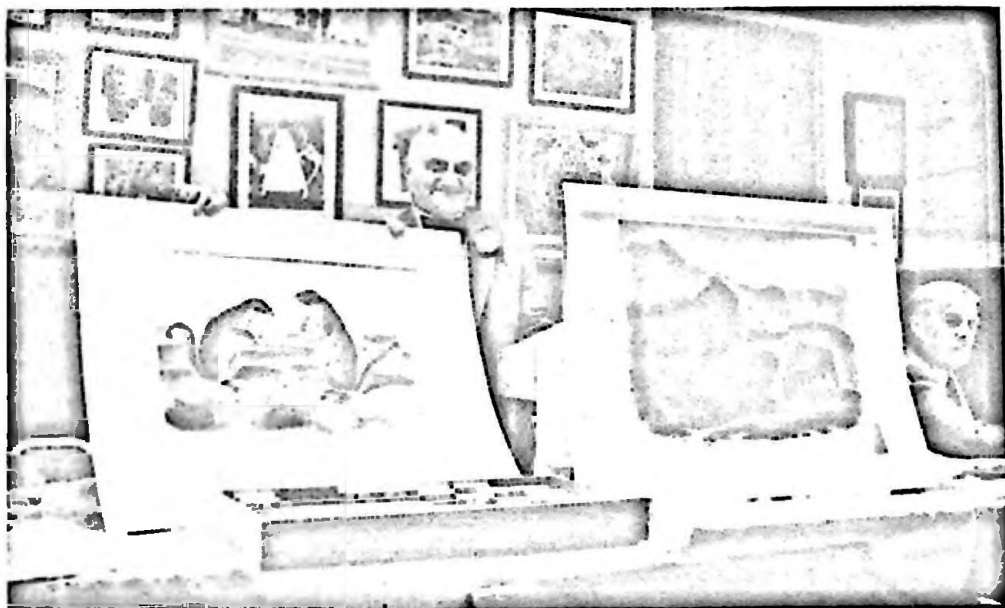
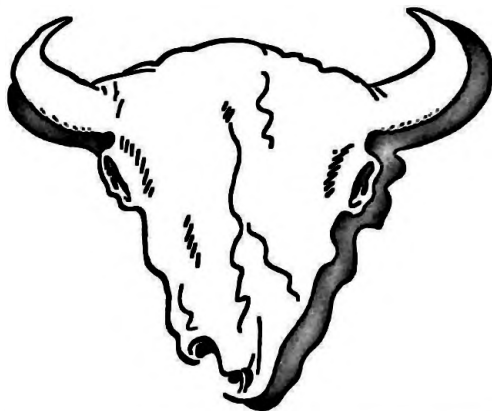


*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
**ROUNDUP**

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Volume XXIV  
Number 1

IN THIS ISSUE  
"JOHN JAMES AUDUBON"  
by Nolie Mumey M.D., PM



Dr. Nolie Mumey shows Westerners two huge double elephant folio prints from the original plates of Audubon's *Quadrupeds of America*, after naturalist's trip to the West. At left are two prairie dogs and at right small herd of buffalo. At far right the late PM Charles Webb is seen.

*From the Collection of Fred & Jo Mazzulla*

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dr. Nolie Mumey tells the fascinating story, not too well known, of John James Audubon. Could Audubon be the missing Dauphin? Dr. Mumey, twice editor of the *Westerners Brand Book*, has had a remarkably busy career as a physician, historian, and leader in civic activities.

Dr. Mumey was born in Shreveport, La., attended the universities of Arkansas, Denver, and Pennsylvania and did his post-graduate work at Johns Hopkins. In World War I he was a 1st lieutenant in the medical corps, at one time was the only flight surgeon in the U.S. with a pilot's license, was on a committee to organize a space medicine program for the government 12 years before we had a space program, volunteered as a physician to go with the Red Cross to Europe during the Hungarian revolution, and was the only American doctor of a large group to be sent on the Easter Island expedition.

