

The DENVER WESTERNERS
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IN THIS ISSUE

George Peck — Forgotten Pioneer.

By

Le Roy Boyd, CM



Thomas Hornsby Ferril reading a selection of his poetry at the Westerners' Christmas Meeting.

From the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Dr. & Mrs. Le Roy Boyd have resided in Las Animas, Colorado for the past 30 years. Dr. Boyd is chaplain at Fort Lyon Veterans' Hospital. Mrs. Boyd is a former school teacher in Las Animas. Both have degrees from Chicago University. For 30 years they have been researching the history of the area around Las Animas, and in particular for the past 12 years they have studied and researched the life and history of George Peck, one of the original members of the Lawrence party that went to the Pike's Peak diggings. Dr. and Mrs. Boyd will tell you of this Colorado Pioneer in this issue.

FUTURE MEETINGS

January 26, 1967.

Our speaker will be Dr. Philip Whiteley, PM. He will speak on some Colorado Characters. Dr. Whiteley is well qualified to talk on this subject. His interests in the west range from Indian artifacts to being an outstanding authority of coins in Colorado.

February 22, 1967.

The speaker will be Steven Payne, PM. Steve will reminisce on North Park. He should know the Park, having grown up there. Began writing in 1924. He has written for 2 movies, and numerous juvenile and adult books and holds memberships in the Colorado Authors' League and in the Western Writers of America.

March 22, 1967.

Our speaker will be Jackson Thode, CM. His subject will be, "To Aspen and Beyond," Undertones of the D & RG, RR. Jack Thode is a 35 year veteran of the D & RG. One of the original founders of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, he has collaborated on railroad books and has authored several himself.

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

December 1966 Meeting

The December meeting was celebrated in true Western style on Saturday, December 17, 1966 at the historic Oxford Hotel at the foot of 17th Street in Denver.

There were 142 members, their guests, wives, sweethearts and friends who sat down to a real Western steak dinner after a brief cocktail hour.

Our own Thomas Hornsby Ferril, P.M., gave us a delightful program, reading from his new book, "Words for Denver and Other Poems." Denver was covered very thoroughly from various points of view—past, present and future.

Dr. Whiteley gave away several books and prints and post cards from his 'possibles bag.' There were several winners, but only one that we can remember is Reverend Barnes was the lucky winner of a copy of 'Brass Checks and Red Lights,' which is reviewed in this issue of the ROUNDUP. Reverend Barnes insists he is going to keep the book and not let it gather dust! !

George Peck--Forgotten Pioneer

by

Le Roy Boyd

For several years following a report that in 1850 some Cherokee Indians bound for the California fields had panned some color on the South Platte in Colorado, there had been faint rumors of gold in the hills out in the Pike's Peak region.

The rumors became audible whispers in 1857 when Major John Sedgwick was leading four companies of the First Cavalry along east of the mountain range. The troops met some Missourians on their way back to the States who claimed they had actually seen some gold. Sedgwick and his officers, with nightmares of all their men deserting to go in search of fortunes more substantial than army pay, sought to squash the reports and were lucky enough to lose only two men who went "over the hill."

The whispers were to become louder, however, with the arrival back home of the Missourians. Then in that fall of 1857 a goose quill of gold dust said to belong to Fall Leaf, an Indian, was exhibited in some Kansas towns.

It wouldn't be until 1859 that the big gold rush would get under way, but in the spring of 1858 John Easter at Lawrence, Kansas, having seen Fall Leaf's quill, proceeded to form a group to strike out for the Promised Land.

The group was to go down in history as the Lawrence Party who formed a good portion of the vanguard of the rush which was to come the following year. Unfortunately, there were no newspaper correspondents along, and so far as is known, no one in the party considered it worthwhile to keep one of those diaries that have since become so valuable as source material.

The party consisted of 43 men who had become discouraged with their prospects in Kansas, especially following the tight money situation in 1857 together with the meteorological conditions of early day Kansas, and who were willing to take chances in the new country, especially if there was a possibility of finding some gold.

It is known the party had 15 wagons with the necessary livestock. But no one bothered to list all the names of those making the trek, and later in September of 1902 *The Rocky Mountain News* would regret in print the fact many of those names had forever been lost.

Besides the men, the party contained two women who were accompanying their husbands, one of them emphatically making a place for herself in history. There was a Mrs. Middleton, prim and so ladylike she rode in a wagon all the way. But the other woman was Mrs. Julia Archibald Holmes whose husband, incidentally, was James H. Holmes, and she was one of the original "bloomer girls." David Lavender in his book, "Bent's Fort," reports she wore a man's hat and walked, and she even offered to take a turn at standing guard at night. The men, however, were gallant enough to refuse the offer.

Now while the party was being formed at Lawrence, almost overnight that spring of 1857, George Peck, a New Yorker who had arrived in Kansas about a year before to take up a preemption claim, came to town with his friend, John D. Miller. When Peck had reached Lawrence in 1857 he had met Miller and found that the latter also had come from New York. The two young men were about of the same age, and both wanted to take up claims.

This they did, taking adjoining land and building their two cabins close together. They teamed up to "batch it," living first in one cabin and then the other, and during those months they formed a firm and lasting friendship. Miller would write later—the paper being left in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. John Meeth—that nothing but death would ever sever his deep friendship for George Peck.

When the two reached Lawrence that spring day they both quickly contracted the gold fever. It wasn't too hard for them to catch the sick-

ness, for after all they had been trying to farm in the Kansas of that day. They were willing to trade the monotony of a Kansas farm for adventures that surely lay over the horizon. And whatever they found couldn't be worse than what they had. So Peck and Miller joined the party.

Peck's story began back at Catskill, New York. At the time of Peck's death in 1900 his son, Scott, gave the year of his birth as 1833 and so ordered for the grave marker. The records of the Presbyterian Church at Catskill, though, list his birthday as July 2, 1836, and he was accordingly almost 22 years old at the time Easter formed his Lawrence Party.

Peck apparently was never one to talk much about himself and he wrote practically nothing of those early years. A daughter of his, Mrs. Adelaide Stebbins of Sacramento, California, now approaching the century mark, has taped her recollections of her father and his story but she still did not know all the details. And if he ever told his children about his adventures of earlier days, like many other young people she never thought to write them down at the time.

The names of Peck's parents are not exactly known though his father may have been Jared Peck. There were at least four sons.

One son whose name cannot be recalled went with the Mormons to Utah and the family eventually lost all track of him. Charles also went to Salt Lake City but, retaining his Presbyterian faith, he later returned to Colorado to join George in starting a ranch west of Pueblo. Walter remained in New York state and had a store in Windham. And George, of course, went to Kansas and in time joined the Lawrence Party.

The party followed the Santa Fe Trail and while the road was comparatively well traveled in 1858 the wagons would sometimes have to be halted to allow herds of buffalo to pass. Members of the party had no lack of fresh meat, elk, deer and antelope besides buffalo being killed for that purpose.

The train reached Bent's New Fort located just inside the east line of present day Bent County on June 28, and at the rate of travel usual then the party must have left Lawrence shortly after the first of the month. It is probable the party met William Bent on the way for he was noted as being in Kansas City on July 15. If so, he would have invited them to stop at the fort. Peck would have become acquainted with him then, little knowing that later they would be neighbors and Bent's grandchildren would be playmates of Peck's own children.

Needless to say, when the train reached the fort Mrs. Holmes in her costume caused quite a stir. She was becoming used to that, however, and before long the costume would prove convenient for a particular purpose.

From Bent's Fort the party rolled on up the Arkansas River. The fourth of July was celebrated at a camp on the Fountain River ten miles

north of Pueblo. From there the group went on and established a base camp in the Garden of the Gods.

The one outstanding feature of the landscape there, is of course, Pike's Peak. To some of those who had just come from the prairies of Kansas it was a challenge. Accordingly, on July 8 Peck and his friend Miller, along with a third young man whose name was never recorded, set out and climbed to the top of the mountain.

One incident of that adventure was brought to light half a century later. Up there at the top, Miller took a branch he had used as a cane for the climb, carved his name on it and enclosed it in a rock cairn. His daughter, Mrs. Meeth, recalled that around 50 years later another climber found the stick, looked up Miller and tried to sell it to him. Miller just laughed and said, "Why should I buy something that I left there."

The three young men arrived back at camp that evening and told their story, and Mrs. Holmes was an eager listener.

She must have been a character in her own right. Imbued with the ideas that had caused her to adopt her unconventional attire she obviously considered that if men could climb that mountain so could she. And that night she asked the young men to take her to the top of the peak.

A second climb was arranged and the ascent was made on July 12. Miller led the way, and this time Mrs. Holmes and her husband went along. She thus became the first woman known in history to climb Pike's Peak—and this in a day when there were no graded roads or good trails!

Was Peck in that second group? About that, always reticent, he kept silent. After Peck's death, though, his friend Miller reported in a conversation as recorded in the *Georgetown Courier* that Peck was one of the men who made the history-making climb with Mrs. Holmes.

There is also another feature of the story that should be considered. Like the others, Peck never remembered the names of all those who formed the Lawrence Party. In later years, he often recalled a Major D. C. Oaks, a member of the party and a colorful character, who gave such glowing reports of the region that he influenced many others to join in the great gold rush of the following year.

Then, Peck always strongly supported Mrs. Holmes' claim to fame. When other women said they were the first of their sex to climb the Peak, Peck came forth to defend Mrs. Holmes. *She* was the first, and his defense was no doubt based on first hand knowledge gained from his being in the small group that made the second ascent that summer. Proof of the high regard in which George was held by these people, is the fact that he was entrusted with part of their money to secure much needed supplies for them at Fort Garland, a trip of approximately 130 miles.

Anyway, with the mountain taken care of and since no appreciable gold was found, the Lawrence Party went north to the South Platte River

and camped five miles south of the city of Denver as it existed in 1880. Peck, revealing some knowledge of surveying, assisted in laying out a townsite where the center of present Denver is now located. Building was not started there, however, as some other argonauts from the east decided on another site.

So far the summer had been very much like an extended picnic. With the arrival of fall that year of 1858, though, the party broke up, and Peck started south towards the incipient Pueblo to winter there. He had already sent word by emigrants on their way to Salt Lake City to his brother Charles to meet him there.

Peck didn't make a fast trip of it to Pueblo. He and a companion, a Mr. McClellan, stopped near where the base camp had been in the Garden of the Gods, probably to wait out a snow storm. At least it was in a bad, blinding snow that they laid out a rough townsite at two locations. One would later become Colorado Springs and the other the first Colorado City. Peck always believed that the locality on which he had looked from the top of Pike's Peak was really a garden of the gods.

When the weather abated the two men continued on their way south. At the eastern edge of today's Pueblo they laid out another rough townsite and prepared to spend the winter there with another group that had shortly arrived from the east. And it was there that Peck was joined by his brother Charles.

Colorado in those days was really a wide open country. Almost any piece of land was available for settlement, and the two Peck brothers selected a likely spot on the south bank of the Arkansas River five miles west of present Pueblo. Here the following spring they put in a crop of corn that brought them a good cash return as the Pike's Peak rush increased that year. They were still there on that ranch when the Civil War broke out and involved Colorado.

Charles went off to war, and he would later become a member of the John A. Rawlins G. A. R. Post at Lake City. So far as George Peck was concerned, his daughter in her taped recording reported he hired a substitute in order that he could remain on the ranch and raise vitally needed crops. He built up the holdings, farming and also raising cattle until February of 1865.

Again Peck's reluctance to talk about himself is frustrating to the historian. His ranch was at least near the line of march of the Colorado First Volunteers on their way to New Mexico in 1862. Also, he surely must have been affected when Colonel John M. Chivington marched his troops towards Sand Creek in November of 1864. And how did Peck get along when many Indians were on the warpath in that summer of 1864? In general, what were his relations with the Indian tribes? George Peck just never said.

He apparently didn't have too much trouble during the war years, however, for when Charles returned from the war Peck still had the ranch which he turned over to his brother's management while he himself went back to New York state.

Back there Peck went in with his brother Walter at Windham in a mercantile business. And in 1868 Peck married Rosetta Rice. She died at the birth of her first child, a daughter named Adelaide, and Peck later married Rosetta's sister, Mary E. Rice. Of the children born to this union four survived, Scott, Lillian, Maude and Faye. Of these, the only one still living at the time this was written is Adelaide.

Peck and his second wife made a decision which modern psychologists would say was unfortunately wrong. They didn't want Adelaide ever to know that Mary was her stepmother and the other children were only her half brother and half sisters. This decision would affect the rest of Peck's life and was one reason why he never talked much about himself. Adelaide, of course, would later learn the truth. When the knowledge came to her she suffered a severe emotional trauma, but her character was such that the trauma did no permanent harm. She would always consider Mary Peck her mother, and her relationship with the other children was never lessened in any degree.

Shortly after Peck's second marriage in 1871 and with the decision about Adelaide having been made, the family left Windham and moved to South Egremont, Massachusetts. Here Peck went into business with his wife's brother-in-law, Emerson Harrington.

When Adelaide was two years old, the Pecks decided again that if she were to be shielded from the knowledge of her mother's death a move still further away would be necessary. Peck got in touch with his brother Charles who had stayed in Colorado.

Charles had sold their ranch west of Pueblo to Charles Goodnight who would use the place as a pasture. Charles, however, had acquired some holdings in Bent County, and he reported that, with the Kansas and Pacific Railroad laying its rails into the territory, the lower Arkansas Valley held great promise. Then there was Fort Lyon, an army post, which offered protection as well as a good market.

In the spring of 1872, accordingly, Peck and his wife Mary with Adelaide moved to Las Animas City just across the river from Fort Lyon.

Today, Mrs. Adelaide Stebbins has the distinction of probably being the only living person who once lived in Las Animas City which was located about four miles east of present Las Animas and is now entirely gone.

Peck at once began to acquire land and start a herd of cattle. He got a contract with the army to supply fresh beef for Fort Lyon, and he engaged to build a slaughter house. He never thought of it as such at the time but he became one of the most active pioneers of Bent County when

it covered a large portion of Southeast Colorado.

Just how extensive Peck's holdings became cannot be now ascertained as many records were lost when the Bent County court house was destroyed by fire early in 1888. He did get some land to the west, however, and to the north through which the Kansas and Pacific Railroad would lay its rails. Included in the deal for the right-of-way were passes so that Mrs. Peck and the children could return east each year for visits. Mrs. Stebbins in her tape recording recalls the railroad bed created a lake between West Animas and Fort Lyon on which people could go boating; later, this lake would deteriorate into a slough which become known as the Osterhout Slough.

Peck also secured a large holding around Dib Camp Spring south of Las Animas. A Mrs. Charles R. Fry of Hatch, New Mexico, recalls her father was foreman there when Peck fenced in many acres at considerable expense. This fence then had to be taken down at a great financial loss as the government decided in favor of the open range. If Peck could have retained control of this acreage he would have been perhaps the largest land owner in Bent County.

Peck's history, though, was that of many other pioneers. One year he might be considered wealthy and the next, due to the vagaries of weather and economics, he would be on the verge of bankruptcy. But he never lost the adventurous spirit which had led him back in 1858 to join the Lawrence Party. If one year brought hard times there was always the hope that things would be better next year. And Peck was always awake to opportunities.

When the new town of West Las Animas was started with the arrival of the Kansas and Pacific Railroad and later the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, Peck moved his family there. He obtained some land west of town and started building up his herd of cattle on the open range. On that part of his land near the Arkansas River he set out a large apple orchard. When the trees came into fruit he permitted the young people to have all the apples they wanted, but he never allowed them to take advantage of him.

Peck also had a strawberry patch, and when the berries were picked he charged only 25 cents for two quarts. One incident connected with this strawberry patch revealed a sense of humor he possessed as well as his reticence. A woman once tried to talk him into selling her three quarts of berries for the quarter. Looking at her he said, "Madam, looks like this is going to be a good dried apple winter."

On that land close to the river he also built an ice house, the first such commercial project in the county. He employed men to cut ice on the river and pack it in saw dust. During the summer the ice was delivered to homes in town. Peck's ice was used for making the first ice cream to

be sold in a Las Animas drug store, and the late Arthur Bentley, who later was to render a last service for Peck, was hired as a boy to turn the freezer at Culver's Drug Store. Part of his pay was permission to eat all the ice cream he wanted. In time Peck's ice house became unprofitable due to other ice being shipped in by train from Salida.

The first home Peck built for his family at West Las Animas was on lots where the present Las Animas high school football field is located. The house was of frame construction. At the back were two adobe rooms for hired men, and in addition to these he also maintained quarters for hired men or cowboys at each of his holdings. In those years Peck had household help for Mrs. Peck, and one of those girls still living recalls with pride and affection the time she spent with the Peck family.

Peck later moved his family into a second home closer to the business section. It was located on a street called then Saint Anje Avenue but is now called Elm Avenue. The house is still standing and occupied, and it is just across the street from St. Mary's parish school.

The Peck home soon became a center of culture for the community, especially for the young people. Mrs. Peck was an excellent cook and believed the dinner table should always be attractive. She took great pride in her nice China and silver. She was also an accomplished seamstress and many of the wedding gowns worn by brides of that day were made by her and her daughter Lillian. Later on, Lillian would be able to earn her living as a milliner.

To maintain his home and family, Peck undertook other enterprises in addition to his farm and ranch. It is probable, of course, that like others he sometimes suffered financial reverses and it was necessary for him to engage in other ventures. For instance, when the number of troops at Fort Lyon was steadily decreased and the post was finally abandoned by the army in 1889, causing economic loss to all the community, Peck was forced out of the cattle industry which he had conducted on such a large scale.

With his knowledge of beef, though, he opened a meat market on the old plaza of Las Animas. This plaza eventually gave way to the business district of the town today.

Then for some time Peck operated the old Frontier House. It was while he was running the hotel that Clay Allison shot the deputy sheriff of Bent County who had wounded an unruly relative of Allison. The two wounded men were taken to the hotel, and there Allison ordered Peck at gun point to care for the relative and leave the deputy sheriff alone.

Mrs. Stebbins has included this incident in her taped story. She recalls watching the scene in the hotel lobby from the top of the stairs and of a lumber wagon coming in early in the morning to take away the wounded man. She didn't remember the name of the wounded man but Allison's reputation was such that she couldn't forget him.

It may have been this Allison incident that caused Peck and the city fathers later to take a second look at the matter of the town marshal's salary.

Then, too, the increase of the marshal's salary may have been influenced when a band of tramps invaded the Peck home. The sheriff was called, and after the officer had run the tramps out of the home he decided to take another look. He found one more man hiding in a closet. Mrs. Stebbins said she would always remember that last man as his nose was entirely gone which gave his face a horrible look.

Before Peck entered politics on the town level he had already been a county official. He was a staunch, old-line Republican, and he was elected probate judge in 1880. Mrs. Stebbins remembers that he was also a tax collector before Bent County was divided to make four counties and the parts of two others. It is not certain whether by the term tax collector is meant he was the assessor or the treasurer. Nor does the story indicate how long he served as a county official.

More definite information is available, though, concerning his activities at the town level.

West Las Animas was incorporated as the town of Las Animas on November 4, 1882. W. E. Culver, who conducted the drug store was named mayor. At the first regular election held the following April, however, George Peck was elected mayor. Composing that first elected town board were James Reid, Eli Shoemaker, John H. Murphy and Henry Bressler as trustees. Bressler, though, did not qualify and Frank Kreybill was named to take his place.

One of the first items of business the new administration had to consider had to do with how much of a salary should be paid the marshal. The sum of \$60 a month was considered sufficient.

Whether the Allison shooting or the invasion of the tramps entered the picture then is not known. Anyway, Peck realized that Las Animas needed a strong peace officer. While Las Animas didn't get the publicity of a notoriously wild west town such as Dodge City, Kansas, there were still a few troublesome characters around. It is interesting to go through the records of the local mortuary even as late as 1900 and see the number of men whose deaths were attributed to "gunshot" or "gunshot wound."

Anyway, at a town board meeting October 8, 1883, probably on the recommendation of Mayor Peck, the marshal's salary was raised to \$75 a month. There may have been another incident soon for 21 days later the salary of the marshal was raised to \$100 a month.

One hundred dollars a month in 1883 was really big money! At least Peck was taking his duties as mayor quite seriously.

And he was no less serious as a father. He wanted his children to have the best education available and to make good marriages. Once when he considered the public school was not adequate he rented the Methodist

Church, which at the time was vacant, and himself hired a well qualified teacher. He was soon assisted by several other dissatisfied families who joined him in the project.

Before ill health began to overtake him Peck sent his children off to college. Scott went on to study veterinary medicine and then returned to start the first veterinary practice in Las Animas. Adelaide was also sent on to college and there is an old photograph of her with the label "Adelaide Peck, College Days, Glendale College, Cincinnati, Ohio."

Lillian and Maude must have been sent on to schools also or had special tutors. Lillian was trained in music and was in demand as a soloist. Maude also made use of the Methodist Church when she operated a private kindergarten.

Increasing ill health did not permit Peck to send his children on for all the education he desired for them. And he lived long enough to see only two of them married.

The first wedding was that of Adelaide who must have been his favorite. The young man she selected and who was approved by Peck was Joseph Wyatt, a nephew of Mrs. Jim Jones of the well known Jones family in southeastern Colorado. Joe, as he was better known, was an inspector for the cattlemen's association and as such had authority to enforce the law on the range.

The wedding took place in the Peck home on May 4, 1889, the officiating clergyman being the Reverend Henry Forrester, a popular Episcopalian rector. The attending couple was W. H. Snoddy and Miss Fanny Jones who themselves would later become groom and bride.

Incidentally, 72 years later on almost the same day or May 2, 1961, the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Snoddy, Dr. Howard Snoddy, would operate the recorder to get Adelaide's story on tape. In that story she recalled that her father's dear friend, John D. Miller, sent her a complete set of China for a wedding present.

Sorrow was to come to the young bride. Sometime after Peck's first grandchild was born, Joe Wyatt took Adelaide and the young boy to Wibeau, Montana, where they planned to make their home. While out hunting one day Wyatt was killed by a bolt of lightning.

Adelaide with her son, now four years old, returned to her father's home in Las Animas. By that time she could see that Peck was ill and, not wanting to impose on him, she asked his advice about taking a business course. At first he objected as he had the oldfashioned idea that ladies did not work in offices. When she insisted that she needed more training to care for herself and her son he offered to help her as he could. Peck and his wife Mary kept the boy for her while she went to Kansas City to enter Spaulding Business College. During the following summer vacation Peck's friend, Frank Kreybill, gave her temporary employment at the court

house. When she finished the business school she took a job with the law firm of Potterfield, Sawyer and Conrad at Kansas City. She later married again, her second husband being James Stebbins, and eventually moved to California. Her stepmother, Mary Peck, spent her last days in the Stebbins home and is buried at Sacramento.

Peck's son, Scott, moved to Lander, Wyoming, where he died. Faye married a man by the name of Manifer Bealmear. She died shortly after the birth of her first child. Adelaide, who by that time had married for the second time, took the small daughter and raised her. Lillian conducted a millinery store in Las Animas for a short time. She then went to Durango where she was employed as a milliner. She married G. Herbert Clark, a Durango merchant and they had two daughters, Lillian and Catherine. She died at the age of 39. Maude never married. She taught a private kindergarten for a year following her father's death. When her sister Lillian died she helped care for Lillian's two daughters. Maude eventually died in a nursing home at San Diego, California, in 1962. After Peck's death the family, as can be noted, all left Las Animas and the ties which had once been so strong were broken.

Of the children, Mrs. Stebbins is the only one left alive. There must have been a special, warm relationship between the father and daughter. Being his first born he apparently reserved a large place in his heart for her. Today, she fondly and proudly recalls his memory. She can't give all the details of his business and political activities, perhaps, but in the days of her youth the customs of the time did not allow a woman, let alone a child, such a place in the men's world. But what person nearing 100 years old can recite details of a parent, especially if the father had long ago resolved not to say much of himself.

It is significant that Peck's biography cannot be found in any of the state histories though C. W. Bowman did include a sketch on him in the article he wrote for "The History of the Arkansas Valley" published in 1881. But at that time Peck was so prominent in Bent County he could hardly be omitted. There was very little, though, about his personal life.

Still, Mrs. Stebbins says her father was a steadfast Presbyterian, apparently of the Covenanter type. He was deeply religious, and he lived his religion. Mrs. Stebbins recalls that as a small child it was at her father's knee that she said her evening prayers.

Peck believed that Sunday was the Lord's Day and should be strictly observed. The only place the family went on Sunday was to church; the children were not even permitted to go to their neighbor's yards to play with others.

That rule didn't hold, however, during week days. Nor were neighbor children prohibited from coming to the Peck home to play during the week.

Mrs. Cora McDonald of East Lansing, Michigan, now 92 years old, recalls in another tape recording that once the girls of the neighborhood wanted a play house. There was no place to build one until Peck told them they could use his backyard. The girls then went to work to make adobe brick, lay them up, put in regular doors and windows, and built a play house that stood for many years.

While not a charter member of the Presbyterian Church, Peck was listed on the membership rolls within a year after the church was started. During his lifetime in the community he held many offices in the church. A picture taken of him when young in New York state shows him as a person who undoubtedly and devoutly believed in God, and who had early determined to walk uprightly before the Lord. Whatever reverses he might suffer, and even in success, his feet were firmly planted on the rock of his Presbyterian faith.

Peck's greatest tragedy was that he lived too soon to benefit from all the advances science has made in recent years. If he could have consulted with a good psychologist he would have learned it were better that Adelaide be gently led to the knowledge of her own mother's death and that Mary Peck was her stepmother. A growing and developing child could have accepted the fact without any trauma and there would have been no less love in the family relationship. In fact, the love between the daughter and stepmother could have been even more secure.

Again, when Peck became a victim of diabetes, the discovery of the use of insulin for its control still lay in the future. Where today diabetes is considered incurable but can be controlled with insulin, in his day it was a progressive and eventually fatal disease.

It is not known how long he had the disease, but it was evident to his family and friends that he was an increasingly ill man. The end came for him on September 2, 1900, and according to the local mortuary records the funeral was held the following day. Arthur Bentley who, as a boy had eaten Ben Davis apples from Peck's orchard, and who had turned the crank of the ice cream freezer in which Peck's ice was used, dug the grave. Before his own death Bentley said he made the grave large and comfortable. He added, "My friend was a big man, physically as well as historically."

Peck was buried in the Las Animas cemetery where many other pioneers were laid for their last long sleep. Among them were William Bent, John W. Prowers, Luke Cahill, Frank Kreybill, Jim Jones and many others. They came west, those pioneers, in search of fortune and in the process of their searching built a lasting civilization that is known today as The Rocky Mountain Empire.

Although Peck carried much of his story to the grave with him his name was not forgotten. At the time of his death *The Rocky Mountain*

News had this to say, "Some day the city of Denver should build a monument to these men and thus perpetuate to future generations the names of those who first camped on the present site."¹⁰

While such a monument has yet to be erected there is a grave stone in the Las Animas cemetery which bears his name. And there are still a few oldtimers yet living who kindly remember George Peck, who started out in 1858 to follow his destiny to the land of his dreams in Colorado.

SOURCES

1. New York state records.
2. Tape by Mrs. Adelaide Stebbins of Sacramento, California.
3. Tape by Mrs. Cora McDonald of East Lansing, Michigan.
4. Letters of Mrs. Adelaide Stebbins.
5. Letters from Mrs. Charles R. Fry of Hatch, New Mexico.
6. History of the Arkansas Valley.
7. Interviews with C. N. Troup, deceased, Mrs. Bert Gillespie, Arthur Bentley, deceased, Enoch Nelson, Mrs. Mildred Scott, Mrs. Harvey Smith, Mrs. Ida Colt, Mrs. W. P. Morley, Mrs. Clifford McVey, Mrs. Susie Root, Ephraim Lewis, Mrs. May Murray Washburn, Dr. Howard Snoddy.
8. Personal loan of books of P. G. Scott.
9. Personal papers of John D. Miller in possession of his daughter, Mrs. John Meeth (deceased) of Pueblo.
10. *The Rocky Mountain News*.
11. Las Animas United Presbyterian Church records.
12. Las Animas city records.

THE SILVER SPUR

The Silver Spur Award goes to DABNEY OTIS COLLINS. We are proud to announce that "Doc" has been honored by the U.S. Forest Service by being selected to write their *CAMP FIRE TALKS*, their official publication.

In the December 27, 1966 issue of the *Colorado Springs Gazette Telegraph* there is a fine review of the 1965 *Brand Book*. This is a full page review of all articles in the book. Written By Byron L. Akers CM.

For those of you who wish to complete your set of *Brand Books* we have several copies of the 1964 *Brand Book* available at \$10.50 per copy plus 3% sales tax for Colorado residents and 5% tax for Denver residents.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

FRED MAZZULLA has been in the limelight a lot recently. Clyde Davis, KOA Feature reporter, did a profile of Fred and his helpmeet, Jo; this in relation to the publication of their most recent book, *Brass Checks and Red Lights*. Davis spoke about their unbelievably comprehensive collection of western history photographs; their anthology of jazz music—both records and player piano rolls, and Fred's collection of cameras.

• • •

We are sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Fletcher Birney, Sr., mother of our past Sheriff Fletcher W. Birney, Jr. Our sympathies go to Fletcher and his family in this time of such a sad loss.

• • •

Dabney Otis Collins is working on his new project for the U.S. Forest Service, their *CAMP FIRE TALKS*. This issue will be on the Black Hills of South Dakota. We hear the Forest Service people complimented Dabney on the wonderful job he did on the Colorado State Vacation book. (If you haven't seen this booklet it is worth your while to get one). Congrats, Dabney!

• • •

NUMA JAMES, a recent sheriff, had a tribute paid to him a short time ago when the *Catholic Register* did a story about his slides on early Colorado

churches. In keeping with his historic hobby, Numa has one of the finest collections of photographs of early churches and moradas.

• • •

Our good Reserve Member Maurice Frink is now out of the hospital and has returned to Boulder. We wish Maurice all the good health there is for the coming years.

• • •

True West Magazine for February 1967 has an excellent article on the 25 year history of western pulp magazines. Mentioned in the article are William MacLeod Raine and Forbes Parkhill. The article is actually the history of Western story writing for the public.

• • •

We received the Fall issue of "CORRAL DUST" publication of the Potomac Corral of the Westerners, (Arlington, Va.).

There is a very interesting series of letters on a variety of subjects, by the Quartermaster of the Army, Montgomery Meigs. These are written to officers in the field in the West, on matters of ordinance and equipment, from 1866 to 1869. Very enlightening and interesting to a military buff.

There were ten good book reviews, including one on Virginia McConnell's *BAYOU SALADA*. Also, Michael Straight wrote a brief dissertation of a photograph he took in a snowstorm, beside the reproduced photograph.

Just before press time the following communication came to my desk:

OLD PONCHA ROAD.
Box 44
SALIDA, COLORADO 81201

Bill:

Shades of Buffalo Bill! We had a "bully" good time getting the ole boy back in captivity. At one point he was barreling down on a pickup some distance away, and I was trying to get a shell in my 30.06—seeing him charging like an express train (veered within 50 ft.) caused me to try to put a shell in the barrel (backwards) instead of the chamber which I could not find, with my ten thumbs . . . Stan is a Game & Fish man. Actually 7 men were helping at one time!

Regards, Kenny

(following clipping was enclosed from Kenny)

**BUFFALO ROUNDUP
MADE NECESSARY
AS BULL ESCAPES**

It was a regular old-time buffalo roundup . . . with a few exceptions. The exceptions were that only one buffalo was concerned, the roundup was tried from a pickup truck, and men stood around with high-powered rifles "just in case."

All of this took place at Kenny Englert's place early today when the buffalo bull broke through two of the six-inch diameter poles on the corral and took to "freedom" in the surrounding field. He didn't take kindly to attempts to get him back to the corral either.

Englert, joined by George Dominick and Stan Ogilvie, worked for several hours in the biting cold before the bull was enticed back into the corral.

One other corral pole was broken in another span of the fence, lending support to Englert's belief that "something really spooked" the big bull.

New Hands on the Denver Range

Ross E. Brown
Rt 3 Box 546
Golden, Colorado, 80401

Mr. Brown comes to us through his friendship with Carl Mathews, PM and Guy Herstrom, PM. His interest lies in the background and history of Golden and Mt. Vernon Canon.

Miss Helen Phelps
3400 E 17th Ave.,
Denver, Colorado 80206

Francis Rizzari, PM interested Miss Phelps into our group. Miss Phelps is a teacher in the Denver Public Schools. History is one of her subjects.

• • •

• • •

Herbert M. Sommers
56 Elm Ave
Colorado Springs, Colo

Mr. Sommers became interested in the Westerners through John J. Lipsey, PM. He has written extensively on the Summitville area and other publications treating of our own Colorado.

Philip A. Ruebel
275 South Third St.
Brighton, Colorado 80601

Guy Herstrom, PM, brought Mr. Ruebel into our Posse and we find that he has an interest in early Adams County history.

William F. McNair
321 Detroit St.
Denver, Colorado 80206

Mr. McNair comes to us through Fred M. Mazzulla, PM and O. A. King. His interests center around early firearms. He is a member of various Gun clubs and associations.

• • •

James H. Bird, Jr
1260 So. Josephine St.
Denver, Colorado 80210

Mr. Bird was brought to us through Charles S. Ryland, PM. His interests are in the Cripple Creek Mining District and in the early homes of Colorado.

• • •

Mrs. Frank M. (Edith) Standhardt
607 No. Union Ave.,
Roswell, N.M. 88201

Mrs. Standhardt came to us through her friendship with John J. Lipsey, PM. Her interest lies in the history of the Episcopal Church in New Mexico. She has written a history of St. Andrew's Church in Roswell.

• • •

Dr. William J. Neuleip
RR #1 Rochelle, Ill 61068

Fred Mazzulla PM, brings the good Doctor to our midst. He is interested in the history of the Civil War.

• • •

Robert R. Maiden
2016 Meade St.
Denver, Colorado 80211

Another CM through Fred Mazzulla, PM. His interests are in the past Sheriffs of Colorado. He has published several booklets on the lynchings and the sheriffs.

Stanley A. George
3626 Taraval #2
San Francisco, California, 94116

Mr. George had a book of Fred and Jo Mazzulla's and decided to join. He is also a CM with the Los Angeles Westerners.

• • •

Milton E. Muelder
1133 Southlawn
East Lansing, Michigan 48823

Mr. Muelder is interested in the relationship of southwest to the Spanish and Indian cultures of Mexico, Central and South America. He has published many books and is a professor of modern History at Michigan State University.

• • •

Joseph P. Grinnan
P. O. Box 19411
Dallas, Texas

Mr. Grinnan is interested in Outlaws and Lawmen and in the history of Durango, Colorado. He heard of us through Fred Mazzulla, PM.

• • •

Cayl Wubbon M.D.
626 26½ road,
Grand Junction, Colo

Dr. Wubbon is interested in Western Slope history. He has been a member of the Colorado Historical Society for the past 14 years.

• • •

We welcome you to our Posse and hope to meet all of you during the 1967 period. You are always welcome to our meetings the 4th Wednesday of each month at the Denver Press Club.



Westerner's Bookshelf



LOVE SONG TO THE PLAINS, by Mari Sandoz. University of Nebraska, Bison Books, paper-back, 303 pages, \$1.85.

Love Song to the Plains is a salute to the myriads of people who were instrumental in making the history of our great plains country. It is an easy to read historical account of men and women of many hues—courageous, violent, indomitable, foolish — their legends, failures, and achievements; of explorers and fur trappers and missionaries; of soldiers and army posts and Indian fighting; of California-bound emigrants; of cattlemen and bad men, boomers and land speculators, and their feuds and rivalries.

A collection of tall tales told and tall tales true, strung like beads upon the durable cord of an abiding love of the country to which these tales belong. These are not all fact, neither are they all fiction. The book is a collection of the legends, lore and life-ways of the land.

The book contains an excellent Bibliography, is well indexed, and contains a fair map of the country involved. It is interesting and worthwhile reading for anyone interested in our early plains history.

Mac C. Poor, PM.

• • •

THE CLAWS OF THE HAWK: THE INCREDIBLE LIFE OF WAHKER THE UTE, by Paul Bailey. Westernlore Press, 1966. 358 pp (NO map!). \$5.95.

Not many authors get a second chance at a favorite subject, but Paul Bailey did. In 1954 he wrote a factual

account of WALKARA, HAWK OF THE MOUNTAINS; now comes his novel about the same Ute chief. Told from the point of view of the savage, the novel is an example of what David Lavender calls "responsible popularization." The author was allowed to use the unpublished journals of the Mormon Church for his research (which probably accounts for his less realistic approach to Mormon than to Indian character).

Wahker was the scourge of the Southwest in the 1830's and 1840's. He and his warriors, tutored by mountain-man Peg Leg Smith, lived by horse trading and slaving. Then the Mormons came. They achieved the result of wiping the Indians from the face of Utah by the use of brotherly love (were not the Indians a lost tribe of Israel?); and by walling their towns against guerilla warfare. The usual white-born venereal diseases and measles helped. The Mormons refused to deal in whiskey; every time Wahker became restless, Brigham Young sent him beeves to feed his starving people.

Wahker periodically accepted and refused the Mormon brain-washing. In 1855, at the age of 47, disillusioned—especially because the Mormons refused to let him have white wives—Wahker died. He was buried in the priest's robe he had stolen from the mission of San Luis Obispo; his two wives, slaughtered for the occasion, on either side of him; and two slave children rocked up, alive, above his grave.

Louisa Ward Arps, CM

BRASS CHECKS AND RED LIGHTS. By Fred & Jo Mazzulla. Published by Fred and Jo Mazzulla. 60 pages, 115 illustrations. Paper back \$3.00, bound \$5.00.

DENVER'S indefatigable archivists, Fred and Jo Mazzulla, have published recently "Brass Checks and Red Lights," which they describe as a pictorial potpourri of historical prostitutes, parlor houses, professors, procuresses and pimps."

This 60-page book contains some 115 illustrations, of which 98 are photographs from the remarkable Mazzulla collection. There are four full-color reproductions of Charles M. Russell's "sunshine series" depicting the lonely cowboy who comes to town, is entertained by the girl in the parlor house and soon has reason to regret it.

Most books on early-day sin depend heavily on words with some outdoor photographs of streets, houses and people. The Mazzulla book contains an abundance of these and also many rare interior group pictures in which the madame is surrounded by her girl "boarders" with the "professor" at the piano in the background.

A few of the pictures are from New Orleans, Alaska and Mexico, but most of them come from Denver and Colorado and some from Kansas, Wyoming, Idaho and Nevada.

Several brass checks are reproduced—local and European. These tokens seem to have been introduced in New York in the 1600's and were widely used throughout the country. The customer would purchase the brass checks from the madame or her boss and pay it to the girl who would settle with the management in the morning. The system was very profitable for the operators and very unprofitable for the

girls unless they happened to be prodigious performers.

The Mazzullas also reproduce many of the advertisements and excerpts from the directories used in the industry. The advertisements, emphasized the finest of wines, liquors and cigars, hospitable and delightful entertainers, and assurance that everything would be "correct"—no worry about being robbed or cheated.

A list of some 175 nicknames and aliases is printed, some sentimentally romantic such as Cornish Queen, Prairie Rose, Sweet Alice or Lady Jane Gray; some descriptive — Two-Ton Tillie, Slanting Annie or Big-Nose Kate — and some obscene.

The book summarizes the careers of some of the women who became eminently successful. They had to be good managers and skillful politicians with ability to withstand the lures of liquor and dope.

Closing up the "districts" was inevitable. Scattering the members of the profession all over town was inevitable. Fashions in morality change and I suppose mobility has a great deal to do with it. Stack up the automobile against the apple tree in Eden and you have a subject to confound philosophers.

— Childe Herald

INDIAN SLAVE TRADE in the SOUTHWEST, by L. R. Bailey. Published by Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, California, 1966. 236 pages, 9 Illus., Appendix, Bibliography, Index. \$7.95.

The matter of slave trading in the Southwest has always been a confusing segment of Western History. Claims and counter claims by those involved in the traffic have distracted most historians from the prodigious and specialized effort needed to search

deeply and sincerely for the truth. Mr. L. R. Bailey, in his recent book **INDIAN SLAVE TRADE** in the **SOUTHWEST**, has made a meticulously and scholarly effort to disclose the facts concerning slave trading in the Southwest.

A statement by Mr. Bailey on page 136 gives a clue to the confusion historians have faced in their efforts to unravel the yarn of myth that has entangled the threads of evidence leading to an ethnohistoric solution to the mysteries of slave trading in the Southwest. He writes: "At times the relationships in the nefarious commerce (slave trading) seemed, and indeed was, rather vague: Utes raided Paintes, Navajos raided Piantes, Utes raided Navajos, Navajos raided Utes, Apaches raided Navajos—and Mexicans raided them all."

Mr. Bailey's well known sympathy for the Indians and Hispanic people of the Southwest does not deter him from placing blame on any ethnic group, body politic, or religious missionary if his exhaustive research points an accusing finger. No one has escaped his scrutiny. Spain, the Conquistadores, provincial Governors, Indians, Mexicans, and the American conquerors, all come in for their share of criticism for this black page in Western History.

The book is divided into four sections: *Plunder Trails Southward*; *Slave Trading and the Navajo Wars, 1700-1885*; *Slave Raiders in the Great Basin*; and, *Victory Over Tradition*. The introduction is must reading in order to set the scene for these four dissertations. Mr. Bailey's book is another outstanding contribution to Western Americana.

Milton W. Callon, CM

BOOT HILL. HISTORIC GRAVES OF THE OLD WEST. By Lambert Florin. Superior Publishing Co., Seattle, Wash., 1966. 192 pp. \$12.95.

For many of us, old graveyards and lonely, isolated graves hold a strange fascination. To wander among the last resting places of those who have reached the end of the journey, deciphering the epitaphs on time-worn headstones, treading softly in the peace of hallowed earth somehow completes the circle of past, present and future. As it must to all men

The title of this book is a misnomer. After a hundred years and more there are no boot hills. A notable exception is Bodie Boot Hill, which is pictured and described. Half of the graves are in Washington and Oregon. Nor may most of the graves be rated historic.

In a very real sense, however, all this is beside the point. In fairness to the author, the book lays no claim to being either formal Western history or literature. Sidelights of history are employed to illuminate and sharpen the focus on time and place, to deepen human interest in those asleep beneath lichen-covered stones or sunken plots of earth.

The writing style is entertaining and informative, only occasionally off-key in lighter vein. Devotion to his subject is reflected in the author's perceptive commentary on what he terms "Sad Art"—the open gate, the crown, the pointing finger. Photographic illustrations are both profuse and excellent.

Endsheet drawing of Dodge City Boot Hill, by Dr. David C. Mason, open the gates on a unique adventure in reading.

Dabney Otis Collins

1965 BRAND BOOK of the Denver Posse of The Westerners Edited by Arthur L. Campa. Published by The Denver Posse of The Westerners. 411 pp. 62 illustrations. Price \$13.50

The Denver Westerners whose ranks include a number of Colorado Springs men interested in Western Americana, has added another chapter to the history and lore of the early West in publication of their annual Brank Book. The 411-page volume is the 21st edition to what has become a sizeable library of western annals.

The 18 articles, illustrated by 62 drawing and pictures, were produced by the historically minded authors after long and thorough research. Eight center around events and personalities of pioneer Colorado. Four deal with the Southwest's fascinating past and others delve into various facets of the past.

Most of the papers were originally given at the Westerners monthly meetings in 1965. Others were submitted by invitation from the editor, Prof. Arthur L. Campa of Denver University. Raul Rossell did the sketches.

Of the varied subject matter on Colorado, the most interesting, from the standpoint of Pikes Peak Region residents, is the account of the runaway freight cars that smashed into a passenger train at Fountain, May 14, 1888. The author, Dr. Lester L. Williams of Colorado Springs, presents a graphic picture of the disaster resulting from a flaming tank car of naphtha and explosion of a carload of powder.

The spectacular wreck caused three deaths, injury to 28 and heavy property damage.

In biographical chapters, the career of Capt. E. L. Berthoud, pioneer, explorer, soldier, scientist and engineer, is related by Charles S. Ryland of Golden, the story of Bela S. Buell's business and civic activities in Central City is told by Liston E. Leydendecker, head of Arapahoe Junior College history department.

Len Shoemaker, a retired veteran of the Forest Service, tells of early towns in Garfield County. Other accounts of the pioneer era describe the life and death of the mining camp of Animas Forks, high in the rugged San Juan country, by Robert Brown, a Denver history teacher, and long-vanished towns in Jefferson County by Francis B. Rizzari, who has done extensive research about Colorado mining towns and railroads.

The history of Fort Lewis, which helped safeguard the four-corners area from Indian marauders, is recounted by Dr. Robert W. Delaney, director of the Center of Southwest Studies at Ft Lewis College. Edmond B. Rogers retired superintendent of Rocky Mountain and Yellowstone National Parks, details the history of Colorado's national parks.

The most dramatic of the chapters on the Southwest is Dabney Otis Collins' account of Escalante's Trail which became the Spanish Trail between Santa Fe and Los Angeles. The trail followed by Escalante in 1776 become what Collins terms the "plunder road of the West." He describes the horrors of the slave trade of which Digger Indians were the chief prey,

and the violence of the horse stealing forays. Collins is a Denver advertising man.

The merchant colonists of New Mexico are described by Milton Callon of Denver. Other New Mexican subjects deal with the bloody careers of train robber Kit Joy and Joel A. Fowler, the "human hyena." Their escapades are related by Philip Rasch, of the Naval Medical Field Research Laboratory, Camp Lajeune, N.C. Prof. Campa describes the cradle-to-grave Hispanic customs of the Southwest.

Chapters about Indians include a description of the self-torture of Sioux Sun Dancers by John Carson, a Union Pacific official, and an assessment of the liabilities and assets of present-day Indians by Henry Hough, director of research for the National Congress of American Indians.

Other chapters in the Brand Book include: the killing of Wild Bill Hickok by Earl Scott of Denver and based on a young journalist's association with the famed frontier character in his last days in Deadwood, S.D.; general locations in the West by D. M. Bassler of Denver; research by Don Block, Denver rare book dealer, showing John Plume of Iowa was the original advocate of a rail line to the Pacific long before it was proposed by the man historians credit with the idea, and Mac C. Poor's explanation of why and how he wrote "Denver South Park and Pacific."

A classic of railroad history, the book now commands prices upward of \$200 a copy from collectors.

Byron L. Akers, CM
(From The Gazette Telegram of Colorado Springs.)

* * *

COVERED WAGON PIONEERS, by Dr. Sally True, who edited the manuscript kept by her grandfather Charles True. Published by College Printing Co., Madison, Wisconsin. 1966, pp. 110, 7 full page illustrations. Paper, \$3.00

This is the story of the True family and all the exciting adventures they encountered on their overland trip from Maine to California.

The story begins in the spring of 1856 when they left Maine via a side-wheel steamer, the Daniel Webster and ends in the Main street of Sutter Creek, California in 1859.

Among their adventures were terrible storms crossing from Belfast to Portland and then again on Lake Erie.

They farmed for a while in Ohio, but left there in search of better land, coming to Minnesota where they homesteaded for a short while. In May of 1859 they left for California. From here on you read about the hardships, discomforts of the trail life. The most interesting part of the book, to my notion, is that portion that relates to the crossing of the desert, the loss of possessions, livestock and the crossing of the mountains into California.

This is a book that will thrill those Western buffs who are interested in the covered wagon crossings of the plains and mountains.

William D. Powell PM

Introduction To Your New Registrar of Marks and Brands

William Kostka, the 1967 Registrar of Marks and Brands, came to Denver in March, 1949, to pioneer in establishing his own public relations firm after resigning as public relations and advertising director of the U.S. Brewers Foundation in New York. In Chicago and New York he had a career as a newspaper man, magazine editor, and publicity and public relations director. During World War II he was managing editor of Look Magazine and previously had been publicity director of the National Broadcasting Company, magazine editor of the old Frank A. Munsey Publications, managing editor of Fawcett Publications, and central division manager of International News Service. His first job dates back to 1927 with the Chicago Daily Drivers Journal. He recently became chairman of the board and chief executive officer of his firm, William Kostka & Associates, Inc., and his son Bill, Jr. became president. Bill, Sr. has always been a student of American history.

Our New Sheriff

ARTHUR L. CAMPA is a man of many parts. Professor of Modern Languages at the University of Denver since 1946, Dr. Campa has a knowledge of 14 languages, has been a visitor and resident of many foreign countries, and counts his friends among all these countries.

He calls home anywhere that his friends are; and has a happy faculty of making friends wherever he goes.

Dr. Campa has studied under many scholarships, among them are Rockefeller, Fulbright, Cutting and Guggenheim. His love is the southwest, its peoples and its culture.

Dr. Campa has served the U. S. State Dept., as an expert on Latin America in many of the countries of the Southern Hemisphere.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

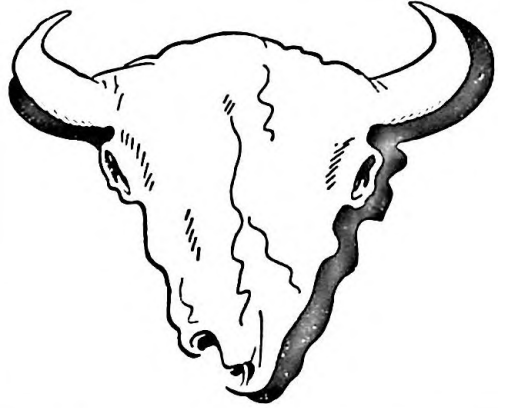
FEBRUARY
1967
Volume XXIII
Number 2

IN THIS ISSUE

Twelve Colorado Characters

By

Philip W. Whiteley M.D., PM



Sheriff Dr. Campa (right) presents Speaker's Plaque to Dr. Whiteley

From the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

ABOUT THE SPEAKER

Philip W. Whiteley, M.D., a Denver gynecologist and obstetrician, is a past sheriff of the Denver Posse of the Westerners. Phil has a fine library of Western Americana and reads extensively. His interest in the West began with numismatics, and then branched into trade tokens and trade beads, anthropology and archaeology. He collects anything pertaining to the above subjects and has been the author of several articles and monographs.

FUTURE MEETINGS

February 22, 1967.

The speaker will be Steven Payne, PM. Steve will reminisce on North Park. He should know the Park, having grown up there. Began writing in 1924. He has written for 2 movies, and numerous juvenile and adult books and holds memberships in the Colorado Authors' League and in the Western Writers of America.

March 22, 1967.

Our speaker will be Jackson Thode, CM. His subject will be, "To Aspen and Beyond," Undertones of the D & RG. RR. Jack Thode is a 35 year veteran of the D & RG. One of the original founders of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, he has collaborated on railroad books and has authored several himself.

THANKS FROM BILL POWELL

To members of the DENVER POSSE who helped me in assembling news—I extend grateful thanks for the fine co-operation you gave me during my year as editor of your ROUNDUP. This issue comes to you from Bill Kostka, your new Registrar of Marks and Brands . . . Good luck, Bill, the Quill is yours!

Bill Powell

THE DENVER WESTERNERS MONTHLY ROUNDUP

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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 Kostka, 1321 Bannock St., Denver, Colo. 80204.

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

1967 OFFICERS

Sheriff: Dr. Arthur L. Campa
Deputy Sheriff: William E. Marshall
Roundup Foreman and Tally Man:

Fred M. Mazzulla

Chuck Wrangler: Charles W. Webb
Registrar of Marks and Brands:

William Kostka

Publications Chairman: William D. Powell
Membership Chairman:

Dr. Philip W. Whiteley

Program Chairman: Robert L. Brown

Nominations Chairman: Guy M. Herstrom

Book Review Chairman: Paul Harrison

Keeper of the Possible Bag:

Dr. Philip W. Whiteley

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

Twelve Colorado Characters

by

Philip W. Whiteley, M.D., PM

SOAPY SMITH

Many people of the West became known because of their eccentricities. Soapy Smith was as much talked about in his time as any person living in Colorado, not because he was a gambler, but because of his peculiarities, his mode of living and his method of operation.

Colonel Edwin Bobo Smith, Soapy's cousin, in speaking of Soapy did not apologize for his shortcomings but contended that under different conditions he might have become a useful member of society. Those who knew Soapy as a confidence man and gambler, would reluctantly believe that he was a model son, brother, husband and father. Colonel Smith adds that Soapy was on the eve of retiring from his gambler's career and settling down to a respectable life when in Alaska an adversary's bullet brought his eventful career to a sudden end.

Soapy's real name was Jefferson Randolph Smith. The Colonel knew Soapy from the time he was born. Colonel Smith's father was Soapy's uncle. Soapy was born in Noonan, Coweta County, Georgia in 1860. Jeff's parents moved to Texas while he was still young, locating at Round Rock, near Austin.

Speaking of Jeff's antecedents, Colonel Smith, who later came from Washington, D.C., to Texas said: "No man of my acquaintance had a fairer start or commanded a better prospect for life than did Jeff Smith." Both his father and mother claimed descent from long lines of well known people. His mother was a lovely Christian woman and his father a college-bred man and lawyer of good standing. After the Civil War their circumstances deteriorated. Jeff went to work on their farm and managed well. The father fell into habits of inebriety so by the time the family moved to Texas Jeff had become its mainstay. There he engaged in business and one day met a street fakir. The two became companions and Jeff sold goods for the merchant. He was so successful that the merchants of the small towns organized against him and prevailed upon the Texas legislature to pass a law imposing heavy taxes on traveling salesman. In Texas Jeff observed sleight of hand by Clubfoot Hall who rebuffed him but told Jeff of a Mr. Taylor.

At seventeen years of age Soapy left Round Rock for Leadville, Colorado, where he called upon Taylor, who showed him the rudiments of the shell game and soap racket.

From Leadville Soapy went to Denver, where he made a great deal of money, but spent it on faro. Later Soapy went to Creede, which he ran with an iron hand. In Creede Soapy was more generous. He gave the suckers three bars of soap instead of one for their five dollars. Subsequently, Soapy went to Alaska where he was killed.

While living in Denver Soapy Smith married a St. Louis lady and she became the mother of several children, whom Jeff treated with the greatest consideration. When his widow visited Skagway, soon after her husband's death, she was unable to locate any of his belongings. Everything had been seized and she was left penniless.

Soapy had many friends among prominent people in Denver and Washington. These he acquired through his amiable personality. He possessed an engaging manner and never had the least difficulty ingratiating himself into the good graces of people with whom he came into contact. If his talent had been employed in legitimate walks of life it would have insured his success in almost any calling. Soapy's motto: "Get it while the getting's good," carried him in the wrong direction.

COLORADO'S FIRST GOLD HUNTER

Philander Simmons is quoted as and credited with stating that the Cherokee Indians and not Green Russell were responsible for originating the expedition which led to the early settlement of Colorado Territory. Simmons was one of the first white men to visit the state, so was an honored member of the Colorado Pioneers association.

In 1896, three years before his death, this old pioneer wrote an autobiography, which fell into the possession of Nathan A. Baker, thence to Fred Rosenstock.

Simmons was a globe trotter. He was born in Batavia, New York, on August 31, 1821. As a boy he was left an orphan to shift for himself. He went to New York City on the Old Erie Canal. In New York he shipped on a whaling vessel bound for the North Pacific, voyaging around the Horn. Simmons told of a visit to Honolulu in 1836, where he met a man and woman who told him the story of the murder of Captain Cook, which they had witnessed. From Hawaii the ship went to Japan and eventually returned to New York.

Tiring of the sea, Simmons left St. Louis, where he had drifted, with a trading party bound for Mexico, but the party failed to get through. Leaving the group he spent time on the plains and fell in with Bill Williams.

In 1842 these two characters journeyed up the Arkansas river to a point where East Pueblo now stands. In this, his first journey to Colorado, Philander visited Sand Creek, and went up Ute Pass. Subsequently Simmons made several visits to Colorado and went to Fort Laramie to hunt and trap. He spent time with trader Bent and visited the Old Fort.

In Simmons' travels in the state he killed a "big" buffalo on the ground where east Denver now is. One of his party killed a bear on the site of west Denver and two deer were killed in the forests in what now is north Denver. In 1844, he journeyed to St. Louis and in the same year returned to Colorado with another teaming outfit. Then he made trips into the Crow and Blackfeet Indian country, where he became acquainted with Jim Beckworth, Kit Carson and other characters.

In 1848, he again returned to St. Louis, where he refused to accompany Fremont, then in 1852 returned to Colorado via St. Paul.

After adventures on the plains and mountains he went to San Francisco, in 1855, and thence to St. Louis via Nicaragua and the Mississippi River. From there he went into the lead fields of Southwestern Missouri and in 1858 joined the famous Cherokee expedition which he assisted in guiding to Pikes Peak.

Simmons claims that Green Russell joined the expedition forty miles west of Pawnee Fork. Upon their arrival at Cherry Creek, Simmons did not remain with the party but went to Taos and then to Texas. Upon hearing of the gold discoveries he returned to Colorado and again journeyed to New Mexico.

Later he mined in the vicinity of Canon City, Black Hawk and went again to Santa Fe, Las Vegas and Albuquerque, in 1866, and Silver City in 1873. In 1874 he made another trip to St. Louis and returned the same year to Canon City. After that he lived in Pueblo and then came to Denver in 1895.

He retained all of his faculties, except hearing and those who met him were struck with his wonderful memory and clear method of telling of events and adventure when Indians roamed the plains.

Simmons said, "many of the original party returned home, while Green Russell remained and through his instrumentality they prospected the balance of the season and kept up the excitement by reporting great discoveries and big strikes, which in reality were never made." Still it was the means of starting the great immigration the next year (1859). For this Russell deserves credit, but to the Cherokees belongs the credit of originating the expedition which led to the settlement of the territory.

Philander Simmons died November 12, 1899. William N. Byers speaking of the deceased said: "Philander Simmons came up to the mountain and plain festival several years ago from Fremont County. He

stayed on after the festival was over and attached himself to various pioneers and lived by means of small loans from time to time." Byers got the county to make him an allowance of \$2.00 a week. Afterward the county sent him to the poor farm, where he was discontented. Then in 1896 N. A. Baker let him use a little cabin at 1926 Center St., Denver. On the walls of this cabin hung his trusty rifle, his long hunting knife, and bundles of herbs. He always felt a proprietary pride in the state of Colorado and often referred to the fact that he had helped to open it up to white settlement.

WOLFE LONDONER

One day Eugene Field published in his column that at eleven o'clock that morning Wolfe Londoner would give away a watermelon each to every colored person who would call at his store. It was then at the beginning of the melon season and there were no melons on the market. But Londoner, suprised and perplexed as he was, had an idea and a hope. He went to the old depot, where he hung around, watching and waiting, with a faint gleam of hope that a cargo of melons might arrive.

At last a train with a carload of watermelons pulled into the yards. Londoner negotiated with the consignee on the ground at an advanced price. A few minutes later wagon loads of melons and a joyful crowd of his dusky friends and patrons blockaded the street in front of his store.

Wolfe Londoner was born in New York in 1835. He landed in San Francisco, at 15, in 1850, after rounding the Horn in a sailing vessel. He stayed in California for five years, then in 1855 returned to New York. From there his family moved to Dubuque, Iowa, then to St. Louis. From here Londoner went to Denver via Atchison by wagon train in forty-five days. He worked for some merchants, Dold and Hanauor, in Denver and Canon City. At the latter city miners were rigged out for the San Juan mines. Many of these lost their lives or their belongings.

In 1861 Londoner went to California Gulch to start a store for his firm. In Leadville, Londoner was elected clerk and recorder of Lake County and served four years. Subsequently Londoner went East and purchased goods and then began business in Denver in partnership with his brother. The business increased to nearly a million dollars a year.

Londoner was elected County Commissioner and was chosen chairman of the finance committee. He was responsible for the finances in the erection of the court house, said to have been the only building in U.S. that did not have a dollar stolen in the building of it. Londoner and the other commissioners were complimented upon their work.

Wolfe Londoner relates that while keeping store in Leadville, Chief Colorow used to come in and do a little trading. His squaws would bring

in buckskins and trade for such things as they wanted. It was Londoner's duty to ask Colorow to dine with him and keep on the good side of him so he would not be waylaid on the road to Denver.

On one occasion Colorow brought 3 or 4 squaws along for dinner. Although Londoner told his wife they were having company for dinner, his wife's face lengthened about a foot when she saw Colorow and the squaws.

A short time later Colorow came into the store looking for Dr. Fouts, a kind of physician and Londoner's partner. Colorow said, "Where is Fouts?" Londoner said "Fouts has gone up the gulch."

"Injun heap sick." "What's the matter?" Londoner asked. "What have you been doing, drink too much whiskey?" "No, no, eat too much. Want Fouts." "Fouts gone." "You give me medsin." Londoner picked up a tin-cup and gave Colorow epsom salts. The next morning Colorow said "no good, white man heap bad." "What's the matter, Colorow?", Londoner said. "Oh, heap sick, pretty near die, no more medsin, see your partner." Londoner got Dr. Fouts and told him what the trouble was. "How much did you give him?" Londoner said "I gave him a tin cupful." "Why that was enough to kill an elephant." "Well," Londoner said, "it hain't killed Colorow."

Independence, Summit County, was platted in 1879 by Londoner, who named it to commemorate the fact that an ancestor of his had fought in the War of Independence.

Fifty prominent businessmen of Denver presented a petition urging moderation in the wording of the Constitution with respect to railroads. At the Constitutional Convention, Londoner was a signer.

Londoner built a "cyclone cellar" in the basement of his store in Denver. Edibles and drinkables were stocked for his close friends and newspaper men, who carried a key. Friends played a joke on him by changing the sign on the delivery wagons from:

Come to see us
at Wolfe Londoners

to

Come to see Jesus
at Wolfe Londoners

Not until the telephones began ringing the next day did Wolfe and his drivers discover what had been done.

Wolfe served on the Committee of the Festival of Mountain and Plain in 1899. While Mayor of Denver he instructed police to prevent a Rodeo Exhibition on Sunday.

He was a Jew and a great humorist and a wag, who loved to crack jokes and entertain newspapermen and was a prime favorite with them.

Wolfe Londoner was on a reception committee in charge of entertainment of President Theodore Roosevelt and his party at the Brown Palace in 1905.

JAMES NUGENT (ROCKY MOUNTAIN JIM)

Isabella L. Bird was a world traveler. During the fall and early winter of 1873 she toured the Rocky Mountains on her way back to England from the Sandwich Islands. In her delightful book, "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains," she relates her experiences in a series of letters written to her sister in England.

She traveled up the St. Vrain Creek to the entrance to Estes Park, where she came upon a crude, black log cabin, which she called a den. The mud roof was covered with furs laid out to dry.

Roused by the growling of his dog, the owner appeared. He was a broad, thick-set man of middle height with an old cap on his head and he wore a gray ragged hunting suit. A revolver protruded from his coat pocket and a knife was stuck in his belt. His moccasins were dilapidated. A scarf around his waist held his clothes together.

A man of forty-five years he had, from one side, some remarkable features. One eye was missing which made the other side of his face repulsive. His hair hung down to his shoulders. "Desperado" was written in large letters all over him.

Miss Bird asked for some water which was apologetically offered in a battered tin. The man's speech and manner were that of a chivalrous gentleman, his accent refined, and his language easy and elegant. He explained the loss of his eye by stating it was due to an encounter with a grizzly bear.

This man was known as "Rocky Mountain Jim" or Mountain Jim. He had a "squatters claim" in Wiggin's Gulch and made his living as a trapper and was a complete "child" of the mountains.

Miss Bird's host owned a ranch in the park and maintained a few guest cabins. Miss Bird lived in one of the cabins and took meals with the Griffith J. Evans family. Mr. Evans drank a great deal and was querulous. He was alternately friendly and hostile with "Rocky Mountain Jim" whose real name was James Nugent.

Evans commented "When he's sober Jim's a perfect gentleman but when he's had liquor he's the most awful ruffian in Colorado." Jim was subject to "ugly fits."

Miss Bird ascended Long's Peak with a party led by "Mountain Jim". He was very agreeable, courteous and kind to Miss Bird, who made the acquaintance of Jim's devoted dog "Ring".

At the time of Miss Bird's visit the only settlers in the park were Griffith Evans and a married man a mile higher up. "Mountain Jim's" cabin was in the entrance gulch, four miles away.

Returning from a tour in other parts of Colorado to Estes Park Miss Bird rode up to "Mountain Jim's" den but no light shone through the chinks and all was silent. Continuing her journey in the dark, she heard the welcome sound of a barking dog, which proved to be "Ring". Jim came up and accompanied Miss Bird to the Evans Ranch.

Jim and Miss Bird often took rides together. On one such outing Jim, in a dark mood, told of his past life. At the age of 18 he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. At 27 he became an Indian Scout of the plains for the U.S. Government. In this service he distinguished himself by daring deeds and some bloody crimes. He was implicated in all the blood and broil of a lawless region and period, varying his life with drunken sprees. He got money, went to Denver, and spent large sums in the maddest dissipation.

Miss Bird's comment: a man of great abilities, real genius, and singular gifts. She urged Jim to give up whiskey. His reply; "I cannot, it binds me hand and foot." Miss Bird was said to have been in love with Rocky Mountain Jim.

When Miss Bird departed for England Jim accompanied her to the stage bound for Greeley. Her Rocky Mountain life was ended. Jim returned to his destiny.

Jim hated Evans and the latter returned his hate. Jim was a victim of a tragic shooting in June, 1874. There were several stories as to the reasons for the shooting by Griff Evans; one being the attention given Evan's daughter by Jim; another was the opposition of Jim to Evan's activities as land agent of Lord Dunraven. Dunraven had hired Jim to go to Denver, paying him \$100, to persuade a lady friend of the Lord's to spend the summer in the Park. The lady refused and heated words resulted between Jim and Lord Dunraven and Evans. A few days later Nugent and a man named Brown were fording a stream near Evan's cabin, where the shooting occurred. Jim died in September, 1874, almost three months after the shooting. The following year charges against Evans were dismissed due to lack of evidence.

RUFUS (POTATO) CLARK

"Start the school a-goin" said Rufus (Potato) Clark, who gave land estimated to be worth \$16,000 to the University of Denver. In 1886, he

deeded 80 acres of land which was the school's first University Park building site. With the increase in real estate values, in a short time the land was appraised at \$80,000.

Clark was born in 1822 on a Connecticut farm. One of his ancestors came over as a mate on the Mayflower. His grandfather, John Clark, fought in the Revolutionary War.

At the age of 15, Clark became a sailor. This threw him into intimate association with a class of men who were rough and godless. He required a year to learn to swear, and then began to drink, becoming a heavy drinker. Even after he came to Colorado as a pioneer he continued his drinking. In 1875, he attended an Evangelistic meeting and was converted. After this he gradually turned from drinking and affiliated with the United Brethren Church, to which his benefactions continued.

