

The DENVER WESTERNERS
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"SMALL MIRACLES IN MY LIFE"
AS A BOOK HUNTER"
By Fred A. Rosenstock, PM



J. Nevin Carson presenting the Sheriff's star to Guy Herstrom, the Sheriff for 1966.—From the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla.



Mr. Fred A. Rosenstock delivering his paper to the Christmas Rendezvous, 1965, at the Albany Hotel, Denver, Colo., December 18, 1965. From the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Fred A. Rosenstock, collector of rare books and early Americana, is well known to members of the Denver Posse of the Westerners. He counts among his friends many members of other Posses.

A Charter member of the Denver Posse and a former sheriff (1962) he is known in literary circles as a publisher of some renown and, in no small way, an authority on Western history. He has a fine collection of rare books, art and artifacts related to his interests.

For a further insight into the life of this remarkable gentleman, read his paper in this issue of the ROUNDUP.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS M O N T H L Y R O U N D U P

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PLEASE RETURN YOUR CARDS FOR RESERVATIONS FOR THE JANUARY MEETING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE SO THE CHUCK WRANGLER CAN MAKE ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE DENVER PRESS CLUB.

SMALL MIRACLES IN MY LIFE AS A BOOK HUNTER

By Fred A. Rosenstock, PM

It is not unnatural, nor should anyone be surprised that, in my 43 years of hunting for rare books, original historical manuscripts, diaries and ephemera, I am able to relate a few incidents that bordered on the miraculous. Some of these unusual happenings have been completely accidental, or unexpected. Others, however, might more properly be considered as miracles, since they were almost direct answers or realizations of dreams, hopes, or intense desires in the "shall I ever find" class. I have been fortunate, these many years, in retaining the health and vigor which have made it possible for me to constantly pursue my hunting and scouting practices—to go hundreds or thousands of miles on short notice or rumor—many times on what turned out to be wild goose chases or false alarms. However, in a way I feel that this "chase" has kept me young. At this date I am 69, but I still have much of the old energy and, truly, the only difference I notice in myself is, I can no longer put in 20 hours a day—I have had to cut it to 18.

To relate a few sample incidents (the subject of this paper), I could not possibly refrain from telling my Number One miracle story—my adventure with Warren Ferris. Ferris was a young man of an impetuous nature, living in Buffalo, New York, in the 1820's. After an insignificant family argument he wandered westward, and after a time found himself in the frontier town of St. Louis in 1829, jobless and dejected. Luckily, he learned the American Fur Company was preparing a fur trapping expedition to the Rocky Mountains. Ferris' knowledge of surveying and general intelligence won him a place on the expedition—as clerk; which meant a sort of secretary or recorder. As it happened, this trapping party experienced one of the most unusual adventures in the annals of the early fur trade of the far West. They were away four-and-a-half years, returning finally to St. Louis in 1834.

The Ferris narrative, or diary, is a classic; a veritable saga of the mountain men, embodying hair-raising adventure, Indian fighting, life-and-death competition with other fur trading parties. Ferris' narrative, among many remarkable episodes, records a glowing account—one of the very first—of the wonders of the Yellowstone. When Ferris returned from the mountains he spent some time in his home town, Buffalo, perfecting the manuscript of his diary—which he then submitted to the leading publisher of the day, Carey & Lea, of Philadelphia. Not hearing from them

for many months, Ferris grew restless and discouraged—finally leaving for Texas, where, with a brother, he surveyed wide stretches of Texas lands, including the first survey of what later became the town of Dallas. The Philadelphia publisher never used the manuscript. It was Ferris' bad luck that the publisher had previously accepted Washington Irving's "Astoria," and as they explained afterward, "there was too much similarity" (and they might have added, "we've got Washington Irving, but who in the world is Warren Ferris?").

It remained for a younger brother of Warren to run the diary serially in an obscure Buffalo weekly paper, "The Western Literary Messenger," during 1842-1843. In the purchase of an old collection in the late 1930's, I acquired a few odd issues of this rare newspaper containing several serial installments of Ferris' narrative. My interest aroused, I began a systematic survey, writing to libraries and archives all over the country in an effort to gather a complete set of the pertinent issues of the *Western Literary Messenger*. After many months, my intensive search resulted in locating all but about sixteen issues of this paper,—the gaps, or still unlocated issues being scattered, and not confined to one part or period. I had arranged with a very knowledgeable and capable editor, Dr. Paul Phillips, historian of the University of Montana at Missoula, to edit a published book of the Ferris Story. Dr. Phillips felt he could at least partially fill the gaps, or missing portions, by means of well-considered pre-suppositions and documented notes.

Dr. Phillips began to work on Ferris, under this plan. I myself undertook to trace down Ferris' later career, in Texas, where he spent the balance of his life until his death in 1873. The Texas part was quite an adventure in itself, which I'll not dwell on here, except to say that I was most fortunate, starting from scratch, to find all that we needed to know about his Texas life. Having fathered twelve children, there were scads of Ferrises all over Texas, and two daughters were still alive, in their late eighties. Strangely, however, even though Ferris was a professional photographer himself, in Dallas, in his later years, no likeness of him was ever found.

But returning to the central theme of my story, Dr. Phillips is working diligently and I am satisfied that despite the missing portions this forthcoming book will be a significant contribution to the history of the fur trade and the Northwest. One day a young man comes to my old bookstore, on 15th Street, and asks if we have runs of serials—in other words, magazines—historical, industrial, scientific or agricultural. Yes,—we did have a few. For example, when I did the gumshoe work on Ferris in Texas I picked up a long run of the *Southwest Historical Quarterly*, which this young man (Schwab was his name) was glad to buy. When we concluded our business, I asked this young man to lunch, across the street (you might re-

call Saliman's Grill), and while eating our sandwiches young Mr. Schwab tells me he is from Boston, does not have a bookstore; he has only a warehouse where he keeps his stock of old magazines; and his business is entirely by catalog. "Do you want to see what my catalog looks like?" asks Schwab, as he pulls out a rather unimposing mimeographed list of about a dozen pages. "This list doesn't go to booksellers at all," he says; "it is sent only to libraries which are my principal customers."

Mainly out of courtesy, I aimlessly turn the pages of Schwab's catalog and, lo and behold (I could have missed this easily, under the circumstances) I see the words, "Western Literary Messenger!" With a quickened heartbeat I exclaim "What's this?" "Oh," he answers, "just a big bound volume of an old newspaper; nothing special about it." "You don't know!" (I think to myself), and with great trepidation I ask "Do you still have this?" "Yes", he answers, "I mailed this list just before leaving Boston, and nothing has yet been sold." By the way, this was a honeymoon trip for Schwab and his young wife; they were to be away nearly that entire summer, vacationing through the West and in Western Canada. "Well," says I, "I want this item and I'll pay for it right now, in advance." "You don't have to do this," says Schwab. "I promise you shall have it, but not until we return to Boston from our honeymoon." I insisted that I wished to pay for it then and there, and after he accepted payment (a rather modest figure) I could not contain my excitement and revealed to Schwab the reason for my anxiety. Realizing the circumstance, he agreed how wonderful it would be if this bound volume of the Western Literary Messenger might contain even a few of those "missing" sixteen chapters.

Nearly three months later, a big package came—the package with the all-important content. Would it hold the answer to our prayer—the key to our problem? Feverishly I rip the outside wrapper, and a large bound volume of "Western Literary Messenger" comes into view. I begin to turn the pages with caution; then faster as animated joy and excitement sweep over me—"EUREKA!", "look here everybody!" I cry. "We have Ferris complete!" Every single chapter was there! Like a flash I recalled that Edward Eberstadt, the renowned New York dealer in Americana had once told me if the complete Ferris journal was ever found, he felt he would be the one who would find it.

I relayed the wonderful news to Dr. Phillips. Having the Ferris journal complete, of course changed the entire plan of editing, and Phillips went at it with a new and unbounded enthusiasm. All roads lay open—just a question of a few months, and out would come the finished book—the satisfaction of my first publishing effort and a mighty contribution to Western history. But the Ferris miracle, if I may be pardoned for calling that, wasn't over yet. More excitement was yet to come! I'm happy and content in my anticipation of publishing the book, and I am leisurely

turning the pages of a weekly publication called "Want List," a medium in which booksellers as well as libraries list specific wants in the hope that someone, somewhere, will have and will quote what is asked for. I don't always look through this publication; at least, I am very irregular about it, and sometimes it has happened that I don't have the time to even open the envelope in which it arrives. Anyway, here I am, casually turning pages, when suddenly my eyes light on an ad by a New York book-search service (American Library Service, to be exact); and they are unmistakably asking for material concerning Ferris. Not only are they advertising for issues of the *Western Literary Messenger*, but several other ephemeral items—the combination of which, to me, meant only one thing, "they're looking for material on Ferris!"

I began to have "quick" thoughts, "I wonder if someone ~~is~~ is trying to do a book on Ferris and has commissioned this search service to hunt for basic material?" "I must head them off, whoever they are" ran through my mind. I write a letter, pronto, to the American Library Service and I say "Dear Sirs, I notice your ad for items unquestionably relating to Warren Ferris. Undoubtedly you must have a client who needs ~~them~~. Your client should be interested in knowing that we are preparing to publish the Ferris journal complete. We have all the chapters—with full information on his later life in Texas. Dr. Paul Phillips of the University of Montana is editing it, and the book should be out in a matter of weeks." Actually, I was "rushing" the publication date a little. I heard nothing in reply. Silence. Then, about a month later, Dr. Phillips, in Missoula, receives a letter from a Walter McCausland, the "client" himself, in whose behalf the ad was placed. McCausland turns out to be an engineer in Buffalo—Ferris' home town—a stamp collector, who, in his rambles and his hobby-hunting for old stamps and covers had the extreme good fortune to run into an immense batch of old letters of the Ferris family—these letters being 100 years old at the time. McCausland further relates to Phillips, "I have several letters written by Warren Ferris from the far West to his family in Buffalo," and (wonder of wonders,) "I also have a map, drawn by Ferris, which is titled *Map of the Fur Country*." This was the bombshell! To my knowledge, none of the old mountain men or fur traders had ever drawn such a map of this vast, scantily-explored region, with the possible exception of the so-called *Colter Map*, and that wasn't really drawn by Colter. Colter gave a verbal description to Governor William Clark, of Lewis and Clark fame, and from this, Clark, not Colter, drew a map, which was pretty much confined to the Yellowstone region.

I shudder to think what the Ferris book would have been—without that map! And, again, the wonderful miracle of my spotting that innocent-looking want-ad, which brought all this new material to light. This new development called for a temporary halt in our publishing plans. I felt

that, by hook or crook, we *had* to have the use of that Ferris map for our book. McCausland was extremely reluctant, as it was his idea to do a sort of biographical and genealogical work on the Ferris family, as a contribution to early Buffalo history. He felt the Ferris Map would be an important asset to such a work. I wrote, wired, begged, cajoled, shed tears—and finally (again the “miracle”) I succeeded in convincing McCausland that the Ferris Map belonged with the Ferris Narrative and nothing else. He consented to my reproducing this unusual map in our book. Not only that, but he became a most enthusiastic collaborator, permitting us also to include some of Ferris’ original letters with our book.

This ends the chronicle of the Ferris miracle; or, better still, the succession of Ferris miracles. When the book finally came out, in 1940, it was heralded by historians everywhere. Something of the story “within the story”—the evolution of unusual incidents that happened along the way, hit the newspapers, with the result that all the national news services of the time—the Associated Press, the United Press, and the North American Newspaper Alliance, ran special features on the subject and, altogether, as I recall, about 800 newspapers over the country used the story. A sequence (not a miracle) occurred some ten years later. Mr. McCausland permitted me to purchase from him the original Ferris Map, which I have to this day. It is my fond hope, at some future time, to bring out a new edition of the Ferris Journal, “Life in the Rocky Mountains.”

The miracle I will relate next has to do with Kit Carson, who needs no introduction to Coloradans; — Carson, gallant-hero of the West; trapper, guide, soldier; certainly one of Colorado’s greatest historical figures. Many biographies of Carson have been written; but the one “Life” that is still generally regarded as the most comprehensive and basic, and from which all succeeding “lives” have necessarily copied, is the famous work *Kit Carson Days*, published originally in 1914. Denver comes into the picture here, for it was none other than Edwin L. Sabin, Denver author and journalist, who undertook to do a definitive life of Carson. This was about 1894. At that time, there were yet many men and women alive who knew Carson; particularly some who serviced with him during the Civil War and in the Navajo campaigns in the Southwest. Sabin did a stupendous job of research on Carson. Talk about present-day biographers and historians, who turn them out fast! Sabin labored twenty years on the project and in that time was able to gather nearly every scrap of information on Carson from first-hand “reporters” who knew him from every angle.

During this long stretch of time Sabin had received many letters from people who related details of Carson’s character, idiosyncrasies, serious or humorous facets of his personality, or singular incidents relating to Carson which only they, the “reporters,” could reveal. Anyway, Mr.

Sabin had by then left Denver and was living in California (I am talking about the middle 1930's). I had had some correspondence with him before that; but one day I received a letter from him asking if I would be interested in buying his "working material" on *Kit Carson Days!* "Would I!" Of course, I replied in the affirmative and with enthusiasm; but we were in the heart of the depression those days and I said, frankly, I did not believe I could afford such a choice morsel. Sabin said "don't worry, you'll be able to afford it" and he set the price—one that I could afford alright; and by today's price and value standards I shudder to think what I might be asked to pay for such a collection. There were letters from people who knew and told about Carson; photographs—many originals and some copies of rare photographs of Carson and his family, and much ephemera.

This purchase, or acquisition, in itself, I do not class as a miracle—merely, an exciting and important collection to be identified with; and the inner satisfaction it gave me to think that Mr. Sabin chose to offer me this gathering of his twenty years of research. The small Carson "miracles" really started from then on. I have been on the prowl for Carson material ever since, to add to the Sabin collection, and I have found some wonderful things. For instance, I acquired an original daguerreotype of Carson, in his better years, when he was healthy and plump; not emaciated, as in his last years, when he was besieged by illness. Carson has a little boy on his knees, the little son of Tom Boggs, a close friend and patron of Carson. I might relate, at this point, an interesting sidelight on the purchase of this daguerreotype. I was called in to estimate and make an offer on a large collection of fine books, in Denver, in the late 1930's. While examining the library, the existence of the Carson daguerreotype was revealed, in course of conversation. "Not for sale," the owner said, adamantly. "You may buy the books, but not the daguerreotype." This was one of the most difficult situations I ever encountered; yet again, (the small miracle), by perseverance and by paying "almost my last dollar" I was finally able to add that fine Carson item to my collection.

Another interesting Carson acquisition; and this was the result of hard work and an infinite piece of luck (a small miracle). In the 1860's a delegation of prominent Colorado citizens, on the way to Washington to plead for statehood for Colorado, (which did not eventually materialize until the mid-seventies,) took old Kit along with them. They were all close friends of Carson—they could see him withering on the vine with a deadly disease and thought that perhaps some noted physician back natural for the group to go to Brady's, the great photographer of the Civil War, and have pictures taken. Some of you, I feel certain, have seen that "last" picture of Carson—emaciated, cheeks sunken—that was the East might do something for him. While in Washington, it was only

picture Brady took on this occasion. Carson, in appreciation of his Denver friends (there were four, including H. P. Bennet and D. C. Oakes) gave a copy to each of the four, and signed them "C. Carson." Incidentally, it is my understanding that Carson could do little more than sign his name. Anyway, I started out, seventy years later, to try to "run down" at least one (as I had hoped) of these presentation photographs which Carson had given to his Denver friends that day in Washington. I found not only one, but *two*; and I call this a small miracle! As you may have surmised, the Eastern doctors could not help Carson, and he returned to Colorado to die, shortly afterward.

As an aftermath to my Kit Carson story—I still enlarge on my Carson collection occasionally; in fact, my success in "collecting Carson" gave me the impetus to hunt for original material pertaining to other great figures of the West; and I have succeeded over the years in locating material of Jim Beckwourth, Jim Baker, William Clark (of Lewis and Clark) — (I have Clark's pistols and powderflask; a codicil to his will; and, most important, the "spy-glass" or what served as his binoculars during the great expedition). I also have letters, documents, and ephemera of Fremont, Bonneville, Bridger, and even Bill Williams. I wasn't always lucky, and sometimes the miracle failed me. By a veritable "hair" I lost out on a very rare and wonderful letter of Jedediah Smith.

Let no one suppose that I never sell any of these exceptional things. My vocation is to sell as well as to buy; and I have taken great delight in placing fine items where they are utilized and esteemed. One of the foremost collections which I bought and sold was the library of Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy. This is a long, interesting story, which I will relate only briefly. I purchased the collection from the great grandchildren in Colorado Springs; then worked hard for ten years to implement the original acquisition; and in that time I was able to locate and add at least one hundred more items that once were a part of Davis' library. The entire collection totaled over three hundred books, besides many letters and ephemera, as well as considerable original manuscript music composed by Davis' wife Varina. Here I may sound boastful, but when I felt I had gone as far as I could in my effort to restore Davis's library, instead of approaching some wealthy university which would have resulted in a handsome profit, I chose to do the historically and sentimentally correct thing and let the State of Mississippi have it at practically my cost. In this way, the Davis library came "back home," and now reposes, with other Jefferson Davis mementos in the Memorial Building, at Jackson, Mississippi.

One of the luckiest days in my life was one day, many years ago, in the 1920's, while in Cincinnati, Ohio. I had the good fortune, that day, to buy two remarkable unrelated journals, or diaries. One was the journal

of John Doble; a day-by-day account of life in California during the gold-rush, in the Volcano district, by a young man whose observations and comments on events and people are a close approach to being a classic on the subject. I finally published the Doble journal as a book, which was edited by Dr. Charles L. Camp, of the University of California, and printed for me by the noted San Francisco book designer and printer, Lawton Kennedy.

The other item that I bought in Cincinnati on that exceptional day was really "terrific" in its historical importance. It was the manuscript private diary and personal color sketchbook of Lieutenant James W. Abert, of the Topographic Corps of the Army, whose special assignment, in 1846, was to make "an examination of New Mexico"—soon after we had acquired the Territory. Abert, with his detail of men, started out on the Santa Fe Trail, became ill while at Fort Bent (and while recuperating there made the famous authentic measurement, by feet and inches, of that old Fort. Today, the National Park Service is reconstructing Fort Bent according to those miraculously-survived Abert measurements). The Abert sketchbook, in particular, is a gem—many fine drawings in color, depicting towns, missions, Indians, and natural scenery.

Finding this historical "jewel,"—the Abert diary and sketchbook, I regard as a small miracle; but here, too, was an exciting supplement. Years later, in altogether another part of the country—and in an entirely accidental manner (as if my friend Abert, in his celestial abode, was just "leading me to it"), I found the Government-published version, or report, of the Abert Narrative, with Abert's corrections and additions, in his own hand, all through the volume! I want to mention here that this private diary of Abert which I had found in Cincinnati, differed considerably from the version he turned in to the Government. The text differed in many places, and the sketchbook had many more drawings than were used in the Government edition.

What happened to the Abert material? I had ideas of publishing it, but to publish, especially to reproduce the fine color sketches, would involve a greater outlay than I could afford; and I felt this deserved the utmost in reproduction and publication. My friend, Warren Howell, noted bookseller and publisher, of San Francisco, sold the Abert journal and accompanying material, for me, to the noted collector, John Galvin, whose enthusiasm for it is being consummated at the present time. Early in 1966 the Abert journal, with the color sketches, will be published by Howell, under Mr. Galvin's auspices, and I predict it will be the outstanding Western historical publishing event of that year. I will have my pleasure and satisfaction in that I discovered or "found" this material, and I am happy to see it made available.

On this thought, I might say, I am reaching a period in my life when

I must think seriously of disposing of all of these wonderful things which represent major highlights in my career as a "hunter" in history. Over the years, I have helped the Denver Public Library and many other libraries to add substantially to their holdings in original diaries, documents, etc. I have been particularly helpful to the Brigham Young University library, at Provo; to the Bancroft Library in Berkeley; to Princeton; to Everett deGolyer and his fine collection in Dallas; to the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, in Fort Worth; to the University of Wyoming; the University of Arizona; and, in fact, universities, colleges and museums all over the country.

I suppose I could go on and relate other incidents, in detail, that would fill the pages of a good-sized book. The fact of the matter is, one publisher has approached me to do such a book; but I have said to myself, "I am too busy just now." However, the years are sliding away, and maybe it would be nice to leave a little of "me" for the record.

This paper on the subject of "miracles" in bookhunting, up to this point, has related a few choice incidents. I must mention a few others, in very brief sequence, because they deserve to be noted—all of major importance—and every one a great thrill when it "happened." For instance, how I found, in the basement of an old Denver home, lying scattered on the floor, original letters of Jim Beckwourth, along with items pertaining to Jim Bridger and the Vasquez brothers—and, wonder of wonders, Jim Beckwourth's own hand-written will! This great "find" resulted in a published book, on Beckwourth's later years, which I published in 1957, and which was edited by Nolie Mumey. Another important discovery, the diary and letters of Alexander Barclay, an Englishman, who came to Fort Bent in 1834, was with the Bents until the abandonment of that fort and then, in the early 1850's, built his own ill-fated fort, Fort Barclay, near Fort Union in New Mexico. I hope to publish the Barclay book in 1966. Another great "find"—the diary of Philander Simmons, mountain man and protege of old Bill Williams, who, in 1858, as, (by then) an experienced old-timer, was the guide who led the combined Cherokee-Indian and Georgia-miner parties into the Cherry Creek gold country. I also hope to publish the Simmons diary in the near future.

Another interesting collecting activity of mine has been early programs and ephemeral material pertaining to the early theatre in Colorado. Back in 1941 I published a book on the pioneer Colorado theatre, titled *From Candles to Footlights*. It was written by a protege of mine, Melvin Schoberlin, now a Commander in the Navy. I have sustained my interest in this subject, and today my collection of early Colorado theatrical programs is truly unique.

Positively the last "miracle" I will mention—and this, also, is a Colorado item—years and years ago I acquired the "sampler," or, scrap book,

with samples of printed pieces that were done by the famous Central City paper—the Register—in the 1860's and '70's. It has gorgeous things in it—programs, invitations, business cards, announcements, etc. I have had this about 30 years, and have not entertained thoughts of selling it because somehow, I felt “in my bones” that one day I would find a “companion” for it; i.e., a similar “sampler” of a *Denver* newspaper. This did happen—like a miracle—no warning, no notice; it practically “fell into my hands.” I now have my long-wished-for Denver newspaper scrap-book, or sampler, with many wonderful and charming things in it—and how can I help but call it a “miracle?”

Now that I have listed so many “miracles”—all representing successes—I would be less than truthful if I did not affirm that I have experienced some failures, as well—and some real heartpains, too! I have had an equal share of both in my life; but I'm not exaggerating when I say I never let the “misses” bother me too much. I've always kept on trying—and I'm still doing this today. I truly believe this “hunt” or “chase” is keeping me younger than my years. The thought of retirement frightens me. Inactivity would kill me, for sure. I pray I may have the health to keep going another five or six years, yet.

Somehow, in a few talks I have given to library groups, I must have sounded a bit “funny”—so that in a few limited circles I have evidently gained a slight reputation as a humorist. I know that so far, in this paper, I have said almost nothing that could be regarded as “funny.” I could spend your whole evening telling funny or humorous incidents that happened to me—and, particularly, some that sound “funny” now, but which were far from funny when I was experiencing them. My “hermit story” has been told many times—it grows and “expands” as time goes on—and some day maybe I'll write it down. A funny incident, as I look at it now, was when I tried to buy Judge Ben Lindsey's house on Ogden Street, in Denver, after he had moved to California. That is, I was willing to buy the rather ungainly old house if I could also buy the Judge's books that were housed there. What a library that was! Countless books, with presentation inscriptions from famous authors—to the Judge! I was turned down cold, on the “combination” deal. And *that* was a real heartache! The books, I understood, were later moved to California.

As a final word, about myself,—not all my pleasure in my activities is confined to hunting rare items, and buying and selling. I experience great satisfaction in publishing a book of Western history occasionally. Another pleasure is to aid historians and researchers; for instance, I was of considerable help to Irving Stone when he was gathering data for his *Men to Match My Mountains*. Another diversion is my traveling about the country—mainly to other bookstores and to libraries. These “contacts” are positively delightful; and so life goes on.

THE SILVER SPUR

Again we go back into the past and pick up an old tradition of the Westerners. From time to time our members both Posse and Corresponding have done something that has been outstanding. It is our belief that such a fact should not go undetected nor unknown. So as we become aware of things having transpired we will advise you under the heading of "The Silver Spur." At this time we wish to present the accolade of the Silver Spur to:

Forbes Parkhill, for his new book,

The Blazed Trail of Antoine Leroux, Mountain Man, Trader, etc., a fine book and one that will, we hope, bring glory and royalties to him.

Steve Payne for his new book, again on railroading, *Where the Rockies Ride Herd*. Alan Swallow tells us that it is a real humdinger. So come on you Rail Fans, line up and get your copy.

May they wear the Silver Spur and, in their minds, put its rowels to the hides of their critics and detractors, if any there be.



Following the very fine talk given by Fred Rosenstock, a drawing was held for six copies of Posseman Steven Payne's new book, *WHERE THE ROCKIES RIDE HERD*. Six lucky people went home with this excellent book. The books were donated by Posseman Alan Swallow. Many thanks to Alan and Steve.



On December 18, 1965 the annual Westerners' Christmas Rendezvous was held at the Albany Hotel, Denver, Colo., where 152 Westerners, wives, and guests were present. At that time by unanimous vote the following officers were elected for the year 1966:

Sheriff
Deputy Sheriff
Roundup Foreman and Tally Man
Chuck Wrangler
Registrar of Marks and Brands
Membership Committee
Program Chairman
Keeper of the Possibles Bag
Book Review Chairman
Publications Chairman
Preceding Sheriff

Guy Herstrom
Richard A. Ronzio
Fred M. Mazzulla
Carl Mathews
William D. Powell
Dr. Philip W. Whiteley
Robert L. Brown
Dr. Philip W. Whiteley
W. S. Broome
Arthur L. Campa
J. Nevin Carson

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

At this time we are bringing back a successful old feature of the Roundup. This will be a column of interesting news of and about our members both Posse and Corresponding. This is your column; as you send in items of interest, so will the column grow.

We are asking for news. If you have anything of interest to offer about any one of the members let us have it and we will print it.

• • •

Dr. Arthur Campa who was last year's Registrar of Marks and Brands went to Chicago after Christmas to attend a convention.

• • •

Harry Bender, Jr., a new Corresponding member is getting out a new book on the Uintah Railway. We'll be looking forward to reading it Harry.

• • •

Our good friend Dr. Nolie Mumey is going back and forth across the state delivering a wonderful lecture with fine exhibits, on heart troubles. Keep up the good work Doctor.

• • •

Christmas Greetings from DORIS OSTERWALD (Mrs. Frank), reports that her new book, CINDERS AND SMOKE, is selling well. This is a guidebook about the Durango to Sil-

verton narrow gauge trip. There was an autograph party for her in Durango in August. Mrs. Osterwald is a new Corresponding member.

• • •

A note from Corresponding member CRAWFORD BUELL tells us that he is making some progress on his research for his new book, LONG WALK OF THE NAVAJOS.

Crawford is now living in Santa Fe and his address is 2206 Copple Lane, for anyone who wishes to write him. He is a member of the Santa Fe Corral.

• • •

After numerous invitations from Bob Kadlec, owner of the Ancient City Book Store in Santa Fe, to attend a meeting of the Santa Fe Corral, we finally made the November 18 meeting. Dr. Myra Jenkins was the speaker that evening and she gave a most interesting talk on the mysterious death of one of Taos' early characters.

• • •

Now if you members will just get a few notes going, and send them in to the Registrar for this column it will be appreciated.

• • •

Fred Mazzulla reports that there are less than 50 copies of the 1964 Brand Book left. Send your orders in now. Don't be left out.



Westerner's Bookshelf



SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF A WESTERN RANCHMAN: New Mexico, 1883-1889, and FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS OF A WESTERN RANCHMAN: New Mexico 1883-1889 (being vol. II of the first title), by Captain William French. Edited and with an introduction by Jeff C. Dykes, from the Complete Original Manuscript hitherto unpublished. Limited Edition of 750 copies. New York: Bagozy-Antiquarian Ltd. The 2 vols., cloth, boxed, 527 pages, illustrated, \$35.

On Nov. 4, 1883, Captain William French, age 29, sailed from his native Ireland in the Royal Mail Steamship "Arizona." He landed in New York about a week later. In his pocket was an envelope marked "O.H.M.S." and containing permission to take a year's leave from his regiment, the Royal Irish Fusiliers, with which outfit he had served in an expeditionary force in Egypt, under General Sir Garnet Wolsley. Captain French had no definite plans but did have a desire to better his fortune.

From New York he went by rail to San Francisco, stopping now and then to observe briefly the denizens of the larger cities and their weird habits.

In San Francisco, French and some Irish friends spent some time marveling at cable cars and heathen Chinese, and then decided to look for a California ranch which they might buy. While they were at this possibly interminable and certainly pleasant occupation, they got letters from friends, inviting them to spend Christ-

mas with them on the friends' New Mexico ranch. A flip of a coin decided: they took a train for New Mexico.

At Deming, N.M., they left the train and took a stage northwestward to Silver City and Alma. A mile or so from Alma and a considerable distance west of Socorro, they found the headquarters of the WS Ranch, owned by the friends (Wilson and Upcher) whom they had come to visit. This ranch was in that portion of Socorro County which became Catron County.

After Christmas his friends offered to let him in on a horse and cattle deal, and French was hooked — quite happily, as it turned out, and for more than sixteen years. He became a U.S. citizen in 1895.

During the nineties, French bought 100,000 or more acres which had been part of the Maxwell Land Grant and began to move the WS horses and cattle to the new location on Ponil Creek near Cimarron, N.M.

While his whopping and handsome stone ranch house was being built there, he and his beautiful wife (whom he had married in 1900) lived in Colorado Springs, first at 419 E. Bijou, later in Broadmoor. French was a member of Colorado Springs' El Paso Club (then and now the oldest gentlemen's club in Colorado). In 1904 the Frenches moved to their new ranch home on the Ponil. There they lived in lordly style, continuing to beget children until they had eight (all but one of whom are still living in 1965).

In 1921, Ranchman French retired and moved to Los Angeles. Mrs. French died in 1924, her husband in 1928. Both are buried in Calvary Cemetery, Los Angeles. As long as he lived, he was "Captain French."

In 1927, a London publisher, Methuen, issued French's book, "Some Recollections of a Western Ranchman." This was reprinted three times (before the present edition). Any edition has long been hard to find—and expensive.

When Methuen & Company agreed to publish Captain French's book, they found the work too long for one volume, and they did not wish to risk two volumes. So, they excised from the manuscript the parts they considered least necessary to the narrative. Though the part that remained and was published made a good story, what was left out was almost equally good. Jefferson C. Dykes, that "Old Bookaroo" now turned bookseller, got permission from the heirs to edit, introduce and publish most of the excised material as volume two of the Recollections.

I may as well say right now that this two-volume work is the most charming and delightful real-life cattle-range book I have ever read. There is no dullness in it. There are enough dramatic incidents, tragic and funny, to engender a hundred "western" novels. Not only do little people appear in the book, famous and infamous persons march from page to page: Black Jack Ketchum (and other outlaw Black Jacks); the Clanton family; Cochise; James H. Cook, author of "Fifty Years on the Old Frontier"; Gen. George Crook; George Curry, Rough Rider and Governor of New Mexico; Charles B.

Eddy; Albert Fall; Albert Fountain; Indian Jack; Major Llewellen; Mangus Colorado; Gen. Nelson A. Miles; Mormons in New Mexico; Gov. Miguel Antonio Otero; Cole Railston; Captain Rogers, the White Chief; Victorio, the Apache chief; and that bullet-proof citizen, Elfego Baca.

French (at his WS Ranch in Socorro County) employed Butch Cassidy and other members of the Wild Bunch and found them good cowhands, faithful to their employer. He was almost a witness to Joel Fowler's last murder, and was an approving observer of the lynching of that cruel assassin and peace officer in Socorro. He saw a good deal of the Apache War, chasing and being chased by Indians. He enjoyed hunting quail, bear and rustlers.

One of the funniest passages (funny to me but not to French) is that which tells how the Captain bought 105 registered bulls (at \$75 a head) from the Maxwell Land Grant Company, and, with the help of only a 15-year-old boy, nurse-maided them by rail from Springer to Silver City, en route to the WS Ranch on the San Francisco River. Despite delays and lack of railroad cooperation, he did not lose an animal. The young bovine males must have thought they had reached a Moslem paradise when they met their tremendous harems-to-be.

This pair of volumes is a treasure-chest of material about ranching, Indian fighting, game-hunting, politics, crime and punishment as they were in New Mexico in the period from 1883 to the early 1900s. Jeff Dykes has well edited and introduced the narrative in the second volume (a first edition), filling in the gaps without using distracting footnotes, coupl-

ing the excised portions, making an enjoyable story. If you've got thirty-five bucks to put into books, this set is an investment in pleasure.

One thing that puzzles me is that neither French nor Dykes mentions what Father Stanley, in his 1962 booklet, "The French (N.M.) Story," calls "the semi-ghost town of French." This, Father Stanley says, is (or was) nine miles north of Springer on Highway 85 and five miles south of Maxwell. Captain French was one of the town's founders.

John J. Lipsey, PM

JOURNAL OF A TRAPPER, by Osborne Russell. Edited by Aubrey L. Helms. Republished by University of Nebraska Press (Bison Books, \$1.60). 191 pages and index, maps, illustrations.

Originally published in 1914 and 1921 under the title of *Journal of a Trapper*, or, *Nine Years in the Rocky Mountains: 1834-1843*, this edition is edited from the original manuscript in the Yale University Library.

Born in 1814 at Bowdoinham, Maine, Osborne Russell ran away to sea at the age of 16, but soon gave up seafaring to join with a trading and trapping company in Wisconsin and Minnesota. In 1834 he signed up with Nathaniel Wyeth's expedition to the Rocky Mountains and the mouth of the Columbia river. Subsequently he joined Jim Bridger's brigade of Rocky Mountain Fur Company men, continuing with them after the merger which left the American Fur Company in control of the trade. When the fur trade declined, he became a free trapper operating out of Fort Hall.

The *Journal*, in words of the editor, is "perhaps the best account of the fur trapper in the Rocky Mountains when the trade was at its peak. It is a factual, unembellished narrative written by one who was not only a trapper but also a keen observer and able writer."

Sometimes in a party, sometimes with a companion, sometimes alone, Russell ranged the mountain country, trapping beaver, living off the land. When in need of food he hunted: deer and elk, buffalo, mountain sheep, and an occasional bear and water fowl.

Russell's most graphic portrayals of his experiences involve hunting sheep among the lofty crags of the mountains, his encounter with a grizzly bear which he killed for meat, and encounters with Indians.

Some of the Indians welcomed him to their encampments, were anxious to trade their furs. There were extended sessions of passing and smoking the pipe and exchanging news.

His encounters with the Blackfeet were particularly perilous. He relates how he and his companion were attacked by a band of 60 or 70 warriors and severely wounded. They managed to escape and hide; though without food or water. Weak with hunger, thirst and loss of blood, they crawled and limped their way until they could treat their wounds with a salt water bath and a salve of beaver oil and Castorium. A couple of small ducks killed by a man they met on the trail was their first food.

This book vividly relates one trapper's life in the Rockies during the height of the fur trade.

A. E. Ellsworth, PM

THE BLAZED TRAIL OF ANTOINE LEROUX, by Forbes Parkhill, Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, Calif., 1965. 235 pages. Notes, bibliography, index. \$7.50.

A river, a lake, a mountain pass and peak bear the name of Antoine Leroux. But where is his name to be found in the annals of the mountain men? Why had he no chronicler? Buffalo Bill had his Buntline, Kit Carson his Fremont. Even the inveterate liar, Jim Beckwourth, and Pegleg Smith, horse thief, had their Boswells. Did the exploits and personality of Antoine Leroux fail to grip the public imagination, inspire the genius of the hero-makers?

In this, the first and only biography of Antoine Leroux, the author unearths many reasons to wonder why this beaver hunter and guide has not been accorded the honor of being even a lesser hero, why history has passed him by.

Leroux was one of the original 100 members of the Ashley-Henry expedition.

He was a well-known trapper, and sometimes trader, in the Southwest until the end of the fur trade era, a friend of Kit Carson and "Old Bill" Williams.

Through marriage into the prominent Vigil family, he became *haciendo* of a huge land grant near Taos, later known as the Antoine Leroux grant.

He served as guide for Cooke's Mormon Battalion on its march to California, following the Mexican War. He was guide on three other military expeditions between Santa Fe and California, on many exploring

and surveying expeditions, and guided several marches against the Apaches and Utes. Leroux's reputation as a guide was so widespread, that his services were in constant demand.

As a leading citizen in his community, in 1849, he was elected as delegate to the organizational convention to petition Congress to create the Territory of New Mexico. His highly literate report on the failure of Fremont's Fourth Expedition, to discover a railroad pass over the Continental Divide, for which Bill Williams had been blamed by Fremont, was used as testimony at the congressional inquiry into the tragedy.

Leroux lived to be sixty. Unlike practically all mountain men, he died comparatively wealthy.

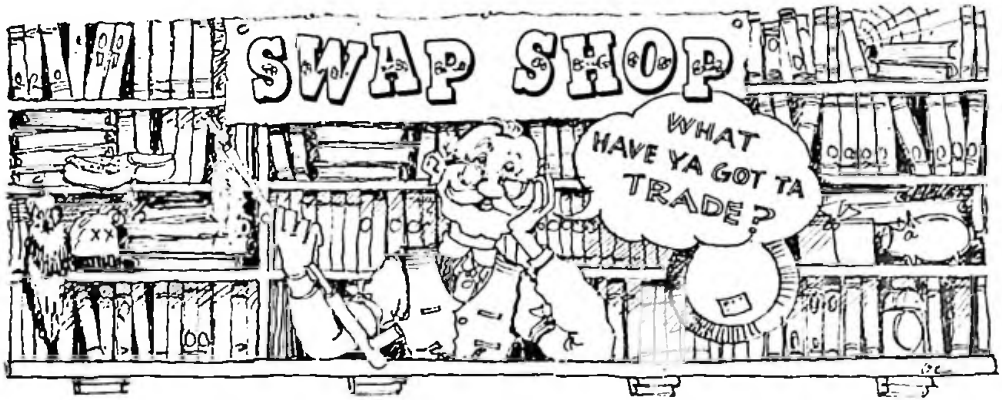
No prospector ever dug more diligently to hit pay dirt than Forbes Parkhill in ferreting out the facts on Leroux's clouded trail. A thorough researcher, his bibliography reads like a catalog of Western Americana. He is a facile writer in the field of Western history. Still, Antoine Leroux, the full man, does not come alive. There are too many gaps to be bridged by supposition and conjecture. A gap widens to a ten-year omission following Leroux's brief and shadowy tenure with the Ashley-Henry party and his arrival in the Southwest. Army and other official reports are the source of much pertinent and important information on Leroux. Particularly dramatic is the report of Lieutenant Whittlesey's expedition against the Utes, which was guided by Leroux.

Dabney Otis Collins, PM

During the year 1965 we have had the privilege of having many fine Westerners enter our ranks as Corresponding Members. All have been listed in the monthly Roundups, but we would like to again acknowledge them. For further data on them refer to the individual Roundup in which they were listed, together with their backgrounds.

J. L. Allhands	Dallas, Texas
Anthony T. Maisto	Denver, Colo.
Glenn R. Wilson	Littleton, Colo.
Mrs. Virginia D. Bell	Denver, Colo.
F. R. Bochatey	Leadville, Colo.
Colonel Henry Mastro (Ret.)	Littleton, Colo.
Doris B. Ostervald	Lakewood, Colo.
George N. Steinhauer	Denver, Colo.
Rene Baudat	Aspen, Colo.
Major Herbert M. Hart	Virginia Beach, Va.
Jean Williams	Lubbock, Texas
S. Omar Barker	Las Vegas, N. M.
Richard L. Vislisel	Golden, Colo.
Eugene L. Aten, M.D.	Dallas, Texas
Herman J. Atencio	Denver, Colo.
Robert M. Drury	Kansas City, Kansas
Don L. Edmunds	Littleton, Colo.
W. Bruce Gillis, Jr.	Littleton, Colo.
James H. Skinner, Jr.	Littleton, Colo.
Mrs. Donald W. Thompson	Wheat Ridge, Colo.
Charles S. Vigil	Denver, Colo.
Capt. T. D. F. Langen	Seattle, Wash.
S. J. Giovale, M.D.	Cheyenne, Wyo.
Kenneth B. Schumann	Denver, Colo.
Tom Talbot	Broken Bow, Nebr.
Sandra Dallas Atchison	Denver, Colo.
Robert N. Mullin	South Laguna, Calif.
Ernest R. Schultz	Denver, Colo.
Richard William Dicus	Taos, N. M.
Hugo G. Rodeck	Boulder, Colo.
Howard R. Schroeder	Broomfield, Colo.
E. E. MacGilvra	Butte, Montana
Harry E. Bender, Jr.	Denver, Colo.
Charles F. Dwyer	Lakewood, Colo.
Harold Kountze, Jr.	Denver, Colo.
Robert E. A. Lee	Denver, Colo.
Dr. Chas. B. Kingry	Denver, Colo.
A. E. Rodriguez	Chicago, Ill.

We wish to take this opportunity to again welcome all of them to our midst.



I, Bill Powell, as your 1966 Registrar of Marks and Brands am instituting a new Dept. This will be yours, to use and keep if you will. If you do not want it or do not use it and patronize it, it will be dropped. It is strictly for your pleasure and use.

We are calling it "Swap Shop." It means just that. From time to time, persons and members have asked others if they knew of anyone having a duplicate of some particular book, for which they would like to trade maybe a book, or some other piece of Americana. Well, here is the place.

You can trade books, artifacts, information, research data, on any subject you wish. We do not guarantee that you will be taken up by asking for a Swap; but then, who knows, you might very well find the long lost Golconda of your hopes and research dreams.

So come on, let us list your items to swap, together with the items or item for which you long to Swap.

It'll start it. I have an extra copy of Gano Senter's, "Kawoo of Alaska," and would like something on the early cattle trails, books or other data.



Next Meeting January 26th

Speaker for the January meeting will be the celebrated Dr. Clifford Merrill Drury, professor of Church History at the San Francisco Theological Seminary, until his retirement two years ago.

Dr. Drury will be in Denver January 25 through 28 to give a series of four lectures on "Christian Beginnings on the Pacific Slope" at the Iliff School of Theology. Any member of the Westerners wishing to attend these lectures may call Dr. Lowell Swan at the School as to the time of the lectures.

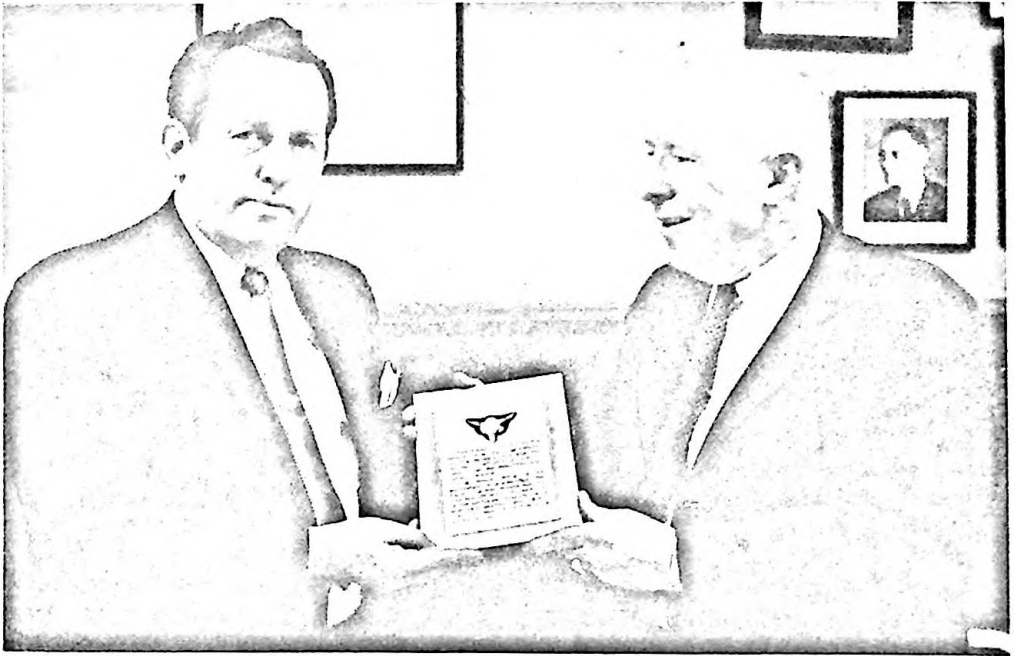
Dr. Drury is the author of two recent books relating to the Oregon Mission and the Nez Perce Mission. He is a member of the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners.

His topic for the Denver Posse meeting will be "Adventures in Americana."

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

FEBRUARY
1966
Volume XXII
Number 2

IN THIS ISSUE:
"CONFESSIONS OF A VERY JUVENILE JUDGE"
By The Honorable Phillip Gilliam



Left to right: Judge Gilliam - J. Nevin Carson. Photo from the Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla.

Denver Westerners' ROUNDUP

DENVER WESTERNERS

MONTHLY

ROUNDUP



February

1966

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1966 OFFICERS

Sheriff, Guy M. Herstrom
Deputy Sheriff, Richard A. Ronzio
Roundup Foreman and Tally Man,
Fred M. Mazzulla
Chuck Wrangler, Carl Mathews
Registrar of Marks and Brands,
William D. Powell
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Publications Chairman, Arthur L. Campa
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Book Review Chairman, W. Scott Broome

PLEASE RETURN YOUR CARDS FOR RESERVATIONS FOR THE JANUARY MEETING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE SO THE CHUCK WRANGLER CAN MAKE ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE DENVER PRESS CLUB.

ABOUT THE SPEAKER

Phillip Gilliam, Judge of the Juvenile Court for the City and County of Denver, in a short period of his life has achieved international renown in his field.

Graduated from the University of Denver Law School in 1937, he was appointed police magistrate by the late Mayor Ben Stapleton.

In 1940 he was elected Juvenile Judge and instituted a program of rehabilitation and training for youthful wards of the court, which brought him world wide acclaim. Judge Gilliam has never been opposed for his office since 1940.



FUTURE MEETINGS

February 23, 1966

Numa James, PM, former Sheriff, will present a paper, History from the Press. He will bring some of his many old newspapers dating from about 1803 to recent dates. Should be a humdinger.

March 23, 1966

Dick Ronzio, PM, Deputy Sheriff, will give a paper on early Colorado Smelters and Reductions plants. This promises to be very interesting.

April 27, 1966

Mr. Wilson Rockwell will present a paper on Buckley Wells and Otto Mears. Both subjects are very interesting to western buffs and we are anticipating this one.

May 25, 1966

Mr. Jack D. Filipiak will speak on Capt. Charles King. Mr. Filipiak is an accomplished writer and researcher and this should be a good paper.

THE DENVER



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Number 2

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Confessions of a Very Juvenile Judge

by

The Honorable Phillip Gilliam

Mr. Mazzulla, and members of the Westerners, Distinguished Guests and Friends: I am very pleased that I should be asked to be with you and to talk to you a little while about some things that might be of interest to you.

I was so glad I accepted the invitation for several reasons. First, because of my great admiration for your organization. I feel like I'm living in history. So many of the men here I know personally. I've been with them for many years, and this is a good feeling, because I'll never see you in a Courtroom.

I deal with crime; I deal with delinquency; I deal with the gangsters, the hoodlums; I deal with the never-will-be's, the never-have-been's; I deal with the results of poor planning, of poor management; I deal with tragedy; I deal with the grief and the tears of the big city; the dregs, the stuff that's left over; the slag in the furnace.

Yet it has been a very good life, and I have enjoyed it so very much, and I'm glad to be here because you're so very friendly with me. And it's not easy for a Judge to be friendly. I've sent most of the people of Denver to jail.

Really, I never know whether I should shake hands or duck. To give you an idea, I was over by the County Jail one time, and I saw a fellow working on the lawn. I'd sent him to jail lots of times, and I thought I should be friendly. And I said, "Joe, I bet you'd like to see me dead, and spit on my grave." He said, "No, Judge, I used to be in the Army. I resolved a long time ago I'd never stand in line again for anything."

But it's nice to be here, and this is a lot different from the groups that I've been talking to lately. I've been talking to teachers' conventions. And the name of that speech is, "Old Teachers Never Die, They Lose Their Principals."

That didn't sound exactly right, so I changed it, "Old Principals Never Die, They Lose Their Faculties."

But you know, it's a good life. You think back, Denver is a little city, and it grows very quickly, with all the problems of mobility, how it changed in the last thirty years. And from the historical standpoint, life is a very fleeting thing. It goes by so very quickly. And it seemed like only yesterday that Ben Stapleton, a very fine Mayor, appointed me thirty years ago to

police court, 14th and Larimer, during the depression, with all the problems of the depression at that time. People were so very hungry. They used to call in the morning, the people who made bricks, and say, "Please send the Police Department to get the people out of the ovens. They were so cold that they would crawl in the ovens at night, and then the police would come and bring them before the Police Judge on a vagrancy charge.

It was very interesting to work with people in those days. Over a hundred cases a day—general docket—I was the only Police Judge in town at that time and handled all the charges, traffic, drunks, narcotics, thefts, gambling, stickups, just about everything.

And you realize in thirty years, 150,000 cases went by. It was like a big stadium filled with law breakers. And I was the Judge on those cases. And yet, it was a good experience as time went on.

You think of 18,000 girls that gave up babies. Little girls that cried as you cleared title to their children. And then the very wonderful people that adopted children over the years. I heard more adoptions than any man in history in the United States. You know, it was like a wedding. "Do you take this child to be your lawful child." They were good people, they were fine people.

And those were good memories. And then Juvenile Delinquency, 28,000 kids in trouble. What makes a good person? What makes a bad person? And the dependency and the neglect, the non-support, battered, beatup children; babies with broken arms. This was part of your life. Guardianships; people who used to love each other deeply, and how they hated each other in the Courtroom.

And then you think back over those years of serving in the early courts of Denver at that time. Sam Finney and John Wells, Morals Squad; houses of prostitution; those were interesting.

Men who used to be panning for gold, as you look out of your office on the third floor of the old Police Building. They used to go down on Cherry Creek during the depression and pan gold; that was part of the sentence, because you tried to avoid putting people in jail. And as you looked down there, you could see the men panning the gold.

Then, great men under the Stapleton days, George Cramner. A very interesting personality; one of the most interesting I've ever seen, because I became very close to him. Strictly a bourbon type. He felt that government came from the top, and it came down to the people. As time went on, you'd realize the brilliance of George Cramner, with his magnificent concept of city government; with the Red Rocks, things he'd like to accomplish. But away ahead of his time, and yet, strange ideas at times that he was very much opposed to; some types of recreation where people didn't participate. He'd say the thing people should do was take part; like ice skat-

g, it was one of his favorite things because large crowds would be taking part in the field of recreation—folk dancing.

Bob Speer before him in building a great city, the fine concept he had on city government.

And then as you sit on the bench under five different mayors, you see the mistakes made. You see the south of City Hall being bought up by private interests, which surely should have been bought by the City of Denver. Land that sold, the Forum Building, I think the land there sold for \$13,000.00 in those days. It seems so strange that the City wouldn't buy this land.

Building the County Jail way out in the country, I think was a very serious mistake in those days.

As time goes on, you know you deal with grief, you deal with sorrow, and ordinarily you get the impression that you become cynical with people. I deal with the worst in life, and yet there's rather a strange thing about the job I handle; the more you deal with people, the better you like them. There is the image of Christ about people. People are very important, and I like this part.

I like what Denver has done over the years. The only one I worry about is the Chamber of Commerce. They are always going to clean up Larimer Street. After all, they're my customers.

Somebody said that Larimer Street is so tough that a cat with a tail is a tourist.

But you go down there, and you see these people that you recognize over the years, and it's been a very good experience as far as I'm concerned. And the more I sit and deal with people, I find there's a dignity in regard to man which I hold in high regard.

You remember Ben Lindsey historically; what happened to him? To me, he was a most interesting personality. He was a kind of noisy, fisty, one-man band. He was the greatest show on earth. And yet, I could understand what he was trying to accomplish in his field. Law and Courts are very slow to change. We live by precedent. We live by things before. When you argue a case in law, you pick up a book, and say, "Judge, this has been decided;"—stere decisis,—things decided, and you are bound to follow. And all law is based on this concept of the things that have gone before. Which is good logic, because if you change the law rapidly, you never know what the law might be.

And yet, as a Judge, you see the throwback to the Common Law of England, the law that came down through time immemorial. It makes you feel good as you walk into the bench, with a black robe. "Hear ye hear ye, this Honorable Court is now open and ready for the transacting of business." Everybody stands up, and you sit down. It gives you an important feeling.

And you can see Ben Lindsey in the early days as he takes the bench, certainly having reverence for the common law, as did all lawyers and all judges.

Under the Common Law of England, any child over the age of seven was capable of committing a crime. It was the People of the State against John Jones. That's an awful lot of people to have against you at one time. Like the colored boy said, "Lord, what a majority." And there stood Johnny. They said, "Arraign the prisoner," and the clerk got up in a very legalistic way and he said, "The District Attorney in and for the Second Judicial District does allege that you did break and enter a dwelling house of another with intent to commit a felony therein contrary to the statutes in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the People of the State. How saith you plead?" Johnny says, "I beg your pardon?"

Ben says, "Let's take a recess." And he went out and he said, "Look, I'm not against people, I'd like to have a court where the name of the action is 'The People of the State in the interests of Johnny Jones.' I'd like to have somebody find out about his dad and his mother; I'd like to have somebody find out about his school; and let's see whether we can't do something *for* a person rather than *to* a person. It seems to me that we ought to try to change his way of life. It seems to me that it's much more logical to help people rather than hurt people. We should get away from this concept of law."

Now you understand that this was a terrific job that Ben Lindsey had. You possibly remember him in the old days. He was extremely flamboyant. He was a tremendous press agent for himself. He went all over the world, and wherever you talked about Ben Lindsey in those days, he was well accepted for the many ideas he had.

And to me, he gave greatness to the Juvenile Court movement, in Denver—Denver and Chicago started the first Juvenile Courts. Wherever you go in the world and talk about the concept of the Juvenile Court, and today it's extremely strong in every country. In every civilized nation in the world you have this concept of justice. Roscoe Pound said it was one of the greatest innovations in law since the Magna Charta. And I think it will go on—this particular movement, you see.

And Ben was great along that line, but you see, he was a strange personality. He'd never leave things alone. He wanted to argue. He was extremely controversial. He wrote books, "The Beast in the Jungle." And told about people in Denver politics that were trying to get him. "The Revolt of Modern Youths," books written that were read all over the world, and he got excited about the situation.

Then he got into a series of articles in Red Book Magazine about companionate marriage. Actually, it was the worst mistake he ever made.

You see, the first four issues of the Red Book Magazine weren't selling, and I think George Creel probably did most of his ghost writing; I'm not sure about that, I heard that. But they said you have to spark it up and make it more interesting so people will buy the thing; so on the fifth issue he wrote the story of companionate marriage, and they crucified him on this thing.

The man who was so well accepted all over the world, all of a sudden became a monster in the lives of the people. He'd get up in churches and they'd debate with him, "You take either Jesus Christ, or you take Ben Lindsey."

I think Ben knew that he'd made a mistake, because life became very close to him after that particular time. But he had it. And actually the idea wasn't too bad. It's what they did to him on the idea. It was primarily birth control. He felt that a lot of people brought children into the world who were not suited to marriage, that they weren't compatible with each other, and he felt that people should be very careful about bringing children in the world. Because I think you are influenced by this in the Juvenile Court. If you could see what happens to people, the number of children who come up in families, and stuff like that. And he felt that people should be extremely careful, especially the first year. And then, if they felt at the end of the year that we're not suited to each other, they wouldn't go into court on an adversary proceeding. They could go into the court, and there would be counseling done by the court to determine whether or not that was a fair marriage and a good marriage.

And the name of the action was the people—instead of "Mary Jones versus John Jones," it would be "The People of the State of Colorado in the Interests of the John Jones Family," to see whether or not this was a good marriage, and not to fight each other in a courtroom, because they had enough fighting, but to find out whether or not this was a fair marriage. And if it was an unfair marriage and a type of a marriage that society didn't think it was a good marriage, the marriage should be dissolved.

This doesn't sound so bad now, but you can imagine about back in 1925 what happened to Ben Lindsey; it destroyed him to a certain extent. I was rather interested in one of his booklets he put out—I have it here—and he says—he ends up with a phrase, "Let us reason together." Doesn't that sound like "LBJ"? It's right here.

But I later became very well acquainted with him. As you know, he got into a great deal of difficulty. He was disbarred on a case that I thought was a little bit unfair. It involved a very wealthy man by the name of Stokes. He had jurisdiction of the children, and he went back to New York to argue in the courts that he had jurisdiction, and not the New York Courts. Mrs. Stokes was a very fine woman, and he represented her in the court-

room, and under the law the judge cannot represent the person in court. And he was given a certain amount of money by Mrs. Stokes to build the Juvenile Hall—the detention home. But when he came back, he found out that he was disbarred, which was a real tragedy because you see all the time he was telling everybody in public life that they were a bunch of bums, including the Supreme Court, which antagonised people. If you keep on calling people names, ordinarily you get punched in the nose. And that's what happened to him.

So later on he went out to California, and he was elected by the highest vote in the history of California to the Superior Court. He was in great controversy in California because he was a controversial man. But he started the Court of Conciliation, which is now a very well known court in Los Angeles. He passed the Bartholomew Laws which protected children in the motion picture industry from being exploited by their parents. He did so many things that were great innovations in law. At the same time he was a little bit nutty, if you know what I mean. Maybe that's an occupational hazard after you stay on the Bench for a number of years; you get that way.

But I became very close to him, and he would correspond with me every day, but he'd never write less than five or six pages, and telling me how I should go to the Supreme Court and tell them how wrong they were. This is the way he was. Finally they decided to reinstate him. He had very good friends in Lee Casey and Phil Hornbein and Ruth Cunningham, and they finally got an agreement from the Supreme Court that they'd reinstate him for Christmas, providing he wouldn't say anything derogatory about the Supreme Court.

But, in the meantime, he got into a lot of controversy in Los Angeles on a sex case, and so Lee Casey said, "Let's try to get him reinstated for Thanksgiving. He'll make an ass of himself by the time Christmas comes around." This is all history. Lee Casey told me about it, which is interesting. So they went on the understanding he wouldn't say anything derogatory about the Supreme Court; and said, "Ben Lindsey, you're reinstated for the practice of the law." He said, "No, I'm not." He said, "You mean the Supreme Court is reinstated." To the good graces of the people.

And so as time went on, he died, but he became a very close friend of mine. And the day he died, he was dictating a letter to me about the juvenile court and how it started. How Bob Steele probably had the first idea. That's Bob Steele's father, who he worked for in the Arapahoe County Court in 1899.

He said, "Ben, I can't stand seeing all these children coming before the Court," he said, "I'm so glad you're going to follow me. I'd like so much to carry on this philosophy under the school law of carrying out the juvenile court system." And so Ben Lindsey took the directive from Bob Steele

about starting the juvenile court, which to me was a very fine thing.

And he ends up the letter, "What you have now is only part of what will be." And this was the letter, and as he dictated the letter, the history of the juvenile court, he dropped dead as he finished the last line, in his office. It was unsigned, and his secretary sent this to me about the Juvenile Court.

Now historically to me it was a very interesting thing because as you travel around the world you hear about Ben Lindsey, and you hear about the court system. And the various courts of the world, and I've sat at many courts in many countries following the same pattern of justice, which to me was a very interesting thing.

One thing I know, we're extremely impersonal now. The world becomes this way. It's hard for you and I to be close to each other. This is a real danger of lack of involvement. There's one thing that I am very concerned about as I work on the Bench with the tragic people is that so very few people are involved in what I see in the big city. We don't want to be bothered with crime. We don't want to be bothered with tragedy. We go out for United Funds; we go out to build a big city or a temple; we go out for character building. It's hard to knock on everybody's door.

It was never impersonal with me. I saw the people cry in the big town. I saw what happens to people. I'm used to seeing people throwing themselves on the floor or screaming as we separate their children. I realize I have to place in institutions and foster homes over a hundred children a month. My kids don't go to college, they go to penitentiaries, and I know a good share of the people in the penitentiaries at Canon City. And when I go down there, everybody waves. I was down there last week for two nights, and I hear as I go through the cellhouses, "Hey, Judge, remember me," and you get that feeling you're really involved in the lives of people who get into trouble.

It's rather strange about this business of comparison between good and evil, which I think is very important from the standpoint of personal involvement. There is a new book out, "Who Needs People, or What the Lonely Road." Somebody said folks need folks so bad, and I know in the house of grief in the big city how much people need each other. And yet, you find great happiness because you have power. You know what you can do, and what you can't do. You know people all over the country. I call Cal Farley in Boys' Ranch, "Cal, take this kid." I was down there the other day—he's taken fifty kids down at Boys' Ranch. I sit around with them—last week in Amarillo—Boys' Ranch, and talk to nine or ten kids that I've sent there. And I say to one kid, "When do you see your mother?" He said, "Judge, I wrote to her two years ago, but she never replied."

And this is a typical scene that you deal with in the Juvenile Court. And yet, it's rather interesting. I read one time in the Spoon River Anthol-

ogy—it said “choose your own good and call it good, for I can never make you see that no one knows what is good, who knows not what was bad; and no one knows what is true, who knows not what was false.”

Well, I saw the false all my life. I saw the bad all my life. This was part of my life. And the comparison was most interesting. I go around the world for the State Department, a most interesting trip. I debated with Communists. You go into India, and you go to colleges. The Communist gets up and he starts talking about Communism. And then you realize, “How are you going to answer this fellow?” And then it dawns on you what a wonderful country you came from, a great country; the early people of 1776; people coming across the plains; fighting for a generation yet unborn. It's easy to debate under those circumstances.

And yet you see hundreds of people lying on the streets in the Far East. The only homes they have are the cobblestones for a pillow, and the little guys hang onto you and say, “I'm so hungry, I'm so hungry.” The world is so hungry. And then you come back to America and everything grows—beautiful country, you know; magnificent buildings. Everybody gripes about everything. You find unhappiness. Golly, I find a lot of happiness in India. There's a satisfaction there that I never saw. It seems so strange, the country has so much that we chose up sides. There's a tiger in the streets, riots, crime, corruption, everybody trying to get there, and you wonder about that. And then you wonder why you find happiness. Maybe when you'd see sorrow, then you'd realize how delightful happiness might be.

I believe this that it happened to me in connection with my work. I know I was the luckiest guy in the world. My father was a wonderful person. He studied for the Ministry in North Carolina, Episcopal Church. His dad was a Minister before him. Instead of that, he decided to buy a gold mine at Gillette, Colorado, near Cripple Creek. That was a funny mine—there wasn't any gold in it. It had a beautiful view. But the thing I liked about it, he found gold up there, because he was a creative person. He was a funloving person. My mother coming over from Scotland, to Cripple Creek. They met each other, they loved each other, and it seems like a simple thing, but it isn't.

People don't realize the importance of that good family life, and the world is mine. He found gold in that mine. The Nest Egg Gold Mine Company. And I know when he came back up to Denver, he always kept that mine. We'd go up there and visit the mine in Gillette, and he was always telling about the gold he might find. But what he really found was a good family. He had lots of children, he had a wife that loved him and he loved her. And what he did for me, from the standpoint of heritage. You see, I deal with bums all the time. I'm so glad he wasn't a bum. I deal with

alcoholics. I deal with people that hate their kids. I deal with whispering parents that say, "Take them away, lock them up."

This is our greatest problem in Court now, where parents are trying to get rid of kids, and unload to the Juvenile Hall . . . there's a hundred kids there tonight waiting for trial, coming up before me.

And then you think about the fact you're well educated—you went to a great university, and the power is there—the power of knowledge. And then you realize you married the nicest girl you ever met, she's a doll, you know. Two fine sons in college, two little girls I adopted. I saw the people cry that day. Every day I go home and I think the tragedy—if you could sit there and see what happened to Denver in the last thirty years.

Big town, with all the problems of bigness, mobility, and so many people said they didn't want to get involved, and you realize that getting involved is part of your life, which is very interesting. And so as time goes on, you wonder if people really knows what happens to a town. I go to work every morning in the busiest court in Colorado—ninety-five employees. You think of all the girls giving up babies, it used to be twenty or thirty girls a month; now there's not less than a hundred girls a month. You're a lawyer, you're a judge, you're clearing titles; not too much time for sentiment. "Sit down little girl, I want to ask you a question. There's a reporter here, and remember you'll never be able to change your mind or find out where your baby goes." 18,000 girls. Now they weren't bad kids. Bad girls don't have babies. These are kind of nice kids, they were the kid next door, might be your own daughter. You think of all the friends that you knew that call you and say, "Phil, I've got a problem. I want to talk to you about it confidentially." So that was part of your life which was most interesting.

And then you think of all the wonderful people who adopted children. There's something glorious about them because they had such great love for a child. A child came to them. It's part of the work that you're involved in, and they were such good people. I think all babies ought to be adopted. I'm getting like Ben Lindsey. That will never sell. But they really love them, and I like them. There were a lot of babies that didn't get it—make it—unadoptable children, unwanted. I don't know whether you saw the television last night or not, about the unwanted children. More all the time, dark, defective. You can imagine what happens when you can't find a place. Institutional living for a child—what happens to a person? Leave a child in an institution for a short time, and I'll show you how he goes down. He starts deteriorating, his mind starts to go. I remember Dr. Wiley Jones. He said, "Phil, I'd like to put up a sign over the room for unwanted children. Instructions to the nurses, 'these babies are to be loved every half hour'."

You wonder about equality. There's very little equality in this business. It seems to me that if we have good families and good backgrounds, it's so important to be involved in the lives of other people. And I think the

danger in America is that feeling that this is not my problem, go away. And I do think it is part of the problem of everybody. When I think of all the crime and what it costs people, I'm in the biggest business in America, did you know that? There's no bigger business than crime. It involves more money—28 billion dollars a year. That's what crime does to people.

And starting out as little kids in juvenile courts, and what happens to them, and the danger of oversimplification. They say there is no such thing as a bad boy—they're meaner than hell. I mean that sincerely. I don't go for that idea as no such thing as a bad boy. If you believe that, you don't believe in education. A little guy getting up before a juvenile court is trained by the greatest expert in the world. You ought to see the meanness involved in a child in trouble. The home life he goes through for many years. If you think you're good in your job, you ought to see the experts on the other side. And he gets up before the Court, and they tell me there is no such thing as a bad boy. I don't believe in that theory. I think it takes good policemen, it takes good probation officers, it takes good social workers, it takes good facilities to fight crime. When you work with a child in trouble, there is nothing simple about that child. And that's been my experience over the years in working with them for a long period of time.

And yet, Denver has been awfully good to me. They gave me a million dollars this year to work on crime, the bond issue, the budgets, the detention home that Ben Lindsey wanted to build. April 1st, we start again building the Juvenile Center of Denver, and it's the finest detention home in the world right now. I feel like a Superintendent of Schools. It's wonderful. I know, because one boy has been in eleven detention homes. We call him the Duncan Hines of detention. He said, "This is the best."

And every noon I go out there for preliminary interviews—I interview everybody who has been arrested by the police, everybody under eighteen, and this is an interesting thing. To hear the stories that I listen to every noon. I said to one boy, "What's wrong with the boy in the corner." He said, "He's a psycho ceramic."

I never knew what a psycho ceramic was. I said, "What's a psycho ceramic," and he said, "That's a crackpot."

And then in the afternoon you listen to the family fights, and, golly, everybody hates everybody. They used to love each other. One man said, "Judge, I always pay my alimony right on the dot." I said, "Why are you so prompt?" He said, "I didn't want that woman to repossess me." And I looked at her, and he had a point.

Then towards the end of the day, you shut the door and your secretary knocks on the door, and she says, "Judge, somebody wants to get married." You wonder what for.

Then when you go out at 9:00, and you talk about child welfare, and

you wonder whether you know much about it. I think the only ones that know much about children are the ones that don't have any. You notice how sharp they are? My boy came home from school one time, and he said, "Dad, you sure got me in trouble at school," and I said, "How was that?" He said, "Remember when I asked you how much a million dollars was," and I said, "Yeah." He said, "A hell of a lot of money is not the right answer."

And my older boy is a genius. He applied for a Fulbright Scholarship, and I was very proud until I read the application. He had written down there, "If you're out of Fulbright Scholarships, I'd be interested in a half priced scholarship." And he qualified!

Joshua Ledman said there is a little bit of good and a little bit of bad in everybody, we're part sinner and part saint. And I think that's true. I have good moments, and I have bad moments. I have evil thoughts at times; I kind of enjoy them. But, incidentally, all the years I've been a judge, I've only had about five Jewish kinds in my court, which is amazing. This is true nationally. You seldom ever have a Jewish child in trouble, and I think that's very good from the standpoint of love among the Jewish people. You never see a Jewish alcoholic, and I'm so glad they're kept out of trouble. I was out to a grade school the other day, and I said to the kids, "Why is it that Jewish people don't get in trouble?" One little Jewish kid says, "I know, crime doesn't pay."

But the question always comes up to me, and they say, "Judge, you've been a judge for a long time, and what do you think about people. Do they change rapidly, and so forth." There is a great change. And we talk about morals. Everybody wants the judge to lock everybody up. And it seems such a simple thing to lock people up. I've sent so many people to institutions, I'm ashamed of myself.

I'm writing a book, "These Will Kill." These are the sociopaths that I have known over the years . . . when they're very young, I predict death, I predict danger for that child. Thank God, there are not too many of them. For there is a personality that comes up before you quite often as a young child that you feel definitely is without feeling, without conscience. He violates all the things you have known about background and so forth, and they seem to come from almost every type of a family, and yet that feeling is not there. And it is interesting to know how to pick these kids out. From time to time you meet this monster, the most dangerous people.

I started looking into the life of Joe Cretzor. He led a revolt at Alcatraz. He killed four guards and then he killed himself. He was in complete charge of the prison, and it said that he was started in Denver as a boy, as a dangerous person. And so I went back in the records of Ben B. Lindsey, and I found the file. And Dr. Wiley, a very fine psychiatrist in the early days, wrote in the record that day that "this boy is the most dangerous boy

I have ever known." He said, "this boy should be quarantined for the good of society. This boy is not going to get well. There is nothing psychiatry can do for this boy. This boy will go on to institution after institution, and he will probably die in an institution." Now, this was when he was twelve years old. Well, I got the record from the FBI, and he made five penitentiaries, and he finally ended up in Alcatraz. And Jim Bennett, the head of the United States Bureau of Prisons, said he was the most dangerous person he had ever known. This prediction for death was made when he was twelve years of age.

And so for the last twenty-five years, I've been collecting the names of certain people that I've felt were extremely dangerous. And it's almost appalling how accurate I am. The people that have been involved in homicides, that I predicted it before it happened. And this boy is a dangerous personality. I know some people walking around the streets of Denver today that I feel will end up in murder. This is a mental illness—the sociopathic type. The person without feeling—not legally insane, because he knows the difference between right and wrong, but has no feeling about right and wrong. He's the kind of person that looks you right square in the eye and can explain everything. And everything is logical to him. When you're working with children in trouble, it's not normal to look at people in the eye. They hang their heads, they are ashamed of themselves, their conscience gets them. But there are some that appear this way, and some day I hope that book will be finished, and maybe it will add something to the prediction for dangerous people. I don't know. Doubleday is considering it, and it may be a contribution of some kind.

I tell you that because I want you to know that I am in a very serious business. This business of locking people up in a cell is a dangerous thing. If I send a boy to Lookout School for Boys, it's going to cost you about \$5,000.00 per year per child. If you figured out the cost, if you figure out the appropriation from the Legislature, the depreciation the capital improvements, interest on the money, figure out what it costs you as a taxpayer to lock a little kid up. You can send kids to college cheaper than you can to penitentiaries, or certainly to training schools. I feel this definitely. And I had to send thousands of them to training schools and reformatories. And they finally make the big house—the penitentiary. And it's estimated it costs at least \$40,000.00 of the taxpayers' money for everybody that's in the penitentiary. That's what crime does for us. 28 billion dollars, and people say, "I'm not involved." You see? And this is a very, very dangerous thing as far as I am concerned.

And as time goes on, the thing you worry about is morality. I never pointed the finger at anybody. I accept conduct as it is. I see the worst in life. I see the worst bums that come up before the Court, the criminal element that comes up before the Court. And they say, "Do people change?"

Yes. they do change . . . I think America went down very rapidly in the last fifteen years from the standpoint of morality. I think probably that was caused by everybody going first class—buy now, pay later. There's an unhappiness in this philosophy. Maybe it's psychological obsolescence. Nothing grows old. Everything has to be new. And it's hard to live this way. It may be very good for business—it's very bad for people. And you can imagine what it does for the children. You can imagine what divorce does to people. I don't advocate that people should live together in hatred. I think they ought to separate. But it's moral bankruptcy from the standpoint of children. And then we start diving in a nose dive, going down hill so very rapidly, and I see the American people doing this.

You can imagine sitting on the Bench two years ago when fifty cops went to jail. They said Denver was the only town in America where a kid could play cops and robbers all by himself.

But as you go through the country, you see you really don't check with other people, but my business is to check crime. When something happens in Los Angeles, I'll know about it. The intercommunication of Juvenile Courts is very interesting because I know every judge in the country. And as soon as something booms in another town, we know about it in Denver, we keep track of this thing.

And so you see the whole thing is sweeping through the country. Good guys aren't winning anymore. You see bankers running with the money—I never dealt with bankers, I always dealt with the low class people. You see more embezzlements now than at any time in history. There are more bankruptcies now than at anytime in history.

Buy now—pay later, buy now—pay later. Now this is the boom in things from the total standpoint. It's not the individual case. From the standpoint of morality, it's what happens to the people. This shaving of points in basketball. The highway scandals that hit almost every State. Billy Sol Estes. The Las Vegas green felt jungle. Trouble in New Orleans. Trouble in Philadelphia. Sweeping the country. Buy now—pay later. In other words, the wise guy in grey flannel is a dangerous person. The Ugly American is not somebody who went to the Far East. I saw that fellow—he drank too much. He was loud and boisterous. I looked at him and he didn't look too ugly. He probably saved his money all his life, and he tried to have a good time in an odd way. He wasn't attractive. But the real ugly fellow is right here. Buy now—pay later; buy now—pay later.

And then it sweeps into the schools and the colleges. And you wonder if the good guys are ever going to win; they are coming in second. And this is the thing that bothers you from the standpoint of law enforcement. I was talking to a little guy; he said, "Judge, what do you mean, crime doesn't pay? It's paying a lot of people, Judge, and I'm going to get mine. I'm going to knock over a store sometime and I'll get lucky." That is what

a delinquent talks about when he talks to me at noon every day. "Someday I'll get rich," and then he starts arguing with you about the adult world. And yet I'm not cynical about this—this is rather interesting from my standpoint.

Everybody talks about kids—everybody talks about the teenagers, the high school kids, as if they're all going to the dogs, and that all crime comes from the young people. I find more inspiration in young people than I ever find with adults. This is paradoxical. Certainly we have a lot of delinquents in such a world as this. On the other hand, it's just amazing the people on the other side. In the first place, the high school kid today is much better educated than we ever were. The means of communication around the world are magnificent. We have radio and television in darkest Africa. The young people in high school today are brilliant. I know because I go in almost every State. I talk to student councils—to see them stand up and cheer and say "Let's be different." Let's be different—I think they're fed up with bums. They're fed up with crime. They're fed up with delinquency.

