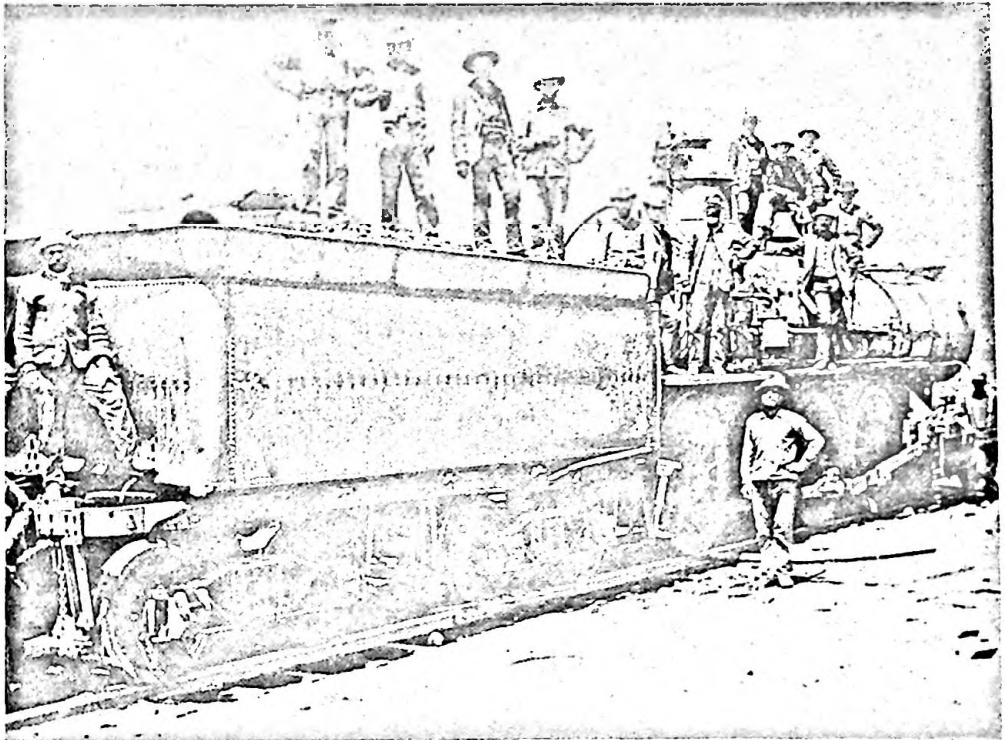
Mr. J. C. Denny, Santa Fe agent for Fountain, removed all money from the safe in the station and took the tickets to a place of safety. About this time Denny heard someone remark there was a car of powder in the wreck. He ran forward to the car, saw the sign "powder," but the sign appeared old casting down on whether the car actually contained powder. Statement was made that at that time it would have been possible to push that car out of the reach of the flames. Denny returned to the depot where night operator Guy was at his post despite flames licking at the building. Guy telegraphed to Pueblo for information about the contents of the car, and reply came back that one car did truly contain powder, but Pueblo did not know the number of the car. Denny then ran out and cried: "Powder, run for your lives." Next he tried to uncouple the powder car, but by now the heat was too intense. About this time Conductor Chubback, his crew, and part of a train arrived from Colorado Springs, and they too spread the warning of explosives. Those who heeded these warnings left the danger area, leaving behind only those who refused. Conductor Ammon picked up a little boy named Bennie Bell and with him in his arms ran for his life. They found shelter in an arroyo.

From three to five minutes after the warnings the fire communicated to the car of powder, the color of the flames changed from gold to silver, then with a tremendous flash and a shattering, earth-shaking blast, it exploded. A great flame shot upward. For many miles it could be seen coming up like the flash of a volcano fire. The sound grew in intensity until it was awesome. In Pueblo houses shook, windows rattled and doors creaked. Fountain trembled as if shaken by an earthquake. Radium was

not to be discovered by the Curies for another 10 years, and the power of fission would have to wait another 57 years, yet the journalists of 1888 in trying to describe the fury of this blast sounded as if they were describing the fission of atoms.

The powder let go approximately 35 minutes after the collision, demolishing the depot, the bridge train, the wrecked cars, and various buildings in Fountain. Attesting to the magnitude of the blast, afterward a hole was found in the ground from 12 to 15 feet deep and 30 to 35 feet in diameter.

How did the people fare in this blast? With the few minutes of warning most had scurried to safety. Most of the passengers were in the cars. Mr. Smith had bravely stuck to his self-appointed post on the roof of the depot whence he poured buckets of water in a futile attempt to stem the fire. He received the full force of the blast and was hurled to the ground. Later County Physician Strickler testified that a large piece of iron had entered his back to the left of the spine and passed out the right side. He died about two hours later. When picked up, barely recognizable as a human being he said: "Boys, I am not a coward."



Freight No. 31, 1888  
(From the collection of the Pioneers Museum)

Henry Hutchin was found about 100 feet from the powder car. He had a compound fracture of the left leg, internal injuries, and injuries to the arms and shoulders. He died during the afternoon.

Mrs. Sarah Widrig, a 32 year old widow who made a living by dress-making, heard the commotion and left her little yellow cottage to offer her services as a nurse. Although 500 feet away from the explosion center a piece of flying iron struck her in the back of the head and penetrated her skull. She lingered unconscious about 30 hours then expired.

Twenty-eight were injured. Lawrence Weihart was found near Hutchin, blood dripping from his face. He was reported dead, but like Mark Twain remarked, the report was exaggerated, and Weihart, though seriously injured, managed to survive. William Loomis, age 16, had a leg shattered by flying timbers, and later it was amputated.

Dr. J. E. Moore of Fountain and Dr. C. T. Berry of Maine, who happened to be in Fountain on a visit, worked valiantly to care for the injured. The front end of the freight, bearing the crew plus Professor W. W. Mayo, principal of the Fountain public schools, returned to Colorado Springs for assistance, arriving about 5 A.M. Two Colorado Midland coaches were brought over from Colorado City to serve as a relief train. About 5:30 A.M. the relief train left for the disaster, carrying Drs. Anderson, Gardiner, Solly, Horn, Arnold, Rice and Reber; Santa Fe Agent C. C. Hoyt, City Marshal Dana, a representative of the Gazette, and several railroad employees.

A character sketch of some of these people might be of interest. Dr. Boswell P. Anderson, a veteran of the Civil War in which he had served as a surgeon in the Confederate Army, was in charge of the hospital constructed to care for workers who might be injured during the construction of the Colorado Midland Railroad. This hospital evolved later into St. Francis. He was also personal physician to Albert and Mrs. Glockner, is often thought of as the "father of Glockner Hospital," and to his memory a bronze plaque has been placed in the corridor of the new Penrose Hospital.

Dr. Charles Cox Gardiner practiced for a time in Crested Butte, then wrote a fanciful account of medical practice there titled "Doctor at Timberline." In Colorado Springs he lived on North Cascade Avenue at the site where the Boettcher Health Center for Colorado College has been built.

Dr. Edwin Solly was an Englishman who came to Colorado Springs and was associated with General Palmer in the construction of the original Antlers Hotel. He lived just north of the Antlers, at 2 North Cascade. He was one of the organizers of the Town and Gown Golf Club, the third

golf club to be organized in the United States, and which later became the Patty Jewett Golf Club.

Dr. Clarence Arnold lived at the northwest corner of Willamette and Nevada. Children often called him the "bird doctor" since he had many cages in his yard and was always willing to splint a bird's broken wing and care for it without fee until it healed.

Lorenzo C. Dana was City Marshal until 1896, his office in the second story of the city hall, where the Utilities Building now stands, housed a rogue's gallery which he had collected and which was one of the finest in the United States.

When notified of the catastrophe, H. H. Scott, Santa Fe Superintendent at Pueblo, was prompt to act. He ordered out the wrecking train, and on it arrived in Fountain at 8:15 A.M. On this train was the company's physician, Dr. W. H. McDonald.

On arrival the physicians from Colorado Springs and Pueblo scattered in all directions and soon covered the town, seeking out and caring for those injured or dying. Superintendent Scott arranged for passengers



Baptist Church, Fountain, Colorado, after the explosion, May 14, 1888  
(From the Denver Public Library Western Collection)

of the wrecked Number 7 to be taken to Colorado Springs via the narrow gauge Rio Grande. The Relief train from Pueblo carried a large force of workmen, perhaps 75 in number, and they soon laid a track around the wreck and re-established telegraphic communication.

Damage to the Santa Fe Railroad was considerable, including Engine #562, baggage car, five freight cars with their consignments, depot, track, and the cars of the bridge train, for an estimated total loss of \$90,000. The village of Fountain suffered extensive damage. After the explosion there were only three intact chimneys in town. The Baptist Church, a neat frame structure with a tall spire, located south of the depot, was demolished; loss \$1,100. Directly east of the depot had been the Newton Lumber Yard—now it was gone, scattered, burned, with loss of \$5,000. Near the lumber yard, the blacksmith shop of C. W. Cell had disappeared. The residence and barn of C. S. Loomis suffered heavily, with roofs caved in, loss \$500. The district school, a handsome frame structure, was a total wreck, loss \$1,800. The Mitchel House, a frame and adobe hotel building had walls badly cracked, doors and windows blown out, loss \$2,000. The Free Methodist Church was badly damaged, blackened, plaster blown off, furnishings upset, and a portion of the wall blown in, damage \$250. Mrs. Woodrig's house received \$100 damage. The general store of F. D. Ross was damaged to the extent of \$1,700. Other damaged properties included the Fountain Dispatch, Perkins' grain store, store and post office kept by A. J. Benedict, Ames Agricultural Implements, Lewis Butcher Shop, Hutchin's General Merchandise, and many others.

The force of the explosion did strange things to the metal of the train and the track. Pieces of cars and railroad iron were scattered all over the countryside for distances up to  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile. Car wheels were split in two and hurled 500 feet. One rail was torn from the ties, carried 200 feet and driven into the ground. Twenty-nine years later Conductor Ammon recalled the whiz of a car wheel as it passed over his head.

What was probably the last remnant of the explosion came to light in 1902. A three-room school building had been built in 1884. In 1903, to make room for a new grade school, the old building was moved, and at that time Mr. W. G. Riddoch found a piece of a box car wheel in the attic of the building. This fragment of a wheel measured about 6 x 8 inches, and had been blown into that attic in 1888.

The explosion was heard at considerable distances. Ranch houses were shaken and windows broken miles away. In Colorado Springs night policeman Michael was standing in front of the First National Bank. When the explosion occurred he thought a safe had been blown, then the bright light from the southeast suggested a burst boiler, so he went to the

Santa Fe tracks, where he learned of the events in Fountain. It was said that windows were broken in Colorado Springs.

Newspaper coverage was excellent and provided much of the information for this paper; but I'll have to admit there is a certain amount of confusion and contradiction on various points. Still, with the excitement, the total involvement of a small community in a disaster, and the number of casualties, confusion would be the rule and not the exception. The "Colorado Springs' Gazette" sent a reporter to Fountain on the relief train, and the front page of the following evening carried an extensive account of the events. Representatives of the "Pueblo Chieftain" traveled on the Rio Grande fast train which arrived in Fountain about 9:35 A.M., telegraphed back their stories, and the "Chieftain" hit the streets of Pueblo by 2:30 P.M. with 1200 copies of an extra the very day of the explosion, May 14, 1888. All copies had been sold by 4 P.M. The "Denver Republican" and the "Rocky Mountain News" also covered the disaster. Photographers from Colorado Springs and Pueblo took pictures of the wreckage.

Way back in 1888 bad news traveled fast, and people flocked to Fountain from every direction. When news of the collision and explosion reached Colorado Springs everyone wanted to go to Fountain. Every livery stable was soon exhausted of facilities as those with funds rented horse and buggy. Two special trains came from Colorado Springs, each was crowded with the curious. It was estimated that there were 2500 people in Fountain by 11 A.M.

El Paso County Coroner, Isaac Davis, impaneled a jury consisting of W. H. D. Merrill, E. S. Bumstead, J. H. Thedinger, Matt France, C. L. Gillingham, and A. F. Mitchell. The jury met first in the school building, but fearing the walls might collapse they adjourned to the grass outside where the inquest was conducted, with about 1,000 people watching the proceedings. After questioning a number of witnesses the hearing was adjourned, to reconvene at Colorado Springs on Wednesday. There, in the court house hall, testimony was heard from the crew of the freight train. Conductor Chubback told of the events of the runaway, including information that he had taken pains to put the powder car a considerable distance back from the engine, that he had ordered the rear brakeman to set the brakes scurely on the detached cars, and that he had set the air on the five car string himself. Chubback admitted that an unidentified man was riding the caboose, he was elderly, had had one leg amputated, and that he carried a letter from officials of the C. B. & Q. Railroad; hence he was permitted to deadhead to Denver. Chubback stated further that he thought a bum had boarded the train in Fountain, that he had put the

tramp off when they arrived in Colorado Springs, and that he thought the tramp had released the brakes through malice.

Albert Orendorff, hind brakeman, stated that he had been working for several years, part of the time in the Raton Mountains, and was well aware of the responsibilities of his job, and the disastrous consequences that could attend any failure. Orendorff testified that he had set the brakes pretty tight. He added that he had observed the cupola lights of the caboose 10 minutes after they had left the cars, proving the cars had brakes set, and that they would not have stayed put so long unless the brakes had been set, and that they would not have started to move unless someone released the brakes or a strong wind had blown against the cars.

All the trainmen agreed that tramps had set the cars loose out of malevolence and innate cussedness, by pulling a pin.

Depositions were read from A. G. Dodge and Ira Pherson, the stockmen who had ridden the caboose from Pueblo to Colorado Springs that fateful night. They stated they had had charge of the stock on #31, and they recalled seeing the brakeman club the brakes tight before they left the train.

After hearing the testimony from the trainmen, the coroner's jury concluded that Smith and Hutchin and the unknown had come to their deaths by an explosion of naphtha and giant powder on the A. T. & S. F. Railroad cars at the town of Fountain, on the 14th of May 1888. The explosion was caused by five freight cars getting away from Colorado Springs and running wild to the town of Fountain and coming into collision with the passenger train. The railroad employees took the usual precautions to prevent the cars from moving by setting the brakes, but they were let loose in some manner, to the jury unknown.

Perhaps only one man could have told in what manner the cars ran wild, but he couldn't testify at the inquest. He was dead. He was the one-legged man allowed to ride the caboose to Denver. Later he was identified as Frank Shipman whose brother ranched at Greenland. When the crew had left the caboose to switch and unload the cattle cars he had been asleep. It was theorized that he would have been awakened by the rough crossing of the Santa Fe over the Rio Grande tracks, and one observer thought he saw Shipman trying to set the brakes on the caboose just before the collision. He was killed in the crash and his body burned into an unrecognizable mass.

A fund for relief of the sufferers was promptly started by the First National Bank with a generous donation of \$100.00. By the following day this fund had grown to \$1,000 and a day later it was \$1,575. On May 15 six tents and three barrels of bread were sent from Denver and the follow-



ing day fruit and delicacies for the injured. Wells Fargo Express carried the relief supplies without charge.

The Santa Fe Railroad was both liberal and prompt in settling claims for damages from the disaster. The Coroner's jury exonerated the railroad of blame and consequently of liability for damages; however, the railroad felt morally responsible. The "Pueblo Chieftain" had this to say: "The company proved by its action in this matter that it is controlled by broad-gage, liberal minded men who believe in doing what is right and just, whether the law can compel them to do it or not. Such an example of big-heartedness is worthy of emulation by other corporations, and is also worthy of praise." Mr. Foulks, Santa Fe claim agent, was on the ground early, and worked diligently to satisfy claims of those who suffered loss. The Hutchin family was given \$1,125 for property loss plus \$3,000 for support of the widow and daughter. Two thousand dollars was given for the benefit of Frank Woodrig, orphaned child of the dead Mrs. Sarah Woodrig, and damage to the Woodrig house was compensated for by \$100. Wally Loomis received \$2,000 for the loss of his leg, and damage to the Loomis barn and house was valued at \$500. By May 22, just 8 days after the disaster, all claims except one had been settled for a total of \$17,192. The Smith family had been offered \$2,000 for the death of Mr. Smith, but this had been refused. The family claimed that the day before the explosion Mr. Smith had collected considerable money, that at least \$800 had been in his inside pocket, and that when injured Mr. Smith had requested an attendant to take care of the money. Afterwards no trace of the money could be found. Two weeks after the explosion the family was holding out for \$5,000 damages.

While the Coroner's jury had exonerated the Santa Fe, not everyone shared their forgiving views. The "Rocky Mountain News" concluded that it will never be known what caused the wreck. The "News" stated that old railroad men universally agreed the accident must have been due to the carelessness of the hind brakeman, and that had only the brakes on the caboose been set they would have sufficed to hold all five cars. The "News" stated further that it was well known that cars left standing without any brakes set whatsoever may stand for some time, then be moved by a slight breeze.

Evidently the Santa Fe felt concerned too, for even after having made a settlement with all those suffering injuries or damages they continued investigation. No information was released until over three months from the time of the wreck, then on August 25 startling news was made public. At the time of the inquest depositions had been read from the two stockmen who had ridden the caboose. These two men were in the western part of the state at the time of the inquest and not available to testify

in person. Three weeks later one of them, Ira Pherson, made a statement to officials of the Santa Fe that there had been one more passenger on the caboose that night in addition to the two stockmen and the one-legged railroader. The extra passenger, of whom the Coroner's jury had been left in darkness, had boarded the train at Pueblo and had paid Conductor Chubback \$1.50 for the privilege of riding to Denver. He was described as heavy set, with a pock-marked face. He claimed to have been a member of the Brotherhood of Firemen on the Burlington road. The one-legged man had entered the caboose first, and to all appearances his meeting with the unknown was purely accidental, but their recognition was mutual, and from their conversation the stockmen were led to believe the two had an old grudge between them. During the ride from Pueblo to Colorado Springs the two had come to blows several times, but the occupants of the caboose had separated them. When Pherson left the caboose in Colorado Springs to assist in unloading the cattle the men had renewed their quarrel. A. C. Dodge, the other stockman, corroborated the report of Pherson.

Division Superintendent Flynn stated that at the time the crippled railroad man was buried there had been no knowledge of any relatives or friends, so he was interred in potter's field at Evergreen Cemetery. Later, relatives from Greenland appeared, had the body disinterred and taken to Greenland. At that time, armed with the statements from Pherson and Dodge, Superintendent Flynn suggested that when the body was exhumed it should be examined, and this was done. On examination it was found that the skull, just above the right eye was crushed, but without the skin being broken. The characteristics of the wound suggested it had resulted from a blow from a heavy blunt instrument, such as a round coupling pin or a link. Superintendent Flynn stated that had the wound resulted from a missile propelled by the explosion it would have caused a jagged wound quite different from the one found.

From this new evidence the railroad authorities theorized that the unknown had murdered the one-legged Shipman, then released the brakes of the cars, knowing that if a wreck occurred, as was inevitable, Shipman's death would be attributed to the wreck, and the murder would go unrecognized as such. Had Shipman been alive on that wild ride to Fountain, his knowledge of railroading would have enabled him to set the brakes on the cars to stop them long before they reached Fountain.

When this information came to light the railroad employed detectives in an attempt to find the unknown man. The states of Kansas and Nebraska were combed thoroughly, but no trace of him was found. Finally an investigator not connected directly with this case located the unknown in Glenwood Springs, whither he had gone to avail himself of the beneficial

nature of the waters there on certain diseases. Information on the unknown's whereabouts was slow to reach the Santa Fe authorities, and the mystery man departed and was heard from no more.

Was this a smokescreen to divert blame and liability from the Santa Fe, which seems unlikely since the railroad had already settled for damages and injuries, or should this case be added to brother Posseman Carl Mathews' list of unsolved crimes of the Pikes Region?

At the present time, 1965, is it possible for us to profit from, or learn a lesson from this disaster? From the havoc wrought, it is evident that explosives are dangerous. To legislate against the transportation of all hazardous materials would be to hamstring our industries. From Murphy's Law, we know that if anything can happen, it probably will. Explosives and other hazardous materials must be moved from place to place. Despite these obvious conclusions, plus the increased hazards from the sophisticated technology of 1965, volunteer and paid firefighters are still asking for the life-saving protection afforded by just such a simple practice as the adequate labeling of materials in transit.



After the explosion, Fountain, Colorado, 1888  
(From the collection of the Pioneers Museum)

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## Westerner's Bookshelf



**EMPIRE AND THE BERTHOUD PASS**, by Louise C. Harrison, Big Mountain Press, Denver, Colorado, \$7.95.

Anyone who has driven U.S. Highway 40 west from Denver up the broad, smooth, eastern approach to Berthoud Pass has passed through the little town of Empire.

In these later years, they may have noticed little more than a mountain hamlet, with the usual gas stations, cafe, a few cottages, and some venerable homes.

A second look, and a turn off the highway, would introduce them to the **Hotel Splendide**, a Colorado landmark dating back to the earliest years of the gold rush.

From this edifice, Mrs. Louise C. Harrison has put together, in meticulous detail, an absorbing story of Empire and its exciting early days, and of the development of the highway over Berthoud Pass—one of the most important and scenic crossings of the Continental Divide.

The **Hotel Splendide**, now operated by Mrs. Harrison in painstakingly restored Victorian splendor as an outstanding hostelry and restaurant, originally was built by James Peck, pioneer miller, miner, merchant and developer in the 1860's. It was known as the **Peck House** until Mrs. Harrison acquired it in 1955.

The author has made her account a story not only of places and things, but also of people. Her book is replete with the doings of the Peck

family, Captain Berthoud, William Newton Byers, and dozens of others who contributed to the development of the Clear Creek country.

**Empire's** story, in many ways, is in the pattern of so many Colorado towns which grew and declined with the rise and fall of mining fortunes. But, there is a postscript to the **Empire** story based on the development of Berthoud Pass, the subsequent boom in vacation travel, and, more latterly, in the fabulous growth of skiing and winter sports in Colorado. Its symbol of the future is more apt to be of a skier carrying his poles than a miner with his burro.

Mrs. Harrison herself is a third generation Coloradan with expert qualifications for undertaking this type of research. One of her grandfathers was Adolph Coors, founder of the Coors Brewery, and the other was Henry Collbran, a builder of the Colorado Midland Railroad.

Her book is filled with an abundance of original material, gleaned from mining registers, city and county records, newspapers, and family collections. The book is illustrated by 86 photos, many of them previously unpublished.

Bill Brenneman, PM

**PICTURE GALLERY PIONEERS**, by Ralph W. Andrews, Superior Publishing Co., 192 pp., 271 photos, \$12.50.

The author admits — "I take little credit for finding the material you see and read in the book. About all I did

was point, and librarians, historical society staffs, and individual collectors did the finding."

A liberal section of the book bears a marked similarity to materials covered by Opal Harber's thesis, "The Early Photographers of Colorado—1853-1876," prepared in 1956; and "Photographers and the Colorado Scene, 1953-1900," prepared in 1961. The reproduction of unrare photos is very good. The text is quite informative and has been well prepared.

**PICTURE GALLERY PIONEERS** should enjoy a good sale, and subsequent editions.

Fred M. Mazzulla, PM

**COLORADO ROCKS, MINERALS, & FOSSILS**, by Richard M. Pearl, Sage Books, Denver, Colorado 214 pages, illustrated with maps, tables, drawings and photos, \$3.50.

Mr. Pearl has composed a book on Colorado's geology, its minerals, rocks, meteorites and fossils that is most informative.

He has outlined the geologic history of Colorado in three chapters. His descriptions and definitions of geologic terms are well defined and simplified so that anyone not acquainted with geology will be able to understand the fundamentals of this science.

He has several chapters on the three types of rock formations with sub-classifications of each type, which is well illustrated with locations, maps and photos. His bibliography of source material is extremely well documented and complete.

Several chapters are devoted to Colorado's minerals, their value, locations, history, museums method of

identification and definition of terms. The remaining chapters deal with fossils, their types, where located, with interesting descriptions and illustrations.

This book details all the data in a compact form, to obtain a rudimentary knowledge of Colorado's minerals, meteorites, fossils and rocks.

I would recommend this book to all collectors, hobbyists and those that want a concise knowledge of this subject. I also recommend its being a must for study by all Colorado high school students. Educators should add this book to their high school curriculum.

R. A. Ronzio, PM

**MOUNTAIN' MAN**, by H. Ray Baker. Golden Bell Press, Denver, 1964. 207 pp. Illustrated by the author. \$3.95.

This is a good book for a laugh, but I am afraid you will laugh at, rather than with the author.

Certainly Mr. Baker has written a most hilarious and ridiculous book about his misadventures as a rancher in Colorado. He seems to have made every mistake possible in his efforts.

The book is good for a chuckle and an occasional "laugh out loud," particularly when he is besieged by city friends who just happen to drive by the ranch (from 20-odd miles away) in time for dinner and drinks and other free hospitality. These encounters with various uninvited guests make good reading.

Ray Baker is an artist, and his sketches in the book bear this out.

William D. Powell, PM

## NEW HANDS ON THE RANGE

The Denver Posse of The Westerners wishes to welcome the following new Corresponding Members to the Denver Westerners.

**SANDRA DALLAS ATCHISON**  
444 Gilpin  
Denver, Colorado 80218

Miss Atchison is the Assistant Editor of the "University of Denver Magazine" and is a free-lance writer. She is especially interested in Colorado architecture. In June Sage Books will issue her publication, *GASLIGHTS AND GINGERBREAD*. Miss Atchison has also published various articles in the "N. Y. Times," "S. F. Chronicle," "Ski" and "Ford Times".

**ROBERT N. MULLIN**  
36 South La Senda Drive  
South Laguna, California 92677

Mr. Mullin's present occupation is "loafing" and his special interests are Arizona, New Mexico, West Texas, 1950-1900. He has published various articles in sundry Historical Quarterlies—"Chronology, Lincoln County War," *N. M. Historical Review*, "David Meriwether, Territorial Governor of New Mexico," *El Paso Historical Society's Password*.

**ERNEST R. SCHULTZ**  
Denver, Colorado 80220

Mr. Schultz is a Consulting Engineer and until January 1965, Head of Concrete Dams Design for the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation in Denver. He is especially interested in the history of the early explorers and expeditions of the Army. His publications include "Design Features of Glen Canyon Dam," "Study of a Dam for a Wide Valley," "Report on the 29th Executive Committee Meeting, International Commission on Large Dams and Study Tour in the USSR, June 1962." "Vaiont Dam and Adjacent Disaster Area, Oct. 1963." He is a Fellow, American Society of Civil Engineers; Member, U. S. Committee on Large Dams; Member, National Society of Professional Engineers, and is listed in "Who's Who in Engineering-1964." His hobbies are photography, history of the west and travel.

Back in the thirties when Haward Thorp was collecting folk materials under the Federal Workers Project in New Mexico, he turned in a number of cowboy songs that he had gathered over the years. He published the first collection of cowboy songs in 1898, and any one having a copy of this little book better hang on to it. Among the songs that he brought into the Writers Project is the following, which the Editor is throwing in for the readers enjoyment.

### BRAGGIN' BILL'S FOOTWORK

You'll hear no end of the tales that thrill  
If you herd around with "Braggin' Bill."  
In days when Bill was but a gid,—  
He's ninety now—he up and rid  
A mountain lion on the lope  
Which he had lassoed with his rope.  
He nearly drove that lion wild,  
But, being he was just a child,  
He didn't know that cruelties  
To pore, dumb beastt was sinful, see?  
In them departed dear old days  
There was no S.P.C.A.'s!

When Braggin' Bill was young and hale,  
He ran a stage that carried mail  
Along the rugged mountainside  
'Tween Silverton and Telluride.  
One time two bandits, bold and grim,  
Waylaid and tried to hold him up.  
Bill raised his hands high in the air  
Like he was told, and kept 'em there.  
But Bill was dangerous to meet  
'Cause he had educated feet!  
He didn't wear no boots or socks,  
And underneath the driving box  
He kept a six-gun he could shoot  
With deadly aim with either foot.  
So, through his feet, Bill used his head  
And filled them bandits full of lead.  
It's vurry hard as most men knows  
To pull the trigger with your toes.  
You ain't heard nothing strange until  
You've heard the tales of Braggin' Bill.

### NEXT MEETING, APRIL 28, 1965

Denver Press Club, as usual. MAC POOR, author of *Denver, South Park and Pacific*. Mac's talk is entitled "How Come, Why and How I Wrote *Denver, South Park and Pacific*—'Nuff Said."



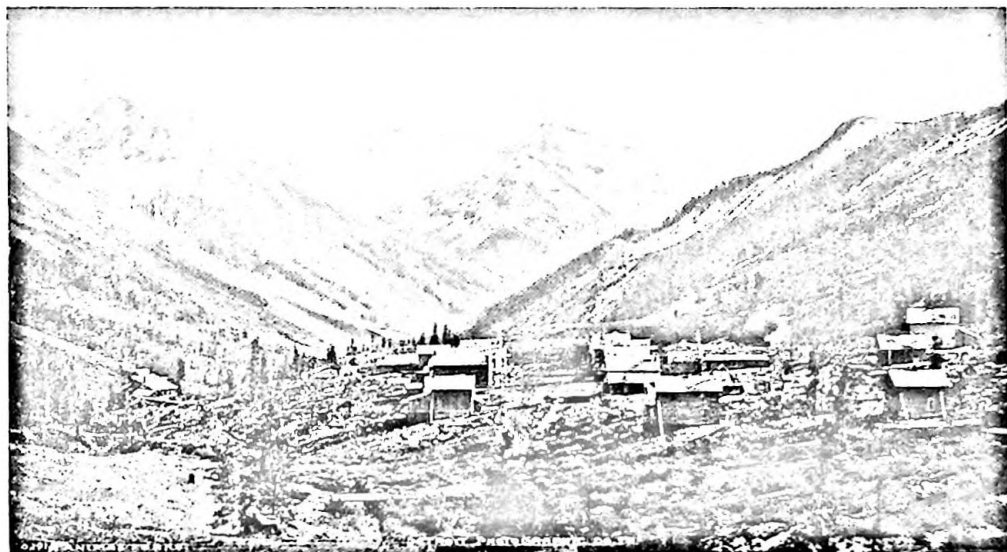
*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
**ROUNDUP**

APRIL  
1965  
Volume XXI  
Number 4

IN THIS ISSUE —

Animas Forks—The Life and Death of a  
Mining Camp  
by

Robert L. Brown



Animas Forks in the 1880's with the Gold Prince Mill in the foreground: Western History Collection, Denver Public Library



# The Denver Westerners Monthly



## ROUNDUP

Vol. XXI, Number 4

April, 1965

The ROUNDUP is published monthly by the Denver Posse of Westerners. \$4.00 per year. Entered as second class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office: 839 Pearl St., Boulder, Colorado, 80302. The Westerners office: 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Copyright 1964 by the Westerners Inc., a Colorado Corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

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### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Robert L. Brown is a specialist in western history, particularly history of Colorado dealing with the state's colorful past. He is the author of JEEP TRAILS TO COLORADO GHOST TOWNS, published by the Caxton Printers of Caldwell, Idaho, and has a second book titled, AN EMPIRE OF SILVER, scheduled to be published this year by Caxton. At present, he teaches history at South High in Denver and also teaches Colorado History at Regis College.



# Animas Forks - The Life and Death Of a Mining Camp

by  
Robert L. Brown

Any crossing of the alpine reaches of lofty Cinnamon Pass remains one of the most stimulating journeys in Colorado. This ancient trail was both constructed and allowed to decay during that last quarter of the nineteenth century. Its altitude, over 13,000 feet high at the crest, rules it out of the class of its contemporaries which survived for twentieth-century utilization.

Nearly two decades ago, I was invited by a close friend, J. G. "Pete" Heiney, to accompany him in a war-surplus Jeep into a section of the San Juans that we had both been curious about. Leaving Lake City, we followed the high, twisting shelf that climbs sharply above the Lake Fork of the Gunnison to become Cinnamon Pass. Dropping down the western side, one has the feeling of hanging out over a yawning abyss as the zig-zag cuts descend all too sharply into the deep valley of the Animas River.

About half way down, one gets a first-fleeting view of Animas Forks, nestled in the bottom of the canyon. All around it, the sharply rising walls are topped by tremendous, jagged peaks, seemingly piled on top of other peaks. The whole impression is more like something from a Swiss calendar than what most of us expect in Colorado. To this day my memory still retains this view as one of the six or seven most esthetically beautiful sights in my experience.

Upon reaching the valley floor, we crossed a creaking bridge and drove up the main street. We were the only living beings in town. There were no sounds other than the wind and the rushing babble of the two forks combining their waters to become the mighty Animas, which once cut its way through the rocky escarpment to the south. Even though the town is cradled at the bottom of a deep bowl, you are still in the San Juans, and a good reminder is the fact that the elevation of Animas Forks is 11,584 feet above sea level. Since this uncomplicated introduction, many miles have been traveled and a good deal of magnetic tape has been filled with efforts to learn as much as possible about early life in this town.

Early developments at Animas Forks are somewhat nebulous. In general, the community evolved according to the pattern of common mining camps of the period. During the summer of 1875, (some sources say it was one year later), prospectors came up the river from the

Silverton side to make and work some promising strikes in the canyons branching out from the Forks. A small tent city grew up and was occupied until the heavy snows drove them out. When the warm months rolled around in 1876, a larger tent city blossomed at the same site and a few log cabins were erected here and there. During this phase, one course refers to the town as La Plata City. Since names were often used more than once, this earlier designation should not be confused with the La Plata City west of Durango. The choice seemed natural enough at the time, since present county lines did not exist and the whole area was a part of La Plata County.

No source disputes the laying out of a townsite in 1877. Free building lots were offered as an inducement to permanent construction and, it was hoped, settlement, in this high and lonely place. Several hundred hardy souls took the bait. Gradually, wooden structures replaced the tents and, since this was an enduring camp, buildings of dressed lumber almost completely supplanted the earlier log cabins.

When George Crofutt visited the camp, he reported a transient population of two hundred. Another source would have us believe there were one thousand people there by 1877. At any rate, the availability of both labor and water resulted in an early start on two large mills constructed to refine ores brought down from the Red Cloud mine two and a half miles farther up at Mineral City, or Mineral Point.

These first two refineries at Animas Forks were the San Juan Smelting Company and the Dakota and San Juan Mining Company. Their works were completed, after an impressive race, in time for experimental runs in the late fall of 1876. The Mineral Mountain Mining Company completed a dry concentrator in 1879.

Most of the Animas district mines were located along the banks of the river. Their elevations ranged between 11,000 and 12,000 feet high. Most of the ore was galena, impregnated with gray copper and the veins were found running in the usual direction, northeast and southwest. Some of them carried vivid names like the Black Cross, Big Giant, Iron Cap, Eclipse, Columbus, Mountain Queen, and Golden Eagle.

As civilization became more firmly rooted, many businesses began to line the single principal street. Among them were Frank Thaler's saloon; three hotels—The Flagstaff, the Mercer, and the Garrison House; two assay offices; a post office; and several assorted general stores.

One factor which doubtless contributed to the rapidly mushrooming growth was the construction of the Silverton and Animas Forks Toll Road Company, which started up the river from Bakers Park in 1875. The man responsible, of course, was the incredible Otto Mears. Commissioners of La Plata County, in which the area was still located, appro-

priated \$150 toward construction costs from Silverton to Howardsville. Another like amount was extended to help take the road on as far as Eureka. When Mears began hacking out a trail from the ledge above Eureka, up the steep incline to Animas Forks, the commissioners really outdid themselves with a doubled stipend of \$300. Such overwhelming generosity doubtless accounted for the personal arrival of Mears at Silverton in July of 1875 to supervise construction. Originally, the grade was on the opposite side of the river from the rocky trail that now winds up the valley.

Curiously, a check of the old records shows that the charter for the Silverton and Animas Forks Toll Road Company was not taken out until 1885. Paul Harrison tells me that in actual practice roads were often built and in use for several years before charters were taken out. Charter dates, therefore, do not always reflect an accurate chronology as much as they may reflect an afterthought on the part of the builder.

The road did not stop at the Forks, but was continued up to Mineral City. Both camps were separated by a low, snow-covered divide in a region of perpetual frost and were only two and a half miles apart. Both towns were likewise situated at timberline and were close to the top of the watershed, although on opposite sides. From Mineral City, water flows north to the Uncompahgre River, which in turn empties into the Gunnison. From the Forks it flows south from the Animas to the San Juan Rivers, then into the lower Colorado River. Improved transportation facilities almost certainly spurred a more rapid growth of the town.

The fourth estate came to Animas Forks on June 17, 1882, as a direct result of strong feelings which resulted in a demand by the miners that patent notices for mining claims should be published in the nearest newspaper. The mountain came to Mohammed in the person of Sol Raymond who saw an opportunity for a newspaper, packed up his press and moved to the Forks. Raymond started *The Animas Forks Pioneer*. His issue of September 23, 1882, announced in an advertisement that the Pioneer Stage Line was operating over the Mears road. It read, in part, as follows:

"We have put on one of the finest buckboards ever on the road, between Animas Forks and Silverton, and are prepared to carry passengers safely and put them there on time. We drive a four-horse team with careful driver, and all the passengers by this line will receive the best of attention."

During February of 1883 *The Animas Forks Pioneer* discovered that it was being published at an altitude of 11,585 feet and claimed that it was grinding out news at a higher elevation than any other journal in the world. The owner went on to state that, "according to God's theory,

this is no empty honor and should place this paper in the front ranks of journal." The *Pioneer* was the town's only paper and was published steadily until its last issue on October 2, 1886.

In its last years, Fred L. Miner operated the *Animas Forks Pioneer* and described it as, "A two-by-four country weekly newspaper." His son, the late Claude Miner of Golden, told me two years ago that his father once confessed that when news was short or when snow cut off contact with the outside, he simply made up stories as he went along to fill the columns and sell his papers. This may account for an ad that once appeared showing a paddle-wheel steamboat plying the Animas River between Mineral Point and Animas Forks.

Realistic transportation came into being again on August 10, 1877, when the first stagecoach pounded its way into Animas Forks from the other direction. Beginning in Lake City, the road continued for twenty-five miles over Engineer Pass, also built by Otto Mears. The first party then continued on to Silverton where they were met by F. M. Snowden, entertained at Johnsons saloon and were then given the freedom of the city. The somewhat higher wagon road over Cinnamon Pass also came into use and carried freight, ore, and people in and out of the district. Cinnamon Pass goes far back into history and is not easy to date. It was used by Charles Baker when he first entered the San Juans in 1860. Ferdinand Vandever Hayden's survey crossed it during 1874 while it was still little more than a foot trail. When the path became a road in 1877, Otto Mears, for once, had nothing to do with it. This monumental feat of engineering was performed by Enos Hotchkiss.

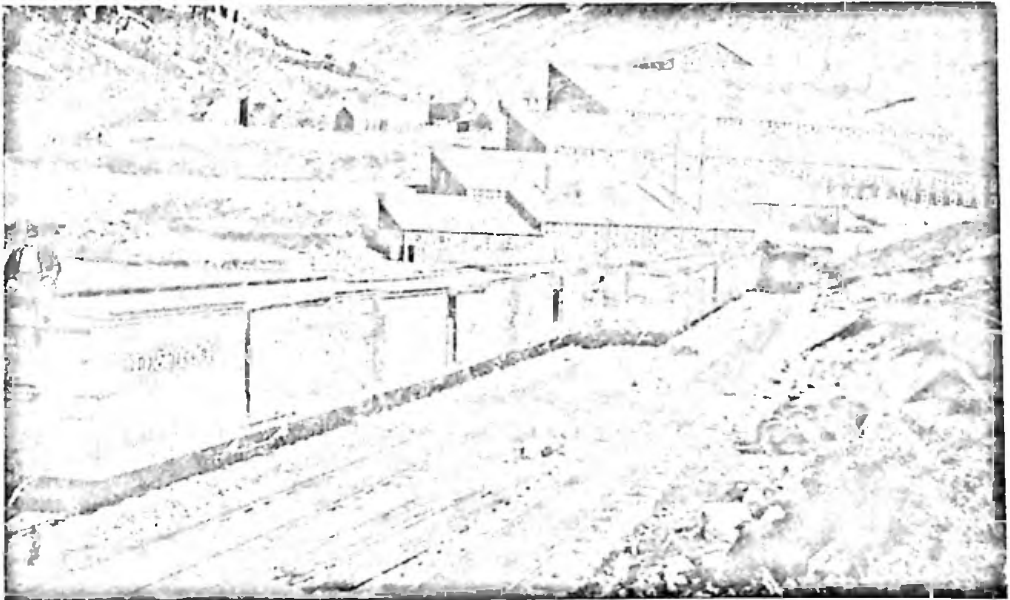
The greatest single economic unit at the Forks was the Gold Prince Mill, connected by a Bleaichard tramway to its mine near the head of Mastodon Gulch. At that time the Gold Prince was the largest concentrating mill in the state. Since a steel company was one of its principal owners, more than four hundred cars of structural steel were used in its foundations and floors. It also employed steel rafters in its roof. Looming up against the landscape like a small mountain, the mill building proper had outside dimensions of 184 by 336 feet. Construction casts had totaled a half million dollars. Inside, the steady pounding of its hundred stamps shook the earth and made a steady rumble like distant thunder as it beat out its daily capacity of 500 tons.

Strangely enough, the Gold Prince Company was chartered in the state of Maine where it was capitalized at three million dollars. One possible key to this was stockholder Cyrus W. Davis, owner of the Gold King properties at nearby Gladstone. Davis, a prominent capitalist of Maine, had been a candidate for governor there on the Democratic ticket in 1904 and 1906. Since Maine has only rarely looked with favor

upon the office-seeking propensities of those persons who choose to run as Democrats, one can only speculate upon the audacity and colossal optimism of this man.

Following a common practice, the owners of the Gold Prince used money from the mill to develop their own pet mine. In such country, a mill was almost a sure money-maker and, therefore, a ready source of speculative capital for drilling exploratory holes on promising lodes. The Bleichard tram which connected the two was 12,600 feet long, could carry fifty tons of ore an hour, and had been erected at a cost of \$75,000. Its 50,000 feet of steel cable could carry its cargo at a rate of three hundred and fifty feet per minute.