Together with another gentleman he donated a building to the Salvation Army. At Shangay, Africa, 60 miles from Freetown, in 1886, he built a college known as the Rufus Clark and Wife Theological Training School. During its first year he paid for 13 scholarships to be presented to worthy young men and in many ways promoted the welfare of the college.

At the time of his gift of land to Denver University he gave them \$500 in cash. Afterward he was a trustee of the University.

In 1854, Clark had come to Colorado by ox train, reaching the Overland Park region on July 11, 1854. Here he squatted on 160 acres of land and became engaged in agriculture. He planted potatoes, the first to be grown in this area. In subsequent years, he made \$30,000 from his potatoes and thus gained his nickname, Potato Clark.

Clark admonished the people; plant potatoes, plant squashes, plant onions, plant anything except your dead hopes and raise something in this soil besides grief, misery and hell. Get busy; work your farms instead of your mouths. Green Russell had found "color" on Dry Creek but Clark stuck to his potatoes, onions, cabbages, beets and radishes.

Clark owned the 160 acres next door to Overland Park. Besides he owned hundreds of acres east of Broadway. At one time he owned over 20,000 acres of Colorado land. His assessments took 12 pages in the county assessor's books and he paid taxes on 4500 pieces of property.

Clark sold 15,800 acres, 7½ miles southeast of Denver to the Clark Colony. He paid the taxes on the colony until its reorganization in 1895 when the amount was made good to him.

Politically, Clark was a silver republican. He was nominated and elected and served in the territorial legislature in the session of 1865, meeting in Golden City. He served in other public offices.

Rufus (Potato) Clark, a colorful Denver and Centennial State character, died at the age of 88 years. The Denver Post commented Rufus Clark

is dead but his spirit lives. He encouraged men to till the soil; he started a great University. He was a man of the people, a man of God and a man of the soil.

PHIL THE CANNIBAL (ROCKY MOUNTAIN PHIL)

The Mountain Men of the fur trade period in the Rocky Mountain West were of many types. Among them were fine characters, examples of courage and achievement, whom we today honor. Others came to the frontier to escape the reaches of the law.

Such a character was Charles Gardiner known as "Mountain Phil"; "Old Phil"; "Phil Gardiner"; "Big Mouth" (among the Arapahoes) and "Big Phil", the cannibal. Edward Wynkoop writes of Phil in 1858-59, when Wynkoop found shelter in the tepee of Old Phil at an Arapahoe village on the South Platte River. He described Phil as one of the most singular characters ever known on the plains or in the Rocky Mountains. He was a white man born in Philadelphia of gigantic stature and repulsive in aspect. He had escaped from prison where he had been committed for some crime in the riots of 1844. He made his way to the Rocky Mountains where he joined an Indian tribe. He had two Arapahoe wives and several children. Although a criminal he showed evidences of a good heart and a generous disposition. He never failed a friend.

General Harvey sent Phil and an Indian companion to Fort Laramie. Upon returning to the camp he asked: "Where is the Indian that accompanied you?" "That is all that is left of him," Phil replied, throwing down a human leg which he carried.

His story was that in the snowstorm they lost the trail and for days were lost and without food. Phil caught the Indian, knife in hand, about to spring on him. Phil ate the remains.

Much of the legend connected with Phil is taken from Captain William F. Drannan in his "Thirty-One Years on the Plains and in the Mountains." Over one hundred editions of this book were printed and it was very widely read. W. N. Bate has debunked the book almost in its entirety. Apparently it was written by Mrs. Belle H. Drannan-Brown. Dr. Hafen quoted the story for what it may be worth but commented that Drannan's book is unreliable in many particulars.

Drannan stated that while he and Uncle Kit Carson were trapping in the late 40's they came upon Mountain Phil at the site of present Denver. Phil asked to trap for Carson. "All right Phil," said Carson. "I will give you a job but you have to trap alone, since none of my men will live with you." "All right," said Phil. "Me and Kloock (his squaw wife) will be enough to stop in one cabin anyway."

Early the next spring Charlie Jones, one of Carson's men, visited Phil to see if he needed supplies. Upon his return, Jones reported: "It seems that Mountain Phil has been faring better than any of us, for he has been able to kill his meat at camp, thereby saving him the trouble of having to get out and hunt for it." Jones then continued: "Boys if I should tell you what I know about Mountain Phil, you never would believe it, but as sure as you live he has killed his squaw and eaten most of her."

Old Phil and John Snead had been sent from Ash Hollow to Fort Laramie for cattle through deep snow in January of 1857. Little and Hanks came across them on the North Platte. Mr. Snead said that for several days he had been afraid to walk ahead of Old Phil for fear he would kill and eat him.

W. N. Byers, who knew Phil in 1859 said: "He was noted for his ruffianly disposition and acts." Phil made no secret of the fact that he had in emergency turned cannibal. He admitted that he had killed and eaten two Indians and a Frenchman. Upon being asked about the taste of human flesh, he answered that the head, hands, and feet when thoroughly cooked tasted good, not unlike pork, but the other portions of the body he did not like. It was too gristly and tough.

ED CHASE

Ed Chase was the ace of all Denver gamblers. He came to Colorado with the gold seekers and long after the turn of the century was still going strong. Chase was tall; his eyes were ice blue; his hair was prematurely white and he was always immaculately tailored.

Chase was born December 20, 1838, at Saratoga, New York, where his parents operated a fashionable hotel. His mother was a Quaker. His father owned a stable of fine horses. Chase attended Zenobia Seminary and was a classmate of Leland Stanford. During the summers he worked at his parents' hotel, where he learned the inside of the gambling racket. Ed met the trains with the hotel bus. In this way he met Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, each of whom wrote him occasionally in later years.

At twenty years of age, together with a friend, Sam Wood, Ed took off for the West. They spent a winter in Montana and then joined the rush to the gold fields. Chase arrived in Colorado June 6, 1860, when twenty two years of age. For a while he clerked at Ford Brothers store in Golden.

Learning that Chase knew how to operate pool, billiard and card tables, some citizens, including Jerome B. Chaffee, who later became United States Senator, induced Chase to open a "recreation game" room. Denver's first billiard table came across the plains by ox team consigned to him.

Chase had a number of adventures in gambling establishments and a theatrical company in the sixties and seventies. Ed, called "the gambling

czar," and his brother John, operated the notorious Cricket Hall at Blake and I streets. They would load an omnibus with a brass band and their fairest cancan girls and kootch dancers and stage daily parades ballyhooing the resort. Indignant citizens wrote letters to the newspapers protesting but most of the pioneer Denver accepted the situation as a practice only normal and a natural adverstising enterprise.

In the early days the principal gambling halls, operated by Chase and his partners, were located on Blake Street. Later the gaming establishments moved to Larimer Street, adjoining and paralleling Holladay and still later many moved up to Curtis Street. Chase sat on a high stool with a shot gun across his arm and watched the boys as they played Lasconette, Over and Under, Seven, High Dice, Van Tuama, Roulette and Spanish lottery. He never used the shot gun since the menace in his iceberg eyes was enough to keep the jacklegs and sharpers in line. He always ran a square game.

Chase served as Captain of Company F, 3rd Colorado Cavalry which made up the "hundred day volunteers," who took part in the Sand Creek affair under Colonel J. M. Chivington.

Chase served as a member of the Denver Board of Aldermen from 1865 to 1869. He was involved in many suits by people who tried to recover their gambling losses, but the suits were dismissed or returned in the gambler's favor.

Chase's establishments were frequently raided. Usually the cases dragged along for two or three years and were dropped after he paid ten dollars cost on each count.

Chase had three wives, the last being Frances Minerva. He married a Denver girl on February 25, 1871, but within two years his wife, Margare Jane Chase sued him for divorce on the ground of adultery, charging that he was keeping Nellie Belmont in a "love nest" at the Progressive Club. The court granted her a divorce but no alimony, since she owned Denver real estate on Blake Street.

Denver loved her music and her beer. In the seventies Ed Chase brought a string orchestra from Chicago. They played nightly at the Palace gambling hall on Blake Street. On summer evenings the windows were open and the street was lined for a block with broughams, berlins, phaetons, surreys and other vehicles occupied by entire families drinking to the strains of classic selections which, fortunately for the audience drowned out the voices of the croupiers, the whirl of roulette wheels and the clink of chips and gold at the tables.

Mary F. Lathrop was Chase's lawyer and represented him in his many real estate operations. Mary never sent Ed a bill, but always received twice the amount she would have charged him for her services. When Miss

Lathrop died she had a whole bag full of twenty dollar gold pieces. One can picture her as having received these from Chase.

In 1890 Ed Chase was President of the Colorado Policy Association with offices on Larimer Street. His only real rival in gambling was Vaso Chuckovich, who was a politician. Chase was not. They later became partners in operating the Navarre.

When Ed Chase died in 1921, he left his third wife his entire estate, real estate, telephone stocks and government bonds. They lived in a Capitol Hill Mansion at 1492 Race Street, now the Aladdin Theatre site.

No hungry person ever applied to Ed Chase in vain. One day he was told that a widow and her children were cold and hungry with nothing but rags to keep them warm. He gave a friend money and told him to go buy everything necessary and then inquire into the circumstances.

"BROKEN NOSE" SCOTTY

When it came to money, "Broken Nose" Scotty was a man of unusual circumstances. Scotty joined the big immigration to Leadville in the first years after the discovery of carbonate of lead ores. He was a relief driver for the stage lines into Leadville until the coming of the railroad in the 1880's. He was given the name of Broken Nose after being in a run-away down Weston Pass where his nose was broken, and he also received a number of cuts about the body. After the coming of the Rio Grande Railroad, stage lines vanished, and Scotty bought a claim on Breece Hill. He had very little knowledge of mining, but he decided to risk it. To celebrate the event, Scotty came to Leadville to join some friends in a local saloon.

The men used to like to hear Scotty tell of his experiences and narrow escapes as a stage line driver. Maybe because he had several drinks too many, Scotty became disorderly and was carted away to jail. The jail was quite crowded and he soon became the joy of the inmates telling his tales.

The next morning while awaiting his trial before the local judge, he had a most pleasant visitor who offered him \$20,000 for his claim on Breece Hill. The visitor told him that he was representing a large mining company and was prepared to pay the money upon signing the necessary papers. Scotty was freed for one hour by the Sheriff to go with the mining agent to sign the papers. Less than an hour later he returned with the money. Scotty was the happiest man in jail.

Happy over his good fortune, Scotty paid all the fines of his fellow prisoners. He had each man outfitted with new clothes, at the local clothing store. At the Saddle Rock Cafe he ordered them the best food in the house. Scotty gave each man a ten dollar bill before departing.

The next morning Scotty once again paid the fines for the men back in jail. He kept up his spending spree, but before going broke, Scotty visited

his mother in Scotland. Scotty remained with his mother for several months. While there, he made arrangements with a local bank, to pay his mother a monthly income until his money was gone. Scotty provided a decent life for a well-deserving mother in her aging years.

Scotty returned to Leadville and went prospecting again but he was never lucky after his first strike. Scotty died in 1909, and was buried in Potter's Field by the county.

FROM TALES OF EARLY LEADVILLE. RENE COQUOZ. p. 10, 1959 (Used by special permission of author.)

"NO DAMN BEAR CAN DRIVE ME FROM THE TRAIL"
(Jo Thatcher's Bear Stories)

In "A Colorado Outing" (Denver, 1905) Joseph Addison Thatcher, known as the "Boom Town Banker," tells of a tragedy that occurred in the Rocky Mountains. Although Thatcher later admitted that some of the characters were fictitious, the story of Bill Parenteau is genuine with very few trimmings.

A party of four and a colored man as cook set out from Blackhawk, Colo. late in the summer of 1871, passed through the mountains to the North St. Vrain river and camped at the foot of Long's Peak south of Estes Park.

The party camped in a meadow where there was grass for the horses. Bill Parenteau was a French-American, who served as underground foreman of the Gunnell Gold Mine in Gilpin County. He was a quiet, powerful man of great personal courage. He was fond of big game hunting. One Sunday morning Bill rode his horse to Wolf Canyon to get an elk. There he met a she bear with two young cubs. The bear rushed Bill, who fired once, but the ball glanced off. The bear then cut Bill's head with her claws, striking out his right eye, tearing at his left shoulder. Bill ran his knife into the bear's heart. Drenched with the bear's blood, his scalp hanging down over his left ear and his left arm crushed and bleeding, Bill found his horse and rode four miles to Lighburn's saw mill.

Bill sent a boy to his camp to inform his companions of his injuries. They rode seven miles to the sawmill. Then John Ralston rode eighty miles to Denver for a surgeon. Bill asked his other two companions to go back to the scene of the fight, skin the bear and capture the cubs.

*Barnacle quotes a Mr. W. H. Lafrenz, a personal friend of Bill Parenteau, who in his version of the fight said that Parenteau's injuries were all about the head. When Bill crawled out from under the bear after killing her, the scalp hung down over his eyes, thus blinding him. At the sawmill Bill suffered intensely.

*Barnacle, Barkalow. The Trail—Vol XIII No. 1, June, 1920. page 5. He says: Bill was a Gregory Gulch Cornishman.

John Ralston covered the distance of one hundred sixty miles to Denver and back in twenty five hours.

He returned with 300-pound Dr. F. J. Bancroft, Denver's leading surgeon. They journeyed via Fort Lupton and at Bang's Ranch the doctor ate twelve fried eggs and took a half dozen hard boiled eggs along. The doctor patched Bill up under anaesthesia and he was placed on a hayrack and taken to a Denver hospital, where he convalesced in five weeks. His arm was saved but he lost his right eye.

Bill was a man of many oddities and the disfigurement added to his reputation as a character.

In answer to the query: "Well Bill, I guess you will let the bear go by you the next time?" Bill's answer was: "No damn bear can run me off the trail."

"CHICKEN BILL," THE MINE SALTER

"Chicken Bill" was the most grotesque character of the Leadville boom days. In his time few of the more prominent citizens attracted more attention than did this adventurer. He was a prospector by occupation and a "mine salter" by preference. He performed a great service for Leadville. Some people gave him credit for being the real finder of silver in the carbonate ores.

"Chicken Bill's" name was William Lovell. He came to Leadville from the South Park country, where he was engaged in prospecting and mining. His pseudonym grew out of his idea that the miners of California Gulch would be much happier if they could have an occasional chicken dinner. So Bill went to the South Park country to get a wagon load of chickens. Returning to Leadville over the Mosquito range, night overtook his party so it became necessary to camp near the summit. A severe storm added its fury to the high altitude temperature. The next morning, Bill noticed he was not greeted with crowing. The fowl were all dead. Undaunted, he dressed the frozen chickens, and utilized the snow to freeze the birds. He obtained fabulous prices from the hungry men who had become tired of sowbelly and mountain trout. The story leaked out and he became "Chicken Bill."

Bill explored the hillsides about California Gulch and located many claims. Although Bill knew little about carbonate ores, he maintained that that mineral would be discovered in these localities. He was considered "nutty" by most of the miners. Bill sold his New Discovery to Freyer who later became wealthy. Bill noticed that the "Black Sand" was of unusual weight, so he took a sample to a blacksmith's forge and melted it. Thus the sand carbonates were discovered. Lovell was not of sufficient mental caliber to take advantage of his own discoveries.

He carted the sand to one of his own prospects known as the "Little Pittsburg." He "salted" his own mine with ore from the mine he had sold to Freyer, even before Freyer knew its value.

Bill told Horace A. W. Tabor he would let him in on the biggest thing in the camp for very little money. Bill lost no time in getting out of camp. When Tabor discovered the "plant" he became greatly incensed toward his friend Lovell and swore out a warrant for his arrest. Tabor in carrying out the annual assessment work uncovered a large body of the same kind of mineral that had been taken from Freyer's shaft. Bill returned and was forgiven by Tabor, who later employed him as a prospector.

After he played out in Leadville Bill went to Aspen where he discovered iron ore. He subsequently melted copper off a tank, shaped it into ingots, and after sinking them in sand turned them over to a confederate, who sold them as gold souvenirs to guests of the Clarendon Hotel.*

Griswolds' version of Bill's capers was different. Freyer struck a deposit of ore on April 4, 1878, and named it the "New Discovery." He sold the New Discovery for \$50,000 to J. B. Chaffee. Chicken Bill's part in the New Discovery is questionable. As a salter of mines Chicken Bill had a hill named after him Chicken Hill, on the southwestern slope of Carbonate Hill.

His nickname, according to tradition, was given him in typical frontier fashion by freighters who rescued him after he had survived a South Park blizzard on a diet of chickens. He was happy to be alive but disgruntled because the wagon load of chickens had been intended for sale in Leadville. From the day of his rescue William Lovell was known as "Chicken Bill."

Tabor staked Pische and Hook who after several attempts "struck it" on Freyer Hill. This discovery was named "The Little Pittsburg."

Some story tellers say that it was the "Chrysolite" that Chicken Bill salted and sold to Tabor. Kent in his pamphlet "Leadville in your Pocket" claimed they were both the "Chrysolite" and the "Carboniferous." Other writers said it was "The Matchless."

The irony of the story is that Chicken Bill took ore for salting from "the Little Pittsburg" at a time when Tabor was part owner.

Under The "Chrysolite" version of the tale, legend says that Tabor knew that the mine had been salted, but he bought it because of its location. Chicken Bill missed out, but he preferred being king of the Carbonate Camp's mine salters.

Griswold describes another caper that Chicken Bill put over on two representatives of an English syndicate. Griswold comments—that if the story is true or even partially true, Bill deserves his niche in the rogue's gallery as a salter of mines.

*The above story of Chicken Bill was told by Edmund J. Wells, who knew Bill personally.

CAPTAIN JOHN MOSS

In the summer of 1873, Captain John Moss, sponsored by the San Francisco banking house of Parrott and Company, led a party of prospectors from California into the San Juan country. After prospecting the region with satisfactory results, Moss executed a private treaty with Ignacio, chief of the southern Ute Indians, for the right to mine and farm 36 miles of country with the center at a point where Parrott City now stands. For this privilege the Indians received one hundred ponies and a quantity of blankets. The settlement which they founded was in honor of Tibucio Parrott of Parrott and Company. The name was later changed to LaPlata.

The first page of the record books of the county clerk of LaPlata County, dated April 13, 1874, records a meeting of claim holders and miners at Parrott City, at which John Moss was elected recorder. Certain by-laws were passed and the California mining district was organized with Richard Giles as president. Moss was engaged in mining on the LaPlata River for about four years.

While living in the San Juan country Moss was elected to the Colorado Legislature, as a member from LaPlata in 1876, the first after Colorado's admission to the Union. He was known as the great absentee, since he attended only one session.

Moss was also known as a great story teller who had seen about all there was to be seen in the West. He was presumed to have lived with Indians from one end of the Colorado River to the other and of having more influence with the Red Men of the Southwest than any other man living. It was said that he could speak the language of many of the tribes. He also spoke Spanish and French. He was an initiate of the secret societies of the Zuni and Moqui. He lived on dried lizard and puppy steak for many moons.

Moss had other Indian connections. It was reported that he had passed through the Grand Canyon before White or Powell. Unfortunately the details of this achievement appear to have been lost. The Denver Tribune of July 22, 1896, printed a letter credited to the Pueblo Chieftain stating the details of the voyage would appear later. This must have been pure invention, possibly by Moss himself.

The weekly Rocky Mountain News stated that Moss spins big yarns just for the fun of it. In about 1862, when there was a furore on the Pacific Coast over mineral discoveries in Arizona, Moss induced some greenhorns to shell out \$120,000 for a half interest in a mine he had opened upon the Colorado River.

Not long after the sale of his mine, Moss performed a feat which gave him a national reputation. He had a theory that if the Indians knew the real strength of the white population, they would stop opposing immigration to

the West and submit to the inevitable invasion and thus save much bloodshed. The Mojaves were at war with the whites so Moss conceived the plan of taking their chief East to give him proof of the multitudinous character of the white population.

Aratoba (or Ahrata) had great confidence in his friend Moss, so he agreed to go to Washington to see Abraham Lincoln, the Great Father. The chief had difficulty getting used to railroad travel. They spent time in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, thence to Washington. Moss deceived the chief by waking him at every town to convince him that they were still riding under New York gaslights.

When Aratoba returned to Arizona, he fearfully related his experiences before the whole assembled tribe. When he told about riding two whole nights under the gas lights of a city the Mojaves nearly mobbed the old chief and after a council he was banished on an uninhabited island on the Colorado River. Moss rescued him and he later was restored at the head of part of his tribe.

Later in 1867-68 General Palmer's Railway surveying party discovered the Mojaves, who invited the surveyors to spend Christmas night with them. Chief Ahrata made a speech saying: "Yes we much um fight; I much um fool them. Now Mojave like white man heap. White man got much um bread, much um sugar and much um whiskey. White man (Moss) take me 'Washton.' I see Lincoln—heap big man all same me. Much um houses all same mesquite trees, and salijer, oh more as grass all over. I come back and tell Mojaves all damn fool—no good fight more, but to go on reservation. Now we raise corn and ponies. No more hell hungry like wolf."

In the decade starting in 1872, Moss was identified with the great Arizona-Colorado Diamond swindle. He was employed as a boomer in the fraudulent enterprise. Moss said an ordinarily industrious man could pick up \$500 to \$5000 worth of diamonds daily. One man (Stanton) had picked up a gem valued at \$250,000 by Tiffany experts according to Moss.

W. H. Jackson wrote the narrative of the "First Official Visit to the Cliff Dwellings" for the Colorado State Historical Society. Jackson described Moss as appearing to be about thirty-five (1878), a slender, wiry figure rather good looking with dark hair falling over his shoulders and careless in his dress. He was quiet and reserved in speech and manner, but warmed up to good natured cordiality on closer acquaintance. Jogging along on the trail, he described in a general way what might be found and the natural features of the country. He also had a great deal to say about a recent treaty with the southern Utes, which much to their dissatisfaction meant the loss of their hunting grounds and also the failure of the government to make promised awards. As a result, they were frequently ordering all white men off their former reservation and while there was but little

actual hostility, there was a great deal of uncertainty and apprehension. While in the Mesa Verde, Moss was a great deal of help to the party.

An old Captain of the Indians wanted to know what the party was doing down here and when it was explained to them by Moss, all of the Indians laughed hilariously, not comprehending what there could be in these old stone heaps to be of much interest.

Moss's besetting sin was drink. He drank a great deal of liquor. He kept a big supply on hand at all times and he was under its influence most of the time.

WILLIAM S. STRATTON

Gene Fowler stated in "Timber Line" that W. S. Stratton once tried to register with a blonde lady at the fashionable Brown Palace Hotel; and when refused, went out, bought the hotel for \$800,000 cash, returned to the lobby, fired the clerk and moved into the bridal suite.

The following is the true story: William S. Thompson, called "Colonel Billy," opened the bar at the Brown Palace in 1892 and ran it for 10 years. Billy, a brother of Ben Thompson, was smuggled out of Dodge City by Bat Masterson, who took him to Lincoln County, New Mexico.

Stratton held Brown's first mortgage. Stratton would come to Denver where Billy would line up a blonde. On one occasion a blonde checked in at the Brown Palace. The house detective told her to wait but to behave herself. On this particular Saturday night the detective was scheduled to referee a fight at the Old Coliseum, so he brought in a substitute house detective, with orders to watch the girl's room. This room on the second floor is now called the Stratton Room.

The detective heard a man's voice in the girl's room, entered with his pass key and started to make a pinch. Mr. Stratton informed the detective that he was W. S. Stratton and that he owned the hotel. The detective did not believe him. Stratton said "Call the desk clerk," who answered that he was too busy and that he had not seen Mr. Stratton enter the hotel and did not believe Stratton was in the room. Stratton then told the detective to call the bartender "who will come up and identify me." Billy Thompson came up immediately. As he entered the room Stratton was sitting on the bed with a blanket around him. The girl was nude. Billy said, "My God Mr. Stratton what have they done to you?" Stratton replied, tell this stupid S—O—A—B who I am." Stratton packed and moved out. The desk clerk was fired.

Stratton, who held the first mortgage, knew that the second mortgage, held by a New York Insurance Company, was in default. So he sent Mr. Dines to New York to buy up the second mortgage. Stratton then threatened to foreclose, made a deal and acquired the hotel.

A sequel to this story is that Billy Thompson tired of his job and decided to go out on his own. Mr. Stratton told Billy if he ever needed help to let him know. So, Billy went to Colorado Springs to see Mr. Stratton. When Billy entered Stratton's office the waiting room was full of people waiting to see him in order to make a touch.

The male secretary told Billy to get in line. Billy replied "You tell Mr. Stratton that Billy Thompson is here to see him. I think he will see me." Stratton took Billy into his office where he told Stratton that he (Billy) needed help. Stratton asked Billy how much he needed and wrote him a check for \$500.00 which was probably never repaid.

(Fred Mazzulla has a taped interview to confirm the above story.)

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

PM Fred Mazzulla is being kidded because of a photograph he supplied from his noted collection for use in an advertisement for power snow clearing equipment by a Wisconsin firm. It purports to illustrate the record U.S. snowfall of 1921 when 76 inches fell on Silver Lake, Colo., in 24 hours. Mazzulla had the right picture, but the company rejected it because there were no buildings in it. They wanted any deep-snow picture, showing buildings, anywhere within 200 miles of Silver Lake. Mazzulla sent them an 1890 picture of the town of Sneffels buried in the San Juan mountains, but still within the prescribed distance. Although Mazzulla had the picture correctly identified, the company labeled it as a 1921 picture of Silver Lake! (Denver Post, Dec. 29, 1966.) (We heard on radio the other day that the deepest snowfall in 24 hours fell on Lake Tahoe, Calif., in recent years. Got that picture, Fred?)

A runaway gondola car loaded with

steel scrap roared through Littleton after breaking away from a C&S train at Louviers. Down the wrong-way, south-bound Rio Grande tracks it sped north at speeds as high as 55 mph. for 22½ miles until it was slowed down by a switch engine in the Denver yards, due to the wonders of radio warnings to police. Fortunately it hit nothing on the several streets crossing the tracks. The runaway reminded PM Edwin A. Bemis of Littleton of another at the turn of the century before the advent of radio. "An entire train broke loose at Castle Rock and ran through Littleton at a terrific pace," he recalled. "It went clear into Denver. One man was aboard trying to stop the train with a hand brake, but he was not successful. No one was injured." (Littleton Independent, Jan. 5, 1967).

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President Ed H. Bailey presented a \$10,000 Union Pacific railroad check to the Colorado Historical Society to

help rebuild the famed Georgetown Loop. Oddly, it was the U.P. that organized and financed the Georgetown, Breckenridge & Leadville railway, which completed the Loop in the spring of 1884. By a series of serpentine loops the tracks twisted 4.47 miles

to ascend 638 feet from Georgetown to Silver Plume, an airline distance of slightly more than two miles. As executive director of the state historical society, PM William E. Marshall works very closely with the committee appointed to develop the project.

The Editor Makes His Mark

With this issue your new editor takes over for the Denver Westerners under the title of Registrar of Marks and Brands. If you expected to find some startling innovations, you will find none—and there may not be any in the future. As a matter of fact, we hope to be able to equal the fine job done by your former editor, William D. Powell, who is now putting together another excellent BRAND BOOK.

The monthly ROUNDUP of the Denver Westerners at first glance looks like a fairly simple job. It isn't! That became quite evident when we tackled this issue. We were short of material as usual. Your editor needs news about you—whether you are a Posse Member or a Corresponding Member. We need items from you every month if we hope to keep alive that fine department, "Over The Corral Rail." Don't hesitate a minute to write them just because they may not seem significant to you. They might be interesting or even humorous to other members in the Westerners. So mail them in as soon as you can.

Those of you who attend meetings of the Denver Westerners regularly know that occasionally the featured speaker's entire program is devoted to a slide presentation. This type of presentation is usually difficult to publish as an article in the Monthly Roundup. So, if we are going to keep this magazine going, as we intend to, we need feature articles too for the ROUNDUP. Such articles are always considered not only for the ROUNDUP but for possible inclusion in next year's BRAND BOOK. If you have an article, send it; if you have an idea for one, and want to get a reaction about it, write the editor. We'll be with you again next month.

ERRATA—1965 BRAND BOOK

Several typographical errors have been noted in the new 1965 BRAND BOOK. A list of "Errata" is being prepared to include in all remaining issues of the 1965 BRAND BOOK. It will also be included as an insert in a future issue of the monthly ROUNDUP. The editor of the BRAND BOOK, Dr. Arthur L. Campa, asks all readers of the BRAND BOOK who spot typographical errors to write him care of The Westerners office, 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colo. 80202. When you do so please note the page number, the column, and the line in which the error occurs.



Westerner's Bookshelf



THE CAVALCADE OF RAILROADS IN CENTRAL COLORADO, by George G. Everett. Published by Golden Bell Press, Denver, Colorado, 1966. 235 pages, 73 photographs. Bound \$5.95.

Ninety-four years of wrecks, explosions, robberies and personal reminiscences of railroaders covering locomotion from narrow gauge to modern diesels, concentrated in an area of Colorado roughly triangulated by Denver, Grand Junction and Trinidad, makes for a book that one is not likely to read avidly from cover to cover at one sitting, but rather take more casually, reading one or two of the vignettes at a time.

An easy book to read, casual in style, informative and well researched. Of particular interest to railroad buffs, but none the less to be thoroughly enjoyed by some interested in the development of railroading in Colorado.

The photographs, gleaned from

many sources, are on the whole, well reproduced and add a note of interest to the text. Instead of chapters, the book is divided into six parts, of which Part Six—The Great Pueblo Flood, while of limited interest could have been eliminated inasmuch as it has little if anything connecting it to the theme of railroad history.

Edmund W Carr, CM

CHIHUAHUA—Storehouse of Storms, by Florence C. Lister & Robert H. Lister. Published by University of New Mexico Press, 1966. Index, glossary and biography. 359 pages \$6.50.

This is a fascinating and well written history of the huge Mexican state that borders on Texas and New Mexico. Chihuahua is a vast arid mountainous country which for centuries bred conflicts that harassed at first its Spanish rulers and then the Mexican government and later the United States.

Chihuahua seemed destined to be

just a highway for the Spanish explorers in their endless quest of riches to the north of New Mexico. This was changed when silver was discovered in Chihuahua in such quantities as to cause an early day silver rush to the area. Indians and negroes were pressed into slavery to work the rich lodes. Primitive mining methods and conditions at the mines were such that thousands of the slaves died of disease and overwork. In a span of 200 years over 300,000,000 pesos of silver were taken from the arid hills.

In 1821 the rule of the Spanish crown was overthrown and the Republic of Mexico was born. The new government soon found it had the tempestuous state of Chihuahua with which to contend. In 1848 when Colonel Alex-

ander W. Doliphan and his ragtag First Missouri Volunteers captured the City of Chihuahua, a feeling of ill will was established between the two countries that was to exist for some 70 years. Poncho Villa and his brigands were of no help in promoting a friendly climate. Today Chihuahua is serene and peaceful, and the tourist bureaus of its two principal cities of Chihuahua and Juarez are busy luring American tourist dollars to their state.

Dr. and Mrs. Lister have compressed a tremendous amount of history in this exciting and worthwhile book. This volume should be in the library of anyone interested in Mexican or Southwestern history.

Guy M. Herstrom, PM

New Hands on the Denver Range

R. ADM J. F. JELLEY

3 Sierra Vista Drive
Colorado Springs, Colo. 80906

Rear Admiral Jelley is interested in Colorado history before 1859. Although he has not written historical articles, he has written several civil engineering technical papers. He comes to us through PM John J. Lipsey.

F. W. ARTINGER

Carter-Artinger
128 N. Larchmont
Los Angeles, Calif. 90004

F. W. Artinger came to the Denver Westerners through PM Fred Mazzulla and is interested in the history of Colorado and California.

JOHN E. INGRAM M.D.

3600 Gibbs Road
Kansas City, Kan. 66106

Dr. Ingram comes to us through PM Fred Rosenstock. He is interested espe-

cially in southern Wyoming history, but also enjoys all Western and general history.

RAYMON L. NELSON

15255 Fremont Ave. No.
Seattle, Wash. 98133

As a traveling auditor, Mr. Nelson's job takes him through Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana. He is interested in Montana history around 1850. He is building a scale model of a western town with stores typical of an old Main street, a cemetery on a hill, a ranch with Longhorns, and an Indian village on a L-shaped plywood table. He became interested in the Denver Westerners through the magazines, "Frontier Times" and "True West."

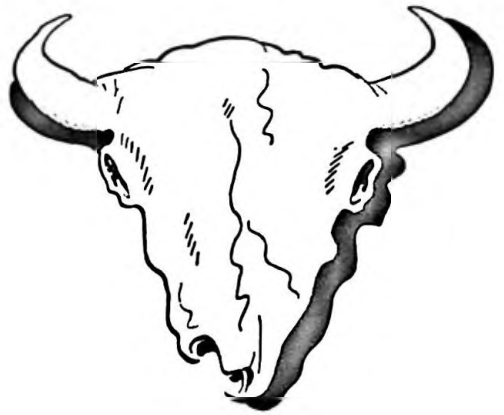
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We welcome you to our Posse and hope to meet you during 1967. You are always welcome at our meetings at 6:30 p.m. on the 4th Wednesday of each month at the Denver Press Club.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

MARCH
1967
Volume XXIII
Number 3

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Early Days in North Park
by
Stephen Payne, PM



North Park old timer, Victor Hanson, 91, (left) is introduced by Chairman Brown (right) as Payne's guest

From the collection of Fred & Jo Mazzulla

ABOUT THE SPEAKER

Stephen Payne grew up on a cattle ranch in North Park, started writing in 1924, and has published four juvenile books and 14 Western novels, two of which became motion pictures. He belongs to the Western Writers of America and the Colorado Authors League, and received the "Tophand Award" in 1966 from the latter in the adult, non-fiction class for his book, "Where the Rockies Ride Herd." As a cowhand for years, he knew North Park better than any motorist could today.

THE NEXT MEETING

March 22, 1967.

Our speaker will be Jackson Thode, CM. His subject will be, "To Aspen and Beyond," Undertones of the D & RG. RR. Jack Thode is a 30 year veteran of the D & RG. One of the original founders of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, he has collaborated on railroad books and has authored several himself.

NO! YOU DIDN'T MISS No. 12, Vol. XXII

Some subscribers have written believing that they had missed Issue No. 12 of last year's ROUNDUP. They didn't. One monthly issue was skipped last summer, but all issues were numbered in order. Therefore Issue No. 11 was the last published in 1966 for Vol. XXII.

DUES JUST 50c! A BARGAIN FOR CORRESPONDING MEMBERS!

You can become a Corresponding Member of the Denver Westerners for only 50 cents, plus \$4.00 for a year's subscription to the Monthly ROUNDUP. Write Fred Mazzulla for an Application Blank.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS MONTHLY ROUNDUP

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Material intended for publication in ROUNDUP — William Kostka, 1321 Bannock St., Denver, Colo. 80204.

Reservations for all meetings and dinners — Charles Webb, 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
MARCH MEETING AS SOON AS POS-
SIBLE SO THE CHUCK WRANGLER
CAN MAKE ARRANGEMENTS WITH
THE PRESS CLUB.

The Early Days In North Park

by Stephen Payne PM

The people of North Park do not recognize the seasons as spring, summer, autumn and winter. No indeed. Those seasons in North Park are, Before Haying: Haying: After Haying and Winter!

Moreover, when I was a boy, anywhere beyond North Park boundaries was "Outside." There was one exception; if a man was going to Fort Collins or to points beyond, he was "Going to the Valley."

What kind of a place is this North Park? This description of it appears in an 1880 volume entitled, "History of Denver, Arapahoe County and Colorado":

"North Park is still stocked with game. It is almost uninhabited, seldom visited save by hunters, and is more a *Terra Incognita* than almost any part of Colorado. This is accounted for by its lack of attractive features, and the fact that the country is comparatively valueless either for agriculture or stock raising. It is said to be the poorest part of the state."

My second description is from my book entitled "Where The Rockies Ride Herd." I shall use only a small part of it, beginning at the crossing of Pinkham Creek.

"You now get a comprehensive, breath-taking view of North Park. . . Independence Mountain, massive and rugged, fills its entire north-west corner; behind it, though not in sight, is the ghost town of Pearl and beautiful Big Creek Lake, headwaters of Big Creek.

"Looking to the right, your eyes travel southward along the jagged western skyline. This range is part of the Continental Divide, and clearly visible, fifty odd miles away, the Rabbit Ear Peaks mark the extreme southwest corner of North Park. Here Rabbit Ears Pass on U.S. Highway 40 leads to the Yampa Valley.

"Extending from west to east, big forested mountains definitely separate North Park from Middle Park. Yet today two paved highways lead across this barrier. Hidden in the shadows of spike-toothed peaks which mark the southeast corner, lies all that is left of old Teller City. Slightly farther north are Clark's Peak, Cameron Peak, and the Cameron Pass road, shortest route from Fort Collins to Walden. Here also are the sources of both the Michigan and Canadian Rivers. Stretching on northward, the lower, and much less rugged, Medicine Bow Range hems in the eastern side and northern end of North Park.

"Bulwarked against it in two spots are wind-blown, ever restless sand dunes. Behind the Upper Sand Hills (the farthest south) is Ute Pass, an

old Indian trail, later used by the whites as a wagon road, but serving today only as a Forest Reserve trail.

"Surrounded by these mountains is a vast expanse of sagebrush flats and hills, and fertile, grassy valleys, each valley watered by its own particular stream. Lone mountains, buttes and hogbacks squat close to the main ranges; aspen groves dot the hills, and small lakes hide among them. This is the floor of North Park, its altitude eight thousand feet and upward. Here, deep in the Rockies, encircling mountains ride herd on the snow-fed fountains of the North Platte River; watchfully and silently ride herd on the Park itself."

As a small boy, growing up in North Park, I learned its background and history from old timers, including my father who once told me, "The necessities of life are wood, water and grass. Wherever you find those three things, you'll find people."

We certainly had wood to spare—the pines and quaking aspens on the mountains—water, too, and the early settlers found the grass stirrup high.

Back in the sixties, the seventies and the eighties, North Park had one other tremendous asset—its wild life. Wild life of all kinds indigenous to the Rocky Mountain west, except moose and rattlesnakes.

Naturally it was this wild life that held the Ute Indians' interest in this small part of their great mountain empire. Herds of buffalo and of antelope summered in the Park. Old timers said it was doubtful that Utes ever wintered in North Park, but they loved to hunt there, and fought savage battles to keep out the Arapahoes and Cheyennes. Yet, it doesn't seem as if the Utes objected to the coming of the fur trappers or mountain men.

Some of these hardy fellows were the first whites to discover North Park, and it is said they were in it as early as 1820. In all probability, they came from the north, the Wyoming side, seeking beaver pelts at the source of the North Platte River.

Our Colorado gold rush of 1859 and its immediate expansion missed North Park and early day land seekers and cattlemen also passed it up. While both Wyoming and Colorado were being civilized and settled by whites, my home land was left for the itinerant trappers and the Utes to enjoy until 1870.

In 1874, James O. Pinkham moved from Laramie, Wyo., into the Park to establish trade with the Indians. Pinkham stopped in what is called "The Neck of The Park," took up a homestead and built a "block house." So far as I know, however, Pinkham, prospectors and settlers who followed him never used this house as a fort.

The Utes were moving out. We have no record of the year when they did this, but, leaving the Park, they tried to set the country on fire to discourage the white men.

As a very small boy, I saw Pinkham several times and remember him as a lean, spry grey-beard with keen eyes and sharp features. My father said that Pinkham was a French-Canadian hunter and trapper.

Pinkham's home became Pinkhampton Post office, about 1880, Teller City being the first post office in the Park and Pinkhampton the second. Pinkham as postmaster, put the mail in a box and told people to sort it out for themselves.

Actually there were two Pinkhamtons. One was on Pinkham Creek where the stream emerges from the mountains. Here a man named Berry had a ranch and here Hansen and Seifert built North Park's first store. It was called "Seifert's Store" and it sold whiskey as well as everything else settlers, trappers and prospectors might need. Oddly, this site was known as "Old Pinkhamton." The store disappeared by 1890. Pinkham's ranch and his famous house were a mile farther south, not on a living stream. Springs afforded household water, stock water and water for irrigation. It was here that both a road ranch and the post office were set up and it became a very important stopping place on the "Old Teller Road." Called "New Pinkhamton," the name was cut to just one word when "Old Pinkhamton" faded away.

Pinkham stamped his name permanently on North Park with "Pinkham Creek, Pinkham Mountain and Pinkhamton."

Pinkhamton has been long gone and nigh forgotten. Lost and gone, too, is Pinkham's original block house. However, the museum at Walden has excellent paintings and photos of our first permanent settler's home!

The next big step toward making use of North Park was its invasion by two different horse outfits about 1876. The horsemen were seeking grass!

The men who owned the horses were easterners from Massachusetts. They set up headquarters against the Medicine Bow Range a few miles north of the "Upper Sand Hills," and were in the business of raising horses until the late eighties or early nineties when the market value of horses dropped so low they were forced out of business.

The owners either sold out to other ranchmen, or simply abandoned a large number of their horses. I say this because in the late nineties, at least a dozen men in the Park owned hundreds of range horses of so little value that many neglected to brand their colts. The Horse Company's ranch is still known as "The Horse Ranch."

The second early day horse outfit was owned by the Cross Boys, sons of a pioneer who had settled near Denver in 1862. He had other sons, but the four who came to North Park were Ben, Dillon, Will and Cal. All were expert horsemen; strong men of integrity, courage and self-reliance.

They came with their hundreds of horses from near Berthoud, Colo. thus from "the Valley." What brought them to the Park? Open range for their stock, plenty of water, grass, grass, grass!

The Cross Boys' first drives to the Park were made by way of Fort Collins and historic Virginia Dale, to Tie Siding, Wyo., thence across the open plains to N. K. Boswell's ranch on the Big Laramie River. Then westward over the low, easily crossed Medicine Bow Mountains to "Mountain Home," and south along the "Neck of the Park" into the Park itself.

Later Ben and Dill, hazing a bunch of horses northward were met by a couple of Ute boys—who hoped the men would give them one pony. The boys asked where the horsemen were going. Upon being told, they said, "We can show you a short cut."

Dill and Ben believed the boys, and found the short cut was by way of an Indian trail, past Cherokee Park, then across the Big Laramie River near its headwaters, and into the Park by way of a rough pass which still holds its name today, "Ute Pass." The Crosses made use of this trail many times. Oh yes, the Indian boys got a pony!

The Cross Boys established their ranch on Government Creek, west of the lower sand hills, due south of Sentinel Peak and about four miles from Pinkhamton. Here they built for permanence, and were the first settlers to enclose by fence a full section of land. Other early comers used scythes to cut grass for hay, but the Crosses were the first men to get both a mowing machine and a rake.

This progressive outfit was doing well by the spring of 1884 when my father, Jack Payne, walked into the Park and settled on a homestead near the Cross Ranch. Like the Horse Company, the same disaster—no market for their horses—hit the Cross Boys. They sold the ranch to my father, and leaving North Park by way of Rabbit Ears Pass drove their horses all the way to Kingman, Ariz., about 1889.

Dill or D. H. Cross returned to the Park about 1903 and it was my privilege to become well acquainted with him.

From D. H. I heard the story of the first cattle rustling in North Park. He told me:

"This fellow lived alone on the Michigan and made his living by killing elk and selling the meat in Laramie. That was all right, but when he began killing steers in place of elk, the cattlemen called a meeting and asked me to help them.

"A half-dozen of us visited the man one night. Montie Blevins was leading the party, but told me to do the talking.

"We caught the thief in his bed, raised a light, and I told him what he had to do—sell his place to one of our men who came fixed to buy it, load

his stuff into his wagon, pull his freight and never come back.

"He reared up in bed, looked at his rifle hanging on the wall in easy reach and said, 'If I had my gun I'd show you S.O.B.s what I'd do!'

"I said, 'Right there's your gun. Get it.'

"Thunder, he didn't want his gun. He was gone by sunrise right enough."

The red letter year of 1879 marked a definite turning point in North Park. There was the exciting Teller City mining boom, and the less exciting, yet equally important, coming of the cowman with his cattle!

Cyrus Benton (C. B.) Mendenhall who was grazing his range cattle in the vicinity of Virginia Dale was plagued by a severe drought. C. B. had to find GRASS. Therefore he trailed three thousand cattle and six hundred horses into North Park. A very young man, Montie Blevins, was Mendenhall's foreman. Montie had "cow savvy" to the Nth degree.

C. B. also brought his family with him. In later years, two of his sons, Con and Alf, were often mentioned by old timers as expert bronc busters and cowpunchers. I never met them, but I was privileged to know well Mendenhall's daughter, Harriet, who married Blevins in 1883.

Mendenhall established headquarters close against the Medicine Bow Range, south of the "lower sand hills," and adjoining the Horse Ranch.

C. B.'s idea of a ranch was no different from the early day open-range cowman's: a horse pasture, a set of corrals, enough buildings to house the family and the hired hands and no cattle under fence.

This Mendenhall Ranch, a mere three hundred and twenty acres of deeded land, was fenced only on the outside, the Park side, the mountains serving as the back fence. The Horse Ranch was fenced in the same manner.

C. B. Mendenhall took the long chance of wintering his cattle in North Park and proved that the critters could be "rustled through," as it is called when no hay is fed. He had the good fortune to experience two very mild winters—and his outfit prospered. But he was safely out of the cattle business and had gone back to Montana when the hard winters of 1883 and '84 snow-buried the high mountain country.

C. B. had sold ranch, horses and cattle to two partners named Haas and Evans. The "Grand-daddy of all hard winters" caught them with twelve thousand cattle on their ranges. Their loss—six thousand head! All North Parkers learned a costly bitter lesson; they must provide winter feed—hay.

Haas and Evans carried on the first big cow outfit the "Two Bar Outfit." Montie Blevins stayed on as foreman through a couple more changes of ownership until 1892. Soon thereafter, Montie went into partnership with

Colonel D. L. Moore to build up North Park's second big cow outfit—The Moore and Blevins Ranch.

Other very early-day cowmen were Reid or Reed Mathews, Jim Bush and Salem M. Hardy. Hardy must have been a fascinating character. He cut a wide swathe in the steer business and eventually went broke on a grand scale.

As you may know, a "steer man" buys steer calves, yearlings or two-year-olds and grows them out for beef. Whereas a "cowman" runs she-stock and raises his own cattle. An old range axiom runs: "Steer men go broke. Cowmen never."

It seems Salem M. was a mite squeamish about rebranding cattle. So on one steer herd he brought into the Park, he tried out a new scheme of marking them to prove their ownership by running the critters through a chute and painting their horns bright green. The paint soon wore off. Rustlers were not at all squeamish about slapping their hot irons on Hardy's Green Horns!

The Park escaped anything resembling a "stampede" until 1879, when someone discovered silver on Jack Creek, a tributary of the Illinois River, in its south-east corner. Word of this "strike" spread like magic, for Teller City, named for Senator Henry M. Teller, came alive over night.

There was a great deal of mining activity on the Middle Park side of the mountains north of Grand Lake. But the mountains almost prohibited wagon travel to the new camp either from the south or the east. So treasure seekers made use of trails already blazed out from Fort Collins and from Laramie to Boswell's Ranch on the Big Laramie, thence over the Medicine Bow Range into the Park. Then, from Pinkhamton on southward, they ripped out a new road across the Park. It became the first established road and was known for years as "The Old Teller Road."

The first obstacle upon entering the "Neck of the Park," was crossing Camp Creek, a quarter-mile-wide bog-hole. That was made passable by a log and pole corduroy. But nothing could be done for the Neck of the Park, which during every spring, or even following a heavy rain, was approximately five miles of black gumbo mud where heavily loaded wagons mired. A mile or so southward past Pinkhamton the wagons encountered loose sand, lasting another five miles. Hard pulling, even downgrade.

However, where the road crossed the Canadian River, a new settlement and "stopping place" immediately blossomed with the name, "Canadian." Here, someone erected North Park's first two story frame house! Teller City claimed the first school, but Canadian set up the second North Park school. Years later, when this school was moved to the spot where Cowdrey now stands, it retained the name, "The Canadian School."

Later, too, Willis Webb and his family made their home at the spot,

and "Canadian" became merely "Webb's Ranch."

After crossing the Canadian River, the wagon-track road meandered across wide open sage brush flats toward the place where Walden now sits on a hill. Walden had not yet been born. But the beginning of a settlement there was known as "Point of Rocks." This name changed to "Walden" in 1890, honoring the man who established this central trading center.

The Teller Road, however, stopped short of Point of Rocks, on the sage brush flats, north and east of it. There a road ranch named Sagehen came to life. Here the road turned sharply left and ran along high ground north of Michigan River's valley for eight or ten miles before turning right to cross this valley for a mile or more of juicy, meadow bog-hole, made passable by a log and pole corduroy.

South of the Michigan, the road forked, one fork leading on up the river and the other, the main road to Teller City, running southward around huge and sprawling Owl Mountain. There another small settlement sprang up. It later became a permanent post office named "Owl."

The road continued on around the base of Owl Mountain to Jack Creek and up this small stream to the miners' destination, Teller City.

Naturally the road was extended into Walden, and for years after Teller City died, it was the main highway between Walden and Pinkhamton for freighters, ranchers' wagons and for horse and cattle herds.

What a sight it must have been to see the wagons and teams simply pouring along this road and also horsebackers and burros. I do have one authentic item of that time from The Laramie City Weekly *Sentinel* of June 14, 1879:

"T. C. Waldron, who lives south of here on the road to North Park, Colorado, reports that three hundred men passed his place going into North Park in the last three days. Half the population of Douglas Creek went with them. So have most of the people at Tie Siding, Sherman and Red Buttes, due to the recent rich mineral strikes in North Park."

This tells only of the miners heading to Teller City from the Laramie area. Doubtless even greater numbers were coming from "down the Valley" with Fort Collins as their jumping-off place.

By the end of 1880, Teller City's population reached two thousand. A stage and mail route from Laramie became a reality, as also did North Park's first post office. In 1881, North Park's first newspaper was born, "The North Park *Miner*." In the same year a school was established.

The boom slipped badly in 1883, collapsed completely in 1884, and many bitterly disappointed miners moved out.

But another source for future wealth was in sight. It was all those well-

watered fertile valleys of North Park, still wide open to settlement. Therefore some mining men suddenly became homesteaders!

More cowmen and other settlers were moving in from the "outside," too. As 1879 had marked one turning point in North Park's history, 1884 now marked another. It was experiencing a population explosion!

What manner of men were these cowmen and plain homesteaders? My father, T. John (Jack) Payne, was one of them. In 1885 he sent for the girl he'd left in England. Thus it came about that my brother was born in 1886, and I became a native North Parker in 1888.

Two of my father's brothers followed him to North Park and took up homesteads. My Uncle Dick did not care for a ranchman's life and stayed only long enough to prove up on his claim, then went back east.

Uncle Will must have been the greenest of green tenderfeet as witness this incident, told to me by old timer Charlie Scott. Said Charlie:

"Your Uncle Will's cabin was only a half mile from our house, so when one of his horses got away from him it came to our place. I put a halter on the horse and presently, Will, mounted on his other nag, came to get the runaway. I handed him the halter rope and he tied the end of it around his waist like a belt.

" 'What's the idea?' I asked.

" 'Idea? I'm going to lead this horse home.'

" 'Well,' I said. 'It'd be better to tie the rope around your neck because if the horse pulls back and drags you out of your saddle, he'll kill you lots quicker.' "

Charlie Scott laughed and added, "I had a notion to let Will start out, but thought better of it and made him tie the rope to his saddle horn."

I never knew my Uncle Will. Pneumonia, dreaded in that day, took his life soon after I was born.

Following this upsurge of the Park's settlement, there was a period of adjustments, notable progress in some quarters, failure in others, a weeding out of men and women, too, who either couldn't or wouldn't stick it out and make good. Scores of homesteaders either sold their claims, or abandoned them, leaving log cabins scattered here, there, everywhere. But the men who stayed (my father was one of these. There were times when he "hung on by the skin of his teeth") added to their holdings by buying proved-up homesteads, by having their relatives, also newcomers, hired hands and even cowboys take up claims for them. All big North Park ranches were built up in this way, plus outright purchase of established ranches.

Extensive building and fencing marked these first years, and this created a local demand for North Park's second great asset—timber. This demand enabled some men to make a living cutting and piling building

logs, fence poles and bucks and posts. Sawmills naturally materialized.

Men soon learned they could not raise crops of grain, with the exception of barley. Hardy vegetables did well however, and these helped feed the families. The newcomers also learned they must irrigate meadows to raise hay crops. Therefore, making ditches and irrigating became a must.

Coal, of which the Park had an unlimited supply, was replacing wood for fuel. More and more cattlemen became firmly entrenched. Small herds of high quality cattle, dairy cattle and a few bunches of pure bred Herefords and Short Horns came in from "the Valley." Montie Blevins owned one herd of pure bred Herefords. He sold bulls to ranchers, and thereby improved the quality of their cattle.

Suddenly a whole rash of new post offices splashed across the Park, including Zirkel, Butler and Higho, all on the west side. Country schools followed. The original Canadian School was moved to its new location and should have been preserved as an historical landmark. In 1906 it was replaced by a neat white frame building.

During this period, Walden came fully alive: One hotel, two livery stables, a blacksmith shop, two saloons and one or more general stores. Private homes, too, and a post office were built.

I do not know just when C. E. (Jerry) and Irene Mosman set up the Mosman Store in Walden. Ranchers did most of their buying at Laramie, but often ran out of necessary items and the Mosmans would let them have goods—on "tick" of course, the rancher saying, "Pay you next fall when I sell my hay," or "when I sell my steers." Irene and Jerry Mosman carried these men "on their books" for months and sometimes longer. All too often they never collected.

To supply saloons and stores with goods called for freight outfits. My father said the Keenan Brothers were the first freighters, but George Post and Jerome Decken must have been on their heels. Those two were our best known freighters, and they stayed with it until the coming of the railroad in 1911.

Laramie was North Park's trading center, with Fort Collins playing second fiddle. Ninety percent of the ranchmen used their own teams and wagons to haul home their groceries and other supplies from Laramie, which was also the cattle shipping post for all of the Park over the U. P. Railroad to the great Omaha market.

As early as 1903, parts of the open range became over-stocked and men in the south end of the Park trailed herds into Middle Park for summer grazing. This worked out so well that they continued the practice.

Winter feeding was, however, a greater problem than summer grazing, and the Park's most important job remained the same all through the

years. Harvesting the hay! HAYING! It was a pitifully slow, tiresome and fearsome job.

Men who could afford to buy the machinery brought in manufactured sweeps and stackers. They were far better and faster than pitchforks, but were always breaking down, and so were far from satisfactory.

Therefore the invention by Jack Greene, a North Parker, of the "slide stacker," and its accompanying "pusher" by Joe Lawrence, plus home-made "sweeps" became marvelous contraptions for moving hay by horse power. They were a greater contribution to North Park's upward progress than any other one thing.

Over night these stackers revolutionized the putting up of hay, and by 1897 all ranchers had this home made equipment of stacker, pusher and sweep. All were made of lodge pole pine, and the only cost, except for getting the material home from the forests, was nails, bolts, and, for each sweep, a pair of old mowing machine wheels. A small crew, using two sweeps, could stack thirty tons of hay a day—and often did even better.

Here is what Montie Blevins did for North Park, starting about 1910. Montie had long since dissolved his partnership with D. L. Moore and had gone into business for himself. He went into a partnership agreement with two wealthy Denver livestock speculators, Clayton and Murnan, and experimented in fattening steers for beef, on North Park hay. Blevins bought hay from almost every rancher who had no cattle of his own, then brought to the Park large herds of three-year-old steers, and put them in small bunches on many ranches. Either the ranchers or hired men then fed the animals all the hay they could eat through the winter.

This experiment paid off. The steers put on weight and were shipped as "Grass-fed Beef" in the spring.

The winter of 1910 and 1911, Clayton, Murnan and Blevins did a half-a-million-dollar business. By buying hay from the many ranchers, using up North Park's surplus, Blevins set them up in business for themselves. They became prosperous—thanks to Montie Blevins!

The hopes of men bitten by the gold fever bug had not completely died, however. About 1895, an extensive placer mining project was promoted on Independence Mountain, but the promoters abandoned the works about 1897, losing scads more money than they got back.

The year 1898 also rings a bell. The Spanish American War. "Remember the Maine!" When news of the sinking of the Maine penetrated North Park, dozens of our young fellows would have loved to join Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders.

Only one managed to do so. This was "Post-Hole Bill" as he was known when he worked for Blevins. That nickname was forgotten when Bill

came home a war hero, and married a Walden belle high in its society.

Progressive Waldenites promoted our second newspaper. (Teller City had the first.) *The North Park Union*, weekly, came to life in 1896. Other newspapers followed, including one at Pearl, *The Mining Times*. It folded in 1907. Two other Walden newspapers, *North Park News* and *New Era*, tried to compete with *The Union*, which lasted under that title until 1908. The *Jackson County Times* took over where the *New Era* left off in 1911. The name was changed to *The Jackson County Star* in 1913. It has continued under this title to the present day. Moreover its editor, Wm. R. Davis, is doing a bang-up good job for old North Park.

The second major contribution by the people of Walden was the Park's first church. A Methodist Episcopal church was built in 1897 and Reverend George W. White was the first minister.

Next in the march of progress was a telephone line from Laramie to Walden, completed about 1901. Whereupon ranchmen started to build lines of their own—some strung along barbed wire fences.

I can not tell you when either Rand or Hebron first became recognized as small towns and post offices. I was attending the "Canadian School" when the town of Cowdrey was born.

Charlie Cowdrey, who had a ranch on the Michigan three miles above the schoolhouse, homesteaded land which included the ground on which the schoolhouse stood. First, Charlie dug a well, then built several log shacks and a stable.

At this new location, Cowdrey opened a road ranch and got a post office named "Cowdrey." This new post office dealt the death blow to Pinkhamton. The "Canadian School" immediately became the "Cowdrey School." Families built houses in the new town. When the Pearl boom began, a man named Frank Lyons opened a store at Cowdrey. Under many different owners, this store has been open for business ever since Frank Lyons stepped behind the counter.

Charlie Cowdrey sold his properties and departed, but the town he built lives on.

Quite early, Cook Rhea, famous hunter and guide, found a spot to his liking for a permanent camp near beautiful Big Creek Lake in the far north-west corner of North Park. Then Luke and Bob Wheeler moved in with a herd of milk cows and ran a dairy. Their market was Hahns Peak on the western side of the Continental Divide where mining activity was at its height. The Wheelers made use of an Indian trail from Big Creek Lake to the Hahns Peak area. They named their small settlement "Pearl" in honor of Luke Wheeler's wife. But the Wheelers were long gone from Pearl before it became a mining camp.

"Squeaky Bob" Wheeler should still be remembered by many Den-

verites for the fishing and hunting resort he built on Lulu Pass, north of Grand Lake and near the Cameron Pass road. "Squeaky Bob's Place" carries on today as "Phantom Valley Dude Ranch."

Copper was the lure which brought miners from the Wyoming side to Pearl. Although a big hotel and a smelter were built, this camp flourished for a mere two years, until 1905.

So far, I have neglected to mention our third big cattle spread, The Big Horn Land and Cattle Company. Exactly when this Company was formed, I do not know. William Marr, however, was an early ranchman before he became manager of the Big Horn and became known as "Old Big Horn Bill."

This lanky, six-foot, rawboned Scot was always gruff-spoken and, it seemed, always cranky. Underneath this shell, he was friendly, genuine and a "square-shooter."

Three wealthy Denver men, Boettcher, Campion and Paige, financed and established the Big Horn, with Bill Marr as manager. Its home ranch was on the Little Grizzly Creek, near Hebron. Other ranches ran up into the southwest corner of the Park adjacent to the Rabbit Ears. But the largest of all was the Boettcher Ranch, dominating the west side of the Park.

After the Big Horn really got going, its cattle range—broken in spots by other ranches—extended from Pearl south along the west side of the Park, past the Rabbit Ears and over into Middle Park as far as Red Dirt Creek. It was stocked with approximately 5,000 head of cattle.

It was said in the Park that Big Horn never made any money. The outfit took a terrific loss of cattle in the extremely hard winter of 1908 and 09. But, backed as it was by rich men, it withstood the shock. Of our big three, the Bighorn, under new ownership, is the only one still actively in business today.

For me, in my growing-up days, the most interesting things were the beef herds creeping along the road to Laramie, and the big roundups, often run jointly by the Two Bar, Moore and Blevins and the Big Horn. Oh, those chuck wagons, the horse cavvies and the cowboys! How us kids loved them!

I was privileged to take part in a few of them. Now they are gone for all time.

I was also privileged to become well acquainted with many of our colorful old timers of whom I can here mention only a few. There was Uncle Jack Hunter, who never bought a bull to improve his cow herd.

Alec K. Marr, one of Big Horn Bill's brothers, was a lanky, homely Scot, not quite so gruff as Bill, and with a good sense of humor. He owned a thousand-head outfit, bought the best pure bred bulls to be had, and, for many years, grew out his steers until three and four years of age to market as grass beef.

Alec K. Marr married my very first school teacher, Miss Best. And here's a good place to pay special tribute to North Park's sturdy, wholesome and heroic women, the wives and mothers, and the school teachers. These well educated, high-class young ladies came from the "outside" to a land which must have seemed only partly civilized. Yet, with few exceptions, they quickly adjusted to life in North Park.

Our doctors, too, merit a special word of praise. I remember P. W. (Pete) Fisher. He was the old fashioned country doctor who treated every ailment and did a wonderfully good job of it.

Let me introduce, too, Andrew Norrell, dubbed by North Parkers as "King of the Swedes." Andy helped to populate the Park by bringing over from Sweden young men and teaching them the cow business.

Ol' Andy was our most controversial character. He was opposed—and violently—to Forest Reserve control of the forests and of forest grazing land. In this he wasn't alone, for cowmen have always been hostile to controls of any kind. Andy exploded when certain North Parkers resolved that North Park must be jerked out of Larimer County to become a county in itself. He lost and Jackson County was born in 1909.

This man came close to being our best cowman, second only to Montie Blevins. From the outset he did everything possible to improve the quality of his cattle. Moreover Andy opened the eyes of other cowmen to the advantages of hay-feeding cattle. Andrew Norrell proved that hay feeding paid off with heavier cattle for market, and a minimum of loss of both cows and calves during the calving season. Norrell's young feeder steers always topped the market and won prizes, too.

Some of the young fellows of my day deserve a few words of praise. Dad Allard was a French-Canadian who barely made a living for a large family by cutting timber. Yet two of his sons, starting from scratch, built up quite respectable cow ranches.

A plumb green Swedish boy of fourteen, Carl D. Johnson, who couldn't speak English, hit North Park about 1902. Forty years later, this fellow owned a cow outfit valued at one million dollars.

Another young Swede planted his feet in North Park in 1889 and is rated as a "genuine old timer." Over the years he put together an amazingly large cow outfit. This dynamic man also served for eighteen years as a representative in the State Legislature. Today at age 91 he is still in the cattle business, still rides horseback and still does most of his own work. I am talking about North Park's best beloved and highly honored citizen, Victor Hanson, Sr.

I hope that I have given you a clear picture of early day North Park and its people, from the Park's discovery by the whites to its permanent status as unsurpassed cow country.

PM Carhart Becomes Life Member

Arthur H. Carhart, known as "Mr. Conservation," was awarded a Life Possessive Membership in the Denver Westerners for his many accomplishments as a real Westerner and as an author on conservation and outdoor life. He founded in the Denver Public Library the "Conservation Library Center," the first of its kind in this country, with a 40-year collection of letters, notes, manuscripts, booklets and books on conservation and natural resources. The Center has since received grants totaling \$25,000 from the Laurence Rockefeller American Association Center. Born in Mapleton, Iowa, in 1892, he holds a bachelor of science degree in landscape architecture and city planning from Iowa State College, is a veteran of World War I, and was a landscape architect for the U.S. Forest Service before he went into private practice in 1923 and also started a long, productive career as a writer. Four

conservation groups — the National Park Association, the Wilderness Society, the Wildlife Management Institute, and the Audubon Society — joined forces to publish his 24th book in 1961, "Planning for America's Wildlands." A few of his other books include: "The Outdoorsman's Cookbook," "Fresh Water Fishing," "Timber in Your Life," "Death Rides the Wind," and "Pattern for Murder." In 1938 Carhart was appointed director of the program for Federal Aid in Wildlife Restoration in Colorado and in 1951 won the Founders Award of the Izaak Walton League for his book, "Water — or Your Life." The Outdoor Writers Association selected Carhart for its first annual award for his writings on conservation. Art Carhart is now convalescing at his home at 2591 Eudora St., Denver, Colo., and would enjoy hearing from his friends.



Mazzulla Awarded Plaque

PM Fred M. Mazzulla, Roundup foreman and tally man, was awarded a handsomely engraved plaque in appreciation of his services by the Denver Posse of the Westerners at its February meeting. In making the presentation Sheriff Dr. Campa said in part:

"In an organization such as this, there is always someone who voluntarily shoulders the responsibility of seeing

that the Westerners keep going, that debts and obligations are paid, and that we stay in the black.

"We are fortunate to have a person who has willingly worn two hats for years — who has seen that sales of the Brand Book are kept up and the ROUNDUP Magazine is supplied with photos, and that all of us pay our dues. In addition, his secretary has given the



PM Mazzulla gets plaque from Campa
Photo by PM Jack Guinn

Westerners her time over and above compensation and both have helped maintain an office for us where records are organized and kept efficiently. All this is due to the constant, untiring efforts of our fellow Westerner, Fred Mazzulla.

"About a month ago several members of the Posse called me to discuss ways we could show our appreciation for Fred's work. We decided to give him this plaque as a tangible token. We dated it by coincidence February 22, so that every Washington's Birthday Fred will be reminded of the Posse's appreciation. It reads:

"Presented to Fred M. Mazzulla by the Denver Posse of The Westerners in grateful appreciation for his outstanding work in revising the records and in establishing the system for our organization."

Mazzulla, long time member of the Denver Posse, is by profession an attorney, but is also a photographer, a jazz fan and an historian. He is one of five men awarded an honorary mem-

bership in the National Press Photographers association for his work in aiding to revise Canon 35 in Colorado to permit courtroom photography.