I say this is important historically because I think America needs survival. I think we have to have something to spark this type of thinking. I think America was great because we were a good people, and when we ceased to be good, we ceased to be great. And I see this in colleges today. You go out to colleges, and I go to many colleges, and see the brilliance of the college student. It's just amazing. You see this College Bowl program on Sunday afternoons. It's not different—you try to compete with a college student today. He goes to your business—he gets out and wants a job with you—just talk to him awhile and see the brilliance of the kids coming out of college today. And I think this is magnificent. I think it's wonderful.

And I saw the grass roots of this in Denver just last week with moral rearmament. Eight thousand at the City Auditorium. Not many people watched us, but there was a group who felt that such things as being good persons, being good Americans, was a very important thing. I think the greatest contribution that certainly we can make is to encourage this thing from a national standpoint. I don't know of any other answer. I don't know how you can pick up the kid down on Larimer Street and say "Be a good kid." That's a highly specialized field, but I think what the colleges today are doing, and the high schools today are doing, is trying to inspire these young people. The only thing that bothers me is sometimes I think they are serious, believe it or not. I feel like saying, "Relax, kid, have some fun. See the funny side of this world, because if you don't, you'll go crazy." I know in my work I'd go crazy if I didn't see the funny side.

And when dealing with people for a long period of time from the standpoint of law enforcement, I think it's a very important thing from the standpoint of mental health. Some guy comes along and says the way I

saw crime was to lock everybody up. I think he's an idiot. Any judge that turns people loose all the time is an idiot also. But any judge that feels he should lock people up all the time and solve crime—in the first place, it would break the city.

One child in ten will fail on probation. Nine out of ten will make good on probation. That's why I want intelligent people from the standpoint of probation officers; I want good parole officers; I want good facilities; and Denver has always backed me up. A million dollars this year. That's a lot of dough, which I appreciate. I think it's marvelous. And when I think back in the thirty years in dealing with people, there's certain things that you arrive at. Everybody has his pet theories. Maybe I oversimplify it, but I know this, the most obvious sign of delinquent children is that he doesn't like himself. Now there are a lot of reasons for that. Maybe a poor family, a poor background, there are a lot of forces that come into a child's life, a person's life, where he starts hating himself. And, boy, when you start hating yourself you are going to be a dangerous person as far as I'm concerned.

I'm worried about a county that can become psychopathic. I'm worried about a county without a conscience and without a feeling. But I know from my own work with children, many times, I can get the meanest kid in town, and I can put him on a work crew in the Rocky Mountains and it's just amazing how they'll change. You try that outward bound school sometime. You come up and see the forestry school we have at Conifer, the trailer village at Conifer. You get twenty-five kids, the toughest kids you ever saw under great leadership. "Son, I'll show you how to create, I'll show you how to build," and even their facial expressions change from the standpoint of mental health.

Even from the standpoint of food it's rather interesting. A lot of kids are starving to death with poor food, jitterbug diets after school, eating ice cream, candy, potato chips, foodless food, junk. It's kind of interesting. In the prisoner of war camps they had many good writers—nothing came out of there that was very good. When you don't eat properly, you don't even think well. The children so many times with the poor food destroy themselves. Get up there in the mountains with a well balanced diet, hard work, and creative activity, you should see the shelter houses they build. You should see the fireplaces they build in the Rocky Mountains. Recreation is one of the greatest things in America right now. Made by delinquent children—you should see the signs made by delinquent children, the pride they take in the sign. It's the mental health of getting people well, which I think is important.

It's interesting working with delinquent girls. Girls are much more difficult. A girl hits bottom. Every probation officer says the girl, to work with her when she's in trouble. A girl has to like herself, more than a boy,

sugar and spice. Love to a man is a thing apart, but it's woman's whole existence. And when they come before me, gentlemen, they look like alley-cats. Really, they walk like dogs. Big bouffants crying, scared of being taken out of hotel rooms, venereal disease, thirteen, fourteen years of age. This is what I deal with. How do you work with a kid like that? It's rather interesting. Part of the terms of probation—you're going to a charm school. Fifteen weeks, you're learning how to be a pretty woman. Somebody said there are no ugly women, there are only those women who don't know how to be pretty. And to see that little doll fix her hair, see her walk with dignity, wear her dress properly, wear her make-up properly. Ending up with a style show—isn't she a lovely person. This is the business of rehabilitation—you'd better like yourself, and then when they like themselves, they start changing.

That's a new theory of working with people in trouble. Put them behind bars and you've got animals. They graduate to the penitentiary. And this is how you start getting well with these people. And I find—remember Ralph Pitts, the great teacher at East High School—what a wonderful guy. Remember how he walked down with dignity. He walked with pride. He looked like he was an educator, didn't he? He seemed like he was ten feet tall. You had a thirst for knowledge when you went into Ralph Pitts' class. You sat at his feet. His great secret is that he knew he was a great educator. "Those who desired to kindle others, must himself glow," and he glowed, that fellow. Really, I thought he was marvelous.

And I find that was one of the most successful things you can possibly do, because when you don't believe in yourself, you can't believe in other people. It doesn't come from nowhere. It doesn't come from the vacuum, and you start loving people. It's the most fascinating field anyone could possibly be in, the field of mental health, in getting people well, seeing them change, the success story. You don't read about success, you read about failures.

"These Will Kill." People in the penitentiaries. Every night I read the newspaper about crime, and I can tell you about almost everybody that's hitting the newspapers, and what they were when they were children. It's too bad you lost those cases.

And another thing I found out that's very important, and these certainly are the confessions of a juvenile judge, a lot of people say, "Well, Judge, what can I do to make sure that my family is all right, that my boy won't get in trouble, my girl won't get in trouble?" The hardest thing in the world a man can do is love his wife. That's not easy. It's even harder to love your husband. And rather, everybody simplifies it. It's the most difficult thing to do. I like—in a way, I like the Indian system, where they never know each other until they get married. Then they start loving each other. I think the marriage ought to be the commencement. I love her not

only for what she is, but for what I am when I am with her. It requires such great effort, continual effort, to love deeply. Certainly sex is not a physical thing, it's that ethereal quality between man and woman. And when people love like that in their family, they find such great happiness in the fact. The children get well, certainly a matter of mental health. The dignity of that family.

And I wish people could understand that from the standpoint of marriage, because my prediction is that not more than fifty percent of the marriages in America are successful. Even the divorces filed in Denver, one-third, about one-third end up in the divorce courts. But don't forget, in Juvenile Court they have the poor man's divorce, where people never go into the divorce court, they just separate. And we have thousands of them of that type in the Juvenile Court.

And I think one of the greatest things, of course, is good discipline—teach the child to be strong. It seems rather simple that we have to talk about this. It's a tough world—you get your head knocked off. It seems to me that if a person teaches a child to be strong, he does it with good discipline. He says, "Son, I'm going to teach you to be strong. You're going to learn how to use your hands, you're going to use your head."

I met a man—Steinberner, remember the newspaper man. He said, "Phil, remember the baby I adopted?" You can imagine after 18,000 babies—they make a big city. Kids that came up before me. I did remember. I remember the mother when she was crying. I said, "You'll never be able to find your son." She broke down. He said, "My son was offered scholarships to three of the greatest universities in America. He graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Stanford." That was the boy. That really was a forest king as far as I'm concerned. I deal with scrubby things. I deal with broken people all the time. It's great to have somebody that taught great love in the family, and great discipline in the family. This was good. And a religious concept of human life.

I like people. I like Billy Graham, and I like what he did when he went to the Far East, because he's trying to show people the importance of being decent. Rubin Youngdahl of the Lutheran Church, and Martha Bott, of Iowa; you see them as you travel around the world. People are really great people, as far as I am concerned. I like that sort of thing.

H. G. Wells said one time, when he was very well, "Don't bother me, can't you see I'm busy dying?" But Ben lived all the time. I used to have the Friday Night Clubs in Denver where I'd taken about fifty kids out every Friday night. These are the hoodlums, the meanest kids in town, in group therapy—the blind leading the blind. I said, "Lock up your bikes, we're all going to a show." And they all started to laugh. I said, "What are you laughing about?" And one kid said, "Judge, anybody that would steal a bike in Denver is right here."

Then I took them over to a prize fight one time. I was with Father Moynihan. One little Mexican kid was going to punch somebody in. He was a good Catholic, so he crossed himself. I said, "Father, will that help that guy?" He said, "It will, if he can fight."

But thirty years went by, and it was sure a good experience. I loved every part of it. I hope sometime, if you get time, why not go over to Juvenile Hall and sit in on those preliminary hearings. And then when you leave there, you thank God that you came from good families—thank God that God was so good to you and gave you a good education.

THE SILVER SPUR

This month the accolade of The Silver Spur goes to our good Posseman Robert L. Brown for his very fine book, AN EMPIRE OF SILVER, an excellent publication. For more about this book, see our Westerner's Bookshelf.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

In the December, 1965 issue of the UNIVERSITY OF DENVER MAGAZINE, several of our well known Possemen were complimented. There is a fine profile of Dr. Nolie Mumey, PM, and his dedications—his work and his hobbies. Those of us who are privileged to know Dr. Mumey will feel that the writer only scratched the surface in this delineation of an outstanding surgeon, writer, explorer and poet.

Fred Mazzulla, PM, Photographer par excellence, and his technical adviser, his good wife, Jo, are given a half page. A good article, but again, the reporter only skipped around the edges of their combined talents. It would take a book to cover their interests.

We are informed that Bob Cormack,

PM, has been appointed Municipal Judge in the town of Morrison, where he has his studio. Watch your speed, boys, as you drive through Morrison!!!

We have been informed that Corresponding Member Lawrence H. Talley, of Jamesville, Wis., has been elected to the Board of Governors of The International Rodeo Association. Congrats.

We hear that PM Dabney Otis Collins, he of the silver tongued pen, has an article due to come out in The American West Magazine. It tells about the attempted recovery of the bones of "Sitting Bull." For over 64 years the nephew of Sitting Bull has attempted to recover his uncle's bones, against the sovereign states of North and South Dakota. But read the article for details.

An Historical Dedication to the Pioneers Who Lived One Hundred Years Ago

Thirty-five families thought enough of their ancestors, who were old timers in the Higbee area, to erect a monument to their honor. The dedication of this monument took place December 19, 1965.

Higbee, as it is now named, was known as Nine-Mile Bottom in the early days of the century. It consisted of an area running approximately 9 miles to the Purgatoire (Picketwire) River in southeastern Colorado where the farmers had installed headgates for the 9-mile long irrigation ditch which carried the precious water to their farms.

This area is said to be the oldest inhabited area in southeastern Colorado and first came into prominence when Charles Goodnight trailed his herds through from Texas to bring beef to the mining district at the foot of the mountains, known as Denver.

Many of the present families now living in Higbee are descendents of those who worked for the old Prairie Cattle Company. Many owned their own farms and ranches and their descendents are still operating them today. Also present were people recently come to live in the area, and those, like myself, who are interested in early Colorado history.

Unveiling the monument were two oldtimers, Mrs. Willie Corbin and Manuel Martinez, Sr. of Higbee Valley. Dedicated with the monument was



The Nine Mile School, Higbee, Colorado. From "Pioneers of The Picketwire" by Morris R. Taylor.

a fine roadside park where stationery tables, benches and fireplaces will be constructed. Considering that the dedication took place with a six inch fall of snow on the ground, 135 people was a pretty good turnout for the coffee and cake and other good things served to the crowd. Those attending came from New Mexico and Colorado.

So, again, a link has been established with the past by the good citizens of the Higbee area. Here where the old Prairie Cattle Co., and other cattle outfits, and the early settlers established their irrigation works, one wonders at the quality of strength, fearlessness, and sheer guts of the early pioneers and renders honor to their memories.

Will the tourist, picnicing at this place, be able to visualize the condition as they were then, with thousands of cattle grazing over these plains?
HONOR TO THOSE WHO TAMED THE WEST.

POSSE GREETINGS

We welcome the newest member of the Denver Possee, *Harry Kelsey*, of the Colo. State Historical Society. Born in Alton, Ill., Sept. 25, 1923, he received his early education in Texas and Arkansas. A BS from Regis, MA and Ph.D. from DU completed his formal education. He served in the U.S. Army for three years, working his way to the top and achieving the rank of Corporal through sheer military genius and ability. (So he says. We think he knew someone in Washington.)

Harry taught history at Mapleton High School in Denver and at New Mexico Highlands University at Las Vegas. He joined the staff of the State Historical Society in 1963. He is also a member of the Santa Fe Corral.* Harry is married and has seven children. He modestly states that they are not only the best looking kids in town but the smartest.

ADVENTURES IN AMERICANA

By Dr. Clifford M. Drury

Dr. Drury who gave the January paper at the Westerners, has specialized for more than 30 years in the history of the Pacific Northwest regions and the Presbyterian Congregational Missions to the Indians of Old Oregon. He has served as Professor of Church History at the San Francisco Theological Seminary in San Anselmo, California since 1938. For us he weaves the romantic documentary story of how six women, in the fur-trade era, 1835-38, dared to ride horseback over the Plains and the Rockies to Walla-Walla

*In 1957 Harry gave a paper on Clay Allison at the March Posse Meeting of the Westerners, so he is no stranger to our Posse.

in the Columbia River Basin. They were the first white women to venture on such an unheard-of journey, seven years ahead of the first Oregon migration. They travelled with fur traders, camping at their rendezvous sites on the Green and Popo Agie Rivers. Dr. Drury's descriptions of research, finding lost papers, old diaries, books and other data, lent power and meaning to his paper. All agreed it was one of the best papers of its kind ever presented to The Denver Posse of The Westerners. This paper will be printed in the Roundup at a future date. Dr. Drury is the second speaker to receive a standing ovation after giving his paper. The first one to receive such an honor was the renowned J. Frank Dobie.

Westerner's Bookshelf

Three Books of the West.

HISTORY OF WYOMING, by T. A. Larson, 619 pages, index, illus., Univ. of Neb. Press. \$6.95.

WYOMING, The 75th Year, L. W. (Bill) Isaacs, editor, 138 pages, Paperback, illus., many color, \$1.25, pub., Wyo. 75th Anniversary Committee.

THEM WERE THE DAYS, Paul H. Roberts, illus. old photos, 134 pages, Naylor, \$4.95.

When does chronology become history or the reverse? When does an attractive, large-page promotional book, such as WYOMING become history? You judge.

Larson's book is terrific in the assembly of year-by-year recounting who - was - where - and - when. As a springboard, it is tops for anyone wishing to pick up threads of happenings and who spun those threads into history. Perhaps it will stand for decades as the guidebook to Wyoming's yesterdays; perhaps its lack of fill-in but directional attribute will start many more writers into additional reading and they will put meat, sinew and action more fully in the characters profusely mentioned and authen-

ticated in this book. As it is, it seems to me to be above all superb chronology.

It is rather rare that one who was in the middle of a genuinely historical event has a chance to mention it as he writes a book review. Larson barely mentions Congressman Frank Barrett's involvement in a nation-wide battle, precipitated by livestock interests, to acquire tremendous chunks of the national forests by enactment of bills Mr. Barrett introduced in Congress. The move got smashed, Barrett and several other members of Congress got walloped; the bright image of the bighearted cowboy got tarnished; and smart politicians began to realize that livestock people no longer are the majority casting ballots in elections. It is this sort of fill-in, plus much more, that one feels should be all spun out in Wyoming's rich historical background.

Bill Isaacs has been one of Wyoming's most successful dude ranchers. He has a knack for writing. Governor Hansen got Bill to pull together this handsome 75th Anniversary book. For anyone who wishes to swish through

Wyoming history, scenic treasures, modern activities, and learn interesting swatches of bright-tinted western history as it was stitched together, this is the book to buy. Space limitations that dictated much that Larson undoubtedly would like to have put in his book, are even more jammed together in WYOMING's anniversary book. However, illustrations in black-and-white, many others in splendid color bridge any gaps in chronology that is the outstanding attribute in the other Wyoming book.

Paul Roberts of Prescott, Ariz., retired U.S. Forest Service man, has been writing about that organization with a knowledge and understanding not too many writers have. Paul "was there" when much of what he records took place.

THEM WERE THE DAYS is a personal narrative. As such, it gives to readers some feeling of blizzard, weariness of long trail travels, touches of accentuated personality characteristics of those with whom he rode. Above all, this book presents a sharply-etched picture of the hard, sometimes dangerous work of those dedicated gents and gentlemen who made the U.S. Forest Service what it has been. For anyone interested in the western wildlands, this is a No. 1 book; for any young sprout entering the Forest Service, this is a "must book" because here is found that dedication which, in spots and sections, seems to have been a bit smudged and not so monumental in later times.

Three books of the west—each very good in its way.

Art Carhart, PM

AN EMPIRE OF SILVER, by Robert L. Brown, Caxton Printers, Ltd.,

Caldwell, Idaho. 328 pp. \$7.50.

The hell-roaring times from the 1870's to 1893 as they were lived in Colorado's San Juan Country literally spring to life in this hard-to-lay-down volume.

Among books written on various aspects of Western History, AN EMPIRE OF SILVER must indeed occupy one of the highest places.

That span of action-filled years—twenty-five at most—saw the San Juan Country and its mining activities strut their brief time on the stage. In 1893 when Congress repealed the Sherman Silver Purchase Act, the curtain abruptly came down. Then descended on this vast area the silence in which it had slept for eons before.

In much of that land the silence continues. The actors of the play have gone and most of the towns and camps with them. The earth appears to have taken them back to its bosom, and only the long, long, silence continues.

Sometimes, if you listen intently when the cold winter winds whip up the belly-deep snows on the old trails, Brown says you can almost hear the ghosts of the players of this drama that was: Otto Mears, the toll-road and railroad builder; George Lee, who built the "Governor's Mansion" near Lake City, firmly believing he could establish Colorado's capitol at "Capitol City" (spelling his); Alfred Packer and "Cannibal Plateau" that lives broodingly after him; Father Hayes, the Jesuit Priest who said the first mass in the San Juans; David Frakes Day and his "Solid Muldoon," than which there never has been a more colorful—and controversial—newspaper; William H. Jackson, who with his camera sought to set down, graphically, the action and the drama of those lusty

times; Parson Hodge, the Episcopalian minister, who waged an up-hill battle to bring a semblance of religion to the many camps; John Moss, whose mining promotions were artful and effective, but who was a definite blank as a legislator in Colorado's First Legislature; Tom Walsh and his famous Camp Bird Mine—a paradox, a millions-of-dollars-rich golden fleece sailing in a sea of silver. And there were dozens and dozens of other colorful characters.

Silverton, Ouray, Durango, and a few more places stayed on for another performance, backed by agriculture, lumbering, and other industries that eventually pushed into the West. But gone are Summitville, and the Barlow and Sanderson Stage Coach and Express running between all points; Hildgey and Telluride, only ghosts of their former greatness; Eureka, Howardsville, and Animas Forks; Red Mountain, Chattanooga, and Parrott City, and dozens like them which are now only ghost towns.

One of the book's outstanding features are the illustrations. Historian Brown has, in his researching, dug up pictures of the hey-day times of many of the San Juan Camps. These occupy the top half of a page. Beneath are pictures taken from the same spot in very recent years. In the later pictures the isolation is almost complete. A few scars on the mountainsides, the ruins of a stamp mill, a house or two, bear mute evidence of the past that was. But now there is only silence—deafening silence.

Within the pages of *AN EMPIRE OF SILVER* one can vicariously travel the many mine trails of the San Juans—as they were and as they are in these less boisterous times. One of the book's best chapters is an exposition

on bimetallism, a coinage situation that made possible the many millions of profits for the San Juan Silver Miner. But Congress "done him in" in 1893, and the area has never been the same since.

Herbert P. White, PM

THE WEST THAT WAS—FROM TEXAS TO MONTANA, by John Leakey as told to Nellie Snyder Yost, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 261 pp., Illustrations, Index, \$1.50 paperbound.

Unlike the relative immediacy of a diary, reminiscences have been filtered by time and influenced by subsequent events and the accumulated experiences of a lifetime. They are nevertheless sought after and retold by writers, historians and grandchildren, but the serious scholar always does his best to substantiate the events through an independent source. Nellie Yost has done Mr. Leakey justice—recording the remembered events in a sympathetic, first person narrative—but there are no footnotes to provide a key to separate fact from fantasy.

The first third of the book is thrice removed from the reader in that the episodes were told to John Leakey in his youth and he in turn passed them on to the writer who records them for us. This is not the most reliable way of recording history and the opening chapters contain more derring-do—shootings and Indian fights, where both the living and the dead are usually veritable pin cushions for a dozen arrows—in which the heroes are very, very good, the villains unusually reprehensible and the women the epitome of the stoic pioneer.

Leakey's personal story, the life of a cattleman with its struggles with weather, financing, and rustlers, is

much more matter-of-fact and recounts a way of life which, even after being told and retold for decades, catches our imagination. The hard life of the range must have had rewards for those who lived it, for so many persisted, in spite of heartbreaking setbacks, to develop the organized cattle industry which exists today.

A map would have been helpful to the stay-at-home reader and one simply has to ignore the genealogy, which attempts to tie the individuals together, to fully enjoy the thread of Mr. Leakey's adventures strung out from a boyhood in Texas to a successful ranch owner in North Dakota—with all the side-kicks, trail herds, dry water holes, blizzards and bankers which marked the way between.

Bill Marshall, PM

OUTLAW, Bill Mitchell alias Baldy Russell, His Life and Times, by C. L. Sonnichen, Sage Books, Denver, Colorado. 188 pages with notes and bibliography. \$4.75.

A fascinating account of frontier life in the remote country of Texas and New Mexico, colored by a combination of grudge murders, revenge killings and feud situations known to those parts after the Civil War. The true story is told through a complex sequence of events in which Bill Mitchell, with several aliases, following a gunsmoking incident between the Mitchell and Truitt families, became a killer, an outlaw, a captive and a fugitive for forty-seven years of his life. With the instinct of the hunted he sought the most inaccessible parts of the back country, constantly on the run and always awaiting the day of his capture.

During his outlaw life Bill Mitchell married, reared a family, and had

many friends. His wife and their children lived his hectic life with him, moving from one hideout to another, respecting him but forever sharing the burden of his crimes.

The book is truly "grass roots history." Much information for the detailed account it portrays was obtained through personal interviews with the Mitchell and Truitt families and many others in the areas where the actions took place, as well as through diligent search of court records, letters, newspapers, documents and miscellaneous historical material.

The many entangled situations in the life of Bill Mitchell are related in an interesting, orderly sequence which might otherwise have been perplexing to follow. The writing makes both people and back country colorful and genuine and accounts for a true slice of southwest history.

Hugh B. Burnett, CM
CINDERS & SMOKE—Illustrated soft cover by Doris B. Osterwald, Western Guideways, Inc. \$2.00.

On the eye-catching cover you are promised: "Herald—History—Rocks—Points of Interest—Birds—Flowers—Trees—Mining—Photo Hints," and you really get all of them, and then some.

On 100 packed pages you get 34 photographs, plus numerous charts, profiles, specifications, and maps. In addition, you get a thorough inch-by-inch detailed guide of and for the Durango to Silverton narrow gauge trip. A locomotive whistle signal chart is found on the back cover.

We have had far too many so-called paper backs that are just plain mediocre tourist trash. CINDERS & SMOKE sets a new high standard for natives as well as tourists. You will have to see it to believe it.

Fred M. Mazzulla, PM

NEW HANDS ON THE RANGE

WILLIAM K. BARR

Ridgewood Park
P.O. Box 355
Littleton, Colorado 80121

J. Nevin Carson sponsored William K. Barr for membership. His application says he is interested in the general history of Denver.

EDWIN A. BATHKE

9645 W. 22nd Place
Lakewood, Colorado 80215

Mr. Bathke was sponsored by Francis Rizzari, Dick Ronzio, Bob Brown and others. His application states that he is interested in Colorado History and Western Mining towns. He is a member of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado. He has published several books, having had a paper in the 1964 Brand Book.

HELEN G. BLUMENSCHNEIN

Box 256
Taos, New Mexico 87571

Miss Blumenschnein's application was brought in by Fred Mazzulla, PM and Dr. Arthur L. Campa, PM. Her application states that she is interested in the Taos Valley, Northern New Mexico and in Southern Colorado, that portion that formerly was a part of New Mexico. She is on the Advisory Board of The Carson National Forest, and belongs to the New Mexico Archaeological Society. She has written articles on archaeology for several papers.

WALTER J. BOIGEGRAIN

1270 Cody Street
Denver, Colorado 80215

Mr. Boigegrain is president of the Rocky Mt. Methodist Conference Historical Society; pres. West. Jurisdictional Assoc. of Methodist Historical Society. He became interested in the Westerners through Martin Risk, PM, Iliff School of Theology. His interests center in church history, Colorado battles, Anasazi Indians, and ghost towns. His hobbies are photographing historic sites.

EDWARD A. BURRITT

1851 S. Saint Paul Street
Denver, Colorado 80210

Mr. Burritt became interested in the Westerners through CM Sam Zalevsky. He is a retired railway mail clerk, having served in Wyoming, Nebraska and Colorado. He has been active in the Masonic organizations. His hobbies are philately and ornithology.

RALPH W. CASEY

2565 South University Blvd. #510
Denver, Colorado 80210

This member became interested in The Westerners through Erl Ellis, former Sheriff. His application states that he is interested in Colorado Mining History, History of Territorial New Mexico History, and Oklahoma History. He is a Life Member in the Oklahoma Historical Society and collects books on early Colorado, Oklahoma and New Mexico.

COLONEL BRUCE B. CAULDER

300 Logan Street
Denver, Colorado 80203

Colonel Caulder's application was signed by Dr. Lester L. Williams. Colonel Caulder states that he is especially interested in Military organizations and operations. His hobbies are skiing, fishing and rock hunting.

WILLIAM B. COLLISTER

905 Western Federal Savings Building
Denver, Colorado 80202

Mr. Collister was brought into The Westerners through his friendship with Fred Mazzulla, PM. His application does not give any data on his activities.

CATHY A. CORMACK

243 Steele Street
Denver, Colorado

Miss Cormack's application was signed by her father, no other than our own Bob Cormack, PM. Miss Cormack is a teacher in the Denver Public Schools. She is interested in Colorado History, and states that she is looking forward to receiving her own copies of The Round-up.

DR. CLIFFORD M. DRURY
2889 San Pasquale Street
Pasadena, California 91107

Dr. Drury is a member of The Los Angeles Corral. He was our speaker this meeting. I believe that the resume of his activities under "About the Author" will cover his interests, activities and hobbies. We are glad to welcome people like the good doctor to our ranks.

JOHN A. JOHNSON
3510 Madison Street
Denver, Colorado 80205

Mr. Johnson's application was brought in by Fred Rosenstock, PM. His application states that he has had experience in Alaska and The Aleution Islands with the telephone company up there. He is in-

terested in old pictures of Denver and Colorado.

STEPHEN H. HART
500 Equitable Building
Denver, Colorado 80202

This member became interested in The Westerners through Al J. Bromfield. President of the State Historical Society of Colorado for the past six years, he was director of that organization for 27 years prior to being appointed president. He is the author of ZEBULON PIKE'S ARKANSAS JOURNAL.

To all of the new Corresponding Members, welcome; make as many of the meetings as you can. Remember to send reservations for any meeting you can attend.



Steve Payne, PM, writes that he collects old straight razors. Anybody got one to trade? These should be of the vintage prior to 1900. Come on out, you straight hoarders, get in touch with Steve.

— O —

Dock Marston, 2333 Vine St., Berkeley, Calif., 94708, writes saying he has a swap of facts from the life of JAMES WHITE, from the time White left Callville in 1868 up to the time he settled in Trinidad, Colo., in 1878. He says, "James White has been credited with being the first white man to make a water transit of the Grand Canyon. He was reported in Lake City in the early '70's and in

Las Animas about 1875." Anyone in the Corral know anything about James White?

— O —

Bob Cornack, PM, Box 48, Morrison, Colo., 80465, says he has the following for swap: (1) a copy of William MacLeod Raine's "Famous Sheriffs and Western Outlaws," to swap for any other of Raines books which he is lacking in his library; (2) a set of his drawings, "Guns that Helped Win the West." These are a set of prints, six guns to a set, in 2-color litho, suitable for framing. He will trade for any Western Americana, books, art, junk, etc. So get in touch.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

MARCH
1966
Volume XXII
Number 3

IN THIS ISSUE:
COVERED WAGON CORRESPONDENTS
REPORT PIKES PEAK GOLD RUSH
By Numa James



Fred Mazzulla, Numa James, Sheriff Herstrom

Leica Photo—Jack Guinn

ABOUT THE SPEAKER

Numa James, PM. Former Sheriff of the Denver Westerners is well known in newspaper circles.

Numa was born in Chicago but his family moved to Colorado when he was two years old, where his father had mining interests.

In 1928 he went to work in the Advertising Dept., of The Topeka State Journal. Later he was with the Beacon Publishing Co., in Wichita, Kansas, and in 1940 returned to Colorado as Advertising Manager for the Montrose Daily Press.

Two years later he joined the staff of the Rocky Mountain News. Later he was appointed General Advertising Manager, which position he still holds.

Due to a shortage of space in the March ROUNDUP, Mr. James' excellent paper will be printed in its entirety in the 1966 BRAND BOOK.



FUTURE MEETINGS

March 23, 1966

Dick Ronzio, PM Deputy Sheriff, will present a paper on early Colorado Smelters and Reduction plants. This promises to be very interesting.

April 27, 1966

Mr. Wilson Rockwell will present a paper on Buckley Wells and Otto Mears. Both subjects are of interest to Western buffs and we are anticipating this one.

May 25, 1966

Mr. Jack D. Filipiak will speak on Capt. Charles Kind. Mr. Filipiak is an accomplished writer and researcher and this should be a good paper.

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USE THESE ADDRESSES FOR:

Correspondence and remittances — Fred Mazzulla, 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202.

Material intended for publication in ROUNDUP — William D. Powell, Elk Falls Ranch, Pine, Colorado 80470.

Reservations for all meetings and dinners — Carl Mathews, The Westerners, 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Dinner \$3.25. Reservations only. (No guests with CMs.)

1966 OFFICERS

Sheriff, Guy M. Herstram

Deputy Sheriff, Richard A. Ronzio

Roundup Foreman and Tally Man,

Fred M. Mazzulla

Chuck Wrangler, Carl Mathews

Registrar of Marks and Brands,

William D. Powell

Membership Chairman, Philip W. Whiteley

Program Chairman, Robert L. Brown

Keeper of the Possibles Bag,

Philip W. Whiteley

Publications Chairman, Arthur L. Campa

Nominations Chairman, J. Nevin Carson

Book Review Chairman, W. Scott Broome

PLEASE RETURN YOUR CARDS FOR RESERVATIONS FOR THE MARCH MEETING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE SO THE CHUCK WRANGLER CAN MAKE ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE DENVER PRESS CLUB.

Covered Wagon Correspondents Report Pikes Peak Gold Rush

• • •
Gold Discovered . . . Thousands
Crossing Western Plains . . . Indian
Massacres . . . Cannibalism . . . Daily
Murders . . . High Cost of Food, etc.
• • •

During the "Pike's Peak Gold Rush" hundreds of those who arrived in what later became Colorado . . . wrote back to the "Home Folks" about conditions in the region. Many of these letters were published in the local home-town newspaper . . . and frequently picked up by the larger newspapers in New York, Washington, Cincinnati, etc., and reprinted with credit given of the source. These are the original reports of what life was like in those Pioneer Days . . . not what the Movies and Television and Western dime novels had to say about this historic event. All material taken from Original newspapers of that exciting period . . . and the truth is stranger than fiction.

By: NUMA JAMES

AUTHENTIC FROM THE SOUTH PLATTE MINES

A MINER'S ACCOUNT

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune

Auraria City, South Platte, Nov. 2, 1858

On the 13th of May, 1858, your humble servant, in company with eighteen persons from the State of Georgia, started from Leavenworth City, Kansas Territory, to prospect the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains generally, but more particularly the vicinity of the South Platte.

We came to the Arkansas River Route, and joined on the way a company of Cherokee Indians, consisting of 75 men, and a few Missourians, which increased our company of 104 men. After encountering many difficulties we arrived on the Platte on the 23rd of June.

Crossing the river we continued to our particular point of destination, which was a small creek, seven miles north of the Platte, from the banks of which a man of our company (a Mr. Beck, a Cherokee half-breed) panned in the Spring of 1850 as much as \$5 worth of dust to a panfull of gravel. But after prospecting about two weeks, and our best panning only about one grain of gold to the pan, the majority of our company became disheartened and were determined to return to their homes.

Accordingly, on the 6th of July we recrossed the Platte and encamped on its southern bank. All were for returning home except myself and twelve others, eight of whom were from the State of Georgia, one from Iowa, three from Kansas Territory, and the writer from the old Keystone State.

The following morning being the 7th of July, our home-bound companions took their departure for the States. Our small company then assembling together, concluded to spend the Summer prospecting the Platte, Arkansas and their tributaries, in search of the precious metal.

On the afternoon of the same day striking our tents we moved up the Platte River about 8 miles and camped. Some of our men went out in every direction prospecting. Soon Green Russell, esq., our most experienced miner and leader, arriving at camp gave us the astounding intelligence that he had discovered a mine where we could realize \$15 per day.

Our joy knew no bounds, we huzzaed, whooped and yelled at the prospect of being loaded with gold in a few months, and gave vent to any amount of hisses and groans to our apostate companions that were making all speed for home. We congratulated ourselves, Sir, that we inaugurated a new era in the history of our beloved country.

This mine we worked for some two weeks, realizing from \$5 to \$15 per day. Then we set out on another prospecting tour, and discovered another deposit, somewhat richer than the first. Here our best panning amounted to \$3.50 to the pan of gravel (which is the best panning done on the Platte up to this date), and from \$10 to \$20 per day to the hand. We worked this mine some twenty days, when we concluded to set out on another prospecting tour. This tour embraced Cherry Creek, Sand Cheek and their tributaries, on all of which we found more or less gold, our prospecting from one to ten cents per pan of gravel in a district forty miles square.

Returning to the Platte, we concluded to prospect the river to its source at the summit of the Rocky Mountains. Not knowing its length, we only took two days provisions. Our supplies were exhausted, we were obliged to live on fresh meats, without any salt for two weeks, at the end of which we returned to the Platte, very much exhausted and emancipated.

After recruiting ourselves for a few days, we discovered a richer deposit, paying from \$6 to \$10 per day. After working this for a few days, we concluded to go north in search of the source of this gold, as it all drifted or floated. About the 1st of September we took up the line of march for the Platte River which was about 200 miles distance, prospecting on the way all the creeks, the Black Hills and Medicine Bow mountains, and realizing from one to three cents per pan of gravel. We were, however, compelled to return, on account of the inclemency of the weather, before we could prospect that part of the country as thoroughly as we wished.

Prospecting somewhat on our return, we arrived at the South Platte on or near the 25th of September. In the meantime, the news of our pros-

pecting and discoveries having been spread like wildfire, we were greeted on our arrival by nearly a hundred white men, and you may reasonably surmise that we were overjoyed at meeting them, as we had seen but few white men for the space of six months.

Recruiting ourselves and our teams here a few days, and having exhausted our supplies of provisions, we set out for Ft. Garland, in New Mexico, a distance of 180 miles, to get a supply for the winter. At that point flour is worth \$7.50 per cwt., bacon 20 cents per pound, coffee 25 cents., sugar do., and other articles in proportion. Having concluded our outfitting, we set out on our return, prospecting in the meantime, and getting from one to two cents per pan of gravel, and eventually arrived at the Platte River on the 25th of October, where we found three hundred men, and fresh arrivals came in every hour from the States.

These men are principally from Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas, and are the bone and sinew of the counties from which they came. We shall have 1,000 men to Winter here; and taking into consideration the prospects of the mines, and the scarcity of money in the States, I can readily suppose that by the 1st of June 1859, our population will exceed 80,000, and we can then organize a Territory or State, which will compare favorably with any other in the Union.

The climate is delightful, the scenery beautiful and diversified; the soil in the valleys is a black, sandy loam, and very productive; the Summer season is warm and pleasant, the Winters are about the same as in the Western States generally. Improvements are going on rapidly in both city and farming business. Where three months ago could only be heard the sharp crack of a rifle, and shrill whoop of the Indian, you now can only hear the sound of the white man's ax and the pleasant music of the anvil.

Several towns have been laid out, and quite a number of houses have been erected; but one town in particular I shall briefly notice. It is known by the cognomen of *Auraria*, and is situated at the junction of Cherry Creek and the Platte River, and on the great Military road leading from the Territories of New Mexico and Southern Kansas to Ft. Laramie, Ft. Bridger, and all the North-Western Forts. There are some thirty substantial houses erected in said town, and fifty more rapidly progressing, which the owners intend to have finished this season; also one tin-shop, several blacksmith shops, and several stores; and I understand that the proprietors intend in having a printing press in operation by the 1st of March, 1859. Are we not a fast people?

I remit you, in this, a small specimen of dust, which I have taken from the mines. Fort Laramie, Nebraska Territory, which is distant about 200 miles, is our nearest post-office, and we shall have a private express to that point this Winter.

THE KANSAS GOLD MINES

UNFAVORABLE ACCOUNTS

From The St. Louis Democrat
Sept. 27, 1858

A gentleman who reached this city on Saturday evening, having left Leavenworth City on Tuesday evening the 21st, brings us the latest news from Kansas and the gold mines. He says, on the day he left Leavenworth, a number of gold seekers had returned to Leavenworth and Lawrence, who relate that the reports about gold at Pike's Peak, are not nearly so favorable as have been published. Our informer saw but one of the returned miners, and he says that he did not get any gold at all, though he believes there is gold there, but it will not pay to dig for it. It can only be reached by the best machinery.

According to his statement, a number of the companies at the mines were about disbanding and coming home. He says that those who Winter there will have a hard time of it, as the climate is very changeable, and the extremes very severe. He instances the 4th day of August last, when ice formed at night the thickness of the glass of a tumbler, and in the day-time the sun was excessively hot. Other accounts, says our informant, were very discouraging, and the company about to start from Leavenworth have given up their intention of going until they hear more favorable news.

We received by mail yesterday THE KANSAS CITY JOURNAL OF COMMERCE of the 22nd, which contains favorable news again, communicated by Capt. Southard of the Minnie Belle, who got his news in Lawrence on the first of the week from a Mr. Caldwell who had just arrived. The news obtained by our informant, as above narrated, is probably later than that brought by Caldwell, and we advise the feverish gold-seekers of our city to wait a little longer before making the venture. It is possible that all previous accounts from the border are exaggerations got up for speculative purposes by cunning traders. On the other hand, it may be that the unfavorable news we publish this morning are the misrepresentations of persons sent out by greedy miners to discourage emigration, and prevent competition at the mines. The following is the news by Caldwell:

Capt. Southard was in Lawrence the first of the week, and heard the report of Mr. Caldwell, who had just arrived from Lawrence, on his way to this city for the purchase of his winter's supplies.

The whole town of Lawrence was listening to his reports concerning the gold regions of the Arkansas, and also concerning the success of the gold-hunting party that left Lawrence in June last for those placers.

Mr. Caldwell left the Lawrence party at work on Cherry Creek, provided with a very good outfit of mining implements, but with plenty of

provisions to do them till their winter's supply arrived.

When Mr. Caldwell left, this party was making from ten to thirty dollars each day per man. They had previously been digging and exploring in other localities, but had not made more than from five to eight dollars per day each, and when they arrived at Cherry Creek, they were on their way to New Mexico settlements for purposes of wintering.

Finding, however, that Mr. Caldwell and party were doing so well, they concluded to remain upon Cherry Creek during the winter. They accordingly pitched their tents and went to work, making, as we have said above, from twenty to thirty dollars a day per man.

Mr. Caldwell further reports that he has every confidence in the richness of these gold regions, and believes that the gold will be found as plentifully deposited among the gulches and in the streams of the Rocky Mountains, as in similar locations among the mines of California.

Mr. Caldwell is now engaged in attending to some business of a private character, and when he has this arranged, he is to purchase his outfit for himself and party, and return with all possible dispatch.

It is rather late now for miners in the mountains to return to the States for provisions and tools, and it is, therefore, possible that Mr. Caldwell is the last man we shall see this fall, from whom we can gather any more definite information.

NEW YORK DAILY TRIBUNE
Saturday, October 2, 1858.

THE NEWEST GOLD REGION

A correspondent asks us to advise him and other mechanics of this City, who have a little money and a very slim prospect for work, to start for the new Gold Mines in Western Kansas. We answer:

Gold-digging is the very last resort to which we would impel industrious young men, especially those who have good trades. Better dig for gold than stand idle, but better plant corn, shoe horses, build houses or make a fence than do either of those.

There are brilliant prizes in the gold-digging lottery, but there are many blanks to each of them; and the young man who can earn \$100 per annum over the cost of his board and clothing should do it rather than court the risk of gold-hunting.

But if our correspondent and his friends have an average of \$50 each and no assurance of work here through the Winter, we do most earnestly advise them to set their faces toward Pike's Peak at once, but without intending to see that elevation before next May. Take passage at once to Chicago, Davenport, Keokuk, Burlington (Iowa) or St. Louis; there inquire for work; if none is to be had, push on to Jefferson City, St. Joseph,

Leavenworth, Atchison or Lawrence, and inquire further, determined to find work somewhere this side of the Smoky Hill Fork for the Winter. If you cannot obtain money for your labour, take board and lodging, store-orders, anything that you can live on, and thus worry through the Winter with as little loss and as much gain as possible. When Spring opens, you will very possibly find work on better terms on the Mississippi or Missouri; if not, you will be within striking distance of the new gold-field, and can set your face toward it as soon as grass will serve. Very likely, however, so many will be going that you will do better to stay. That there is much gold this side of the Rocky Mountains is scarcely questionable; but you are quite likely to acquire a share of it more easily in almost any other way than digging for it.

As for proceeding for Pike's Peak this season, it is not worth a moment's consideration. You would meet bitter blasts from snowy mountains ere you could reach it, and find neither food nor shelter at your journey's end. Too many have started already.

NEW YORK Semi-Weekly TRIBUNE
Tuesday, Oct. 5, 1858.

QUESTION KANSAS GOLD FIELD RICHES

There seems to be a great conflict of opinion as to the richness of the gold discoveries of western Kansas. The decided probability is that they will turn out poor. Gold is one of the most universally diffused of all metals, but it seldom exists anywhere in sufficient quantities to pay for its collection. The whole eastern range of the Appalachian Mountains, from Canada to Alabama, produces gold, but nowhere in sufficient abundance to make its collection much of an object. The mountains of western Kansas are a continuation of those of New Mexico, but unless they are much richer in gold than those of New Mexico are, the gold-seekers who are resorting thither will not get rich in a hurry.

NEW YORK Semi-Weekly TRIBUNE
Tuesday, Oct. 5, 1858.

THE KANSAS GOLD MINES

From The St. Louis Republican
October 5, 1858

Our reference a few days since to the gold diggings in the region of Pike's Peak was in full view of the several accounts that have reached us through a variety of channels. The general tenor of these accounts justifies the opinion then expressed by us that there was good reason for believing these mines to be highly productive. They certainly indicate that such is the belief of almost all the residents on our frontier and the territories west

of us; and, with the opportunities these have of judging as to the credibility of the reports from the mining region, it is hardly to be supposed that they have been deceived.

It may fairly be argued that the excitement now pervading the people of our Western borders can be distinguished from those groundless excitements which have in two or three noted instances led off the miners in California on a "wild goose chase." In the instances referred to the rush was immediate upon a few vague stories, the authors of which could scarcely be traced.

But the existence of the diggings in the Pike's Peak country is vouched for by great numbers of persons who profess to speak from personal knowledge, and who themselves are vouched for as truthful men by those who ought to know them best. Different parties have come in from time to time, all bringing the same favorable reports. Some of those who have come in intend to return immediately after refitting.

We allude again to this subject, because, among the latest accounts from the mines some of the reports are unfavorable. One statement already published by us from a Lexington paper, denounces the stories of these diggings as sheer humbug, and another paper in that neighborhood promises to publish a particular statement from a party of explorers who went out from Ray County last Spring and has just returned, thoroughly satisfied, it is said, that the mines will not pay. It is certain, we believe, that, so far, the amount of gold dust brought from these diggings is inconsiderable. It is, however, but fair to add that, together with these adverse rumors, we have accounts quite as encouraging as any that have proceeded them.

Upon the whole, we as yet see no reason to change the opinion we have already expressed in regard to the prospects held by these alleged discoveries. There is nothing to deter young and robust men from a Winter's stay even now in the Pike's Peak region. In the valley of that region the climate is not so inclement, nor means of shelter so wanting, as to occasion any fear that parties of robust young men wintering there would be exposed to extraordinary hardships. There would be more concern for the animals belonging to these parties than for the men; though in the smaller and more sheltered valleys, mules and horses may be wintered through without much, if any, loss.

But, as already advised by us, those who are inclined to seek fortune in these mines, would do well to postpone their visit till next year. Prudence, in view of the hazards of a journey across the plains at this advanced season, suggests such advice; as it also obviously suggests that, with the increased means of information which will be furnished them, parties can judge much better how far the prospects warrant their going at all.

NEW YORK DAILY TRIBUNE

Friday, October 8, 1858

PIKE'S PEAK A HUMBUG

From The Western Democrat
Harrison, Mo. Sept. 25, 1858

On Wednesday evening last we had a long conversation with B. G. Johnson, an old citizen of this place, who had just returned from Pike's Peak, having left the mines on the 25th of July. Mr. J. is a very intelligent and reliable young man, well known to every person in this place and vicinity. He left here in May last for the supposed gold regions, with the intention of going out with Capt. Bent, but being disappointed in the place of rendezvous, did not travel to Pike's Peak with that individual, but arrived on Cherry Creek the next day after Bent and his party.

He went out with some twenty-seven gentlemen from Bates, Newton and Ray Counties, twenty-three of them who returned with him. He informs us that he and his party prospected on Cherry Creek some ten days, and saw others who had prospected from its head to the mouth, and that he neither saw nor heard of the "rich diggings" as reported by Mr. Cantrell, and others; and he has no hesitancy in pronouncing the reported discovery of the "New El Dorado" a willful and premeditated fabrication.

Mr. J. says that he and his party prospected four miles in the vicinity of Pike's Peak, and saw others engaged in the same business, several of whom were old California miners, and also the two Mr. Pools of Ouchita notoriety, but failed to find sufficient deposits of gold to justify them in attempting to wash the dirt.

He says that small particles of gold were found in all parts of the surrounding country, equal in quality and quantity on the hill-tops and in the valleys, on the beach and in the rivulets, in all cases or a very few inches below the surface, and in no instance over four feet. He says that while there he never heard of any person washing out over \$2 in one day, and those who labored from morning to night did not average \$1 per day. We read to him a few articles which have appeared in our paper, Leavenworth, St. Joseph and Weston papers, and his only comment was that they were lies from beginning to end. He says that he saw six of the Lawrence party, on their return, at Council Grove, and that they did not leave on account of ill health, but because they were disappointed and discouraged.

Mr. J. says that at no time has there been more than 150 men at the gold mines, and when he left, on the 25th of July, but 57 men all told could be found in the district possessed of sufficient hope and perseverance to longer remain; and that since leaving, and while in route for home, he heard from a reliable source that a large majority of those were on the road to their respective homes; and at this time he does not believe that ten men can be found at Pike's Peak or vicinity.

Mr. J. says that it is not true that those men were destitute of mining tools, but, on the contrary, were well supplied with mining apparatus of

the most approved style, such as picks, shovels, regular mining pans, rockers, sluice hoes, with tools to make "long-toms" if needed. These were brought by old California miners for the purpose of mining extensively; but after a few days trial, they were thrown aside as worthless in that region of country, as washing dirt would not pay. Mr. J. informed us distinctly that he was not going back, either this fall, or in the Spring, and that he heard no person who was there express or intimate any such intention, and is of the opinion that no such idea ever entered the head of a Pike's Peak adventurer.

We give the above as fact. We are personally acquainted with Mr. Johnson, and know him to be a reliable man; and further; we know that he can have no motive for giving such a discouraging report, other than the very laudable one of undeceiving the people, as he comes home to go to work to get back what he spent in prospecting the new Eldorado. He saw on the ground, those who have been instrumental in circulating flattering reports, with some of whom he is personally acquainted, and he knows their stories to be falsehoods, founded on mere shadow—and we think it unreasonable to suppose that were Cantrell & Co.'s reports true, Johnson, or anybody else, would have come back to Harrisonville, Westport or Kansas City, to work for one, three or five dollars per day, when he could have made from ten—not less than ten—to fifty dollars per day mining at Pike's Peak.

NEW YORK DAILY TRIBUNE
October 8, 1858

THE KANSAS GOLD DIGGINGS

The St. Louis Democrat publishes several letters from former citizens who have lately emigrated to the Kansas gold region. We extract the material portions of them.

• • •
Auraria City (K.T.)
January 6, 1859

We arrived here safely after a long and tedious travel. We are not mining yet, for the weather will not permit it. We are building some houses during the winter. There is plenty of gold here or in the vicinity, but it is scattered over a large surface of country, and is very fine. Few men are mining now but are making from \$3 to \$5 and \$8 per day. We would not advise anyone who is doing well in the States to come out here, but to all that are situated like we were I would say come. So, Mr. Smith, tell all of our friends at the house when you receive this that this is a fine country,

and there will be a large quantity of gold dug here next summer, and they may get a portion of it. It is the opinion of all here that there are large deposits in the country. I can take a pick and go out anywhere and find gold, but it will not pay to work it; it only pays along the water courses. We are in hopes to give you a better account the next time we write, as the weather has been much too cold to prospect much. The land is good for farming. The weather is pleasant in the valleys, but very cold in the mountains, which are but twelve miles from this city. The South Platte and its tributaries are heavily timbered and the mountains are covered with pine. We find a great abundance of game, such as elk, mountain sheep, and antelope.

John Bruce
John Kearns.

Auraria City (K.T.)
January 19, 1859

We have had a very pleasant Winter. No suffering whatever has been experienced by our friends. On the contrary, all have enjoyed most fine health, and are in excellent spirits. Day before yesterday it was warm as Summer. Yesterday the thermometer stood above summer heat, and today it is as warm and more agreeable than either of the previous days, the heat being tempered by a delightful breeze.

Some persons have already commenced working in the mines, but so far pays poorly. Diggers who have been most successful have not averaged more than three dollars a day, and some have not made fifty cents, working hard at that. The gold is very fine. It takes from twenty to twenty-five particles to make the value of a cent. The largest speck that I have heard of will not weigh more than twenty-five cents in value. All the large lumps that you have received in St. Louis as Pike's Peak gold were never obtained in this region; they belong to California. All the accounts of gold findings of an extravagant character are the fabrications of speculators. I wish to put you and others on guard against these stories. I venture the prediction that few persons will make fortunes hunting gold in this country. But, as "seeing is believing," let all who wish to have a sight at the "elephant" come on. I am beginning to get a view of him.

There are more than two hundred cabins built here, and two hundred more are to be erected before the last of March. A good hotel will be ready for "the boarders" by the end of May. It is to be two stories high, seventy-five feet in width, and one hundred and twenty feet in length. Speculators are busily engaged in laying off cities around the diggings, and they are the fellows who are sending to the States such glowing accounts of gold discoveries.

H. L. Bolton

Auraria (K.T.)

January 20, 1859

I have been roaming through the mountains since I last wrote to you. I am now at the mouth of Cherry Creek. We have two-hundred houses completed, and many more in process of construction. Every day brings additional discoveries of gold, and it now found in every direction around us. A few days ago I witnessed some working men up the Platte, about two miles from here, I took from a hole some dirt and panned it, and got about eight cents. They told me they were making about six dollars a day, although they had to carry their dirt about two hundred yards to water, and it was so cold they could not half work with a rocker. I can safely say to you and my friends that a man provided with good tools, in good weather, can make five dollars a day. The diggers do not work now more than about four hours a day, at noon, when it is warm. I am prospecting, and have not found anything more than I have already mentioned. I would advise those at home who are doing well to stay where they are; but if there any young men who are fond of hard work and want to try their luck, let them come along. They can make something, and learn a great deal.

Your friend, J. G. W. Coonce.

NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER

Washington D.C. Tuesday, February 22, 1859.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MINES

The Kansas City Journal of Commerce published the following extracts from a letter from a former resident of that place to his family. The letter is dated Auraria City, April 3, 1859.

"I shall probably remain here most of the Summer, but cannot tell where or what we shall do in this wild distant land. This place and Denver City are all one; that is, side by side—they are quite large places, mostly built of hewed logs. Within the last few days there are some good frame buildings gone up. We have six stores, about twelve or fifteen saloons, one hotel, etc. etc. There is more drinking and gambling here in one day than in Kansas City in six; in fact about one-half of the population do nothing else but drink whiskey and play cards.

"I have written twice before to you not to come to Pike's Peak this Spring, for the reason that there are no diggings as yet discovered that will pay as much per day as Henry can make in the office. They may discover gold in the mountains that will pay largely; I hope they will, but do not know until Spring opens. If there is no more gold discovered than what we know of, the whole country will be deserted next Fall. Now, this is not for want of gold here, but because the gold and water to wash it are not together, and it will not pay to carry the dirt a mile or more to water—

for you cannot carry the water to the gold.

"I have been in a cabin but very little this winter, but have been prospecting in the valley and on the mountains most of the time. The report now is that they have found gold in great abundance in the South Park, in the mountains, but no specimens have reached here.

The Journal says that these reputed discoveries are in South Park, which lies directly behind Pike's Peak, and is nearly a degree south of the present mines on Cherry Creek, and about one hundred miles south of Boulder Creek and St. Vrain's Fort, where the immigration has been and is tending.

The first number of *The Cherry Creek Pioneer* gives the following advise to immigrants:

"We would suggest to all persons in the States who are anxious to come to Cherry Creek, to bring at least four months provisions with them. New Mexico cannot supply this market with flour alone, to say nothing of bacon, sugar, coffee, and a thousand other of the et ceteras that are necessary to us. Do not come, then, unless you are prepared. Men have been coming in here daily who do not have provisions or money, and they will stay two or three days at the farthest, and then return to the States venting their spleen against the country and the people. To such we say do not come—we do not want you. Men coming here will, of course, have to undergo a great many hardships, but that is to be expected in all new countries. If you come at all, come well provided with the necessities of life for five or six months.

The same paper, which doubtless says the best that can be said about the mines, has the following:

"Many men are returning to the States. What are the circumstances under which they retrace their steps? Simply these: they come here just at the opening of Spring, expecting the men who have been here during the Winter to point them out right diggings; disappointed in this, they turn back. They have not stopped to consider that men who came here as early as 1st of November had their cabins to build, and when that was done, Winter set in, and although on the prairies the Winter was mild and open, the mountains were completely inaccessible, and have been so until within the last few days. We think the reports of gold have been exaggerated, but we firmly believe that effective prospecting in the mountains will develop rich and extensive diggings.

"As everyone who comes in is anxious to learn the locality of the diggings, we append a list of the names of those places which have been prospected and worked, at the same time advising all to take the word of no one, nor believe a tithe of the thousands of conflicting reports that are in circulation. The Mines are as follows: Spanish Diggings, Dry Creek, Plum Creek, Long Creek, Clear Creek, Vasquez's Fork, Thompson's Fork, South

Park, and several other places.

"The weather at present is entirely too cold to admit of successful mining in the mountains, those who are there have had to labor under every disadvantage. Those who have been engaged in the mines generally are satisfied with their prospects, and feel sanguine that Summer will develop rich diggings. For three years after the discovery of gold in California, it was by many pronounced a humbug, and the same will be said about this country. There are a great many men in this country who could not be induced to return to the States, so well are they satisfied with their prospects. The country, however, is yet to discover itself. No man can, to any certainty, tell what two or three months may bring forth. The whole thing, thus far, is but an experiment. That there is gold to be found in most any part of the country, no man who has been here can deny. The smallness of the particles and the scarcity of water are at present the great hindrances, but these objections, without doubt, will be overcome in time. The main dependence, however, for the present is in the mountains.

NEW YORK Weekly TRIBUNE

New York, Saturday, May 28, 1869.

A MURDER AT DENVER CITY

STATE OF THINGS AT THE MINES

Correspondence of the Leavenworth Times of the 17th.

Denver City, K.T., April 18, 1859

We have had quite an exciting time here for the last few days, as you will have heard. A murder was committed here, and the murderer hung summarily. This passed off quietly. Then came the other, between two parties from St. Louis, well-known not only in St. Louis, but throughout the Missouri River—Capt. P. T. Bassett and John Scudder. They came in the same party last Fall, and passed through Leavenworth a few days before I left.

They got up a quarrel on the way out, in relation to the Express Company about to leave for Fort Laramie. It appears that John Scudder was either connected with it or supposed to be, and Capt. Bassett remarked that he did not want John Scudder to have anything to do with his letters, as he would steal them. The remark reached Scudder by some officious person, and he came over to Cherry Creek where Capt. Bassett was fixing his house. Scudder had two men with him, and called Capt. Bassett out and asked him if he said he was a thief. The Capt. said "no." Scudder then asked the Captain if he had said that he did not want him to handle his letters for fear he would steal them. The Capt. then said "Yes", Scudder then drew his pistol. The Captain saw it, and grappled with Scudder, and quite a struggle ensued. When the Captain started to go away, Scud-

der fired, and shot him near the armpit, sideways, the ball entering into his lungs.

After receiving his shot, the Captain said in a low tone of voice, "Gentlemen, John Scudder has shot me." Scudder replied "I did shoot him, and am ready to give myself up to the proper officer, but "Not to a mob." He then left the crowd that assembled from all parts of Denver City, with the understanding that he was to stand his trial. Scudder was immediately bound over, and placed in the hands of the Sheriff, D. D. Cook, who put a strong guard around him. The trial was agreed upon for Monday, this day. The occurrence took place on Saturday. Saturday night Scudder was watched, but no attempt was made by him to escape.

On Saturday night and Sunday all was quiet, but on Sunday night the alarm was given that Scudder was gone. He and Carol Wood (also of St. Louis) left about 11 o'clock for parts unknown, on a pair of fast mules, and the poor unfortunate John Scudder is now at large, a wanderer on the earth. His capture in this mountain region is next to impossibility, though many are in search of him.

We have, in addition to the excitement above, all sorts of rumors in relation to gold prospects—some for and some against; but the real trouble is this: Hundreds of emigrants are arriving without money or provisions, or mining tools, guns or ammunition, and our stock is run down and none arriving.

This is a feature in affairs here we made no calculation for. We supposed that all would come with at least three months provisions, but it is not so. Hundreds arrive that we have to take into our houses and board, and we have not got it to spare. We are doing all we can to satisfy all, and so far we have succeeded, but if it continues we will soon be out of everything. I hope no one will come here without their own provisions. Money will not provide provisions if we have not got it. Men cannot prospect or do anything else without provisions. This every intelligent man coming to this country should understand. Besides, we have rather cold weather for this season. The mountains are still covered with snow, and little has been done lately.

NEW YORK Weekly TRIBUNE

May 28, 1859

PIKE'S PEAKERS RETURNING HOME

A Fort Kearney May 8th, correspondent of the *St. Joseph Journal* says that not less than 900 wagons belonging to returning Pike's Peakers passed the Fork during the week previous. The disappointed gold-seekers are selling their outfits for almost a song. They sell their flour from \$3 to \$5, bacon at 10 cents; horses and cattle they are selling for almost nothing, and wagons and handcarts they give away.

There are some returning who have not a cent to take them back, while those who have anything are hurrying back as fast as they can to keep from being robbed by the rest.

THE LATEST
(By Telegraph)

Leavenworth, K. T., Wednesday, May 25, 1859.

The Overland Express has arrived here from Denver city with dates to the 13th inst. The panic among the emigrants had subsided in a great measure, and a better feeling prevailed. Quartz continued to be discovered, and promised to yield well. Gold dust was offered in limited quantities at Denver City, but there was no coin there to purchase it.

NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE

May 28, 1859.

HORRIBLE FROM THE PLAINS
THE RETURNING PIKE'S PEAKERS

STARVATION AND CANNIBALISM

MANY GRAVES ON THE ROUTE

(By Telegraph)

St. Louis, Tuesday, May 24, 1859

The regular correspondent of *THE DEMOCRAT*, writing from Denver City, on the 9th inst., reports a most horrible condition of things on the Plains. Many of the emigrants were dying of starvation, while others were subsisting on prickly pears and wild onions found along the road.

The State Agent reports picking up a man named Blue, who was reduced to a skelton from starvation. He had started with his two brothers. One of them died, and the remaining two ate his body. Another died, and he in turn was nearly devoured by the survivor.

A man named Gibbs had reached the mines in starving condition, and he expressed the opinion that his party, numbering nine, had all perished. Many graves are reported along the route, and much property had been abandoned and destroyed on the road.

The writer of the letter says that the departures from the mines are about equal to the arrivals.

About 500 returning emigrants reached St. Joseph on Saturday, all of whom confirm the previous accounts of the suffering and privations on the plains.

NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE

May 28, 1859.

TRICK OF THE TRADERS

The Omaha City papers state that the backward rush in such numbers of the Pike's Peak emigrants has been caused by a sharp trick played upon them by Fort Kearney traders. On their way out they are met by these traders, who tell them that there is no gold at Pike's Peak, and, by such unfavorable accounts, induce them to sell their outfits for a song; flour at from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per hundred pounds, which readily sells at the Fort, to Government, at from \$8 to \$9.

. . .

On another page we present a variety of extracts from our exchanges, tending to throw light upon the Pike's Peak speculation, as we venture it. The truth seems to be, as we have heretofore stated, that even if there be a little gold in the mountains, no diggings yet opened will render even a moderate return for the labor; that there is no money in the neighborhood wherewith to purchase the little gold dust obtained, and that provisions are very scarce, and of course very dear, in the settlements which have been fattening upon the false tales that somebody told. The emigration has been very large, and has not yet entirely ceased; but the plains are now covered with returning prodigals, only a small proportion of whom have been to the mines. Some journals blame these poor fellows for turning back before they had tested the truth of their own observations. But it is at least questionable whether the next best thing to staying at home, be not to come home under cover of the earliest excuse that offers.

People should remember that a journey to the Rocky Mountains is no child's play.

NEW YORK SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE
May 31, 1859.

A HUMBUGGED MAYOR

The late Mayor of Nebraska City says, in a letter to a friend, dated at Vrain's Creek, Rocky Mountains, January 29:

"If you have any confidence in my judgment, and act on my advice, you will immediately abandon the idea of coming out here, unless some other discoveries are made. My impression of the mines, they are all a humbug. Where we are wintering, we have found the best quality of gold that has been discovered, and cannot make a dollar a day. We were quite surprised a few days since when we read the golden accounts in the Missouri papers of what the miners are doing out here. I pronounce them a pack of lies, written by a set of petty, one-horse-town speculators, and calculated to ruin many a poor fool, beside your humble servant."

DOZEN FOOLS

The Davenport State-Democrat says:

"A friend who has been down the river, says that the Hannibal and St. Joseph train, from St. Joseph on Friday night, brought some dozen individuals, who started some time since for Pike's Peak. Their experience had been that the nearer they approached the mines the less they heard about gold."

NEW YORK SEMI-DAILY TRIBUNE
MAY 31, 1859.

FROM PIKE'S PEAK AND KANSAS

Leavenworth, Wed. June 8, 1859

The Pike's Peak Express has arrived here with Denver City dates of the 25th ult., and three hundred dollars in gold.

All sorts of rumors are current there. Some parties, it was said, were making from fifteen to twenty dollars a day at the mines, and others nothing.

The Indians were collecting in considerable numbers along the route, proving troublesome to travel, and refusing the stages to pass without paying blackmail. They were also begging, and stealing whatever they could lay their hands upon.

The Democrats have carried this County by 450 majority.

NEW YORK "Weekly" TRIBUNE
June 11, 1859.

FROM PIKE'S PEAK

(Correspondence of the Daily Winsonsin)

Denver, (K.T.) June 1860.

A short trip to Mountain City opened my eyes to many (to me) new things. Leaving Denver, we crossed the South Platte on a substantial bridge, and traveled a road of an ascending grade for ten miles, which brings us to the foot of the "Table Mountain," from which the road branches, the right leading to Golden City, the left to Mt. Vernon. Patriotically inclined, we made our pilgrimage on the last mentioned branch. Altho we see many, many, with their faces toward Mecca, we meet some on their return, having seen all they wish of this country. The mottos on their wagon sheets are various. Those put on at the exodus from *America*, full of hope, and those originating here, altho not expressing pleasurable satisfaction, are at least evidences that their authors were fully satisfied (that is, *got enough*)—

"Left the world to climb the Peak."

"Seen the elephant head and tail."

"Big pig, little pig, root hog or die."
 "Pike's Peak or bust," with the information
 that "Pike's Peak busted," this motto with
 illustrations.

"Bound for Pike's Peak." This last is very frequent, and not infrequent to see the last two words "coaled" out and "the States" substituted. Many, either to solicit or prevent inquiries, merely put on their names, and whence they came. One genius of biblical tendencies, inscribed, "*Sit Lux, et Lux fuit.*"

Mount Vernon, a pretty town of cut stone and hewn log houses, in a pretty location, behind a range of rocky bluffs, of which the "Table Mountain" is an exaggerated continuation. Paying our dollar at the toll-gate, we pass into the canon, crossing and re-crossing a little stream, whose waters, following the various windings of the Platte, Missouri and Mississippi, finally find their way into the broad Atlantic, by way of the gulf of Mexico, if happily they are not intercepted on their way by thirsty buffaio, oxen, horses, or the capacious casks of some sea-going vessel. For about fifteen miles the road passes up and down gentle slopes, through grassy parks dotted with and bounded by evergreen trees. Oftentimes in gaining an ascent, a view of the "Snowy Range" presents a dazzling contrast to the bright green of the grass and trees, and the dull brown gray of the rocks.

The ring of the ax in the woods, the comfortable looking log houses, the clank of the cow bell, and the cheery "whoa haw" from stentorian lungs, convinces us that we are not entirely in the wilderness. All this is "very fine" but ahead is a bit of a hill to go down to which the "descensus Averni" is nothing, for that is described as easy, and all teamsters "allow" this to be difficult. One man, with mules and wagon, found it more expeditious than easy. Mules, strangely, come off unhurt, but man was minus wagon. "*Revocare gradum*" with a load is impossible and with an empty wagon extremely "difficilis." The hill is indescribable, but it is the intention of the road owners to abandon this portion and make it wind up by gradual ascents. At the foot of this hill (or rather mountain) rushes madly, tearing over its rocky bed, the once beautiful "Clear Creek," now so sadly muddied by the refuse of "pay dirt," etc, to its waters. We follow up the gorge through which the stream runs, under beetling cliffs and gloomy pines, often fording the swift running waters for several miles, then strike into Russel's Gulch and Lake Gulch, where the inhabitants of the numerous visible tents and wagons, and the more aristocratic log houses, are engaged with shovel and picks, sluices and long toms, and with gold pans in eager pursuit of the shining metal. It is useless to describe any of the various processes, for there are none of your readers but are acquainted with some Californian, who will willingly give them a much more lucid explanation than I, greeny, can. The lake, once a beautiful

sheet of clear water, of about ten acres in extent, is now dwindled into a muddy puddle of less than two acres; yet its waters have added more than twenty thousand dollars to the currency.

It lies on the top of a mountain, has been purchased of its original claimants by the "ditch company," who intend to restore it to its pristine magnitude and use it as a reservoir. At the foot of the mountain, on the north side, is Central City, lying in four several districts, viz: "Gregory," "Eureka," "Nevada" and "Spring Gulch." Turning to the right, we follow down the "Gregory Gulch," and take up quarters at the Gregory house in Mountain City, tired yet pleased; with an appetite equal to a combination of ostriches and anacondas, and a full determination to do nothing more till sated with "tired nature's sweet restorer."

At half past eight we find ourselves before an unglazed sash, behind which are gold scales and a man. This is the ticket office. Our offered tribute, with the eagle stamped thereon, was not refused, although it prevented the use of the scales. A dollar a ticket. The portion of the hall devoted to the audience is probably twenty feet by thirty (by guess). The walls are of hewn logs, daubed in the spaces with lime mortar. "Eight feet, and the pitch of the roof, is the height of the ceiling. The ceiling is gaily decorated with pine shingles, pine boards, and the ends of shingle nails. As we enter we see an audience of seven men, one lady and a boy, an orchestra, of two violins and a trombone, playing "Root Hog or Die," and four star candles burning, casting a "dim, religious light" over the backless benches. But the most curious feature of the whole was a cross beam, about eight feet from the floor, thickly bristling on the top with upward pointed nails, like we often see around gardens in cities, on top of high board fences. A placard posted conspicuously on said beam, could not fail to draw attention of the least observing to the defenses, thereon placed, "Beware of nails on this beam." I readily surmised the design to be to keep the spirits of the appreciative and enthusiastic audience from arising to such a height as to cause them to leap upon the beam, clap their hands upon their sides, and exultingly crow.

A crowd stands about the door of nearly every store, evidently waiting for something to turn up, while the passers-by, with pick and shovels, men of a far different stamp, show on their faces a determination to turn something up, or "be found trying."

Nearly all who were here last winter have left for other diggings—in prospect. The "Western Slope," "The Blue," "Tarryall," "The Colorado" and the "Arkansas," have each their advocates, who really find hearers and believers of the wondrous stories told of their riches.

Now, in Milwaukee I thought "Gregory district" was the Eldorado where gold "lay around loose," but I have seen but little, and that was securely put into buckskin purses, and those generally tied up. I begin to

think that gold here is like the ague in the western states—"Not here, but a little further on."

That there is gold here, no one doubts; but it is obtained by only the favored few, by dint of hard labor. If it is easy to obtain, why are so many seeking employment, "willing to work for a year?"

"Say, Cap'n, where can I get something to do?" is a question often asked. All are looking for gulch diggings, leaving the lodes nearly deserted. When the prospecting work is done, and quartz mills get fairly to work, we may look for lively times among the quartz veins. These veins are worked only by hard knocks, and the man who thinks his fortune made the moment he gets a lode claim, is sadly mistaken. In the first place, the gold may be there and may not. Then is the work with pick and drill, blasting the more solid parts, hauling the quartz to the hill, only to be disappointed in the yield. Some of the quartz is very rich; and some not worth the hauling. The highest yield I have heard of, from credible persons, is four hundred dollars to the cord; and then I knew of some that did not yield over sixteen dollars. I say credible persons, for if one takes all he hears in this country for truth, he has a better opinion of men and the mines than those better informed. The stories of two dollars to the pan, or fifty cents to the pound, will all do well to tell, and if one does not invest, or deceive his friends or the public on the strength of it, it will do to believe.

A great many quartz mills are already here, and more are on the way, as one gentleman, who is daily expecting one remarked, "there will be enough mills here to fill the gulch full to the mountain tops."

There are only three or four now in operation, and these are but small, being designed more as experiments than permanent investments, they are necessarily very imperfect. With heavier machines, adopting improvements suggested by the want of complete success in those now at work, the question will soon be settled that gold does not exist here, in large quantities.

Like every other branch of business, gold seeking, or quartz crushing, must be earnestly, diligently and laboriously followed to make it pay. It has its kindred occupations near at home. Let those who desire to practice it, make their first attempt in *Milwaukee*; dig a six feet well in the South Ward quarry stone for a few weeks on the Wauwatosa road, and dig a deep ditch, wherever they can find the job, subsisting on bread and bacon, cooked by themselves at night after work hours. These little jobs will give him an idea of what work means.

As I did not tend to moralize, and the tendency seems now to be that way, I will stop short, merely saying that I reached Denver safely, in eight hours, by the coach of the Western Stage Co. Yours truly, Fudge. . . .

THE NEW YORK WORLD

July 6, 1860.

LATEST FROM PIKE'S PEAK

Denver City advices to 23d received.

J. B. Card, from Quincy, Ill., was stabbed by Fred Hadley, from Atchison, Kansas, on the evening of 21st, about 12 miles east of Denver on Platte River. The unfortunate died from his wounds about 2 o'clock next morning. Their quarrel was about driving into camp for the night. Hadley is to have his trial this morning at 9 o'clock when the facts have been elicited.

One of the men employed on the White & Marshall train is supposed to have been killed by Indians. He left the company to hunt, and not returning when expected, search was made. When found arrows were through his body. His name we have not learned.

Weather has been comfortable and pleasant.

An extensive fire has been raging in the pinery for several days, filling the atmosphere with smoke and cinders, and sometimes hiding the sun for hours.

THE PIKE'S PEAK EXPRESS

St. Joseph, Mo. July 4, 1860

The Pike's Peak express which arrived last night, brings advices from Denver City to the 26th ult.

Hadley, the murderer of Card, was arrested Thursday, tried and found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced on Saturday to be hung on the following Monday. Saturday afternoon a petition was circulated and numerous signed for a commutation of sentence, pending which it was found that the prisoner had escaped, apparently with the connivance of the officers.

Complaints are numerous of Indian depredations on the ranches. Small unarmed parties are attacked, robbed of their stock, and often stripped of their clothing; but although threats have been made, there as yet have been no lives taken. News from the mines is unchanged and unimportant. Business very dull. The weather is hot.

NEW YORK WORLD

July 6, 1860

THE PIKE'S PEAK EXPRESS

St. Joseph, Mo. July 17

By the Pike's Peak Express, which arrived yesterday afternoon, we have news of the Peak region as follows:

Denver City, July 10

Considerable excitement now exists in this city, on account of rich discoveries, about three miles up Cherry Creek from this city, yesterday.

Some hundred claims were staked off, and parties left here as early as two o'clock in the morning to locate claims.

The discovery prospected from 5 to 15 cents to the pan. Some four miles are staked off in claims, now, and others still rushing out to secure claims.

A convention is called to organize a district, and elect officers.

New gulches are being discovered daily on the Arkansas, which prospect nearly as well as the California gulch. The water was to be let into the ditch this week, so that the dry diggings above Gregory's will be supplied with pure water in a few days. The trouble in getting quartz mills into successful operation has disheartened many who have hereto been most sanguine of success, and quite a number would sell out at first cost quickly if they could. It is a difficult matter to ascertain the real cause of the trouble. Some say there is no gold in the quartz, and others say that it is impure quicksilver, bad water and inexperience. Be that as it may, scarcely any of the mills put up this season are paying expenses yet.

Clark, Gruber & Co. opened their banking and assay office today.

• Weather hot and business dull.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

July 18, 1860

FROM THE PIKE'S PEAK GOLD REGION

This week, at least, I had hoped to spare you the perusal of our ordinary catalogue of crimes, for though holding, as a journalist, a sort of mercantile interest in these horrors, the "bloody business" has become extremely revolting. But the reign of terror has not yet ended.

In an affray in this city a few weeks since, a negro known as Prof. Starke was fatally shot by Charley Harrison, a gambler. *The Rocky Mountain News*, in its issue of last week, denounced the homicide as a wanton murder. Harrison felt grieved at this language, and issued a handbill, signed by one of our prominent citizens, setting forth that the act was done in self defense. W. N. Byers, esq., the editor of *The News* appended to this bill an explanatory card, containing a quasi withdrawel of the imputation, and expressing the hope that an investigation about to take place would prove Harrison blameless.

This was satisfactory to Harrison, but not to his brother gamblers, who were greatly incensed at the refusal of the editor to make a direct retraction without satisfactory proof that his charge was false. On Tuesday last, Mr. Byers was sitting in his office, engaged in conversation with Gen. Larimer, Edward Creighton, esq., from St. Louis, and the Rev. Renkin from Wisconsin. None of the party were armed, and as the two gentlemen just mentioned had just arrived in this region, the succeeding events must

have given them a novel idea of the society at Pike's Peak.

Four gamblers, named George Steele, Carl Wood, James Ennis, and John Rucker, suddenly entered the room, with their cocked revolvers in their hands. Wood siezed Byers by the collar, and while the four weapons were all aimed at the head of the astonished editor, applied the most abusive epithets to him, and insisted that he should at once accompany them to the Criterion Saloon, two squares distance, to meet Harrison. Resistance was out of the question, for the only weapon in the office was a single shot gun in another apartment. Mr. Byers was therefore compelled to go with them, Wood retaining his grasp upon his collar during the walk, repeatedly exclaiming with the most profane and insulting epitaths, "If any of your friends make the least movement for your rescue, I will shoot you upon the spot."