The mine itself was located on the Mastodon vein, an incredibly rich formation measuring some seventy-five to one hundred and fifty feet in width. A splendid boarding house was constructed at this lonely outpost to house one hundred and fifty men. All its supplies, as well as those for the mine, were transported up from Animas Forks by way of the tram. No wooden stopping was used in the shafts of the Gold Prince because of the scarcity of timber. Each stope was started as a blind drift with strong blocks of ground left standing for support.



Gold Prince Mill and Silverton Northern Railroad at Animas Forks—Compliments of R. A. Ranzio

The Gold Prince Mine was sold to the company by Rasmus Hanson, a true San Juan pioneer. Although born in Denmark, his life was a part of the history of the mines around Animas Forks to which he had migrated in 1876. He prospected for ten years and gradually gained control of a number of mining properties. In 1886 he was elected mayor of Animas Forks. Hanson became an intimate of the Prince of Wales, who once gave a party to help him sell a mine.

One of the grim realities of life at the Forks was the severity of its winters. The one of 1884 has been chosen as a case in point. By mid October only twelve men, three women, and twenty dogs remained in the town. After a few minor flurries, the first big snow started during Christmas week and kept falling steadily until the drifts measured from six to ten feet. The mayor of Animas Forks had warned repeatedly against heavy timber cutting on the steep hillsides surrounding the town, because he feared the possibility of snowslides. The drifts kept getting deeper with every storm. One blizzard lasted for twenty-three days. When it subsided, the snow measured twenty-five feet deep on the level in the main street of Animas Forks. After each storm, the men cut a notch in a pole outside Frank Thaler's saloon, and in this way kept track of the depth of the snow.

No one could get outside the door without a pair of Norwegian snowshoes. One-story buildings were entirely obliterated from the landscape. Men snowshoed into the upper story of the Kalamazoo House on the bank in the upper side of the street. The Kalamazoo House was a new name for the old Garrison House Hotel that had been sold to new owners.

The country was so thoroughly snowed in that the Denver and Rio Grande could not get any trains into Silverton for sixty days. When the train finally arrived, it was blocked by a snowslide in the Animas Canyon, requiring thirty more days to dig it out. Luckily, provisions had been laid in at Animas Forks and Fred Miner recalled no real hardship up there since, as he said, Silverton people could not get to them to draw on their stock. The Silverton situation showed few signs of improvement. Later in the year, *The Denver Daily News* reported that only one train had reached them since February 3. There was no beef in town other than some cows belonging to a dairy. The *News* writer commented further that, "They are observing Lent at Silverton with a religiousness that is truly commendable."

Meanwhile, back at the Forks, the time was passed by playing draw poker and drinking hot Scotch whiskey. Frank Thaler's saloon became a headquarters for all the boys after a tunnel was dug in through the snow. The limit for the top hand was \$100. During the winter the town



was covered by snowslides twice and was constantly in danger of being swept away by an avalanche. The danger was lost sight of in the excitement of the poker games, however, and a little thing like a slide would hardly cause a ripple of excitement if a big hand was being played.

The largest slide in the town's history came down out of Wood Gulch during the winter of 1883-84, about a mile below Animas Forks. Up near the top of the range was an immense basin about half a mile across and a mile long. The new snow was packed in nearly ten feet deep on the mountainside. A small slide started near the head of the range, loosening the rest of the snow in the basin. The whole mass then came roaring down into the gulch, piling up and finally forcing its way across the river. It rolled two hundred yards up the slope of the opposite mountainside, then, folded itself over like the crest of a giant wave before falling back to bury the town. Where it stopped, the snow was about half a mile wide and measured fifty feet deep. It was so hard that a team of horses could be driven across its crust safely.

During March of 1884, the snow still measured twelve feet deep on the level in the streets of Animas Forks. In the canyon below the town, drifts measured from fifty to seventy-five feet in some places. In the spring a tunnel was cut through it by the melting creek. The resulting arch finally became so large that one stage driver drove up the bed of the creek and under the great arch of snow. This route was taken in preference to driving over the top which now sprouted huge chunks of the trees it had cut down.

Two years later, the pattern repeated itself. In June of 1877 Animas Forks was still surrounded and nearly buried with snow. Only fifteen men had weathered it out and remained in the town. Snow, however, was not the only peril. During October of 1900, W. F. Kendrick, a smelter operator, informed the *Denver Times* that he could not remember such a bad season for muddy roads in San Juan County. There was a heavy snow in September before the ground was frozen. As it slowly melted away, it converted the surfaces into such a morass as to practically stop all mining operations depending on wagon transportation. Colonel Jackson, who had just inaugurated a big mining and milling operation at Animas Forks, had intended to work all winter. Mud, however, forced him to suspend work for that year and to come out after only two or three days. After breaking several wagons and upsetting expensive loads of machinery, he decided it would not pay to push the work. In several instances where more horses were put into harness, wagons were actually pulled in two on the road up from Eureka to the Forks. One load of machinery that usually required four horses, needed sixteen to take it to

its destination. The roads improved in a month or so when thoroughly frozen.

The Kendrick and Golden Smelter was ready for business and their sampler was in operation, but the ore could not be hauled from the mine. All of the drifts were so full of broken ore that the men had to climb over it in going to work. Most operations were suspended until the ore could be moved and a month's supply stored at the smelter. The large mines shipped their concentrates at about twenty cars a day to Silverton when conditions got better.

Quite apart from the varied system of roads that already served the town, the transportation picture of Animas Forks grew visibly brighter in 1899. Otto Mears chose this time to begin work on his Silverton-Northern Railroad. As a beginning, he laid five miles of track up as far as Howardsville. From this point, the great mines of Arastra and Cunningham Bulches could be served. Skeptics have said that one reason Mears chose to construct this road was the fact that he had invested heavily in many of the rich properties that were located along both banks of the Animas.

Not content to merely serve Howardsville, the Pathfinder put on an additional four miles of track, beginning in 1894, which extended the line into Eureka. The last four miles up to the Forks were begun in 1904. The grade was over seven percent.

During construction, Mears once tried his hand at bossing a crew of Navajo laborers. Although he is reported to have been able to speak fluent Ute with a Yiddish accent, Navajo was quite another thing. Being unable to communicate his wishes, Mears made signs and elaborate gestures with his hands. Observers report that it was quite a show. The more frustrated Mears became, the faster he waved his hands. To the Indians this became a source of great hilarity, and they joined in the game by making the same gestures back at him. In frustration he gave up, mounted his buggy and whipped up the team for home. In four months his crews completed the four miles of track, and Animas Forks had a railroad.

One of the early engineers reports that one car of coal and one empty car was all that a single engine could pull up the grade from Eureka. Going down was another matter. Here they often handled more than three loads after being sure the brakes were functioning. A brakeman always rode the cars and clubbed each one as soon as they began rolling. When rails were wet or rusty, sand was employed to slow the rate of descent. The same engineer once confessed that it was always a relief when they got stopped safely at Eureka.

Otto Mears had also dreamed of extending his tracks across Cin-

namon Pass to Lake City. Anyone familiar with the sheer rise behind the town will understand at once the frustration he must have felt. Nevertheless, the surveyors went to work. Deep snow prevented their driving stakes and turning points were cut into the crust with a hatchet. After one week the project was abandoned.

Before the Silverton-Northern had reached the Forks, tragedy struck the town again, this time in that most familiar of all forms, the mining camp conflagration. On October 22, 1891, the *Rocky Mountain News* carried a dispatch from Silverton reporting that Animas Forks had been swept away by fire. All important buildings, including the Kalamazoo House Hotel, were destroyed. Squire Brown, the owner, estimated his loss at \$5,000. Burnett Brothers' Barn, with all stock, was a \$15,000 total loss. A phone call from Eureka reported that a total of fifteen log houses were destroyed. One of Burnett's packers brought out the first news to Eureka when he came down to get assistance. There was no water in the town and only a few men to fight the flames.

The fire started in the kitchen of the Kalamazoo House from a defective flue and swept everything on that side of the main street. In Judge Bowman's house were a number of old papers of the town and other relics that could not be replaced. No casualties were reported as



Animas Forks, Colorado (From Wm. Jackson Collection)

a result of the fire. It lasted for one hour, leaving the people shelterless. The flames had gained great headway and could not be controlled.

Although new buildings were built to replace those lost in the fire, things were never quite the same as when Animas had been the leading town in the county. A variety of conditions combined to write its epitaph. When the Sherman Silver Purchase Act was repealed in 1893, it had the same effect here as elsewhere. Although population dwindled almost at once to a few hundred souls, the town still remained the headquarters of the Sunnyside Extension Properties in the upper part of the county, for a while at least. When prospecting fell off, still more people drifted away. Although the railroad continued to run well into the twentieth century, its schedules became less and less frequent until, in 1942, it was sold for \$17,000 in delinquent taxes, dismantled and shipped out that October. Hard times after World War I had aggravated the picture and few trains were run after that, although the rails were still there.

The Gold Prince, a key to the town's prosperity, had moved its mill down to Eureka in 1917. By the mid 1920's Animas Forks was deserted. Each year a few more buildings collapse, from snowslides or from age. Each year the undergrowth takes over a few more yards and encroaches further into the narrow street. The upper bridge across the river was burned last summer. Time has now run full cycle, and the Forks has begun its return to nature.

#### NEXT MEETING

May 26, 1965—Denver Press Club, as usual. RONNIE RUHOFF will give a slide lecture on "Legend of the High Country." He is past President and Charter member of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado, Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, State Historical Society, Telluride Jeep Club, and is presently working in the Microwave Radio Department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

# Crime With A Laugh

by Philip J. Rasch PM

The ingredient commonly missing from the portraits of noted western characters is humor. The reader may go through book after book on Billy, the Kid, Wyatt Earp, Wild Bill Hickok, Doc Holliday, or who-have-you without uncovering the slightest intimation that the hero ever smiled, let alone laughed out loud. For that reason it comes as something of a pleasure to chronicle the brief day in the sun of a thoroughly unimportant rascal who happened to be blessed with a sense of the ridiculous.

Mr. James "Red" O'Laughlin appears to have been born in Berkley Springs, West Virginia, about 1850. In due course he and his brother Jack showed up at Las Vegas, N.M., where Red found employment in Toft's saloon. After a somewhat checkered career he moved on to Raton, where his troubles commenced.

On November 17, 1883 city marshal Franklin, of Las Vegas, received a wire from the marshal at Raton asking him to arrest four gamblers on the charge of stealing a gold watch. The men slipped off the train at the upper end of the railroad yard. The officer shadowed then into an alley, where he placed all four under arrest. Recognizing the marshal, "Red" attempted to slip the watch into the pocket of one of his companions, but he was detected in the act and forced to hand over the timepiece.<sup>1</sup> The other three men were released, but O'Laughlin was sent to court at Springer, where he received a sentence of seven months in the county jail.<sup>2</sup>

On the afternoon of July 2, 1884 jailer Jud Bunn entered the *cárcel*; he was promptly assaulted, bound, gagged, handcuffed, and leg-ironed. "Red" took \$160 from him, decided it was more than he needed and put \$100 back in the jailer's pocket. He then inquired who had nerve enough to cut their prisoner's throat, but the others refused to have any part in this. "Red" thereupon wrote a letter saying that Bunn was the bravest man he had ever seen and that they were a pack of cowards for attacking him, but explained that the fault really lay with the county commissioners and Chief Justice Samuel B. Axtell for having sent him to jail. He advised the people that if they wished to do right, they should throw the commissioners out of office. For Axtell he left a note regretting that he could not stay to be tried, but calling attention to a pair of old shoes which the judge might try instead.

The next afternoon Bunn went to Las Vegas to search for the escapees. About 6 A.M. the following day he saw O'Laughlin near the postoffice and shot at him three times, missing each time. Bunn then

sent for Deputy Sheriff A. D. Clarke. The two officers found that a crowd had collected in front of the Windsor Hotel. Jack Williams led them into a Chinese laundry at the rear of the hotel, poked under a bed with a stick, and said, "Here he is."

"Red" cried, "I surrender, don't shoot!" and crawled out. As soon as he stood up he shot at Clarke, but missed. The deputy fired back, also missing.

O'Laughlin fired again—and missed. Clarke returned the compliment, unfortunately with no better aim.

"Red" turned, ran into another room, and fell down just as Clarke loosed a third shot. He begged, "Don't kill me, Clarke, I surrender," rolled over on to his side and snapped off a shot which went through the officer's hat.

The deputy took careful aim, but his gun misfired.

"Red" ran out of the room, but turned around and fired again just as Clarke fell down.<sup>3</sup>

O'Laughlin ran into the hotel, where he finally hid in the room of a Miss Louise Boughton. Shortly afterwards he gave himself up to Jake Brown and Chris Sellman.

Once the excitement died down it was found that somewhere in all the shooting he had suffered an arm wound and Clarke had lost a tuft of hair. Whatever the pain caused these worthies, it was probably less than the mental anguish suffered by Miss Boughton. O'Laughlin claimed to have a wife in Bath, N. Y., but was said to have come to New Mexico from Texas in company with "a notorious female character." Some thought he had visited Las Vegas to murder Judge Axtell; others insisted that it had been to see a woman. Simultaneously with his capture the tongues of the gossips began to wag and the young milliner was forced to write to the paper that she was prepared to take action against those who would slander an unprotected woman.<sup>4</sup>

"Red" was returned to Springer, where he was sentenced to a year in the penitentiary. A month later he appeared in court again and received another two and one-half years for robbery. The intervening time had not been wasted. Much of it went in writing to C. M. Phillips, Clerk of the Territorial Supreme Court, whom "Red" addressed as "Dear Old Phillips" and from whom he demanded a supply of blank subpoenas.

In any event his detention proved a mere temporary inconvenience. Within a matter of weeks O'Laughlin and a horsethief named Walter Tremmer obtained a broken iron poker from the kitchen, used it to cut through a two foot stone wall, and were once more at liberty.<sup>5</sup>

In May the artful dodger was taken into custody in Fort Worth, where it was alleged he had committed an \$8000 robbery, and brought

back to Las Vegas via train. During the trip he introduced a gambler friend to the guards as His Excellency, Governor Ireland, of Texas. The guards were all attention for several hours before they learned that they were not entertaining a real-live official.

When "Red" was delivered to the penitentiary at Santa Fe on June 3, 1885, he loftily requested that the *DAILY REVIEW* be delivered to his quarters daily, as it was the leading paper in the Territory, and petitioned the Chief Justice to transfer him to another prison, as he was afraid that if he were forced to remain in Santa Fe he would be contaminated by the Santa Fe Ring.<sup>6</sup>

From time to time during his confinement the *DAILY NEW MEXICAN* quoted the bon mots of this "red headed rooster," as it called him, but burst into a rage when Governor Ross issued a pardon on December 4, 1885. In an article headed "An Official Outrage" it claimed O'Laughlin had "given the peace officers of Colfax and San Miguel counties more trouble and it has cost the territory more money to prosecute and convict him than any other convict now serving out punishment in the penitentiary," and soundly berated the executive for his action.

Once released O'Laughlin was promptly rearrested on a charge of assaulting with intent to kill Deputy Sheriff Clarke. He came to trial on March 9, 1886, defended by Thomas B. Catron. The prisoner claimed that he had acted in self-defense, as Clarke had attempted to kill him after he had surrendered. Obviously unimpressed, the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty" and "Red" was sentenced to a year in the penitentiary.<sup>7</sup> Returned to Santa Fe, he had the pleasure of renewing his acquaintanceship with Bunn, who in the meantime had been appointed a guard in that institution. This time the convicted man received no executive clemency. He served his full term and was discharged on March 16, 1887. Thereafter, the writer has been unable to find any mention of him in the New Mexican newspapers.

#### *Acknowledgment*

The author is indebted to Tom J. Trujillo, Supervisor of Records, Penitentiary of New Mexico, for assistance with this paper.

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1. Las Vegas *Daily Optic*, November 17, 1883.
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5. *Ibid*, November 26, 1884.
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## Westerner's Bookshelf



**WYOMING WONDERLAND**, by Mae Urbanck, Sage Books, Paperback, 120 Pages, 110 illustrations, maps, index, \$2.

This volume, third in Sage Books series of State histories, is an inexpensive general guide to Wyoming. It is well illustrated, though of necessity, many of the illustrations are small. The visitor to Wyoming will find the book an interesting companion on a trip throughout the state.

Many colorful incidents in the saga of Wyoming are related. It may surprise some Westerners that Calamity Jane combined most of the virtues of Clara Barton, Florence Nightingale and Robin Hood.

While not an historical reference work, it will serve well those for whom it has been written.

CHARLES RYLAND, PM

**AMERICA'S MOUNTAIN, Pikes Peak and the Pikes Peak Region**, by Richard M. Pearl. Sage Books, Denver, 1964. Paperbacks, \$1.

Noting that this distinguished western landmark has been newly created a National Historical Monument, Pearl in a most interesting monograph appropriately terms it America's most famous and best beloved mountain. As a matter of fact, this feature of the landscape is so outstanding that in the pioneering days of the West, it's name was applied to the entire vast region which it dominated, this being known as the Pikes Peak Country.

The story early describes how Zebulon M. Pike was delegated to explore the region and delineate its boundaries, and how he and some of his party endeavored unsuccessfully to scale this "Grand Peak."

While no Indians actually made the area their permanent home, the Utes and many of the Plains tribes frequented the region on hunting expeditions and made periodic pilgrimages to the sacred healing water of Manitou Springs.

Pearl, who is eminently qualified for the task, presents a concise and revealing account of the origin, the geology, the minerals, and the rocks (mainly granite, volcanic and sedimentary) of the Peak and its vicinity. Life zones, flora, fauna, and birds are appropriately described.

No story of Pikes Peak would be complete without mention of the cog railroad to the summit and the incline cable railway on its lower slopes. These features are given deserved attention. However, in line with so many other western writers, Pearl makes little or no mention of the wagon, the carriage, the early-day toll roads to the summit, or to the resorts on the upper slopes and elsewhere in the immediate vicinity, except for the Pikes Peak auto road and the Ute Pass highway. It would seem that sketches of the early road system of the area would have been interesting and appropriate.

PAUL D. HARRISON, SR., PM



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

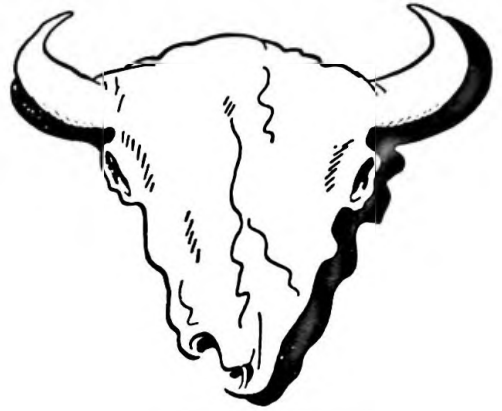
MAY  
1965  
Volume XXI  
Number 5

IN THIS ISSUE:

Legend of the High Country  
by Ronnie Ruhoff

and

The Killing of Wild Bill  
by Earl Scott



HAGERMAN PEAK AND SNOWMASS LAKE—ELK RANGE, COLORADO



# The Denver Westerners Monthly



## ROUNDUP

Vol. XXI, Number 5

May, 1965

The ROUNDUP is published monthly by the Denver Posse of Westerners. \$4.00 per year. Entered as second class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office: 839 Pearl St., Boulder, Colorado, 80302. The Westerners office: 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Copyright 1964 by the Westerners Inc., a Colorado Corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

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### ABOUT THE SPEAKER

RONNIE RUHOFF is past President and Charter Member of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado, Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, State Historical Society, Telluride Jeep Club. He works in the Microwave Radio Department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. His slide lecture was entitled "Legend of the High Country."

**LEGEND OF THE HIGH COUNTRY**

by  
**Ronnie Ruhoff**



**ABANDONED CABIN AND CRATER LAKE—ARAPAHOE RANGE, COLORADO**

Ronnie Ruhoff presented a carefully prepared slide lecture, which he entitled "Legend of the High Country." Were we to measure this presentation by the oft-quoted remark, "a picture is worth a thousand words," we would still be listening to the descriptions which were so beautifully illustrated by his colored slides. This was one of the most enjoyable slide presentations ever witnessed by the club members anywhere. The recorded commentary was crisp and clear, and just short enough to identify each scene without running into the usual monotone that so many documentaries fall into. The pictures were taken over a period of several years and were thoroughly studied for light, color and composition. They represented the ghost towns of Colorado in the high country, from 10,000 to 12,000 feet above sea level. The photographer selected a variety of moods of mountain scenery by photographing some of the sites all the way from sun-up to sun-down, and at every season of the year.

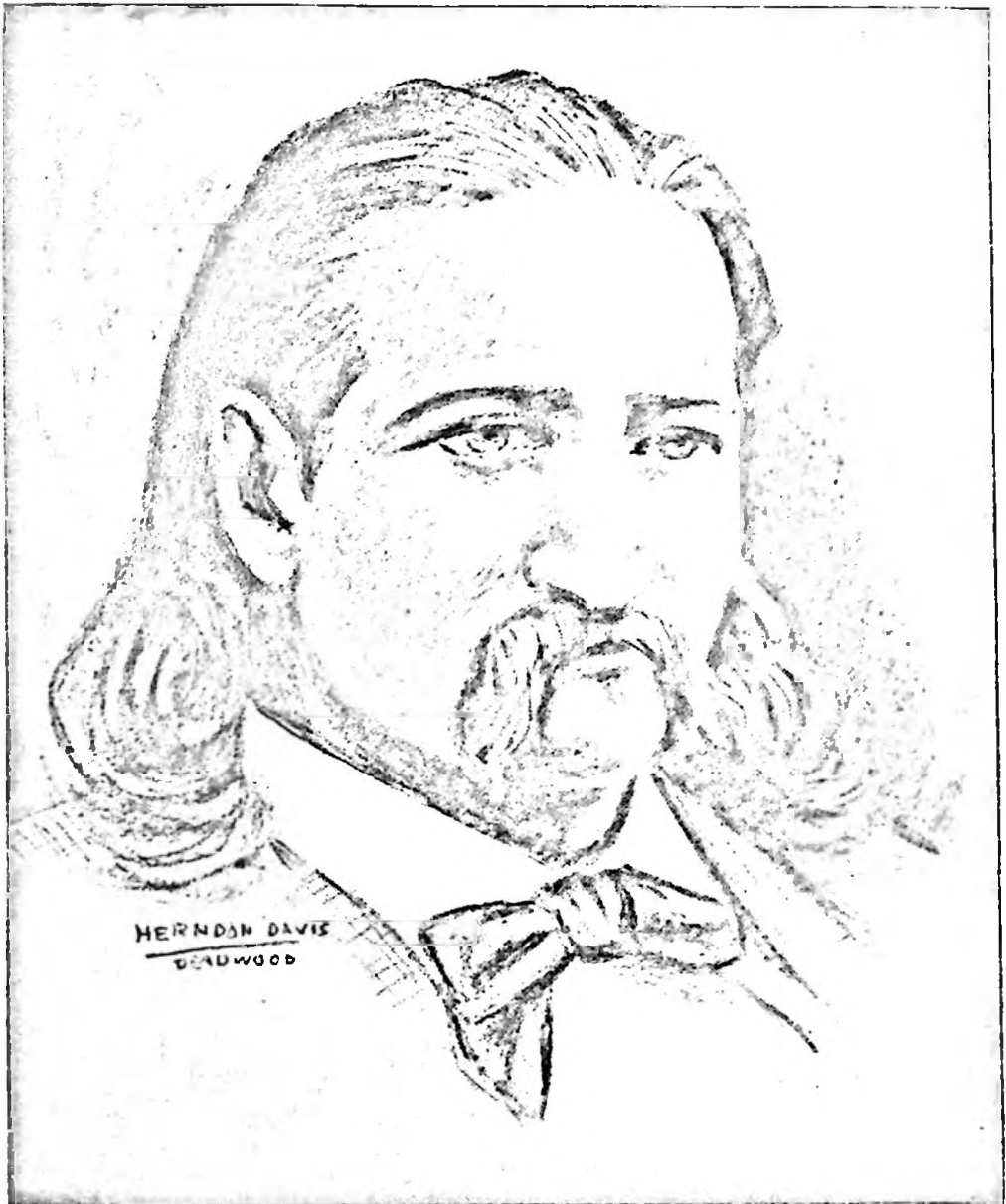
What made the presentation pleasant and interesting was the electronically controlled fade-in, fade-out, devoid of distracting sounds of slide changing. In addition to this, Ronnie Ruhoff synchronized one of Shostakovich's symphonies to set the mood of his listeners. It was a delightful evening that the Westerners will long remember.

Lecture reviewed by the Editor, Arthur L. Campa

#### HERNDON DAVIS ILLUSTRATIONS OF WILD BILL HICKOCK

The illustrations of Wild Bill Hickok are taken from the Herndon Davis Painting Collection of Fred Mazzulla. Reproductions of this well-known western artist have been used in other issues of the ROUNDUP and in a few of the BRAND BOOKS.

Mr. Davis was a Posse member of the Denver Westerners for some years. He passed away in November of 1962, leaving behind a heritage of Western Americana in pictures. The famous "Face on Bar-room Floor" in Central City, painted by Davis, is perhaps the best-known item in the Kingdom of Gilpin. Upon his death, the secret was revealed that this famous face was that of his wife Nita. The faces of the wives of Possemen Mazzulla and Mumey were also painted on the floor of their respective homes by Herndon Davis.



Portrait of Wild Bill Hickok by Herndon Davis, from the Collection of Fred and Jo. Mazzulla.

## THE KILLING OF WILD BILL HICKOK

by

Earl Scott

Colorado Charley Utter, with his long blond curls, was quite a character. He was also one of the few real friends that Wild Bill Hickok ever had.

"This youthful looking mountaineer was in the city last week, making preparations for his winter campaign among the beavers and other fur bearing animals of the Rocky Mountains," said the *Rocky Mountain News* of Denver, Colorado Territory, on September 20, 1865.

"Last winter he was out for eight months alone, away behind the second snowy range. This winter's expedition will probably be fully as long. He showed us Saturday nearly an ounce of coarse gold, about the size of grains of corn, the result of half-a-day's panning in a gulch of his own discovery, over toward Green river. In it he assuredly has a big thing."

As it turned out, the biggest thing in Charley Utter's life was not gold. It was the murder of his good friend Wild Bill Hickok.

The last days of Wild Bill's life in the company of Charley Utter were recorded by Leander Richardson, a young newspaperman, formerly with the *Springfield Republican* . . . state unknown. Copied from an unknown source by the Federal C.W.A. project, during the great depression of the early thirties, the typewritten story was preserved in the library of the Colorado State Historical Society, in Denver.

Richardson was the guest of Wild Bill and Charley in Deadwood, South Dakota, in the fall of 1876, sharing their food and companionship . . . right down to the fatal bullet. In his words, "Wild Bill's partner was a natty, handsome, courageous little man named Charles Utter. He was called Colorado Charley, and was the dandy of that country. He wore beaded moccasins, fringed leggings and coat, handsome trousers, fine linen, revolvers mounted in gold, silver and pearl, and a fine big belt with a silver buckle."

Such items cost money, even in those days. It would appear that the *News*' prediction that "Charlie" Utter had found a big thing in the way of a gold strike was well founded. Six years earlier, during the "Pike's Peak or Bust" rush to the Rockies, Utter had arrived in Colorado. Still a boy in size and years, he wandered into the tough gold camps, seeking fame and fortune. His first job was that of pouring out slow poison for the thirsty miners in the gold camps near Denver. Later, he tried ranching, freighting and packing, acting as an interpreter for the Ute Indians, and trapping. In 1868 he even ran for the job of marshal in Georgetown, Colorado, but lost by only three or four votes.

It was his glory, even in those early days, to deck himself out in a fringed buckskin suit with all the paraphernalia of a south-of-the-border Mexican. Time, apparently, didn't change his sartorial habits. Richardson described him further as "blond, with long curly hair and a moustache and an imperial beard . . . Calamity Jane, who bossed a dance house there, had it as her ambition—aside from the consumption of all the red liquor in the gulch—to win him."

Charley had one habit that was rather startling, all things considered. He religiously took a bath every morning, and various hardened denizens of Deadwood often wandered down to the creek to view the process, their interest not unmixed with wonderment.

Deadwood at that time consisted primarily of two straggly lines of shanties and log cabins, strung along deeply rutted wagon tracks, twisting and turning between random stumps that indicated the course of the town's only real thoroughfare. Charley "kept house" across the creek from the town in a fine new tent. He slept between California Blankets—to the West what Hudson Bay blankets were to the North—the best available at any price. According to Richardson, he also had a genuine glass mirror which he guarded jealously, as well as a fine collection of combs, razors, and whisk brooms.

Wild Bill Hickok, it seems, could care less. His bed was an old and somewhat dirty army blanket, and his bunk the splintery wooden floor of an old canvas-covered wagon.

"Every morning," Richardson wrote, "just before breakfast, he used to crawl out, clad in his shirt, trousers and boots. He would tie his long hair in a knot at the back of his head, shove a big revolver down inside the waistband of his trousers, and run like a sprinter down the gulch to the nearest saloon. In a few minutes, he would come strolling back with a cocktail or two stowed away where it would do the most good, and then he would complete his toilet."

This doesn't sound much like the image presented to a whole generation of young TV viewers. Unfortunately, the TV-trilogy of Wild Bill Hickok, Marshall Dillon and Bat Masterson, as portrayed by Hollywood's clean-shaven leading males, scarcely match the facts of recorded history.

Wild Bill has often been presented as quite a hand with a deck of cards, but Richardson—who was there—had this to say: ". . . It is true that Wild Bill played cards a great deal, but he could not have cheated a blind baby. Almost every day Colorado Charley had to stake him to card money. If he ever won, nobody knew it!"

Other records indicate that the crowds milling in and out of Deadwood at that time weren't exactly ideal citizens for would-be poker sharpies to try and fool. Richardson said, "They were probably by all

odds the toughest bunch ever brought together in one community. Virginia City, Pioche, Cheyenne, Laramie, and all the choice spots of the West poured the most effulgent of their star criminals into Deadwood Gulch. The inhabitants of August, 1876, would have started out large beads of cold apprehensive sweat upon the stone walls of any penitentiary in the world. And, they were a cowardly, skulking crew at that!"

Richardson had arrived in Colorado from someplace "back East," and had wandered into Georgetown, where he became acquainted with Charley Utter's brother. The brother told him about the group of Georgetown men who had, under Charley's guidance, "formed a train," and "took out" for the Black Hills and the Deadwood Stampede. For reasons of his own, the young newspaperman decided to follow Charley's footsteps. He arrived in Deadwood bearing a letter of introduction from Charley's brother. How the young tenderfoot managed to get there, apparently unscathed, is a good question. Thousands were stampeding toward Deadwood at this time, so perhaps he came through with a wagon train of would-be gold seekers.

"I was up there partly for experience and partly for a journalistic kindergarten called the *Springfield Republican*," Richardson wrote, "and Mr. Utter received me with wide-open hospitality. We immediately started out to hunt up his partner. It was about the middle of a bright sunny afternoon, and we found Wild Bill sitting on a board which was lying on the ground in front of a saloon. His knees were drawn up in front of him as high as his chin, and he was whittling at a piece of wood, with a large pocket knife.

"'Get up, Bill,' said Utter, 'I want you to shake hands with a friend of mine.'

"Wild Bill slowly rose. He came up like an elevator, and he came up so high that I thought he was never going to stop. He was unusually tall and quite spare as to his flesh, but brawny and muscular. His skin was pallid from the use of powerful mineral drugs, and his grayish eyes, which were just beginning to regain their power after being almost blinded by a terrible illness, were rather dull and expressionless in repose. One day, some time afterward, I saw them glitter with a sudden ferocity that was strangely luminous, and I realized what this man must have looked like when his blood was up. But, at our first meeting, when he folded my hand in his big, strong fingers, his face was almost expressionless, and his eyes were more or less leaden."

Leander Richardson pitched his camp next to Wild Bill's wagon and Colorado Charley's tent, to discover another of Utter's traits, somewhat unusual for the time and place. This was his surprising ability as a good cook. In the custom of the period, the one big meal of the day was served



just before sundown. At their mutual camp in Deadwood, this evening meal usually consisted of elk or bear steak, with flap-jacks and coffee. Only on rare occasions was there any beef, and even more seldom, fried potatoes . . . an imported delicacy.

While Charley did the cooking, Wild Bill would lounge around and smoke, meanwhile indulging with his prissy little partner in the kind of repartee that abounded on the rough frontier, and consisted chiefly of "bold and ingenious profanity."

"Sometimes California Joe, a long-whiskered old fellow who would have instantly shot anybody who dared show him the celebrated greeting: 'Good morning! Have you used so-and-so soap?' would come over. He would sup, and would afterwards go stertorously to sleep, sitting on the ground, with his back against a tree. And also there was Bloody Dick, who never saw blood except upon the moon. Then, too, there were other droppers-in, for Utter was hospitality itself, and he could cook in a way that entitles him to a high place in the heavenly culinary department, if there is such a department."

After supper, as twilight deepened, the bunch would sit around the coals of the open cooking fire and "shoot the bullstuff." Here, another quirk of Hickok's character manifested itself. At times, Wild Bill was taciturn in the extreme, seldom talking and often replying with little more than a grunt. The combination of fried steak, coffee, flickering firelight and good companions seemed to loosen his tongue, and he delighted in telling tall tales of great happenings in Philadelphia, Boston and New York, where it was assumed his companions had never set foot.

"Whenever any of them ventured to express a doubt as to his veracity," Richardson wrote, "he would turn to me and ask me if he hadn't adhered strictly to the facts. I always said that he had rather understated than embroidered the situation. I love truth, but I do not yearn to obtrude my preferences so far away from home. They were great stories that Wild Bill told, as his other hearers knew nothing about them, and since I didn't contradict him, he had a pretty fair margin for the play of his imagination."

Otherwise, Wild Bill seemed interested only in drinking and gambling. Colorado Charley already had it made financially, and Leander Richardson was there just to see the sights. As a result, the three of them had plenty of time to wander up and down the muddy paths along the street, just to "have a look-see." They witnessed shooting scrapes, sudden stabbings, plenty of fist-fights, and even a lynching. Who the victim might have been, or why he was so summarily strung up, is not recorded.

One such shooting affair—duly noted by more than one believable witness—is detailed by Richardson. His version goes this way: "Two men,

one afternoon, had a duel with six-shooters, across the street. They were not good marksmen and nobody was hurt, but during the whole fusillade, Wild Bill stood near the belligerents, passing derisive remarks on their lack of ability to hit anything, and apparently as unconcernedly amused as if the fighters had merely been throwing soft-boiled potatoes at each other.'



HISTORIC SITE OF SALOON WHERE WILD BILL HICCOCK WAS SHOT BY JACK McCALL, AUGUST 2, '76, at Deadwood, South Dakota—Illustration by Herndan Davis, from the Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla.

Other sources expressed the belief that the whole thing was staged deliberately, in an unsuccessful attempt to "get Wild Bill," in the hope that he would "butt in on a fair fight," and thereby lay himself wide open to two guns at the same time. In this instance, either there were too many witnesses on hand, or else Wild Bill savvied the play and held his hand deliberately, meanwhile taunting the would-be assassins.

"Later in the week," Richardson continued, "we were lounging at the end of a bar, long after midnight, when a fight broke out. The proprietor of the place produced a sawed-off shotgun, loaded about eight inches deep with various missiles of destruction, and ordered the room cleared.

"I started to go with the rest, but Wild Bill's heavy hand on my shoulder held me fast. When the rest of the room was empty, he said, 'Young man, never run away from a gun. Bullets can travel faster than you can. Besides, if you're going to be hit, you had better get it in the front than in the back. It looks better.'"

Prophetic words! Hickok was himself to die from a bullet wound in the back of his head, and Leander Richardson was to be a witness. Of such things are imponderables composed.

Various rehashers of the life of Hickok differ in many respects in their attempts to portray him either as all-badman or all-goodie-goodie. On one point there seems to be no disagreement: Hickok could swing a wicked revolver when he wanted or needed to do so.

Richardson said, "He was the most wonderful master of the old-fashioned thumb-cocking revolver. I have tossed an empty tomato can 12 or 15 feet in the air, and he has hit it with two bullets from the same weapon before it struck the ground. He could shoot quite as well with his left hand as with his right. He was so sure of whatever he went after, that once in Hayes City, Kansas, it is said, when he killed two negro soldiers who came at him 'to do him up', he wanted to bet there wasn't an inch of difference in the spots where he shot them.

"I said to him one morning, as he was lying full length on a big log in front of Colorado Charley's tent, 'How can a man who is being shot at by two or three other men, retain such complete control of his nerves, as to shoot back with accuracy?'

"He replied, after a pause, as if he had never given the matter much thought, 'When a man really believes the bullet isn't moulded that is going to kill him, what in Hell has he got to be afraid of?'

One afternoon, during one of the trio's meanderings up and down the street, "seeing the sights," a rip-snorter of a row broke out in one of the unpainted clapboard shacks that served as a cheap saloon. As usual, several of the nearby loafers rushed gleefully through the open doorway, apparently eager to join the affray.

"Wait a minute, boys," Wild Bill said. "Pretty soon somebody in there will pull a popgun, and you'll get to see 'em coming out!"

True enough, somebody fired a gun and the crowd did indeed come out, but not in the manner expected. They came out so fast that they brought the entire front of the shanty with them, much to Wild Bill's amusement. He offered the wry opinion that it seemed a true breach of hospitality for a saloon-keeper's guests to carry away the bulk of his house like that.

The attraction between Wild Bill and Colorado Charley has puzzled various researchers, but Richardson's opinions are probably about as valid as any, since, as a newspaperman, he was trained, at least theoretically, to observe and report the facts.

"Wild Bill was everything but a ruffian, under ordinary circumstances, but it was strange to note the control in which he was held by Utter. I was never able to decide to my own satisfaction whether Colorado Charley amused or awed him. But certainly I have never heard anybody take the 'roastings' with as little concern as that with which Wild Bill used to take the fierce tongue lashings of his dudesque little partner. I suppose, perhaps, that they understood each other, and knew perfectly well that behind all the words there was an impenetrable wall of manly affection."

As later events unfolded, it became evident that Colorado Charley, in spite of his sharp tongue, was just about the only real friend that Wild Bill had at the time of his death.

"Utter's greatest hobby was neatness, a thing that most plainsmen knew nothing of. He would not permit Wild Bill, or California Joe, or Bloody Dick, or any of the rest of them to even enter his tent. That, he declared, was a shooting point with him."

The day came when the dapper little dandy's patience was tried to the limit, and perhaps beyond. Wild Bill had been on an all-night bender—maybe up around Calamity Jane's place, and probably on Utter's money—and failed to show up until well after breakfast at daybreak. His partner had wandered across the creek that separated his tent and Hickok's wagon from the rest of Deadwood, in search of the missing gunman. Somehow, he missed connections, and Wild Bill managed to stagger, undetected, back to their mutual campground.

Befuddled by a full-sized Deadwood jag, Wild Bill apparently noticed Charley's fine California Blankets, so neatly smoothed out over the wild-hay mattress on the floor of his tent. The temptation was too much for the inebriated Hickok to endure. The hard board floor and the old army blanket in the back of the covered wagon had lost its appeal.

Besides, he would have to climb to get into the wagon, while he could simply fall flat on his face on the inviting softness of Charley's prized bedding. In short order, the big fellow was snoring calmly, rolled up, muddy boots and all, in Charley's bedclothes.

Richardson takes it from there: ". . . and there we found him, Utter and I, when we came back over the creek to the camp, an hour or so later. Colorado Charley was at first amazed by the presumption of his partner. For a moment, he stood and fervently cursed the unconscious sleeper, and then, catching him by the heels, he dragged him bodily out of the tent upon the ground. After that, he ran in, pulled the blankets out, and hung them upon the surrounding trees, all the time straining his vocabulary for fresh epithets to hurl at the offender.

"During the whole proceedings, Wild Bill stared up at him with lazy lethargy, and then, with a parting grunt, got up and climbed into the back of his wagon and went peacefully to sleep again."

The young newspaperman had arrived in Deadwood at the high point of the influx of thieves, crooked gamblers, fleeing murderers, and assorted post-war trash drawn to the widely ballyhooed new El Dorado. The situation had reached the point where the comparatively small group of solid citizens were becoming desperate in the lack of any form of law and order. Such seems to have been the inevitable pattern of most frontier towns, regardless of location.

It was well known in Deadwood City that Wild Bill Hickok, at times in the past when he had been in the mood, had served as marshal in other wild-and-woolly towns. The orderly element therefore began pressing him to take on the job, and make short shift of the town's most flagrant disturbers of the peace.

"In the town there was a man named Jack McCall, living under an alias," Richardson reported. "He was in the condition known technically as 'stone-broke'. The agitation of the marshalship was growing warm. The thieves and 'skins' saw their inevitable end drawing near. It began to go around that Wild Bill could never hold office in Deadwood City. A rumor reached Utter that the big plainsman, who had ruled half-a-dozen towns, was to be assassinated. That evening, he came back over to the camp, looking serious.

"'Bill,' he said, after supper, 'it's pretty dull around here, don't you think?'

"Wild Bill nodded, looking into the fire.

"'I've been considering,' resumed Utter, 'that we might as well take a move.'

"Wild Bill didn't even look up, as he replied, 'So? Where to?'

"Well, it might be a good scheme to organize a little party,' continued Utter, persuasively, 'and go over to Standing Rock and cut out some ponies.'"