He has collected more than 10,000 records of Western songs and early jazz. Born in Trinidad, Colo., the son of an Italian railroad section foreman, he worked his way through three colleges, Denver, Harvard, and Westminster Law School as a mail carrier and free lance wrestler. He is a trustee of the American Museum of Photography in Philadelphia. With his partner and wife, Jo, he has Colorado's greatest private collection of western historical photos. Their latest joint effort, a book, "Brass Checks and Red Lights," is becoming a best seller. Unfortunately his wife, Jo, was confined to a hospital the night he received the award from the Denver Posse.

POSSE ELECTS DR. DANIELSON

The latest member to be elected to the Denver Posse of the Westerners is Ralph W. Danielson M.D. His father, brother, and two uncles were engineers of the now defunct Colorado Midland Railroad out of the division point at Basalt, Colo., where he was born in 1897. Nicknamed "Danny," Dr. Danielson with his brother, Clarence, wrote a book about their home town and its railroad, titled "Basalt: Colorado Midland Town," prized by Colorado historians. Dr. Danielson is an ophthalmologist, has written a number of articles on this specialty, and, after many years on the staff of the eye department, for seven years was head of that department at the University of Colorado Medical School, where he received his degree. He started the "Reynolds Spoken Voice Collection" in the C.U. Library and enjoys color photography, trout fishing, and pack trips in Colorado's high country as hobbies.



Westerner's Bookshelf



GREAT BASIN KINGDOM. An Economic History of the Latter Day Saints, 1830-1900, by Leonard J. Arrington, paper bound, 412 pages, illustrated, notes and references, bibliography, index. University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1966, \$2.40.

The avid student of Western Americana will find within the covers of this well-documented volume a real story of early attempts by people to settle and subdue a hostile land. This is a story unique in several ways: First, it forcefully illustrates the problems associated with populating an isolated, mountainous and semi-arid region. Second, it dramatizes the attempts to develop a vast area without the help of outside capital. Third, it represents one of the few regional economies in modern history founded for a religious purpose, dominated by religious sentiments and managed by religious leaders. Finally, it offers an interesting case study of American pioneering experience.

Great Basin Kingdom is not the story of individual efforts against a hostile nature, but is the epic of a religious body dedicated to work out its own destiny. Faced with the specter of starvation and failure, the Mormons attacked their problems with determination and courage. Their struggle against impossible odds is heroic; their power to rebound from adversity is overwhelming; here we find men secure in the belief that they are right, and when confronted with myriad obstacles, prove it.

Herbert O'Hanlon, PM

A GALLERY OF DUDES, by Marshall Sprague. Published by Little, Brown and Co., Boston, Mass., 1966. 216 pages, maps and many illustrations. Index. \$8.75.

Marshall Sprague at the prompting of "Mitch" Wilder has written another book on Western Americana. Wilder, director of the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, Fort Worth, Tex., sends to other museums exhibitions on Western subjects. This year the subject will be "A Gallery of Western Dudes"—the title of Sprague's book.

One would have to read many volumes in order to acquire the same amount of information on these nine noble gentry and one lady. The book is beautifully illustrated from paintings in the famous Amon Carter museum. These portray the "dudes" and their wanderings in the American West. Full credit is given in notes and sources, which are very informative.

The reader will be entranced by these experiences as described by Sprague. Now would be a good time to avail oneself of the opportunity to acquire the other books of Marshall Sprague. These editions have received much praise from historians.

Dr. Philip W. Whiteley, PM

CORRECTION

Winfield Scott Stratton was mistakenly referred to as William S. Stratton in the February ROUNDUP article by Dr. Philip W. Whiteley.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

About 30 years ago PM Dr. Leroy Hafen located the possible remains of an old Spanish fort, approximately 30 miles northwest of Walsenburg, Colo. Since some historians in the area believe these are the remains of an old corral, The Rt. Rev. Howard L. Delaney who has served St. Mary's church in Walsenburg for 22 years, is actively searching for the ruins. Records show that Don Facunda Melgares, the Spanish governor of New Mexico, directed the construction of a fort on Sangre de Cristo Pass in May, 1819, to guard the route east of the San Luis Valley, serve as a stopping place for Spanish frontiersmen, and protect the valley from marauding Indians of the Plains. Sangre de Cristo Pass is just north of present north La Veta Pass and was an old route not only to the valley but to Taos and Santa Fe. Msgr. Delaney said that the wagon ruts are plainly visible for some distance from airplane flights over the hills. He believes the fort was only manned for about six months before being abandoned. A note in the diary of Jacob Fowler says that in 1882 he camped beside an abandoned fort on the pass. One legend has it that Spanish gold is buried near the site. (*Rocky Mountain News*, Jan. 22, 1967.)

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PM Carl Matthews of Colorado Springs is still trying to identify the source and use of a dozen rusting iron balls, uncovered in the small town of Divide, up Ute Pass, a few miles west of Colorado Springs. The balls, each about the size of a basketball and weighing 250 lbs. apiece, are not solid and contain a gray powder. They were discovered 20 feet underground during

construction of a trench for the pipeline of the Homestake Project, which will carry water from the Western Slope to Colorado Springs. Jerry Martin, operator of the Divide Cafe, said nobody in Divide is able to explain the use of the rusty balls and has asked the Pikes Peak Historical Society for help in identifying them. The iron balls were found beside the old roadbed of the abandoned Colorado Midland railroad. (*Rocky Mountain News*, Jan. 15, 1967.)

• • • • •

CM Otto Kuhler has written his life story in book form under the title of "My Iron Journey" with the sub-title "A Life With Steam And Steel." It is being published and distributed by the Intermountain Chapter of the National Historical Society and is due to be released at the end of May, 1967. It is an 8½x11 inch book being printed by the Johnson Publishing Company of Boulder, Colo., and will contain six color plates and over 20 illustrations. As a soldier in the German Corps of Engineers in World War I, Kuhler rebuilt a railroad in Belgium and later in this country as design consultant to the American Locomotive Co. he helped design such famed name trains as the Royal Blue and the Hiawatha before purchasing a cattle ranch up Deer Creek near Bailey, Colo.

• • • • •

Columnist Virginia Weigand of the 100-year-old *Colorado Transcript* of Golden recently published some facts about the early period of the newspaper, supplied to her by PM Bill Kostka. George West, founder of the *Transcript* and one of the founders of Golden, became the owner of the top story

of what is now the former Transcript building on Washington avenue. (Current *Transcript* owners recently built and moved into a new building.) The land of this former building was owned by another Golden founder, W. A. H. Loveland. After a series of transactions it eventually became the property of James Kelly. Kelly decided to construct a building on the site "to top of floor joice (*sic*) of second floor," if West agreed "to commence at top of floor joice, complete same including roof and chimneys," in return for which West was to "forever own second story and

have perpetual right of way by staircase of second story and also back part of said lot for storage of coal and wood . . . and to (the) well." On Feb. 27, 1903, George West bought the rest of the building and the lot from Kelly. Another item from a letter written by J. Miner Shaffer in 1885, then editor of the Brownwood, Tex., *Bulletin*, working with the first staff of the *Transcript* told how they rushed to get out the first issue in 1866 on the day the territorial legislature was meeting in Golden. — *Colorado Transcript*, Jan. 23, 1967.

New Hands on the Denver Range

MRS. WM. R. (DOROTHY) SHAW
Box 510
Aspen, Colo. 81611

Dorothy Shaw is chairman of the Pitkin County Library Board of Trustees. She collects books on Colorado history, old and new. She comes to us through PM Fred Mazzulla.

C. FRED TEMPLETON
2646 S. Steele St.
Denver, Colo. 80210

PM Numa James encouraged Fred to join the Westerners. He is interested in old placer mining and mountain cemeteries. (Got enough on the latter for an article, Fred?) He has a cottage on Elk Creek and his hobbies include stream fishing and deep sea fishing.

W. W. CLANNIN
c/o First Federal Savings
3460 W. 38th
Denver, Colo. 80211

W. W. is especially interested in Colorado history and particularly in activities in the historical background of First Federal Savings, which was established in 1885. He comes to us through CM Gordon Yates of Tallant Yates advertising agency.

BILL HARMSEN Jr.
6100 Wadsworth, Apt. 5
Arvada, Colo. 80002

Bill Harmsen Jr. decided to become a Corresponding Member after being a guest of PM Bob Cormack at one of our meetings. He is interested in early Colorado and New Mexico history. He is currently doing research on early Colorado artists and intends to co-author a book on the subject. His hobbies include old history book collecting, antique collecting, skiing, fishing and hunting. Bill is the son of W. D. Harmsen, founder of famed Jolly Rancher candies.

WILLIAM J. WHITE
2721 S. Chase Way
Denver, Colo., 80227

CM Herman J. Atencio and PM Fred Mazzulla jointly encouraged Bill to join the Westerners. Bill is interested in Western and Colorado history and in early western railroads.

MRS. JAMES L. (MARGARET FAIR) CURTIS
Box 175
Saguache, Colo., 81149

CM Author Louisa Ward Arps introduced Mrs. Curtis to the Denver Posse of the Westerners.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

APRIL
1967
Volume XXIII
Number 4

In This Issue
TO ASPEN—AND BEYOND
By
Jackson Thode CM



The Morning After—D&RG Special Trains at Aspen, November 2, 1887

At left Engineer George Moore, at throttle of engine 52, switches three cars, the first of four specials to arrive evening of November 1st. Behind the 52 are two business cars occupied by General Superintendent and Chief Engineer R. E. Ricker and staff, while at right, just beyond the framing for the freight house platform, engines 172 and 32 head up a five-car train, including four narrow-gauge Pullmans. Largely hidden in far right distance is the 11-car special handled by engine 248, arriving late for some festivities celebrating the first railroad into Aspen.

Unpublished Photo, from collection of Neal R. Miller, Longmont

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jackson C. Thode is a veteran of more than 30 years with the D&RG railroad. He currently is budget analyst on the president's staff and has been secretary for some of the railroad's top executives, including its current president, G.B. Aydcloft, and A. E. Perlman, now president of the New York Central.

Thode, one of the founders of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, has collaborated on a number of railroad books. His article, "To Aspen and Beyond," vividly captures the excitement of the railroad construction races of the eighties to Colorado's booming mining towns.

This well-documented article included a bibliography of articles, books and railroad records; a complete glossary of all persons mentioned in the telegrams; an almost daily record of the surveys, the mileage, and construction of the extensions of the railroad to Aspen and on to New Castle; and a table of all narrow gauge locomotives used by the Rio Grande in service at Glenwood Springs during this period. Because of space limitations in the ROUNDUP, they had to be omitted, but we hope to include them, along with several photographs he supplied, in the next BRAND BOOK.

FUTURE MEETINGS

April 26, 1967

William J. Shay will talk on the Bozeman Trail in Wyoming. Shay served with the 1st Provisional Regiment of Cavalry on the Mexican border and was a participant in the last Horse Cavalry Company of the United States Army. He has been the Ranger-Historian at Fort Laramie National Historic Site since 1962.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS MONTHLY ROUNDUP



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Dr. Philip W. Whiteley

May 24, 1967

James Davis will review the Ku Klux Klan in Denver with a few asides about Colorado Springs. Davis is a librarian in the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library. His biography of Countess Katrina Murat will appear in Golden West for July.

To Aspen — And Beyond

By

Jackson C. Thode, CM

(**Author's Note.**) In the spring of 1964 the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad initiated a system-wide inspection of old buildings on the property. In addition, any records found were to be preserved until they could be evaluated; as a result, a veritable treasure of historical documents was uncovered in the Bridge and Building shop at Glenwood Springs, Colorado. The little building, to the surprise of Rio Grande people on the scene, was revealed to have been the town's original station, and from the building's attic these employes retrieved bales of old paper. On close examination, some of the dusty, yellowed fragments were discovered to be the first wire messages at Glenwood Springs, recording the business handled through the Agent from the earliest days of D&RG activity in the region. Much of the material was remarkably well preserved during the intervening years. This article is the result of an examination of the old documents discovered.

Nearly everyone acquainted with the history of Colorado railroads is aware of the race between the old standard-gauge Colorado Midland and the narrow-gauge Denver & Rio Grande, eighty years ago, when each road was striving to be the first to reach the fabulous Golconda at Aspen. Located on the upper reaches of the Roaring Fork River, at the foot of the north face of the rugged Elk Range of mountains on Colorado's western slope, the mines of Aspen held forth to the victor of this momentous struggle the enticing promises of transportation for vast tonnages of rich precious-metal ores and concentrates, as well as the patronage of growing hordes of people in the booming mining region.

Many facets of this historical conflict were brought to light in Posse Member Justice William S. Jackson's excellent monograph entitled, "The Record vs. Reminiscence," published in the Denver Posse's first *Brand Book* in 1946. Additional information, in publications of more recent date, became available in Dr. Robert Athearn's "Rebel of the Rockies,"—the history of the Rio Grande published in 1962, and Morris Cafky's "Colorado Midland," published by Denver's Rocky Mountain Railroad Club in 1965, to mention only two.

Singularly enough, however, the material which has come to the attention of this author deals almost entirely with matters of policy decisions, strategy, corporate in-fighting, tactics, political intrigues, and other high-level activities. Little, if anything, has appeared with regard to the actual

physical work, on the ground, required to carry into execution the plans, decisions and orders of the high-level authorities.

What of the tribulations of the Locating Engineer, under constant pressure to stake out the best line for the right of way, without delay and in the face of the opposition? Or of the Construction Superintendent, with his multitude of burdens supervising the grading and bridge construction, and the logistics involved in having sufficient ties, rails, track fastenings, switches, water tanks, fuel, men, food, tools, animals and equipment, all at the right place at the right time under the pressures from his management to hurry, hurry, hurry??

It is our purpose here to examine, in some detail, the actualities of constructing and operating a narrow-gauge railroad into virgin territory under such circumstances, countering the challenges of determined and powerful adversaries, and even to some degree, overcoming the frailties of fellow men under the pressure of unending hours of exhausting physical and mental labor. Occasionally a bit of humor or pathos highlights the picture.

A brief review leading up to these events, however, may help. In 1881, '82 and '83 the narrow-gauge Denver & Rio Grande saw its period of greatest expansion. Among the fingers of track which at that time extended into the mountains was a short extension over Tennessee Pass from the branch line which reached north from Salida to Leadville. This extension terminated at a point on the Eagle River known as Rock Creek—3.8 miles downstream from Red Cliff, on February 28, 1882.

Simultaneously, while supreme effort was being expended in extending the railroad's main line westward to Salt Lake City via Gunnison, Montrose, Grand Junction and a crossing of the Green out on the eastern Utah desert, preliminary surveys for further extension of various branch lines also were underway, including the lengthening of the Tennessee Pass extension as far west as Shoshone.

The last spike of the narrow-gauge through line of the Denver & Rio Grande between Denver and Salt Lake City was finally driven on Friday afternoon, March 30, 1883, at lonely Desert Switch, 12 miles west of Green River, Utah. But the frantic pace of this construction, with its attendant costs, had its not unnatural results: security holders who considered their money as having been spent unnecessarily for new trackage, rather than for dividends, forced the resignation of General William J. Palmer from the presidency of the railroad. Subsequent separations from service of other important long-time Palmer associates included Chief Engineer John A. McMurtrie, one of the leaders in the Royal Gorge War some five or six years previously.

The Company's new management, centered in the East and unappreciative of either the Colorado railroad situation, or the Denver & Rio

Grande's place therein, soon revealed its ineptitude, and the new president, elected September 26, 1883, was forced out only nine months later by a petition for receivership and appointment of William S. Jackson to fill the post. Jackson, as so well recited in his son's article previously mentioned, spent the next two years reviving the bankrupt railroad, with such success that he was elected President of the company upon its reorganization in July, 1886.

While still receiver, Jackson encountered the same competitive situation, principally in the newly organized Colorado Midland, that previously had existed for General Palmer in his conflicts with the Santa Fe and the Denver, South Park & Pacific. The only solution apparent was to be first in building into the area threatened by competitive invasion. After much urgent correspondence and many consultations with representatives of Eastern security holders, Jackson's point was won and construction to Aspen was authorized.

In anticipation, a new location survey had been run west from Rock Creek to Glenwood Springs in the name of the Grand River Railway during the early summer of 1886. Contracts for grading the newly-surveyed line down along the Eagle and through the rugged Grand (Glenwood) Canon, a distance just short of 64 miles, were let on January 7, 1887, when a force of about 1,000 men with many teams was turned to the work. The first portion, Rock Creek to Minturn, was completed May 7th, and on August 21st, 15 weeks later, grading and track laying had been completed to Shoshone, ten miles east of Glenwood Springs.

The Midland, also working at a feverish pace, completed their Hagerman Tunnel through the Divide west of Leadville on August 29th, when track laying commenced on the western slope. Ahead lay 45 miles of work to reach Aspen Junction, from where the glittering goal would be reached by an 18-mile branch running along the valley of the Roaring Fork across the river from the proposed Rio Grande roadbed.

To arrive at a location roughly opposite the Midland's junction point (later Basalt, Colorado), the Rio Grande was faced with the construction of 32 miles of railroad. But the first ten miles of this lesser distance lay through the lower end of Glenwood Canon, where heavy rock work would require tons of explosives, excavation of two tunnels totalling 1,603 feet in length, and six precious weeks of time. At last, however, on October 4th, 1887, grading was sufficiently complete to accept track, which was laid into Glenwood Springs next day, and the line opened for business to that point October 6th.

A few additional days were required to establish facilities for and means of railroad wire communication. From October 9th the old messages tell the story for us:

GS (Glenwood Springs) 10/9/1887

Col. R. E. Ricker, Denver [General Supt. and Chief Engineer, Denver.] The delays in reports have all been in the uptown [Western Union] office where all business was done until today. Parker [C.A. Parker, Supt. Telegraph construction Glenwood-Aspen] did not recd authority to cut in office for Mr. De Remer [Glenwood freight agent] and Boarding train (?) until last night, finished them 10 AM today. J. A. McMurtrie 915PM [Construction contractor, Aspen branch.]

[These wire messages are repeated here verbatim, with punctuation sometimes added for clarity. Words in brackets identify persons.]

McMurtrie was now a partner in the railroad construction firm of Streeter and McMurtrie, which held the contract for actual grading and track work on the line to Aspen.

Ever eager to capitalize on new routes and scenic and healthful attractions, the traffic department, as should be expected, promptly organized an excursion into the new territory:

GS 10/11/1887

C. C. Davis, Herald Democrat, Leadville

The excursionists arrived in Glenwood "in good spirits" at 4:30. Nothing occurred on the way to mar the enjoyment of those participating, and all pronounce the Denver & Rio Grande the greatest line on Earth. Considering the wonderful panorama placed before us today, the road is truly called "The Scenic Line of the World." All were delighted with Glenwood and its surroundings, and believe it to be the coming Sanitarium of America. Its springs are wonderful, those who have tried them attesting to their remarkable curative powers. To our friends in Leadville desiring their usual semi-annual bath, we would say, Go to Glenwood. We leave here for Leadville. (Signed) Excursionist

Notwithstanding this happy enthusiasm, the engineering and operating departments, charged with building the line and keeping the necessary supplies flowing to the front, took quite another view:

GS 10/13/87 S. K. Hooper, [General Passenger Agent, Denver]. We don't want any more excursions to Glenwood until after the road is finished. The 13 cars we have here has bothered and delayed us beyond all account with our limited room. R. E. Ricker

But this negative reaction did not necessarily overcome reality:

GS 10/13/87 S. K. Hooper DC (Denver) There is several asking for extension of time on the Leadville Excursion tickets, among the applicants our presiding Judge. I have made the concession thinking it to our interests. J R D (DeRemer)

And now, what of the problems involved in establishing an agency station in a new town? Agent DeRemer was an old hand, having opened

the station at El Moro, near Trinidad, in 1876, and successively serving as agent with the advancing rail head at Buena Vista in June, 1880, and at Gypsum in 1887, just prior to his assignment to Glenwood.

GS 10/10/87 W. B. Tuttle DC [Stationer, Denver] Please send me at once one Form case and one pigeon hole desk. J R D

GS 10/10/87 S. K. Hooper DC No local ticket case yet. Will you please rush it. J R D

GS 10/10/1887 Q L MX [Quimby Lamplugh, Asst. Supt., Leadville] Please send me one can of coal oil and one of lamp oil. J R D

GS 10/10/87 R. A. Hutchison DC [Supt. Telegraph, Denver] Mr. J. E. Rhoads, opr, referred your message to me today. We have an office established with (C.P.) Zoellner as opr. Our railroad work keeps one man busy. We cannot look after the Western Union at all till track laying is completed. J R D

GS 10/12/87 H. L. Sweet CP [Agent, Gypsum] Please send my cot to Glenwood by first train. J R D

GS 10/14/87 R R R Burnham [R.R. Ripley, Store Dept., Burnham shops, Denver] Please send Mr. DeRemer 2 warehouse trucks, a seal press and a scale. E J S [Chief Storekeeper]

GS 10/18/87 Agent GP Please send me the parasol that is in bed room. J R D

GS 10/20/87 Q L BY [Lamplugh, via Chief Dispatcher, Leadville] Can I buy a cheap stove for office. J R D

Leadville 10/20/87 J R D GS Will try and send you stove in the morning on 43. How much pipe do you want. Q L

GS 10/20/87 Q L BY Please send two stoves fifteen joints pipe and two elbows. J R D

Two additional messages, without date, are of interest:

Agent Gypsum (no date) Please send in baggage car on 43 today my chair with perforated seat, also give my meerschaum pipe to express messenger. The pipe is behind the ticket case. J R D

Geo. Moore (no date) [Locomotive engineer Glenwood-Aspen work train] Please look carefully in your coal tank for large black pocket book containing book of flyes & other fishing outfit reply if you found it. J R D

Thus, it appears that Agent DeRemer was little affected by the hustle and bustle attendant with the activity surrounding him, despite other matters:

GS 10/12/87 Agt GP The town is out of coal oil. Please look over your waybills and arrange to forward here as early as possible cars containing coal oil. Ans please. C F Z

(This was C. F. Zimmermann, Assistant General Freight Agent of Denver, whose handwriting here reveals him to have been the author of the 'Excursionist' wire to the Leadville *Herald Democrat* on the preceding day.)

GS 10/11/87 H. L. Sweet, GP [Agent, Gypsum] Cannot send you man. You must endeavor to get along alone. Will have cars taken out of there soon as they come in and regular trains do your switching. Q L

GS 10/12/87 Q L GS I have been very sick for last 3 days and this AM am hardly able to set up. You will have to relieve me soon as possible. H. L. Sweet

GS 10/12/87 R E R [Ricker] Please arrange to send an agent to Gypsum. The man there is sick and played out. Q L

GS 10/13/87 R E R on Spl Please wire Mr. Hutchison & Murphy that they must send a man to Gypsum at once. Sweet, I learn, is in very bad shape but sticking to his post like a Trojan. We will have these excursions out of the way today and I will go to Gypsum tonight if I can get a train of any kind, and get that freight forward. J R D

GS 10/14/87 F R R BY [F. R. Rockwell, Chief Dispatcher, Leadville] What engine can you send here in place of engine 30. She will haft to tak 46 out of here. Q L

GS No date Q L Eng 256 is dead on main track at Spruce Creek. Want an eng from here to go back & bring train in. Field (Train conductor)

GS 10/14/87 1050 PM R E R DC [Ricker]
W W B SB [W.W. Borst, Asst. Gen. Supt., Pueblo]
N W S Burnham [N.W. Sample, Supt. Motive Power & Machy.]
Engineer Dugan run train 45 last night eng 256 let his water get low between Gypsum and Shoshone, causing eng to leak so bad that she died on him. Taking her to Salida dead tonight—have not seen the engine yet. Will write you full particulars when I get back to Leadville. Q L

GS 10/16/87 Supt. [R.M.] Ridgeway Salida Will you telegraph me to Leadville station this evening what arrangement you can make for my car towards Grand Junction. Will leave from Leadville Tuesday morning by regular train. Adolph Engler 1143 AM

Engler, of New York City, was a member of the Board of Directors, having been elected on April 4, 1882, probably through Jay Gould who had been a Director since November, 1880.

Now, to get back to our premise of building and operating a railroad into virgin territory, let us consider the diversity encountered when these messages are examined on a chronological basis:

GS 10/10/87 R A H DC [Hutchison, Supt. Telegraph, Denver]
There is no place to put any battery on wire here. Mr. McMurtrie is in charge of track laying in Mr. Marshalls place. C. A. Parker 1025 AM [W.H. Marshall was engaged in track construction, Glenwood-Aspen]

GS 10/10/87 Q L BY

Please send 3 cars coal to Glenwood for engs 83, 256 and 30. G. W. Kelker

GS 10/11/87 E. J. Seeley Burnham [Chief Storekeeper] I cannot report exactly how much material on hand as I have not had a report of track material used since the 8th. I will try to get report tomorrow and forward to you. Will need some more track bolts and washers soon. A. T. Clark [engaged in track construction, Glenwood-Aspen]

GS 10/11/87 Henry Acord GP [Supt. Track material yard, Gypsum] Have two loads track spikes come forward today sure. A. T. Clark

GS 10/11/87 Henry Acord GP Please send switch fixtures tomorrow. A. T. Clark

GS 10/11/87 R A H DC Set 12 and framed 10 poles. Dug 10 holes and set up battery. 12 men today. C. A. Parker

GS 10/11/87 Col. R. E. Ricker Denver Cattle guards between here and end of track should be put in at once. Ranchmen are finding considerable fault and are liable to have claims for damage account cattle destroying crops. J. A. McMurtrie

GS 10/12/87 J. R. Hezmalhack c/o C. F. Zimmerman DC Please furnish Agt Grand Junct special order to bill my horse free with orders to agts to water and feed. E. P. Black

Hezmalhack was in the traffic department in Denver, where Zimmerman was assistant general freight agent. Black was a traffic representative in Glenwood Springs.

GS 10/12/87 W. B. Lawrence [Agent] Grand Junct
Send horse to me by freight all charges to follow. Put in bale of hay and water bucket and instruct agts to water & feed. Genl office will furnish special order. Advise me when shipped. E. P. Black

This arrangement for transportation of an animal (only 90 miles away when the railroad was extended to Grand Junction three years later) here involved movement from Grand Junction south to Montrose, east to Gunnison and Salida, then back northwest to Glenwood—two crossings of the Continental Divide and 360 miles by rail!

DC 10/12/87 J. A. McMurtrie GS The three dining and four bunk cars that you wanted went forward last night. R E R

GS 10/12/87 Col. R. E. Ricker Denver How soon can you send me the two iron cars telegraphed for a few days ago. J. A. McMurtrie

GS 10/12/87 W. H. Lloyd GP [Foreman B. & B. material yard] Send the boards here. Send four good men to finish depot. Who will be in charge so that I can leave instructions. Ans. J R C (J. R. Chapman, Superintendent Bridges and Buildings)

GP 10/12/87 JRC GS Will send car (of) boards and four men. Lloyd

GP 10/12/87 Lloyd GP Please answer my message and give me name of man in charge so I can send him instructions by letter. J R C

GS 10/12/87 Conductor Singleton Bring the car lumber and 4 men Gypsum to Glenwood. Q L

GS 10/12/87 R A H DC Set 15 & framed 7 poles set one brace dug 18 holes transferred one mile wire. 14 men today. C. A. Parker

GS 10/12/87 F R R BY Keep Cogan and Kimball loading rocks and flats. You had better work some of the stock and box over the Hill. Steel is coming pretty plenty. We have all the racks and flats we need to move the ties. Q L 930 PM

GS 10/12/87 Q Lamplugh BY Please arrange for Mr. Ricker's special to leave here at 730 AM for Leadville. Silvernail (Conductor)

GS 10/13/87 E J S Burnham Please trace the boards shingles nails sash and doors for depot here. Did you send me the wrenches and steel here. J R C

GS 10/13/87 S. K. Hooper DC Twenty-two tickets sold on Red Cliff excursion today. J R D

GS 10/13/87 R E R on Spl Will a depot like this one answer for Aspen. Want to get the material all together at Pueblo. J R C 133 PM

GS 10/13/87 F R R BY Let first Extra that comes in pick up 15 loads mdse at Gypsum & bring to Glenwood. Take them on next to engine and we can handle it better on arrival here. Have first train west pick up car loaded with pipe & boiler at Shoshone. Singleton will load it on way out. Q L

GS 10/13/87 R E R on Spl Track will probably reach mile post 15 tonight. Counting from Glenwood we had eleven miles of new steel and Mr. Borst has shipped eight miles including the rail from Husted's change, the 2nd class steel from Pueblo yard, and rail taken up west of Canon so you see we have four miles of rail yet to work on provided it comes in time. E J S 335 PM

GS 10/13/87 W W B SB [W.W. Borst, Supt., Pueblo] Cars of steel from first Division are loaded very light which makes unnecessary handling all around. EJS 335 PM

GS 10/13/87 W W B SB 34 cars of 52 pound steel left Chicago Tuesday and ought to reach Pueblo today or tomorrow. Need not ship the 50 rails to 3rd Division until more comes in. E J S

GS 10/13/87 W W B SB How much 40 pound steel have you taken up between Pueblo and Canon. E J S 835 PM

GS 10/13/87 R R R Burnham The 25 kegs of washers will answer the purpose. Send what bolts you have on hand and wire QL car number so he can get them through. Can Mr. Groves make the balance in a week. Ans. E J S 900 PM

GS 10/13/87 R R R Burnham Malta should have not less than six cars of coal daily and Leadville two cars. Be sure that these shipments are made. E J S 915 PM

GS 10/13/87 R A H DC Mr. Ricker says better repeat Aspen Business at Glenwood & let Mr. McMurtrie do his business that way & not string any wire to our detriment. Which office will I cut wire at G or GS. C. A. Parker [G was the Western Union office at Glenwood Springs.]

GS 10/14/87 R R R Burnham Please send 2 iron cars here for construction. These may have been ordered during last week. Answer. E J S

GS 10/14/87 J. C. Wright Denver [Officer engineer] Furnish McMurtrie and Streeter a copy of the estimates up Roaring Fork. I go to Aspen this morning. What is C. R. doing. F. P. King [Ass't. Chief Engineer]

GS 10/14/87 N. W. Sample Burnham Please send me another 15 by 18 engine for two or three weeks. It is all uphill pull from Glenwood to Aspen getting short of power. Q L

Glenwood Oct. 14, 1887 Q. Lamplough Will you please give an order to agent at Gypsum to let car with my family and HH goods be brought to Glenwood on freight train the fifteenth inst. (tomorrow). If you can do this for me it will be a great favor as they are ready to come. Very respy. A.T. Clark

GS 10/14/87 Q. Lamplough Supt Leadville

Please send 1 barell of coal oil

1 barell of headlight oil

1 barell of siganeral (signal?) oil

1 bail of wast

1 small coal stove to put in car repair car to keep the oil so it will run. Send shoes things as soon as you can. Geo. W. Kelker [foreman, mechanical dept. Glenwood Springs.]

GS 10/14/87 Q. Lamplough Supt. Please send 12 head light chimleys for tunnall use. Geo. W. Kelker

GS 10/14/87 J A McM Will telegraph Sweeney [Leadville roadmaster] and see what can be done in securing you a good man. We had 5 cars of steel 30 cars ties 7 outfit cars previous to engine 403 coming in. Q L

GS 10/14/87 J. Sweeney Q Mr. McMurtrie wants you to send him a good man to put in switches. Say what you can do for him. Q L

GS 10/14/87 W W B SB Have you shipped all the rail from the Husteds change. I supposed there would be more than 189 tons. E J S

GS 10/14/87 J. Sweeney Q Load two (2) cars of 30 pound steel for the front. Get two (2) new cars and put one hundred rails to the car. We want bolts and splices for same. Q L

GS 10/14/87 Henry Acord Gypsum I will send you 3 or 4 men tonight to help load all the 40 lb steel in yard at Gypsum. Commence to load it tomorrow morning so it will come on freight tomorrow PM sure. A. T. Clark

GS 10/14/87 F R R BY Have 45 pick up all rails spikes & fish plates at Gypsum and bring them in tonight. 45 will not need to bring any ties west of Gypsum. I think there is about 15 cars of Co. material at Gypsum yet. Q L

GS 10/14/87 R E R on Special We have steel enough at the front to last until tomorrow afternoon. 5 cars here in the yard and will have 5 cars more of the short steel from Gypsum here tomorrow noon. 15 cars more will come tomorrow on 45. We are keeping ahead so far. E J S

GS 10/14/87 R R R Burnham 75 kegs of bolts all told will see us through to Aspen. Send the bolts from Burnham and enough from Pueblo to make this amount. E J S

GS 10/14/87 J. C. Wright Denver Carbondale is three hundred and seventy nine and five tenths miles from Denver, Emma is three hundred and eighty eight and three tenths miles from Denver. F. P. King

GS 10/15/87 J. W. Gilluly DC [Treasurer, Denver] I find that the Dis (charge) check of Peter Meyer was paid by Henderson. In turning his office over to Sweetzer this check was called cash. Meyer is not here. I find there has been considerable speculating in Dis check I will veto this. J R D

GS 10/15/87 Geo. Holden Gypsum [Foreman, track material yard] If you can ride my horse to Glenwood do so otherwise advise me. He is at Gates stable. C. A. King [Engineering dept., Denver; brother of F. P. King]

GS 10/15/87 Mrs. G. W. Kelker GP Please send my rober coat and rober hat and my white lantern on the first train. I will send you a letter what you schall do. G. W. Kelker

GS 10/15/87 R A H DC I have about 5 miles poles now & will use one mile a day. Has hand car been sent yet. C. A. Parker

GS 10/15/87 J. A. McMurtrie NS [Aspen] How much steel have you at the front and about how soon will you need more in AM. W. H. Marshall

GS 10/15/87 W W B SB How about the old rails from Husted's change. I understood you had about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles and you shipped only $189\frac{1}{2}$ tons. Is there more to follow. E J S

GS 10/15/87 J R C Carbondale You have 4 cars of bridge span material here will hold it until further notice. Have sent one car of oats to the front and you can get the oats there. W H M

GS 10/15/87 W. H. Allender End of track [Engaged in track construction] I did not get the order to send you oats. I will load 20 sacks so it will go to you this PM. I got the order an hour after the train left for front. A. T. Clark

GS 10/15/87 Q L Q We had no joints for the 30 lb. rail that McMurtrie used in his spur at the front yesterday. Please ship two more loads of 30 lb. rails and joints for same also joints for the car load used yesterday. W. H. Marshall

No origin 10/15/87 (?) Col. R. E. Ricker Nothing done today. Raining since last night at 430 PM—too muddy to work this PM. J. A. McMurtrie 420 PM Salida 10/15/87 A T C GS How many ties there piled on the ground this side of the tunnel. E J S

GS 10/16/87 E. J. Seeley There was 30,000 ties unloaded at east end of tunnel. Will see Marshall & try to ascertain how many have been moved. Seven loads of steel loaded and came in from GP last night. A. T. Clark

GS 10/16/87 J. A. McMurtrie NS Your engine took car 7090 loaded with H. H. Goods for McAdams. Please return. J R D

GS 10/16/87 E. J. Seeley Burnham Have you shipped any oats on last order. None in sight. Following telegram from C. Wells "Send me another car of oats tomorrow sure." I have none to send him. A. T. Clark

GS10/16/87 Agent Gypsum Please have men who are loading steel at Gypsum put on all empty holt boxes and send with steel to Glenwood. A. T. Clark

GS 10/16/87 E. J. Seeley Burnham Twenty one loads of steel trimmed and sent to front today. Seven loads of this came from Gypsum and two more to come today making all told about 950 short rails from Gypsum. A. T. Clark

GS 10/16/87 J. A. McMurtrie NS I have just sent 5 loads of steel and some ties to Cattle Creek and have 19 more loads of steel here to send up soon as trimings are put on. Will try to keep that siding full of material for you. Have not heard from the new iron cars yet. Will forward them to you soon as they arrive. Could not send joints for 30 lb rail as we have none here. Will have some soon. W. H. Marshall

GS 10/16/87 Q L Leadville McMurtrie is anxious to get two iron cars that he ordered about 10 days ago from Denver. Will you please hurry them forward. W H M

GS 10/16/87 Q L Leadville There was no track laid yesterday on account of rain and mud. They had 8 cars of steel at the front this AM and we have delivered 25 more loads at Cattle Creek today for the front. They also have 32 loads of ties at Cattle Creek and we have 14 loads more in yard to send up in AM. We have unloaded 11 cars of material here in yard today and have the new spur siding nearly finished. Will you run more ties in on an extra tomorrow AM or shall I have more loaded at Sulphur Springs. W H M

GS 10/16/87 J. A. McMurtrie NS We have 33 cars of ties at Cattle Creek tonight and 13 more here in yard and expect 30 more here by noon tomorrow and 30 more tomorrow night. We only have six cars of steel on hand they are out at Cattle Creek. We have 23 loads of steel on the way. It may be in before noon tomorrow. How long will the six cars last you with what you have. Will send the washers out soon as possible. W H M 815 PM

GS 10/16/87 J R C Carbondale Material for depot has arrived. Will be ready to move into Wednesday—possibly Tuesday. I borrowed of the Glenwood Hardware Co. one keg of ten and one keg twenty penny nails in order to keep your men at work. Have returned the keg of tens. Will you please order one keg of twenties sent here. Will look after wrenches. J R D

Glenwood Yard Oct 16/87 5 PM Q L Leadville

I have in the yard

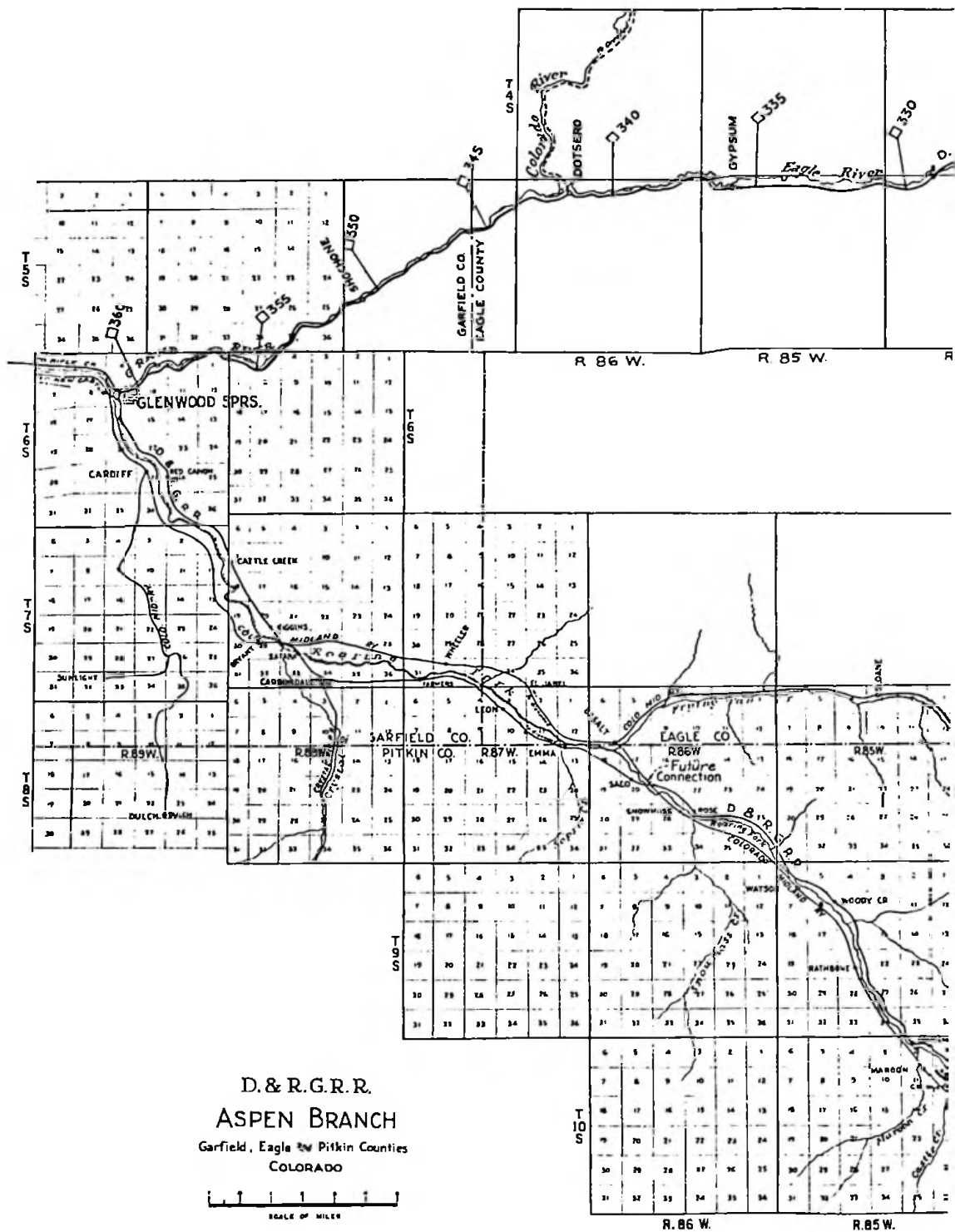
34 loaded box cars	1 loaded stock car
2 loaded refrigerators	2 loads of lumber
7 loads of coal	13 loads of ties

35 empties in train all ready to go east

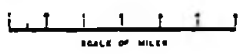
Sent to the front today

5 loads of water service
24 loads of ties
16 loads of steel

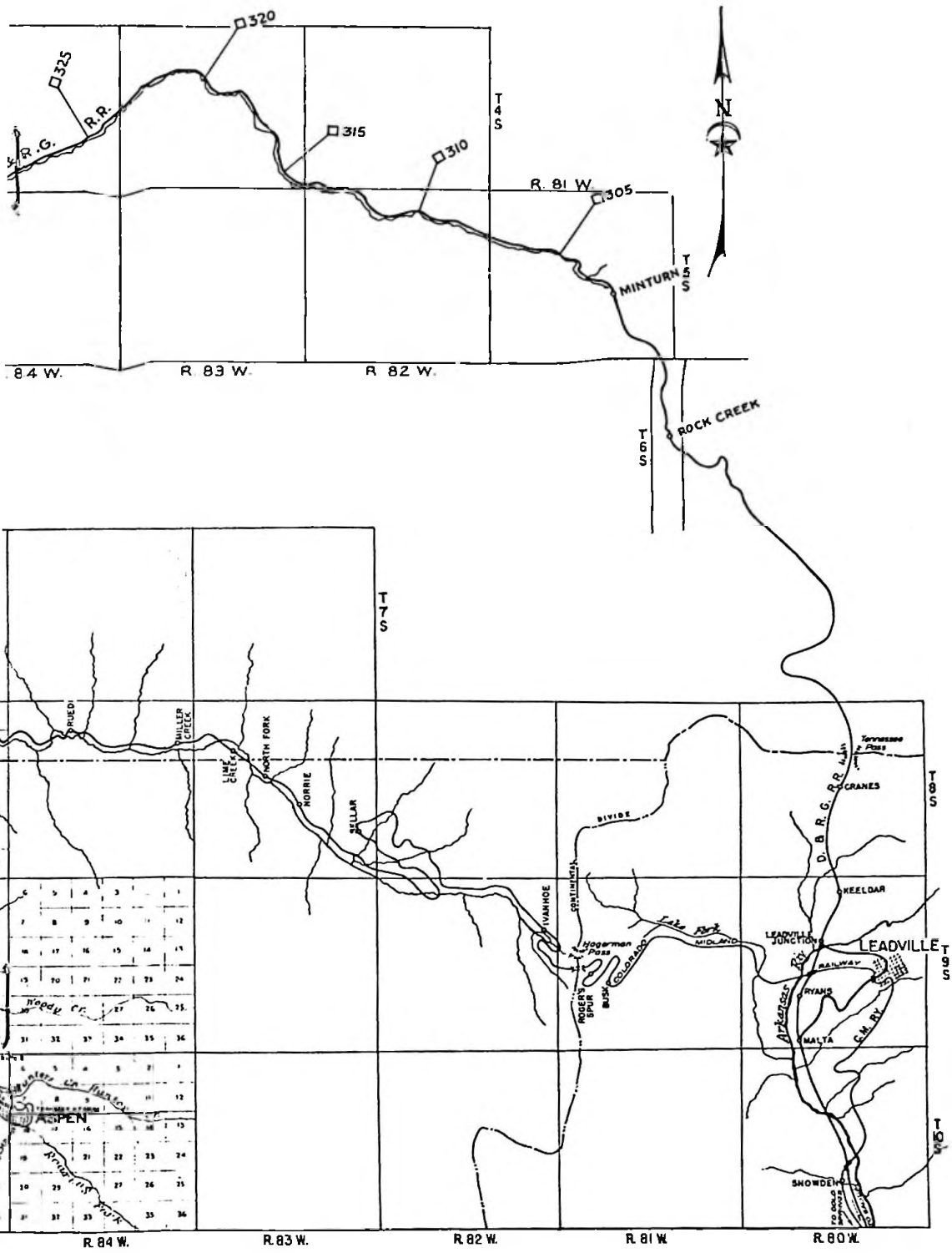
Have 12 loads of mdse to put on house track as I can get room. [W.H.]
Harrison Yardmaster [Glenwood Springs]



D. & R.G.R.R.
 ASPEN BRANCH
 Garfield, Eagle & Pitkin Counties
 COLORADO



Map, courtesy of D&RGW, represents combined efforts of its Chief Draftsman Keith Pec



k, Draftsman Clarence Froid, and Ed Haley, Rocky Mountain Railroad Club member.

GS 10/17/87 J A McM NS I could not find the gripsack referred to in your room this AM and Judge Gelder fails to find it in the house. He says that he thinks you had a hand valise with you the morning you left here last as he walked apiece with you from hotel. Are you sure you did not start out with it. W H M

GS 10/17/87 C F Z DC J. C. Carson claims car grain on road since Oct 5th from Denver. Shipped by Schroter & Haines. Locate and rush please. J R D 1140 AM

GS 10/17/87 Q L BY Our teams are out of oats at the front. Car 4057 at Gypsum is oats for Bond. (N. J. Bond, Glenwood merchant) Please have first train west bring it. J R D

GS 10/17/87 C. Wells End of track I sent you all the oats I had today. A car load will be in tonight for a merchant here and I will borrow half of it and send to you. A. T. Clark 307 PM

GS 10/17/87 J. A. McMurtrie End of track Have sent 12 cars steel and 43 cars ties to Cattle Creek today. Will ascertain when eng 62 returns what material there is at Cattle Creek and let you know. We expect 30 cars ties and 20 cars steel tonight. Will deliver early in AM. W. H. Marshall

GS 10/17/87 Henery Kupe Gypsum Sec Foreman Take you men in AM the first thing and load household goods for Mrs. Kelker do not fail to do as requested. J. Cornell 6 PM [Ass't. roadmaster, Leadville]

GS 10/17/87 C F Z DC W. H. Harrison our yardmaster here has a lot of goods at Denver with B&M, UP or Santa Fe. Please forward here at half rate if you will. I hold Bill lading. J R D

GS 10/17/87 J A McM NS At what time tomorrow would it be safe to run a train of ties up to the front with two engines. What time will you have the boarding train moved. Please arrange the time for taking the big train of ties up. W. H. Marshall

GS 10/17/87 J A McM NS We now have 30 cars of ties and 12 cars of steel also one car of coal at Cattle Creek tonight. Will send out 15 cars of steel in AM and about 38 cars of ties tomorrow before noon. Mr. Chapman has 3 cars of bridge span material and 5 cars of water service outfit now at Cattle Creek. Will you please arrange to have engine 403 take them up when Mr. Chapman is ready to have them moved to the front. W. H. Marshall

GS 10/18/87 J A McM NS Will send a big train of material up to Section 15 before noon today. I found your hand valise and will send it up on same train. W H M

GS 10/18/87 R A H DC Will you please arrange to have wire & cross arms now at Gypsum loaded & shipped to siding on Section 18 about 3 miles above Carbondale. They will have to be loaded by section men. C. A. Parker

GS 10/18/87 J R C End of track I loaded and sent forward all of your order except oats which Carson Stage Co. will furnish at Carbondale. I had only a few 18 in bolts so I sent 16 inch. Am out of bolts have only about 200 on hand. Shall I wire for some and what lengths. A . T. Clark 1PM

GS 10/18/87 J R C End track A carload of oats for Carson Stage Co. went ford to Carbondale this AM. They will take out about 1000 lbs and the

balance they loan to us. Take out what you want and the balance is for Ballard and Wells. A. T. Clark 1 PM

GS 10/18/87 Agent GP The oats for N. J. Bond are in car No. 3655. Car has end busted in. J R D 112 PM

GS 10/18/87 J A McM NS I have not heard that business would be opened up at Satank until ready at Aspen but I will now arrange for the material to put in the two sidings there and have the work done soon as possible. W H M 330 PM

GS 10/18/87 J A McM NS I have just left 20 loads of steel 18 loads of ties one load of oats and one load of bridge material on spur at Section 15. Will have 43 loads of ties and one load of switch material on Cattle Creek siding for you by 6 o'clock this PM. Will send 13 more loads of steel to Cattle Creek in AM also more ties. W H M 330 PM

GS 10/18/87 Q L Leadville We will need 2d class ties and 30 lb rail with joints for 4000 feet of sidings at Carbondale. We should get at those sidings soon as possible in order to have them ready. W H M

GS 10/18/87 E. J. Seeley Burnham Twenty five loads of steel on hand at noon today. McM says he will want 20 loads tomorrow. A. T. Clark

GS 10/18/87 J A McM NS Mr. Chapman wires me to send his 5 cars of Water Service outfit to the front. Will you kindly arrange to have engine 403 take them up to the front this PM. W H M 4PM

GS 10/18/87 J A McM NS I will try and send a double header up to Section 15 with ties steel & coal in AM. Should arrive there between 9 & 10 o'clock. W H M 815 PM

GS 10/18/87 D. Lowry End of track [Foreman, water service gang] Send Foley and two men with tongs to take down small tank at Grouse Creek and load it and pipe on first train in AM. A G H 815 PM

GS 10/19/87 E J S Burnham The iron car came in last night freight and went forward to end of track this morning. A. T. Clark

GS 10/19/87 J. A. McMurtrie NS We have no tent stoves on hand here. F. P. King 455 PM

GS 10/20/87 C F Z DC I have failed to see Mr. Hewett. Saw E. P. Black yesterday and put him on the track. When I get things straightened out will get round among all of them. J R D

Leadville 10/20/87 Harrison GS What delayed 46 this AM want to get them out on time every morning if possible. Q L

GS 10/20/87 Q L Leadville Delay to 46 caused by trimming the steel that came in on 45 and the extra. My men were out before six o'clock and there was only one hosler to handle 5 engines. So they had to wait until after breakfast to get the trains out of the way so we could get at the empties. Harrison

GS 10/20/87 A. G. Holland NS Have just found car with pump & boiler too late to send to front this AM. Will send them up after dinner along with the tank. W H M

This apparently refers to the car to be loaded by Conductor Singleton at Shoshone on October 13th, almost a week previously.

GS 10/20/87 J A McM NS Have sent up to Section 15 this AM 15 cars of steel & 19 cars of ties. Will send another train of ties this PM also one pump boiler & tank for Holland. W H M

GS 10/20/87 J A McM End track Will send carload of oats to front this PM for Wells. If Chapman wants any of it they can report to me the amount he gets and I will replace it to Wells out of next load. A. T. Clark

GS 10/20/87 F R R BY Want eng 32 Kenney to work from Glenwood west in Coombs place. Coombs will take eng 248 with a train in AM and report to McMurtrie. Will use eng 32 and what other power we have here in yard to work material to front. Do not think will want Regnier anymore only to work empties east. Q L

GS 10/20/87 E. J. Secley Burnham I finished counting ties at east end of Tunnel and find there are 28000 this evening. A. T. Clark

GS 10/20/87 C F Z DC All the old freight has come in and been delivered. Everyone satisfied. Delivered sixteen carloads today. J R D

GS 10/20/87 Q L Leadville We have tonight 94 cars of ties and 18 cars of steel between here and the front. We have sent the little pump and boiler to the front. Will take men and material up to Carbondale in AM to put in the side tracks there. W H M 535 PM

GS 10/20/87 Q Lamplugh Leadville I cannot spare 1 bunk car with out cutting down my force. I have only 3 sleeping cars and 41 men I cannot put them in 2 cars. C. Sullivan

GS 10/21/87 C. Tucker DC [Freight Claim Agent, Denver] H. Wildman DC [Traffic Department, Denver] Over from Car 4759 Denver W/B (way-bill) 39582 October 15 three pair shafts one crate wheels two bundles wheels two foot boards two seats one sack harness and one dog cart. J R D

GS 10/21/87 J. H. Waters Aspen [Express Agent] Please say to C. S. Brown Singers Agent that machines are here and that I can forward them by freighter. J R D

Origin not shown 10/21/87 Q L & J R D GS Mr. DeRemers telegraph recd this morning. If we can do so without interfering with our track laying we run our passenger trains up to Emma to be transferred to and from the stage at that point commencing on Monday next (Oct. 24th) instead of Satank as shown on timetable 52. R E R

GS 10/21/87 R E R Your message as to running passenger trains to Emma at hand. Will arrange to run 43 through to Emma without interfering with our track work. Mr. Marshall is putting in Carbondale siding today will be there all day tomorrow. Will see him and have him put in siding at Emma on Sunday so we can run passenger train there Monday PM. We better have them lay over at Emma for the night. Will I move the box car I fitted

up for station at Carbondale to Emma. Will go up with Mr. Marshall in AM and look things over. Q L

GS 10/21/87 J A McM End of track I loaded and sent to front 4 pc 7x8x20 14 pc 6x16x16 and 2 kegs nails for JRC. On same car I loaded everything in nature of plank for road crossings that I could get my hands on. A. T. Clark

GS 10/21/87 J. W. Miller Canon [Supt. Bridge & Building yard, Canon City] How soon can you ship the 12 by 12 redwood tub complete with hoops. Can you ship a turntable to Aspen next Thursday. Iron work is at Pueblo. Want for Aspen a 48 foot span skew to right and two square sixty fours. How soon can you ship. We go in on false works. Ans. J R C

GS 10/21/87 R E R on Spl Alamosa Please advise me about that big trestle to Johnson mine. Have a 52 foot span ready at Canon. Presume a turntable must go to Aspen first thing. Can you arrange to give me a light engine for a bridge work train on this branch at once. Want to get cattle guards and other work done before ground freezes and with no places to board men dont see how it can be done. J R C 817 PM

GS 10/21/87 J A McM NS We have about 70 loads of ties between here and section 15 and will have 20 cars of steel for you in AM. Should reach section 18 about 10 oclock with steel and ties. W H M 917 PM

(Wire message) 45 Delayed 30 mins at Keeldar a/c brass being turned
 30 mins doubling to 10 Pass (Tenn. Pass)
 6 hr a/c having eng 25 off at Hubbles
 30 min at Redcliff getting supper
 45 handled 33 loads.
 Field (train conductor) 10/21/87

Denver 10/21/87 J. R. Chapman copy to Q. Lamplugh GS What arrangements have you made for water supply above Glenwood at what points. Complaint is made that track work is delayed by engs runnings short of water. Please do what you can to remedy the difficulty as promptly as possible. Answer. R E R

GS 10/22/87 R E R on Spl Have the most portable kind of a water outfit with the engine at the front but for six miles we were way off from the river. It was moved to bridge number two last night and another set up at 18 mile siding for material trains. Dont see how we can do any better for him. J R C

Canon 10/22/87 J R C GS If we get the iron in time we can ship the turntable by next Thursday. If we get the hoops we can ship the tub by next Saturday. We can give you one 64 and the 48 skew as soon as we can frame new decks, & the other 64 in three weeks. J W M(iller)

Canon 10/22/87 J R C GS The end rods for 128 ft span went forward today on car 2078 loaded with steel for end of track. J W M

GS 10/22/87 C. Y. Butler Aspen [engaged in roadbed grading] Grade good wagon road approaches at Murphys old camp on each side of river and clean

the river from rock so that teams can cross. Will have to cross teams there as soon as track reaches that point. F. P. King

GS 10/22/87 W. H. Allendar End of track [engaged in track construction] Important letter to you today. Clark will send you to the bridge tomorrow 20 sax oats 25 bales of hay look out for it. J R C 245 PM

Glenwood Yard Oct 22d 700 PM Q L Leadville

We have in the yard

24 loaded box cars	4 loads carpenters outfit
1 loaded refrigerator	2 loads of steel
3 loads lumber	23 loads ties
4 loads coal	21 Empty straight flats
3 loads switch fixtures	2 Empty box cars
1 Empty coal	
6 Empty flat on repair track for repairs	
1 Empty box car for office at Carbondale	

Harrison Yardmaster 820 PM

GS 10/23/87 J A McM End of track I loaded and sent to front this morning in car 2301 fifty sx oats and 25 bales hay. Thirty sacks of the oats are for Ballard & Wells the balance of oats & 25 bales hay is for W. H. Allender. A. T. Clark

GS 10/23/87 Agent GP Mr. Kelker thinks he left his time book in his house opposite depot. Please go over and get in by opening the back window and see if you can find it. J R D

Buena Vista 10/23/87 J R D GS How long can I have the 10 dollars per month would not want to move for a short time. H B[utler, Buena Vista Agent]

GS 10/25/87 H. Butler Buena Vista You can have the house till I sell for what it is worth, or need it myself. In either event, I do not think you would move soon. As long as you look after the property your rent will not be any more no matter what demand houses may be in. J R D 1007 PM

GS 10/23/87 R E R Track in fair condition between Glenwood and Satank. Not very good between Satank & Emma but think trains can safely make 18 miles an hour. Will have side track & box car for office at Emma tomorrow by noon. We are fitting up a car at Leadville for Satank will be brought over on 43 tomorrow. Q L

GS 10/23/87 J H D MX You had best take caboose stove out of combination car. If this will not do take one from some other car to fit up box car as it must go out on 43 tomorrow sure. Q L

GS 10/23/87 Harry Black Boarding Car End track Mr. Clark said you had two wagon sheets belonging to the Co. Wont you send them down in train today need them badly. C. A. King 1045 AM

GS 10/23/87 E. J. Seeley Burnham The new steel reached out eleven and one half miles from Glenwood. A. T. Clark

GS 10/23/87 J A McM I had Mr. Marshall for authority when I telegraphed you about the 18 loads of steel & he thought they were at 15 or 18. A. T. Clark

GS 10/23/87 R. E. Ricker Denver Bridge was lengthened near Aspen because we could not get material to make the bank, the men hauling material about 1500 feet and it was costing about sixty cents a yard. It was lengthened 100 feet about a month ago and 64 feet more about 10 days ago for the reason that I stated and Bridge Dept. notified. No intention to hinder either the Bridge Dept or the track laying it was simply because I run short of material and it would cost at least twice as much to fill it in. F. P. King

GS 10/24/87 Mrs. J. R. DeRemer Buena Vista Write you tonight. Pack all the small things nicely. I will get home as soon as possible about last of week. Call on Mr. Butler for all the money you need. J R D

GS 10/24/87 H. Butler BV Please give Mrs. DeRemer what money she needs and expense me. J R D 745PM

GS 10/24/87 J. K. Hezmalhoch c/o C. F. Zimmerman DC Please get my boots from J. G. Jenkins 810 16th St and send by express to Glenwood tonight & oblige. E. P. Black

GS 10/25/87 R. R. Ripley Burnham Every thing is high here board at hotel is \$3.00 per day. Rooms cost about 20 dollars per month day board one dollar per day. Baths cost 25c each except at the free bath house. F L R 1007PM

GS 10/25/87 J. R. Chapman End of track I loaded a car of stringers & 15 pc 12x12 all there were of them will send them to front on first train in AM. Do you want more heavy timber if so I will arrange to have some loaded at Gypsum soon as possible. A. T. Clark 1025 PM

GS 10/25/87 R R R Burnham Please trace by wire for those tank staves. E J S 1007 PM

GS 10 25 87 Van DN Please say to 651 "We stay here tonight & start for home tomorrow expect to reach there Thursday morning. All well and having a nice time." R. E. Ricker 1007 PM

GS 10/25/87 Q L BY Please arrange for Genl Supts Spl to leave here at 745 AM. Will run to Leadville thence to Salida. Silvermail [train conductor]

GS 10/26/87 F R R BY Please send us helping engine to Minturn. Silvermail

GS 10/25/87 J. B. McCormack DC [Superintendent Car Service, Denver] Please wire me at once movements of car 2426 that left Leadville for Glenwood Oct 11th. J R D 1235 PM

GS 10/25/87 S M B Q [S. M. Brown, Leadville agent] What day and train did car 2426 leave Leadville. Prompt please. J R D 1235 PM

GS 10/25/87 C F Z DC Wines and Liquors for Wm. Gelder and Jon Love, Leadville waybill 16126 October 10th and Beer Wines Whisky for Scott &

Swift Beck & Bunte and Hawley and R, Leadville waybill 16127 October 10th not here yet. This is awful bad service. They were loaded in car 2426 and left Leadville on train 45 October 11th. Please see McCormack and get run of this car. J R D 320 PM

GS 10/26/87 R E R GP Car 2426 containing freight for Glenwood has been at Gypsum since Oct 11th. Consignees complaining at seemingly unnecessary delay. Please see that it comes forward. J R D 1043 AM

GP 10/26/87 J R D GS Will have section men unload the Gypsum freight out of car 2426 and send it out on first train. R E R

DC 10/27/87 J R D GS Car 2426 went to Gypsum October 11 have you recd this car. J. B. McCormack

GS 10/27/87 J B M DC Car 2426 arrived here Oct 26th. J R D 1055 AM

GS 10/26/87 S. T. Smith Denver [General Manager, Denver] Track will be finished into Aspen Thursday afternoon [Oct. 27, 1887] I think. Have all the materials at Satank and above necessary to complete the track except one mile of steel which is on the way to Glenwood. Wont have to wait for anything. Chapman will have the last bridge out of the way tonight. He is at Aspen. I have arranged to put four surfacing gangs on the track as soon as the track laying is finished. Some portions of the road is very rough. Very good track as far as Satank. R. E. Ricker 1125 AM

GS 10/26/87 C F Z DC Please issue free rate on small lot HH Goods Denver to Glenwood for C. P. Zoellner, my Chief Clerk. J R D 123 PM

GS 10/26/87 Q L BY Dr. Cockrell asks for transportation for Mr. Chinn & nurse Glenwood to Leadville. Mr. Chinn is Midland engineer they are on 44. J R D 143 PM

GS 10/26/87 C. Sullivan Conductor Engine No. 14 Please let Conductor Keeney have enough men this PM to load up the pile driver now at Cattle Creek so it can go to the front tonight or early in AM. W H M 210 PM

GS 10/26/87 Conductor Keeney on Engine 30 Carbondale Please arrange to get men enough of Sullivan to load the pile driver at Cattle Creek as Mr. Chapman wants it taken to the front in AM. W. H. Marshall 210 PM

GS 10/26/87 G. W. Kramer DC [Manager of Express, Denver] I am going back to Emma and will be there tonight. See Mr. Murphy and tell him that Shuckhart says he cannot run both Satank and Emma, and let him wire me what he wants done. I will go to Gypsum tomorrow evening. J. L. Duckworth 250 PM

GS 10/26/87 Q L BY What kind of cattle has Exa West? If Texas it will not do to uncar them at night. J R D

GS 10/26/87 Q L BY Are you sure its stock or ties that Extra has? If they are ties we will stay up and unload them. J R D

GS 10/26/87 Q L BY I have thirteen cars of the Carbondale and Aspen freight ready. Will you please move these forward? It will help us out here. J R D 1040 PM

GS 10/26/87 S. K. Hooper DC Carsons stages run between Emma & Aspen connect with trains 43 & 44. J R D 1040 PM

GS 10/26/87 J A McM NS No steel here and train 45 is abandoned. Expect 8 cars of steel in on an extra but it wont get here before midnight. Will send it up to Section 24 as early in AM as possible. How much steel have you on hand for the morning. Please ans. W H M

GS 10/26/87 Q L Leadville Alright. Will send the steel up to section 24 soon as we can get it trimmed after it arrives here. W H M

GS 10/26/87 S. T. Smith Denver Mr. King and Mr. Morton have finished the examination of the Carbondale branch and will report on the same within the next two or three days. The weather is cool and pleasant. Was in Aspen yesterday everything in good shape there. We start east this morning. R. E. Ricker 1200 M

GS 10/27/87 J A McM NS Will send 8 more loads of steel to section 24 this AM. W H M 1006 AM

GS 10/27/87 A. S. Hughes DC [Traffic Manager, Denver] Yes sir. the place is the one recommended by Mr. Nuckolls for permanent yards. He has scales in yard, or correll of his own. We only want small yard, with chute for loading near his correl. Yes sir I certainly think it would justify company to go to the expense necessary. Mr. Nuckolls is now waiting for yards before shipping hogs. Mr. Russey will have five BG cars cattle to ship inside of two weeks if we can load them. E. P. Black 317 PM

GS 10/27/87 J A McM NS Will you please arrange to send one of your engines down to Emma tomorrow AM about 9 oclock with your empties and connect with an engine from here that will go up to Emma with coal and some material for Aspen. Myself and Mr. Rouse will go up also. Please answer. W H M 550 PM

GS 10/27/87 Q Lamplough Leadville Can I have section men at Gypsum load three or four loads of lumber for me tomorrow if so I will send a man to fill order on 46 tomorrow morning. Please answer. J. R. C. is bringing me up and I have no men to do the work. A. T. Clark 1005 PM

GS 10/27/87 Q L Leadville Please ship me about two more carloads of 30 lbs rails & joints for same also 18 or 20 carloads of 2nd class ties for Aspen yard and other sidings as Col Ricker wants all the sidings laid with 2nd class ties & 30 lb rails. W H M 1005 PM

GS 10/27/87 J. R. Chapman Aspen Will take the four outfit cars from here this AM and pile driver from Cattle Creek to spur on Section 24 this AM. W H M 1155 PM

And there, the day that track construction was completed into Aspen, and six days short of the time the line was officially opened for business, the file of wires covering the daily business terminates. Thus, we are unable to participate in the excitement that must have attended the arrival in Aspen

of 24 loaded narrow-gauge passenger cars brought there on four special trains the evening of November 1st, 1887, to celebrate the occasion.

On the other hand, perhaps we can reflect on their feelings of exultation that certainly must have been induced by this climax to the efforts of General Superintendent Ricker, Construction Contractor McMurtrie, Asst. Supt. Lamplugh, and the others we have come to know, in achieving the long sought goal ahead of the contending Colorado Midland. The latter's first train reached Aspen three months later—on February 4, 1888—although rail laying into Basalt, 18 miles downstream, had been completed on November 5th, 1887, four days after the Aspen celebration for the Rio Grande.