On reaching the saloon, they insisted upon a retraction of the offensive article; but Byers maintained his former position. It appeared that Harrison had done all in his power to restrain the desparadoes; and taking Byers aside under the pretense of converisg with him, he succeeded in enabling him to escape from the room and accompanied him back to the office.

When the gamblers learned that their prey had escaped, they remounted their horses and returned to *The News* building. Wood with his two confederates, remained near the edifice, pointing a double-barreled shot gun at the front door, and expressing a determination to shoot Byers when he should attempt to escape; while Steele road around to the rear of the building and discharged two shots into it. Fortunately they did not reach any of the occupants; and one of the compositors returning the fire, succeeded in lodging a ball in his shoulder.

By this time intellegence of the affair had spread through the city, and half a dozen armed citizens on horseback reached the scene of the attack. The gamblers fled in tumultous haste, and were followed in hot pursuit. Steele crossed Cherry Creek into West Denver of Auraria, endeavored to pass over the bridge across the Platte, but was "headed off," and returned into East Denver. While riding at a rapid gallop along Blake Street, near the corner of G, he was met by Thomas Pollock, esq., the Marshall of the Vigilance Committee, also riding at a break-neck pace. Mr. Pollock instantly presented a shotgun, and Steele drew a revolver; but before he was able to use it Mr. Pollock fired. Notwithstanding the unchecked speed of both horses the aim was deadly, the entire charge of the shot entered the head of the gambler, near the right eye, and he fell heavily and hopelessly to the ground. He was taken to the Hospital and died in two hours. Steele was one of the desparadoes driven out of Leavenworth by the citizens two years ago, not on any charge connected with the political troubles, but for his general character as a cut-throat.

Ennis made his escape. Rucker was arrested and put under guard.

Wood was pursued and surrounded on F street. At first he presented a shot-gun at the crowd, but the sight of scores of revolvers and rifles, instantly pointed at his head, cowed him, and he gave himself up. While he was being taken to the hall, over Graham's drug-store, for safe-keeping, repeated cries of "Hang him!" "Hang him at once." came up from the crowd. He pleaded piteously, however, for a trial, and was saved from summary punishment by the officers of the Committee.

In the evening a mass meeting of nearly two thousand people assembled in front of the new Post-Office. Mr. Byers related the occurrences of the day; and addresses, recommending watchfulness, and prompt though deliberate action, were made by Judges Purkine, and Waggoner, Dr. Castro, and an old mountain man, who has exchanged his Scotch cognomen of McGaa, for the extremely indefinite appellation of Capt. John Smith. Jack Henderson, of Kansas frauds notoriety, in a state of inebriation, also commenced to harangue the crowd, but was soon cried down. A resolution indorsing the action of Mr. Pollock, was unanimously adopted; and when someone in the assembly called for "three cheers for Tom Pollock!" they were vociferously given.

The trial of Wood was commenced last evening, and is not yet concluded. It is conducted by the Vigilance Committee; but the jurors were selected from the citizens without regard to their connection with that organization. The public feeling is intense, and many declare that if Wood escapes through any technicalities, they will shoot him down wherever he can be found. He is well known as one of the most desperate characters in this region, and is reputed to have been one of the "destroying angels" of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City, and to have committed many murders in that capacity. His trial will be succeeded by that of Rucker, who is notorious here for having killed a gambler named Jock O'Neil a few months since. Ennis is still at large. He belongs to the same class, and wantonly shot John Teef in this city, on the 4th ult.

The predominant feeling among the citizens of Denver is that the reign of gamblers and cut-throats has continued quite too long, and that the desperate state of affairs requires desperate remedies.

The city has been guarded for the past two nights by nearly two hundred patrolmen. Especial watchfulness is maintained over the building in which the prisoners are kept, and two of the officers stationed at every corner in town challenge all suspicious parties, and if they are unable to give the countersign, conduct them to the headquarters of the Committee.

An insane man named Charles S. Eads, from Lexington, Ky.; assulted William Murk, from Leavenworth, on Sunday, and was fatally shot by Murk before the latter had learned that he was a lunatic.

A Mexican was hung for stealing a horse in Colorado City on Sunday

morning. Pat Devlin, who was recently shot in that city, still survives, though he has carried six slugs in his body for more than six weeks.

H. W. Hurlburt esq., of Hornellsville, N.Y., has sold out his heavy interests in mining claims in the Gregory Diggings, and is said to have realized from them \$79,000. He is about returning home with a remarkably large and valuable collection of mineral and geological specimens from the mountains.

—A. D. Richardson

NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE
New York, N Y
August 18, 1860.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Due to lack of space we were unable to show a profile of one of our CM members, Miss Caroline Bancroft. There was a very fine compliment to her in the December issue of the University of Denver Magazine. Congrats.

. . .

Seems like Fred and Jo Mazzulla hit the press weekly. Did you see the write-up in the Post of Fred receiving the camera from the gentleman from Japan, Mr. Nakamura. Imagine coming all the way from Tokyo to Denver for a Lecia. Our Fred does get around. We were also sent a cutting from the San Diego Union of Feb. 11, 1965, relating the details of a birthday party given for Max Miller, among the guests there were our good friends Fred and Jo. This is the Max Miller who wrote "Holiday Street."

. . .

We are informed by mail that they are forming a new Posse in Fort Worth, Texas. No details as yet, our CM Donald E. Worcester writes announcing it, but we will have to wait for the organizing date. We will keep you informed as to dates of meetings, etc.

For those of you who might be in St. Louis, we are printing here a resume of the meetings for the next few months.

March 18, 1966—Irwin Pizer, Medical Librarian, State University of New York, on Medicine in the OLD WEST.

April 15, 1966—Lincoln B. Spiess, Associate Prof., Music Library, Washington Univ., Music in the OLD WEST.

May 20, 1966—Dr. Harold Z. Bulger, Murals in the old St. Louis Court House. Time and location later.

. . .

A note from PM Kenny Englert, Poncha Springs, Colo., tells us that they have formed a new group known as the "historical Prospectors." Its purpose, to research, collect and preserve any material of an historical nature. To make numerous Jeep trips and excursions. To have monthly meetings and programs and if possible to present them on the site. The officers are Kenneth Englert, Rocker Boss (President); Dr. Wendell Hutchison, Claim Jumper (VP); Kathryn Ophus, Flash in Pan (Sec.). Keep this group in mind and while in Salida-Poncha Springs area drop

in and see Kemy, might be a meeting that night. Good luck to them.

* * *

WITH DEEPEST SYMPATHY

We are sorry to have to report that several of our members have suffered bereavement in the loss of loved ones.

PM Arthur Carhart's dear wife passed away recently.

PM Francis Rizzari lost his wife's mother, Mrs. Eva P. Schoech.

CM Henry Mastro lost his father recently. His father died in Spokane, Wash.

Our sympathy and prayers go out to them at their great loss.

* * *

Odds and Ends that have come to our attention since the last issue.

Excerpt from the book by Dr. Ralph Wesley Danielson, CM., Basalt Colorado Midland Town.

EDITORIAL FROM BASALT JOURNAL

April 22, 1905

by Wm. H. Hildreth, Editor

"Every man in every town during the course of a lifetime has to ask a favor of an editor—not an exception to this rule. A man may escape a doctor, keep clear of the courts, but once in a life-time, at least, every man has to go to the newspaper to have a certain piece put in—a death notice, a marriage notice, etc., to have a certain piece kept out or to have his name printed in, or omitted from, some item. It is, therefore, to your interest to treat the editor fairly. He desires to be fair; he would rather do the right than the wrong thing, but if you give him a kick, the dent of it may be found in the top of your own hat some day and you will never know how it got there. Don't think that you are immune; don't think that providence has especially favored you. Your time will come. It will be a fine investment if you have a friend in the editor's office."

The drawing for the February meeting was for a Navajo saddle blanket donated by PM Dr. Maurice Frink, who is stationed

at Fort Defiance, Arizona. The blanket was won by no other than PM Dr. Phillip W. Whiteley.

* * *

A letter received by Fred Mazzulla that might be of interest to some of our Rail Fans.

Cripple Creek, Colorado
February 7, 1966

Mr. Fred Mazzulla, Attorney
Western Federal Savings Bldg.
Denver, Colorado.

Dear Mr. Mazzulla:—

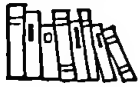
As I was born and raised here in Cripple Creek, in 1957 I started a collection of all old Cripple Creek Dist. pictures, which are on display in our Masonic Temple #96, A.F.&A.M.

In my memory, I have a vivid recollection of electric St. cars parked on Bennett Ave. W. of Second St., which was used as a lay-by track. I have found numerous people that remember this lay-by, but there are a few old time residents that this small incident has been completely forgotten, and they are insistent that it was never there. As the early day pictures showing the St. car turning at Bennett Ave. & Second St. does show the track from S. Second St. on the curve going W. on Bennett, these historians of early day C.C. history, claim it to be wagon tracks.

Mr. Leslie Wilkinson suggested that I write to you that it could be possible that you might have a picture of the St. car on this lay-by track, for I know it was there, and there must have been pictures taken. The lay-by track was discontinued in 1907 or 1908 when they built the car barns on S. 4th St., but the track was left there for years later.

I would greatly appreciate hearing from you on this lay-by track, also do you have any pictures of the first electric St. cars? This first electric car line I believe was built in 1895.

Very truly yours,
Francis W. Gunn



Westerner's Bookshelf



PHOTOGRAPHER ON AN ARMY MULE, by Maurice Frink with Casey E. Barthelmess, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla., 1965. 151 pages. Bibliography, Index, Illustrations. \$6.95.

"Shadow Catcher" is what the Indians called Bavarian-born Christian Barthelmess, soldier-musician-photographer, who served with the Indian-fighting United States Regular Army more than thirty years. Enlisting in 1876 in the Sixth Cavalry, Barthelmess soldiered at Forts Apache (Arizona), Wingate and Bayard (New Mexico), Lewis (Colorado), and Keogh (Montana). Also, he served in Cuba, 1898-99, and in the Philippines, 1900-1903. He took part in many exciting undertakings including an exploratory-expedition to the Grand Canyon.

Whatever Barthelmess attempted he did well, whether as a musician, a photographer, or a soldier. He was a student of classical literature and of anthropology. He recorded the customs and legends of Arizona Indians from firsthand observance. He wrote exceptionally well in German.

Few individuals in his day owned cameras or made photographs, but Barthelmess became so proficient in that work that some of his photographs today are preserved in the National Archives, as are also some of his reports and maps. Outstanding among his photographs are those of many Indians and their families. Barthelmess seemed to have the knack of winning the Indians' confidence enough to permit him to "catch their sha-

dows." His pictures of some of "Casey's Indian Scouts" are priceless. As a musician Barthelmess could play various instruments in the company band from the alto horn and the tuba to the French horn.

When he retired from service in 1903, Chief Musician Barthelmess of the 2nd Infantry Band, remained at Fort Keogh with his family and continued to work in his photograph gallery. At the age of 51 in 1906, he was killed in a trench cave-in at Fort Keogh. He was buried in the post cemetery with a military funeral. Later, his remains with others, were reburied in the National Cemetery adjoining the Custer Battlefield in Montana.

It was there at his graveside in the dusk of a summer evening in 1947 that Maurice Frink, then an Indian editor, met Casey Barthelmess, the son of Christian. Casey told briefly of his father's military career and referred to the collection of photographs which he had left. Maurice Frink sensed at once that here was an important story of the early West which should be preserved. Several years later he visited Casey Barthelmess in Montana and the two became good friends.

With a keen appreciation of events of Western history such as both of the Barthelmess men had known, and recognizing the rarity of the photographs of Indians, frontier soldiers, and their families, Mr. Frink urged Casey to assemble all possible data about his father for the writing of a book. In the meantime, Mr. Frink continued the research about the Indians and the military expeditions which

had interested him for years. Together he and Casey went over hundreds of photographs, selecting, discarding, identifying when possible.

Through his years of writing and research experience as a newspaperman and Executive Director of the Colorado State Historical Society, Maurice Frink was able to locate valuable data in many places which enabled him to weave in a vast historical background for the life story of Christian Barthelmess on the Western frontier.

The sketch which Author Frink wrote of Casey Barthelmess, the son, is fascinating from the days of his youth to his adoption by the Northern Cheyennes as Howling Wolf. Casey, like his father, knew many of the Old Indians—Two Moon who fought Crook at the Rosebud, Wolf Voice and Yellow Robe. Casey had become one of the outstanding livestock men of Montana and he could ride bronchos with the best of 'em. Casey's great desire to preserve his father's memory made the writing of this book possible.

In addition to the well-written, informative text, more than one hundred photographs make *Photographer on an Army Mule*, a book that should be in every Western history collection. These photographs show people at work and play and portray what they looked like and what they wore.

The text, checked by military and Indian authorities, is easy to read. In many places the author presents in poetic style a nostalgia for the people and the times that will come no more. He has told the story of military expeditions, of the Ghost Dance, and the Wounded Knee battle without prejudice.

One of the most valuable parts of the book is the history of old Fort Keogh, Christian Barthelmess's headquarters for some years. In concluding that account, the author says: "The old days are gone, as irretrievably as are the dust devils that the wind sometimes picks up off the plains and sends whirling out of nothingness into nowhere."

In presenting the text of *Photographer on an Army Mule*, the University of Oklahoma Press has used 11-point Caledonia, a distinguished type designed by W. A. Dwiggins, the eminent American graphic artist, and paper that has an effective life of at least three hundred years.

Agnes Wright Spring, CM

WHERE THE ROCKIES RIDE HERD. Stephen Payne. Sage Books, Denver, Colo., 1965, 360 pp., 34 illus., \$5.75.

This splendid autobiography of Stephen Payne depicts the pioneer ranch life of a North Park family. Steve's father, Thomas John Payne, came to this region in 1884. In 1885 Steve's mother emigrated from England and in the next few years the boys, Arthur then Steve, were born.

The first highlight in Steve's life was a trip to Laramie, Wyoming, the outside world, where he acquired a pair of fifty-cent overalls and saw his first train. (Union Pacific)

Seasons of the year in North Park were called "before haying," "during haying," "after haying" and "winter."

This is a fine exposition of pioneer ranch life. "Haying" filled much of the ranchers time from July even into October. Building fences of wood was a major job and working in timber at \$2.00 a day was a common winter occupation.

In 1895 the mother died. This left a rancher with two boys and two young girls.

The Paynes had wonderful neighbors, the Scotts, George and Charlie; the Barnes boys, George and Will and Casper Fox. Montie and Park Blevins furnished many adventures for the Payne boys.

Spring was always welcome after a long hard winter. The pedlar came with merchandise and fresh vegetables (baloney, head cheese, mouth organ and other musical instruments).

Saving the calf crop of half-starved critters was a formidable occupation. Births of colts were usually a normal process but occasionally the rancher needed to consult his veterinary book.

Branding followed the birth of the calves. Some were branded later at calf roundup.

Irrigation, fence mending and hauling manure were other necessary items of successful ranching.

School days started about the middle of May. Steve and his brother, Arthur, rode one horse double. School stopped when "haying" began.

Then one day, Steve acquired his own first horse. What a thrill for a blossoming cowboy and Bronc rider.

The horse roundup of 1899 was the last real one. A number of ranchers participated at the Moore and Blevins ranch. The branding of colts was important to each rancher, who either had a "rep" or was present in person. The vast range lying between the Michigan and Canadian Rivers and adjacent regions was scoured clean. Steve's father was handy with the knife and many studs were "fixed."

One spring Steve became a real cowhand and became a range rider; rescuing cows from bog holes, assist-

ing calving cows, scattering salt and pulling out porcupine quills. These were but a few of the duties on the West Beaver Creek Range.

Neighborhood dances often relieved the Winter's monotony. These were usually to the tune of a violin and the fiddled would provide music all night long.

The Beef Herds were trailed to Laramie and then shipped by Union Pacific to Omaha. Steve and Art got a break and accompanied a shipment. This episode is well described.

Seeing the sheep and hog at the Cattle Markets of South Omaha was a real thrill for boys to go "way outside."

A running account of North Park life continues for the rest of twenty-five years.

This book has some beautiful ranch life illustrations.

The chapters are well titled. The fly leaf maps are sufficiently descriptive. There is no index but such would be of little value in such a fine treatise. Congratulations to Steve and Alan Swallow, the publisher. The title is very appropriate. (See publisher's comment on dust cover.)

Philip W. Whiteley, M.D., PM

COLORADO HIGH COUNTRY, by Margaret Lamb, Sage Books, 1965, 41 pp. of illus., 1 page of introduction. \$1.75.

This little booklet, approximately 5 x 8 inches of well chosen photographs of Colorado's high country is a worthwhile edition to anyone's library. The photos are reproduced in a soft tone. Personally, I'd prefer some of them, at least, to show more detail.

R. A. Ronzio, P.M.



Not too much to offer this week. However, there is one bargain listed here for those who are not "in."

Will trade four outstanding issues of leading journal on Colorado history, The Colorado Magazine, and twelve issues of monthly Mountain and Plain History Notes and will throw in a yearly index, a 20% discount on purchases made at the Colorado State Museum Gift Center, and voting privileges for Colorado residents all for

only five dollars and an interest in the history of Colorado and the Rocky Mountain West. The Colorado Magazine will be mailed to you every three months, History Notes each month, and the satisfaction of supporting the collection, preservation and interpretation of Colorado history will occur regularly throughout the year. Make trade with: Membership Secretary, The State Historical Society of Colorado, 14th and Sherman St., Denver, Colorado 80203.

NEW HANDS ON THE RANGE

JOHN C. BURR, MD
2035 E. 18th Ave.
Denver, Colorado 80206

Dr. Burr's application states that he became interested in the Westerners through Fred Rosenstock and Erl Ellis. He is interested in Colorado and New Mexico history and development, especially biographical and autobiographical studies of people and work of this area. Welcome.

FRAN WILLIAM HALL
518 Union St.
Northfield, Minn.

Mr. Hall states that Fred Rosenstock and others interested him in the Westerners. He is interested in Indians and early settlers. His profession is a photographer and lecturer with travel films. How about a show some time Mr. Hall.

ROBERT D. COLWELL
51 Country Club Drive
Monte Vista, Colorado 81144

Mr. Colwell is the son of our former past member Ray Colwell. He is interested in exploration and settlement of the San Luis Valley, Pike and Fremont doings and in old and New Mexico in connection with the San Luis Valley. He was on the recent Ski-doo Safari between Creede and Lake City. Welcome Bob.

MR. R. K. POWELL
Box 290 Rte #3
Golden, Colorado

Mr. Powell comes to us through the good offices of PM Fred Rosenstock. He is interested in the Fur trade, Mountain Men and their way of life. Even goes so far as to go hunting on horseback and simulate the life of the early trappers.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

APRIL
1966
Volume XXII
Number 4



IN THIS ISSUE:

**Colorado
Smelting
and
Reduction Works**

By
Dick Ranzio

ABOUT THE SPEAKER

Richard A. Ronzio P.M., was born in Pueblo. He finished his grade and high school education in Montrose, Colorado. He graduated from the University of Colorado with a degree in Chemical Engineering. He spent a year working for the U.S.G.S. on a surveying crew. A year was spent with the U.S.B.R. making hydraulic studies. He was employed with Climax Molybdenum Company at Climax, Colorado as Assistant Chief Chemist.

After five years on top of the hill, he was transferred to the research laboratories in Golden in the Experimental Plant of the Colorado School of Mines. He is now director of Research, Western Operations for Climax.

He was a former Chuck Wrangler, program chairman and now is Deputy Sheriff of the Westerners. This is his third illustrated paper to be presented to the Westerners.

He is an avid collector of Colorado Americana.

FUTURE MEETINGS

April 27, 1966

Mr. Wilson Rockwell will present a paper on Bulkley Wells and Otto Mears. Both subjects are of great interest to western buffs and we are anticipating this paper.

May 25, 1966

Mr. Jack Filipiak will speak on Capt. Charles King. Mr. Filipiak is an accomplished writer and researcher, this should be an excellent paper.

June 22, 1966

Dr. Martin Rist, PM, will present a paper on Methodist beginnings in New Mexico. Dr. Rist is a member of the staff of Iliff School of Theology and is an authority on this subject.

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Reservations for all meetings and dinners — Carl Mathews, The Westerners, 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Dinner \$3.25. Reservations only. (No guests with CMs.)

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PLEASE RETURN YOUR CARDS FOR RESERVATIONS FOR THE APRIL MEETING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE SO THE CHUCK WRANGLER CAN MAKE ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE DENVER PRESS CLUB.

Colorado Smelting And Reduction Works

by

Richard A. Ronzio

The rush to the Colorado Rockies in the late 1850's was the result of the discovery of free gold in its stream beds. This brought on an influx of thousands of gold seekers, fortune hunters and related associates, both male and female. After three to four years of this immigration during which upwards of \$30,000,000 in placer or native gold was won from the stream beds, it became apparent that these placer diggings would soon be exhausted and that the sources of the free gold in the stream sediments would have to be traced to its pre-eroded state, mined, crushed fine enough to be freed from gangue, and the gold concentrated by the conventional procedures of employing either a sluice box with or without amalgamation or a hand pan. This proved to be a poor process for the recovery of gold; because as high as 60 percent of the values were lost to tailings as well as all other valuable associated minerals. As depth in the mines increased the gold became intimately mixed with sulfides of other metals and finely disseminated and could no longer be freed by simple grinding and concentrated by gravity methods. To complicate the picture, silver was also discovered as one of the precious associated metals; so, it too became a problem of recovery.

This search for a process to extract metals from ores led to the building of smelters and reduction works.

The first reduction furnace was erected by Lewis Tappan in Quartz Valley near Nevadaville, in September 1861, which was ordered and paid for by Colorado Territorial Governor Gilpin in order to produce lead for the 1st Colorado Cavalry. This primitive smelter was built out of stone, with a channel chiseled out of solid rock to receive the lead as it was melted from the fire. It consisted of a large blacksmith's bellows, a water wheel and a small stream of water to serve as a blast for the furnace.

The second smelter was built by Burdsall also in Nevadaville; its purpose was to smelt gold, but it burned immediately after its erection in 1861.

The third smelter was built at Black Hawk by James E. Lyon in 1864, but it closed down after producing only one button; these were followed by three small smelters at Elizabethtown and Georgetown in 1866 and 1867.

The fourth, and first successful, smelter in Colorado was built at Black Hawk in 1868 and was named The Boston and Colorado Smelting Company. To tell this story necessitates a brief outline of the life history of its founder, Nathaniel Peter Hill, the father of Colorado Smelting.

Mr. Hill was born in 1832, in Orange County, New York, where his father owned a large farm. His first practical experience was managing his father's estate at the tender age of 16. In 1853 he entered Brown University at Providence, Rhode Island, where he graduated with a degree in chemistry. Following his graduation he became an instructor in chemistry in the same school. In 1859 he was elevated to head of the chemistry department; a position he held for five years.

He became a reputable scientist, which attracted the attention of a group of capitalists from Boston and Providence. They persuaded him to travel to Colorado to perform a thorough examination of the mining activities of the Gilpin Land Grant in which they were interested. After the second visit to this portion of Colorado Territory, he became convinced that the treatment of the ores of this region was quite imperfect and believed that a more economical method was necessary and he would endeavor to find one. Accordingly, he resigned his professorship at Brown University and embarked for a visit to the renowned reduction works at Swansea, Wales, and Freiburg, Germany. After becoming well versed in these European methods, he returned to Colorado to assemble about 70 tons of Colorado ore so that it could be directly evaluated at the Swansea Works in Wales. These Gilpin County ores proved amenable to this European process, so he returned to America and Colorado. With his eastern associates he organized the Boston and Colorado Smelting Company at Blackhawk in 1866, and immediately began designing the plant, which was completed in 1868. With an initial capital of \$275,000, a one furnace smelter was erected. This proved to be highly successful in reducing these refractory ores, and for the next ten years its fires were never out. During the years the demand for smelting grew, which necessitated adding seven new furnaces which were always fully employed. In 1878 the company moved to Argo, a suburb of Denver. By now its capital had increased to \$800,000. Its products in the first years were valued at \$300,000, in ten years their value increased to \$2,250,000.

Other highlights of Nathaniel P. Hill's career were his organization of the United Oil Company in Florence, acquiring a major interest in the Denver Republican, and in 1879 representing Colorado as a United States senator for six years.

He died in Denver, his adopted home, May 22, 1900. During Hill's management of the Boston and Colorado Smelting Company at Black Hawk, he hired Dr. Richard Pearce who had managed the Williams, Foster and Company Reduction Works, at Swansea, Wales and for two years

an eight-ton pyritic smelter near Empire, which he originally built and named Swansea Reduction Works. Dr. Pearce became Hill's plant superintendent at the Black Hawk works. He perfected the refining or separation of the matte or metal copper buttons from the smelting works into their pure components of gold, silver and copper. He kept this refining technique a secret until the Argo Plant in Denver burned down in 1906. A description of this method or other various methods employed by Colorado Smelting or Reduction Works is beyond the scope of this article. These are fully described in several text books and periodicals.

After Hill demonstrated the practicability of smelting Colorado ores, every mining town had one or more smelters designed and built with varying degrees of success. None of these early plants operated very long; their failure was attributed to lack of ore reserves, fluxes, fuel, transportation, mismanagement, unscrupulous promoters or lack of technical know how.

In order to put smelting on a more profitable basis by minimizing competition for the acquisition of ores and applying the best known technology and brains of knowledgeable engineers, the various smelting plant owners began meeting in order to discuss the possibility of merging their facilities to accomplish the aforementioned goal. Accordingly, the first to effect such a merger was the American Smelting and Refining Company in 1899. This first consolidation is outlined in the following agreement in the formation of the company as written in "Engineering and Mining Journal."

THE AMERICAN SMELTING AND REFINING COMPANY

"Agreement, dated March 7th, 1899, between the Subscribers, severally of the one part, and the Moore & Schley and Lewisohn Brothers, of New York City, partnerships, and Henry H. Rogers, of the same place, jointly and severally, hereinafter called the managers, of the other part, Witnesseth as follows:

'Each subscriber hereby agrees to take and pay for, at the price and in the manner hereinafter stated, the number of shares written opposite his signature hereto, or such smaller number as the managers may allot, of the full paid preferred stock, and seven-tenths of the same number of the full paid common stock, of a corporation to be organized, capitalized and vested with properties, substantially, as hereinafter stated.

"The price is to be \$1,000 in cash for each 17 shares, that is to say, 10 shares of preferred and 7 shares of common of such stock, and is to be paid of such Trust Company as the managers may select or substitute to act hereunder, hereinafter called the Trust Company, within five days after notice for such payment shall be delivered or mailed to such subscriber by the managers of any one of them, or by the said Trust Company in their behalf. If stock certificates are not then ready for delivery, the

Trust Company will issue and deliver negotiable receipts, redeemable in the stocks when issued, or by return within a specified reasonable time, if the plan should be abandoned, of all payments. "The corporation which it is proposed to form with the name 'American Smelting and Refining Company,' or a similar name, will have appropriate powers for mining, smelting, refining and dealing in all kinds of ores, and such other powers as may be deemed convenient, and will have an authorized capital of \$65,000,000, divided into 650,000 shares, of the par value of \$100 each; of which stock \$32,500,000 in par value is to be preferred stock, entitled, in preference to the common, to cumulative dividends of 7 per cent. yearly, and on distribution of assets to payment of its par value and the amount of such cumulative dividends then unpaid, but to no other dividend or payment, and the remainder, \$32,500,000, in par value, is to be common stock.

"By the issue of \$27,000,000 par value of its preferred stock, and an equal amount of its common stock, the corporation will acquire \$7,500,000 in cash for working capital and for other corporate purposes, and the stocks or lands, plants, properties and good-wills under contract of the hereinafter-named concerns in the smelting and refining business, and such other like properties, if any, as the managers may desire and be able to include, to wit: United Smelting and Refining Company; Omaha & Grant Smelting Company; Pueblo Smelting and Refining Company; Colorado Smelting Company; Hanauer Smelting Works; Pennsylvania Lead Company; Pennsylvania Smelting Company; Globe Smelting and Refining Company; Bi-Metallic Smelting Company; Chicago & Aurora Smelting Company; Germania Lead Works (or in lieu thereof all the stock representing same); and also a majority of all the stock of the Consolidated Kansas City Smelting and Refining Company, provision being made for the acquisition of the remainder of such stock from the stock to be issued by the corporation as aforesaid.

"It being understood as follows:

"1. That the Omaha & Grant property will be taken subject to a mortgage securing 6 per cent, bonds for the principal sum of \$1,333,000, payable March 1st, 1911; and that the Kansas City Smelting and Refining Company's property is subject to a mortgage securing 6 per cent. bonds for \$1,000,000, maturing May 1st, 1900.

"2. That, if the managers deem it necessary or advantageous, any of the said plants, properties or stocks may be omitted from the transfer and conveyance to the corporation, the consideration therefor in such case being correspondingly reduced, or the aforesaid cash payment for working capital and other corporate purposes being correspondingly increased; and, also, that other plants, properties or stocks of like character may be included in

such transfer and conveyance, in which case the aforesaid consideration may be increased, if the corporation shall so agree.

"3. That this agreement shall not bind any subscriber until the full amount of preferred stock which shall be issued as hereinbefore recited, and the accompanying amount of common stock shall be taken on or before May 1st, 1899, hereunder or by other agreements of purchase, but in that event shall be fully obligatory upon all subscribers.

"4. That the subscribers intend their agreements herein, subject as aforesaid, to be relied upon by the managers in carrying out the plans hereinbefore referred to and in providing the stock agreed to be taken, and that any action in that direction on the part of the managers shall constitute an acceptance hereof without notice to the subscribers, but no obligation to carry out said plans is hereby imposed upon the managers, who shall not be liable under any of the provisions of this agreement or in or for any matter therewith connected, it being understood that if the plans aforesaid are not carried out the subscribers shall be entitled only to the return of their payments and to be discharged from all obligations hereunder.

"5. That the managers, or any of them, may become subscribers hereto in the same manner and with like effect, as other subscribers.

"6. That nothing herein contained or otherwise shall constitute the subscribers partners or make any subscriber liable to contribute more than the amount of his subscription, and that this agreement shall bind and inure to the benefit of the parties hereto, their personal representatives and assigns.

"7. That this agreement may be executed and signed in separate writings, with the same effect as though all signatures were on one."

As noted in this agreement, this merger omitted the smelters, mines and refining works of the Guggenheims. This was not by choice but by the shrewdness exhibited by the House of Guggenheim in declining this first offer. Their contention being that the stock as presented was watered down and over priced. This precipitated a war between the American Smelting and Refining Company and the Guggenheim combine for the purchase of ores from the best mines. The Guggenheims were able to secure a greater portion of the mining ore contracts. This was accomplished by offering more for the ore values with less smelting charges. By giving a better deal to labor in their own plants they were able to avoid strikes and thereby continue operation while their competition was idle. The first year of operation of the American Smelting and Refining Company with its twenty smelters and refineries, reported a profit of \$3,500,000 while the Guggenheims with only 3 smelters and one refinery showed a profit of \$3,600,000.

In December of 1900 the American Smelting and Refining Company, at a stockholder's meeting authorized an increase of \$35,000,000 in capital-

ization in order to make a deal with the Guggenheims so that they would join the company. This merger was consummated by the Guggenheims turning over the Philadelphia Smelter at Pueblo; the smelters at Monterrey and Aguas Calientes, Mexico; the electrolytic refining plant at Perth Amboy, New Jersey; various interests in South America; and the working capital and cash assets of the concern, with \$6,666,667 in cash. For this the Guggenheims would receive \$45,200,000 in stock of the A.S.&R., one half in common and one half in preferred. In this transaction the House of Guggenheim gained about \$15,000,000 as well as obtaining, in essence, the management of the newly formed American Smelting and Refining Company; for Issac, Daniel, Murry, Solomon and Simon Guggenheim were elected to the Board. Daniel became Chairman of the Board and the Executive Committee.

This merger wasn't as simple as I've described it. There were numerous ramifications to the financial dealings between the original A.S.&R. and the Guggenheims. In fact there are several books written about the fascinating subject; one is Harvey O'Connor's, "The Guggenheims".

Some of the famous smelter men associated with the early operation of the American Smelting and Refining Company were such greats as Anton Eilers, Dean of American Lead Smelters, August R. Meyer, James B. Grant and Edward R. Holden, to name a few. If only there existed a chronicle of their experiences in Colorado's smelting and reduction plant designing and operation, what fascinating reading it would be.

Another merger that followed was the creation of the United States Reduction and Refining Company in 1901. This combine was incorporated in Colorado Springs with a capital of \$10,000,000 at \$100 a share. The officers were C. L. Tutt, President; C. M. McNeil, Vice President and General Manager; W. K. Gillet, Second Vice President; and Spencer Penrose, Secretary and Treasurer. The combine included five cyanide and chlorination plants that were worth \$3,700,000 with a total rated capacity of 2,000 tons per day. The plants consolidated in the merger were the Standard and the Colorado-Philadelphia, at Colorado City; Union Gold Extraction, the Metallic Extraction, and the National, at Florence.

Another company that was organized in 1906 and incorporated under the laws of Maine was the United States Smelting, Refining and Mining Company. Their chief interests in Colorado were in mining; although in the merger they acquired one of the Canon City smelters. Their large smelters were built in the state of Utah.

To describe in detail the activities and history of this company is beyond the scope of this paper. A condensed write-up on this vast enterprise was presented in "Mining and Metallurgy," in October of 1948.

Colorado had a myriad of smelters and reduction works, many were incorporated in other states. Although some of these companies were in-

corporated with the words "smelting" and "reduction", it is doubtful if all installed these works. On the other hand many mining and milling plants produced their own silver and gold bricks or bars and this would fit the definition of a smelting or reduction operation.

On the following pages I will attempt to list the Colorado smelters and reduction works as to year of incorporation and location. Some may be overlooked because they either weren't mentioned in the literature researched or they weren't described by anyone anywhere. In many cases smelters changed their names; in other cases they did not abide by the name listed in the articles of incorporation; as a result smelters were sometimes called or known by their owner's or manager's names, or the towns where they were located. This led to possible duplication and confusion in their compilation which follows:

ALAMOSA COUNTY

1. The Jones Mining and Reduction Works, Alamosa, 1880.
2. Elgin Smelting Works, Alamosa, 1880.
3. Russell or Placer Smelter, one furnace, west end of La Veta Pass, Alamosa County, 1884.

ARAPAHO COUNTY (DENVER COUNTY)

1. Denver Smelting Works, Denver, 1873.
2. Polar Star Reduction Works, Denver, 1877, capacity 10 tons, roasting, leaching and precipitation.
3. Boston and Colorado Smelting Company, 1878, Denver. Plant moved from Blackhawk. Closed down 1907. Also known as Hill's and Argo Smelter.
4. Omaha & Grant Smelter, Denver, 1882, capacity 300 tons, sold 1907, located at 42nd and St. Vincent.
5. McNair Smelting Company near Denver, Arapahoe County, 1885.
6. Holden Smelting Company, Denver, 1886, 120 ton capacity, also known as Denver Smelting and Refining Company. In 1889 this became the Globe Smelting and Refining Company after being completely rebuilt. Part of A.S. & R. consolidation which became a Guggenheim interest in 1900, located in the Windsor block.
7. Akron Mining and Reduction Company, Denver, 1886.
8. Utah Mining and Reduction Works, Denver, 1886.
9. Chicago & Aurora Smelting Company, Denver, 1886.
10. H. Rudge & Company Zinc Smelter, Denver, 1887, capacity 6 tons zinc.
11. Omaha & Grand View Smelting Company, Denver.
12. Waite Reduction Co., Denver, 1887, located at 30th and Platte.
13. Bailey Smelter, Denver, 1881, bought out by the Gold and Silver Extraction Mining and Milling Company.
14. Ore Reduction and Chemical Works, 1882, located at 28th and Blake.
15. Kilton Gold Reduction Works, Denver, 1897.

16. Union Extraction & Reduction Company, Denver, 1897, sold 1904.
17. The American Zinc and Chemical Company, Denver, 1907.
18. Modern Smelting and Refining Company, Utah Jct., Denver, 1907, Copper Smelting Company, closed down 1910.
19. National Radium Institute Reduction Works, 2001 E. Colfax, Denver, 1916.
20. Schlesinger Radium Company, Denver, 1916.
21. The Radium Company of Colorado Reduction Plant, Denver, 1919.

BOULDER COUNTY

1. Richardson and Stowe Chlorination Works, Ward, 1871.
2. A. D. Breed Reduction Works, Carribou, 1872.
3. Caribou Chlorination Works, 1876, salt roasting, water leach and treated with nitric acid, with silver precipitated as silver sulphide.
4. Willard Works, Jamestown, 1876.
5. Boyd's Smelting Works, Boulder, 1874, 10 ton capacity, raw smelting plant.
6. New Jersey Mill, Caribou, 1877, 10 ton mill, roasting, chloridizing, leaching and precipitation.
7. Nederland Reduction Works, Nederland, 1877, 10-12 ton mill, roasting, chloridizing and amalgamation.
8. North Boulder Mill, North Boulder, 1877, capacity 10 tons, roasting, chloridizing, hyposulfite leaching and calcination.
9. Hunt and Company Reduction Works, Orodelfan, 3 miles west of Boulder, erected in 1873, also known as the Hunt-Barber Smelter.
10. Hoosier Mining, Milling and Smelting Company, Boulder, up left hand canyon, 1879, chloridizing.
11. Century Mining and Smelting Company, 1880, Junction of Gold Run and Four Mile Creek.
12. J. C. Cooper Smelting and Reduction Works Orodelfan, 1880.
13. Crocker Process Ore Reducing Company, Jamestown, 1880, amalgamation.
14. Hope Mining and Reduction Works, Orodelfan, 1881.
15. Niwot Mill, Ward, 1880.
16. North Boulder Smelter, Nederland, 1882.
17. The Prussian Mining and Smelting Company, Boulder County, 1882.
18. Native Silver Smelter, Caribou, 1882.
19. The Crocker Ore Reduction Company, Boulder, 1882.
20. Santa La Saria Smelter, Nederland, 1882.
21. Scottish Colorado Mining and Smelting Company, Boulder, 1884.
22. Talley Electric Reduction Company, Longmont, 1888.
23. Boulder City Mining and Smelting Company, 1893, mining only.
24. Kilton Reduction Works, Boulder, 1896.
25. Kilton Gold Extraction Company, Boulder, 1896.

26. Delano Chlorination Mill, Boulder, 1898.
27. El Dora Chlorination Mill, Boulder, 1898.
28. Golden Extraction, Mining and Supply Company, Boulder, 1898.
29. Loder Pyritic Smelter, Ward, 1899.
30. Bailey Chlorination Mill, Eldora, 1900.
31. Gold Extraction Works, Wall Streets, 1901. Electro-chlorination.
32. Great Western Exploration and Reduction Works, Boulder, 1902.
33. Consolidated Copper Mining, Milling and Smelting Company, Boulder, 1902. Mining only.
34. Magnolia Reduction Company, Magnolia, 1903.
35. Montgomery Mining and Smelting Company, Boulder County, 1904. Mining and milling only.
36. Standard Gold Reduction Company, Springdale, 1904. Mining and milling only.
37. Sugar Loaf Mining and Reduction Company, Sugar Loaf. Mining only.
37. Eagle Rock Gold Mining and Reduction Company, Sugar Loaf, 1904.
38. The Preston Reduction Works, Boulder, 1905.
39. U.S. Gold Corporation, Sugar Loaf, 1912. Cyanide mill.
40. Golden Age Mining and Reduction Company, Jamestown, 1912. Cyanide mill, 50 tons capacity.
41. The Colorado Smelting and Refining Company, Marshall, Boulder County, 1938. Tungsten refining.
42. Trojan Mining and Ore Reduction Company, Ward, 1914.
43. The Boulder Tungsten Sampler and Refinery, Boulder, 1938.
44. Keystone Mining and Reduction Company, Boulder, 1916.
45. Cobalt Mining Company, Smelter, 4 miles north of Boulder, 100-150 ton capacity matte of cobalt, nickel, gold and copper, 1941.

CHAFFEE COUNTY

1. Kansas City Mining and Smelting Company, Alpine, Chalk Creek District, 1877; also known as The H. L. Bridgman Smelter.
2. Monarch Smelter, Chaffee or Monarch, 1879.
3. Black Prince Mining and Smelting Company, Garfield, essentially operated only mines.
4. The Niagara Silver Mining and Smelting Company, Iron City, near St. Elmo, 1880.
5. Neeley Mining and Smelting Co., Poncha Springs, 1880.
6. The Virginia Mining and Smelting Company, Chaffee, 1880.
7. Poncha Springs Smelter, Poncha Springs, 1881.
8. The Madonna Smelter, Chaffee or Monarch, 1882.
9. Foster Metal Reduction Co., Alpine, 1882.
10. Smith and Grey Smelter, Monarch, 1882.
11. Day, Webb and Co. Smelter, 25 ton capacity, Maysville, 1882.
12. Foster Ore and Reduction Works, Chalk Creek, 1882.

13. Erie Smelter, Maysville, 1882.
14. St. Elmo Smelter, St. Elmo, 1882; also known as Mulvillier and Limpert Reduction Works.
15. Colorado Smelting Company, Monarch, 1884.
16. Alpine Smelter, Alpine 1884.
17. Cornucopia Smelting Company, Buena Vista, 1886.
18. F. Morley Smelter, Buena Vista, 1896. Also called the Buena Vista Smelting Company. Went into receivership in 1910.
19. Windfield Smelter, Windfield, 1900.
20. Ohio and Colorado Smelting Company, Salida, 1901. Built by The New Monarch Mining Company of Leadville.
21. The New Monarch Mining Company, Leadville. This Company and the Ohio and Colorado Smelting Company, Salida, were both owned by the Republic Smelting and Refining Company of Leadville, closed down 1919.
22. Kunzel Smelter, Buena Vista, 1910.
23. Eureka Mining and Reduction Company, Garfield, 1914.
24. Turret Copper Mining and Reduction Company, Turret, 1917.
25. Paramount Reduction Company, St. Elmo, 1917. Milling only.

CLEAR CREEK COUNTY

1. Georgetown Silver Smelting Co., Elizabethtown, 1866.
2. J. W. Watson Smelter, Elizabethtown, 1867, 3-ton capacity.
3. The Baker Reduction Works, Georgetown, 1869.
4. Georgetown Silver Smelting Co., Elizabethtown, 1866.
5. The Brown Smelting Works, Georgetown, 1869.
6. Stewart Silver Reducing Company, Georgetown, 1869. Salt roasting and subsequent amalgamation, capacity 5 to 8 tons.
7. The Franklin Reduction Works, Georgetown, 1869.
8. L. Huepeden and Company, Georgetown, 1869.
9. Palmer and Nichols Reduction Works, Georgetown, 1871.
10. Georgetown Smelting Works, Georgetown, 1871.
11. Callom Concentration and Smelting Works, erected at the forks of the creek near Empire, in 1871. Rebuilt by Dr. Richard Pierce in 1872, and renamed the Swansea Plant; also known as the Swansea Lead Smelter.
12. Mr. Dibbens Smelter at Argentine, southwest of Georgetown, 1872.
13. Whale Mill (Matte Smelter) part of the Stanley Mill, west of Idaho Springs, 1872.
14. Judd and Crosby Amalgamating Works, Georgetown, 1872.
15. Stetefeldt Reduction Works, Georgetown, 1872.
16. United States General Smelting and Mining Company, Spanish Bar, near Idaho Springs, 1874.

17. Pelican Reduction Works, Georgetown, 1876, 12 ton capacity. Roasting followed by amalgamation.
18. Clear Creek Company Reduction Works, Georgetown, 1876, capacity 50 tons. Krom dry system, supplemented by roasting, leaching and precipitation.
19. Silver Queen Works, Georgetown, 1877, capacity 20 tons.
20. Farwell Reduction Works, 1878, formerly the Judd and Crosby Amalgamation Plant, Georgetown.
21. Equator Mining and Smelting Company, Georgetown, 1879.
22. Bullion Smelter, Downieville, 1880.
23. Pacific Mining and Reducing Company, Idaho Springs, 1882.
24. Moore Mining and Smelting Co., Lawson, 1881.
25. Old Dominion Mining and Smelting Company, Spanish Bar, 1880.
26. Vivian and Company Smelter, Idaho Springs, 1882.
27. Idaho Springs Mining and Reduction Company, Idaho Springs, 1882.
28. Campbell Smelter, Idaho Springs, 1882. Closed in 1885.
29. Midas Mining, Milling and Reduction Company, Idaho Springs, 1882.
30. Obiston Smelter, Idaho Springs, 1882.
31. Worland Mining, Milling and Smelting Company, Freeland, 1883.
32. Stanton & Brainard Smelting Company, Blackhawk, 1884.
33. Plutus Mining and Smelting Company, Idaho Springs, 1885. 10-ton capacity.
34. Union Smelting Company, Idaho Springs, 1885.
35. Woodburn Mining and Smelting Company, Mouth of Chicago Creek, Idaho Springs, 1886.
36. Big Five Tunnel, Ore Reduction and Transportation Company, Clear Creek. Mining only, 1904.
37. Conqueror Mining and Reduction, Empire, 1907. Mining only.
39. Continental Mines, Power and Reduction Company. Fall River, 1907. A 720 H.P. Power Plant.
39. Denver Mining and Reduction Company, Blackhawk, 1910. Milling only.
40. Hala Reduction Plant of the Western Metals Company, Georgetown, 1910.
41. Argo Reduction and Ore Purchasing Company, Idaho Springs, 1912. A concentration, amalgamation and cyanide plant.
42. Colorado Metal Mining and Reduction Company, Georgetown, 1915.
43. American Gold Standard Mining Company, Idaho Springs, 1901.
44. Black Hawk Smelter, north of forks of creek, 25 ton capacity, 1939. Joe McAuliffe, Superintendent; A. H. Smith, President.

CUSTER COUNTY

1. Mallet Reduction Works, Rosita, 1877, 10-ton capacity. Roasting, leaching and precipitation.

2. Pennsylvania Reduction Works, Rosita, 1877, capacity 12 tons. Roasting, leaching terminated by precipitation or amalgamation.
3. Rosita Reduction Works, Rosita, 1878. 5 ton capacity.
4. St. Louis Mining and Smelting Company, Silver Cliff, 1879.
5. Silver Cliff Smelting Company, Silver Cliff, 1879, located one and one half miles west of town on Grape Creek.
6. Omaha Smelting Company, Silver Cliff, 1879.
7. St. Joseph Smelting Company, Silver Cliff, 1879.
8. Stacy and Knight's Smelter, Silver Cliff, 1879.
9. St. Joseph Smelter, Silver Cliff, 1880.
10. Duryea Smelting Company, a quarter mile from Silver Cliff, 1881.
11. Ula Mining and Reduction Company, Silver Cliff, 1879. Mainly mining.
12. Racine Boy Smelter, Silver Cliff, 1881.
13. Oak Creek Reduction Works, Oak Creek, 1880.
14. Bull Domingo Smelter, 1882, Silver Cliff.
15. Dora Reduction Works, Dora, 1888; also known as The Chambor's Smelter.
16. Pennsylvania Reduction Works, Rosita, 1882.
17. Plata Verde Smelter, Silver Cliff, 1882.
18. Adelia Milling and Reduction Works, Silver Cliff, 1880.
19. Florence Mining and Smelting Company, Custer County, 1902. Mining only.

DOLORES COUNTY

1. Grand View Mining and Smelting Company, Rico, 1881. 45-ton capacity.
2. Montreal and Colorado Mining and Smelting Company, Rico, 1880.
3. Rico Reduction Company, Rico, 1880.
4. Santa Clara Reduction Works, Rico, 1883.
5. Pasadena Smelting Company, Rico, 1884.
6. Rico Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, Rico, 1893.
7. St. Louis Smelting and Refining Company, Rico, Re-opened in 1942.
8. The San Juan Milling and Refining Company, Mancos, 1938.
9. International Smelting and Refining Company, Rico. Torn down in 1941.

EAGLE COUNTY

1. Anglo-American Smelter, Red Cliff, 1881.
2. American Mining and Smelting Company, Red Cliff, 1882. Essentially a mining company.
3. Battle Mountain Smelting Company, Red Cliff, 1881, 25-ton capacity.
4. Denver Reduction Works, Gilman, 1887.
5. Dayton Gold Mining and Smelting Company, Holy Cross City, 1889. Smelter was never built.
6. St. Louis and Colorado Smelting Company, Thomasville, 1891.

7. American Zinc. Lead and Smelting Company, Red Cliff, 1916.

EL PASO AND TELLER COUNTIES

1. American Smelting Company, Colorado City, 1886.
2. Colorado Gold Reduction Company, Colorado City, 1894.
3. Delamar Chlorination Plant, Lawrence, 1894.
4. Brodie Cyanide Mill, Mound City, 1894.
5. Gillette Chlorination Works, Gillette, 1894.
6. Lawrence Gold Extraction Company, Lawrence, 1894, chlorination.
7. El Paso Works, Gillette, 1895, chlorination.
8. Colorado Ore Sampling and Reduction Works, Arequa Gulch, 1897.
9. The Colorado-Philadelphia Reduction Works, Colorado City, 1897, 250-ton capacity. Dismantled in November 1912.
10. Kilton Gold Reduction Works, Victor, 1897.
11. Colorado Ore Reduction Company, Elkton, 1898.
12. Economic Gold Extraction Company, Victor, 1899.
13. Telluride Reduction Company, Colorado City, 1902, bromide process.
14. Portland Chlorination Mill, Colorado City, 1903. Changed to Cyanide in 1912.
15. Portland Gold Mining Company Mill, Battle Mountain, Victor, 1910. Cyaniding low grade ores.
16. Globe Reduction and Mining Company, Goldfield, 1903.
17. Cripple Creek Homestake Milling & Reduction Company, Iron Clad Hill, 1904, cyanide process.
18. Golden Cycle Mining and Milling Company, Colorado City, 1904. Cyanide mill, also known as the Golden Cycle Mining and Reduction Company. Burned down 1907, rebuilt and later in 1951 moved to Cripple Creek. Closed down in 1961.
19. Cripple Creek Homestake Mining and Reduction, Cripple Creek, 1907. Mining only.
20. Colburn-Ajax Mill, Victor, 1912. Employs the Clancy method of gold ore reduction.
21. Stratton's Independence Cyanidation Mill, Cripple Creek area, 1913.
22. Consolidation Mines and Reduction Company, Cripple Creek, 1916.
23. Arequa Mill, cyanide, Cripple Creek, 1903.
24. Ironclad Mill, cyanide, Cripple Creek, 1903.
25. Consolidated Gold Mines Company, Victor, 1901.

FREMONT COUNTY

1. Mallett Reduction Works, Canon City, 1878. These works were moved from Rosita.
2. Royal Gorge Smelting Company, Canon City, 1883. Also known as the Canon City Smelter.

3. Copper Smelter, owned by the Rocky Mountain Mine Development Company, Canon City, 1884.
4. American Mining and Smelting Company, Canon City, 1885.
5. American Zinc-Lead Smelting Company, Canon City, 1890. Bought out by the U. S. R. & R. Company, 1902. Closed in 1911.
6. Colorado Gold Reduction Company, Florence, 1894.
7. United States Economic Reduction Works, Florence, 1894. Chlorination, amalgamation and roasting.
8. American Cyanide Gold and Silver Extraction Company, Florence, 1894.
9. Metallic Extraction Company, Florence, 1895, cyanide plant. Burned down in 1904.
10. River Smelting and Refining Company, Florence, 1912. Closed in 1920.
11. Empire Zinc Company Plant, Canon City, 1917.
12. Ohio Zinc Oxide Company Plant, Canon City, 1918.
13. Rocky Mountain Smelting and Refining Company, Florence, 1897. Became the River Smelting and Refining Company in 1915.
14. Page Reduction Works, Florence, 1897.
15. El Paso Reduction Works, Florence, 1897. Burned in 1901.
16. Kilton Gold Reduction Company, Florence, 1897.
17. National Gold Extraction Company, Florence, 1897.
18. United States Reduction and Refining Company, Cyanide, 1901.
19. Metallic Extraction Company, Cyanide, 1902.
20. Florence Mining, Milling, Smelting, and Refining Company, Florence, 1902.
21. United States Zinc Company, Canon City, 1902.
22. The Copper Price Mining and Smelting Company, Red Gulch District, Canon City, 1907. Probably mining only.
23. Empire Zinc Company Plant, Canon City, 1907.
24. Dorcas Mining, Milling and Development Company, Florence, 1907.
25. The Fassett Reduction Works, Canon City, 1880.
26. The Standard Chlorination Mill, Florence, 1903. Mill changed to the Hardwick Process in 1912. Bought out by the Golden Cycle Mining and Reduction Company in 1916.

GARFIELD COUNTY

1. Ute Mining and Smelting Company, Garfield County, 1884.

GILPIN COUNTY

1. Louis Tappan Lead Smelter, erected in 1861, Quartz Valley near Nevadaville.
2. Burdsall Smelter, built at Nevadaville, 1861. Burned down at its first blast.

3. James E. Lyon Gold Smelter, erected at Blackhawk in 1864.
4. Boston and Colorado Smelting Works, Blackhawk, 1868. N. P. Hill's Smelter. Moved to Argo in Denver in 1878.
5. Kearsing, Patterson and Mullen Works, below Central City, 1871.
6. Briggs Smelter, Central City, 1876.
7. Colorado Dressing and Smelting Company, Blackhawk, 1876.
8. West's Smelting Works, Blackhawk, 1876.
9. Collom's Concentration and Smelting Works, Blackhawk, 1880.
10. Humphrey Reduction Works, Blackhawk, 1880.
11. Speers Concentration and Amalgamation Works, Blackhawk, 1900.
12. Seneca Gold Mining and Reduction Company, Blackhawk, 1900. Mining only.
13. Cashier Gold Mining and Reduction Company, Central City, 1901. Mines only.
14. Reward Gold Mining and Reduction Company, Central City, 1904. Mining only.
15. Saratoga Mining, Smelting and Reduction Company, Russell District. Mines only.
16. Gilpin Ore and Reduction Company, North Clear Creek, Blackhawk area, 1907. Concentrating mill only.

GUNNISON COUNTY

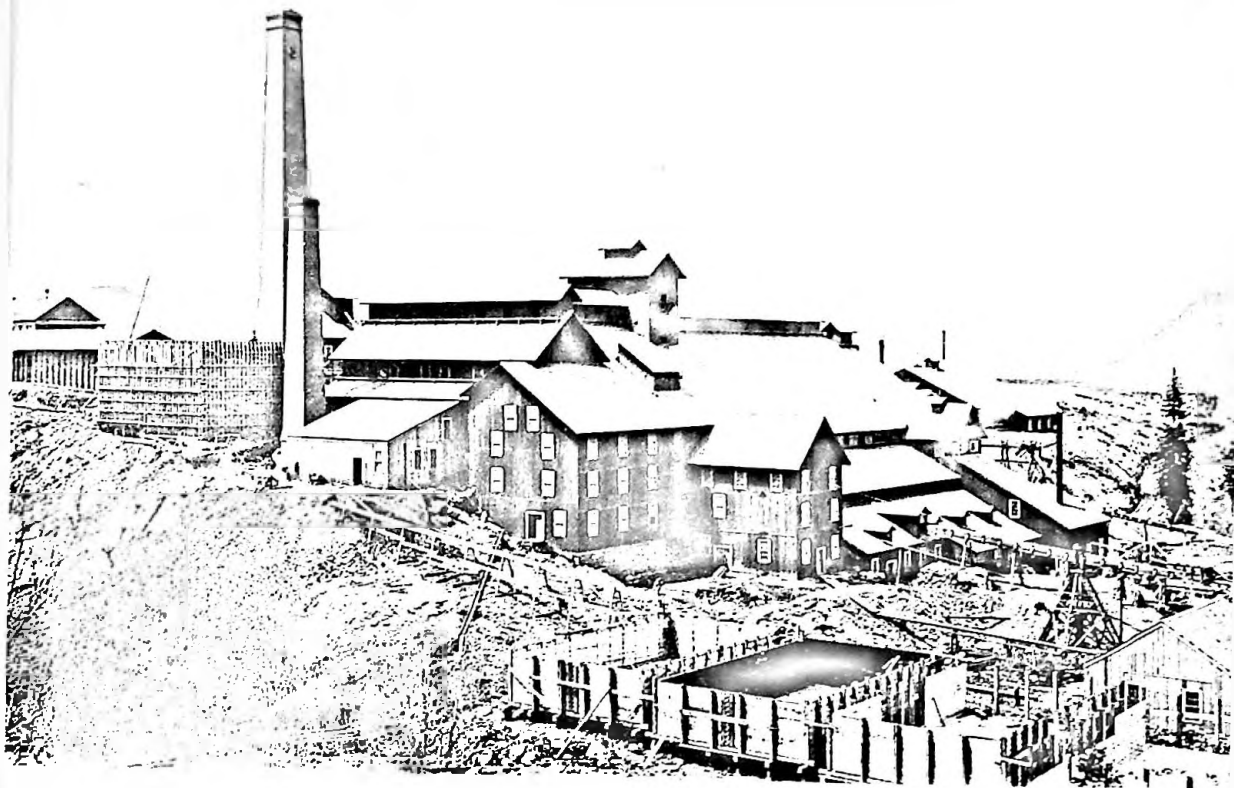
1. Pearsall and Yolita Smelting, Virginia City or Tincup, 1879.
2. Abbey Smelter, Hillerton, two miles from Tincup, 1879. Capacity 20 tons.
3. Crested Butte Smelter, Crested Butte, 1879. Capacity 12 tons.
4. Gothic City Smelter, Gothic, 1879. 20 tons capacity; also known as the C. O. Avery Smelter.
5. Gothic Mining and Smelting Company, Gothic, 1879. 20 tons capacity. Also known as the Colorado Springs Smelter.
6. Gold Cup Mining and Smelting Company, Tincup, 1881. Mining only.
7. Lone Elm Mining and Smelting Company, Gunnison City, 1880. Also known as the Moffett Smelting Company, 1881. Capacity 20 tons.
8. The Virginia City Mining and Smelting Company, Tincup, 1881, capacity 40 tons.
9. W. H. Webb Smelter, Irwin, 1881.
10. Willow Creek Reduction Company, Willow Creek near Tincup, 1882.
11. The Empire Mining and Smelting Company, Scofield, 1880; also known as The Scofield Smelter.
12. Iowa Smelting Company, Crested Butte, 1880.
13. Howard & Smith Smelter, Crested Butte, 1880; also known as the Howard and Smith Smelter and Coal Co.

14. The Goodenough Milling, Mining and Smelting Company, Haverly, 1880.
15. Independence Smelter, Gunnison County, 1880. 15 tons day.
16. Goodenough Amalgamation and Smelting Company, Ruby, 1880. 15 tons a day.
17. Ross, Reed Mining and Smelting Company, Irwin, 1880. 40 tons a day.
18. Schofield Smelting Company, Rock Creek, Schofield, 1880. 20 tons a day capacity. Also known as the Empire Mining and Smelting Company.
19. Red Cross Smelter, Tincup, 1882.
20. Gunnison Mining, Milling and Smelting Company, Gunnison 1882. Also called the Moffett Smelting Works.
21. Stevens Smelting Works, Gunnison, 1882.
22. Jumbo Mining, Smelting and Land Company, Gunnison, 1885.
23. Orphan Boy Milling and Reduction Company, Gunnison County, 1885.
24. Sylvanite Chlorination Plant, Gunnison, 1885.
25. Tomichi Valley Smelting Company, Gunnison, 1885.
26. Colorado Smelting and Mining Company, Gunnison, 1901. No smelting ever done.
27. Southwestern Smelter, White Pine, 1902, owned by Tomichi Valley Smelter, Tomichi, 1902.
28. Gothic Mining, Milling and Coal Company Smelter, Gothic, 1904. 50 ton capacity.
29. Gold Links Smelting and Mining Company, Ohio City, 1912.
30. Vulcan Mines and Smelting Company, Vulcan, 1916. A copper matte smelter. Closed down after less than a year's operation.

HINSDALE COUNTY

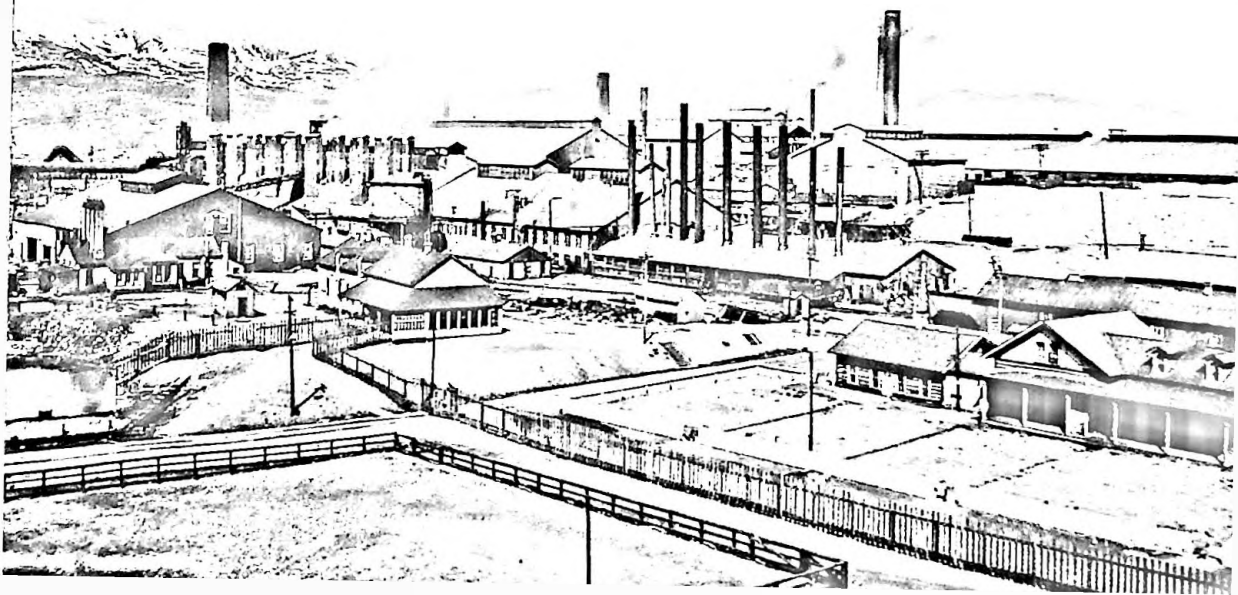
1. Lake City Mining and Smelting Company, Lake City, 1876.
2. Ocean Wave Reduction Works, Burrows Park, 1877, although called a reduction works, the mineral was concentrated with jigs.
3. Green's Smelting Works, near the fork of Henson Creek, close to the lead veins of Galena City, 1877, which was later named Capital City by George S. Lee. Renamed Lee Mining and Smelting Company. Also known as the Capital City Smelter, 1878.
4. Crooke Bros. Smelting Works, Lake City, 1877. Capacity 75 tons. Dry concentration, leaching and precipitation.
5. Van Giesen's Chlorination and Lixiviation Works, Lake City, 1877.
6. Gunnison Smelting and Mining Company, located at Tellurium in Burrows Park, erected 1878.
7. W. N. Ewing's Lixiviation Works, Lake City, 1878.
8. Henson Creek Reduction Company, Capitol City, 1880.

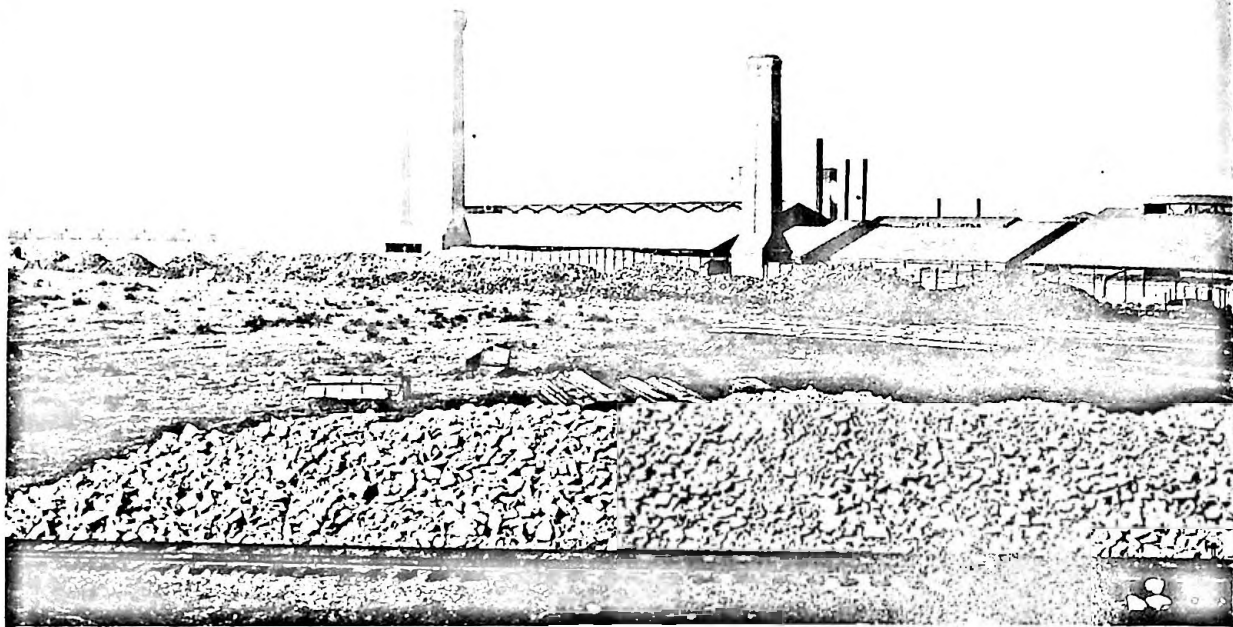
(Text continued on page 31)



Aspen Smelting works, 1884 later Aspen Smelting & Mining Co. about 1885.

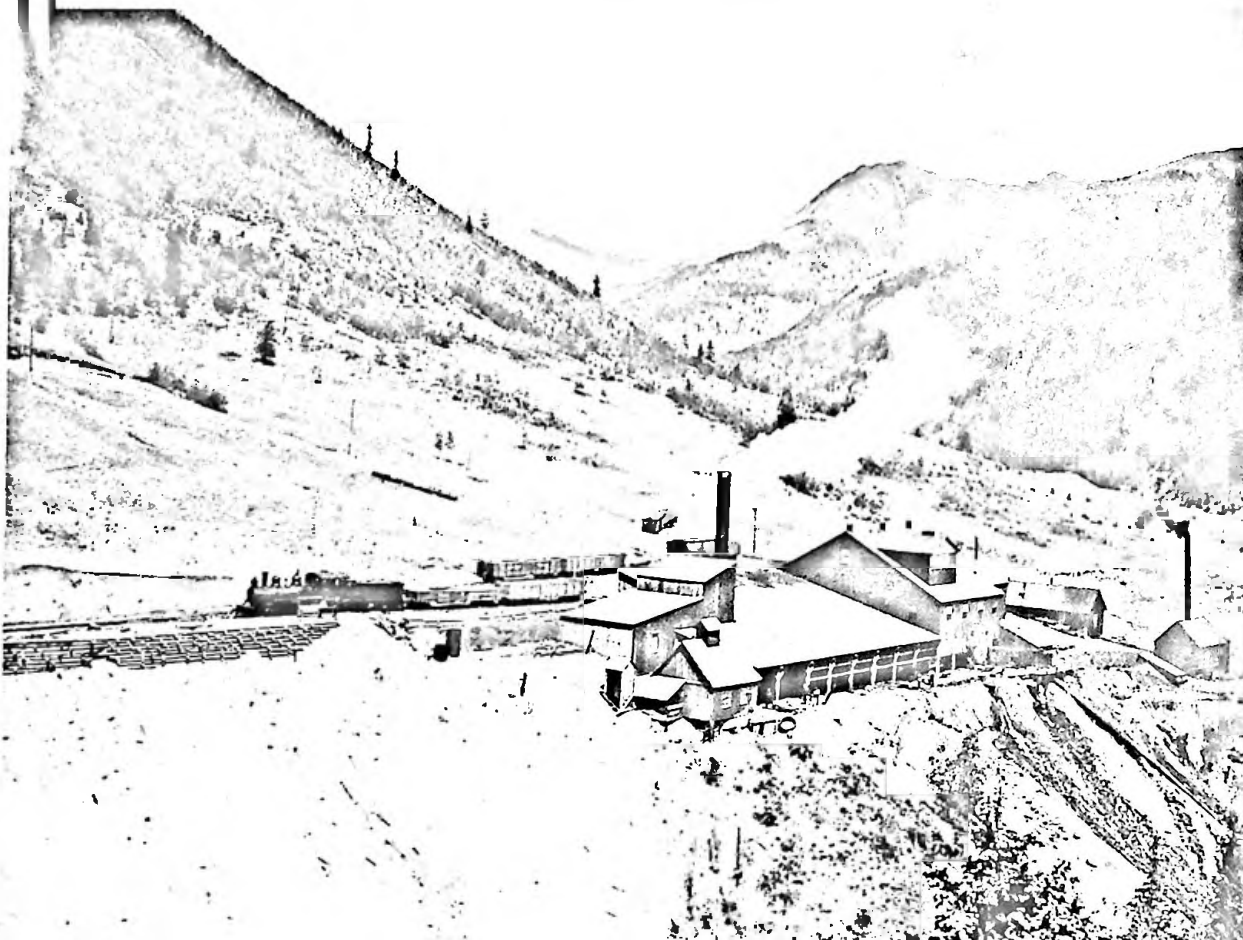
Arkansas Valley Smelting Co., built 1882 in Leadville, became part of the AS&R group,
closed down 1959.

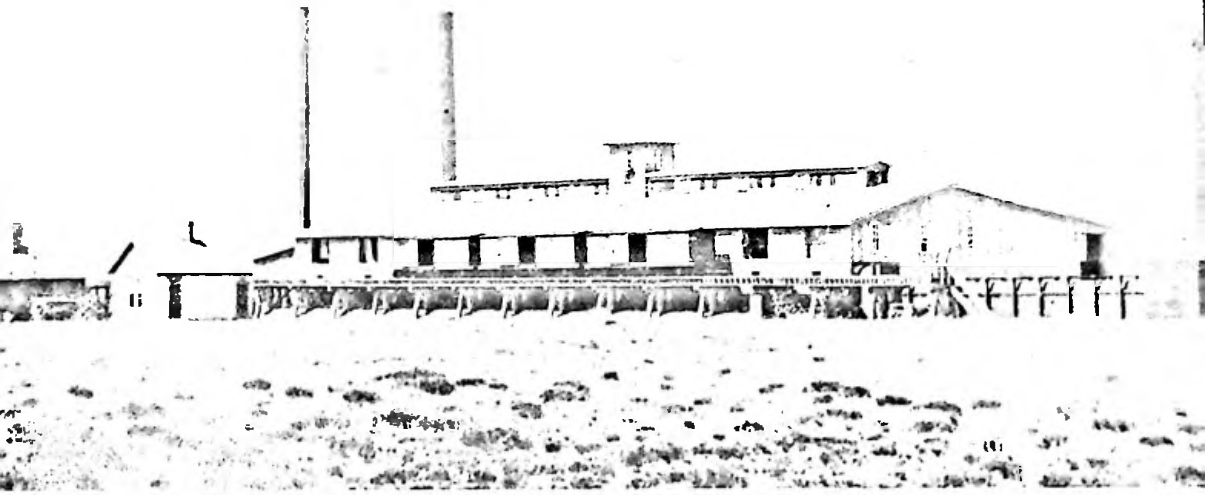




Colorado Smelting Co., Pueblo, Colo., built 1895.

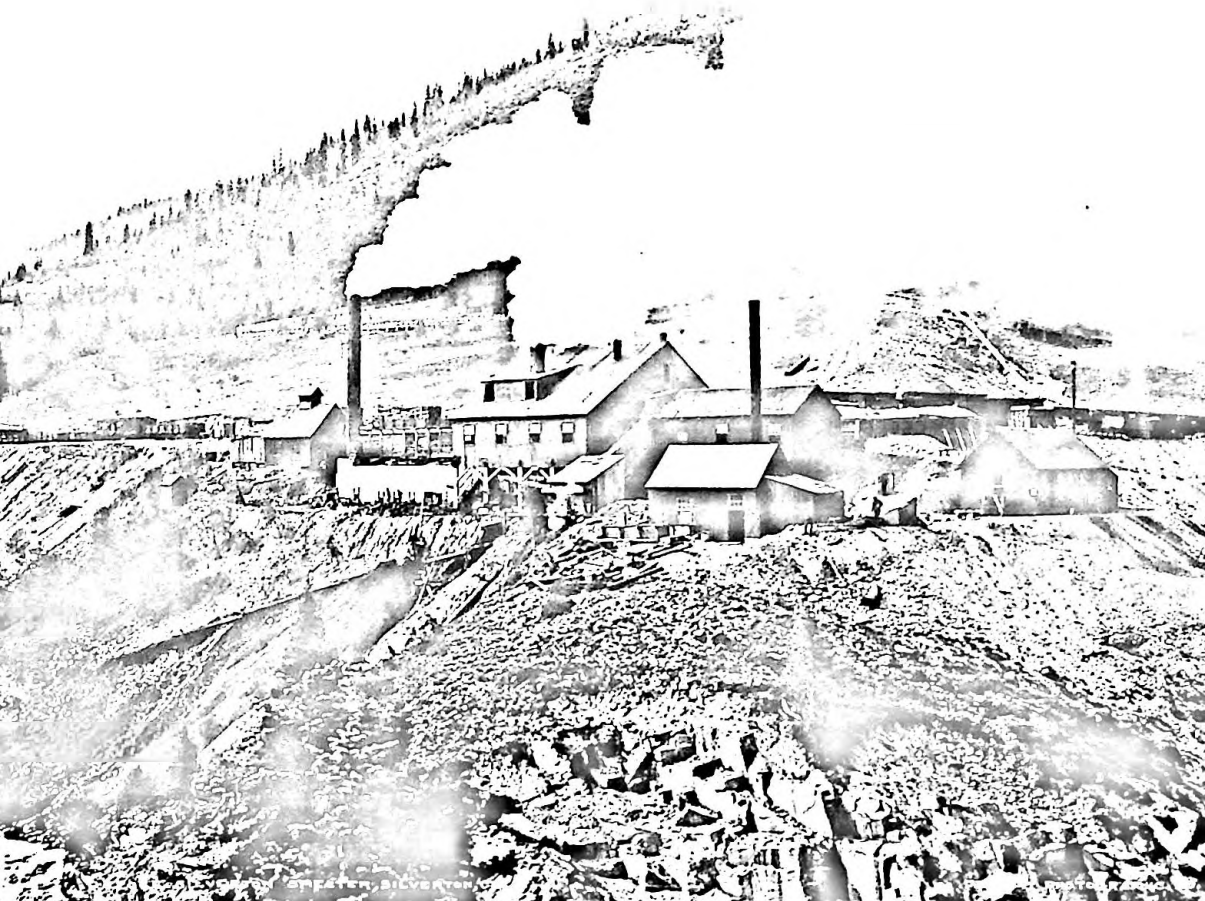
Silverton Smelting & Refining Co., built 1877

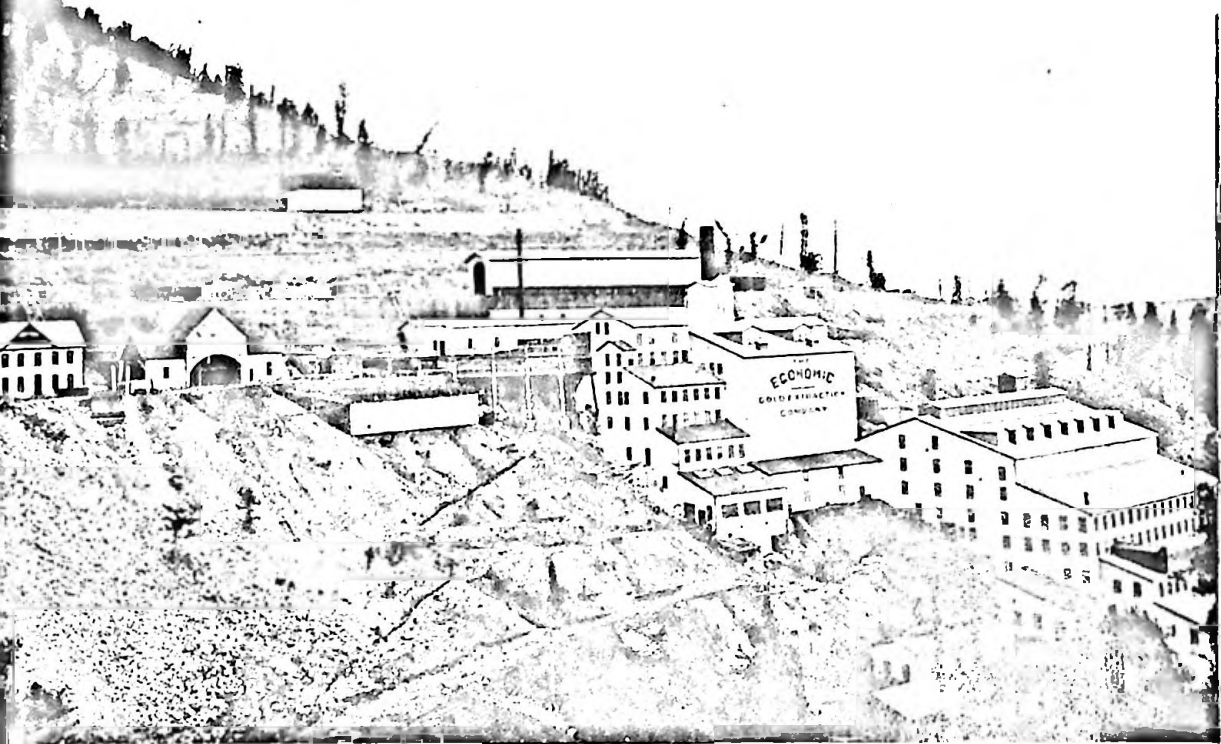




Maffett Smelter, Gunnison, built 1882.