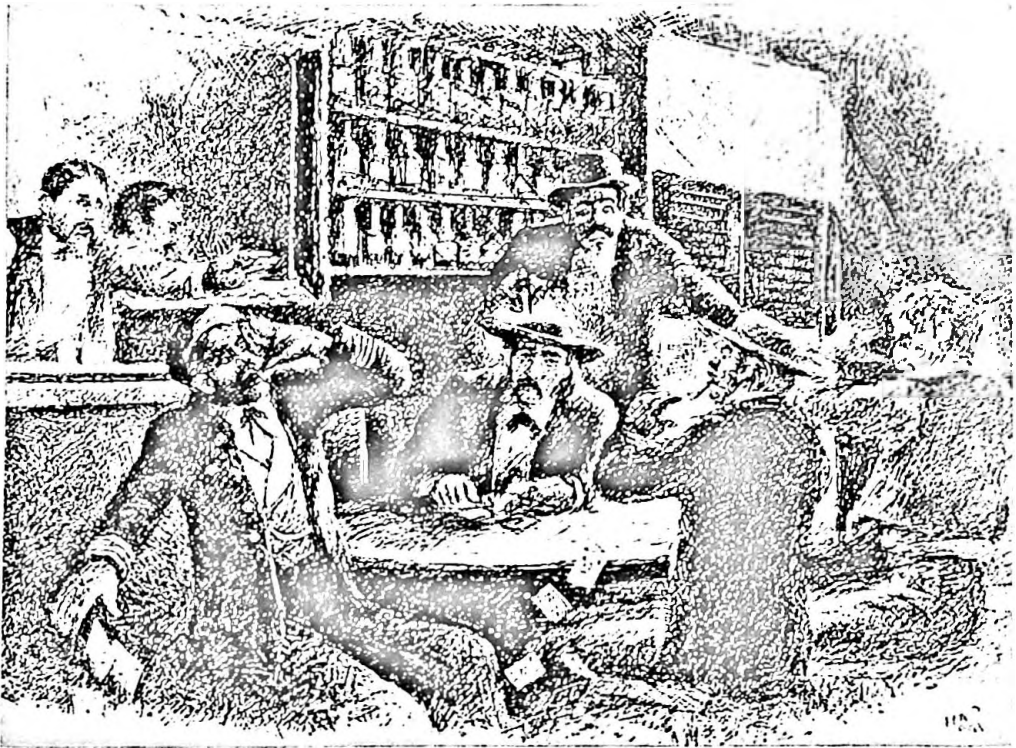
By cutting out ponies, Colorado Charley meant the swooping down of a group of white men upon a herd of Indian ponies, driving them off, and selling them. In the easy morality of the times, "getting even with the Injuns" was considered a perfectly legitimate pastime. Some of the members of Utter's own wagon train from Colorado had been killed by Indians, as they traveled toward the Black Hills. The battle had taken place several miles north and east of Cheyenne. Even so, it appeared that his concern at the time was to get Hickok out of town. But the bait didn't work. Wild Bill remained silent, poking idly at the ground with a sharp pointed stick.

"California Joe will go along,' resumed Utter, urgently, 'so will Richardson and about a dozen others. Will you go?'

"Not a damned foot!' Wild Bill replied.

"Why not?' Charley fumed.

"Well, those fellows over across the creek have laid it out to kill me,



THE SHOOTING OF WILD BILL HICKOCK BY JACK McCALL. Illustrations by Herndon Davis—  
From the Collection of Fred and Jo. Mazzulla.

and they're going to do it, or they ain't. Anyway, I don't stir out of here unless I'm carried out.'"

This is the point where Richardson said he saw that quick flash of ferocity in Wild Bill's eyes, but it seems the conversation ended on that note. The rest of them knew their man well enough not even to bother arguing the point. Any time Hickok made a flat statement, he meant it.

Two days later "those fellows across the creek" set about to give the proposed marshal his come uppance. Five men, including Hickok, were engaged in a game of draw poker in one of the shanty saloons. Wild Bill's back was toward the door. An elderly man was seated to Hickok's left, his back against the wall of the building. One of the players had already brought up the idea of the ex-marshal changing places with the old fellow to his left, the better to defend himself if need be. Reluctantly, Wild Bill had agreed to do so, but only after the then-current hand was played out. As young Richardson so aptly put it, "Human life hangs on slender threads." It is doubtful that the would-be murderer could have raised the courage to face the famous gunman in an open show-down.

"Suddenly, without a word of warning, without even the knowledge of those standing nearest him, an undersized man right behind Wild Bill's chair—the one whose name was Jack McCall—a man whom Bill had never seen in his whole life, shoved a six-shooter to his head and fired. There was a muffled report, Bill partly straightened up, and then fell over sideways, dead.

"McCall rushed out, and the elderly player dashed through the back door and up the side of the gulch, shouting 'Murder!' The town was in an uproar."

Legend has it that the run of cards in Wild Bill's hand when he was killed became known thereafter as "the dead man's hand" in draw poker.

Apparently through pre-arrangement, a "Miner's Jury" was thrown together to consider the case. According to various reports, including Richardson's statements, the whole thing was an outright fraud, since those sitting in judgment were, but for one man, anti-Hickok. To them the cocky little assassin told a pre-arranged tale about how his only brother had been murdered by Wild Bill in cold-blooded premeditation, and how he, Jack McCall, had so nobly avenged that brother's untimely death.

"It was a wild farce, that trial," Richardson wrote, "just as Utter and his friends knew it would be, and the murderer was set free. Until now, he had been absolutely without money. In a few days he turned up in Laramie City with plenty of gold dust in his possession, and there boastfully declared that he had slain Wild Bill Hickok in single combat. Where did he get the gold?"

Colorado Charley Utter was almost crazed with grief and boiling anger at the death of his good friend and the outcome of the fraudulent trial. Had Wild Bill been gunned down in a head-to-head fair fight, the curly-haired little dandy probably wouldn't have taken it so hard. As it turned out, Utter refused to accept the rigged jury verdict, and, further, did something about it. He chased Jack McCall to the very scaffold upon which he was eventually hanged.

Leander Richardson put it this way: "McCall was finally arrested and taken to Yankton. Utter pursued him all the way, furnished the witnesses, paid the expenses out of his own pocket, and fairly convicted the wretched coward, who snivelled and whined like a whipped hound when the time came for the final showdown.

"Utter was faithful to his old friend to the last. Wild Bill was buried at Utter's expense. It is a late day to plaster the mud of falsehood over the memory of this fallen giant of the frontier.

"A lock of the dead man's hair was cut off after his body was prepared for burial. Colorado Charley took half of the long brown strand, and I have the other half to this day . . . near the roots there is a touch of roughness, where the life blood of a brave, great-hearted American man gushed out as the assassin's bullet burst through his brain."

What eventually happened to the young writer and his part of the lock from Wild Bill Hickok's long hair is not known. Colorado Charley Utter is believed to have wound up south-of-the-boarder, living out the life of a Gringo ranchero, playing endless games of "coon-can," and showing all and sundry his share of Wild Bill's hair.

## NEW HANDS ON THE RANGE

(The Denver Posse of the Westerners wishes to welcome the following new Corresponding Members to the Westerners.)

**HOWARD R. SCHROEDER**  
265 Jade Street  
Broomfield, Colorado 80020

Mr. Schroeder's present occupation is Visual Information Specialist for the Bureau of Reclamation, concerned with plan and construction of laboratory test models and relief maps of Reclamation Projects. He is specially interested in Colorado history, with some emphasis

on mining. He has worked on Colorado-Big Thompson Project in the Loveland Museum, Upper Colorado Basin relief maps in Governors offices of Upper Basin States, Colorado Map for Mineral Resource Board of Colorado. He collects antique glassware and his hobbies include reading and collecting books, articles and pictures on the past and current history of Colorado.



**RICHARD WILLIAM DICUS**

Box 91, La Finca  
Taos, New Mexico

Mr. Dicus is an artist whose present occupation is the designing and construction of homes and Spanish Colonial furniture. He is interested in the general history, folklore and crafts of the Southwest. He joins us through the recommendation of Arthur Campa.

**HUGO G. RODECK**

University of Colorado Museum  
Boulder, Colorado 80304

Mr. Rodeck is the Director of the University of Colorado Museum and a Professor of Natural History. He has pub-

lished about 60 papers on natural history, under a wide variety of subjects. He is an officer and participant in museum professional organizations at local, state, regional, national and international levels. His special interest is the Custer affair and early natural history. He comes to us through the recommendation of Maurice Frink, and once gave a talk at the Denver Posse.

**GLENN R. WILSON**

6090 S. Franklin St.  
Littleton, Colorado

Mr. Wilson lists as his present occupation, "Residential Construction." He comes to us recommended by Ed Bemis.



## Westerner's Bookshelf



**COLORADO'S MOUNTAIN RAILROADS, Vol. III, by R. A. Le Massena, assisted by R. A. Ronzio and C. S. Ryland. The Smoking Stack Press, Golden. 154 pages, illustrated, \$3.00.**

To say this book is profusely illustrated would be the understatement of the year. This volume and its predecessor, Volume I, is probably the greatest assortment of pictures of Colorado's railroads ever published. Historical information of the companies, such as preceding and succeeding companies, is secondary to the photos. However, for the researcher, this information will be invaluable.

Volume III is actually the second volume to be printed, but the authors are listing the railroads in alphabetical order. Volume II would have started with the Denver and Rio Grande, but the information on this railroad will fill a volume alone. Therefore, Volume

II will contain photos and information on the D. & R.G. alone.

You will need all three volumes in order to give you a complete listing of Colorado's railroads. Many of the photographs are so rare, they have never been published before, and in some cases are the only known photographs existing today of these almost forgotten lines. Francis Rizzari, PM

**DOWN THE COLORADO, by Robert Brewster Stanton, Edited by Dwight L. Smith; University of Oklahoma Press, 1965. 227 pages, 16 photographs, 14 sketches, 1 map, with index. \$5.00.**

Author Stanton (1846-1922), in 1880-1884 Chief Engineer for the Georgetown, Breckenridge and Leadville, The Loop being built during his regime, was appointed on May 13, 1889, as Chief Engineer for the newly

formed Denver, Colorado Canyon and Pacific Railroad. S. S. Harper, mining man, sometimes of Denver, envisioned a railroad from Denver to San Diego to supply California with cheap coal from Colorado. Frank M. Brown, real estate man of Denver, became interested and promoted funds for a preliminary survey for a railroad down the Grand and Colorado Rivers from Grand Junction to the Gulf of California. The first part of the survey from Grand Junction to the head of the then Colorado River, where the Green and the Grand met, was done by one Frank C. Kendrick. The balance of the survey was done by Stanton in two steps.

President Brown, Engineer Stanton with ten assistants, two negro cooks, and two guests, clubmen and lawyers of Denver, set off from Green River, Utah, on May 25, 1889. By July 18, the party was about the middle of Marble Canyon, but three men had drowned, including President Brown, supplies had been lost and the boats were in hopeless condition, so the project was temporarily abandoned.

Stanton raised more money, contributing some himself, and the second step commenced with the launching of three new boats under a total party of twelve on December 12, 1889, near present Hite, Utah. The line was picked up in Marble Canyon and the survey completed April 26, 1890, with one man seriously injured enroute and taken out of the canyon.

In November 1889, Ethan Allen Reynolds, one of the guests who had been on the first part of the survey, published an article about his experiences in the Whirlpools of the "Grand Canyon" which he did not reach, but he did see many troubles in Marble Canyon.

In June of 1890, Stanton showed 150 stereoptican views of the survey to the American Society of Civil Engineers; in November of 1890 Stanton had an article in Scribners outlining the trip; and in April 1892, Stanton addressed the mentioned Society with a lengthy discussion of the problems of the proposed railroad. Then in July of 1893, Stanton had an article published in the *Cosmopolitan* dealing chiefly with this effort to supplement a survey with extensive use of the cameras, about 2200 negatives having been produced.

About the period 1906-1909, Stanton worked on a complete history of the exploration of the Colorado River, hoping to publish it, but it was an immense amount of material, and he died without his book being accepted.

In 1932, a portion of his material was published in a book called "Colorado River Controversies" with Stanton as author, edited by James M. Chalfort. This dealt with the claim of one James White that he preceeded Powell through the canyon on a raft; and also with the questions surrounding the three men who "deserted" Powell on his first 1879 trip.

In July 1960, Dwight L. Smith had published an article in the *Utah Historical Quarterly*, "The Engineer and The Canyon," which gave the highlights of Stanton's canyon trip, Smith having access to Stanton's unpublished two volume work.

Now in 1965, another portion of the Stanton book is published with some introductory explanations about Stanton's writings, and with the addition of an index, but with a minimum of changes from Stanton's own words. This deals solely with the two parts of the survey and vividly portrays the experiences of this first-after-Powell

traversing of the entire Colorado River.

Stanton was more than an engineer, as he started with a classical education at Miami University (Ohio). He wrote well, utilizing his almost hourly notes kept en route, but producing a smooth story of a very exciting trip through the canyons by boat. He manages to give a good understanding of the character of the canyons while stressing that this was a business survey trip.

If anyone has any interest in the exploration of the Colorado River, and has perhaps read the Powell story, then this book will appeal as a necessary addition now that it makes available the details of the second exploration. It is highly recommended by this reviewer.

Erl H. Ellis, PM

**FORT UNION and the WINNING of the SOUTHWEST**, by Chris Emmett. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla., 1965. 436 pp. \$5.95.

From its beginning on the 25th of July, 1851, to its abandonment on May 15, 1891, Fort Union in the Territory of New Mexico played a significant and important part in the winning and settlement of the Southwest. Historian Chris Emmett has organized the major facts of this period of time and section of country with great skill, and two characteristics make this book outstanding: the ingenious use of numerous quotations and the inclusion of pertinent historical background.

The continuous use of quotation marks and the smaller type of longer extracts will annoy some readers, but the utilization of eye-witness accounts and the opinions of knowledgeable persons give authenticity to the his-

tory. In this connection, credit must be given to James West Arrott, who collected every scrap of written information about Fort Union, located only a few miles from his New Mexico ranch. One of the most revealing documents is the diary of Mrs. Issac Bowen, who, with her captain husband, watched the building of the Fort and jotted down more information than many government reports.

Although the reader does not need to know New Mexico history to find pleasure in reading the book, the historical background adds a great deal of enjoyment. Such famous personages as Uncle Dick Wootton, Judge Kirby Benedict and Bishop John Lamy are mentioned and a knowledge of their lives gives added meaning to the chapters in which they are mentioned. Regrettably, all such persons are not included in the index.

A foreword by W. S. Wallace, the genial and cooperative librarian of New Mexico Highlands University, a table of abbreviations, the complete list of Fort Union's commanding officers, an extensive bibliography, seventeen appropriate illustrations or photographs, seven useful maps, a limited index and a colophon complete this excellent book, which adds another first-class history to the long inventory of University of Oklahoma Press publications.

DON GRISWOLD, PM

**BOLDLY THEY RODE. A history of the First Colorado Volunteers.** By Ovando J. Hollister. Printed by Gollen Press, Lakewood, July 1949. 190 Pages.

This is a 1949 reprint of a book originally published in 1863. It has been edited, revised and rearranged by Mr. William J. Barker.

It portrays the life and times of a participant in the New Mexico campaign of the Civil War; is factual and well written, with some very beautiful descriptions of the campaigns, the country and conditions endured.

The work is written in part as a diary, and partially as a report of what was related to the author by the troopers and others on the scene.

Hollister's comments on the Confederate Troops reflect the feelings of the West of those days. His intense dislike of the people of New Mexico was typical of the time.

This book gives the best eye-witness account of the battle of Apache Canon and other operations this reviewer has read.

The author's opinion of Colonel Canby, low as it was, seems to have been shared by others of the Colorado Volunteers.

The book is filled with hundreds of tales of the day-to-day life of early Denver and of life in the mining districts.

Hollister describes in detail the foraging trips made by the troops, which could be duplicates of what went on in World Wars I and II. His stories of forced marches with underfed, ill-clad men, to say nothing of broken-down horses, are put in words which any soldier can readily visualize.

The reader will enjoy this book and will gain a much closer understanding of how the people of Denver felt during the days of the Civil War in the West.

Mr. Barker has done a splendid piece of editing. This is a book which any serious student of the Civil War in Colorado and New Mexico could have in his library with great profit to himself.

It has been a long time since your reviewer has enjoyed a book so thoroughly and completely as "Boldly They Rode."

It should be a collector's piece.

WILLIAM D. POWELL, PM

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### NEXT MEETING, JUNE 23, 1965

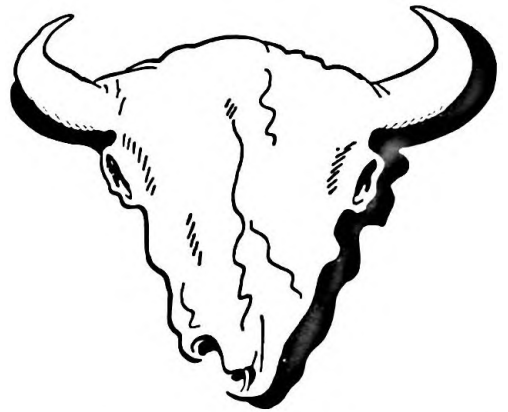
Denver Press Club, as usual. ROBERT LE MESSENA, past President of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, and who has written two books, Vol. I and III, "Colorado Mountain Railroads (Vol. II is now being prepared), will give a talk entitled "The Royal Gorge."

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

JUNE  
1965  
Volume XXI  
Number 6

IN THIS ISSUE:

"How Came, Why and How I Wrote  
*Denver South Park and Pacific*"  
by Mac C. Poor



AUGUST 25, 1965 SUMMER RENDEZVOUS  
LIMITED TO 150 WESTERNERS, LADIES AND GUESTS  
THE PLACE: THE 26 CLUB, 621 17TH STREET, DENVER  
PARKING ON THE WELTON STREET SIDE.  
HAPPY HOUR: CASH BAR—5:30-6:30 P.M.  
DINNER: 6:30 P.M. SHARP  
CHICKEN \$4.00, T-BONE STEAK \$5.50,  
BUFFALO A LA REINE BAUDAT \$7.50  
PROGRAM: "WAGONS HO!"—AUTHENTIC EARLY DAY  
WAGON TRAIN OVER THE SMOKY HILLS TRAIL IN COLOR.  
SEND CHECKS FOR TICKETS EARLY  
ONLY 150 TICKETS WILL BE SOLD.



# The Denver Westerners Monthly



## ROUNDUP

Vol. XXI, Number 6

June, 1965

The ROUNDUP is published monthly by the Denver Posse of Westerners. \$4.00 per year. Entered as second class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office: 839 Pearl St., Boulder, Colorado, 80302. The Westerners office: 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Copyright 1964 by the Westerners Inc., a Colorado Corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

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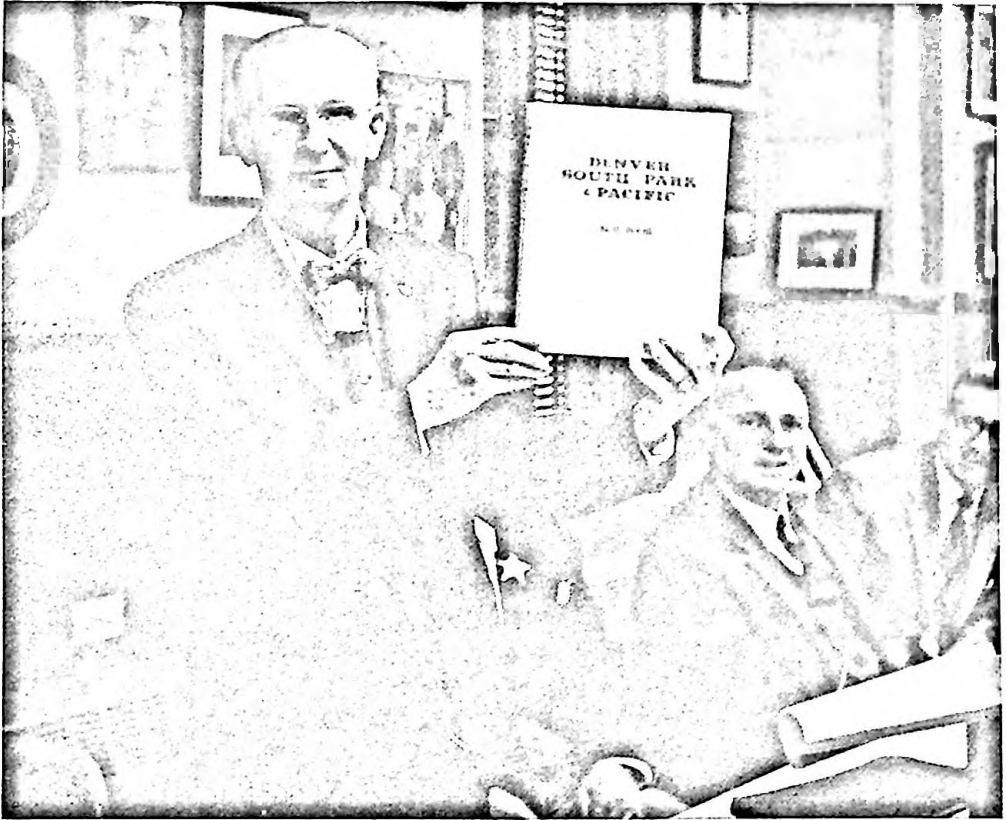
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Fred Mazzulla, 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202.

Material intended for publication in the ROUNDUP: Arthur L. Campa, Department of Modern Languages, University of Denver, Denver, Colorado 80210.

Reservations for all meetings and dinners: William D. Powell, 910 Guarantee Trust Bldg., 817 17th Street, Denver, Colorado 80202. Ph. 292-1360. Dinner \$3.00. Reservations only. (No guests with CMs.)

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

M. C. Poor is a native of Illinois. He is former president of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, has been a member of the Denver Westerners since 1946 and attended the Organization Meeting of the Chicago Westerners. He is presently employed by the Land and Abstract Company and is co-author of the pictorial supplement of *Denver, South Park and Pacific*. He is a Hi-Fi enthusiast and has a collection of railroad sounds on recordings.



MAC POOR WITH HIS "DENVER SOUTH PARK AND PACIFIC" from the collection of Fred Mazzulla

# How Come, Why, And How I Wrote 'Denver South Park & Pacific'

by  
Mac C. Poor

This subject was suggested by my good friend Fred Mazzulla some time last winter. At that time I did not think that the answer to this question would cover very much material, but after digging through a few files and making a few notes it began to develop that there was more to it than I thought.

I suppose *that* part of the question, "HOW COME", has been asked of me hundreds of times in the last ten or fifteen years. Like so many youngsters back in the days of steam locomotives, I always liked to see the train go by. I also remember, as a young lad, that when the opportunity presented itself I stopped at the local ice plant and watched the big corless steam engine at work. It was, and still is, a beautiful sight to see a big corless engine running along at its customary speed of some 600 or 700 RPM. And, I might add for those interested, there are two Corless engines still operating here in Denver.

During the 30's and 40's, while living in Chicago, Illinois, I traveled many miles up and down the Missouri Valley states, in and around Chicago and St. Louis, taking and collecting steam locomotive photographs.

During that period, one of my railfan buddies in Chicago was a fellow named Art Fowler, who worked for the local Bell Telephone Co. Early in 1937 we decided to make a trip to Colorado to look around and take some railroad photographs. We packed up our gear in his Plymouth Coupe and started for Colorado in June, 1937. A portion of our trip took us southwest of Denver up through Bailey, down across South Park toward Buena Vista. While driving through this area, I noticed a little narrow-gauge railroad track up the Platte River that crossed over Kenosha Pass and meandered down across South Park. Other than taking a few pictures along the line, I did not pay too much attention to it at the time.

Upon returning home to Chicago, I got to wondering about that little narrow-gauge railroad track I had seen back in the mountains of Colorado. I looked up a few details relative to its existence and within the next few months I had compiled a full page of typewritten material, which was a fair thumb-nail sketch of the little road's history. It seemed that the more I dug, the more interested I became.



And that's when the bug hit me! It was in the fall of 1937 when I decided to compile a complete history of this little Colorado mountain railroad.

We have now answered the "HOW COME" portion of my subject. Now, "WHY" did I choose to write the history of the *Denver South Park and Pacific*?

I happen to be one of those particular individuals who likes history. In conjunction with my railroad photographic hobby, this historical interest gradually narrowed down to Colorado. As a confirmed student of Colorado History, especially Colorado Railroad History, this accidental discovery of a little narrow-gauge railroad buried in the Colorado Rockies seemed to be right down my alley. I had never attempted to write a book before; it would be a new experience. I knew little about writing. Nevertheless, I decided to go ahead with the project. I little dreamed at that time that I had cut out a ten-year program for myself.

We now come to the third portion of this paper on "HOW" I write *Denver South Park and Pacific*. Not being acquainted with all the angles, what sort of mistakes to avoid, what to do and what not to do, or just exactly how an historical paper should be written, I had some difficulty in getting started. From the date of its beginning, the history of a railroad grows from year to year, somewhat like a man grows up. In the first place, I realized that some sort of an outline or backbone had to be drawn up and maintained in order to keep the paper in a correct chronological order and to avoid any errors or repetitions. To do this I secured a large roll of plain white paper 12" wide by about 25' long. I drew a pencil line straight down the middle and marked it off roughly by years, inserting historical data in its proper chronological order as I progressed. It was not long before I began to learn a few of the fundamentals connected with writing a railroad history, and soon realized the difficulty of trying to compile and present a complete and well-rounded manuscript covering the origin, construction, and management of a railroad.

I also learned very quickly that to produce such a history one needs the services of a Philadelphia lawyer to interpret the legal aspects of the road's corporate history; a Certified Public Accountant to untangle and explain all the financial ramifications; a statistician to count ties, spikes, telegraph poles, bridges, etc.; an engineer to report on curvature, grades, and weight of rail; a motive-power man who never looks at equipment behind the locomotive and tender; a rolling-stock addict who never looks at a train until the engine has passed; and a cartographer to draw fine maps. And, as far as a cartographer is concerned, I had just about the best. I honestly believe that Mr. Haley cannot be beaten when it

comes to drawing up a fine railroad map. There have been many railroad books published within the last ten to fifteen years, but none of them includes a map of the quality of those published by The Rocky Mtn. Railroad Club. I consider myself fortunate to have had the maps in my book drawn by Ed Haley.

Returning to the current subject, we need a combination detective and photographer to ferret out old photographs and take new ones, a boomer who has worked himself up from brakeman to night yard master at Como to season it with a few old timer's tales, not to mention a college professor with a degree as long as a whistle cord to assemble the material properly, correct misspelling and to put all the periods, commas, paragraphs, etc., in their proper places.

An endless stream of correspondence soon got under way. Correspondence with the Engineering Dept. of the Colorado and Southern here in Denver, "Railroad Magazine" back East, old-time employees of the South Park road who were scattered nation wide, Charles Fisher of the Railway and Locomotive Historical Society back in Boston (about whom we shall hear more later), miscellaneous members of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club in Denver, and a vast multitude of other persons and agencies far too numerous to mention.

Speaking of the correspondence with members of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, shortly after the news was made known that a flatland member of the Club, living back east in Chicago, was writing a history of the Denver South Park and Pacific, I began to receive some letters with offers of assistance from such men as George Trout, Jack Thode, Ed Haley, Dick Kindig, etc. Some of these men are also members of the Denver Westerners.

The assistance these fellows gave me helped no end; e.g. I have a weakness for maps—good maps, and *Denver South Park and Pacific* is well supplied with plenty of good maps. Excluding some miscellaneous charts, there are 17 maps in the South aPrk book. The majority of these maps were compiled by myself and then forwarded to Ed Haley who then redrew them with all the professional touch that one could desire. With one exception, the remaining maps were compiled and drawn by Mr. Haley.

Some of these maps were not easy to compile, e.g., considerable difficulty was encountered in trying to figure out the original line of the right-of-way through Kokomo, Colorado. Written information indicated a switchback, but no published map could be located showing any such trackage. An aerial photograph covering the Kokomo area was obtained from the Forest Service in Denver. Close examination of the photograph

showed the switchback grade. So, armed with this aerial photograph, and some maps, Ed Haley and myself made a trip to Kokomo. Sure enough, the remains of the switchback grade were found. We plotted and measured and came up with a decent map of the Kokomo switchback. This map is duly incorporated in the South Park book. Today this old grade is completely obliterated by a relocation of the State Highway through that area. George Trout, who is today Clerk of our Colorado State Supreme Court, came through offering to look up legal information for me. There was plenty to look up and George was of tremendous help.

And so on down the line, the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club members gathered and forwarded a great amount of both written and photographic material to me.

I also discovered very soon that a tremendous amount of material was to be found on the shelves of the great Crerar Library in Chicago. Being just an ordinary poor-working individual, all my research and writing had to be taken care of during evenings and on weekends. Many a Saturday morning would find me with notebook and pencil waiting down at the Crerar Library for the front door to open.

Inasmuch as most of my usable material was accumulated piecemeal, I decided very early to assemble the written text on 8 1/2 x 11 sheets cut in half. After a few hand-written pages of material, with all corrections, additions, etc., were ready, I would type this material on to these half sheets, double spacing the lines. The double spacing left room for further corrections or additions. The principal advantage of this half-sheet idea was that a whole page would not have to be discarded in case some portion had to be rewritten—which incidentally happened hundreds of times. Speaking of rewriting a few pages, the entire Chapter XIII, "The High Line to Leadville," was completely rewritten four times before I felt it was ready to go.

These half sheets were then numbered and assembled in an arch-board binder affair. The completed text made two stacks of these half sheets and, if I remember correctly, totaled about 1600 sheets.

#### *DOCUMENTATION:*

During the first few chapters of the book I had not paid too much attention to documentation. Being a beginner in the writing field, I simply felt that, to the best of my knowledge, I had written the truth based on material gathered and that the reader should not question any of my statements.

It was at this point that Professor Richard Overton, presently of the University of Ontario, and a very good friend of mine, gave me some

sound and valuable advice. To my way of thinking, Dick Overton is a historian's historian. His books on Railroad History may seem exceedingly dry at times to the reader, and his method of documentation may or may not be generally accepted, but you can bet your last dollar that what Dick Overton writes you can believe.

"Buttonhole it down," Dick told me. Being very appreciative of his valuable advice, I commenced documenting certain facts and statements. However, my method of documentation differed from that used by many other writers. Instead of making a statement and referring the reader to a footnote at the bottom of the page, I would generally quote, making it a part of the written sentence or paragraph. E.g., I would say, "We read in the 'Gunnison Daily Review' of January 8, 1887, the following," and then I would quote the sentence or paragraph required.

Historical material comes from many different sources; books, magazines, photographs, newspapers, letters, word-of-mouth, etc. Quoting Dr. Nolie Mumey,

"Writing history is hard, enduring work, demanding hours of research, interviews, long journeys, ever searching, ever digging, trying to unearth, so to speak, the facts, trying to preserve and bring to light past events in an unbiased, honest, factual manner. History must be based on facts and not fiction, if it is to be called history."

Good judgment has to be exercised continuously to differentiate between fact and fiction. Did some old timer's story sound true or was it a figment of his imagination? Old timers were often vague and sometimes erroneous. It was a case of memory vs. facts.

A most important fact I learned very early was that you could not believe everything you read, even though the printed book was supposed to be true and authentic history. Fact and fiction had to be separated. Over the years some classic jewels have appeared in print. Obviously I cannot mention any authors' names or book titles in the following examples, nevertheless, the authors' books were published to represent good Colorado railroad history. Listen to a few of their remarks.

One author writes that the railroad from Silver Plume up to Waldorf and Mt. McClellan was known as the Colorado Central. This was a major error—most everyone knows that this road was The Argentine Central Railway. Another author included in his book the famous William eHenry Jackson photograph of the Rio Grande's N.G. track at Rockwood, between Durango and Silverton, with the caption under the picture stating that this was a branch of the Atchison Topeka & Santa Fe. Another bit of absurd information published some years ago in a well-known

book on Colorado Ghost Towns concerned the re-opening of Alpine Tunnel in 1895, after it has been closed some seven years because of a cave-in. What actually happened was that four South Park trainmen had taken an engine inside the tunnel in an attempt to siphon out a quantity of water that had backed up behind a cave-in. They accidentally ran the engine too far into this standing water, allowing the ash pan to become submerged. This extinguished the fire and created a carbon monoxide gas which killed these four crew members. Confirmation of this story can be found in the files of the Gunnison newspaper and is there for any and all to read. Now, I am going to read verbatim how a well-known author of Colorado History describes this tragedy:

“Old timers remember when an engine crew tried to force a passage through the Alpine Tunnel which was blocked by snow. Driving the engine through water on the track caused a hot box and three men were killed by the steam.”

Can you imagine a hot box creating or causing enough steam to kill a person? In another chapter this same author states that the railroad running up the Crystal River between Carbondale and Marble, Colorado, was a branch of the Denver and Rio Grande. Francis Rizzari, who has compiled a short railroad history of this valley, correctly told you it was the Crystal River and San Juan Railway. Along this same line I think that one of the most ridiculous paragraphs that I have ever encountered during my research appears in another Colorado Railroad History book.

Most of you are acquainted with, or have seen the big Sandstone Monument, some seven feet high, located on the south side of the Rio Grande's narrow gauge track just west of Toltec Tunnel on the line between Alamosa and Cumbres. It is known as the Garfield Monument and was erected by the National Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents in memory of President James A. Garfield, who was assassinated July 2, 1881. This information is carved right in the stone monument and stands there to this day for all to see. Now, get a load of what this so-called historian has set down as the origin of this monument. This is a classic boner.

“The monument was erected in memory of a tragedy that happened the first year the narrow gauge operated over the pass. Casey Jones was engineer on a four-car passenger train that day. A gang of section men had been working on the track on the west side of the tunnel. The investigation which was held later brought out the fact that the Section Foreman had elevated the rail on the wrong side of a sharp curve. When Casey hit the curve his engine and the baggage car went around it. But the

next two coaches turned partly over. The rear coach snapped loose from the Miller oHok and dropped more than a thousand feet to the bottom of Toltec Gorge where it smashed to pieces on the edge of Los Pinos Creek. Thirteen persons were killed. The railroad erected a monument on which was inscribed the names of the victims."

Now, I ask you gentlemen, can you imagine a railroad company erecting a monument in memory of the victims of a train wreck? On the contrary, the less publicity and the sooner an accident is forgotten the better the railroad feels about it.

While on this subject of separating fact from fiction, I remember an occasion in a tavern in Gunnison where I got into quite a discussion with a fellow who claimed he had worked in the coal mines at Baldwin. Baldwin was the end of the South Park track that ran north out of Gunnison. I was hunting material for my book. This individual had taken entirely too much "Old Tombstone" and I soon realized he did not know what he was talking about.

There is a paragraph in the *South Park Supplement* which reads as follows:

"In those early days, Governor John Evans and General Palmer never dreamed but what their railroads would grow and prosper with the years, but such was not to be the case—fate decreed otherwise. Over the course of years, the entire Denver South Park and Pacific line, together with the Rio Grande's narrow-gauge line between Salida and Montrose, were pulled up by their very roots and largely erased from the face of the land, with the result that today there are no railroads in the Gunnison area. The Burlington Railroad and Al Perlman took care of these little details.

The transportation of passenger and freight traffic in the Gunnison area is taken care of today by the Highway Bustin Truck co., and those rolling asphyxiating chambers, better known as The Blue Dog Bus Lines, which did not have the worries to building a road such as Evans and Palmer did—they inherited a fine surfaced highway system built by the taxpayers."

Shortly after the *South Park Supplement* made its appearance, I received a hot letter from some bird back east in Cleveland, Ohio, who I gathered must have been connected with the trucking industry. He was extremely critical of this paragraph and accused me of copying most of it from some cheap pulp magazine published back east. I never bothered to answer the gentleman.

During my ten years of gathering material I got into some rather heated discussions with individuals at times, who insisted that they were correct. It was a problem at times trying to sift out the truth. But, as Harry Truman once told a complaining and unhappy politician, "If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen."

At this point I might add I was not subsidized by anyone. I could say what I pleased throughout the entire book. The writing of a complete and well-rounded manuscript not only called for research in local libraries and correspondence with old-time railroad employees, etc; but it also required that you get out in the field to acquire a better knowledge of your subject and a first-hand or close-up picture of the actual railroad itself.

The only time I could leave Chicago and get out to Colorado was during my annual vacation periods. So, starting in the summer of 1940 I spent each year's two-weeks' vacation in Colorado. These two-week periods were usually divided between time spent in the library of the Colorado State Historical Society, the Denver Public Library and out in the field hiking or driving along the South Park's railroad grade. At the end of these trips I would return to Chicago with a brief case full of miscellaneous notes, etc. It was during these periods that Dr. LeRoy Hafen and Miss Ina T. Aulls gave me so much valuable assistance.

It was also during these vacation trips to Colorado that I became acquainted with various members of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club who proved to be of such great help. Such fellows as Ed Haley, Dick Kindig, Jack Thode, Charlie Ryland, John Maxwell, Francis Rizzari, Robert R. Hicks, etc.

It had been more or less understood all along that upon completion of my paper it would be published in bulletin form by the Railway and Locomotive Historical Society of Boston, Massachusetts, which was headed by Mr. Charles E. Fisher, the Society's perpetual President. Through correspondence, I had been keeping Mr. Fisher informed of my progress and the extent of the typewritten material that was accumulating. Mr. Fisher was dropping some hints that I was gathering too much material.

During the winter of 1946-47 the amount of typewritten pages had grown to such an extent that I began to wonder myself if the Railway and Locomotive Society would be able to handle such a large amount of material.

By the spring of 1947, after some ten-years' work, my South Park history, from all practical standpoints, was completed. The completed written text comprised about 1600 sheets of these half-page, typewritten yellow sheets. By this time I was really tired of punching a typewriter,

so I hired two stenographers to type out the completed paper on 8 1/2 x 11 sheets.

When these two girls completed their job we had over 1125 pages of double-spaced typewritten material filling the two large-ring binders, which we have on display here this evening. In addition to this typewritten material, these two binders also contained the 23 maps and charts, but no photographs.

At this time I was carrying on considerable correspondence with various members of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club. I wanted to make another trip to Denver to check up on a few items. Knowing of my proposed trip, The Club suggested that I bring the two large-ring binders and give a talk to the Membership at the June, 1947, meeting. This I did.

It was during this period that I was becoming better acquainted with the membership of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club. Due to my associations, work, and correspondence with various members of the club, our ties were gradually growing closer. We were being drawn together by a mutual interest—the history of a Colorado railroad.

Sometime later, following my return to Chicago, I informed Mr. Fisher that my completed paper totaled some 1125 pages of double-spaced typewritten material, including 23 maps and charts of various dimensions, but not including any photographs. Incidentally, the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club had offered to donate \$75.00 to pay for additional photographic cuts to be included, over and above what the Railway and Locomotive Historical Society might use. Mr. Fisher replied that this was entirely too large a project for the Society to handle and therefore I would have to "Blue Pencil" about half of the text in order for him to publish my South Park history in two regular Society Bulletins.

As a result of this situation, I was feeling pretty damn low. I thought to myself—I would turn my complete paper over to Miss Aulls of the Western History section of the Denver Public Library before I would let anyone delete one word.

There is an old proverb that says something to the effect that every dark cloud has a silver lining. This happened in my case. The silver lining to my dark cloud was none other than Charlie Ryland, who is well known to the Denver Westerners.

During a business trip Charlie made to Chicago in December 1947, I was moaning in his ear about my troubles. Out of a clear sky Charlie said, "Perhaps the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club might publish the book." That famous statement was the turning point. To me the idea could well be the answer to my problem. From then on events moved fast.

In the following month of January, 1948, I informed Mr. Fisher



that as far as I was concerned, I definitely was not interested in having my paper shortened just for the sake of having it published by his Historical Society. At the same time I also informed him that the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club of Denver, Colorado, was interested in publishing the paper in its entirety. This created some hard feeling all around.

Mr. Fisher retaliated by publishing a few sarcastic and untrue remarks in the Society's Bulletins about the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club. Among other comments, Mr. Fisher stated, "The history of the South Park Railroad is of negative quantity as far as people's interest is concerned." As a result of all this friction, a number of members of the Railroad Club, including myself, promptly resigned from the Railway and Locomotive Historical Society. Robert Le Massena, a two-time President of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, sent in his resignation on a post card.

Meanwhile, Charlie Ryland had returned to Denver and went into a huddle with Ed Haley, the 1948 President, and other officers and board members of the Denver group. Charlie phoned me long distance on February 2, 1948, stating that the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club was seriously interested in publishing my South Park History. On February 10 following, the Club made their official announcement to publish the book and promptly notified me of their plans stating that the Club was behind me 100%.

On February 17, I shipped, by Railway Express, the entire manuscript, together with a large collection of photographs to Mr. Haley. Old records indicate the shipment was insured for \$250.00. Not much when you consider today's price on the book.

The officials of the Railroad Club spent the next few months trying to decide how to produce the book and to locate a suitable printing firm. Mr. Haley and Mr. Logue went from publisher to publisher with the manuscript, maps, charts, pictures, etc., attempting to find a good publisher who could turn out a first-class job. Eventually Miss Ina T. Aulls of the Western History Section of the Denver Public Library suggested to Ed Haley that he contact Mr. Louis Doughty of The World Press. Miss Aulls' suggestion proved to be an excellent one as Mr. Doughty turned out to be just the man the Railroad Club was looking for. Over the years the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, together with Lou Doughty, have turned out some of the finest railroad books in the country.

Then followed much discussion, consultation and head scratching among the officers and directors of the Club regarding financing. The publication and sale of such a large book was definitely a gamble on the part of the Railroad Club, at best. They would be skating on thin ice. It would take money to finance such a project and money was something

the Railroad Club did not have any too much of at that time. Neither did they have any credit. Neither did the Club know whether the book would turn out to be a flop or meet with success. Being the gamble that it was, they decided to print only 1000 copies. It was decided that the use of a pre-publication offer would be the best method of raising the necessary funds. The Club set a pre-publication price of \$10.00 per copy, figuring this would bring in some quick capital, which obviously would be badly needed. After publication the price would be \$12.50 per copy.

Mr. Doughty suggested printing a colored brochure (see display) announcing publication of *Denver South Park and Pacific*, quoting both the pre-publication and post-publication prices. The cost of this brochure was estimated to be around \$400. Mr. Doughty offered to split the cost of printing the brochure with the Club, provided a sufficient number of orders were not received. The printing and distribution of these brochures got under way immediately. Advertisements announcing publication of *Denver South Park and Pacific* by the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club appeared in train and railroad magazines in the fall of 1948.

The results proved rather favorable and the orders started coming in. Pre-publication orders produced around \$5,500. The Club needed an additional \$2,500 to pay their printing bill in full to The World Press.

This additional \$2,500 was guaranteed by Robert Le Massena, John Maxwell, Dick Kindig, and Irving August, all prominent and active members of the Railroad Club. Under the able direction of Club President, Ed Haley, a contract between the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club and World Press for the printing of *Denver South Park and Pacific* was signed August 18, 1948. All Board Members and officers, with the exception of one person, signed a note for approximately \$8,000 guaranteeing payment to World Press for the printing of the book.