The Midland's main line continued on down the valley of the Roaring Fork, reaching West Glenwood on December 9th, then was extended through the canon along the Grand (Colorado) River to the west, into an area where the Rio Grande had not yet been able to build trackage! Very likely both companies were somewhat exhausted, both financially and physically, from the strenuous and costly race just completed, for the pace of construction was markedly slower.

Ten months were consumed by the Midland in reaching New Castle, Colorado, only twelve miles west of Glenwood—quite in contrast with its previous construction from Hagerman Tunnel to Basalt—a total of approximately 45 miles through much more difficult country—in seven weeks, or with the Rio Grande's construction of the 41 miles Glenwood to Aspen in 22 days the preceding fall:

GS 10/17/1888 G. W. Kramer, Manager, Denver [Manager of Express]
Carsons stage withdrawn today. Midland through to Newcastle. W. G. Smith
340 PM

It was not until the spring of 1889 that new construction was undertaken by the Rio Grande. In the interim, effort was devoted to improving the line between Minturn and Aspen, and to replacing a number of officials whose resignations or transfers took effect early in 1888. Col. Ricker resigned his post as General Superintendent and Chief Engineer, being supplanted by R. E. Briggs in the Chief Engineer's post in January. Quimby Lamplugh was transferred to the Denver shops as Master Mechanic January 7th, 1888, his former responsibilities being assumed by C. B. Patrick as Superintendent, and Alex. Struthers as Master Mechanic, both headquarter-

ed Leadville. J. R. Chapman, Superintendent Bridges and Buildings, resigned February 29th, 1888, while E. J. Seeley, Chief Storekeeper, left the service June 15th of the same year.

The new men were subjected to the difficulties of operating a new line, receiving their baptisms of fire in numerous ways:

GS 6/29/1888 C B P & A S [Patrick and Struthers, Leadville] Engine 62 run into a rock slide about five miles east of Glenwood and is in helpless condition. The slide is about thirty feet wide. Do not think engine is injured badly. Three pair of drivers are off the track. Will require engine and gang of men to put her on track and clear the slide. Thompson

Denver 10/19/1888 C B P Leadville Mr. Wolcott reaches Leadville on Midland today. Please arrange to let him have 2nd Divn business car and eng and run him spl Leadville to Glenwood Springs. Ans. S. T. Smith 235 PM

GS 10/26/1888 S. T. Smith Denver Man working in rock gang just east of Aspen fell off bluff and died from injuries this PM. Not yet ascertained his name. Reports by mail soon as possible. Have instructed Morehouse to arrange his burial. C B P 830 PM

GS 10/26/1888 D. Morehouse Aspen Make arrangements for that mans burial. What is his name. Has he any friends in this neighborhood. Expense of funeral should not exceed \$45. Ans at Glenwood. J. Sweeney 750 PM

Notwithstanding such adversities, or perhaps because of them, Superintendent Patrick seemed securely ensconced in his position by the following April, when grading was completed and track laying on the extension westward from Glenwood Springs to New Castle and Rifle Creek was started under his direction.

The same frantic wires went back and forth as Glenwood Springs sent appeals to Denver, Salida and other points for rail, laborers, materials, bunk and dining cars to be rushed to the "front" as the rush went on that spring to complete the extension to New Castle. At one time the workmen threatened to quit unless the dining and bunk cars arrived in 24 hours. It was raining at the time. Rail, too, had to be rushed to avoid laying off track layers. At another time a section hand, Nate Young, contracted small pox and had to be sent to the "pest house."

At the same time the extension to New Castle was underway, work was beginning on the 36-mile narrow gauge branch from Sapinero to Lake City. Steel intended for this branch had to be diverted to the New Castle extension because of the urgency.

As this extension neared New Castle, trouble began with the developer of an addition to the town as witnessed by these wires:

GS 4/18/1889 Wolcott and Vaile Denver Spencer owner of addition to Town of New Castle says he will enjoin us if we do not settle. We take about forty lots and he wants twenty five hundred dollars. King says we should settle at once. A.M. Stevenson 510 PM

GS 4/18/1889 Wolcott and Vaile Denver I personally write this. Cannot say that Spencer should have twenty five hundred as I know but little about the value of the property taken. If you wish me to make settlement personally I will go to New Castle tomorrow, look over the ground and do the best I can. A.M. Stevenson 655 PM

Edward O. Wolcott and Joel F. Vaile were the Rio Grande's legal counsel in Denver and Stevenson was the company's attorney at Glenwood. In the fall of 1888, Wolcott was elected U.S. Senator from Colorado, but continued to serve as general counsel, and later as a director of the railroad during his two terms as senator.

Towards the end of April, 1889, pressure to complete the track into New Castle slackened and three bunk cars and one dining car were sent to Salida for work elsewhere on the system, probably for construction of the branch to Lake City. The extension to New Castle actually was completed June 15, 1889, about a month and a half later.

And so the Rio Grande had gone to Aspen and beyond, and we have witnessed the processes of building and operating a bit of narrow-gauge railroad, overcoming numerous obstacles, and carrying out the physical execution of strategy determined at a higher level. In the light of present day technologies in communications, industrial psychology, and employee relations, the successful achievement of these efforts with somewhat primitive equipment 80 years ago is all the more remarkable.

GLOSSARY OF TELEGRAPH STATION CALL LETTERS

BV Buena Vista Station	GP Gypsum Station
BY Leadville Dispatcher	GS Glenwood Springs Station
DC Denver General Office	MX Leadville Superintendent's Office
DN Denver Union Depot	NS Aspen Station
G Glenwood Springs Western Union	Q Leadville Station
	RC Red Cliff Station
	SB Pueblo Station



Westerner's Bookshelf



THE BIG SPENDERS by Lucius Beebe. Garden City: Doubleday & Co. 1966. \$6.95.

Lucius Beebe is a delight to read but dangerous to believe.

This statement is as true of the current posthumous book as it was of his twenty-eight other histories.

Since *The Big Spenders* has been on best-seller lists for months and since the book is only in small part about Westerners, perhaps the reader will pardon a personal memoir, rather than a formal review. The book, as a whole, is concerned with Whitneys, Morgans, Astors, Vanderbilts, Hearsts, and the like, with side forays for such characters as Bet-A-Million Gates and James Gordon Bennett—all of it in Lucius' inimitable style—convoluted, baroque, malicious, and terribly witty.

Two chapters, "Golden Times, Golden Gate" and "Good Times in the Money Mountains," are about California and Colorado 'magnificoes' (to use Lucius' term), and "Misfortune's Darling" is about Evalyn Walsh McLean, born and brought up in Colorado. They, along with the rest of the volume, are superbly entertaining.

If you are a historian, *caveat emptor*. The simple truth was just not in Lucius—it got in the way of a good story or of the particular mood that he was indulging at the moment. A case in point was the party that Evalyn Walsh McLean gave at the Brown Palace Hotel in Denver in July, 1937, on a Sunday after the opening night of the Play Festival in Central City, Colorado. Lucius had been my house guest in Central City, and I introduced him to Evalyn at the

Teller House. (He did not escort her to the theater, which he claims in *The Big Spenders*.) They liked each other immensely and later became great friends. On the spur of the moment around Sunday noon, having brunch in Central City, Evalyn decided to have a party at the Brown and asked me and my co-hostess to bring our whole house party.

Lucius wrote the party up for his column in the *New York Herald-Tribune*, and it appeared the following Sunday. When he published his autobiography, *Snoot If You Must*, he had another write-up. By then, the party had become truly glamorous with some delightful embellishments straight out of fairyland. Now it appears again in *The Big Spenders*, and what has happened?

The guest list has become "the now greying and stooped companions of her girlhood." Actually, the guest list was almost completely of people in their thirties with the exception of six or eight adolescents.

One account in the book is remarkably accurate. It is taken wholesale from my biography of "The Unsinkable Molly Brown." Naturally, no credit is given. However, one flamboyant untruth is dutifully credited to Gene Fowler, another egregious prevaricator.

No doubt those two tellers of tall tales and imbibers of Niagaras of alcoholic beverages are now together in whatever vale they have found to inhabit and each, with a glass in his hand, is damning such a pedestrain literalist as CM Caroline Bancroft (*From #4, Vol. 13 of the 1966 New York Westerners*.)

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

CM George G. Everett wrote a letter of appreciation for the fine review of his book "The Calvacade of Railroads in Central Colorado" by fellow CM Edmund W. Carr. However, the review suggested that part six of the book, "The Great Pueblo Flood," could have been eliminated "as it has little of anything connecting it to the theme of railroad history." Everett's letter stated: "The Pueblo Flood . . . was a very important event as considerable of the railroad was washed out between Salida and Canon City. Many people were stranded at Salida and finally were transferred over the narrow gauge to Alamosa and thence to Pueblo, where tracks and bridges were washed out." Not mentioned by Everett in his letter was the book published by the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club in 1956 about the Pueblo Flood titled, "The Case of Train Number 3," by the late Arthur O. Ridgway, assistant chief engineer of the present D&RG railroad at the time of the flood.

. . .

PMs Francis B. Rizzari and Robert L. Brown would like to bury and lay to rest the story of Colorado's "lost city" which keeps popping up, most recently in an American Legion publication. It seems to have originated in a brochure once published by an insurance company. The lost city bears some resemblance to Brownsville, one mile above Silver Plume, which was buried by a mud slide.

The discredited story describes the old mining town as isolated by surrounding mountain peaks with only one gap through which a "rushing river

flowed." This river supposedly flooded the town which now reposes at the bottom of a lake variously called Green Lake or Clear lake in the Silver Plume area. At the bottom of this fictitious lake can be seen houses, church steeples, and a locomotive and a train of freight cars.

Rizzari and Brown point out that there is no record of a town at the location, that both Green and Clear lakes are natural lakes that were noted by William H. Jackson in 1873, (before the non-existent town supposedly existed) and there never was a railroad in this valley. They conclude that the legend of Colorado's "lost city" has no basis in fact.

. . .

CM Marshall Sprague, whose most recent book, "A Gallery of Dudes" is selling like hot cakes, has been commissioned by Time-Life, Inc. to write one in a series of histories of various U. S. Regions. What region? The Rocky Mountain States, naturally.—PM J. J. Lipsey

. . .

PM John J. Lipsey is one of the judges appointed by the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Foundation of Tulsa, Okla., to pick the best non-fiction book about the American West which was published in 1966.

. . .

PM William Kostka, Editor of The Roundup, appeared on Bill Barker's Wayward Barker Show, KOA, on Friday, Feb. 24 and on Bill Wright's "Voice of Youth" program on KLZ-TV on Sunday, March 12. PM J. J. Lipsey.

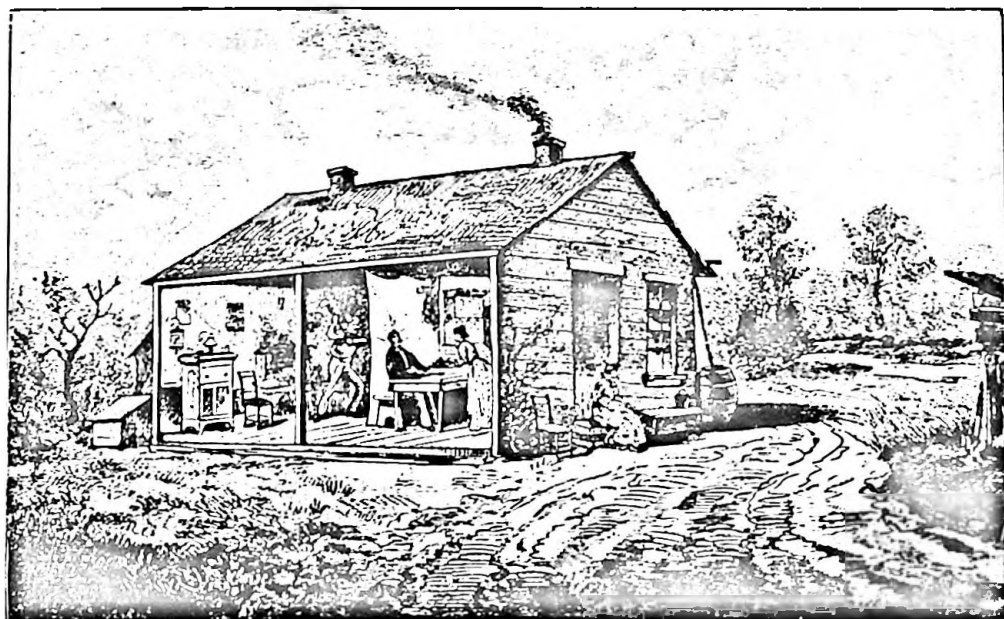
The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

MAY
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Leadville's Tabar Opera House
by Rene Coquoz CM



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Col. Tripplett's book. See "The Infamous Benders of Kansas."

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Don Bloch, author of "The Infamous Benders of Kansas" and former editor of the *Brand Book* and of the monthly *ROUNDUP*, has had a long career as a newspaperman, teacher of English and journalism, and collector and seller of rare books. Born in Evansville, Ind., he attended Bradley University in Peoria, Ill., George Washington University Law School, and Northwestern University. He came to Denver in 1944 as an information specialist for the U.S. Forest Service. Since 1953 he has dealt in rare and recent books as owner of two Collectors' Centers, one in Denver and one in Central City, Colo.

Rene L. Coquoz, writer of two articles in this issue, has lived in Leadville all his life, except for 10 years in Denver. He has written several historical booklets, served on Leadville's city council, is a director of its historical association, and has written newspaper articles.

The editor of the *Roundup* appreciates these articles and would welcome more from others.

FUTURE MEETINGS

May 24, 1967

James Davis will review the Ku Klux Klan in Denver with a few asides about Colorado Springs. Davis is a librarian in the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library. His biography of Countess Katrina Murat will appear in *Golden West* for July.

June 28, 1967

Dr. Harold Dunham, member of the Posse of the Denver Westerners and professor of history at the University of Denver, will speak on the subject: "The Four-fold Heritage of the New Mexico Archives."

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

The Infamous Benders of Kansas

By DON BLOCH PM

This is by way of a century-late contribution to the history of the "sin-cursed . . . infamous Bender family" of Labette (or La Bete) county in southeastern Kansas. The dates involved—the autumn of 1870 to May 5, 1873, when they completely disappeared.

The lurid whimseys of this bestial quartette have been many times told,² but they are still a classic in the annals of American multiple murderers. The present essay devotes itself, therefore, to the barest outlines of the whole, bizarre happenings on that bleak, frontier butcher shop. Rather, it aims to recall enough detail to fill in around a pair of chance-discovered photographs here reproduced for the first time anywhere.

Among the earliest chroniclers of the Benders—second, in fact, and first to put them in hardback—was Col. Frank Triplett.³ He opens his account on a note of outraged, moral revulsion:

"There are some crimes so gigantic and so terrible," he writes, "that it is with difficulty we can believe them the work of aught save demons. Humanity, one would think, would naturally shrink appalled from wholesale murder, when perpetrated for gain, and far more quickly from that more diabolical passion that kills merely to satiate a fiendish desire to witness death and suffering. How we are to regard those abnormal creatures, who revel in deeds of cruelty, lust and blood, is the greatest puzzle of the psychologist and lawmaker."⁴

There are more modern parallels to the activities of the Benders (which will be examined briefly in a moment). One will be reminded of that stalwart Hoosier, Belle Brynhilde Poulsatter Sorenson Guinness, who "did her own butchering on the farm," meanwhile maintaining her "private bone-yard" which yielded up 14 bodies by "fairly accurate census";⁵ the English necrophile and mass murderer, John Reginald Halliday Christie, whose wash house, wall-papered alcove, and gory garden revealed eight (of *his* "possibly" 14—"but I've forgotten how many") bodies;⁶ the recent sadistic pair of man(!) and wife (!!) in England who tortured and killed how many young people and buried them on the moors—possibly a dozen.

And, at this moment, we are shuddering at the current newspaper accounts under such New York *Times* headlines of Monday, March 27, as "One of Bodies in Mafia Grave Proves Mystery; Digging May Be Resumed"—and this private sanctuary is on a "12-acre plot . . . in Jackson Township, N. J.!"

But for sheer, senseless killings, the operations of the Benders seem without peer to this writer. Their choice of victims was wholly fortuitous, their murder technique was simple, crude, and direct: a hammer to the head. As Triplett writes:⁷ “. . . these fiends carried on for years a series of terrible murders, no doubt generally for the purpose of robbery, though from some of the corpses discovered—those of poor laborers and tramps—a few must have been committed in mere wantonness, and without adequate motive. (They) made murder a daily avocation and means of livelihood.”

There were four Benders: old John; his wife; a son, young John; and a girl, Kate. They were emigrants from Germany. Says Triplett, the only one to describe them physically,⁸ old John “was a repulsive, hideous-looking brute, without a redeeming trait. Dirty, profane, and ill-tempered . . .”; “his wife was a dirty old Dutch crone . . . her face had even a more fiendish look than did that of her husband . . .”; young John had a “face (which) indicated nothing save malicious cunning . . . a rather good-natured dolt . . . (but) when excited . . . the fierce malice of the hyena.”; the sister, Kate, had a “rather pleasant face . . . (but with) wild beast characteristics”, red hair, bright eyes, white skin, “her bust and limbs rather voluptuous, and beautifully rounded.” She was “it is said, the mistress of John.”

These four, then, comprised the actors in this macabre charade. They discouraged any intercourse with neighbors: “their only visitors were the people travelling the road” for whom they ostensibly “kept a house of entertainment . . . Their house⁹ was about half-way between Parsons, (on the east), and Cherryvale (on the west), and was a natural stopping place for travellers.”

It was truly a “stopping place”—the last one, in fact, for no one will ever know how many men, women, and at least one child: nine, says one conservative report; one “guesstimate” ran “that 104 persons had disappeared in the vicinity . . .”

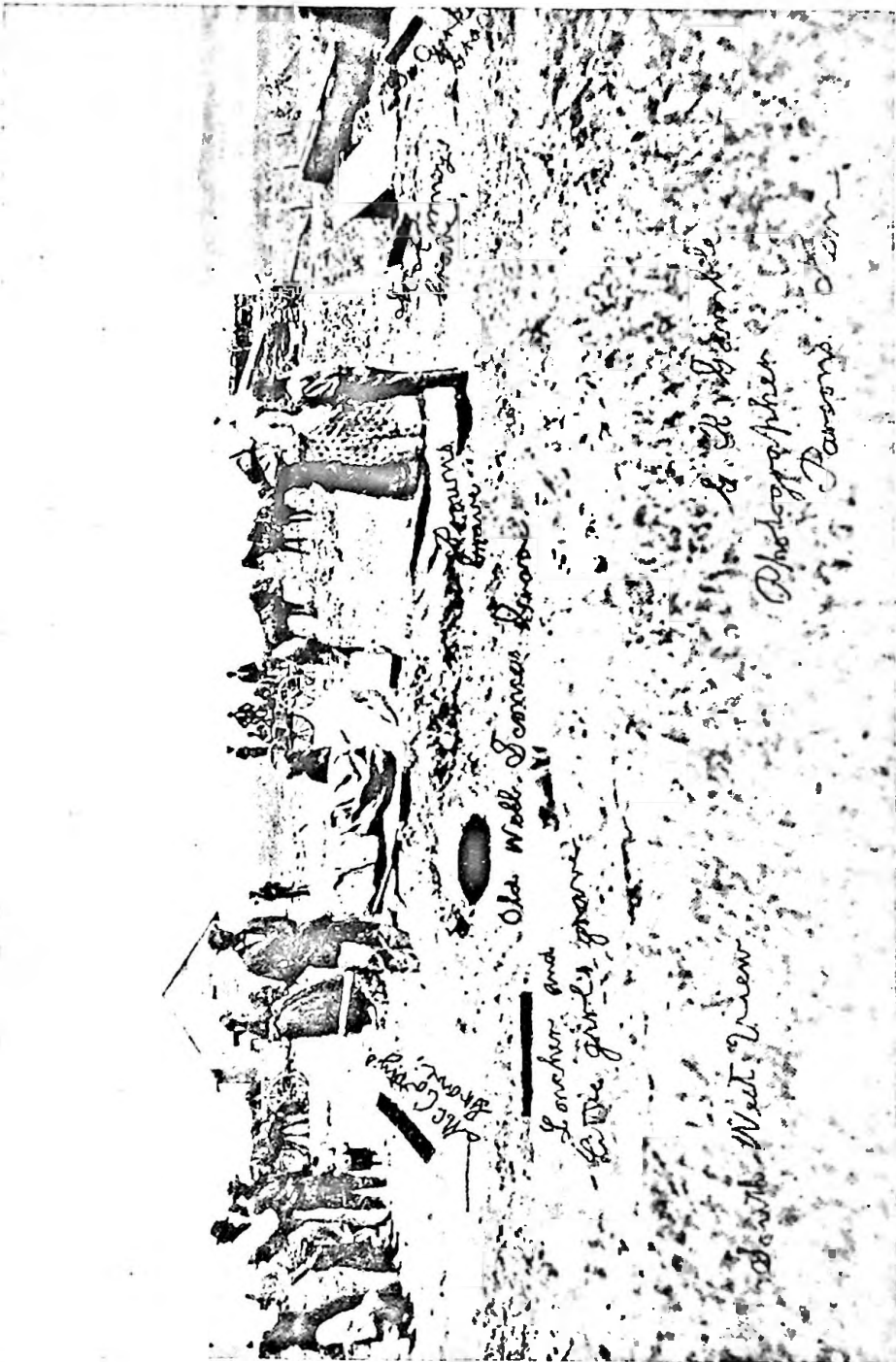
What happened in that charnel house to keep its noisome legends alive until 1926 at least?

Triplett thus describes the dwelling in the illustration:

It was a large room, about sixteen by twenty-six feet . . . divided into two compartments, the front room being slightly the smaller. This was used as a dining room and kitchen, being about ten feet by sixteen feet; the other was about sixteen feet by sixteen feet.

“In the bed-room was a trap-door, leading into a small cellar, and under the window was a small square hole leading into the cellar, and of barely sufficient size to admit the passage of a man's body.

“This arrangement was necessary to permit the murderers to remove the



Curious Kansas folk looking at places where bodies had been disinterred. Photographer's writing identifies victims' graves. (1873)
 Unpublished photo from the late Alvin F. Harlow

bodies of their victims from the cellar, they being pushed up through the small square opening under the window, on the outside, and dragged to the ploughed ground of the little orchard (to the rear), where they found convenient graves . . ."

Since the whole story and the aftermath¹⁰ are not intended here, let us get to the matter at hand. So, we refer to a later account, s.c., Alvin F. Harlow: "Were They the Benders?"¹¹

In this 1926 account he writes as follows, to supplement Triplett:

"The Bender house was just a square wooden box . . . but there was no division wall of wood or plaster between the 'rooms'—nothing but a row of posts set well apart, with a canvas 'wagon sheet'—that is, the cover of a covered wagon—stretched along them as a curtain. This tiny shack became at once a general store and wayside inn. The front room was the combined general store, dining room, and kitchen; the rear apartment was the common bedroom, where the whole family slept, and sometimes a wayfarer, too (with Kate, oftentimes, rumor hath it, for 'a slight increase in price').

"Try to fancy the congestion in these two rooms. As the traveler sat at the dinner table in a fog of rancid grease smoke, he had almost at his right elbow the stock of groceries—a few shelves of canned goods, some cheap coffee, flour, meal, sugar and salt—and at his left the cooking stove, with Mrs. Bender or Kate beside it, frying meat, brewing muddy coffee and baking soggly saleratus biscuit, which she had only to turn around to set before the diner . . ."

This was the simple set for the gruesome succession of murders that took place in the first three years of the 1870's. The props and *modus operandi*—which never varied for the victims—are accounted for by Harlow as follows:

"In the front room there was a table standing near the canvas partition. Back of the table was a bench upon which guests were seated while eating. There were no other seats, so they must perforce sit there with their backs against the canvas curtain. Here was where the victims were knocked off. Some member of the family—it was believed that the athletic Kate was frequently the executioner—guided by the shadow and the bulging of the curtain, struck the hapless guest on the head through the canvas with a heavy hammer. The body was then dragged into the back room, the pockets rifled, and if it were daytime, the corpse was dropped through (the) trap door into (the) small cellar, which was about six feet deep and wide, and had a low passage cut from it through the soil to the rear of the house. Through this passage the bodies were taken out at night and buried . . ."

Triplett¹² adds a *finis* to round out the sinister doings:

"Eleven bodies in all were found buried in the orchard. This was supposed to have been used as a burying place only for those victims murdered in the day time, and which had to be disposed of quickly. The others were carried to the river, and there the entrails were taken out and buried in the sand, the bodies filled with stones and sunk in the water. In the winter, a more summary mode of disposal was followed, a hole being cut in the ice and the corpse shoved under it. These facts were all ascertained in following up the trail found at the Bender homestead."

This is where your present writer leaves you. No, the Benders were never "delivered up". As with the recurring legends of the still-alive Billy the Kids, Jesse James'es, and even Butch Cassidy's, so—at least, Kate and "Young" John Bender—these choice characters continue to show up in a variety of locations. Harlow will furnish you with his research in this matter.

As a spin-off from some of his productions, Harlow sent me, from time to time, memorabilia in the form of already-used or never-used research materials. The one of two photographs here reproduced are one such item.

From a personal letter to me dated June 26, 1954, I quote the pertinent paragraph:¹³

"I have two old photographs taken at the Bender cabin, near Cherryvale, Kansas—in 1873, just two or three days after it was discovered that they had fled. You know all about the Benders, of course. If not, see that sterling work, *Murders Not Quite Solved*. These were made by a photographer at Parsons, some 10 miles distant, not a great photographer, and by the time he got his wet plates back to his dark room and developed them, they are not all that could be asked. They show a group of curious folk, men and women, from the neighborhood, for miles around, prowling about the cabin and near-by ground, looking at the places where several of the victims' bodies had been disinterred; the photographer has marked some of them with black rectangles. I am sending you these pictures herewith. They may have some curious interest for you, and somebody might even be fool enough to buy them. Or throw them away if you like . . . Yours ever, Alvin F. Harlow."

Notes and Bibliography

¹*Infra.* n.3

²In his *Six Guns and Saddle Leather*, Ramon Adams lists 18 separate references to the family. He omits one account I think particularly good, "The Hell Benders, or the Story of a Wayside Tavern", by Edmund Pearson, in his *Studies in Murder*.

³*History, Romance and Philosophy of Great American Crimes and Criminals*. N. Y. and St. Louis. 1884. Pp. 557-81. Adams notes only a "rare . . . crudely printed and illustrated" pamphlet previous to Triplett: *The five (sic) fiends; or, the Bender hotel horror in Kansas*. (Anon.) Phila. 1874. He later brands the account "wild" and "far-fetched" in his *Burs Under the Saddle*, p. 35.

⁴*Supra.*, p. 557: "The Bender Family. Chapter 1. The Bender Family Described."

⁵From Stewart H. Holbrook's "Belle of Indiana," in *Murder Out Yonder*.

⁷*Ten Rillington Place*. Ludovic Kennedy. N.Y. 1961.

⁸*Supra.*, p. 561. n. 3.

⁹*Ibid.*, p. 560. Triplett states that he "frequently passed . . . the home of the Benders while they were living there . . ." (p. 562).

¹⁰See illustration, "The Home of the Benders." Triplett, p. 563.

¹¹See any one of the accounts by Triplett, Pearson, those suggested by Adams (*ut supra*), or Harlow, *infra*.

¹²*Murders Not Quite Solved*. Julian Messner. N. Y. (1938) p. 141 ff. For the last quarter century of his life, historian Harlow and your writer carried on an intimate and lively correspondence. There was also a personal visit to him in New York in 1960. Harlow's final book (before his decease on Sunday, Nov. 7, 1963), *Brass Pounders* (Sage Books. Denver. [1962]), was dedicated to me, and his last letter—still in his typewriter when he died—was to me. His widow sent it to me, a prized and sad memento of a great friend.

¹³*Ut supra.*, p. 570.

¹⁴Reference is to photographs never used as illustrations to the book.

Roundup Flickers

A group has been formed to seek tax deductible contributions to aid in the defense of Dr. Sylvester K. Stevens, author of the book, "Pennsylvania: Birthplace of a Nation." Helen Clay Frick, daughter of Pittsburgh steel magnate Henry Clay Frick brought suit to prevent the sale and distribution of the book which Miss Frick feels contains derogatory statements about her father, who died in 1919. Dr. Stevens is executive director of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission. To defend and preserve the historian's right to speak freely and objectively, based on the record, "The Joint Committee for the Defense of the Rights of Historians under the First Amendment" set up headquarters in the American Historical Association, 400 A St. S.E., Washington, D. C. 20003.—*The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XLIII, No. 4, 1966.

• • •

The Western History Center and the department of history of the University of Utah have inaugurated a new book series which will bear the imprint of the University of Utah Press. Manuscripts dealing with the North American West, as well as edited and anno-

tated out-of-print classics, will be considered for publication. Editor of the new series is Dr. A. Russell Mortensen, whose address is Western History Center, Annex 2193, University of Utah, Salt Lake City 84112.

• • •

A list of debits charged to an "Ichabod Crane" in 1796, thirty years before Washington Irving published "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," in a fragile old account book for the years 1780 to 1800 turned up in an uncatalogued manuscript at the Washington State Historical Society in Tacoma. After Bruce Le Roy, editor of the Society's *News Notes*, wrote an article for the *Tacoma News Tribune* about Irving and the Ichabod Crane discovery, the New Jersey Historical Society revealed:

1. Ichabod Crane, as a member of the U.S. Marines, served with distinction under Stephen Decatur on the frigate "United States" in the War of 1812. Crane, a close friend of Decatur, was honorably discharged and died two years before Washington Irving.

2. Ichabod Crane was an ancestor of Stephen Crane, author of "The Red Badge of Courage."

"DOC" HOLLIDAY IN LEADVILLE

by RENE COQUOZ CM

Few person who are old enough to read, view TV or movies, have not at one time or another heard of John H. "Doc" Holliday. He departed this world in 1887. He died in his sleep.

By profession he was a dentist. When stricken with tuberculosis at an early age, he gave up his dental practice and headed for a drier climate in the Arizona Territory. He elected Tombstone, Arizona, which he knew as a ripsnort'n' little town. While there he became a close friend of Marshal Wyatt Earp, who kept peace in the town with his six-guns. Earp was fast with his guns and not too many men dared to face him in a gun fight. Doc often accompanied the Marshal on his daily rounds and many times helped flush out some criminal from his hiding place.

Doc learned a great deal about handling guns from Earp. In no time Doc became known also as a "fast-gun". As a means of support, Doc took to gambling, and as a relief, he turned to drinking.

Holliday participated in the gun fight between the Earp Brothers and the Clantons. The scrap at the O.K. Corral was one of the most bitter gun battles in the history of the early West. The Earps and the Clantons had been feuding for some years before the show-down came at the O.K. Corral.

Holliday's health worsened and his physician advised him to seek a higher altitude, so he headed for Colorado. After remaining in Denver for a short time, he left for Leadville. There his health improved to a certain extent.

While a resident of Leadville, Doc was armed only with a small Colt 44 single-shot pistol. For two years he created no trouble and was most courteous to the ladies. He always greeted them with a smile and "Howdy Ma'am" was his favorite saying. He spent most of his time in the saloons drinking and playing cards. To the townspeople he was just another citizen. No one seemed to pay too much attention to his gun-fighting abilities. As long as he made no trouble, he was just as welcome as anyone else.

But at times, trouble came easy for Holliday. Billy Allen, a bartender at the Monarch Saloon had loaned Doc \$5.00 after his arrival in the Cloud City. Allen made several attempts to collect the money, but he was always told that it wasn't available. This angered Allen eventually and rather than get into trouble ol' Doc stayed away from the Monarch Saloon.

For almost a week, Holliday was not seen. Allen took it for granted that he had left town. Then suddenly Doc again appeared on Harrison Avenue, Leadville's main street. Allen had said during Doc's absence that unless he repaid the money, he would take Doc's gun away from him. Word reached Doc of this threat, but Holliday still tried to stay clear of Allen. On August 17, 1884, someone told Allen that the Doc was sitting in Hyman's Saloon. Allen told the men in the saloon that he was going over to see Doc, but that he intended to stay away from trouble. Allen's friends warned against the visit as it would surely lead to trouble.

Holliday was standing behind a cigar counter when Allen made his entry. Without warning, Doc reached for his 44 and shot. The bullet hit Allen in the arm. Doc re-loaded his single shot pistol and shot again as Allen was scrambling out the door. The second shot missed the husky bartender. Doc, however, was determined and began to re-load again, but Henry Kellerman, the bartender at the Hyman, grabbed him, preventing another shot.

Capt. Bradbury of the local police department was standing a short distance from the saloon when the shooting began. Rushing into the saloon, the police officer disarmed Doc and placed him under arrest. Outside Allen, leaning against the building, slumped. He was taken to a doctor and was found to have only a slight flesh wound. He appeared to be more frightened than hurt.

It was learned by the police that there were two different versions to this shooting. One was that Doc and Allen had begun their feud while they had both been in Tombstone. The other version was that a gang was out to get Holliday merely because of his reputation, and Allen, of course, was a member of that gang. Friends of Holliday stated that it was apparent why Doc acted as he did when Allen came in the door.

Nevertheless, Holliday was booked on an attempted murder charge and bail was set at \$10,000 which was a tidy sum at that time. Trial was set for the following week.

During the trial, the defense attorney produced witnesses in Holliday's behalf who testified that if Doc had intended to kill Allen, he could have done so, as he was noted for being a dead shot. This was perhaps true, as the famous ex-dentist had faced many fast gunmen upon being challenged for his reputation. "Boot Hill" was the resting place for many who did not draw quite fast enough.

Doc was given a light sentence. But the truth was that he could not have cared less, as he knew that his life's end was drawing nigh. Of course whiskey and lack of rest were not a very good prescription for his recovery.

He remained in Leadville until the end of 1886, and then left for Glenwood Springs. He drank more and more as each day went by. The time

came when he had to knock himself out with whiskey in order to sleep. Actually, at this point life was almost unbearable to him.

One morning Doc was found dead in his bed at the hotel where he had been living. On the table near his bed, there was an empty whiskey bottle and a glass. This was in 1887. He had been in Glenwood only a short time when he died. Perhaps his last dream was the bitter battle at the O.K. Corral in Tombstone, Arizona.

He was buried on a little hillside near Glenwood. Now 79 years after his death, tourists ask "Where is Doc Holliday really buried?" The legend of this man will live on for many years to come.

Editor's Note—PM Fred Mazzulla, after reading this story added this information from John Myers book, "Doc Holliday": "One (story) was to the effect that Doc shot it out with a Leadville policeman. Another asserted that the cop's name was Allen. A third positively stated that Doc killed a man in Leadville. A fourth declared that Allen survived." Mazzulla further added that he had heard many times the story that Doc killed two law men in Leadville, was tried and acquitted and then went to Glenwood Springs, where he died Nov. 8, 1887. The legal records were destroyed when the Leadville Courthouse burned on June 29, 1942, Mazzulla said. However, the author, Rene Coquoz, rechecked his story in the old files of the Leadville *Herald-Democrat*, adding only that Allen on the stand stated that he first met Doc in Tombstone, while Doc on the stand denied that he had committed a murder in another state and jumped bail.

LEADVILLE'S TABOR OPERA HOUSE

By RENE COQUOZ CM

The Tabor Opera House was constructed in 1878-'79, by H.A.W. Tabor, known then as the "Bonanza Silver King." The interior of the theatre was one of the most beautiful West of Chicago at the time. It was opened to the public on November 20, 1879. There was no expense spared in its construction. Tabor wanted the best available. The original plans were for a two-story building, but were later changed to a three-story due to the huge balcony.

The entrance to the theatre had two wide doors, and some feet away, two glass doors with a wide hallway leading to the stairs. The ticket booth was located in the south side of the hallway. At the top of the stairs, patrons entered the main floor on either the north or the south side of the theatre. Another flight of stairs led to the balcony, while still another flight led to the third floor, or the rest or lounge rooms.

The 880 seats were upholstered and a red plush covering adorned them. On each side of the theatre near the stage on the main floor and balcony were boxes, elegantly carpeted and upholstered, which were used more for private parties and visiting dignitaries. The orchestra pit was large enough for large bands or orchestras. The stage was large and had six beautiful drop curtains for various scenes painted in a variety of colors. The main drop curtain directly in the front of the stage cost \$1,000 and was a

deep red velvet type. One of the scene curtains had a full sized painting of Tabor, who at the time was lieutenant governor of Colorado.

Here it would be well to relate how the picture of Tabor came about on the scene curtain. It was revealed in 1934, when Fire Chief James French received a helmet and belt that had been the property of Herman Hauser, who was a member of the Tabor Hose Cart from 1879 to 1884. The gift was made possible by Phillip Hauser, son of Herman Hauser who was then residing in Leadville. The son often was told of the tale of the dedication of the Tabor Opera House in 1879 by his father.

Shortly before the dedication, Tabor, with friends and his architect, was on an inspection tour of the theatre. Tabor was shown the drop curtains with the various scenes, and he looked at one for several minutes, when he asked; "Whose picture is That?" referring to the one that adorned the proscenium.

"Why, Mr. Tabor, do you not know who that is?" said the architect. "Why, that is a picture of Shakespeare!"

Tabor replied, "Shakespeare, Shakespeare—who the -ell is Shakespeare and what has he ever done for Leadville? Take that down and put mine up." (*Leadville Herald Democrat*, 1934)

Below the stage was a number of dressing rooms decorated in elegant styling which were used by the stars of the stage shows. There was a total of 72 gas lamps throughout the theatre for lighting. Later, electricity replaced the gas lamps. On the third floor of the theatre were the lounging and rest rooms. The furniture was rich and beautifully designed.

The Clarendon Hotel, just across the alley-way to the south, had just been constructed by William Bush, and now erected a passageway across the alley at its third floor to the Opera House. Guests of the hotel used the lounging rooms much the same as the hotel lobby. Bush, incidentally later became a business manager for Tabor.

The first players at the Opera House were the Langrishe Troupe. Some of the members were J. S. Langrishe, F. Knowels, J. Dingman, Charles Norris, Miss Phosa McAllister, Sarah Goodrich, Miss Julia Parker, Miss Clara Rainsford and others. The troupe remained at the Tabor for many months, and they presented numerous plays.

In 1893, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Weston took over the theatre and it became the Weston Opera House. They operated it as such until 1901.

The Leadville B.P.O. Elks No. 236 in early 1901 appointed a committee for the purpose of constructing a new building or purchasing a larger one in order to remedy their crowded situation. For the record, the members of that committee were Major A. V. Bohn, chairman; Arthur Lunsden, George Casey, F. W. Beman, R. M. Turner, F. C. Webber, Frank Lomeister, Robert H. McKenzie, E. J. McCarty, C. E. Dickinson and J. J. O'Neal.

A committee meeting on April 16, 1901, saw an offer of the Tabor Opera House for \$12,500 reviewed by Dr. J. H. Heron. On April 22, at the regular meeting of the Elks members, it was decided to accept the proposal. The papers were filed with the secretary of state and the county clerk and recorded on August 24, 1901.

The Elks saw many possibilities in the Tabor Opera House and undertook vast remodeling, which was completed in late 1902 with the stage production of "Floradora." The stage, enlarged almost twice its size, made a beautiful setting for the large stage show company. The official theatre opening was December 11, 1902. Members of the traveling road shows subsequently appearing at the Elks Opera House, the new name given the theatre, said the the facilities were the finest between Chicago and San Francisco.

The Elks Opera House also constructed a projection booth, and some of the biggest movies of the early years were shown there. Many were accompanied by a large orchestra that traveled with the movie.

Some of the big movies at the time were "The Birth of a Nation," "The Battle Cry of Peace," "Orphans of the Storm," "The Big Parade," "The Spoilers," and who could forget the little girl, Virginia Lee Corbin, in "Aladdin and the Magic Lamp"?

In the traveling road shows, there were "Bringing Up Father," "Happy Hooligan," "The Katzenjammer Kids," "Mutt and Jeff" and many more.

The Elks Opera House enjoyed success after success until the entry of the United States in World War One in 1917. After the 1920s, Leadville's population was on the decrease. With the Depression, the Opera House was closed and shows appeared only occasionally.

In World War Two when Camp Hale, 18 miles north of Leadville, was established the Opera House was leased by the Fox Theatres and once again the theatre was brilliantly lighted. The theatre closed again in 1946.

The theatre was sold by the Elks Lodge in 1955, and they constructed a beautiful building on West 5th. Street. Tours through the once famed Tabor Opera House are conducted each year during the summer months. Stage shows were presented in the summer of 1965, and it is reported that more plays will be held in 1967.

Editor's Note:—As a boy PM Fred Mazzulla lived in Leadville in 1912 and '13. He recalls this sidelight about the Tabor Opera House: "In the south side of the Opera House on the first floor was a saloon that was frequented during the afternoon and evening intermissions by the male theater patrons. The men took liquid refreshments and the kids, including me, raided the free lunch counter and the pretzel jar."

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

CM Mrs. Forrest S. (Edith) Blunk of Denver writes that her paternal grandfather came to Denver in 1867 as a young man of twenty-seven. He freighted for the government. He built up a herd of 40 head of work oxen. In 1872 he returned to his native Nova Scotia to marry his bride and came back to the West with six or seven brothers and sisters who helped build the West. He freighted into this country after the Custer Massacre (1876) and after the Meeker Massacre (1879). At the request of the Wyoming State Historical Society Edith Blunk is gathering information on her grandfather and his relatives.

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PM Ed Bemis, of Littleton, Colo., has published a book on the history of "Newspaper Association Managers, Inc.," an international organization which he founded in Denver in 1923. The book is not of general public interest and will not be found in bookstores but is of special interest to newspapers association managers of the country and to schools of journalism.

• • •

The Denver Press Club—organized July 28, 1884—is now in its 83rd year.

Forty newspapermen attended the initial meeting held in the St. James Hotel on Curtis street. Membership had increased to 60 when the first election of officers was held on August 4, 1884.

In mid-June, 1905, an enthusiastic group from the editorial staffs of the four then existing Denver dailies, and from other local publications, met at the Albany Hotel to revive, reorganize and incorporate the Denver Press Club, which has been in operation ever since.

The Posse of the Denver Westerners with corresponding members holds its monthly dinner meetings in the upstairs dining room of the club.

The club and Denver newspapers contributed such famed writers as Eugene Field, Damon Runyon, Gene Fowler, Arthur Chapman, Clyde Brion Davis, Edward Keating, Wilbur Daniel Steele, William McLeod Raine, Walter Juan Davis, Forbes Parkhill, Lee Casey, Arthur Carhart, Alice Rohe, Frances Belford Wayne, Lionel Ross O'Brien ("Polly Pry"), and Bill Barrett.—*CM Cecil Conner.*

• • •

PM Erl H. Ellis reports that no matter how important is the series of books, "Mountain Men and the Fur Trade" published under the editorial supervision of PM LeRoy R. Hafen, it is hardly feasible to do a "review" of the volumes. But as the series is about at the half-way point, it might catch your interest if it is mentioned that, following a very fine sketch of the era of the Fur Trade, there have appeared, in the four volumes so far published, sketches of 126 persons who were great or small figures in that activity and can be included as Mountain Men.

Thirty-seven of these brief histories have been prepared by Colorado folk.

Harvey L. Carter of Colorado College has 14, and he and Mrs. Lecompte wrote one together.

Janet Lecompte of Colorado Springs is responsible for 13 under her name.

Raymond W. Settle of Monte Vista has three offerings in the group.

Harold H. Dunham of Denver wrote two of the items.

Each of the following four are named as author of one article: Edgeley W. Todd of CSU at Fort Collins, Frederick A. Mark, Forbes Parkhill, and Nolie Mumey, all of Denver.

The books are up to the high standard of The Arthur H. Clark Company.

. . .

When CM Allison Chandler of Salina, Kan., renewed his dues recently, he was expecting a review in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* of his book, "Trolley Through the Countryside," published by Sage Books for \$12.50. It covers 15 interurban lines in Kansas.

. . .

PM Fred M. Mazzulla was one of three persons appointed for a three year term on the Denver Landmark Commission by Mayor Tom Currigan. The commission will recommend to the Denver City Council buildings and districts that, if possible, should be preserved because of their historical values or the approval of any contemplated remodeling. Mazzulla will represent the public at large. In addition to the three appointed for three year terms six others were appointed for lesser terms to represent the Colorado chapter of the American Institute of Architects, State Historical Society, Denver Planning Board, and the public.

. . .

PM Bill Powell writes that the Museum at Las Animas, Colo., is collecting "Betty Crocker coupons" in an effort to amass enough to get a grant from the manufacturer for the museum. They should be sent to Mrs. LeRoy Boyd, 906 S St., Las Animas, Colo. Her husband is a Denver Westerners CM.

Orville Spreen, secretary of the St. Louis Westerners, when renewing his corresponding membership in the Denver Westerners, sent along a copy of No. 2, Vol. 1, of the group's new series of publications called "Westward." This is a mimeographed booklet which summarizes talks at meetings of the St. Louis Westerners, which has 41 members and two corresponding members.

. . .

Historians, writers, and students of George Armstrong Custer's controversial last campaign can exchange information through a newly formed organization, "The Little Big Horn Association." The organization will have a newsletter to be published monthly. Further details can be obtained from Robert B. MacLaine Sr., 2406 North Puget Sound Ave., Tacoma, Wash. 98406.

. . .

A front page feature story in the *Wall Street Journal* stated that "private railroad cars didn't go out with Diamond Jim Brady" and said these private cars, growing in popularity, cost from a few thousand dollars each to more than \$100,000 to buy and renovate. In addition it costs as much as \$10,000 a year to hook the private cars onto existing railroad trains. The private cars are popular with important business executives throughout the country who use them for excursions, sales meetings, and business conferences while en route. Although several executive private cars were mentioned none of several standard and narrow gauge Colorado cars that have proved popular were named. *Wall Street Journal*, March 30, 1967.

New Hands on the Denver Range

CLARENCE O. SCHLAVER
400 S. I-Oka Ave.
Mount Prospect, Ill. 60056

Schlaver, author of numerous magazine articles, is now executive editor of the *Quill*, magazine for journalists published by Sigma Delta Chi. He is a past city editor of the Kewanee, Ill., *Star-Courier*, night picture editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, and managing editor of *Office Appliances*, a trade journal. He enjoys stories of western characters and his favorite TV show, "Bonanza." He comes to the Westerners through PM Bill Kostka.

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DELBERT A. BISHOP
3055 Ellis Lane
Golden, Colo. 80401

Bishop is not really a newcomer to the Westerners. He was a member of the Kansas City Posse until he was transferred to Denver to become center manager of the Federal Records Center. He wrote "The Plains Sioux and the Federal Government—1865 to the Custer Massacre" for *Trail Guide*, the quarterly publication of the Kansas City Westerners, and reviewed the "English Westerners 10th Anniversary Publication, 1964," for the September, 1965, issue of *Nebraska History*. He is interested in Indians, Indian Wars, especially the Sioux, and Missouri badmen. His hobbies include collecting books relating to western history.

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ALFRED C. LING
8121 East 104th Way
Henderson, Colo. 80640

PM Guy Herstrom got Ling interested in the Westerners. Ling enjoys western history in general and photographing and sketching historical buildings and houses in Colorado.

WALLACE LaBAW M.D.
294 W. 4th Ave. Dr.
Broomfield, Colo. 80020

Dr. LaBaw, known as a medical writer, won the George B. Kent award for competitive medical writing in 1956, also is a writer of books for lay folks. Among them are: "Nah-Oon-Kara, The Gold of Breckenridge," "God, Gold, Girls, and Glory," "See and Ski in Colorado," and in preparation, "Buckskin Petticoats: Colorado's Women Who Won the West." Dr. LaBaw was a family physician in Broomfield for nine years and now expects to emerge as a psychiatrist after three years of study at the U. of Colorado Medical Center in Denver. He was born in Oneonta, in New York's Catskills, served three years in the army as captain of parachute engineers, participating in the Berlin Airlift, and was forest fire fighter in Idaho and in Washington. A graduate of Ohio U., he earned his medical degree at the U. of Cincinnati. Dr. La Baw was introduced to the Westerners by PM Paul Harrison.

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CECIL R. CONNER
755 Columbine St.
Denver, Colo. 80206

Cecil Conner has the distinction of establishing one of the first advertising agencies in Colorado. He was president of the Conner Advertising agency for 52 years and is still active now that his agency is a division of William Kostka & Associates Inc. He worked for newspapers in Denver, Colorado Springs, and Indianapolis, is a life member of the Denver Press Club, and former president of the Advertising Club of Denver. Conner is especially interested in early day newspapers and news people. PM Bill Kostka, who interested Conner in the Westerners, hopes that Conner will write about his adventures as newspaper man in Denver in the early 1900s.

ERRATA—1965 BRAND BOOK

Editor's Note—Detach and insert in your copy of the 1965 BRAND BOOK

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Page	1, Line	11—For	“DIASTER” read “DISASTER”
Page	2, Line	9—For	“Plumber” read “Plumbe”
<hr style="width: 50%; margin: 10px auto;"/>			
Page	4, Line	17—For	“contibutions” read “contributions”
Page	8, Line	21—For	“money” read “memory”
Page	9, Line	31—For	“Leavonworth” read “Leavenworth”
Page	10, Line	35—For	“Prussion” read “Prussian”
Page	11, Line	11—For	“Solmon” read “Solomon”
Page	11, Line	19—For	“over-worked” read “overworked”
Page	12, (Picture)	—For	“Litcher” read “Letcher”
Page	12, Line	12—For	“assests” read “assets”
Page	12, Line	13—For	“operation” read “operations”
Page	18, Line	10—For	“1961” read “1861”
Page	24, Line	17—For	“Puerta de Luna” read “Puerto de Luna”
Page	26, Line	9—For	“idebtedness” read “indebtedness”
Page	31, Line	4—For	“Califoria” read “California”
Page	35, Line	9—For	“form” read “from”
Page	44, Line	24—For	“Rosseau” read “Rousseau”
Page	48, Line	10—For	“assests” read “assets”
Page	62, Line	13—For	“metn” read “ment”
Page	63, Line	32—For	“in” read “is”
Page	64, Line	26—For	“in” read “is”
Page	67, Line	13—For	“dispaced” read “displaced”
Page	72, Line	12—For	“fiows” read “flows”
Page	75, Line	17—For	“lead” read “led”
Page	77, Line	35—For	“Pueplo” read “Pueblo”
Page	80, Line	26—For	“minerology” read “mineralogy”
Page	81, Line	18—For	“minerological” read “mineralogical”
Page	89, Line	16—For	“1856-1759” read “1856-1859”
Page	91, Line	35—For	“mede” read “made”
Page	92, Line	22—For	“muct” read “much”
Page	92, Line	8—For	“resonsible” read “responsible”
Page	95, Line	34—For	“curios” read “curious”
Page	96, Line	17—For	“staement” read “statement”
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Page	113, Line	3—For	“hed” read “he”
Page	114, Line	8—For	“of” read “on”
Page	127, Line	26—For	“1963” read “1863”
Page	128, Line	9—For	“1964” read “1864”
Page	142, Line	27—For	“untitl” read “until”
Page	166, Line	11—For	“chlidren” read “children”
Page	191, Line	1—For	“Calvary” read “Cavalry”
Page	192, Line	3—For	“Genearl” read “General”
Page	192, Line	13—For	“worte” read “wrote”
Page	206, Line	26—For	“course” read “source”

- Page 210, Line 28—For “casts” read “costs”
 Page 212, Line 6—For “stopping” read “stoping”
 Page 215, Line 29—For “Bulches” read “gulches”
 Page 217, Line 15—For “country” read “county”
 Page 221, Line 20—For “C.W.A.” read “P.W.A.”
 Page 223, Lines 26-7—For “sattorial” read “sartorial”
 Page 224, Line 30—For “Richarson” read “Richardson”
 Page 230, Line 27—For “legimate” read “legitimate”
 Page 244, Line 5—For “seceed” read “secede”
 Page 244, Line 34—For “carrie-” read “carried”
 Page 245, Line 24—For “labelled” read “labeled”
 Page 249, Line 1—For “whoose” read “whose”
 Page 259, Line 3—For “Columbus.” read “Columbus,”
 Page 261, Line 11—For “conception” read “concept”
 Page 261, Lines 14-5—For “transcontinent” read “transcontinental”
 Page 266, Line 26—For “photograpy” read “photography”
 Page 266, Line 26—For “In this book” read “In his book”
 Page 270, three lines from the bottom, quotation should read: “You are more fortunate than the University of Illinois Library. We do not have . . .”
 Page 273, Line 3—For “route laid out.” read “route laid out, the land”
 Page 273, Line 28—For “metting” read “meeting”
 Page 274, Line 9—For “operating 1847” read “operating in 1847”
 Page 276, Lines 11-12—For “consiciousness” read “consciousness”
 Page 277, Note 4, L. 1—For “163 Edwind” read “163. Edwin”
 Page 278, Note 9, L. 8—For “stimulation” read “stimulating”
 Page 279, Note 19, L. 1—For “Edwind” read “Edwin”
 Page 280, Note 26, L. 9—For “An Horan” read “And Horan”
 Page 281-81, Note 35, L. 1—For “Orignator” read “Originator”
 Page 286, Line 19—For “Souix” read “Sioux”
 Page 296, Line 7—For “benefitting” read “benefiting”
 Page 304, Line 1—For “publicising” read “publicizing”
 Page 305, Line 7—For “fo” read “of”
 Page 320, Line 7—For “sttate” read “state”
 Page 324, Line 13—For “Glewood” read “Glenwood”
 Page 325, Line 17—For “stketch” read “sketch”
 Page 326, Line 25—For “came” read “come”
 Page 331, Line 4—For “ackonwledges” read “acknowledges”
 Page 338, Line 7—For “equippment” read “equipment”
 Page 338, Line 18—For “Healey” read “Haley”
 Page 344, Line 34—For “suposedly” read “supposedly”
 Page 348, Line 18—For “ands” read “and”
 Page 348, Line 20—For “correspondece” read “correspondence”
 Page 348, Line 21—For “membors” read “members”
 Page 360, Line 9—For “costal” read “coastal”
 Page 376, Line 1—For “atteted” read “attended”
 Page 377, Line 3—For “Nationad” read “National”
 Page 383, Line 15—For “Plaeau” read “Plateau”
 Page 397, Line 15—For “Maniou” read “Manitou”
 Page 401, Line 1—For “Abiguiu” read “Abiquiu”



Westerner's Bookshelf



THE WILD BUNCH. Edited by Alan Swallow. Sage Books, Denver, 1966 136 pages, 10 map drawings, \$3.95.

With the dust jacket, an element of mystery is introduced by the statement, "Edited by Alan Swallow". Why no author? In the editor's introduction he explains that the manuscript came to him over two years ago, and that the author is trained in "one of the recognized professions". It has been learned that the author is not a Denver resident, and that he has submitted another manuscript. As his story of Harvey Logan's escape from the Knoxville jail would indicate, he has obtained some very reliable information. Harvey Logan is said to have written two versions of his activities and had a colleague write another. The author says of his Knoxville escape story, "The following is taken from Logan's own story of what happened". All very mysterious!

The greatest error the Wild Bunch ever made was to have the group picture taken on December 1, 1900, "over the protests of Harvey Logan", the frontispiece of the book. They are dressed "fit to kill", and, except for the two standees, are a handsome and respectable group. It is a good picture, so good, indeed, that the photographer displayed it in his show window, and that was the beginning of the end.

George Leroy Parker (Butch Cassidy) was the eldest child of Maximilian Parker, an elder in the Mormon church, who fatefully bought a ranch

near Circleville, in semi-arid southeastern Utah, which had been the headquarters of a band of cattle rustlers before Parker bought it. Mike Cassidy, one of the cowboys, had been hired to remain on the ranch, and thus began the colorful career of talented, able, personable Butch Cassidy, the natural-born leader of men and the notorious Wild Bunch.

Their story has been told many times, but never, perhaps, so reliably as now. The book is beautifully printed on excellent paper, and sturdily bound in heavy cloth, the color of the dust which was the constant companion of the Western horseman, whether he was cowboy or train robber. The maps are a pleasure, the final drafts by Virginia McConnell. This is perhaps the last book from the hand of our beloved and lamented Alan Swallow.

Horace Emerson Campbell, CM

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TEXAS BEN THOMPSON, by Lauran Paine. Published by Westernlore Press, Denver, 1966. 215 pges, \$6.95

"The most dangerous gun fighter of them all," was the description once applied by Bob Masterson to frontiersman Texas Ben Thompson. The story of Thompson's life from the time when as a 16-year old boy he fired his first shot at another human, until his violent death by gunfire, is most interestingly related in this book.

The book deals mainly with Ben Thompson's life in Texas and the Southwest as a gambler and gunman during

and after the Civil War Days. It also describes many of the noted and notorious figures and places of the time.

Ben Thompson, evidently a clever and apparently an honest gambler, depended principally on this method of making a living, from age 18 throughout the rest of his life.

This subject indulged in gaming operations in various lively towns in Texas, in Abilene and Ellsworth, Kan., and for a brief period in Leadville, Colo. Meanwhile he served in the Confederate Army and also as a mercenary with Maximillian in Mexico.

Upon leaving Leadville he was engaged by the Santa Fe railroad during their fight with the Denver & Rio Grande to guard the former's interests in Pueblo. At the close of the struggle, with the \$5,000 which he received from the railroad, he returned to Texas and opened gaming rooms in that state.

Interestingly enough, in 1882 Thompson was elected city marshal of Austin, Tex., but retained his gambling interests. Ben Thompson met his death March 11, 1884, in San Antonio, Texas. While sitting with a companion, King Fisher, at a gambling table in the Vaudeville Saloon, the pair were killed by gunfire by nearby antagonists. Some twenty-two bullets, a number of them being rifle slugs, entered the bodies of the two victims during the fusillade.

This book offers an excellent portrayal of one exciting phase of life in the southwest.

R. H. Luckenbach, CM

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A NATION MOVING WEST. Readings in the History of the American Frontier; Edited by Robert W. Richmond and Robert W. Mardock. University of Nebraska

Press, Lincoln. \$5.50 cloth, \$1.95 paper, the latter, A Bison Book.

Designed to supplement the standard texts and instructors' lectures in the college classroom, this interesting book is in itself a source of much historical material, little of which would be duplicated in other volumes used in the teaching of history. The period covered by the collection of readings is from the American Revolution to the end of the nineteenth century and relates to the frontier and the expansion westward.

These stories are told in terms of individuals, since they comprise letters, diaries, government records, newspaper and magazine articles, reminiscences, which the editors have put into the one volume to touch upon practically every facet of the pioneering experiences. The editors have arranged this material into twenty-two chapters under such headings as "Exploring the West," "The Mining Frontier," "Western Indians and the Peace Policy," and have provided a complete index and ten-page bibliography.

Robert W. Richmond is State Archivist of Kansas and a lecturer in history at Washburn University. Robert W. Mardock is an associate professor of history at Washburn University, and both men contribute frequently to various publications.

Prefacing each chapter with notations, and also heading each of the articles used to comprise this volume, the editors have added their own personal touches to the writings and sayings of the others whose "letters" make up this most interesting and readable book of history—off-beat, yes, but still valuable.

G. S. Barnes, PM

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

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by William J. Shay CM
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by PM Don & Jean Griswald



CM William J. Shay (at podium) holds attention of Program Chairman Bob Brown (left) and PM Sheriff Dr. Campa.

From the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Ranger-Historian at Fort Laramie, William J. Shay captivated the Westerners with his slides and talk on "The Bozeman Trail in Wyoming—1866." Shay served with the Cavalry on the Mexican border from 1916-18. He was a commanding officer of infantry and cavalry in the Colorado National Guard after World War I, while PM Dr. Philip Whiteley was surgeon. Shay was director of manpower for Western Colorado for the Colorado Dept. of Employment during World War II and is a graduate of the University of Colorado Law School.

PM Don and Jean Griswold, who have been writing about Colorado history for 20 years, currently supply a series of articles about the history and legends of Leadville and Lake County for the Leadville *Herald-Democrat*. The wolf stories in this issue are from that series. Their published books include *The Carbonate Camp Called Leadville* and *Colorado's Century of Cities*. In addition they have articles in the 1955, 1958, and 1959 *Denver Westerners Brand Books*.

FUTURE MEETINGS

June 28, 1967

PM Dr. Harold H. Dunham, professor of history at the University of Denver, will speak on "The Fourfold Heritage of New Mexico." There will be NO meeting in July. In August pioneer Colorado rancher Ferrington Carpenter will speak on the early days of his own Routt County.

NEW POSSE MEMBERS

Two men were elected to the Denver Posse of the Westerners. They are Author Milton W. Callon, interested in New Mexico history and biography, and Harold A. Wolfenbarger Jr., art teacher and landscape, portrait, and historical painter and illustrator.

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THE BOZEMAN TRAIL IN WYOMING—1866

By William J. Shay CM

A major factor in the shaping of American life and character was the frontier. Among the hallmarks of the frontier were the routes or channels of migration and travel. The frontier and its trails or traces—The Wilderness Road, The Natches Trace, The Santa Fe Trail, The Oregon Trail—they have passed from history into legend, yet they were only yesterday.

In this story we are going to travel one such trail, not as well known as those just named, covering a shorter distance and existing a more brief span of time. Yet, in the few years of its existence and along or near its course occurred some of the most tragic and thrilling events in the long history of the frontier.

We are going to join a particular group traveling this Trail in the year 1866.

Most maps of the Bozeman Trail show it as starting at Fort Sedgwick, Colorado, and ending at Virginia City, Montana, a distance of 967 miles.

Actually the route from Fort Sedgwick to Bridger's Ferry coincided with the already old, well-established and heavily traveled Oregon Trail. For this reason, we will consider the Bozeman as beginning at Bridger's Ferry approximately 40 miles west of Fort Laramie and two miles southeast of the present town of Orin, Wyoming. Here, the Trail utilized the Ferry to cross the North Platte River to its north bank and followed up that bank to Sage Creek. At this place the Trail left the North Platte and led northwest.

John Bozeman and John M. Jacobs laid out the Trail in the winter of 1862-63 as the shortest route to reach the gold "diggings" around Virginia City.

We are to travel the Trail with a party which we will join at the great gathering place of the west—Fort Laramie.

We crossed from the south to the north side of the Laramie two miles east of the Fort on the toll bridge of Mr. Seth Ward, the Post Sutler. Here we joined our travel group which was the 2nd Battalion, 18th Infantry, and its train of 200 wagons. They were camped on the flat at the north end of the bridge.

Here, we met their Commanding Officer, Colonel Henry B. Carrington, and his wife, Margaret. She will prove to be a sharp observer of both persons and events as the book she will author, *Ab-sa-ra-ka, Land of the Crow*, will prove.

On the Colonel's staff were two officers whose names were to become well known to thousands of Americans—Lieutenant Frederick Phisterer,

Regimental Adjutant, and Lieutenant Frederick H. Brown, Regimental Quartermaster.

We accompanied Colonel Carrington, the Officers, and ladies when they called on the Commanding Officer at Fort Laramie. His offices and quarters were in the left half of Old Bedlam, the oldest military building on the Post. No doubt some of the bachelor officers of the 18th sampled the hospitality of the Post's bachelor officers quartered in the right half of Bedlam.

Mrs. Carrington and the other ladies visited the Sutler's Store. She was to leave for posterity the best description of a Post Sutler's Store that was ever written.

"Colonel" William Bullock, manager of the store, entertained the party at his fine residence just across the road from the store.

We saw many Indians about the Fort since a Commission from Washington was holding Council Meetings with the northern plains Indians. Among others, the Chiefs Spotted Tail and Fast or Swift Bear, were in attendance. The talk is that "Spot" is inclined to be friendly to whites because the Army gave his daughter, who died recently, ceremonial burial at the Fort. We visited the burial site on the hillside northwest of the Post where her remains rested Indian fashion on a scaffold. Although she had the traditional Indian Burial an exception was the enclosing of her remains in a military made coffin.

Red Cloud, the dissident Chief of the Oglalla, has also been here. The talk is all about how he quit the Council meetings in a rage when he learned that Colonel Carrington was going north to build forts on the Bozeman Trail.

We are under orders to march tomorrow, June 17th. Colonel Carrington has employed "Major" Bridger, the famous mountain man, to be our guide. All of the officers of the Fort have great respect for his opinions and advice.

Our second day's camp is a beautiful spot, just below the spot where the North Platte issues from a narrow canyon. We named it Phisterer Canyon because Lieutenant Phisterer selected the campsite.

Today we crossed to the north bank of the River at Bridger's Ferry, forty-six miles out from Fort Laramie. We have left the Oregon Trail.

Our camps since leaving the Platte at Sage Creek have been monotonously the same—a pool of water in a desolate, treeless landscape.

Today, June 27, we reached the divide between the Cheyenne and the Powder Rivers and obtained our first view of the the distant Big Horn Mountains before we started down into the Powder Valley.

June 28. Today we reached Fort Connor. There was considerable excitement shortly after our arrival—Indians ran off the Sutler's horse herd.

Because Colonel Carrington finds a permanent post desirable we began work on constructing a stockade around the Fort and the Colonel changed its name to Fort Reno. The four companies under Captain Proctor's Command who will be left here will complete the building of the Fort. Tomorrow, July 6, we will resume the march.

We have come down to the crossing of the Crazy Woman Fort of the Powder, the most dangerous spot on the Trail. It has been "blazing hot" for the last several days. Seemingly friendly Indians visited camp. They told the Colonel if we desired peace we must return to Fort Reno, otherwise it would be war. The Colonel ordered our advance continued.

July 13. We arrived here at 11:00 a.m. today and have established camp between the Big and the Little Piney Forks of Clear Creek. Beautiful streams and beautiful country are everywhere one looks. The Big Horn Mountains loom high to the west. Word comes that two trains were attacked near here today.

The high plateau just west of camp has been staked out as the site for a fort. All is a bustle getting ready for the council with the Indians tomorrow, July 16.

July 17. Epauettes and dress uniforms. The troops marched in formations and the band played; all this to impress the visiting Indians. The situation is unchanged—if we would have peace, we must return to Fort Reno. Colonel Carrington continues the building of the Fort, so it appears to be war.

July 19. A road is being built to the timber about ten miles west of here where a camp for the woodcutters will be established. Captain Burrowes and troops have gone to Fort Reno for additional supplies.

July 25. Last night word came from Burrowes that a detachment of recruits and Officers all under the Command of Lieutenant Carl Templeton enroute to Fort Reno had been attacked by hostiles at Crazy Woman Crossing. Lieutenant Daniels and Sergeant Terrell were killed and Templeton was severely wounded. Burrowes and his command rescued them. Rifle pits will be dug at this crossing so that trains camped there will have protection.