The Ross Smelting & Refining Co., Silverton, built 1903. Called the Ross Smelter.





Economic Gold Extracting Co., Victor, Colo., 1899.

Town of Sts. John, Colo., 1872, small lead smelter, 25 tons.—from the collection of W. B. Rowell.

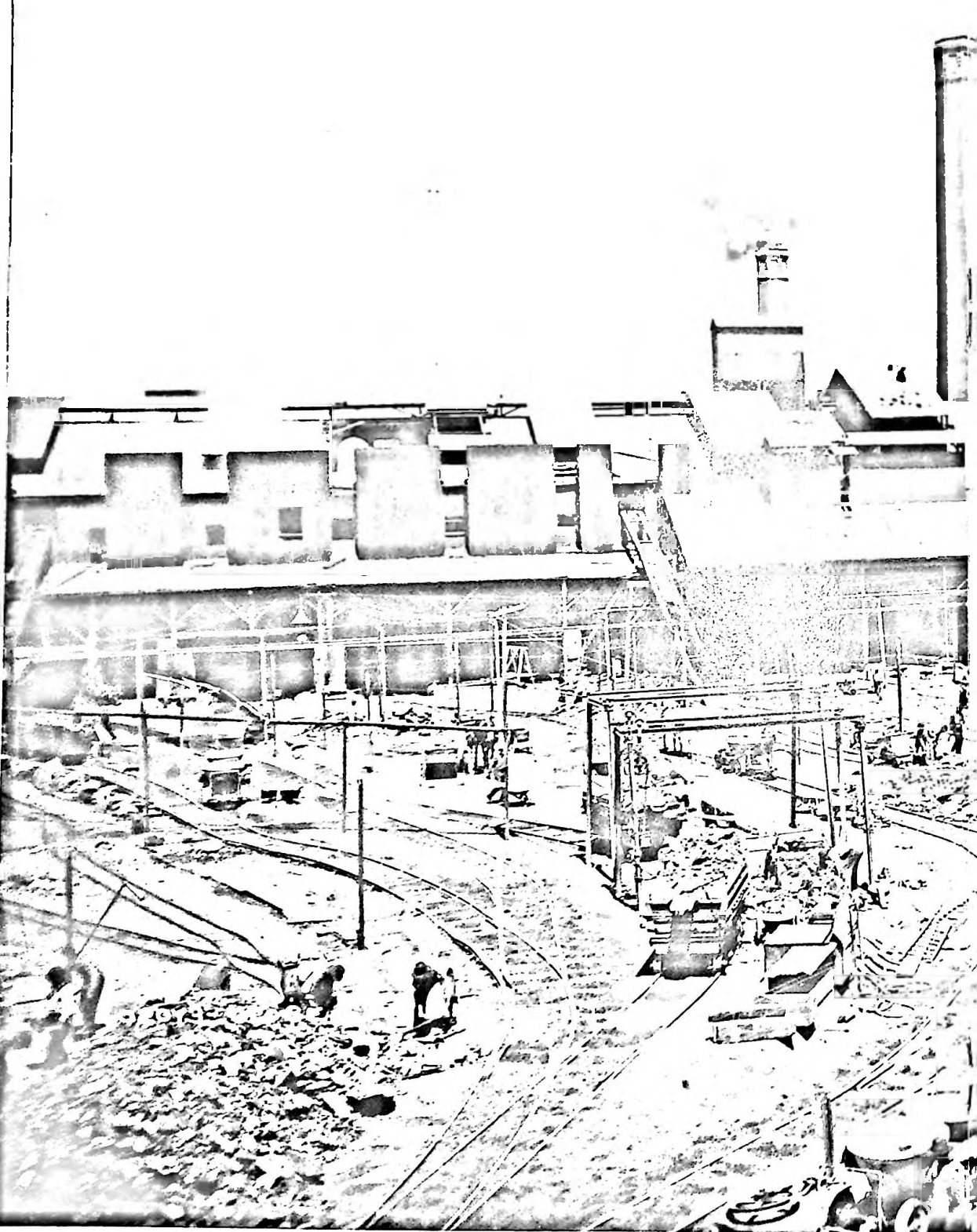




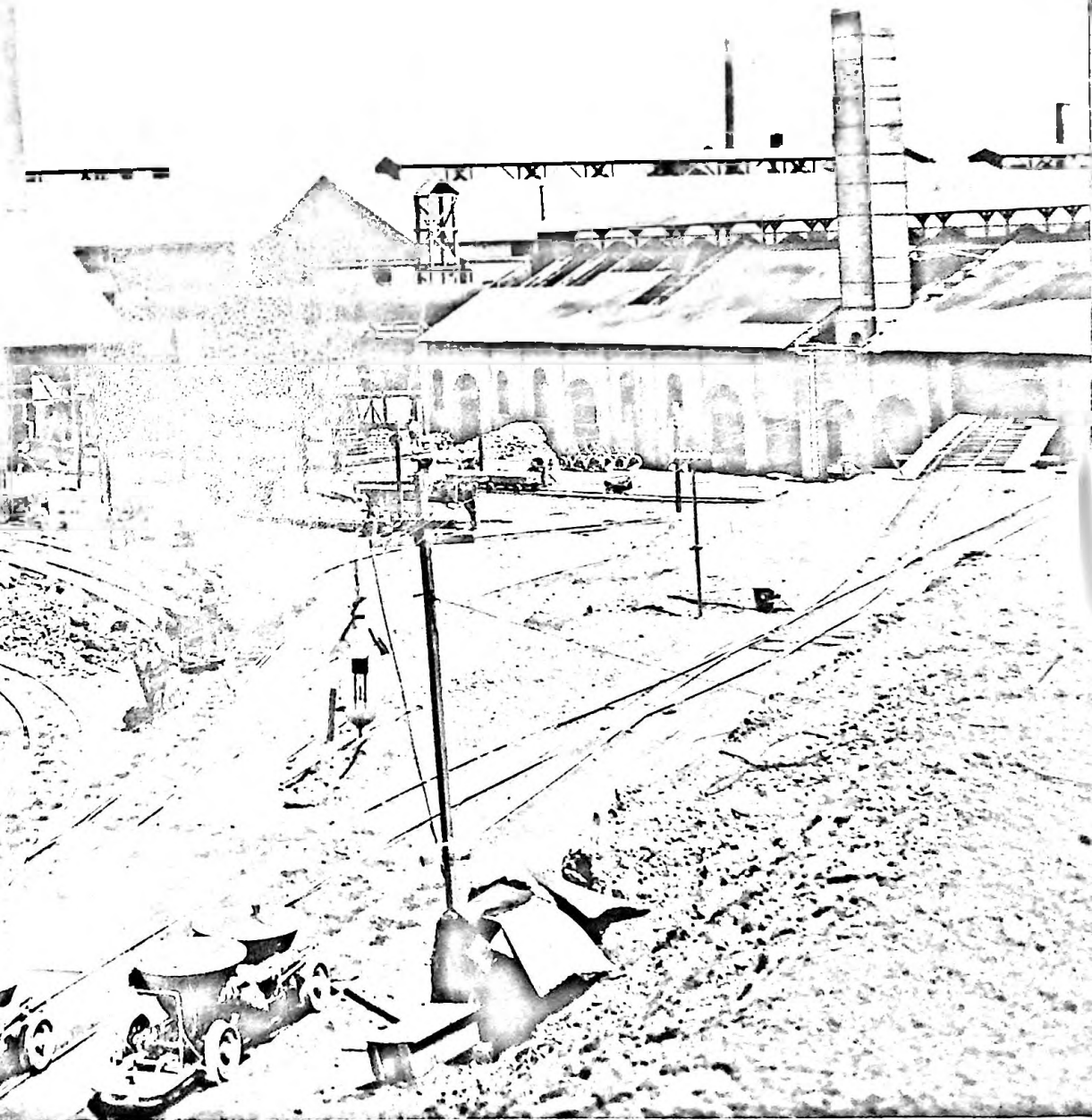
Carpenter Smelter in Golden, Colo., built in 1901.

Cross Bros. Smelting Works, built in 1877 as a 75 ton per day smelter, near Lake City.

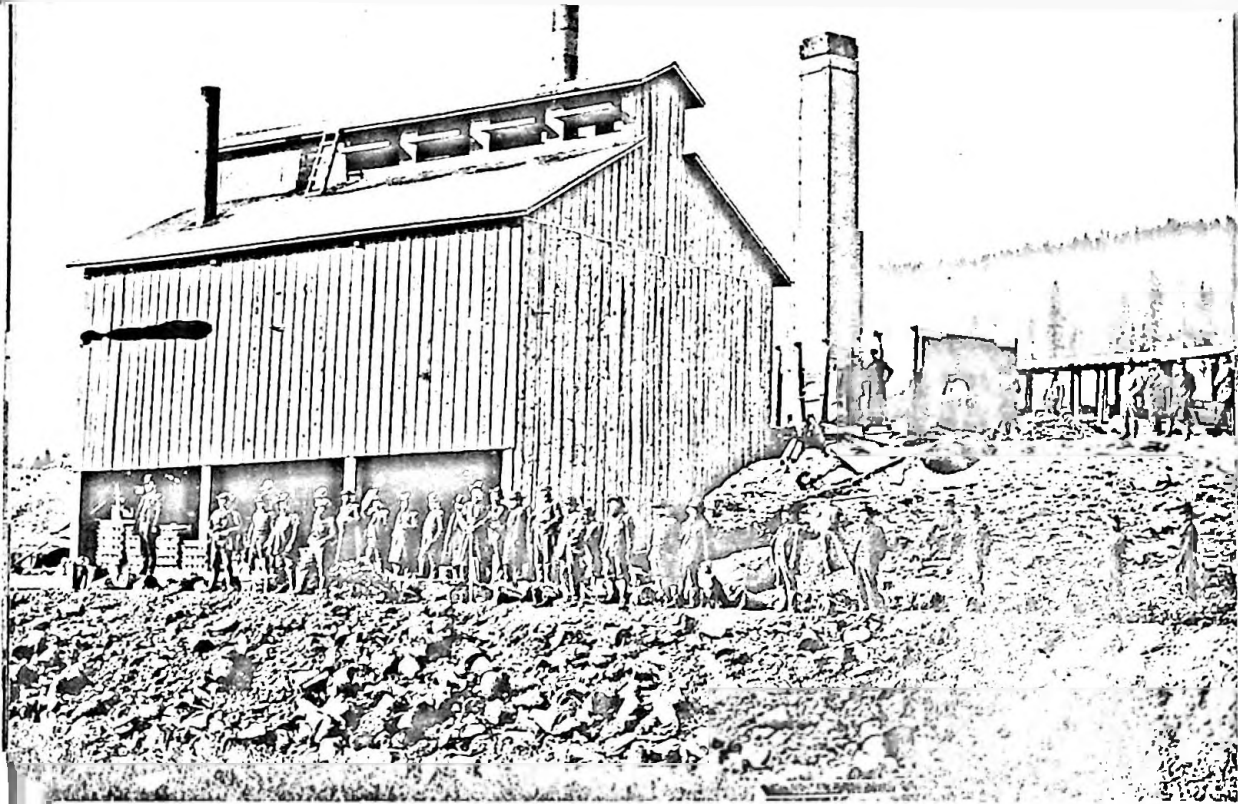




Old Globe Smelter, Denver, built 1886, part of

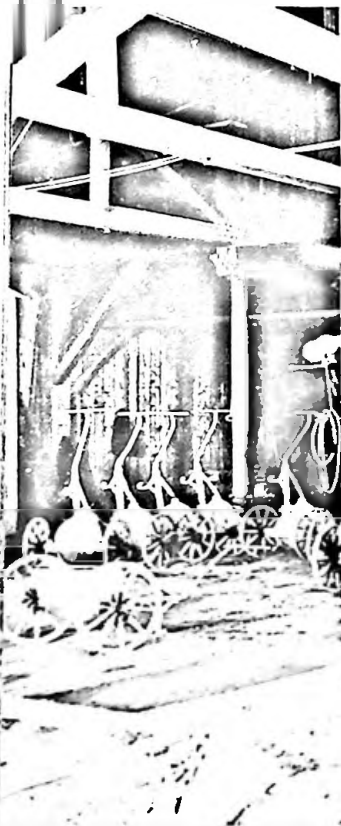


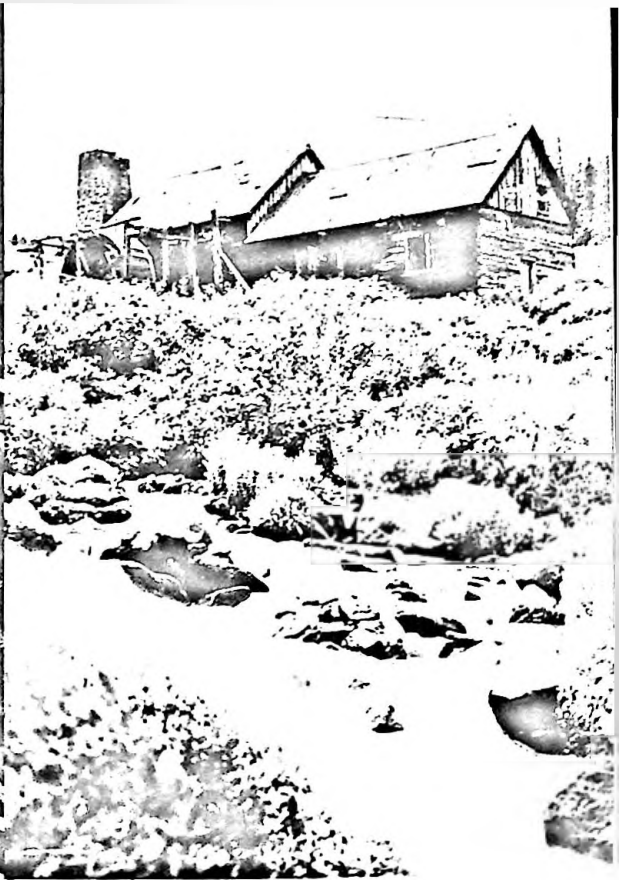
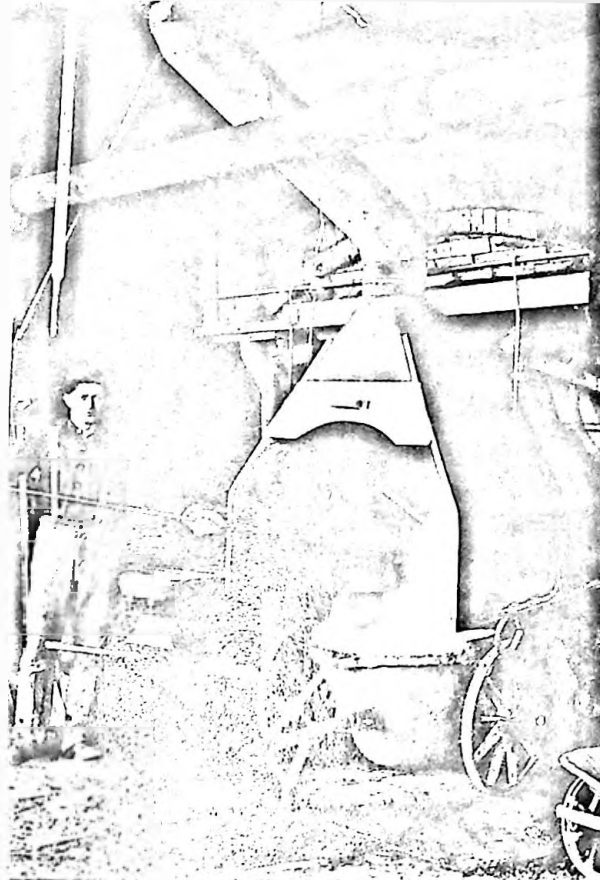
American Smelting and Refining Co., in 1899.



Kokomo, Colo., reduction works, about 1890.

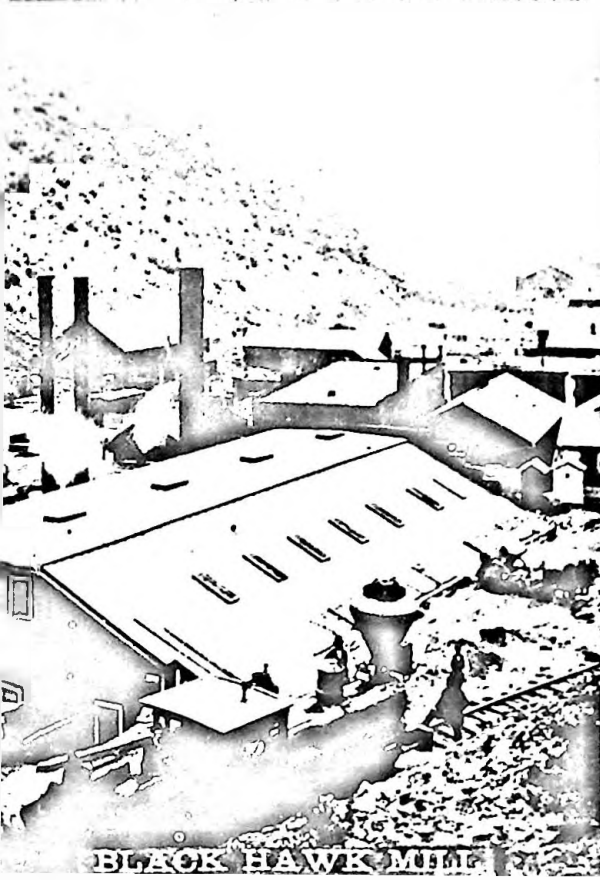
Summit County Mining & Smelting Works 1901, buttons from the sleg.



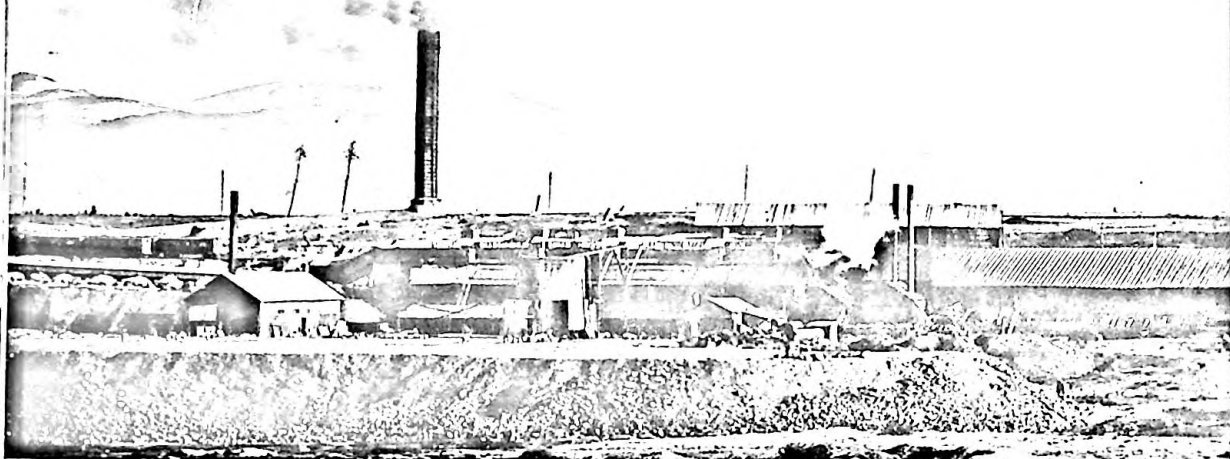


Above, left: Summit County Mining & Smelting Co's works, Kokomo, about 1901.

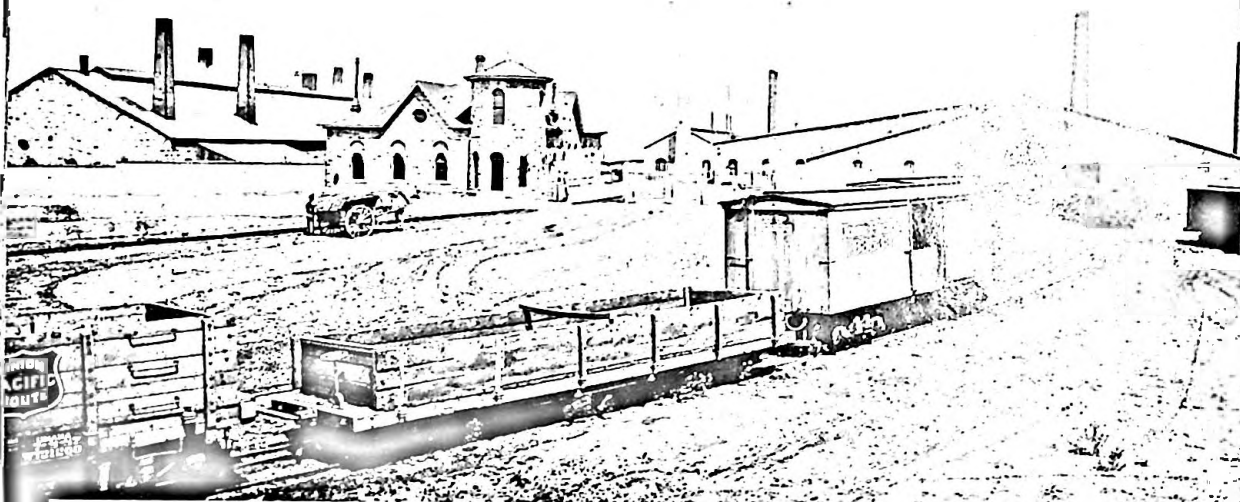
Above, right: Debbins Smelter, built in 1872 on road from Georgetown to Argentine.—Picture by Francis B. Rizzari



Left: Boston & Colorado Smelter, Blackhawk, 1868.

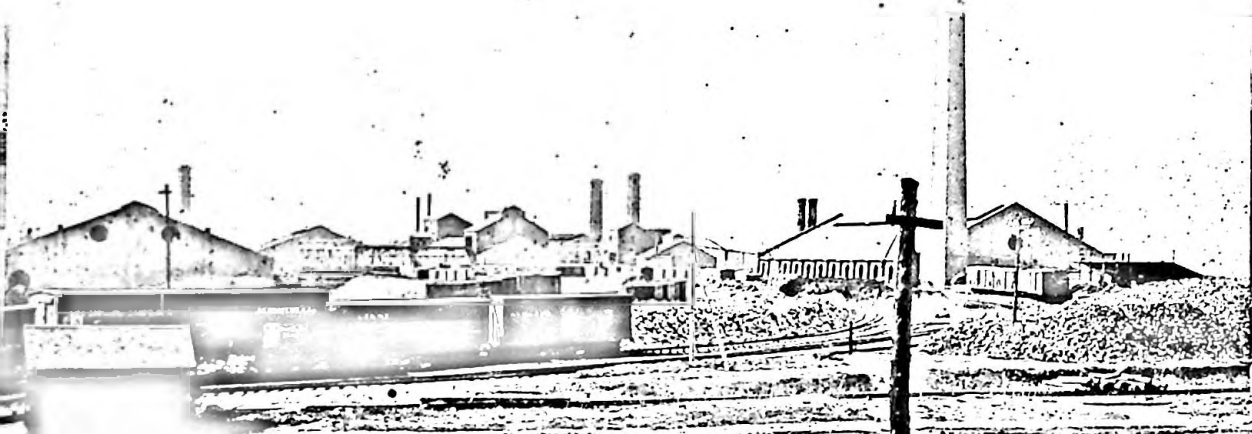


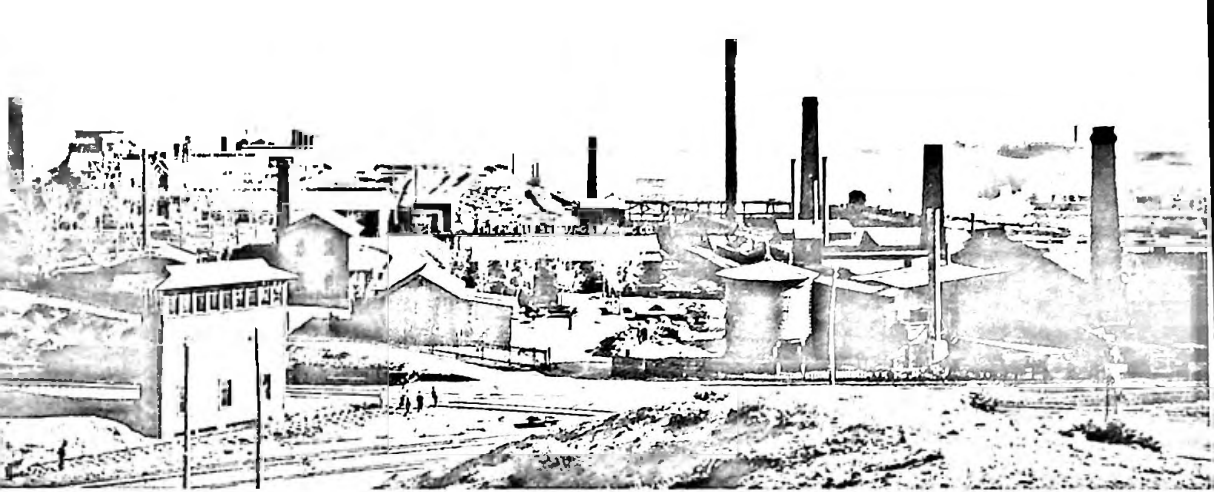
La Plata Smelting Co., built in Leadville 1878, known as Bi-Metallic Smelting Co.



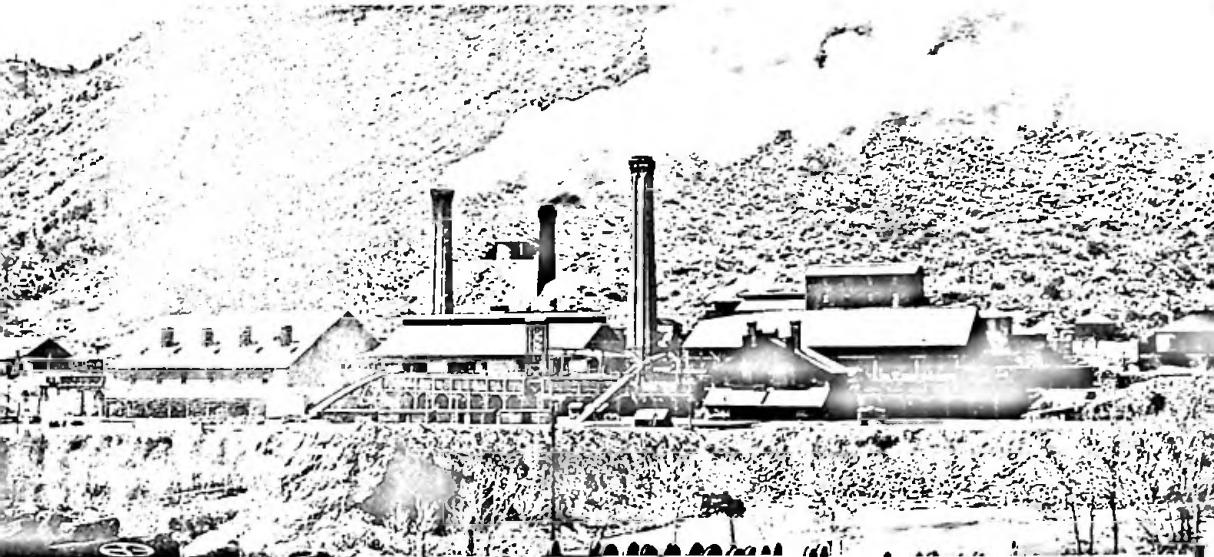
Boston & Colorado Smelting Co., about Argo, Denver 1880, moved from Blackhawk 1878.

Omaha & Grant Smelter, Durango, Colo., 1894.



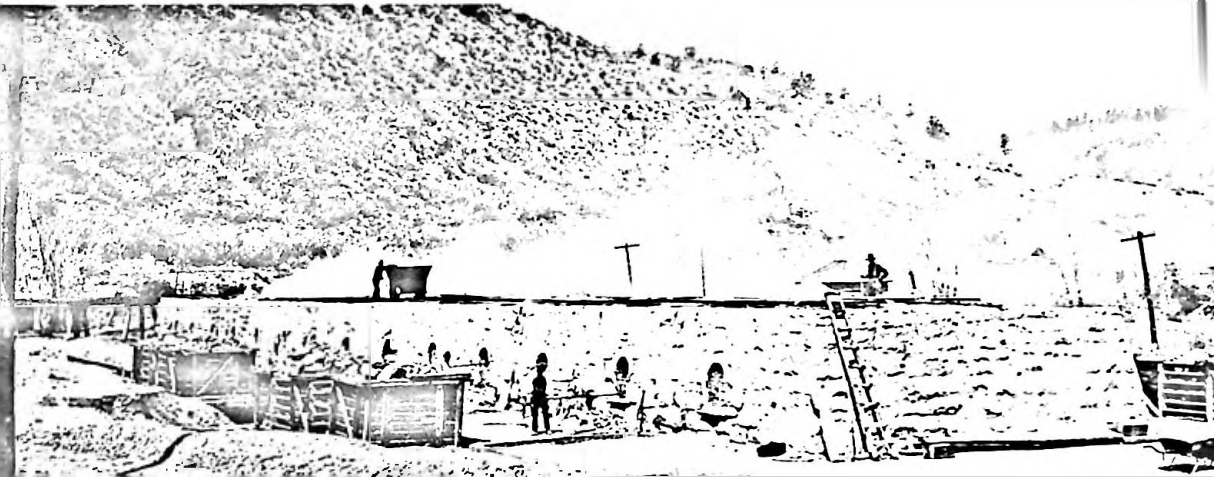


Pueblo Smelting & Refining Co., built 1878, known as Mather & Geist Smelting Co., part of AS&R in 1899.



Omaha & Grant Smelting Co., built in Denver 1907.

Charcoal ovens at Durango, 1895.





St. Louis Smelting & Refining Co., work in Leadville, Colo., built in 1879.



Smelting Works, Ore Bldg., owned by the Adalaide Co., Stray Horse, 2nd floor of Leadville.



Silver bars in front of the Boston & Colorado Gold and Silver Smelting Co., Blackhawk, Colorado, 1873.



Hanson Creek Reduction Co., Capitol City, 1880.

9. Ocean Wave Mining and Smelting Company, Lake City, 1885.
10. Lake City Mining and Smelting Company, Lake City, 1907.

JEFFERSON COUNTY

1. Golden City Smelting Works, Golden, 1872. Smelted gold, silver, copper, lead, and zinc. Capacity 10-12 tons, roasting, reduction to matte and lead, desilverization by zinc. In 1892 became the Denver & Golden Smelting Co., also known as the Bagley and Sons, Smelter.
2. The Colorado Dressing and Smelting Company, Golden, 1876. Also called Collom's Smelter.
3. Collom's Concentration and Smelting Works, Golden, 1875, matte smelter.
4. Trenton Dressing and Smelting Works, Golden, 1878. Capacity 20 tons.
5. Malachite Copper Reduction Works, Golden, 1878. 5 tons capacity.
6. French Smelting Works, Golden, 1877. Capacity 60 tons.
7. Valley Smelting Works, Golden, 1877. Capacity 15 tons.
8. The Miner's Smelting and Reduction Company, Golden, 1881. Capacity 50 tons.
9. The Moore Mining and Smelting Company, Golden, 1880. Capacity 40 tons.
12. Clear Creek Valley Reduction Company built the Carpenter Smelter in Golden in 1901.
13. Independent Smelting and Refining Company operated the Carpenter Smelter, Golden, 1904. Bought out by the North American Smelter and Mines Company 1907. Went into receivership 1912.

LAKE COUNTY

1. Malta Smelting and Mining Company, Malta, 1876. Roasting and reduction for lead.
2. Leadville Smelting Company, Leadville, 1877.
3. Harrison Reduction Works, Leadville, 1878. 40 ton capacity. Branch of the St. Louis Smelting and Refining Company. Closed down 1893.
4. Berdell and Witherhill's Smelter, Leadville, 15 ton capacity, 1878. Later became the La Plata Mining and Smelting Co.
5. Grants Smelter, Leadville, 1878, 15 ton capacity. Also called the Omaha and Grant Smelting and Refining Company, burned down in 1882.
6. Adelaide Consolidated Silver Mining and Smelting Company, Stray Horse Gulch, two miles from Leadville, 1879. Capacity 30 tons.
7. Kansas City Mining and Smelting Company, Leadville, 1876.
8. American Mining and Smelting Company, Leadville, 1879. Capacity 200 tons a day.

9. Arkansas Valley Smelting Company, Leadville, 1882. Capacity 180 tons. Also known as the Utah and Billings and Eilers. They incorporated with A. R. Meyer Sampling Works to become Arkansas Valley Smelting Company. Also known the Kansas City Smelting and Refining Company and later part of the American Smelting and Refining Company. Closed down Dec. 31, 1959.
10. Cummings & Finn's Smelting Works, Leadville, 1879. Capacity 125 tons. Later became the Fryer Hill Smelting Works.
11. The Elgin Smelting Company, Leadville, 1879. Bought by the Boston Gold and Smelting Company.
12. La Plata Mining and Smelting Company, Leadville, 1878.
13. Billings and Eiler's Smelting Company, Leadville, 1879.
14. California Smelting Company, Leadville, 1879.
15. Lizzie Smelting Works, Leadville, 1876.
16. Little Chief Smelting Works, Leadville, 1879.
17. Ohio and Missouri Smelting Company, Leadville, 1879.
18. Gage, Hagaman and Campany's Smelting Company, Leadville, 1879.
19. Raymond, Sherman & McKay's Smelting Company, Leadville, 1879.
20. Abbey Smelter, Leadville, 1880.
21. Chicago Reduction Works, Leadville, 1880.
22. Bunson and Fohr's Smelter, Leadville, 1880.
23. Manville Smelting Company, Leadville, 1880. Later called the Elgin Smelter.
24. BiMetallic Smelting Company, Leadville, Colorado. Bought out the La Platta Smelting Company in 1885.
25. Franklin Ballou Union Smelting Company, Leadville, 1886.
26. Boston Gold and Copper Smelting Company, Leadville, 1881.
27. Union Smelting Company, Leadville, 1882. Bought out by the Republic Smelting and Refining Company, 1902.
28. The Holden Smelting and Refining Company, Leadville, 1892.
29. Republic Smelting and Refining Company, Leadville, 1883.
30. The Western Zinc Mining and Reduction Works, Leadville, 1883. Rebuilt in 1914.
31. Head-Light Mining and Smelting Company. Leadville. Owned mines at Alicante, no smelter ever recorded.
32. Lawrence Mining and Smelting Company, Leadville, 1879-1880. Owned mines and placers, no smelter.
33. The Tabor Chloridizing and Amalgamation Mill, Leadville, 1880.
34. Argentine Smelter, Leadville, 1889.
35. Mikado Mining and Smelting Company, Leadville, 1891.
36. Humboldt Mining and Smelting Company, Leadville, 1893. Mines only.
37. Leadville Gold and Silver Extraction Company, 1896, Leadville.

38. Kansas City Consolidated Smelting and Reduction Company. Owned the Arkansas Valley and the Union Smelter before joining the American Smelting and Refining Company, 1899.
39. Walsh Smelter, 1900.
40. New Jersey Gold & Copper Reduction Company. Leased the old Harrison Reduction Works, Leadville, 1901.
41. Gordon-Tiger Mining & Reduction Company, Twin Lakes, 1904. Mining only.
42. Pingery Mines and Ore Reduction Company, Leadville, 1914. Mining and milling only.
43. Ibx Mining Company, Leadville, 1901.
44. Robert E. Lee Mining Company, Leadville, 1901.

LA PLATA COUNTY

1. New York and San Juan Mining and Smelting Company, Durango, 1882. 40-ton capacity.
2. Duryea Smelter, Animas City, 1884.
3. La Fayette Reduction Works, Durango, 1885.
4. Massachusetts Smelter, Durango, 1886.
5. Durango Smelting Company, Durango, 1887.
6. San Juan Smelting and Mining Company, Durango, 1888.
7. Animas City Copper Smelter, Animas City, 1888.
8. Standard Smelting and Refining Company, Durango, 1893.
9. Omaha & Grant Smelting Company, Durango, 1894. Owned both the San Juan and Standard Smelting and Refining Company smelters of Durango.
10. Pret-Trachler Reduction Works, La Plata, 1896.

LARIMER COUNTY

1. Manhattan Reduction Works, Manhattan, 1887.
2. Pearl Mining and Milling Company's Smelter, Pearl, Larimer County, 1904, now Jackson County. Copper matte shipped to the Penn-Wyoming Smelter at Encampment, Wyoming.

LAS ANIMAS COUNTY

1. St. Helen's Smelting Company, Trinidad, 1888.
2. Copper King Smelter and Refining Company, Trinidad, 1889. Later bought out by the Milwaukee & Trinidad Smelting and Refining Company, Trinidad, 1891.
3. Boston & Trinidad Gold Smelting and Refining Company, Trinidad, 1898.

MESA COUNTY

1. Western Slope Copper Mining and Smelting Company, Grand Junc-

tion, 1903. Also called the Chicago-Unaweeep Canyon Mining and Smelting Company, Mesa County, 1903. Capacity 50 tons.

2. Grand Junction Smelting Company, Grand Junction, 1904. 450 ton capacity.
3. General Reduction Company, Debeque, 1918, Oil Shale Plant.

OURAY AND SAN MIGUEL COUNTIES

1. Norfolk and Ouray Mining and Smelting Company, 2 miles north of Ouray, 1878. 40 tons capacity.
2. San Juan and St. Louis Mining and Smelting Company, Ouray, 1878. Capacity 20 tons.
3. Brooklyn and San Miguel Mining and Reduction Co., Telluride, 1880.
4. Windham Silver Mining and Smelting Company, located three miles north of Ouray, 1898. Capacity 12 tons.
5. The Mt. Sneffels Mining and Reduction Company, 1879, Mt. Sneffels.
6. The Chicago and Ouray Mining and Smelting Company, Ouray, 1880. Mining company, never built a smelter.
7. Old Reliable Mining and Reducing Company, Ouray, 1878. No smelter or reduction company ever built.
8. Sneffels Mining and Reduction Co., Mt. Sneffels, 1880.
9. Bear Creek Smelting Company, three miles from Ouray, 1880.
10. Star Smelter, Ouray, 1882.
11. Brooklyn and San Miguel Mining and Reduction Company, Telluride, 1880. Mining only.
12. Long and Stout Smelter, Ouray, 1882.
13. Acme Smelter, San Miguel, 1882.
14. Mineral Farm Smelter, Ouray, 1882.
15. Boston and Ophir Smelting Company, Ames, 1881. Capacity 60 tons.
16. Swansea Reduction Works, three miles north of Ouray, 1885.
17. San Juan, Red Mountain Gold and Silver Mining Company, Ouray, 1889.
18. Portland Mining and Reduction Company, Portland, a few miles south of Ridgeway, 1891.
19. Ream Reduction Works, Telluride, 1894.
20. Loder Smelting Company, Ouray, 1894. Became the Osborne-Loder Smelting Company, Ouray, 1895.
21. Cleopatra Smelting Company, Ouray, 1896. Operated the Fowler matte Smelter, same city, 1896.
22. La Sal Copper Mining and Smelting Company, Cashin, 75 miles west of Placerville, on the R.C.S.R.R., 1902.
23. Red Mountain Reduction, Mining and Smelting Company, Ouray, 1904.
24. Vanadium Alloys Company Reduction Works, Newmire, 14 miles west

- of Telluride, 1907. A vanadium mill. Bought out by Primos Chemical Company 1912.
25. The Red Mountain Railway, Mining and Smelting Company, Red Mountain, 1907. Mining only.
 26. Brown Mountain Smelting and Refining Company. Bought out the Hill Smelter below Ouray, 1912.
 27. Wanakah Smelter, Ouray, 1914. Capacity 200 tons. Also called the Ouray Smelting and Refining Company. Sold out in 1917.
 28. Colorado Manganese, Mining and Smelting Company, 10 miles from Placerville, 1914.
 29. Favorite Mines and Reduction Company, Telluride, 1916.
 30. Ophir Gold Mines and Reduction Company, Ophir, 1916. Mining only.
 31. Ouray Consolidated Mining and Reduction Company, Iron-ton, 1917. Mining and milling only.
 32. American Gold Mining Company, Ouray, 1901.
 33. Rowley Mine and Smelter Company, Ouray. Moved to Bonanza, 1940.

PARK COUNTY

1. Hall Valley Silver-Lead Mining and Smelting Company, erected in Hall Valley, northwest of Kenosha Pass. Capacity 40 tons. Roasting and reduction to lead.
2. The Mountain Lincoln Smelting Works, Dudley, 1872. Chloridizing roasting, and barrel amalgamation for silver content. Capacity 10 tons. Ran until January 25, 1874 as a copper reverberatory smelter.
3. Alma Grose's Concentration Works, Alma, 1877.
4. Boston and Colorado Works, Alma, 1874. Capacity 25 tons. Produced a matte which was sent to Blackhawk for refining.
6. Horseshoe Reduction Works, Horseshoe, 1881.
7. Moose Smelting Company, Dudley, 1877. Chloridizing roast, leaching and precipitation.
8. The Geneva Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, Grant, 1879.
9. Chicago and New York Mining and Smelting Company, 1874, Holland, three miles from Alma and four miles from Fairplay.
10. South Park Smelting and Reduction Works, Eureka, 1876. Capacity 10 tons.
11. Hall Valley Reduction Works, Hall Gulch, 1876; also known as Hall and Judd's Reduction Works.
12. Duquesne Smelting Company, Sacramento, 1880.
13. Holland Smelter, Holland, 1880.
14. Continental Ore Reduction Works, Park City, Mosquito Gulch, 1880.

15. Alma Smelting Company, Alma, 1881; also known as the Fanny Barret Smelter.
16. Crusader Mining and Smelting Company, Horseshoe, essentially a mining company, no smelter ever built.
17. The Stevens Smelting Works, Alma, 1881.
18. The Fanny Barret Smelter, Alma, 1881.
19. Quincy Reduction Works, Hall Valley, 1882.
20. Upper Platte Mining and Reduction Works, Hall Valley, 1882.
21. Bailey Reduction Works, Bailey, 1886.
22. Hall Mining, Milling and Reduction Company, Pennsylvania Gulch, 1897.
23. Standard Smelting Company, Alma, 1901.
24. Colorado Gold Mining and Smelting Company, Alma, 1910. Capacity 150 tons per day.

PITKIN COUNTY

1. Aspen Reduction Works, Aspen, 1882. A mill, no smelter.
2. North Texas Milling and Smelting Company, Alpen, 1882. 40 tons capacity.
3. Spar Mining and Smelting Works, Aspen, 1880.
4. Smuggler Mining and Smelting Works, Aspen, 1880.
5. Maxwell and Slaten Mining and Smelting Company, Ashcroft, 1882.
6. The Castle Peak Mining and Smelting Company, Ashcroft, 1882.
7. Brooks, Bethune & Wemel's Smelting Company, Ashcroft, 1883.
8. Aspen Smelting Works, Aspen, 1884. Became the Aspen Mining and Smelting Company, Aspen, 1885.
9. Shephard Smelter, Aspen, 1885; also known as the A. G. Shepherd Smelter.
10. Dixon Mining and Smelting Company, Aspen, 1886.
11. Pohle Reduction Company, Aspen, 1888.
12. Holden Smelting and Milling Company, Aspen, 1892.
13. Hardinge Smelting Company, Aspen, 1892.
14. Aspen Union Smelting Company, bought out the Holden Company in 1895.
15. Hoffman Smelter, Marble, 1900.
16. Pitkin Gold Belt Mining and Reduction Company, Pitkin, 1902. Mining only.
17. Colorado Smelting and Mining Company, Pitkin, 1903.

PUEBLO COUNTY

1. Mather and Geist Smelting Works, Pueblo, 1878. 40 ton capacity. Also known as Geist, Mather Bros. and Scott Company Smelting Company. Also called Pueblo Smelting and Refining Company, 1883.
2. Pueblo Reduction Works, Pueblo, 1878, capacity 5 tons.

3. Pueblo Smelting Works, Pueblo, 1878, capacity 40 tons.
4. Eiler Smelter, Pueblo, 1883. Built by Colorado Smelting Company. Dismantled in 1909.
5. Colorado Smelting Company, Pueblo, 1883.
6. New England and Colorado Smelting Company, Pueblo, 1884.
7. American Mining and Smelting Company, Pueblo, 1885.
8. Massachusetts Smelter, near Pueblo, 1895.
9. Philadelphia Smelting Company, Pueblo, 1888. Also known as Guggenheim's Smelter. Part of American Smelting and Refining Company in 1900, closed in 1902.
11. Blende Smelter, east of Pueblo, 1916.

RIO GRANDE COUNTY

1. San Juan Smelting Works, Del Norte, 1878.
2. The Little Annie Reduction Works, Summitville, 1880.
3. Carter and Co. Reduction Works, Crestone, 1880.

ROUTT COUNTY

1. Kansas City Copper Mining and Smelting Company, Oneco, northeast corner of Routt County, thirty miles from Utah and Wyoming, 1904.

SAGAUCHE COUNTY

1. O. W. Kelly Smelter, Bonanza, 1882.
2. Bonanza Smelting Company, Bonanza, 1883.
3. United States Mining and Smelting Company, Parkhill Bonanza District, 1885. Also known as Parkville Smelter, Sagauche County, 1885. Became the New York Smelting Company, 1895.
4. Duncan Lixiviation Works, Duncan, Sagauche County, 1895.
5. Rowley Mine and Smelter Company. Moved from Ouray to Bonanza, 1940.

SAN JUAN COUNTY

1. Dakota and San Juan Smelting and Refining Plant, Animas Forks, 1878.
2. San Juan Smelting Company, Animas Forks, 1878.
3. Cameron Smelting Company, located near the middle branch of the Lake Fork of the Gunnison near American Basin, 1876.
4. George Green Smelting Works, Silverton, 1876. Capacity 10 tons. Lead smelting. Later owned by the San Juan and New York Mining and Smelting Company, 1880.
5. Rough and Ready Smelting Works, Silverton.
6. The Melville Mining and Smelting Company, 1876, Silverton. Also called Melville and Summerfield's Amalgamation and Chlorination Works.

7. Silverton Smelting and Mining Company, Silverton, 1877. 15 ton capacity roasting in reverberatory furnaces. Lead smelter, closed down December 1896.
8. Van Gerson Works, Silverton, 1877.
9. Dow and Waters Leaching Works, Cement Creek, eight miles north of Silverton, 1877.
10. London and San Juan Lixiviation Company, eight miles north of Silverton, 1877. Capacity 15 tons.
11. San Juan Reduction Company's Lixiviation Works, Gladstone, 1878, chlorination.
12. North Star Mining and Smelting Company, 1880, San Juans.
13. Eureka Reduction Works, Eureka, 1880.
14. San Juan & New York Mining and Smelting Company, Silverton, 1880.
15. Colorado Mining, Smelting and Investment Company, Animas Forks District, 1880. Mining only.
16. Eclipse Mining and Smelting Company, Animas Forks, 1880. Mining only.
17. Kansas City-San Juan Mining and Smelting Company, Howardville, 1892. Mining only.
18. Martha Rose Smelting and Mining Company, Silverton, 1882. Capacity 10 tons.
19. Mastodon Mining and Reduction Company, Animas Forks, 1879. Mining and milling only.
20. The Uncompahgre Mining and Smelting Company, Middleton, 1880. Mining and milling only.
21. Professor Cherry's Smelter, one mile below Animas Forks, 1880.
22. Niagara Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, Eureka, 1880.
23. Comstock & Company Smelting Works, Silverton, 1885.
24. Cooke Smelting Company, Silverton, 1894.
25. P. F. Walsh Smelting Company, Silverton, 1894.
26. Guzenheimer Smelter Company, Silverton, 1895.
27. Moore Smelting Company, Silverton, 1898.
28. Sultan Mining, Smelting and Power Company, Silverton, 1900.
29. Kendrick-Gelder Smelting Company, Silverton, 1900. Capacity 100 tons.
30. San Juan Smelting and Refining Company, Silverton, 1903. A consolidation of the Kendrick-Gelder Smelting Company, The Oliver Reduction Company and the Paradox Copper-Gold Mining Company, also called the Ross Smelter.
31. International Reduction Company, Bear Creek District, 1902.
32. Boston & Silverton Mining and Reduction Company, San Juan County, 1902.

33. The Treasury Tunnel Mining and Reduction Company, San Juan County, 1903.
34. Boston & Silverton Mining and Reduction Company, Silverton, 1903.
35. Eureka Smelter, built on Sunnyside Mill's ground, Eureka, 1917.
36. Lackawanna Mining and Reduction Company, Silverton, 1917.
37. Empire State Mine and Reduction Company, Eureka, 1919. Mining and milling only.

SUMMIT COUNTY

1. St. Lawrence Company, Montezuma, 1871. Amalgamation works.
2. Sts. John Smelting Works, Sts. John, 1872. Capacity 25 tons. Lead Smelter.
3. Small reverberatory furnace built at Lincoln City, French Gulch near Breckenridge, 1877.
4. The Boston Silver Association Reduction Works, Sts. John, 1878. Capacity 25 tons.
5. Fuller Reduction Works, Breckenridge, 1880.
6. Summit County Mining and Smelting Company, Breckenridge, 1880. Mining and placering only.
7. Robinson Consolidation Reduction Works, Robinson, 1881. Also called Robinson Smelter.
8. Dickson Smelter, Robinson, 1881.
9. The Pittsburgh Smelting Company, Kokomo, 1880.
10. Gaff & Company Smelting Works, Kokomo, 1879.
11. Greer Smelter, Kokomo, 1880.
12. Carbonateville Smelter, near Robinson, 1880.
13. Sisapo Smelter and Concentrator, Montezuma, 1880. Also called Sisapo Reduction Company. Sampling company only.
14. Chihauhau Mining and Ore Reduction Company, Chihauhau, 1880.
15. Boston and Breckenridge Smelting Company, Breckenridge, 1880.
16. Keystone Bullion Company, Breckenridge, 1883. Formerly owned by the Boston and Breckenridge Smelting Company.
17. The Colorado and New Mexico Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, Breckenridge, 1880. Mining and milling only.
18. Crescent Mining and Smelting Company, Kokomo, 1880. Mining only.
19. Lincoln City Silver Smelting Co., Lincoln City, 1880.
20. Elyria Smelting Works, Breckenridge, 1881.
21. Croesus Mining, Milling and Smelting Company, Kokomo, 1882.
22. Boston Smelter, Sts. John, 1882.
23. Elk Mountain Mining and Smelting Company, Kokomo, 1881. Mining only.
24. Flint Mining and Smelting Company, Breckenridge, 1881. Mining only.

25. Geo. Rust & Company's Reduction Works, Decatur, 1883. Chlorination plant.
26. Little Helen Mining, Milling and Smelting Company, Montezuma,
27. Mineral Hill Mining and Smelting Company, Breckenridge, 1880. Mining only.
28. Silver Bullion Mining and Smelting Company, Robinson and Kokomo, 1882. Mining only.
29. L. W. Alrich Smelter, Montezuma, 1882.
30. Vulcan Smelting and Mining Company, Kokomo, 1882. Smelter. 10 ton capacity.
31. White Quail Smelter, Kokomo, 1881.
32. Wilson Smelter, Breckenridge, 1881. Torn down 1904.
33. Consolidated Ten-Mile Mining and Reduction Works, Robinson, 1885.
34. Irrigation, Mining and Reduction Company, Summit County, 1891.
35. Kilton Gold Reduction Works, Breckenridge, 1897.
36. Summit Mining and Smelting Company, Kokomo, 1901. Also known as the Wilfley.
37. New Robinson Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, Robinson, 1901.
38. Gold Cord Mining and Smelting Company, Kokomo, 1902. Mining only.
39. Gold Trust Mining and Reduction Company, Frisco, 1904. Mining only.
40. Masontown Mining & Milling Company's Smelter, Frisco, 1904.
41. Liberty Mining and Reduction Company, Montezuma, 1918.

TOTAL TONS OF ORE TREATED IN COLORADO
COPPER LEAD SMELTING PLANTS. 1912-1916

3,874,706 Tons

	<i>Gold Oz.</i>	<i>Silver Oz.</i>	<i>Copper %</i>	<i>Lead %</i>
Average per ton	0.439	18.53	0.64	11.67

OUTSIDE ORES TREATED IN COLORADO PLANTS. 1912-1916

734,688 Tons

	<i>Gold Oz.</i>	<i>Silver Oz.</i>	<i>Copper %</i>	<i>Lead %</i>
Average per ton	0.684	44.95	0.52	32.65

COLORADO ORES TREATED IN COLORADO PLANTS.
1912-1916

3,140,018 Tons

	<i>Gold Oz.</i>	<i>Silver Oz.</i>	<i>Copper %</i>	<i>Lead %</i>
Average per ton	0.526	12.34	0.61	6.76

SMELTERS OPERATED 1912 TO 1916

<i>Plant</i>	<i>Location</i>	<i>Owner</i>	
Globe	Denver	A.S. & R. Co.	
Pueblo	Pueblo	A.S. & R. Co.	
Salida	Salida	O. & C.S. & R. Co.	
Arkansas Valley	Leadville	A.S. & R. Co.	
Durango	Durango	A.S. & R. Co.	
Wanaka	Ouray	Wanaka Mining Co.	
Combined capacity:			
Tons per month			106,800
Average monthly operation (Colorado ores)		52,333	
Average monthly operation (Outside ores)		12,245	64,578
Percentage of capacity operated			50.5%

The six smelters remaining in Colorado in 1916 gradually lost their sources of ores and closed down. The old Arkansas Valley Smelter at Leadville, one of the original to join in the American Smelting and Refining Company merger in 1899, put out its last fire in December of 1959. All that remains in Colorado is a fragment of the old Globe Smelter in Denver, which is today refining some of the rarer metals from out of state, smelter products of the American Smelting & Refining Company.

The old familiar and exciting sight of watching the dumping of the fiery red slags from Colorado Smelters at night has gone forever. The sulfurous smell and plume of smoke from the skyscraper smelter stacks have all faded away. All that remains of this once vast and prosperous industry are slag dumps, smelter stacks and a few derelicts that stand forlornly in the sun and the wind, and the rain awaiting their day of complete oblivion.

COLORADO SMELTER PRODUCTION FOR 1885 IS DETAILED IN THE FOLLOWING TABLE:

Name	Place	Lead or Silver		Silver		Gold		Total Value
		Tons	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	
New York & San Juan	Durango	Not Reported	Not Reported	Not Reported	Not Reported			\$ 500,000
Smelting & Mining Company	Leadville	19,128 lead	3,362,600	16,813				5,226,576
Leadville Smelters & Mills*	Pueblo	10,358 "	974,900	1,908				1,887,944
Colorado Smelting Company	Pueblo	22 "	7,500	50				9,900
Massachusetts Smelter	Denver	12,600 "	3,071,450	38,394				5,006,567
Omaha and Grant	Denver	Not reported copper	2,364,151	55,235				4,012,700
Boston and Colorado	Golden	1,080 "	423,213	14,683				819,275
Golden Smelting Company	Aspen	1,820 "	1,710,000				1,946,470
Aspen Smelting Company	Canon City	825 "	378,111	825				483,382
Royal Gorge Smelting Company	Rico	760 "	Not Reported	Not Reported				450,000
Pasadena Smelting Company	Gunnison County	400 lead	"	"				80,000
Gunnison County	Rico	250 "	"	"				150,000
Grand View Smelting Company	Denver	Not Reported	"	"				1,250,000
Omaha & Grand View Smelting Co.								
* a breakdown of the Leadville smelters.								
American Smelting Works		5,170.25 lead	1,066,132	4,323				1,623,976
Arkansas Valley Smelter		4,227.50 "	855,846	1,515				1,270,623
Harrison Reduction Works		3,111 "	916,278	624				1,303,079
La Plata Smelter Works		4,354.5 "	1,754,898	572				2,213,766
Manville (Elgin) Smelter		1,882.5 "	378,520	960				568,772
Fryer Hill Smelter		382 "	57,600	268				96,538

Denver Westerners' ROUNDUP

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Received a memo from Regis College about Robert L. Brown, PM, being the Instructor of the Month. He is a teacher at South High School, Denver, and two nights a week teaches Colorado History and Western History courses at Regis College. He has been on the staff of Regis for the past 10 years.

• • •

March 14, 1966

Honorable Phillip Gilliam,
Dear Phil:

The February "Round Up" carried your talk to the Westerners. It is a hummer.

What an opportunity you've opened for a writer (preferably Shakespearean) to cast a drama in that period.

Ben L. as principal character, but portrayed with the Biblical impartiality that King David got. Mary Lathrop, like Shylock, whetting his knife and demanding "her pound." And all around and in and out the stately litigants carrying banners demanding "good old justice" while in the back seats cringed overlooked humanity.

You've exposed the material, I hope someone will avail themselves of it.

With respect and admiration
I remain sincerely,
Ferry Carpenter

WINNER OF THE POSSIBLES BAG

Paul Harrison, PM won the possible bag with a book, Mountain Man by Vardis Fisher.

Another letter was received from a former speaker and a CM, Allison Chandler. He states, "...was especially interested in the February issue of the Roundup and Judge Gilliam's paper. Mildred and I graphically remember Judge Gilliam addressing our state Kiwanis convention in Salina in 1954 and some of the humorous and touching things he had to say about Larimer Street and the characters thereon."

Sincerely
Allison

• • •

We hear that Al Look, CM has a new book on the way, entitled "Unforgettable Characters of Western Colorado." Should be out soon.

• • •

Fred Rosenstock, PM announces that his new Hafen's History of Colorado for junior high schools, will soon be off the press. It promises to be an outstanding literary effort, and both pupils and their parents should enjoy it.

• • •

Fred also announces that his Old West Publishing Company will shortly present a new book on the life and times of George C. Yount, comprising extracts from his "memoirs" and from the Orange Clark "narrative." Edited by Charles L. Camp, designed and printed by Lawton and Alfred Kennedy. A limited edition. Watch for it soon.

Over the Corral Rail

(Continued)

A letter received from Dr. Charles M. Drury, our January speaker, is reproduced here.

Any of the members who wish to write may use the address in the letter.

CLIFFORD M. DRURY
2889 San Pasqual Street
Pasadena, Calif. 91107

March 22, 1966

Mr. William D. Powell,
Pine Colorado.

Dear Mr. Powell:

Your letter of the 17th has been received. I am enclosing a picture of myself which you can use if you wish. You have my permission to use pictures from my Spalding book (I think there is a copy at Iliff School of Theology—certainly in the Denver Public Library). On page 78 is a picture of the granddaughter of Spokane Garry holding several old books, one of which was her grandfather's Bible. I think I told this story of Spokane Garry's Bible. On page 72 is a reproduction of the picture of the Nez Perce with the deformed head. It was the publication of this story of the Nez Perce delegation with this picture which inspired the westward movement of Protestant missionaries.

I sent the original manuscript of this Spalding book to the library of Whitman College, Walla Walla, and it is possible that the original pictures are there. You might, if you wish, write to the librarian and ask for the loan of the pictures if they have them.

I am leaving April 25th for a three or four month trip to England. I got a fellowship grant of \$1,000 to

help cover expenses from the American Philosophical Society and am to do research work in the archives of the Hudson's Bay Company. Should you want to reach me there—write c/o English-Speaking Union, Dartmouth House, 37 Charles St., Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

Thank you for your kind words about my appearance before your Posse. I enjoyed sharing with you some of my adventures in collecting western Americana.

Sincerely yours,

Clifford M. Drury

• • •

Mamaroneck, New York

Gentlemen:

I am interested in knowing all the necessary facts about your organization.

Please send full particulars at your earliest convenience.

Yours truly,

/s/

I am particularly anxious to know if you have male members in this area over 40.

Editor's note: Writer's name withheld by design, not accident!

• • •

After going through Numa James' paper of the last issue, it is interesting to note Webster's definition of a newspaper, . . . "A paper printed and distributed, at stated intervals, usually daily or weekly, to convey the latest news, advocate opinions, etc."

Over the Corral Rail

(Continued)

The Editor Apologizes . . .

In the last issue of the Roundup, it was necessary to cut a portion of the profile of Numa James, PM. Numa has held the following offices with our Westerner Posse.

Book Review Chairman, Registrar of Marks and Brands, Publications Chairman and Editor of the 1957 Brand Book, number thirteen. This book was honored by the Ronce Coffin Representatives of U.C.L.A. as one of the top western books of that year. He was Sheriff in 1964.

March 23, 1966.

Numa James, Esq.,
General Advertising Manager,
Rocky Mountain News,
400 West Collax Avenue,
Denver, Colorado. 80204.

Dear Sir:

On behalf of the First National Bank, I wish to express our thanks for your contribution to the current issue of the "Roundup."

In the item "The Pikes Peak Express" on pages 23 and 24 you have, possibly unknowingly, come up with a date which has eluded all of the earlier historians, Smiley, Byers, Hall, Stone et al. as well as Dr. Mumey and Agnes Wright Spring, i.e. the date on which we began our business existence as Clark Gruber & Co. Until now we have had to use "early in July" or the date of July 20, 1860, the date on which the firm invited the founder of your paper, Wm. N. Byers, to come watch the first gold pieces struck which he, of course, did and vividly recorded in the News.

Do you know of any way in which we might "wangle" a photo copy of the original dispatch as printed in the New York World for our historical collection?"

Neil King, to whom I have shown the article, also sends his thanks and kind regards.

Again with sincere thanks, I am

Sincerely yours,
Theodore C. Cobb
Vice President

Fred Mazzulla received the following letter from Las Animas, which he requested be published in the Roundup:

"Dear Mr. Mazzulla:

I'm the woman who told Dr. Mumey how much she wanted to meet you and Dr. Mumey called and told you I was coming to your office. You were most gracious. I had always noticed your picture contributions and now I have the added interest of knowing the donor of so many pictures to Western articles. We have a request to make of the Westerners. We have a very nice museum in Las Animas but our small group is so short of money. Now General Mills has offered us a grant of \$5,000 if we can send in a million coupons of Betty Crocker products. Most housewives have a bundle of them around that they do nothing with. Our museum is really an asset to western history as is our complex; we have the old jail and gallows where the first legal hanging in the state took place. We have much of Bent and Prowers history in the museum. But we need the coupons and have only 18 months to secure them for the grant. I am chairman of the Committee and all coupons can be mailed to me. We will be pleased if you will get the word around to the female members of your families.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Le Roy Boyd,
905 5th Street,
Las Animas, Colo.



Westerner's Bookshelf

HISTORY WITH THE HIDE OFF.

By Betty Wallace. Sage Books, Denver, 1966. 276 pp. Profusely illustrated. Maps. Index. \$4.50.

This book contains many maps to help the reader locate various towns and camps. Better than 264 old photos were utilized, some never before published.

Betty Wallace has resided in the area all her life and is qualified to write on her subject. She received her master's degree from Western State; she taught school; she worked as a reporter.

History with the Hide Off is divided into two sections: Part I, The City of Gunnison; Part II, Mining Camps and Railroad Towns.

In Part I we learn about the Spanish gold seekers, missionaries, explorers, trappers and traders. We find out about the mountain passes, who found them and when. The author relates a great deal about Capt. Gunnison, the valley, river, forest, county, town, etc. that were named for him.

In 1872 miners started flocking into the area and taking over the Ute lands. Betty Wallace tells us about them and the Indian agents involved. Especially about Gen. Chas. Adams, whose family home still stands in west Colorado Springs.

In May 1874 the first cabin in Gunnison was built by Sylvester Richardson, a geologist, carpenter, druggist, lawyer, historian, etc. This man had helped form the stock company at Denver on Feb. 15, 1874.

Gunnison's incorporation was not completed, however, until March

1880. Great detail is given to the firsts in various fields, to-wit, office holders, newspapers, churches, schools, hotels, stables, hardware stores, banks etc. The sizes of lots and buildings and their furnishings were not overlooked. Fascinating is the history of the plush La Veta hotel. We can visualize its erection, furniture, its existence.

Part II deals with the mining camps that mushroomed around the county. We are informed about madams, hangings, Negroes and Chinamen. Betty Wallace goes into detail about the hardships, the fires, the snows and snow slides. She tells how General Palmer and his Rio Grande group recognized the potential of the district and built their railroad, although the pesky Denver and South Park R.R. was making a play from Denver. We are informed about the route, the construction, the hardships. We learn many statistics.

The material on the school system is very detailed. We meet the teachers, the pupils, and we see more pictures.

This second part, consisting mostly of mining camps and railroad towns will prove to be a real boon for all R. R. buffs, jeep-ers, ghost towners, fishermen and plain old adventurers. It is well illustrated, and directions are given to all places.

Did you know the highest smokestack in the U. S. was erected at the Denver City Mine at North Star in 1892? Did you know that the Denver and South Park R. R. came over the hump (or through it) at Alpine tunnel in 1880 to stimulate the economy

of the district?

Can you visualize or imagine a price war among the saloons in those days? Did you know that a grading crew had a Negro boss, or that a group of soiled doves (bless their beating hearts) came from Denver, invaded the district, and were hustled back to the big city? When you read the book you will learn that they returned within a week, and brought their chief nymph—Minnie Smith, with them. Did you know that in Pitkin, a lady in her 70's was killed for calling a man a "black nigger thief"? By the way, he was the last man to be put to death by hanging in Colorado, the year—1887.

This is a fine book, which will be read eagerly by those groups previously mentioned. It will also be welcomed by scholars, researchers and historians—be sure.

Kenny Englert, PM

BUCKSKIN JOE, THE MEMOIRS OF EDWARD JONATHAN HOYT, edited by Glenn Shirley, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln 8, Nebraska, 1966, \$5.50.

The story of Buckskin Joe is an exceptional account of the life and doings of a lesser-known scout, hunter, soldier, showman and frontiersman. Told in the first person, the book abounds in adventure, excitement, danger and frustration. Buckskin Joe tells his own story in a simple unschooled narrative style that is easy to follow despite long series of short and sometimes disjointed sentences.

Born in the back country of Lower Canada (the present Province of Quebec), Joe spent a hectic youth in the rough timber camps where he learned

the ways of the hunter and trapper. A keen observer of life on the Canadian frontier, Buckskin Joe presents a vivid picture of life in that little-chronicled era of Canadian history.

Hoyt's most realistic memoirs are taken from his diary written while serving in the Union Army's Peninsula Campaign of the Civil War. The eyewitness account of misery, suffering and boredom with military life presents a realistic picture of what the ordinary enlisted man had to endure.

The connoisseur of western Americana will take cognizance of the last half of the book. In these pages Buckskin Joe participates in the Indian War of 1874, the Leadville boom, the Oklahoma land rush and becomes a main character in wild-west shows.

Because of the theatrical nature of Buckskin Joe, much of his writings must be accepted with caution. In 1879, he writes of crossing the "Grand Gorge of the Arkansas" on a rope 2,000 feet high before an estimated audience of 100,000 people. In the same year he wrote, "Following down Eagle River, I discovered the great Springs called Glenwood. . . ."

The illustrations used in the photo section are disappointing. The quality of reproduction and sameness of them detract from the effectiveness they were intended to present. Most are gray copies of standard studio shots showing individuals in western garb, heavily armed and posed before a painted backdrop.

In spite of its short-comings, *Buckskin Joe* is a unique contribution to incidents and events that are part of the fascinating whole—the story of the American frontier.

Herbert O'Hanlon, PM



Little bit short of swaps this trip, due to the fact that we had to go to press early for this special edition.

P.M. Francis Rizzari offers to swap U.S. Geological Survey Maps for stereoptican pictures of the old days.

P.M. Steve Payne still is looking for old razors, the straight kind and will swap any one of several items in his collection. Contact him.

P.M. Bob Cormack has several items of the old west to swap for early copies of the works of William F. Woodbine.

NEW HANDS ON THE RANGE

MR. JACOB V. SCHAEZEL
910 South Harrison St.
Denver, Colorado 80209

Mr. Schaezel became interested in the Westerners through his brother attorney Fred Mazzulla. He is interested in the German Pioneers of early Colorado. Has been editor of the Denver Bar Association Record, has written extensively on the German Pioneers and has had many articles in the Denver Bar Assn., Record. His activities are too long to write up here. Mr. Schaezel has resided in Denver for 76 years. We welcome you sir, to our ranks.

DR. ROBERT W. MUTCHLER
Route 3, Box 471
Golden, Colorado 80401

Dr. Mutchler comes to us through the good graces of Bob Brown, PM. His interests follow along the line of Ghost Towns, Colorado History, Photography, Rock Hound-ing, Railroads, etc. He is a member of Ghost Town Club of Colo., Mavericks Ghost Town Club, Colo. Mineral Society, Colo. State Historical Society. Should be a good man to go ghosting with.

RAYMOND A. DICKEY
311 West Pitkin
Pueblo, Colorado 81005

Mr. Dickey became interested in The Westerners through the issue of the Brand Books and by reading of them in the Pueblo Star Journal Book review column by Bob Lloyd. Interested in Southern Colorado history, Indians and Pioneer Trails.

J. WINTON LEMEN
265 Clover Street
Rochester, N. Y. 14610

Mr. Lemen came to us through his friendship with Fred Mazzulla. He is interested in photography and hopes to join us for meat soon.

SANDY SCOTT
P.O. Box 0
Aztec, New Mexico 87410

Mr. Scott learned about the Westerners through Mrs. R. C. Robinson and PM John Lipsey. His interests lies in western history in general and antiques and archaeology specifically.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

MAY
1966
Volume XXII
Volume 5

In This Issue:
**GENTLEMAN
OF FORTUNE**
By Wilson Rockwell



Wilson Rockwell shows photo of Mrs. Crawford Hill of Denver.

ABOUT THE SPEAKER

Wilson Rockwell, our speaker for our April 1966 meeting is well qualified to speak on his favorite subject of Western Colorado. His subject is Bulkeley Wells, a little known San Juan pioneer who was most active in the Telluride area during the mining era. Among other things Mr. Wells was instrumental in breaking strikes around the turn of the century.

Mr. Rockwell himself has a B.A. from Stanford and an M.A. from the University of Denver, he is a veteran of World War II. He is currently operating a 1640-acre cattle ranch near Crawford, Colorado and is still serving a term (1962-66) in the Colorado State Senate. Mr. Rockwell is the author of seven books: *Sunset Slope of the Rockies; The Utes, A Forgotten People; Memoirs of a Lawman; Driftwood; New Frontiers; No Way Back;* and his latest *Uncompahgre Country*. Very little has been written on the San Juan Country and we are honored to have Mr. Rockwell as our speaker.

FUTURE MEETINGS

May 25, 1966

Mr. Jack D. Filipiak will speak on Capt. Charles King. Mr. Filipiak is an accomplished speaker, a fine researcher on any subject that he prepares. We are looking forward to this paper.

June 22, 1966

Our speaker will be Dr. Martin Rist, PM. He will present a paper on the beginning of the Methodist Church in New Mexico. Dr. Rist is on the faculty of The Iliff School of Theology. This should be a good paper.

July 27, 1966

To be announced.

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Reservations for all meetings and dinners — Carl Mathews, The Westerners, 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Dinner \$3.25. Reservations only. (No guests with CMs.)

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PLEASE RETURN YOUR CARDS FOR
 YOUR RESERVATIONS FOR THE MAY
 MEETING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE SO
 THE CHUCK WRANGLER CAN MAKE
 ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE DENVER
 PRESS CLUB.

Gentleman of Fortune

by

WILSON ROCKWELL

Bulkeley Wells was one of the many glamorous men who have walked the streets of Telluride, Colorado. He was a big, suave, handsome individual with a reckless sweep about him which aroused the admiration of less colorful men. While he started out on his career with a flourish which showed great promise, due to certain basic weaknesses in his character, he ended it as a suicide and a failure. However, he left his mark in Telluride which will never be forgotten.

Wells graduated in 1893 from the engineering school at Harvard University. The following year he married Grace Livermore, a small, gracious, well-educated girl, who was a member of a distinguished Boston family. Her father was Colonel Thomas Livermore, an outstanding lawyer who had attained great wealth from his successful investments in mining properties. Among these was the Smuggler-Union, Telluride's richest and most famous gold mine. Grace and Bulkeley were married for twenty-three years, and they had four children, two boys and two girls.

By 1896 Bulkeley Wells had become nationally known in the field of hydroelectric engineering. Whenever a big hydroelectric plant was to be built, the young engineer was usually consulted. In 1900 Wells was in Denver working on such a plant when he joined the Colorado National Guard to which he belonged until 1917, retiring as a brigadier general.

It was because of his affiliation with the National Guard that he first came in direct contact with Telluride and the Smuggler-Union. The local chapter of the Western Federation of Miners went on strike at the Smuggler-Union in 1901 to abolish the fathom system of work, which was an old Cornish system started in the Smuggler-Union about two years earlier. This was an innovation in Colorado, and up to its adoption by the Smuggler-Union, few miners in the state had ever heard of it.

As applied to mining, the management fixed the amount paid to a miner for each fathom he worked out. A fathom amounted to an area in a mine six feet high, six feet long, and as wide as the vein, whatever it might be. Under this system the earnings of the miners at the Smuggler-Union had been materially reduced. Although many of the miners worked more than eight hours a day, they were unable to earn the current wage in the district of three dollars a day.¹ Arthur Collins was manager of the mine at the time of the strike, and he hired non-union men to replace the strikers and keep the Smuggler-Union in operation.

The climax of the strike was reached on July 3rd when about 250 strikers, armed with rifles, shotguns, and revolvers, surrounded the Smuggler-Union property and ordered the non-union men to quit working or take the consequences. The workers, expecting trouble, were also armed, and when they

refused to quit, a gunfight ensued which lasted for several hours. Three men were killed and six seriously wounded before the outnumbered non-union men finally capitulated with the understanding that they would be allowed to leave the mine unmolested. However, the strikers failed to keep their agreement. They beat up some of the non-union men and forced them all to leave town with orders never to return. This set the precedent for the abuse of union men two years later when the shoe was on the other foot.