Preparation of the manuscript, maps, charts, photographs with title and captions, proof reading, etc., etc., were taken care of by Ed Haley, Dick Kindig, Jack Thode, Charles Ryland, Less Logue, Francis Rizzari, Jack Riley, Morris Cafky, Phil Ronfor and John Maxwell. It was at this time that the Club received a marvelous plug in the form of a review by Bob Perkin in his column in the "Rocky Mountain News."

With most of the preliminaries taken care of, Lou Doughty's presses started to roll and the books began to take shape. The binding job was handled by the Dieter Bookbinding Co., here in Denver.

By November of 1949, I was notified that the number pages were ready to number and sign. I came out from Chicago and on Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1949, at Ed Haley's home, we went to work. Ed

numbered each of the 1000 loose pages and I autographed them. These loose pages were then bound into, and became a part of, the book.

By December 15, 1949, the completed books with their dust jackets were ready for distribution. I well remember receiving my first copy. This first copy and three more copies of the book, which I own, cost me the whole sum of \$10.00 each. It was a grand and glorious feeling to see *Denver South Park and Pacific* in print at last. By the later part of the following January, 1950, approximately 900 copies had been sold. By April 1950, the entire 1000 copies were sold and delivered. Our project was a success.

The rest of the story of *Denver South Park and Pacific* is well known to most of you. Soon the price at the book dealers began to increase—\$25.00 per copy, \$50.00 per copy. By 1956 copies of the South Park book were advertised for \$125.00 each. The present current price at either Don Bloch's or Fred Rosenstock's Book Stores seems to run around \$200.00 to \$250.00 per copy. However, Don Block tells me that recently two copies sold for \$400.00 each out on the west coast. What a price for a book that Charles Fisher once stated was of negative interest!

In closing I wish to say that I am proud of *Denver South Park and Pacific*. I am grateful for what the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club did for me. I do not mean to stand here and state that it is a perfect book—far from it. A good experienced author schooled in the ways of gathering and recording history could have done a much better job. I was a beginner in the field, but I did the best I knew how. The book is my monument. Writing it was about the only worthwhile thing I ever did in my life.

Now, why has the book attained its present eminent position? I just plain do not know. My friend, Lucius Beebe, approaches this question in his "Territorial Enterprise Newspaper" of January 8, 1960. In discussing the South Park railroad and its published history, Mr. Beebe wrote,

"What is it that exacts from hard-headed professional railroad analysis so splendid an offering of love and veneration on behalf of a few hundred miles of mountain right-of-way which few, except the dedicated faithful, ever heard of and almost every trace of whose operations have long since vanished from the elemental earth? Entire races of people, nations once mighty in war and commerce, religious faiths concerned with everlasting verities, have disappeared from human remembrance with less memorial notice, but the *Denver South Park and Pacific* remains to haunt the imaginations of many intelligent and perceptive men and to cast a long shadow across the old west far in excess of its importance in its lifetime."

In closing I would like to quote in part from a paragraph near the end of my book, which reads something like this.

"The old South Park road is not really gone, for it lives in the hearts and memories of many of us. In the great tradition of American railroading it will always live. It will live on in thousands of photographic albums, in thrice times thrice told tales of courage and defeat and in that aura of romance woven in the very name itself—The Denver South Park and Pacific."

*Concerning a reprint of DENVER SOUTH PARK AND PACIFIC*

In addition to my paper this evening, I would like to offer an answer to a question that has been asked of me many times over the last few years. That question is, "Why can't we have a reprint or second edition of the original *Denver South Park and Pacific*?"

To begin with, I would like to explain that it requires a very great amount of type metal, as far as weight and quantity are concerned, to set up the type for a book the size of *Denver South Park and Pacific*. The type metal required for a complete job of this size involves a considerable amount of money, more capital than the average publisher likes to invest. In view of this, Mr. Doughty of World Press, after printing the first portion of the book, melted down the type to provide metal for setting later parts of the book. Because of this, no original type exists.

The only possible method of reproducing the book would be to photograph each page, making off-set plates from these negatives and then printing the book from these plates. Such a process of reproduction would result in a book of far inferior quality compared to the original, in both illustrations and text. To cover the expense of this method, the selling price of the book would have to be somewhere between \$15.00 and \$20.00, depending of course on the quantity printed. I doubt very seriously if the Railroad Club could sell 1500 copies of a book of such inferior quality. Such a project would not pay off financially, nor would the Railroad Club or the author consent to the publication of such an inferior product.

After laying around all these years the original photographic cuts have deteriorated, while many have been misplaced or damaged in storage. Many of the original photographs that appeared in the book were borrowed. They were returned to the owners and are scattered to the four winds, and in many instances would no longer be available.

In conclusion, let me say that neither the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club nor I have any plans for a reprint of the book.

## NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

(The Denver Westerners would like to welcome the following new Corresponding Members to the range.)

**HENRY E. BENDER Jr.**  
2353 South York St.  
Denver, Colorado 80210

Mr. Bender is presently a student in the Graduate School of Librarianship at the University of Denver and expects to graduate in August of 1965. He is especially interested in railroad history, especially that of the Uintah Railroad on which he is presently writing a book, and New Mexico railroads. He has published about 18 issues of the *New Mexico Railroader*, of which he was editor from February 1959 to August 1964. He has also published some photographs in *Trains*, the *Denver Post* and *Steam Locomotive and Railroad Tradition*. Mr. Bender is past president and treasurer and editor of *The Railroad Club of New Mexico* and past president of the *Albuquerque Historical Society*. His hobbies include steam locomotive photography and railroad history and his negative collection includes some 4600 different locomotives representing 478 companies. He joins us through the recommendation of Erl H. Ellis.

**CHARLES F. DWYER**  
8535 W. First Place  
Lakewood, Colorado

Mr. Dwyer is manager of Engineering and Construction for Breckenridge Lands, Inc. and Rounds Porter Lumber Co. He is interested in early mining history, antique cars, skiing, and mountain climbing. He has published technical articles on an engineering nature on aerial tramways and ski lifts. He joins us through the recommendation of Erl Ellis and Sturgeon.

**E. E. MacGILVRA**  
305 Silver Bow Block  
Butte, Montana

Mr. MacGilvra is especially interested in Montana history, all western history and especially the Lewis and Clark Expedition. He is retired and is currently President of the Board of Trustees, *Montana Historical Society*, President *Butte Council of the Navy League of the U.S.*, Member Board of Trustees *J.N. (Ding) Darling Foundation*, Board of Trustees *World Museum of Mining*, *Butte, Montana*, Board of Trustees of the *Hilltop Gallery*, *Butte, Montana*. He comes to us through the *Montana Historical Society*.

## BRAND BOOK on THE WAY

**Bob Cormack has announced that the Westerners' BRAND BOOK Vol. 19 is on the press and should be in the mail by the first week in August.**



## Westerner's Bookshelf



**LAST GRASS FRONTIER, THE SOUTH DAKOTA STOCK GROWER HERITAGE**, by Bob Lee and Dick Williams, Published by Black Hills Publishers, Inc., Sturgis, S.D., 1964, 456 pp., Index, 65 photos.

Following an excellent first chapter in which a broad, historical base is laid for the beginning of our western range cattle industry of the northern plains, the co-editors of this comprehensive history of the South Dakota Stock Growers Association detail in more than 400 fact packed pages the development of the cattle industry to the year 1964. The book, which is a fine contribution to the western range libraries, is readable in every sense. And thirty full chapters, with more than 60 photographs, make the work highly desirable to western readers. Some added pages are devoted to statistical data, two lists of committees and their work, such as Sanitary Boards and the State Board of Brands, useful to writers as well as interested cattlemen.

Bob Lee, founder of the Black Hills Corral of *The Westerners*, together with his co-editor, Dick Williams, have performed a thoroughly difficult task in helping to preserve the vast work, over the years, of the S.D.S.G.A. The book is well-bound, and printed in a large, readable typeface. The photos suffer somewhat in clarity and definition by being placed on the text pages, rather than having been printed on separate folios of calendered paper whose glossy surface would have better preserved their image.

All the "Greats" of the Dakota livestock industry are here—J. W. Driskell, Ed Lemmon, Ed Stenger, Henry Weare and Harris Franklin—as well as many other cowmen of the past whose names are known to all—Murdo MacKenzie and his slain son, "Dode", Ike Blasingame, who wrote the famous story, *Dakota Cowboy*, John W. Iliff, the famous Colorado cowman of the Platte, the Nebraskans, James, George, Joseph, and Hiram Bosler, and Charley Coffee, who built a cattle kingdom that still exists in the Nebraska Sandhills.

Attention is given to the present-day cattleman's effort to remain outside any program set up by the Federal Government to assist, but restrict, the industry. A quote by the *Belle Fourche (S.D.) Bee* points up what is perhaps the dominant, and to the reviewer's mind, the best quality exhibited by today's cattlemen. The editorial appeared after a three-day meeting of the S.D.S.G.A. in that city:

We have witnessed what is becoming a rare thing in these United States . . . (The convention was highlighted) . . . not so much by the array of high-powered speakers, not so much by what was said, not so much by the talk of 'rugged individualism' but by the free, wide, open exchange of ideas on highly explosive subjects. This is an unique distinction. We have never seen a group of men meet problems in such a forthright manner.

So long as this spirit of town hall

democracy pervades American hearts, the cattlemen, their industry, and all the rest of us will survive.

HARRY E. CHRISMAN, CM

**PIONEERS OF THE ROARING FORK**, by Len Shoemaker, 8vo, 262 pp., illus., index, table of illustrations, Sage Books; 1965, \$5.00.

Our old forest ranger friend, now retired, whose two earlier books related mostly to his experiences in the U. S. Forest Service, has added a third and interesting volume, which deals more with the people, pioneers as he puts it, who settled along the Roaring Fork River and its tributaries.

Here we are told much about the early settlers, their everyday lives, and their families—information gathered by the author over a period of years and the more authentic because of the personal touch which adds so much to narratives of this type.

Shoemaker takes up the various activities of the area, such as the coal mines, the silver bonanzas, the railroads and the outstanding men who developed these industries. Everyday incidents creep into the narrative, and with a touch of his pen he brings out the realities which faced the hardy old-timers of the late '70's, the '80's and the '90's.

He tells us of the ghost towns, Independence, Marble and Ashcroft, of Taylor Pass and the Taylor Pass Toll Road, the Independence Pass Toll Road, the men who lived to make or add to their fortunes in Aspen, three in particular: Jerome Wheeler, J. J. Hagerman and David R. C. Brown.

From his boyhood contacts with so many of the people mentioned, his later life with them as a forest ranger,

he has been able to collect photographs and piece out family histories far better than any outside writer; so read this interesting book for the information therein, for its down-to-earth items and facts.

CARL F. MATHEWS, PM

**HIGH COUNTRY EMPIRE — THE HIGH PLAINS AND ROCKIES**, by Robert G. Antheam. A Bison Book, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Neb. 358 pp., illus., index. \$1.50. (First published by McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., 1960.)

The author, who is Professor of History at the University of Colorado, President of the Western History Association for 1965, and a member of the Denver Westerners, is a very able writer of western history.

In this volume he is concerned with the developments, the historical movements, regardless of political boundaries, which affected the tremendous Missouri River Basin. This includes the mountain states of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and the plains states of the Dakotas, Nebraska and Kansas.

The fourteen chapters of this book are divided into four sections: "The Land Lies Open", "Vanguards of Settlement", "The Great Invasion", and "Vintage Years".

Mr. Ahearn has done an outstanding work with this book, managing to keep the baste of this story within the reasonable limits of book length, and at the same time permitting none of the vitality, perspective or readability of the account to be lessened.

The mountain men, the river men, the cattle men, the miners, the railroad builders, the farmers, the indus-

trialists, the oil men, are all brought into this story of the high-country empire. There is not a dull page, as the vivid aliveness with which the author writes makes this an outstanding book, and one which every Westerner should have in his collection.

G. S. Barnes, PM

**VANGUARDS OF THE FRONTIER: A SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE NORTHERN PLAINS AND ROCKY MOUNTAINS FROM THE FUR TRADERS TO THE SOD BUSTERS** by Everett Dick. University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln. Bison Book Paperback. Reprint of 1941 edition. No date. \$1.85.

Nearly twenty-five years ago Dr. Everett Dick brought out one of his several excellent studies of the American Frontier. He called it **THE STORY OF THE FRONTIER**. This extensively researched and well-rounded account of Anglo developments in the Missouri River area and the northern Rocky Mountains has

now been reprinted without change, except for the title. The University of Nebraska Press is to be commended for making the book available to a wider audience.

Despite such recent fine books as Robert G. Antheam's **HIGH COUNTRY EMPIRE**, which cover much the same area, though from a broader standpoint, Dr. Dick's study is still valuable. It stresses, as its subtitle indicates, social history. Consequently, here is the story of the hunter, the freighter, the logger, the surveyor, the cowboy, the missionary, the Mormon, the boatman, the Indian agent, the soldier, the miner, and the mountain man. The large fur companies, the freighting companies, the long drive, the gold rushes (to Colorado and the Black Hills), and other such institutions or major developments also receive attention. More than thirty illustrations are included. The author is convinced that the frontier left its imprint on America, and he shows why.

Harold H. Dunham, PM

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#### NEXT MEETING — JULY 28, 1965

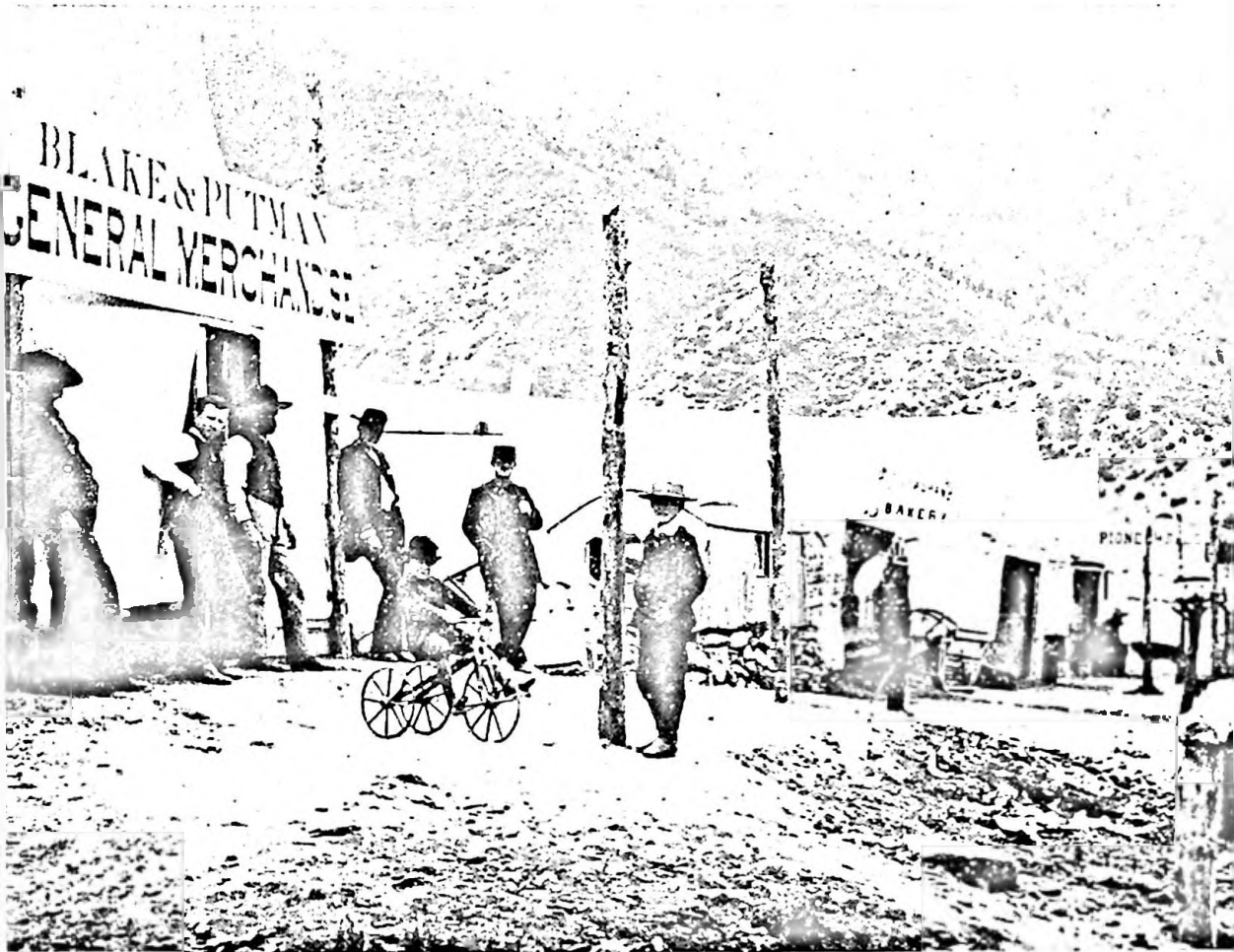
**HENRY W. HOUGH** will speak on "The Indian's Heritage—Assets and Liabilities." Henry Hough is presently engaged in a nation-wide investigation of industrial development on Indian reservations for the National Congress of American Indians, Washington, D.C. He is a member of the Westerners.



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

JULY  
1965  
Volume XXI  
Number 7

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Garfield County*  
by Len Shoemaker



Glenwood Springs 1884

From the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla



# The Denver Westerners Monthly



## R O U N D U P

Vol. XXI, Number 7

July, 1965

The ROUNDUP is published monthly by the Denver Posse of Westerners. \$4.00 per year. Entered as second class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office: 839 Pearl St., Boulder, Colorado, 80302. The Westerners office: 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Copyright 1964 by the Westerners Inc., a Colorado Corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

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### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

LEN SHOEMAKER was born in Rosita, Custer County, Colorado, in 1881 and moved to Aspen when he was a very young boy in 1885. He has also lived in Carbondale and Satank where he attended school at the turn of the century. He is personally acquainted with the Western Slope and can speak from actual experience about these old forgotten villages. He retired from the Forest Service after 30 years of service and at present is preparing a book of biographical nature entitled THIRTY YEARS IN THE U.S. FOREST SERVICE. He has published three books entitled:

- (a) SAGA OF A FOREST RANGER, the story of William Kreutzer, first forest ranger in Colorado
- (b) ROARING FORK VALLEY
- (c) PIONEERS OF ROARING FORK

# Early Settlements in Garfield County

BY LEN SHOEMAKER

Fifty years ago when I went into Aspen country to work for the U.S. Forest Service, one of my first acquaintances was John R. Williams. In 1879 Jack had crossed the Continental Divide from Leadville to Independence with his clothing, bedroll, prospecting tools, and a small stock of groceries securely lashed to the back of his three burros. He arrived at Independence a few weeks before Billy Belden struck gold ore in his tunnel on July 4th, and, for a while, he intermittently prospected and packed in supplies from Leadville. Eventually, he went on to Aspen and spent the remainder of his life in the Roaring Fork valley.

Fortunately for me, Jack and I became friends, and as he was a talkative person, I learned a great deal about the early happenings at Aspen and something about the early settlements of the Defiance country, as the area around present Glenwood Springs was known to him and other Aspenites in the early 1880's.

Jack had lived at Leadville during its boom days and in 1879 he had seen many small prospecting parties head westward across either Tennessee Pass into the Eagle river valley, or Hunters Pass into the Roaring Fork Valley in search of rich ores, and as he plied back and forth to Leadville to bring in supplies, he heard much about their various adventures.

One of his acquaintances at Leadville had been a man named John Blake, who was organizing a party to prospect in the area north of the Grand (later Colorado) river, northeast of present Glenwood Springs. For a while he had thought of joining the party, but had later decided to go to Independence. However, he had kept track of Blake's movements, and he told me what he knew about their somewhat perilous adventures, and experiences. And over the years I have picked up other bits of information which seemed to be worth recording.

## **Fort Defiance**

Blake and his several companions had crossed Tennessee Pass and gone down the Eagle River valley to the Grand (later Colorado) river. As the waters of the Eagle were high at that time, they encountered many difficulties in finding a passable route. One of the greater obstacles was the deep canyon near present Gilman. They overcame this difficulty, as many other men have done since, by climbing over the hump which is known today as Battle Mountain.

Crossing the Grand River was a still more difficult undertaking. Williams had heard that the travelers had built rafts on which to ferry their supplies and equipment across the stream. I helped to build a Forest Service telephone line near Gypsum in 1928, and while there an old settler named Hackett showed me the approximate location of the river crossing. He said that, at a later date, a few houses were built there and a ferry boat was operated there for a few years.

As our present Glenwood canyon was impassable at that time, the men climbed to the north rim before advancing farther westward. At some place along the way, they found outcroppings of carbonate ore like those at Leadville. So they encamped, staked claims, built cabins, dug location holes, and started a settlement—probably the first in Garfield County. Other prospectors came into their camp, and, although there wasn't much ore, it survived for a few years.

These settlers know they had crossed the 107th meridian into the Ute Indian Reservation and were trespassing on Indian land. Some of them feared an attack by the Utes, so as a protective measure they constructed a log building fashioned like a fort. Very little is known about the structure, and fortunately it was not needed as a fort, but it undoubtedly gave them the sense of security they needed.

The settlers called their building Fort Defiance. No satisfactory reason for the name has been advanced. It might have been a gesture of defiance to the Indians, as some persons have claimed, but I think the fort itself, very probably kept the Utes from attacking the camp or molesting the prospectors.

In 1916 I made a horseback trip from Satank to Trappers Lake. At Transfer Springs Ranger Station, high on the rim back of Hotel Colorado, at Glenwood Springs, I learned the approximate location of the Fort. Recently, John C. Smith, a Forest Service staff officer, fixed the site of the fort for me on a White River National Forest map. As shown, it appears to be about six or seven airline miles northeast of present Glenwood Springs and three or four miles north of the Colorado River, but, of course, high above that stream.

According to Mr. Smith, two of the mining claims had been patented, and the land is now owned by J. Golden Bair of the Glenwood Springs locality. He uses it annually as the base of his sheep grazing activities. The old cabins have weathered away, but several hunters camp there during each hunting season.

Also, recently, I talked by telephone with Mrs. Pearl (Tommy) Thomson, a friend who lives at Glenwood Springs. She is a professional guide, and for several years she conducted hunting parties to and from the Fort Defiance site. She is very familiar with the old camp site but

knows nothing about the early settlers. She is of the opinion that the camp was considerably larger than it is usually thought to be. She knows Mr. Bair and feels that his part-time residence there will preserve the location of the fort for many years.

### Carbonate

The mining claims at Fort Defiance didn't produce much rich ore, so in the spring of 1880, part of the men went farther northward. They had heard of the partial subjugation of the Utes, following their uprising at the White River Agency during the previous fall, and they now had no fear of an attack by them.

At a point southwest of present Deep Lake, about fifteen airline miles north of present Glenwood Springs, and probably twelve miles from Fort Defiance, they again found carbonates of lead and silver ores. There they set up another camp, which somewhat prosaically, it seems, after the more exciting "Fort Defiance" they called "Carbonate."

They staked claims, dug the usual prospect holes, and found some fairly good ore; enough ore, in fact, to keep the prospectors and the camp going for two years. Just how many men lived there during that time is not known, but the number fluctuated, for many men drifted in and out of the camp. However, according to Henry Brown, a friend who lived near Carbondale in the early 1900's, the camp boomed into a bustling town in the fall and winter of 1882. At that time, a group of town promoters came into the camp, laid out a townsite, and advertised its wonderful possibilities in a Leadville newspaper. Their efforts got results for more than 200 people came to the town.

Brown also told that the promoters had sparked the boom in order to be in a position to bid for the seat of a new county which was soon to be established. He backed his statement with the fact that Garfield County had been established on February 10, 1883, and that Carbonate had been named as its seat. Later, I quizzed Judge F. C. Childs, who had been one of the early county commissioners, about that phase of the matter. He must have known whether or not Brown's assertion was true, but wouldn't admit that the promoters had tricked the people into coming to the camp.

Both Brown and Childs said that the people of Carbonate were jubilant when they learned that their bid for the county seat had been successful. They made much ado about it, but their jubilation was short-lived. What ore there was in the mines soon played out, and, as there were no other resources to fall back on, there was nothing to support its inhabitants or to sustain the town. It swiftly declined and by mid-summer half of its residents had decamped.

The town and county officials held on as long as possible. But on August 21, 1883, the county commissioners met and passed a resolution to have the county records transferred temporarily to Glenwood Springs for safe-keeping. No action in the matter was taken until some time in the fall, when four men, Fred Childs, Henry Brown, John Noonan, and Perry Malaby were named to make the transfer. Childs, being a county commissioner, undoubtedly directed the action.

On my trip to Trappers Lake in 1916, I followed a trail which led me close to the site of Carbonate. There was little sign of previous habitation there. I was told that a forest fire had swept over the area, but later inquiry showed that the rumor was very probably untrue. Recently, I wrote to another friend, Carroll Clark, of Glenwood Springs, about the matter; he thought there hadn't been any fire. Clark, who before retirement had been a member of the Forest Service staff, knew the location of the Carbonate townsite, and he placed it on a map for me. He also sent me excerpts from the early records of the county, which, with his permission, I am quoting verbatim, to wit:

"The first meeting of record of the Garfield County Board of County Commissioners was held at the town of Carbonate on April 16, 1883.

"Frank Enzensperger was elected chairman and the other commissioners present were F. C. Childs and C. A. McBriarty. The main business of this meeting was the designating of five precincts, namely: Carbonate, Grand Springs (around the present Glenwood Springs), Rock Creek, Elk Creek, and White River. The definite boundaries refer to a map that is no longer available.

"The next meeting of record was held on August 1, 1883, at which time George P. Ryan is listed as one of the commissioners and C. A. McBriarty as clerk.

"Of interest at that meeting was the establishing of toll rates for the bridge built by the Grand River Bridge Company at Glenwood Springs:

|                             |        |
|-----------------------------|--------|
| For team and wagon          | \$1.00 |
| For each extra team         | .50    |
| For saddle and pack animals | .25    |
| For cattle and sheep        | .15    |
| For footman                 | .10    |

This was the original bridge across Grand River and was located at the north end of present Cooper Avenue.

"Another meeting was held on August 21, 1883. At that time it was "Resolved by the Board of County Commissioners of Garfield County that the books, records, and property of said county be temporarily removed from said town of Carbonate to the town of Glenwood Springs,

said county, there to remain until said county shall be able to procure sufficient County buildings."

"A lengthy meeting was held on October 1 and 2, at which time numerous bills were approved, including several to John C. Blake, sheriff, totaling \$288.00 in the case of People vs L. Robertson. Also at this time J. G. Pease was appointed clerk.

"A special meeting was held on October 10, when 'it was ordered that the county property, consisting of books, records, etc., now at Carbonate, be brought to Glenwood Springs. The price to be paid therefor not to exceed twelve dollars (\$12.00).'

"There does not appear to be a record of the date at which the County records were moved. However, Mrs. Perry Malaby, now deceased, told me a few years ago that her husband and another man moved the records by pack horse at night because of the strong sentiment, both pro and con, regarding changing the location of the county seat.

"There is record though that an election held on November 6, 1883, officially designated Glenwood Springs as the permanent county seat, and the designation by Board of County Commissioners was made at a meeting held on November 19."

I am sure that all who hear or see Mr. Clark's statement will appreciate his kindness and the effort he made to get this authentic information.

Very recently Mr. Smith sent me several printed sheets entitled, "Scar Face Bill—The Story of Salting A Mine," which he had found in the Forest Service files. The sheets are, apparently, additions to or excerpts from the Holy Cross Trail, a newspaper which was published at Red Cliff for many years by O. W. Daggett.

The sheets are numbered Chapters I to XVII (8 and 9 are missing) and are so poorly reproduced that the story cannot be followed completely, but they tell how Scar Face Bill (Bill Casa) and two other persons salted a mine at Camp Carbonate and fooled many persons into buying stock in the mine.

Whether Mr. Daggett wrote the material as fact or as fiction is problematical; he must have had some basis for writing the story even though it was a child of his fancy. All of which makes me think that my friend, Henry Brown, might have been right in his claim that the town promoters of Carbonate had hoodwinked the people who had come into Carbonate.

While going through a Colorado State Directory recently, I found mention of the town under date of 1884. Only two items were listed: Jos. H. Pierce, postmaster, and Cornucopia Mine. That must have been

the name of the principal mine of the camp, but whether it was the one which Daggett claims was salted will always be a mystery.

### Defiance

With the decline and fall of Carbonate, settlement activities in that region centered at present Glenwood Springs, where a camp had been set up in 1880. Its few inhabitants had called it Defiance, which was probably a repetition of that word as used in Fort Defiance. As shown in Mr. Clark's memorandum, the first commissioners of the county called that voting precinct, Grand Springs, but the name, so far as known, was not attached to the town. The name "Defiance" was not used in records, but it persisted throughout the area until it was definitely replaced by the name, Glenwood Springs.

The settlement began in 1880, when a group of Leadville men invaded the valley and squatted on a large track of land there. It seems that these men had set out in search of land, rather than rich ore; they wanted a place where they could squat, hold the land, and develop it for speculation if or when the opportunity presented itself.

These men had followed the route of the Fort Defiance prospectors as far as the Grand River crossing. From that point they probably crossed Cottonwood Pass to the Roaring Fork valley, thence down that stream to its confluence with the Grand. At that point they found the land they wanted. The tract they laid claim to included most of the level land in that area and the hot springs which were located there. And it is my opinion that the hot springs were the attraction which had led them to that particular place.

The leader of the party, James Landis, was undoubtedly an intelligent and capable person. He laid out a townsite and advertised lots for sale in a Leadville newspaper, but his efforts were not very successful. However, he persistently held on to the land for more than two years. During that time, they were not molested by the Utes. Small hunting parties stopped occasionally to rest and bathe in the hot waer, but they showed no hostility to the settlers. The action of the U.S. Army in taking some of the chiefs into Washington had probably taken some of the fight out of the remainder of them.

Although unsuccessful in selling lots in Leadville, Jim Landis finally had a little good luck. For in 1882 Captain Isaac Cooper of Denver, Golden, and Leadville, decided to take a look at the Defiance project. Cooper, who had invested money in many projects throughout the state, had heard of the hot springs when he had visited Aspen in 1879. He had intended to go and see them before now but hadn't got to it.

Consequently, he and some of his associates, John Blake, Frank



Enzensperger, Hy Bennett, William Gelder, and a few other persons equally as adventurous, went to Defiance. They wanted the place as soon as they saw it, for they could see great possibilities in its developments. Cooper, who was used to bargaining for all kinds of investments, talked to Landis and eventually bought the improvements and whatever rights he had to the land for the reputed sum of \$1500.

As soon as possible, the Cooper party formed the Defiance Town & Land Company, laid out a more definite townsite than Landis had done, and began to develop it. Cooper, who had invested money at Fort Defiance, and Blake, who still held some interests there, wanted to preserve the name Defiance, and had, accordingly, made this use of it.

Judge Fred Childs, whom I knew for more than twenty years, and for whom I worked several times, told me that Cooper didn't want to give up the name, but did so when his wife, Sarah, said to him: "Isaac, this place is too beautiful to be called Defiance. Let's give it a more appropriate name—a pretty one like our home town, Glenwood."

I had been fortunate in knowing Mrs. Cooper during my boyhood days. She was a gracious and lovely person, and I can well believe that she used just those words. And I feel sure that had you known her, you would know why Isaac immediately complied with her request.

### Glenwood Springs

Defiance thus became Glenwood Springs during 1883, when it was being considered for the next county seat of Garfield County. Mrs. Cooper loved the place and I have heard her call it "our town." Isaac Cooper helped to get the town off to a good start and helped in its development. He, Gelder, and Anzensperger constructed the first section of Hotel Glenwood. He urged the officials of the D & R G Railroad Company to build their narrow-gauge line into the valley. He started to bring water into the town, but unfortunately, he died on December 2, 1887, leaving the project uncompleted. Knowing what the Coopers did for the town, I think its citizens ought to set up an annual "Cooper's Day" on which to pay honor to these old pioneers who gave it a name as beautiful as its location.

Early transportation into Glenwood Springs was by stage from Aspen. Soon after a wagon road had been opened in 1883, a stage line had been started between the towns. Its owners, according to an early record seen, were Sanderson and Barlow. They presumably, were J. L. Sanderson, a well-known stage operator, and F. A. Barlow, who opened the first post office in the town. The first stage was a spring wagon, usually referred to as a "rack." Charles Fravert drove the first stage that came into town.

Travel from the Eagle River valley started soon afterward when a wagon road was constructed from Gypsum to the Roaring Fork valley at Cattle Creek over what is now known as Cottonwood Pass. A stage line was opened between Glenwood Springs and Red Cliff in 1885. Soon after the stage lines began to operate large freight wagons plied over both of those routes.

The first county officials, who had been appointed by Governor James Grant, were John Blake, sheriff; C. A. McBriarty, replaced by J. G. Pease; clerk and recorder; George Banning, treasurer; William Gelder, judge; J. F. Clements, surveyor, C. S. Cooper, assessor; Frederick C. Childs, Frank Anzensperger, and George P. Ryan, commissioners; G. G. Minor, attorney; and Forbes Parker, clerk of the district court.

Those county officials held office until, as mentioned by Mr. Clark, the first county election was held on November 6, 1883. The voters then elected the following officials, A. J. Rock, sheriff; N. R. G. Ferguson, clerk and recorder; George Ferguson, treasurer; Gus Minor, judge; F. P. Monroe, surveyor; S. A. Parker, assessor; Pat Tomkins, Coroner; and M. V. B. Blood, superintendent of schools; and approved the selection of Glenwood Springs as the county seat.

During the next two years the town grew fast, and Carson Brothers, who now operated the stage line, often had to add a second stage to take care of the many arrivals. But before that time, the town had to solve many civic problems, one of which was the shortage of living quarters. In 1883 the need for more housing was acute, as building construction had not kept up with the demand for houses. A few boarding houses, the Colorado Hotel, later known as the Inter Ocean, and the Kendrick Cottages had been started, probably in 1882. F. A. Barlow had built and opened the St. James Hotel in 1883. It was a log building and he replaced it in 1885 with a four-story brick which he called Hotel Yampa.

Cooper, Gelder, and Anzensperger, who built Hotel Glenwood opened it in 1883 or 1884 and enlarged it greatly in 1885 and 1886. The Star Hotel, fore-runner of the Denver, and a few other establishments took care of the housing problem until 1892, when the large Hotel Colorado was opened.

Some of the early business establishments in the town were George Arthur Rice, bank; Dick Donovan, George Schram, and H. R. Kamm, general stores; Dr. D. E. Baldwin, drug store, G. W. Ragland, blacksmith shop, and the Ute Chief, a newspaper published by Swan and Reid.

George S. Swigart, my father-in-law, came to Glenwood Springs from Hutchinson, Kansas in January of 1885. From the D & R G station

at Granite, he traveled by stage-sled via Independence Pass and Aspen. He told me much about early conditions at Glenwood. He had come to visit old friends, Professor Arthur Poe, who at that time was the school principal, and his wife, Sally. However, he liked the country so well that he didn't return to his job in Kansas, but became a life-long resident of Garfield County.

On August 1, 1885, the Western Stage Lines started stage service between St. Elmo and Glenwood Springs. For more than two years their fine equipment—the best in the state, according to the Aspen Times—plied back and forth over Tin Cup and Taylor Passes, via Tin Cup, Ashcroft, and Aspen to Glenwood Springs. They used Concord stages and a six-horse-hitch, which usually consisted of three well-matched teams. These stages ran into Glenwood Springs until the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad reached the town in October of 1887. I never saw them, but pictures of them show that they were tops in transportation equipment of that day.

On August 25, 1885, the town was incorporated, and on September 21, the first town election was held. The officials elected were J. E. Schram, mayor; J. H. Pierce, Thomas Kendrick, R. P. Malaby, W. E. Shaffer, E. M. Carlton, and William Young, trustees. John T. Shumate was named as town attorney and he supervised the compilation of the first town ordinances.

The first crime of importance in that locality was committed in 1885. Elijah Craven killed George Ford in Pat Carr's saloon. The two men had fought, Craven had been defeated, had gone home, secured a gun, returned, and shot Ford. He was arrested for murder but was sentenced to just one year in jail.

An early tragedy of the town was the drowning of Sheriff A. J. Rock in the Grand River while trying to save some equipment from a logging-boom which he was operating there. He swam out to the boom but flood waters of the stream carried it away and took Rock with it. Also, while crossing the footbridge across Roaring Fork River to attend a picnic in Noonan's Grove, Belle Sager and a companion were drowned, when the footbridge gave way and threw them into the swift-flowing waters.

This brief sketch of early-day happenings at Glenwood Springs could be enlarged a hundredfold, as I have mentioned only a few of the events that occurred before 1886. Beginning with the development of the hot springs bathhouse and pool that year and the coming of the Denver & Rio Grande and Colorado Midland Railroads in 1887 the town fast-blossomed into the lovely city that it is today. I went there often during the 1890's and early 1900's to enjoy its festivities and to swim in

the hot water pool. Those visits were a delightful part of my youthful days which I shall always remember.

### Satank

Satank was not a part of the so-called "Defiance country," but the story of its settlement is added here to help round out the early settlement of Garfield County. Soon after the Ute Reservation lands in Western Colorado were opened to entry and settlement (September 4, 1881), squatters claimed all of the land that could be cultivated in the Roaring Fork valley. They built log houses, cabins, or shacks of some kind to live in, and, as quickly as possible, filed on homesteads.

At some time in the early 1880's, F. C. Childs, his wife's relative, T. R. McGruder, and Sarah Cooper's father, William Hall, filed on tracts of land which lay just south of the confluence of Roaring Fork River and Rock Creek (Crystal River). McGruder, who had just come from Iowa, didn't like Western conditions and soon sold his log house and his land rights to Isaac Cooper and returned to his former home. Cooper's wife, Sarah, filed on the land, and on a small tract that adjoined it, which Cooper and Childs wanted for a townsite.

Cooper and Childs were close friends, and in some way they laid out a townsite, which they called Cooperton. Cooper had invested money with the D & R G Railroad Company, and he hoped to induce its officials to use their town as a station site, when or if they built through the valley to Aspen.

Meanwhile, Harvey Tanney, who lived on an adjoining claim, secured a post office, which he opened at his home on June 27, 1883. He called it Satank, for the Kiowa chief, whose name was prominently in the news at that time. Cooper and Childs, who wanted a post office at Cooperton, tried to induce Tanney to bring his post office there. Tanney was agreeable to the suggestion as it would place him directly on the stage line which ran through the townsite. However, he was accidentally killed in 1884.

Harvey Tanney's wife, Attama, became the postmaster. Soon afterward the stage line company got her to start an eating-house about one mile southeast of Cooperton. She filed on some land there, built some kind of a house, and began to feed the stage line passengers. As the post office was an asset to her business, she wouldn't deal with Cooper and Childs and continued to run it at what was, later, to be the site of Carbondale.

When the D & R G Railroad Company did build its line into the valley in 1887, Cooperton got off to a good start and hummed with activity. Childs built a large log building and opened a store. Three

other stores and several saloons were opened. "Cap" Davis built a large frame building and started a hotel and restaurant. Cooper started the construction of a large brick building to be used as a hotel.

He again tried to get Satank post office, and, this time, he was successful. How he got it away from Mrs. Tanney is questionable. Perhaps she gave it up voluntarily, as soon after that time she married Delbert Bush, a rancher of Jerome Park, and went there to live. Childs was appointed postmaster, set up the post office in his store, and placed his daughter, Hattie, in charge of it.

Fortunately, I saw the store and post office just after it was started, when my parents went there to trade. And, incidentally, it was my first sight of my friend, Mr. Childs, as well. I was six years old at the time, but still remember the appearance of the town. I learned later that Frank Page had opened two stores farther south and was erecting another building across the street, west of Child's store. Several other buildings were being built along the main street.

Also, I learned later that when Child's put up a "Satank Post Office" sign, the name "Cooperton," which had not gained much recognition, was dropped immediately, and the name "Satan" was adopted as a natural result. Hopes ran high when it was learned that the D & R G Railroad would reach the town that fall. However, their hopes were soon blasted. When the railroad reached that part of the valley in October, 1887, it bypassed Satank and went a mile farther southward before it established a station. At that point, some town promoters from Carbondale, Pennsylvania, backed by the Colorado Coal & Iron Company, had purchased land and laid out a townsite, which they called Carbondale, for their home town.

The Colorado Coal & Iron Company had wanted the station there, because it was going to build a branch line, the Aspen & Western Railroad, from that point to its coal lands thirteen miles southwestward on Thomson Creek. The railroad officials, seeing the chance to secure a lot of coal-hauling, had reneged on Cooper and his associates; at least that was what Cooper claimed, later.

During the summer, Cooper and Childs, for some unknown reason, changed the name of their town to Rockford, and it was known by both names for a short time. However, Carbondale, having secured the railroad station, soon out-stripped it and forged ahead. Then Cooper, who had called his building Hotel Moffat, for D. H. Moffat, president of the railroad company, announced that the town would also be called Moffat. But, as already stated, his efforts fell flat; he became ill and died on December 2, 1887. Almost overnight Moffat collapsed; its business concerns closed. Many buildings were left uncompleted.

Fred Childs gave up the post office, moved his stock of goods to Sunshine, a coal camp on Fourmile Creek, and placed his son, William, in charge of it. He went to farming and developed a fine fruit just west of the townside, Frank Page also started farming in the lower end of the valley. In his later years, Childs moved to Carbondale and was secretary-manager of the local Potato Growers' Association. During most of the period, 1910-1912, I was his sales agent.

Ben Davis opened a small grocery store in one of the Page buildings, was appointed postmaster, and the post office and town again became Satank. Davis held the post office until 1904, when it was closed and Rural Free Delivery began.

At some time during those years, another name, "Yellow Dog" was attached to the town by some of the residents of Carbondale, who had resented the loss of Satank post office. They had obtained a Carbondale post office, and, so they said, they were glad that Satank post office had been stolen. They hadn't liked it because, in the Indian tongue, Satank meant Yellow Dog. For a few years there was some wrangling about the name among those persons who took the matter seriously, but no extreme trouble developed.

In 1893 the Shoemaker family moved into the town and rented the Frank Page house, which was now empty. About that time, A. L. Beardslley, a Glenwood Springs attorney, patented the land included in the Cooperton townsite, and helped the remaining residents to obtain titles to their lots. My parents bought a house and about three acres of land in the southwest corner of the townsite, and lived there until 1909, when my father passed away.