Yesterday, August 7, Indians attacked a train on the Bozeman road and killed two civilians. Dispatches from Omaha have arrived naming the Fort, "Philip Kearney".

August 10. The wood train and the timber cutters are attacked almost daily. Some officers are complaining that Carrington is too cautious.

August 15. A contractor's hay camp was attacked day before yesterday with one man killed and about 200 head of cattle driven away.

September 17. Work on the Fort continues. Lieutenant and Mrs. Grummond and an escort of six soldiers have arrived. They were lucky to

come through safely.

November 4. Captain W. J. Fetterman, 18th Infantry, Lieutenant Bingham and two Companies of the 2nd Calvary arrived yesterday.

November 28. Privates Gilchrist and Johnson killed. Private Smith scalped alive at the cutter's camp. Smith crawled half a mile to the block house and lived 24 hours with an arrow in his chest. It's not safe to venture beyond gun shot range from the stockade.

There is no rest, we must ever be alert. Daily there is an alarm from the mounted picket on Pilot Hill. Today, December 1, we heard that one night an Indian had crept up to the block house at the Pinery, fired an arrow through one of the loop-holes, and wounded one of the occupants. Yet Fetterman says with eighty men he could, "ride through the whole Sioux Nation." These newcomers know it all.

December 6. A bad day. The Colonel and Captain Fetterman led attacks against Indians who had surrounded the wood train about 9:00 a.m. It is after 9:00 p.m. and they have just returned exhausted. There had been a big fight. Lieutenant Bingham, Lieutenant Grummond and several others in pursuit of an Indian became separated from the Command, and surrounded by hostiles, Lieutenant Bingham and Sergeant Bowers were killed and Grummond literally cut his way through the foe. Several others were wounded.

December 8. There is much talk about yesterday's affair. Fetterman, whose detachment was roughly handled by the savages, and who until now has been most contemptuous of the fighting ability of the Sioux, says he has learned his lesson. However, he is critical of the Colonel, so I wonder! Lieutenant Grummond is very indignant with Carrington.

It is rumored that Captain Powell did not take reinforcements and an ambulance to the aid of Carrington and Fetterman although he had received written order from the Colonel to do so. It is said that he asked Captain Ten Eyck to send Lieutenant Arnold instead and this was done.

December 20. Yesterday Captain Powell and a detachment were sent to relieve the wood train but he was told not to pursue the Indians over Lodge Trail Ridge, so acting upon orders, he relieved the wood train and returned safely. It snowed last night and today it is cold. The Big Piney is frozen over. The ground around the Fort is free from snow but there is a considerable amount on the high ridges.

December 21. A tragic day. I shall never forget it though I live to be an old man, which is doubtful. The day started as usual, "veille" at sunrise, "mess-call", and later sick call. It was a clear, cold day with no wind. Shortly after 10:00 a.m. as "Guard Mount" was in progress, the picket on Pilot Hill signaled that the wood train was corralled and under attack on the pinery road out of sight from the Fort. The Colonel at once ordered

the formation of a relief party under Captain Powell. Captain Fetterman claimed command as the Senior line officer present and the Colonel granted his request.

Before Fetterman rode out of the Fort he received two orders, one personally from the Colonel, and the other one sent by the Colonel through Lieutenant Wands, the Adjutant. Each ordered him not to pursue beyond Lodge Trail Ridge. As the detachment rode away from the stockade about 11:30, the Colonel jumped on the sentry bench, halted the column, and repeated, "under no circumstances must you cross Lodge Trail Ridge." The mounted troops armed with Spencer carbines were under Lieutenant Grummond. Unknown to the Colonel, Captain Brown went along, "to get one more chance at taking Red Cloud's scalp," so he said. He has just been promoted and will leave for Omaha soon. Two civilians, Wheatley and Fisher, also went along, making a total of Fetterman, plus 80 men.

Fetterman rode north and crossed the Big Piney. The last we saw of him he was marching along the south slope of Lodge Trail Ridge and up the Big Piney.

Soon word came from the wood train that the attack on it had stopped and the attacker had ridden away over Sullivant Hill. The train proceeded on toward the pinery. Noon "mess call" sounded, simultaneously scattered shots were heard from the direction of Pino Creek Valley. As the firing increased, four successive volleys were heard, each further away than the last, then heavy sustained firing. Within fifteen minutes a reinforcing party of 75 men with supply wagon, under the Command of Captain Tenedor Ten Eyck was organized and was marching to the sound of the firing.

We lost sight of them when they entered the timber along Big Piney. The firing, which had dwindled to scattered shots, ceased entirely. Soon Ten Eyck's column was again in view across the stream and marching up the Bozeman Road, diverging to the right of the road and then ascending a high hill. Meanwhile an additional reinforcement of 40 men had been formed and started out to bolster Ten Eyck's party. With them went two surgeons' wagons, ambulances and 3,000 rounds of ammunition.

From his high hill Ten Eyck sent word that below him was a long ridge extending out into Pino Creek Valley descending sharply to the valley floor. He sent word there were several hundred Indians in sight along the ridge. A large group nearest to him were taunting him and daring him to come down and fight, but there was no sign of Fetterman and his men. When the reinforcement reached him, he started down to the ridge and soon passed from our view.

Sunset came and the evening gun was fired. We waited with mounting anxiety, darkness descended. At last the sound of the approaching wagons

and ambulances was heard, followed by the Sentry's Challenge. The gates swung open and the vehicles came in. They held the naked, mutilated bodies of 47 enlisted men and those of Captains Fetterman and Brown. The wagons were followed by Ten Eyck and his command. Word was passed that, "there were no more to come in." I can write no more now.

December 21. A blizzard is threatening. It started last night after Ten Eyck returned with the ghastly evidence of Fetterman's disobedience of positive and repeated orders. Ten Eyck reported that as he marched down to the ridge the Indians retreated. When he came to the place where the large group of taunting devils had been, he found the extremely mutilated bodies of Captain Fetterman and Captain Brown in a small space surrounded by several large rocks. There were powder marked wounds in the heads of each of them. Nearby, along the rocky ridge, were found the bodies of forty-seven enlisted men.

December 22. This morning Colonel Carrington called a meeting of all the surviving officers and put the question of recovering the remaining thirty-two bodies as it is now obvious that none survived except possibly as prisoners. Heaven forbid! Everyone of them beginning with the Junior Lieutenant voted *not* to make the attempt. It was argued that a small recovery party would but add their bodies to those already lying on the fatal ridge, and if a large party were sent, the red devils would attack the fort itself and imperil the lives of all within.

Then Colonel Carrington gave his decision: he would not let the Indians think that our dead could not, or would not be recovered. Further, if we could not recover our dead as the Indians did theirs, then no troops could leave the stockade for any purpose and the savages would be emboldened to attack the Fort itself. There spoke an Officer and a *man*.

Where are all the Fetterman crowd? Where are all the hell-bent bully boys now? Where are all the brevets for valor? Where is Colonel Carrington? He is at the head of 80 enlisted men out recovering our remaining dead. Every enlisted man on the Post fit for service volunteered and begged to be one of the party. Two officers and a surgeon also went with the Colonel.

Before they went I noted ominous activity inside the stockade. Wagons were being ringed around the magazine. When darkness came a lantern was run to the top of the flag-staff. The recovery party is still out. We wait and pray for their safe return.

Last night, "Portugee" Phillips started for Ft. Laramie for help. He was riding one of the Colonel's horses. Will he make it through this storm? We can only hope.

December 23. The party returned well after dark last night bringing the naked, frozen, butchered bodies of the thirty-two previously unac-

counted for. One of the bodies was that of Lieutenant Grummond. Even veterans of the war were appalled and sickened by the sight of the slashed and dismembered bodies on the field of slaughter. None of Fetterman's 80 men survived. It is surmised that Fetterman was decoyed over Lodge Trail Ridge and down into Pino Creek Valley by a small group of warriors. Then the trap was sprung.

Apparently the Command then retreated up the steep slope of the ridge and fought their way along the ridge attempting to reach the Fort, because bodies lay strewn all along the ridge to the rocks where Fetterman's and Brown's bodies were discovered. The bodies of Wheatley and Fisher were found at the furthest end of the ridge, projecting into Pino Valley.

Over sixty large pools of blood were in front of their position, mute evidence that their Henry repeaters took a heavy toll of the enemy. Lieutenant Grummond's remains were found near by. Will "Portugee" make it through to Laramie? We can only hope and wait.

Trail of blood! Trail of sorrow! Trail of tears! So ends a tragic story of the Bozeman Trail.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

My acknowledgement and thanks to Superintendent Charles Sharp of Fort Laramie National Historic Site, Ft. Laramie, Wyoming, for making my presence in Denver possible. To Supervising Historian Robert Murray of the same place for valuable information obtained in his research in original sources concerning forts and events in the Powder River country. To Paul Henderson, of Bridgeport, Neb., the authority on the Oregon Trail, who generously loaned several slides from his extensive collection. To Mrs. Beth Eaton, Stenographer at the Site, for corrections in and for typing of the rough draft of the manuscript. Mrs. Paul Novak of Torrington, Wyoming, who took time from her busy days and five small children to detect, point out, and help correct faulty grammar, all of which resulted in an improved manuscript, for which I am indebted to her. My thanks also to Mrs. Pauline Deahl, Secretary to President Albert Conger of Eastern Wyoming College, Torrington, Wyoming, for typing the improved manuscript, and to President Conger himself for making this typing possible.

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Value of Westerners BRAND BOOKS

Editor's Note—The current prices quoted by retailers of Western books shows how the value of the *Westerners Brand Books* has increased since they were first published in 1945 by the Denver Posse. Only the latest, 1965, is still quoted at its original price of \$13.50. A few copies are still available.

No.	Year	Editor	Present Retail Book Price-Mint Condition
1A	1945 Brown	Herbert O. Brayer	\$60.00
1B	1945 Blue	Herbert O. Brayer	\$25.00
2	1946	Virgil Peterson	\$35.00
3	1947	Herbert O. Brayer	\$30.00
4	1948	Dabney O. Collins	\$35.00
5	1949	Don Bloch	\$27.50
6	1950	Harold Dunham	\$17.50
7	1951	Nolie Mumey	\$22.50
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9	1953	Maurice Frink	\$27.50
10	1954	Erl Ellis	\$35.00
11	1955	Alan Swallow	\$25.00
12	1956	Charles E. Ryland	\$25.00
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19	1963	Robert B. Cormack	\$17.50
20	1964	F. B. Rizzari	\$15.00
21	1965	Arthur L. Campa	\$13.50

MAN-CHASING WOLVES, FACT OR FICTION?

By Don and Jean Griswold

An apparent threat of marauding wolves in Lake County, Colorado, during late 1882 and early 1883 caused concern to ranchmen and gave rise to three stories which were published in *The Leadville Evening Chronicle* as actual happenings. Parts of the stories, especially the endings, savor so of the improbable, the reader is confused and wonders whether the accounts are based on fact or fancy or are a combination thereof. Nonetheless, they do have a definite place in the legendary heritage of Leadville and Lake County.

According to the first story, Wilson Henkel, who was returning from the Gunnison country to spend the 1882-1883 holiday season in Leadville, stopped at Twin Lakes and put up at Boatmaker Dean's place, located on the west shore of the lower lake. Of his adventure, Henkel told a reporter of *The Chronicle*:

"... I judge the summer season is rather more pleasant at the lakes than the winter. The amusements up there now are not such as are calculated to make a man wildly hilarious, though I managed to pass my time very pleasantly. I watched Dean making boats; I gathered information in regard to the locality, and I skated. There is not normally any skating there to amount to much, but this year has been an exception. All the snow that has fallen since the ice formed has blown off, and the lakes are covered with a coating as smooth and bright as a mirror, except where the trees or bluffs have kept off the wind, and at such points the snow banks extend out on the lake, gradually becoming narrower and lower till they give way to clear ice.

"On Saturday evening I started for a turn on the large lake. It was lovely. Moonlight on the water is beautiful, but moonlight on the ice with surroundings of picturesque scenery, in the clearness of the mountain tops, is superb. It is beyond my powers of description. One must see it to appreciate it. I skated along down towards the east end of the lake, and when near the outlet I stopped to fix a strap. After fixing it I waited a few minutes looking at the beauty of the sight. I was close to the shore, sitting on a log frozen in the ice. About fifty yards from me was a little point turning into the lake. As I glanced at it I saw an animal appear—then another—and another, until there were eight standing there in the moonlight. They were wolves. I was rather uneasy, but I could not help admiring them as they stood in shaggy gauntness. They had scented me.

I did not move. They commenced moving toward me stealthily. I got up and they started off. Then they broke out in a chorus of yelps, and followed after. I did not apprehend any danger at first, for I am a good skater and do not tire easily, but as we went on they seemed to gain an impetus that I did not, and I realized they were gaining on me. It is needless to say I exerted myself to the utmost. Still they gained. It was horrible. Do you know, the most peculiar thing of it all was two lines of poetry I had read somewhere, about the wolf. They are:

“With its long gallop, that can tire,
The hounds deep bate the hunters.”

“These lines rang through my brain again and again. They would tire me too, if they did not overtake me first. A certain death was on my track. It would follow me relentlessly and untiringly. There was no escape. Still I went on, straining every nerve. Just ahead of me came one of these points of snow which were made by sheltering trees and bluffs, as I told you. The pack was close to me. I turned sharply to the left to avoid the point of snow. They could not turn. The best they could do was to slide with stiffened legs, trying to stop, but the impetus they had acquired took them skimming over the ice till they stopped in a snow bank.

“With howls of rage and disappointment, they recovered themselves and started after me again. I had a good start on them and, what is more, I had recovered my nerve. I knew I was safe. The turn had taught me how I might avoid them. I noticed then the cold sweat on my forehead and wiped it away with a feeling of congratulation, as I thought how I had missed a terrible death by coming up to the snow bank. The wolves gained once more, and I gradually warmed up to my full speed, and then, turning, let them slide past me again away over the smooth surface, until they were able to gain command of themselves and turn around. I laughed as I watched them skimming helplessly along with their horrid howls of baffled expectation. I kept my general direction toward Dean’s.

“Presently, the idea of revenge occurred to me. I would pay these shaggy, white haired fellows off for the scare they had given me. They [the Twin Lakers] had been cutting ice that day in front of the hotel. There was a place ten or fifteen yards square, over which the ice could not have formed over an inch in thickness. I would let the wolves slide into that. I made my way to it, tacking occasionally as they came too close for comfort. Finally, I was near enough to the hole to make my venture, and I went straight at it on a long stretch, and gave them a good opportunity to get full headway. They were within ten yards of me as I swung to avoid the hole, and they went floundering all in a heap into the icy water for the thin scum of ice did not support them for a second. Five of them never came to the surface. The shock of the chilly water to their heated bodies

took them out of their earthly career very quickly. The remaining three struggled to get out, but the thin ice broke under them, and when they reached the thick ice, I beat them back with a pole I had and they soon disappeared forever. Then I bethought myself that I was foolish for not managing to secure at least one of their skins for a trophy, but it was too late and I bid them good night in the bottom of the lake."

The Henkel adventure and the two stories that follow are good examples of the distinction between history and legend, and between legend and tales. While history is the record of events as they actually occurred, legend is a nonhistorical or unverifiable account that either could have occurred but did not, or though based on an actual happening, became so enlarged as to take on improbable proportions. A tale goes even farther inasmuch as it is a story purporting to be true but which has little or no factual basis.

The second story about wolves appeared in the January 5th *Chronicle* as follows:

"The number and ferocity of the wolves in the [Saguache] range this winter has caused general apprehension among the parties living there, as well as farther down in the valley. They seem to be almost fearless in attacking anyone or anything after night, and in consequence none of the people over there go out at night any more without being armed. It was thought by some that the pack which chased Wilson Henkel on Twin Lakes was the same which followed Mrs. Norville and her child and caused the terrible death of both. [This alleged tragedy could not be verified.]

"It is now certain that there are several packs roaming around the mountains, as they have been seen at different points at the same time. They have on occasion descended into the valley and killed a number of sheep belonging to a ranchman near the mouth of Half Moon gulch. These wolves may be confused by some with the coyote or prairie wolf, but they will not be forgotten or mistaken for anything else by anyone who has ever seen them, especially after night, or when he had reason to apprehend danger from them. The common wolf or white wolf of America is the same as the wolf of Northern Asia and of Europe generally. . . . Its body is about four feet in length, while that of the prairie wolf is only about three feet. Its color above is a grizzled gray, but subject to great variations, being sometimes nearly black and sometimes almost pure white.

"In colder and more exposed localities the inclination is to white, so that in the mountains or in the far north they are usually called white wolves. In this section the fact that they generally keep to the mountains, especially since the state has been settled, has caused them to be commonly called mountain wolves. In the summer they generally remain in pairs, scattered about, but in the winter they congregate in packs for the common purpose

of running down their prey. Every state in the union has made laws putting a premium on wolf scalps, it having been found necessary for the protection of domestic animals, as well as of human life, that these beasts should be eradicated or driven away from the limits of civilization. All localities have had the same experience in their reappearing, for several seasons during the winter, and committing depredations in their old haunts. . . .

"Last evening the reporter called on James Willoughby, a gentleman who two days ago came near meeting his death at the fangs of these dreaded brutes, and was saved only by the remarkably fortunate result of an accident which they occasioned. Mr. Willoughby is now lying at the house of Jerome R. Jenkins, on North James street, suffering from a broken arm and from nervous prostration caused by his terrible experience. His physician did not wish him to talk much but from what he gave the reporter, together with information obtained from Mr. Jenkins, the following facts in regard to his adventure were gleaned on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Willoughby was returning [by way of Independence Pass] from Aspen, where he had been to attend to some mining business. The day was cold, and about 5 o'clock he stopped at the Mountain Boy house to get warm and get some refreshments. When he started on it was quite dark, but he knew the road well and apprehended no trouble. He had a revolver in his belt and the belt fastened around the pommel of the saddle. The horse he was riding was a large, strong animal, but clumsy and quite timid. He had proceeded about three quarters of a mile, when the dread yelp of a wolf was heard, and almost at once the pack broke from the sides of the road in pursuit of the rider. Mr. Willoughby states that he saw at least seven of them, but was unable to note them accurately, as his horse caught sight of them and broke into a run at once.

"It required all his ability to manage his frightened steed, and with all his exertions the best he could do was to keep him to the road and let him go. Anyone who has ever ridden an awkward horse at full speed and down hill need not be told that the situation was a terrible one. The chances of death from accident were fully as good as those from being torn by the wild beasts, and neither was calculated to inspire the fleeing man with confidence. At a fearful gait the frightened animal sped down the icy road, with the red jaws and sharp fangs close behind him. He could hear them at his heels, and fear loaned him a speed he had never shown before. As they rounded the last bend above Gilmore's [at the eastern foot of the Pass] the accident which Willoughby had been dreading occurred. The animal's feet slipped from under him, and as he came down he was stopped by a rock at the road side with an enormous shock, and the rider went flying through the air as though thrown from a catapult. The descent from the side of the road at that point is quite steep and covered

with timber. The accident saved Willoughby's life. He struck in the forks of a pine tree whose stem had divided about twenty feet above the ground. The force of the fall broke his left arm below the elbow and knocked him senseless. He hung there suspended safely above his pursuers, while they glutted their thirst for blood on the helpless horse. He does not know just how long he hung there, insensible, but it must have been at least two hours. When he came to himself the wolves had apparently about satisfied themselves, though they still hung around the body of the horse. Willoughby knew he was not far from Gilmore's and by shouting with all his strength, he succeeded in making himself heard there. Two of the stable-men came to his relief, and as their lanterns flashed on the bloody scene, the now sated beasts skulked away. Willoughby was assisted from his unpleasant position with some difficulty, and conveyed to the house. Yesterday he was brought into the city and taken to the house of his friend, Mr. Jenkins."

Had the above story been the only one about man-chasing wolves to appear in *The Chronicle*, it could be accepted as valid. But with the improbable Wilson Henkel adventure preceding it, and an unbelievable experience by a reporter of *The Police Gazette* following it, the Willoughby story and the Norville reference both become suspect of having been fiction rather than fact.

The third of the wolf stories appeared in the February 7, 1883, *Chronicle* and read in part:

"This is a world of coincidences. Things happen in ways so strange and unlooked for that people naturally look only to the supernatural for an explanation. This is, perhaps, more fully than any other one cause the origin of belief in signs and prophecies. . . . One day a gentleman, driving, runs over a man and kills him. The next day he himself is crushed under the wheels of a wagon. It is strange. There is not the slightest reason for connecting the two, and yet, where will you find anyone who does not involuntarily do so? Even if not regarding it as in any way supernatural, the first thought is directed to the coincidence. Why did it so happen so?"

"It will be remembered that some weeks ago a correspondent of the *Police Gazette* was in Leadville . . . Some days afterward *The Chronicle* had occasion to notice the depredations committed by the white wolves in the range west of us. Readers will remember. . . , the narrow escape of Mr. Willoughby on the Aspen stage road, and the clever manner in which Mr. Kennedy [in the original story the man's name was given as Wilson Henkel] eluded the dread monsters on Twin Lakes. These awful adventures were of the kind on which the *Gazette's* picture man can exercise his imagination and pencil . . . Hence the *Gazette* appropriated them, and as all sources of information had been exhausted before *The Chronicle's*

account of the occurrences were written, the correspondent satisfied himself by clipping the accounts mentioned, and sending them in as original matter. No credit whatever was given.

"The action of the sensational sheet alluded to, in this regard, is too commonplace to provoke notice. As a prominent gentleman, once interviewed by the Denver News' interviewer, remarked: 'It would steal the wool off the lamb of God and then curse the unfortunate animal for shivering.' No one expects it to credit anything, unless on extraordinary occasions it might credit some paper with something it never said. . . . [But] this was not the coincidence referred to. What was peculiar about it was that the Gazette man, while operating with the scissors and paste-brush, never dreamed that soon afterwards he would be almost within reach of those hungry mouths, concerning which he clipped so ably. And yet he was.

"Day before yesterday he started up Mount Massive to call on Prof. Theophilus N. Smith, F. R. S., the keeper of the heliotrope [a device used for reflecting the sun's rays], who lives close besides that instrument. . . . The trail is not in good condition, and in some places is decidedly dangerous. At one place especially is this the case. A spring on the trail has overflowed from the ice damming up its natural channel of escaping, and [its] running down the side of the deep declivity has formed a glare of ice 1,739 feet in length, extending down to the comparatively level ground below. He passed this with great caution, and finally reached Mr. Smith's about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. His object was to learn some of the particulars of the life of Mr. Bassett when that gentleman was a member of the James gang, and he could not have applied to a better man than Mr. Smith, who is thoroughly acquainted with the lives and exploits of all the desperadoes who have ever been in this part of the country.

"After a long and interesting conversation he started home, contrary to the advice of Mr. Smith, who offered to let him occupy the heliotrope during the night if he would remain. But not for him would suffice the quiet of that mountain home. His restless and adventurous nature urged him on to the moonlight ride down the mountain side. He had proceeded perhaps a half mile when suddenly his burro pricked up his ears and looked around them. It quickened its pace, and as it did there rose on the still air the dread howl of the white wolf. Oh, the horror of that sound! It has been said by old and experienced liars that the war whoop of a Yauk-tonais Sioux, at night, is the most dreadful of all sounds. This is a mistake. The howl of the white wolf makes it sink into insignificance, by comparison.

"The frightened steed now broke into a run and dashed down the steep mountain side at a tremendous gait. It was fearful. The danger from the wolves was less than that from this terrible pace. The meteor-like swiftness of a Denver street car was as the slow progress of the snail,

compared with it. On, on, on they went. They were nearing the icy slope before mentioned. The rider tried to restrain the fiery impulse of the burro, but it was useless. The wildly excited animal dashed on with a speed that could not be restrained. It reached the ice. It slipped. The misstep threw it to the side and it flew out from under its rider as though grasped by an arm of iron and snatched away. The rider was left sitting on the steep smooth declivity. For a moment he paused and reflected. Then he slid rapidly down the decline, the wolves following close after. If the speed before was alarming, this was absolutely paralyzing. The speed increased with the distance descended, by the immutable law of mathematics. It was awful. The friction on the seat of the unfortunate man's trousers made that section of them fade away like snow in the summer sun. When he reached the bottom he was a fit object for charity. No matter how much he contested the election, he had lost his seat. Did he stop to lament his misfortune? No! the terrible beasts were close upon him. He sped away over the valley at a rate which would have put Gildersleeve in a white heat. Stepping over enormous boulders, flitting across fallen timber, skimming over snowdrifts, he flew along. He knew the only hope was to reach a running stream, and in it lose the scent. Hence he made for the Arkansas, and after one hour and thirteen minutes he reached it, and plunged in its crystal tide just as the foremost wolf bit the heel of his left boot. Wading down the stream, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing them retire baffled and disappointed from the chase."

The above stories were patterned after similar ones told by the pioneers who settled the Michigan-Wisconsin frontier.

Orth Stein, former city editor of *The Leadville Chronicle* and the author of such tales as the Cyclopean Cave in Tennessee Park and the ship buried in Battle Mountain near Red Cliff, might have written the Lake County wolf stories. Several artifices characteristic of Stein's imaginative writings are recognizable and include: the logical beginnings, the adroit mixture of the possible with the improbable, and the pseudo-scientific explanations. It is known C. C. Davis accepted and published in *The Chronicle* some of Stein's writings after the latter had left Leadville in the spring of 1882; and there is also a possibility Stein was in Leadville at the time of the wolf stories because his whereabouts between late in 1882, when he gave up the management of a variety theater in Pueblo and his arrival in Kansas City, Missouri, in early '83, cannot be found. Furthermore several other stories written in the Stein manner appeared in *The Chronicle* between Thanksgiving of 1882 and the last of the wolf stories. However it is also possible C. C. Davis or another member of the newspaper's staff, using the technique of mixing the believable with the unbelievable, wrote the wolf stories.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

A friend of PM Maurice Frink of Boulder, Colo., has asked us to help locate a long lost ledger book that once belonged to John Wesley Prowers, pioneer rancher after whom Prowers county was named. Looking for the book is Chicago Westerner Father Peter Powell whose address is Saint Augustine's Center, 4710 North Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill. 60640. This ledger may help Father Powell to complete a book concerning the role of the Sacred Arrow Keepers and the Sacred Hat Keepers in Cheyenne Indian history. Prowers, who worked at Bent's Fort from about 1856 to 1863, married Amache, the daughter of Ochinee or One Eye, a Southern Cheyenne who died in the Chivington massacre. She was also the niece of Stone Forehead or Medicine Arrow, the keeper of the sacred arrows of the Cheyennes. The ledger book is reputed to contain several Cheyenne drawings. Of special interest to Father Powell is a scene from the battle of Sappa, April 23, 1875, which shows a warrior in a horned warbonnet and carrying a white flag being shot down by troopers under Lieut. Austin Henely. The ledger book was last known to belong to the late Leonard "Chief" Hudnall, grandson of Prowers. Hudnall's relatives have not been able to locate it. Father Powell will appreciate any leads to the ledger or other material concerning the Cheyennes in the battle of Sappa.

One of the 27 best books of 1966 for young adults listed by the American Library Association is CM S. Omar Barker's New Mexico novel, *Little World Apart*.

PM Edwin Bemis, executive vice president, and President John Christensen, also chairman of the Arapahoe County Commissioners, are making plans to raise at least \$185,000 for a new museum for the Littleton Historical Society. Assisting the campaign plans are Littleton Historical Society Board members PM "Chuck" Davlin, PM Bill Kostka, and CM Glenn Wilson.

PM Jack Guinn received the Wrangler Award of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center in Oklahoma City on April 14. Guinn and the *Denver Post Empire Magazine* were cited for the best magazine article on Western history, covering the 28 years when the Indians made their last efforts to stop advancing whites in the West. It has since been republished in pamphlet form entitled "The Red Man's Last Struggle."

The catalog of a well-known bookseller quoted a price of \$5.00 for the book *Outlaw Album* published in 1966 by PM Fred and Jo Mazzulla. The 48-page illustrated paperback about Bill Carlisle, Doc Holliday, Poker Alice and others can still be obtained from the Mazzullas for \$1.00!

The Georgetown-Silver Plume mining region, also site of the famed Georgetown Railroad Loop for 55 years, is being developed into a mining interpretive site that would include restoration of the narrow-gauge line by The Colorado State Historical Society. The area was recently designated as a National Historic Landmark by the Department of Interior and the new Interstate 70 will make it easily accessible.



Westerner's Bookshelf



WESTERN YESTERDAYS by Forest Crossen. Boulder, Colo.: Boulder Publishing Company, Inc., Vol. I (1963); Vol. II (1963); Vol. III (1965); Vol. IV (1966). Stiff paper covers. Each \$1.95

This series is "a collection of authentic interviews with adventurous people, principally old-time Westerners, made by the author up and down the West from the Canadian Line to the Mexican Border," says the introduction.

They are good, too. Forest Crossen, author and compiler of the beautiful book, *Switzerland Trail of America*, has been smart enough to do what I have failed to do: (1) Get these old boys (and girls) to spin yarns for him mostly in the last years of their lives; and (2) to get them to talk about the thing he wanted to hear. My trouble was that years ago, when I knew some of these ancients, I did not realize how interesting their stories were (and now these old-timers are dead.)

For many years Mr. Crossen has written columns for the Boulder (Colorado) *Daily Camera*. Most of the stories in these four books are column-length, though some in the fourth volume are longer. This makes for compactness and for easy reading. Each volume contains 83 to 93 pages (including eight pages of fine photographic illustrations.)

Here are the titles of some of the stories I especially liked, one from each book: "The Ghosts of Caribou," "101 Ranch Show," "No Night in Creede," "Snowbound at Alpine Tunnel."

John J. Lipsey, PM

THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY— Story of the Emily Griffith Opportunity School of Denver, by Elinor Bluemel. Published by Johnson Publishing Co., Boulder, 1966. Index, 29 photographs, 200 pages. \$3.95.

The contribution of the Emily Griffith Opportunity School to community and the nation is described in this interesting book. The impact of Miss Griffith's "dream" was enormous in the field of education. The subsequent expansion and shifts in policy to meet new challenges, forms a fascinating story. In line with the trend of many historical writings to amplify emphasis on social, economic and educational development, the significance of this unique institution is apparent.

The impetus which Miss Griffith's social "philosophy" imparted to creation of the school is effectively, even though somewhat emotionally, presented. That impetus was pertinent.

During the Depression Years the school had a struggle to exist. Paul Essert assumed guidance during 1933. With the cooperation of many interested individuals and groups and with the assistance of some Federal funds, Essert shepherded the organization through some perilous years.

Mrs. Bluemel described the later years in good detail and in an excellent manner. As a complete historical record, the book might be more inclusive, but then it might become somewhat tedious. The work is extremely well edited, attractively printed and bound.

George B. Greene, CM

New Hands on the Denver Range

JACK D. FILIPIAK
232 N. Case St.
Whitewater, Wis. 53190

Filipiak, a former Denver area resident and a speaker before the Westerners in 1966, is now assistant professor of the department of history at Wisconsin State University. He is especially interested in the frontier army, Colorado history, and the fur trade. He numbers several members of the Posse as his friends, especially Bill Marshall, executive director of the Colorado Historical Society.

R. W. MALLORY
Division Manager
Champlin Petroleum Co.
2501 First National Bank Bldg.
Denver, Colo. 80202

Mallory was encouraged to become a Corresponding Member of the Westerners by CM Paul S. Pustmueller, president of The Fremont Petroleum Co. of Denver.

WALTER EHA
2055 Ivanhoe St.
Denver, Colo. 80207

Walter Eha operates the Eha Advertising agency. Eha has been editor of *Denver Water News* for 14 years, a publication intended to inform Denver people of the need for an adequate water supply for future growth. For this publication he wrote a history of water for Denver, produced booklets, literature, and short motion picture subjects for the Denver Board of Water Commissioners. He is especially interested in water resources and religious history and photography, which is not only a hobby but part of his work. He was introduced to the Westerners at the February meeting by PM Ed Bemis and knows a number of Westerners.

MRS. SHIRLEY L. (EARL V.) VITUS
292 West Parkview Drive
Grand Junction, Colo. 81501

Mrs. Vitus is especially interested in pictographs and petroglyphs and other things associated with early Indians. She is also interested in anything associated with people involved in early Colorado settlement, enjoys jeeping to ghost towns, and recently returned from a backpacking trip into the Canyonlands and will go back there again before taking off for a European trip. In 1966 Mrs. Vitus was named as one of the outstanding journalism teachers in the nation by the *Wall St. Journal* while teaching journalism at Grand Junction High School. For the last two years she has been the librarian at the new Bookcliff Junior High School and became interested in the Westerners as a result of her search for Colorado History information for history classes.

WILLIAM C. PAYETTE
United Press International
1606 Patterson,
Dallas, Tex. 75201

Newsman Bill Payette, a regional director of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic society, was encouraged to join the Westerners by PM Bill Kostka.

DON N. RODDY
R.R. #2, Evergreen Park Estates
Evergreen, Colo. 80439

Roddy is interested in railroad construction and location. (We wonder if he was lucky enough to see the April issue with CM Jackson Thode's article about the race of the D&RG to be the first railroad into Aspen?) Roddy's hobby is Western books and he comes to the Westerners through PM Herbert P. White.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

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1967
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and Colorado Springs
by James Davis CM



CM James Davis giving his talk on the Ku Klux Klan. At left is R.N. Wilkinson, manager of Boulder FM station KRNW, and next to him is PM Fred Mazzulla. The Ku Klux Klan hood can be seen on front of table.
From the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

CM James Davis has done a pains-taking job of research to produce the intriguing article about the Ku Klux Klan in Denver and Colorado Springs and its unbelievable grasp on Colorado in the early 1920s. Davis is a librarian in the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library. He holds an M.A. both in librarianship and American history.

FUTURE MEETINGS

PM Bob Brown, program chairman for the Denver Posse of the Westerners, has arranged an outstanding series of programs for the rest of the year 1967.

1. August 23. "Range Stockmen Meet the Government" by Ferrington Carpenter, pioneer rancher and legislator of the Steamboat Springs and Routt County areas.

2. September. "Let's Be Fair With Custer," by CM Bob Palmer, KOA radio and television personality of Denver and author of "The Death of Yellow Hair" in the 1963 *Brand Book*.

3. October. "Heels and Healers at Pikes Peak," by CM Marshall Sprague, author of *Money Mountain, Massacre, The Great Gates, A Gallery of Dudes*.

4. November. Dr. Nolie Mumeey, PM, physician and surgeon, and author of many books on Western history and several articles in the Westerners *Brand Books* will speak on a subject to be announced.

5. December. "Western Ghost Towns," by Muriel S. Wolle, artist, professor of art at the U. of Colorado, and author of *Stampede to Timberline, The Bonanza Trail*, etc.

There will be no meeting in July but better plan on getting your reservations in early for this fine set of meetings and urge your friends to become corresponding members of the Westerners.

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USE THESE ADDRESSES FOR:

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Material intended for publication in ROUNDUP — William Kostka, 1321 Bannock St., Denver, Colo. 80204.

Reservations for all meetings and dinners — Charles Webb, 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 NEXT
MEETING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE SO
THE CHUCK WRANGLER CAN MAKE
ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE DENVER
PRESS CLUB.

The Ku Klux Klan in Denver and Colorado Springs

By

James Davis CM

DENVER

Denver, as the population center of Colorado and the seat of an administration, was a prize for the hooded order to capture. It, like the rest of Colorado, had only a small number of the varied racial groups. This large city was like a small town in that the population was predominantly white, native-born and Protestant. The thinking, as well as the background, of the average Denverite would thus make him a potential Klansman.

The KKK had made its presence known to the general Denver populace through the press, public appearances in the form of parades, open initiations, and church and funeral visitations.

A speaker, at a 1921 non-Klan convention being held in Denver, refused to introduce a motion abolishing the KKK. Immediately after the incident, an open letter was sent to the Denver press. The writer was secure in the knowledge that it would see print in every city newspaper. The letter said in part:

"The local Klan, consisting of the very best citizens of Denver, has been under course of construction for some time. . . we proclaim to the lawless element of the City and County of Denver and of the State of Colorado that we are not only active now, but we were here yesterday, we are here today, and we shall be here forever."

The effect was intended to produce an all-pervading feeling of concern; the names and number of the best citizens were, of course, left undisclosed.

A few days after publication of the letter, a Klan parade was held in Denver. The time chosen was late at night. The place was one of "the main thoroughfares of the city."² A caravan of automobiles bearing red torchlights swooped down on Denver's theatre row on Curtis Street. Stopping before a motion picture house, Klansmen got out, wearing masks and gowns, and posted a sign demanding the reshewing of a film dealing with a patriotic theme.³ Apparently there were repeats of this particular kind of parade. Harvey T. Sethman recalls participating in one during the following year as a spy for *The Rocky Mountain News*. Its route was down Sixteenth Street, then to Curtis. There a sign was also put on a theatre.⁴

Newspapers received much attention from the order. Mysterious phone calls were made requesting the presence of a reporter for some revelation about the inner workings of the Klan. For example, *The Denver Post* received a call informing the paper that if certain elaborate instructions were followed, to insure secrecy, an interview would be given by a KKK representative. The interview consisted of what was termed propaganda about the strength of the organization and its good intentions, along with a presentation for publication of an initiation ceremony photo and the latest proclamation from national headquarters.

The Klan was most anxious to be publicized as a society of do-gooders. During the funeral of a deceased patrolman, Riche Rose, who had died in the line of duty, six Klan members dramatically appeared just as the body was being lowered into the grave. The leader of the group presented a cross of flowers and vowed the Klan would never allow Rose's widow and children to be in need.⁶

Visitations to church-affiliated institutions were also made. In January, 1922, the Young Men's Christian Association in Denver was honored by the presence of several robed men who presented a check for one hundred dollars to the director.⁶ Church donations were to continue at various intervals. For example, the pastor of Highland Christian received five hundred dollars in a manner very similar to that for the Y.M.C.A. director.⁷

Initiations were made outdoor spectacles. One in 1922 involved thousands of participants. Crosses blazed, elaborate rituals lasted into the early morning. A banquet was included to which the press was invited. However, all observers were required to remain at a distance in order that the face of a Klansman might not be seen as he lifted up his mask while eating.⁸

It was known to many individuals—especially businessmen—by direct occupational contact.

The Klan's method of enrolling businessmen was extremely clever. A representative would go to a prominent firm and explain to the owner that the most influential people in Colorado were Klansmen and, also, that his competitor (who would be named) belonged to the organization. The only way for him to avoid a complete economic boycott would be to join the Klan with the others. Another approach was to show a list of bankruptcies, pointing out the names of men who had refused an offer of membership. Such pressures are claimed to have brought in many people who had no sympathy with the KKK philosophy, but did fear financial ruin. At first the claims of membership and bankruptcies were reputedly false, but proof was lacking due to the veil of secrecy covering all activities of the Invisible Empire.⁹ Later, they were true to a "fantastic degree."¹⁰ Klansmen could go into any place of business and present a list of employees and demand that these

individuals either enroll in the order or be dismissed. The proprietor had no alternative but compliance.¹¹

The Klan's do-good campaign in the newspapers and its espousal of the cause of Protestantism paid off handsomely. Several churches of Denver were extremely effective in fostering the growth of the newly arrived organization. Ministers were treated with scrupulous care and, unfortunately, some of them at least were greatly deceived as to the true aims behind the KKK. For example, one pastor later told a news reporter how he broke with the Klan, completely disillusioned. To his sorrow, the good man had discovered that "it promoted religious and racial hatreds, destroyed friendships, wrecked lodges and churches and . . . was a breeding ground for deception."¹² Originally he had joined with the best of intentions because another minister he admired was a Klansman. Furthermore, friends and relatives in the organization had given him assurances that he could be a Klan member as well as a good Christian.¹³ If some pastors joined the group, it is understandable how some churches became centers for Klan activities. For instance, Grant Avenue Methodist Church, Denver, and the Highlands Christian Church, in the northern section of the city, seem to have provided ardent support for the Klan. From such institutions, influence radiated out in all directions; outlets were provided whereby literature and other forms of propaganda could be thoroughly disseminated.¹⁴

The Catholics of Denver began to feel the economic pressures brought by Klan influence on business. *The Denver Catholic Register* reported one technique used "to organize an economic boycott against the Catholic businessmen of Denver."¹⁵ Pamphlets were printed up by the KKK "containing a list of Catholic tradesmen and urging that Catholics should not 'patronize heretics' but should 'trade with Roman Catholics only.'"¹⁶ The Catholic individual suffered greatly. One man recalls that the moving and storage firm he and his father operated took large losses, at least thirty-five percent of their business, during this period.¹⁷ Coupled with economic boycott, the Klan or its sympathizers repeatedly attacked the Catholic church. Speakers lectured to groups in the city on anti-Catholic topics. The pastor of First Avenue Presbyterian Church "gave a talk on the Klan as a defense against Catholic hierarchy encroachments."¹⁸ A woman posing as an ex-nun "made a vicious attack on the Catholic priesthood in general and the Catholic Church in particular."¹⁹

Demonstrations were staged, apparently at Klan instigation. For example, a bullet was shot through the window of Highlands Christian Church while the minister presided over services. On the basis of events which followed, *The Denver Catholic Register* claimed the incident was

planned: "Great care was taken to see that nobody was hit, but the Klansmen were scrupulously careful to see that the 'attack' was given due publicity."²⁰

The same paper observed that the Negroes in Denver were well aware of a strong enemy. Catholics suffered. . . political setback and lost. . . trade, but the people worst afflicted were the Negroes. KKK committees went from store to store and building to building demanding the dismissal of Negro employees. . . the Negro population was noticeably diminished.²¹

The organization also worked indirectly through other means in opposing that racial group. The home of one Charles K. Starr, a colored man, was bombed in June, and again in November of 1922.²² The reason for this action was said to have been that Mr. Starr had moved into a neighborhood previously occupied by whites only. No accusations were made as to the persons behind the unusual bomb throwing scare, not even in Denver's Negro newspaper.²³ However, between the two bombing incidents, an aggressive anti-Negro act was committed, responsibility for which could be placed directly on the Klan's doorstep. A letter, on Klan stationery, was written January 1922 to Ward Gish, a colored janitor. The letter claimed that he had been charged with: "1. Intimate relations with white women. 2. The use of abusive language to, and in the presence of white women."²⁴ Mr. Gish was warned to leave town before sundown February 1, otherwise "the climate of Denver will be injurious."²⁵ The letter brought the Klan, for the first of many occasions, into conflict with District Attorney Philip S. Van Cise. Van Cise had been waging a cleanup campaign on all forms of vice since his 1920 election to office.²⁶ Without any hesitation, he made the following promise:

This Ku Klux Klan monkey business has no place in Denver. Gish or anyone else who receives threatening letters will be given protection, and it is my intention to try and put the Klan out of business in this city.²⁷

The Gish matter was brought by the District Attorney before a grand jury.²⁸ This forthright action, however, did not deter the Klan from sending additional threats to Negroes. Even as the jury deliberated on the reports of Van Cise, another letter was written. This time the recipient was George Cross, Negro messenger for Governor Oliver Shoup. As in the Gish letter, accusations were stated and an ultimatum given for him to leave town by a certain time.²⁹ The jury completely cleared both Negroes of charges made against them and recommended that the Klan be most carefully investigated.³⁰ Van Cise said he would be happy to comply, and that the investigations would be "sweeping."³¹

Retaliation soon came for Van Cise in the form of petitions for his recall; charges were made of his "incompetence. . .discrimination in prosecution. . .[and] unprofessional conduct."³² The District Attorney asserted that the real instigators of the recall move hid behind the respectable names of the signers.³³ Yet the very next day he labeled them KKK members.³⁴ A month later Van Cise made a spectacular roundup of a large Denver underworld group known as the "bunco ring." The ring had no apparent link with the Klan, but this dramatic move against Denver crime—as the D. A. himself predicted—eventually squashed the recall drive.³⁵ Van Cise was now a public hero. The recall petitions disappeared³⁶, and even the efforts of a special investigator failed to locate them.³⁷

The Jewish people of Denver experienced the same kind of economic boycotts as the Catholics, thanks to the Klan. In addition, it was influential in excluding them from fashionable clubs and certain fraternal organizations, such as the Masonic lodges.³⁸ The Klan utilized various means aimed directly at insulting Jewish religious beliefs. KKK processions were routed by West Denver synagogues. One author states:

There was a considerable Jewish community in the West Colfax area. . . at that time. . .Frequently the Klan would schedule Friday evening processions. Pre-Sabbath preparations of devout Jews were regularly disturbed for several years. Indignities were shouted at them by parading Klansmen. . .³⁹

Despite the fact that the Ku Klux Klan was an avowed enemy, only a handful of Jews fought against the order.⁴⁰ The four who really stood up against Klan activities were Ira Quiat, leader in the Democratic party and state senate member from 1925 until 1933; Charles Ginsberg, who spoke out against the hooded order throughout the city; Sol Horn, who worked with those groups attempting to stop Klan control of city government; and Philip Hornbein, who ". . .advocated an all-out legal fight to break the hold of the invisible but well known rulers."⁴¹

A few Jewish leaders in Denver suggested forms of appeasement. For example, the B'nai B'rith lodge, a leading Jewish organization, considered giving a special program for the benefit of Dr. Locke and his associates. Its purpose would be to convince them of the sacred meaning behind Jewish rites. Yet one member pointed out to the lodge that a single program could scarcely hope to accomplish with the Klan what two thousand years of tradition had failed to do. Charles Ginsberg also threatened to denounce any such invited guests, and he finally convinced the lodge of the unwisdom of the proposal so that the event was called off.⁴² In another instance, at a Jewish institution, the Ex-Patient, Tubercular Home, a Klan-backed government official was given a warm welcome.⁴³ A third instance was as-

sociated with the aftermath of a murder trial. A gentile, charged with the murder of a Jew, was acquitted by a reputed Klan jury. Afterwards, the judge, a reputed Klansman, got down off the bench to congratulate the acquitted man. Philip Hornbein and Charles Ginsberg wrote up a condemnation of the court action to be published, at their own expense, in *The Denver Post*. Not one rabbi would sign it however. In desperation it was taken to the Reverend Hugh L. McMenamain, pastor of Immaculate Conception Cathedral. He read the condemnation and, without asking how many others had signed, put his signature to it. Many, who had refused to back Ginsberg and Hornbein, then changed their minds and added their names to the document.⁴⁴

Catholics as well as Jews did not unite in opposition to the Klan. Some in both groups had been termed traitors⁴⁵ to their fellow members, and there were others who tried to find excuses for those who persecuted them.⁴⁶ One of the leading Catholic attorneys in the city had as his close friends the coterie of Klansmen.⁴⁷ One Jewish and one Catholic lawyer worked for the Klan. The sincerity of these men in defending members of their own religion might be doubtful. Yet for a period the KKK was so influential in the District Courts that Catholics or Jews were forced to hire one of these two lawyers, if they hoped for any form of justice.⁴⁸ Dr. Locke's attorney, who fought to keep the Grand Dragon from a conviction on a kidnapping charge, was a Jew.⁴⁹ A refusal of this lawyer to accept Locke's defense might have placed a man of lesser ability for his defense; certainly it would have caused inconvenience. However at the time of the Klan's greatest power, that is in 1925, the Catholics did give a large demonstration of unity by a mass meeting in the Denver Auditorium. The purpose was a promotion for the endowment of St. Thomas' Seminary, although the program consisted largely of addresses by Catholic leaders against the Invisible Empire and its leaders.⁵⁰ A claim is made that this meeting really turned the tide in Colorado against the KKK. Up until that time, the businessmen were cowed. The day after the rally, they had backbone enough to declare their disgust with the bigoted movement.⁵¹ The Catholics could boast also of their fighting editor, Father Matthew Smith of *The Denver Catholic Register*.

At least two of the Negro organizations of Denver protested against the KKK directly, as well as against any attempts to encroach upon Negro rights. When the Klan filed an application with the state Attorney General for a charter, the Denver branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People protested. They also conferred with the Attorney General about possibilities of dissolution for the Klan if a charter could not be denied.⁵² During threats to establish segregation in the public schools, The Denver Colored Civic Association announced it would fight

any moves to establish such a condition. This association, alert to Klan moves against the Negro, displayed a healthy growth as the Hooded Order continued its rise to power.⁵³

In accordance with his own desires, Colorado Grand Dragon Locke began to seek political power in Colorado. The introduction of Benjamin F. Stapleton as candidate for mayor was the first Klan bid for a major Denver City office and it was unrecognized at first. Stapleton was even thought to be an opponent of the KKK. Ben Stapleton had a great deal of experience in public service. He served in the County Recorder's office and Justice of the Peace, and as postmaster of Denver. His record in every one of these offices was outstanding.⁵⁴ Denver newspapers openly supported Stapleton, criticizing his opponent, incumbent Dewey C. Bailey, being backed by underworld characters,⁵⁵ and for giving preferential treatment to the wealthy in property valuations so they could avoid paying their share of taxes.⁵⁶

Bailey was defeated, receiving 31,007 votes to his opponent's 37,370. *The Denver Post* congratulated the voters for showing excellent judgment and fine discrimination in the selection of a mayor whose past record "is a guarantee that he will reflect credit upon himself and upon those who cast their votes for him."⁵⁷

During a short period after the election, it appeared that the new mayor was going to live up to the expectations of his anti-Klan and law-abiding backers. One newspaper commented on the fact that he had begun the task of restoring order and efficiency to various city departments.⁵⁸ It was felt that a share of credit must also be given to one of Stapleton's new appointees, Rice W. Means. As Manager of Safety, Means had reorganized the police department, so that laws would be strictly enforced, regardless of any political influence attempted by violators.⁵⁹

The honeymoon ended with shattering suddenness, and Mayor Stapleton's position on the Klan seemed to be plainly revealed by June 1923. The Ku Klux Klan asked for permission to use the City Auditorium for a lecture. Despite protests of many citizens and organizations—especially Catholic, Negro and Jewish, the Mayor granted the Klan's request.⁶⁰ Philip Hornbein was foremost among those protesting, calling the mayor's action "an affront to the majority of right-thinking, open-minded citizens who . . . resent it deeply."⁶¹ Stapleton explained the reason for the decision was to grant the right of free speech.⁶² He also contended that the building was public property and therefore open to all elements.⁶³ This explanation was perhaps sound enough as far as it went, but it did not explain why a building belonging to Denver's citizens was given over to an organization whose aims would deny a portion of them their rights.

The Auditorium meeting turned out to be a decided failure for the Klan; protests from the assembled crowd finally drove the featured speaker off the stage.⁶⁴ The event, however, enabled all those individuals who were doubtful of the mayor's motives, to feel justified in withdrawing support and thereafter opposing him. In this group were Philip Hornbein, Philip Van Cise, and such prominent attorneys as Will Hutton, Charles Mahoney, Henry May, and William Foley. The City Council strongly disagreed with the mayor's decision despite the reasons that he gave for it. A measure was proposed specifically closing the Auditorium to the Klan and listing wrongs committed by the membership throughout the country. This proposal then was discarded in favor of a less extreme bill, which prevented speakers using the building from advocating any doctrine of allegiance in temporal affairs other than to the United States government.⁶⁵ The bill was adopted on a final reading.⁶⁵

The appointment of Rice Means as Manager of Safety, praised at first, soon came under suspicion. He took office only a few days after the election, with the understanding that in ninety days he would reorganize the police department, and then be appointed City Attorney.⁶⁷ During a trial which took place some two months after Means had been appointed Manager of Safety, he was asked publicly by Philip Hornbein if he was a Klansman. Hornbein felt that Means was unduly anxious to prosecute his client, John B. O'Malley, for operating a filling station without a license. Many other station owners were also violating that same city law without prosecution. However, unlike the others, Mr. O'Malley had been a member of a delegation which protested to the Mayor about his rental of the Auditorium to the KKK. Means replied in the negative,⁶⁸ yet Stapleton had also made such a denial during his election campaign. Events reported later in the press and quoted in this study would seem to indicate both men were not telling the truth.

As the City Attorney's stay in office drew to a close and he became occupied with his Klan-backed candidacy for United States Senator, he neglected his official duties. He was finally called before the City Council to explain his laxity regarding investigation of damage claims brought against the municipality.⁶⁹

Criticism of the Stapleton regime, slowly mounting, received additional stimulus in November of 1923. On the night of November 10, burning crosses were placed at various locations in the city. The Council reacted by drawing up a resolution demanding investigation of the incident.⁷⁰ At Council's insistence the Mayor signed the resolution. However, his new Manager of Safety, Reuben W. Hershey, claimed the police could find no trace of any crosses. Stapleton said his own personal inquiries had failed to turn up any person who had ever seen the crosses burning.⁷¹

In March 1924 William J. Candlish was named Chief of Police.⁷² At that time it was known that Manager Hershey was a Klansman, and very soon Candlish's membership also became evident, when he was observed and reported participating in Klan rites.⁷³ Along with this report, a newspaper predicted the Mayor might be recalled.⁷⁴ Not one week later, a petition was filed with the City Clerk containing over 26,000 signatures demanding Ben Stapleton's recall.⁷⁵ The reasons stated for the recall of the Mayor were a lack of executive ability and common sense, allowing the City Attorney to condone a violation of the eight-hour work day for women, and permitting the Manager of Safety to allow the insult and abuse of citizens and visitors. It also stated that Stapleton had brought increased taxation and let the streets fall into ruinous condition.⁷⁶ The recall petition had been initiated by three anti-Klan men—all of them Stapleton's former campaign supporters—Philip Hornbein, William Foley and *Denver Post* owner Frederick Bonfils.⁷⁷ Stapleton claimed the petition was not valid because it lacked enough signatures by qualified voters.⁷⁸ With the counsel of Rice Means, he took the petition all the way to the state Supreme Court. His legal fight, however, ended in failure.⁷⁹ Thereafter, the City Council passed, on first reading, an ordinance setting the date for the recall election as August 12.⁸⁰

While Stapleton and Means waged the recall battle in various courts, Denver newspapers published evidence of the extent of the Mayor's support of the Klan in politics. For instance, the *Denver Express* revealed that the appointment of Candlish was only the latest of a long series involving Klansmen, for City Hall was filled with them.

How successful the conspiracy. . .for seizure of control of every department of [the] city. . .may be judged from the fact the Klan counts among its members. . .Mayor Ben F. Stapleton, City Attorney Rice W. Means, Chief of Police J. Candlish, District Judge Clarence J. Morley, Charles W. Lewis, Sec'y to Hershey. . .at least seven police sergeants, [and]. . . at least 21 patrolmen. . .⁸¹

Shortly before the recall petition was initiated, Mayor Stapleton had seemed to become tired of being a party to Dr. Locke's play for political control. According to *The Denver Post*, he decided to stop taking orders from the Klan leadership. In March the Klan then began preparing a recall petition of its own for the Mayor. Hearing of this move and perhaps knowing of the other petition then being circulated, the Mayor reportedly rushed back into the KKK fold and made peace. There was a price for reinstatement and that price was the appointment of William Candlish as Police Chief.⁸² Dr. Locke felt it was essential to have control over enforcement organizations such as the police.⁸³ He knew Candlish was not well acquainted with police

work and would need to depend on someone else for advice.⁵⁴ Thus there would be no attempt at backsliding, as there had been in the Stapleton case, when that individual's confidence in his own abilities had caused him to try managing his post without Locke's direction.

As the recall election approached, Stapleton received an additional blow to his political reputation. The Democratic party, of which he was a member, adopted a resolution denouncing him for becoming a Klan tool. A newspaper observed that: "Never before has an executive officer of the city. . .been so repudiated by the party which put him into power."⁵⁵

With so much criticism of his administration, it seemed unlikely that the Mayor could defeat approval of the recall petition, unless he could be assured of full KKK backing. At the Klan meeting of July 14, 1924—amid all the paraphernalia of burning crosses, white robes,—the enthroned Grand Dragon had the Mayor swear unflinching loyalty. *The Denver Express* reported:

Dr. Locke called for Stapleton to speak and he said: "I have little to say except that I will work with the Klan and for the Klan in the coming election, heart and soul, and if I am elected I shall give the Klan the kind of administration it wants." Dr. Locke warned the mayor that he had "gone back on the Klan once and if you do it again, may God help you."⁵⁶

This speech of Stapleton's was plainly heard by all present.⁵⁷ *The Denver Post* announced:

If the Klan wins it will mean that, until the power of the organization is broken, it will be useless for any man to run for office unless he has the endorsement of the organization.⁵⁸

The main opponent against Stapleton was none other than former Mayor Dewey Bailey, who opened his campaign with the statement, "In my appointments, politics, race or color will have no place. . ."⁵⁹ One newspaper believed the former mayor left something to be desired during his first term; at least one knew what individuals or groups comprised "the evil influences around him."⁶⁰ Bailey was active in trying to win over the voters. He spoke to a large audience composed not just of Protestants, but Catholics, Jews and Negroes as well. The accomplishments of his administration were recited and the incumbent was attacked for his surrender to the Invisible Empire.⁶¹ Two of the city's newspapers were solidly behind Bailey—the *Denver Express* and *The Denver Post*. In addition, the outspoken and popular judge of the Juvenile Court, Benjamin B. Lindsey, wrote open letters in the papers⁶² and spoke to groups in the city⁶³ in behalf of candidate Bailey.

On the other side, Stapleton had the backing of *The Rocky Mountain News* and *The Denver Times*. Full page advertisements and front page ar-

ticles urged the voters to stop a recall based on fraud and prevent the Bailey underworld "crowd" from getting back into government.⁹⁴ A significant advertisement gave a hint as to who was buying up the large quantities of newspaper space. It covered a full page and urged everyone to get the church spirit. At the bottom was a sentence saying "paid for by a group of men who have been personally benefitted by religion."⁹⁵ This fitted in neatly with the KKK espousal of religion. The Klan's very enemies were forced to admit the efficiency of the campaign program behind Stapleton.

Work was in full swing under the surface before any candidate announced his opposition, and the workers of Dr. Locke were quite thorough in registering their vote and getting to the polls. They were reported to be "everywhere—in every precinct there were watchers and a corp of campaigners to make a house to house canvass insuring that all voters had been to the polls."⁹⁶ The Stapleton workers were at the polls also on election day, although their presence was a violation of a city ordinance. The police, instead of stopping this illegal activity, became electioneers themselves. Only deputies sent in by District Attorney Van Cise made any attempt to enforce the law.⁹⁷ The election was so important to Dr. Locke that every KKK member was ordered to vote for Stapleton or be expelled. Membership was divided into groups according to election districts. The leader of each district got his instructions directly from Locke.⁹⁸ In the largest turnout in the city's history,⁹⁹ Stapleton won—55,635 votes to Bailey's 24,277.¹⁰⁰ The only significant opposition came from the West Colfax section of the city—an area populated largely by people of the Jewish faith.¹⁰² The *Express* did not credit victory strictly to Locke's methods. It believed that along with the Klan and anti-Klan vote, there was another element "that did not side with Klan issues, but was opposed to removing Stapleton for any reason."¹⁰² The *Express* did not elucidate further on the nature of the element. However, earlier in the article it mentioned a group of voters who felt that recall was wrong as a matter of principle, regardless of personalities involved.¹⁰³

Dr. Locke was the first one to congratulate the victorious mayor. The Denver Klansmen then proceeded to Table Mountain near Golden and burned one red and one white cross in celebration.¹⁰⁴ The next day the Doctor granted an interview to the press in his audience hall at Glenarm Place. He took credit for direction of the campaign and its successful outcome. The key to the Klan success, he stated, was its discipline, modeled on the Army, and secrecy which shrouded the real strength and brought fear. Before dismissing his audience, the Grand Dragon gave this parting remark, "Come to see me before the state election and I'll have another story."¹⁰⁵

Dr. Locke could feel quite pleased with the situation in the city, and he was to gain even more power through control of the courts. In 1924, the only court tainted with Kluxism was that of District Judge Clarence J.

Morley;¹⁰⁶ however the election of November brought in four Klan-backed judges to the Denver District Court—James C. Starkweather, Henry Bray, Henley A. Calvert, and Henry Sackman. It also left Benjamin Lindsey fighting for his political life in a struggle with Klansman Royal B. Graham.¹⁰⁷ Supreme Court Judge O. Otto Moore vividly recalled the kind of justice found in the Klan courts. As Philip Van Cise's deputy District Attorney, he watched a Klan-backed judge attempt to belittle the office of Van Cise without any regard for justice. As one example, a Klan official was accused of the forcible rape of his secretary. The woman was ashamed at first to have the story bared in a courtroom, but the Klan judge convinced her that she should do so in order to protect other women. Then the judge found out that the defendant was an important KKK official. First he tried to make the woman change her mind about testifying. Failing in this, he gave Deputy District Attorney Moore a difficult time in court, sustaining every objection made by the defense, and seeming to favor the prosecution. The rapist was convicted, but the judge stated he was the thirteenth juror, and did not believe the witness. A new trial was granted, this time with a jury list drawn up in Dr. Locke's office. The trial resulted in a hung jury, and a third trial brought the same result. The wronged woman then gave up and her accused seducer was set free.¹⁰⁸

Another Klan-backed judge had been accused of a great miscarriage of justice. Mayor Stapleton had had wholesale arrests made of bootleggers operating in Denver. Soon afterwards it was discovered that a group of policemen—who were also Klan members—had been reselling the liquor confiscated during the raids. The KKK judge was to hear the case brought against them. Shortly before the trial, a conversation was overheard in Dr. Locke's office and reported to Deputy District Attorney Moore. The Doctor told the judge that as soon as Attorney Moore had made his opening statement, the Klan lawyer representing the policemen would move that there was no property right on whiskey under the statutes, and it could not be a subject of larceny, since it was a contraband article. During the trial the judge appeared to have hesitated before accepting such a motion, although he finally did approve it.¹⁰⁹ The State Supreme Court later had this to say about the judge's action:

The construction given the act in question by the trial court is fraught with such momentous and disastrous results that we need go no further than invoke against it the fundamental rule that absurd interpretations will not be given when reasonable ones may be resorted to.¹¹⁰

If the judge had been upheld, "the rule of 'they should take the power who can' would apply and it would be the only law applicable."¹¹¹

With the city government firmly in control by the Ku Klux Klan, Klan

membership grew at a terrific rate. Its meeting places changed as enrollment increased—first the Yeager Mortuary, then the Woodman Hall, the Mining Exchange Building, Knights of Pythias Hall, and finally Table Mountain near Golden.¹¹² Grandiose plans were made for a permanent building, which would house Klan offices and provide an auditorium for meetings. An architect's drawing for the building appeared in the newspaper, giving specific dimensions of four hundred fifty feet in width and one hundred feet in depth.¹¹³ An eastern newspaper reporter made this comment after observing the attendance at a meeting:

The Denver Klan holds its meetings on Table Mountain, nine miles from Denver. The hooded Knights go to the meetings in automobiles and recently the machines extended in a double line from the top of the mountain to within a mile of the Denver city line. That indicates the power of the Klan in this part of Colorado.¹¹⁴

EPILOGUE, DENVER

Only a scant eight months after this victory, disaster struck for Dr. Locke and the Colorado Klan. The crime and violence which flourished under Chief Candlish were at last too much for Stapleton. Without telling the police chief, he "conducted a vice raid and soon many Klan policemen were under suspension and investigation."¹¹⁵

The Treasury Department then began to show a decided interest in Dr. Locke's large income. Senator Rice Means either would not or could not block the appointment of United States Internal Revenue Director Frank Howbert for a second term.¹¹⁶ Howbert hit Locke with a suit for suspected failure to pay all his income tax that was due, as well as for mishandling of Klan funds.¹¹⁷ On June 12, 1925, Dr. Locke was sent to jail for contempt of court by failing to produce his books.¹¹⁸

Stapleton now felt, in addition to qualms about conditions in Denver, that the Grand Dragon's legal problems had rendered him politically dangerous. Those in association with Locke could have their careers damaged. Therefore the Mayor, along with others in political opposition, contacted Imperial Wizard Hiram W. Evans.¹¹⁹

Under pressure from national headquarters, Dr. Locke resigned as Grand Dragon. The date was July 20, 1925 and immediately Harry Hoffman of Washington was appointed new Grand Dragon.¹²⁰ With the doctor's removal, the Colorado Klan had received a death blow, because numerous followers in local organizations, such as Klavern No. 1 in Denver, withdrew their memberships.¹²¹ They preferred joining their leader in his newly-created group, the Minute Men of America.¹²²

COLORADO SPRINGS

Besides the municipality of Denver, the Ku Klux Klan was active in other cities over the state. Powerful organizations were built up in Boulder, Pueblo and Canon City.¹²³ The Hooded Order first gained strength in the eastern portion of the state, then moved on to the western slope. There it obtained political control of Grand Junction, the major population center of the area.¹²⁴ For this study, only the Klan influence at Colorado Springs will be discussed in any detail.

Colorado Springs was the third largest city of the state in 1920.¹²⁵ Size made it attractive for the Klan. Also the distance from KKK headquarters in Denver to this city was not great, thus allowing for easy visitation by Denver Klansmen. In 1925, Grand Dragon Locke had special reasons for wanting control of that city's government, as will be discussed later.

The earliest indication of the Ku Klux Klan activity at the Springs was in the form of letters which they attributed to the organization. One was written to the superintendent of public schools warning him against the hiring of married women as teachers, when they had working husbands.¹²⁶ Three members of the First Methodist Church in the Springs also received curious letters at that time. However, because the contents consisted of scurrilous attacks and incoherent statements, authorities felt they were the work of a mentally deranged mind.¹²⁷

A letter sent to the local post of the American Legion raised the first opposition to the Klan. The Legion was attacked because of a weak stand regarding bonuses for World War Veterans. It retaliated by declaring an intention to fight back and open a special membership drive.¹²⁸ The drive was designed to offset criticism that veterans were leaving the Legion "to sign up under the cross."¹²⁹ About one year later, a large initiation meeting was held by Klansmen on the summit of Pikes Peak, so that all people in the state might know that Colorado was to be a province of the Invisible Empire.¹³⁰ The next day a special delivery letter was sent to the newspaper announcing that an anti-Klan group had been formed "fully prepared to combat the activities of the masked organization should the occasion arise."¹³¹ The signature was simply "Buck-Shot Brigade."¹³²

Reports of the organization's presence in the city began to increase. A membership meeting supposedly was held at a hotel "without an appreciable response of the invited."¹³³ Prominent individuals of the community were approached by Klan recruiting agents. Passengers on incoming trains reported seeing white robed figures near the rodeo grounds. Stories circulated of a pending initiation ceremony and parades through the town.¹³⁴

The first outward appearance came in the form of a blazing twenty-five foot cross on a rise within the city limits.¹³⁵ The following day a big

membership drive was opened and Colorado Springs businessmen were deluged with Klan letters and application blanks, all bearing Denver postmarks. It was thought that the flaming cross originated from Denver Klansmen to serve as a publicity device for distribution of the letters and applications.¹³⁶ A few weeks later another cross was burned, heralding a new enlistment campaign.¹³⁷

The Klan now felt the time was ripe for a public appearance. A delegation of sixteen Kluxers visited the First Baptist Church in Fountain, a small community near the Springs.¹³⁸ They had made certain the visit would be anticipated by all residents in the area. After giving the overflow audience a flowery speech about love of God and country, the leader of the delegation presented the pastor with fifty dollars.¹³⁹

Initiations continued in the Colorado Springs vicinity,¹⁴⁰ but by 1925 apparently there were not enough local members for a successful effort to secure control of city government in the municipal election. Dr. Locke was especially anxious for the election to have a favorable outcome, for it would serve as a rebuke to state Senators Louis A. Puffer and David Elliot.¹⁴¹ These Colorado Springs men were among the leaders of a group trying to defeat the Klan's program in the Legislature. Locke sent in forty Denver Klansmen to begin working on the Springs voters. He came in person to a meeting held near the city and was accompanied by Denver Police Chief William Candlish, Senator Rice Means and other high officials of the organization.¹⁴² Dr. Locke ordered every Klansman in town to get out and vote.