After all of this show of violence, the sheriff of San Miguel County, where Telluride is located, wired Governor James B. Orman and requested 500 soldiers from the National Guard to re-establish law and order. The governor ordered immediate mobilization of one troop and four companies in Denver, and Bulkeley Wells was one of the officers placed in charge of this command.

Before sending this force to Telluride, however, the governor appointed a pro-labor commission to investigate the situation. It consisted of Lt. Governor D. C. Coates; John H. Murphy, attorney for the Western Federation of Mines; and Theron Stevens, District Judge of the Seventh Judicial District where Telluride was situated. This group reported to Governor Orman that troops were not necessary and that the matter could be settled by negotiation.

This decision left Alfred Collins, manager of the mine, with no other alternative but to negotiate on the union's terms. So, on July 6th members of this pro-labor commission, representatives of the local union of the Western Federation of Miners, and Alfred Collins, the sole representative of management, reached an agreement which removed the grievances of the Western Federation of Miners. Under its terms the union agreed to continue the fathom system so long as the daily minimum wage for an eight-hour day did not drop below three dollars.²

A year later on November 19, 1902, Arthur Collins was shot at the management's residence headquarters in Pandora, a little village two miles east of Telluride near the Smuggler-Union's Pandora Mill. He was visiting with friends in his living room when a bullet crashed through a window and killed him. This assassination was a sad sequel to the strike of the preceding year. Local union officials were indicted for the crime, but due to insufficient evidence, charges were quashed by District Judge Theron Stevens.

After Collins' death, Colonel Thomas Livermore made his son-in-law, Bulkeley Wells, manager of the Smuggler-Union Mine. While the main headquarters of the company remained in Boston, Wells visited Telluride from time to time, usually coming alone. On these visits he stayed at the management residence in Pandora, where the former manager was murdered. Here Wells kept a butler of foreign extraction to keep house and prepare his meals. Whenever he entertained guests, however, it was his custom to take them to Telluride's historic Sheridan Hotel, which was noted for its excellent meals and drinks.

Among Wells' guests were a group of engineering students from Harvard, who came to Telluride each summer to visit the mining magnate for a week or so and get a first-hand view of how a gold mine was operated. They were equally intrigued with the saloons, gambling houses, and the red-light district on Pacific Avenue.

Other enthusiastic guests included friends of Wells to whom he gave short-term leases to portions of rich, open veins in the Smuggler-Union mine, where they couldn't lose any money. Some of these lucrative leases made for their owners as much as \$50,000 apiece.³

The most serious strike in Telluride's history occurred within a year after Bulkeley Wells took over the management of the Smuggler-Union. It started on September 1, 1903, when the employees at the Telluride mills went on strike for an eight-hour day. This strike spread to the mines when on October 31st about 100 miners at the Tom Boy went on a sympathetic walkout after the manager of the mine had reopened his mill with non-union men.⁴

On November 5th members of the San Juan District Mine Owners' Association, organized by Wells in August, asked Governor Peabody to send in troops from the National Guard so that management could reopen the mines with non-union men. The governor, prejudiced against the local union at Telluride because of the assassination of Alfred Collins a year before, immediately sent in 500 men under the command of Major Z. T. Hill.

Martial law was declared in Telluride upon arrival of these troops. Gambling houses and saloons were closed. Civilians were prohibited on the streets after nine o'clock. Firearms had to be registered or given up to the military authorities. Even passes were required to travel over roads and trails in the neighborhood.

Union agitators were deported by train to Ridgway, forty-five miles away, in wholesale lots. By February 2nd of the following year no less than 83 union men had been escorted to Ridgway by the militia on the Rio Grande Southern and ordered not to return.

After the militia had been in Telluride for about three months, Major Hill was replaced by Captain Bulkeley Wells. This was an unusual situation since it put in command of the troops a man who, as manager of the Smuggler-Union, was a part to the dispute.

Three weeks later Governor Peabody, believing that law and order had finally been restored, suspended martial law and recalled the soldiers. However, this action was premature and ill-advised, since the trouble was a long way from over.

On March 12, 1904, the day after removal of the troops, about 100 men of the Citizens' Alliance, under the leadership of Bulkeley Wells, manager of the Smuggler-Union, and John Herron, manager of the Tom Boy, held an emergency meeting at Red Men's Hall. After making their plans, they armed themselves and rounded up around 60 union men and sympathizers. In some cases they even forced open the doors of private homes to get the men they were after. The prisoners were gathered in a vacant store building, and then at 1:30 in the morning they were escorted to the depot and put on two coaches of a special train, which took the unwanted group to Ridgway. Fifteen guards accompanied the union men to Ridgway, where the outcasts were ordered to disembark and never again to show their faces in Telluride. Such rough tactics were reminiscent in reverse of the action taken by union leaders against non-union workers three years earlier.

The deported men walked on up to Ouray, eleven miles from Ridgway,

where fifty men from the local union there were selected to escort the exiled miners back to their homes in Telluride. Upon learning of this threatened march on the town, the citizens and officials of Telluride sent a wire to the governor. The message said that an armed body of men were advancing on Telluride and the National Guard was again requested to protect life and property. The entreaty was signed by the sheriff of San Miguel County and the marshall and the mayor of Telluride.

Governor Peabody immediately sent 300 infantrymen to the supposedly hard-pressed town. The troops were put under the command of Bulkeley Wells. Once more Telluride was put under martial law. With Wells in control, management had all the advantage, and the strike was finally broken after several months during which the strife continued and lasting hatreds engendered.

In fact, the feeling against Bulkeley Wells was so great among the radicals in the ranks of organized labor for the part he played in the struggle that an attempt was made to assassinate him during one of his infrequent visits to Telluride. In the early morning of March 28, 1908, as he lay sleeping on an enclosed porch of his residence in Pandora, a time bomb, which had secretly been placed under his bed, exploded. The impact destroyed the side of the house and threw Wells out into the yard, but, miraculously, he escaped serious injury. This was the same house in which Alfred Collins, Wells' predecessor, was murdered six years before.

Bulkeley Wells was a natural gambler both at the gambling tables and at mining ventures. At an exclusive men's club in New York City he met Harry Payne Whitney, who, like Colonel Thomas Livermore, proved to be a bonanza in his life. A card game was started, and Wells was asked to play. Wells mistakenly believed that the stakes were one dollar a point when actually they were ten dollars a point. Consequently, he took much bigger chances than he otherwise would have and calmly bluffed his way through the game, winning 160 points. Only when he was paid \$1600 for his points did he come to the startling realization that the stakes had been ten times greater than he had supposed.⁵

Harry Payne Whitney, a member of the club, greatly admired the coolness that Wells displayed in betting such big stakes. The multi-millionaire engaged him in conversation after the game, and he then learned that Wells was a mining man. Wells made such a favorable impression on his new acquaintance that Whitney soon afterward went into a mining partnership with Wells, giving the debonair young man a blank check to the Whitney millions to invest in mining ventures throughout the West.

With the Livermore and Whitney fortunes backing him, Bulkeley Wells was riding high, wide, and handsome. The high-point of his meteoric career was reached during this period from 1902 to 1923. He was president and general manager of the great Smuggler-Union at Telluride, which produced \$50,000,000 in gold during these gala years. He became president or director of at least sixty other mining companies in Colorado, Nevada, and California.⁶ He was president of the Western Colorado Power Company and president of the First National Bank of Telluride. He was also prominent in club circles during this twenty-year period, belonging to such exclusive organizations as the

Denver Club, the Denver Country Club, and the El Paso and Cheyenne Mountain Clubs of Colorado Springs.

Wells took big chances. He was connected with some of the biggest mining developments of the West, and he had his engineers examine mines and claims from Mexico to Canada. He invested millions in highly dubious mining ventures, many of which failed.

For example, he spent \$5,000,000 in an effort to reopen the famous old Comstock Mine of Virginia City, Nevada, where Mark Twain lived for a time and there he wrote "Flush Times in Virginia City." This mine produced millions in gold right after the Civil War, and then it ran out of high-grade ore.

Wells built one of the most complete ore treating plants in the world at this old mine to treat the low-grade ore, believing that it could be done cheaply enough to make big profits. He also constructed an entire new town in bringing the ghost camp back to life. However, this grandiose endeavor to get the historic mine operating again on a paying basis was to no avail, and \$5,000,000 went down the proverbial drain.

Another one of his more spectacular mining ventures was the Radium Company of Colorado with a producing mine in the Paradox Valley in the West End of Montrose County. Unlike the ill-fated Comstock Mine adventure, this project started off making money. From 1913 to 1921 there was quite a demand for radium. During this period radium institutes were established to perform cancer research by the governments of the United States, Australia, England, France, and Germany. Also, during the first World War the English government used radium to illuminate the dials of airplanes so that fighter pilots could see them after dark.

Then, in 1921 high-grade ore from the Belgian Congo in Africa started reaching the market, and this bore three times the radium found in Colorado ore. So, the Radium Company of Colorado had to close down, dealing a hard blow to Bulkeley Wells' financial empire.

And so it went with other lesser mining speculations, financed with the Livermore and Whitney millions. In all, it is estimated that Wells lost \$15,000,000 from unsuccessful mining ventures.

His downfall, however, did not result from ill-starred mining speculations, since the two men backing him had unlimited resources, and the big profits from the Smuggler-Union and a few other successful mines in which he was interested helped offset his losses. The decline in his fortunes actually began in 1918 when his wife, Grace, divorced him on the grounds of desertion. Strangely enough, Wells did not contest the suit. This breakup of his marriage of twenty-three years lost Wells the backing of his father-in-law, Colonel Thomas Livermore, who was one of the two titans who had helped bring him such phenomenal success. Because of this breach, in 1923 he resigned as manager of the Smuggler-Union Mine at Telluride.

The second woman who played a crucial role in his downfall was Mrs. Crawford Hill, the recognized leader of Denver society for more than thirty years. Her maiden name was Louise Sneed, and she was born and reared in Memphis, Tennessee. In 1893 she visited a family in Denver, where she met Crawford Hill, son of mining magnate, United States Senator Nathan P. Hill.

Two years later, in 1895, Crawford and Louise were married, and the popular belle from Memphis rose rapidly to power as the outstanding leader of Denver's smart set, known around the turn of the century as the "Sacred 36."⁷⁸

Mrs. Crawford Hill reached the height of her career during the early 1900's, but she continued to lead Denver society through the 1920's. What she wore, what she said, and where she went were reported in the newspapers and became topics of daily conversation. She was a stately, beautiful woman with a personality which would have made her an outstanding diplomat if her talents had been channeled in that direction. As a queen of society, she could make or break anyone trying to climb the social ladder.

She outshone her husband, who was a successful mining man in his own right. Crawford Hill was an invalid for many years and died in 1922 from a stroke. Because of mutual mining interests, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Hill had long been good friends of Bulkeley Wells. Mrs. Hill and Wells were particularly friendly, and she kept a full-length portrait of him on the first stairway landing of her palatial home.

In this twenty-two room mansion at 969 Sherman Street (which is now owned by the Town Club), she entertained royalty, business leaders, financiers, artists, and politicians. She was a great traveler, and her arrivals and departures were heralded in Paris and London, as well as in New York and Newport.⁷⁹ Among her many friends in the world of business was Harry Payne Whitney, who was associated with Bulkeley Wells in his mining speculations.

In 1921 Wells moved to San Francisco, where he established his business headquarters. He was around fifty-one years old at the time, but he had not lost his dynamic attraction to women. While living here a third woman came into his life. She was a young, beautiful, platinum blond by the name of Virginia Schmidt. In January, 1923, Wells surprised Denver society by marrying her. When Mrs. Crawford Hill learned of the wedding, she severed all relations with her former close friend, and persuaded Harry Payne Whitney to withdraw his financial backing of Wells.

So, because of women, Bulkeley Wells lost the backing of both the Livermore and the Whitney fortunes.

His eight years of marriage to Virginia was a success. They seemed well-mated, and she bore him two children. But, despite his matrimonial happiness, his luck in financial matters went from bad to worse. If he had been a conservative person, he probably could have retrieved enough of his fortune to retire with an independent income for the rest of his natural life. However, he continued to gamble heavily both at the gambling tables and at oil and gas speculations. He lost in a big way at both ventures, and without the two titans of industry to sustain him, his financial empire collapsed.

A proud man, Bulkeley Wells withdrew from society, even to avoiding well-traveled streets where he might meet an acquaintance who would observe his threadbare clothes. Although a man of great physical courage, he couldn't stand financial adversity. With all of his investments tumbling down around him, he finally threw in the towel.

On the morning of May 26, 1931, Wells went to work as usual in his small office in San Francisco. He was about 59 years old at the time, still handsome

and dignified in spite of his shabby appearance. After asking one of the men with whom he shared office space for a loan of twenty-five dollars, he returned to his tiny office in the suite, and there in the unpretentious room, which was in striking contrast to the luxurious suites he had once maintained in Denver and Boston, he sat down at his desk and penned a farewell note to A. D. Snodgrass, who had been a bookkeeper at the Smuggler-Union and who remained one of his few personal friends. Then he took a revolver from a drawer in his desk, lay down on a couch, and, holding a pillow over the gun to muffle the sound, shot himself through the head.

No one heard the shot, but a few minutes later Snodgrass and another man entered the office to see Wells on business. There they found Wells lying on the couch mortally wounded. He was rushed to the hospital but died without regaining consciousness. The message to Snodgrass said:

As a result of all my difficulties and worries, my mind is bound to go.
 Either that or a stroke, and I will not be a charge upon anyone.
 Nothing but bankruptcy is possible as far as my estate is concerned.
 Do what you can for Mrs. Wells.

B.W.

When the nation heard about the suicide, many of his admirers refused to believe that the iron-nerved brigadier general of the Colorado National Guard had abandoned the struggle simply because of financial difficulties. Despite his suicide, public opinion was kind to this colorful man, and people who knew him excused him for his act, saying that he must have run up against an impossible situation.

So, as in the case of many other spectacular men, the path of fate led Bulkeley Wells from the eminence of great success to the depths of tragic defeat. And the three women in his life—Grace, Louise, and Virginia, guided the wheels of his fortune even more than Lady Luck.

¹Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, *Labor Disturbances in Colorado (1880-1904)*, Govt. Printing Office, 1905, pp. 106-111. In possession of State Historical Society of Colorado.

²George Graham Suggs, Jr., *Colorado Conservatives Versus Organized Labor*, Doctor's Thesis. In possession of State Historical Society of Colorado.

³E. B. Adams, "My Association with a Glamorous Man," 1961. (Privately published booklet.) In possession of Frank Wilson of Telluride.

⁴Wright, *op. cit.*, p. 194.

⁵Adams, *op. cit.*

⁶*The News*, May 27, 1931, p. 1.

⁷Adams, *op. cit.*

⁸*Rocky Mountain News*, May 31, 1955, pp. 5-6.

⁹*Denver Post*, May 30, 1955, pp. 1-2.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

We had better clean up one item of the past. As you all know by now, there was an error in mailing and many of you received duplicate bills. We are sorry for the error, but many thanks for your notes in regard to the error. Some of them were very funny and amusing. At least you read our mail.

We have just recently seen the proofs of some of the illustrations that will be used in the coming reprint of the 1885 Crofutt's GripSack Guide of Colorado. They are magnificent!!!! Probably in no other book will there be such a collection of Colorado's mining towns of that period.

The reprint is being published by the Cubar (R³) Associates, better known as Possemen Rizzari, Ronzio and Ryland. The exclusive distribution will be through another Posseman and author Fred Rosenstock. They hope to release this in June, 1966.

Our well-known CM, S. Omar Barker of Las Vegas, N.M., has another book on the market. "Little World Apart," published by Doubleday Co. Congratulations Omar.

A note to new members, there are a very few copies of the 1964 Brand Book left, these are the Corresponding Members editions. Those of you who wish to purchase a copy or additional copies, see our Tallyman, Fred Mazzulla.

We were very glad to see that the Grand Junction Daily Sentinel reproduced Judge Gilliam's paper, given to us last November. It was printed on a double page spread, giving due credit to The Denver Posse of Westerners. Thanks Mr. Walker.

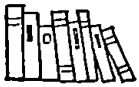
It was good to see "Judge" Bob Cormack, PM, at the last meeting. Bob has been in the hospital and was quite ill for a couple of weeks. Keep getting better, Bob.

Our congratulations to Jack Guinn, PM, on his outstanding series on the Indians, currently running in the Empire Section of the Denver Post.

Dr. Monks, new CM from Santa Fe, announced at our last meeting a very interesting convention to be held in Santa Fe., N.M. This will be a joint meeting of those states of the U.S. that border on Mexico together with those states of Mexico that border on the U. S. The meeting to be held to bring about a closer tie with each country, insofar as history, culture, and common backgrounds are concerned. The convention will be in June and both President Johnson and President Diaz of Mexico will be present. Keep the dates open if you are interested.

From THE SALIDA MAIL—May 4, '66

The following was received from PM Kenny Englert recently: It seems that the members of the "Heart of the Rockies Association" (of which Kenny is a member) suffered a serious setback in their plans for an old time buffalo barbecue when a fine two-year old buffalo "shemale" the group had purchased for that purpose became a mama and brought forth a fine son-buff. They thought they were safe in buying a 2 year old, but nature foiled them. Now, they must either buy another buffalo or forego their buffalo barbecue for a bit. Their immediate need would seem to be someone who knows how to raise buffaloes!



Westerner's Bookshelf



A COLORADO HISTORY, by Carl Ubbelohde. Boulder: The Pruett Press, 1965. 339 pages. Illustrations, index. \$5.75 in paperback, \$8.00 hardbound.

Both Dr. Ubbelohde and Mr. Fred Pruett are to be congratulated for seeing the need for an up-to-date history of Colorado. Perhaps no chronicle of the western area has been so thoroughly worked and re-worked as that of our Centennial State. Among the illustrious predecessors who have set their minds to this task are such luminaries as Frank Hall, Wilbur F. Stone, Percy Fritz, and our own LeRoy R. Hafen. Curiously, until the appearance of the present volume, only one of these major works has currently remained in print. To those of us who have been actively engaged in teaching the history of Colorado, this very comprehensive and readable volume is extremely welcome.

In his preface, Ubbelohde states that his book is designed for reading, not reference. His major areas of emphasis are defined as being the political and economic development of Colorado, although he certainly does not neglect the social, educational, and religious aspects. While this book deviates somewhat from the conventional historical subject matter divisions, I found the author's classifications both refreshing and completely usable. Even though my own teaching in this area encompasses a period of fourteen years, I found much material that was new. In no sense is this book a re-hash of hackneyed old

facts. What is more, *A Colorado History* is as up-to-date as the most recent of contemporary water projects and the administration of Governor Love. Although Dr. Ubbelohde does little with the pre-historic geography of Colorado and with the early Yuma and Folsom people who lived here, he more than makes up for it with a detailed and highly readable account of the Pueblo people who lived on the Mesa Verde. Following this, the reader is taken through the Spanish and American explorers, the fur trade, an excellent treatment of the mining period in several chapters, etc. His treatment of the political machinations during the territorial period and of conditions leading to statehood is both well-written and amusing. Several of the territorial governors emerge as far more believable people than they have been up to this time. Another well treated aspect of our history that is often neglected involves the several experimental nineteenth century agricultural colonies that once flourished here.

Some writers have occasionally glossed over the repeal of the Sherman Act. Here, its causes and after effects for Colorado's mining industry and for the state as a whole, are lucidly explained. Likewise, Davis Waite, the Populist movement, and our turn-of-the-century labor troubles are treated as more than just sociological peculiarities. Although Colorado's role in the Civil War and our legitimate and colorful victory after three battles at Glorieta Pass are pretty sketchy, our participation in two

World Wars is all there. Ubbelohde's account of our enormous post-war growth of cities and industrial expansion is a well handled writing of an often dull subject.

The footnotes alone are worth reading. They represent a huge body of subject matter background, far more than such books usually encompass. I was particularly pleased to see such wide use of materials from the *Colorado Magazine*. Among the interesting bits of information that always help to make a history book more readable are such items as the story of how the celebration of Denver's first Christmas was highlighted by a wrestling match. Through it all, Dr. Ubbelohde has borne in mind the needs of local and state history. A Colorado History represents a significant and fresh new contribution to the record of life in our state. I liked this book very much.

Robert L. Brown P.M.

WAR DRUMS AND WAGON WHEELS—The Story of Russell, Majors and Waddell, by Raymond W. and Mary Lund Settle, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebraska, 1966, 268 pp., with index, bibliography, Great Plains chronology, four appendixes and maps. \$5.95.

Thoroughly researched and documented, clearly and interestingly written, are phrases that describe *War Drums and Wagon Wheels*.

How did William H. Russell, William B. Waddell and Alexander Majors happen to form a partnership? Why did their business ventures fail? What happened to the three partners? These and other questions are all answered by the authors, who with footnotes, seventy-five pages of ap-

pendixes, quotations in the text, and with maps give an authentic picture of the freighting business done by the firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell.

Two earlier books by the Settles, *Empire on Wheels*, published in 1949, and *Saddles and Spurs*, published in 1951, complement their new book, and help give a more thorough understanding of the historical significance of transportation in the West.

In gathering material for their books, Raymond W. and Mary Lund Settle have researched in libraries across the land, checked county records and old newspapers and interviewed friends and relatives of the people about whom they write. They call Monte Vista home, and Coloradoans can be proud of having such competent historians as citizens of our state.

Don Griswold, PM

DESERT CHALLENGE, AN INTERPRETATION OF NEVADA by Richard G. Lillard, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln. Paperback, 384 Pages, index, etc. \$1.60.

"Nevada is ten thousand tales of ugliness and beauty, viciousness and virtue."

"—all America is here in animated mural."

There is the first sentence in the book; also the ending of the last sentence. Between them are delineated surprising facts, contradictions and contrasts that make it genuinely interesting reading for all. For many, Nevada is a cyclone cellar for the tax wary. For the majority it is a vast waste to be crossed to reach a haven in California. For thousands of '49ers' and other earlier travelers it required heroism, sublime endurance

and daring.

Then in 1869 it became possible to cross Nevada in relative comfort by rail as the Southern Pacific Railroad had been completed. Early in this century another railroad was completed across southern Nevada. And more recently highways—well built, straight and fast—have been completed to simplify the problem of those who have only one idea, to speed across the desert spaces.

And those who cross the state, however fast, cannot but wonder at the monotonous expanse of waste. Few realize the wealth that has been carried from Nevada mines to California and the East. Some instances, typical of many, are: the George Hearst fortune from the Comstock which enabled him to purchase the San Francisco Examiner, a gift to his son, William Randolph Hearst, who built a newspaper empire and a modern castle at San Simeon. Comstock billion built the Palace Hotel and banks, and variously contributed to the growth of San Francisco. Adolph Sutro acquired about one tenth of the area that comprises that City, and developed it with his Comstock wealth.

Virginia City provided great wealth for some three decades starting in 1859. Today, a different procedure is accounting for new wealth from the State. Without fanfare, and with a scientific and engineering approach, old mines and dumps are being reworked and new operations inaugurated profitably.

The foregoing indicate items that are entertainingly covered in this book. The last subjects covered can be skipped by those not interested in gambling and divorce. The curious, who "stoop" to read them, will be

amply rewarded in the details that are provided.

Charles W. Webb, PM

UNCOMPAHGRE COUNTRY, by **Wilson Rockwell**, Sage Books, Denver, 1965. 310 pp. 150 illustrations. \$6.50.

Here is one of the latest and most valuable contributions to the history of that very important region of Colorado—the Western Slope. In earlier times the historical material published with reference to western Colorado has not been extensive, but recently this area has been receiving an ever-growing amount of attention from the various writers, historians and journalists.

Wilson Rockwell, rancher and currently a Senator in the Colorado legislature, was born on the Western Slope and has spent most of his life there. He is the author of a series of books, of which this is the seventh. In this volume he has done an outstanding job in rounding up and bringing to light a surprising collection of pertinent facts, biographical material and other information hitherto unpublished or only slightly touched upon by other writers.

The Uncompahgre Plateau, extending southeasterly from Mesa County thru Montrose, San Miguel and Dolores counties, to the San Juans, forms the backbone of this narration. The territory covered concerns the discovery, exploration, early settlements and subsequent economic development of the various communities and activities mainly in the watersheds of the Gunnison, the North Fork, Uncompahgre, San Miguel and Dolores Rivers, as well as the Paradox and the upper tributaries of the Las

Animas River.

The events of the early days of Montrose, Delta, Olathe, Ouray, Telluride and stories of the pioneer settlers of these communities are related in revealing fashion. The history of those seemingly remote and somewhat removed from the beaten path—the Paradox Valley and the San Miguel Basin—receives a generous amount of attention. The Gunnison Tunnel, the Rio Grande Southern railroad, the pioneer electric light and power system and generating plant in the San Miguel Valley near Telluride, are all described in detail.

Rockwell tells the story of Thomas F. Walsh and the Camp Bird mine, Otto Mears and his toll-road and railroad empire, the ill-fated 21-member prospecting party of which Alfred Packer was a member, the famous Paradox Valley Flume and the Colorado Cooperative Flume in the San Miguel Valley, and many other projects and events. The author has researched many records and interviewed many persons to obtain original and new information bearing on the early days of the great Uncompahgre Country, which has flourished in its time, under the flags of three nations, Spain, Mexico and the United States, as well as under various and sundry territories or states.

So fascinating is this volume, that one wishes he had gone farther into the transportation phase of the region, including the story of the mountain passes, more details of the freighting and stage lines and toll roads. The renowned hot springs and mineral springs of the region could have received more mention.

This book contains an excellent chapter on the early-day vanadium and later-day uranium development

on the Colorado Plateau, which lies about in the center of the Uncompahgre Country. These several hundred pages of Western Slope history will undoubtedly receive a most important place in the archives of the local communities of the area and in the state archives.

Paul D. Harrison, Sr., PM

THE SMOKEJUMPERS, by Randle M. Hurst, Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. Photographs, end paper maps. 1966, \$5.00.

Recent western history in the making, as told by one whose hazardous job it was to parachute from the skies to battle raging forest fires. For risking fractures, sprains, burns and even death in the flames, these adventurous young men were paid \$1.65 an hour, with merely "straight" time rather than double-time for overtime—and they loved it, despite the mess-hall charge of 80 cents a meal.

These smokejumpers constituted the first line of defense against forest fires, for usually they were first on the scene, well in advance of ground crews of fire fighters, and time is all-important in halting a fire while it is still small.

Wearing helmets, wire mesh face masks and padded clothes, they rained from the skies like men from Mars, about half the time to land in a tree top, a hundred feet above the ground—greatly preferable to landing on rough fracture-producing rocks. After them came a shower of supplies: axes, saws, shovels, hoes, army C-rations, drinking water, first aid kits. Hurst finished the season in the Gila Forest of New Mexico and Arizona with nothing worse than a mouth mashed in spite of his steel mesh face mask.

The book presents a worthwhile but heretofore largely overlooked bit of

recent western history. As a factual adventure story it is superb.

—Forbes Parkhill, PM(R)

GLORY COLORADO! A History of the University of Colorado, 1858-1963. By William E. Davis. Boulder, Colorado: Pruett Press, Inc., 1965. xvii + 798 pages. Illustrations, maps, bibliography, appendix. \$15.00.

Although the first university legislation was not passed by the territorial legislature until 1861, this account of its history begins in 1858, with the arrival of the first gold-seekers at the mouth of Boulder Canyon. From the first, Boulder citizens were determined that the state university should be located there. Lawmakers resisted, and the question was not settled until Dave Nichols made a midnight ride from Denver to Boulder, and back again, to bring assurance that Boulder civic leaders would match a territorial appropriation for the first building. Dubbed "Old Main" in its first year of use, this building, for a time, housed classrooms, library, dormitories, and the president's family. For years the institution languished in a comfortable mediocrity, but the twenty-two-year tenure of aggressive President James H. Baker brought the school safely "out of a period of uncertainty and discouragement into a time of courage and exaltation."

Glory Colorado tells the whole story in infinite detail. Students and faculty, each college and each division, the abortive school of theology, alumni relations and athletics, war veterans and the Ku-Klux Klan, Communism and Barry Goldwater—every chapter of the university story is here. Al-

though the author makes no attempt to interpret the events so diligently chronicled, the style is lively and somewhat reminiscent of Davis' rollicking "Memoirs of a Big-time Coach" (*Harper's Magazine*, October, 1965). Institutional histories share a common weakness—an undue concern for finance and administration. Author Davis has avoided this pitfall, emphasizing instead the alternate periods of light and heat that typify a community of scholars.

This massive tome is an almost verbatim copy of Davis' four-volume doctoral dissertation, but with most of the footnotes omitted. Obviously a reference work in spite of its literary excellence (a five-pound quarto volume is hardly intended for easy-chair reading), *Glory Colorado* lacks the most basic reference tool, an index. This defect is offset to some extent by the hundreds of fine maps, drawings, and photographs (I counted 362 illustrations, including nine in color) drawn entirely from collections in Boulder.

Greeley High School English teacher; University of Colorado alumni director, football coach, and dean of men; executive assistant to the president at the University of Wyoming; president of Idaho State University at Pocatello—Bud Davis has mastered an impressive succession of careers and is still less than forty years old. In addition, he is a competent historian and writer, with an unusually lucid style and a feel for the rhythm of the ordinary English sentence. *Glory Colorado* is surely the most readable institutional history of the decade, but shame on you, Fred Pruett, for not giving us an index!

Harry Kelsey, PM

GEORGE HEARST, CALIFORNIA PIONEER, by Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older, Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, 1966. 240 pages, \$6.50.

The story of George Hearst, as told by Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older who were well acquainted with the son of William Randolph Hearst, reads almost like a fairy tale. If Horace Greeley's recommendation to young man to go west was ever justified, George Hearst was the epitome of that justification. The Olders' account of Hearst's eventful life makes it sound as though our hero could do no wrong. In his fascinating long life of 81 years, George Hearst accumulated mines, property, real estate, horses, and other wealth at will. All he needed to do was hear of a mine, look at a prospector's hole, and sign a check for it. In his pockets he carried twenty dollar gold pieces which he dispensed to his friends with greater generosity than Rockefeller's legendary dimes. According to the biographers, George Hearst befriended the poor, made no enemies, and never took advantage of anyone. He founded the University of California and a number of other worthy enterprises which his widow continued to support until her death.

This book is written in a most unusual style. You get the impression that you are riding a quarter horse, dashing here and there to the mines of Utah, the cattle ranches of Mexico, the rich lodes of California and the rich strikes of Nevada. It is a staccato style of short paragraphs in which the author almost breathlessly tells you all the things that George did and always did well. There is not a single shooting incident, there are no barroom scenes, there are no women involved except his loving mother and his faithful wife and children. If ever there

was a pioneer in the West who participated in everything from ranching and mining to politics and philanthropy, George Hearst was the man. This California pioneer sounds as fantastic as California itself. He rises from a penniless immigrant to great wealth and the U. S. Senate. This publication places him in proper historical perspective and gives a good evaluation of him as a man. From Franklin County, Missouri, George Hearst heeded the call of the Gold Rush like so many of the pioneers, but unlike so many pioneers he did not trample over the Spanish and Mexican settlers, he did not wrest properties from the Indians, and he did not end up on a barroom floor. Anyone who wants to read a Horatio Alger story should get a copy of *George Hearst, California Pioneer*.

Arthur L. Campa, PM

THE PIKES PEAK PEOPLE, The Story of America's Most Popular Mountain, The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1966, by John Fetter. \$6.50.

This book contains all of the "vital statistics" respecting America's most popular mountain, Pikes Peak, from its connection with the Folsom man down through the ages to the present day activities of the "Knights of the Trail." Marshall Sprague's introduction is a review of the book, par excellence, and he leaves a subsequent reviewer very little latitude. The volume contains 58 illustrations, which by their quality of selection and reproduction add greatly to its impact upon the reader. While the author has relied upon quoted material to a great extent, his literary effort is well presented. The reader gains a vast knowl-

(Continued on page 17)

(Continued from page 16)

edge, from the data presented, of the peak itself, as well as a considerable amount of Colorado history and Western Americana. To a person who is interested at all in the Colorado Springs area, this book is, in my opinion, a "must."

W. Keith Peterson, PM.

WAR-PATH AND BIVOUAC, The Big Horn and Yellowstone Expedition. By John F. Finerty. Reprint; edited with notes, introduction and index by M. M. Quaife. Three maps, nine pictures. Originally published in 1890. 375 pp, soft bound, University of Nebraska Press, \$1.60.

John F. Finerty, a correspondent for the Chicago Times, accompanied General George Crook's cavalry and infantry column on its campaign from Fort Laramie, Wyoming, to the Big Horns, down Rosebud Creek to the scene of that battle on June 17, 1876, and, thence, after some wandering, to the battle of Slim Buttes in Northwestern South Dakota on September 9. And that is the chief virtue of the book, he was there. For neither of these battles particularly redounded to the glory of American arms; at Rosebud, Crook seems to have taken something of a beating at the hands of Crazy Horse, though Finerty tried to make victory out of defeat, and at Slim Buttes a few Indians, surprised in their village, were driven to a gully or cave and eventually killed or captured.

Finerty sent back a number of dispatches replete with names of the participants and florid complimentary adjectives, some of which he drew on for the publication of two volumes in

1890. (He drew on both the dispatches and the adjectives.) This book is a reprint of the first of those two volumes.

This Irish-American correspondent appears to have been an active individual who sought out the action where the action was; one of the really absorbing passages of his account has to do with a fifty mile retreat of a small scouting party on foot across mountains and rough terrain when overwhelmed by a large war party.

Most of the book is of interest, though written in a style clearly heralding the dime novel. Nor could he resist throwing in a chapter on the Custer debacle, which occurred in another column's operations eight days after Rosebud, and a chapter on the end of Crazy Horse, Dull Knife and the hostile Indian generally. Still, it is interesting reading, and printed in nice big clear type.

—John F. Bennett, PM

KIT CARSON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, with an introduction by Milo Milton Quaife. University of Nebraska, Bison Books, paperback, 192 pages, Index; \$1.50.

This is a reprint of No. 33 of the Lakeside Classics, with copious footnotes and an outstanding index, which could be classed as a directory of "Who's Who of Mountain Men, Western Rivers and Mountains."

This interesting and informative book sets forth Carson's life from the time, when as a boy he ran away from the leather worker to whom he had been apprenticed, to the closing years of his life nearly a century ago.

While a number of books have been printed about Carson, Professor Quaife goes further and de-bunks the

claim of Blanch C. Grant, of Taos, New Mexico, who published the claim of DeWitt C. Peters and his wife in a small volume in 1926, which claimed to be the first account of Carson's life. Quaife claims that at the same time mentioned (1856-1857) Dr. Dewitt Peters had no wife and further shows that Carson had transferred his biography to Jesse B. Turley, his friend and a native of Missouri, the state of Carson's birth.

Peters had been acquainted with Carson and had published a large volume on him in 1858, titled "The Life and Adventures of Kit Carson," at a time when Peters was in Europe.

Carson's rise to fame dates from his association with John C. Fremont as a guide in 1842-1843, and was heightened by appointment as Indian Agent at Taos, a position which he filled satisfactorily and compelled the

Apaches and Utes to recognize the power of the U. S. Army, having chased large numbers of them back and forth through Colorado and New Mexico.

Prior to his connection with Fremont, Carson had been in the employ of Thomas Fitzpatrick, James Bridger, Bent and St. Vrain, and had trapped with Bill Williams, the noted Mountain Man. During this time he became thoroughly acquainted with many of the Indian tribes and fought against them. He mentions South Park, Brown's Hole and a number of other well known localities in the Rocky Mountains.

All in all, this little volume contains a great deal of information, particularly in the footnotes given by Professor Quaife.

Carl F. Mathews, PM

Report by Erl H. Ellis

As most of you no doubt recall, there was held at Santa Fe in October, 1961, the First Conference on the History of Western America. As a result of the actions of the Organization Committee there authorized, the Second Conference was held in Denver in 1962 and there then came into existence the Western History Association. Later annual conferences have been held at Salt Lake City in 1963, at Oklahoma City in 1964, and at Helena in 1965. The Association is not entirely dominated by the history professors. Of the present ten members of the Council (the Board of Directors) two represent the Westerners; Don Russell of the Chicago Westerners (elected in 1965). Election of such Westerners is a very fine recognition of and tribute to our fairly amateur club.

The main purposes of the Association, so far, is the quarterly called "The American West." Membership in the Association, the \$7.50 per year, includes the right to receive this fine historical magazine, but subscription to the magazine is \$7.00 per year (without other membership rights). If you have never been a subscriber, you can have an introductory year for \$5.95. To the first ten Westerners who have read this far in this report and get their five dollars to me I shall see that you receive a trial year's subscription. First (10) come, first so served. I am sure you will appreciate "The American West" if you are not now a regular reader enjoying it.

The Council holds a mid-year business meeting in addition to the regular meeting preceding the fall annual conference. This year the affairs of the Association were discussed at Cincinnati on April 29, where most of the officers and members of the Council were attending the annual meeting of the Organization of American Historians. It was my pleasure to be there and attend my first Council meeting.

The place for the next annual conference has been settled for some time; El Paso, October 13-15, 1966. San Francisco has the conference in 1967 and Tucson in 1968.

Omaha has just now been approved for the 1969 conference. This will somewhat dovetail with the celebration there of the 100th anniversary of the Union Pacific Railroad. Reno is bidding for the Association's conference in 1970. Should not Denver be thinking of extending an invitation for some time in the next ten years?

NEW HANDS ON THE RANGE

Preston Francis Tweed
515 Holly Street,
Denver, Colorado

Mr. Tweed is one of those unusual persons, a native born Denverite. He is interested in Military History of Denver and the early west. He served in the Army and holds a rank of Lt. Col. (retired) in the U. S. Army. Particularly interested in photography, firearms, history (factual and fiction), Boy Scouts and vocational guidance.

Kenneth Miller Calhoun, M.D.
2103 East Washington Street,
Bloomington, Ill.

Dr. Calhoun is a Corresponding Member of the Chicago Corral. He is Past President of the McLean County Historical Society, and a member of the Illinois State Historical Society. He is interested in photography and music. He also breeds Tennessee Walking Horses.

George G. Everett
RFD Rt. 1, Box 339
Salida, Colorado 81201

Mr. Everett was born and grew up in the Salida area. He is a well known rancher, as were his people before him. He is an authority on cattle brands. He co-authored the book, "Under the Angel of Shavano." Hobbies and interests are Central Colorado History; Livestock and ranches, and ranch people. Mr. Everett became interested in the Westerners through Mrs. William D.

Powell. Of interest to railroad buffs will be Mr. Everett's forthcoming book, *Cavalcade of Railroads in Central Colorado*.

Jerome R. A. Monks
Rte. 1, Box 253
Santa Fe, N.M.

Mr. Monks was introduced to the Denver Posse by our Past Sheriff Erl Ellis. Mr. Monks is a professor of history at the College of Santa Fe. He is also a member of the planning committee for the Assembly of the Border States of Mexico and the U.S. This is a meeting to be held in June in Santa Fe.

Thomas C. Ward
414½ North College
Gunnison, Colorado

Mr. Ward has been presented for Corresponding Membership by his mother, Mrs. E. Ward, Jr., CM. He is presently studying for an advanced degree in history at Western State College, Gunnison, Colo.

To all of you welcome. Come to our meetings as frequently as you can.

In the July 1966 issue of *Real West* magazine there is an interesting article entitled, "Lady Moon, Fabulous Baroness of Colorado." This sets forth the story of Lord and Lady Moon and their hectic life in Colorado, Denver and in England.



7440 Alexander Court,
Fair Oaks, California 95628
April 29, 1966

Mr. William D. Powell,
Elk Falls Ranch,
Pine, Colorado 80470
Dear Mr. Powell:

I haven't anything to trade, but I sure as hell would like to lay out some cold, hard cash for 8x10 prints of photographs of Assistant Surgeon James M. De Wolf and Regimental Sergeant Major W. W. Sharrow who were with Custer on June 25th and who were killed with him.

If you can put up this notice in your SWAP SHOP, I'd sure appreciate it.

In the meantime, give my best to Erl Ellis, Fred Rosenstock and Fred Mazzulla when you see them. Also Nolie Mumey.

Sincerely,
Michael Harrison

WANTED: The following copies:
Vol. 2 1925, Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6
Vol. 3 1926, Nos. 5, 6
Vol. 4 1927, No. 6
Vol. 4 1928, No. 6

of the Colorado Historical Magazine. Mr. N. L. James will offer \$5.00 per copy for each of these numbers or \$50.00 for all 8 copies. Write him:

Mr. N. L. James
c/o The Westerners
950 Western Federal Savings Bldg.
Denver, Colorado 80202

Bob Cormack is still interested in ephemera of the Old West in exchange for early copies of the works of William MacLeod Raine, the early books only, please.

August W. Schatra
2090 Los Robles Ave.,
San Marino, California 91108

Mr. Schatra writes us that he has a Conductor's Log Book for the month of February 1903, issued to G. Sanders of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Co. It is in fine condition and should be a good item for a RR buff. He is interested in Western art, sketches, documented photographs. Write him direct.

Bill Powell
Route 1, Pine, Colorado 80470

Has a first edition of PONY NELSON, by Clyde Robertson (she was a former poet laureate of Colorado), and illustrated with wood cuts by Sheila Burlingame. This is a book for those who enjoy reading the story telling ballads about the pioneers who made Colorado and the west what it is. Bill would like to swap for book, article or pix on the early cattle industry in Colorado or the west.

Just a reminder . . . Circle the date of August 27 on your calendar. Let nothing interfere with this date! It is the time of the RENDEZVOUS!

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

JUNE
1966
Volume XXII
Number 6

IN THIS ISSUE:

"FORGOTTEN NOVELIST OF THE FRONTIER
ARMY GENERAL CHARLES KING"

By Jack D. Filipiak



Mr. Filipiak holds up a picture of Gen. Charles King.—From the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla.

ABOUT THE SPEAKER

Mr. Jack D. Filipiak was born in Wisconsin. He is married and has two children. Has degrees from Wisconsin State, Marquette University and is currently a candidate for a Ph.D. at D.U. He is listed in Who's Who Among American Students. He has had articles published in the Colorado Magazine, plus some one hundred book reviews in the same publication. He has done television work for the program on the life of Abraham Lincoln for KRMA-TV. Has recently collaborated with Dr. LeRoy Hafen on the new textbook, OUR STATE, COLORADO.

FUTURE MEETINGS

June 22, 1966

Our speaker will be Dr. Martin Rist, PM. He will present a paper on the beginning of the Methodist Church in New Mexico. Dr. Rist is on the faculty of The Iliff School of Theology. This should be a good paper.

July 27, 1966

Our speaker will be Mr. James Davis. He is a librarian at the Western History Department of The Denver Public Library. In this capacity he specializes in picture research and reference work. His subject will be the Ku Klux Klan in Denver, with a few asides for Colorado Springs.

August 27, 1966

Our meeting this month will be our annual Rendezvous to be held at the "26" Club. Make your reservations early. Our speaker will be Bob Brown, PM. He will give one of his celebrated Slide Shows. These will be the pictures that put over his recent book, "An Empire of Silver."

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PLEASE RETURN YOUR CARDS FOR
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MEETING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE SO
THE CHUCK WRANGLER CAN MAKE
ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE DENVER
PRESS CLUB.

A Biographical Sketch Of General Charles King

by

JACK D. FILIPIAK

Who was Charles King? We need to be reminded that history remembers some individuals for a single, infamous act—such as John Wilkes Booth or Lee Oswald—while others, though fame was theirs during their lifetime, are soon forgotten. King, of course, is one of the latter, but a brief review of his life would indicate that he is deserving of recognition.

By the time of his death in 1933 he was known for his accomplishments in two areas—the military and writing. As the participant in five campaigns from the Civil War through World War I he achieved the rank of Major-General and what is probably a record duration of service—seventy years. As an author he was most prolific—approximately sixty-nine books and over two-hundred and fifty articles over a thirty-year span. He also had a brief excursion as a professional baseball player with the Cincinnati Red Stockings in 1869; is reported to have been the first author to have used a dictating machine; and has left the most accurate description of the slaying of Yellow Hand by William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody—avoided by the television and movie producers for a more colorful account of Cody's.

In the life of Charles King the distance between his military and writing experience is short. Of his sixty volumes approximately fifty-one were fiction. A third of those dealt with the Civil War army, the Reconstruction era, the Philippine Insurrection, West Point and a few juvenile books. The other two-thirds were on the subject of the frontier army. This was the area of his greatest contribution to American literature. Many reviewers of those works described them in a fashion similar to that which appeared in *The Literary World* of June 11, 1898: "For truthful, vivid, effective descriptions of military life . . . his books . . . deserve high praise." Another reviewer was more praiseworthy: "The novels of Captain King are worthy of a high permanent place in American literature. They will hereafter take rank with Cooper's novels as distinctively American works of fiction." An editor for Lippincott's Monthly Magazine stated in 1910 that King "depicted the American soldier, and army life in general, with his pen as faithfully as did the late Frederic Remington with his brush."

It would certainly seem questionable that anyone who wrote as frequently as did King could produce anything of great literary merit. By contemporary critics his work has been termed "hackneyed and sentimental," his style "undistinguished," and his plots "contrived" and unable to

"escape from many of the conventions of the popular romantic novel of his period."

There is little doubt, however, of his popularity. It has been estimated that at the turn of the century the number of authors whose total volume of sales was greater than that of King was probably not larger than five. From 1900 to 1917, Lippincott, his major publisher, printed 38,000 copies of his novels, and Harper was issuing a reprint in 1944 of a book originally published in 1894.

Further, it would appear that King never intended to produce great literary works. When asked why he began writing, he once replied: "Circumstances, chiefly. I wasn't long in finding out that keeping a family on retired captain's pay is a beggar's business. I had to go to work, so I took to writing."

Although his novels have not achieved lasting recognition this does not deny the fact that they present an accurate image of Army life in the last half of the nineteenth century. Their real value is that the image presented to the reader "is consistent with that depicted by those historians of the army who have treated of the period." Based extensively on his personal military experiences, his frontier Army novels provide an insight into garrison life as well as Indian campaigning that no doubt helped to create the public image of life in the U.S. Army. One military man felt compelled to comment: "We read his novels, . . . as fast as they came out. To most of us the army was his army. When we joined our regiments later at the remote frontier posts, we found there pretty nearly the things he had taught us to expect."

To Lord Wolsely, former Commander in Chief of the British Army, a man with long battle experience, King's description of a battle was "the best thing of the kind he had ever read." This is why Carl Van Doren has termed King the "first novelist of the American Army." A small legion of King followers have avidly sought out his novels, increasing their prices in dealers' catalogues. A book published just a month ago (April, 1964) claims: "They are still being read." Even Owen Wister, known as the "father of the western" for his *The Virginian*, acknowledged a debt to Charles King for having "opened for us the door upon frontier military life." Since they appear to have contributed to the development of the "western" by accurately portraying frontier army life, and because they were based on the personal experiences of King, it should be worthwhile to review briefly the life of their author.

Few novelists have come from as noted a family strain as did Charles King. His great-grandfather was Rufus King, a signer of the Constitution and frequently termed the "last candidate of the Federalist party for President." In addition, he had led militia in the colonial wars, served as a Senator from New York for twenty years, and was appointed by Washing-

ton as the American Minister to England. As a Massachusetts delegate to the Continental Congress in 1785 he wrote the resolution proposing that neither "slavery nor involuntary servitude" be permitted in the Northwest Territory.

Charles King's namesake was his grandfather, the second son of the old Federalist, Rufus King. He had for a period edited the *New York American*, was a colonel in the War of 1812, but whose most notable achievement was in acting as president of Columbia College, the predecessor of Columbia University. He was still its president when the subject of our study attended the institution.

This earlier Charles King had three sons—Rufus, John and James—whose biographies appear in the *Dictionary of American Biography*. Rufus, of course, was named after his grandfather and was the father of Charles King, son to his marriage with Susan Eliot, a descendant of John Eliot—noted apostle to the Indians. One can't help but note the irony that while his maternal ancestor served as an apostle to Indians, our Charles King achieved distinction as an Indian fighter.

The younger Rufus King attended his father's college and then went to West Point, graduating in 1833. In 1836 he resigned his commission and began editing various newspapers in New York, including one where he became an associate of Thurlow Weed. When Weed's friend, Wm. H. Seward, was elected Governor of the state in 1839, Rufus served as the Adjutant General.

Rufus participated in the general westward migration by moving to Wisconsin Territory in 1845. Taking his wife and less than one year old son, Charles, they settled in the young city of Milwaukee. Up to 1861 Rufus was very prominent in local politics, the militia and journalism. He was a member of Wisconsin's Constitutional Convention of 1848, a long-time Superintendent of Schools for the City of Milwaukee, a member of the state university's Board of Regents, and editor—briefly, part-owner—of the *Milwaukee Sentinel and Gazette*.

When Lincoln was elected in 1860 and Seward becoming Secretary of State, Rufus was appointed Resident Minister to the Papal States in 1861. The firing on Fort Sumter took place before he could leave the country and Rufus arranged a temporary leave from his assignment. Wisconsin's Governor Alexander W. Randall took his place while naming King a Brigadier General of volunteers. He was a rare general officer in those first days of the war because he possessed military training in addition to his political ties.

In March of 1862 he was promoted from brigade to division commander, becoming a Major General, and the following month turned down the offer of replacing John C. Fremont as the commander of the 1st Corps. The brigade he had originally headed acquired the name "Iron Brigade"

for their action at Brawner's Farm on August 28, 1862. A misunderstanding over his conduct in battle caused him to be relieved of command shortly afterwards, and for the next year he held various posts, including that of the Military Governor of Norfolk, Va. In October, 1863 he assumed the position of Resident Minister to the Papal States and he was instrumental in the capture of John H. Surratt, implicated in the assassination of Lincoln. When unification of Italy ended the temporal power of the Papacy in 1867 Rufus King returned home and assumed many activities until his death, October 13, 1876.

While these events were occurring, much had happened to Charles King. He had been born on October 12, 1844 in Albany, New York, before the trip west with his parents. Like most individuals, little is known of his early boyhood in Milwaukee save that which he reveals in his autobiography, *Memories of a Busy Life*. There he speaks of Arthur MacArthur, father of Douglas MacArthur, as "my chum and next door neighbor from 1854 to 1858." It is known that at the tender age of twelve he began a long association with the military that would extend over seventy-six years of his life by becoming a "marker" for the Milwaukee Light Guards. Still later he was a drummer, but by 1858, at the ripe age of fourteen, he entered grandfather's Columbia College.

He relates, in his autobiography, that he had military aspirations which stemmed from as early as 1849, when he visited West Point with his father, at that time a member of their Board of Visitors. He also tells how he wanted to enter the Point by 1860, but both his mother and grandfather opposed the idea. In the early months of the Civil War, while his father's brigade was involved in preparing the defense of Washington, D.C., young Charles served as a mounted orderly for his father. This experience, of course, did much to nourish his aspirations for West Point. By the spring of 1862 granddad and mom were convinced of his desire. His father's political ties were, no doubt, influential in obtaining one of ten appointments-at-large to West Point, directly from Lincoln.

Until his senior year life for Charles King at West Point appears to have been thoroughly enjoyable, and he was apparently highly regarded by his classmates. His senior year, as Adjutant of the Cadet Corps an event took place that colored his entire life, and which would be repeated over and over as a theme of his novels. King's participation in what one individual has termed West Point's "most notorious scandal" was a major and disastrous one—he calling it "one of the most painful experiences of my life."

Since the term had started in the fall of 1865 it was noted that money was being stolen. The cadets took action by placing marked money as "bait" without result until one of the bills was discovered in the leaves of a Cadet's Bible. Without notifying the faculty, and without any formal

hearing on the matter, the cadets proceeded to "drum out" the individual during the evening's dress parade, formed before Adjutant King. However, the Academy Commander, General Cullum, happened along and stopped the individual. It was learned that the money had actually been planted by the real thief, but the unfortunate individual suffered under a cloud of suspicion during his entire military career until his death.

King and three others were scheduled for a Court Martial. King's stated that:

"... while in charge of the Battalion of Cadets at evening dress parade, did allow certain Cadets to parade Cadet . . . of the U.S. Corps of Cadets, as a degraded criminal, before the battalion assembled for evening parade. All this without the sanction of any authority, and in gross violation of good order and military discipline, at West Point, N. Y., on or about the 18th of December, 1865."

All four were sentenced to be dismissed from the Point, but instead their sentence was suspended. For King, this meant removal from his post as adjutant and the humiliation of finishing the remaining months of his last year as a private. There is no doubt of the influence the incident had on King, creating an obsession with wrongly assessed circumstantial evidence. The author of the most extensive analytical treatment of King's novels has commented:

"King's novels reveal a world in which many of man's problems are created not by divine intervention but by man's lack of faith in the goodness of his fellow man. . . . Of his fifty-one novels all but seven rely upon wrongly assessed circumstantial evidence and twenty-eight have one or more major characters accused of wrongdoing on the same basis."

The love themes of his novels were also affected by the event:

"There is not a love story in King's novels that does not use misunderstanding to separate the lovers, normally several times, in the course of the story."

Upon his graduation on June 18, 1866, King was commissioned a 2d Lt. in the 1st Artillery. Before assuming an assignment he was given the face-saving benefit of being named as one of two who had been invited to serve as instructors of tactics for the summer encampment of the Point. In the fall he was assigned to Light Battery "D" of the 1st Artillery, stationed at New Orleans.

For eight years, from 1866 to 1874, King's experiences were probably quite typical of a young officer in the post-Civil War era, with tours of duty at a number of locations. He commanded a platoon of two gatling guns—"bullet squirters" King called them—during the race riots of the Reconstruction period, but never had to use them since their mere appearance would send white and black running for cover. One interesting excursion on a recruiting tour provided an opportunity to play baseball for the pio-

neer professional team, the Cincinnati Red Stockings in the 1869 season. This followed a brief appointment as acting post adjutant at Ft. Hamilton, N. Y. In August of that year he was invited back to West Point for a second time as instructor of military tactics, an assignment that lasted from September 4, 1869 to October 24, 1871.

In late 1869 King decided to transfer to the cavalry, the service he liked best. He was promoted to 1st Lt. in 1870 and in the fall of 1871 was assigned to the famous 5th Cavalry at Ft. McPherson, Nebraska. He reached the outpost on the Platte River valley on November 7, 1871, met William F. Cody, the chief scout of the cavalry, and had an opportunity for a hunt with him before his brief stay ended.

His previous experience at New Orleans appears a likely explanation why his Colonel, William H. Emory, selected King as his aide-de-camp when Emory was ordered to assume command of the Department of the Gulf at New Orleans in his brevet rank of Major General. He remained there nearly three years during the turmoil of the carpetbag years. Like many a soldier before and since, he met a pretty young thing—one of two southern belles who had the courage to wear the colors of a Yankee officer in a horse race, Adelaide Lavender Yorke. The only daughter of sea captain Louis S. Yorke of Carroll Parish, La., he married her soon after, November, 1872.

In January, 1874, King's life took an eventful turn. He was ordered to take a group of recruits to Arizona, having to leave his wife and baby daughter. By May 1, 1874 he had joined Co. "K" of the 5th Cavalry at Camp Verde, Arizona, where Apaches had been making some raids. King later commented: "From that time on it was Indian campaigning or Indian fighting for five memorable years." He soon participated in a number of engagements with the Apaches, first at Diamond Butte, on May 9; then a brief campaign at Black Mesa from May 20 to June 5; and then a most important skirmish—at Sunset Pass, November 1, 1874, where he was wounded. Of the first conflict the *Arizona Daily Citizen* of Tucson commented in its Saturday, May 16 issue:

"It will be noted from our dispatch that Lt. King has made an excellent strike against the hostile Apaches and is proving himself worthy of the eminent stock from which he springs."

Fifty years later, a long time in coming, King was awarded a Silver Star for his action at Diamond Butte, where he led fourteen enlisted men in an attack which killed eighteen Tonto Apaches.

The most important engagement, in terms of its effects on King's life, was that at Sunset Pass. Word had reached Camp Verde that a group of Tontos had driven off a herd of cattle about twenty miles north of camp. Leaving in late October, King was in command of a detail consisting of one other officer, Lt. George O. Eaton, thirty enlisted men, and some scouts,

intent on recapturing the cattle. As a result of a small skirmish at Snow Lake on the fourth evening out of camp the cattle were recovered. King divided his force, leaving half to guard the cattle and took his fifteen men of Co.'s "A" and "K" along with some scouts after the band of Indians.

The next day they arrived at Sunset Pass, twenty miles southwest from present-day Winslow, Arizona, and only eighteen miles from the Little Cottonwood River. In attacking the Tontos up the side of the mountain King was wounded twice. First, an arrow hit the outside of his left eye, and then, half-blinded by the blood, a bullet shattered the bone of his right arm, just below the shoulder. Sgt. Benjamin Taylor of Co. "A" earned a Congressional Medal of Honor that day by quickly picking up the small 1st Lt. and carrying him down the side of the mountain. His perilous rescue was assisted by the cover fire of troops under the leadership of Lt. Eaton.

The fate of war had just had a turning point. The injury to King's saber arm would not only pain him for years, but it would also result in his being discharged from the army. It helped turn his attention to writing in order to supplement his income, and was a factor in his decision to use a dictating machine in lieu of the painful writing to produce his works. The surgeon who inspected the wound found it to be a compound fracture:

"Under ordinary circumstances it was an injury that required the arm to be amputated, but I told him if he would do as I told him I would try and save the arm, and my instructions were to drink a gallon of whiskey a day, and remain in my quarters. And he did both. I made a mule litter and we packed him from Sunset Pass to Camp Verde and took care of him there for about two months."

King's injury took him out of service for a lengthy period. When the 6th Cavalry replaced the 5th at Camp Verde, King was ordered with his regiment to report to the Department of the Missouri at Camp Riley, Kansas. At his new base he could only perform garrison duty. Irritated by his wound as well as his failure to receive the promotion to a brevet-Captain for his Apache campaigning, he complained in his autobiographical account:

"There were no honors, no rewards, and in the actual fighting we had to win or die, mercifully if killed outright, by slow and fiendish torture if taken alive."

Yet, the following year the Sioux War broke out and King would participate in what he as well as many others have called "our greatest Indian campaign," against the Sioux and Cheyenne, culminating in the famous Big Horn and Yellowstone Expedition. Since the total story of the war is well-known, it need not be repeated, other than to trace King's role in it.

He was the acting regimental adjutant at the start of the war, and by his own account, he had just reported to his commander, Col. Eugene A.

Carr, on June 1, 1876, when orders arrived at Riley ordering his group to the area of hostilities. It was in this capacity that King met Cody at the train station at Cheyenne, eight days later, after the famous scout and showman had left his show to rejoin the 5th Cavalry as chief scout. King's autobiographical account of the Sioux War, *Campaigning With Crook*, states that it was Cody who told him the news of the Custer disaster at the Little Big Horn. It had taken place about two hundred miles northwest of Ft. Laramie on June 25, but the 5th did not learn of it until July 7.

His most notable experience during the war, one for which he has long been remembered, was to serve as the most accurate eye-witness of the famous "duel" between Buffalo Bill and Yellow Hand, the young Cheyenne chief. The scene was War Bonnet (or Hat) Creek on July 17, 1876. That morning King was detailed to lead an advance guard of the 5th in an attempt to prevent the Cheyennes from the Red Cloud Agency from joining the Sioux of Sitting Bull. War Bonnet Creek, close to the Wyoming, South Dakota and Nebraska border junction, was where King gave a signal for Cody and seven others to surprise the large group of Cheyennes, by approaching their flank. According to King:

"I see Buffalo Bill closing on a superbly accoutred warrior. It is the work of a minute; the Indian has fired and missed. Cody's bullet tears through the rider's leg, into his pony's heart, and they tumble in confused heap on the prairie. The Cheyenne struggles to his feet for another shot, but Cody's second bullet crashes through his brain, and the young chief, Yellow Hand, drops lifeless in his tracks."

It was this account which was first made known to the public. On July 21 the command had returned to Ft. Laramie, and Cody had a telegram waiting for him from James Gordon Bennett of the *New York Herald*, requesting an account of the fight. Cody "asked King to write this for him, and King composed what he later referred to as a 'brief telegraphic story, say one-eighth of a column'." It is known that Cody saw King's account, consistent with the above, and did not object. An element of confusion was added by some junior editor in New York who expanded King's account into a couple of columns for the Sunday, July 28 *Tribune*. Yet, it did not differ as greatly as did the later account of Cody, which has been used widely by movies and television because of its greater dramatic appeal.

The Cody version, which appeared later in his autobiography may have been motivated by publicity for his theatrical show. Very briefly, this version has Yellow Hand recognize Cody, approach him, and issue a personal challenge:

"I know you, Pa-he-haska; if you want to fight, come ahead and fight me."

A hand-to-hand combat follows, during which Yellow Hand is killed, then scalped, and raised on high for arriving troops with the shout: "The first scalp for Custer." According to the definitive biography of Cody by

Don Russell, the story is apocryphal. All in all, the importance of War Bonnet is that it prevented the Cheyenne from joining the Sioux—besides Yellow Hand only two Indians were killed there. King, along with his regiment, finished the campaign by joining Crook's column and participating in the principal fight at Slim Buttes, September 8 and 10, 1876.

For nearly three more years King had varying experiences in the military. For one month, July 10 to August 10, 1877, he served as the acting Adjutant General for Brevet General Wesley Merritt's command during the suppression of railroad riots in Chicago. He continued the same duties in the Wind River column when the 3d and 5th Cavalries were in pursuit of Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce, as well as when he returned to Ft. D. A. Russell. Then, in 1878, he was told that, due to the wound from Sunset Pass, he could not pass the physical. He was allowed to remain until he received his promotion to Captain in 1879, and then was retired on June 14 of that year. Thus, King was discharged for the first time—there would be a second—and thus ended his experience as a plains Indian fighter except for being relived in the pages of his many novels on the subject.

Returning to his home state King was in the position that many Army men find themselves in sooner or later—adjusting to a civilian environment by finding a job. During the summer of 1880 he was offered a position as Professor of Military Science and Tactics at the University of Wisconsin—a post he accepted. As a land-grant college under the terms of the Morrill Act, Wisconsin was to provide instruction in military tactics and training. However, before his appointment, "things were in a horrible state of disregard." Despite obsolete equipment, poor facilities and hostility on the part of a large segment of the faculty, King somehow developed a unit that resembled a trained militia. It was probably most gratifying for him when, the following spring, General John Gibbon praised the outfit at their first inspection.

King began a long association with the state's militia, the Wisconsin National Guard, in 1882. That year he was promoted to Col. and assumed the duty of aide-de-camp to the governor. Within the next sixteen years he held, successively, the positions of acting Inspector General, Inspector General and Instructor, a Col. commanding his own regiment, and then, in 1895, Adjutant General of the state with the rank of Brigadier General. During some of those years he also taught at St. Johns Military Academy at Delafield, Wisconsin, as well as serving a term on the Board of Visitors to the academy at West Point. One brief, but notable, experience was that of helping to quell the eight-hour-day riots which took place in the Bay View area of Milwaukee on May 5, 1886, the day after the Haymarket riot in nearby Chicago. He was instrumental in secretly having ammunition shipped into the city by rail and led a group which restored order at the "Milwaukee Garden," a beer hall that served as the gathering place for the agitators.

During the same years following his discharge from the active Army King's writing pen had been active. Actually, he had already tried his hand at a novel before the Sunset Pass skirmish. While stationed at New Orleans he had written a novel on the Ku Klux Klan, *Kitty's Conquest*, which was returned with a refusal in a few weeks. King had simply placed it aside then, but now he felt the need for additional income. In fact, it was so pressing that he could not provide a sum to cover basic expenses when an old friend from the Milwaukee Light Guards offered to run it serially in the magazine he was editing, *The United Service*. King did, however, contribute a few articles to the magazine.

King's second written, but first published book was his account of his experiences in the Sioux War, *Campaigning With Crook*. It began as a talk to the members of a downtown Milwaukee club in the spring of 1880. One of the members present was from the newspaper his father had once edited, *The Milwaukee Sentinel*. Many years later King reported that he "was astonished when the journalist urged me to put it in writing for [a Sunday feature of] his paper." And so began a series of articles as Sunday features, when a second was prepared to coincide with the arrival in Milwaukee of Buffalo Bill's show. In somewhat revised form the sketches were published as a paperback under the title, *Fifth Cavalry in the Sioux War of 1876*, with *Campaigning With Crook* as its sub-title. Although published in May, its 500 copies were sold out before the end of the year. With modifications of a brief nature, it was published under its recognized title in 1890 by Harper and Brothers. It, along with John G. Bourke's *On the Border With Crook* and *War-Paths and Bivouac* by John F. Finerty ranks as one of the best accounts of the Indian Wars—the most-frequently cited by scholars of the Big Horn and Yellowstone Expedition.

The success of the small publication of that first edition of *Campaigning With Crook*, combined with his earlier magazine articles led to his serialization, through 1881 and the early part of 1882 of *The Colonel's Daughter*. It became his first published novel and second published book when it was published by Lippincott in 1883. And so began a long career in writing for Charles King. As he commented:

"From that time on, for thirty years my pen was seldom idle and in the course of those thirty years some sixty books and two hundred and fifty short stories were the result."

If he lacked imagination and skill, he was successful and prolific. He returned from a European visit in 1894 with a wife injured in a fall. His beloved Adelaide had suffered a vertical broken bone in her right leg that eventually made an invalid of her. Arriving home, he found out that the Panic of 1893 had also demolished his bank account. The pressures of writing for a cash return did not produce works of a literary merit, for he described the situation—

"I was back in Milwaukee, writing day and night, and had I had two heads and six pairs of hands I could not have accepted the chances given me. In the year that followed my return I wrote three or four long and I don't know how many short stories."

While writing at a frantic pace King found the time to maintain his military activities. When the Spanish-American War broke out, Wisconsin was asked to volunteer three regiments, and a few weeks later the President's list of Brigadier Generals included Arthur MacArthur and Charles King. What had happened, according to King, was that his old commander, Major General Wesley Merritt, had wired the War Department and requested the services of King. Recalled to active duty on May 27, 1898, with the rank of Brigadier General of Volunteers, he served briefly as the Commander of the 2d Brigade, Independent Division, 8th Army Corps at Camp Merritt, San Francisco from June 12 to August 15. Scheduled to leave for the Philippines, he was "bumped" twice—first by his "friend," MacArthur and next by General Harrison Gray Otis. The MacArthur decision seems justified since he had more time in the service than King. But, since Otis had less time than King, it seems to give strength to his story that President McKinley was behind his old Civil War commander of the 23d Ohio.

Hawaii was closer to the Philippines than San Francisco, and when an opportunity came for King to serve as the commander of a group of troops being shipped there, he fairly jumped at the chance. After two delays he finally arrived on August 28, less than two months after its annexation by the United States. There, King served briefly as the first Commanding General of the District of Hawaii, headquartered at Honolulu, then left for the Philippines on November 10. By mid-December he had arrived and had been made commander of the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 8th Army Corps, while MacArthur headed the 2d Brigade of the same division. He participated with merit in some of the earlier battles of the Philippine Insurrection led by Aguinaldo, especially at the Battle of Santa Ana. There he very successfully defended his perimeter line of defense, then was successful in an attack that routed the Filipinos. By his account, he lost seventeen of his 1700 men and had only 71 wounded while they buried 161 of the enemy. For his action in the battle, which took place in late January, 1899, King was recommended for promotion to Major General, but it was turned down. In May, 1899, he requested to be returned to the United States due to ill health. His "second" military career ended with a discharge on August 2, 1899 and King again returned to civilian status.

Before he assumed the duties of the Superintendent of the Michigan Military Academy at Orchard Lake he participated in a public ceremony. MacArthur, now a Major General for his action in the Philippines, and King were presented ceremonial swords by their home town of Milwaukee. This

didn't end his military career, however. In 1904, at the age of sixty, he was commissioned a Brigadier General in the Wisconsin National Guard in order to act as an instructor for the troops. He remained active in that capacity until he died, in 1933, even being credited with active service during World War I when he helped to train many of the members of the famed 32d (Red Arrow) Division, which fought valiantly in France.

Although one side of his dual career, that of a writer of novels, ended with the publication of his last book in 1909, *Lanier of The Cavalry, or A Week's Arrest*, the other continued. In those, the twilight years of his life, laurels were heaped upon him. In 1919 he had received the World War Victory Medal as well as a Civil War Service Medal, and, as mentioned above, received a Silver Star—fifty years after the battle of Diamond Butte, Arizona Territory—in May, 1924 for his distinguished service there. One month later he was awarded a Distinguished Service Cross. He was one of the few officers allowed to wear five campaign badges, for his action in the Civil War, Indian Wars, Spanish-American War, Philippine Insurrection and World War I. And the honors continued. On his 84th birthday in 1928 Wisconsin had a state-wide celebration in his honor and the words of his address were broadcast throughout the state by radio. The following year it was a promotion, at age eighty-four, to Major General, and three years later, on June 30, 1932—less than a year before his death—he was officially credited by the War Department with over seventy years of active service.

But, the honors had to cease. On March 17, 1933, less than two weeks after the inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt as President, King tripped over a rug in his Carlton Hotel Apartment in Milwaukee, and fell, breaking his shoulder. Due to his age, 88, shock was an important factor in contributing to his death. On March 20 he was buried at Forest Home Cemetery in Milwaukee with military honors, and with scores of military and civilian officials attending. He had a long and eventful life, extending from the pre-Civil War period to the early days of the New Deal. Shortly after World War I, when someone suggested that King's name be removed from the lists due to his age, Major General Harbord, Deputy Chief of Staff, made it mandatory that only the Chief of Staff could remove his name. In justifying his action he commented:

"General King is not only a soldier, he is an institution in the American Army. When I first entered the army the name of General King of the Fifth Cavalry was famous throughout the service."

At the time of his death General King left unfinished a history of the Indian Wars which he had begun two years before at the request of military authorities.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

We are informed by way of the May 1966 issue of the Western History Newsletter that there have been formed two new Westerners Posses as follows:

Bill McGaw, editor of the Southwesterner reports the formation of a new Westerners corral in El Paso. Designated El Paso Westerners' Remuda, it meets every two months. President is C. L. Sonnichsen of Texas Western College. Marshall Hail serves as VP. John Midagh is Treasurer and Bill McGaw, Secretary. Bill writes us that one of the reasons for the formation of this corral was to assist during the Western History Assn. convention in October. The address is:

Box 10016, El Paso Texas.

Also a new Corral has been formed in Fort Worth, Texas. Reggan Houston is Sheriff.

We are in receipt of a letter from the Westerners, New York Posse advising us

of their annual Buffalo Award for the best nonfiction book published in 1965. This notice came in too late for our last edition. However, remember that they meet seven times per year at the 7th Regiment Armory, at 6:30 P.M.

Through our good PM Dr. Nolie Mumey we are advised that the Georgetown, Star Hook and Ladder Authority, Inc. is attempting to raise money to rehabilitate the three old fire houses, one dating back to 1869. Contributions will be acknowledged in a permanent list of donors to be placed on display in the Star Hook and Ladder Building.

Andy Dyatt (R), has just returned from Thailand. Reports that Americans there are very welcome and graciously received. Andy tells of a wonderful and exciting trip that he and Mrs. Dyatt made recently.



Westerner's Bookshelf



MIRRORS, MICE & MUSTACHES, by George D. Hendricks, The Texas Folklore Society, Southern Methodist Univ. Press, Dallas, Texas, 1966. Paperback, \$3.00.

"A Sampling of Superstitions & Popular Beliefs in Texas" is the subtitle of this first publication which marks the beginning of PAISANO BOOKS, a series to be brought out by the Texas Folklore Society.

George D. Hendricks has collected, from all over Texas, over 6,000 superstitions and has published in this volume only those which have not yet appeared in print in Texas.

The items are grouped by subject matter such as Animals, Birth, Death, Dreams, Wishes, Seasons and Weather.

These examples give some indication of the contents of this booklet:

"To keep snakes away from your house, burn old shoes of your family's at all four corners."

"If you catch a grasshopper and bite his head off, you'll find some money."

"A stomach-ache can be cured by hanging a pair of trousers upside down."

Carrie Scott Ellis, CM

THE SILVER SPUR

We nominate Dr. Nolie Mumey, PM for the award of the Silver Spur for the publication of his latest book, the papers and diary of Rev. Rankin. This is a great addition to the early history of Denver.

NEW HANDS ON THE RANGE

GUY L. V. EMERSON
515 Midland Savings Building
Denver, Colorado 80202

Mr. Emerson comes to us through his long standing friendship with Fred Mazzulla, PM. His interests lie in the San Juan country, where he made history in mining, banking and other lines of endeavor. He is President of the Denver Mining Club and was president of the Colorado Bankers' Assn., in 1910-11. We welcome Mr. Emerson as a man who has contributed greatly to our state.

WAYNE C. HUME
2707 N. Chestnut St.
Colorado Springs 80907

Mr. Hume comes to us through Dr. Lester Williams. He is an eager historian, early Colorado railroads and mining town. He has had published articles in the Model Railroader Magazine. We hope that the

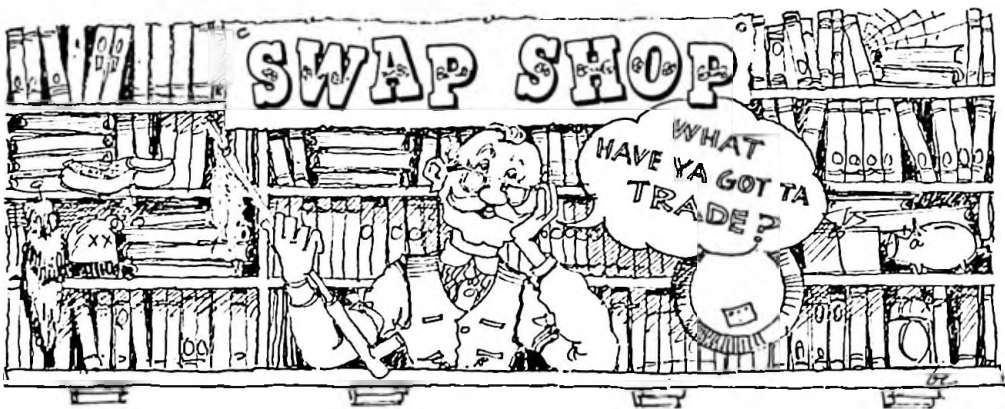
whistle will stop you frequently at our Press Club dinners.

GORDON E. GILLSON
90 Monterey Ave.,
Alamosa, Colorado 81101

Mr. Gillson became interested in the Westerners through Phil Lorton, CM of Alamosa. Mr. Gillson teaches history of Frontier America at Adams State College. Welcome, you will learn a lot of history attending the Westerners dinners.

COL. JAMES T. JOHNSON, USAF (Ret)
1899 Arapahoe Dr.,
Longmont, Colorado 80501

Col. Johnson comes to us through the combined efforts of C. F. West and Floyd Sturgeon, CM's. He currently is working on community projects in Longmont. Welcome, you will find many of your brothers-in-arms among our members.



Guess you characters are holding on to your swap items.

Nothing much to offer this month.

In last month's issue Numa James (PM,

wanted copies of the Colorado Historical Magazine. As itemized in Swap Shop. Now let the secret out. These numbers were never published, so don't look too hard trying to get that \$50.00.