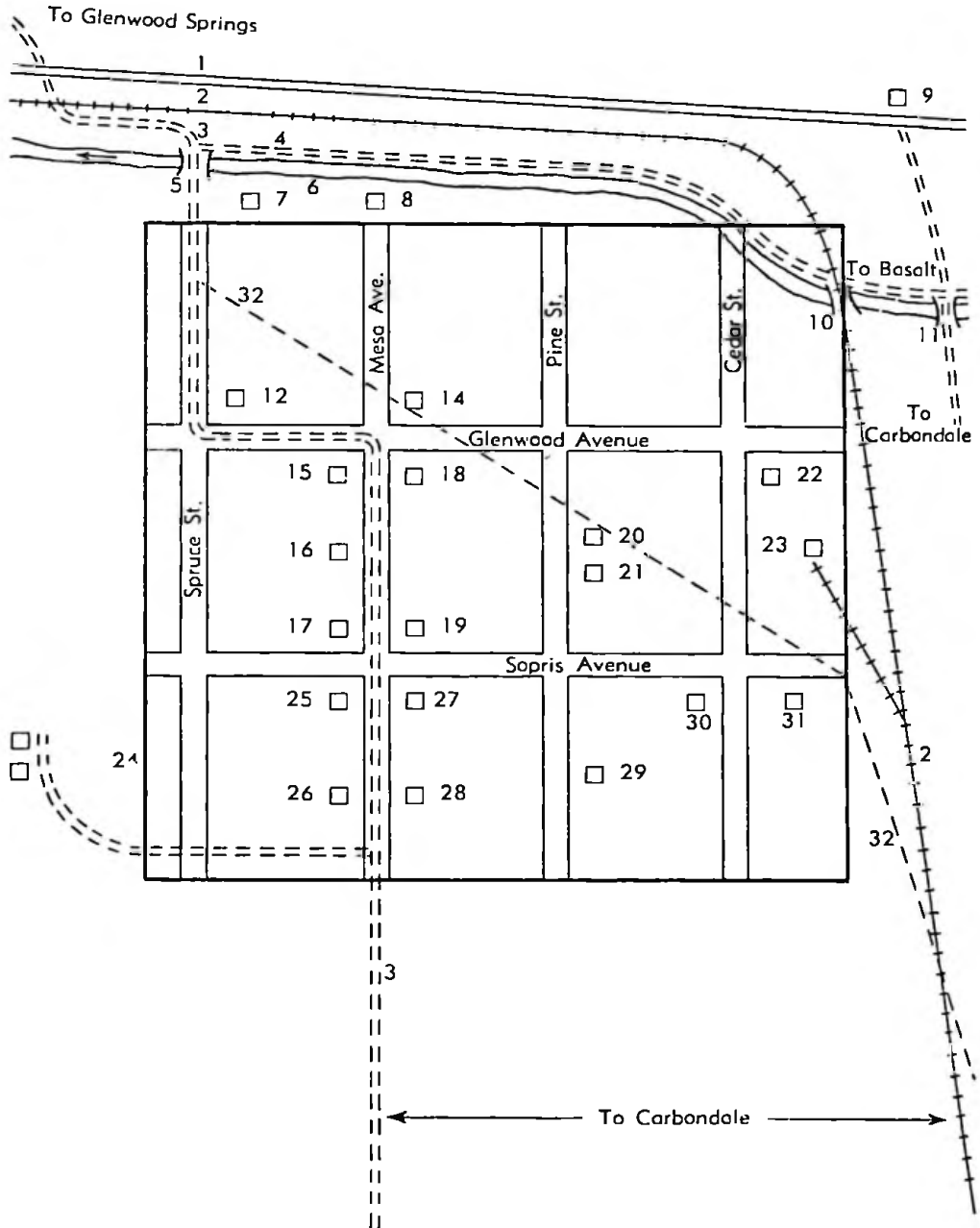
I lived there until 1899. At that time some fifteen families were still there. The little red school-house was being used by a few children. There were a few empty buildings; Cooper's brick building was being razed by someone who wanted the materials in it. I went there again in 1904 and the situation was unchanged. The place bore little resemblance to the bustling town I had first seen in 1887. However, as my parents still lived there, it was "homeland" to me.

A few families live there now, but it is very probable that none of them acknowledges either of the town's former names as his place of abode. Nevertheless, their homes mark the site and will continue to preserve it.

Carbondale, Marion, Sunshine, Cardiff, South Canon, New Castle, and other towns should be included in this account, but, as it has already grown topheavy, they must be left to a better-informed writer. I appreciate the opportunity to share my knowledge of the Western Slope region with those who are interested.

SATANK, COLORADO

Not Drawn to Scale



### LEGEND OF COOPERTON TOWNSITE

Rough draft of Cooperton Townsite—Not drawn to scale.  
 Original location by Mrs. Isaac (Sarah F.) Cooper, Jan. 26, 1885. NW¼ SW¼  
 (Lots 18-19), Sec. 28, T. 7 S., R. 88 W. Not patented.  
 Forty acres bought by A. L. Beardsley, Sept. 16, 1899, patented November 12, 1900.  
 Houses, etc.—Successive names are those of persons who lived there during my residence  
 in that area.

- 1 Colorado Midland Railway
- 2 D. & Rio Grande Railroad
- 3 Glenwood—Basalt Wagon Road
- 4 Satank—Carbondale Wagon Road
- 5 Satank Wagon Bridge
- 6 Roaring Fork River
- 7 First Schoolhouse—log
- 8 Anzenberger—Potter
- 9 Carbondale Depot
- 10 D & R G Railroad Bridge
- 11 Carbondale Wagon Bridge
- 12 Huff—Patrick
- 13 Third Schoolhouse—brick
- 14 Thom's Saloon
- 15 Frank Page's Residence—Shoemaker—Fatkin
- 16 Cap Davis' Hotel—frame
- 17 Frank Page's Hardware Store—frame
- 18 Denmark—Swigart
- 19 Fred Child's Store—Satank Post Office—log
- 20 Ben Davis' Residence
- 21 Rummel—Hammer—Nichols
- 22 Stewart—Banning—Gerkin
- 23 Proposed D & R G Depot—Not constructed
- 24 Fred Child's Ranch Buildings—log
- 25 Hotel Moffat—brick—Partly constructed by Isaac Cooper
- 26 Frank Page's Stores—frame—Ben Davis' Store & Satank P.O. Second Schoolhouse
- 27 Sievers
- 28 Strahm—Silverhart
- 29 Spellman—Perham
- 30 H. S. Shoemaker
- 31 J. O. Shoemaker
- 32 Approximate Route of Glenwood-Aspen Stage Road

### MAJOR HART DECORATED

Major Herbert M. Hart was awarded the Army Commendation Medal for preparing a picture-history series of books on old military forts. Hart is a Marine Corps major serving as operational intelligence officer of the Navy's Amphibious Group Two. Forts featured in his books are old Army forts. Rear Admiral Earl R. Crawford, USN, presented the medal in the name of the Secretary of the Army, Stephen Ailes. The books were published by Superior Publishing Com-

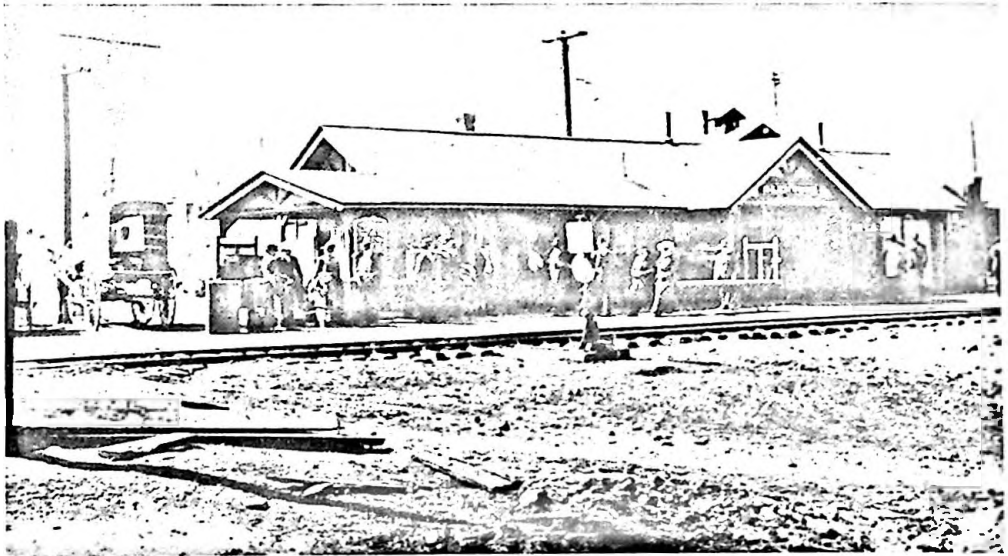
pany, Seattle and are entitled, *Old Forts of the Northwest* and *Old Forts of the Southwest*. Major Hart identified, located, and described forts that were once outposts of civilization. His material is a guide to significant historical sites and a tribute to the American soldier who helped to shape his country's history. The books cover, in detail, over 140 western forts with photos and sketches.





1) Grand Avenue 2) First House in Glenwood Springs 1883

pictures by Francis Rizzari



Glenwood D & R G Depot 1903

From the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

### NEW HANDS ON THE RANGE

(The Denver Posse of the Westerners wishes to welcome the following new Corresponding Members to the Westerners.)

**ANTHONY T. MAISTO**  
2145 East Columbia Place  
Denver, Colorado 80210

Mr. Maisto's present occupation is Ass't. Sect. of the Title Guaranty Com-

pany & Manager of the Abstract Plant. He is especially interested in Western History. He has been Past President of the American Right of Way Association and is a member of Lions Club and the Denver Realty Board. He collects coins and his hobbies include golf and bowling. He comes to us through the recommendation of Mac Poor and Fred Mazzulla.



## Westerner's Bookshelf



**GREAT AMERICAN CATTLE TRAILS**, by Harry Sinclair Drago. Dodd, Mead & Co., N.Y., 1965. 274 pp. Notes, Bibl., Maps, Index. Hardback, \$5.00.

To those not over-read in the Texas cattle trail books, Drago's *Great American Cattle Trails* will have genuine appeal. The book has broad scope and merit, though it has tackled a mammoth subject not easily handled in such a brief study. Drago, an old pro in western writing, has assembled his materials in good order and presented them with his usual competence and skill.

With a brief nod in his first chapter to the eastern trails over which the New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky farmers and professional drovers sent their cattle, hogs and mules to market, Drago almost immediately turns westward to the Osage Trace and the better-known Texas cattle trails that sent the long-horns north to the railheads. It seems lamentable that he has dealt in such a cursory manner with the first trails that put the livestock on the eastern seaboard markets, little of which is known to most American readers, and spent so much of the remainder of his good work on the western cattle trails that have been so fully covered by many other writers. But each writer deals with a certain amount of known material, so perhaps this is where he found ore to lie. Yet less of the materials on the Hickoks, Mastersons, Ben Thompsons and the rest, so ably done *a la* Streeter, and more concentration on the "thinner" materials of the eastern

and western seaboard trails would have improved the work and added to its usefulness as a guide for other writers.

Several apparent errors damage the work. Placing the Jones & Plummer Trail north of Dodge City is regrettable, for this old trail actually ran from Dodge City south to Beaver City in the Neutral Strip, then past the Jones & Plummer ranch to Mobeetie, from there to Double Mountain in Texas. Both cattle and buffalo hides came up this trail, which was frequently referred to as The Rath Trail, after the famous Charles Rath, hunter and hide man. This is pointed out only for the record, since an error was also made on this trail in Drago's *Wild, Woolly and Wicked*, when the Jones & Plummer and Western Trails were shown transposed on the map in that work.

Drago credits "Maxwell and Morris" with "blazing" the Western Trail to Dodge City, in "May 1877," though both Ellison & Dewees and Olive Brothers had put large herds along this trail the previous year, 1876, and, of course, there may have been still other cowmen who had preceded these drovers.

Unfortunately, one of Kansas' foremost historians, Mrs. Minnie Dubbs Millbrook, loses her identity in both text and Index to one "Minnie Dubbs Millbank," though of course poor proof-reading by the publisher's personnel may account for this as well as the mis-spelling of WaKeeney, Kansas as "Wakeeney."

Generally the work is an estimable one, broad in concept and a subject

deserving of attention by western historians. Drago's fine style makes the book read as easily as any work of western fiction. It is a fine contribution to western literature, and readers interested in Texas cowmen, the cattle trails and the cow towns of yesterday will find both pleasure and purpose in reading it.

HARRY E. CHRISMAN, CM

**NED WHITE, ARIZONA'S BARD OF BREWERY GULCH.** By Marion White McKinney. Printed by Golden Bell Press, Denver, February 1965, 152 pages, \$3.95.

This book presents a picture of pioneer life in prose and poetry which Marion White McKinney has written of and about her father, Ned White.

It begins in Cheyenne, Wyoming, at old Fort Russell, where Ned White's father, Patrick, was stationed in The Army of the United States.

The book takes rapid steps in its move to Arizona to the wild untamed desert where Ned White grew up. The story of his life there will hold your interest to the very last page.

Ned White writes about his friends the Indians, the miners, the people who worked in a "company town." This is a phrase which is almost dead, as a company town is practically non-existent now. The famous "Copper Queen Mine" owned by the Phelps-Dodge Corporation made the town what it was called, a "Company town." Ned White vividly portrays life as a miner at that time.

He has written with such feeling and sensitiveness of the desert, the people and the legends that it is remi-

niscient of Robert W. Service's writing of the Yukon.

Mrs. McKinney has done a fine job in assembling her father's poems, tied together with her fine descriptive prose about her family and growing up in the "early days".

WILLIAM D. POWELL, PM

**FROM THE PECOS TO THE POWDER: A Cowboy's Autobiography,** as told to Ramon F. Adams and Bob Kennon, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 165, 251 pages, Drawings by Joe Beeler, photos, \$5.95.

Bob Kennon's sister-in-law, Mrs. Florence Franklin, having read Adams' book on Charles M. Russell, had written Adams that Kennon was a great friend of the artist. And thus this book came into being. And a great book it is, as must be any collaboration of Adams with Norman. It is a joy to hold, excellent binding, typography without a flaw, and paper with a "feel" that is incomparable. Only on the very last page does one learn that it is "intended to have an effective life of not less than three hundred years."

Adams and the Norman Press were quick to realize that Kennon's love of his West and his precise memory provided a documentary of worth. The never-ending pranks of these boy-men become something of a bore, but this autobiography re-lives an era that is glorious and gone. And here is a Texan who would not give up Montana for all of Texas.

A bigger, much more detailed map would make it perfect.

H. EMERSON CAMPBELL, CM

**PIONEER HISTORY OF CUSTER COUNTY, NEBRASKA, with which is combined SOD HOUSES OF THE GREAT AMERICAN PLAINS, by Solomon D. Butcher with an Introduction by Harry E. Chrisman. Sage Books, Denver. 403 pp. \$8.50.**

This is a fine book and an important one. S. D. Butcher made a valuable contribution in publishing this book, but its scarcity now has made it almost unknown. This reviewer was introduced to it by Jean Williams, a Texas writer who knows much about Nebraska.

With the Cornhusker State getting gussied up for her 100th birthday in 1967, this timely reprint should be eagerly received by all Nebraskans and western buffs. It is, in fact, a text book prepared by those rugged men who made the history. Although a few errors can be found in the text they are minor and the editor felt it would be better to retain them than to change the original. Butcher couldn't resist counterfeiting a few of the photos but those are easily spotted and no one should accept them as authentic. Strangely enough, a number of writers have done just that.

Solomon Butcher was a pioneer

photographer who took literally hundreds of pictures of his beloved Custer County. He interviewed early day settlers and gradually compiled a fine grass roots history of fine grassland country. Like so many dedicated men, he never made any money from his heroic efforts and finally had to sell his priceless collection of photographs telling a friend, "now is the time to buy me cheap when I need the money so badly."

This is a monumental book with a bonus. Editor Chrisman, himself the author of three fine books, has added Butcher's World's Fair Souvenir booklet "Sod Houses of the Great American Plains," a fine photographic journal which, like the Pioneer History, is reproduced from the original.

Mr. Chrisman also has included a comprehensive index containing the names of more than 1700 Custer County pioneers and places. This two-volume-in-one book is a fine one, comprehensive and instructive and unlike so many of the early day compendiums, is extremely readable. Sage Books has done a real service with this reprint and you should have it on your shelf.

Jack C. Best, CM

## **NEXT MEETING, AUGUST 25, 1965**

Summer Rendezvous. Limited to 150 Westerners, ladies and guests. Held at the 26 Club, 621-17th Street, Denver. (Parking on the Welton Street side) Happy Hour: Cash Bar-5:30-6:30 p.m. Dinner: 6:30 p.m. sharp. Program: "Wagons Hol"—Authentic early day wagon train over the Smoky Hills Trail in Color.

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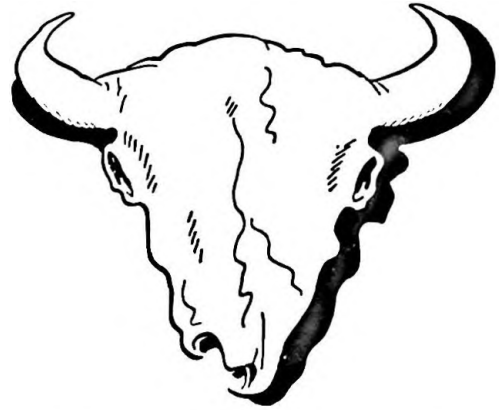
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**ROUNDUP**

AUGUST  
1965  
Volume XXI  
Number 8

IN THIS ISSUE:

*"The American Indian's Heritage—  
Assets and Liabilities"*  
by Henry W. Hough



Henry Hough receiving the Speaker's Award from Sheriff J. Nevin Carson at the Press Club: Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla.



# The Denver Westerners Monthly



## ROUNDUP

Vol. XXI, Number 8

August, 1965

The ROUNDUP is published monthly by the Denver Posse of Westerners. \$4.00 per year. Entered as second class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office: 839 Pearl St., Boulder, Colorado, 80302. The Westerners office: 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Copyright 1964 by the Westerners Inc., a Colorado Corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

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### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Henry Hough is no newcomer to the rostrum of The Westerners, having presented papers on two previous occasions. He was born in Montana, attended the University of Montana, studied journalism and history, was associate editor of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN in New York; correspondent and bureau chief at Denver for TIME, LIFE, and FORTUNE magazines; publisher and editor of oil and mining journals and now with National Congress of American Indians as consultant on development of Indian lands and resources.

# The American Indian's Heritage

## --Assets and Liabilities

by  
Henry W. Hough

Having tea and cakes with an Australian aborigine in one of Adelaide's public parks was a novel experience for both of us. This wise old man's avid interest in American Indians started me. As a boy, he had been taught white man's ways by some missionaries who also showed him how to repair shoes. He had inquired about where shoes came from, and this curiosity led him into a job in a big shoe factory. Many years later he had retired and was taking life easy with his children and grandchildren. When I watched one of the bands of the black-skinned Australian natives performing their weird ceremonial dances in the "out-back" country not far from Darwin, the scene reminded me of Indian dances one sees performed in many parts of the West. But here was an educated aborigine, one who had read and absorbed more Indian lore than had many of our history-conscious Westerners. This strange fellow had his reasons, and his ideas about Indians changed my conception of the "aborigines" here in my own country.

This is about the way my Australian friend summed up his conclusions: "Of all native peoples in various parts of the world, your Indians are coming out best," he said. "Many of the tribal groups have land that is their own. What's more, your Indians have achieved recognition as people. Many of us do not exist at all in any legal sense. Your Indians are citizens and have the vote. While your treaties with Indian tribes have been violated or denied, there is a body of law spelling out Indian rights and protecting their property. You Americans seem inclined to make amends from now on, rather than adding more injustices to the record. We have all suffered, when our land has been invaded and taken over by some supposedly-superior race of people hurrying to spread their kind of "enlightenment." But even so, your Indians are in an enviable position. The rest of us aborigines look up to them for our example and inspiration.

Many of us in the Denver Posse of The Westerners grew up in towns near Indian Reservations and we have been sufficiently familiar with Indians to pay them no particular attention, other than to take in one of their colorful ceremonials now and then. We grew up admiring certain leaders such as Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce and Crazy Horse of the Oglala Sioux. Many of us feel somewhat ashamed that the whites behaved so selfishly during the dismal and tragic series of events that make up Indian history.

My own work as a journalist in the West caused me to visit or re-visit several of the Indian Reservations including the Crow Reservation lands adjoining my birthplace in Montana. There I saw fleets of tractor-pulled combines harvesting wheat on the world's largest wheat farm, developed by Thomas D. Campbell from prairie land leased from the Crow Indians. I had written about flourishing oil and gas fields on other Reservations. My most vivid impressions were in the uranium mines of New Mexico, Arizona and Utah watching swarms of Indians who were making good wages skillfully manipulating huge, fast-moving machines. Most significant was the fact that the Tribes to which these Indians belonged were receiving royalties from every ton of ore produced, because they owned the land for miles in every direction!

Before appraising the assets and liabilities of the Indians, it should be noted that the popular image of the Indian too often is one caricature or another. One such cartoon is the rich Indian, handed wealth from oil fields or some such bonanza—an ignoramus who lives it up with a chauffeur driving him around in his big, black hearse which seems to represent the ultimate in luxury and style. The other cartoon is of the poor Indian seen in squalid towns near the reservations, particularly a generation or so ago—a dirty and ignorant misfit, too often drunk and devoid of any sense of hope or pride. These out-of-date and grating impressions must be replaced—and not by another cartoon of an idealized figure such as we might wish were the true one—but by awareness of the types or categories of Indians as they exist today. And this doesn't mean switching the generalization to tribal groups such as the Navajo or Arapahoes, but by recognizing Indians of several kinds based on their attitudes and temperaments. This includes a familiar tug-of-war between traditionalists and progressives, as in non-Indian groups.

To see the various Indians as clearly as possible each individual sharpens his focus and searches for something in particular to tie the subject to the investigator's own frame of reference or bias. My particular approach is to consider what each group of Indians owns in the way of land or other resources, then to find out what steps are being taken to develop these resources to produce the utmost benefits for the current and ultimate good of that group and its members.

Mine is a rather materialistic approach, admittedly. I want to see fewer and fewer Indians "ill-clothed, ill-housed and ill-fed." It isn't that I want every Indian to own a bathtub. I just want him able to buy a bathtub if he takes a notion to do so. And if I seem overly concerned with helping Indians to qualify for and get good jobs, it isn't that I care for work as such. It is just that a job seems the most obvious way to obtain income and, hopefully, a sense of being useful and important.



A better way to obtain income may be to receive checks for royalties, rentals and other income from one's investments and property. And there may be ways to devote one's energies to good works, with recognition and other compensations that equal what most of us derive from work we take pride in. What we are after is the good life materially and psychologically, however it may be achieved.

Let's jot down a few figures to use in preparing a balance sheet showing the principal assets and liabilities of the Indian "family." First fact for us to ponder is, "how many mouths must be fed?" There were about 850,000 natives in what is now the United States when Columbus bumped into America accidentally while on his way to the Orient. White man's diseases, rifle bullets and plain starvation reduced the Indian population to less than one-third of that figure—about 250,000 at the end of the 19th Century, when being an Indian was anything but good. Even so, the Indian estate at that time was far larger than it is now in land area, although the value per acre at that time was relatively low.

Since 1900 the number of Indians has more than doubled and now stands well over 600,000. The figure may get back up to the all-time peak within another twenty years or so, IF INDIANS CONTINUE TO FIND IT WORTHWHILE TO BE AN INDIAN. But our supply of living aborigines will go into another decline any time being an Indian proves too much of a handicap or disadvantage.

While we are thinking of the number of mouths to be fed, we might note that most Indian tribes protect themselves from outsiders by adopting a ruling that one-quarter blood is the minimum allowed to obtain or maintain tribal membership. It means something to have the vote in tribal councils, and in tribes owning extensive property man a young man or woman thinks twice before marrying an outsider, because that could mean potential loss to one's children. Tribal membership is something to hold with pride of heritage and culture, and it may represent an excellent source of income sooner or later. Living away from the Reservation does not jeopardize tribal membership, with few exceptions, and more than half—over 300,000 Indians—now live on their various Reservations.

Land is the No. 1 asset of American Indians. This is somewhat peculiar because ownership of land is a notion quite foreign to the original thinking of Indians. The western European system of individual ownership of land just didn't make sense to America's Indians, to whom the land was just there for anyone to use and enjoy, like the water and the air. Indians weren't opposed to private ownership of personal belongings, including horses or slaves, and in time the Indians came to accept and depend upon private land ownership concepts and titles.



Paddy Martinez, Navajo Indian whose discovery of the Haystack Mountain uranium deposit on Santa Fe Railroad land near Grants, New Mexico opened up America's major uranium ore deposit: Grants, N.M. Chamber of Commerce.

During the past century or more, land ownership has become almost a religion to the Indians, and the loss of land now is felt like a knife-thrust by Indians generally. Today their land means security, a home and refuge from the non-Indian world. Any proposed change or development which could threaten their security will be opposed by nearly all Indians. They are wary of encroachments on their privacy and their way of life, for reasons we all understand.

Most of you are familiar with the Guide to Indian Reservation Areas issued by the Bureau of Indian Affairs, a map of the United States showing in red the principal Reservations, Allotment Areas, and much other interesting information. This map belongs in the vacation kit of every American family, if only to avoid going right past one of the interesting Indian areas without realizing it is there.

Despite the loss of two-thirds of their lands since 1887, the Indians still own more than 50,000,000 acres or nearly 80,000 square miles. With only about 300,000 people living there, these lands are remarkably uncluttered. The six New England states which have about the same area as the Indian lands, have about 11 million people. England takes care of some 45 million people in little more than half that area, about 50,000 square miles.

Indians of more than 250 different tribes have good legal title to all this land, which is held in trust for them by the Federal government. Back in 1887 the Congress nearly killed off America's remaining Indians in the guise of "freeing" them, when it adopted the General Allotment Act. It was felt that the Indian Bureau had become a hopeless bureaucracy and that its wards, the Indians, were being reduced to helpless incompetents. The agrarian ideal of that day was for everyone to own a little plot of land and to be a farmer. In order to remake the Indian into the prevailing image of a good American citizen, Congress decreed that every Indian should be given title to a little bit of his Reservation's land—80 or 160 acres of supposedly good farming or grazing land—and that the "surplus" lands of the Reservations then would be disposed of to non-Indians. As predicted by all thinking people of the day, who knew the Indians were pitifully unprepared to cope with such a situation, most of the Indians promptly lost their lands either in payment of debts or by selling their undeveloped land for the proverbial "mess of pottage."

Allotted lands that remained in Indian ownership went to heirs, and to heirs of heirs, until nightmarish title troubles developed. Today many a tiny plot has 50 to 100 owners!

Since Indians are citizens and are free to move about as they choose, lots of them have migrated from their rural or remote locations to large

cities. They have moved as millions of other Americans have moved, and usually for the same reason—to find a job. During World War II and the Korean War many young Indians in the military services learned new skills and visited cities they liked. Many of these veterans settled in the larger cities. The Bureau of Indian Affairs, confronted with perennial job scarcity on the Reservations, set up relocation facilities and training programs to assist Reservation Indians willing to try life in some city. Our newly citified Indians frequently go back home to visit their relatives and friends. Most Indians aren't too fond of city life and keep hoping they can go back home to stay, although a family accustomed to city advantages may soon tire of the relatively dull and none-too-comfortable life in or near the Reservation. Wiping out this disparity and making Reservation life fully attractive and comfortable, by their own standards, is one of the big jobs ahead.

Partly because of historical accidents and partly on account of these recent shifts and movements, today's concentrations of Indian population may have little relation to the location of Indian lands. In the same way, there is great disparity between the needs of various tribal groups and the amount of land holdings or other assets they may own. Some of the tiniest tribal organizations and their members own the most profitable lands, and vice versa. Some rather large tribes have extensive and potentially-valuable lands, but it will take many years and much investment to make these undeveloped lands yield enough income to take care of all members of their group.

Arizona, with the largest Indian population—about 85,000—also has the largest amount of Indian lands, including much the largest part of the 25,000 square mile Navajo Reservation which reaches over into New Mexico and Utah. Perhaps because the needs of all these Indians are so great, the gods have smiled on them and endowed their lands with valuable oil, natural gas, helium, uranium, coal, forests and recreational resources galore. Moreover, the Navajo—especially the young fellows back from the wars—have no great difficulty living in two worlds, being first class Indians and also getting along very nicely as Americans. The traditionalists aren't happy about it, but here is a great nation of Indians picking itself up by its bootstraps and making enormous headway. What the Navajo are accomplishing is an example not only to other Indians but to the emerging and so-called backward nations on the other side of the world.

Oklahoma with its 65,000 or more Indians once was all-Indian territory, and is still one of the few places where a politician can profit from being an Indian. There is some tribal land, but most of the land was allotted to individual Indians and hence lost, although trust restrictions

have slowed such disposition. Some very interesting developments are being worked out in Oklahoma, from Anadarko where the "wild tribes" are centered, and from Muskogee where the BIA directs activities for the benefit of the "civilized tribes" and some others who got in there somehow, and not by choice.

New Mexico, with its 60,000 or so Indians, mostly of the various Pueblo hands, seems destined to go on without disrupting the life of the Indians unduly. These have mastered the trick of keeping their treasured Indian-ness and still enjoying the benefits flowing from the major culture surrounding their colorful communities.

California with about 40,000 Indians and only tiny dabs of Indian lands is something like North Carolina with about 40,000 Indians and a small reservation that has been developed as a tourist Mecca. In both instances, the Indians must depend on jobs for their livelihood and for any future at all, rather than thinking in terms of developing the tribal estate into something large enough for all to live on comfortably. Of the two situations, the North Carolina one is most promising in terms of maintaining Indian-ness and continuation of a relatively pleasant life in one of the most beautiful spots on the North American continent. California has a complex Indian situation and is working out some answers to the problems presented by large concentrations of Indians in urban areas.

Other states with large Indian populations are Montana with about 23,000 in several tribes each with fairly large Reservations, South Dakota with about 27,000 and vast sections of their prairie state, and Washington state with about 21,000 Indians concentrated where the continent's largest Indian population lived in pre-Columbian times. All of these Indians have an excellent future if and when their assets are developed, but premature termination of government assistance and guidance could destroy them completely within a generation or so.

New York state is the only part of the populous northeastern section of the country that has a substantial Indian population—about 17,000. Some of them, particularly the Senecas of the old Iriquois confederation, have fairly large land holdings. Their handsomely-wooded Reservation in southwestern New York will become increasingly popular as the huge lake behind Kinzua Dam and other recreational facilities are developed. Not far away but well removed from the dreamy recreational locations, the New York Central Railway is helping the Indians to develop an industrial complex which should provide much-needed jobs. I visited the tribal council and BIA offices in Salamanca recently while looking for sites on which residential camps for boys and girls might be situated. The location offered by the Senecas couldn't be more ideal, although the

Rosebud Sioux in southern South Dakota have a woody and well-watered site that looks almost as tempting.

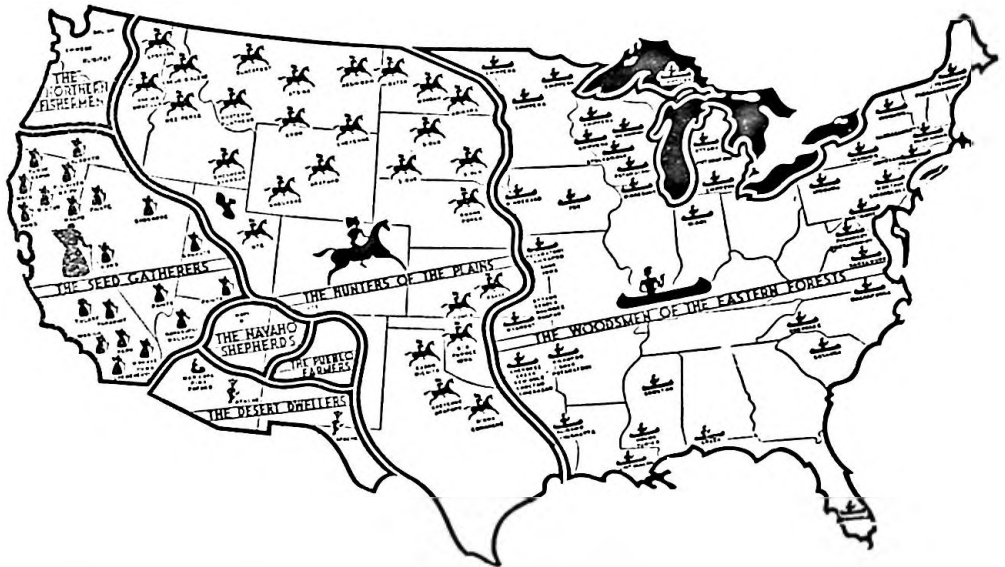
Minnesota with more than 16,000 Indians, and Wisconsin with more than 15,000, have extensive Indian lands and choice locations now attracting manufacturers seeking new plant sites, among others. North Dakota has over 12,000 Indians and some large reservations with fascinating recreational potential and other advantages yet to be developed.

Colorado had only 1,567 Indians listed in the 1960 census, and Denver has at least that many by itself now, with the increase due very largely to recent arrivals under the Indian Bureau's relocation program. The Indians living on the two reservations in the southwestern corner of Colorado have petroleum, natural gas and other assets to make much larger tribes envious. The problem of the Ute Mountain Utes and the Southern Utes isn't money so much as it is jobs—meaningful work that gives a man a sense of status and usefulness.

Wyoming's one reservation has only about 4,000 Indians and is a good place, as Chief Washakie of the Shoshones knew when he selected it. Oil and gas revenues are very substantial and the tribally owned Arapahoe Ranch west of Thermopolis is one of the most profitable cattle spreads anywhere. The obvious business that can be developed with the hordes of tourists traversing various parts of the Wind River Reservation doesn't hold much appeal for today's generation of Shoshones and Arapahoes, but this won't always be the case.

Utah has about 7,000 Indians, who own some very valuable real estate. As their mineral resources and other assets are developed more fully, there will be better times for all of the Indians concerned. Here, too, outdoor recreational facilities offer a great field for opening up job-producing enterprises in the homelands of the Indians.

All of the states have Indians, and the public will become more aware of their presence in the years ahead. An example of this is seen in Tennessee near Memphis. There the local government and its university have developed a state park around a huge pre-historic Indian mound and have turned the excavation into a museum. This unique attraction and a well-planned Indian Village adjoining it are major tourist attractions and school students flock to it from a radius of a hundred miles or more. Live Choctaw Indians were imported from nearby Mississippi to live in the Indian Village, putting on well-documented demonstrations of a dozen different aspects of native life as experienced by the Indians who lived in that part of the country. What the scientists and educators have done at Memphis can be done in many areas, although few would match the dramatic effect of that great mound and the subtle showmanship displayed at Chucalissa State Park.



Culture areas and approximate location of American Indian tribes today (originally published by the Indian Arts and Crafts Board).

Ownership of important land areas is the greatest asset of the Indians. With the land goes something of equal or great potential value—water and water rights. The Indians can't help benefiting by their ownership of remote and undeveloped lands with unspoiled watersheds, streams and lakes.

Here in the West we are familiar with the water rights doctrine of prior use and the importance of using such a right early and continuing to use it, to protect the right beyond any question. Idle lands, seemingly unused, look like "available" lands. It is important that Indian lands be used and developed as soon as possible, not only so the Indians can obtain and enjoy the income therefrom, but to fend off wily politicians and others who might argue that since the lands aren't being used by the Indians they might as well be taken over by the Government or disposed of in some other manner detrimental to the Indian owners.

Much more could be said about the assets—the lands and the waters, the mineral resources and the forest lands, the fishing rights on great rivers with their seemingly endless runs of salmon—these tangible sources of wealth belong to the Indians and are altering their state of poverty into one of increasing self-sufficiency. Some day it may mean abundance for those who choose to stay Indian by maintaining relatively pure blood lines, while enjoying the good things of life shared by other American citizens. But ownership is one thing—using the assets intelligently is something else, depending on available capital for development, proper timing, good management and a fair measure of good luck.

Until quite recently, American Indians were relatively poor in health, with high infant mortality rates and terrible toll from various diseases. This has been changed, thanks largely to the fine job being done among the Indians by the Public Health Service.

Similarly, until recently the Indians were handicapped by pathetically poor schooling. This produced generations of misfits who had been shaken loose from their own primitive culture but had not been prepared for adjustment to life in today's world. This adjustment is frightfully difficult even under the best of circumstances, but at present real progress is being made in spite of all the handicaps. The first generation of properly educated Indians is emerging from the colleges now, rather than the mere handfuls who made it before. From now on there will be truly fast progress by young Indians who have gone to school with non-Indian students.

Here and there one still finds an Indian boarding school, now used mostly to care for students from broken homes or families whose influence is positively destructive. Among non-Indians a child in such a



home might have to stay with hopelessly drunken or stupid parents, but many little Indians fare better today.

One of the interesting problems is what to do with the old Indian boarding schools and some fresh approaches are being tried. One involves an exchange arrangement whereby non-Indian students from congested urban areas come out to the Reservation during the summer. The visitors get to know young Indians, stimulating them to continue their education and to prepare thoroughly for useful and satisfying lives in an urban society.

Manpower obviously is a major asset of the Indians but a large aggregation of potential workers can be a liability unless they have suitable motivation, training for useful work, and job opportunities. Training programs are being developed to help students fit into available jobs, usually away from the Reservations in distant cities. These programs are important and are being increased, but there is still the big problem of motivation and adjustment to urban society.

Why does the Indian hold back and refrain from joining with the dominant culture for the practical things of life, while doing his best to retain what he may treasure from his own native culture? Partly this is answered by the fact that he considers his culture superior—less materialistic, more decent, basically more honorable. But there is another reason and we might as well face up to it.

What we have in the Indian Reservations is latter-day Colonialism. The Indians don't like it, any more than the natives in the Congo or in Sumatra liked colonialism when it was thrust into their lands. This problem handicaps the well-meaning people in the Bureau of Indian Affairs. They are hamstrung in everything they try to do for the Indians because they are looked down upon as outsiders, agents and spokesmen for the enemy who robbed the Indians and virtually enslaved them. Now these outsiders are bringing in proposals for developments of many kinds presumably to be helpful. Many Indians regard these carefully-developed proposals as more schemes to steal what little the Indians have left of their lands, their time, their pride or their culture.

The young Indians who think they can stay Indian and still move successfully into the dominant American culture face the same problem the Jewish people have faced, living in two worlds simultaneously. Many are finding it can be done, and that a good American still can be an Indian, proud of his heritage, just as many a good American clings to a few roots in Ireland or Germany.

Sociologists tell us that most American Indians belong to culture groups basically agrarian in nature and that the transition to an urban-type culture is naturally difficult and will take a long time. These same

sociologists say the hunter-type Indians such as the Sioux did fairly well even under Reservation controls so long as they could dress like cowboys, raise hell as cowboys do, and generally behave as easy come, easy go men with little regard for property and possessions. What bugs these Indians now is that the urban life has moved into their homelands and with it a loss of cowboy-type livelihood and attitudes.

With their huge land holdings and a background of outdoors life, it is natural that Indians should look forward to a time when they can live well on their own lands—but doing what? No buffalo to hunt, and most of the other wild game gone. What farms and ranches the Indians have developed haven't amounted to much. Most of the great ranches on Indian lands still are operated or managed by white man, although Indians are being developed to take over before too long, or so it is hoped. Indians usually have been the low-paid cowboys on ranches, rather than ranch owners and managers. In farm work, the Indians usually have had the low-pay harvest jobs and incidental work with the least rewards. Everyone admires the skilled teams of Indian smoke jumpers and other flying paratroopers who are rushed about the West by airplane to put out forest fires. Quite a number of Indians follow the rodeo circuits, working as exhibition riders and ropers, having some fun while picking up prize money. Show business of any kind has an appeal for most Indians.

Recreation facilities are being developed on Indian lands in many parts of the country. This probably is the greatest field for development, and the one the Indians themselves are most likely to swing into with complete enthusiasm. With better education and improved credit, many will become ranch operators and some of these will become dude wranglers, entertaining guests during summer vacations and in hunting and fishing seasons. Some tribes are putting tribal funds into development of ski resorts, motels, service stations and other facilities for the accommodation and entertainment of tourists.

It is fairly obvious that the assets and things working in the Indian's favor should far outweigh the liabilities or disadvantages, at least from the long-range point of view. But there are drawbacks and dangers which slow up the Indian's progress toward self-sufficiency. These threaten the very existence of Indians, as such. Many good and competent Indians and their friends are striving desperately to offset these hazards and disadvantages, but there is good reason for that worried and apprehensive look.

Nearly all Indians are terribly poor. To anyone in such circumstances, there is strong appeal to the prospect of getting a substantial cash settlement, even by selling off their tribal assets and dividing up the

proceeds. None of the Indian resources have been developed to anything like their full potential, so such forced sale would bring the owners the merest pittance compared to the true worth of the property. But the money looks good, even if it means eventual destitution and homelessness, with a future filled with despair and devoid of any hope. There is pressure for immediate per capita distribution of settlements under old tribal claims, which termination advocates try to use as an excuse for putting the tribe out of existence. Such a settlement is an asset that should be conserved and developed as a trust estate, to yield the maximum ultimate benefit to members of the tribe. If coupled with termination, which is the vogue now, the long-awaited settlement is the kiss of death. The clamor for per capita distribution is short-sighted, but the world is full of short-sighted people, especially those seeking even momentary escape from grinding poverty. The short-sighted Indians play into the hands of their enemies and wrong-headed "friends" who say they want to "free" the Indians from the guardianship and protection of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The termination drives are destroying and wiping out one Indian tribe after another—*genocide*, American style!

Leadership among Indians, as in our own culture, tends to produce more politicians than statesmen. All politicians know that popular favor is won most easily by having the government dish out money and jobs. The current War on Poverty programs naturally are welcomed by Indians, who figure that the government robbed them blind for generations, so this seems like simple justice—perhaps the beginning of long-overdue repayment. Unlike early relief programs, real job training is supposed to be provided under the new dispensation.