The principal objective in the election was the removal of Mayor Ira Harris, along with Councilmen George Birdsall and Martin Drake.¹⁴³ As the decisive day approached, Klan efforts were intensified. Governor Clarence Morley was sent to the Springs to address a meeting of Klan women. The Grand Dragon's chief deputy, Karl De Lochte, was present in town to stir up fires of enthusiasm. One hundred additional Klansmen from a dozen Colorado towns swooped down on the voters.¹⁴⁴ Meanwhile the citizens of Colorado Springs became alarmed. The press proclaimed that "The election . . . will decide the future of Colorado Springs. . . Whether it is to be ordered and directed by the people of this city, or . . . to be dictated [to] by an alien influence."¹⁴⁵ One hundred and fifty businessmen met to take action against the KKK. Plans were made to offset the artificial strength brought in by the outsiders and ensure the reelection of Harris, Birdsall and Drake.¹⁴⁶

During election day, hundreds of cars bearing stickers for the Klan ticket were seen moving from one precinct to another. The imports appeared at different polling places, some remaining throughout the day. Yet, despite all the effort, money and planning poured into the Colorado election,

the vote brought a complete defeat for Dr. Locke. Harris, Birdsall and Drake were returned to office by a small, but comfortable majority.¹⁴⁷

One other concrete result came out of the campaign. The organization created to combat the Klan during the election now drew up "a plan . . . to effect the complete rout of the hooded order from the country and eliminate it forever as a factor in political campaigns"¹⁴⁸ in Colorado Springs. The name, Citizen's League, was adopted and a declaration of principle stating its aims prepared. Hundreds signed it, including business and professional people. However, every citizen in the city received an invitation to include his name with the others.¹⁴⁹

The Colorado Ku Klux Klan had overstepped itself and received a major defeat.

Footnotes

¹*The Denver Times*, June 17, 1921, p. 20.

²*The Denver Post*, July 8, 1921, p. 14.

³*Ibid.*

⁴Author's interview with Harvey T. Sethman, a director of the Colorado Medical Society and reporter on *The Rocky Mountain News* during the period of intense Klan activity, March 25, 1963. Tape recording in possession of Western History Department, Denver Public Library.

⁵*The Denver Post*, November 5, 1922, p. 13.

⁶*The Denver Catholic Register*, January 26, 1922, p. 1.

⁷*Denver Express*, May 26, 1924, p. 1.

⁸*The Denver Times*, June 9, 1922, p. 1.

⁹Author's interview with Forbes Parkhill, historian and reporter on *The Denver Post* during the period of Klan power, March 4, 1963. Tape recording in possession of Western History Department, Denver Public Library.

¹⁰Author's interview with Henry Toll, Denver attorney and Colorado State Senator during the period of Klan power, January 27, 1963. Tape recording in possession of Western History Department, Denver Public Library and also in the Fred and Jo Mazzulla collection.

¹¹*Ibid.*

¹²*Denver Express*, November 3, 1924, p. 1.

¹³*Ibid.*

¹⁴Author's interview with Justice O. Otto Moore, of the Colorado Supreme Court, and Deputy District Attorney when the Klan was in power, October 7, 1962. Tape recording in possession of Western History Department, Denver Public Library and also in the Fred and Jo Mazzulla collection.

¹⁵*The Denver Catholic Register*, June 19, 1924, p. 1.

¹⁶*Ibid.*

¹⁷James Logan, statement made on KOA radio broadcast, *The Rise and Fall of John Galan Locke*, February 23, 1962. Tape recording of broadcast is in possession of Western History Department, Denver Public Library and also in the Fred and Jo Mazzulla collection.

¹⁸*Denver Express*, January 3, 1925, p. 8.

¹⁹*The Denver Catholic Register*, May 7, 1925, p. 1.

²⁰*The Denver Catholic Register*, June 19, 1924, p. 1.

²¹*The Denver Catholic Register*, "Historical Index to the Register," galley proof 61.

²²*The Denver Times*, November 16, 1922 p. 2.

²³*The Colorado Statesman*, November 19, 1922, p. 3.

²⁴Letter from Ku Klux Klan of Denver to Janitor Ward (January, 1924) Scrapbook of Denver attorney Philip S. Van Cise, in possession of Mr. Van Cise. Date determined by contents of letter.

²⁵*Ibid.*

²⁶*The Denver Post*, March 8, 1923, p. 9.

²⁷*The Denver Times*, February 25, 1922, p. 1.

²⁸*The Denver Post*, March 11, 1922, p. 1.

²⁹*The Denver Post*, March 13, 1922, p. 1.

- ³⁰*The Denver Times*, April 11, 1922, p. 1.
- ³¹*The Denver Post*, May 5, 1922, p. 1.
- ³²*The Denver Times*, July 25, 1922, p. 1.
- ³³*The Denver Times*, July 26, 1922, p. 6.
- ³⁴*The Denver Post*, July 28, 1922, p. 1.
- ³⁵*The Denver Times*, August 29, 1922, p. 1.
- ³⁶*The Denver Post*, September 6, 1922, p. 1.
- ³⁷*The Denver Post*, September 21, 1922, p. 2.
- ³⁸Ida Libert Uchill, *Pioneers, Peddlers and Tsadikim* (Denver: Sage Books, 1957), p. 162.
- ³⁹Charles Ginsberg quoted in Don Zylstra, "When the Ku Klux Klan Ran Denver." *The Denver Post*, Roundup, January 5, 1958.
- ⁴⁰Uchill, *Pioneers, Peddlers, and Tsadikim*, p. 161; Author's interview with Charles Ginsberg Denver attorney and a leading Klan opponent, May 5, 1963. Tape recording in possession of Western History Department, Denver Public Library.
- ⁴¹Uchill, *Pioneers, Peddlers, and Tsadikim*, p. 161.
- ⁴²Author's interview with Charles Ginsberg.
- ⁴³*The Denver Jewish News*, July 30, 1925, p. 1.
- ⁴⁴Author's interview with Charles Ginsberg; this account parallels an incident which occurred in 1920 and did not involve the Klan. A condemnation similar to the one described by Mr. Ginsberg appears in *The Rocky Mountain News*, June 7, 1920, p. 11. It was printed as a regular news article, however.
- ⁴⁵Uchill, *Pioneers, Peddlers, and Tsadikim*, p. 161.
- ⁴⁶Author's interview with Charles Ginsberg.
- ⁴⁷*Ibid.*
- ⁴⁸Uchill, *Pioneers, Peddlers, and Tsadikim*, p. 167.
- ⁴⁹*Denver Express*, January 20, 1925, p. 167.
- ⁵⁰*The Denver Catholic Register*, February 12, 1925, p. 1.
- ⁵¹*The Denver Catholic Register*, "Historical Index to the Register," galley proof 59.
- ⁵²*The Denver Post*, March 9, 1922, p. 22.
- ⁵³*The Colorado Statesman*, April 7, 1923, p. 4.
- ⁵⁴*The Denver Post*, May 13, 1923, p. 3.
- ⁵⁵*The Denver Times*, May 11, 1923, p. 1.
- ⁵⁶*The Denver Times*, May 12, 1923, p. 1.
- ⁵⁷*The Denver Post*, May 5, 1923, p. 1.
- ⁵⁸*Denver Express*, June 2, 1923, p. 1.
- ⁵⁹*The Denver Times*, June 19, 1923, p. 11.
- ⁶⁰*Denver Express*, June 27, 1923, p. 1.
- ⁶¹*Ibid.*
- ⁶²*Ibid.*
- ⁶³*The Denver Times*, November 23, 1923, p. 1.
- ⁶⁴*Denver Express*, June 28, 1923, p. 1.
- ⁶⁵*The Denver Times*, July 3, 1923, p. 1.
- ⁶⁶*The Denver Times*, July 10, 1923, p. 2.
- ⁶⁷*The Denver Times*, May 25, 1923, p. 1.
- ⁶⁸*The Denver Post*, July 20, 1923, p. 1. *Denver Express*, July 20, 1923, p. 1.
- ⁶⁹*The Denver Post*, October 15, 1924, p. 18.
- ⁷⁰*The Denver Times*, November 23, 1923, p. 1.
- ⁷¹*The Denver Times*, November 24, 1923, p. 4.
- ⁷²*Denver Express*, March 12, 1924, p. 1.
- ⁷³*Denver Express*, March 25, 1924, p. 1.
- ⁷⁴*Ibid.*
- ⁷⁵*The Denver Post*, March 29, 1924, p. 1.
- ⁷⁶*Ibid.*, p. 14.
- ⁷⁷Author's interview with Charles Ginsberg.
- ⁷⁸*Denver Express*, May 15, 1924, p. 1.
- ⁷⁹*Ibid.*
- ⁸⁰*Denver Express*, June 17, 1924, p. 1.
- ⁸¹*Denver Express*, March 27, 1924, p. 1.
- ⁸²*The Denver Post*, August 11, 1924, p. 1.
- ⁸³Author's interview with Henry Toll, Denver attorney and Colorado state senator during the period of Klan power, January 27, 1963. Tape recording in possession of Western History Department, Denver Public Library.
- ⁸⁴Author's interview with Ray Humphreys, reporter on *The Denver Post* during the period

of intense Klan activity, February 27, 1963. Tape recording in possession of Western History Department, Denver Public Library.

⁸⁵*The Denver Post*, August 3, 1924, p. 1.

⁸⁶*Denver Express*, August 8, 1924, p. 1.

⁸⁷Author's interview with Robert Maiden, former Colorado law enforcement officer and body-guard of Dr. Locke, January 20, 1963. Tape recording in possession of Western History Department, Denver Public Library.

⁸⁸*The Denver Post*, August 3, 1924, p. 1.

⁸⁹*Denver Express*, July 21, 1924, p. 1.

⁹⁰*Denver Express*, August 10, 1924, p. 1.

⁹¹*The Denver Post*, August 1, 1924, p. 1.

⁹²*The Denver Post*, August 6, 1924, p. 1.

⁹³*The Denver Post*, August 9, 1924, p. 3.

⁹⁴*The Denver Times*, August 8, 1924, pp. 1, 3; *ibid.* August 11, 1924, pp. 1, 20.

⁹⁵*The Denver Times*, August 9, 1924, p. 5.

⁹⁶*The Denver Post*, August 13, 1924, p. 1.

⁹⁷*The Denver Post*, August 12, 1924, p. 1.

⁹⁸*Ibid.*

⁹⁹*The Denver Post*, August 13, 1924, p. 1.

¹⁰⁰Results furnished author by the Denver Election Commission.

¹⁰¹*The Denver Post*, August 13, 1924, p. 1.

¹⁰²*Denver Express*, August 13, 1924, p. 1.

¹⁰³*Ibid.*

¹⁰⁴*The Denver Post*, August 13, 1924, p. 1.

¹⁰⁵*Ibid.*, p. 23.

¹⁰⁶*Denver Express*, March 31, 1924, p. 1.

¹⁰⁷*Denver Express*, November 5, 1924, p. 1.

¹⁰⁸Author's interview with Justice O. Otto Moore. The litigation is reported in *The Denver Post*, August 5, 1924, p. 23; October 10, 1924, p. 8; December 22, 1924, p. 18; January 28, 1925, p. 28; January 31, 1925, p. 4.

¹⁰⁹Author's interview with Justice O. Otto Moore.

¹¹⁰Colorado Supreme Court, *Cases Argued and Determined in the Supreme Court of Colorado. Terms of January and April, 1926*, Vol. LXXIX (Chicago: Cullaghan and Company, 1927), p. 305.

¹¹¹Author's interview with Justice O. Otto Moore.

¹¹²*The Denver Post*, April 2, 1935, p. 2.

¹¹³*The Denver Post*, September 3, 1924, p. 3.

¹¹⁴*The New York Times*, October 2, 1924, p. 4.

¹¹⁵David M. Chalmers, *Hooded Americanism, the First Century of the Ku Klux Klan, 1865-1965*, (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1965), 131-132.

¹¹⁶*Boulder (Colorado) News-Herald*, July 2, 1925, p. 3.

¹¹⁷There are numerous references to this investigation in May, June and July issues of Colorado newspapers. The suit dragged on for years, but Locke eventually won it, *The Denver Post*, February 2, 1935, p. 4.

¹¹⁸*Denver Express*, June 13, 1925, p. 1.

¹¹⁹Chalmers, *Hooded Americanism*, p. 132.

¹²⁰*The Denver Post*, July 20, 1925, p. 1.

¹²¹*The Denver Times*, August 15, 1925, p. 1.

¹²²*The Denver Post*, July 20, 1925, p. 1.

¹²³*Denver Express*, April 2, 1924, p. 1.

¹²⁴The Klan take over of Grand Junction is discussed in a recent essay: Alan Pritchard, "The Walkers of Grand Junction," *The 1961 Brand Book*, Don L. Griswold, editor (Boulder, Colorado: Johnson Publishing Company, 1962), pp. 217-227.

¹²⁵United States Bureau of the Census, *Fourteenth Census of the United States: 1920, Population*, Vol. III (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1922), p. 138.

¹²⁶*The Denver Times*, May 13, 1922, p. 1.

¹²⁷*The Colorado Springs Gazette*, May 8, 1922, p. 1.

¹²⁸*Ibid.*, June 10, 1922, p. 1.

¹²⁹*Ibid.*, June 6, 1922, p. 1.

¹³⁰*Ibid.*, July 5, 1923, p. 1.

¹³¹*Ibid.*, July 6, 1923, p. 1.

¹³²*Ibid.*

¹³³*Ibid.*, July 5, 1923, p. 1.

¹³⁴*Ibid.*, November 26, 1923, p. 1.

¹³⁵*Ibid.*, November 30, 1923, p. 1.

¹³⁶*Ibid.*, December 1, 1923, p. 1.

¹³⁷*Ibid.*, December 12, 1923, p. 8.

¹³⁸*The Denver Times*, January 7, 1924, p. 11.

¹³⁹*The Colorado Springs Gazette*, January 7, 1924, p. 1.

¹⁴⁰*Ibid.*

¹⁴¹*Ibid.*, April 5, 1925, p. 1.

¹⁴²*Ibid.*

¹⁴³*Ibid.*, April 7, 1925, p. 1.

¹⁴⁴*Ibid.*

¹⁴⁵*Ibid.*, April 6, 1925, p. 1.

¹⁴⁶*Ibid.*, April 7, 1925, p. 1.

¹⁴⁷*Ibid.*, April 8, 1925, p. 1.

¹⁴⁸*Ibid.*

¹⁴⁹*Ibid.*, April 16, 1925, p. 1.

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Mrs. Alexander is a founder of the Salida Frontier Museum and a member of the Chaffee Historical Society. She does research on area history, collects antiques and books and clippings on Colorado History. She comes to the Westerners through CM Kenneth Englert, also of Salida.

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5835 Urban St.
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Opekar is interested in ghost towns, and enjoys "four-wheeling," photography, and mineralogy. He comes to the Westerners through PM Dr. Philip W. Whiteley.

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Westerner's Bookshelf



UNCOMPAHGRE COUNTRY, by Wilson Rockwell, Sage Books, Denver, 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 information hitherto unpublished or 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 tributaries of the Las Animas River.

The events of the early days of Mont-

rose, 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 regions 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.

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.

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 CHRISTMAS OF THE PHONOGRAPH RECORDS, by Mari Sandoz. University of Nebraska Press, 1967. Hardback, 27 pp., illus., \$2.95.

This small, pleasantly designed volume, the last known book by Mari Sandoz, has been published after her death in March of 1966. It is her vivid recollection of the social excitement generated in the sandhills of Nebraska one Christmas season during her childhood, when her father spent part of a much-needed inheritance on the purchase of an Edison phonograph and some three hundred cylinder records. This story, touched upon in her first book, *Old Jules* published in 1935, is expanded with considerable colorful detail, and leaves the reader with a warmer feeling toward the terrible Old Jules of her earlier account. Chided for his extravagance in spending money on a luxury when his children needed overshoes, Jules thundered: "Frozen feet heal! What you put in the mind lasts!" This vignette is a gentle epitaph not only for Old Jules but for his daughter, a Western writer, whose more than twenty books of enduring quality attest her father's ringing declaration.

Scott Broome, PM

"I NEVER LOOK BACK," by John Rolfe Burroughs. Published by Johnson Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado, 1967. 200 pages, 83 photographs. \$5.95.

No American competitive skier has ever captured the fancy and affection of the world more than a freckled, sandy-haired youngster from Steamboat Springs, Colorado—Buddy Werner. The author has assembled a poignant, personal biography of the youth he saw grow up and mature into one

of this country's great athletes.

Burroughs' friendship with Buddy's family opened diaries and sources of information that make this intimate story possible. Buddy, whose life was marked with the almost single determination to become a world's champion skier, was consistently the victim of bad luck that prevented him from reaching his goal and then lost his life at 28 years in an avalanche.

Europeans rarely respect, let alone fear, American skiers. The desire to win must transcend education, marriage, job, social life and all other normal goals. Buddy was both respected and feared by European competitors because he trained and skied and lived with only one purpose in mind, to win.

Buddy missed the ultimate, a Gold Medal win, and in his most promising year, 1960, broke his leg shortly before the Olympics began. But his example remains to inspire future generations of U.S. skiers and if they have the guts to follow the footsteps of that tough little guy from Steamboat, America will have a male Gold Medal winner.

I knew Buddy as a youngster and watched him with amazement pedaling his bicycle up Rabbit Ears Pass at dawn in the summer to keep his legs in shape. I skied with him occasionally, followed his career closely, and felt it a very personal blow when he was killed. Every Coloradan should be touched by Burroughs' warm story of one of the country's best known yet most tragic sports figures.

Bill Kostka Jr.

Editor's Note— Roundup editor, William Kostka Sr., knew Buddy Werner only slightly, but knows CM John Rolfe Burroughs better and greatly values his book *Where the Old West Stayed Young* published by William Morrow & Co. in 1962.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

CAMP, the Council on Abandoned Military Posts, a non-profit organization, has been incorporated under the laws of Arizona at its first meeting at Fort McDowell, Ariz., now on an Indian reservation northeast of Phoenix. The organization seeks to encourage the identification, location, preservation, restoration, and memorialization of old military installations. Charter memberships, limited to 100, have dues permanently set at \$15 per biennium, payable every other year. Officers elected are: George Reed Carlock, Phoenix, lawyer, president; CM Lt. Col. Herbert M. Hart, U.S. Marine Corps, Camp Lejeune, N.C., vice president; Maj. Lloyd Clark, Dept. of Military Science, Arizona State University, Tempe, Ariz., secretary; and Merrill C. Windsor Jr., assistant managing editor, *Sunset Magazine*, Menlo Park, Calif., treasurer. Included on the board of directors is CM Robert A. Murray, National Parks historian at Fort Laramie, Wyo., national historic site, who speaks before the Denver Posse of the Westerners on "Forts Along the Bozeman Trail" early next year. Other types of membership, beside charter, are available by writing Council on Abandoned Military Posts, P.O. Box 7284, Phoenix, Ariz., 85011.

PM Fred Mazzulla and Edith Kearney were thanked by *Denver Post* book editor Stanton Peckham for identifying the book sought by a Pittsburg man as PM Forbes Parkhill's book, *The Last of the Indian Wars*, published by Crowell-Collier in 1961. —*Denver Post*, April 23, 1967.

Gilbert L. Campbell, proprietor of the Filter Press in Palmer Lake, Colo., has sent us a copy of *Uncle Jim's Book of Pancakes* written by a Corresponding Member who prefers the pseudonym "Uncle Jim" to his title at the Air Force Academy, at least in this case. There are about 16 recipes in the book which is also well-illustrated with old engravings and sells for only a dollar. It has a brief chapter on sourdough pancakes.

The Lowry Indian Ruins, 32 miles northwest of Cortez, Colo., near the Utah border, have been designated a National Historic Landmark. The ruins of the 800-year-old Indian village contain a great kiva, 47 feet in diameter, with black and white murals, that is older than the great kivas at Aztec and Pueblo Bonito in New Mexico. The famed Hovenweep and McElmo ruins are about 18 miles south of the Lowry ruins. The Bureau of Land Management and the University of Colorado anthropology department are jointly converting the 3.2 acre site into a public recreation-education center.—*Denver Post*, March 19, 1967.

The historic Sheridan, Wyo., Inn has been bought by the Sheridan Historical Society which is now trying to raise \$135,000 to purchase the land on which the inn sits. The old inn was built in 1893 jointly by Buffalo Bill Cody, the Sheridan Land Co., and the Burlington and Missouri railroad. Festivities to launch the campaign were held Saturday, April 1, with a round trip pulled by an old steam locomotive to Clearmont, Wyo., about 30 miles southwest of Sheridan.

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

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by Philip J. Rasch CM



Dr. Harold H. Dunham PM (left) receives the speaker's plaque from Sheriff Dr. Arthur L. Campa, both of the University of Denver faculty, at the June meeting of the Westerners.

From the collection of Fred & Jo Mazzulla

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Dr. Harold H. Dunham PM is well-known to Denver Westerners. He was editor of the *Brand Book* in 1951 and sheriff of the Posse in 1958. He is a native of Dayton, Ohio, and is a graduate of Swarthmore College, Pa. He received his doctorate in American History in 1941 at Columbia University.

Dr. Dunham taught at Brooklyn College and at Wagner College in Staten Island. During the war he wrote military history preparing six monographs for the Pentagon. In 1946 Dr. Dunham started teaching history and still is at the University of Denver. In 1965-66 he was Fulbright Lecturer in American History at the University of Ceylon. He has written articles on western history for various publications and books.

CM Philip J. Rasch of Jacksonville, N.C., who goes a little further into the career of "Red" O'Laughlin in "O'Laughlin Revisited," was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., and served in the Navy during World War II, retiring as Lieutenant Commander USNR. He did his undergraduate and graduate work at the University of Southern California and is now Chief, Physiology Division, Naval Medical Field Research Laboratory at Camp Lejeune, which deals in Marine Corps problems. He has written much on the history of the Southwest, particularly New Mexico, during the period 1873-1885.

FUTURE MEETINGS

The Summer Rendezvous of the Denver Posse will be at the Oxford Hotel on Wednesday, August 23. Ferrington Carpenter, pioneer rancher of northwestern Colorado, will speak on the subject "Range Stockmen Meet the Government." This dinner will cost \$4.50.

On Wednesday, Sept. 27, CM Robert G. Palmer, KOA Denver, radio-television newsman, will speak on "Let's Be Fair With Custer." Palmer was author of "The Death of Yellow Hair" in the 1963 Brand Book.

A COMBINED ISSUE

This issue combines two issues of the Denver Westerners Monthly ROUNDUP. It is the August-September issue and is numbered 8 & 9, so that there will be only 11 published issues in Volume XXIII.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS MONTHLY ROUNDUP

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

The Four-Fold Heritage of New Mexican Records

by Dr. Harold H. Dunham PM

A few years ago, a prominent New York book and manuscript dealer issued a handsome brochure advertising for public sale some extremely valuable records of the American West, particularly the Southwest. Included among the items so advertised were Padre Eusebio Kino's letter of reporting that California was not an island; an original letter from Fr. Junipero Serra in 1779 dealing with the missions of California; and an original diary of the Jesuit Visitador General, Francisco Zevallos, for the years 1754-56, of his visits to Missions of the Southwest, including Sonora and Pima Alta.¹ More pertinent to the history of present New Mexico were the personal papers of Governor Manuel Crinijo which he took with him when he fled from General S. W. Kearny in August 1846, and some private papers of New Mexico's Governor James S. Calhoun for the period of the 1850's. It is to be hoped that such treasures have not become locked away among private collections, denied to research scholars.

Questions naturally arise as to where these documents have rested, or where they are now, during the years since they originated, and why they were offered for sale recently. The dealer's pamphlet offers no help for such queries. But similar questions are suggested in connection with the public records of New Mexico. Probing for answers here a student can find a story which will amaze him. In brief, he will discover that New Mexico possesses a four-fold heritage of official documents, for they have been lost, dispersed, destroyed or altered, and preserved. Let me hasten to underline this fourth heritage here, namely "preserved," for especially in recent years highly commendable efforts have been made at New Mexico Highlands, the University of New Mexico, the State Archives and Records Center, and elsewhere, to collect, preserve and make available for appropriate use that part of the state's recorded or written heritage which belongs to all of its citizens, if not also to the Nation.

Nevertheless, it was not always so. Let us begin a review of the disposition of New Mexico's official records, what could be broadly as well as more fully termed the New Mexican Archives, by noting that they date from

before the first Spanish settlements along the upper Rio Grande starting in 1558. Perhaps the documents connected with Coronado's expedition in 1540-42 could be excluded, though certainly not ignored, but Juan de Onate's petition to the Spanish Viceroy in 1595 cannot. For the ensuing 250 years official records of many kinds accumulated, and, with certain exceptions that will be noted later, were in general carefully preserved by both Spanish and Mexican authorities. Then just prior to the mid-nineteenth century mark, under the stimulus of unsettled conditions arising from strained U. S.-Mexican relations, former protection was replaced by unusual carelessness, to use no stronger a term, and for the following half-century, occasionally approached the criminal in the historian's, if not the lawyer's eyes.

The first major misfortune regarding both official and religious Spanish records in New Mexico had occurred during the well-known Pueblo Revolt of 1680. Seeking to wipe out all vestiges of their Spanish overlords the Indians of New Mexico destroyed those papers which they found in the archives although obviously some documents had been carried away by retreating officials and some individuals to El Paso. Then a dozen years later, with the effective re-entrada led by General Diego de Vargas, and celebrated in Santa Fe's annual Labor Day weekend observances and festivities, official New Mexican archives began a new build-up. Records of political developments, such as, official communications, judicial disputes, military activities, explorations, land grants, census reports, and the like accumulated during a 150 year period.

It is true that there was some loss of archival material in this period, such as Adams and Chavez disclose in the letters of Fray Francisco Antanasio Dominguez. For example in 1777, Fray Dominguez complained that documents used for marriage, birth and other type entries had been used to stuff windows, and a number of alcaldes and lieutenants of the pueblos had removed parish books from some missions, and their pages used to make cigarettes.² Moreover, on the Governor's orders some women who were arrested in 1764, had been placed in a cell then used for the library and archive of the province. In their fury, we are told, these prisoners used the leaves of many books for cigarettes, and they burned all the parish books that were there.

Again in 1837, at the time of the Chimayo Revolt against Governor Alberto Perez, considerable loss and dispersal of official Archives appear to have occurred. According to one later resident of the Territory, the archives from Santa Fe (or a part of them) were carried off and concealed in Rio Arriba County to preserve them from falling into the hands of the Indians.³ Some of these were said to have disappeared thereafter and could not be found. How much of a loss or dispersal resulted at this time it is difficult to

say, yet obviously, as will be mentioned again later, there were huge bundles of Archives in the Secretary of the Territory's office during the 1850's.

The period of more extensive carelessness begins with the United States military occupation of New Mexico. One instance for the year 1846 is revealed in the writings of George F. Ruxton, the English traveler who passed through Santa Fe toward the close of that year.⁴ He relates how in leaving the capital he carried with him "manuscripts and documents relative to the history of New Mexico and its Indian tribes which (he) had collected at considerable trouble and expense." It is easy to imagine that these documents might eventually have found their way into some British museum or university library, but in the course of Ruxton's onward journey to Missouri over the Santa Fe Trail, he crossed the flood-waters of the Pawnee Fork of the Arkansas River. The water seeped into a hole in his mule packs, where he kept his papers and notes, and "reduced them to a pulpy mass." All the papers were completely destroyed, including "the old manuscripts written on bad paper and with worse ink." More fortunate at least was one document which Lt. J. W. Abert obtained about the same time in Santa Fe, while he was making an official survey of the Territory. He secured, or was loaned, the official copy of the census of 1844, and he printed it in full in his report of his inspection of New Mexico.⁵ The original census report unfortunately disappeared from the Archives.

The Mexican War period witnessed the destruction or dispersal of official documents at Taos,⁶ during the January 1847 revolt there, and this loss was soon followed by the sack of Mora. Americans also later testified to the fact that U.S. troops built fires with and otherwise destroyed official archives while temporarily stationed in public buildings in El Paso during the winter of 1846-47.⁷ Moreover, according to testimony recorded during the latter part of the century, all, or perhaps only a part, of the original documents of the Spanish and Mexican land grants preserved in the archives at Santa Fe, were "packed in sacks upon the backs of burros," during the early period of American occupation, and "carried away to the region of Conejos."⁸ I have heard from a number of sources of the reported existence of these grants in recent times, but lately I have learned from a land title expert in New Mexico that at least a large number of them were destroyed at the instigation of one of the Territory's leading political figures early in the twentieth century. If this report is true, there have been lost to students, not to mention land claimants, a valuable group of records.

Perhaps you would be interested in the fact that the written testimony for the removal of the land titles from the archives is to be found in a ledger kept by a New Mexican lawyer, beginning about 1885. This ledger now rests in the Newberry Library in Chicago. It was purchased for that Library some time ago by one of its officials from a newly opened Chicago book-

store, out of a desire to assist the store's owner. The ledger contains a great deal of useful information on land grants, which apparently formed the basis for much of the lawyer's practice. Yet nearly every significant name of a person has been neatly cut out as though by a razor blade. Incidentally, one of the trustees of the Library used to spend his summer vacations in New Mexico, and at the time of my visit to Chicago several years back, he was considering the purchase of a large collection of official documents of a county of New Mexico, then housed near his residence in a shed belonging to a Spanish-American citizen.

But to return to the period of the United States take-over in New Mexico. A rather special development, seemingly related to the extraction of land grant titles from the Archives, arose from the curious provision in the Kearny Code of 1846 (which was repeated in the law that established the Office of the Surveyor General of New Mexico); it permitted land claimants to submit any evidence of title when they petitioned for confirmation of their grants, irrespective of records of title, or lack of them in the Archives. Such provisions opened the door to manufactured or modified title papers,⁹ plus purported evidence to support them, which resulted in new, modified or replacement documents in the Surveyor General's Archives. Incidentally, the ledgers which were used in meeting the Kearny Code requirements for recording evidence of land titles have become separated. While two of them remain in the Surveyor General's Archives, one has migrated to the Office of the Secretary of State in New Mexico, and one to the Huntington Library.¹⁰

H. H. Bancroft notes that as early as 1850 Congress did display an interest in the New Mexican Archives, when it appropriated \$500 for a territorial library.¹¹ However, "the librarian's salary was only \$100 per year, for which no competent person could be employed, and the post was much of the time vacant." Early in 1854 the Legislature of New Mexico memorialized Congress for aid because the archives of the Territory were in ruined condition, documents of great importance being much exposed and in danger of being destroyed.¹² The Territory was said to have been without means to provide for their care, so the Legislature re-requested an appropriation of \$15,000 to protect and translate them. Instead of responding favorably to this memorial, Congress, in establishing the position of Surveyor General for New Mexico, paved the way for a division of the Archives between two authorities. The first officer appointed to the new post was instructed to request from the Governor "such papers" from the Archives "as relate to grants of land in the country," so that he could examine them in his own office in deciding on petitions for confirmation of land titles.¹³ By the end of July, 1855, two clerks, with the assistance of Donaciano Vigil, former secretary and then governor of New Mexico, had com-

pleted their difficult assignment, "and from one hundred and sixty-eight packages, averaging one hundred and sixty-eight thousand papers, of every nature and description imaginable, one thousand seven hundred and fifteen grants, conveyances of land, and other documents referring to claims of land" were selected.

Of these 1,715 papers that came to form the Surveyor General's New Mexican Archives, only 1,384 were available in 1914 when R. E. Twitchell edited the first volume of his *Spanish Archives*. The second volume of this set lists 3,097 documents, which were those that remained of the original Archives, and which in 1914 rested in the custody of the Library of Congress. Obviously, a great deal had happened to the Archives between the date of division and the publication of Twitchell's two volumes.

During the 1850's, the famous lawsuit between the Pueblo of Acoma and De La O led to a decision by Judge Kirby Benedict, in which the following statement appears: "We do not deem it irrelevant to remark that the abstraction from the archives of this territory of Pueblo titles at a period not very remote has become a matter of general notoriety."¹⁴ Before the century had ended, it was demonstrated officially that a large number of the Pueblo title documents seemingly abstracted from the Archives were fraudulent, so there remains the interesting question as to whether or not these latter documents were actually the ones so abstracted.

Another regrettable extraction of archival documents occurred in 1857, when Territorial Secretary W. W. H. Davis retired from office. He then carried away with him many documents, and according to J. H. Watts in 1878, Davis still retained possession of them.¹⁵ Watts recalled that he, himself, arrived in Santa Fe in 1857, at which time the New Mexican Archives were kept in boxes in the Governor's Room in the Palace, "ordinary 10-bushel boxes, without any arrangement at all; just tied in bundles and thrown in." A brief gleam of hope for better care of the Archives occurred when the New Mexico Historical Society was organized in the winter of 1859-60, yet according to Bancroft, it was able to affect practically nothing.¹⁶

During the first year of the Civil War, additional archives were appropriated, or mis-appropriated, from Santa Fe, either by Confederate troops that invaded the Territory or by Surveyor General William G. Pelham, a Confederate sympathizer who was with General H. H. Sibley's forces after the battle of Glorietta Pass.¹⁷ Subsequently, that is in 1863, at the government's urging, a law was passed to provide for the custody and preservation of the remaining Archives, but it seemed to have had little effect.¹⁸

The most astounding of the steps by which the New Mexican Archives were partially destroyed and dispersed occurred in 1870, during the Governorship of William A. Pile. It developed through ignorance and indifference, with perhaps a small measure of design, on the part of the Governor

himself. Perhaps only the post-Civil War era with its political rewards for military figures and its too frequent unabashed self-seeking for material gains could have produced such an incident. There are many reports concerning Pile's irresponsible action, but doubtless the most pertinent one occurs in the findings of a committee chosen at a citizen's protest meeting in Santa Fe.¹⁹ The committee, composed of six prominent residents, reported on April 30, 1870, that somewhat earlier, alterations in the Palace of the Governors had caused the Archives to be "thrown loosely and carelessly into an unfinished room of the Palace, but where they were suffering no immediate injury or waste." Then later, Governor Pile desired "to use the room in which the archives were stored, but not for any purpose connected with his office, . . . (so he) gave instructions to the Librarian, Mr. Ira M. Bond to remove them. Consequently, they were placed in "an open out-house, unfit for the protection of anything of value."

The final step for disposal was taken when the Governor gave a portion of the documents "to the convict prisoners to be used as they might desire," after which he threatened to burn the remainder if Librarian Bond did not dispose of them. Then the latter sold perhaps two cart-loads of them.²⁰ It is gratifying to note the ensuing indignation of Santa Fean leaders, and the public meeting condemnation of the Governor for "the sale and destruction of a portion of the ancient archives of said Territory, some of which were more than two hundred years old." Among the resolutions adopted at this meeting was one which declared in stinging tones that the destruction of the archives was "unsurpassed in history and equalled only in the barbarous burning of the libraries of Alexandria." It also is of interest to mark the fact that at Albuquerque a public meeting of citizens lent support to the Santa Fe committee. Among its resolutions was one which asserted, "That although the residents of this Territory have the most direct interest in said archives, nevertheless they are the property of the Nation."

Stories have been told of documents dumped in 1870 in the streets of Santa Fe, of one man saving a sack full of them, of another man rescuing a precious document and selling it to a German university for a high price,²¹ of auctioning manuscripts, of merchants purchasing archives to use as wrapping paper for merchandise, including fish, and the like. Shortly after all this occurred, Governor Pile is said to have realized his blunder, or to have become impressed by citizens' protests, so that he both halted further sales of documents and endeavored to secure the return of those that had been dispersed. In an effort to throw the blame for the vandalism on someone else, he dismissed Librarian Bond, although the latter protested that he had merely carried out the Governor's orders in disposing of the documents.²² Perhaps only a fourth of the documents were returned to the Archives, yet Twitchell maintains that there was little actual destruction of

the records.²³ He believed that most of them found their way into private collections.

A footnote to Governor Pile's short-comings as an officer of government is contained in a letter he wrote to General William J. Palmer on May 20, 1870, only a little over a month following the fiasco with the Archives.²⁴ This letter, marked "Private and Personal," reveals that Pile was about to leave the town of Cimarron, where he had just helped organize the Maxwell Land Grant and Railway Company. He was trying to lure General Palmer, soon to become president of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company, to accept the presidency of the land company of which Pile was an incorporator; his purpose arose partly from a desire to encourage the building of a railroad to the Maxwell Grant. Pile, himself, seemed to covet the managership of the grant company, and boasted of his knowledge of stock-raising and land. As a final bit of persuasion for favor, Pile inquired whether or not the General would like to invest in some silver mines in Grant County. He reported that, "My Adj. Genl is now there and I will have *reliable* information very soon." Obviously, Governor Pile could scarcely be classed as a faithful public servant.²⁵

Whatever the net loss to the New Mexican Archives caused by Governor Pile's blunder, there still remained a large number of manuscripts stored in the Palace.²⁶ Soon they were subjected to fresh attacks. During the 1870's, a world traveler and author by the name of Alphonse Pinart visited Santa Fe and spent a considerable period inspecting the Spanish Archives there. At that time, according to Twitchell, they were stored at the eastern end of the Governor's Palace, in a room that later housed the Historical Society's Collections. Twitchell testifies that "by all sorts of chicanery, in some unaccountable manner (Pinart) was successful in having nearly all the archives of historical value dealing with the events of the eighteenth century, purloined and delivered to him."²⁷ The same author added that his authority for the foregoing statement was Elias Brevoort, who knew Pinart well, and who, like Pinart, was of "convivial" habit. Just what Twitchell meant to imply by convivial habit is open to anyone's interpretation. In any case, it is fortunate that Pinart's manuscripts were later acquired by H. H. Bancroft and are housed in the present Bancroft Library.²⁸

For a time, the Archives left in the Palace at Santa Fe must have remained unmolested. The story is told of how Mrs. Susan E. Wallace, wife of Governor Lew Wallace, about 1879, became bored one day, doubtless while her husband was busy with the Lincoln County War and the writing of *Ben Hur*. She started rummaging around in the Palace until she "pushed open a heavy iron-bound door and came upon a mass of musty, old documents, dumped into boxes, or spilling onto the floor."²⁹ She is said to have

salvaged these documents and read many of them. Perhaps her discovery caused the Governor to request authority, or funds, from the Secretary of the Interior "to employ a competent person to do the overhauling and arrangement of the papers (in the Archives), most of which were in MS."³⁰ No immediate authorization of this kind appears to have occurred, although the Governor did direct the librarian, Samuel Ellison, to gather the documents together, place them in a room adjoining the Governor's parlor, and take charge of them.³¹

Hubert Howe Bancroft deserves high praise for his tremendous contributions through research, collecting, transcribing, interviewing and writing in the field of western history. During the 1870's and '80's he, with the help of his assistants, was preparing the volume on Arizona and New Mexico which was published in 1889. This was the first comprehensive history of the two Territories, according to John W. Caughey.³² Bancroft acknowledged the fact that Librarian Ellison "kindly afforded me every facility for consulting" the Archives, and perhaps it is only a coincidence that some of the documents Bancroft cites now appear among his own fabulous collection.³³ Nevertheless, it is also necessary to observe that William G. Ritch served as Secretary of New Mexico from 1873 to 1884, and if his collection of documents to be described later, now forming the Ritch Collection in the Huntington Library is any indication, he must have acquired a considerable number of manuscript Archives in some fashion, perhaps during this period.

The decade of the Nineties opened up better times for the sanctity of the New Mexican Archives. During the governorship of L. Bradford Prince, who also is to be remembered as one of the presidents of the N. M. Historical Society, the New Mexican Legislative Assembly (1891-92) authorized the expenditure of \$2,400 for cataloguing, numbering, binding and translating the documents. Twitchell relates that the governor was empowered to employ a competent person for the task. There also were plans to prepare relevant documents for publication, an objective that still seems desirable. Governor Prince secured the services of the eminent Swiss-born American archeologist, A. F. Bandelier, about the time the latter was completing the publication of his *Final Report of Investigations Among the Indians of Southwestern United States* (1890-92). But Bandelier was not able to devote much time to his new assignment. By 1892 he was ready to undertake new studies in South America. Consequently, Twitchell had cause to lament that all New Mexico received for the money paid Bandelier "was a 'list' of 1,074 archives, chronologically arranged. . . . If any translations were made, they were never filed with the Territorial authorities, or, if filed, have entirely disappeared. No index was ever made and no copies have ever been preserved." Parenthetically, the Archives narrowly escaped

destruction by fire when the first capitol was burned in 1892.³¹

The tentative beginning of care for the documents under Governor Prince was followed a decade later by Congressional interest in them. Despite protest from the Territory, Congress in 1903 assumed jurisdiction, brought the Archives to Washington and placed them under the charge of the Manuscripts Division of the Library of Congress.³² There the manuscripts were "cleaned, pressed free of creases, and stored flat." They also were arranged chronologically and placed in 180 half-leather portfolios. They consisted of approximately 20,000 documents in total, half as manuscripts. It is difficult to compare accurately these figures with the 168,000 papers estimated to exist in 1855, when the items dealing with lands were selected out for the Surveyor General's use, but it would appear that the number of documents had shrunk drastically in the interim.

While the Archives were being processed and cared for in the Library of Congress, the American Historical Association became interested in their history, and authorized an investigation to be made of them. In 1909, the results of this investigation were published.³³ The study had been conducted under the direction of Professor John H. Vaughan, a member of the History Department of New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts. He had interpreted his charge broadly so that he surveyed county records, the collections of the New Mexico Historical Society, and church records, as well as the two main bodies of the Territorial Archives. Professor Vaughan's overall judgment concerning New Mexico's archives are found in his statement that:

It would be hard to find a State or Territory whose records are in a more chaotic and incomplete condition than those of New Mexico. In view, however, of the many powers, Spanish, Indian, Mexican, and American, by which it has been ruled or mis-ruled, the wonder is not that its records are disorganized or lost, but that it has any records at all.

He recognized, however, that the Spanish people always left rather full accounts of their deeds wherever they went, particularly in reports to higher authority. Therefore, he realized that the repositories of Mexico and Spain contained important material on New Mexican and Southwestern history. He also acknowledged that many of the more important papers relating to land titles, while borrowed from the general stock and never returned, were undoubtedly to be found in the papers of private individuals. He reported that Church records, because they, too, had been pilfered, had become almost inaccessible, except under the eye of a keeper. And finally, he called attention to the "rich mass of documentary material in the hands of private individuals who were descended from the early Spanish . . . settlers." He claimed that he had not been able to look into the latter area thoroughly, due to lack of time and money, and his directive to be concerned with official and semi-official archives.

Before leaving the Historical Association report it might not be out of place to quote Professor Vaughan on Governor Pile's depredations in 1870. One senses the investigator's strong indignation as he wrote:

In 1870 the archives were injured by an act of vandalism unparalleled in our history. In a time of profound peace, under an administration supposedly civilized, the American governor of New Mexico allowed its archives to be sold to the merchants of Santa Fe as wrapping paper, and even to be used as kindling in the offices. These records had been badly neglected and abused during and since the Civil War. They were very numerous, and, perhaps in the way in the then crowded condition of the old governor's palace. There were, in fact, wagonloads of them, the hoarded up treasures of more than one hundred and eighty years. Nothing can be said in defense of such a crime against the people of the Territory in particular and historical scholarship in general.

Ultimately Congress authorized the return to New Mexico of the Spanish and Mexican Archives temporarily stored in the Library of Congress. Until recently they were secured in a vault in the Museum of the Old Palace. Within the past few years they have been transferred to the new State Records Center. During W.P.A. days, the archives retained by the Surveyor General of New Mexico were translated into English, though only typed copies of the translations were prepared.³⁷ Former Surveyor General Guy Harrington had employed a capable translator to supervise the work, and under her direction, numerous assistants must have struggled with the various types of handwriting to turn them into readable English. Yet I would add a word of caution here, for I have found that there are typographical errors in dates and infelicitous phraseology in these translations, so that it occasionally is necessary to check them with the original manuscripts on important points. While mentioning the translations as an aid to research, it is appropriate to call the attention of out-of-state students to the great convenience resulting from the microfilming of the original documents in the former Surveyor General's office.

As previously indicated, the dispersal of official documents from New Mexican archives did not necessarily mean their destruction. One can note that periodically such documents are offered at public sale. An example of this kind occurred in connection with the auction of the W. J. Holiday Collection of Western Americana in New York during 1954. Among the archives placed on the block were an announcement of Governor Mariano Martinez that he was taking office at Santa Fe on May 16, 1844, and a broadside of the Government of the Department of New Mexico, signed by Jose Chavez, May 2, 1845.³⁸ This latter item was described as unrecorded in Wagner's listings.

More satisfactory to the student of New Mexican history is the preservation of archives that strayed from their home to a carefully appointed and

courteously operated repository, whose collections are available to scholars. Fra Angelico Chavez, for instance, has reported the results of his understandably hasty inspection of documents in two of the great California libraries, namely those at San Marino and Berkeley.³⁹ At the former, that is at the Huntington Library, he surveyed the Ritch Collection and found it to contain a few original Spanish Archives interspersed among translations of other documents still in Santa Fe. He further reported that there was a very large number of boxes filled with both original documents and copies, relating to the period 1846-1900. There was some other pertinent manuscript material, including a life of Padre Antonio Martinez of Taos.

In the Bancroft Library at Berkeley, Fra Chavez was shown many documents listed as "New Mexico Original," which consisted of "documents belonging to the Spanish Archives of New Mexico."⁴⁰ A second group labeled "Southwest Originals" actually contained some documents belonging with the first group. The period covered by the Bancroft documents extended from 1685 to 1823.

Two items about court records in New Mexico merit perhaps passing mention. Documents and testimony produced in litigation frequently cast important light on historical events; this holds as true for New Mexico as for other states, and sometimes seemingly more so. Yet until recent times there was no punishment involved in abstracting material in court cases from the files and retaining it; such practices have been followed even in the highest courts of New Mexico. One recognizes that this procedure was not unique to the State, for a similar instance occurred in connection with Abraham Lincoln's briefs in Illinois courts. Another short-coming involving court records arises occasionally from a failure to provide sufficient funds for their proper maintenance. At least until a short time ago, for instance, the old records of the County Court at Raton were, through no fault of the Clerk there, quite inadequately housed.

One paradox respecting the protection of historical records in New Mexico may be difficult to resolve, for it arises from a distinction drawn between public and private or corporate records. I would illustrate this attitude by one example in which I hope to keep other individuals and groups nameless. I had obtained courteous permission to sift certain materials of a New Mexican company that preserved its older records in a vault. The only condition attached to this permission was that a representative of the company be present at all times with me in the vault, crowded as it was with precious documents. This was a tedious day-long assignment for the representative, and so naturally to relieve the boredom, we occasionally fell into conversation—it served as a good break for both of us. Out of one of these interludes, however, came the revelation that my guardian-companion had in his private possession a considerable number

of documents from the Land Office in Santa Fe. A friend in that Office had obtained them for him. As I listened to this disclosure, I tried not to display a change of countenance. I could not help but contrast the situation in which I found myself of being carefully watched in the use of corporate records while my very guard reminisced with such pleasure about his own acquisitions of official documents. Of course, I may have misinterpreted the entire situation.

Enough of this reciting of detail. New Mexico still has a rich heritage embodied in official manuscript material. Despite all the losses there have been, the fact that portions of the heritage are scattered in various places might be overcome by securing photostat or other copies of all that resides in different repositories and in private hands. If published, along with that which is housed in the New Mexico State Records center, they would surely make one of the finest collections of Territorial Papers in the United States. Why lament the loss of the Zebulon M. Pike papers from the Archives? The available records, including copies of the Pike Papers, carefully assembled, would make possible a greater appreciation of the rich and glorious heritage of this key state of the American Southwest.

FOOTNOTES

¹*Western Americana in Documents*. Catalogue #161. Edward Eberstadt and Sons. New York, N. Y., 1963.

²E. B. Adams and Fray Angelico Chavez, eds., *The Missions of New Mexico, 1776* (1956) pp. 289-90.

³Verbal Statement of J. H. Watts of Santa Fe in San Francisco, 1878. New Mexico. P-El. ms. Bancroft Library, Berkeley, California.

⁴G. F. Ruxton, *Wild Life in the Rocky Mountains* (1926 Edit.) p. 259.

⁵J. W. Abert, *Report of Lt. J. W. Abert of His Examination of New Mexico in the Years 1846-1847*. H. Ex. Doc. #41. 30 Cong. 1 Sess. (Special #517) pp. 477-79.

⁶"Diario del Court de Pruebas. Termina in 1855." C-No-1. Probate Court Records, Taos, New Mexico.

⁷Private Land Claim #32, Hugh Stevenson, et al. See Misc. Doc. #4, Vols. 2-3, 45 Cong. 3 Sess. p. 877. For testimony that El Paso documents were not burned or destroyed by U.S. troops, see H. O. Flipper, "Early History of El Paso," *Old Santa Fe*, Vol. II, No. 5, July 1914, p. 89.

⁸Ledger of James R. Purdy. Item 1176 b. Ayer Collection, Newberry Library, Chicago, Ill., p. 85.

⁹J. H. Watts declared in 1878 that "some of those old papers now are forgeries." Verbal Statement of J. H. Watts. *loc. cit.*

¹⁰One of them had been carried away at the time of the American Civil War. Ledger of James R. Purdy, *loc. cit.*, p. 84.

¹¹H. H. Bancroft, *History of Arizona and New Mexico, 1530-1888* (1889) p. 641, fn.

¹²Annual Report of the American Historical Association, 1909. Appendix C. p. 471.

¹³R. E. Twitchell, *The Spanish Archives of New Mexico* (2 vols., 1914) I, p. XI.

¹⁴Victor De La O vs The Pueblo of Acoma 1 N.M. 226. Quoted in R. E. Twitchell, "Kirby Benedict," *Old Santa Fe*, Vol. I, No. 1, July 1913, p. 81.

¹⁵Verbal Statement of J. H. Watts, *loc. cit.*

¹⁶Bancroft, *Arizona and New Mexico*, p. 641.

¹⁷Twitchell testifies that Pelham was captured by General E. R. S. Canby near Albuquerque. Twitchell, *Spanish Archives*, I. p. XII. In a 1869 lawsuit, Justice C. J. Watts referred to the "robbery of our territorial library during the late rebellion, of its Spanish and Mexican authorities." U.S. vs. Lucero. 1 N. M. 456.

¹⁸Bancroft, *Arizona and New Mexico*, p. 641 fn.

¹⁹"Destruction of Spanish and American Archives in New Mexico by U.S. Officials." Pamphlet. See folder marked "Vigil and St. Vrain Grant," Tabor Collection. Colorado State Archives and Records, Denver, Colorado.

²⁰*New Mexico Historical Review*, Vol. X, No. 2, Apr. 1935, pp. 171-2. See also: Calvin Horn, *New Mexico's Troubled Years: The Story of the Early Territorial Governors* (1963). pp. 135-142.

²¹Verbal Statement of J. H. Watts, *loc. cit.*

²²Testimony of John Ayers, Code #P-E 6. Bancroft Collection, Bancroft Library, Berkeley, California.

²³R. E. Twitchell, *Leading Facts of New Mexican History* (2 vols., 1911) I, 240-1, fn; and Twitchell, *Spanish Archives*, I, p. XV.

²⁴Letter to Wm. J. Palmer from Wm. A. Pile, dated Cimarron, N.M., May 20, 1870, ms. Wm J. Palmer Papers. Colorado State Archives and Records. Denver, Colo.

²⁵In 1884, Samuel Ellison described Pile as "a very weak man intellectually and in every other way. . . . He was up to all sorts of chicanery, was not honest, and if he had been in any other country, he would have been driven out. . . ." Samuel Ellison, "History of New Mexico," ms. P-E10, Bancroft Collection.

²⁶Gov. Pile placed them loosely in a room where chickens roosted, and they remained there until 1879. Samuel Ellison, "History of New Mexico," *loc. cit.*

²⁷R. E. Twitchell, *Old Santa Fe* (1925) p. 151, fn. See also Twitchell, *Spanish Archives*, II, 213-14 (Archives #455).

²⁸According to L. B. Bloom, Bancroft acknowledged Brevoort's aid in obtaining much original New Mexican material. L. B. Bloom, ed., "Historical Society Minutes," *NMHR*, July 1943.

²⁹E. Fergusson, *Our Southwest* (1940) p. 274.

³⁰Miscellaneous Private Land Claims. Letter Book. Vol. 37, pp. 23-24. General Land Office, The National Archives.

³¹Samuel Ellison, "History of New Mexico," *loc. cit.*

³²J. W. Caughey, *Hubert Howe Bancroft: Historian of the West*. (1946) p. 179.

³³Bancroft, *Arizona and New Mexico*, p. 19 fn.

³⁴Twitchell, *Leading Facts*, I, 240-1 fn. Twitchell relates how the archives were in the territorial library on the first floor of the Capitol, at that time being chronologically arranged and indexed by A. F. Bandelier and Mrs. C. J. Chapman. On the night of the fire, Twitchell helped carry them to a place of safety.

³⁵Twitchell, *Spanish Archives*, I, pp. XIX-XX.

³⁶Annual Report of the American Historical Association, 1909. Appendix C. *op. cit.*, pp. 469 ff.

³⁷These documents had become divided after the creation of the Territories of Colorado and Arizona, respectively, and land grants records pertinent to those areas had been transferred to their Surveyors General.

³⁸Booklet entitled *W. J. Holiday Collection of Western Americana* (1954) Auction at the Parke-Bernet Galleries. New York City, p. 176.

³⁹Fr. Angelico Chavez, "Some Original New Mexico Documents in California Libraries," *N.M.H.R.*, Vol. XXV, No. 3, July 1950, pp. 244 ff.

⁴⁰*Ibid.*, pp. 248 ff.

O'Laughlin Revisited

By PHILIP J. RASCH CM

Regular readers of this estimable journal will recall that some time ago we presented an account of one "Red" O'Laughlin, whose adventures were not without humor. We left him at the time of his discharge from the penitentiary at Santa Fe, N. M., on March 16, 1887, with the concluding statement that we knew nothing more of his career.¹ More or less happily, this sad state of affairs has been partially remedied.

In May, 1887 a Mexican prostitute was found dead in an alley in Juarez. Charles R. Walters, a saloonkeeper in this city, James R. O'Laughlin, and a man named Bothwell were arrested on charges of having killed her. Witnesses testified to having seen two of the suspects carrying a body into the alley.² The accused were defended by Major T. T. Teel, a criminal lawyer widely known for his many appearances on behalf of the noted King Fisher.³ They testified that the woman had fallen asleep in Walters' saloon. Walters and O'Laughlin had locked up the place and left her there while they went to a dance. Returning about 3 A.M., they found she had awakened, helped herself to the liquor supply, and gone back to sleep. More than a little annoyed, they carried her out and sat her on the alley sidewalk, assuming the police would come by and pick her up. Instead she was found dead. Drs. Appel and A. L. Justice testified that while they had not examined the body, the report of the medical officer made it reasonable to conclude that she had fallen forward and died of suffocation, not from violence.⁴

The case dragged on before Judge Pastrano for eleven months. He was then suddenly removed. His successor spent ten days reviewing the evidence. On June 25, 1890 he sentenced Walters to be shot, O'Laughlin to ten years of penal servitude, and acquitted Bothwell.²

O'Laughlin promptly reverted to form, writing a long letter to the El Paso *Times* requesting the aid of its manager, Juan S. Hart. He had, he said, been better off in years gone by, but for the last three he had suffered so terribly from rheumatism that he was unable to help himself. Being without funds, he had been forced to sleep in Walters' saloon on the night of the woman's death, although he was going to take a job for his board and room the next day. However, "misfortune came" on him "in the morning early," when he was "dragged out of bed to this jail." How this "innocent sufferer," as he signed himself, penniless and too crippled from rheumatism to help himself, could go to a dance and then help carry the woman out of the saloon is not touched upon.²

Perhaps more to the point, the two men also appealed to the supreme court of the State of Chihuahua. In July, 1891 it found O'Laughlin "not guilty" and ordered his release. Less fortunately for Walters, the sentence against him was sustained. His lawyers promptly announced that they would appeal to the supreme court of the Republic of Mexico,⁵ but the outcome of this action is unknown to the writer. As for O'Laughlin, if we do not yet know his end, we have at least followed him a little further through the vicissitudes of a life which seems to have had few dull moments.

Acknowledgment

The writer is indebted to Miss Ruth E. Rambo, Librarian, Museum of New Mexico, and Mr. Phil Cooke for their assistance in locating this material on O'Laughlin.

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4. *El Paso Times*, June 27, 1890.
5. *Ibid.*, July 28, 1891.

ROUNDUP FLICKERS

As a follow-up to an item appearing in "Roundup Flickers" in the May issue of the ROUNDUP, Pennsylvania's Cumberland County Court Judge Clinton R. Weidner, ruled against Helen Clay Frick, 75, who sought to prevent sale and distribution of Dr. Sylvester K. Stevens' book, "Pennsylvania: Birthplace of a Nation," because of what she considered derogatory statements about her father. Judge Weidner, in a 51-page opinion, ruled that the book was not libelous and "is not capable of defamatory meaning" and that everything in it about Frick "was true." The judge also said if everyone who on "cursory

examination started action to enjoin or correct a book, our bookshelves would be either empty or contain books written only by relatives of the subject." The author, Dr. Stevens, is executive director of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission.—*Denver Post*, May 26, 1967.

A sauropod, the first whole specimen of that species of dinosaur ever found anywhere and the first whole dinosaur found in western Colorado since 1900, is being excavated at the Dominguez-Jones Dinosaur quarry 18 miles southwest of Grand Junction.



Westerner's Bookshelf



THE WORLD'S RIM, by Hartley Burr Alexander, University of Nebraska, 1967. 259 pages, Bibliography, Index, a Bison Book paperback. \$1.80.

Reprint edition of a book published in 1953. Chapter headings of interest are The Pipe of Peace, The Abiding Rock, The Corn Maidens, The Sun Dance, The Last Trail.

As stated in the introduction, this is a series of studies on rituals and ceremonies of the North American Indian. First, the Pipe of Peace, a ritual practiced by a number of tribes, particularly the Iriquois, the Dakota Sioux, the Osages and Pawnees. The Osages have a chant accompanying the ceremonial pipe which is offered to the Sky-People and Earth-People. The Kiowas employed a red pipe as a symbol of War, and it was sent from one war party to another.

The Corn Maidens, a ritual of the Pueblos, was participated in by both sexes, old and young, even tiny maidens.

The book depicts many phases of the Indian life from birth to death, and gives much attention to the customs, many of which are related to their daily life, a great many having dances connected with them.

The chapter headings are indicative of the many and varied rituals accompanying their daily and periodic dances, according to season, some of which are related to birth and death, the luck of the hunter, prayers for rain, and so on, but all of deep religious significance.

Carl F. Mathews, PM

GOLD AND GOTHIC, by Sandra Dallas. Published by Lick Skillet Press, Denver, Colo. Printed by Smith Brooks Printing Co., Denver. 24 pp. paper, 8 3/8"x11". Illustrated with engravings and photos. \$1.50.

This is the story of Larimer Square. It does more than that for it quickly tells of the beginnings of the various settlements that eventually became Denver, the supply point, resting and fun place for the prospector who picked and prospected in the mountains to the westward. Then it concentrates around the one block, between 14th and 15th streets, on Larimer where Denver centered its business dealings. Here at 15th and Larimer, General William Larimer Jr. built the first sod-roofed cabin and around it spread other business buildings that were rebuilt, torn down, and remodeled until Mr. and Mrs. John W. R. Crawford III decided to restore the dilapidated buildings to their former glory so that attractive Larimer Square could become an "enduring monument" indeed for Denver. This paperback is a good souvenir to give to tourists visiting Denver.

William Kostka PM

CM Herbert M. Hart, a lieutenant colonel in the Marine Corps, is the author of "Pioneer Forts of the West" with over 200 photographs, the fourth in his series on Old Forts, published by Superior Publishing Co., P.O. Box 1710, Seattle, Wash. 98111.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

ROUNDUP Editor William Kostka wishes to thank CM Cecil Conner and PM Byron Hooper for their protective presence, to see that proofs and material continued to flow smoothly while the editor was off on trips. They formed a fine back-up team.

CM Edith W. Blunk correcting a typographical error in the first item in "Over the Corral Rail" of the May issue of the ROUNDUP points out that her paternal grandfather had "built up a herd of 400 not 40 head of work oxen" at his ranch, then and now known as the XX Ranch near Tie Siding, Wyo., which is still in the same family.

And speaking of that May issue PM Don Bloch author of "The Infamous Benders of Kansas" in that issue, though correctly identified in the article byline was called a "CM" on the cover blurb. Sorry!

Maxine Benson, who was appointed state historian in April by the board of directors of the Colorado State Historical Society, was a joint winner of the Denver Westerners scholarship award in 1960. She received her B.A. degree with honors from the U. of Colorado in 1961, earned her M.A. there in 1962 and now is a candidate for a doctorate in history.

Denver Westerners Program Chairman Robert L. Brown was the first speaker on the Denver Public Library's popular noontime summer series, "Colorful Colorado" in the main library's Wyer Auditorium. His subject was "Holy Cross, the City and the Mountain."

Charles Reno recently appeared before the Army Board for the Correction of Military Records in an effort to clear the name of and restore to full rank and honors his great-grand-uncle, Maj. Marcus A. Reno who survived Col. George A. Custer's last battle at the Little Big Horn. Charles Reno took the action after a chance meeting in a Manhattan bar with George Walton, retired Army colonel, whose five year study of the major's case resulted in the book, *Faint the Trumpet Sounds*, in which he sought to exonerate Major Reno. The major was dishonorably discharged four years after the battle as a drunkard and brawler, which the board was told stemmed mainly from a political and military controversy that unfairly accused Reno of cowardice in failing to come to Custer's aid.

The Army Board recommended that the rank of major be restored to Marcus A. Reno and Secty. of the Army Stanley R. Resor directed that Reno's military record be corrected to show that he had been honorably discharged and that it also show that Reno was a brevet colonel of the Army and a brevet brigadier general of the U.S. volunteers during the Civil War. However, the court-martial's guilty verdict was allowed to stand. The American Legion, which joined Charles Reno before the Army board, said that the decision was "an historic milestone in military justice." Major Reno's remains will be moved from a grave in Glenwood Cemetery in Washington, D.C., where he was buried in 1889, for reburial in the Custer National Cemetery in Montana.

New Hands on the Denver Range

JACK N. FRENCH

214 Jackson Ave.
Ft. Collins, Colo.

Jack French, past president of the Morgan County Historical Society, has had published an article on the pioneer trails through Morgan county in the Ft. Morgan *Times*. He is interested in the Overland Trail through Colorado and the Texas-Montana Cattle Trail also through Colorado. He is now researching for an article on "Wild Horse" Jerry McCahan. He is manager of the seed division of the American Fertilizer Co., a subsidiary of Phillips Petroleum. He became interested in the Westerners through Agnes Wright Spring.

EARLE B. MAYFIELD JR.

1220 Republic Bank Bldg.
Dallas, Tex. 75201

Attorney Mayfield Jr. also does a bit of ranching and collects Western books. He is especially interested in Western badmen, outlaws, bandits, and gunmen. He learned of the Denver Westerners through Ramon Adams of Dallas and through various publications and articles.

DEN GALBRAITH

P.O. Box 829
Golden, Colo. 80401

Galbraith is a partner in Earth Sciences, Inc., in Golden and is a petroleum consulting geologist. He has had articles published in *True West*, *Frontier Times*, *Desert Magazine*, *Western Treasures*, *The Mines Magazine*, and *The Southwesterner*, of which he is corresponding editor. He also has had chapters published in books on oil and mineral resources of Colorado. He is on the historical committee of the Rocky Mountain Association of Geologists. He is interested in tales of lost mines and buried treasures and western art. He became interested in the Westerners through PM Ralph W. Danielson, M.D.

LELAND FEITZ

716 E. Washington St.
Colorado Springs, Colo. 80907

Feitz, for 18 years public relations director and assistant to the president of Alexander Film Co., is a summer resident of Cripple Creek, member of the Colorado Springs Historical Society, and is interested in Western history, railroads and collecting old photos. He has published: "CRIPPLE CREEK! A Quick History of the World's Greatest Gold Camp," and "MYERS AVENUE, A Quick History of Cripple Creek's Red-Light District." He came to the Denver Westerners through PM Don Bloch.

LORMAN HOOPEES, M.D.

Broadus, Mont. 59317

Dr. Hoopes is interested in Miles City and southeastern Montana where Broadus is. He is a history fan of that region and of the adjacent western Dakotas and northeastern Wyoming. He came to the Westerners through PM Fred Mazzulla.

JAMES H. DAVIS

1043 Emerson
Denver, Colo. 80218

Jim Davis is well-known to Denver Westerners as the speaker at the May meeting and author of "The Ku Klux Klan in Denver and Colorado Springs" in the July *ROUNDUP* and as a librarian in the Western History department in the Denver Public Library, where he assists in written as well as in pictorial research of the West. He has also had published an article on Countess Murat in the *Golden West* magazine and a comprehensive article on the Ku Klux Klan in Colorado in the Colorado Magazine published by the State Historical Society.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

OCTOBER
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IN THIS ISSUE
RANGE STOCKMEN
MEET THE GOVERNMENT
by
Farrington R. Carpenter, CM



Sheriff Dr. Campa (left) presents the speaker's certificate to Pioneer Rancher Farrington R. Carpenter. Loud speaker is set in chair on table for benefit of audience of 200 at the Summer Rendezvous to hear Carpenter's talk on setting up grazing regulations throughout the West for the U.S. Government. His boss in Washington, D. C., was Harold L. Ickes.