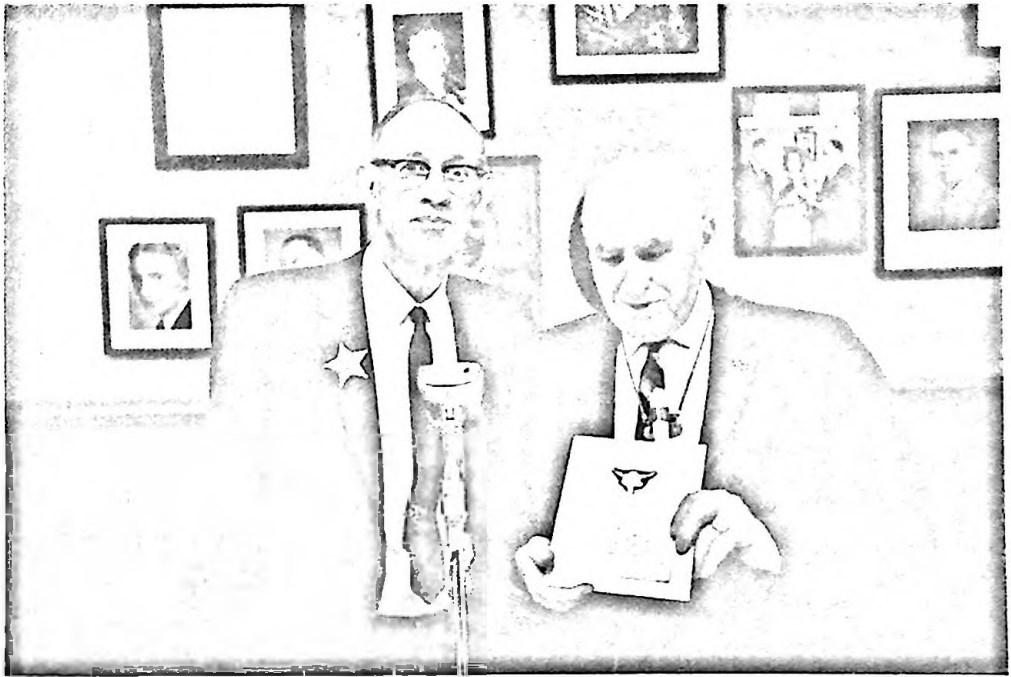
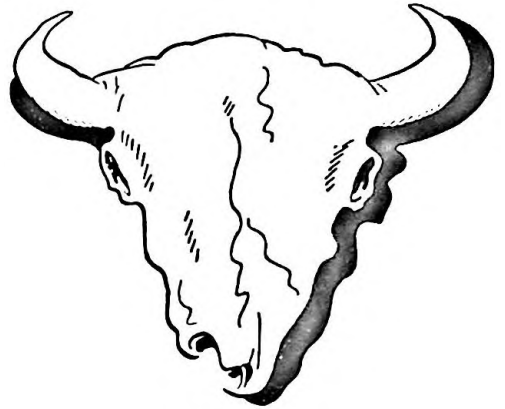
ATTENTION

Men, pack up your possible bag, put the little woman on the travois and high tail it for the Twenty-Six Club on August 27, 1966 for the annual Rendezvous. *DON'T MISS IT.*

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

JULY
1966
Volume XXII
Number 7

IN THIS ISSUE:
"ADVENTURES IN AMERICANA"
by
Dr. Clifford M. Drury



Sheriff Herstrom and Dr. Drury with plaque from Posse.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dr. Clifford M. Drury is a member of the Los Angeles Corral. He is a retired Minister of the Presbyterian Faith, former U. S. Navy Chaplain, writer, historian and meticulous researcher. For the past 32 years Dr. Drury has researched his subject of the early Protestant Missions in the Oregon Country. Out of his efforts have come several books, with more on the way. His careful work of writing, study and research make these books on the Oregon frontier some of the most valuable of Western Americana.

FUTURE MEETINGS

July 27, 1966.

Due to the fact the Press Club has cancelled our July meeting there, because of redecorating the club, there will be *NO JULY MEETING*.

August 27, 1966.

This is the annual Rendezvous of the Denver Posse of The Westerners. The meeting will be held at THE 26 CLUB, at 6 p.m. This is to be a gala affair; steak will be the item on the menu at the very nominal cost of \$6.50 per plate. Get your reservations in early. Remember to bring your lady fair.

Our speaker will be Bob Brown, PM. The program will be a pictorial presentation of some aspects of the San Juan silver rush. It promises to be quite as good as Bob's last presentation, plus a lot of new ideas. *DON'T MISS THIS ONE.*

September 28, 1966.

Speaker will be Clifford Westemeir, western history prof. at C.U. Subject: "The Image of the Cowboy."

THE DENVER WESTERNERS MONTHLY ROUNDUP

Volume XXII

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JULY

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Reservations for all meetings and dinners — Carl Mathews, The Westerners, 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Dinner \$3.25. Reservations only. (No guests with CMs.)

1966 OFFICERS

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Deputy Sheriff, Richard A. Ronzio

Roundup Foreman and Tally Man,

Fred M. Mazzulla

Chuck Wrangler, Carl Mathews

Registrar of Marks and Brands,

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Program Chairman, Robert L. Brown

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Philip W. Whiteley

Publications Chairman, Arthur L. Campa

Nominations Chairman, J. Nevin Carson

Book Review Chairman, W. Scott Broome

PLEASE RETURN YOUR CARDS FOR YOUR RESERVATIONS FOR THE AUGUST RENDEZVOUS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE SO THE CHUCK WRANGLER CAN MAKE ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE 26 CLUB.

Adventures in Americana

Clifford M. Drury

My interest in the missionary history of the Pacific Northwest began in 1934 when I was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Moscow, Idaho. That was four years before I was called to the faculty of the Seminary in San Anselmo, California. A few miles south of Moscow is the Clearwater River, a branch of the Snake, which flows through the heart of the Nez Perce country. This tribe of Indians now numbers about 1,500. It was to this tribe that the Presbyterian missionaries, the Rev. and Mrs. Henry H. Spalding came in 1836. They were appointees of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions with headquarters in Boston. The Board then enjoyed the support of both the Congregational and Presbyterian denominations.

In the summer of 1934 I was asked to teach a Bible class at the annual Nez Perce Presbyterian camp meeting held at Talmaks in the foothills of the Bitter Root Mountains. I took my portable typewriter with me in order to write down some of their legends. While at this meeting, I became aware of the fact that in 1936, then only two years away, the Nez Percés, the Presbyterian Church, and in fact all of Idaho should be observing the centennial of the arrival of the Spaldings, the first white family to settled in the State.

The Rev. and Mrs. Henry H. Spalding, Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman, and William Henry Gray, all Presbyterians, were sent out to Oregon by the American Board in 1836. Eliza Spalding and Narcissa Whitman were the first white American women to cross the Continental Divide. They with their husbands rode through South Pass on July 4, 1836, seven years in advance of the first great covered-wagon train to roll through that same Oregon gateway. Even though the mission party took a small wagon with them as far west as Fort Boise, the women rode most of the 1,900 miles which separated the Missouri frontier from Fort Walla Walla horseback on side-saddles! The Whitmans settled at Waiilatpu, near the present Walla Walla, Washington, while the Spaldings went to Lapwai near what is now Lewiston, Idaho.

When I first began my researches in the life of Henry Harmon Spalding with the hope that perhaps I would find enough material for a magazine article, I discovered that much had been written about Dr Whitman but practically nothing about Spalding. Whitman had become the center of an historical controversy through the promotion of the Whitman-Saved-Oregon story first given publicity by Spalding in some newspaper articles which appeared in 1865. Such an extensive literature developed as a result of this controversy that when Charles W. Smith, librarian at the University of Washington, prepared a bibliography of books, pamphlets, and magazine articles that had been published on Whitman, the titles alone ran to fifty-

five pages of the October, 1908 issue of the *Washington Historical Quarterly*. I soon realized that since so little had been published about Spalding, I had had the good fortune to discover an unploughed field in Northwest history.

Having received my doctor's degree in history from the University of Edinburgh in Scotland, I knew the importance and necessity of working from original documents. Thus when I began my researches in the story of Spalding, I resolved to write history and not fiction. I accepted without question the basic philosophy of good historical writing, which was to make it as factual, objective, and impartial as possible. This meant that I should bring out the shadows as well as the highlights of the story and tell the unpleasant as well as the pleasant. Since so much of the writing about Whitman has been fictionized and embellished with fanciful myths by certain "preacher-historians," my proposed entry into this field was greeted in some quarters with raised eyebrows.

Being blissfully unaware of the full extent of the writings on Whitman and also being unacquainted with the many ramifications of the Whitman-Saved-Oregon story, I set about in the late summer of 1934 to see what material I could find for a magazine article on Henry Harmon Spalding.

I began my researches in this field at the end of a generation which was passing. My first discovery of original source material came when I called on Mrs. Mary Spalding, the widow of Henry Hart Spalding, a son of the pioneer missionary. Her husband had been born at Lapwai on November 24, 1839. Nearly a century later, or in August, 1934, I called on his widow at her home at Almota, a little settlement on the Snake River below Lewiston. After telling her of my intention to write a magazine article about her father-in-law, I asked if she had any original letters or other documents which were written by or belonged to her father-in-law. To my delight I found that she had eight original letters written by either Henry or his wife Eliza Spalding. All were unpublished. The first letter, dated September, 1883 was written from Hudson, Ohio, where the two were students at the time. The next letter, dated March 31, 1834, was from Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati, Ohio, where they were studying under Dr. Lyman Beecher. Other letters included some of the first accounts they wrote of the Nez Perce. One gave a graphic description of their first trip into the Lapwai Valley.

As soon as I saw these letters, I realized that I had too much good material for just a magazine article. I should write a book about Spalding. I asked Mrs. Spalding if she would sell the letters, and I found that she was willing to do so for \$50.00. Those were the days of the depression when wheat was selling in the Inland Empire for 25c a bushel and minister's salaries were in like ratio. Frankly, I didn't have any extra \$50.00 to pay out for old letters at that time but I wrote a check for that amount knowing I would

get back to my bank before the check would. I then wrote a note and in time was reimbursed by the Presbyterian Historical Society of Philadelphia where the collection of letters are now on deposit. Here I began a custom which I consistently followed throughout these past thirty years and more. Whenever I have come into the possession of important historical documents, I have turned them over to some recognized library or depository. From an historian's standpoint, I feel strongly that it is important to place such documents in well established institutions where they will be preserved, indexed, and made available to qualified students, rather than to permit them to pass into the hands of private individuals who may wish to make money on some future sale.

A BONANZA OF HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS

My next important discovery of historical materials came a few weeks later when I heard that Whitman College at Walla Walla had a trunk full of old documents which had been turned over to the College by the Rev. Myron Eells, a son of the Rev. and Mrs. Cushing Eells, members of the 1838 reenforcement of the Oregon Mission of the American Board. I drove to Walla Walla and met Dr. H. S. Brode, who was in charge of the museum and as such had custody of the trunk full of documents. Dr. Brode was a geologist and more interested in fossils and minerals than in old letters and diaries. Consequently the trunk had been put in the attic of the main college building where it had remained for decades.

Into the attic we went and when the trunk was opened, I found the original diaries of both the Rev. and Mrs. Henry H. Spalding; bundles of letters from other members of the mission tied with old faded ribbons; letters from Dr. John McLoughlin and others connected with the Hudson's Bay Company; letters from old settlers in Oregon; bundles of old newspapers and magazines; and a variety of other documents relating to the history of the Oregon Mission of the American Board. Elsewhere in the library of the College, I saw one of the original diaries of Narcissa Whitman. The old trunk in the attic contained a veritable bonanza of historical documents, most of which had been consulted by Myron Eells when he was writing his *Marcus Whitman*. Even then, with my immature knowledge of the mission story, I realized that here was a wealth of historical material which had not been fully or properly used.

Dr. Brode kindly let me take the material to my home in Moscow, Idaho, where I first sorted it out by subject and then by chronological sequence. I began writing my biography of Spalding in September, 1934 from these original sources which were spread out on my desk before me, not knowing the end of the story from its beginning. By March 1, 1935, I had finished a manuscript of about 120,000 words. This I had been able to do in spite of the fact that I continued to carry on the work of a church of about 400

members plus the duties connected with ministering to almost that many Presbyterian students enrolled at the University of Idaho located in Moscow. My great enthusiasm for my project made my writing possible.

THE NEZ PERCE DELEGATION OF 1831

The inspiration for the founding of the Methodist Mission in the Willamette Valley of Oregon by the Rev. Jason Lee and his associates in 1834 and the establishment of the American Board's Mission in the upper Columbia River Valley by the Whitmans and the Spaldings in 1836 arose out of what has come to be known as the "Nez Perce Delegation" which visited General William Clark in St. Louis in the fall of 1831. At the same time there came to St. Louis a half-breed Wyandotte Indian from Sandusky, Ohio, William Walker, who was making arrangements with General Clark for land for his people west of the Mississippi. Walker was a devout Methodist. While in General Clark's office one day, he was told about the visit of four Indians "from west of the Stony mountains" who had made the long trip to St. Louis to get the white man's religion, especially the Bible and Christian teachers. By that time one of the four had died and a second was near death. He was on a bed in an adjoining room.

Walker called on the sick Indian and noticed that he had a deformed head. Many of the Indians in that day along the Columbia River depressed the forehead of an infant by tying a board over the head so as to make it grow as a wedge-shaped skull. Walker drew a picture of this Indian who died shortly afterwards. After returning to his home in Ohio, Walker waited a year and then wrote an account of the visit of the four Indians to St. Louis and sent it to a friend who in turn gave it to the editor of the *New York Christian Advocate and Journal and Zion's Herald*. The story with the picture appeared in the March 1, 1883, issue of the paper. It was the publication of this "Macedonian appeal" which stirred the Methodists, the Congregationalists, and the Presbyterians to send missionaries to far-away Oregon.

Walker called the Indians "Flatheads" perhaps from the deformed head of the sick Indian. This has led to some confusion as some writers have claimed that the members of this delegation came from the Flathead tribe in what is now Montana. It is known that this tribe did send delegations to St. Louis in later years. In my opinion, however, the evidence is overwhelming in favor of accepting the Nez Perce claim that three of the four were from that tribe while the fourth was half-Nez Perce and half-Flathead. Dr. Whitman, in his Journal written on his first trip to the Rockies in the summer of 1835, accepts this view. The burial records of the two Indians who died in St. Louis, which have been located in the Roman Catholic Cathedral of that city, indicate that one was a Nez Perce and the other a Flathead. George Catlin, the famous painter of western Indians, painted the portraits of the two survivors the next spring and called them Nez Perce.

In the course of my researches, I found new evidence for linking up this delegation of 1831 with the Nez Perce in their genealogy. Black or Speaking Eagle, who died in St. Louis and was buried under the name of Keepelele, has descendants among the Nez Perce to this day. One of these descendants was Blackeagle, an active member of the Presbyterian Church of Kamiah and a good friend of mine. Rabbit-Skin-Leggins, whose portrait was painted by Catlin, had a sister Tis-koup, whose daughter, Mrs. Emelia Johnson, was still living when I began work on my Spalding book. She was then about eighty years old. I got her picture. It was her Uncle Rabbit-Skin-Leggins who went to St. Louis in 1831 to get the white man's Bible. The Nez Percés are proud of the fact that the members of this delegation came from their tribe.

A second point under some discussion was the motivation of the delegation. Why did these four undertake such a long journey? Some say they went out of curiosity just to see how the white man lived. It is my contention that the motivation was distinctly religious. Having heard about the white man's religion, they went to learn more and if possible to obtain Christian missionaries. Convincing support for this thesis came from an experience I had in August 1935 when I found Spokane Garry's Bible.

Spokane Garry was a lad from the Spokane tribe who was sent by the Hudson's Bay Company to an Anglican mission school near what is now Winnipeg, Canada, in 1825. There he was baptized and there he learned to read and speak English. He returned to his people in 1829 and read to them out of a Bible. Among those who went to Spokane Falls to hear Spokane Garry was a young man from the Nez Perce tribe who was later known as Lawyer because of his eloquence. He is believed to have been half-Nez Perce and half-Flathead. Since the Spokane Indians spoke the Flathead tongue, Lawyer could understand Spokane Garry. On August 27, 1839, the Rev. A. B. Smith, an American Board missionary stationed at Kamiah, wrote to his Board and gave the following account of what happened: "About ten years ago a young Spokane by the name of Spokane Garry, who had been at the Red River school, returned. My teacher, the Lawyer, saw him and learned from him respecting the Sabbath and some other things which he had heard at the school. . . . He returned and communicated what he had heard to his people. Soon after which six individuals set out for the States, in search, as he says of christian teachers. Two of this number turned back in the mountains; the other four went on and arrived at St. Louis, where two died."

Hearing that a granddaughter of Spokane Garry was living among the Spokane Indians in the vicinity of Spokane, I called on her on August 23, 1935. She was Mrs. Joe Nozer. When I asked if she had her grandfather's Bible, I found to my delight that she had. She brought to me a bundle wrapped in a bandanna handkerchief. With trembling fingers I untied the

knot. There was a small Bible printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1804, a small New Testament, and a prayer book, all bound in leather. In one of the books I found a letter written by Henry H. Spalding to Spokane Garry dated March 28, 1874. This letter gave convincing proof that the books had indeed been owned by Spokane Garry. Undoubtedly that was the very Bible from which Spokane Garry read when Lawyer heard him. Judging the importance of the events which followed, that Bible is one of the most important books in the history of the Pacific Northwest. Spokane Garry's reading from it inspired the Nez Perces to send a delegation to St. Louis to get a Bible for their tribe and Christian teachers, and the announcement of this visitation inspired the sending of the Methodist's and American Board's missions to the Old Oregon country.

I tried to buy the Bible from Mrs. Nozer but she refused to sell it. I remember that my offer was tempting, but clasping the Bible to her breast she said: "I cannot sell my grandfather's Bible." The Bible is now supposed to be in the custody of a bank in Spokane.

THREE EXPERIENCES WITH FIRE

I have had three experiences in collecting historical documents which followed or preceded fires. While living at Moscow, Idaho, I learned that two of the daughters of Perrin Whitman were residing at Lewiston, about forty miles south of my home. Perrin Whitman, a nephew of Dr. Whitman's, went out to Oregon as a fourteen-year-old boy with his uncle in 1843. Perrin escaped the Whitman massacre because he happened to be at The Dalles at the time. Since he had learned the native language, he was in demand by the U.S. Government as an interpreter. One of his daughters married Charles Monteith, the brother of John who was an Indian Agent at Lapwai at the time of the Chief Joseph uprising of 1877.

Perrin Whitman and his family settled at Lapwai in 1863. His two daughters were therefore, well acquainted with Spalding and many of the Nez Perces active in the Chief Joseph uprising. I called on Mrs. Charles Monteith and her sister, Mrs. Sophia Mallory at their home in Lewiston, Idaho, in the fall of 1934. I was there on a cold evening when a fire was burning in their fireplace. After telling them what I planned to do in regard to writing the history of the Whitman-Spalding mission, I asked if they had any letters of their father's or of Dr. Whitman's. One then replied: "Why didn't you come earlier? Just two weeks ago my sister and I sat before this fireplace and burned the contents of a small trunk which contained our father's papers." My heart sank within me as I asked: "Did you save anything?" "Yes," she answered, "we raked one bundle of letters out of the fire." She went into an adjoining room and returned with a bundle of letters about three inches thick which was charred around the edges with fire. The first document I pulled out was a letter from General William T. Sherman, then

in San Francisco, to John B. Monteith giving directions regarding the Chief Joseph uprising. There were other documents of like importance. I was able to obtain possession of these papers which I turned over to the Spokane Public Library where they are now on deposit.

My second experience with fire ended more favorably. On one of my trips to Rushville, New York, the birthplace of Dr. Marcus Whitman, I learned that a son of one of Dr. Whitman's medical school classmates was living nearby. He was Carlton Pratt, then an old man. I called on him in the hope that he might have some correspondence that his father Dr. Jonathan Pratt, might have had with Dr. Whitman. I found Carlton Pratt living in one of the most poverty-stricken homes I have ever seen. Chickens were actually using one of the rooms as a chicken-house. The house was dirty and cluttered with junk beyond description. But even in the midst of such neglect, I could see evidences of better days which either Carlton Pratt or his father had enjoyed. Some of the items of furniture were antiques of value.

After chatting with the old man for a few minutes, I asked him if he had any Whitman letters. He replied that he thought he had but that they had been in a drawer of an antique desk which someone had recently bought. "What happened to the contents of the drawers," I asked. "They were dumped on the floor," he replied. After scratching through the accumulation of old papers on the floor, I found two Whitman letters, the oldest known to be extant. One was dated September 11, 1827, which is now in the library of Washington State University at Pullman, Washington. The other, dated February 5, 1828, is in the archives of the Presbyterian Historical Society. Among the discarded papers on the floor, I also found a diary kept by Jonathan Pratt which contained references to Marcus Whitman and a number of other documents of relevant interest, all of which I turned over to the library in Pullman. These discoveries opened a new chapter in Dr. Whitman's life covering the years 1825-28 which I included in my *Marcus Whitman, M.D.*

I also found in a closet in Carlton Pratt's home a complete file of the weekly edition of the *New York Herald* (if my memory serves me correctly) for the whole Civil War period. I was able to purchase this file from the old man and then turned it over to the Pullman Library. A few weeks after I secured these documents and papers, fire destroyed the Carlton Pratt home. He escaped but lost all of his meager possessions.

My third experiences with fire also ended favorably as far as I was concerned. Hearing that the youngest son of Elkanah and Mary Walker, who were in the reenforcement of 1838, was still living at Forest Grove, Oregon, I called on him. He was Sam Walker, the last living direct descendant of any member of the Oregon Mission of the American Board. I was then gathering material for the third volume of my trilogy, *Elkanah and*

Mary Walker. I remember him telling me in the summer of 1938: "My parents rode horseback over the Rockies just one hundred years ago." Again, I came on the scene at the end of a generation which was passing.

When I last visited Sam, he greeted me by saying: "I am glad you came as I have been cleaning house and have some more items for you." He took me to his old garage and there on the dirt floor was a miscellaneous assortment of items, enough to fill an applebox. Among the items were seven or eight books out of the old mission library with notations by Spalding; the original drawing made of the Eells-Walker mission station at Tshimakain near Spokane by the German botanist, K. A. Geyer, in 1844; several volumes from Dr. Whitman's medical library; old letters and other documents. One item in particular attracted my attention. It was a small leather bound French-English dictionary. On a flyleaf page was an inscription which recalled some entries in the diary that Mary Walker had kept when she crossed the plains in 1838 with the caravan of the American Fur Company in the summer of that year. She made several references to a Swiss gentleman who regaled her with stories of the high mountains of Switzerland, the big St. Bernard dogs, and how these dogs had dug people out of snow slides. He was Captain John Sutter on his way to California. When he said goodbye to the Walkers at the Whitman station, he gave them his French-English dictionary and there it was on the floor of Sam Walker's garage. The inscription read: "Elkanah Walker. Presented by Capt. Sutor." This volume is now on display in the museum at the Whitman Mission National Historic Site. The other items secured that day from Sam Walker are in the library of Washington State University at Pullman. A few weeks after getting this material, the Walker home in Forest Grove burned with all of its contents. Sam Walker and his wife barely escaped with their lives. How fortunate that I was able to get this applebox full of items before the fire destroyed the home.

SOME PERSONAL CONTACTS WITH THE PAST

Mention has already been made of several contacts with a generation which was passing, and there are others worthy of report. In the summer of 1936 when looking for historical material pertaining to Marcus Whitman in the vicinity of his boyhood home in western New York, I called on J. C. Fox, a grandson of Henry Whitman, a brother of Marcus. Fox had daguerreotypes of two of the brothers of Marcus Whitman and with the lot of old pictures was one of an unidentified woman. The daguerreotype was made by the same photographer who took the likenesses of the two Whitman brothers. There was every reason to believe that the picture was that of Mrs. Beza Whitman, the mother of Marcus. I learned that there lived in nearby Middlesex, New York, an old lady who had shortly before observed her 101st birthday. She was a friend of the Whitman family and had known

Mrs. Beza Whitman. I called and showed her the daguerreotype. She took one look and said: "I knew her. That is Mrs. Loomis. I used to go to church in Rushville with her." Since Mrs. Whitman married Calvin Loomis after the death of her first husband, the identification was complete.

Again in the summer of 1936 while in the vicinity of Rushville, New York, I called on Miss Caroline Housel of Naples who was born in 1835 and was a little girl eight years old when Dr. Whitman spoke in her church at Naples on Oregon. Her mind was clear when I visited her and she had vivid memories of the incident. She recalled that her church then made a contribution of about \$100 for the Oregon Mission. Miss Housel died in October 1938 and was no doubt the last living person who had a personal memory of Marcus Whitman.

The first two converts from the Nez Perces, who were baptized by Spalding and received into the First Presbyterian Church of Oregon on November 17, 1839, were given the baptismal names of Joseph and Timothy. This was old Joseph, the father of Young or Chief Joseph of the 1877 uprising. Timothy was without doubt the most sincere of all of Spalding's converts. He was a little boy about five years of age when Lewis and Clark passed through his country and carried throughout his life memories of that experience. He died in 1890 or 1891 and a monument has been erected in his honor on a bluff overlooking the Snake River at Clarkston, Washington.

Among the items I secured from a Presbyterian missionary at Lapwai, Miss Mary Crawford, was a picture of Timothy. This I turned over to Mrs. Rowena Alcorn in 1935 who painted a portrait of Timothy from that photograph. Incidentally Mrs. Alcorn, now of Tacoma, has painted an excellent series of Nez Perces portraits several of whom were with Chief Joseph in his famous trek over the Lolo Trail into Montana in 1877. A colored reproduction of Mrs. Alcorn's painting of Timothy appeared in my Spalding biography. Before this book was published, Mrs. Alcorn and I took the painting to Lapwai to show it to an old Indian woman who we learned had known Timothy. This old woman was perhaps in her nineties. She could speak English. When we placed the portrait before her, she sat for some time without saying anything. Then tears came to her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. Finally she said in a low voice: "Timotsa, Timotsa." The picture brought back memories and made us feel that the likeness was a good one.

Spalding escaped the Whitman massacre but was obliged to leave his mission field. He returned to his beloved Nez Perces in the fall of 1871. He had with him then a colleague, the Rev. Henry T. Cowley. Together they led a great spiritual revival which resulted in about 1,000 baptisms among the Cayuse, Walla Walla, Nez Perce, and Spokane Indians. In the summer of 1949 I interviewed an old Spokane Indian at Wellpinit, Washington, who was nearly 100 years old. He was blind, almost toothless, and spoke no English. Through an interpreter he told me that he had been baptized by

Spalding at a spring near Cheney in the summer of 1873. He was no doubt the last survivor of those baptized by the veteran missionary.

OLD BOOKS WITH ASSOCIATION INTERESTS

The importance of a choice book for some historical collection is not always dependent upon the date and place of publication or even the scarcity of the issue. Sometimes the important fact is the inscription on a flyleaf page. It is this which makes the French-English dictionary of Captain John Sutter, mentioned above, of special interest. I wish to refer to two other volumes with inscriptions which I had the good fortune to locate in my researches.

Among the victims of the Whitman massacre which occurred on November 29-30, 1847, was young man, Andrew Rodgers, who arrived at Waiilatpu in the fall of 1845. He was hired by Whitman to be the teacher of the mission school. Shortly afterwards Rodgers decided to study for the ministry. On May 15, 1846, Dr. Whitman wrote to the American Board in Boston, where his letter may still be seen, and requested a number of theological textbooks including a lexicon of New Testament Greek by Robinson. The books were sent by sea around South America, taken up the Columbia to Fort Walla Walla, and then overland the last twenty-five miles to Waiilatpu where they arrived some time in the spring of 1847.

Following the Whitman massacre and at the time of the rescue of the survivors by the Hudson's Bay Company, some of the personal belongings of the victims were gathered up and taken to the Willamette Valley. Included were some of the belongings of Andrew Rodgers which were turned over to the Rev. Wilson Blain who was the editor of Oregon's first newspaper, the *Oregon Spectator*. While serving on the faculty of San Francisco Theological Seminary at San Anselmo, California, I heard that a grandson of Wilson Blain was living in nearby San Leandro. Thinking that perhaps he might have some copies of the *Spectator* I called on him. I was disappointed to learn that he had no copies of that rare paper but he did turn over to me a box full of his grandfather's theological books. After returning home, I examined them more closely. My first reaction was negative. The books were common and practically worthless. And then I came to a copy of Robinson's *Greek Lexicon* published in 1836. On the flyleaf page was the name "Andrew Rodgers" which I later identified as being in his handwriting! Here was a genuine relic of the Whitman massacre. Here was a textbook used by the first candidate for the Christian ministry on the Pacific coast. This book is now in the archives of San Francisco Theological Seminary.

A second experience also involved an inscription on a flyleaf of an old book. For some twenty-five years or more I have been working on an annotated bibliography of California imprints for the years 1846-76 which bear

upon religious, educational, or social activities in California. This Bibliography, now completed with about 1,000 titles, has been accepted for publication in the near future by the California Historical Society. Acting upon the assumption that any item published in California before 1877 deserves to be called rare, I told my wife to keep her eyes open for such publications. One day she attended a rummage sale in San Rafael and came across a copy of Gleason's *History of the Catholic Church in California*. She knew nothing of the importance of the book but noted the publication date was 1876. She bought it for 25c. A year later I sold it for \$75.00 and the party who bought it from me sold it to the University of San Francisco for \$150.00.

After the publication of my trilogy on *Marcus Whitman, M.D.*, *Henry Harmon Spalding*, and *Elkanah and Mary Walker*, by Caxtons Printers of Caldwell, Idaho, I waited for some ten years and then brought out a sequel to my Spalding book, *A Tepee in his Front Yard* by Binford's & Mort of Portland, Oregon. In this book I told the story not only of the great revival and Spalding's last years, but also of the work of his associate, the Rev. Henry T. Cowley who became one of the founders of the city of Spokane. Cowley was married to Miss Abigail Peet, the daughter of a Baptist minister, the Rev. Rufus Peet of Castile, New York. This information is necessary to appreciate the significance of a second purchase my wife made.

Encouraged by the unexpected financial returns of her first venture into the mysterious world of rare western Americana, my wife visited the rummage sale in San Rafael a year later. This time she could find nothing with an early California imprint but an old copy of Josephus *Jewish Wars* caught her eye. It was old, no doubt about that, and it looked interesting. The price was indeed reasonable, only 10c, so she bought it and brought it home in high expectancy. When I examined it, I found the type small and difficult to read, the cover loose, some pages were missing, and worse yet, the title page was gone. A book without a titlepage is a literary corpse. I asked: "How much did you pay for this?" The note of disappointment in my voice caused her countenance to fall. "Ten cents," she said. "Well," I laughingly replied, "it is not worth ten cents," and then I turned the cover again and on the flyleaf found the inscription: "Rev. Rufus Peet, Castile, New York."

What an amazing thing for that book to travel across the continent in some eighty or more years. But more amazing still are the fortuitous circumstances by which this particular volume with its inscription came into my hands when no doubt I was the only person out of California's population of about 14,000,000 who knew about the Rev. Rufus Peet of Castile, New York! This volume is now in the library of the Eastern Washington State Historical Society in Spokane.

THE FIRST WHITE WOMEN OVER THE ROCKIES

After publishing four volumes of a biographical nature, I waited several years before returning to this field of study. In the meantime I was carrying on my work as Professor of Church History in the San Francisco Theological Seminary. Also as a member of the Reserve Chaplain's Corps of the United States Navy, I was the official historian of that Corps. During my five-year tour of duty during World War II, 1941-46, I began work on the official history of the chaplaincy and then spent parts of ten summers beginning in 1947 working on this project in the office of the Chief of Navy Chaplains in Washington, D.C. As a result some five volumes were published by the Government Printing Office.

When this project was drawing to an end, I turned again to my favorite subject—the history of the Oregon Mission of the American Board. I approached the Arthur H. Clark Company of Glendale, California, and suggested that they bring out a volume of original documents including the diaries of Henry H. Spalding and of Asa B. Smith. The Spalding diary was one of the items in that trunk of old papers which I found in the attic of one of the buildings at Whitman College in the summer of 1934. The Smith diary was on deposit in the archives of the American Board in Boston, now in Houghton Library of Harvard University. Neither diary had been published. These two diaries had been kept by two members of the mission who often disagreed rather vehemently on policies to be pursued. Spalding was at Lapwai and Smith at Kamiah, some sixty miles up the Clearwater River. Evidently neither knew that the other was keeping a diary. The two together throw an immense amount of light not only upon mission history but also on the life, customs, and primitive religious beliefs of the Nez Percés. My *Diaries and Letters of Spalding and Smith* appeared over the Arthur H. Clarke imprint in 1958.

I returned to the Clark Company a couple of years later and told my friends, Arthur Clark and Paul Galleher, that I thought the time had come to publish the diaries of the six women who were connected with the Oregon Mission. They were Mrs. Marcus (Narcissa) Whitman and Mrs. Henry H. (Eliza) Spalding, who crossed the Rockies in 1836, and Mrs. Elkanah (Mary) Walker who went to Oregon in 1838. By 1960 I had located the diaries of five of the six women. Only that of Sarah Smith was not found although I had reason to believe that she too had kept a diary. The diaries of Narcissa Whitman and Eliza Spalding were available in fairly recently published works. Myra Eells' diary had appeared in the *Transactions of the Oregon Pioneer Association* in 1889, a little known and difficult to find publication. Mary Gray's diary, written after her arrival in Oregon, had never been published nor had the long intensely interesting diary kept by Mary Walker on her overland journey and throughout the entire

time she was connected with the Mission. Mary's diary along with a part of her husband's is on deposit at the Huntington Library and Art Gallery in San Marino, California. These five diaries made two large volumes which appeared in 1963.

The preliminary announcement by the Arthur H. Clark Company made mention of the belief that "Mrs. Smith left no known diary." This announcement came to the attention of Arthur Carhart of the Denver Public Library. It so happened that Richard W. Smith, of Chevy Chase, Maryland, and a friend of Carhart's, had made inquiry shortly before about the possibility of there being any material in the Denver Library relating to Asa B. Smith who was his great-uncle. Carhart checked and found that Sarah Smith's diary was in the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library and so informed Richard W. Smith. Even if such information had then been made known to me, it would have been too late at that time to have included this diary in the two-volume work, *THE FIRST WHITE WOMEN OVER THE ROCKIES*, which was released in the early spring of 1963.

A review of the two books which contained the diaries of five of the six women who crossed the Rockies in 1836 and 1838 appeared in the summer 1964 issue of the new publication, *The American West*. Bruce LeRoy, the reviewer fortunately commented: "Save for Sarah Smith, who left no known diary. . . ." This magazine with this review came to the attention of Richard W. Smith who was moved to communicate with me about the existence of his great-aunt's diary. This exciting news came to my desk during the latter part of August, 1964. I immediately sought permission to publish the diary with notes and this permission was kindly granted. Another volume was on its way.

Through an extended correspondence, Richard W. Smith, became so interested in the story of Asa and Sarah Smith that he searched and found in his family's archives some 100 letters written by his great-uncle going back into the early 1830s. All of these he made available to me. Out in Honolulu, I located another collection of almost 100 Smith letters written during the three-year period when Asa and Sarah Smith were members of the Hawaiian Mission after they left Oregon in 1841. These letters and other unpublished documents pertaining especially to the history of the 1838 reenforcement of four newly-wedded couples provided plenty of source material for Vol III of *The First White Women over the Rockies*. This volume, the eighth in the series on the history of the Oregon Mission of the American Board, is due to be released by the Arthur H. Clark Company on or about May 1st of this year.

Thus the story continues to unfold as new material continues to be discovered. At present I am working on two volumes of the series and someday I must rewrite my biography of Marcus Whitman.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Our good friend Arthur Carhart, PM, is in the hospital following a severe heart attack. We hope to see you back with us soon Art.

. . .

Our Talleyman received the following letter from Sweden recently together with the annual dues for a CM.

GREETINGS FROM SWEDEN:

Please find enclosed cheque for \$4.50 for renewal of my membership in the Posse.

It is always the same great pleasure in receiving the publication with news from the West. I am really looking forward to take my family on a good tour to the west one day. One really has to hope that it will soon, but it is quite a trip.

Still when the time comes I will have many interesting places to visit due to all the information I get from you.

Sincerely yours,
ANDERS ERIK SCHLYTER.

. . .

Last month at the meeting we were very pleased to have the National Park Ranger from Fort Laramie, Wyo., attending our meeting. He was William J. Shay, who is very familiar with the writings of Captain Charles King.

. . .

Did you see where our First Sheriff ED BEMIS, sold out his interests in the *Arapahoe Herald* and the *Littleton Independent*? He plans to devote more time to his historical writings. Much success to you, Ed!

It was a pleasure to have Tal Luther of the KC, Mo., Corral attending our June meeting. He invites all member of the Denver Posse to attend any of their meetings.

. . .

Alan Swallow, PM, informs us of the formation of a new organization, The Western History Literature Assn. with headquarters to be in Fort Collins, Colorado. They are due to have a conference in October 1966. If you are interested call Alan Swallow at home.

. . .

The Return of the Brass Check.

The Brass Check came into use very early in the West as a medium of exchange. It kept the girls honest, the company store running and the slot machines whirling.

Now, to come to the topic at hand. The Denver Posse of Westerners has its own Brass Check with these words on the obverse: "Denver Posse of Westerners," and on the reverse: "Press Club, Denver, Colorado. One supper."

We had no alternative. Some Westerners, or guests, or C.M.'s were not paying their ante at the table, so the Brass Check had to be revived.

Fred M. Mazzulla

Take heed men.

. . .

We are sorry to hear of the death of Charles S. Ryland's father recently in Golden. Our sympathy goes to the family.



Westerner's Bookshelf



THE WAR ON POWDER RIVER, by Helena Huntington Smith. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company (196). xii plus 321 pages, 12 illustrations from photos. Index. \$4.50.

"The War on Powder River" is a history of the Johnson County (Wyoming) War, and of the events which immediately preceded and followed it. If you think that Asa Shinn Mercer in his book, "The Banditti of the Plains; or the Cattlemen's Invasion of Wyoming in 1892 (The Crowning Infamy of the Ages)" was crowning on the invaders, you will be astonished by the brutal frankness of Helena Huntington Smith's report and opinions. It is more nearly complete, too, than any previously published book about the celebrated little war. In the future, of course, there will be plenty more pamphlets about incidents that occurred during the invasion. But, so far as I am concerned, there need never be attempted another history of the entire conflict, its causes and consequences. Concerning the author's opinions and conclusions (and she is generous with them) there can be, and probably will be, plenty of oral and printed discussion.

To begin her story, the author goes back to 1879 and the time of the Big Beef Bonanza when the Indians having been fairly well run off from their own hunting grounds in Wyoming, the open range was, in many wide areas, covered with tall grass; when buffalo were beginning to be scarce; when there were plenty of water-

courses; and when the grass and water were as free to the first-comers as were the beaver. She recounts the overcrowding and overgrazing of the range by the advent of British, New England and New York companies and by the Texans who turned loose in Wyoming their trail herds and hoped for the best; the continuing conflict between the big cattlemen on one side and the homesteaders and small cattlegrowers on the other; the drought of 1886 and the big die-up in the dreadful winter of 1886-1887.

Here are the stories of Moreton Frewen and his Wyoming castle; of "William Maverick" (the Maverick Bill); of the hanging of Cattle Kate and her boy-friend, James Averell; of the territory — and statewide dominance of the Wyoming Cattle Growers Association; of the ill-advised and badly-led invasion of Johnson County by the cattlemen in 1892; of the invasion's tragic (and sometimes comic) results; of the failure to convict any of the cattlemen or their hired hands from Texas; of Frank Canton's inglorious part in the conflict; of the kidnaping of witnesses. And there is a brief and enlightening biography of Asa Shinn Mercer (of whom the author thinks lowly), author of *The Banditti of the Plains*, a book whose fame became assured after its suppression was attempted. Over the years the book has become a best-seller, though Mercer gained little but fame. Publishers of later editions have done very well with it, and so have Western booksellers.

I, myself, bought a copy of the first edition from a retired jeweler of Colorado Springs who had been Assistant Adjutant-General of Wyoming at the time of the War (and had a commission to prove it). At that time I was so ignorant that I had never heard of the book until he told me its history. I paid the old man what he asked, looked up its value and offered it to a prominent New York bookseller for \$90. He ordered it, kept it for three months and then wrote me he could not pay \$90 but would pay \$65. This was during the Great Depression. I needed the money, so I accepted. He waited several more months (during which the book's value increased) and then sent the \$65. This big-shot died a number of years ago, and I did not weep for him. The book has been sold at auction and by dealers for \$350 and up. But you can buy the Western Frontier Library edition for two dollars now.

The author indicates that she thinks the crimes and other events of the Johnson County War have been pretty well forgiven by Wyoming residents. When I came to Colorado almost 45 years ago, someone told me, in effect, "If you ever go to Wyoming, don't go shooting off your mouth, giving your opinions about the Johnson County War and about Tom Horn. It aint healthy." I think that's good advice, even now.

Anybody who has read "We Pointed Them North," which is Helena Huntington Smith's retelling of "Teddy Blue" Abbott's own story, knows that she could write like everybody's business. "The War on Powder River" shows that she still can. This is a good book, thrilling and excellent reading.

John J. Lipsey, PM

GEORGE C. YOUNT AND HIS CHRONICLES OF THE WEST. Edited by Charles L. Camp. The Old West Publishing Company, 1966. \$20.00.

"When Fred Rosenstock publishes, it is an occasion." Three years ago, another person began his review with this dogmatic pronouncement. With the appearance of the Yount chronicles, the truth of this statement becomes apparent once more. This book easily measures up to the Rosenstock standards we have all come to expect. In a word, it is beautifully printed and handsomely bound. What is more, this is a well written, superbly edited and profoundly exciting narrative. Perhaps its greatest value comes from the new light it sheds on the fur business in the southwest, an often obscure subject, and Younts' experiences among the early Anglo-Americans in Spanish California.

George Yount left his native North Carolina for Missouri at the tender age of 10. His entire life was spent on the frontier. Although unable to read or write, his remarkable, prodigious, memory enabled him to dictate these memoirs in 1852. Yount was not only a participant, but was actually a personal force in westward expansion. Among his legion of close personal acquaintances were such men as James Ohio Pattie, Gen. Mariano Vallejo, James Pierson Beckwourth, "Pegleg" Smith, and Richard Henry Dana.

Shortly after his first marriage, Yount moved west in 1826. (She later got tired of waiting in Missouri and divorced him). There he trapped the Gila and Colorado Valley for beaver and made an early copper discovery in the process. His accounts are rich in the personal details of everyday life

on the Southwestern fur frontier. In this connection, the book includes an excellent list of the early trappers in the area, plus a detailed enumeration of those parties that used the Santa Fe Trail between 1821 and 1827. Highly readable accounts describe his experiences among the Pima, Mojave, Maricopa, Taos, Picuri, Mocos (Hopi), Zuni, Digger and Salt Lake Indians. Many of their customs and cultural traits are vividly recorded.

Beginning with the initial migration to Missouri and extending nearly to the end of the book, Yount carries the reader through a long series of gripping stories of his battles with the Indians. Grizzly bears were likewise a most serious problem, particularly in California. Many hair-raising accounts of this type are also included. Yount not only opened the northern branch of the Old Spanish Trail, but, with William Wolfskill, he became one of the first two men to travel the entire length of this original route from New Mexico to California.

While on the Old Spanish Trail, Yount observed and described a Eutau funeral and life at the Mission San Gabriel. He also recorded such interesting minutia as the low value placed upon animals. Horses, for example, were worth \$1.50. Most travelers rode their mounts at full speed until tired, then without ceremony, they simply took another wherever they found it and went on.

From Santa Barbara, Yount went otter hunting with Kanaka Indians. At that time pelts from these animals brought \$30. each. During this trip he saw and recorded his impression of the flying fish, and of the Thomas O.

Larkins' unusual wedding at sea. In the Napa Valley, where he became the first white settler, Yount erected a blockhouse and made peace with some of the five tribes and that lived there. Thrilling accounts of his battles with the others follow in his narrative. Those Indians who survived were placed for "work" in the Missions.

Incidentally, Yount also records an 1830 discovery of gold in California by Jackson, Smith, and Milton Sublette, while they were engaged in the profitable beaver trade. During the war with Mexico, Yount acted as a mediator. In the sections that follow, the reader gains much insight into the troubles of the old Californians under U. S. rule. Yount himself was plagued by squatters.

Some of the most hair-raising stories are found toward the end of the book in chapters dealing with Hugh Glass and "Pegleg" Smith. The classic account of Glass' encounter with the bear, abandonment, and the 200 mile trek to Fort Kiowa are here, along with a number of his other adventures. "Pegleg" Smith's story is complete with a "saw by saw" account of how he lost the leg.

A fine fold-in map has been included inside the back cover and the voluminous section of notes on the chapters is well worth reading for its own sake. This book should appeal not only to the serious student of history but to the casual reader as well. It contains quantities of new material. As a 10-year teacher of Western History, I found it very difficult to put this fascinating book down.

Robert L. Brown P.M.

NEW HANDS ON THE RANGE

Frank A. Traylor, Jr., M.D.
4045 Field Drive,
Wheat Ridge, Colorado 80033

Dr. Traylor comes to us through our good PM J. Nevin Carson. He is interested in early Colorado Physicians, early Western Explorations. He has had several articles published in Medical Journals. Especially one on Dr. John Evans.

Rene L. Coquoz
Box 217, Leadville, Colorado 80461

Mr. Coquoz came to us through several of our PM's. Dr. Whitely, Fred Rosenstock and Dr. George Curfman. He has written extensively on the Leadville area, having had numerous articles and books published. He should be good for a paper one of these days to come.

W. H. Hornby
Denver Post
Denver, Colorado 80202

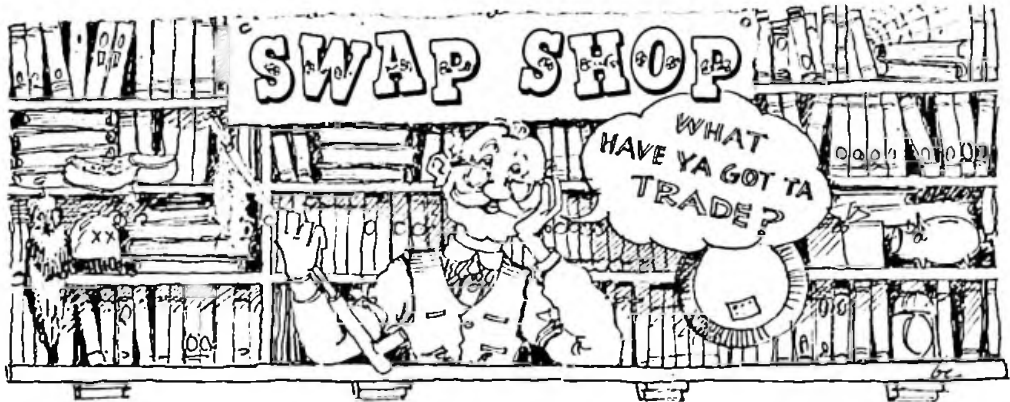
Mr. Hornby comes to us through our CM, Henry Mastro. He is interested in the history of the northern plains, especially in Montana. Welcome.

• • •

Joseph T. Wilson
Box 97, Alamosa, Colorado 81101

Mr. Wilson became interested in the Westerners through Phillip L. Lorton, CM. He is most interested in the history of the San Luis Valley and Northern New Mexico.

• • •



George Godfrey, CM, Denver advises that he has the Christmas issues of Esquire Magazine for the years 1939-1940 and 1941. All in good condition and will give them to anyone who will contact him. Call him at 333-8067.

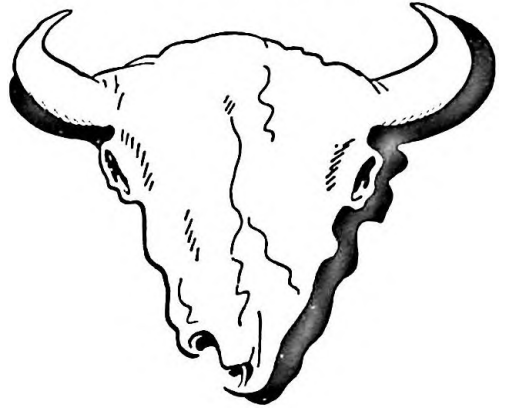
Bill Powell has been looking for an old poem that appeared many years ago in the old "Captain Billy's Whizbang" magazine, entitled "The South Platte Fish Train." He has several books on the West he will swap for it. Or will copy and return.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

AUGUST & SEPTEMBER
1966
Volume XXII
Number 8

IN THIS ISSUE
"METHODIST BEGINNING IN
NEW MEXICO"

by
Dr. Martin Rist, P.M.



Dr. Rist with Sheriff Herstrom and plaque of appreciation,
collections of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dr. Rist received his Th. D. degree from Iliff School of Theology. He also holds a Ph.D. degree from the University of Chicago. His teaching experience includes the latter school and, since 1963, has been a Professor of New Testament Theology and Christian History at Iliff. In recent years, Dr. Rist has also served as Iliff's librarian. He has been the president of the Rocky Mountain Methodist Historical Society for many years. During this time he has written widely for various periodicals and encyclopedia.

Two books, *The Interpreter Bible* and *The Modern Reader's Guide to Revelations* were authored by Dr. Rist.

FUTURE MEETINGS

September 27, 1966

The speaker will be Prof. Clifford Westerneir, the topic, "The Image of The Cowboy".

• • •

October 26, 1966

James F. Bowers, will cover a touchy subject, "A Historian looks at Custer".

• • •

November 23, 1966

Our speaker will be Paul Ton, his subject will be J. Ross Brown. More on this one later.

• • •

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Reservations for all meetings and dinners — Carl Mathews, The Westerners, 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Dinner \$3.25. Reservations only. (No guests with CMs.)

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PLEASE RETURN YOUR CARDS FOR YOUR RESERVATIONS FOR THE SEPTEMBER MEETING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE SO THE CHUCK WRANGLER CAN MAKE ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE PRESS CLUB.

Methodist Beginnings in New Mexico

In 1846 New Mexico, which had long been under the control of Spain and more recently of Mexico, was conquered for the United States by General Stephen W. Kearney. Even though he was a military man, he soon organized a civil government and formulated a code of laws. In 1847, however, the conquered people revolted, killing Governor Charles Bent along with other government officials. After the revolt was put down a military government was established, with troops stationed at Santa Fe, among other places. The inhabitants, dissatisfied with military rules, petitioned for purely civil government. Their petition was granted, for on December 13, 1850, the Territory of New Mexico was formed by an act of Congress and a civil government was re-established on March 3, 1851.

This territory was a singular one, being all but a foreign country. Methodist and other Protestant missionaries were confronted with three distinct cultures when they first entered New Mexico: native Indian, largely non-Christian but with an overlay of Roman Catholicism; or Spanish American, for the most part Roman Catholic; and American usually with no religious attachments save for those who had married women of the Roman Catholic faith. Likewise there was a variety of languages: the Indians spoke their various dialects; the Mexicans Spanish and some English; the Americans English and some Spanish. Furthermore, nowhere in the United States, in all probability, were the educational facilities so meager and the illiteracy rate so high as in New Mexico, despite or possibly by reason of centuries of Spanish control.

Beginning with Spanish days Roman Catholicism had, of course, been strongly established. Prior to its conquest by the United States Protestantism was not only illegal but was practically non-existent within the borders of New Mexico. However, when American control was effected Protestant missionaries and school teachers, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist in particular, began to filter into the region. When they did come, their missions to the non-English speaking inhabitants differed but little from missions to a foreign country, for this is what in essence New Mexico actually was at the time. What is more, it remained in this condition for some years to come.

Quite understandably, the Roman Catholic authorities were opposed to these Protestant endeavors, and did what they could to handicap the work of the missionaries. Apparently their presence stimulated the renewal

of the Roman Catholic Church in its missionary interest in the Territory. For on July 19, 1850, New Mexico was made a vicarate apostolic, and the very capable Rev. John D. Lamy arrived in the summer of 1851 with the title of bishop. He is the hero of Willa Cather's well-known novel, *Death Comes for the Archbishop*.

It was in 1850, the same yera when territorial stautus was achieved for New Mexico, that Rev. Enoch G. Nicholson with his family was sent out by the mission board of the Methodist Episcopal Church to Santa Fe to minister to the English speaking persons, mostly military personnel and their families, who were living there. This was nine years before Methodism was officially established in Colorado. The avowed purpose in sending Nicholson out was to determine whether or not missionary work should be extended to the Spanish speaking inhabitants. At this distance this would seem to be an unrealistic test; more logically, it would appear that he should have been sent directly to the non-English speaking residents of New Mexico. By November he had organized an English speaking church; unfortunately, when the military began to leave when civil government was re-established in 1851 the membership declined sharply. This decline, coupled with his wife's illness, induced him to depart for the East soon afterwards. He gave the board of missions a discouraging report of prospects for Methodist missionary endeavors in New Mexico.

Even so, Nicholson returned November 10, 1853, as superintendent of Methodist missions, this time to work among the natives as well as among the English speaking Americans. He had two issistants, Rev. Walter Hansen, who spoke Spanish, and Rev. Benigno Cardenas, a disaffected Roman Catholic priest who had lived in New Mexico, but had been converted to Methodism. Soon after their arrival in Santa Fe Car-

• See the Appendix for an explanation of the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

denas preached a sermon in the public square explaining why he had become a Methodist. After he concluded preaching he dramatically turned his credentials as a Roman Catholic priest over to Nicholson and requested that he be authorized to become a Methodist preacher assigned to work in the mission. It was by this very irregular and questionable method that the Mehtodists acquired the first of a series of Spanish-American native preachers. As might be expected, Cardenas became a very controversial figure.

Since, as was previously noted, the illiteracy rate was high Hansen started a school at Tecolote with some thirty-five pupils enrolled. Several factors, including the predictable opposition of Bishop Lamy, soon brought about the dissolution of the school. Accordingly, Hansen left the mission soon afterwards. With the energetic aid of Cardenas, Nicholson was able

to form Methodist societies at Peralta and Socorro, and to make converts in other places. There is no indication that Nicholson spoke any Spanish, a deficiency that no doubt handicapped his work. Nor is there any evidence that he make any attempt to evangelize the non-Spanish speaking natives, the Indians. A start had scarcely been made among the Spanish speaking peoples when he pleaded ill-health and in June of 1854 he left the mission. Harwood, a later missionary, states that Nicholson had many good qualities but that he lacked "staying qualities" among them. Apparently he was discouraged, for both he and Hansen made unfavorable reports concerning the prospects for Methodist missions.

With Nicholson's departure Cardenas, the former priest, was the only person left in a position of leadership. He traveled from place to place, preaching the gospel, despite opposition and threats. Indeed, he was shot at least once. In Algodones he preached three times in one day and formed a Methodist society of twenty persons. On November 24 he preached to a rather large gathering of both Mexicans and Americans in Santa Fe. In other words, he kept the mission alive, though not in a flourishing condition.

Rev. D. Dallas Lore, D.D., arrived as the new superintendent on June 24, 1855, a year following Nicholson's departure. He was an experienced missionary who knew Spanish, for he had gone to Buenos Aires, Argentina, in 1847 to found the Methodist mission there, and had remained in this post for seven years. Soon after his arrival in New Mexico he met Cardenas, whom he found to be both sick and discouraged. He made a round of inspection and reorganized the societies at Peralta and Socorro. The class at Peralta had fourteen members, seven men and seven women. Ambrosic Gonzales became the class leader, and remained in this position for at least sixteen year's There were nine members in the class at Socorro. Lore planned a monthly circuit composed of four appointments: Peralta, Socorro, Jorales, and Polvadera. He also spent some time with the native Indians, the Pueblos, whom he thought might be receptive to evangelism.

Despite these prospects, Lore made a report to the mission board that on the whole was unfavorable. He was especially critical of Cardenas, saying that he proved to be unworthy and false. Harwood, however, was to disagree with this low estimate of Cardenas, for he states that whatever success the mission had enjoyed up to the time of Lore's arrival was largely due to the preaching and work of this ex-priest. Harwood also stated that Cardenas eventually returned to the Roman Catholic Church.

It would appear that the church was quite generous with Lore. For example, during a period of ten months he received \$2,575.85 (besides moving expenses), whereas in this same period Cardenas received but \$300.00. Lore evidently became discouraged, for he soon left New Mexico, apparently during the first part of 1856. With his departure the work was

suspended for more than a decade, save for what the local native workers, class leaders like Gonzales, were able to do. To be sure, in 1864 the General Conference requested that a mission and a mission school be established in New Mexico, but this request was not followed up at this time.

Rev. John L. Dyer and New Mexico

The celebrated Rev. John L. Dyer was the next Methodist missionary in New Mexico. He arrived in Colorado from Wisconsin in 1861, and became known as the Snow-Shoe Itinerant (the title of his autobiography) because in winter time he traversed his high mountain circuits on short Norwegian skis popularly but mistakenly called snow shoes. In 1868 he was sent by the Colorado Conference as a delegate to the quadrennial General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church which met in Chicago. He was allowed but \$30.00 for his expenses, so he states. He was the sole delegate sent from Colorado; consequently he was on every committee. For some period of time he had endeavored to have the bishops renew missionary efforts in New Mexico, but without any immediate success. At the General Conference he had a part in fixing the boundaries of the Colorado Conference so that it would include New Mexico. At the session of the Colorado Conference, held in June of this same year, apparently somewhat to his surprise he was appointed to be the presiding elder of the newly formed Rio Grande District, which comprised both the San Luis Valley in Colorado and all of New Mexico. Accordingly, he became the supervisor of all of the Methodist Episcopal work in New Mexico. At the time he was a widower, fifty-six years old, with little or no knowledge of Spanish, or of the New Mexicans, for that matter.

He realized his deficiencies, for he stated that any missionary to New Mexico should be a younger and better educated man than he was. He had no interest in missionary work among the Indians. Indeed, he stated, "I know their treachery, and that the time had not come to make boon companions of them." Apparently this attitude was all too common on the Western frontier, for there was little desire to develop Methodist missions among the Indians, either in New Mexico or elsewhere. Instead, attention was centered on the English speaking settlers, and in New Mexico on the Spanish speaking peoples as well.

Going by the way of the San Luis Valley he soon reached Elizabethtown in northern New Mexico. This was an active mining camp sixty miles southwest of Trinidad, Colorado, and thirty miles south of the Colorado-New Mexico border, with several hundred inhabitants, mostly Americans. He decided to make this town his headquarters for the coming year. Accordingly, he built a two room house, one room for himself, the other for his horse, an indication of the dependence of a Methodist circuit rider upon his horse. With the help of Mr. Simon Tyrer, a Methodist layman whom

he had known in Wisconsin days, he held a two weeks revival meeting. At the close of the meeting he formed a class of eight members, with Mr. Tyrer as the class leader. He incorrectly states that this was the first Methodist class in New Mexico; obviously he was unaware of the classes formed in the days of Nicholson and Lore.

Methodist work was restricted for the most part to the northeastern quarter of New Mexico. Dyer traveled widely in this region during the year, preaching at Trinidad, Red River, Cimarron, Taos, Mora, Tipton, Walters, and doubtless elsewhere as well. In the spring of the next year (1869) he went to Santa Fe, Las Vegas, and Tuckalota (his spelling of Tecolote). At Santa Fe he met the Presbyterian preacher, Dr. D. F. McFarland, who had arrived there in 1866. McFarland had a small congregation; in addition he and his wife operated a small school. Dyer assisted McFarland with a two weeks revival meeting. He advised the converts, about twenty-five in number, to join the Presbyterian church, for the Methodist church that Nicholson had founded in Santa Fe no longer was in existence. Dyer's ecumenism in this instance was rather a rare phenomenon on the frontier, for as a rule the denominations were strong and sometimes bitter rivals.

During the year he selected La Junta, New Mexico, as the site of a proposed "high grade" school, which he hoped would be operated by two of his Wisconsin friends, Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Harwood, who soon were to arrive to help him.

He rode horseback to attend the annual conference session which was held in Central City, some 450 miles distant. A new district, the Santa Fe, which included nothing but New Mexico, was formed, and he was appointed to be the presiding elder of this district. He made Santa Fe his new headquarters. As before, he traveled widely. As he once stated, "I never rode a circuit; I always rode a horse." In October he rode ninety miles from Santa Fe to La Junta to greet Rev. Thomas Harwood who was to be his assistant. After holding two weeks of meetings with Harwood in the La Junta Valley and in the Cherry Valley, he returned to Santa Fe.

He reorganized the church at Santa Fe. The church services were held at Major Sena's Hall. Governor W. A. Pile, a former Methodist preacher, was the mainstay of this church; when he and his family left Santa Fe the church soon declined to a membership of seven people. Indeed, it was so weakened that it was not listed in the minutes of the 1870 annual conference. The other churches were also very weak, for there were but eight members all told on the Elizabethtown and La Junta Circuit.

Dyer continued to travel far and wide, preaching as he went. He visited Albuquerque, Socorro (but apparently not Peralta), Lone Rocks

(in a desert region), La Cruces, Fort Selden, Masea, and El Paso. He also went north, to Elizabethtown, Cimarron, Red River, and La Junta, where Mrs. Harwood had begun teaching in a newly opened school. Dyer does not date this trip, but it may have been on the journey to La Junta (also known as Tiptonville) to hold a quarterly conference on January 22. According to Harwood, he and Dyer preached at Watrous, Cherry Valley, and Fort Union in this period of time. Dyer probably attended the meeting of the school board on January 31, for he was one of the board members.

Some months later, on March 7, Dyer started on another trip, going west towards Fort Wingate. He found scarcely any Americans between Albuquerque and the Fort. He preached twice at the Fort; his audience no doubt consisted largely of military personnel. He next went to Fort Defiance, just over the border in Arizona, where he preached three times. Here he met a Presbyterian minister, a Rev. Mr. Roberts, who was assisted by a Miss Gaston who taught the Navajo Indians.

He made still another long trip, this time to Fort Stanton, 170 miles south of Santa Fe. Here he married a couple who had been living as man and wife without benefit of clergy, but with the understanding that they would be married as soon as they could find a preacher "to tie the knot." He then proceeded down the Rio Benito towards Ashland, and preached en route at a grist mill to eight Americans and two Mexicans. Other places that he visited were a cattle camp, Bosko Grande, Fort Sumner, and Fort Bascom. As many as fifty people attended some of his preaching meetings. On two occasions he received some money, \$13.00 and \$14.00, scarcely enough for his expenses.

Soon afterwards he went back to La Junta where he held a second quarterly conference, on April 23, and then to Fort Union. He was now near the close of his travels in New Mexico as a presiding elder. During his two years tenure he had covered some 10,000 miles on horseback in all kinds of weather, through rugged and dangerous country, mountains, plateaus, and deserts infested at times with hostile Indians. At the conference session beginning June 23, 1870, he was appointed to the Divide Circuit just south of Denver. New Mexico was incorporated into the Arkansas District, and Thomas Harwood was appointed to La Junta and Elizabethtown. Dyer's work in New Mexico was largely exploratory, preparing the way for his successors. As stated previously, at this time there were but two circuits, La Junta and Elizabethtown, with eight members, and Santa Fe, with but seven. With his departure the Santa Fe church dissolved for a second time. There was another church, larger than the other two, at Peralta, but Dyer apparently was unaware of its existence.

Possibly Dyer's greatest contribution to the Methodist mission in New

Mexico was persuading the Harwoods to come to the territory. Harwood himself, in evaluating Dyer's work in New Mexico, stated that he had done all that could be expected, and that was "to bring the territory to the notice of the bishops and the churches." Without intending to disparage his predecessor, Harwood also said that what was needed was less traveling around and more hard church and school work among the people.

Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Harwood

In 1854 Rev. John Price Durbin, secretary of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, asked the following question with specific reference to New Mexico: "Who will give his life to this work and make the New Mexico Mission the great and only enterprise of his life, keeping clear of all worldly schemes, and becoming an apostle to the Spanish people of the territory?" He continued: "It is a work of a great and devoted soul. Such a man is needed to preach in English, and in due time to establish schools, while he would guide and assist the Rev. Benigno Cardenas in his great work among the Spanish." (It should be noted that no mention is made about work among the Indians!). No one, not even Dyer, met Durbin's description until fifteen years later, when Rev. Thomas Harwood, together with his wife Emily, answered the call. They fully met the specifications and spent the rest of their lives as Methodist missionaries in New Mexico.

Just who were the Harwoods? Thomas Harwood was born November 16, 1829, in Caroline County, Maryland, and joined the Thomas Chapel of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Delaware in 1841. He became a school teacher, teaching five years in Delaware, and five more years in Michigan. He also became a surveyor, and worked in this profession in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. In 1855 he was licensed to preach by the Methodist Church in Michigan. Removing to Wisconsin, in 1860 he was admitted on trial in the Northwest Wisconsin Conference. He enlisted in the 25th Wisconsin Regiment in 1862, and accordingly withdrew from his ministerial status. He participated in a campaign against the Indians in Minnesota, was present at the siege of Vicksburg, and was wounded in the battle of Atlanta. He served for eighteen months as an enlisted man, first as a private, then as a sergeant. The men and officers of the regiment then unanimously requested that he become the regimental chaplain, and he served in this capacity for the next eighteen months. Of a total of 1,444 men in the regiment 422 died of wounds or disease. He was highly regarded by the Union veterans, for later on he was elected national chaplain of the Grand Army of the Republic.

He married Emily Jane Duncan in 1863. She was somewhat younger than he, having been born in New York on April 19, 1842. She, too, was a Methodist. She obtained a good education, and when her family moved

to the neighborhood of Madison, Wisconsin, she both taught school in Madison and attended classes at the university. Neither she nor her husband knew any Spanish before arriving in New Mexico, but they started to learn this necessary language soon after their arrival.

Following his discharge in June 7, 1865, Harwood was readmitted on trial in the conference and was appointed to a circuit. He was admitted into full connection and ordained a deacon in 1867, and later was ordained elder. In 1869 he was transferred to the newly organized West Wisconsin Conference. Upon the recommendation of John L. Dyer he was asked to go to New Mexico as a missionary. After some hesitation on the part of his wife, who expressed a fear of the Apache Indians, the Harwoods consented to go. As may be seen from the brief biographical sketches above, they were no ordinary couple. Accordingly, Harwood was transferred to the Colorado Conference, and in the fall they traveled to New Mexico.

As stated earlier, he arrived in Tiptonville (La Junta) in October, where he was greeted by Dyer. His wife arrived shortly afterwards. He preached his first of innumerable sermons in New Mexico on the last Sunday of the month. When he asked Dyer about the geographical limits of his field of labor, the latter replied that he was to go north, south, east, and west until he met Methodist preachers coming his way; this was to be his parish. Together with Dyer he visited various communities, after which he was left largely on his own. Although later on he was to say that a missionary must do more than travel, during his first year he traveled 12,000 miles, more than Dyer had traveled in two years. He had some assets that Dyer lacked, chief among them a very capable wife. Furthermore, they both were young and fairly well educated. Like Dyer, they made friends readily, and to some extent they allayed Roman Catholic suspicions. Indeed, they were welcomed in certain mixed households, and received some support for their work from these families.

They immediately set about starting a school. One mixed couple, Mr. and Mrs. James Johnson, offered them a place on their ranch in Cherry Valley, a hen house which was cleaned and then whitewashed on the inside. A school was started here with thirty pupils, and shortly afterwards a Sunday School as well, with about twenty-five enrolled, some of whom were adults. Emily Harwood had great ability both as a teacher and as a principal. They made a good team, for Thomas Harwood had an equal ability as a circuit rider and preacher.

Since they needed a larger and better building, before long they obtained subscriptions for a building to be erected on a five acre lot at La Junta, to be called the La Junta Institute. The building was to be 24' by 48' in size, and was to have a belfry and bell. Even though persons in addition to the few Protestants there subscribed for the project, it was under-

stood that the building was to be used for religious as well as for school purposes. Since a number of the students came from a distance, the school in time became a boarding school. This and the other schools founded by the Harwoods and directed by them conformed to Dyer's specifications. That is, they were "high grade." Furthermore, they were self-supporting, and throughout her long career, Mrs. Harwood received no salary for her services, but lived within her husband's meager income as a Methodist missionary.

Harwood revived the church at Elizabethtown, and started a subscription for a church building. In the meantime the congregation used Dyer's house which he had given them. It will be recalled that this house had a room for Dyer and one for his horse. Harwood removed the partition, so that the building could be used for church services, prayer meetings, and Sunday School. On July 3, 1870, he dedicated the new church building, valued at \$2,500, the second Protestant church building in the entire territory. The first, a Baptist church, was built in Santa Fe in 1854, some sixteen years earlier! This lack of church buildings testifies to the ineffectiveness of Protestant missions in New Mexico up to this time. By fall the La Junta institute, valued at \$4,000.00, was completed. The Church Extension Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church provided but \$250.00 to each of these building projects. This small sum is a testimony to the seemingly indifferent attitude of the denomination to the New Mexico mission.

Dyer, the presiding elder, came to the churches to hold quarterly conferences. Following one of these Harwood traveled with Dyer to Taos, and then to Santa Fe. Here at the capital he became acquainted with a number of the leading citizens of the territory. The territory's secretary, Mr. Ellison, showed him the irreplaceable old Spanish documents in the territory's archives. Later on, so Harwood learned, the governor quite regretably allowed quantities of these historical documents to be sold for scrap paper. Harwood returned home via San Jose, Tecolote, and Las Vegas, a distance of ninety miles, in three days. Obviously he could do little if any preaching during this hurried trip. However, as a rule as he traveled he preached whenever and wherever people would listen to him, and made many pastoral calls.

The annual session of the Colorado Conference convened on June 23, 1870 (as previously stated) in Pueblo. Harwood rode to Pueblo by way of Fort Union, Red River, and Trinidad, preaching and visiting along the way. He was warmly greeted by the conference, which also passed a glowing resolution commending the educational work of Mrs. Harwood. As was mentioned earlier, Dyer was relieved of his New Mexico assignment and was appointed to the Divide Circuit south of Denver. New Mexico

was now included in the Arkansas District, with Rev. George Murray as the presiding elder. Harwood was reappointed to New Mexico. Murray, of course, periodically went to New Mexico to hold quarterly conferences; the Harwoods were "pleased with him." Later on he too became a missionary in New Mexico.

Before long the Harwoods began to train native workers. The first of these was Benito Garcia, from Ciruelita, who had been persuaded by Harwood to attend the La Junta Institute. Harwood found him to be quite capable, and later on used him as a helper. In time he had him licensed to preach. Harwood's confidence was not misplaced, for Garcia became one of the leading Mexican preachers in the mission. Part of the success of the Harwoods was their ability to select, educate, and train native workers. Furthermore, they gained the confidence of the Mexicans. A striking proof of this is that within a few years after their arrival, either in 1871 or 1872, Harwood was permitted to witness the highly secret Good Friday rites of the Penitentes in a morada near La Junta, experience seldom accorded a non-member.

The annual conference session of 1871 convened in Denver on July 20. Both of the Harwoods drove to Denver in a buggy to attend the conference. Harwood was assigned to La Junta, and the Rev. N. S. Buckner to Elizabethtown. Accordingly, Harwood was to have a co-worker. Since Mrs. Harwood went on east for a well earned vacation, Harwood invited Buckner and his wife to go to their assignment with him in his buggy. This long and arduous trip all but ended in a tragedy. On August 4 when they were near Cimarron the buggy was struck by lightning and badly damaged. The thoroughly frightened horses were thrown to the ground and Harwood and his passengers were all but killed. However, they escaped serious injury. They took care of the team of horses, had the buggy repaired, and arrived in La Junta four days later.

The assignment of Buckner to Elizabethtown gave Harwood an opportunity to expand his activities in other directions. Accordingly, taking Garcia with him he went to Peralta, near Albuquerque, for he had been told that there were some Protestants there. And indeed there were. It may be recalled that in 1854 Dr. Lore had organized a class in Peralta of fourteen persons, with "Brother" Ambrosio Gonzales as the class leader. Following the departure of Lore this newly formed class was all but forgotten by the church. Apparently Dyer knew nothing about it, and Harwood had no reliable information about it. However, this class had continued under the leadership of "Brother" Ambrosio, but for some reason or other had dropped the name "Methodist" and were known as "Protestants."

Harwood was most agreeably surprised when he discovered that this class had continued during the long interval of sixteen years under native

leadership. He reorganized it with forty-two members, three times the number of the class when it was reorganized in 1854, and, of course, he reclaimed it for the Methodist church. He stayed but two days in Perlata, for he received a letter from his wife stating that the presiding elder urgently wanted to see him. Accordingly, he made the long trip home, of nearly two hundred miles, in the remarkable time of five days, only to discover that the presiding elder, despite the urgency, had decided not to wait for him. Harwood does not state what the urgency was. However, he does say that during his absence Mrs. Harwood had been getting along nicely with the school, as might have been expected.

In 1872 New Mexico was removed from the Colorado Conference and made into the New Mexico Mission, directly under the Board of Missions. Harwood, quite deservedly, was appointed to be the superintendent of the Mission. Accordingly, the missionary work in New Mexico was now considered to be well established; the beginning days were over.

Harwood has given a brief summary of his stewardship. There were two preachers on the Mission, Buckner and himself. His wife was in charge of the La Junta Institute, and Mrs. Buckner taught in the village school at Elizabethtown. No doubt she, like Mrs. Harwood, was of great assistance to her husband in his work. There was a small church building at Elizabethtown, valued at \$2,500. The membership of the church was quite small, six being listed; there was a Sunday School with about thirty enrolled. La Junta had a school property, also used for church and Sunday school purposes, now valued at \$10,000. There were but five church members and thirty Sunday school scholars. By this time there may have been as many as one hundred students in the La Junta Institute. Ciruelita had a membership of eleven (all of them Mexicans), and ten Sunday school scholars. Peralta, as noted above, had forty-two members and thirty scholars enrolled in Sunday school. (The repetition of the number "thirty" in connection with Sunday school enrollment raises some question about the accuracy of this part of the report). Manzana, near Peralta, had ten members and eleven in the Sunday school. The total membership was seventy-five, with one hundred and ten (presumably) Sunday school scholars. In some ways this is a notable achievement. However, when it is recalled that the Methodist missionary efforts in New Mexico had begun with the arrival of Nicholson in 1850, regardless of Harwood's contribution, the actual results over a period of some twenty-two years were minimal. At about this same time, according to the census of 1870, the Roman Catholics had 152 church organizations, 149 church buildings, and 80,000 members.

In 1884 the Mission was divided into two missions, one Spanish, the other English. Harwood was appointed to be the superintendent of the Spanish Mission, Rev. Samuel W. Thornton of the English. Apparently

little or no attempt had been made to evangelize the native Indians. According to Harwood, the English Mission started out with six preachers, 181 members, 553 Sunday school scholars, and seven church buildings valued at \$35,000. By comparison, the Spanish Mission began with sixteen preachers (a number of whom were Mexicans), 289 members, and 274 Sunday school scholars. He fails to list the number of church buildings and their value. Nor does he give the number of day schools operated by the Mission. In checking these statistics it should be recalled that the development between the founding of the New Mexico Mission in 1872 and the division into two missions in 1884 occurred during the superintendency of Rev. Thomas Harwood. Certainly he and his wife not only possessed ability, but they also had the staying powers to work most effectively in a very difficult missionary enterprise.

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APPENDIX

A few words of explanation concerning the Methodist Episcopal Church may be helpful to the reader. This was the northern branch of Methodism. The Methodist Episcopal Church South apparently had no work in New Mexico, certainly not in the northern parts, at this period of time.

The Methodists had a number of bishops, but in the period under consideration none of them resided either in Colorado or New Mexico. A bishop would preside over an annual conference (such as the Colorado Conference), and made the appointments of presiding elders and preachers. A presiding elder was in general charge of a district of an annual conference, such as the Arkansas District. Consequently, today the name has been changed, more descriptively, to district superintendent. Among his duties was to preside over quarterly conferences of a local church. The

quadrennial General Conference is the supreme legislative body of the church. The terms "class" and "society" may need some explanation. A Methodist preacher on coming to a community in New Mexico, for example, might organize a few interested people into a "class," sometimes called a "society." One of the group, called a class leader, would be placed in charge of the class, under the direction of the preacher in charge. Technically, a "class" was not a "church," but it was the nucleus of a church, which would have a more formal and less simple organization. However, on the frontier a class functioned as a church, and for practical purposes might be considered to be one.

A PRESENTATION

Following Dr. Rist's very fine presentation of his paper on early Methodist's labor in the New Mexico field, there was a very unusual presentation to Dr. Rist and to the Iliff School of Theology.