Marlon Brando, the vigorous and prosperous movie actor, has been urging young Indians with leadership potentialities to take their cue from the militant Negro organizations such as CORE and SNCC, and to try to outdo those belligerent groups in making dramatic protests. The idea is to demonstrate that the American Indian is the most destitute element in American society and the most deserving of aid and benefits.

The militant malcontents show little or no interest in the hard task of developing enterprises that might increase self-sufficiency among Indians. They don't draw attention to the splendid progress being made by Indians in many fields of endeavor. What they seem to hate most is the sight of a self-respecting middle-class Indian with a good job and a happy, well-adjusted family.

Gradually various tribal organizations are shucking off the stigma of colonialism by taking over the management of their properties and affairs. Their Reservations are legally constituted as corporations or cooperative associations with every member a stockholder, and vice

versa. They can embark on projects based on feasibility studies supplied by the Indian Bureau or by independent research organizations. They receive valued guidance and assistance from many government agencies. Major help comes from the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Public Health Service, supplemented by technical assistance, as needed. Where mineral development is involved, trained engineers of the U.S. Geological Survey see that the Indians get everything that is coming to them from oil and mining companies helping to develop natural resources on Indian lands. Other agencies assist with forests, fisheries and such specialized resources. There is a special court for settlement of old Indian claims. Low-interest bearing funds are available to help finance self-liquidating investments too big for the tribes to handle out of current revenues, and more of such money would speed resource development.

There is a growing sense of Pan-Indianism, although the tribes have been surprisingly slow to acknowledge their common heritage and the need for a common approach to solution of their problems. Some of the big countries dominated by whites are making the same mistake. Despite ancient animosities, Pan-Indianism and Indian nationalism are healthy movements today and they seem to flourish without diminishing anyone's pride in his own tribal membership.

At least one national organization—the National Congress of American Indians — is helping all tribes to make the most of their opportunities for economic advancement, weighing and publicising the better means of achieving self-sufficiency and increased job opportunities right at home.

Here and there young Indians are taking up these challenges now confronting their people. Despite their personal ambitions, many young men and young women want to utilize their college educations and work experience in the outside world in ways that will be of direct benefit to their own people. Some of these idealistic individuals are going back to their Reservations, not "back to the blanket" but as qualified and resourceful members ready to help with leadership of their clan or tribe. These dedicated persons should not be considered dropouts or failures of the government's relocation program, but rather as its most honored "graduates."

One such young Indian who has accounting experience plus his college training gave up a good job with a guided missile manufacturer in a city and moved back home. There he pieces out a living with a little garden plot, a part-time job in a service station and another part-time job with his tribal organization. His self-assigned project is to develop an overwhelming file of evidence concerning leases bought by non-Indians from his tribe and its members. He knows that certain ranchers

and others who use the Indian lands have engaged in collusion to avoid bidding against one another for leases, to the detriment of the Indian land owners and contrary to federal anti-trust laws. His mounting evidence has been laid before the government's anti-trust division, and it may lead to prosecution of the first case of this kind ever brought against ranchers for "conspiring in restraint of trade" the way some business and industrial corporations have been known to do. The topic is political dynamite because the alleged offenders control things in his state so the young Indian investigator may find his evidence ignored or sidetracked. But he is happy in his activities for the benefit of his tribe and his family. It means financial sacrifice; a man's wife may grumble, and his kids may seem to have fewer advantages than if they stayed in a big city. But a man with a goal and a vision can do some good and can achieve status in his own estimation that way, even if his cash return month by month is a rather measly one.

As another brave warrior said, a long time ago:

". . . And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers,  
And the temples of his gods. . . ."

### NEW HANDS ON THE RANGE

(The Denver Posse of the Westerners wishes to welcome the following  
new Corresponding Members to the Westerners.)

**ROBERT E. A. LEE**  
343 Melody Drive  
Denver, Colorado

Mr. Lee is a Field Examiner for the National Labor Relations Board and he was at one time an auditor on the Commissioner's Staff, U.S. Bureau of Reclamations. He was a member of the last military unit of the horse cavalry in Colorado. His hobbies are Hi-Fi and fly fishing.

**HAROLD KOUNTZE Jr.**  
1305 So. Edison Way  
Denver, Colorado

Mr. Kountze is presently the vice president of the Commercial Loan Department of the Colorado National Bank. He is particularly interested in Colorado history.



## Westerner's Bookshelf



**KAIBAH: Recollection of a Navajo Girlhood, by Kay Bennett. Los Angeles, Westernlore Press, 1964. \$7.50.**

Relatively few books about Indians have been written by Indians as this one was. Its author is a full-blooded Navajo, who in 1952 was "queen" of the Flagstaff Pow-wow in Arizona. She has also competed in the Miss Indian America contest at Sheridan, Wyoming. She lived for two years in Afghanistan with her engineer husband and has toured Europe and the Middle East. She lives in Gallup, N.M.

She writes simply and clearly, without frills. The period covered is from 1918 to 1935, when she was growing up on the Navajo reservation. With Mother Chischillie and a sister—the husband and father was dead—she lived in a hogan which was fourteen feet in diameter. From her home "one could look westward to the Turquoise Mountains and northward where the high La Plata peak marked the country of the Utes."

Here Kaibah helped her mother herd the sheep, cook and care for grandchildren and relatives. There is much in her book about Navajo ceremonies, about the Indians' relations with the white traders and school teachers, and the problems of reservation life during the drouth years and the period when the Navajo sheep herds, at Washington's insistence, were being reduced because of the lack of adequate grazing.

Kaibah's story touches on many of the sorrows and grievances of her people, but she is not bitter. She tells

the story and lets the reader draw his own conclusions. This reader hopes she will keep on writing. She has the gift.

MAURICE FRINK, RM

**SIX RACY MADAMS OF COLORADO, by Caroline Bancroft. Johnson Publishing Company, Boulder. \$1.50.**

So much has been mined out of the mother lode of prostitution in Colorado by such literary prospectors as Julian Street, Gene Fowler, Forbes Parkhill, Fred Mazzulla and lord only knows how many others, that you'd think no more could be done about it, but now comes my dear friend Caroline Bancroft, working over the old ores, to coin a phrase, and coming up with "Six Racy Madams of Colorado."

This, the thirteenth in Caroline's "Bancroft Booklets," contains 64 pages, with abundant illustration. Caroline recounts again the lives and times of Denver's Jennie Rogers and Mattie Silks, Laura Evans of Salida, Lillian Powers of Florence, Pearl de Vere of Cripple Creek and "Cock-Eyed Liz"—Lizzie Spurgeon of Buena Vista.

Were I not to lazy as I bat out this column too rapidly, I'd look up the word that describes an author's identification with his subject. At any rate, Caroline seems to be making a spiritual merger with fabulous Jennie Rogers of long-ago Market Street.

On page 4 we see a picture of "Jennie in Stone," carved in 1888, and under it, "Caroline on Canvas," a portrait by John Trubee in Paris when Caroline was 24. On page 8 (left) is

an old engraving of beautiful Jennie and, on the opposite page, an Underwood & Underwood photo of beautiful Caroline in Washington with Caroline's comment that the photo would have been better if she "had worn a girdle and brassiere instead of just panties and a dress."

To me, mere pictorial resemblance between Caroline and Jennie is hardly convincing. Action is what counts, but Caroline, my dear, you're getting a late start. A quarter century has passed since the M.P.'s closed up the Piedmont, Denver's last high-class palace of pleasure, and there's no glamor at all in the lives of "The Black Widow," Mary and the other diligent hoofers who stroll daily past the Herald office on Curtis Street, muttering to anyone who will listen of the outrageous encroachment of amateur competition.

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL, PM  
(Childe Herald)

**SANTA FE, The Railroad That Built an Empire**, by James Marshall. Random House, New York, 1945. 465 pages, photographs reproduced for illustrations, maps, appendixes, index.

In a rapidly moving style of writing, James Marshall presents an interesting description of the building of the Santa Fe railroad. Building a railroad in the early West was an adventurous undertaking, and the trials and tribulations of the Santa Fe Company are written in a manner that plays up the romantic aspect. The method of selling land, the battles with other railroads, the races for rights-of-way, the rise of Fred Harvey and his "Harvey Houses," and many other

episodes, are recorded in crackling fashion. Also, many humorous, as well as some tragic, incidents have been included. The book, in general, seems to be concerned with the experiences of the construction gangs and their superintendents rather than of the Board of Directors. Much of it is written in the vernacular of the railroad man, and the author has very thoughtfully provided an appendix containing a dictionary of railroad slang for the greenhorn.

To gain a more readable history, Marshall has left the greater part of the financial statements, chronological development, origin of town names, etc.—these things being pertinent to such a history—out of the main text and recorded them in neat tables in the appendixes.

A criticism I have of the book is the overuse of the hyperbole, which leads Marshall into errors that are contrary to historical fact.

HAROLD A. WOLFINBARGER JR., CM

**LAST OF THE GREAT SCOUTS**, by Helen Cody Wetmore, 12mo, 296 pp., illus., index. Bison Books, University of Nebraska Press, 1965; \$1.50.

Paper-back reprint of the 1899 book of the same name, written by Cody's sister, who played up the virtues of her hero at all times.

Criticism is directed at the chapter giving Cody the credit for the killing of "Tall Bull," which states he was a Sioux chief, whereas he was a Cheyenne of the Dog Soldier band.

Much has been discussed by various writers on this episode, among the first being George Bird Grinnell ("The Fighting Cheyennes," Scribner's, 1915)

who stated that Major Frank North killed the chief and that Cody was 15 or 20 miles away. Clarence Reckmeyer, long-time friend of the reviewer, writing to the Rocky Mountain News, April 14, 1946, says that Luther North, Frank's brother, showed him the spot where the killing took place.

Don Russell ("The Lives and Legends of Buffalo Bill," University of Okla. Press, 1960) flatly contradicts this theory and says it was inspired by Luther North, who did everything possible to prove that Frank did the killing; Russell shows considerable prejudice against the Norths.

A very concise and thorough account of the killing is presented in an article by James T. King ("The Battle of Summit Springs," Nebraska History, Vol. 41, #4, December, 1960) which shows much research, inspection of Government reports and use of material of a number of writers. King says the body of Tall Bull was found later in the day at the spot where Frank North had shot at him, and this story does not conflict with fact. It neither affirms nor denies that

the shot was fired by Major North.

Donald J. Berthong ("The Southern Cheyennes," University of Oklahoma Press, 1963) corroborates the story that Major Frank North fired the shot that killed "Tall Bull."

Much of Cody's fame rested a great deal upon Ned Buntline's dime novels and his connection with Cody as press agent for the Wild West Show, which presented opportunity to keep Cody in the public eye; Buntline made a special effort to publicize Cody's fight with "Yellow Hair" or "Yellow Hand," chief of the Cheyennes, in which Cody took the chief's scalp. This was a special act of the Wild West Show for a long time and made a vivid impression upon the British audience when the show toured England.

All in all, an interesting account of a showman who made the most of his outstanding appearance, his career as Pony Express rider, Chief of Scouts during the Indian wars, and companion of famous generals of the U.S. Army.

CARL F. MATTHEWS, PM.

### NEXT MEETING, SEPTEMBER 22, 1965

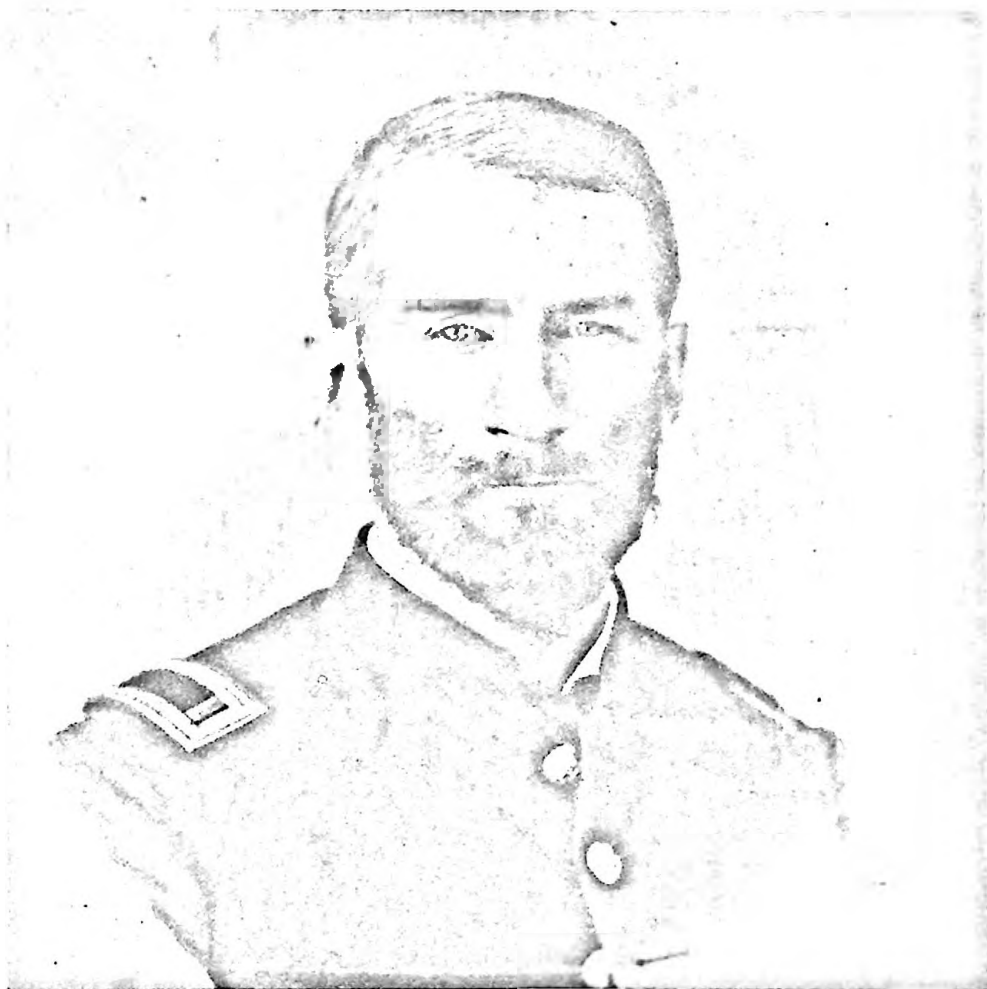
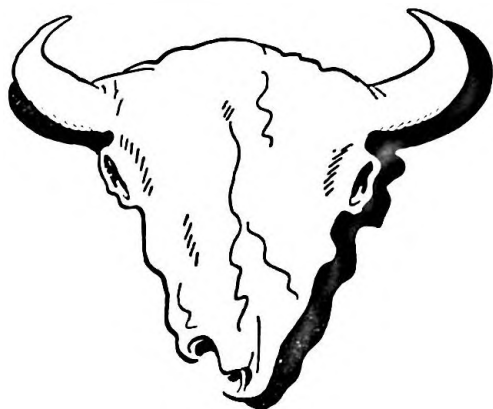
Denver Press Club, as usual. CHARLES RYLAND, Chemical Porcelain Sales Manager for Coors Porcelain Company, will present a talk entitled "The Energetic Captain Berthoud."



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

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER  
1965  
Volume XXI  
Numbers 9 & 10

IN THIS ISSUE:  
"The Energetic  
Captain Berthoud"  
by Charles S. Ryland



Lieut. E. L. Berthoud (1862-1863)  
*Colorado State Historical Society photo*



# The Denver Westerners Monthly



## R O U N D U P

Vol. XXI, Numbers 9 & 10

September-October

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The ROUNDUP is published monthly by the Denver Posse of Westerners. \$4.00 per year. Entered as second class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office: 839 Pearl St., Boulder, Colorado, 80302. The Westerners office: 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Copyright 1964 by the Westerners Inc., a Colorado Corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

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### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Charles S. Ryland has lived in Golden since he was five years old. He is a graduate of the University of Denver and started working as a chemist in the Porcelain plant of Coors Brewing Company.

During the war he served four years in the U. S. Navy. Colorado history, especially railroads and that of Golden, Colorado, dominate his interests. Other hobbies are photography and period printing. He has one of the largest collections of old type faces, wood cuts and similar material in the state.

# The Energetic Captain Berthoud

by

Charles S. Ryland, P.M.

Captain Berthoud, though he has been gone from the scene some 57 years, is not forgotten. There are a number of permanent monuments to his memory. Berthoud Pass, Berthoud, Colo., Berthoud Hall of the Colorado School of Mines, and a number of streets are named for him. His accomplishments were many, and they were solid.

He was a modest man, not inclined to self aggrandizement. As will be brought forth, his interests and spheres of knowledge were wide and of the type to benefit his fellow man. It was his nature to make available to others the facts his inquisitive mind had gleaned from careful observation of the world about him.

On the headstone of his grave in the Golden cemetery are cut the words— Explorer, Pioneer, Soldier, Scientist. Not content with these words, powerful as they are, I presume to add one more—Engineer.

Captain E. L. Berthoud lived at a time and place where extraordinary men were almost commonplace. I need only to suggest to this group a few, and many more will come to your mind; for example, George West, Wm. Byers, Wm. Palmer, John Evans. The list would go on and on. This type of man built our state from the bare earth, not with abundant money and the calm of peace, but at a time of turmoil with Indian wars, national crises, rudimentary communications, meager capital and gross neglect from the mainstream of national life. At such a time, E. L. Berthoud came upon the then unformed community of Golden. And therefrom hangs my tale.

Edward Louis Berthoud was born in Geneva, Switzerland on March 29, 1828 of Charles Louis Henry Berthoud (born in London, England, 1787) and Louise Houst Berthoud (born in Lausanne, Switzerland, 1798). He had two brothers, Alexander (born 1824), and Stephen (born 1818), and two sisters, Emily (born 1822) and Matilda (born 1820). Alexander Berthoud had a distinguished career and died in New Jersey. He was a Colonel in the 30th New Jersey Regiment. Stephen Berthoud was killed in battle at St. Helen, Arkansas in 1863. Capt. Berthoud married his wife Helen in Logansport, Indiana, on Feb. 28, 1856. She was born in Oneida Castle, Oneida Co., New York, on Oct. 19, 1830. She died in Golden, Colorado, Aug. 2, 1887. As far as I can determine, they had no children. One reference mentions a son as crossing the plains in 1860 with Mr. and Mrs. Berthoud, but I find no tangible evidence to prove it. The child would have been born in 1856-1859, but no mention of a child is made by

the Captain in his autobiographical sketches in *Boulder and Clear Creek Valley* (O. L. Baskin, Chicago, 1880) or in any other reference. The family bible has no such notation, nor is there a grave in the family plot in Golden.

The parents of E. L. Berthoud came to the U. S. in 1830 and settled in New York state. He attended Union College in Schenectady, and graduated with honors in 1849. In 1851, he was given a position of assistant engineer on the Panama RR. and laid out a good portion of the line. Somehow he had come to the attention of J. Fenimore Cooper, who recommended him for this position. From 1852 to 1855 he worked in and around Kentucky, Illinois and Wisconsin as an engineer. He then went to Leavenworth, Kansas where he remained until March, 1859, when he and his wife left for Colorado by wagon train. They settled in Golden, March 1859. This date of 1859 is in question.

Though not a member of the Boston Company, Berthoud was one of the incorporators of Golden (Geo. West, D. Wall, J. M. Ferrell, J. C. Kirby, J. C. Bowles, Mrs. Williams, W.A.H. Loveland, H. J. Carter, Ensign Smith, W. Davidson, E. L. Berthoud, Stanten, Clark and Garrison). He always felt a deep civic responsibility and was for many years very active in city affairs. He was Mayor in 1890. For many years he was city Engineer.

I find a peculiar discrepancy in the recorded facts that I mentioned briefly in my earlier paper on Golden; I quote, "A perplexing item appears upon study of the accounts of the founding of Golden. Captain Berthoud is listed in many accounts as one of the founders of Golden in 1859, but his biography in Baskin's *History of Clear Creek and Boulder Valleys* published in 1881, to which Berthoud was a contributor, states that he did not arrive until March, 1860."

Jerome Smiley in his *History of Denver*, on page 284, lists Berthoud as a founder in July, 1859. He repeats this in his *History of Colorado*, published in 1913. I suspect that Berthoud arrived in Golden in 1859. I believe that the error in Baskin was merely repeated without checking.

I have in my collection several photo copies of shares in the "Golden City Association" which were issued to show title to Golden City lots. Some are dated 1860, but one is dated Oct. 1859. There is in the records of Jefferson County a plat of Golden City which was filed in 1863 and recorded in 1867. Berthoud's name appears on it as he drew it up, but it is later than either 1859 or 1860. The original papers can not now be located though search has been made recently.

The association of Capt. Berthoud with Colorado Railroads began almost as soon as he arrived in Golden. The citizens of Golden were naturally eager to capture for the town as much benefit as possible from the mining

activity in Gilpin and Clear Creek counties. With W. A. H. Loveland as the guiding spirit, ways were sought to tie up the logical entries into the mountains.

The first approach was the investigation of the most practical wagon road routes. A Golden group teamed up with W. H. Russell's the Central Overland and Calif. Express Co., to send a party up Clear Creek to investigate a route to the mountain towns, and to Salt Lake City. It appears that Loveland foresaw that a wagon road would only be temporary, and that a railroad would be needed to tap the mountain wealth as well as to put Golden on a transcontinental railroad route.

The first expedition, organized by Berthoud and with Jim Bridger as guide, left Empire, May 10, 1861, and returned May 28. Bridger led one party of four toward Tarryall, and Berthoud led the rest of the men up north Clear Creek. Berthoud's group discovered Berthoud Pass, May 15, 1861. Berthoud represented the Golden interests and Bridger represented Russell's Overland Stage Company.

Fired up by this early success, a second expedition was organized and again led by Berthoud, to survey a route to Salt Lake City. This group left Golden, July 21, 1861, covered 1100 miles and returned September 19, 1861. For more information on these expeditions see Louise C. Harrison's *Empire and the Berthoud Pass*, Big Mountain Press, Denver, 1964.

Since the route of the transcontinental RR had not been decided, the competition for the line was keen. In June of 1862, an expedition financed by popular subscription was outfitted in Denver under the direction of Gov. Evans, and Mm. Byers, with F. M. Case, as Engineer. This group studied Berthoud's route, and reported it too steep, and requiring several tunnels.

Loveland, interested the Union Pacific RR in his route and kept persisting in his efforts to keep Golden on a main route. The Union Pacific finally selected the Wyoming route, but did continue to support the Colorado Central, as this road could contribute vital traffic from the mining areas of Gilpin and Clear Creek counties. Through all of this, Berthoud was Loveland's right hand man for engineering information.

At this point (April, 1862) Berthoud was commissioned a Lieutenant in the 2nd. Colorado Volunteers, Company H, and was made Regimental Adjutant. It was posted to Ft. Lyon. In May, 1863, the Second Colorado was sent to Fort Larned under Col. Leavenworth. In December of 1863, he was transferred to Kansas City, and reported to Gen. Thomas Ewing. In Feb. 1864, Lt. Berthoud was made Asst. Adjutant General of the Missouri border counties. This was a very disturbed and distressed area and

the duties required much tact and skill. Unruly elements of both armies infested the area. In July, 1864, he was made Captain of Company D, 2nd. Colo. Cavalry, and ordered to Warrensburg, Mo. as Engineer Officer of Gen. E. B. Brown's staff, then in Sept. 1864 to the same post on Gen. Pleasanton's staff. Confederate General Sterling Price attempted an assault on Jefferson City. Capt. Berthoud was responsible for erection of batteries and fortifications which successfully resisted the attack. After the pursuit, he became attached to Gen. Rosenkranz, as Engineer Officer, and was ordered to Fort Riley in Dec. 1864 under General Ford, for whom he served as chief of staff.

General Ford was assigned the task of carrying out a campaign against the Indians, but was stopped because of intervention by the Indian Department. Ford threw up his command and was succeeded by General Sanborn. The campaign was again begun and again thwarted. In Oct., 1865, the 2nd Colorado was mustered out and after brief periods in Fort Riley, Fort Leavenworth, Fort McPherson, and Fort Sedgwick, he left the service July 4, 1866. Parts of his latter service were under General George West of Golden, his lifelong friend. It seems their army service lasted until 1906 when General West died. They used to talk for hours on end, Gen. West in his faded blue army coat, and Berthoud in his army cap.

W. A. H. Loveland who had been wounded severely in the Mexican War at Chapultepec did not serve in the War between the States, but remained in Golden. He kept in touch with Capt. Berthoud regarding the mountain routes. Sometime after the report of F. M. Case, July 1862, was published in the *Rocky Mountain News* which gave an estimate of the cost of the Berthoud Pass Route, including a number of tunnels, Berthoud proposed the use of narrow gauge track instead of standard gauge. Berthoud wrote a number of engineering articles on this subject.

In 1862, W. A. H. Loveland organized a wagon road company to start at Golden through Clear Creek Canon to Central City and other mountain towns. This was reorganized in 1863 into the Clear Creek and Guy Gulch Wagon Road Co. In 1865 this wagon road company became the Colorado and Clear Creek Railroad Co. In 1866 another reorganization took place and The Colorado Central and Pacific RR Co. emerged. Berthoud was Secretary and Chief Engineer of this company. He remained as secretary until 1882, when his resignation was accepted by Sidney Dillon of the Union Pacific.

During the years 1866-1880 he covered much of Colorado, laying out routes. He surveyed many lines from Golden to Julesburg, Cheyenne, Pueblo, Salt Lake City and other towns.

The following story appeared in the *Rocky Mountain News*, Sept. 22,

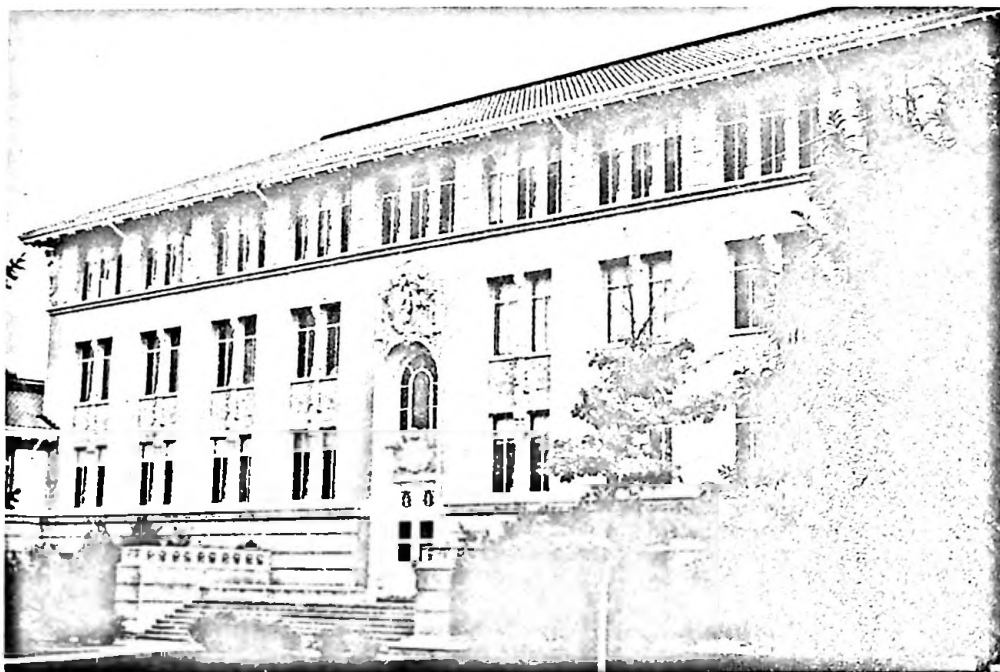
1870 in a letter to the editor from a Boulder citizen. "A party came through from Pine Bluff (East of Cheyenne) to Boulder City the other day expecting to meet Captain Berthoud and a surveying party coming from Georgetown, via Central, Black Hawk, Grand Island, Jim Creek, Gold Hill, Sugar Loaf and Peewink and confidently expects the Captain to bring a train of cars. At the same time Loveland, Carter and friends expected him at Whitney, 12 miles east. The fact is that at noon the same day two men and a boy bareheaded and unattended were seen in the neighborhood of Churches (Ralston Creek) with a huge instrument surveying a road. Captain Berthoud is supposed to be one of them. Professor Berthoud must be a ubiquitous cuss and deserving the attention of any company that wishes to build all over creation at once. He can get the highest testimonials from our best citizens."

In the Colorado State Historical Society collections are a number of Berthoud's notebook and papers. One of the most interesting is a scrapbook kept by Berthoud 1870-1875. In this book are many clippings regarding the Colorado railroad scene. The most interesting items are some employees' timetables, two passes and an invitation to the opening ceremonies for the Colorado Central Railroad. In the book on page 2, are pasted the first seven operating timetables! These single printed sheets are unique and I believe are the only copies extant. It is interesting to note that all but #2 are governed by Golden time but #2 is by Denver Pacific time. It further is stated that Golden time is 35 minutes slower than Denver time.

Berthoud laid out a line to Leadville including the portion from Georgetown to Loveland Pass, and in one reference is credited with designing the Georgetown Loop. However, actual engineering of the Georgetown Silver Plume was done by Robert Blickensderfer.

The rivalry between Golden City and Denver and between the various railroads in central Colorado was intense. This made for a very complicated situation and it is difficult to obtain a clear picture. For a full treatment of this period see M. C. Poor's *Denver South Park and Pacific*, Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, Denver, 1949. Through all of the period 1861-1882 Berthoud was active both as engineer for the Colorado Central and a number of other railroads in the Clear Creek area, but also to Cheyenne, the San Juan area and to Salt Lake City. He was active in the management of the Colorado Central as Loveland's right-hand man.

As an educator, Capt. Berthoud had a distinguished career. In 1869, Jarvis Hall was dedicated by Bishop Randall of the Episcopal Church. This college developed into the Colorado School of Mines. Berthoud was on the first faculty in 1872. He was instrumental in the establishment of the Colo. School of Mines along with W. A. H. Loveland, C. C. Welch, George



Berthoud Hall, Colorado School of Mines, Golden

C. S. Ryland photo

West, Levi Harsh and Arthur Lakes. Berthoud was a member of the first faculty, teaching geology and civil engineering, in 1874. He was a trustee and secretary of the board, 1874, 1876, 1877, and as trustee for a total of 15 years between 1874 and 1904.

He served on the local school board for many years, and for a time was County Superintendent of Schools.

The School of Mines honored Capt. Berthoud and itself by dedicating in 1940, Berthoud Hall which houses the department of geology. The plaque erected in the building states "First Professor of Geology in this Institution, Whose vision as an empire builder and ability as an engineer should inspire all."

Edward Berthoud had an insatiable curiosity. The world about him was a never-ending source of questions and he endeavored to find and publish the answers.

The files of the *Colo. Transcript* and the *Rocky Mtn. News*, 1865-1908, are sprinkled with contributions from him. He wrote about geology, botany, zoology, paleontology, meteorology and other generally scientific subjects. Often these were the result of specialized research or observation



of explanations of natural phenomena which less-learned people were likely to be curious about. He kept meteorological records for the government in Golden for many years. Copies of his reports may be seen at the Historical Society.

He became an authority on the Louisiana Purchase, and his studies of the routes of Escalante, Garcia De Bourgmont were extensive. Frank Hall, in his *History of Colorado*, credits him with much assistance. In 1903, when Louisiana celebrated the Centenary of the Louisiana Purchase, he received an invitation from the Governor of Louisiana, to attend the ceremonies.

In 1861 Berthoud was co-author with Silas W. Burt of *The Rocky Mountain Gold Regions*, published by the Rocky Mountain News Printing Co. of Denver. Only a few copies of this work exist. In 1962 a fine facsimile edition was published by the Old West Publishing Co. of Denver. In this book are sections describing the geology, mineralogy, botany, zoology and geography of the Rocky Mountain Gold Regions. Much of the data is undoubtedly by Berthoud. On page 15 appears an interesting statement. "Furthermore, a good wagon road is now used between Middle and South Parks, at an altitude of 11,000 feet above the sea, while the Pass by the head of Clear Creek would not exceed 7,800 to 8,200 feet." Surprising, in view of the fact that Berthoud discovered this pass, but at 11,314 feet!

The Captain was a tireless writer. Oscar Goetz who lives in Golden now, knew him and tells this about him. "I was a printers devil working in the Colorado Transcript pressroom for General George West. Next door to the Transcript and separated by a three-foot alley stood the Overland Hotel (owned by Berthoud). Capt. Berthoud lived in the hotel and daily he stepped over to talk to George West. Each week there usually was some copy prepared for the weekly edition. Sometimes West did not have room for it and told me to lay the copy near the window so that it might conveniently be blown away. When this did happen, the Capt. was ruffled and words flew, but this passed after some palaver with West."

Mr. Goetz remembers Berthoud as a very kind man, 5' 6" in height, and about 145# in weight. This would be the years 1900-1906. He was jovial and had a courtly bearing.

Miss Josephine Whitehead, now living in Denver, knew the Berthouds as a little girl. She particularly remembers Berthoud's extremely bright blue eyes; also that he was fond of cats and children. Of the several people that I have known that knew Berthoud, all mentioned his fondness for children. Several times, poorer children whom the Capt. had seen admiring toys in shop windows on Washington Avenue, awoke on Christmas morning to find them under their tree.



Capt. E. L. Berthoud. Photo taken about 1900

*Colorado State Historical Society photo*

He attended Calvary Episcopal Church in Golden and could be seen and heard winding his large pocket watch when he felt the Reverend had imparted enough good words to last a week.

In his papers in the Historical Society is a patent issued for a rifle sight. He was a notary public and his notarial records in the 1870's and 1880's list many roalroad documents, filings, and include one note (after two men had recorded statements) in which he noted that he advised them that their instruments were illegal. In 1874, he filed a plat for Berthoud's Addition to Golden. The original map of Jefferson County of 1868 is by Berthoud, as well as the basic plat of Golden.

The Berthoud home on Eleventh Street, near Washington Avenue, next to Clear Creek was one of the centers of social activity during the 1860's, 1870's and until his wife's death in 1887. They entertained often for his nieces Katie and Eva.

In early June of 1908, while carrying a lighted lamp upstairs in the Overland Hotel, he fell down a flight of stairs. He did not recover and passed away on the afternoon of June 13, 1908.

So passed one of Colorado's builders, honored while living and many years later. He was loved for his kindness, respected for his accomplishments and died with the respect of his fellow townsmen.



Gravestone, Capt. and Mrs. Berthoud,  
Golden Cemetery

*C. S. Ryland photo*

## NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

(The Denver Posse of the Westerners wishes to welcome the following new Corresponding Members to the Westerners.)

**S. J. GIOVALE, M.D.**  
48 West 5 Avenue  
Cheyenne, Wyoming

Dr. Giovale is in general practice and is a past President of the Wyoming State Medical Society as well as a former member of the Wyoming State Department of Health. His interests include stone collecting and steam railroading. He joins us through the recommendation of Fred M. Mazzulla.

**CAPT. T. D. F. LANGEN**  
2575 N.E. 85th Street  
Seattle, Washington

Captain Langen is presently counseling and testing college students and has

published educational journal papers. Historical fiction is his main interest. In terms of "science" he is interested in "applied" and believes in contributing to and reading about "pure" research. He is a retired captain of the U. S. Navy and comes to us through Dr. Clark Hepp's recommendation.

**KENNETH B. SCHUMANN**  
631 South Pontiac Street  
Denver, Colorado

Mr. Schumann, manufacturing representative, joins us through the recommendations of Fred M. Mazzulla, and Andrew Dyatt.



## Westerner's Bookshelf



**RED CLOUD AND THE SIOUX PROBLEM**, by James C. Olson. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1965. Photographic illustrations, maps, bibliography, index.

Poor old Red Cloud! He died in 1909, at the age of 87, full of years and such honors as could accrue to a man born in savagery who became the principal link between his people and the highest executives of the greatest nation in the world. As a fighter he was foremost; as a negotiator he sometimes became the tool of professional diplomats. With his honors he endured criticism and calumny, both from his own and other people. This book adds much to what has previously been known about him, leaving the reader well aware of his weaknesses as well as his virtues. Sometimes, on Olson's pages, the former overshadow the latter, but the sympathetic reader will lay the book down with a feeling of fondness for poor old Red Cloud.

The problem with which Dr. Olson concerns himself was that of how to get their lands away from the Sioux and what to do with the Indians once they were stripped of their homes and of their old way of life. The great Sioux Reservation, whose heartland was the Black Hills of South Dakota and the Powder River country of Montana, dwindled steadily, through bloody conquest and fumbling diplomacy. Lack of understanding, difficulties of communication, and inefficiency and corruption in high places, handicapped the government in its long-continued effort to solve the Sioux problem.

Olson tells the story objectively, almost coldly, with a documentation that piles up a total of 1,165 footnotes on 340 pages of text. Through years of research, the author has acquired new information, adding greatly to the facts and interpretations previously recorded, notably by George E. Hyde, whose three books on the Sioux have until now been considered a good starting point. Henceforth, for historians, Dr. Olson's contribution in this book will also be basic.

Colorado readers will be interested in Olson's slant on "Chivington's barbarous and ill-conceived action" at Sand Creek, which Olson believes destroyed hopes for peace with the Sioux and other northern plains Indians and prolonged their hostility.

Dr. Olson worked on this book for many years. It will be valuable for many years to come, for all to whom the history of our nation's relations with its Indians is a matter of concern.

MAURICE FRINK, PM

**BASALT: COLORADO MIDLAND TOWN**, by Clarence L. Danielson and Ralph W. Danielson. Pruett Press, Inc., Boulder, Colorado, 373 Pages with 176 Illustrations. \$8.00.

A history of any locality, be it a town, a state, or a country, is the story of its people.

The Danielson brothers have presented in their book on Basalt, its people, its industries, its railroad and their own experiences on being reared in this western slope town, their boyhood metropolis.

They vividly detail their explorations in fishing the Frying Pan River, their almost fatal swimming accident and trapping of the bear and the coyote.

Their bringing up so nearly parallels mine in another western slope town, Montrose, that reading their book was like reliving my boyhood.

The Danielsons' story of Basalt is the type of history that should be written about most of our towns; they are to be complimented on this excellent work in preserving a chapter of Colorado's history.

I enjoyed reading this book and I'm sure anyone interested in Colorado's lore would want it on their library shelf.

Other sport histories of localities or towns of Colorado, such as: Monroe's on Montrose, Kemp's on Gilpin County and Griswold's on Leadville, to name a few, have become collector's items. I predict that "Basalt: Colorado Midland Town," will also be in demand.

RICHARD A. RONZIO, PM

**PIONEER HISTORY OF CUSTER COUNTY, NEBRASKA, with which is combined SOD HOUSES OF THE GREAT AMERICAN PLAINS, by Solomon D. Butcher with an Introduction by Harry E. Chrisman. Sage Books, Denver. 403 pp. \$8.50.**

This is a fine book and an important one. S. D. Butcher made a valuable contribution in publishing this book, but its scarcity now has made it almost unknown. This reviewer was introduced to it by Jean Williams, a Texas writer who knows much about Nebraska.

With the Cornhusker State getting gussied up for her 100th birthday in 1967, this timely reprint should be eagerly received by all Nebraskans and western buffs. It is, in fact, a text book prepared by those rugged men who made the history. Although a few errors can be found in the text they are minor and the editor felt it would be better to retain them than to change the original. Butcher couldn't resist counterfeiting a few of the photos but those are easily spotted and no one should accept them as authentic. Strangely enough, a number of writers have done just that.

Solomon Butch was a pioneer photographer who took literally hundreds of pictures of his beloved Custer County. He interviewed early day settlers and gradually compiled a fine grass roots history of fine grassland country. Like so many dedicated men, he never made any money from his heroic efforts and finally had to sell his priceless collection of photographs telling a friend, "now is the time to buy me cheap when I need the money so badly."

This is a monumental book with a bonus. Editor Chrisman, himself the author of three fine books, has added Butcher's World's Fair Souvenir booklet "Sod Houses of the Great American Plains," a fine photographic journal which, like the Pioneer History, is reproduced from the original.

Mr. Chrisman also has included a comprehensive index containing the names of more than 1700 Custer County pioneers and places. This two-volumes-in-one book is a fine one, comprehensive and instructive and unlike so many of the early day compendiums, is extremely readable. Sage

Books has done a real service with this reprint and you should have it on your shelf.

JACK C. BEST, CM

**CALIFORNIA GOLD—THE BEGINNING OF MINING IN THE FAR WEST**, by Rodman W. Paul. Republished by University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebraska (Bison Books 1965, \$1.60), 380 pages with index.

The original edition was published during 1947 and this reissued paper-bound edition is a reprint of the original text supplemented with an additional preface and appendices.

This book is a scholarly history of the first quarter-century of mining in California from 1848 to 1873. It presents not only historical details, but the sociological processes of cultural change during the period. Illustrations consist of maps, songs, poetry and pictures indicative in most cases as to what a miner was doing or thinking.

Chapters are devoted to specific subjects such as the one entitled "The Law of the Mines," which explains the agreed-to "law" among the miners without governmental intervention and the resulting change brought about by federal, state or territorial bodies. It is expressed that Congress should have confirmed property rights already in existence and then, with due deference to those principles which worked well among the miners, set up for the future a true mining code.

Another interesting chapter relates to the labor problems encountered by mine operators from 1857 to 1873. Within this brief period California began, developed and completed an

industrial revolution commencing with hand labor and ending with expensive labor-saving machinery. As a result a miner's pay dropped from \$20 to \$3 per day and for survival a producer was required to invest heavily in improved mining machinery after the easily-worked deposits had given out.

The book vividly portrays that California owes its economic foundation to the mining boom which began in 1848 and succeeded for the next 25 years through the effectiveness of the joint labors of a dozen nationalities of people.

The appendices consist primarily of additional source material worthy of note, which was brought to light during the centennial celebration of the discovery of gold. Dr. Paul's conclusions in the original edition are confirmed by the later discovered materials. Thus his book stands even higher today as a well-balanced account of the social, economic and technical changes which occurred with the discovery and production of gold in California.

ROYCE D. SICKLER, CM

**THE WIRE THAT FENCED THE WEST**, by Henry D. and Frances T. McCallum, Published by University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1965, 285 pp., 16 photos plus 36 drawings, Index, Bibliography.

"Of all the things to write a book about—barbed wire!"