From the collection of Fred & Jo Mazzulla

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

CM Farrington R. Carpenter held spellbound the crowd attending the Summer Rendezvous at the old Oxford Hotel on 17th street near Denver's Union station. Yet Carpenter, pioneer rancher and attorney who filed on his first homestead in Routt County, Colo. in 1907, did not talk about railroads.

He told the exciting story of setting up grazing regulations to control livestock on 400 million acres of land in the West. Here was the man who in 1934 was assigned the tough task of ending the free land policy that had attracted hundreds of thousands of settlers from throughout the world. He did it alone, fearlessly. With no well-staffed bureau to aid him, Carpenter went from state to state to face irate cattlemen and sheepmen, who did not want him or the government to take away their rights. He was often told to get out of town, and not gently either.

With him on his many trips in the West was a shorthand reporter named H. E. (Jack) Dennis, now of 4140 Ames St., Denver. Dennis was at the Summer Rendezvous also — working! In shorthand he was taking down Carpenter's exciting talk, which was also taped as an historical record. It is Dennis's transcription that became the enthralling article in this issue.

Among the 200 Westerners, their wives and guests, who heard the talk was Roy F. Dunne, Chicago editor for King Features Syndicate. Long a member of the Chicago Corral, Dunne had just become a Corresponding Member of the Denver Posse.

FUTURE MEETINGS

CM Marshall Sprague, noted author of western historical books, will talk on "Heels and Healers at Pikes Peak" before the Denver Posse Wednesday evening October 25.

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

Range Stockmen Meet The Government

by Farrington R. Carpenter CM

Introduction by Program Chairman, Robert L. Brown: This whole thing got started something over a year ago when I walked into the office of a rather well known administrator in our school system and told him that I wanted an unusual speaker for our Westerners August Rendezvous. I am not going to identify this gentleman because of what he said, but I am going to quote verbatim: That in his many years of association as secretary to the Principals' Association he had come to know a person of real intelligence who could also stand on his feet and talk, and he gave me the name of our guest this evening.

Farrington Carpenter was born in Evanston, Ill. on the 10th of August, 1886. He filed on his first homestead in Northwestern Colorado in 1907. Two years later, with a friend from his old home town, he entered the cattle business and has never been out of it since that time.

He is a graduate of the Harvard Law School, Class of 1912. He was County Attorney for Routt County from 1920 to 1928. He was attorney for the Routt County Cattlemen's Association until 1934. He was District Attorney for Moffat, Grand and Routt Counties, the 14th Judicial District of the State of Colorado, between 1928 and 1932.

In 1934, following the passage of the Taylor Grazing Act national legislation, he was appointed to be the first Director of Grazing.

He was also Colorado's first Director of Revenue from 1941 through 1943, under the late Governor Ralph L. Carr, a former member of our Posse.

In addition to all these other things he also somehow found time to spend one term in our State Legislature. Ed Bemis tells me that the Colorado Press Association gave its first award to the man who had done the most for Colorado to Farrington Carpenter. This award was given on only one other occasion, at which time it was bestowed upon the late Emily Griffith.

Farrington Carpenter also received the award as Stockman of the Year in February of this year, 1967, from Colorado State University. This award was presented at their Livestock Days Banquet in February.

With all of this background I think you will agree with me that our speaker this evening is uniquely well-qualified to tell us about "Range Stockmen Meet the Government."

Ladies and gentlemen, Farrington Carpenter!

I hate to take the wind out of Mr. Brown's fine introduction, but I might add a little appendix to it: I was fired from all these jobs he talks about. Old Ickes canned me and the State of Colorado wouldn't confirm me under John Vivian's administration. I was fired from every job I have ever had, and was defeated after serving in the Legislature one term. So I am not such a hot shot as he made out.

What I am going to say tonight, folks, is what I can remember about a period about 33 years ago.

I am going to try to give you some experiences of two years of my life, and there is a man here who can check every word of it. Jack (H. E.) Dennis, a court reporter in this state for 37 years, who was at the time the official court reporter in the 14th Judicial District, went with me all through the Western States and recorded all the proceedings in our attempt to regulate the last of freeloading on the public domain by the cowboys and the sheepherders. These were the men who did not want to stick their necks into the government collar and who did not want to pay a fee for grazing their livestock.

We were to try to get them organized into administrative districts. This free land that they had been using was the last vestige of our national land policy, which was so firmly imbedded in our way of living that it was considered to be part of our freedom. It was hard to change and Congress left it alone for many years after they really should have done something about it.

I remember that after many years Herbert Hoover went back to Europe. There he was honored, in Belgium and all those countries where he had saved their people from starvation after the First World War. Later he came out to Gunnison, Colo., to do some fishing, and when he got to Glenwood Springs the word went out among all the faithful, and by that I mean the Republican committeemen largely. They asked him to a dinner in the old Glenwood Springs Hotel, at which everybody would be privileged to write out and pass up a question and Mr. Hoover would answer it without fear or favor.

The grand old man then stood there and answered questions for two hours. But what impressed me most about it was this: They asked him: "What was the message from Europe to America" that he as a great hero had brought back? He said this was the message: "That the great men of Europe with whom he had talked said: 'Try, try and try to preserve your freedom. Freedom is disappearing here in Europe, freedom has disappeared in Asia, and the suppression of freedom is spreading everywhere—it is spreading in America. Do what you can for it.'"

Now, freedom has a different connotation in America from what it has in Europe. Freedom in Europe means release from restraint; but

freedom in America has historically been associated with free land. As the great prairie schooners came west they had these words displayed on them, as the pioneers and frontiersmen gathered around their campfires, "Free Land, Free Men, Freedom!" They had come to believe that free land had something to do with making men free, and that that was freedom.

So you can see from that why Congress approached the problem gingerly.

I knew an elderly gentleman when I was going to law school and inside a closet door he had a large map of the North American Continent. He used to open that door and display that map and would say, "Carpenter, do you know why the white man was barred from coming to this continent through all these countries? It is because when the free land and the new continent was opened it would do something for men's minds and souls to come there; and that is the mission of this country." He said, "Few people have tried to explain what free land did to men who had never had free land before."

Probably the first was Frederick J. Turner in that delightful series of essays, "The Frontier in American History." Professor Turner sketches out what it did to the men who left Virginia and Plymouth Rock. They left the old patterns and the old animosities—they couldn't carry them all with them—and their ways of thinking and doing things expanded and they got more freedom. Professor Turner traces them as they went out with their axes and felled the forests and built their little homes and went to farming. His story is largely taken up by Walter Prescott Webb who gives in "The Great Plains" an account of the things which happened when the frontiersmen came over to the 20-inch rainfall line. That is a line running north and south through Western Nebraska and Kansas, when they came out to this arid country where we live. Walter Prescott Webb says that the West was founded, as you know, by three great inventions, the windmill, the barbed wire, and the six-shooter. With the six-shooter they could meet the Indians on their horses and shoot faster than Indians could shoot their arrows. The barbed wire stopped the growth of the big outfits on the public domain and let the homesteaders fence something off. And the windmills, of course, provided water where there never was water before.

Those men had done quite a bit to illustrate what free land did to free men. All of this I knew in a vague kind of way, but I had never really thought how it would apply to the job I was about to undertake.

On June 28, 1934, Congress passed the Taylor Grazing Act, which provided for a presidential executive order, which was issued right afterwards and which put an abrupt stop to all homesteading. It stopped all use. There was no longer a bit of free public land left in the United States.

It was a complete reversal of the land policy. It was very little known in the West where it was to apply. It was a measure that was put through largely by the efforts of the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Ickes, because he wanted to bring the Forest Service back over to the Department of the Interior from the Department of Agriculture. It is hard for us to understand the palace politics that go on in Washington and the intense bitterness between the bureau chiefs and the cabinet people in grabbing off more power and building up their departments. This was the first step. The Act that put all the remaining public domain under administration had been sleeping in the Public Lands Department for 35 years. Good old Ed Taylor (Congressman from Colorado) had seen it, he had been for it, but he wasn't going to take any stand that would get him into any trouble, and so he just let it sleep there. Mr. Colton, the representative from Utah, was the only man who really was for it. But when the New Deal came in, Congress was acting under the dictates of the Executive and in accordance with Mr. Ickes' wishes. All of a sudden they said: "400 million acres! A tremendous body of land, when you think that all the continental 48 states has just under two billion acres—one billion, 900 million—all this public land was to be taken off the list of free land and put under dominion and control and administration. After he had done it he had to have somebody to put it in force.

It just happened that I was in Washington lobbying for one of our basic commodities. The cattlemen thought if rice and peanuts and cotton and all these other things were going to be protected, cattle should be protected. They raised a great sum of money, \$300 in fact, to send me down to Washington to lobby. I got a little attic room down there in the Harrington Hotel for \$2.50 and spent my time lobbying. One day I went into Ed Taylor's office to get my mail and Ed said, "What do you know about this new Taylor Act they are talking about, setting up control over the public domain?"

I said, "I don't know anything about it."

He said, "I wish you would read it and go over before the committee and testify."

Which I did, and in qualifying myself I had to tell them I was a homesteader, that as a lawyer in a little town I had practiced land law as that was about all there was to practice, that I was a cattleman and had been a cattleman all my life. He needed somebody that had these qualifications and when I got home I got word that he wanted me to take over and try to set that up. It wasn't a very hot job, because I knew the West didn't want it.

When you go to a man who has been running on free grass and tell him, "Hereafter, you will have to get permission from me," he doesn't regard

you with great love. However, it was a challenge and it paid \$6500 a year, and real money doesn't come in chunks like that over in Routt County.

So I went back there and told Mr. Ickes: "There are some reasons why you might not want me." I said: "To begin with I am in Republican politics and I have no intention of changing my politics."

"Well," he said, "Who asked you to?"

"If you keep your mouth shut while you are out there and not blab about it all the time, I don't care what your politics are."

I was used to that kind of talk and I kind of liked him. I learned to dislike the man later on, but that was all right.

I said, "In the second place, Frank Delaney and I are considered to be public enemies numbered one and two by all the sheepmen; we have been fighting to keep these woolgrowers off our ranges for years; and there are a lot of sheepmen using the public domain and they won't like it."

He said, "I will investigate that."

I said, "The third reason is I do not want to set up any big bureau with a whole lot of little bureaucrats who will always be trying to get more funds. I think this thing can be done locally. I know the local stockmen and if they are handled right they will set it up themselves."

He said that might be in my favor but that he would let me know later. He did. I got the appointment and went back to Washington. I looked at the Act, which didn't tell me anything. It just said, "Go out and set these districts up." So I went to the General Land Office. The General Land Office is older than the Department of the Interior. The General Land Office was set up as a bureau in the Treasury Department. The good public lands were the great inheritance of our new federal government. I went over there and said, "Would you give me a map and show me where the public lands are?" They said, "We haven't got any map of where the public lands are."

I said, "You have been running here for over 100 years and don't know where your land is?"

"How could we," he said, "we have 27 land offices scattered all throughout the West and the status of the land is in the township plats. During every 24 hours some fellow is going in there and filing on a homestead, taking timber and stone entries, filing on desert entries, Carey land withdrawals, the Indians get in on it, the Forest Service gets it. It is kaleidoscopic. It is changing all the time. We don't know where the land is. At the end of every month they send us a copy of the township map so we can fix up our township map. And, besides, when our old people get to doing it—"

So they said, "We can't help you."

I said, "Well, how do you expect me to set up a district if I don't know where it is?"

They didn't give me any encouragement. They didn't like it because they wanted it put in their hands.

They said, "If these fellows will file an application to use the land we will process them very promptly."

I had had a lot of experience with them and I said, "Promptly? What does that mean? Sometimes you make a temporary withdrawal of public lands. How long does that word 'temporary' give you a right to withhold them from entry?"

He said, "Well, I will tell you: During the Civil War we withdrew all the islands of the Mississippi for war purposes, a temporary withdrawal; and we restored them to entry in 1892." So that is about the way they functioned.

But Mr. Ickes gave me a little book of travel orders that I could sign and get a ride on the railroads, the Pullmans, the airlines and steamship lines, and by which I could get my meals, and it wouldn't cost me anything. That was called my travel book. So after this lack of encouragement by the General Land Office I started out.

The Act provided that a meeting be held in every state where this Act was to go into effect, to give them all a chance to come in and hear what was going to happen to them. Those meetings were already advertised. The first one was on September 17, 1934, in Colorado, at Grand Junction.

So over there I went in my old Ford jalopy, with the court reporter from Craig, Colorado. When I got in there that night, as I walked down the street to get a room at the LaCourt Hotel, I met a bunch of cowboys. Old Fin Chapman and a bunch of the boys came over and said, "Ferry, are you going to run this?" I said, "Yes, that's my job."

They said, "They say the sheepmen have bought you off."

I said, "Maybe they have. You will have to watch and see what I do, but I think you cowboys will get a square deal."

He said, "We didn't have the money to come in and stay at these hotels. We have got a camp just outside of town and a chuck wagon there. Come on over and have some beans with us tonight and we will feel better about it."

So I went over there and sat around the campfire with them. The next day the meeting opened. We couldn't get them all into one room so we adjourned out to the large Lincoln Park Auditorium in Grand Junction. There were an estimated 900 persons. All the cowboys sat on one side and all the sheepherders sat on the other side. The cowboys had Frank Delaney as their attorney and the sheepherders had Wilson G. McCarthy,

and the thing was ready to go. Ed Taylor was there. Of course he wouldn't overlook a chance like that, with all his constituents gathered there. And there were several other politicians and other persons interested in seeing what the Act was going to do.

The more they tried to sell it to them, the more I saw these fellows brace up against each other, because the sheepmen wanted to take it and the cowboys wanted to take it. I hadn't studied the Act very closely. I got up and said, "I am out here to set districts up and I don't know where the land is. Do you fellows know where it is?"

Yeah, they knew. Every one of them was using every acre of it.

I said, "I will tell you: I have a big map of the State of Colorado here. I want you fellows to elect three sheepmen and three cowboys and come on up here and take this piece of chalk and mark off where these districts should be. If there is a deep river you can't cross in your stock migrations, mark it as a boundary for your district. If there is a high mountain you can't get over, mark it as a boundary for a district."

They came up there and marked those districts off. There are five great districts in the State of Colorado on the Western Slope today and they average a million and a half acres, and those districts remain the same as those fellows chalked them out.

I then learned that those fellows could do the job we needed to have done. When I saw that I said, "No appropriations have been made for doing this. I'm being sent here at a salary of \$6500 by the Secretary, paid out of what is called his personal fund. I got the Geological Survey to give me 17 men and they are with me." I said, "I am going to drop one of these boys off here and I am going to ask you fellows to act as a jury. I am going to ask the sheepmen to elect 10 sheepmen as an advisory council and the cowboys 10. I am going to go away and see how well you fellows can divide this up." So they agreed to that. I announced an adjournment to enable them to conduct their elections and report back.

Then the lawyers got busy. They said, "There isn't enough land to take care of all the livestock that wants to go on." The preference clause said preference for grazing licenses to be issued shall be given to those "in or near" the land. The cowboys ran their stock near their homes, but sheep were a migratory animal and these sheepmen will go 40, 50, and 100 miles from the winter range on the desert to the summer range in the high mountains, and they were not in the district. In the ordinary sense they were not "near."

But Wilson McCarthy, who represented them, said, "When you get through with it, we are going to be on this public domain, and don't think you are going to put us off."

I didn't know how near was near. They kept asking me, "How near

is near?" And I didn't know. One lawyer got up and says, "I can help you out. I have been arguing a case in court about beer. 'How near is near beer,' and 'how near is beer.'"

That didn't seem very helpful. So I asked them to come over to the Federal Court Room. The next day all the lawyers in Grand Junction appeared. I remember old Mr. S. G. McMullin with his ear horn took a leading part. All the representatives attended. They argued all day on how near was near. When they got through I had no idea what near was. So I said to the two Forest Service fellows who were helping me, "I don't know how we are going to decide it, but it is my job to decide it and I am going to rule how near is near."

They said, "Now, look here, young feller, you haven't worked for the government very long. The first rule in the government is 'never decide anything unless you have to.'"

They said, "Do you have to decide this today?"

I said, "No. I don't think anybody is checking up on me that I know of."

"Well, don't decide it and never decide it!"

And I never did! !

How did we make them happy? It is a little trick of semantics. We finally told them that anybody who had ever used the public domain, no matter how far they came, was near; but some people had been nearer and some people were nearest. So they were willing to be called near, and then the people that were nearest got it.

I asked the two sections, the sheep boys and the cattle boys to go from Grand Junction to Rifle and we would set up some rules that I would take out to Bakersfield, the next stop. The sheep boys went to the Winchester Hotel and the cattle boys went to the other hotel there on the main street. They wouldn't talk to each other. They would send emissaries back and forth to where I had my office in the second story of the fire department. The sheepmen would come over with the rules they wanted and the cowboys would come over with the rules they wanted. We couldn't get them together.

So I went over to the Winchester Hotel and ordered a table to seat 21 people and fixed up place cards and put them on the table. And I sat a woolgrower and a cowboy and a woolgrower and a cowboy, all the way around. They got in there and looked at that and kind of grinned and sat down. One of them was one of our greatest woolgrowers, Ralph Pitchforth, who was seated right next to Frank Delaney, who is public enemy number one of the sheepmen. Delaney got so well acquainted with Ralph that Ralph hired him for his attorney later. After that I never had any trouble. After eating together they went away and worked together very well. A similar pattern was followed at other places.

The next stop was Salt Lake City, and here it was entirely different. The sheepmen in Utah, as you know, are largely of the Mormon faith and they were all gathered in the Hotel Utah. I did not know it, but I learned then that in the Mormon faith people are trained to talk in public. The little boy or girl in the first grade who is asked to read a page from the reader doesn't just get up and stand beside the desk. They take their reader and walk to the front of the class, bow to the teacher and bow to the other pupils, and then they read. They get a presence and they are all public speakers. And they all spoke at that meeting.

I said to the government men with me: "We will never get them together. Everybody has got a new and different idea. Let us go to another state."

They said, "You don't know what you are doing. Wait until the Bishop speaks." So along about 4:00 o'clock a little baldheaded man down in front raised his hand, the fellow punched me and said, "That's the Bishop." And I said, "Bishop, would you like to say something?"

He came up on the platform and folded his hands on his tummy and said, "I think our friend has a message."

"Mr. Bishop, would you make a motion?"

"I move that we cooperate with him."

I said, "Any seconds?" And everybody else seconded!

As we went through Utah the fellows said, "Now, all you have to do is to see the Bishop as you go to the different towns. These people are trained to follow their appointed leaders."

So Utah was entirely different from Colorado where we had these two bitter factions. We had no trouble there.

But when I got to Bakersfield I found the sheepmen there had what they called the 1000-mile circle. They would go around by Owens Lake and up the valley and then they finished off with the grape vines at Bakersfield. I learned then that 1000 miles was near the district. Each of them was near and I assured them they were, although they weren't nearest. We were gradually approaching an interpretation of that term "near."

There are eleven western public land states, but the State of Washington had filed on nearly all the land and there wasn't enough contiguous land from which we could set up the district. So I just had the ten states left. Now I am going to start around with the different states and tell you as near as I can remember what happened and their attitudes toward this Act.

The next place we went was Casper, Wyo. These meetings were located at towns near where the public lands were. At the meetings at Casper were Mr. Brooks, a former Governor of Wyoming, and other distinguished people. There I was informed that, though I may have studied law, I had overlooked what Chief Justice Marshall had said: That these lands belonged

to the states and not to the federal government, and that I had just misconstrued my job and didn't belong in Wyoming. I asked them if they would give me the citation and they said it was so far back that they would have to search for it down in the cellar of the library to get at that decision. But they said he had said it and that they were going to stand by it and they didn't want me in there unless I came in with that rule.

But as far as trying to get the people of Wyoming to cooperate, as those in Colorado had pledged to do, Wyoming would not do it. I said, "Okay. We will just take the rules as we set them up in the other states and we won't ask for any cooperation from stockmen. I am going to hire some little guy who comes from Delaware, who doesn't know which end of a cow gets up first, and he will be out here and he will have a little book in his back pocket. You will ask him something and he will get out the book and turn to page 9, article 6, subsection (a) which tells you what to do. That is just the way the Forest Service runs the forests. Would you like to have your public domain run that way?"

After a little while that sunk into their beans and they decided to cooperate. Then they went ahead and elected their advisory groups.

Then we got to Idaho. Did you ever hear of the Owyhee Desert? Well, I had never heard of the Owyhee Desert. There was Owyhee County and the Owyhee Desert and there was Owyhee Hotel, and I went to the Owyhee Hotel. The woolgrowers of Idaho were so well organized and had so monopolized the public range that the farmers in the Snake River Valley didn't have a look-in. They had a county agent there by the name of H. S. Hale who had told them that the Taylor Act would let them all run stock on on the public domain and that they had their little alfalfa fields and they had the feed for them and they should get it.

Of course, you see, if they got it the existing sheepmen would go out of business. So after a battle there, the sheepmen sent a very powerful delegation, including an ex-United States Senator, up to my room at night and they said, "Would you just as soon leave this state?" They said, "We have run this state ourselves very well for many years and we can continue to do so, and you are just not welcome."

And I said, "Oh, I have got a lot more work to do. I will do no more here."

Then I went to Oregon. In Oregon I found that the state University, the A&M College, were in attendance with their professor, and they gave me a complete rundown. They had worked with the cattle and sheep associations and they said they would go along if I would give them a township of land so they could set up an experiment station. A township of land was nothing for me to hand out, just like this, just mark it off on the map. So I said, "Pick your township and I will see that you get it." And

they did. That is the famous Squaw Butte Range Experiment Station very well-known in Oregon. They said the University and the state and the cowboys would support it after we gave it to them; but the next year they put in for an appropriation from the federal government. So that is the way we got along with them.

Then we went down to Arizona, and I was just about to meet with them when they handed me a telegram from the Secretary of the Interior which said: "Drop everything and report in Washington immediately." So I did.

When I got there and was summoned before the Secretary he said, "You have gone just as far in this as you can go. You are selling this out to the stockmen. They are a bunch of brigands and we are not going to have them take it over. We thought you had some honesty in you when we hired you. You are fired!" He said, "Now, here are the charges." I took the charges and read them over. I wish I had them here. They were a weird lot. This is the way they did it: They had a fellow going around with me who would listen to what I said. Of course, I would talk to the stockmen in their own language. And then he would go to the telephone and tell the Assistant Secretary what I had said. And these were the two vital things: I was bringing the national government into disrepute because I told them onetime, "If you try to hurry these bureaucrats up it is just like throwing sand in the gears, you come to a grinding halt."

He said, "Do you think that is any way to talk about our civil service? Besides that, you referred to Washington as 'that big county seat on the Potomac.'"

What do you think of that? Well, honestly, it was ludicrous. They had a whole bunch of charges like that.

I had a friend there, Judge Harold Stephens. He said, "You don't have to go. Yours is a Presidential Appointment and you don't have to go without a hearing. Answer him, so he doesn't dare go to a hearing."

So I answered him and then he let me go ahead with the job. You can imagine how well he liked me after that.

Then it was just a question of trying to get along with him. But by that time the Western people liked the idea of having a say in how this was handled. They had no determinative power. They recommended to the Grazier in each state who they thought should run on the range and then he decided. They did not decide their own allocations. After they were through in their board meetings the Grazier took the rules they had adopted and applied them to their applications, so they couldn't give the choice bits of range to themselves. That was the method which was followed.

When I got to Albuquerque, New Mexico, the State Cattlemen's Association and the State Woolgrowers' Association informed me that they

had done the work that I was to do before I got there. They said everything was in good shape. They were sending some prominent men to Washington, and their two Senators were going with them. They were going to have the Department of the Interior turn all the range lands in New Mexico over to those two associations—and they tried just that.

I will say a good word for Mr. Ickes: He literally kicked them out of his office. He let them know that they couldn't run it. And they turned it back to me, so I went back again to Albuquerque. But the public land situation in Arizona and New Mexico was entirely different from what it was up here. Up here the two school sections, 16 and 36, were *in situs*. But down there their State Land Commissioner, who was elected every two years, and who got more votes than the Governor got, had allowed them to move these sections around until they fenced all the public domain out and the setups were already in existence and it wasn't very much of a job, although there were many things to overcome. Each state presented a new problem.

Montana was no problem at all because they didn't have very much contiguous land.

But when we got to Nevada there was no use having a district because the whole state was a desert. There wasn't anything else there. The only people who paid taxes were the railroads and the gamblers. The rest of them were so few. So in the meeting there I asked them to draw lines for the districts beyond which the cattle and sheep couldn't go. A prominent stockman got up and said, "We will tell you the lines: Canada on the north and Old Mexico on the south." That was their idea of how they would handle it.

So much for what I found out in drawing the district lines. Then I took these maps the stockmen had drawn back to Washington. When I showed them to Dr. Mendenhall, who was Director of the Geological Survey, he said, "That looks strangely familiar to me. Come into my office and let's superimpose your map of the 10 Western States on my map," and we did.

He had a lot of lines on his map which he called the Iso-hyetal lines and they were the rainfall lines. All of the West had been taken up down to the 15-inch Iso-hyetal line, where dry farming couldn't be done. And as these fellows started to homestead and got out toward the desert, with 10 or 12 inches of rain, they gave it up. So that the 400 million acres of public land were largely within the 15-inch Iso-hyetal line. Then began to emerge the picture of the seven great deserts that we have in this country: I have read what I could of it, but I have never seen them presented. I have mentioned the Owyhee Desert, which is in Southern Idaho and laps over a little into Oregon. Going into Oregon you have

the High (Harney) Desert, everything clear over to the Cascades and the Sierra Nevadas. You drop down south to the Mojave Desert (down there they call it the "Moharv"). The Mojave takes in Southern California and laps over into Arizona. When you go over into New Mexico you get to the Jornada Desert, Jornada del Muerto, the Journey of Death. Then coming up north here you get the Red Desert in Southern Wyoming and parts of Northern Colorado. And there is the Great Salt Lake Desert extending all through Utah, known to the stockmen as the East Desert and the West Desert, depending upon which side of the Wasatch it was situated. Nevada is just one desert called the Great Basin.

Now I began to see we were dealing with desert lands and with desert people and that we had to have this priority rule. Who used it first? And then we had to have what we called the commensurability rule: How could you run on the range if you didn't have a place to put your cattle in the winter? If you had 100 head of cows and you had a certain amount of forage per cow to winter them and you lived in the district, naturally you should have the right to run 100 head of cows in the district. That was easy. Then when you got south of what they call the snow line, which runs east and west in Southern Colorado and Nevada and on across, where there were year-round ranges, feed meant nothing, because they ran their stuff out there all year, and water was everything. So they said they didn't want a feed rule but that they wanted a water rule.

The whole of that portion of the United States was divided into two categories of commensurability, the feed group on the north and the water group on the south. Then it was figured out that five sheep were supposed to eat as much as one cow. And on that basis each man had to show he had a home for his stock at the time when they couldn't be on the public domain. But when we went to the south that rule failed. The rule that we found there was to take the living water holes and draw a circle around them of five miles. They said a cow couldn't walk more than five miles to water and get very fat. I found that their cattle trailed in to water five miles, spent two days on the water, filled up, went back on the range and went without water for two days.

There are some wonderful things which go on on this range when you get out onto it and see what happens. As soon as a rule was made it had to be broken. You would get a man who cultivated food for his cattle. They are nearly all little operators in Utah. Then he can show that he has commensurability with hay, ensilage or whatever it is. One little fellow clear down in the valley by St. George wrote and told me: "I have run my cattle on the range, and my father did before me, and you have cut off my permit. I raise nothing but cantaloupe. I have been raising them for years. The cattle can't eat cantaloupe, but I sell the canta-

loupe and buy hay." Now, did he have a right or not? The rule says you must raise forage. He didn't raise forage but he raised cantaloupe and converted the cantaloupe into forage by selling them. Of course, the Advisory Board wanted to give it to him. The solicitors in the office in Washington said, "You can't. The rules say forage and cantaloupe are not forage." I said, "Let me take those rules. We will tear them up and we will take cantaloupe if it is exchanged for forage for livestock." Of course, that was a big hurrah on the range. That is the way they liked to have things done.

Down south you had to have living water, a spring or developed reservoir. One fellow said, "I have got no springs and no developed reservoirs, but I had the Santa Fe Railroad put in a spur and they haul me out two great tank cars of water and I buy it and water my cattle out there." Should that be commensurate water? It certainly should. He had been doing it for years. Other men ran on the Mojave Desert. There is a great pipeline that goes over the Mojave Desert to the City of Los Angeles. There are outlets six feet in diameter in that pipe where they test out the water at certain points across the desert. The sheepmen went to the City of Los Angeles and got a key to the padlock to those outlets and put a pump in there and ran the water out and watered their sheep. Then they could use the desert. They paid for it, of course. Should that be counted the same as a spring or a reservoir? You had to take the practices as they existed and try to set the industry up as it was. We had these various situations which appeared at first to be impossible, but they all yielded more or less to common counsel, and we did get together.

We didn't know what the priorities should be. The real old priority people said, "We have run here 30 years. We should have the first right." The rule of the West is "First in time first in right." That is our water law. They said, "Our water law should be our grazing law: First in time first in right." But one man said, "I sold out here two years ago and I haven't run anything the last two years, so I don't qualify." You couldn't disqualify him. So some of the districts took the one-year rule, some took 20-year rules, they all took different rules. Each district was set up under their own local customs.

Then we all met in Salt Lake City and there we were to argue it out. And finally they wound up with this: Priority goes to the man who used the public range in the 5-year period preceding the passage of the Taylor Act in any three years or any two consecutive years—and we finally agreed on that and this is the rule of the range today. It wasn't without a struggle. That settled the matter of priorities and the matter of commensurability, by men coming in and stating what they had instead of filing a paper with the General Land Office for some fellow back

in Washington to look at. If a fellow said he was running 1000 head of sheep and was challenged, he had to come before a board of his neighbors. It is harder to lie in front of your neighbors than to a government official far removed from the scene. You couldn't get away with it. Bill would speak up and say, "You say you have 100 tons of hay? Where is the rest of it? You have only got 20 on your place as I saw it." That calms him down pretty much.

The result was we had a great organization going with only 17 federal men in it. The Advisory Committeemen were not paid. They were told they would have to serve as the jury did, without pay. But as soon as Congress heard about it, it was good stuff for Congress because these were the men at the forks of the roads and they were responsible people in their districts. Congress voted to pay them \$5 a day and their expenses for attending these hearings. The Secretary was in favor of them as long as they helped us out. All the time, however, he thought that they were getting control of these lands and he wanted to keep them out.

I remember that Alva Adams was our Senator at that time. When the Budget came over for approval there had been \$100,000 more added than I had asked for. I went to the fiscal man and asked what it was for. "Well," he said, "the Secretary has got a few people he is going to put down there to take this thing over." I was helpless. They okayed the Budget and sent it in. I had dinner with Alva and his wife and I told him my trouble. He said, "Well, do you want that out of the Budget?" I said, "I sure do." He said, "I will take her out." When it came by him he just took a pencil and drew it out and that was the end of that. That is the way they do things in Washington.

I remember when I went to the House Committee with my first Budget, I was having a rough time. Although I was a Republican, I represented a Democratic administration. There was a dude there by the name of Wigglesworth from Massachusetts, and he was a smart one. He was really getting after me about all these rules we had. He said, "To begin with, I want to know why it is you count five sheep for one cow?" Well, I had been up to Boston and noticed a sign on the Boston Commons which said, "This has been set aside as a training ground for our Militia and as a grazing ground for the settlers." I went over to the public library and said, "Have you got the first rules for the grazing district out here on the Commons?" That little old lady never batted an eye. She went right back there and got me an old dusty book and I opened it up and it said in that book that five sheep should count for one cow. It also said the parson should have a free-use permit for his horse and one for his milch cow. So when Wigglesworth jumped me about it I said, "Why, I think we have a precedent for it, Congressman."

"Precedent?" he said. "We never had any grazing districts before."

I said, "Well, there is one up north here that has been running quite a little while. That is the way they handled it."

"Where is that?" he said.

"Well," I said, "I can't remember the name very good—I think they call it the Boston Commons."

Old Wigglesworth, he quit wiggling then.

There was a lot of fun in this, you know, as we went along.

I won't call them the last free men; but they were the last people who had use of free land. And when you get free land you develop a certain characteristic called individualism, and they liked to call themselves rugged individualists. The stockmen are not rugged individuals any more—they are ragged, and they are in bad shape—but in those days they thought they were pretty rugged, and we came in conflict with many of those characters. I'm going to sketch out a few of them here so you will know what we were dealing with.

When we got down to New Mexico on the great Jornada Desert we found a man who tapped the Sacramento River with a four-inch pipeline. He ran it out onto the desert. They didn't have to bury it there because it doesn't freeze. Then he ran out 150 miles of smaller pipelines and put hydrants on the ends of them. Now there was no water on this desert. Then he put a corral around that hydrant and put a padlock on it. Then he went to the men and said, "Would you like to run on the desert?" "All right—50 cents a head. You can run 100 head. Here is the padlock. You can open it up and they can water there." And he was selling public land rights like nobody's business. He was a Cecil Rhodes. He had developed hundreds of miles of the desert and he controlled it. Our government owned the land and he was making money off of it. A wonderful fellow. His name was Oliver Lee. I was going to see Oliver. My old friend, Cap Burton C. Mossman, who was the first captain of the Arizona Rangers, said, "You heard about Oliver, didn't you? You know he is the man who made Pat Garrett put his guns down the well." Pat is the fellow who killed Billy the Kid, so I thought he was quite a man, and I said, "How did that happen?"

"Well," he said, "he won't tell you about it, but I will tell you. You know, Oliver has been a cattleman all the time. He had a little trouble with some sheepmen one time and killed a couple of them, and the sheriff was his friend and wouldn't serve the warrant.

"When the sheriff wouldn't serve the warrant, the county commissioners wanted him hauled in. So they hired Pat Garret, who was a well known gunman, to go out there and serve the warrant on Oliver. He went out there with a couple of deputies. Oliver wasn't home. This was an isolated place and Pat asked Mrs. Lee if they could stay all night and she said yes.

Oliver wasn't expected until late the next day, but he came in that night. He saw the hoof prints leading through the gate and a couple of strange saddle horses and he knew what was happening. He crawled up on the top of the house. It was one of those southern houses with a flat roof and a kind of a parapet around it. All the water they used in the Lee household came from a well in front of the kitchen. In the morning they would go out and haul up a couple of buckets of water to wash their faces and hands.

"Oliver lay behind the parapet that overlooked the well and when Pat came out, got a bucket and brought it up, Oliver had him covered, of course. When Oliver called to him, Pat put his hands up. Oliver says, 'That's all right, Pat. Put your hands down and take those guns and drop them down the well.' So he dropped them down the well. Oliver says, 'Go ahead and wash your face and tell those other fellows to come out, too.' So each deputy came out and splashed some water on his face and looked up at the parapet and dropped his guns down the well. Then Oliver said, 'I guess you fellows will want to be going?'"

"'Yeah,'" they said, and they did."

Now this was the Cecil Rhodes type fellow who had developed this water and was beating the government out of all this land. He came to Washington one time and couldn't get a room. I was living at the Cosmos Club and I asked him to come and live with me. I had a double bed and I said, "You come on up and you can sleep with me, Oliver." When he went to bed, as a cowboy does, he took his boots and coat off, and he had a .32 on a .38 frame tucked in his trousers. He never went anywhere without it. I realized that he carried the old spirit of the West with him. However, Oliver was very practical to deal with. We had no trouble. He paid a fee. We made a good settlement with him. He became chairman of the Advisory Board. He attended all the meetings. He was very punctilious. He was a great friend of Albert Fall, who had been his attorney.

When I got to Idaho they said, "You know you can't get anywhere in Idaho unless you can settle with the Sheep Queen." I said, "Who is the Sheep Queen?"

"Don't you know who the Sheep Queen is?" "Why, that is Mrs. Emma R. Yearian of Lemhi. Whatever she says goes. She is the only person in the United States who has been an officer in the woolgrowers' association and an officer in the cattlemen's association."

I said, "That is a remarkable thing. How do I get to meet this lady?"

They said, "She will be in the Owyhee Hotel."

So along in the evening my phone rang and one of the boys said, "Mrs. Yearian is here and ready to receive you."

I felt as though I was entering into the Queen's Court. She was a

very large Basque lady, seated on a settee. All around her were a lot of courtiers, bowing and scraping and listening. She had a magnificent presence.

I went over and was introduced to her. I said, "Mrs. Yearian, I understand that I can't do any good in Idaho until I have your approval." She laughed and said, "Well, I don't know whether that is so."

I said, "Is it true that you are an officer in both the woolgrowers and stockgrowers?"

"Well, that's a joke," she said. "I don't own any cattle. My husband, he run cattle; I loan him money; he go broke every year. I make it all back in sheep."

I said, "Well, how did you get in the sheep business, Mrs. Yearian?"

She said, "Every fall the big cars go by our house. The sheepmen take their daughters to send them East to school. We got no shoes for our children because we ran cattle. I says, 'Cow no good.' I asked for some bum lambs." Those are lambs who are not recognized by their mothers. She started her herd with bum lambs and became one of the largest sheep operators in Idaho and was then running over 10,000 sheep.

"My husband he go broke. I loan him money all the time to keep him going."

Then when we came to Utah we had a very different kind of people. St. George, Utah, is a wonderful place. There I learned much of the history of the Mormon people. This fellow Brigham Young was a great man. He was going to develop a completely new state. In the Southern part of Utah there is a lot of iron ore. He decided to develop it. He sent a party down there and they established the little town of St. George. But it was at an unlucky time, a time of drought; the crops dried up and the game and wildlife on the surrounding lands disappeared and they were in bad shape.

They decided that if they were to survive they must send for help. Where could they send but to Salt Lake? So they had four wagons with trailers, eight horses to the wagon, and started them off up to Salt Lake for help. It took 28 days for them to go to Salt Lake City and back to St. George by wagon.

All the people in that settlement gathered on the day they were to return. When the wagons pulled into town they were empty. The people asked, "What's happened?" They said, "Here is the word from Brigham: 'Build a church!'" It seemed like a crazy thing to do. But when Brigham said to build a church that was as if the Lord God had spoken, and they all went to work, and you will find in St. George today the greatest temple, next to the one in Salt Lake, in the State of Utah. As they hauled the stone in and went to work they forgot their troubles and forgot looking for

help. Then the rains came and the crops came back and the wild animals, which they could use for food came back. They went out and made raids on the buffalo, and so they went on. Now that is a true story and it is typical of those Mormon settlements.

But the one I want to tell you about is Bishop Wally Mathis. As soon as I got to Salt Lake I went to see the Bishop. He was the first man to see, of course. While he was a great leader he ran a butcher shop. When his people, who had little dairy farms, couldn't pay him he took their Jersey steers and ran them on what they called the Arizona Strip, which is a long bit of country belonging to Arizona but which runs north of the Colorado River and should be a part of the State of Utah. Utah offered to buy it from Arizona for a million dollars and Arizona wouldn't sell it, although they couldn't do anything with it. He ran those Jersey steers up on the mountains there and then he would sell them through the butcher shop. Wally, of course, was elected chairman of the Advisory Board and I got to know him very well.

One day he took me out on the range and we were riding out over this Arizona Strip when he said to me, "You see that little settlement down there, Stony Brook? He says, "Those are Jack Mormons." They were always talking about the Decree. The Decree was when Grover Cleveland said they couldn't have plural wives. So these people didn't want to give up their husbands, so they went to Old Mexico and when the revolution started in Old Mexico in 1918 they had to come back, and they were afraid to come back to Utah. So they went out on the Strip and kept their plural wives. Many of you have read about them. The State of Arizona tried to straighten them out a while ago, but they didn't get it done.

That winter we held a great meeting in Salt Lake City and Wally Mathis was there. Wally had the reputation of having the longest rope of anybody in the State of Utah, and he carried a branding ring. That is a heavy iron ring you carry on your saddle. When you catch a maverick out on the range you heat that ring and take a couple of sticks and hold it and put your brand on him. It is a great way to increase your herd. So when old Wally, in the back of the room, wanted to talk, I said, "There is a fellow in the back of the room who wants to talk on this rule, Wally Mathis." As he walked down the aisle I said, "They tell me he has got the longest rope and the biggest branding iron in Southern Utah." They all laughed at that. But he wouldn't acknowledge it. He came up to the mike to argue the rules.

Old Wally was a very resourceful man. The C.C.C. camps came along. We will probably have some more of them, so you just as well hear about the old C.C.C. camps. The Department of Labor recruited for them. The Army fed, clothed, housed and disciplined them. And the

Technical Services gave them work to do . And the Reclamation people put them on Reclamation projects, and the Forest Service put them on Forest trails, and the Grazing Department had them eradicating poisonous weeds, developing water, building drift fences, and on various other tasks.

We put a C.C.C. camp in Utah to develop some springs on old Preston Nutter's lands and Wally wanted to furnish them the meat. He did, and it was very profitable for him. Then all of a sudden they stopped buying meat from him and he wrote me a letter: "Why is it when I am cooperating with you and these hundreds of boys out here eat a lot of beef and I have got a lot of Jersey beef to sell them, they won't buy it?"

I went over to the War Department and I found that they wouldn't buy beef unless it was government inspected and they were shipping it down from Ogden, which Wally considered was a personal affront: "We raise this beef here. Why can't them boys eat this beef?"

I said, "Wally, I am sorry I can't do anything for you. The Army is running this and unfortunately I am not running the Army, and they are going to import this beef and you are just out."

He thought that was wrong. The next summer when I went back Wally met me and seemed very happy and never mentioned the beef matter. I said, "Wally, how did you get along with the beef?"

He said, "Fine, I learned there is ways to sell meat to them."

I said, "How did you do it? How did you get around the Army?"

He said, "I will tell you: The only kind of meat that the government inspectors can't inspect is hamburger. I ground all those Jersey bulls up into hamburger and I got acquainted with the mess sergeants and them boys eat hamburgers."

Now, in talking about these different characters I do not want to overlook the many great men like A. D. Brownfield, Vic Christensen, John Etchart, Sam Jorgensen, Harry Stearns, and many other stalwart cattlemen and sheepmen who laid aside their personal interests and worked days and nights to make this dual system of the administration work.

In the meantime Mr. Ickes was getting more and more suspicious. He was in fact, a candidate to be Vice President at Roosevelt's second inning. I came back from the West and he said, "What are those Advisors doing out there?"

I said, "Well, they are meeting and working and doing their stuff, Mr. Secretary."

"That isn't what I mean: What are they doing for me?"

He thought they should be a political body. I was so astounded I couldn't look at him. I just got up and walked out of the room. That is just an example of what he thought of them. He fired me three times, but the last time he fired me, as a parting shot, as I left the room he said, "And I am going to put those Advisory Boards in their places!"

Now they only held office through an administrative ruling and he could do it. So I promptly notified the cattle associations and the sheep associations and shortly thereafter Congress put the Advisory Boards into the law. And then they compelled the Forest Service people to have elected Advisors. And now as a result of the way the Western stockmen cooperated we have an integration of federal power and local administration.

The other day I noticed a saying by the great economist Walter Heller: "The federal government can rule but it can't administer." And that goes for every thing. On our Western Range we have demonstrated it and I wanted to pay tribute to these stockmen for what they did.

New Hands on the Denver Range

**JEANNE S. (MRS. WALTER)
GUNTHER**

6333 Orion Ave.
Van Nuys, Calif. 91401

Jeanne Gunther, a medical assistant, is interested in historical articles, songs and recipes and collects antiques. She came to the Westerners through PM Fred M. Mazzulla.

MRS. C. E. EVANS
1708 Fairacres Drive
Greeley, Colo. 80631

On her ninety-fourth birthday, Mrs. Evans became a corresponding member of the Denver Westerners as a gift from her daughter. Mrs. Evans was born in 1873 on the plains of western Kansas in Towanda, 25 miles east of Wichita. In 1887 her parents moved to Las Animas, Colo., and in 1890 they moved to Weld county. Leroy Boyd wrote her early memoirs for the Pueblo *Chieftain* in April, 1966, and in July, 1966, in honor of Mrs. Evans' ninety-third birthday, Miss Hazel Johnson wrote a resume of her life in Weld County for the Greeley Journal. CM L. P. McArthur, through his business associate and her son-in-law, J. A. Kingbury, sent Mrs. Evans about 50 copies of the ROUNDUP from 1945 to the present.

Mrs. Evans said, "I am an avid reader of Kansas and Colorado history and all the issues have contained stories of places I have seen and so have been very interesting to me. I am active, live alone, and do my own housework."

ROY E. DUNNE
King Features Syndicate,
326 W. Madison St.
Chicago, Ill. 60606

Dunne, an editor for King Features in its Midwest bureau, first developed an interest in the West when his uncle, a construction engineer for a railroad, took him into the Dakotas one summer as water boy, secretary, and head-of-rail telegrapher. A former Denver Posse sheriff, Herb Brayer, encouraged him to join the Chicago Corral. Dunne had learned to "pound brass" from a drunken telegraph agent in a Chicago railroad station where Roy, then only about nine, sold newspapers. Dunne feels that "nothing has been more rewarding" than his years of membership in the Chicago Corral, where he has been editor of its publication. A former associate of PM Bill Kostka in the Chicago bureau (of etc.) of International News Service, he now becomes a corresponding member of the Denver Posse through him.



Westerner's Bookshelf



GRENVILLE M. DODGE—Soldier, Politician, Railroad Pioneer. By Stanley P. Hirshson, Indiana University Press, Bloomington, 1967. 334 pp. Illustrated — no maps. \$10.00.

"An outstanding engineer and railroad builder, an expert lobbyist, a fierce Indian fighter, a dedicated soldier, and a shrewd politician, Dodge painfully discovered that he was also a wretched family man." How this man who died in 1916—the last of the great Civil War Generals—came to be so characterized is the story assembled by author Hirshson.

Dodge and America matured together. Born in April, 1831, in Massachusetts, and educated as a civil engineer at Norwich University in Vermont, Dodge migrated after graduation to Peru, Illinois, in July, 1851. Within three years he was well acquainted with Dr. Thomas C. Durant, whose later association with the Union Pacific brought such notoriety. In September, 1854, Dodge loaded his new wife and possessions into a covered wagon and set forth for Nebraska territory, settling along the frontier on the Elkhorn, 23 miles west of Omaha.

Dodge's subsequent involvements in local politics, his activities in battle and relationships with other commanders of the Army of the Tennessee under Grant during the Civil War, and his work as the Union Pacific's Chief Engineer during its construction all are discussed in rather interesting detail. In fact, to this

reviewer, the profusion of names and details of events in the postwar era is so great as to cloud the picture intended by the author by distracting the reader's attention from Dodge, the man.

On the other hand, of the considerable information published about Dodge, much was the product of his own hand, not infrequently colored to enhance his own image. Having outlived his contemporaries, he was little subject to correction. In this new biography the objective viewpoint is more evident.

On balance, this new book is a boon to Civil War buffs, with equal appeal to students of the Western Frontier and western railroad history.

Jackson C. Thode, CM

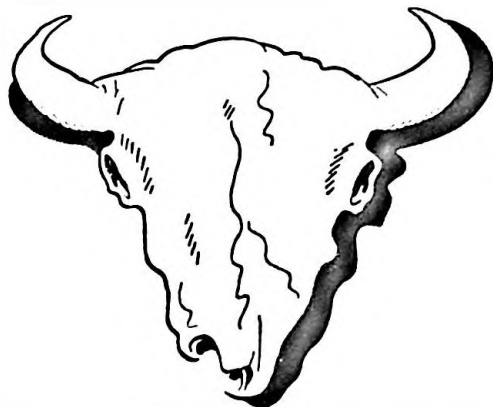
• • •

CM Fred Pruett through his Pruett Press in Boulder, Colo., is the publisher of a book that should be of interest of Westerners. It is Bruce A. Woodard's "Diamonds in the Salt," claimed to be the first complete story of a fantastic swindle, the great diamond hoax, the only known use of diamonds in salting a field in northwestern Colorado in 1872. Perpetrated by Philip Arnold and his partner, John Slack, the swindle grew to immense proportions, the incorporation of 25 companies capitalized at \$223,500,000! Woodard spent eight years researching the story for his 224-page book.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

NOVEMBER
1967
Volume XXIII
Number 11

IN THIS ISSUE
"THE CASE FOR CUSTER"
by Robert G. Palmer CM
"COWBOYS, SHEEPMEN AND GUNPLAY"
by Philip J. Rasch CM



Custer expert Bob Palmer holds up rare photograph of bare-chested Hunkpapa warrior, Gall, at left. At right is photo of Capt. Frederick W. Benteen, a survivor of Custer's last battle. The pictures, brought by Fred Mazzulla, were taken by David F. Barry, photographer of the 1880s.

From the collection of Fred & Jo Mazzulla

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Robert G. Palmer, author of "The Case for Custer," is well-known to TV viewers in Denver and Colorado. He is a news-caster and commentator for station KOA-TV. He is a native Denverite and a journalism graduate of the University of Colorado. In the West he is respected for his knowledge of Col. George Custer.

The photos held by Palmer in the cover picture are two of four original 14"x 17" glass plates owned by PM Fred Mazzulla, who can not recall how they came into his possession. They are credited to David F. Barry, a New Yorker, who had a gallery at Fort Bufford where he took the first photo ever made of the Hunkpapa, Gall, a Sioux leader in Custer's last battle.

The story of Barry and other early photographers of the West is told in an article by the late Westerner founder, Elmo Scott Watson, in the September, 1950 issue of the then monthly *The Brand Book* of the Denver Posse. About 950 photos, credited to Barry, are now in the Denver Public Library.

Philip J. Rasch, author of "Cowboys, Sheepmen and Gunplay," will be remembered as the writer of "O'Laughlin Revisited" in the August-September issue of ROUNDUP. He lives in Jacksonville, N.C., and continues his interest in incidents in the history of New Mexico and the Southwest.

THE NEXT MEETING

On November 22 the Westerners will hear and see an unusual program by Dr. Nolie Mumey PM. His illustrated talk will be: "John Charles Audubon: A pioneer American woodsman, artist and naturalist who delineated the Birds and Quadrupeds of America with a biography of their habits and life cycles."

THE DENVER WESTERNERS MONTHLY ROUNDUP

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

THE CASE FOR CUSTER

by Robert G. Palmer CM

It was unmapped Indian country in those days, a great fastness of wild mountains and valleys of great beauty, cut by the rivers Yellowstone, Tongue, Powder and Big Horn. Southern Montana in 1876 was a wilderness area; not because Congress had decreed it but because it existed as it was born. It was an unmapped domain of wildlife and the last refuge of the hostile Sioux and Cheyenne who, in this particular year, had gathered in numbers never achieved before or since.

Today, through these valleys march the power poles and macadam highways, come the automobiles and diesel trucks, come the tourists, dragging trailers, packing campers, tires singing on hot asphalt in the summer sun. South from Hardin, Montana, or tooling north out of Sheridan, Wyoming, the tourist on Interstate 90 flashes past a huge, green highway sign that harkens to an incident of the region's past: "Custer Battlefield One Mile" and, in smaller letters, "National Monument."

"Let's stop, Daddy. I wanna see the battlefield!"

Nearly everyone decides to stop, squandering an hour or so of time to see for themselves the scene of one of America's most colorful and controversial events. For it was here, nearly a century ago, that the American Indian turned to fight, where he enjoyed his most spectacular victory and where the storied General George Armstrong Custer found his way into a checkered legend.

Any daddy worth his salt knows something about the saga of the Little Big Horn, how Custer in his buckskins went down fighting to the last in a circle of dying men and animals, how everyone warned him it was a trap and how he rode on, regardless, brave but stupid.

As it usually happens, daddy will spend the few minutes required to drive from the highway to the battlefield to sketch a bit of historical background for momma and the kids. Custer, he'll tell them, foolishly tried to whip a lot more Indians than he could handle and got whipped himself; wiped out his whole outfit.

Who was Custer? "Well, he was a general back in the cavalry days who looked a lot like Errol Flynn. They called him 'Yellow Hair' or something because he had these long curls." It is probable that daddy will conclude his assessment of Custer by explaining that he was an arrogant, flamboyant kind of character who, "right up on that hill" finally got what was coming to him. And in this summation, daddy would be sustained by any public poll.

It's a strange trick that history has played on the blacksmith's son from Michigan who thrust himself from obscurity to fame in an incredibly few years and then, like a rocket, flaming over the national scene, was dashed to oblivion in the greatest of all Indian battles, at the age of 37.

When death caught up with him, June 25, 1876, Custer was in a class by himself as a national darling. This, plus the nature of his death at the head of a doomed battalion, seemed to insure a lasting fame. Yet, somehow, as daddy tells it, and as it's told by a new generation of historians and authors, "Autie" Custer rides down an endless trail of evil ambition and disregard of orders . . . an insensitive fool in quest of glory.

Examples of Custer's popular image are reflected on every hand. He's seldom mentioned except as a butt of jokes or in derision, while a rash of recent books depict him as a kind of uniformed Al Capone. Among these are *The Battle of the Little Big Horn* by the late Mari Sandoz and *Faint the Trumpet Sounds* by John Upton Terrell and Col. George Walton. Miss Sandoz' beautifully written story is, in truth, little but a skilled and ugly gut job on Custer; a final gesture, apparently, on behalf of the Indians she knew and loved. The battle is reconstructed inaccurately with careful attention to slandering Custer through innuendo and falsehood. Miss Sandoz' bitterness and techniques are mirrored in *Faint the Trumpet Sounds*, a biography of Major Marcus A. Reno. Reno was Custer's greatly maligned second-in-command who survived the battle along with 3/5ths of the Seventh Cavalry on another part of the field. Reno became the early scapegoat of the affair; a man branded a coward. Unfortunately, like so many of Reno's rooters, Terrell and Walton compromise their case by the shrillness of their attack on Custer. To defend Reno it is hardly necessary to employ all the following adjectives against Custer: ". . . incompetent . . . egotistical . . . stupid . . . cruel . . . reckless . . . dishonest . . . ignorant . . . criminal . . . unprincipled . . . arrogant . . . cold-blooded . . . boastful . . . untruthful . . . swaggering . . . insubordinate . . . disloyal . . . spoiled." Otherwise, the authors seem to rather like him. Predictably, Reno is ". . . brilliant . . . dedicated . . . admirable."

Reno partisans are not unique in jeopardizing their veracity by "protesting too much." In fact, the vehemence of Custerphiles condemning Reno started it all . . . and led to so much bitterness, so many rumors and counter-charges that the legend is today a great tangle of half-truths, from which only a few facts seem clear. One of these is that both Reno and Custer did the best they could, that both made mistakes and that neither can fairly be held responsible for the errors of the other.

Custer has also suffered a great deal from the belated national sense of guilt over the treatment of the Indians. Few Americans take pride in the calculated subjugation of a backward people, victims of unwritten

national policy. As the most publicized soldier of the era, Custer has become a symbol of something less than prideful in our past. Recently, Denver's White Buffalo Council, an Indian Affairs group, protested making G.A.C. the subject of a television series, saying Custer was "The Adolph Eichmann of the Indian Wars."

Ironically, Custer did not approve of the Indian policies of Washington and was far more sympathetic to the Red Man than most of his contemporaries. He was given to expressing his admiration for the "hostiles" who preferred to risk hardship and death than submit to the degradation of life as reservation captives. Nor could Custer abide seeing the Indians victimized by corrupt federal agents. It was his testimony before a congressional committee investigating the scandalous activities of Indian traders in 1876 that drew to Custer the enmity of President U. S. Grant, since one of the traders accused was Grant's brother. Custer's testimony also helped indict the president's Secretary of War, W. W. Belknap. Naturally, Custer knew he was staking his career on this issue. And it is likely that if he hadn't been killed the same summer Grant would have ruined him.

To hold Custer responsible for national policy is foolish. Nor should he be criticized for waging war against whomever he was ordered to fight. Consider the injustice if, in a future age to ours, American commanders in Viet Nam were branded "blood-thirsty" should history come to condemn the Asian conflict as immoral. Similarly, there will be few heroes among today's National Guardsmen, charged with putting down riots by Negro civilians, victims of unwritten policy.

Most of Custer's troubles, however, stemmed from his own volatile character. He was acutely conscious of the role he had to maintain as a dashing, fearless leader of cavalry. Custer was a showboat, eager to make an impression. He was egotistical, supremely confident and ambitious. But to the dismay of his critics, he was also adept at winning battles. There was no middle ground with Custer. He was either idolized or despised by those who knew him.

During the Second World War Churchill grew familiar with this brand of military commander and he had occasion to comment on the subject, saying it was not wise to write off a flamboyant commander as a fraud. For Churchill found that the cocky general, the man who thought he was good, could very often prove it.

This had certainly been the case with Custer. At the end of the Civil War, General Phil Sheridan said of Custer, then commanding the Third Cavalry Division, ". . . there is scarcely an individual who has contributed more to bring this about (victory) than General Custer."

Nevertheless, Custer wasn't well liked by the majority of senior

officers. They ascribed his victories to luck and resented his rapid rise in rank and national prominence. Younger officers, on the other hand, tride to emulate him and vied for the opportunity to serve in the Seventh Cavalry. It is said that enlisted men tended to regard Custer as an insensitive taskmaster until they shared a battle, after which Custer's example made them proud to be under his command.

To quote Edgar I. Stewart in *Custer's Luck*, ". . . much of the enmity toward Custer was caused by certain facets of his character, for he was not only a man of unusual personality and overwhelming ambition but he was mentally and physically a package of incessantly popping explosives. Vigilant and almost tireless, he was a man of iron. A part of the enmity toward him, moreover, was caused by the jealousy which stodgy, unimaginative men always feel for the brilliantly successful, especially if the successful person be younger than they."

That Custer had flair there could be no question. He was also a superb public relations man years before the term sprang into existence. And as a PR expert he handled but one account: G. A. Custer. Author Donald Jackson captured some of Custer's magnetism in his book, *Custer's Gold*, which documents the Black Hills expedition of 1874. In it, he writes:

" . . . over the hilltop came a single rider whose horse brought up new clusters of the swarming insects as its hooves swept through the scant turf of grama grass. The sunburnt face of the man, his mustache the color of his new hemp rope, were known the nation over. All his trappings were legend; the buckskin shirt, the gray felt hat, the red kerchief showing at his throat, the staghounds and fox hounds that ran at his side and the rosewood bay horse that never tired."

A regimental commander on the plains was faced with the same necessity for strict control as a ship captain, maintaining discipline over an isolated command far from support or higher authority. The boredom and loneliness of frontier duty eroded morale and led to bickering and dissension. Often, at an isolated garrison, only the strength of the commanding officer's personality held the thing together. The desertion rate was always high on the frontier, for many troopers enlisted solely to get West, intending to desert once the regiment came within reach of the fabled gold fields. Spring was always the time for the greatest number going "over the hill," for these "snow bunnies" as they were called, often enlisted with the first frost and vanished with the thaw.

Nor was the morale improved by a reduction in regular army base pay in the early seventies, when a private's salary fell from sixteen to thirteen dollars a month. Men deserted in droves.

Custer and other commanders were often driven to harsh punishment or the threat of it to hold their regiments together. Officers who failed

to act found themselves either without an effective fighting force or in command of an undisciplined mob. Quoting from *Forty Miles a Day on Beans and Hay*, by Don Rickey, Jr., ". . . when companies of the 23rd Infantry were assembled at Fort Garland, Colorado, to launch a campaign against the hostile Utes in May, 1880 . . . it was found at roll call that one-third of the command had deserted," apparently more eager to find gold than the hard fighting Utes.

Under such conditions, with drunkenness more the rule than the exception among the officers . . . with dissatisfaction, debauchery and desertion common in the ranks, it is little wonder the youthful, abstemious Custer won few popularity polls at Fort Abraham Lincoln.

Custer was a Brigadier General at 23 and a Major General at 25; a record that still stands. During Civil War fighting 14 horses were shot from under him. He never lost a flag to the enemy, never lost a gun, called "checkmate" on Lee's Army at Appomattox and carried off the table on which the surrender was signed.

When the war was done and Custer was reassigned to the Western Plains he quickly became the most dashing and successful of Indian fighters, far outstripping older and more experienced plainsmen who, while living to write their memoirs, seldom brought their quarry to bay. Always Custer operated with the disadvantage of commanding men who were many years his senior and who, for varying reasons, disliked or resented him. Yet, he usually won their admiration if their friendship eluded him. There is the suspicion, in reading criticisms of Custer by Reno, Benteen and others, that any one of them would have traded his lease in heaven to exchange places with him. Obviously, Custer was something rather special, considering his modest background and incredible accomplishments. Perhaps America has never had another quite like him. And to write Custer down as a fool seems patently to strike somewhere off the mark.

As for his final campaign, Custer is accused of rashness and disobedience of orders, but most of those who have studied the battle dispassionately conclude that he was the victim of poor intelligence information coupled with his own aggressiveness.

Major Reno summarized the disaster, saying ". . . our great mistake from the first was that we underestimated the strength of the Indians and it was this alone which led to such disastrous results."¹ The dean of Custeriana, Col. W. A. Graham, said "Looking back upon what Custer did that day . . . in the light of all we know, it has seemed to many that he was reckless and foolhardy . . . but it is neither just nor fair to judge his actions thus. The wisdom or unwisdom of his tactics must be determined

not in the light of what we know now but of what he knew then, of the situation confronting him."²

Much is made of Custer's allegedly premature attack on June 25th when, it is said, he was ordered to delay his approach until the assault could be made simultaneously with forces approaching from another direction under the command of General A. H. Terry. No such plan ever existed. The two forces were entering the Valley of the Big Horn from different directions with the sole hope that one or the other might fall on the Indians and that, should the intended victim flee, he would stumble into the grasp of the other. Neither General Terry, who drew up the orders, nor anyone else imagined that the Sioux and Cheyenne would foolishly permit themselves to be surrounded. Moreover, it was held, on the basis of fatal misinformation, that the enemy fighting force of some 1,000 warriors (in reality they numbered nearer 4,000) could be dealt with by either command if one or the other succeeded in bringing them to battle. To assume that Custer was expected to coordinate his attack with Terry when the two were operating independently in an uncharted wilderness against an Indian army at an unknown location is ridiculous.

On the subject of Custer's order, Edgar I. Stewart says, "No mention is made of cooperation between the two columns . . . it is pure idiocy to assume that Custer was to meet Terry on the twenty-sixth, since Custer was rationed for fifteen days and might not reach (Terry) until the sixth of July."³

It was known and expected that Custer, with the bulk of the cavalry, numbering 650 men, would strike the first blow. If the Indians fled north they would be blocked by Terry's command of about 400 troops, mostly infantry. Like Custer, Terry thought they were looking for a collection of some 800 to 1,000 poorly armed Indians. Graham says, ". . . they thought to find a band equipped with ancient muskets and discarded rifles, with primitive spear and bow and arrow. Instead, they found a foe far better armed than they, possessing Winchester rifles of the latest pattern and stores of ammunition that seemed inexhaustible."⁴

Critics maintain Custer should have been tipped off to the size of the enemy village by the enormous trail he followed from the Valley of the Rosebud, since it was obvious the trail had been scored by several thousand Indians. Actually, this only confirmed his estimate that of the three or four thousand villagers only about one-third would be bearing arms. What he couldn't know was that the trail had been made by only a portion of the total population he would soon encounter.

It should be noted that Custer intended to delay his attack by concealing the command in the mountains while still some 20 miles distant from the suspected location of the camp. Had he been successful, the

attack would have taken place on the 26th of June rather than a day earlier. However, scouts reported the cavalry had been discovered by Indian snoopers, prompting Custer to forego what would have been a badly needed rest period for men and horses, and attack at once. The greatest fear was that the Indians would scatter and escape; it is easy to relax at an interval of years and, with the wisdom of hindsight, criticize Custer for joining the fight prematurely without adequate reconnaissance and with his command in need of rest. Yet how often, especially during the Civil War, were great opportunities allowed to slip by because commanders refused to move until every conceivable detail had been attended to? Custer judged that while the situation was far from how he might have liked it, his worst error would be to delay.

In all of this, no one should try to deny that Custer was, indeed, eager to win a big victory for himself and the Seventh Cavalry and, if possible, to win it without the help of outside forces. The fact-of-the-matter is that Custer was by now a desperate man. As a result of incurring the hatred of President Grant in protesting injustices against many of the Indians he was endeavoring now to kill, he had to win a spectacular victory, a victory so dramatic his popularity would buffer him from the wrath of the White House. In this state of mind, Custer's judgment was probably not all it might have been; yet, considering his predicament, it is difficult to see what other course he could have chosen.

He elected to attack without delay. His actions were based on tactics proven in the past: surprise blows from opposite flanks intended to demoralize and roll up disorganized Indians. But predicated on false information as to the strength and resources of the enemy, the plan came a cropper at once. Dividing his forces, Custer doomed them to defeat in detail. Undoubtedly, had he known of the Indians' overwhelming superiority he would have held his meager force together, although it still would have been outnumbered six to one. Instead, Reno went in first with a pitifully weak force of 120 men in what was to be a demoralizing smash at the southern end of the village. Instead, Reno's men merely alerted and angered the surprised Sioux who poured forth to assault him like furious ants. They swarmed from the village and engulfed Reno's force, which fled. Custer's five companies of 220 men, several miles away, were overcome by the tidal wave and annihilated.

The last living survivor of the fight, Private Charles A. Windolph, who died at 96, pondered the matter for many years. In a simple conclusion, he said, "General Custer made his mistakes but he was a great and brave soldier, too. There were simply too many Indians for him that June afternoon. . . ."⁵

Custer could not have escaped death on the Little Big Horn. He was

doomed by his own character, confronted as on a stage set with the pieces arranged to insure his destruction. A more careful man, a less brave man might have survived. Custer knew only one way to fight . . . crashing in like a thunderbolt. Once the battle was joined, however, it made little difference what tactics were employed. The Indians couldn't lose.

Custer rode under the country's flag a bare fifteen years from the time he left West Point, a rather forlorn, freckled boy with quizzical blue eyes, until he cashed in his life in Montana. His motives were probably no more or less noble than those of any ambitious career officer seeking success and recognition. He was undeniably courageous ("Oblivious to fear," was the way Reno put it.) He was strangely gifted for the role in which he starred, and he was an impossible man to ignore while he lived; harder still in death.