Through the generous offer of Mr. August W. Schatra of Los Robles, California, a member of the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners, Dr. Rist was presented with an original letter from Rev. T. C. Iliff dated: Salt Lake City, July 14, 1887. This letter to the Colorado Conference, held in Denver in 1887 is a very remarkable letter and one of great historical value.



Dr. Rist showing the letter of Rev. T. C. Iliff which was presented to Dr. Rist and The Iliff School of Theology on behalf of Mr. August Schatra, together with Bill Powell and Sheriff Herstrom.

collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

The letter follows:

UTAH MISSION
Methodist Episcopal Church
T. C. Iliff, Sup't.

Salt Lake City, July 14, 1887.

To the Colorado Conference:

Dear Bishop and Brethren.
Hail, and God be with you! At the
Last moment I find it necessary to forego
the pleasure of attending Conference. Accept
greetings from this side of the range, and be
assured that your picket guard is not
asleep! We have made a sure advance
all the year; and, at last, thank God, the
summit is reached. It is midnight, in Utah,
no longer. From mountain and valley the Mac-
edonian cry comes ringing in our ears:
"Alleluia; for the God omnipoetent reigneth!"
Methodism" shall not fail nor be discouraged
till Utah is redeemed. Pray for us. Amen!

T. C. Iliff.

Following the presentation in Mr. Schatra's name, pictures of the letter were taken and the letter turned over to Dr. Rist and the Iliff School of Theology.

August Rendezvous

For those who attended the August meeting of the Denver Posse at the 26 CLUB, these few words are suprfuou. For those who were unable to attend, let me say that they missed one of the most outstanding programs it has been our pleasure to attend, for lo! these many years.

Bob Brown narrated the "Story of the San Juans, Then and Now" and his talented wife manned the projectors to show the magnificent transparencies on twin screens which Bob used for his showing.

On one screen, the right one, he showed the pictures as "then" and on the left screen, the area as it looked "now." His collection of "then" pictures came from such famous collectors as Fred and Jo Mazzulla, Thode, Western History Division, Denver Public Library; State Historical Society; Francis Rizzari; Dick Ronzio, and.

All we can say, in suming up, is if every photographer took pictures with the care and diligence that Bob Brown used, there would indeed be some magnificent slides available of this part of the country.

NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

Sherwood Holt
Rt. Box 37A
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis. 54474

Mr. Holt became interested through Charles Ryland PM. He is interested in old heavy machinery and hydraulic equipment. Also interested in Archeology, photography and Ghost Towns.

• • •

Joseph J. Shebl, MD
515 E. Rome Lane
Salinas, California 93901

Dr. Shebl became interested in the Denver Posse of Westerners through his collection of the Denver Brand Books. He has a hobby of being a sculptor of western objects, and has done a bronze buffalo. Come and visit us soon.

• • •

Leland N. Lien
249 Walnut Lane
Rosemont, Minn. 55068

Mr. Lien, while a native of Wisconsin, is presently in the U.S. Navy. He became interested in the Denver Posse of Westerners through an article in the magazine titled, "The West". His interest lies in the Indians, the Souix particularly.

Willard L. Polsgrove
623 Adrian Ave.
Campbell, Missouri 63933

Through an acquaintance in Colorado Springs, Mr. Polsgrove heard of us. He is a former Army man. Presently engaged in restoring old guns and furniture.

• • •

Carl Jefferson Cox
RFD No. 1 Box 343A
Yreka, California.

Mr. Cox is an old time Denver resident. He operates The Outlaw Trading Post in Yreka, and is an authority on the days in Denver of the 20's.

• • •

Have any of our fellow members visited any of the fine local Museums scattered around the state? Such places as Saguache, Las Animas, Kim and other places are really doing a fine job in getting together records, pictures and ephemera of our past. It will pay you to visit them.

Westerner's Bookshelf

LITTLE WORLD APART, by S. Omar Barker. Doubleday & Co., 1966. Hardback, \$4.75.

Omar Barker, a past president of the Western Writers of America, is the author of countless splendid Western articles, Western poems and Western Short Stories. That he is also a corresponding member of the Denver Posse of Westerners makes it imperative that his recent book — although branded as fiction—he review-

ed for the WESTERNERS' ROUND-UP.

Omar knows his mountains of northern New Mexico as an old time cowboy knew his home range, and he grew up among the hardy people, plain Americans and Spanish-Americans, who lived among those mountains fifty odd years ago. In **LITTLE WORLD APART**, Omar Barker now gives us the privileges of meeting some of these fine people, of living

with them, working with them, of sharing their joys, their problems and their adventures.

Young Jeff Bohannon, fourteen, viewpoint character and narrator, introduces the Bohannon family, Pa and Ma, their daughters Kathaleen and Janie, and his brother Chad—a “salty” cowboy at sixteen. You see their ranch home, learn what they eat and see what they wear. Jeff also introduces their horses and a prominent character, old Jupe, the family dog.

The boy's happiest days are hunting trips back into the high mountains, camping out and roughing it with Chad and Jupe. (For amateur hunters this book is a manual on both deer and bear hunting.) These adventures give Chad an outlet for his restlessness and they develop in both boys self reliance and fortitude.

As the story progresses we meet many interesting and worth-while characters, including one nicknamed “Whistle Britches.” We share a ranch wedding and a Christmas party with the Bohannons! Going to a big town, outside their world, is a experience for the boys. They fairly itch to get back to their homeland. Occasional meetings with the wild Rinersons are spiked in. These meetings always arouse Chad's interest in their roaming, care-free life—and worry poor Jeff.

A definite clash with their father—solid, honest and straitlaced Pa Bohannon who lives up to his religious convictions and demands that his boys and girls do the same—is handled by Pa with such tact, firmness and justice that he “sets the kids straight” and retains their loyalty and respect.

Eventually comes the day when Chad “goes bronc” and throws in with

the Rinersons. The outcome of that escapade and how Chad then finds a legitimate outlet for his “hell for leather” ideas climax the story.

The entire novel bubbles with Omar Barker's amazing humor and is seasoned with what I call “Omarisms.” They are words and phrases of his own invention that catch-and-hold attention and are always pertinent. Priceless gems! Descriptive passages are so beautifully worded and so poetic that they sing!

All in all, Omar has contributed a splendid addition to our Western Americana. It is as authentic as sagebrush, as clean as new snow on his magnificent mountains, and every member of the average family will enjoy it!

Stephen Payne, PM

MY LIFE ON THE PLAINS, by General George A. Custer. Edited by Milo Milton Quaife, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebraska, 1966. 626 pages. Introduction, Index, Maps and Illustrations. \$1.85.

That extraordinary man, George Armstrong Custer, found time while campaigning against Indians and performing his regular army duties to write a daily letter to his wife and also write numerous magazine articles. A series of articles he wrote for “Galaxy” which appeared therein from January 1872, through October, 1874, have been published in book form from time to time under the title “My Life on the Plains.” M. M. Quaife edited the material for an edition in the Lakeside Classics Series in 1951, and now the University of Nebraska Press has issued a paper bound edition of the Lakeside version as one of its Bison Books series.

In the ninetieth anniversary year of the Battle of the Little Big Horn, at a time when "American Heritage" and "Montana" magazines have featured the "Last Stand" and the Custer story, this book is a good addition to any library at an economical price. While the editing of the original is of questionable value to real Custer-philes and Custer-phobes who would rather fight than switch, this edition is well composed and attractively presented with Remington's "Twenty Five to One" on the cover. The text, with the maps and illustrations, gives the reader the real feel of the Indian fighting army. An historical introduction fairly presents Custer's biography and starts the reader off with a good introduction to the man who then proceeds to describe the plans and the work of the army. There is considerable first-hand material on the planning and execution of the Washita campaign, and those readers who sit with the now popular Indian cheering section can see that strategy and plays that work on one Saturday may not work the next.

If you want to take sides, or if you just want to know more about a colorful man and a colorful period in the west, buy this book.

W. H. Van Duzer, CM

DUDE WRANGLER; HUNTER; LINE RIDER. Bard, Floyd C. (as told to Agnes Wright Spring). Denver 1966. Sage Books. (Paper Bound) \$1.35.

This is a delightful story of the life of Floyd C. Bard, who grew up in the saddle and busted bronchos and ranched during his entire life time.

Because of severe hayfever, he sought the "high country" of Wyom-

ing. Many were his experiences as dude wrangler, which brought him into contact with famous people.

Of particular interest were his government hunter days. His adversaries were the wily coyotes, bobcats and bears. Although Floyd Bard pursued a hardy existence, he lived an interesting and full life. He died near his eightieth birthday.

This book will be a valuable addition to your Western Americana collection.

Philip W. Whiteley, PM

GREAT WESTERN INDIAN FIGHTS, 336 pages. 21 illustrations (photographs and western paintings reprinted), 11 maps, chapter illuminations, Bibliography, Appendix. \$1.50 in paperback.

Here's a must for every Westerners' library. Here are twenty-five of the most celebrated and hair-raising Indian fights on record . . . written by twenty-one members or corresponding members of the Potomac Corral . . . each a forthright authority on the area or battle upon which he has written. Denver Posse members will be interested in the fact that one of its corresponding members, Jack P. Riddle, wrote one of the pieces, "Besieged on Milk Creek." It is considered one of the finest pieces researched and written on the Meeker massacre and the ambushing of Major T. T. Thronburg's troops on Milk Creek. Jack, a photographer for the Denver Post, is a close student of Western history and was a frequent visitor to the Potomac Corral while on duty with the U.S. Army in Washington, D.C., where he researched

much of the material for this piece.

From 1832 to 1891 the western states from the Great Lakes to Oregon and south to Mexico saw scenes of massacre, bloody rout, ambush, fire, and pillage as the great Indian tribes — Blackfoot, Cheyenne, Sioux, Arapaho, Modoc, and Apache — fought desperately to turn back the invading white men. Re-created in this reprint *Bison Book* are twenty-five battles that were crucial in the opening of the American West to white settlement. Among the battles included are: the Pierre's Hole fight, the battle of Bandera Pass, the battle of Pyramid Lake, the battle of Wood Lake, the Canyon de Chelly rout, the battles of Adobe Walls, the Fetterman, Hayfield, and Wagon Box fights, the fight at Beecher Island, the battle of the Washita, the battles of Massacre Canyon and Palo Duro Canyon, the battle of the Rosebud, the battle of the Little Big Horn, the Dull Knife massacre, and the final, tragic battle at Wounded Knee. As the *San Francisco Chronicle* stated after the original book came out, "A fine guide to the conflict that transpired across the wide Missouri."

Robert B. Cormack, PM

JOHN SELMAN — TEXAS GUN-FIGHTER by Leon Claire Metz, Hastings House, Publishers, New York, 1966, 254pp., illustrated, index, bibliography, \$6.95.

Heralded as "the last of the old-time gunfighters," John Elman is lifted from the obscurity to which he had been relegated by writers in search of picturesque characters in frontier history. Selman, a lightning-triggered gunman, lacked the dash

and sparkle of other better-chronicled badmen of the frontier. His personality was such that he deliberately avoided the limelight of notoriety. He was content to blaze a trail of terror through southwest Texas and leave the glory to those in pursuit of it.

A deserter from the Confederate Army, Selman took advantage of chaotic conditions on the frontier and plunged into a career of murder, robbery, cattle-rustling and a host of other lawless depredations. In 1878, Selman and his band of thugs migrated into neighboring New Mexico and there added to the bloodshed and destruction of the Lincoln County War.

As the wild fires of youth faded, Selman became constable in El Paso.

John Selman—Texas Gunfighter is a realistic word-picture of the desperate days of the Texas frontier. Diligent research by the author produced a volume that is sobering in its presentation of Western life as it was, not as the writer wished it to be.

The wealth of documentation is over-powering. The avid student of Western history will relish this plethora of information.

Leon Metz, identified as "a devoted researcher" has done a remarkable job in his first attempt at publication. He nobly resurrected a man who well deserves to be included in the fellowship of famous American outlaws.

Herbert O'Hanlon

If anyone has sound on film interviews of the old-timers. NBC of New York will be glad to buy them. Write them direct.

FIDDLEFOOTED by **Mat Ennis Jones** with the assistance of **Morice E. Jones**, Sage Books, Denver, 1966 \$5.75. 304 pp., 40 Illustrations, 15pp Index, 4pp Section on Brands.

This is the autobiography of a typical cowboy of the Old West. Mat Jones was born in Dallas, Texas in 1875 and moved to Buffalo Gap, Taylor County, Texas in 1883. There he watched the trail herds going north and became acquainted with the different outfits, the brands, and the cowboys. With other boys he indulged in the dangerous sport of roping and riding cattle in the mesquite. He was a partner in a horse breaking enterprise at fifteen, he worked on ranches, and at seventeen he "won his spurs" and his school days were over.

The author's experiences were told in an interesting and informative manner without unnecessary use of "cowboy vernacular." Many readers will recognize the names of ranchers and ranches in central and northern Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Montanan, and Colorado. The book is of value because the experiences give much detailed information about cattle ranches and how they are operated; the ranch personnel, their duties and skills; the equipment used, who owned it and how it was cared for; and how a roundup was conducted.

The reader is given much interesting bits of information as: who were the "two most valuable men in a roundup," how sour dough bread, "son-of-a-gun" in a sack, and "S.O.B. stew" were made, what was ususally in the "possible" box, how a cowboy's bedroll was constructed and cared

for, how the chuck wagon was equipped, how cowboys managed their personal clothing and grooming, what they did for recreation, how a "running iron" was used, how the horses were managed and used, and the effect of of an electrical storm.

Mat went to Montana with a cattle train and there worked at many different things, including jobs of camp cook, cowboy, freighting, running a feed barn, deputy sheriff, and sheriff. He did not run for re-election as sheriff in 1918, because prohibition was to be in effect and Mat did not want to have to interfere with the actions of some of his friends.

At Jordan, Montana, Mat met Will and Maggie Hodgins and their four daughters. July 5, 1905 he married Inga Katherine Hodgins, who was the "Belle of the Big Dry." Two sons were born to the couple.

About 1919 Mat went into the farming and ranching business for himself and lost everything. He moved back to Baker and was soon a cowpuncher again. His work took him to the Browning area east of Glacier National Park, where his employer ran cattle on the Blackfoot Indian Reservation and where the winters were very severe. Soon the manager received a wire saying that the owner of the outfit wanted Mat to work at Eads, Colorado. The family moved to Colorado and the remainder of his life was spent there.

The book is well indexed, has a good section on brands, and some interestig pictures of the Montana and Colorado periods of his life; several sketch maps are included but these are a bit difficult to read.

Richard A. Ronzio, P.M.

BANKERS AND CATTLEMEN: The stocks-and-bonds, Havana-cigar, mahogany-and-leather side of the Cowboy Era; politics, investors and operators from 1870 to 1900, by Gene M. Gressley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1966, xv + 320 + vii pages, 22 illustrations, bibliography, index. \$6.95.

If you put together nitric and sulphuric acids and cotton, you get a substance (gun cotton which is flammable and (when detonated highly explosive.

Gene Gressley's "Bankers and Cattlemen" has two words representing two sorts of men who, when put together, are capable of producing fires or explosions. This happens frequently in Gressley's narrative. Financiers and cattlemen "blew up" when the expected rich harvests failed to develop.

"Bankers" in the title does not necessarily mean bank-owners or officials or stockholders. Mostly, it means "backers who furnish money." These might be rich individuals, or companies, or syndicates, who either lend money to ranchers or buy stock in cattle companies. They were attracted to these risky speculations by the prospect of high return on the money. Bank operators, more conservative, were represented by the Boston banker who is to have listened quietly while a western cattleman made a spiel for a loan on his animals. At the end of this, the banker said, in effect that he'd just as soon lend money on a school of mackerel off the coast of Nova Scotia as to make a loan on cattle on the Wyoming plains. (This story has always smelled a little fishy to me: those bankers who financed the fishing fleets of New England in

reality lending money on schools of fish.)

Actually, the "bankers" who loaned money to ranchmen or took stock in cattle companies were more like "bankers" in the gambling sense—backers of faro, roulette, blackjack or *chemin de fer* games—the difference being that the banker of a game had almost a sure thing and the speculator in cows and range did not, though he may have thought he did.

This is not to say that no banks lent money on ranching enterprises. Some did, among them the First National Bank of Chicago, Kountze Brothers of Denver and other cities, the M. E. Post Company Bank in Cheyenne, and the Santa Fe National Bank. But a large part of the money for financing ranching in the American West came from British speculators or from Americans who had made enormous profits in the East and Midwest by investing in industries, railroads, mercantile businesses and insurance companies during the sixties, seventies and eighties. (Some of these who were damned with the epithet "robber barons" later came to rejoice in the title of "philanthropists.")

The author's studies took him to many states in the West, especially into Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma, the Dakotas, Kansas, Nebraska and Montana. He had access to many institutional and private collections of material, and good use of them. Included in his researches were the well-known ranches and the relatively obscure. He spent years of careful digging and painful labor to gain the wealth of historical information his book contains.

John J. Lipsey, P.M.

MISTER BARNEY FORD, A Portrait in Bistre, Sage Books, Denver, Colorado. 218 pp., 14 illus., bibliography and index paperback, \$1.85.

This book, originally published in 1963 with hard cover, was reviewed in the November ROUNDUP of that year. Its reception justified its reprinting, and it is now available as a paperback.

Agitation and controversy over civil rights for Negroes makes this work of continuing timeliness, inasmuch as Barney Ford played a leading part in the beginnings of that movement. It provides provocative reading for people of all races interested in the meanings of freedom.

Forbes Parkhill needs no praise from his fellow Westerners, all of whom can attest to his authoritative research and knowledge of the Old West, wild and otherwise.

Scott Broome, PM

OUTLAW ALBUM: By Fred and Jo Mazzulla, Published By Hershfeld Press 48 pages and 35 pictures. Price \$1.00.

If you go in for headless horsemen, corpses dangling from improvised gallows and lovely dance-hall girls who must have measured, say, 31-54-60, let Fred and Jo Mazzulla welcome you to their latest Wild-West side-show entitled "Outlaw Album," a new one-dollar booklet that can be purchased directly from the Mazzullas at their home, 1930 East 8th Avenue, Denver, Colorado 80206.

The album contains thumbnail biographies and pictures (mostly photographs) of Wild Bill Carlisle, Doc

Holliday, Big Nose Kate, Con Wager, Asa Moore, Big Ed, Big Steve Long, Dave Rudabaugh, Black Jack Ketchum, Calamity Jane, Jim Averill, Cattle Kate, Harry Longabaugh, Will Carver, Ben Kilpatrick, Harvey Logan, Butch Cassidy, Della Rose, Billy the Kid, Robert N. Ford, Edward O'Kelly, Poker Alice, Big Nose George Parrotti, Tom Horn, Alfred Packer and George Wetherill.

One of the first things I look for, whenever old Mazzulla photographs come my way, is authentic Western attire as distinguished from Hollywood's inventions. Take, for example in "Outlaw Album," the group picture of Butch Cassidy and his notorious companions of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang. Wearing derby hats, four-in-hand ties, conservative coats and vests, they might have been five staid young gentlemen of patrician families about to enjoy the horse races at Saratoga.

"Outlaw Album" does remind you grimly that outlaws frequently lost their heads and I wonder if anybody has a picture of Owen Singleterry's head which was pickled in alcohol and displayed at Fairplay for quite a spell. The late George Looms of Denver was working Owen's head into a novel George was working on at the time of his death.

I note that the Mazzullas spell the name of Colorado's most celebrated cannibal as Alferd Packer. If they are right, as they usually are, the rest of us have been wrong for years in spelling it Alfred.

Thomas Hornsby Ferrill, Rocky Mtn. Herald, 7|9|66.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Many interesting items have come to the attention of your Registrar.

You will remember the paper given by PM Dick Ronzio, on the early smelters. On the publication of that article, the New York Office of the American Smelting Co., has ordered several copies for their files.

. . .

The Posse has been advised that there is a new Museum, called the Wyatt Earp Museum that has just opened in Tombstone, Arizona. The Museum highlights the life of Earp as it really was and was made possible by the gift of the collection of Mr. John D. Gilchriese a student of Wyatt Earp for many years, and a Professor at Arizona University.

PM. Dr. Phillip W. Whitely received a letter from Mr. Carl J. Cox, of Yreka, California, together with his application for membership as a CM. This is a delightful letter of the days in Denver of the 20's, we hope to hear more from Mr. Cox.

. . .

We are sorry to hear of the death of Charles Ryland's father recently. Our sympathy goes to the family.

. . .

Just a word of appreciation. We are indebted to our good PM Fred Mazzulla for the pictures of the speakers that have appeared in each issue of the Round Up.



Henry E. Bender, Jr. Roundtable Drive, San Jose, California writes that he is interested in pictures, documents, verified or unverified anecdotes of the Uintah Railway. He offers in trade prints of Unitah, size 616, of steam locomotives and rolling stock of other railroads. Write him direct.

Francis Rizzari, PM has some 35 stereo views of Chicago after the great fire of 1871. He will swap for pictures of pre-1900 mining towns in Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada and California.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

OCTOBER
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by
C. P. WESTERMEIER



Professor C. L. Westemeier presenting his paper to the Denver Passe.

Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

About The Speaker

Dr Westermeier is a Professor of History at the University of Colorado. His teaching experiences have included St. Luis University, Loretto Heights College and the University of Buffalo. His interests range from the area of fine arts to the history of Western America. He has been described as a professor-artist-writer.

He is the author of a published study on the History of Rodeos. His first book, *Trailing the Cowboy* was published in 1955 by Caxton Press. A second book, *Who Rushed to Glory*, was published by the Caxton Press in 1958.

He is an acknowledged authority on the Cowboy.

FUTURE MEETINGS

October 26, 1966

Our speaker is Mr. James F. Bowers. His subject will be, "A Historian Looks at Custer." He formerly taught Western History at West High School and has done a good deal of research on his subject.

November 23, 1966

Speaker is Mr. Paul Ton. He will talk about J. Ross Brown.

December 17, 1966

Christmas Party, Oxford Hotel. Speaker, our own Thomas Hornsby Ferril, PM.

CHRISTMAS PARTY

DON'T MISS THIS ONE. TOM FERRIL will be the speaker.

Come one and all, men, women and children. We are to gather at the Oxford Hotel, 6:00 p.m. on the night of December 17, 1966. For fun, and fellowship be sure to attend the "Happy Hour" at 6:00 p.m. Dinner to follow, steak, the best at only \$5.25 per plate.

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PLEASE RETURN YOUR CARDS FOR YOUR RESERVATIONS FOR THE OCTOBER MEETING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE SO THE CHUCK WRANGLER CAN MAKE ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE PRESS CLUB.

CLIO'S MAVERICK – THE COWBOY

by

C. P. WESTERMEIER

The muse of history, along with her eight sisters, may have had a hard time in contriving an unanswerable riddle for the terrifying sphinx at Thebes, but she had not yet reckoned with a problem child—the unpredictable, non-conforming, rugged American cowboy who for almost a century has, off and on, reveled in the spotlight of the public eye. No other folk hero in our history has bridged the years from the last frontier to the present with greater success and continued admiration, for, in spite of twentieth century progress, the man on horseback still rides tall in the saddle—not into the sunset— but way out front, head and shoulders above all others. Although at times he faces an onslaught of stiff competition from heroes in other areas—science, space, and sports—and may sway slightly, he soon recovers his seat as the A-one American hero.

In the winning of the West the frontier newspaper scribes recorded everything that happened in their respective communities and, following the Civil War when the cowboy appeared on the horizon, their alert eye and agile pen followed him with gusto until the end of the century. These records are probably our most valuable sources for the study of the evolution of the cowboy and are, unfortunately, often neglected. Not always accurate, on many occasions panegyric or biased, they were contemporary and in the long run, because of the multitudinous and varied opinions, more reliable than old-timer tales.

Some journalists were, no doubt, historically minded and aware that this man was worth recording for posterity; however, in some sections of the cattle country the cowboy received scant, if any attention. Texas, for example, in the hey-day of the cowboy makes little mention of him or his work and probably accepted both as a matter of course. Regardless of local attitudes, the rise of the cowboy was phenomenal; in the space of two decades he dominated the scene at the expense of all participants of the cattle kingdom.¹

The cowboy attained this position via the pen of the frontier journalists who reported vivid on-the-spot occurrences, and their records reveal not one man alone but a breed of men in their mundane, but also perilous daily work. The savagery of the environment, the wearisome trail drives through clouds of dust, the merciless sun and scarcity of water, the swollen steams and stampeding herds—all these were a sharp contrast to the havoc created when the cowboy came in contact with the frontier community.² His escapades on arrival in the cow towns—drinking, gambling, whoring, thiev-

ing, and killing were reported faithfully, as well as the many harmless pranks so typical of this fun-loving character.³

From these newspaper accounts one first becomes aware of the cowboy's natural athletic ability, the obvious effect of his everyday work. The riding and roping competitions in the cow camps led to cowboy contests and eventually became the Cowboy Tournaments, Stampedes, Roundups, Frontier Days, and Pow Wows—known today by the more popular term—Rodeo.⁴

This was also the era of the Wild West Shows of Buffalo Bill, Pawnee Bill, Charlie Meadows, and many other showmen who roused their fellow Americans to rush to the tents, the canvas hippodromes, and arenas to behold the last gasps of the fading frontier and particularly its leading character, the cowboy. Every Wild West extravaganza proclaimed itself to be "the one and only," and reporters responded in a flow of flattering superlatives.⁵

The journalists were by no means unanimous in their opinions about the cowboy and his activities but this in no way affected his popularity. For this new folk hero symbolized many men, and, as a faceless and nameless figure, he embodied the traits of the West's primitive, lawless villain, as well as those of its nobler types. Basically, all reporters agreed that *here* was a man—a man of action, uniquely and intimately American, bursting with virility, with true-to-life lusts and faults, as well as virtues and ideals—a wishful personification of every American man who may not emulate the feats of the cowboy but knew that he could. Highly significant is the constant reference to the cowboy as an "independent critter," loyal to the brand but never branded. The cowboy had human appeal—he *was* news and *made* news.⁶

Since the frontier journalists had created this American hero, they could also sweep him aside for another of their making. With the shift of the cattle industry from range to ranch, they wrote their farewells and paid their final tributes to this "festive cuss."⁷ The cowboy and his way of life were over and done with—his passing marked the end of an era.⁸

Although the scribes smoothly wrote off the end of the open range, and with it the cowboy, they unconsciously had contributed to the rise of the legions of his faithful admirers. The buffalo fast becoming extinct, the free grass rapidly being fenced in, the Indian giving way before the land-hungry pioneer, the highwayman succumbing to law and order, did not mean that the cowboy dismounted to walk among ordinary men. In the last decades of the nineteenth century, contemporary authors—Charles A. Siringo, W. S. James, Theodore Roosevelt, and Emerson Hough—all kept the cowboy alive, in spite of the journalists' attempts to consign him to oblivion. However, some of these authors agreed with the journalistic predictions.⁹

But these prophets, as the earlier ones, did not anticipate the appearance of the range county "classic"—*The Virginian* (1902) by Owen Wister. The previous chroniclers had marked the cowboy as the last of the West's wild children and dramatized his demise; Wister now canonized him and branded him for all time with a halo of virtues and innocuous faults that no future generations of Western novelists dare tarnish with realism or creativity. All, except for a few who strayed from the herd, emasculated the image and, repetitiously embalmed the cowboy in a literary patois.¹⁰ Thus, with a literary corral and the maverick ready for branding, the cowboy appears destined to be another man's man, but the hot iron of conformity never reached his flank. Again, those who attempted to consign him to the common herd were the very ones to extricate him from his ignominy.¹¹

Andy Adams', *The Log of a Cowboy* (1903) and Philip Ashton Rollins', *The Cowboy* (1922), a novel and a historical study, respectively, released the cowboy from the repetitious patterns of journalists, dime novelists, and old-timers' reminiscences but were not recognized as significant prototypes until some time later.¹² Long before the drive up the literary trail became a stampede, the cowboy had made a name for himself with Theodore Roosevelt in the "splendid little war" of 1898, and the appellation "cowboy" or "Rough Rider" enhanced, in the minds of the war-enflamed public, the status of this American hero.¹³

The end of this short war (115 days) found the horseless victors of San Juan surrounded with enough journalistic ballyhoo to brand the cowboy with battle heroics for first place in a popularity poll. Since the first annual reunion of this cavalry regiment in 1899 at Las Vegas, New Mexico, subsequent annual roundups have taken place. At the Golden Jubilee in 1949, some fifty were in attendance¹⁴—at the most recent meeting on July 2, 1966, only two cavalymen were present. "Officials of the Roosevelt Rough Riders Memorial Museum . . . said they have seven members of the regiment listed as surviving."¹⁵

While the cowboy rode to glory across the printed page and a victory-delirious nation showered him with plaudits, he was also still very much a working man on the range and ranch. During these years, however, there is little news of him in his actual profession but, more and more, public interest centers on his skills in camp and inter-camp competitions.

Already in the 1890's Colorado played a significant role in the development of these activities, commonly known as cowboy tournaments, which were a part of every fair, exhibition, convention, and pioneer celebration throughout the state and also in neighboring states and territories. Cowboys from the mountain and plain region, expert in roping and riding, participated in these contests which provided rugged excitement with thrills and spills. In such competitions certain contestants naturally excelled, and for

the first time we find one or another classified as "Champion Broncho Buster," and the title of "World's Champion" is tossed around with considerable aplomb.¹⁶

The cowboy had carved another niche for himself in the hearts of his admirers—first as a herder, then the wild, boisterous, lusty habitue of the cow town, followed by a short stint as a war hero—now, in addition to the usual ranch activities, he becomes an entertainer in his own right. But as the folk hero mounts each pedestal, conformity is continually stamped on the distended image. Rules, regulations, laws—some self-imposed, others created by communities and organizations to serve as guides of conduct—become more evident.

As early as 1905, William D. Hayward of the Western Federation of Miners attempted to unionize the cowboy participants in a contest held in Denver at the G.A.R. Veterans' encampment. This attempt failed, but five years later, at the Jefferson County Fair the cowboy contestants went on strike—formed a union, elected officers, and demanded \$50 a day and expenses for every participant in the rough riding contests. These events foreshadowed the Cowboys' Turtle Association, founded in 1936, which in turn became the Rodeo Cowboys Association of today.¹⁷

Briefly, the Association prepares an approved list of rodeos, professional rodeo-contestant members agree to abide by all its rules and regulations. However, in this Rodeo Cowboys Association each cowboy retains his individuality—it's each man for himself and the individual cowboy pays an entrance fee to compete with other members. Nevertheless, because the day of rugged individualism is long past, as a member of an organization he is marshalled to fit into a sphere of economic activity—a big business in the entertainment and sports world of today. All rodeo events—saddle bronc riding, bareback bronc riding, calf roping, steer wrestling or bulldogging, bull riding, and team roping, team tying, and steer roping—are carefully supervised by rules which apply to contestants, judges, committees, stock contractors, and contract acts. This conformity, which is necessary to assure the benefits of protection of interests, in no way destroys the individuality of the professional rodeo cowboy; however, in two decades the accumulation has steadily increased and, no doubt, some of the color and vitality of the cowboy is lost.¹⁸

All this propaganda about the cowboy in the realm of entertainment and sport has tended to overshadow his original occupation—a real cowhand. However, just as the Old West and the wide open spaces exist no more in reality, so too, the modern ranch cowboy has succumbed to a certain degree of conformity. Although barbed wire has fenced him in, his basic work has not changed but rather has been alleviated and "geared up" to fit the pace of a mechanical age. He may ride herd in a jeep; on the long drives he may transport cattle by truck over the greater distances, and

thanks to the automobile, he can paint the town red every night if he wants to.

Nevertheless, the sky is no canvas tent, nor is the ranch a hippodrome, and the mettlesome moods of nature still wield their power over work on the ranch. Blizzards still "bliz," rains of the plains are rarely plentiful, the sun blazes without mercy, and the working day is long. Old-time ranch cowboys, reminiscing, deride their modern counterparts as "softies," but one of the latter knows what he's talking about when he declares at the end of a sixteen-hour day that he's "so tired he has to lean against the fence to spit."

Up to this point Clio's maverick has not been too obstreperous—he had had his wild moments and days of glory and appeared ready to settle into the niche she created for him. But she had not foreseen those wonders of the twentieth century—motion pictures and television—which would enshrine the man on horseback in the hearts of millions. Here he rides across the screen as the hero par excellence, not only for America but for most of the world, and becomes the embodiment of the triumphant good.¹⁰

In the years from 1908-1915 Gilbert M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson alone appeared in 375 two-reel horse operas. Owen Wister's *Virginian* had cast the mold for the literary cowboy, and the endless footages of celluloid marked him with a brand so indelible that only on the rarest occasions did author, scenario writer, producer, and cast dare to stray from the well-traveled trail.²⁰ Among the earlier interpreters of the cowboy were William S. Hart, Art Acord, Tom Mix, Monte Blue, Harry Carey, William Farnum, Hoot Gibson, Jack Holt, Jack Hoxie, Buck Jones, Tim McCoy, Ken Maynard, Will Rogers, Bob Steele, and Fred Thomson. Subsequently, others have risen from the ranks of extras to supporting roles and finally to stardom, always via strong, silent, shy, but fast-riding and quick-on-the-draw roles. Some had a ranch background and/or experience in Wild West Shows and early cowboy contests, but many, seeking fame and fortune, were lured from eastern cities to ride the celluloid ranges in the film capital.²¹

"Westerns" were turned out by the hundreds and, to add to the confusion, rabid fans mistakenly labeled them cowboy pictures. The tall, lean, soft-spoken men in boots, big hats, with low-riding, hip-hugging levis were six-gun Galahads in denim. It is impossible to estimate the number of "Westerns" produced with the Wister brand, but actually only a few treat the cowboy as a working man on the range or as a professional entertainer. Of these, *The Overlanders* (1946), *Red River* (1947), *The Lusty Man* (1952), *Broncho Buster* (1952), *Shane* (1953), *Giant* (1956), *Bus Stop* (1956), *Cowboy* (1958), *Lonely Are The Brave* (1962), *Hud* (1963), and *The Rounders* (1965) are worthy of mention.

On occasion rodeo also invaded the episodes of weekly television series

such as *Checkmate*, *Bus Stop*, *Dr. Kildare*, and *Route 66*.²² Probably the most efforts to depict the rodeo cowboy appear in *The Wide Country* and *Stoney Burke*. The star in the latter, Jack Lord, consistently able in the role of a professional bronc rider, won the stamp of approval from even the most critical rodeo cowboy.²³ However, the scripts ran the gamut of themes usually associated with series but with a change of setting, apparel, and a variety of extras and supporting cast. In less than a month after the premiere showing, *Stoney Burke* came under fire from prominent officials of the Rodeo Cowboys Association who labeled it as unauthentic and a "truly horrible portrayal of rodeo and the people in it." One official said, "There wasn't a guy in the whole bunch except Stoney that appeared to be any part of a man. Those birds in the series just don't look or act like cowboys at all. The guys who compete in rodeos are a far cry from the scrounging bunch of bums they appear to be in 'Stoney Burke.'"²⁴

Less glamorous, but more true to fact, are several documentary films. *The Cowboy*, directed by Elmo Williams surveys that life from approximately "18 and 84" to the present. This is a panorama of everything that happened in the cow country—the roping and breaking of mustangs, the roundup of Longhorns, the great 1,000-mile drives to the railroads, the stampedes, the arrival of the sod-busters and barbed wire, and the advent of gun fighters.²⁵ More limited but very factual is *The American Cowboy*, included in the Ford Motor Company's *America at Home* series, which was filmed at the Quarter-Circle-L Ranch at Gunnison, Colorado, and depicts modern ranch life throughout the four seasons.²⁶

David Brinkley, NBC news commentator, featured, as part of his TV program *Brinkley's Journal*, the life of the modern working cowboy. His visit to a northern Wyoming ranch revealed little change in the basic skills required for this work. Furthermore, the film shows that the life still demands long hours in the saddle and is one of danger, heat, cold, and dirt. Amusement was meager and consisted of an occasional trip to town, with stops at restaurants, bars, pool halls, and barber shops, with stops here and there to look at TV. Those interviewed had a low opinion of cowboy life as seen on the motion picture screen and on TV, and the old-time cook when asked to comment on the modern ranch cowboys, brushed them off by saying they had "too much rodeo in 'em today."²⁷

In an evaluation of this program one interviewer wrote, "The only people Brinkley has ever presented as heroic in his weekly series are the American Cowboys who work a seven-day, 100-hour week for wages that 'would make a union business agent cry like a baby' and who leave the world as devoid of personal wealth as when they enter it." Brinkley, long a crusader against "the pressure of conformity" believed that cowboys, "instead of togetherness, demand personal freedom."²⁸

More recently the revival of cattle drives has attracted considerable

attention. Obviously, these are not the 1,000-mile trail drives of the 1870s and 1880s. For eighty years a seventy-mile driveway drew cattle for hundreds of miles down to the railroads of Magdalena, New Mexico. Since some 65,000 acres of federal land were involved in its use, some adjacent ranchers attempted, in 1955, to use it for year round grazing.³⁰ Again in 1963, the feasibility of this Magdalena Driveway was questioned and finally a suggestion was made to reduce it in size. However, some thirty-one cattlemen objected, but finally it was decided that "the driveway has been unable to compete with the truck as the most economic method of delivery of livestock to the Magdalena railhead."³⁰

Just as the New Mexicans anticipated the abandonment of a half-forgotten practice of the early West modern trail driving boomed in other parts of the cattle country. In midwinter 1962, a South Dakota rancher, Don Hight, with six cowboys trailed his herd of 1,800 Herefords, a distance of seventy miles from White River to Winner, S. D., and typical of old times, on the trail a blizzard descended in a white fury and the temperature dropped to 15° below zero. Modern communications spread the news nation-wide; on the fourth day reporters, photographers, plus a television crew met the drive and, with the usual fanfare, informed the listening fans that all was well.³¹

Wyoming, California, South Dakota, and Colorado have witnessed such drives—without the notoriety. Actually, during the past five years, South Dakota and Colorado have had much newspaper publicity relative to the movement of herds by trail driving³²—in the latter state special documentary films featured these drives on television.³³

In commemoration of the great drives of 100 years ago, a 650-mile drive was staged from San Antonio, Texas to Dodge City, Kansas. Approximately one hundred Longhorn steers were driven six miles north of San Antonio bedded down for the night,³⁴ and the next morning moved by truck to Stonewall, Texas, from where, once more on hoof they passed by the LBJ ranch to wade in the rejuvenating waters of the Pedernales River to a second camp at the Stonewall Rodeo Arena.³⁵ Thus the remnants of what was once a great and noble breed of cattle were moved across Texas, Oklahoma, and into Kansas—partly by short drives but mostly by truck—to a point outside Dodge City and finally driven into the "Cowboy Capital" to be sold at auction.³⁶

The cattle and the cowboys in this Texas Longhorn Centennial trail drive were regaled with the usual hoopla and ballyhoo which accompanies V.I.P.'s—in this instance two United States senators, three governors, lesser officials of each state, and aging western movie star, Rex Allen.³⁷

Charles Shreiner III, president of the Texas Longhorn Breeders Association, explained the purpose of the drive, "We want to give the young people of today a chance—probably the only one in their lives—to see a

herd of real Longhorns and to experience the color and excitement of trail drives of the past."³⁸ An old-time Oklahoma cowboy, disgusted with the whole affair, expressed his opinion with a characteristic colorful and pungent four-letter expletive.³⁹

The popularity of the American cowboy has reached far beyond the confines of the United States. Long before the rise of the post-Civil War range cattle industry, Europeans developed a great interest in the West. It was, however, the opportunities of the trans-Mississippi West that brought men and money from abroad to bolster the American empire builders. As the far reaches of the continent were subdued, the fact and fiction of the wide open spaces prevailed and beckoned travelers and authors who were too late to share the feverish excitement of the conquerors.⁴⁰ Furthermore, the appearance of Buffalo Bill abroad created tremendous excitement. "He was enormously popular when he came to the Paris Exposition of 1889, and ever since the French people have been fascinated with the West."⁴¹

The writings of Karl May (1842-1912), particularly the *Winnetou* series, have captured European readers for nearly a century, and the annual festival in his name attracts almost a million cowboy and Indian fans. Old Shatterhand, his typical cowboy hero, still conquers evil in print and in dramatic presentations. May branded the American cowboy probably more thoroughly than any author of his time, but Europeans would have it no other way. With misty eyes, adults of today recall their youthful travel tours through the venturesome novels of this author, who depicted the "Wilde West," long before he ever set foot on our shores.⁴²

After a sturdy diet of May Europeans needed no urging to devour American Western film and television fare which they carried over into real life in Western riding and cowboy clubs. In both France and Germany business and professional men have organized such groups—big hats, boots, chaps, six-shooters and western riding gear are indispensable.⁴³ The Club Hippique du Lasso (1905) in Paris is probably the best known and the Champs Elysees and the Bois de Boulogne are their ranges.⁴⁴ The Arizona Boys (1933), founded in Munich before World War II, were forced to disband during the Hitler regime but reorganized after the fall of the Third Reich.⁴⁵ Both cowboy clubs are interested in the Old West and have no desire to change the pattern established by the cowboy nor the exaggerated imaginations of master storyteller Karl May. "*Qui est Buffalo Bill?*" or "*Wer ist Buffalo Bill?*" is a question which has long been answered by Western-minded Europeans—the transition from *lederhosen* to blue jeans took place long before the arrival of the American beatnik. Germany alone has over two dozen such cowboy clubs.⁴⁶

Not to be ignored is the recent trend toward the production of the "Western" in foreign countries—a development since Hollywood film pro-

ducers abandoned the low-priced horse operas—in fact, they turned over the genre to TV. The main character of the foreign productions is, of course, the cowboy, for there is no distinction between a westerner and a cowboy. A herd of cattle rarely appears, but everyone who is outfitted in the apparel and gear of the horseman of the West is labeled as a cowboy.⁴⁷

Reports drifting back to Hollywood indicate that anything the United States can do, France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Japan, and Yugoslavia can do better. Cries of "*Nous serons au passage avant eux!*" ("We'll cut them off at the pass!")—"Forza! Saltate a cavallo. Blocchiamoli nella gola." ("Come on! Mount up boys. Let's head 'em off at the pass.")—"am Pass aufhalten!" ("head 'em off at the pass!") echo throughout the land, and the virile quiet heroes are not above whispering "*Quand vous dites ca souriez!*" ("When you say that, smile!")⁴⁸

European theater owners gobble up this film fare which is immensely popular and profitable.⁴⁹ Furthermore, as far as Asian and South American theatre goers are concerned, the origin of the film is never questioned.⁵⁰ Because these are, in the main, budget films, the foreign producers can not lure stars of the caliber of John Wayne, Randolph Scott, Robert Mitchem, the late Ward Bond and Gary Cooper, but they do attract men of such stature as Clint Walker, Carmon Mitchel, Guy Madison, Lex Barker, Clint Eastwood, and Kelo Henderson—Colorado's own movie cowboy and "quick-draw" artist.⁵¹

As the demand for Westerns abroad continued, the German, French, and Italian film producers turned to the American celluloid gunslingers. If Americans can make movies about Marie Antoinette, Michaelangelo, Cleopatra, El Cid, why can't the Europeans make films about cowboys? One Italian press agent regards these efforts not as foreign Westerns but as "an American film produced in Italy."⁵² Director Sergio Corbucci says "A Western is formula, not history. You have to satisfy the public's concept of the thing. There aren't many American Westerns that show what America was really like them."⁵³ So the marquees of theatres abroad carry such titles as *Fistful of Dollars*, *Minnesota Clay*, *Massacre al Grande Canyon*, *Sons of the Golden Bear*, *Das Kriegsbeil (The War Hatchet)*, *Seven from Texas*, *Gun Fight at Red Sands*, and *Por Qualche Dollaro In Piu (For a Few Dollars More)*.⁵⁵

The nearest European counterpart of the American ranch cowboy is the French horseman of La Camargue. This country of some 295 square miles, located about 45 miles west of Marseilles in the Rhone River Delta, consists of salt flats, swamp and sheets of brackish water, shallow streams, spikey grass and clumps of scrub trees. The cowboys—they call them "guardians"—mount their pure white horses of a special breed and ride herd on black bulls. The bulls are raised especially for bullfighting; however, the objective is not to kill the animal but to remove a woolen pompon

fastened between its horns—not unlike steer decorating, a Canadian version of bulldogging or steer wrestling of modern rodeo.⁶¹

Although the authorities in these countries still attempt to eradicate this Wild West fever, they are engaged in a losing battle. About two years ago Western programs appeared on both radio and television which resulted in a deluge of motion pictures and also Wild West novels, ranging from Karl May to Zane Grey. The invasion of blue jeans was on!⁶²

However, there is still concern over “decadent Western influence.”⁶³ In Russia, the official *Izvestia* reported that the motion picture *The Magnificent Seven* had corrupted Soviet youth, evidenced by an outbreak of rifle-stealing from a museum and attacks on young girls. In the aftermath two young boys admitted to the thefts because they wanted “to look like the heroes of the American Western.”⁶⁴ Yul Brynner was the star.

In Prague the official organ of the Czechoslovak Writers' Union, *Plamen*, is in the vanguard of the offensive. It says, “The inherent danger of this new craze lies in its effect on adults rather than on children.” Youngsters from 10 to 16 will “get over it, like getting over measles” says the paper, “but it is a well-known fact that if an adult catches a children's disease it is often unpleasant and followed by serious complications.”⁶⁵

The Bulgarian Ministry of Culture warned parents and youths to “beware of the narcotic ideological propaganda of the West, which turns young people into slaves of the basest passions.”⁶⁶ *Narodna Culture*, the official publication, also “deplored the fact that Bulgarian children became so influenced by a U. S. Western on television, that, as in Prague, all of them wanted to wear cowboy outfits, and the state clothing industry was persuaded to produce them.”⁶⁷

Anti-American propaganda appears in an East German film *Sons of the Golden Bear*, which depicts the stand of brave, peace-loving Indians against cruel, sneaky white men. Everything is in reverse in this Communist version of winning the West—the evil pioneers wear the black hats, and the braves are the good guys who whoop up their victory. The success of the film assured that more of the same would follow.⁶⁸

A play entitled *Dallas—High Noon* produced in Cracow, Poland, dramatized the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. The critic of the Polish Communist party newspaper *Trybuna Ludu* said, “the play captured the ‘essence’ of America through the use of jazz and Bible readings—to ‘emphasize the hypocrisy of the American bourgeoisie’—and the costumes ‘inspired by cowboys and . . . by the style of dress of Barry Goldwater.’” In addition he complained, that “it wasn't a ‘real Western’ too little happened [and] action was lacking.”⁶⁹

Strict censorship in South Africa has banned not only writings of such prominent writers as John O'Hara, Sinclair Lewis, Alex Waugh, Pearl Buck, James Baldwin, Truman Capote, and others of a more racy and prur-

ient vein but it is illegal to buy, sell, or even own a January 1956 comic book titled *Gene Autry and Champion*, Volume I! The Publications Control Board of Capetown, South Africa, attempts to police the morals of its citizens and decides what should be read, seen, or heard. What the board doesn't know, evidently, is that in the typical cowboy film, the cowboy never kisses a lady, and the objection to the harmless cowboy comic and western novels by such writers as Ernest Haycox—"books devoid of women, race, and politics"—seem a little far fetched.⁴⁵

Dr. James M. Parker, a health officer in Glasgow, Scotland, aimed a low blow at the cowboy when he purported that this character, via the American television, was a detriment to the health of Scottish youth. His diagnosis stated "the boys are becoming round-shouldered and hollow-chested from imitating the stride of the heroes of the West—jeans worn low on the hips and hands stuffed in the drooping front pockets."⁴⁶ So much for the virile, he-man of our West!

But today the world turns in the interest of youth, and these countries may soon follow, as have others, the popular expression, "if you can't fight 'em, join 'em." In 1952, six hundred experts, under the sponsorship of UNESCO, met in Milan, Italy, to discuss this mania of young mankind for adventure, excitement, and thrills. Although all were "wary of Hopalong and Buffalo Bill," nobody had the answer.⁴⁷ In the same year another group convened in Cologne, Germany, to discuss the question: "*Ist Billy Jenkins eine Gefahr für die Jugend?*" ("Is Billy Jenkins dangerous for youth?") At the time, Billy Jenkins, a 66-year old ex-cowboy was young Germany's "pinup guy" in the cheap weekly paper bound books bearing his name. However, now a victim of publisher-exploitation, he lived, impoverished, in a trailer outside the city and was completely unaware that he had stirred up a fiery three-hour debate.⁴⁸

And while the experts expertize and Clio muses on her mountaintop, the hucksters have hog-tied the maverick to serve their hackwork in commercialism and exploitation, where the cowboy and the old West gallop ahead in Gallup polls.

Tom Mix, the silent star of early Westerns, set the style for the colorful, custom-built cowboy garb, which reached a point of gaudy exaggeration with the singing cowboys, Gene Autry and Roy Rogers. The fashion industry was quick to catch on that now American youth was in the saddle right along with the cowboy, and the Western wear business has almost reached the magnitude of a *Wirtschaftswunder* (economic miracle). In the presidential campaign of 1964, the conservative type of Western style became a symbol of prestige and was assured of mounting popularity, for with two sons of the Southwest as candidates, how could it lose?

Now, a century after he loomed on the horizon of the American West, Clio's maverick—hero or villain, saint or sinner, myth or reality is still with

us and is quite likely to stay. The cattleman's frontier lifted him from obscurity, not as an individual but en masse, to become a national and international symbol of the free, self-sufficient and individualistic hero. This real flesh-and-blood man who was frequently written off as a "has been" might fit the muse's mold had not these unforeseen forces of the twentieth century marked him for a hero worship that was not of his own making.

Regardless of attempts to corral and brand the cowboy, he remains, in the minds of the masses, essentially carefree, hard-living, irresponsible, and youthful. Through the years he had changed from unknown to renegade and knave to knight-errant to become the West's last nobleman, and the trail he rode is of little consequence.

He inherited his free-ranging spirit from the limitless space of the frontier where in his lonely workaday world he could feel the heartbeat of the wilderness. Eventually, as civilization encroached on his kingdom he adjusted to the restrictions necessary for his livelihood. Yet, maverick he is, and his saga, as that of all folk heroes, records a mixture of the real and the legendary—enough to liberate old men in their memories and to dare the modern dreamer-rebels to break through the world of fences.

*The contents of this paper are taken from various chapters of my forthcoming book—*A Century of the Cowboy*.

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²*Ibid.*, pp. 61-104.

³*Ibid.*, pp. 109-149, 189-227.

⁴Clifford P. Westermeier, *Man, Beast, Dust: The Story of Rodeo* (Denver, Colorado, 1947), pp. 30-37. See Westermeier, *Trailing the Cowboy*, pp. 341-376.

⁵Clifford P. Westermeier, "Seventy-Five ears of Rodeo in Colorado," *Colorado Magazine*, 28 (January, 1951), pp. 13-27.

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¹¹Marshall W. Fishwick, "The Cowboy: America's Contribution to the World's Mythology," *Western Folklore*, 11 (April, 1952), p. 89; Atherton, *The Cattle Kings*, pp. 49, 258; "Choosing the Century's Favorite Books: Final Results of a Nation-Wide Poll," *The Literary Digest International Book Review II* (March, 1924), pp. 261-264; Joe B. Frantz and Julian Ernest Choate, Jr., *The American Cowboy: The Myth & the Reality* (Norman, Oklahoma, 1955), p. 137.

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¹³Clifford P. Westermeier, *Who Rush to Glory: The Cowboy Volunteers of 1898* (Caldwell, Idaho, 1958), pp. 34, 47-48.

¹⁴*Ibid.*, pp. 234-248, 253-259.

¹⁵"2 Rough Riders Now Ride Alone," *Denver Post* (Denver, Colorado), July 3, 1966. p. 26.

¹⁶Clifford P. Westermeier, "Seventy-Five Years of Rodeo in Colorado," *Colorado Magazine*, 28 (April, 1951), pp. 127-141.

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¹⁸*Ibid.*

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²⁰Ezra Goodman, *The Fifty Year Decline and Fall of Hollywood*, (New York, 1961), pp. 331; George N. Fenin and William K. Everson, *The Western* (New York, 1962), pp. 53-54; Frantz and Choate, *The American Cowboy*, pp. 158-160; Atherton, *The Cattle Kings*, pp. 246, 251-252; Westermeier, *Trailing the Cowboy*, pp. 395-396.

²¹*Ibid.*; See George Eells, "TV Western Graze How Long Will It Last," *Look*, 24 (June 24, 1958), pp. 66, 71; Hal Boyle, "Views The World," *Northwest Arkansas Times* (Fayetteville, Arkansas), January 11, 1958), p. 8.

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⁴⁶*Ibid.*

⁴⁷See "Le Western," *Time*, 66 (July 4, 1955), p. 70.

⁴⁸Robert Musel, "They Gotta Be Kidding!" *TV Guide*, 13 (February 6, 1965), p. 5; Louis Hicman, "Wranglers Ride South of Rome," *Denver Post Roundup*, December 6, 1964, p. 36; "Wild West—Germany," *Newsletter*, 61 (May 20, 1963), p. 96.

⁴⁹Robert Musel, "They Gotta Be Kidding!" *TV Guide*, 13 (February 6, 1965), p. 6; "European Westerns," *Rocky Mountain News*, December 6, 1964, p. 15.

⁵⁰Louise Hickman, "Wranglers Ride South of Rome," *Denver Post Roundup*, December 6, 1964, pp. 31, 36.

⁵¹*Ibid.*; James Bacon, "Rawhide Star Wows Italians," *Daily Camera Focus*, January 10, 1965, p. 11; "European Westerns," *Rocky Mountain News Parade*, December 6, 1964, p. 15; Barry Morrison, "Colorado Cowboy Kelo Henderson Finds 'Wild West' In Yugoslavia Not so Easy to Fake," *Denver Post Roundup*, September 26, 1965, p. 3.

⁵²Robert Musel, "They Gotta Be Kidding," *TV Guide*, 13 (February 6, 1965), p. 5; Louise Hickman, "Wranglers Ride South to Rome," *Denver Post Roundup*, December 6, 1964, p. 36.

⁵³*Ibid.*

⁵⁴*Ibid.*, p. 31.

⁵⁵James Bacon, "Rawhide Star Wows Italians," *Denver Post Roundup*, January 10, 1965, p. 11; Louise Hickman, "Wranglers Ride South of Rome," *Ibid.*, December 6, 1964, p. 31; "European Westerns," *Rocky Mountain News Parade*, December 6, 1964, p. 15; "Bleichersicht, deinen Skalp!" *Der Stern* (Die Grosse Illustrierte), Hamburg, Deutschland, 25, Marz, 1951, S. 10; "Pioneers Are Bad Guys In East German 'Western,'" *Rocky Mountain News*, April 12, 1966, p. 15A; "Italian-Made Western Set for Production," *Denver Post*, June 8, 1965, p. 32.

⁵⁶Bruce Hamby, "The Camargue—Shades of the Wild West," *Denver Post Roundup*, May 24, 1964, p. 31. See Michel Droit, *Camargue*, New York, 1963; Westermeier, *Man, Beast, Dust*, pp. 238-29.

⁵⁷Lajos Lederer, "Wild West Plagues East Europe Communist Lands," *Boulder Daily Camera*, May 10, 1966, p. 13

⁵⁸*Ibid.*

⁵⁹"Izvestia Says Movie Corrupts Soviet Youth," *Denver Post*, May 28, 1965, p. 26.

⁶⁰Lajos Lederer, "Wild West Plagues East Europe Communist Lands," *Boulder Daily Camera*, May 10, 1966, p. 13.

⁶¹*Ibid.*

⁶²*Ibid.*

⁶³"Pioneers Are the Bad Guys In East German 'Westerns,'" *Rocky Mountain News*, April 12, 1966, p. 15A.

⁶⁴"JFK Death Dramatized For Poles," *Denver Post*, March 15, 1966, p. 49.

⁶⁵Richard H. Boyce, "Gene Autry Books 'Taboo In S. Africa,'" *Rocky Mountain News*, January 12, 1966, p. 31.

⁶⁶"U.S. TV Cowboy Blamed In Round Scot Shoulders," *Ibid.*, August 31, 1963, p. 61; "Scot Criticizes Cowboy Slouch," *Denver Post*, September 19, 1963, p. 75.

⁶⁷"Experts Wary of Hopalong, Buffalo Bill," *Sun* (Baltimore, Maryland), March 24, 1952, p. 12.

⁶⁸"Ist Billy Jenkins jugendgefährdend?" *Münchener Illustrierte*, 26, April, 1952, S. 32.

THE SILVER SPUR

Award this month goes to THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL, PM, distinguished writer, columnist and Colorado's Poet Laureate. He and his newspaper, THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN HERALD, Colorado's oldest weekly paper, were honored Sept. 29, when a plaque was unveiled at 13th and Larimer Streets (near the original location of the paper) marking the site as an Historic Site in Colorado Journalism.

The plaque was placed there by the Colorado Chapter of SDX.

NBC of New York is looking for sound on film interviews of the old-timers of the West. They will be glad to swap real dollars for such strips.

We are still trying to locate the old poem on "The South Platte Fish Train," that appeared so many years ago in "Capt. Billy's Whizbang." Have several things to offer in exchange.

OVER THE GORRAL RAIL

From time to time we take the opportunity to remark on the activities and honors of the members of the Posse, both active and corresponding. We note that earlier this year on the 35th anniversary of the Colorado Author's League, several of our members were awarded the "Top Hand" award from the League. They were Dabney Otis Collins, for his article, *The Fight for Sitting Bull's Bones*. Steve Payne, for his book, *Where the Rockies Ride Herd*.

We also note that Jack Quinn's series which ran in the Empire Section of The Denver Post have been collected and are now published in total. This was the series entitled, *The Red Man's Last Struggle*.

Fred Mazzulla's book, *Outlaw Album* has been running away on the news stands.

Erl Ellis now comes out with a book, *International Boundary Lines across Colorado and Wyoming*. This is a limited edition, limited to 500 copies.

Tom Ferrel's new book *The Rocky Mountain Herald Reader*, will be available soon. He is also to publish a new book of Poems, which will be released shortly. Also Alan Swallow recently published *Turquoise and the Indian*, a fine book and a must for those interested in the Southwest.

Bob Brown anticipates a new book very soon, more on the Jeep Trails, which should be out after the first of the year.

Kenny Englert is now in the buffalo business. Seems they bought a cow buffalo for a barbecue, but the critter dropped a calf, so they bought a bull and are now on the way to having a small herd, with 3 to date and another on the way.

* * *

We were so pleased to see CM Allison Chandler of Salina, Kansas attending the Sept. meeting. He is the author of *Trolley Through The Countryside*. Come back again soon Allison.

NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

Mr. Shaw Mudge
51 Doubling Road,
Greenwich, Conn. 06832

Mr. Mudge became interested in The Westerners through his work in writing on the Mountain Men. He is also a contributor to books of Dr. Leroy Hafen, RM.

Mr. Wm. J. Shay
P. O. Box 86
Ft. Laramie, Wyo. 92212

Mr. Shay, who is the Ranger for the Park Service at Fort Laramie comes to us through our good PM. Fred Rosenstock and PM. Fred Mazzulla. He is an authority on the Park Service History. Interested in rock and mineral collecting in Western America, as well as mapping the old routes on modern maps.

Warren Boughton Jr.
15202 Western Ave.
Harvey, Ill., 60426

Mr. Boughton is a former Corresponding Member. He was introduced to the Westerners by our good PM. Fred Rosenstock. His interests include The Mountain Men, ghost towns and the history of South Park. He is a technical writer for engine manuals.

* * *

To all of you, welcome. Be sure to see us for our monthly meetings at the Press Club. You will be most welcome.



Westerner's Bookshelf



DESERT PLANTS AND PEOPLE, by Sam Hicks. Published at San Antonio by The Naylor Co. \$5.95.

A small-sized book of 75 pages that is a herbarium in the archaic sense of an illustrated herbal. The "People" is almost a misnomer.

Howard S. Reed, in his "A Short History of the Plant Sciences," says on page 20:

"Fortunately for the study of cultural history, the races which inhabited the Americas when discovered by Europeans were in the Stone Age . . . The Nahuatl tribes of Mexico had developed a great scientific interest in plants as well as a knowledge of their economic properties. At the time of the conquest (1520) none of the nations of Europe were much superior to the Mexicans in botanical lore . . . Cortez commented on the trade in dried roots and medicinal plants in Mexico."

Sam Hicks has spent much time exploring in Baja California as an intimate companion of Erle Stanley Gardner, who has written a foreword for this book. The author, confessing no knowledge of the subject of which he writes, records the present plant lore as related to him by some Indian friends in that primitive land. Without probably realizing the fact, he shows that his native friends are still, perhaps necessarily, in the Stone Age as far as medical practices are concerned.

The list of plants and their reputed medicinal properties is long and detailed, with some nice pictures of plants. The trouble is that most of the

plants are identified only by the Indian names without Latin or scientific equivalents.

This is an interesting curiosity if you wish to fully realize how these primitive people "doctor" themselves.

Erl H. Ellis, PM

THE PUBLIC DOMAIN IN MEXICO 1854 to 1891, by Victor Westphall. The disposal of public lands, a documented history of courage and crime, honor and exploitation. Published by the University of New Mexico Press. 212 pages including the index, 20 maps. Price \$5.00.

Mr. Westphall has produced a book that, while quoting dry statistics brings alive the wild, turbulent era of opening the land after the American occupation of New Mexico. He tells of treachery, swindling, murder and every kind of skullduggery. The book covers all land legislation during the period. This book is well referenced, with many foot notes and a bibliography most complete.

The trend to large cattle outfits from the original small farm idea is traced and the evolution and reasons for it are well defined throughout.

A very fine piece of work. This book explains many of the reasons for conditions in New Mexico for the period under discussion.

William D. Powell, PM

BAYOU SALADO, by Virginia McConnell, Sage Books, 1966. 275 pp. Photographs. \$5.95.

This 275-page book, with 240 illustrations, deals with the geology, geography, wild game, Indians, mining,

railroads, ranches, outlaws, etc. that made up the country known as Bayou Salado, or South Park. A superb map is also included in the book to assist the reader in finding his way around this vast expanse.

If you have ever wondered how this glorious park was formed, with its high and low peaks, rolling hills, and hogbacks, your curiosity will be satisfied.

If you are interested in wild life you will read a great deal about it, and will learn the mystery of what happened to the prairie dog.

Those who are interested in hunting for arrowheads and Indian artifacts will be able to locate the anthropological sites from this book, but do your searching after a hard rain as the places mentioned have been thoroughly "worked out."

It is rather difficult to believe any of the references to William Drannan or to James Ohio Pattie. These men have been scanned with a critical eye by some historians.

Practically all of the famous mountain men are brought out into the open. The murderous Espinosas and the Reynolds gang make their play again. The names of many pioneers such as Tabor, Father Dyer, Byers, Father Machebeuf, Howbert, Hall, McLaughlin, and of all names, several Smiths, are mentioned throughout the book.

The amount of research that was undertaken in ferreting out the wagon roads, stage lines, and towns that existed in the park is amazing. The author has even found and given the location of several ghost towns that were previously known to only a few historians.

In writing a book of this magnitude there are bound to crop up some

errors and omissions, six of which are listed below:

If La Salle and Wilkerson Passes took their names from pioneer families, then it should be noted that Badger Mt., located between them, was named for James Badger who is buried at Rocky?

Harry Locke was, and is, the state senator, not George.

The feud, between Gibbs and Harrington, which started the Lake County war, was not over cattle and sheep, but over irrigation water.

It will come as a shock to older cattlemen and their descendents, that the many large roundups of Fremont, Park, Teller, and Chaffee Counties, only warranted a few lines of print. These roundups lasted for at least 30 years.

The book states that the Eddy-Bissell Cattle Co. had "only 8 pre-empted" acres. Actually they had deeded land at Whitehorn, Midway, Suckerville and Salida. Their home ranch was located on the present Salida golf course.

Bent's Ford was not built in 1833.

The book is well documented with dates, towns, camps, railroads and stations, plus much more information that will be of interest to the reader. Mrs. McConnell has the knack and ability to put a readable book together. This one will make a worthy addition to the shelves of western history buffs and those who dearly love the South Park.

Kenny Englert, PM

CLIMAX AT BUENA VISTA, by David Lavender; published by J. B. Lippincot Company (1966). Attractive jacket design by Guy Fleming.

This latest of the "Great Battles in History" series is by native Coloradoan David Lavender, and is edited by the one and only Hanson Baldwin. The highly polished format of the "battle" series is perhaps at its best in this intensely interesting recount of the American Campaigns in north-eastern Mexico in 1846-47.

The candidly factual description of the military and political figures of the era may incite some of the more romantic historians of the Southwest to heated debate. More than a few of even the finest historians bestow a gentility and nobility that the hero and times simply couldn't afford. The political opportunism of President Polk, the hard-headed effectiveness of General Zachary Taylor, and the senile peevishness of General Scott combined with just pure good luck to wrest from General Santa Anna and the Mexican Army two-fifths of the empire that they themselves had won from Spain only years earlier.

The American Army in the field consisted of over half the total military forces in being at that time. A well trained but tiny corps of regulars, very little artillery but superbly trained and oriented to the then new concept of great mobility, and a profusion of ninety day conscripts and volunteers that were practically unusable constituted the manpower available to General Taylor in this war against a much larger enemy intent on his destruction. The Mexican Army was known to have the finest light cavalry on the continent, vast numbers of regional conscripts, and a serious lack of experienced military leadership. The most able of Mexico's artillery units was the "Irish Brigade" made up of Irish deserters from the American forces, who in an early

example of psychological warfare were enticed to desert by appealing to the Irish on the precept that they had a greater future in Roman Catholic Mexico than they did in a bitterly Protestant America. This same artillery force very nearly caused the defeat of the Americans in the Battle of Buena Vista.

General Taylor's ability to pick his battlegrounds and his solid propensity for ignoring the unbelievably poor communications he did receive from President Polk finally enabled him to win a war and the presidency. The portrayal of General Santa Anna kindly passes over his less mentionable personable attributes but does give him the honor of resisting the bribes offered by President Polk through various emissaries. Santa Anna did actually return from his imposed exile in Cuba on a pass through America lines authorized by President Polk.

I found the book to be most interesting and do believe it to be a valuable source reference for the casual or intense historian. It is much more in the style of a fine historical novel than is in the usual pedantic mixture of dates and places. The page by page annotation to both source and interpretation is excellent. Some of the unusual sources are entirely new and are current as of 1966, and may, in themselves, lead the reader to further pursuit of some of the new and intensely interesting passages in this book.

Preston F. Tweed, CM

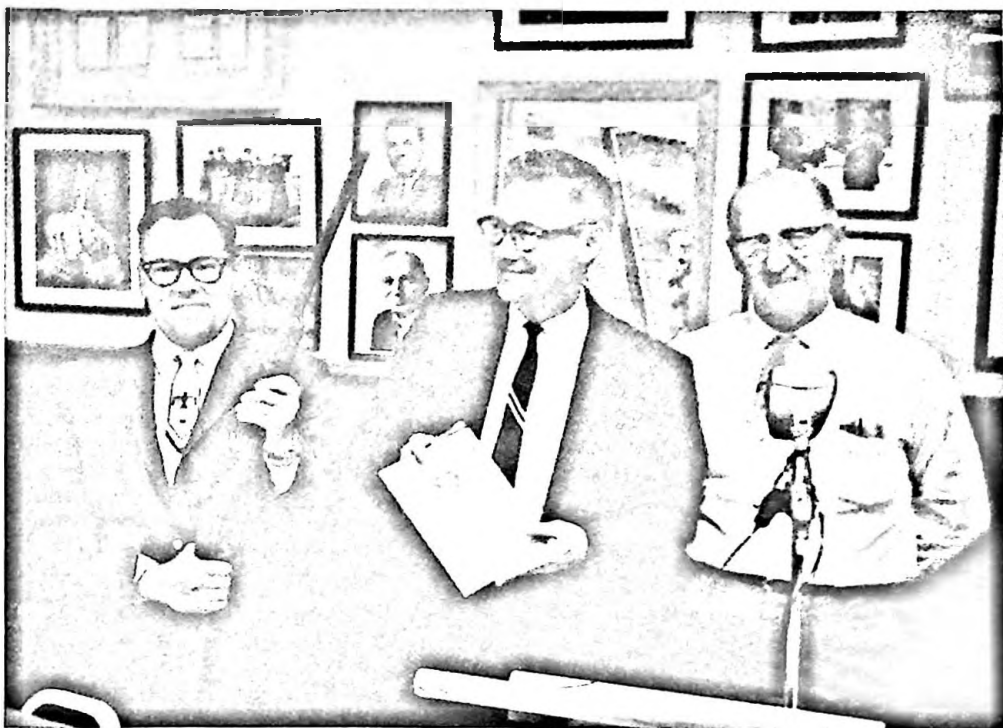
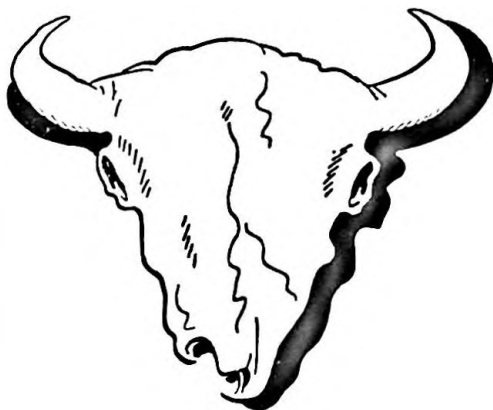
To all book reviewers. Note: Please hold the reviews down to not over a page in length. We always have to hold up one or two reviews due to lack of space in the Round Up each month.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

NOVEMBER
1966
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Number 10

In this issue
AN HISTORIAN LOOKS AT CUSTER

by
James F. Bowers



Bob Brown, Speaker James F. Brown and Deputy Sheriff Dick Ranzio on presentation of Speaker's Plaque to Mr. Brown.

From the collection of Fred and Joe Mazzulla

ABOUT THE SPEAKER

Mr. James F. Bowers is particularly well versed in the legend of Custer. He has been Historian at the Custer Battlefield Memorial in Montana. Has studied the terrain and the battlefield and has had access to all of the records, trophies and the files of the Museum at the battlefield. He taught Western History at West High School and is presently engaged in an administrative position with the Denver Public Schools System. He brings to us a life long interest and study of the always controversial Custer Dilemma. As an accomplished historian he brings us his findings so we can judge for ourselves.

FUTURE MEETINGS

November 23, 1966

Our speaker will be Mr. Paul Ton. His subject will be, "J. Ross Browne Looks at Western Enterprise." Mr. Ton holds a B.S. from Union College, an M.A. from Stanford and is currently a candidate for his Ph.D. at University of Denver. He is presently teaching history at South High School in Denver.

December 17, 1966

CHRISTMAS PARTY. Speaker and entertainer will be our own Thomas Hornsby Ferril. He is to give us a talk, poetry and some other entertainment, in his own inimitable way. This should be the year's best. Don't miss it. Oxford Hotel, 6:00 P.M. The best steak for only \$5.25 each, plus Happy Hour at 5:30 p.m.

January 26, 1967

Our first meeting for the new year. Speaker Dr. Phillip Whitely, subject: Frank Cimlett. More on this at a later date.

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**PLEASE RETURN YOUR CARDS FOR
YOUR RESERVATIONS FOR THE
NOVEMBER MEETING AS SOON AS
POSSIBLE SO THE CHUCK WRANGLER
CAN MAKE ARRANGEMENTS
WITH THE PRESS CLUB.**

An Historian Looks at Custer

by

James F. Bowers

The words "Time" and "Fear" appear to be the stumbling blocks to our ever knowing the real and complete story of what happened to General George Armstrong Custer and five troops of the 7th Cavalry Regiment of the U. S. Army one hot Sunday afternoon 90 years ago last June 25th; a regiment that, if not the finest, was at least one of the best and experienced found on active duty in the West during that period in our history known as the Indian Wars. This same regiment was to go on to fight through war after war—and today is an essential part of the 1st Cavalry Division in Viet Nam.

Time played many tricks to cloud the complete story, then and now: the day after the battle there was not enough time, when the officers and men who survived the Battle of the Little Big Horn had to hurry in identifying and burying their comrades on the field of battle, and could not pause to read the story of Custer's march through the shod hoof prints made by their mounts as they carried the men to the ridge where they died. There was not enough time between the day of battle and December, 1876, when consumption took the life of Captain Weir, the one man who many have felt, could have thrown more light on the subject than any other officer. Then there was an elapse of too much time—it was 3 years before a Board of Inquiry was held at the request of Major Reno. The findings of this Board of Inquiry were buried from the public eye until just recently. The Board did not ask all questions or follow all lines of thought, or some parts were not officially recorded for us to read today. Time played another trick in the reticence of the Indians, who over the years had learned "never to volunteer anything, tell only what the white man wants to hear," and their silence through the years following the battle has deprived history of all the facts that only they could have contributed. And time permitted Mrs. Custer to outlive all of the officers and most of the enlisted men who were participants in the battle. Mrs. Custer was 92 years young when she passed away in 1933, and it has been claimed by many that the chivalry of the times prevented the officers and men from speaking their minds in deference to her until after her death, when it was too late. She spent her life agreeing with her husband's friends and refuting all who were not complimentary to her husband's memory. And lastly, 90 years is a long time—there just isn't anyone left today.

Then there was "fear." As I have mentioned, and as anyone familiar with the Indian personality will tell you, the Indian feared the white man's reprisals. Knowing the white man of his day and how he thought and reacted to the Indian's attempts to hold onto his land and way of life, no Indian in his right mind would reveal more than was absolutely necessary; he would watch the face of the person asking the questions and try to tell from the expressions and voice tone just what answer would cause the least amount of trouble for the Indian. This actually remains true today. For example—in my part-time work as a teacher of prisoners at the Federal Youth Center southwest of the city, a goodly portion of whom are Indian inmates, I recently became interested in learning the Indian's original formula for making jerky, the staple meat product which they carried and which could sustain them over long periods of time. I felt that at least one of the boys in the class might be able to write home and find out from a grandmother just how it was done. Each week I would discuss topics of what I hoped were of mutual interest and always leading to the idea of someone coming forth with the recipe for jerky. Finally, at the end of the last hour of the last class period, while shaking hands with the boys and wishing them luck, one Indian boy left a piece of paper in my hand as he walked away. Palming the paper until the class was gone, I sneaked a look and there was my recipe for jerky. His fear was in showing friendship for a white man in authority among his peer group.

Another example of this Indian fear of the white man was manifested last summer when I spent several hours touring the site and museum at Fort Robinson, Nebraska. There on display, in a very fine and well presented museum, is the scalp shirt owned and worn by Crazy Horse. The curator told me the Indians visit the museum and stand before that shirt as we might stand in reverence in a famous church. Crazy Horse was shot and killed at Fort Robinson, but so far as I know, no white man knows where the Indians buried him. Later on during the week, while visiting on the South Dakota Indian Reservations, and after I returned to Denver, I inquired as to the likelihood of anyone today really knowing the whereabouts of the grave of Crazy Horse, and it is my conviction that the Sioux do know, but will never reveal the location because of their fear of what the white man will do in the way of commercializing and exploiting the knowledge. He is their "god," their martyr, and he will remain that way—not a cheap roadside attraction.

And while I am on this subject of fear, I might say that I personally may have had within my grasp the best chance of all to get the actual story from the man who knew best what happened—but fear once more played its hand well. When I went to Custer Battlefield National Monument to assume the position of Historian in 1952, accommodations were (and still are) scarce near the site, and as my family wouldn't arrive for several days,

I set up a cot and hot plate in the basement of the museum building. Here are stored the hundreds of artifacts, collections, and other donations which have been presented to the government over the last 90 years. By living right in the museum for a few days, I would have at my fingertips the source material necessary to steep myself in the information necessary for my job. During the day I read, asked questions and answered questions, and in the evening I would fix a bite to eat and then gather some material and read until nearly midnight. On about my third night, there I am reading, alone in that big building, with "Custer" all around me, when I hear the front door unlock, open, and someone walk across the floor to the office. Reaching over my head, I opened the door and yelled, "I'm down here." No answer. In a few moments, I heard the footsteps move into the museum area, and once again I hollered that I was down below. The steps cease, but still no answer to my call. When the steps move a third time toward the back door which led to the battlefield and was never unlocked, that was enough for me. I jumped up, locked the door, moved my cot into the darkroom of the photography lab and locked both those doors. There I spent the night and I don't remember that I slept much, either. Later, when I got the nerve to tell my story to the Superintendent, he didn't laugh or poke fun at my imagination, but rather left me with the impression that I wasn't the first to have heard General Custer checking the area before turning in for the night.