The authors have animated with words a rather dry subject into a living period which was most vital to the cattle and agriculture business. The history is sketched from the ancient art of spinning wire through the

successive periods of rock, wooden, bois d'arc hedges and smooth wire fences. As the settlers came out of the woods on their western movement, three gentlemen from De Kalb, Illinois are described who filed separate patents with sharp projections made of wire within six months of each other in 1874. The motivation of Glidden, an inventor, is quoted "to keep those dad ratted pigs out of the garden." The skyrocketing sales and the accompanying eighteen years of litigation between the competing manufacturers are interesting. The growth of the Barbed-Wire Barons is shown as phenomenal, and their fascinating lives compare with the greatest fortunes in America.

Attention is given to the tremendous task of fencing the XIT Ranch in Texas and the disastrous "big die up" where large herds of cattle were frozen along the Texas Panhandle drift fences. The author tells us that in 1880 ownership of land became popular which started the break up of the open range and the consequent fencing of land by ownership boundaries. With a severe drought, the former pastures were closed which caused the fence cutting war. An exciting chapter is devoted to conflicts arising from the homesteaders and cattlemen by the homestead laws and the fencing of the land.

Henry D. McCallum began collecting samples of barbed wire while he was working as a field geologist for the Humble Oil & Refining Co. He holds a master's degree from the University of Texas and was assisted in writing this book by his wife, Frances.

Fortunately, this comprehensive book was written at the present time when old types of wire are rapidly

disappearing. It is packed with information, easy reading, and an outstanding book with little room left for improvement. This book is a must for every Westerner's library.

FLETCHER W. BIRNEY, JR., PM

### ITEMS AT RANDOM

Are you interested in barbed wire or "bob wire"? You should read the book by Henry and Frances McCallum recently released by the Oklahoma University Press where these Westerners tell about the wire that fenced the west. Their subject is kind 'a sticky and quite sharp! More details given by Fletcher Birney's review elsewhere in this number.

Do you find it difficult to read fine print? Here's one book that you'll have no trouble with. Muriel Wolle's STAMPEDE TO TIMBERLINE is coming out in a Xerox enlargement reprint so you can read it without your bifocals. Ask Allan Swallow of the Sage Books Press.

It may be of interest to the Denver Westerners to know what our brothers in Nashville are doing. This is on the menu for their meetings beginning with October 20. They meet at the University Club regularly and listen to the following papers:

"The Great West; an Illustrated Lecture"

"Speech in the Old West"

"Indian Arts and Culture of the American Southwest"

"Perils of Pioneer Publishing"

"The Texas Front"

Anyone interested in attending these meetings while in Nashville check with the editor and get dates.

**NEXT MEETING, OCTOBER 27**

E. J. HALEY will speak on "Street, Cable and Horse Cars of Denver." Mr. Haley works for the Bureau of Reclamation and is responsible for the maps and books they publish. He has been President of the Railroad Club for two years.

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Edited by Francis B. Rizzari

Illustrated by Guy M. Herstrom

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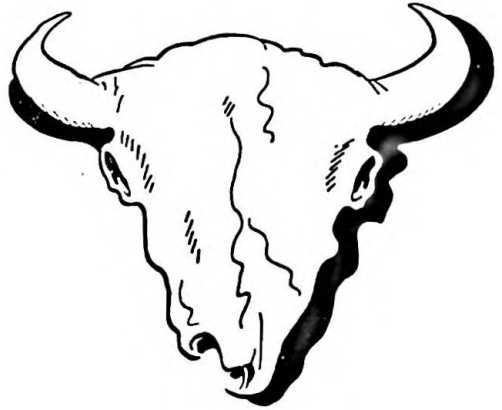
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*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
**ROUNDUP**

NOVEMBER  
1965  
Volume XXI  
Number 11

IN THIS ISSUE:  
*THE ROYAL GORGE*  
By Robert A. Le Massena



## Denver Posse Christmas Rendezvous

*Albany Hotel*

*17th and Stout streets*

*Saturday, December 18, 1965*

*Cash Bar: 6:00 - 7:00 P.M.*

*Dinner: 7:00 P.M. Sharp*

*Menu: Broiled Choice Club Steak \$5.50*

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# The Denver Westerners Monthly



## ROUNDUP

Vol. XXI, Number 11

November, 1965

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The ROUNDUP is published monthly by the Denver Posse of Westerners. \$4.00 per year. Entered as second class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office: 839 Pearl St., Boulder, Colorado, 80302. The Westerners office: 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Copyright 1964 by the Westerners Inc., a Colorado Corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

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### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

ROBERT A. LE MASSENA was born in New Jersey, but after vacationing in Colorado moved to Denver for good in 1948. He graduated from the Stevens Institute of Technology as an electrical and mechanical engineer. He worked for the Bell Telephone Laboratories for eleven years and the Heiland Research Corporation for fourteen years. Now he is engaged in writing and publishing his own books on Colorado Railroads, two volumes of which have already been published. He is closely associated with two Westerners of comparable interest—Ronzio and Ryan, who have also appeared on the Westerners rostrum.

# THE ROYAL GORGE

by Robert A. Le Massena

The Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River, immediately west of Cañon City, is a major tourist attraction of Colorado, a state which is all but saturated with spectacular sights. Certainly, there are many deeper canyons; several are as long, and any number just as wide. Whence comes its universal fame, then?

There are at least two reasons; one of which is natural, the other being man-made, like the two reasons which account for much of Pike's Peak's fame. Though its height is exceeded by 31 other mountains in Colorado alone, Pike's Peak is known to the general public almost to the complete exclusion of the others. Then too, Pike's Peak stands out from the front-range, where it can be seen easily from long distances and, of course, it has been thoroughly publicized practically from the very moment when Pike first saw it. Much the same circumstances apply to the Royal Gorge. Aside from the notoriety resulting from the struggle between two rival railroads for possession, it has been advertised as a natural wonder since at least 1875. It must be remembered, too, that for about 90 years Rio Grande passenger-trains have stopped in the Gorge to allow numberless travellers to experience the awe of its depths, to say nothing of uncounted hoboos who have ridden through the Gorge on the railroad's freight-trains. This publicity and accessibility accounts for one of the reasons for the Gorge's renown; the other one stems from the fact that the Gorge is extremely narrow for its depth, a physical feature which gives it a peculiar fascination not found in many other canyons. A fair idea of its contour can be obtained from the consideration that the Empire State Building, inverted and with a few of its corners knocked-off, would make a nicely fitting plug for the Gorge.

For the purposes of this discussion, which covers only a few aspects of the Gorge's character and history, it is sufficient to say that Gen. Fremont was not the first white-man to see it, while returning from his Second Expedition, in 1842. According to M. R. Campbell (in USGS Bulletin 707), "the first recorded exploration of the canyon was that of Lieut. Pike, who camped with his little party near its east portal on Dec. 5, 1806. They built a blockhouse of logs on the north side of the river, wandered about in the mountains to the north for almost a month, and on their return to their blockhouse nearly lost their lives in the Royal Gorge. The next visit of which there is a record was that of Dr. James and Capt. Bell, of the Long Exploration Party. On July 18, 1820, these men left their camp at

the mouth of Fountain Creek (Pueblo) and rode up the Arkansas to the foot of the mountains. The seven mineral springs near the mouth of the Royal Gorge were named Bell's Springs in honor of Capt. Bell who discovered them on that trip. After this visit the canyon was probably seen by many hunters and trappers, for several trading posts were maintained on the river. During the "rush" of gold-seekers in 1859 and 1860 a town sprang up near the mouth of the great canyon and was named Cañon City."

The 1870's ushered in a new era for the lower Arkansas Valley in Colorado. The narrow-gauge Denver & Rio Grande Railroad had built a long branch upriver from Pueblo in 1872 to reach some coal-mines south of Florence, and in 1874, after considerable acrimonious connection on the part of Cañon City citizenry, a branch was built to the town-limits. In 1876 the giant Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad extended its standard-gauge trackage to Pueblo, and almost immediately began to covet passage through the Gorge, to obtain whatever mineral and agricultural traffic might lay beyond. As their 1876 timetables show, they did somewhat more than this; they claimed to operate trains right into Denver, as well as to the Royal Gorge which they called the Great Arkansas Canyon. The fact that these two points were reached over the trackage of the Denver & Rio Grande Railway was hidden in microscopic type among the schedule-information. The Santa Fe eugolized the Canyon as follows in their 1876 timetables. "The curtain now rolls up to slow music and reveals the great Arkansas Canyon, the biggest piece of ordnance in existence. The gazer is now looking directly into the muzzle of the piece, which is two thousand feet in diameter, presenting a fine opportunity to go into business. The great success of this canyon, the unapproachable majesty of its scenery, the walls which rise higher than the eagle's flight, the lightning splintered peaks, scarred by the storms of ages, and the solemn harmony of the wind as it roars through the gorge with a sound louder than the combined organs of all the cathedrals on earth, has tempted other companies to advertise other canyons. These, however, are base imitations of the Great Arkansas Canyon, which can be reached only(!) by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad."

At this juncture it will be well to meet "Major" Tom J. Anderson, the Santa Fe's General Passenger Agent who was responsible for this deception, as well as some other general nonsense in that 1876 timetable. "The chase of the antelope on horseback, without hounds, represented above, is one of the most exciting and useless performances in the world. This is proved by the fact that ever since the above picture was made the hunter and antelopes have maintained the same relative positions, and probably will never be any nearer related than they are now. The antelope is a virtuous animal, at least it is always chased. It is of the deer family, and

it is to be said that no meat is so dear as that of the antelope. The antelope is the direct opposite of the black-tailed deer, coming to an entirely different colored conclusion." Tom Anderson was a station-agent for the Kansas Pacific Railroad when he witnessed the beginnngs of the Santa Fe at Topeka in October 1868. "Major" Anderson rode the first Santa Fe train out of Topeka in April, 1869, and conforming to his local reputation as a wit and wise-apple, he commented that maybe some day the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe might become as good as the Kansas Pacific. When the Santa Fe connected its telegraph wires to those of the Kansas Pacific in N. Topeka, Anderson is reputed to have sent the first message, "Topeka, Ks. Hunkadora. T. J. Anderson." For one reason or another, the good "Major" left the employ of the Kansas Pacific (Perhaps its genteel management was overly sensitive to his unpredictable antics.), and joined up with the Santa Fe, which may have figured that it were better to have this character on their own team. In January of 1872, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia stopped over in Topeka for a day of uninhibited guzzling and gourmandizing, for which occasion the Major, mounted on a white horse, led an ostentatious parade around the city. As one might suspect, "the gentlemanly General Passenger Agent" of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe was aboard their first passenger-train into Pueblo, and apparently had arranged much of the celebration and general hell-raising associated with its arrival. When the railroad reached Santa Fe in February, 1880, Major Anderson, back in Topeka, is reputed to have exclaimed, "Well, he (meaning Col. Holliday, organizer of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe) made it, but darned if I ever thought he would." These are just samples of Major Anderson's character, and they are given here because he will appear later in the Royal Gorge, perpetrating what may have been one of the biggest practical jokes of his career.

The canyon of the Arkansas was formed entirely by the grinding action of rocks and sand carried by the river which, in itself, is hardly unusual. But what is remarkable is that the granite and gneiss, through which the groove was being eroded, were themselves being uplifted at the same time, causing quite rapid cutting, geologically speaking. All of the water from the upper drainage basin of the river flows through this narrow defile. This basin has an area of about 3500 square-miles; it is close to 110 miles long, and in places it is 50 miles wide. One interesting feature of this basin is that the river-bed, which the Rio Grande's tracks follow closely, is with minor exceptions a constant 1.4% gradient from the Gorge to the top of Tennessee Pass, 116 miles distant and almost 5000 feet higher. The boundaries of this watershed are quite high. Starting at its southwest corner, the basin is bounded by the summits of the Sangre de Cristo range. This boundary crosses Poncha Pass to the tip of the Cochetopa Hills, then

immediately crosses Marshall Pass to the Saguache and Collegiate ranges, crossing Agate Pass, Monarch Pass, Hancock Pass, Williams Pass, Alpine Pass, Cottonwood Pass, Independence Pass and Hagerman Pass. From Tennessee Pass it heads east to Fremont Pass, and then goes southward along the Mosquito range, crossing Mosquito Pass and Weston Pass. After crossing Trout Creek Pass, it gets well away from the river, encircling the town of Guffey before it heads back toward the Gorge. As can be surmised from this brief description, the rim of this drainage area is very high, almost all of it being over 10,000 ft. To enter it via any other route than through the Gorge, road and railroad builders faced the combined difficulties of costly construction and even more costly, as well as uncertain, operation. Hence, the Gorge was more than just a keyhole for draining this basin; it was the key to the development of the entire area through the medium of economical railroad transportation. It goes without saying that both the Santa Fe and the Rio Grande railroads were well aware of this special attribute of the Gorge, quite distinct from its value as a tourist attraction, and both of them wanted it for their rights-of-way into the Upper Arkansas Valley.

Before leaving the aspect of water, as pertaining to the Gorge, it is interesting to note that if the Gorge were to be dammed, the dam would be about 1000 ft. high, which would make it one of the highest in the World. Its waters would form a lake, back to about Parkdale, with an area of about 20 square-miles, one of the largest puddles in the State. A major difficulty would be what to do with the railroad tracks which would become submerged. While they could be rerouted above water-level, about ten miles would have to be added east of the Gorge to permit them to descend to river-level. Since the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad could hardly be in favor of this arrangement, an alternative would be to encase them in a concrete pipe beneath the lake thus making the longest tunnel railroad in the Western Hemisphere. Some difficulty might be experienced in operating slow-moving, internal-combustion powered trains through it. The whole scheme is relatively expensive, although it might not be costly enough to interest the politicians in Washington, whose thinking is now in the realm of billions.

The depth of the Gorge has been the subject of considerable exaggeration and conjecture. Most writers have centered their figures around 2600 ft., while advertising booklets issued by the Rio Grande in bygone days gave figures from 2000 to 3000 ft., depending apparently upon how much the readers would swallow at the time. Some of these writers were known to have visited the Gorge, and perhaps to them it may have looked like "about half-a-mile" up from the bottom, or "about half-a-mile" down from the top, half-a-mile being 2640 ft.) The USGS gives the depth as

some 1100 ft., without stating the terminal points of the measurement. A recent figure, given by the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad is 1053 feet from the rails to the suspension-bridge across the Gorge, the water and river-bed being several feet lower than the tracks.

Now, back to the railroads once more. Even though both the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe and the Denver & Rio Grande realized that the Gorge was the crucial entry to the wealth of the Upper Arkansas Valley, neither did very much about it until 1878, both being preoccupied with more lucrative extensions elsewhere. Besides, the Rio Grande was short of cash (its usual condition at that time), and the Santa Fe was more interested in building into Santa Fe to capture the merchant trade than in building to Leadville for a questionable traffic in minerals. Three events roused them from their joint lethargy. The Santa Fe had acquired a dynamic, new General Manager in 1877, one W. B. Strong. Holliday, Kingman and Morley of the Santa Fe, who had been exploring Colorado's southwestern quadrant, convinced Strong that the future traffic would be worth the expense of construction into the region. But, a more powerful incentive appears to be that both Strong of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, and Palmer of the Denver & Rio Grande, were apprehensive that the Denver, South Park and Pacific Railroad might beat both of them, syphoning away traffic by a line which crossed the Arkansas Valley. In 1878 the Denver, South Park & Pacific was building slowly up the South Platte River, and it was a long way from Leadville, but the possibility existed that even if John Evans were unable to complete the line, then someone else, like Jay Gould, would do so to their mutual disadvantage. Palmer and Strong discussed a joint-trackage arrangement through the Gorge, without reaching any agreement, however.

The late winter of 1878 found the Santa Fe grading southward over Raton Pass. The Rio Grande, realizing that they had been beaten in this direction of expansion, retreated to Cañon City, expecting to extend its trackage through the Royal Gorge and up the Arkansas River. Here their construction crews encountered those of the Cañon City and San Juan Railroad, which turned out to be a subsidiary of the Santa Fe! During the summer of 1878, the Cañon City & San Juan, in spite of the Rio Grande's legal impediments and physical interference, managed to grade a roadbed completely through the Gorge, constructing a small bridge where the "Hanging Bridge" now stands. A contemporary photo shows this to be merely a wooden deck-trestle supported by timber bents resting on a bed of rocks. Palmer's litigation stopped further work beyond the Gorge, but the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe circumvented this maneuver by merging the Cañon City & San Juan into another of its subsidiaries, the Pueblo & Arkansas Valley, which lost no time in announcing its intentions of building

a standard-gauge railroad to Leadville. Palmer, now apparently beaten on both fronts, finally yielded to his bondholders, and in an effort to preserve his Denver & Rio Grande, he leased it to the Santa Fe in October, figuring no doubt that the terms of the lease would prevent its destruction. As soon as the weather and the Courts permitted it to do so, the Pueblo & Arkansas Valley laid track on the Cañon City & San Juan's grade, completing some 22 miles of narrow-gauge line from Cañon City to the mouth of Texas Creek. And now, while spikes were still being driven in this new track, Major Anderson entered the scene.

Since funds for the Santa Fe's expansion had been coming principally from financiers and bankers in Boston, Mass., ten of its thirteen Directors resided there. Ordinarily, eastern gentlemen of considerable financial power were not particularly known for their propensity to journey of their own free will west of the Hudson River, yet, despite this general reluctance to subject themselves to the ordeals of an excursion into the "Indian-infested wilderness," they had planned to hold an Annual Meeting at Clifton, New Mexico. In conjunction with this meeting, they had planned a grand tour of all Santa Fe trackage, including the Royal Gorge line. The trip was so timed that their train would have been the first one to have passed through the canon. Their plans, however, appear to have neglected Major Anderson, who, as usual, had some ideas of his own on the matter. The following article from the Denver Daily Tribune, May 8, 1879, tells about this particular excursion. "A special train on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad brought a party consisting of the officers, directors and others to Pueblo yesterday. It is at this season that the annual meetings of the stockholders of the road and its various branches are held in Kansas, Colorado and, this year, in New Mexico, and it is to attend these meetings that this party comes West. (They will proceed today to Clifton, New Mexico, and there will hold the annual meeting of the New Mexico division of the road. The party numbers about forty persons including President Nickerson and General Manager Strong. A number of directors are out from Boston and are accompanied by their wives and daughters. They will make a run over the entire line in Colorado while here, and will make a run through the Grand Canyon."

According to the newspaper reports, the Officials' Special Train arrived in Pueblo on May 7th, and, after the Colorado Annual Meeting, took them to Clifton for the New Mexico Annual Meeting on the 8th. This arrangement would have put them back in Pueblo on the 9th for the trip through the Royal Gorge. Meanwhile, Major Anderson, for some reason, had organized a "First Train through the Royal Gorge" excursion, and had operated it on May 7th, two days ahead of the "Official First Train"! It is not known just why the Major did this; perhaps he possessed a personal



dislike for wealthy Easterners, a sentiment which, if so, was shared with several other Trans-Mississippi railroad-men during the following half-century. By running his excursion on the 7th, and waiting at Pueblo for the arrival of the Official Train, Major Anderson succeeded in operating his "First Train" without fear of official repercussions. The Bostonians, knowing the Major to be a prankster may have felt that this was all a hoax, and declined his invitation, although a couple of Bostonians do appear on his passenger-list. On the other hand, if they believed the Major's intentions, none could accept his invitation anyhow, because of the Annual Meetings. At any rate, the Major ran his "First Train" under the very noses of the Officials, and he got away with it, too; he stayed on the Santa Fe's payroll.

The following is an account of the trip, from the Denver Daily Tribune of May 3, 1879.

## THROUGH THE CAÑON

### *A Splendid Trip and a Belated Return*

Major Anderson's excursion party to the Grand Canyon, which left Denver at 6 o'clock yesterday, returned to this city at 2 o'clock this morning, having passed entirely through the Royal Gorge, and accomplished a total distance of 330 miles. The trip was highly successful and was enjoyed to the utmost by all who participated in it. The train, consisting of four cars, made a pleasant run to the Springs, where large accessions were made to the party, embracing some of the best people of the place. At Pueblo, which was reached half an hour later (Ed. note: 88 mph!), another large addition was made to the party. After a stop of half an hour the train with several cars added rushed along to Cañon City, where it arrived at 2:30. Dinner was served at the McClure House, to which the party walked in procession, creating a blaze of excitement among the quiet and sun-soaked inhabitants of the town. A platform car was added to the train here and a general invitation was extended to everyone who desired to make the trip. The train was pushed into the canyon by Engineer Davis, who had taken it from Denver. Entering the canyon at three o'clock, it moved slowly up over the newly ballasted roadbed and at last entered the Gorge. Everybody was out on the platforms and the scene was indescribably grand. No mortal man had ever passed through the Gorge previous to the railroad workman, except during the winter when the ice had arrested the flow of the turbulent Arkansas. The roadbed for a mile and a half is hewn mostly out of the solid rock. In places the Gorge is only thirty feet wide, while the walls of rock rise above it to an occasional height of 2200 feet. The Arkansas has been greatly narrowed in places by the immense amount of rocky debris blasted from the mountain walls and rolled into it. Care has at the same time been taken to prevent injury to the roadbed in case of floods affecting this un-

certain river. The contractors are still at work on this matter, but the work of laying the rails in the canyon is finished, and the train might have passed out at the other end. It however, stopped at the construction bridge, three miles from the end of the canyon. The trip was made in forty-five minutes, and when the train stopped the engine whistle was blown continuously, revolvers were fired and other informal demonstrations made. After allowing the passengers the fullest opportunity to view the wonderful work, the train drew back out of the canyon and started for home. It was delayed by other trains, having lost the right of way, and only arrived in Denver at two o'clock this morning. The following were the invited guests who accompanied the Major. From Denver, S. S. Babcock, W. N. Byers, O. J. Goldrick, Hon. E. E. Stimpson, Charles Leichsenring, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Chain, H. E. Jefferies and wife, Mrs. D. B. Graham, Captain Frank Hall and wife, Col. Brooks, wife and son, Geo. Tritch and wife, Mayor Sopris and wife, W. C. N. Harvey, C. C. Marble, Herman Silver and wife, T. B. Medery and wife, Mrs. D. W. Rogers, William Barth and wife, G. W. Reed, E. W. Rollins, William Teller, Miss Sue Hale, J. T. Cornforth, Isaac Brinker, D. J. Cook, Miss Grant, W. G. Fisher and wife, J. J. Lambert, Thomas Corbett, Miss Genevieve Arnold, C. B. Schmidt, J. D. Capron, Robert McCullough, W. H. Milburn, Charles A. Raymond, Halsey Rhodes, O. D. LeFevre, J. W. Baxter, W. T. Clark, T. J. Anderson, Miss Katie King, George Cannon, W. T. Dickenson. From Colorado Springs—A. D. Craig, G. S. Barnes and wife, Matt France, Channing Sweet and wife, Eliphalet Price and daughter, Willis Sweet and wife, Dr. C. J. Reynolds and wife, E. N. Giddings and wife, W. A. Conant, wife and daughter, Mrs. S. T. Squire, Boston; Mrs. S. H. Ludding, of Lawrence, Kansas; Miss Marshall of Boston; W. H. Bason and wife. From Pueblo—Mayor W. H. Hyde and wife, J. V. Andrews and wife, Colonel H. M. Finch and wife, J. S. Thompson and wife, Dr. Stephenson, G. Q. Richmond and wife. Resolutions of thanks were voted and presented to Major Anderson on the return.

Naturally, this special train was comprised of Denver & Rio Grande cars and locomotive, which ran over Denver & Rio Grande rails as far as Cañon City, thence on Pueblo & Arkansas Valley rails to the end-of-track. It is most likely, however, that the engine- and train-crews were either bona-fide Santa Fe employees or recent proselytes from the Denver & Rio Grande.

On the Sunday following the trip (May 11th), the Denver Daily Tribune published a second account of the excursion. It is so different from the first that it seems hardly possible that the same reporter wrote both of them. A more likely author would be Major Anderson; it sounds like something which he would do. But one does wonder why the Tribune printed it at all.

## INTO THE CAÑON

*The Pioneer Trip through the Royal Gorge  
The Adventures of Major Anderson's Excursion Train  
Even the Barnacles Astonished*

At 5:30 Wednesday morning, a train of four cars, an engine and Major Anderson might have been seen crawling up and down the track of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, from Fifteenth to Nineteenth streets. The engine was smoking and so was the Major. Both were waiting for the Creme de la creme of the population which had been invited to ride with the Major to make the first trip of any railroad through the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas in Southern Colorado. The elite of the town soon began to appear consisting of Goldrick, Byers, Stimpson, Dave Cook and the barnacles generally. After the arrival of the most sacred of this species with ladies and elegant lunch baskets, the "vulgar herd," consisting of Halsey Rhodes and others, filed along down from Nineteenth street armed with paper parcels of ham sandwiches and saloon eggs. However such as they were they all got into the train and the latter slipped down the rails toward Texas at just 6:15. There were about twenty in the party, counting the newspaper men who like the stoves were in a measure fixtures of the trip. There was one Horton reclining seat car which the barnacles appropriated for their ladies. The situation in the popular or smoking car as the train started was this: Major Anderson and Auditor Stimpson were singing a duet relative to the negro who conceived the fancy that he was perpetually wallowing about in an unfriendly land. They kept at work on this refrain, by the way, with solos and duets all the way down and back. Stimpson had a small instrument, which if it did not yield music equal to that of the gods, impelled the barnacles and reporters to call upon those functionaries frequently for relief. Byers, two strange 59ers, and Goldrick, sat back of the choir discussing topics of interest to barnacles alone, such as the arrival of the Kansas Pacific in Denver, the days when there was no Canyon fight and no Rio Grande minority: when prominent citizens were hanged in front of their own doors, and whiskey was cheaper than it is now. Mr. Byers acted as an encyclopedia on the trip and explained the geography and its changes in the neighborhoods passed. He knew all about the propriety of every ranchman on the line, exactly where the Indians killed off this and that respectable community and when this and that city was established. As every dugout in Colorado is a town, and a house with a barn is an incorporated city, he had his hands full. The run was uninterrupted by any incident other than cows on the track, until the train reached the Divide, where is mained a horse. It took fifteen minutes to find a revolver to accomplish what the engineer had attempted. The sun came out very hot as the train approached Colorado Springs, and the choir had to let up on the negro with a delusion. Byers was recalling reminiscences of early Chicago journalism with "Bismark," the railroad editor of the Chicago Tribune, who, although he had never

been to Colorado before, knew as much as the estimable barnacles about the railroads and the landmarks. Two or three railroad officials had come with "Bismark" from Kansas City to show him around, but he wouldn't look around. He smoked away and contentedly remarked at every attempt made to show him anything: Yaas I know all about id." Goldrick, somehow or other, got prejudiced in regard to the German journalist, and banged away at him all day, with dissertations on the immorality of eastern newspaper men; their incapacity and unfriendly spirit, etc. It was finally discovered that when the Kansas Pacific was opened to Denver, a number of eastern journalists whom Goldrick was taking around, left him to pay for the wine and refreshments consumed; and Goldrick seemed animated by the idea that Bismark was one of the disreputable crowd. At Colorado Springs a large addition was made to the party. Goldrick was so struck with the development of the Springs that he made an arrangement with Bismark, whom he had just come to know, to stop over coming back; but the heat of the day and the split between the two newspaper men ruined the undertaking, and Goldrick was snoring at the water tank in the corner when the train passed the Springs coming back. Bismark, however, stopped over and returned the next day to Chicago. Goldrick made one sleepy inquiry for his antagonist as the train arrived in Denver—"Where's the Dutchman?" Goldrick has no animosities, although he acknowledges that he is not an Irishman. The run from the Springs to Pueblo was made over the frightfully hot alkali prairie, given over to soapweed and prairie dogs. It sent Goldrick to sleep and paralyzed the choir. Just before the train reached Pueblo, Halsey Rhodes went through the car and distributed a lager beer free lunch to the ravenous tourists without baskets. Halsey as usual was a patriarch and public benefactor. At Pueblo a long wait was necessitated to accommodate Manager Strong and two carloads of directors, who were uneasily bobbing around the web of tracks preparatory to thrashing down into New Mexico to an annual meeting of one of the numerous branches of the Santa Fe. Pueblo was terribly hot and there was as usual nothing to eat anywhere. The "Snug" near the depot gave out after selling a glass and a half of beer. The gentlemen in the smoking car dined as well as was possible on private bottles and cigars, as the train shot along to Cañon City with two cars added. The route along the winding Arkansas was beautiful indeed. On one side close beside the train, the tortuous river, lined with fine green parks and cattle and sheep ranges. The clumps of tall well-clothed trees lent a particularly fine effect to the varied scene. On the other side of the train rose high mountain walls of limestone, laid in courses as if by the hand of man. This region is truly one of the most beautiful in the State, and its fine agricultural qualities render it at the same time one of the most valuable. Its verdure is of course, all due to the Arkansas. Two hours took the train out of this refreshing neighborhood into the sun-soaked city called Cañon City. Goldrick slept through it all, and Bismark failing to do this, after numerous

ineffectual attempts, remarked sympathetically to the whole car: "I don't want to go to hell eef it ees any hotter than theess." The Major led the hot and dusty procession of tourists to the McClure House, where a poor dinner cost each man seventy-five cents. An hour and the train was pushed toward the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas, the sight of sights in scenic Colorado. Engineer Davis had placed his engine at the rear of the train to enable the tourists to observe the mighty wonder from the open platform cars in front. The approach to the canyon is gradual. The distant hills draw nearer, and the valley of the Arkansas became narrower and narrower until the river is shut in closely on both sides by high mountains sloping gently away and covered with verdure. Then the slope of the mountains becomes more perpendicular, and the hills become higher until suddenly the river becomes completely shut in by mountains with mighty tops. The roar and rattle of the train grows louder and echoes up and down. The train is fairly in the canyon. It moves slowly. The mountain walls are of a dizzy height, and come so close together that looking ahead they appear simply to form a crevice, a huge awful crooked crevice through which the miserable little train was timidly crawling. The curves of the canyon are superb. They constitute the finishing touch to its grandeur and fill the mind with a fuller appreciation of this great miracle of Nature. But the Royal Gorge! Imagine two almost perfectly perpendicular walls rising to a height of 2200 feet, and only 30 feet apart, those walls representing jagged and irregular masses of rock that on the railroad side hang over the train all creviced and ready to fall in thousands of tons. The roadbed is cut out of the solid rock and masses of this hang over it stretching out a hundred feet. One cannot look up to the top of this wall on account of these projecting irregular bluffs, but the height to the top even as measured by the eye disturbs the faculties and brings on vertigo. The cooped-up Arkansas rushes madly by, a narrow thread, made still more so by the rocks thrown into it. There is not room to step from the train without pitching into the river. Not a word is uttered. The engineer whistles occasionally and timid folks look for the rocks to fall. It is really a strain on the mind to take it in; and this can be only feebly done on a single trip. Two thousand feet above you are the tops of the mountain walls. You are imprisoned in a crack, 30 feet wide and are partially under one mountain wall. You can see on the opposite side the graduations of the verdure, rich below, impoverished above. And the curves become more awful as you look ahead or back. For 45 minutes the tourists enjoyed this sight. The train stopped at the construction bridge near the end of the Gorge. Salutes were fired, a fifteen minute halt was made, and the engine started the train for Cañon City. There was no sun in the Gorge, but it slanted down the opposite mountain wall as the party returned through the canyon, increasing the surpassing beauty of the scene. The canyon is eleven miles in length and the Gorge a mile and a half. The tourists had seen it all—seen the greatest natural wonder

of the West, and the first train of passengers had passed through the Gorge. It will be impossible to build another road through the Gorge. Until this point is reached, the other side of the river has the advantage, being easier to build over. But the only way to continue a road beyond the opening of the Gorge would be to bridge the Arkansas and run over the track to the Santa Fe. This is the only escape. In cutting the roadbed in the Gorge, the workmen would begin high up on the mountain wall and blast down to the level of the road. In this way masses of rocks a hundred yards wide have been split from the mountain. In that narrow crevice it was difficult to dispose of this material. Some was used for the roadbed, and the rest of necessity was thrown into the Arkansas. This made the already too much shut-in stream still more contracted. Fears are now entertained that the vicious "creek" will raise Cain in case of a flood. The greatest care has been taken to prevent this, and the subject is still one of study by the contractors and engineers. The bed of the road is some 12 feet above the river, perhaps more. There is no danger apprehended from the masses of rock overhanging the track. Every inch of this wall, the contractors say, has been examined and tested. The construction train shoots up and down the canyon at 20 miles an hour, and no pains are taken because of apprehension of danger of any kind within the Gorge or Canyon. As the train went through the Canyon on its return the scenes made historic by the Canyon War were pointed out and the battlefield studied with great interest. "At one time," Mr. Lipe said, as he pointed out the various locations up on the hillside where the tracks were laid by both sides and subsequently ripped up, "half of our whole force was kept busy bringing grub up the Arkansas on the ice to the other half." The trip back to Cañon City and Pueblo was characterized chiefly by delays, the train having lost the right-of-way. A stop was made at the soda water spring near Cañon City, and the tourists got out and drank heartily, the gentlemen with the private bottles (empty long ere this) filling them for future use. It was found impossible to get anything to eat at Pueblo except tea, the "Snug" saloon not yet having recovered from the attack made going down. In short, Pueblo was busted. Grateful recourse was had to Halsey Rhodes' elastic paper bag, by the smoking car, and the distinguished barnacles picked the crumbs up from the floor of their lunch baskets. Leaving Pueblo at 8 o'clock the tourists arrived in Denver at 2 A.M. Before ending the eminently delightful trip of 330 miles, a fine set of cast-iron resolutions was presented to Major Anderson, the courteous conductor of the excursion, to whom everyone owed the unusual pleasure experienced in making the first run through the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas. Long may he wave!

It is interesting to note that neither of these two accounts mentions the famous "Hanging Bridge" in the Gorge. The reason is simple; it had not yet been erected. Apparently a minor flood washed away the original

wooden bridge at that point in the early summer of 1879, and the Pueblo & Arkansas Valley had to petition the Court for permission to replace it with the well-known hanging structure. Although the original bridge still stands, it has been strengthened several times to accommodate locomotives which weighed as much on one wheel as did the Rio Grande's first freight-engine in its entirety. Also, the bridge has been supported from beneath by masonry, rendering the cross-beams spanning the Gorge superfluous, except as a matter of decoration.

The bridge had been in use only about 20 years when its origin and construction became a matter of controversy, both professional and otherwise, by a peculiar misunderstanding of its history. To appreciate this situation, we must go back to 1879 when the Rio Grande and the Santa Fe railroads were involved in a complicated legal ruckus over possession of the Gorge. The "Royal Gorge War" came to an abrupt end when Jay Gould, that master manipulator of railroads for his personal pecuniary predilections, bought enough Rio Grande stock to control it, and having done so, threatened the Santa Fe with parallel construction. As usual, this typical Gould maneuver brought immediate peace, the terms of which included no further construction by the Santa Fe up the Arkansas beyond Cañon City, the abandonment of its lease of the Rio Grande, and the sale of the track through the Gorge and the grade beyond to the Denver & Rio Grande. In a short time all of this background historical became forgotten, and the general public assumed that the trackage through the Royal Gorge had been built by the Denver & Rio Grande, a myth which persists to this day. Naturally, it was assumed that the Denver & Rio Grande had built the Hanging Bridge also. With the passing of time locomotives became heavier, and it became necessary to strengthen the structure. Its side-girders were reinforced, and the spans were propped-up with rock-work. By this time, though, the "Hanging Bridge" was one of the Rio Grande's prime tourist attractions, and no one in his right mind would have removed the useless supports, or admitted that the bridge did not truly hang. Consequently, this popular misconception is still with us, "Hanging Bridge," being shown as a "station" in Rio Grande timetables and the Official Railway Guide of fairly recent dates.

The following letters are but one example of the misconception about the Gorge. They were taken from the February 21, 1907, edition of "Engineering News."

... Let us correct a little history before it is everlastingly too late.

"Some time ago, in reporting the death of Mr. J. R. DeRemer, who was for several years an engineer connected with the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, the public press insisted on giving him the credit for designing and constructing the famous Hanging Bridge located in the still more

famous Royal Gorge, and the same information got into your journal.

" . . . as a matter of fact, what is now the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad from Cañon City to Leadville, was nearly all graded by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, and the track was also laid by it for a distance of about 22 miles and included the building of the Hanging Bridge.

"It was connected with the latter company at that time, and if I am rightly informed the credit for the design of the Hanging Bridge should be given to Mr. A. A. Robinson, at the time Chief Engineer of that company.

"It is not my desire to detract from the laurels of either of these gentlemen, but it is my desire that the credit, if credit there be, should go to whom it belongs." Signed—P. F. Barr, Denver, Colo., Jan. 16, 1907.

To this, the Editor replied:

" . . . It is probably well-known that the structure is no longer a hanging bridge, now supported from below by a wall built up from the bed of the canyon. To clear the matter up we sent a proof of Mr. Barr's letter to Mr. Robinson, who replied as follows:

" . . . Mr. Barr states the case correctly as to the Royal Gorge Hanging Bridge.

"I was chief engineer of this construction. It is due to the late C. Schaler Smith (Editor's Note: At that time Smith was a civil engineer of note residing in St. Louis, Mo.) to say that we visited the bridge site together and decided on the rafter plan of construction. . . . I engaged Mr. Smith to prepare the detailed plans from which the original bridge was constructed." Signed—A. A. Robinson.

Geologically, the Royal Gorge is much the same as it was a century ago, though it may be an inch or so deeper by now. The Rio Grande's roadbed has been widened somewhat to accommodate standard-gauge equipment, and its curves have been eased a little to permit the passage of the World's largest steam-locomotives (1928). Standard-gauge trains, using 3-rail track, began to run through the Gorge in 1888, a privilege which they possessed exclusively when the narrow-gauge rail was removed in 1925. The Lion Rock, next to the tracks west of the bridge, was blown into the river at this time, since it was too close to the cars and engines for the safety of those who hung out of the windows. Cañon City built a wooden pipe-line along the south wall of the Gorge (The railroad tracks are on the north side) to bring water from above the bridge site to the city. There was a little station, named "Gorge," but no trace of it remains today. Just west of the bridge there is a narrow crevice in the north wall which extends to the very top of the canyon, and in it a remarkable funicular-railway has been built to take people between the tracks and the rim. Spanning the Gorge, from the upper end of this funicular to the south rim,



is a suspension-bridge, erected in the latter half of 1929. It is almost a quarter of a mile long.

In 1910 the Rio Grande carried thousands of passengers a day in its ten trains daily through the Gorge. Now, these thousands, if they know of the Gorge at all, see it as a crack in the earth's crust, only fleetingly from a 600 mph aircraft four miles above. Countless others peer down into its depths from its rims or from the suspension-bridge. Somewhat hardier souls ride the funicular down to the bottom for the upward view, and real dare-devils race their kayaks down the river each June. Only two passenger trains go through the Gorge each day, and they carry only a handful of passengers. These, the bi-directional remnants of the famous "Scenic Limited," used to provide through service between Denver and the Pacific Coast. Now, due to the public's preference for aircraft and automobiles, they operate between Denver and Salida only. And, it will not be too long before only the track-workers, the freight-train crews and the peripatetic hobos will be the only mortals to enjoy the thrill of a ride through the wonderful Royal Gorge.

### SUMMARY OF LAST MEETING

For the second time this year, the Westerners' Posse was treated to an excellent showing of pictures. This time it was a historical sequence of Denver's transportation facilities from the earliest days to the late forties. E. J. HALEY presented one of the best slide projections on the street cars of Colorado, which not only was public transportation, but also the now gone and forgotten buildings which mark the beginning of the city of Denver.

Mr. Haley punctuated this showing with pertinent information regarding both the city and the street cars as the showing proceeded. The veterans in the audience who have seen Denver develop in their lifetime added many a nostalgic comment regarding the various sights where the street cars were photographed. Everything from the horse-drawn street cars through cable cars, steam-driven locomotive street cars and the last of the trollies appeared on the screen. Important personalities, businessmen, company mergers and strikes were all part of Mr. Haley's document. It was a revelation to most of us to learn that Denver had one of the most extensive cable car networks in the United States at one time.

The program was not only enjoyable, but highly instructive.

## NEW HANDS ON THE RANGE

(The Denver Posse of the Westerners wishes to welcome the following new Corresponding Members to the Westerners.)

(Mrs.) VIRGINIA D. BELL  
1970 QUEBEC STREET  
DENVER, COLORADO

Mrs. Bell is an Office Manager and Accountant for Gerald M. Greenberg, Private Investor. She is interested in collecting books and other publications on Western Culture.

F. R. BOCHATEY  
504 WEST 7th ST.  
LEADVILLE, COLORADO

Mr. Bochatay is especially interested in Colorado history, railroads, and newspapers. He is the owner and editor of the LEADVILLE HERALD DEMOCRAT and the weekly CARBONATE CHRONICLE.

COLONEL HENRY MASTRO, USA,  
RETIRED  
499 W. ABERDEEN AVE.  
LITTLETON, COLORADO

Colonel Mastro is interested in forts and trading posts, as it is natural for an Army man. He has been Management Engineer at the Martin Co. for the past five years. He served nine years in the Pacific and three years in West Berlin. He is now turning his attention to research on some of the old western forts and trading posts.

(Mrs.) DORIS B. OSTERWALD  
40 SOUTH DOVER ST.  
LAKEWOOD, COLORADO

Mrs. Osterwald is a geologist by training and is now interested in writing guidebooks combining her interests in the West with her professional training. She has published CINDERS AND SMOKE, a guide for the Durango-Silverton narrow gauge train. She has also had published a bulletin, WYOMING MINERAL RESOURCES. Her hobbies are photography and baked enamel jewelry.

GEORGE N. STEINHAEUER  
4730 EAST SIXTH AVENUE  
DENVER, COLORADO

Mr. Steinhauer is now Assistant Vice President to the Mountain States Telephone Company. He is a descendent of one of the old Denver families. His grandfather, Frederick Steinhauer, came to Denver in 1862 and every generation after that has been born in Denver.

TOM TALBOT  
ARROW HOTEL  
BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

Mr. Talbot, artist and portrait painter from Nebraska, specializes in Plains History. His favorite hobby is to preserve on canvas the scenes of the West.