A two-column obituary in the New York "Daily Tribune" of July 7, 1876, read in part, ". . . his personal appearance was singular . . . a wild dare-devil of a general, and a prince of advance guards, quick to see and act . . . he died as he lived—fighting his hardest at the head of his men."

FOOTNOTES

1. Hunt and Hunt, "I Fought With Custer," p. 173.
2. Graham, "Story of the Little Big Horn," p. 23.
3. Edgar I. Stewart, "Custer's Luck," p. 250.
4. Col. W. A. Graham, "Story of Little Big Horn," p. 94.
5. Hunt and Hunt, "I Fought With Custer," p. 114.

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 Brininstool, E. A., *Troopers With Custer*
 Miller, D. A., *Custer's Fall*
 Terrell, John and Walton, Col. Geo., *Faint the Trumpet Sounds*
 Sandoz, Mari, *The Battle of the Little Big Horn*
 Dustin, Fred, *The Custer Tragedy*

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MARI SANDOZ' SISTER JOINS POSSE

Caroline (Mrs. Robert) Pifer of the Double R Ranch at Gordon, Nebraska, has joined the Denver Posse of The Westerners as a corresponding member. Mrs. Pifer is the sister of the famed Mari Sandoz and executrix of the late author's estate.

In the letter accompanying her application Mrs. Pifer said:

"The various Posses did so much to encourage Mari and to grant her recognition in a field that was not too prominent formerly. It will be a pleasure and satisfaction to further this enthusiasm for other workers."

With the letter and application blank, Mrs. Pifer enclosed reprints of two letters written by Mari Sandoz during her lifetime that recently appeared in the Gordon, Neb., *Journal*. One to a grade school pupil concerning *Winter Thunder* said in part:

"I can tell you what I mean to imply at the end: that Lecia would not marry that man, that Maggie's feet would be healed and that the crippled boy, while still crippled, was much more grown up and able to make a good life for himself than he was before the storm. We all know that handicaps, even the lack of sight and hearing, need not keep an individual from a good life, or

from great service to society. . . . It is the maturity and the forgetting of self in service to others that measure the worth of a man or woman, and before that the boy or girl."

The second letter Mari Sandoz wrote to a reader of one of her stories in "The Saturday Evening Post." The reader apparently objected to Mari Sandoz' picture of a small town fair and rodeo. The entire letter is interesting, but is summed in the last paragraph:

"I guess all this disagreement between us simmers down into a matter of point of view. You like the new west, with its pretty cowboys on halter-raised ponies, its well managed, formal rodeos. I like the old leather-faced, bristle-chinned, tobacco-chewing cowhand and his cowhorse that had to be bucked out every cold morning. You like the smooth show. I like the struggle of man against a natural, raw country. Your show draws spectators and pays. My country and its hardships is passing, almost forgotten. So you win."

Mrs. Pifer's letter stated that she is going through literally tons of Mari Sandoz' letters. The Denver Westerners welcome her as a member and look forward to the evening she will be able to attend a meeting of the Posse.

COWBOYS, SHEEPMEN AND GUNPLAY

by Philip J. Rasch CM

The most deadly affair in the history of the Rio Arriba County, New Mexico, was the Coe-Stockton troubles which raged in the area in 1879 and 1880.¹ Violent as the lesson was, there were some who did not learn. Only a few years later some of these same feudists were involved in yet another outbreak of gunplay and murder.

Intimations of new troubles in the region first came to the public's notice late in January, 1886, when the Santa Fe *Daily New Mexican* carried a sensational story to the effect that a sheepherder had been murdered in Rio Arriba County. His employer, a captain in the militia, had called out his troops, whereupon the people rose *en masse*, attacked the militia, and killed three or four of them.² This fantastic tale could hardly have been taken seriously by even the most credulous, but when the *Durango Idea*³ published a report that a race war was taking place in the county it became evident that something was seriously amiss.

A few days later Juan Agustin Jacques and E. Sepulveda, from the Canon Gallegos region, Rio Arriba County, arrived in Santa Fe to call on Governor Edmund G. Ross. According to their sworn statement, two sheepherders, Pablo Sanchez and Lazaro Trujillo, had been dangerously wounded by Lee Hamblett, Robert Hott (Haut, Hente), Stephen A. Rupe, and Mullin Wilson, cowboys for the Kansas and New Mexico Land & Cattle Company, commonly known as the Carlisle Brothers, who had attempted to drive the sheepmen off the open range. Constable Severino Martinez had summoned a posse, but the cowboys resisted, killing Ricardo Jacques and severely wounding Alejandro Salazar. The posse thereupon retired without effecting the arrests.⁴ The governor promptly posted rewards of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of the murderers of Jacques and \$100 for the arrest of those involved in the shooting of Sanchez, Trujillo, and Salazar. This act seems more than a little hasty, since he had heard nothing of the other side of the affair, and was to bring a good deal of censure down upon his head.

Several of those involved had already appeared before Justice of the Peace W. S. Dalton in Bloomfield and had related a rather different story. According to Hamblett, he visited a number of sheep camps on the morning of January 23 and asked them to leave the range. Understandably, his testimony is evasive in some respects, but it would appear that words were exchanged at two camps and Hamblett shot Sanchez and Trujillo and ordered Telesfero Lopez to leave the area. The following day he went out again, this time in company with Mullin Wilson, a cowboy for the

Carlisle Brothers. They were fired upon by Sepulveda and other sheepherders and Wilson's horse was killed. The two men returned to the ranch pumphouse. Wilson found foreman Steve Rupe and informed him what had occurred. Foreseeing trouble, Rupe dispatched Wilson for Robert Hott, another Carlisle Brothers employee, with instructions for him to come to the pump. Also there at the time were Thomas Ames, who operated the pump, and J. S. Brooks (or Brooke), who was travelling across the country and had stopped there for the night.

About dawn the next morning the men in the pumphouse awakened to find one corner of the building was on fire. A Mexican was heard to call out that the constable was there with papers for the arrest of a man in the house and to demand that those inside surrender. Hamblett insisted that the alleged officer come to the front door and produce the papers. This he refused to do. The besieged men then told the posse to get Deputy Sheriff Dan Sullivan and they would give up to him. The Mexicans, who apparently were members of a local militia company, retorted that they could make the arrest as well as anyone else.

At this point Ames and Brooks decided that it was none of their fight and that they would surrender, but when Brooks went to the door one of the assailants yelled "No difference! No difference!" and shot at him. As the young man dove back into the house a volley was fired at him. Hamblett and Rupe declared that they would not give up to a mob and returned the fire. Ames succeeded in smothering the flames with flour. The other men hastily tore up the flooring, digging pits and building fortifications of gunny sacks filled with the dirt they excavated.

Hott managed to reach the pumphouse safely that afternoon. He was instructed to ride for help, while Hamblett and Rupe covered his flight. Favored by darkness and a heavy fog, Hott broke through the Mexicans' lines and made his way to Farmington. Only two men, Charles Clayton and Henry Benning, responded. Learning Wilson had already gone across the river to the Rushis' and F. Bunkus' ranches, Hott got word to him to bring volunteers to the assistance of their friends. At daylight the following morning about fifteen cowboys from the San Juan and the Animas Rivers regions arrived at the scene, whereupon the Mexicans withdrew. The cowboys found that the building had been almost shot to pieces and that a number of Carlisle Brothers' horses, which were in a corral about 300 yards away, had been wantonly killed by the posse. The men in the pumphouse, however, had emerged unscathed, with the exception that Hamblett had suffered a graze on his neck. ⁵⁰⁷⁸

Constable Martinez presented a feeble story at the trial before Justice Dalton. He admitted that his warrant had no name on it. He alleged that he had a verbal order from Justice of Peace Julian Sanchez to burn

the house if necessary to get the men out, and denied knowing that it was against the law to burn a house for any purpose. The constable endeavored to cast all of the blame on the interpreter, David Labato, whom he accused of not telling him some vital parts of the conversation with the men in the pumphouse. The Court thereupon ruled that Jacques was killed in self-defense, that the Mexicans had comprised an illegal mob, and ordered the prisoners discharged.⁸

Governor Ross sent a stern letter to the Carlisle Brothers, informing them that it would be his duty to punish the guilty and urging that they employ only men who would obey the law." Edmund S. Carlisle replied just as vigorously, placing the blame on the shepherders for all that had transpired. He desired, he wrote, to correct some of the inaccuracies of the governor's informants. His own employees had acted only in self-defense. Hamblett was not and never had been in his employ. This man and his father owned a small bunch of cattle on the San Juan, and he could take no responsibility for their actions. He had obtained the range from the Slone Brothers three years before and there were no Mexicans within 20 miles of it at the time. He had spent over \$5000 developing water on it, and as a matter of fact the sheep were actually watering at his tanks when the trouble started. Carlisle concluded by pointedly suggesting that the Governor permit the courts to deal with offenders and not harass him by the unjust arrest of the men who had charge of his property."⁹

Ross, however, had some fresh ammunition in his locker. Admittedly hearsay at the moment, it was later substantiated when Lopez submitted an affidavit to the effect that the Americans had appeared in Dalton's court armed with pistols and Winchesters, and that guns had been held pointed at him while he gave his testimony. Wilson, he affirmed, had been heard to say that he would not be contented until he took the head of another witness, Julian Sanchez.¹¹ The Governor termed the affair "outrageous," and accused Carlisle of sending men and cattle upon a quarter of the public domain which had been occupied by the Mexicans for a generation or more and to which the cattlemen had no right. More than a little carried away, the Governor wrote that Carlisle was simply "an invader by force and arms, of the soil of New Mexico, and a violator of its laws."¹²

A reply came from George T. Sumner, District Attorney for the 6th Judicial District of Colorado. He sarcastically suggested that if New Mexico was being invaded it was the duty of the governor "to call on the U. S. forces to assist you in repelling it," pointed out that it took more than hearsay evidence to upset the decision of a court, denied that residents of a certain territory thereby obtained any superior right to public lands, and reminded Ross that Carlisle categorically denied that Hamblett was in his employ.¹³ In a separate letter Carlisle reiterated that his men were simply acting in self-defense against mob violence.¹⁴

Carlisle pressed his claim by entering civil and criminal suits against the Mexicans for killing six horses and destroying other property. Some of them thereupon fled to Tierra Amarilla. At the request of T. D. Burns, a prominent merchant in that village, Carlisle withdrew the suits. Burns in return wrote to Ross, suggesting that the rewards be withdrawn contingent upon bonds being given at Bloomfield or Farmington for the appearance of Rupe, Wilson, and Hott at the next term of the district court. It would, he said, take a militia company to arrest Hamblett,¹⁵ which suggests that the old Farmington Stockmen's Protective Association organized by the Hamblets, the Coes, Thomas Nance, and others may still have been prepared to come to the aid of its members.

None of this had much effect on Ross' attitude. He wrote Carlisle that "your employees have for years constituted the nucleus of an element that has practically terrorized that region of country," accused him of having permitted them to go armed in violation of the laws, and insisted that he must put a stop to the situation or his men "shall be arrested & punished, or driven from the Territory."¹⁶ After all this fire-breathing by those who weren't even there, it is almost anti-climactic to find that all four of the accused peacefully surrendered to Deputy Sheriff Sullivan,¹⁷ and that Rupe offered a reward of \$200 for the arrest and conviction of the Mexicans who had broken into and robbed his house.¹⁸

Justice Dalton, however, took strong exception to the tale related by Lopez. In his version the Americans had come in to testify at the inquest over the body of Jacques. A band of armed Mexicans rode up and demanded the body, which was turned over to them. It was anticipated that they would return and attempt to lynch the prisoners. Since Sullivan did not have a force large enough to protect them, the cowboys were allowed to arm themselves. At the start of the examination of the prisoners both parties were armed, but after the first morning no weapons were permitted in court. The story that a gun was pointed at Lopez he dismissed as a pure fabrication. Dalton also denied that the Mexicans had ever possessed the Carlisle range.¹⁹

Not long afterwards one Pablo Archuleta appeared in Santa Fe. He had taken a shot at Deputy Sheriff Sullivan when the latter was attempting to arrest him and had then fled the county. He had come to the capital, he explained, to collect the reward for killing Hamblett. Not even Gov. Ross was gullible enough to believe that.²⁰

Hamblett, as a matter of fact, sold his cattle to a Mr. Paulin and moved to Colorado. The Grand Jury was convened in May with William Locke as foreman. Presumably this was the man who earlier had been driven out of Farmington by the Stockmen's Protective Association. A true bill was found against Stephen Roupe (*sic*) on a charge of killing Jacquez.

(sic) but no arrests were made. The whole affair seems to have been allowed to wither away. The Kansas and New Mexico Land & Cattle Co. suddenly found all of their effects attached for debt. Edmund Carlisle went east and his brother, Harold, went to England.²¹ The state of New Mexico has no record that the rewards offered for the cowboys were ever paid,²² nor does there seem to be any record of their ever coming to trial in Rio Arriba County.²³ However, the contemporary papers do contain another mention of Nance. Sometime in November he quarrelled with William Thompson, in Durango. Nance used a knife; Thompson a pistol. Both came out of the re-encounter considerably the worse for wear, but neither was dangerously damaged.²⁴

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The writer is indebted to Dr. Myra Ellen Jenkins, New Mexico State Records Center and Archives; Miss Carol J. Thomasson, Special Collections Department, Zimmerman Library, University of New Mexico; and Mrs. Alys Freeze, Western History Department, Public Library of the City and County of Denver, for their assistance with this paper.

FOOTNOTES

1. Rasch, Phillip J., Feuding at Farmington. *New Mexico Historical Review*, XL:215-232, July 1965.
2. *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican*, January 29, 1886.
3. *Durango Idea*, January 30, 1886.
4. Affidavit of Juan Augustin Jaquez and E. Sepulver, February 4, 1886. In Governor's Papers, Edmund G. Ross, 1885-1889. In State Records Center and Archives, Santa Fe, New Mexico.
5. Territory of New Mexico, County of Rio Arriba vs. Lee Hamblet and Stephen Rupe, Charge of Murder of Ricardo Jacques, February 1, 1886. In Governor's Papers.
6. *Durango Idea*, January 30, 1886.
7. *Ibid*, February 6, 1886.
8. *Ibid*, February 27, 1886.
9. E. G. Ross to Carlisle Bros., February 5, 1886. In Governors' Papers.
10. Edmund S. Carlisle to E. G. Ross, February 13, 1886. In Governors' Papers.
11. Telesfero Lopez, affidavit, March 8, 1886. In Governors' Papers.
12. E. G. Ross to E. Carlisle, February 9, 1886. In Governors' Papers.
13. George T. Sumner to E. G. Ross, February 13, 1886. In Governors' Papers.
14. Edmund S. Carlisle to E. G. Ross, February 14, 1886. In Governors' Papers.
15. T. D. Burns to Edmund A. Ross, February 17, 1886. In Governors' Papers.
16. E. G. Ross to E. Carlisle, February 18, 1886. In Governors' Papers.
17. *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican*, February 27, 1886.
18. *Ibid*, March 2, 1886.
19. W. S. Dalton to E. G. Ross, March 7, 1886. In Governors' Papers.
20. *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican*, April 20, 1886.
21. *Ibid*, October 13, 1886.
22. Myra Ellen Jenkins to Philip J. Rasch, March 16, 1967.
23. Carol J. Thomasson to Philip J. Rasch, March 13, 1967.
24. *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican*, November 26, 1886.



Westerner's Bookshelf



WILLIAM SANDERS OURY, HISTORY-MAKER OF THE SOUTH-WEST, by Cornelius C. Smith, Jr. University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1967. 298 pp. \$7.50.

The story of William Sanders Oury and his descendants is, in a sense, a complete story of the western expansion of the United States. What renders this book interesting and valuable is that it deals with people—their troubles, their travels, their successes and their failures. Here, instead of outlaws or gunmen, we have a respectable individual with highly respectable and distinguished descendants. Dr. Cornelius Smith has done an excellent piece of research in the preparation of this volume. Despite the fact that he is writing about his own family, he has kept his narrative objective and free from prejudices.

Bill Oury, the author's great grandfather, was a man who participated in most of the important struggles in Texas, Mexico, California, and, lastly, Arizona where he died. He had dealings with Indians and Mexicans; he participated in expeditions, wars and independent ventures. He didn't send for a wife back east, he married a distinguished Mexican girl. She, too, became infected with the pioneer spirit.

It is a relief to read a book so well documented with historical references and, for once, find that the author is as familiar with the other language of the West, Spanish. This author, who is a great grandson of the West, a distinguished artist, a Marine Colonel, can also append three college degrees to his name.

Dr. Arthur L. Campa, Sheriff

SON OF OLD MAN HAT: A NAVAHO AUTOBIOGRAPHY recorded by Walter Dyk, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1967. 378 pp. \$1.65 paperback, \$4.50 cloth.

Son of Old Man Hat is an enlightening narrative that reveals much of the wisdom and richness of culture in the Navaho tribe. Left Handed, the son of Old Man Hat, relates in a simple, but rich style his recollections from the year of his birth, 1868, until his maturity and marriage.

In a language that is poetic and well-laced with local color, Left Handed presents a rare insight into communal endeavors, customs and the economic life of his tribe. The story furnishes the reader with a word-picture of life as it was lived.

Left Handed, in explaining his maturity and growing interest in the opposite sex, employs several four-letter words rarely used outside the pool hall. The complete frankness and candor in which they are used will not offend the serious student of ethnic culture.

The narrator, who spoke no English, taped his recollections in his tribal tongue. Later, this historical narration was carefully translated into English by persons well versed in Navaho.

The reader of Western Americana who is seeking a true picture of Indian life will appreciate this volume. The narrator's keen observations of tribal life and his efforts to live up to mores of his tribe will sweep aside the oft-held generalization that Indians were uncivilized savages.

Herbert O'Hanlon, PM

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Columnist Charlie Meyers wrote an interesting feature about Life Posse Member Arthur Carhart for the *Denver Post* of July 20. The occasion was the honoring of Carhart during the Voyager Days celebration in Minnesota. Carhart in 1921 as a young landscape architect for the U.S. Forest Service had been sent from Denver to survey the Superior Lakes area for the development of cabins and roads. Instead, as a result of Carhart's report, "the Superior Canoe area, a labyrinth of unspoiled waterways which is the largest of its kind," was established. Carhart, credited by many as the originator of the concept of setting aside wilderness areas, had previously convinced the Forest Service to preserve the Trappers Lake and Flat Tops area in western Colorado. Meyers reported that Carhart "still manages a steady flow of work from his home at 2591 Eudora St., Denver," despite a crippling stroke.

• • •

At old Fort Vasquez, established in 1836, near Platteville students from six colleges and universities conducted a "dig" to learn more about the inhabitants of the Indian trading post. The project was supervised by Prof. Galen Baker, head of the archaeology department at Otero Junior College, La Junta, cooperating with the Colorado State Historical Society whose Executive Director is PM Bill Marshall.—*Denver Post*, July 30, 1967

• • •

CM Marshall Sprague closed the popular noontime summer series of lectures at the Denver Public Library on August 17. His program was en-

titled "Misadventures of a Writer in the Rockies." The series was opened by Westerners Program Chairman Robert L. Brown.

Sprague also drove well-known radio and television commentator, Lowell Thomas, 75, from Colorado Springs to a luncheon Thomas was hosting at the Imperial Hotel in Cripple Creek for about 160 of his friends in Colorado. In the car with them was Mabel Barbee Lee, 83, of Santa Barbara, Calif., who was Thomas' teacher at the Victor, Colo., High School. Her book, "Back to Cripple Creek," is due to be released in January.

• • •

PM Fred Mazzulla's collection of Leica cameras is now getting almost world-wide attention. A photo of Fred and Jo, his collection, and a story appeared in the West German newspaper *Stadtundland Wirtschaft*. An official of the Leitz Camera Works checked with the editor of that paper and learned that the story and picture had come from "Foto und Industries Verband Campen, Frankfurt, Main," which had sent it to 400 newspapers. The story stated that among the 200 cameras that Fred has collected, 57 are Leicas. The story said that Fred has in his collection every camera made in the Leitz factory except one. That one is the "gold plated Leica Model A" which was included in the glove compartment of every Rolls Royce produced in the "golden twenties" of 1924-25. Mazzulla still hopes to find that model.

Four active members of the Denver Posse of the Westerners made up the judges for the 10th annual Graphics Material History contest sponsored by the *Rocky Mountain News* and Western Federal Savings of Denver. The *News* described them as "experts in the field of Colorado history."

The Posse judges were Fred Mazzulla, collector of rare Western photographs, pictures and recordings of Colorado pioneers; Fred Rosenstock, book-dealer, publisher, and Western Americana specialist; Edwin A. Bemis, executive vice president of the Littleton Area Historical Society; and Frank Rizzari, of the U.S. Geological Survey, and collector of photographs of early Colorado railroads and mining towns. The contest drew a record of 170 entries. First prize went to Perry A. Jensen of Denver for his entry, a document showing the appointment and commission of "D. Ritchey" to the office of justice of the peace in the county of Jefferson by R. W. Steele, governor of Jefferson Territory which had preceded the establishment of Colorado Territory. PM Richard A. Ronzio, director of research for the Climax Molybdenum Co., won third prize with his large collection of photographs and magazines about the Cripple Creek area. Among the Westerners who received awards in the fourth to tenth prize classifications were PM Charles S. Ryland of Golden and CM Jackson Thode of Denver.

The colorful history of the famed Royal Gorge passenger train of the D&RGW railroad came to an end on Wednesday and Thursday, July 26 & 27, as it made its last round-trip between Denver and Salida. The last run was crowded with railroad fans.

CM Harry Chrisman sent us a letter he had received from Byron Cain, 88, who was a railroad engineer for the Union Pacific in the early 1900s between Denver and Cheyenne and out of Hugo, Colo., before becoming a "hogger" for the Missouri Pacific out of Los Angeles. He now operates a Black Angus ranch and can be reached on the Star Route of Stonyford, Calif. 95979.

CM George H. Tweney of Seattle, Wash., is co-editor with Hensley C. Woodbridge and John London of "Jack London, A Bibliography," published by The Talisman Press, P. O. Box 455, Georgetown, Calif.

CM Ed Bollinger has published the second edition of his book "The Moffat Road," dedicated to the late publisher and posse member, Alan Swallow. The book has a new fold-in map of the railroad prepared by Co-Author Frederick Bauer of the Ford Motor Company.

The Society for Historical Archaeology was formed early this year at an assembly of archaeologists, historians, anthropologists, and ethnohistorians at Southern Methodist University in Dallas. The Society will focus on the era beginning with exploration of the non-European world by Europeans. Once a year the Society will publish a journal, "Historical Archaeology." Institutional membership is \$15 per year and an individual membership is \$7.50. Checks should be made out to the Society for Historical Archaeology and sent to Arnold R. Pilling, Sociology and Anthropology Dept., Wayne State University, Detroit, Mich. 48202.

New Hands on the Denver Range

MRS. CAROLINE (ROBERT) PIFER

Box 6
Gordon, Neb. 69343

Mrs. Pifer is interested in Mari Sandoz' writings and in the local history of her area. She is the sister of the late Mari Sandoz and executrix of her estate. She acted as chauffeur for Mari Sandoz for her research for "Cheyenne Autumn," "Battle of the Big Horn," and other works. Mrs. Pifer has had several articles published including "Horses," "Haying Through the Years," "Music in the Gordon Area," and "Harry Minnick, Well Driller." Mrs. Pifer comes to the Denver Westerners through Fred Mazzulla. (See special feature in this issue.)

JOHN JENKIN

650 Greenview
Lake Forest, Ill. 60045

John Jenkin is interested in explorations, overland journals, the fur trade and mining. He has worked on a ranch northwest of Craig, Colo., and for a county museum. He now teaches American history and is a representative of Swallow Press, Inc., of Chicago. He particularly likes books on Western Americana, Colt firearms, mountain climbing, and hunting. He joined the Denver Posse because of acquaintances with PM Fred Rosenstock and CM Harry E. Chrisman.

FRANK SILO

1206 N. Garey Ave.
Pomona, Cal. 91767

Frank Silo is interested in Western history, particularly regarding automobiles and railroads. His hobbies include photography, fishing, camera collecting, building models, and chess.

F. CLYDE LAMBERT

5396 North Angela Road
Memphis, Tenn. 38117

Lambert is owner and part-time operator of the Flying L Ranch at Sarah, Miss. A certified public accountant, he joined the Westerners through Fred Mazzulla.

GERALD M. ASHTON

Rocky Mtn. Jeep Inc.
319 South Broadway
Denver, Colo. 80209

Ashton comes to the Westerners through CM Ralph W. Casey of the Colorado State Bank. Both Ashton's grandfathers came to eastern Colorado before the territory became a state. From them he heard many stories of the early days, while his wife's grandfather, also an early settler, "had six gambling, drinking, and hell-raising sons" and stories about them have always intrigued Ashton. Ashton had ranched for 16 years in eastern Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana and, since becoming a Jeep dealer, has explored most of the ghost towns, and is an avid hunter.

MRS. PAUL (GLADYS M.) MICHEL

No. Star Route
Lyons, Colo. 80540

Mrs. Michel has completed a book "The Peaceful Sheriff of Elbert County," which is her thesis for a master's degree. The work is the story of the life of Ray Brown of Kiowa, Colo., where she arrived as a bride in 1924. She also has eleven diaries of stagecoach drivers ranging from 1868 to 1895, which she hopes to write in book form next.

GEORGE CLYMER

508 High St.
Denver, Colo. 80218

Clymer became interested in the Denver Posse through PM Fred Rosenstock and the XXI (1965) "Brand Book." His hobbies include photography, early building, and railroads of the West.

JAMES A. GEORGE

1174 South Ester St.
Denver, Colo. 80226

George, with the Marathon Oil Co., in Wyoming and California for 35 years, is now retired. He enjoys outdoor life and fishing and his special interests include coins, ghost towns, and western history.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

DECEMBER
1967
Volume XXIII
Number 12

IN THIS ISSUE
HEALERS IN PIKES PEAK HISTORY
by
Marshall Sprague



CM Marshall Sprague, right, of Colorado Springs, receives Denver Westerners speakers plaque from Deputy Sheriff William E. Marshall. Sprague's interesting factual account was also humorous.

From the collection of Fred & Jo Mazzulla

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Marshall Sprague has had some personal experience with the Healers of the Pikes Peak area. He came to Colorado Springs in 1941 to recover from tuberculosis and later produced his first book in Colorado, *The Business of Getting Well*.

Today he is one of the outstanding authors of Colorado and Western history books. His latest, *The Mountain States*, published by Time-Life Books as the sixth book in "The Library of America" series of 12 volumes, is due for release this month.

Sprague was born in Ohio, is a graduate of Lawrenceville School and Princeton University. He married Edna Jane Ailes and they have three children. After being a reporter in New York, he served on the *North China Star* in Tientsin and on the Paris edition of the *New York Herald-Tribune*. He now is a feature writer for the *New York Times*.

FUTURE MEETINGS

Muriel Sibell Wolle, noted artist and author from the U. of Colorado, is the speaker at the December meeting, Sat. night, Dec. 16, at the Oxford Hotel. Her title is "A Hobby Gone Wild, Ghost Towns and Mining Camps of the West." Her book "Stampede to Timberline" is highly prized.

The subject at the Jan. 24 meeting will be "Forts Along the Bozeman Trail." It will be given by CM Robert Murray, author and supervisory historian at the Fort Laramie (Wyo.) National Historic Site.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS MONTHLY ROUNDUP



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Dr. Philip W. Whiteley

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

HEALERS IN PIKES PEAK HISTORY

By Marshall Sprague CM

This is a proud evening for me—to be asked by Bob Brown to present a paper to such a distinguished group of historians—a group whose papers have brought me so much material. Henry Toll introduced me to the Westerners in 1946 to hear a talk by Ed Bemis on early Colorado journalism and I will never forget how set up I was in 1952 when I read a pre-publication chapter of *MONEY MOUNTAIN* and you all seemed to like it. Later on Dr. Whitely set me up again by listing that book among his favorite westerns.

After that I have had trouble attending meetings, and when I did get here something awful seemed to occur, like the time Les Williams and I came in John Lipsey's brand new ten-thousand-dollar Lincoln car and the drive shaft fell off out around Larkspur — and Larkspur is quite a hike from here; and then the time I came with Dave Strickler and with Lipsey who had brought along a sort of leather whiskey jug that you drank out of by squirting the stuff into your mouth. We got so fascinated by that squirting business—Dave and I—that when we got home our wives would not let us in our respective houses for quite a while.

In a rush months ago I gave Bob Brown the title *Heels and Healers in Pikes Peak History*. But when I got down to putting the talk together this week I found I didn't have much about heels but only admiring sketches of some of the doctors who made Colorado Springs one of the greatest of tuberculosis centers from the time of its founding in 1871 up through the depression of the 1930s. I, myself, came to Pikes Peak to get well at the tail end of this era and I cured for seven years in the old tradition of therapy based on climate plus a kind of slap-happy version of Christian Science since my doctors still relied heavily on giving nature—mainly human nature—a chance to do the curing. I came to enjoy the curing routine after I got accustomed to it, and I still live that way most of the time though I can't resist those whiskey-squirting whiskey bottles when they come along. I came west to get well quite by accident—I shudder to think of the joys my wife and I almost missed.

My tuberculosis was discovered by a very busy doctor in New York whose one idea was to get rid of me as quickly as possible. I think he got his phone numbers mixed up. He thought he was phoning Trudeau Sanitarium at Saranac Lake, New York, to find a bed for me. Somehow he got the Broadmoor Hotel which he had written down in his book as Broadmoor Sanatorium, and one of those quick-thinking Broadmoor operators switched

him to Glockner Hospital. Before he knew what had happened, or I knew what had happened, I landed in that historic old patchwork Glockner which had been built in 1888 and was operated by the same Cincinnati Sisters of Charity who had built their first hospital in the Rockies at Santa Fe—St. Vincent's—way back in 1865.

After some months at Glockner, my doctor, Gerald Webb, got me over the hump, as he used to say, meaning no more fever. I was carried out of Glockner and delivered to an old house which my wife had rented down at 21 West Boulder Street. Rents were low then—Camp Carson had not opened yet—and this big house had been the residence of a very distinguished leader of Colorado Springs society who had recently kicked the bucket. This leader had come to Pikes Peak around the turn of the century for TB. I mention him in this so-called medical history because he was the most colorful of Pikes Peak's curing playboys who taught the town not only how to drink French wine but how to pronounce the chateau bottlings properly. He also caused flutters of escapism in the hearts of many pretty and otherwise circumspect young Broadmoor wives—or so I have been told by several of them who still remember their flutters whenever they walk by the kind of hush cover he specialized in.

My wife and I were faintly disturbed to learn that this historic house, full of the playboy's furniture and paintings and superb library of rare books, was called "the cat house" by the community, but we found a lot of little doors for cats to get in and out, so we figured it was a respectable cat house after all. Like so many Springs homes, most of the windows faced east toward Cascade Avenue instead of west where the mountains were, but our house did have one picture window facing Pikes Peak—and it was in the bathroom off my sleeping porch. On that New Year's Eve of 1941, Dr. Webb said I could drink half a bottle of champagne since I hadn't had a drink in many months. At midnight my dear wife and I gathered in the bathroom, she sitting on the edge of the tub and me sitting on the other thing as the fireworks exploded on the Peak. We drank to the years ahead, and we haven't had a nicer New Year's Eve since.

I'm really getting to my Pikes Peak healing subject, but I must mention one more item of cat house history—sort of psychiatric this time. When we came to the Springs we brought along a little nursemaid of nineteen or twenty to take care of our infant son. We had found her in the backwoods of Maine—way up at Island Falls north of "Bangaw" as she pronounced it. This sweet shy child of the Maine wilderness enjoyed lapping up culture in our playboy's rare book library in the cat house but when she began dating the Colorado Springs boys she became apprehensive, began losing weight and told my wife that she would probably wind up an old maid because she did not know what to do about boys, or with boys, and all. We were worried about her, but one day my wife heard a blood-curdling

scream and she went running into the library and there was our little nursemaid seated on the floor with an enormous picture book open in her lap, and she was pointing in fascination at one of the full-page illustrations. "What," she asked my wife, "is that man and that woman doing?" It was, of course, a realistic item in our late landlord's collection of pornography. We had hardly recovered from the drama of our nursemaid's experience—about two weeks later—when we found her going out every night with a handsome local boy, and three weeks after that she was engaged to him and in another three weeks she was married and we lost our shy nursemaid forever.

But let's get to work. There is a great deal of published data on Pikes Peak healers and western healers generally. I recommend especially a new book, "Health-Seekers in the Southwest, 1817-1900," by Billy M. Jones, issued by the University of Oklahoma Press; and John E. Baur's "The Health Seeker in the Westward Movement, 1830-1900" in the June, 1959, issue of *The Mississippi Valley Historical Review*. Also recent papers by Dr. Julius Lane Wilson of Santa Fe in the September *Rocky Mountain Medical Journal* and in last December's *Journal-Lancet* of Minneapolis. These students would probably agree with my Dr. Webb's belief that one of every two families coming to the Springs during the period of this paper did so because of tuberculosis—a ratio much higher than that of Denver, and higher than ratios of other leading western health resorts such as San Diego and Santa Barbara in California, Santa Fe and Las Vegas in New Mexico, and Tucson and Phoenix in Arizona. Their studies show that the search for health was of tremendous economic importance. Dr. Wilson goes so far as to state that "Minerals, cattle and consumption opened up the west."

The health boom at Pikes Peak pursued a course much like the course of a western mining camp. There was the period of discovering how easy it was to be healthy or to get healthy in the Rockies as proclaimed by John C. Fremont and Josiah Gregg and any number of trappers and traders and explorers of the 1810-1860 era who had parts of them shot off or hacked off or chewed off by bears and were as good as new soon after. Josiah Gregg was one of thousands in those days who cured their TB simply by riding a horse or wagon to the Rockies. You could say that this discovery period of the health lode at Pikes Peak ended when General William J. Palmer staked out Colorado Springs as his claim, partly because he was sure that there was gold in the Pikes Peak climate. Palmer knew all about the TB health spas which had sprung up in Switzerland just after the Civil War based on mineral waters and climatological therapy—Swiss spas and their "Springs of Virginia" counterparts. He was careful to pick a name for his spa ending with the word "Springs" even though Colorado Springs had no springs. That was mandatory for a health resort. Besides, there

were springs at Palmer's subsidiary town, Manitou, five miles away at the foot of Ute Pass.

The Pikes Peak period from 1871 to the turn of the century was the wide-open health rush era during which thousands of TB sufferers and their camp followers and a variety of medicine men and quacks flocked to Colorado Springs and to Manitou to cash in on this western kind of Swiss climatological therapy. After 1900, this health rush, like any gold rush, quieted down through forty years of consolidation, weeding out of quacks and amateur prospectors, capitalization in the form of elaborate sanatoriums, and improved routines for using fresh air and bed rest. At last, during the 1930s, the Pikes Peak health boom began to peter out. It busted during World War II when chemotherapy and new methods of lung surgery put climatotherapy out of business for good.

It is often said now that this health boom which lasted for three quarters of a century was based on an utterly erroneous idea of what tuberculosis was all about. Though the germ causing TB was isolated by the German bacteriologist, Robert Koch, in 1882, Pikes Peak doctors continued to claim for decades that it was caused by miasmas in the lowlands or by heredity or by not taking enough baths or by drinking bad whiskey. After the turn of the century, doctors knew that it was caused by a germ, but attacks on the germ were not at all successful and were damned hard on the patient—rectal injections of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, painful osteopathy, forcing a person to gulp down creosote and codliver oil, and so on.

All the while, the medicine men at Pikes Peak preached climatology and saved the lives of tens of thousands by rest and fresh air and thinking beautiful thoughts—those who could spare the time and stand the expense to cure in this slow way. So the climate myth prevailed. The doctors didn't have much choice. They had to uphold it until something better came along, and nothing better did come along until the present era of anti-microbials, streptomycin and isoniazid.

You may recall that Dr. William A. Bell was General Palmer's English partner in founding Colorado Springs. Young Bell became Manitou's first citizen but, oddly, he had no part in the region's medical history. In the late 1860s he had just got his MD degree in London when he attended a doctor's convention in St. Louis—on homeopathic medicine I think—but the convention bored him stiff and he went off exploring the west for railroad routes with General Palmer. And so he never practiced medicine at all, being too busy making other kinds of money before clearing out of Manitou and returning to England as a multimillionaire in the 1890s.

My impression is that the early Pikes Peak climatologists did not have to know very much about medicine to cure TB and I suspect some of them stepped into TB doctoring from careers as bricklayers or veterinarians or fortune tellers. Their main job was to persuade their patients to behave

themselves so that the climate and mineral waters could do the healing. This gave them time to do a lot of other things besides taking people's temperatures. Perhaps the most spectacular example of multiple vocations at Pikes Peak was that medical pioneer of pioneers, Dr. Isaac Davis. This Davis was an Englishman who won a decoration for bravery in the Crimean War, migrated to New Jersey in 1859, was wounded at Bull Run, and suffered nervous prostration and an attack of tuberculosis from studying too hard at New York University Medical College. He turned up at General Palmer's Manitou in February of 1871—one of the first residents there.

In a short time, this brisk, bright, ambitious and energetic Dr. Davis became a popular TB man and then expanded his business by a process of vertical integration. In "The Springs of Manitou" by Bettie Marie Daniels and Virginia McConnell, we find that Davis prescribed quantities of patent medicines to his clients and opened Manitou's first drug store to supply them efficiently. Now and then one of his lungers died, but the patient's last hours were comforted by the thought that his doctor was Manitou's coroner and also its undertaker. The land on Pawnee Avenue used for Manitou Cemetery belonged to Dr. Davis too so the doomed man knew that his kindly physician would see him through every step of the way.

Since Manitou grew rapidly, the time came in the 1880s when Dr. Davis needed his cemetery land on which to build houses for his Manitou Terrace Addition. By supplying substitute land where Crystal Valley Cemetery is now, he got permission from Manitou officials to move most of the bodies from Pawnee Avenue to the Crystal Valley location—bodies he himself had "cornated"—if I can invent the word—and undertaken in the first place. Well, that's about enough on the many-faceted Dr. Davis who, by the way, found time somehow to sire eleven children.

You can read in "The Springs of Manitou" how he inherited by default the excellent body of a defunct drunk named Tom O'Neal who got beat to the draw in a Colorado City saloon, and how Davis used his great talents as druggist, chemist, coroner, embalmer and doctor to produce over a period of two years what he called "the most perfect mummy ever created in the United States." The whole town took an interest in Tom's embalment since Dr. Davis liked to salt him up good and park him in the open air outside his drug store on sunny days. After Davis's death, Tom was stolen by somebody and sold to a traveling show. Thereafter, Tom spent a long and illustrious mummy career as "a petrified Indian found in the Grand Caverns of Manitou Springs" before cracking up at last in the fairgrounds at Seattle, Washington.

The first great TB man at Pikes Peak was Dr. Boswell P. Anderson, a suave Virginian, who arrived in 1872 to run the soda springs bath house in Manitou for General Palmer. Two years later, Dr. Samuel Edwin Solly, a

young Englishman who had been wandering around Europe for years curing and studying, turned up. Dr. Anderson would save my old alma mater, Glockner Hospital, from extinction at the turn of the century so that it could develop into today's magnificent Penrose Hospital. He was born in 1847 and fought the Civil War galloping over the Alleghenies with Mosby's guerrillas. Dr. Solly was born in England in 1845, educated at Rugby and graduated from the Royal College of Surgeons in 1867. He was drawn to Pikes Peak by its alleged resemblance to Davos and other Swiss spas which he had visited.

Both Dr. Solly and Dr. Anderson were exceptionally good to look upon, tall, courtly, with rich, soothing, cultured voices, gay manners and lively intelligence. Though a bit short on medical knowledge, they were long on the psychology of climatological practice. Also, they were keenly aware that many of their patients were as responsive to a little romance as to good food, fresh air, rest and controlled exercise. They learned judiciously to mix their ladies and gentlemen and before they knew it they ranked high nationally in the cure of consumption.

In important addition, these two charmers promoted a mass of attractive medical facilities such as the aforementioned Glockner Hospital with Dr. Anderson as its house physician. St. Francis Hospital opened in 1888 to replace an infirmary set up by Dr. Anderson for injured Colorado Midland railroaders. Dr. Solly, using money advanced largely by General Palmer, opened Cragmor Sanatorium on its bluffs north of the Springs just before he died in 1906.

It was Dr. Solly who brought fame to the soda springs of Manitou. Some of these Manitou waters presented problems because of conflicting theories about their healing powers. In 1875, Dr. Solly wrote an epical pamphlet—"Manitou's Mineral Waters and Climate," which laid all the conflicts at rest. It explained why the waters which smelled and tasted worst were best for you and described many healing powers which nobody heretofore had dreamed that the springs possessed. Solly's own Navajo Springs, for instance, were excellent for flatulence and waterbrash. If you had uterine affliction or green sickness the Iron Ute Spring was for you, which was pretty damned good also for leukorrhea. Dr. Solly's promotion of Manitou's waters had a sort of crashing subtlety about it that appealed to the fashionable. That is why Solly got General Palmer's financial support and Dr. Anderson's moral support to build the splendid Antlers Hotel where wealthy Easterners could enjoy their incipient consumption in a setting of luxury and elegance.

The fame of Solly's Antlers was a factor in the selection of Colorado Springs for the Union Printers Home, actually a TB "san," which opened in 1888 as the largest labor union hospital on earth. It was followed by Modern Woodmen Sanitarium, the world's largest fraternal "san." Sunny-

rest came along a bit later, founded by General Palmer's lovely and temperamental daughter, Marjory.

I mentioned that Dr. Solly started Cragmor Sanatorium in 1906. Its staff then included General Palmer's personal physicians, Dr. Will Howard Swan and Dr. Charles Fox Gardiner. As most of you know, an event of national medical importance occurred in October of that same year when General Palmer, aged seventy, fell from his horse in the Garden of the Gods and broke his neck in three places—fourth, fifth and sixth cervical vertebrae. His spinal cord was injured and Dr. Swan found him to be completely paralyzed, except that he could move his head and neck freely, move his shoulders, and bend his elbows slightly. His case was hopeless. But Dr. Swan placed him on an india-rubber water bed to forestall bed sores. A young English doctor, Henry C. Watt, moved into Palmer's Glen Eyrie castle to watch him day and night.

I won't make excuses for repeating this old story—so illustrative of Palmer's magnificent character. Even with his great will, could he possibly live a week? Could he live, incredibly, as long as a month?

Ten months later, during the week of August 17, 1907, the General entertained at his own expense every surviving member of his beloved old Civil War outfit, the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry. On May 31, 1908, the invalid Palmer and his faithful young Dr. Watt set off for London, England, by special train, and then by special boat. The beautiful daughter, Marjory Palmer, was along too. In fact, Palmer was making the whole enormous effort of this trip for her sake, since she was going to London to marry an English Army officer. Truly an enormous effort. Fourteen nurses and servants to take care of the General. Dr. Watt on hand, checking his patient every hour. A rubber bed of hot water for him every inch of the Atlantic crossing on the S.S. Minneapolis to keep Palmer alive. And the General insisted, broken neck or not, on being carried to the hurricane deck each day. It was such a brave, happy journey under the circumstances, such a perfect preamble for Marjory's wedding. Except for one thing. Half way across the ocean, Marjory went to her father and told him that she could not marry the English Army officer after all. She was hopelessly in love with Dr. Henry Watt.

The General died finally on March 13, 1909. By sheer will to live plus superb medical care, he had eked out more than two extra years of good life.

Now let me move into the later days of the Pikes Peak health boom with a few words about that extraordinary TB heaven, Cragmor Sanatorium. In 1910, Dr. Solly's brainchild was greatly expanded with money given by a clutch of Pikes Peak millionaires—Bert Carlton, the King of Cripple Creek; Clarence Carpenter, the Detroit radiator king and brother-in-law of Spencer Penrose; William Otis of the Cleveland elevator clan;

Joel Hayes, who had married Jefferson Davis's daughter—men like that. Dr. Alexius M. Forster was head physician. The big new Cragmor building was designed by Tom MacLaren, and MacLaren had designed that Versailles birthday cake out in Broadmoor known today—and still there!—as the Trianon. Arthur Billing did the Cragmor interior, having just finished designing Joseph Pulitzer's private yacht. But let's not overdo Cragmor. It was not a fancy place, and still it had a certain jaunty, utilitarian style, a kind of classy gaiety. It didn't feel like a place where a patient was apt to die right away. And it kept its gaiety after its opening in 1914 with sixty well-heeled TB customers, and after its expansion under Dr. Forster during the next twenty years and more, with a whole village of private cottages and dorms added around the main building and with beds for 150 TB chasers. Dr. Forster's staff included everybody that was anybody medically. Palmer's one-time physician, Dr. Charles Fox Gardiner, was on it and so was my own Dr. Gerald Webb.

Dr. Forster became the Wizard of Oz of the region's cure chasers. He promoted the great Colorado Springs sleeping porch boom out there in the rocks and aspen. He pushed sun therapy to its most exquisite development. All the beautiful young men and women that constituted Cragmor's clientele went around with hardly anything on so the sun could broil them all over. Romance hung thick all over the place. Every bed rest patient had his or her private telephone. Dr. Forster believed in no rules whatsoever. Patients had to learn self-discipline if they were to get well, and keep well.

Somebody told me recently how Cragmor looked at 3 a.m. as he drove past coming home from Denver when the rest of Colorado Springs was dark as the inside of a cow. Cragmor blazed with light like an ocean liner on cruise—all four floors of it. Many patients would be gabbling away on their phones or playing poker, or mah-jongg. Once Carson Boyd, a friend of mine, peeked in Cragmor's dining hall to see a bunch of helpless invalids putting their all into the Charleston and the Big Apple. Of course love bloomed in such a favorable atmosphere. Lots of people we all know found love there and got married there—May and Chase Stone, creator of our new Antlers Plaza and Chase Stone Center. And Eugene and Romaine Lilly (Gene is president of the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center); and Merrily Duncan and Betty Hall, and so on. Why, I know a lady who got married at Cragmor four times!

I wonder if there ever was a magazine in all literary history more interesting and admirable than Cragmor's fortnightly journal called *Ninety-Eight Six*? It appeared first on July 2, 1924, and ran through February of 1932. It was edited and written entirely by Cragmor convalescents—all its short stories, poems, articles, book reviews, gossip columns and so on. I found a complete file of it in Tutt Library at Colorado College.

The editorial in the very first issue of *Nightly-Eight Six* (that title of course is the reading for normal temperature) read in part: "Now the common or garden variety of such topical sheets is a rather cut and dried affair, made up of cheap wit and items of which the readers are already aware. For this reason, we have planned to get away from the beaten path and give something of more than momentary interest—the humorous, the frivolous and the ridiculous, to say nothing of the scandalous." Dr. Forster's first column for the journal stated: "There are no rules at Cragmor. Individualism is the secret of success in handling tuberculosis. Food is our most widely used commodity next to water, conversation and Camel cigarettes."

Cragmor was too much of a good thing to last. The details of its decline are tedious. A major factor was an unusual Prudential Insurance Company policy which sold widely in the United States in the 1920s paying a couple hundred dollars a month for permanent TB disability. Cragmor was loaded with such Prudential insurees who staged remarkable recoveries up to a point but managed to fall deathly sick whenever the company adjuster came around. The insurance company was lenient during the lush Twenties but clamped down hard during the Depression. Cragmor could not survive the resulting big loss in business and closed its doors. Later it served as a "san" for testing antibiotics on Navajo tuberculars. Today it is a busy extension of the University of Colorado.

I have told you about our cat house on West Boulder Street where I convalesced in the early 1940s. One day my wife answered the bell there and found at the door a spry little cricket of a man of considerable years—he was eighty-three. He said his name was Dr. Charles Fox Gardiner—Palmer's doctor no less!—and he asked to talk to me because he was retired now and liked to go around cheering up patients. He came again and again. How I enjoyed his talk! You know what it was like if you have read his book, "Doctor at Timberline." He had grown up in Paris, France, and practiced out here first at the Crested Butte coal camp where he doctored mules as much as people.

Later he moved way out to Meeker in the northwestern part of Colorado. He told me once how he was called during a blizzard to deliver a baby for the wife of a rancher. He made it to the remote ranch through the blizzard and found that the husband had gone into Meeker for food. He delivered the wife's baby with the temperature at twenty below, and all the firewood burned up. There was nothing for it but to take off some of his clothes and get in bed with the new mother and her infant. Otherwise he would have frozen to death trying to get back to Meeker, and the mother would have frozen too for lack of firewood. As it was, the three passed the night together all cozy and warm, and so the husband found them when he returned in the morning, and he was so happy about it he

paid Doc Gardiner double his usual fee. Doc said it was the first and only time he ever heard of a husband paying a man for sleeping with his wife. And you know something? Doc Gardiner told me all about his experiences at Cripple Creek when he went up there as surgeon to the deputies during the Cripple Creek War of 1894. His stories got me so interested in the gold camp that I went ahead and wrote MONEY MOUNTAIN later.

Gerald Bertram Webb was my first doctor at Pikes Peak, and a cherished memory. He arrived from England at the turn of the century and married Jefferson Davis's granddaughter, Varina Hayes, and took up the climatological promotion of the region where Dr. Anderson and Dr. Solly left off. Gerald was a joy to behold—his red carnation, his sunny disposition, his marvelous looks even in old age, his superb athlete's figure, his Bond Street clothes, his British accent, his great knowledge of literature and philosophy, of fauna and flora, of men and women. What wasn't he? He was one of the greatest polo players the West has ever had. He won a state-wide bridge tournament once. He almost beat the world chess champion, Emmanuel Lasker, in a game at the El Paso Club in the Springs. He was a main figure (with Dr. Solly, I'll be darned) in organizing the Town and Gown Golf Club—today's Patty Jewett. He was a star at tennis and at cricket—though not so hot at poker. He founded in 1910 the Colorado Foundation for Research in Tuberculosis which, according to the Encyclopedia Britannica, was one of the very first of such research groups seeking anti-microbial cures for the disease. His foundation thrives in Denver now as a distinctive feature of the University of Colorado Medical Center under the name of the Webb-Waring Institute for Medical Research.

Gerald loved to recite poetry—really good poetry I mean, such as this:

I went to the duchess' for tea.
 It was just as I thought it would be.
 Her rumblings abdominal were simply phenomenal,
 And everyone thought it was me.

He was witty. Our Fine Arts Center opened in 1936 with some avant-garde performances and avant-garde art that stunned our simple townfolk into speechlessness. But Dr. Webb was not speechless. He averred that Brancusi's strange sculpture called *Bird in Flight* reminded him of a glycerin suppository. After watching Martha Graham bouncing about the Arts Center stage in her modern dance, he said that she seemed to be demonstrating the obstetrical position.

He died in 1948, aged seventy-eight, playing chess over Scotch highballs to the last. He seemed to some to be a confusing paradox. All his life he never ceased to defend the exploded virtues of climatology and bed rest in the treatment of tuberculosis—especially the kind of climate and the kind of bed rest that were available at Colorado Springs. And, while ex-

tolling these ancient ways, he did as much as or more than any other westerner to advance new ways, to find anti-biotics and surgical methods to get at the root of the trouble and destroy the disease in a hurry.

Gerald Webb seemed to be a paradox in this duality, but he was not. He was far more than a healer of bodies. He healed minds as well. He knew that a great many people come down with tuberculosis because they don't like the way they are living. A quick cure would not give them the time to work out their problems, to decide what is and what is not important to them, and to build up resolution not to return to the wrong kind of living. Only the natural slow curing process would do that, aided by an uplifting environment. A few years of bed rest, Gerald Webb argued, was small cost if a man found himself fulfilled thereafter for the rest of his life.

HOW THE WESTERNERS BEGAN

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Westerners, an informal organization now international in scope, was actually started on February 25, 1944, by a small group of Chicagoans at the home of Elmo Scott Watson in Winnetka, a Chicago suburb. Watson was elected the first sheriff of the Westerners. Another Chicagoan, Leland Case, met with a group of Coloradoans in Denver in July, 1944, to describe the new Westerners organization. In January, 1945, this Denver group started the second Posse of the Westerners with Edwin A. Bemis as first sheriff. Chicago's first sheriff, the late Elmo Scott Watson, later became head of the department of journalism at the University of Denver and joined the Denver Posse. The minutes of that first meeting in Chicago, which will be of interest to most Westerners, follow:

Dated—March 17, 1944

THE WESTERNERS *have started*

Fourteen of us met at the Elmo Scott Watson ranch (in Winnetka) on February 25 for the first monthly round-up of local men interested in Western history. Present were:

JOHN G. NEIHARDT—Poet laureate of Nebraska; author of epic poems of the West; now with the U.S. Indian Service.

CLARENCE PAINE—Librarian of Beloit College; collector of Black Hills lore; biographer of Calamity Jane.

DON RUSSELL—Chicago Daily News editorial writer; former soldier; authority on Western military history.

ARTHUR A. DAILEY—Advertising manager of the Santa Fe railroad; former Wyoming hoss wrangler; photographer of Indians and cowboys.

HERMAN G. SEELEY—Chicago Daily News financial editor; collaborator with Will ("Doc") Frackleton on "Sagebrush Dentist."

MARC GREEN—Editor of the Milwaukee (railroad) magazine; collector of Western lore.

EVERETT GRAFF—Industrialist; collector of Western Americana.

PAUL W. KIESER—Former Dakota newspaper man; New England private press publisher; collector of Dakota and Hamlin Garland memorabilia.

MANNEL HAHN—Former St. Louis newspaper man; student of Western history; philatelist.

FRED B. HACKETT—Elevator safety engineer; Black Hillser; adopted member of the Sioux; collector of old-time Indian pictures and relics.

BURLEIGH WITHERS—Advertising man; collector of Wyoming and Montana lore.

LELAND D. CASE—Editor of The Rotarian Magazine; former Black Hillser; collector of Middle Borderiana.

FRANKLIN J. MEINE—Book publisher; author and authority on Mid-Western humor; especially of the Mississippi River country.

ELMO SCOTT WATSON—Journalism professor; authority on Indian War correspondents; collector of old-time Indian photographs.

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Clarence Paine provided the hump-roast of the evening—a preview of his biography of Calamity Jane, based upon recently discovered documents which may eventually solve the mystery surrounding this famed "Lady Wildcat."

John G. Neihardt told some interesting yarns connected with his research among the Sioux for his books "The Songs of the Indian Wars," "The Song of the Messiah" and "Black Elk Speaks" to mention these of his published works.

Leland Case, *Marc Green* and *Elmo Watson* spoke briefly on Friends of the Middle Border project at Mitchell, S.D., in which several members of WESTERNERS are interested. (More detailed information is given in the FMB bulletin.) On display was the Gen. George H. Harries Collection

of Sioux weapons, costumes, etc., recently presented to the Medill School of Journalism and Friends of the Middle Border by Harries' widow.

Most of the evening was devoted to round-the-fire talk on an informal organization to serve the purpose of bringing together at regular intervals a bunch of congenial-minded men with a common interest.

As a starter a "Posse" (alias committee) was appointed to set up a minimum of organizational machinery to keep WESTERNERS going. Until decided otherwise this will consist of "Sheriff" Watson and "Deputies" Case and Meine. Based upon the discussion that evening the "Posse" suggests:

- I. Membership in WESTERNERS to be restricted to men and limited to those who have an *active* interest in some phase of Western history.
- II. Those to whom this letter is addressed (those who attended the round-up Feb. 25th, and those interested but unable to attend) to be charter members. Charter membership to be limited to 30, and closed as of the next round-up.
- III. To feed the kitty (getting out notices of meetings, round-robin letters and other necessary expenses) the membership dues to be set at \$5, those dues giving members also an annual membership in Friends of the Middle Border, and in a Chicago chapter soon to be organized.
- IV. Meetings to be held the fourth Monday of each month (in the evening) in some central spot in the Loop.

There it is: we hope you'll endorse this plan and use the enclosed stamp to send your check for five bucks and your reservation for the next round-up Monday evening, March 27th.

"Deputy" Meine has arranged for us to use the rooms of the Cliff Dwellers Club, 220 South Michigan Avenue (8th floor of Orchestra Hall building). We'll meet there at 6:30, have dinner (\$1.25) and then hold a pow-wow.

Don Russell has consented to talk on one of the subjects which he is now researching—either his work on Jesse James, or some unwritten history of "Buffalo Bill" Cody. After that, more round-the-circle talk.

Please send your acceptance in not later than Saturday, March 25th, to Franklin J. Meine, Consolidated Book Publishers, Inc., 153 North Michigan Avenue.

Elmo Scott Watson
Leland D. Case
Franklin J. Meine



Westerner's Bookshelf



EIGHT RATTLES AND A BUTTON, by Merle Blinn Brown, The Naylor Company, 1967, 153 pages, 7 photographs, \$3.95.

Mrs. Brown's book, "Eight Rattles and a Button," is a personal and delightful recall of her childhood experiences in the towns of Chloride, Socorro and Magdalena, New Mexico at the turn of the century. These nine stories cover a period from 1888 to 1906 when the mining boom era of these towns was petering out. The stories do not reveal a significant history of the period but Mrs. Brown gives vivid portrayals of a dying town; the heartbreak of prolonged drouth; beneficence of rain in an arid land; the devastation of flash floods and the personal tragedy of Indian raids. And it all evolves through the eyes of a tightly knit family from Ohio that sought health and happiness in the Southwest from the ravages of consumption.

Historians rarely find the time or the inclination to note with emphasis the intimate details of life on the frontier and the worth of Mrs. Brown's reminiscences is found in her ability to take the reader back with her to the era when it took three days by team and wagon to drive from Magdalena to Chloride, a distance of eighty-five miles—when Indians were still a serious threat to life and property—and a country doctor carried his office in a black satchel.

Mrs. Brown's book is a helpful source for those who write historical novels of the Southwest. Her stories inject the flavor and spice of everyday living

into the dry pages of history. Towns don't—"just die." There is anxiety, heartbreak and a personal loss. Arid land is not—"just desert." It abounds in beauty for those who choose to seek it and Mrs. Brown describes it well. And there is danger within its beauty—centipedes, tarantulas and "eight rattles and a button." How one lives with the beauty and ever-present danger is the theme of all the stories. Mrs. Brown gives the reader an earthy perspective of growing up on the frontier and provides the historian with the social aspects of an historic land.

Milt Callon, PM.

HORSE TRADING, by Ben K. Green, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, 1967. 304 pages. Illustrated. \$5.95.

Ben Green's the kind of Westerner who literally almost crawled out of the cradle into a saddle. He spent most of his early years around horses and mules, breeding and training them near Greenville, Texas.

Horses and mules were big business in the early 1900s. It's been established that at that time the value of both in the United States totaled more than that of all the cattle, sheep, goats and hogs on the farms of the United States. It was the southwestern part of the country that produced the majority of these animals for trade with surrounding markets. The business was a hard one. At times it was a profitable one—at least this was the case up until the early-middle 1930s. That's when Ben Green entered the picture. Ben

was a young man when he first started trading. He was also inexperienced in the business. Sometimes, he "got took" on some of his deals. Sometimes, however, he came out ahead on them. As time went on Ben became more adept at trading. Eventually his operations extended as far north as Liberal, Kansas and as far "east" as Dixon, Mississippi.

Armchair Westerners can read through HORSE TRADIN' learning the tricks of the trade just as Ben did in those days. And there's a lot to be learned here, too. Like, for instance, the time when Ben traded for what later turned out to be an arsenic-fed

horse (an old trick used on aged horses to make them feed, fill out and look better than they actually were) and learning how old-timers used to make dapple-gray mules with a bucket of paint and a hen's egg.

Twenty tales are related in this volume. Some are funny. Some are in a way sad. Always they're entertaining.

Westerners will also enjoy the cowboy-horse illustrations in HORSE TRADIN'. They're done by Lorence Bjorklund. These alone are worth the price of the book. Recommended reading.

Fred L. Lee, CM
(Tallyman KC Posse)

New Hands on the Denver Range

JOHN S. GUNNISON
7060 Beacon Way
Westminster, Colo. 80030

Gunnison believes he is a descendant of Capt. John W. Gunnison, early explorer of Colorado, and enjoys reading about him and other explorers of early Colorado and the West. Gunnison has produced a series of LP spoken word albums for Columbia Records on World War II. He is a former high school and college teacher and got his M.A. in speech at D.U. His hobbies include acting in plays at Bonfils Theater, photography and travel, and he also free lances TV and radio commercials. PM Numa James told Gunnison about the Westerners.

• • •

DR. ROBERT D. HABERSTROH
Route 1, Box 466
Fort Collins, Colo. 80521

Dr. Haberstroh "collects" high-country

passes and gulches and collects and builds models of Pennsylvania and B&O railroad locomotives. Formerly on the M.I.T. staff, he is now associate professor of mechanical engineering at Colorado State University and is a registered professional engineer. He became interested in the Denver Posse through Dr. Carl E. Steiger of Oshkosh, Wis.

• • •

JOHN A. BRENNAN
1223 Pleasant St.
Boulder, Colo. 80302

John Brennan is a teaching and research assistant for Robert G. Athearn at the University of Colorado, where he got his history PhD in 1967 and is now curator of the CU Western Historical Collection from 1964 to date. He won the Denver Westerners scholarship award in 1958 and his article "The Territory of Jefferson" was published in the August-September, 1961 ROUNDUP.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Steve Englert, son of PM Kenneth E. Englert, and a friend he was guiding, Garth Conroe, started out on a deer hunt with a bow and arrow that wound up as a bear of a story. Earlier, young Steve with bow and arrow had gotten a buck deer with a 27 inch spread and 13 points so he left his equipment at home while he and Conroe headed up Ute Trail in a jeep. They spotted a bear at the top of a ridge, stopped and hiked up to get a closer look. There they saw cubs on one side and a mama bear on the other side of the ridge. The two men started down the ridge, but mama bear spotted them and went after them, chasing Conroe first, then suddenly changed her mind and raced after Englert. Englert jumped into the door-less jeep and the bear dived after him so hard she went into one side and out the other side of the jeep. Englert started the jeep and rushed down to the road where he "borrowed" a .22 rifle and headed back up to help his friend, who had climbed a tree. The bear sat and growled at the base of the tree for awhile and then ambled off into a grove of aspen. When the jeep drove up, she disappeared entirely and Englert helped his friend to the Salida hospital to have a leg, torn by an arrow that he had rammed into himself, stitched up.

Students of the University of Colorado have been working for five years trying to locate archeological artifacts of 9,000 years of Indian life in the Dinosaur National Monument. Although the Monument is being continuously explored for dinosaurs that roamed the area as long as 120 million

years ago, this CU project, financed by the National Parks Service, is the first complete research undertaken on Indian culture. The students, directed by Dr. David A. Breternitz, have found evidences of people living in the area from 7000 B.C. to 1800 A.D. At one site they dug up evidences of 12 different cultures occupying one cave. The oldest is the Pinto Basin culture, an Indian group which lived in California, Nevada, and Utah and the latest groups were the Utes and Shoshones who were found there by the Spaniards late in the 18th century.—*Rocky Mountain News*, Sept. 5, 1967.

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Orville Spreen, secretary of the St. Louis Westerners, writes that Denver Westerners are welcome at any of their meetings. The tab for dinner is \$3.75, including tip. They start at 7:00 p.m., after a half hour for refreshments, at Caravelli's Restaurant, 301 DeBaliviere Avenue. In 1968 meetings are scheduled for Jan. 19, Feb. 16, March 15, and April 19. The dinner meeting on May 17 will be held at 6:00 p.m. at the Student Center, Piankasaw Room, Southern Illinois University, at Edwardsville, Ill. Professors William Baker and Robert Koepke will talk on "Maps of the American West" and have a special display of maps from the Lovejoy Library collection.

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The Colorado State Library offers a selective list of recent books and pamphlets about Colorado and the Rocky Mountain West. This bibliography of 98 titles, including fiction and non-fiction dealing with history, legends and personalities, can be obtained

for 25 cents from the Colorado State Library, 1362 Lincoln, Denver, Colo.

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A service, intended primarily for shut-ins and people living in isolated areas, offered by the University of Colorado library extension service may be of interest to Westerners who are residents of Colorado. It offers 24 books on the history of Colorado which are offered on loan and the only cost to you is postage at library rate for delivery and return. For further information write to University of Colorado, Extension Library Service, Extension Division, Boulder, Colo. 80302.

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The State Historical Society's "Mountain & Plains" History Notes recently had a short illustrated piece about a "Flag to Flag Endurance Run" from Denver to Mexico City over roadless wastes and hills in a Chalmers-Detroit automobile. The run was promoted by Denver auto dealer J. H. McDuffee and was managed by F. Ed Spooner, who had bicycled to Mexico City three times and, therefore, knew the route even if it were trackless. They triumphantly entered Mexico City a little more than a month after leaving Denver on May 1, 1909.

The story reminded your ROUND-UP editor of a book he had read written by his friend Tom Mahoney with George Schuster, one of the crew of the only and winning American car, a Thomas Flyer built in Buffalo, N.Y., in *The Longest Auto Race* published by The John Day Company, New York. The race started on Feb. 12, 1908, at Times Square, New York City, and went across the great open spaces of the United States, to Alaska, across Japan, over the trackless steppes of Siberia

and Russia, and finally ended 22,000 miles later in Paris, France, 169 days after leaving New York. The nearest that race and the American car came to Denver, after dipping down in mud up to the axles at Julesburg, Colo., was Cheyenne, reached on March 8. Here 21-year-old Linn Matthewson, Thomas and Reo distributor in Denver, took over to drive the Thomas Flyer crew to Ogden, Utah. They also had an interested spectator, Floyd Clymer, 13-year-old son of a Berthoud, Colo., doctor who had come 60 miles to Cheyenne to see the car for which he was the dealer in Berthoud. Later he became well known as a publisher of automobile books. We wonder if there are any Westerners who may still remember that almost globe-circling race.

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The sudden death of PM Alan Swallow, Denver's only publisher of books, left the future of his publishing business in doubt. However, in recent months a group of Chicagoans arranged to purchase the firm from Swallow's widow, Mrs. May E. Swallow.

Along with the sale will go the impressive back list of some 400 authors, including many Coloradoans, and such imprints as Sage Books, Swallow books and Big Mountain books. The new Chicago firm will be interested, as Swallow was, in all types of books, including fiction, non-fiction, poetry, and subsidized books.

Included in the group of purchasing Chicagoans are the president of A. C. McClurg of Elk Grove Village, Ill., and the dean of Kendall College in Evanston, Ill. The dean, Durrett Wagner, is editor of the firm, Swallow Press at 1139 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60605.

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