Fear and Time—time now tells me that it was just a combination of circumstances. But had I not been afraid—who can say but what I could have walked up those stairs and gotten the straight facts once and for all?

When I went to Custer Battlefield National Monument, I was the first historian to be assigned to that site by the National Park Service. It was my job to read and to learn as much as I could in a very short time about the battle because I would spend many working hours that first summer holding down the visitor's desk in the new one-quarter million dollar museum. I sorted hundreds of photographs and helped to file an immense collection of material gathered over the years to help shed some light on the circumstances of the battle. My boss, Superintendent Edward S. Luce, was a retired Army Major who not only had served in the 7th, but had known some of the men who had taken part in the Battle of the Little Big Horn. He and his wife Evelyn had come to the National Cemetery located on the battlefield grounds as Superintendent and Clerk and stayed to give more than 15 years of their lives in improving and publicizing the battlefield sites into the beautiful tourist attraction it is today. To me, he was the last of the true authorities and resource people on the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Perhaps credit as current authorities should also go to the two men now with the National Park Service: Mr. Robert Utley and Mr. Don Rickey. Future remarks tonight by me must of course be in the light of

what I learned from Mr. and Mrs. Luce. I am not prejudiced either for or against Custer and the actions which took place in June, 1876.

I have brought about 60 color slides of the area around Custer Battlefield National Monument with me tonight. However, I feel we should review the events which led up to those two fateful days, and some of what we know took place during those days, before I show the pictures.

The 7th Cavalry was formed and activated shortly after the close of the Civil War. Custer accepted a Lt. Colonelcy, second in command, but was usually in command since Colonel Sturgis was kept on detached duty elsewhere. It was Custer's outfit. The regiment's first assignment was to Kansas where the 7th played a large part in subduing the Southern Cheyenne, Comanche, and Kiowa Indian tribes in their uprisings on the southern plain in the late 1860's. The regiment was then sent piecemeal to serve in the Reconstruction Era of the South. In 1873, they were reunited at Fort Abraham Lincoln, across the river from Bismarck, North Dakota, where in the summer of 1873 they served as escorts and protectors for the Northern Pacific Railroad Survey Party as it moved west through the heart of the Indian land. In the summer of 1874 the entire regiment, with others, conducted a survey of the Black Hills, the sacred land of the Sioux and Northern Cheyenne tribes. It was at this time that the rumored gold became no longer a rumor. During 1875 the companies of the 7th were scattered about the region trying to keep miners out of the Black Hills, two were back in the South, and others on garrison duty here and there. By the fall and winter of 1875, they were once again assembling at Fort Abraham Lincoln, ready to become a part of the campaign planned for the summer of 1876.

I would like to refresh your memories of the Indian side of the story which will also bring us up to the summer of 1876. As the Mountain Man passed from the scene in the late 1830's and early 1840's, a pattern of Indian Wars begins to emerge approximately every decade. Cold and the rush to California and Oregon along the Platte River in the late 1840's to early 1850's brought trouble, finally settled after the Gratten Massacre and Harney Expedition, by the Horse Creek Treaty in 1854. By this treaty the Indians granted the road west to the white man and things remained reasonably quiet until the Civil War, when the regular soldiers were pulled out of the West. Denver was practically isolated for a while, the Oregon Trail was closed from Fort McPherson to Fort Laramie, and Chivington had his day of glory and his day of disgrace. A little later, in 1866-68, Col. Carrington built the three forts along the Bozeman Trail. Here for the first and only time did the Indians not only win most of the battles, but they also won the war. Under Chief Red Cloud and daring Crazy Horse, the Indians forced the government to withdraw from the Bozeman and to settle for peace in 1868. This treaty gave to the Indians forever the great

Sioux Reservation of eastern Wyoming and Montana, and the Black Hills and surrounding areas of Nebraska and North and South Dakota. They were to go onto reservations, but this was to be their land to live in and to hunt in as they had done in the past.

However, all was not as quiet and serene as many were led to believe. Graft and corruption on the Indian Reservations, the lack of adequate food, clothing, and housing, general unrest, and the desire to return to their old way of life was causing many Indians to leave the reservation and to move west where they were joining one of two groups which had never given in and come onto the reservations; the bands of Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse. Finally, it came to the point that the Indian Bureau had lost control and was forced to call upon the Army to enter the picture to help to bring the "hostiles" back to the reservations. A message ordering all Indians who were off the reservation and living to the West to return to the reservations by January 31, 1876, or to be treated as hostiles, was sent out by courier. This message was sent in December, 1875, and was virtually an impossibility from the beginning. It was an extremely severe winter, many couriers didn't even reach the winter camps of the tribes by January 31, and for those that did, it was impossible for the Indians to comply because of the weather, lack of food, and poor conditions of their ponies.

Accordingly, the Army then planned an offensive for the spring and summer of 1876 which would once and for all bring the Indians to their knees and back to stay on the reservations. The buffalo and other game animals were becoming more scarce each year and this one big campaign should be the end of the free Indian of the plains.

The planned campaign would consist of three Army groups, all coordinated to close in on the hostiles and force them to either fight or return to the reservations. General George Crook was to move north from Fort Fetterman, about 60 miles north of Fort Laramie on the Oregon Trail, and clear out the upper Tongue and Powder River country. General John Gibbon was to move east from Forts Ellis and Shaw in Montana along the Yellowstone River and prevent the Indians from crossing the river or moving toward the Big Horn Mountains, and General Alfred Terry with the entire 7th U.S. Cavalry and others was to push west and move up the Yellowstone River until the two forces met somewhere near the mouth of the Powder River.

General Crook's forces moved early in the spring and made first contact with the hostile Indians near the Wyoming-Montana border. Although scattering the Indians, General Crook felt that he needed more troops and retired south. In the meantime, Generals Gibbon and Terry got their forces underway to close off the Yellowstone River valley to the Indians. When they met and had not had any communication from General Crook, General Terry, the supreme commander, planned a maneuver based on the

information provided by the Major Reno and Lt. Bradley scouting trips which he thought would catch the Indians between two forces. Lt. Bradley from General Gibbon's group had scouted the valleys of the Big Horn and Little Big Horn Rivers and had seen no sign of Indians. Major Reno and six companies of the 7th had scouted the Tongue and Rosebud River valleys and reported a broad Indian trail leading up the Rosebud. Therefore, Terry assumed that the Indians would be found somewhere near the headwaters of the Rosebud or in the valley of the Little Big Horn River. What he didn't know was that General Crook had re-entered the field and on June 17, 1876, had met a large force of Indians on the upper Rosebud where he was, if not defeated, at least forced to retreat toward his base camp in Wyoming. Just about 20 miles away and eight days later the 7th Cavalry was to meet this same gathering of Indians in the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

Generals Terry, Gibbon, and Custer met on board the steamer Far West which was accompanying the two forces along the Yellowstone for ferry duty and carrying extra supplies and a plan of action was chosen. Custer, with the 12 companies of the 7th Cavalry and a pack train, would move up the Rosebud River to near its headwaters, and finding no Indians, cross the divide and move into the valley of the Little Big Horn River. The march should be timed to bring them in on June 26, 1876. Cooperatively, Generals Terry and Gibbon would move with the rest of the combined commands up the Yellowstone, up the Big Horn, and arrive at the mouth of the Little Big Horn also, on June 26. If all went right, the Indians would be caught between the two groups and be forced to fight.

Moving right along, General Custer and the 7th arrived at the divide late the night of June 24th or early the morning of June 25th. Up to this time the command had seen many signs, but no actual Indians. Custer is reported to have planned to hide his camp and rest the men and horses until the morning of June 26th, when they would move out and into the valley of the Little Big Horn River. However, circumstances and events were to take place which would change his mind and make him decide to move a day earlier, June 25th. The belief that his command had been discovered and the Indians might make good an escape led Custer to put into operation the plan of action which has been debated ever since.

Deciding on his plan of attack, Custer divided the regiment into four unequal battalions. Companies H, D, and K were placed under the command of Senior Captain Frederick Benteen, who was to move to the left and scout the rolling gully area to prevent the Indians from escaping south. Company B, and one non-com and six privates from each of the companies, would remain with and guard the pack train which, being slower, would be bringing up the rear. Major Marcus Reno was assigned command of companies A, G, and M and the Ree Scout detachment. General Custer kept

under his immediate command companies C, E, F, I, and L. Sending Benteen off to the left, Custer and Reno continued on toward the valley of the Little Big Horn River where they knew they would find the Indian encampment. Moving out around noon, they soon passed a burning teepee with a dead Indian inside, which had probably been fired by the scouts who were out ahead; shortly, mounted Indians were seen in front of the command and General Custer ordered Reno to advance, cross the river, and strike the village. We must follow Reno's command now as Custer moves away toward the Northwest along some high bluffs paralleling the river.

Continuing forward, Reno reached the river, watered his horses, crossed the river and turned north toward the village. After a short mounted charge, a dismounted skirmish line was formed almost immediately because of the large enemy numbers facing the troops and these overwhelming odds soon forced the group to fall back into a clump of trees along the river. With ever-increasing Indian pressure, Reno and his men soon broke for the river and the bluffs on the east side. If this started as a retreat, it ended in a complete rout with nearly one-third of the command killed or missing when they reached the bluffs.

What of the other battalions while Reno's command had been in action? Custer had been seen by Reno's men on a high bluff overlooking the valley. He waved his hat and was gone. Finally—maybe—he had seen enough of the village to realize the magnitude of the problem. Either way, it is known that he sent two messengers back to hurry the pack train which carried the extra ammunition: one to the pack train itself, and a second to Benteen to "come quick, bring packs." Benteen, not finding anything but endless gullies, one right after the next, had altered his line of march and was now moving back toward the little creek which Custer and Reno had followed to the Little Big Horn River. He had met the first messenger and intercepted the second, knowing that Captain McDougall was bringing up the pack train as quickly as possible. Coincidentally, Captain Benteen's command arrived at the bluffs just as Reno's hurt and disorganized remainder of a command also reached the bluffs. Sizing up the situation, Benteen took immediate action to form a defense; however, the Indians broke off the attack and moved back through their villages toward the north. Custer's battalion had been discovered near the north end of the village and the Indians raced off to guard that flank.

What happened to Custer and his approximately 225 troopers? No one knows. We guess that he tried to reach Medicine Tail Coulee, a natural crossing which led into the north end of the Indian encampment. Did he get across or even start? No one knows. When the battle was over, and it probably lasted about an hour, Custer and his men were found scattered along a ridge north and somewhat west of Medicine Tail Coulee. Skirmish

lines may have been formed; at least the location of the bodies indicate this, but there was no one left to give any answers to the hundreds of questions asked then and asked today. Most of the men were stripped, some had been mutilated, others were not. Custer was not mutilated, although he did have two wounds, one in the head and one in the chest, either of which would have been fatal. His brother Tom, two-time Medal of Honor winner, was horribly mutilated; only a tattoo on his arm made it possible for brother officers to identify him. The horses not killed to form breastworks were gone; the guns, ammunition, and clothing taken by the Indians.

While whatever was happening to Custer and the men of his command, the pack train had moved up and the remaining officers of the command met and tried to decide their next move. Hearing firing to the north, the direction Custer had taken, Captain Weir was the first to move his troop out in the direction of the firing. Others soon followed, but upon reaching the highest point in the area, now named Weir Point, all that could be seen were the Indians milling around, shooting into the ground, and raising a big dust cloud. The Custer Legend had been born.

Seeing the troops on Weir Point, the Indians immediately began moving toward the point and the battle was resumed anew as the Indians pressed even closer. Because of the wounded and its better defensive features, the Cavalry forces withdrew to their original bluff position. The area consisted of a small plateau on the South, the steep gullies leading to the river on the West, rolling swales to the north and open to the east. A small saucer depression in the center would serve as a hospital and the packs and dead horses could be stacked in the opening to the east. Indian firepower and pressure continued until nightfall and was resumed at dawn on June 26th, and never let up until late in the afternoon when the entire Indian camp was seen to move out to the southwest toward the Big Horn Mountains. As in any battle, many acts of heroism and some of cowardice took place, but defend and fight they did, and they survived to fight and win another day.

It was the arrival of the Terry-Gibbon group at the mouth of the Little Big Horn River which caused the Indians to break off their attack and leave the field of battle. On the morning of June 27, 1876, the two Army groups made contact and the fate of General Custer and his men became known to the survivors of the Battle of the Little Big Horn. In all, about 257 men had died, 44 were wounded, and the next three days were spent getting the wounded down to the valley and transported to the steamer Far West which was waiting at the mouth of the Little Big Horn River, counting and burying the dead, and destroying the mass of goods left behind by the departing Indians.

When the Far West reached Fort Abraham Lincoln, the world was told of the terrible fate which had befallen the famed 7th, but the fighting

was not over. The Indians could not maintain such a large encampment and therefore split up, some trying to reach Canada and the majority trying to get back to the reservations. The Army groups stayed in the field pursuing, fighting and defeating the Indians wherever they could be found, such as at Slim Buttes. The 7th also remained in the field, but saw no further action and returned to Fort Abraham Lincoln in late September, 1876, to regroup. No Indian band escaped completely unscathed, and all were back on the reservations before 1880 where they remained and caused no further major trouble on the northern plains with the single exception of the Ghost Dance craze and the Battle of Wounded Knee in 1890.

OUTLAW TRADING POST
Yreka, California

Dr. Philip W. Whiteley,
Dear Sir,

July 28, 1966
Thursday, 7 p.m.

Just a little note to tack on my application for membership in the Denver Posse of the Westerners.

Uncle Bob was Bob Fay and in the twenties was the meat king of Denver! He had the Loop and the Diamond A Market on 15th and Arapahoc. He built both of them and I remember the artesian well that he drilled in the basement of the Diamond A and which the city wouldn't let us use only for drinking water! So we capped it and paid the City rate.

Do any of you remember the cold winter that was dry and icy flecks of snow whipped around the corners of downtown streets and piled inches high on the big bear that was kneeling by the curbing? He looked alive but was frozen stiff! Wayward dogs would get a whiff of the wild game and cross the street and howl from the opposite curb? Each night four of us would go out and carry him into the butcher shop and then one of us would bring in the big sign that said, "This bear will be cut up for sale over the counter of Bob Fay's Meat Mkt. next Friday and Saturday! That went on as long as the weather held out cold and when we got public interest worked up enough then we skinned the bear and started selling chops and ribs and roasts. We soon ran out of bear and, Gentlemen I blush!, Uncle Bob took me and we went over to North Denver and bought a big Sow and brought the big pig back to the market and cut it up and continued to sell bear! I remember so well a very nice old Negro Gentleman that came back so often for another slice of bear round steak! It was the best he had ever tasted (Bear that is) he told us and I don't know how many slices of pork Uncle Bob sold him for Bear! We must have sold eight pigs with the bear!

Do any of you remember Uncle Bob's son, Andy Fay and me, Carl Cox? We were quite a wild pair of kids in those days and fighting came naturally, especially around the Loop District.

Oh well! I just happened to wake up and find myself writing of 40 years ago. Is that history?

Yours,
Carl J. Cox

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

We received a very nice letter from Allison Chandler of Salina, Kansas, thanking us for a very good reception on his attendance at our Sept. 1966 meeting. Thanks Allison.

Note to all of you members who have been scratching to get those copies of the Colorado Magazine. Those numbers that Numa James wanted were never printed. So instead of the \$5.00 per copy he could just as well have offered \$100 per copy. Sorry gang for the spoof.

The Tallyman has in his office a list of all Corrals and Posses of the Westerners all over the world. Anyone who is planning on a trip could very well

check on the meeting times and places of the various organizations, and arrange to attend some of them.

Erl Ellis and George B. Greene were among the members attending the annual meeting of the Western History Assn., in El Paso. A report on this meeting will be found in this issue.

The drawing of the Possibles Bag was won by Carl Matthews, PM, it was Al Look's new book.

Glad to see Dr. Campa PM brought Mr. Raul Rossell, his artist for the 1965 Brand Book with him. Mr. Rossell hails from Peru.

WESTERN HISTORY ASSOCIATION

Sixth Annual Conference

The El Paso Conference on October 13, 14 and 15 was probably the largest so far. No data has been provided to date on the attendance. The very successful sessions were held at the Cortez Hotel, El Paso National Bank Building Auditorium, and one at the Convention Center in Juarez.

The "Westerners' Breakfast" on the 15th approached capacity in the Cortez Ballroom. Most of the organizations listed were represented at this meeting. Dr. Leroy Hafen and Erl Ellis were the only members of the Denver Posse present, with a few C.M.'s. Presiding was Leland D. Case, Westerners' Foundation, University of the Pacific. He was very complimen-

tary to the Denver Posse and Erl Ellis for the Brand Book presented as a door prize, and credited Erl with the idea of expanding and continuing this feature of the meeting. More than 25 books donated by publishers and others were the result of this idea. Mr. Case estimated their value at over \$300.

At the final luncheon meeting Dr. Eugene Hollon, University of Oklahoma, and president of the Association, gave a short speech and left immediately to fly to Madrid, Spain, where he will be for the next nine months on a Fulbright Scholarship. This means that Robert M. Utley of the National Park Service will be a very busy new vice president! Our own P.M. Erl Ellis is a member of the Association Council.



Westerner's Bookshelf



LOST BONANZAS, *Tales of the Legendary Lost Mines of the American West*, by Harry Sinclair Drago; 8vo, 276 pp, Bibliography and Index; end paper maps, Dodd Mead & Company, 1966; \$5.00.

Author of many Western books, Drago has taken up the legends of twenty-three supposed buried treasures, three of them in Colorado. In particular, his study of the buried gold of the Reynolds' gang takes apart most of the tales which have become legend and leaves the reader wondering if the gang ever secured more than a few thousand dollars of the \$64,000 credited to them in the hold-up of the stage on Red Hill in July, 1864.

The Pegleg Smith's lost gold, the Lost Breyfogle and the lost Blue Bucket Diggings are gone into with considerable detail although he locates the Blue Bucket in north-western Nevada while others place it in central Oregon; the Nevada Guide-Book (WPA Project-1940) and H. H. Bancroft's "History of Nevada, Colorado and Wyoming—1890" neither refers to the Blue Bucket.

The Lost Dutchman treasure of Jacob Waltz, supposedly in the Superstition Mountains near Phoenix is well documented, although little mention is made of the men who have been mysteriously murdered in their search; dozens of parties have tried without success to locate the gold said to be near Weaver's Needle, an outstanding landmark.

The old familiar tale of a supposed "Spanish map" is brought into many of the narratives and after reading the book, the reader may have doubts that

most of the lost treasures have ever existed except in the minds of the ever-seeking old timers whose faith continues throughout their lives.

Carl F. Mathews, PM

THE ADVENTURES OF BIG-FOOT WALLACE: By John C. Duval, Edited by Mabel Major and Rebecca W. Smith. BISON paperback reprint, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln. Extensive Notes, Bibliography, 353 pp., 4 Photographs. \$1.80.

Wallace was a scout, a hunter, an Indian fighter and a soldier. He came to Texas in 1836, and remained there until death in 1899. He enjoyed his service as a Texas Ranger more than any other of his activities. His adventures are recounted by his friend Duval since Wallace, by no means illiterate, was too modest and too busy to write his own story. Texas pioneer heroes are numerous, but certainly Wallace is one of the most interesting and refreshing.

Any reader of Western history will find this book valuable. In it will be found a true picture of the life of a frontiersman. Most of it is fictionalized, for Duval was a forerunner of modern biography. The facts are easily recognized, and the narrative very readable. Historically, the story of the Miers expedition in Wallace's own words is the most important. Luckily for us, and for him, he received a white bean, instead of a fatal black one, in the life and death lottery.

I enjoyed this book. I believe you will too!

George Greene, CM

TURQUOISE AND THE INDIAN, by Edna Mae Bennett. Sage Books, Denver, 1966. 152 pp., illus., bibliography and index. \$5.00

If you are interested in the Southwest, Indians, turquoise and Indian jewelry, this book is a must. Never before have we had a complete treatise on turquoise, and Mrs. Bennett presents a rather difficult subject in a pleasant and readable manner. Beginning with the chemical make-up of the stone, the book contains chapters on the early mining methods of the Indians and their crude lapidaries; turquoise and the Spaniards, and detailed information concerning turquoise mines of the west.

The book contains a complete history of turquoise and its use in Indian jewelry from the Indian's first efforts to blend turquoise and silver to today's beautiful Indian jewelry. Space is given also to the Indian pawn. The author discusses the various grades of turquoise, and this information would be most valuable to the prospective buyer. Unfortunately this beautiful stone can be and is faked by mixing a poor grade of ground turquoise with plastic.

This is a book which should be in your library, and if you are planning a trip to the Indian country, take the book with you—it is an excellent reference. The book is beautifully illustrated and contains a fine bibliography and index.

Guy M. Herstrom, PM

HISTORY OF NORTH DAKOTA, by Elwyn B. Robinson. Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1966. Pp. xi + 599. Ten maps, 82 photos, bibliographical essay, index. \$7.95.

In the Flickertail State, wheat has been king since the first settlers began

turning the rich prairie soil, but the "life of the mind and spirit" has also thriven, as this book shows. It devotes more attention to the cultural than is usual in this type of work. Its theme paragraph (p. 173) might be:

"Many North Dakotans like to believe that the long, open view over the prairie has encouraged the long, liberal view intellectually, and that the people of their state, with ample opportunity for reading and reflection during the long winters, are stable, sound, thoughtful, and independent. . . . North Dakotans also like to believe that, having so recently conquered the frontier, they are friendlier toward progress and change than the people of older societies. . . . North Dakotans still retain some of the pioneer virtues: courage, optimism, self-reliance, aggressiveness, loyalty, and an independent cast of mind and spirit."

However this may be, the state's story is authoritatively and readably told in this handsome volume. Its turbulent political days, and its impact on the reform movements, are fitted into place, as are the revolutionary changes of recent years. Sitting Bull gets but two references in the Index, and so contemporary a native son as Eric Sevareid gets five, which is as it should be.

Maurice Frink, RM

WILDERNESS POLITICS AND INDIAN GIFTS: THE NORTHERN COLONIAL FRONTIER, 1748-1763, by Wilbur R. Jacobs. Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1966. Paperback. Illus. Index.

The Northern frontier, particularly in the Ohio Valley, was a prime center of diplomatic rivalry at the time of the French and Indian war. Indian alli-

ances were considered extremely valuable by British and French alike. Quite often the natives grasped an understanding of their significant role in the duel for imperial supremacy being waged on the North American continent by the two leading European nations. Indian tribes quickly realized that they were in a strong position to demand gifts from both contestants in exchange for their friendship.

This valuable study, originally published as a hardbound volume in 1950, emphasizes the impact of the bestowal of presents in determining aboriginal allegiances. The difficulties encountered by British officials were notably perplexing because French diplomacy enjoyed a head start beyond the Alleghenies. Indian gifts, distributed with amazing generosity by Britain and her colonial governments, increasingly constituted a major expense as the showdown conflict with France approached. Nonetheless, the partial success of this policy temporarily helped the British Empire avert a disastrous setback.

Westerners may regard this book as a formidable scholarly treatise on a fascinating topic. The general reader, however, would have derived greater satisfaction from the volume had it been somewhat less detailed and more interpretive.

Gordon E. Gillson, CM

Crystal River Valley, Jewel or Jinx. Rosemae Wells Campbell. 78 pages, illustrated, bibliography. Sage Books. \$1.50.

This is probably the most complete work yet written about the people who settled and developed the Crystal River Valley. Mrs. Campbell has labeled the seven chapters in the book with the names of the towns and

villages in the valley beginning with Satank and Carbondale on the North, and progressing up the valley to Scofield (which she spells the modern way: Schofield) and Elko.

As the Indians were induced to give up their lands west of the 107th Meridian and moved to reservations, it is said that the Utes, not wishing to go, left a curse on the valley—hence the sub-title to the booklet. In each chapter, Mrs. Campbell has followed the lives of the people of the community and to show how the jinx has affected their lives and endeavors. The overall history of the settlements is woven into the story of the people. At times the chronological theme is a little hard to follow.

The booklet is well illustrated with many rare and contemporary photographs. Mrs. Campbell has done a service to students of Colorado history in obtaining these as well as the stories from the present inhabitants. And in spite of the events which some may attribute to the old Jinx, to me the valley is still the lovely jewel it was when I first saw it years ago.

Francis B. Rizzari, PM

High Country Names, by Louisa Ward Arps and Elinor Eppich Kingery. Published by The Colorado Mountain Club. 212 pages, 32 pictures and 9 maps, bibliography, index. Price \$4.95.

For those who wish to know the background of the high country in our Rocky Mountain National Park, near Estes Park, Colorado, this book will open up a new avenue of interest. All the famous peaks, valleys, glaciers and other points of interest in the Park are set forth in detail. The history of all points of interest, how their

names were chosen and by whom, are interestingly told. A brief outline is given of who settled where and why, and when. There is a good introduction to the system used by The National Parks in choosing the names for the mountains, streams, valleys and glaciers.

This book is a must for those who like to hike, camp, or travel by car in the Rocky Mountain National Park. Especially fascinating is the history of the beginning of the Park itself and the struggle to establish it. The work of various persons, members and non-members of the Colorado Mountain Club show the extent of the labor that went into the formation of the Park.

A good book for those who love the mountains.

William D. Powell, PM



The Christmas Party

For those who are not familiar with the Oxford Hotel, the hosts for our party, a note of interest. The Oxford Hotel is one of the older hotels in Denver. They are known far and wide in the summer for their melodrama theatre. They are also known as one of the few hotels around Denver that do not cater to the run in and rush out diner. White napery is still in use there. Their food is well known to gourmets in this part of the state of Colorado.

We are sure that you will enjoy our steak dinner, the food is good the price is right. Remember, Happy hour at 5.30 PM, and a steak dinner for only \$5.25 complete. Not to mention our program, which will be outstanding.



STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code)

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- Fred M. Mazzulla

NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

Joseph Jefferson Smith
Route #1, Owasso, Okla. 74055

Mr. Smith comes to us through his friendship with Fred Mazzulla, PM. He has a life long interest in the life and times of the old timer "Soapy Smith," of Denver, Creede and Alaska fame.

O'Neal Jones
Box 426, Bigfork, Montana 59911

John J. Lipsey, PM, brings this man to our range. He is interested in Indian artifacts, Indian art and western lore in general. He is also the owner of the Flathead Galleries. Mr. Jones is on the Board of Trustees of the Montana Historical Society.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

DECEMBER
1966
Volume XXII
Number 11

IN THIS ISSUE

J. Ross Browne Looks at Western Enterprise

by

PAUL TON



Bob Brown, Paul Ton, speaker and Sheriff Guy Herstrom

Picture from the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

ABOUT THE SPEAKER

Our speaker Mr. Paul Ton, holds a B. S. Degree from Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., an M. A. from Stanford University, and an M. A. from the University of Denver. He is presently teaching at South High School, and is also Research Assistant for the Colorado Historical Foundation. He is working on his Ph.D. at D.U. His subject, J. Ross Browne, was a confidential agent for the American Government in Spanish California prior to the American takeover.

FUTURE MEETINGS

December 17, 1966

Our entertainment will be furnished by our own Thomas Hornsby Ferril, he will give us poems, prose, music. For further data on Tom Ferril see the profile on Page 24 in this issue.

January 26, 1967

Dr. Philip Whitely will be the speaker. He will give us a paper on Colorado characters. Knowing Phil this should be good.

February 22, 1967

Steve Payne will reminisce on his days in North Park, Colorado. Steve should know that country; he grew up there.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS M O N T H L Y R O U N D U P

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PLEASE RETURN YOUR RESERVATIONS WITH YOUR CHECK IN THE AMOUNT OF \$5.25 PER PLATE AT THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE MOMENT TO THE CHUCK WRANGLER SO THAT HE MAY COMPLETE HIS ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE OXFORD HOTEL.

J. Ross Browne Looks at Western Enterprise

by

PAUL TON

Among the chroniclers of far Western adventure John Ross Browne stands out as a talented reporter, humorist, and illustrator. No other man so successfully combined these talents to record in official documents and in general publications the development of Western enterprise. Browne's skill in this endeavor developed over long years of self discipline and education and from a deep call to adventure.

Little is known of Brown's childhood, but evidence of his interest in adventure and writing became apparent at an early age. Over 2,000 miles of travel by foot and by flatboat had, by age 20, whetted his appetite for travel and adventure.¹ He spent the next ten years developing a prose and artistic style that would become familiar to the readers of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* a few years later.

The most important of Browne's works during this preparatory period was *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise*, published in 1846. In this book Browne exposed from first hand experience the poor treatment of American sailors aboard whaling fleets. *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise* compared favorably with Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* and Melville's *Moby Dick* and brought Browne international acclaim.² This fame, plus Browne's own efficiency and self-taught knowledge of stenography and bookkeeping methods, earned him his first important federal appointment. On December 28, 1848, just half-way through his life, J. Ross Browne was appointed third lieutenant in the United States Revenue Marine.³ For the next nineteen years he would report conditions of the Western regions, with intermittent lay-offs, in some official capacity.

Although the position of lieutenant in the revenue service was in itself no great achievement (and Browne was never given a chance to function in it anyway), the appointment gave him an opportunity to travel and seek adventure. He wrote of his experiences on the way to California in a series of articles called "Crusoe's Life: a Narrative of Adventures in the Island of Juan Fernandez," and soon became well known to the readers of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*.

¹Francis J. Rock, *J. Ross Browne: a Biography* (Washington, D.C. Catholic University of America, 1929), p. 14.

²*Ibid.*, p. 22.

³*Ibid.*, p. 23.

Upon his arrival in San Francisco Browne discovered he had been dismissed as a revenue agent, and was free to use his talents elsewhere. Fortunately his talents were in demand, for the California Constitutional Convention needed an official reporter and commissioned him to compile and publish the official debates of the convention.⁴ This lucrative job gave Browne the money he needed to travel and write further accounts of his adventures. From 1849 the Pacific Coast became Browne's chief interest. Other official appointments would give him the opportunity to investigate the area thoroughly and to accumulate experience for his humorous and technical writings.

From January 1854 through February 1860 J. Ross Browne functioned as a federal treasury agent whose chief duty was to report upon conditions in the customs service, federal mint, and Indian affairs. Although Browne occupied this position longer than any other, he did not appear to enjoy some of his duties. He commented in his humorous way upon some of the difficulties of a federal inspector in a piece entitled "My Official Experience."

There was another serious duty imposed upon me—to ascertain the character and standing of all the public employees, their general reputation for sobriety, industry, and honesty, and to report accordingly. Here was a rather delicate matter—one, in fact, that might be productive of innumerable personal difficulties. Having no unfriendly feeling toward any man, and attaching a fair valuation to life, I did not much relish the notion of placing any man's personal infirmities upon the official records. If a public officer drank too much whisky, it was certainly a very injurious practice, alike prejudicial to his health and morals; but where was to be the gauge between too much and only just enough? No man likes to have his predilection for stimulating beverages made a matter of public question, and the graduations between temperance and intemperance are so arbitrary in different communities that it would be a very difficult matter to report upon. I have seen men "sociable" in New Orleans who would be considered "elevated" in Boston, and men "a little shot" in Texas who would be regarded as "drunk" in Maine. It is all a matter of opinion. No man is ever drunk in his own estimation, and whether he is so in the estimation of others depends pretty much upon their standards of sobriety. With respect to honesty, that was an equally delicate matter. What might be considered honest among politicians might be very questionable in ordinary life. I once knew of a public officer who had been charged with embezzling certain public monies. There was no doubt of the fact, but he fought a duel to prove his innocence. In one respect, at least, he was honest—he placed a fair valuation upon his life, which was worth no more to the community than it was to himself. I did not think an ordinary per-diem allowance would be sufficient to compensate for maintaining the public credit by such tests as this, especially as there were nearly two hundred

⁴*Ibid.*, p. 27.

public offices to be examined; but it seemed nothing more than reasonable that the laws should be administered by sober and honest men, and, upon the whole, I could not perceive how this unpleasant duty could be avoided.⁵

J. Ross Browne's duties as a customs inspector brought him into contact with many examples of selfish enterprise. The chief problem seemed to be the existence of many customs officials who swelled the payrolls without serving a purpose. In a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury James Guthrie, Browne stated his feelings with regard to such conditions:

I beg leave to express the opinion, derived from personal observation, that in all cases where public officers perform no actual duty, the result is injurious to the government. Those who really do perform the duty have just cause for complaint and cannot but consider any exemption from labor on the part of the (officers) an imposition upon them and a fraud upon the people. The time misspent in private or political pursuits is paid for out of the public treasury and properly belongs to the government; and if they are idle and occupy merely nominal positions, there can be no necessity for continuance in office. In addition to these considerations, the public interests are still more injuriously affected by loss of confidence on the part of the people in all public officers, and where there is no confidence in the integrity of the constituted authorities, frequent attempts to evade the laws must be the result. Past experience on the Pacific Coast has not tended to reverse this principal.⁶

The creed announced in this letter was soon put to the test. Compared with the boom years of 1849, '50, and '51, the Pacific Coast was suffering a serious trade slump in 1854. The extensive customs system that had been established to handle the booms years was, by 1854, top heavy with officers who had nothing to do. Browne saw the need to abolish these unnecessary positions. In a report from San Francisco he said:

There is a considerable number of clerks and others generally absent on the sick list, or on urgent political business, who could be very advantageously dispensed with . . .

The investigations which I have already made satisfy me that a reduction amounting to a hundred thousand dollars a year can be made at the Port of San Francisco alone, not only without detriment but greatly to the advantage of the public service . . .⁷

Browne later spelled out in exact terms just how the reduction of force was to be made. He objected to the employment of a surveyor and a naval officer at inflated salaries when neither of these gentlemen worked more than

⁵J. Ross Browne, *Crusoe's Island: A Ramble in the Footsteps of Alexander Selkirk with Sketches of Adventure in California and Washoe* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1871), pp. 253-4.

⁶Letter from J. Ross Browne to James Guthrie, Secretary of the Treasury, July 20, 1854 (NAM 177-1 Doc. 91)

⁷Letter from J. Ross Browne to James Guthrie July 15, 1854 (NAM 177-1 Doc. 88)

an hour a day. He recommended that the positions of deputy surveyor and deputy naval officer be abolished and that the surveyor and naval officer assume their duties. These and other reductions soon resulted in the predicted savings.

In August of 1854 Browne left San Francisco on a tour of customs posts in northern California and the Oregon Territory. He travelled from Humbolt Bay to Puget Sound and back, investigating each customs post and agent. He soon discovered that the customs service of the Northwest, like its San Francisco counterpart, was a nest of boondogglers and men of questionable character who did little more than collect their pay for doing little, if any, work. From Humbolt Bay he wrote:

If I may be permitted to state the facts plainly they are simply these; the necessity for creating the proposed district arises solely from a very bad policy adopted by members of Congress for creating profitable offices for political favorites, at the expense of the government. There is no more commercial necessity for a new district at Humbolt than there is for one at the headwaters of the Sacramento. If such a bill has been passed it is a fraud upon the people.*

Farther up the coast, at Gardiner, he described conditions consistent with this analysis:

The port of entry is Gardiner which consists of two houses—one, the residence of the collector and the other a small store-house containing a large iron safe intended as a depository for public funds. No direct importation of foreign merchandise has ever been made here and it is not probable that there will be any foreign trade for many years to come.†

As he continued his journey, Browne sent letter after letter recommending that some ports be shut down, some be moved to more advantageous points, and others reduce expenditures by paying more reasonable rent. Generally he blamed the shortcomings of the Northwestern officials upon the policies of the party in power to reward its supporters.

For several years after Browne's first trip to the Northwest he continued to report upon the activities of federal officers on the western coast. In 1857 Browne received instructions to investigate Indian affairs and set about this task with his customary efficiency. His reports of this journey describe in detail the conditions of the northwestern reservations and fix the blame for the Indian war of 1855-6. Missionaries, Indian agents, and army officers came under his fire, but he saved his most vitriolic criticism for the common citizen who demoralized the Indian. In this regard he exposed the settlement of Port Townshend, Washington Territory:

The chief of the Clallams is the "Duke of York" once a powerful and intelligent chief, but of late very much debased by the use of intoxicating

*Letter from J. Ross Browne to James Guthrie August 5, 1854 (NAM 177-1 Doc. 124)

†Letter from J. Ross Browne to James Guthrie August 8, 1854 (NAM 177-1 Doc. 125)

liquors. Accompanied by the agent we called to pay our respects to the Duke at his domicile on the beach. He lives in a large shanty built of slabs and boards within the limits of the town. On each side is a whiskey shop from which he derives continual supplies. Within the past year he has scarcely ever been sober. We found him stretched in a rough bed, so drunk he was incapable of noticing even the endearments of his wives "Queen Victoria" and "Jenny Lind," who were sitting beside him beating him as a demonstration of affection. A few days before he had given Jenny a black eye and knocked a few teeth out of the Queen's mouth, and now that he was *hors de combat* they were having a little satisfaction. Both ladies were exceedingly drunk. The Duke's brother was lying on the ground nearby, more drunk, if possible than any of the party. We took our departure very much impressed with the scene. It was a sad commentary upon the morals of the white population of Port Townshend. From what I saw during my stay there, I formed the opinion that the Duke of York and his amiable family were not below the average of the white citizens residing in that benighted place. With very few exceptions, it would be difficult to find a worse class of population in any part of the world. No less than six murders have occurred there during the past year. It is notorious as a resort for "beach combers" and outlaws of every description.¹⁰

This description of Port Townshend set off considerable controversy between the citizens of the town and the author. Browne immortalized this exchange in an article entitled, "The Great Port Townshend Controversy, Showing How Whiskey Built a City," in his book *Crusoe's Island*.

The next year Browne reported to Indian Affairs Commissioner Denver on the status of the California Indians. He was pessimistic as to the future of these tribes, as the whites used every pretext to swindle or slaughter them, and the Indians themselves showed little aptitude for successfully acclimating themselves to the white man's civilization.

Browne explained that vouchers submitted to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs did not always represent a high quality of merchandise given to the Indian. In an article written for *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* he explained:

The blankets, to be sure, were very thin, and cost a great deal of money in proportion to their value; but, then, peculiar advantages were to be derived from the transparency of the fabric. In some respects the worst material might be considered the most economical. By holding the blanket to the light an Indian could enjoy both sides of it at the same time; and it would only require a little instruction in architecture to enable him to use it as a window in his wigwam. Every blanket being marked with a number of blotches, he could carry his window on his back whenever he

¹⁰Letter from J. Ross Browne to J. W. Denver November 17, 1857, NAM 234-610, ff. 48-49)

went out on a foraging expedition, so as to know the number of his residence when he returned, as the citizens of Schidla carried their doors when they went away from home, in order that they should not forget where they lived. Nor was it in the least important consideration, that when he gambled it away, or sold it for whiskey, he would not be subject to any inconvenience from a change of temperature. The shirts and pantaloons were in general equally transparent, and possessed this additional advantage, that they were very soon cracked open in the seams, and thereby enabled the squaws to learn how to sew.¹¹

It seemed to Browne that some radical measures had to be taken if the California Indians were to be saved from complete annihilation. He suggested such a plan to Commissioner Denver in January of 1858:

It seems to me that two leading facts are indisputable; first, that but little if any improvement can be expected from adult Indians; and, secondly, that there is no prospect of a permanent change in the habits and characteristics of the race, so long as the association between younger Indians and the adults is continued. I see but one remedy, and that is to separate them.¹²

As a federal agent whose job it was to report upon the actions of other federal officers, J. Ross Browne was actually a roving efficiency expert who considered his duty to report conditions as he saw them a sacred trust. In this position Browne saw a great deal of the weak side of human nature, and it is to his credit that he always considered each man's environment and abilities before recommending any action. Very rarely did Browne consider a man bad; usually he indicated that a man had succumbed to the attractions of his surroundings, or that some problem was due to a poor policy or impossible conditions. Occasionally, when censure became necessary, as in the case of Judge Monroe, Browne was gentle in his manner of suggesting removal:

I took occasion in a letter from Olympia to refer incidentally to the fact that Judge Monroe has not been in proper condition since the date of his appointment to perform his duties as a public officer. It is greatly to be regretted that so talented and popular a gentleman should reduce himself to such a condition by habitual intemperance, but I do not think that the public interest should suffer from the confirmed errors and consequent incapacity of any individual. With great reluctance I recommend his removal from the office of district judge.¹³

¹¹J. Ross Browne, "The Indian Reservations," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, XXIII (August, 1861), 309.

¹²Letter from J. Ross Browne to J. W. Denver January 14, 1858 (NAM 234-36 f. 11).

¹³Letter from J. Ross Browne to James Guthrie September 23, 1854 (NAM 177-1 Doc. 1:31)

Browne did not find this part of his job pleasant. He preferred to praise rather than condemn officials, but inefficiency and the bad effects of poor policies were so rampant that he frequently found himself complaining about existing conditions and suggesting changes. He summarized this problem and its final outcome for the readers of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*:

From mail to mail, during a period of three years, the agent made his reports; piling up proof upon proof, and covering acres of valuable paper with protests and remonstrances against the policy pursued; racking his brains to do his duty faithfully; subjecting himself to newspaper abuse for neglecting it, because no beneficial result was perceptible, and making enemies as a matter of course. Reader, if you aspire to official honors, let the fate of that unfortunate agent be a warning to you. He did exactly what he was instructed to do, which was exactly what he was not wanted to do. In order to save time and expense, as well as further loss of money in the various branches of public service upon which he had reported, other agents were sent out to ascertain if he had told the truth; and when they were forced to admit that he had, there was a good deal of trouble in the Wigwam of the Great Chief. Not only did poor Yorick incur the hostility of powerful senatorial influences, but by persevering in his error, and insisting that he had told the truth, and nothing but the truth, he eventually lost the respect and confidence of the "powers that be," together with his official head. I knew him well. He was a fellow of infinite jest. There was something so exquisitely comic in the idea of taking official instructions literally, and carrying them into effect, that he could not resist it. The humor of the thing kept him in a constant chuckle of internal satisfaction; but it was the most serious jest he ever perpetrated, for it cost him, besides the trouble of carrying it out, the loss of a very comfortable per diem.¹⁴

While J. Ross Browne served his early years on the West Coast as a agent reporting upon the efficiency and conduct of federal officials, his true love was adventure. With thousands of other men Browne was drawn west by his desire to experience the dangers and opportunities of a rapidly expanding frontier. He was not disappointed by what he saw. On the contrary, his many experiences provided him with the opportunity to exercise his pen and brush and made him famous.

Browne's public prose, illustrated with his excellent drawings, provided the public with a satirical narrative of Western adventure and enterprise. Browne interpreted the West Coast frontier as an exciting environment where danger and hardship existed, where the lack of conventional restraints encouraged individualism, and where men banded together in a spirit of camaraderie to overcome the harshness of their surroundings. He

¹⁴J. Ross Browne, "The Indian Reservations," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, XXIII (August, 1861), 311.

presented the dangers of frontier life as a price one had to pay for taking part in the frontier adventure. While he did not play these dangers down, Browne did soften their impact somewhat with his humorous style.

Browne's greatest account of simple, carefree adventure on the West Coast formed part of a series of articles entitled "The Coast Rangers" which appeared in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* beginning in June of 1861. This humorous satire of the adventures of a group of San Franciscans provided Browne with a vehicle to expose much material from his official reports.

After introducing his readers to a half dozen highly individualistic Coast Rangers, Browne proceeded to combine pure adventure with reality, sandwiching serious descriptions of customs house and Indian reservation activity between highly entertaining stories of nonsensical adventure. One article, "The Indian Reservations," departed completely from the Coast Ranger theme to relate the terrible treatment of Indians at the hands of the whites who killed them to "protect the settlers," or who ran reservations so inefficiently that many Indians starved to death. Later in the series Browne related the conditions of the Indians near Port Townshend. Here he included the story of the "Duke of York" that he had reported to the Secretary of the Treasury seven years before. While Browne exposed these serious shortcomings, and criticized customs house affairs at Bear Harbor, the Coast Rangers continued their light hearted wandering through the forests of Oregon.

The adventuresome portions of the Coast Rangers episodes represented idyllic adventure along the frontier. Few men with the ambition to come to the West Coast would idly tramp through the forests of Oregon while other men were rushing to silver and gold strikes nearby. It appears that J. Ross Browne used his ranger friends as a medium for airing the frustrations accumulated from years of federal service. The rangers helped soften the sarcasm while Browne acquainted his readers with some of the less idyllic problems of survival on the frontier.

J. Ross Browne's termination as a federal treasury agent in February of 1860 probably preceded his intended resignation by a very short time. Browne's suggestions had saved the government millions of dollars in the revenue service, but his suggestions concerning Indians were not as profitable. California Indians were being massacred in large numbers and the government seemed incapable of protecting them. Browne, disgusted by this state of affairs, put his house up for sale and planned to move East.¹⁵

Upon receiving his termination notice, however, Browne delayed his eastern trip in order to travel to Virginia City to observe the mining activity

¹⁵David M. Goodman, *A Western Panorama* (Glendale: Arthur H. Clark Co., 1966), pp. 160-61.

there, and to gather materials for a number of articles about the region. This decision became a turning point in his career. Armed with a critical viewpoint and much experience of dealing with human nature Browne now approached the field of private enterprise with a spirit of anticipation and adventure.

Browne's first trip to Washoe started, in contrast with his experience as a Coast Ranger, as an adventure among practical enterprisers, all eager to reach the great Comstock Lode. He described his dinner at Strawberry, a stopping place on the way to Virginia City, as a "terrific onslaught of gallant troops" upon the "pork and beans, cabbage, beef steak, sausages, pies, tarts, coffee and tea and eggs furnished by the enterprising proprietor."¹⁶ After dinner he and his friends were rented space in a "lay-out" 15 x 20 feet which by morning contained 40 men all getting up amid "boots strongly scented of odor . . . blankets, packs, old clothes and ragged shirts."¹⁷ The next day he made a hazardous and footsore hike across the Sierra Nevada and after several delays arrived at Genoa where he recuperated overnight. From Genoa he pushed on to Carson City and remained there for a time observing the life and curiosities of this thrifty little town.

Chief among the curiosities was the *Territorial Enterprise*, a newspaper destined to become renowned through the fame of its young reporters but in 1860 a struggling sheet whose editor lived a hand to mouth existence. The *Enterprise* and the citizens of Carson took pride in their city and looked forward to the day when it might become the territorial capitol. The inhabitants of Virginia City disputed these claims and the exchange was succinctly summarized by Browne:

As usual in new countries, a strong feeling of rivalry exists between the Carsonites and the inhabitants of Virginia City. I have summed up the arguments on both sides and reduced them to the following pungent essence:

Virginia City—a mud-hole; climate, hurricanes and snow; water, a dilution of arsenic, plumbago, and copperas; wood, none at all except sage brush; no title to property, and no property worth having.

Carson City—a mere accident; occupation of the inhabitants, waylaying strangers bound for Virginia; business, selling whisky, and so dull at that men fall asleep in the middle of the street going from one groggery to another; productions, grass and weeds on the Plaza.¹⁸

Browne remained in Carson City several days until the weather cleared and then took the stage for Virginia. His account of Virginia City in 1860 is a classic description of a disorganized frontier mining community:

. . . Frame shanties pitched together as if by accident; tents of canvas, of blankets, of brush, of potato-sacks and old shirts, with empty whisky-

¹⁶J. Ross Browne, "A Peep at Washoe," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, XXII (December, 1860), pp. 15-17.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, p. 17.

¹⁸*Ibid.*, pp. 150-51.

barrels for chimneys; smoky hovels of mud and stone; coyote holes in the mountain side forcibly seized and held by men; pits and shafts with smoke issuing from every crevice; piles of goods and rubbish on craggy points, in the hollows, on the rocks, in the mud, in the snow, everywhere, scattered broadcast in pell-mell confusion, as if the clouds had suddenly burst and rained down the dregs of all the flimsy, rickety, filthy little hovels and rubbish of merchandise that had ever undergone the process of evaporation from the earth since the days of Noah. The intervals of space, which may or may not have been streets, were dotted over with human beings of such sort, variety, and numbers, that the famous ant-hills of Africa were as nothing in the comparison. To say that they were rough, muddy, unkempt and unwashed would be but faintly expressive of their actual appearance; they were all this by reason of exposure to the weather; but they seemed to have caught the very diabolical tint and grime of the whole place. Here and there, to be sure, a San Francisco dandy of the "boiled shirt" and "stove pipe" pattern loomed up in proud consciousness of the triumphs of art under adverse circumstances, but they were merely peacocks in the barnyard.

A fraction of the crowd, as we entered the precincts of the town, were engaged in a law-suit relative to the question of title. The arguments used on both sides were empty whisky bottles, after the fashion of the *Basilinum*, or club law, which, according to Addison, prevailed in the colleges of learned men in former times. Several of the disputants had already been knocked down and convinced, and various others were freely shedding blood in the cause of justice. Even the bull terriers took an active part—or, at least, a very prominent part. The difficulty was about the ownership of a lot, which had been staked out by one party and "jumped" by another. Some two or three hundred disinterested observers stood by, enjoying the spectacle, several of them with their hands on their revolvers, to be ready in case of any serious issue; but these dangerous weapons are only used on great occasions—a refusal to drink, or some illigitimate trick at monte.

Upon fairly reaching what might be considered the center of town, it was interesting to observe the manners and customs of the place. Groups of keen speculators were huddled around the corners, in earnest consultation about the rise and fall of stocks; rough customers, with red and blue flannel shirts, were straggling in from the Flowery Diggings, the Desert, and other rich points, with specimens of croppings in their hands, or offering bargains in the "Rogers," the "Lady Bryant," the "Mammouth," the "Woolly Horse," and Heaven knows how many other valuable leads, at prices varying from ten to seventy-five dollars a foot. Small knots of the knowing ones were in confidential interchange of thought on the subject of every other man's business; here and there a loose man was caught by the button, and led aside behind a shanty to be "stuffed;" every body had some grand secret, which nobody else could find out; and the game of "dodge" and "pump" was universally played. Jew clothing men were setting out their goods and chattels in front of wretched-looking tenements; monte

dealers, gamblers, thieves, cut-throats, and murderers were mingling miscellaneously in the dense crowds gathered around the bars of the drinking saloons. Now and then a half-starved Pah-Ute or Washoe Indian came tottering along under a heavy press of fagots and whisky. On the main street, where the mass of the population were gathered, a jaunty fellow who had "made a good thing of it" dashed through the crowds on horseback, accoutred in genuine Mexican style, swinging his riata over his head, and yelling like a devil let loose.¹⁹

Apparently Browne felt his first Washoe adventure was not worth its cost. Poisoned by the water, buffeted by Washoe zephyrs, and disillusioned by the grossly speculative nature of the Virginia City mines, he returned to San Francisco an experienced but somewhat worn traveler. The Washoe experience apparently satiated his desire for Western adventure for Browne soon travelled east, joined his family and sailed for Europe.

While in Europe Browne wrote of his Washoe and Coast Ranger experiences for the popular press and produced a series of articles describing his European travels. These articles made Browne popular in the United States and created for him a ready market for future publications.

In the summer of 1863 Browne returned to the West Coast to lecture, travel, and write more articles about his experiences. Shortly after his arrival, and against the advice of friends, Browne set out for a revisit to Washoe. The trip began with the usual adventure, this time aboard a Pioneer stage as the driver described some previous passenger who had left the stage rather than take his chances with the boulders along the way.

"He was so' fraid them rocks 'ud be shook loose and fall on his head, he kept dodgin' all the time. His hair stood right up like a hog's brussels. Every now and then he was peerin' around for a soft spot in the road to jump out on; an' when he seed he couldn't find it, he held on to the railin' with both hands till his fingers was all blistered. 'Do-d-driver,' sez he, 'D'ye think there's any danger?' 'Danger!' sez I—'ov course there's danger! Supposing that 'ere rock was shook loose by the rattlin' ov this 'ere stage—what d'ye think 'ud be the consequences?' "I r-r-really can't say," sez he; p-p-possibly it would crush the stage!' 'No,' sez I, 'It wouldn't crush it; but it 'ud make sich a d-d squash of it that bones wouldn't count. Your bones an' my bones, an' the bones ov three passengers above an' four behind an' nine down below, 'ud be all squashed, an' the verdic of the Corners Inquest 'ud be—'Eighteen men, six horses, an' a Pioneer Stage squashed by the above stone!' 'D-d-driver,' sez he—his teeth a-chatterin' like a box a' dice—is that so?' 'You bet,' sez I, 'the last time I see it done, three ladies an' ten gents from Frisco was squashed.' 'Good gracious!' sez he, turnin' as white as a sheet, 'let me down at the next station!' And sure 'nuff he got down at the next station and made tracks for Frisco. He changed his base—he did. Git aeoup!"²⁰

¹⁹*Ibid.*, pp. 154-56.

²⁰J. Ross Browne, "Washoe Revisited," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, XXX (May, 1865), pp. 690-91.

Browne then commented upon the ride:

... I flatter myself I saved the lives of the whole party several times by hoisting at the lee rail, and holding my breath hard, while I leaned over the weather side. It is not comfortable to look down when you are flying along at the rate of ten miles an hour and see no bottom short of a thousand or fifteen hundred feet. Yet there is a charm in this dashing, reckless journey by moonlight. The danger is just sufficient to give it relish.²¹

Although Browne anticipated an unfriendly reception in Virginia City (after all, the miners did read Harper's Magazine), he suffered no such inconvenience. He found instead that there were still rampant speculation and lawlessness. Instead of fights in the street he witnessed a brawl in the "cosy Home Bar" and frantic auction sales every day.

This time Browne took a closer look at the mines. The owners of the Ophir invited him inside their works and hinted he might profit from the trip. Thinking he could possibly sell his services as a promoter, Browne descended below the surface where he was impressed with the danger of working underground, the size of the works, and the cramped space. His account of this trip dwells upon the dangers of underground workings; he freely admits he was thankful to providence to "breathe once more the fresh air and enjoy the pleasant sunshine of the outer world."²²

Despite his unfavorable impression of underground workings he was attracted by the possibilities of such enterprise and soon became an expert on mining information. He wrote, "The progress of Washoe has been unexampled in the history of mining. No other country of which I have any knowledge has made so rapid an advance and with so little benefit to capitalists or individuals. That there is great wealth of mineral in the country is beyond question, that a very bad use has been made of it, so far, is equally undeniable."²³

After his second trip to Virginia City Browne embarked upon an ambitious series of expeditions which, during the next three years, took him to Santa Cruz, Arizona, Bodie Bluff, and Austin. His illustrated stories of these adventures comprised the first comprehensive report of Western mining activity to appear in the public press, and established Browne as an expert on mining statistics.

After a second trip to Arizona Browne became involved in California Vineyard Association matters and travelled East as a lobbyist for the wine making interests. His occupation as a lobbyist was brief, humorous, and successful, but his chief concern was Western mining activity and the information he had collected during three years of roaming about Western mining

²¹*Ibid.*, p. 691.

²²J. Ross Browne, "Washoe Revisited," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, XXXI (July, 1965), p. 154.

²³*Ibid.*, p. 161.

regions.²⁴ Fortunately, the congressmen from Nevada were sympathetic with his interests, and partly through their encouragement Congress appropriated funds to collect mining information. On August 2, 1866 Secretary of the Treasury Hugh McCulloch wrote Browne appointing him as "special Commissioner to collect mining statistics in territories west of the Rocky Mountains."²⁵

Within two months Browne accomplished the nearly impossible feat of collecting statistics concerning California, Nevada, and Arizona mines. Drawing from his own considerable experience, the knowledge of other experts, and material from previous reports, he assembled a creditable study of Western mining and economic activity. This "preliminary report" was almost an immediate success. 31,000 copies were printed within the first month of publication and these editions received favorable comment from the press.²⁶ Now, for the first time, Easterners could read a factual account of Western mining activity and place some trust in the account. Westerners were particularly enthusiastic about the report as it encouraged investment in Western mining enterprise.

After submitting his preliminary report on mining statistics Browne organized an expedition to explore Lower California. This group of California scientists explored the mines and topography and wrote a series of articles describing the region in Browne's *A Sketch of the Settlement and Exploration of Lower California*. In this book Browne described that Lower California was not suitable for American colonists so long as it was under Mexican rule. He felt that the country was not hospitable but that the land was valuable and "with its fisheries, its mines, its cultivated lands, and its extensive grazing tracts, not to mention its geographic position, must be of more value to the United States than the recently acquired Territory of the Northwest."²⁷

After returning from his trip to Lower California Browne found that his preliminary report of Western mining activity had received much acclaim, but that Congress was not prone to grant more money to complete the study. Despite this he set about compiling a more comprehensive summary of Western enterprise. With the assistance of John S. Hittell of California, R. H. Stretch and Dr. Henry Degroot of Nevada, Dr. A. Blatchly of Montana and other distinguished mineralogists Browne compiled information on every important area of mining activity from Clallam County, Washington to Tubac, Arizona.²⁸ Most of the space was given to the California and Comstock Lode mining areas, but the report also included des-

²⁴David M. Goodman, *A Western Panorama* (Glendale: Arthur H. Clark Co., 1966), p. 221.

²⁵Letter from Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury to J. Ross Browne August 2, 1866.

²⁶David M. Goodman, *A Western Panorama* (Glendale, 1966), p. 224.

²⁷J. Ross Browne, "A sketch of the Settlement and Exploration of Lower California," *Resources of the Pacific Slope*, (New York: D. Appleton and Co., 1869), p. 112.

²⁸J. Ross Browne, *Resource of the Pacific Slope* (New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1869), p. 10.

criptions of transportation and communication facilities, agricultural resources, and a miscellany of many interesting and important items that might attract would-be investors. The book even included a summary of mining activity in Mexico, South America, New Zealand, and Russian Siberia.

After collecting the materials necessary to complete his report Browne travelled to Washington, where he worked on the manuscript until March of 1868. He then transmitted the results of his work to Secretary McCulloch and began a campaign to get Congress to supply him with enough copies of the report to pay his assistants. After much wrangling Congress agreed to print 10,000 copies of the report—of which Browne was to receive 100—and Browne got the loan of the stereotype plates so that he could publish a private edition.²⁹

The publication of this book, *Resources of the Pacific Slope* and its government counterpart, *Report on the Mineral Resources of the States and Territories West of the Rocky Mountains*, was the high point of J. Ross Browne's career of explaining Western enterprise. These books were well received and today are considered authoritative for the period in which they were written.

The remainder of Browne's career was somewhat anticlimactic. For many years he had longed for a diplomatic appointment. Finally, after numerous petitions, he received an appointment as minister to China following Anson Burlingame's tenure there in 1868. His experience as minister to China was uncomfortable. When he applied his inspector's insight to the Chinese situation and then dared to reveal that the Chinese were not living up to their treaty agreements nor modernizing their country as Burlingame said they were, rumors reached him that he would soon be replaced.³⁰ Rather than be fired Browne quit and returned home heavily in debt. He attempted to sell his views to *Harper's Magazine* but was turned down. After writing a number of articles in local California papers, he gave up the subject of China and concentrated upon the promotion of real estate.

Browne's last four years were spent promoting mines and agricultural lands in the West. He became a pamphleteer for real estate and railroad interests and occasionally wrote an enthusiastic article explaining California resources to the readers of the *Overland Monthly*. Perhaps the China experience made Browne more practical; at any rate, the national public read no more humorous travelogues from J. Ross Browne. His few published accounts after the China episode were concerned with practical enterprise; his adventuring days were over.

The Western writings of J. Ross Browne were a unique mixture of romance and practicality. His description of Western enterprise was critical of excessive speculation, inefficiency, and rampant individualism, but it was

²⁹David M. Goodman, *A Western Panorama* (Glendale: Arthur H. Clark Co., 1966),

³⁰*Ibid.*, p. 259.

in the main optimistic. Browne never lost faith in the West. It provided him with the adventure he craved and with the material he used to become a nationally famous critic, author, and illustrator. In return Browne favored the West with his penetrating analysis and humorous style and recorded for posterity the story of its growth.

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This biography of J. Ross Browne explains all of Browne's movements and introduces much material not mentioned by either Rock or Dillon. The Bibliography is excellent.

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BIT O' INFORMATION

We are indebted to Mrs. Louisa Arps of the State Historical Society of Colorado for a little bit of enlightenment on the streets of Denver. From *The Saturday Sun* Vol. v No. 19 we find that:

"A great many people are at a loss to understand why that part of Denver lying on the east side of Cherry creek, and on the Congressional grant, was laid out diagonally with the points of the compass. Most people believe that it is for the reason that the lines runing at right angles with the junction of Cherry creek and the Platte river brings about the result.

"Mr. John Pendleton, an old-time resident of Denver, was one of the party of surveyors who laid off what is now known as East Denver. It was then called St. Charles, but was later changed to Denver, in honor of Gen. Denver, who was at that time governor of the territory of Kansas, which included what is now Colorado.

"Mr. Pendleton says that even in that early day the blessings of sunshine were fully appreciated. It was observed that the cabins erected haphazard, which were crosswise with the usual idea, were bathed in sunlight on all sides for some hours during the day. The pioneer surveyors decided that from a hygienic standpoint, and for the comfort of the people, that the proper thing would be to so lay off the land that every side of

the buildings would be bathed in sunlight a portion of each day. Those who live in that part of the city, where this plan was carried out, will testify to the wisdom of John Pendleton and his brother engineers.

"At Broadway the newer population assumed that those who had preceded them were a lot of careless old fossils, and there was a return to the custom that usually prevails where there are no natural obstacles to a plat "square with the world," as the saying goes. It was the old surveyors, not the new ones, who were "on to their job." On the hill a majority of the people desire an east front. In the old part of the city east of Cherry creek, all fronts look alike."

AN UNUSUAL BOOK PURCHASE

The Clements Library of the University of Michigan has just paid \$56,000 to a Mr. Streeter for one of the seven known copies of a book by Antonio Pigafetta, who was the only crew member on Magellan's voyage around the world, 1519-1522, to publish a report of that trip. This is the last of the seven volumes remaining to pass into hands of libraries, three in Europe and now four in the United States. It is to be hoped that one of our libraries will publish a translation of this book, with editorial notes, for public consumption.

Erl Ellis, PM



Western's Bookshelf



**THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN HER-
ALD READER** edited by Thom-
as Hornsby Ferril and Helen
Ferril. Published by Wm. Mor-
row & Co., Inc., \$5.00

The book jacket advises that the "Reader" is a collection of the best reading from the Rocky Mountain Herald, a Denver weekly newspaper edited and published by Posse Member, Tom Ferril, and his wife, Helen. This publication of excerpts from the Herald permits a non-subscriber (subscription list limited to 2000) access to the excellent writing and humor contained in its columns over the past fifty years. Tom's literary achievements are published under the pseudonym, "Childe Herald", and Helen's humor is contained in several columns entitled: "Ask Gertrude Gotrocks"; "Cooking Can Be Fun", and the "Dumb Friend's League." Samplings of all of these and more too are contained in the book, and they furnish an excellent fare of contemporary journalism, humor and satire.

Mark Van Doren in his introduction to the "Reader" states: "Childe Herald's column, for example. It is always the same yet it always is brand new. Each time it sounds like Tom, but how could I have known what he would be saying next? . . . I read Miss Gotrocks as faithfully as I do the Childe; and accuse her of writing the questions as well as the answers, for who else could".

The selections chosen to appear in the book represent the best of the Ferrils' literary works appearing in the Herald, none of which are dull,

some are excellent. All in all it is a delightful volume.

W. Keith Peterson, P.M.

**A TEXAS COWBOY, OR FIF-
TEEN YEARS ON THE HUR-
RICANE DECK OF A SPANISH
PONY.** by Charles A. Siringo.
Bison Books, University of Neb-
raska Press, 1966; \$1.70.

Paper back reprint of a book by the same name with an introduction and bibliographical study by J. Frank Dobie. The original book was published in 1885. One of the first classics about the Old West.

Nearly a million copies were distributed during the first forty years under the imprint of five different publishers. The paper back books were the main stay of the butcher boys on hundreds of trains throughout the country, and introduced many a young man into life in the west. Will Rogers once said, "When I was growing up, the book was considered the cowboys Bible."

During the first part of his life, Charlie Siringo was his "folks contrary son". For fifteen years or so, he was a cowboy. This part of the story is a series of hair raising adventure; herding cattle, branding mavericks, and hunting buffalo. During the next twenty years, Siringo was a detective for the Pinkerton Detective Agency. One of his activities during this period was assisting in the search and capture of Billy The Kid. A section of the Book is devoted to the beginning of the "Bloody Lincoln County War."

The book ends rather abruptly with Siringo's decision to quit travelling around the country and settle down as a merchant "on a six-bit scale".

There are many interesting observations on the life and happenings of that period: Youthful impressions of the civil war; stories about the huge buffalo herds; and incidents telling of the hardships travelers in the Old West had to endure.

George P. Godfrey CM

THE LAND OF POCO TIEMPO;
by Charles F. Lummis. University of New Mexico Press. Illustrated Facsimile Edition, \$5.00.

Now comes a new edition of a popular work which has already gone through three or four earlier printings. The author, Charles F. Lummis, is one of the most widely recognized and highly respected writers on the subject of the native life and culture in New Mexico in the 1880s.

During his residence in the Sunshine State, Lummis, in company with Adolph F. Bandelier, roamed and explored the Pueblo world, meanwhile conducting extensive studies and taking innumerable photographs. Already an accomplished journalist and author, Lummis gloried in the "land of enchantment" and went on to become historian, archaeologist, ethnologist and builder of a fascinating legendary empire. He was particularly acquainted with, and fond of, the fastnesses of the Pajarito Plateau west of Santa Fe and Espanola, and upon which is now located, the celebrated city of Los Alamos.

This volume contains a chapter on "The Penitente Brothers," an unusual

native religious sect, whose regular ceremonies and Easter rites Lummis was permitted to witness and photograph. He likewise recorded the wanderings of the Cochiti people, lived with and was adopted by the Tigua Pueblo of Isleta, south of Albuquerque, and he found great satisfaction in conducting an intensive study of Acoma, the City in the Sky. The writer embodies episodes that typified the nature and character of those people who inhabited the Southwest. Their customs, songs, religion and ceremonies, traditions, history, and their outlook upon environment and life, pass in review in colorful detail. He vividly describes the last warpath of the Apaches, also the defeat and capture of Geronimo. Lummis was a founder of the School of American Research at Santa Fe and later, was responsible for the establishment of the Southwest Museum at Los Angeles.

Paul D. Harrison, Sr., P.M.

PIONEER CIRCUS OF THE WEST
by Chang Reynolds, Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, 1966, 212 pages, 25 illustrations, Index of over 100 Circuses; \$7.50

The first circus sailed into San Francisco Bay on October 12, 1849; and they kept coming by boat until the transcontinental railroads was completed in 1869.

Performances were limited to outdoor tent shows in small towns because there no big cities. With the coming of big cities, the performances went indoors in to coliseums and auditoriums because the big vacant lots had disappeared. Circuses abandoned railroad travel in 1957 and since that time have traveled on

rubber.

Whether the big show comes by boat, rail or rubber, we all look forward to its arrival, and if you are between the ages of 6 and 96 you will want to read this nostalgic and entertaining book.

Fred M. Mazzulla, PM

EXPLORATION AND EMPIRE, by William H. Goetzmann. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1966. 656 pp. photographs. \$10.00

This book is probably the first comprehensive account of the exploration of the American West by professional explorers. Here the process of exploration becomes the chief theme, and is treated as an important cultural development of the growing United States through research into their primary resource materials.

Beginning with the early trappers and traders, the author then recounts the exploits of the more formal expeditions, and of a host of scientific, military, and governmental personalities. Among the pages one meets such luminaries as Lewis and Clark, John Wesley Powell, Manuel Lisa, Gen. William Ashley, Peter Skene Ogden, and Jim Bridger. In the process, Goetzmann traces the development of science and exploration from the first unsophisticated efforts to the complex geological surveys of a later period.

For many of our Westerners, perhaps the most interesting section will be chapter 14, called "F. V. Hayden: Gilded Age Explorer." In it the reader will find a comprehensive, readable account of the work of Hayden and William H. Jackson and their monumental achievements in Color-

ado and elsewhere. A fine index and several generous picture supplements (50 photographs and 67 drawings and painting) make this fine book more enjoyable.

Robert L. Brown P.M.

UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTERS OF WESTERN COLORADO, by Al Look. 8vo, 231 pp., Illustrations; Pruett Press, 1966, \$7.50

The prolific writer of the Western Slope has grouped four amazing characters in a single volume. First is John Otto, Trail Builder. Worked for years to get the Government to make a national park near Grand Junction but finally settled for the Colorado National Monument, which he guarded and built up for the magnificent salary of \$1.00 per year. Westerners will find the story in the 1960 Volume of *The Brand Book*.

Meet Dan Hunter, Sage of the Sagebrush, who used ten words where one would do; for five years he edited the "Dove Creek Press" in the town of that name. A booster for his section of Colorado, Mayor of Dove Creek, member of nearby twenty organizations for the betterment of south-western Colorado, he became known as "Mr. Dove Creek," even mentioned in the "New Yorker."

Perhaps the most interesting article of all, covering over half the book, is of C. W. ("Doc") Shores, Sheriff of Gunnison county for eight years, holding Packer, the "Man-Eater" in his jail for months; with Tom Horn and Charles Siringo as deputies, later becoming special officer for the Denver & Rio Grande Railway, chasing railroad thieves, bank robbers, and many bad men.

Last is "Peg-Leg Foster," whose

story appeared in the 1963 Brand-book and is copied verbatim. Miner, Rock-hound, bookworm, etc. Truly, a fabulous figure.

Carl F. Mathews, PM

TERRIBLE TRAIL: THE MEEK CUTOFF, 1845, by Keith Clark & Lowell Tiller, (Caxton Printers, Ltd., 244 pgs., \$4.)

The desire to find a direct route from Fort Boise to the Willamette Valley, through southern Oregon, led to a foolhardy adventure on the part of 200 families in the 1845 emigration to Oregon, which cost many lives. Meek's Cut-Off was named for the man who undertook to guide the party—Stephen H. L. Meek. His qualifications apparently consisted of a desire to distinguish himself and of information given him by Dr. Elijah White, who had made some exploration of the region, without success. The cut-off was tried after White had passed and talked with these people. White's enthusiasm on the subject was undoubtedly the first cause of the disaster, but Meek got all the blame. Meek's company turned off the main trail a few miles below Fort Boise, and was soon in one of the most rocky sections of Eastern Oregon. Many of the oxen became helpless and were abandoned. The party camped for some days at two small springs and here they were joined by other wagon trains which had followed them. There were now 150 wagons. The surrounding country was explored for seven days by one hundred horsemen, but no water and very little grass could be found.

The life of the guide was in danger, and he hid in a wagon. Some of his friends announced that he had gone on and succeeded in getting the party

moving again. The advance detachment of thirty wagons drove two days and nights and toward sunset on the third were guided by Meek, who had been scouting ahead, to a tributary of the Deschutes River. After other trains began to come up, the advance party continued down the Deschutes. At a point where they were preparing to cross the river by rigging a rope ferry, word came that an emigrant had sworn to kill the guide in revenge for the death of his two sons. Indians got Meek and his wife safely across by means of a rope before the enraged father arrived. Some of the men reached the Methodist mission at The Dalles the day before Joel Palmer's company came in, and Black Harris, a well-known scout, volunteered to take a party to the assistance of the lost companies.

Though blamed by the emigrants for their catastrophe, Meek's proposed route was not absurd in theory as his intention was to follow trails which were supposed to mark old routes of the mountain fur trade up the Malheur River and so across what is now Central Oregon, into the Willamette Valley by a supposed pass well toward its southern end. But Meek could not stick to his predetermined route and the party wandered aimlessly in a desolate region to the southward. From there on their experiences were all but incredible and they became the "Lost Immigrants" of Oregon legendry. About seventy-five of them lost their lives, almost twice as many lives as the Donner tragedy. Nevertheless, Meek, a competent mountain man, was chiefly responsible for the survival of those who did survive.

The authors have done an excellent job of research.

Armand Reeder, PM

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

The Denver Dry Goods sponsored an autograph party for Tom Ferril, PM to introduce his new book, *Rocky Mountain Herald Reader*.

This was held November 14, 1966.

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George Everett, CM of Poncha Springs, has had a new book out, and is readying another one on the Cattle Industry of the Salida district.

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Kenny Englert, PM has been in and out of the Veterans' Hospital in Denver for the past month. He has hopes of joining us for December's meeting. Hope so. Get well soon Kenny.

Our members have been busy these last few weeks. PM Fred Rosenstock had a fine autograph party for Dr. Harold McCracken, CM. He is Director of the Whitney Gallery of Western Art, Cody, Wyoming. This was on the occasion of the presentation of his new book, *Frederic Remington* on November 11, 1966.

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Pete Smythe, (R), and Bob Cormack, PM also had an autograph party, in Boulder, for their new book, *"Something for the Daily Battle of Life."*

NEW HANDS ON THE DENVER RANGE

WILLIAM SHEPPARD

567 Niver

Denver, Colorado, 8021

Don Block PM brings Mr. Sheppard to us. He is an attorney, teacher of history with a list of schools from Princeton, N.J. to the University of Florida.

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NORMAN F. PAGE

803 So. Flamingo Court

Denver, Colorado, 80222

Bob Brown PM, brings Mr. Page to our midst. He is interested in early Colorado History and early mining activities. Likes to fish, Jeep and learn more history, seems like they go together.

JOSEPH P. GRINNAN

P. O. Box 19411

Dallas, Texas

Another member through the efforts of Fred and Jo Mazzulla. Mr. Grinnan is interested in the outlaws of the old west and lawmen, also in Durango, Colorado.

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STANLEY A. GEORGE

3626 Taraval, Apt. 2

San Francisco, California

Mr. George heard of us through Fred and Jo Mazzulla. He is interested in all phases of the western history. Particularly that which covers the California areas. Mr. George is a member of the Los Angeles Corral.

It should be noted that Fred Mazzulla, PM is enclosing an application for membership in the Denver Posse of The Westerners, with each order he receives for his *Outlaw Album*.

ABOUT OUR DECEMBER SPEAKER

Thomas Hornsby Ferril, Poet Laureate. Of course no one has as yet officially conferred that title on him. It is his by default. Tom has published four books on poetry and a 5th one is now due. He has also written a play, the poetic texts for the murals in the rotunda of the State Capitol and a book of essays. He has recorded some of his work for the Library of Congress and the Voice of America. Has read his poetry on the TV program Wide Wide World. He is a college man also, has a Phi Beta Kappa key to prove it, with four honorary degrees too. Tom is editor of a newspaper, The Rocky Mountain Herald, published in Denver every Saturday morning. It seems to be a compilation of sundry comment from the front and back pages of that publication, the balance of the paper being given over to legal notices. On these two pages we can regale ourselves reading Tom's "Childe Herald" and other features of Hellie's pen. Tom will entertain us with readings, poetry, and some other of his own type of entertainment.

In 1926 Tom got a job. He went to work for the Great Western Sugar Co., after leaving both the Post and the News. He still is with the Sugar Co., but now is head of the Public Relation Dept., of that great Company. We think that Tom is outstanding and that this meeting will be one of the highlights of our year.

IN MEMORIAM

We note with regret the recent death of Alan Swallow, PM. He died of a heart attack Thursday a.m. November 24, 1966. We will miss him in our Westerners and the western history publishing industry will miss him. He was known throughout the country for his knowledge of the west and of the publishing of western books. Our prayers are for his widow and family.