### NEXT MEETING – NOVEMBER 24, 1965

Program Title: "CONFESSIONS OF A VERY JUVENILE JUDGE" by the world famous JUDGE WILLIAM B. GILLIAM. Knowing the Judge, we predict a very stimulating and interesting program on this date.



## Westerner's Bookshelf



**PAWNEE BILL: A Biography of Major Gordon W. Lillie**, by Glenn Shirley, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebraska, 256 Pages, Bibli., Index, Paperback, \$1.50.

We grew up idolizing Buffalo Bill and reading all we could about him knew that Pawnee Bill was an imitator and comelately compared to the genuine article. Author Shirley has attempted to convince the readers of this book that just about the reverse was true. He did not succeed in convincing this reader, and some of the most interesting sections of the book deal with Colonel Cody and Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Congress of Rough Riders.

In general, the book covers the life of Lillie exceedingly well and provides information not generally available under one cover. Lillie was obviously more talented than the usual showman, and ended his days financially secure and a successful rancher, banker, and land owner.

The author's style is subdued and simple, and the most exciting reading is found in quotations of Paynee Bill. This reader was confused by the reference to Cody's ranch on the Dismal River, sixty-five miles north of North Platte, Nebraska, at which place he built a "farmhouse that looked like a castle, which they named Scouts' Rest." The author then says that Cody built a house at North Platte called Welcome Wigwam. At last personal observation, a farmhouse that looked like a castle and was called Scouts' Rest was at North Platte.

W. H. VanDuzer, CM

**REMEMBER THE WIND: A PRAIRIE MEMOIR.** By William McK. Chapman. With drawings by Douglas Gorsline. J.B. Lippincott Co., 1965. Pp. 240. End-paper map. \$5.95.

From the refinements of life among the cultured of two continents, and a journalistic career based on New York, London, Paris, and Princeton, N.J., the author of this book chose to migrate in 1958 to the barren Dakota plains, to give three years of service to an under-privileged people, the humbled Hunkpapa Sioux—Sitting Bull's people—on the Standing Rock reservation.

*Remember the Wind* is, to paraphrase a standard definition of poetry, the author's emotions recollected in tranquillity. He has put these on paper with the effectiveness expected of a professional writer.

Erstwhile newspaper and magazine editor, Paris correspondent for *Time* and *Life*, friend of Picasso and of Lord Cholmondeley, Mr. Chapman took west with him his "beautiful and elegant" wife Ann and three sons, one of whom, Alex, then eleven, required a dry climate because of an asthmatic ailment.

In 1961, the family migrated again, this time to Littleton, Colo., where Mr. Chapman became founding director of the Outward Bound Schools. In July, 1965, the Chapmans were again preparing to hit the trail, for a sojourn in Charleston, S.C. His affliction under control, Alex was about to enter Colorado State University.

The challenge which in 1958 took

the family west, to an existence in extreme contrast to life in Princeton, N.J., was an offer to Mr. Chapman of the directorship of St. Elizabeth's (Episcopal) School for Indian children at Wakpala, S.D. The school was "falling apart"; a strong hand was needed. Mr. Chapman provided such a hand, in the face of almost overwhelming difficulties and frustrations.

He says he found Indians not an easy people to know, and came to know only a few of them even fairly well. In a general way, he concludes he "never learned to like them," but "in a broad and deep sense learned to love them"—a distinction revealing the extent of Mr. Chapman's empathy for an American people who can still be called oppressed.

The book conveys a blunt, factual and depressing picture of life today on a reservation typical of many where progress has been slow. It pulsates with human interest, and is replete with descriptions—some of them lyrical—of the country, and of the crudities, cruelties and hazards that some places in the West still offer in a time of widespread opulence. Mr. Chapman writes with color and clarity. Anecdotes, humorous, sometimes touching, always pertinent, crowd the pages of his book. In the dark that surrounds public understanding of the continuing predicament of some of our Indian people, Mr. Chapman has lighted a candle.

Maurice Frink, RM

**GUIDE TO THE NEW MEXICO MOUNTAINS, By Herbert E. Ungnade, Sage Books, Denver, Colorado. \$3.95.**

This mountain guide is the latest handbook of the high countries published by P.M. Alan Swallow. It is a companion for the *Guide To The*

*Colorado Mountains* and *The Guide To The Wyoming Mountains and Wilderness Areas*.

Dr. Ungnade has compiled vast data dealing with seventy-five named mountain ranges of New Mexico.

The specific trips and trails are prefaced by a brief account of the geological, archaeological and explorational history of the state, along with information of flora, climate, wildlife and mineral resources.

Thirty-seven maps and diagrams keep the reader orientated at all times, while the nine black and white pictures and four full-color reproductions add to the anticipation of the trip.

Two indexes prove valuable, one by general subject and the other a list of named summits in order of altitude, with a reference to the range in which the mountain is to be found.

Dr. Ungnade says of his book, "This book is written primarily for the climber and hiker, but a chapter is included describing roads through and up the mountains for those who wish to view them close by automobile or jeep."

The outdoor minded tourist or resident in New Mexico will surely want to add this volume to his collection. Even the casual visitor can get a great deal of information and enjoyment from this well written, attractive guide.

At 3:30 August 16, 1965 I finished this review. At 3:45 I opened the newspaper only to learn that Dr. Herbert E. Ungnade was killed August 15, 1965 while climbing South Maroon Peak near Aspen, Colorado.

Although I have never met Dr. Ungnade I report his untimely death with a sense of loss for it is impossible to read a book without at least a vicarious acquaintance with the author.

Carrie Scott Ellis, CM

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

DECEMBER  
1965  
Volume XXI  
Number 12

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"THE MERCHANT-COLONISTS  
OF NEW MEXICO"  
(Circa 1821-1881)  
by Milton W. Callan



Carlos Blanchard, 1848-1914, Wagon Master, Merchant-Capitalist and Judge.



# The Denver Westerners Monthly



## ROUNDUP

Vol. XXI, Number 12

December, 1965

The ROUNDUP is published monthly by the Denver Posse of Westerners. \$4.00 per year. Entered as second class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office: 839 Pearl St., Boulder, Colorado, 80302. The Westerners office: 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Copyright 1964 by the Westerners Inc., a Colorado Corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

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### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

MILTON CALLON was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1906 where he also received his education. He attended Butler University, leaving before he finished his college education to enter the entertainment field as a radio and night club singer. His college preparation for a writing career, after three years, did give him a fine background in history, Spanish, and journalism. He came west in 1945 for his health, ending up eventually in Las Vegas, New Mexico. Mr. Callon left Las Vegas in 1960 after selling a box manufacturing business which he had established, coming to Denver. He is the author of an informal history of Las Vegas, New Mexico, titled LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO—THE TOWN THAT WOULD NOT GAMBLE. He lives at 615 Clarkson, Denver, is married and the father of a married daughter and son who is presently in the Army Air Force.

# The Merchant-Colonists Of New Mexico

(Circa 1821-1881)

by

**Milton W. Callon**

The merchant-colonist of New Mexico can be described as a man of commerce who came to New Mexico by way of the Santa Fe Trail to sell his Eastern goods and eventually establish himself as a citizen of the new country. His course of influence can be roughly estimated as that period between 1821 to 1881—from the advent of the Santa Fe Trail to the peak year of prosperity in early New Mexico history.

As in all migrations, evolution and progress took place. The merchant-colonist of New Mexico advanced rapidly to the stature of a merchant-capitalist: a sedentary merchant deeply involved in wholesaling, retailing, banking, financing and subsidizing future crops of the natives. And eventually he became the guiding force in all things politic, economic, civic and historic. How this was accomplished is found in the irrevocable law of supply and demand that ruled the market place of early America. It must be observed that the merchant-colonist created the demand with the new and unusual products he brought in on the Santa Fe Trail. For the people of New Mexico, these products could be considered luxuries for only a short time. When they assumed the status of demand merchandise the merchant-colonist found himself in almost autonomous control.

Product control soon led to this economic autonomy from the simple facts of frontier life. The absence of banks and the scarcity of hard money was the natural bases for barter and trade. Distant markets, bad roads and Indian depredations produced a fluctuating price index that usually rode and fell in favor of the controller of supply and demand—the merchant-colonist.

At the lowest rung of the economic ladder was the native man of the soil, aptly called, the petty-capitalist. His group can be identified as the middle-class society that tilled the lands under Spanish and Mexican land grants. Their individual plots were generally of small acreage with grain crops and sheep as their principal livelihood.

The petty-capitalist was the source of supply of local products that were in high demand by the military and the merchant-colonist soon took on the stature of merchant-capitalist through his services as the entrepreneur

between the petty-capitalist and the supply depots of the various army installations of New Mexico.

Warehouses and retail stores were built around the plazas of the various villages and the merchant-colonist became known by name and location. Inventories and stock turnover became significant in the book-keeping chores while confidence in the solidarity and permanence of store-keepers motivated the petty-capitalist into barter and trade agreements with the merchant. The natural evolution of a debit and credit system emerged and finally culminated in the merchant banking agreement.

When the merchant-colonist attained the full stature of merchant-capitalist he was a freighter, banker, purchaser of local products, vendor of all merchandise and eventually the mortgage holder on all local production through the subsidy of future crops. A natural rise to prominence in social and political circles was inevitable. Not until the coming of the railroad to New Mexico in 1879 did this autonomy cease to exert its full pressure on the lives of the people. To be historically accurate it is worth noting that evidence of this system can still be found in more remote villages in the mountain country of the state.

The era of the merchant-colonist is perhaps the most interesting and intriguing period in the state's history. It can be called an epoch—an age that left an indelible mark on the history of the state. It is therefore necessary to review the lives of the most outstanding men in this category in order to understand the mass concept of the people who struggled sixty-two years in their fight for statehood.

The first merchant-colonists came from among the trapper who preceded the Santa Fe Trail. Charles and William Bent first came into New Mexico with Ceran St. Vrain and the Becknell expeditions. Charles Bent, the oldest of the Bent brothers was intrigued by the life in New Mexico and that of the sedentary merchant while his brother William was more interested in trading with the Indians of the plains. Ceran St. Vrain, on the other hand, was diversified in his dealings. He became the owner of vast tracts of land, operated a store in partnership with Charles Bent, was a freighter and owner of grist mills at various times and locations.

Ceran St. Vrain and Charles Bent established the pattern for most of the merchant-colonists. They learned the language of the natives; molded their characters to the culture of the community; and married Mexican señoritas.

Foremost in the saga of the merchant-colonists is the immigrant Jew. To point to single specific reason for the Jews coming to the wild and unsettled lands of New Mexico and the Southwest would be impossible. Some left Prussia to escape compulsory military service; others because of



discrimination and unequal opportunities; many were lured westward by tales of fantastic profits from the advance of the railroads; and some came to protect their interests in the commerce of the trail and the progress of the railroad across the plains. However, the spirit of adventure was the one common factor to be found among all of them.

Solomon Jacob Spiegelberg has been recognized as the first sedentary merchant in Santa Fe. Jacob, as he was more often called, was a German-born Jew. He arrived in America at the age of 16 in 1842. His adventures finally took him to Leavenworth, Kansas, where he joined a wagon train for New Mexico. Before arriving in Santa Fe he had joined the command of Colonel William Alexander Doniphan and accompanied him on the campaign to Chihuahua, Mexico.

Upon his return to Santa Fe he was appointed sutler, charged with provisioning the troops. From this experience he learned the fundamentals of merchandising in the territory and was soon able to establish himself in the business. By 1850 he had brought his five brothers, Elias, Levi, Emmanuel, Lehman and Willi to Santa Fe. Their efforts were very successful but by the early 1870's all the brothers had returned to New York City with the exception of Elias who died in New Mexico in 1879.

One of the most successful and largest mercantile stores of the early days was that of the Staab Brothers, Zadoc and Abraham. Abraham came to the United States by sailing vessel after leaving his home in Westphalia, Germany, in 1854. He was fifteen years old at the time. He worked for a merchant in Norfolk, Virginia and after two years he decided to follow the Santa Fe Trail to its end. He traveled to Westport, Missouri by train and steamboat and then spent six weeks on the trail to Santa Fe. Here he found employment in the Spiegelberg Brothers store.

Within a year he formed a partnership with his brother Zadoc and from this union there arose one of the largest wholesale establishments in the Southwest. The bulk of the business of Staab and Brother came from government contracts with army forts. At the peak of their success they had stores in Utah, Colorado, Arizona and Chihuahua, Mexico.

Abraham Staab participated in all phases of community life. He served as chairman of the Santa Fe Commissioners; assisted financially in many civic and religious enterprises as well as serving on the *Commission to Rebuild the Capitol Building*. It can be said that the Staab brothers were representative of the merchant colonists and their influence was felt throughout all phases of territorial life in New Mexico.

The most successful mercantile house to arise from the merchant-colonist system and the only one to survive into the present era was the Charles Ilfeld Company. William J. Parish in his book, *The Charles Ilfeld*



First building of the Charles Iffeld Company.

*Company*, Harvard University Press; 1961; has recorded the most complete biography of Charles Iffeld and the company he founded. Parish says that Herman Iffeld, older brother of Charles, came to the United States to escape the Prussian conscription. He arrived in Santa Fe in 1865 and was invited to become a partner in the Elsberg and Amberg mercantile house.

Charles Iffeld sailed from Hamburg, Germany, in April, 1865. He came directly to Santa Fe and also found employment with Elsberg and Amberg. This commercial house was the fastest growing establishment in the Southwest at that time under the able guidance of Herman and Jacob Amberg who handled the interests in Santa Fe and Chihuahua and Gustave Elsberg who worked between New York and Santa Fe.

Iffeld made his contact with this company at an ideal time. They were in need of a direct outlet in Taos, New Mexico, and when the company arranged the financing for one Adolph Letcher in a mercantile venture in that village they also sent Charles Iffeld along in the bargain.

Young Iffeld could not have chosen a better place to begin his career in New Mexico. The Buethner Brothers, Solomon and Samuel, were well established in that village and it was known as "The Granary of the West." In addition, the economy of Taos was experiencing a great change during those years and Charles Iffeld was to learn some valuable lessons in western economics during his short stay in Taos.

Before and after his arrival a number of significant changes took place. The beaver hat had gone out of style and the beaver streams were becoming less productive. Taos was no longer a Trappers' Rendezvous. The soil had been over-worked and the Dry Cimmaron and Raton Routes were handling nearly all of the wagon train traffic. Taos was on the verge of becoming the quaint artist colony and Indian center of present-day reputation by the time Adolph Letcher and Charles Iffeld left there to travel over the mountains to Las Vegas, New Mexico.

The story is told that Charles Iffeld loaded his merchandise on 75 burros and trailed it over the mountains to the town that was to become his permanent home—Las Vegas, New Mexico. It is also said that for the first few months of operation he slept under the counter with a rifle handy to protect his worldly goods in this wild and woolly community.

Elsberg and Amberg financed the change of location and Letcher and Iffeld were in business for four years as A. Letcher and Company. Charles Iffeld purchased Letcher's interest in the year 1869 and from that date forward the Charles Iffeld Company prospered despite numerous droughts and depressions. Following World War II, the board of directors of the company decided to merge with a large national wholesale distributor and thus ended the last physical vestige of merchant-capitalism in New Mexico.

There is no question that the Jews were the most influential merchants in the early history of the Territory of New Mexico but there were others of the same category who became prominent, wealthy and consequently influential in Territorial affairs. Foremost among these were the French-Canadians. The Patriot's War in Canada in 1837 brought many of the dissenters to the United States.

One of the first to reach New Mexico was Michele Des Marais. Little is known of his activities until he opened a store in Las Vegas in 1852 in partnership with another Canadian, M. Geoffrion. Through their influence two other Canadians came to the Meadow City—Carlos Blanchard and John Pendareis. The latter went into the lumber business in Sapello, 12 miles north of Las Vegas, but Carlos started at the bottom as a wagon master for another Frenchman, Joe Bernard.

His first trip east ended in disaster when his train was attacked by Indians near Pawnee Rock, Kansas, in May of 1868. No one was killed in the engagement but he lost a few wagons and sixty mules. The Army brought the remains of the wagon train into Fort Dodge and he was forced to remain there until September when the Smokey Valley was cleared of marauding Indians. A relief caravan of oxen was sent out of Las Vegas to bring him back across the plains,

Santo Domingo 13 1859

Señor Muis despues de esta fecha nosotros or cada una de mas otras, nos prometian pagar a las señores Elsberg & Amberg la suma de trescientos pesos por valor recibido

Antonio Abeytia

M. J. [unclear]

\$300.00  
250

~~Antonio Abeytia~~  
por el valor de trescientos pesos  
de la firma de Antonio Abeytia  
Santo Domingo, D. R. 13 de Julio de 1859

~~Antonio Abeytia~~

Kaua to the July 17<sup>th</sup> 1878

R. & firm. Huemi Abeytia  
hoy en el mes de julio  
hace

Don Luis de los

que por  
mura q me

1859—This is a note for a loan from the mercantile firm of Elsberg and Amberg to a Mexican farmer.

Carlos Blanchard went on to become the proprietor of stores in Las Vegas, Carthage, Socorro and Albuquerque and at one time his business interests stretched from Chihuahua, Mexico, to Cucharas, Colorado. Carlos Blanchard served Las Vegas and San Miguel County as County Treasurer and Probate Judge. His activities in the latter capacity gave some semblance of law and order to the wildest railroad town in New Mexico in 1881-1882. He was the President of the local Board of Trade, Chairman of the County Commissioners, charter member of the First National Bank of Las Vegas, and at one time owned almost one-half of the present city of East Las Vegas. He left a twenty-five thousand word chronicle concerning his experiences on his first trip across the Santa Fe Trail in 1868. His fortune was lost fighting a lawsuit by the United States government over timber-cutting contracts in 1891. He had recovered some of his losses by the time of his death in 1914. At that time he had three thousand acres of coal land under lease in Fruitland, New Mexico, and was endeavoring to interest Denver capitalists in a railroad from his coal property to the copper mines at El Rito, New Mexico.

Dr. Henry Connelly was perhaps the most historical figure to come from the ranks of the merchant-colonists. Connelly was a merchant in Chihuahua, Mexico, by the year 1828 at the youthful age of 28. He took personal charge of his wagon trains on their expeditions to Kansas and is credited by well-informed sources as being the first to conduct a train out of Mexico over the southern route of New Mexico and Texas into the port of New Orleans.

Connelly came to Chihuahua as a doctor of dentistry after moving from his birthplace in Virginia and receiving his education in Kentucky. After finishing his education in Kentucky, the Chihuahua and Santa Fe Trails beckoned and he went west and south to Chihuahua. His contacts in Santa Fe finally convinced him that his future was in the new Territory of New Mexico. Between the years 1848 and 1861, Connelly established stores in Las Vegas, Santa Fe, Peralta and Albuquerque.

Although Connelly was a southerner by birth, Abraham Lincoln appointed him Governor of the Territory of New Mexico in 1861 and again in 1865. He showed his loyalty to the Union when he saved the West from the Confederate Army by moving supplies and documents from Santa Fe to Fort Union, twenty miles north of Las Vegas. He directed the government from his store in that city. Although the Confederates captured the city of Santa Fe, the Union forces were able to keep Fort Union from falling into rebel hands with the aid of the Colorado Volunteers.

On April 11, 1862, Governor Connelly reported from his headquarters at Las Vegas to Secretary of State W. H. Seward: "We are greatly in-

debted to the command under Colonel Slough, from Denver City, for his favorable result with our struggle with the Texan invaders. Their defeat and utter annihilation is now sure, and I think it will be the last attempt upon the Territory from that quarter."

His final report on the Texan Invasion came from Santa Fe and he was obliged to report that the Texans in their flight from the capital city, stopped long enough in Peralta, New Mexico, to burn, damage and steal approximately \$30,000 of Connelly property in that village. Governor Connelly died in 1866.

Returning to the Taos area, Peter and Maria Joseph have been credited by some historians as being the first sedentary merchants in Taos.

Peter and Maria came to Taos from St. Louis in 1840 and opened their store the same year. On the 19th of January, 1848, Indians attacked and destroyed their store and buildings. Mrs. Joseph and their son Antonio were taken prisoner and held in captivity until rescued by Colonel Sterling Price and his troops.

After the death of Peter Joseph on January 21, 1862, his son Antonio took over the store and went on to become a delegate to the 49th Congress after serving as County Judge for six years and a senator in the legislative council for the same length of time. Antonio Joseph remained in Congress for ten consecutive years and consistently battled for New Mexico statehood.

While this paper deals primarily with merchant-colonists, one native merchant should be mentioned to reveal the influence of these new merchants of the Trail. Juan de los Reyes Santiestevan was born at Las Truchas, New Mexico, January 6, 1833 and moved to Taos in 1840. He entered the general merchandise store of Wooton and Williams in 1849. By 1852 he had gone to work for Solomon Buethner and the following year he was in the employ of Peter Joseph.

Upon the death of the elder Joseph he assisted in settling the estate and shortly thereafter began freighting wool from the Territory to St. Louis. This venture was very successful and with a small investment he went into partnership with Goodman and Friedman. This association continued until 1855 when with Ceran St. Vrain and a man by the name of Hurst they formed the partnership of Santiestevan, St. Vrain and Hurst. By 1869, St. Vrain had withdrawn and Santiestevan and Hurst divided the capital and went into separate businesses.

Santiestevan founded the first bank in Taos; was the leader of the Republican Party and served as probate judge for two terms, county commissioner for one term and for a time was the Chairman of the Board of School Directors. He was twice a member of the Territorial Legislature,

once as a senator and once as a member of the house. Not content with honors, he served as the Taos postmaster for fourteen years. Juan de los Reyes Santiestevan, a native, learned his lessons well from the newcomers, the merchant-colonists.

Andres Dold and his brother John came to Las Vegas in 1850 and opened a store. Early travelers noted their store as the most imposing one on the plaza. By July 29, 1865, Andres was in business by himself and in large and beautiful script he scrolled his first entry:

|  |      |      |
|--|------|------|
| 1. Juan M <sup>a</sup> Baca per Benito | Dr   |      |
| To 10 yds Black Marino                 | @75¢ | 7 50 |

The raised "a", meaning Juan Maria, identified his first customer from one or more other Juan M. Bacas. With this account, Andres Dold was off and running into an adventure of merchandising as exciting as any novel of the West.

It is evident from his second sale that Dold was anxious to become a merchant-capitalist. His friend around the turn in the plaza, Charles W. Kitchen, opened his account, No. 2, with the purchase of items for his personal use: 8 lbs. of soda, one pint of whiskey, a pair of pants and two pairs of socks. But the sale was not complete until he had allowed his employees to pick out some needed merchandise of their own. Their names and amounts were carefully noted in Kitchen's account to total, \$139.75.

The third entry in his journal was also to Acct. #2 and it reads:

|                                |       |        |
|--------------------------------|-------|--------|
| 2 C. W. Kitchen                | Dr    |        |
| To cash paid Francisco Sanchez | 22.00 |        |
| " " " Juan Valdez              | 22.00 |        |
| " " " Julian Hernandez         | 30.00 |        |
| " " " Garum Trujillo           | 50.00 |        |
|                                | <hr/> | 124.00 |

If Andres Dold had never been a merchant banker before, this transaction put him in the banking business. He furnished the capital to pay off Kitchen's employees.

Charles and Dick Kitchen were the proprietors of the Exchange Hotel. This had been the property of Governor Henry Connelly and had served as the temporary capitol in 1862. The new owners had facilities for lodging, private gambling rooms, a bar, a dance hall with a small "bird cage stage" for the female entertainer and a large corral for the Butterfield Overland Stage which was again in operation after the Civil War.

By August 1, 1865, Andres Dold found time to credit his account with \$35,821.22 with the merchandise his wagon had brought in over the trail. Dold was now ready for the frontier to come to his door for any transaction.

But, although a successful business man, Andres Dold never rose above the local politics of Las Vegas.

Many famous names appeared on the Dold journal: Wilson Waddingham, the noted real estate operator of New Mexico and Colorado; Vicente St. Vrain of Mora and son of Ceran St. Vrain; Milnor Rudolph, foreman of the jury that convicted Billy the Kid for murder in Lincoln County; S. B. Elkins who later became a senator from West Virginia; Colonel Francisco Chaves, a hero of the Civil War and one of the prime movers in Territorial politics; and the fabulous frontier judge, Kirby Benedict who has been accredited with establishing judicial precedence for many early laws of New Mexico.

The most mysterious character to appear on the Dold journal was that of Alexander Grezlachowski. It is not known definitely when Grezlachowski came to New Mexico as a Polish priest but it is recorded that he served the parishes of San Miguel del Vado, San Felipe, Cochiti, Santa Domingo and Sapello before the Church defrocked him for some unrecorded reason. His service to the Church took place in the decade of the '50's.

By 1864, the priest-turned-merchant was in business with a Richard Dunn. Their first store was on the plaza and they soon branched out to Puerto de Luna near present-day Santa Rosa. Grezlachowski acted as an agent for Charles Ifeld in this area, buying and selling for him and collecting outstanding bills. His name filters in and out of the Lincoln County War annals and Billy the Kid had standing credit with his firm in Puerto de Luna with instructions to the clerks to give the Kid anything he wanted.

The operations of Grezlachowski are sprinkled throughout the pages of *The Las Vegas Daily Optic* and the *Santa Fe New Mexican* as a lumber mill operator in Sapello; a contract freighter out of Fort Union; and a banker of mysterious proportions. He is reported to have had the largest safe of any merchant in the area and it was used as a depository for hard money in much the same manner as that of the Fort Union store of Moore and Mitchell. He died in 1898, and it is said that he was indebted to Charles Ifeld for a sum of \$10,000. Grezlachowski's authentic diary, if one exists, could solve many of the mysteries of New Mexico's history.

No attempt is made here to recall the lives and times of all the merchant-colonists who participated in this era of New Mexico history. For instance, the life of Ceran St. Vrain has been only slightly touched on because, according to best accounts, he never became a *bona fide* merchant banker or capitalist. Many of St. Vrain's contemporaries preceded the railroad into southern New Mexico and on to Arizona and the stories were much the same throughout the Southwest.

The arrival of the railroad-colonists, 1879-1881, signaled the change



in merchandising and banking. Close ties with fast transportation; the advent of dollar exchange; and the steady flow of merchandise changed the scene abruptly. Inventories were higher, prices lower and a buyer's market slowly developed. Chartered banks took over the financial structure of the economy and a new life emerged to change the New Mexico scene.

This did not bring an end to merchant-capitalism in New Mexico. The system spread out into the more remote areas with agents and stores representing the merchant-capitalists of the larger cities. The high profits formerly enjoyed by this group slowly diminished but as earlier noted, some semblance of merchant-capitalism still exists in the remote villages of the high country.

In reviewing the contributions of the merchant-colonists to the western scene we must necessarily appraise in retrospect both the good and ill effects of their colonization. The most damaging result of merchant-capitalism was passed on to the railroad-colonists. The main source of revenue for the merchant-colonists had come from the military forts in the Territory and it was not only expedient for the military to obtain their supplies from local sources, it was government policy.

On the face of it, this seemed like the best way to conduct business but in the long run it was the ruination of the original colonists—the Mexican land grant colonists. As the need for corn, wheat, lumber, mutton and wool increased, the demands of the merchant-colonists on the petty-capitalists became greater and the pressure was put on the small land-holders to produce. The climatic conditions existing in the Territory were not conducive to successive years of production in crops and livestock.

For most of these petty-capitalists it became a merry-go-round of feasts and famines and eventual indebtedness. It was physically impossible for the lands of New Mexico to produce the necessary crops and livestock for the Army installations plus that of their existing population. The merchant-colonist regime was doomed to failure even before the arrival of the railroad.

On the other hand, as individuals, the colonists contributed outstanding services to a territory that had to wait sixty-two years to become a state. They did a remarkable job for the country as a whole in supplying the army during the Indian wars of the West. They kept a tri-cultural society in comparative harmony despite the violent years of western expansion. But most of all, they left a saga found no where else in the world—a saga of individualism, adventure, and self-determination in a struggle to colonize a wild and violent land.

These stories become more vivid and romantic, in the passing years, in

contrast to the jaded, often exaggerated stories of rustlers, outlaws and murderers. We have too often overlooked the fact that the merchant-colonists tamed the West and not the outlaws-turned-marshalls.

#### FORMER SHERIFF DUNHAM WRITES FROM CEYLON:

Peradeniya, Ceylon  
November 4, 1965

Dear Nevin:

It was a pleasure to hear from you a short while back and to have your suggestion for telling about our trip out here and our subsequent experiences. We do seem to be a long way from Denver, except as measured in flying time, and our surroundings are certainly novel to us. Early in September we flew from New York to Rome and stayed there two nights. We enjoyed a restful hotel and visited the typical sights of the Vatican, the Sistine Chapel, the Coliseum, the Forum, and the like. One night we attended a Sound and Light Festival at the Forum—most impressively done. On to Athens where we remained three nights. Our hotel room looked out at the Acropolis, and we visited the place twice. Like for the Sistine Chapel, we found that pictures don't do justice to the Parthenon and other historic treasures. We also spent some time at museums with priceless treasures, and at old monasteries like Daphni. We went on to Cairo, where Ralph Mayo recently visited, enjoyed the Hilton Hotel, the King Tut treasures in the nearby State Museum and the Pyramids. We couldn't resist having our picture taken, with our own camera, on camels in front of the Sphinx. After flying over the complete wasteland of Egypt, except along the Nile, we visited Thebes, Karnak and Aswan. The ruins of the temples in the first two areas are most impressive, even if the flies are annoying. The Valley of the Kings, with its many tombs, and the nearby temple of Queen Hatshepsut were rewarding despite the heat of the sun. Returning to Cairo we found that we would have to change our flight to Ceylon because of the trouble between India and Pakistan, so we flew to Bombay, arriving there *early* in the morning, during a blackout. The palm trees of Ceylon greeted us after we rounded India, but the change in our flight plans denied us the welcoming committee that had assembled at the airport a half hour earlier. Our cable message had not gone through.

We rested up for a few days at Colombo in a hotel fronting the ocean and then came up here to the University in the mountains near the famous and beautiful town of Kandy. We were assigned a large bungalow, located on the mountain-side, some 600 feet above the ample, well laid-out and lovely campus. We try to watch regularly the remarkable sunsets from our upstairs porch balcony. Colorado has its glorious thunderhead clouds, but a tropical island like Ceylon can display more spectacular ones than I have ever seen. Of course the vegetation is luxuriant, its dark green standing in contrast with the light green of the rice paddy fields. Flowering trees and bushes are enhanced with colorful birds around our yard. Banana trees, rubber trees, flamboyant trees, papayas trees, and the like (not to forget various kinds of palm trees) are all around us. Did you ever have a mongoose family in your yard? We have one, and so I have seen only one small snake since we arrived.

Our house man is an excellent cook and generally takes care of us like a mother hen. He served us English dishes until he felt we were acclimated to the area and so could be introduced to Ceylonese food, centering around rice. The people here are very friendly, but somewhat reserved. Nevertheless some have offered to help us in a number of ways. Needless to say, we have responded by making calls and inviting as many as we could to our home. My classes in American and British Colonial History offer pleasant experiences, even though there are only a few students who are following what is called the English medium because, since independence from Britain (but not the British Commonwealth), the indigenous languages of Sinhalese and Tamil are understandably more popular. One of my history colleagues took his M. A. at the University of Denver, and almost all of them have doctorates from the University of London. Two are reading papers before international conferences in Europe within the next month or so.

We have driven around the island a bit on sightseeing trips, but we have to go only a mile to one of the top botanical gardens, namely the one here at Peradeniya. Historic ruins, some close by and some within a hundred miles radius, are absorbing to visit. There are buildings, such as dagabas, or ruins of buildings from before the time of Christ. The building and sculpturing skills that the early Ceylonese manifest, is matched by their amazing skill of milleniums ago in constructing irrigation works. There is so much more I could say about our experiences, but I have doubtless already over-wearied you. In any case, you can see that I am involved in some other than Western Americana. My regards to all the Posse.

Sincerely,  
Harold Dunham

### JUDGE GILLIAM'S SPEECH VERY WELL RECEIVED

Judge Gilliam delighted the Westerners at the meeting of November 24 when he spoke on the subject of Juvenile Delinquency in Denver. It was a spontaneous talk but not necessarily impromptu because the Judge is very informed on the subject of delinquency through his long contact and experience in dealing with it. He reviewed the history of juvenile delinquency and quoted statistics regarding the money and funds involved in fighting it. He described the nature of a delinquent child, the type of youngster who becomes a delinquent, and the kind of home that he comes from. In fact, he laid a good deal of stress on the home life or lack of it which is conducive to delinquency. It was a surprise to many to learn that nine out of ten delinquents can be rehabilitated without such punitive measures as incarceration. He also stated that in the extreme cases it is possible to predict a delinquent at a very early age. The Judge has had so much experience in dealing with delinquency that he can observe tendencies which eventually cause a person to become a permanent delinquent. He interspersed his otherwise serious talk with liberal doses of wit and humorous stories taken from his long experience.

## Westerner's Bookshelf

**THE LAME CAPTAIN—THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF PEG-LEG SMITH**, by Sardis W. Templeton, Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, 239 pp., Bibliography, Index \$7.50.

The book deals with the life story of the man known as: "The Greatest Horse Thief That Ever Lived." He is also the man who discovered a gorgeous treasure trove, a mesa covered with pure gold nuggets—so thickly strewn that his horse could hardly find footing. The mesa has never been re-discovered.

Quite a section of the book is devoted to his activities near Taos and

the country in south western Colorado and south eastern Utah.

He spent the later years of his life in the Bear River Valley in the south eastern corner of Idaho. There he operated as a trader swapping fresh stock for the trail weary animals of the gold seekers and pioneers on their way west. He also owned a trading post, selling provisions and equipment to the many who used this route westward.

The book includes a number of letters, indicating a friendship between Brigham Young and Smith.

The book is interesting, but a little difficult to follow chronologically.

George Godfrey, C.M.

**THE WILD BUNCH AT ROBBERS ROOST**, by Pearl Baker. 255 pages. 22 illustrations & maps. Westernlore Press, 1965. Los Angeles. \$7.50.

If you have a hankering to read some interesting tales about some of the early West's "Shoot-Em-Up" boys such as Butch Cassidy, Jack Moore, Gunplay Maxwell, Matt Werner, the Curry Boys, Billy & Fred McCarty, Elzy Lay, and others, by all means get yourself a copy of Pearl Baker's recent book titled "The Wild Bunch at Robbers Roost."

The "Robbers Roost" area is located in the high desert country of Southeast Utah in the vicinity of the Fremont, San Rafael, and Green Rivers. For many years prior to and around the turn of the century, this isolated and little known area known as Robbers Roost, served as a hide out for some of the early West's most notorious horse thieves, bank robbers, desperadoes, and other generally bad guys.

Pearl Baker's father had the nerve or guts to establish a cattle ranch in the very heart of the Robbers Roost area around 1909. Consequently, it was her experience to know this land as did few living persons. Having spent her childhood in such surroundings, she had a first hand knowledge of the horse thieves, bank robbers, train robbers, and other miscellaneous gunmen who made up that fearsome gang known as The Wild Bunch.

Drawing on both this knowledge and a few contemporary old newspaper items, she has written a very interesting book about these characters who lived and died by the gun. The book contains 255 pages and is divided into 18 chapters.

The lives of the various gunmen concerned are taken up individually or in small groups, chapter by chapter. The book contains 19 illustrations and 3 maps. A better than average index for this type of book is also included.

Author Pearl Baker has incorporated quite a bit of western Cowboy and Horse "lingo" in her book. Being "hep" to such terms will enable the reader to have a better understanding and get more enjoyment out of her story.

Her book is a good contribution to Western Literature and those interested in this particular phase of western history will enjoy reading it.

Mac C. Poor, PM

**CATTLE KINGS OF THE STAKED PLAINS**, by George A. Wallis; 8vo, 164 pages, illustrations and index. Sage Books, Denver, 1964; \$4.00.

Second and revised edition of a book printed in 1957 and soon sold out. Here we meet the early Texans, many of whom became wealthy from cattle; riding down the trails are such men as Charles Goodnight, C. C. Slaughter, George Littlefield, Isaac Elwood, barb wire inventor and his Spade ranch, the XIT and the Farwells of Chicago, John S. Chisum and the Jingle Bob outfit, Swenson Brothers and their Spur ranch, the famous Matador outfit which sold for nearly 19 million dollars, and so on.

Goodnight and his stepbrother, J. W. Sheek, paused at Waco on their trip to California in 1855, and took a small herd on shares for ten years; by the end of that time they had over 6,00 head. Goodnight took his share and moved farther west, where In-

dians stole most of his herd. About 1868, Goodnight and Chisum drove cattle to Colorado and sold them to miners; soon after 1870 Goodnight located the Palo Duro Canyon locality and began the work that was to make him a half-owner of over 100,000 head of cattle and a vast area of land, over 2,000 square miles.

Colonel Slaughter was too poor to have a saddle when he began the cattle business in 1857 but by 1890 owned over a million acres of land and was the largest individual tax payer in the state of Texas.

Under different managers the Spur ranch grew to nearly 700 square miles and came to the attention of Swenson Brothers, New York Bankers, in 1906; at that time they also owned large ranches in seven Texas counties. Charles A. Jones, whose ability as purchasing agent for the Armour Packing Co. of Kansas City had attracted their attention, was made manager and continued as such until 1913. Jones was a true pioneer of Colorado; in partnership with Frank Hartman, had bought the "Dolores News" of Rico in 1880, becoming sole owner in 1882 and continuing as such until 1886. In 1884 he married Miss Virginia Bartlett at Rico and a son, Clifford B., was born to them, who took his father's position in 1913 and managed the property for more than twenty years. He is now President Emeritus of Texas Technological College at Lubbock, Texas.

The XIT tract of over three million acres, one of the largest ranch properties in the world, was given by the State of Texas to a syndicate from Chicago in exchange for the erection of the state capitol. Farwell Brothers of Chicago, rich merchants, were most

active in the management of this company and divided the tract into seven divisions, of from 275,000 acres to 470,000 acres, and ran over 100,000 head of cattle.

The Matador Land & Cattle Co., Ltd., was the second largest cattle operation in the United States in 1951, and was running 47,000 head of cattle on 800,000 acres. In that year it was sold to an American group for \$18,960,000 and is still in operation on a smaller scale.

A few outstanding cowboys are introduced and mention is made of "Billy, The Kid," although he little deserves it.

C. F. Matthews. PM

**THE SUCKER'S TEFTEL**, by Joe Back. Published by Sage Books, Denver, Colorado. 118 pp. \$2.95.

This is a delightful book written by a man who has spent his life working in the high country of Wyoming, and there is no doubt but that Joe Back is well qualified to write this engrossing story of Bill and Velma Thompson who own a working ranch and endeavor to supplement their income by conducting big game pack trips for the wealthy and sometimes pampered big city hunter.

Although the book is fiction it contains a powerful lesson for the hunter who feels that a pocket full of money and a fancy outfit automatically qualify him as a big game hunter and sportsman.

The story moves at a lively clip as Thompson and his crew are unfolded in their efforts to assure their dudes a good hunt and at the same time keep

their trigger happy charges within the bounds of good sportsmanship.

Joe Back not only has written a book well worth owning, but being an artist and sculptor of note has illustrated the book with twenty-one beautiful pen and ink sketches. The title, "The Sucker's Teeth," is well chosen, and we suggest that you read the book to appreciate its meaning.

Guy M. Herstrom, PM

**THE BOULDER STORY, by Maurice Frink, Pruett Press of Boulder, Colorado, 1965. \$2.50 as paperback, \$3.75 hardboard.**

A 6" by 9" pamphlet of 90 numbered pages, with text of about 19,000 words. Unusually well captioned and interesting pictures occupy about half the volume.

This writing makes no pretense of being more than a listing of the more important firsts in the history of the City of Boulder, Colorado (settlers, town company, newspaper, school, bank, church, etc.), a brief sketch of the population growth, a short mention of some Boulder County towns (Caribou, Nederland, Gold Run, Valmont, Louisville, etc.), and a catalogue of the more important institutions now located in or near the City (Chautauqua, University of Colorado, Sanitariums, National Bureau of Standards, Rocky Flats Plant of Atomic Energy Commission, National Center for Atmospheric Research, Ball Brothers Research Corporation, etc.)

But these highlights of the past and present of Boulder are written by an accomplished editor and author (Cow Country Cavalcade, When Grass Was

King, etc.) so literary style is evident with some tying in with the history of the State; the booklet is most readable. There is no index nor bibliography, although several sources are incidentally mentioned, including Repplier's history of the Schools of Boulder, Crosson's Switzerland Trail, and Davis' history of the University of Colorado.

While this brochure is planned for the general reader, the historian will find it pleasant reading for a quick review and updating of his earlier studies.

Erl H. Ellis, PM

**THE COMPLETE AND FACTUAL LIFE OF BILLY THE KID, By William Brent, Pub. by Frederick Fell, Inc., N.Y., 1964, 212 pp. \$4.95, Ills., include the Bonney family tree.**

There are too many books about Billy the Kid, not all of which have been read by this reviewer, to say that this is the very best. But it is a very good one. William Brent, its author, whose father, Jim Brent, was sheriff of old Lincoln County, New Mexico, has gathered and analyzed a great amount of material on Billy. Now he has that material together in a not-too-large volume that presents the Lincoln County War and Billy's position in it so clearly that all may understand the involved trouble much better than they ever have before.

The author's mother, Carlota (Baca) Brent was, like his father, "there when it happened." So Brent has an undoubted advantage over many writers who have mulled over Billy the Kid's exploits, inasmuch as both his father

and mother have been able to give him not only valuable first-hand information but to steer his path away from the many fairy-tales that have been built over Billy's memory through the years.

Brent is a first-class story-teller, having both screen-writing and magazine experience, and it shows in his work, the book being easily the most readable one on the Kid's life this re-

viewer has ever read. He admits Billy to being a paranoid, yet judges him fairly in the light of the events that drove him to his evil deeds.

If you have never cared for Billy the Kid, never read about him, you will enjoy this book for its historical worth. If you are a Billy the Kid fancier, you will not want to miss Brent's book.

Harry E. Chrisman, CM

#### NEXT MEETING

FRED ROSENSTOCK, well-known publisher and book dealer, will speak on December 18 on the subject **SMALL MIRACLES IN MY LIFE AS A BOOK HUNTER**. This should be very revealing, considering that Fred has been in the book business for about 40 years.