Dr. Mumey has practiced medicine for 52 years, has published approximately 80 books plus scores of articles and 28 volumes of poetry. At present he is working on a history of Denver General Hospital and training school, the first training school west of the Mississippi and the third oldest in the United States.

## POSSE MEMBER DIES

Charles W. Webb, a member of the Denver Posse since the early 1950s, attended his last meeting of the Westerners the night before Thanksgiving, Wed., Nov. 22. On Nov. 30 Charles Webb died suddenly at his home in Denver at 74.

Webb was president of Hardesty Manufacturing which was later taken over by Armco Co. He became vice president of this firm until his retirement in 1958. He was born in Fallon, Nev., on Dec. 14, 1892, and married Hazel Keeler in 1942. She died in 1964. He was Chuck Wrangler for the Posse. (See photo on cover.)

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MEETING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE SO  
THE CHUCK WRANGLER CAN MAKE  
ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE DENVER  
PRESS CLUB.

# JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

**Pioneer American woodsman, artist, and naturalist who delineated the birds of America with a biography of their habits and life cycles**

**by Nolie Mumey, M.D., PM**

It seems most fitting that a few facts should be brought before this group about a pioneer woodsman and naturalist who delineated the birds of America more than a century ago when this country was in its primitive state of development.

It is with pleasure that I present to you a brief account of this true child of nature, and I do so with a great deal of diffidence, claiming some originality in the summation of his life, relying mostly on your enthusiasm and interest in the affairs of this great naturalist and his remarkable career which is instructive and more romantic than romance itself.

It becomes a difficult task trying to condense the biography of this great man who has so many volumes written about him; it appears to be an insurmountable undertaking due to the many conflicting statements made by different authors.

The name Audubon is essentially linked to frontier life in America. I would not have undertaken this paper if the entire story of his life had been told. Most of his original journals were destroyed by members of his family; no doubt they would have yielded a great deal of important information. We must leave some to tradition and some to legend in evaluating his life. He was a genius in portraying birds. His lore was a part of the wilderness where he spent most of his life immersed in study.

The name Audubon is French. It is known all over the world and is cherished by those who are interested in American history. To me, the name Audubon is connected with my early childhood and birthplace in Louisiana, where this man studied and sketched the many birds that appeared in his monumental volumes. I well remember, as a child, my father telling me about him when we were traveling through the woods of the bayou country.

## **Questions About Date and Place of Birth**

There appears to be a great deal of confusion as to the date and place of his birth. The Encyclopedia Britannica gives the date of 1785 and the place as Les Cayes, Santo Domingo (now Haiti).

There were certain events in the life of Audubon of which he himself

was not certain. Herrick, who stated he was born in Santo Domingo, attempted to prove this by certain documents he found in the possession of a French notary.<sup>1</sup>

One biographer of New Orleans states he was born at Mandeville, not far from New Orleans, in either 1780 or 1781.<sup>2</sup>

Regardless of the date and place he was born, one biographer stated his mother died in the insurrection of 1791 and young Audubon was sent to France where he was united with his father who had married a widow by the name of Ann Moynet. She was childless and young James and his half-sister Rosa were treated as her own children. As he said of her in later life, "Her kindness was overwhelming." She indulged him in every whim and boasted that he was the most handsome boy in all of France.

I am confused as most writers and readers have been and would be when they attempt to unravel the early life and identity of Audubon. There are many facets to his life which are mysterious and remain buried in some forgotten archives of the past.

The storming of the Bastille<sup>3</sup> on July 14, 1789, during the French Revolution, forced Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette to drive with the royal children to Paris.<sup>4</sup> Jean Rabin, their small son, was secretly taken from prison and hidden somewhere in France, England, or America. It was believed that the boy was put in the care of Captain Audubon, who was in the National Guard at that time. Some authorities believe that John James Audubon was that boy. During those hectic days, papers were registered for the adoption of two children by the Captain and his wife. The name of the mother of the boy was not given; it was stated that she was dead. The Captain stated he was the father of both children.

There is a confusing development in Audubon's life due to his several names. He was called Fougere (which means fern), later he was called La Foret, and later on Jean, then Jean Jacques; sometimes he wrote his name Jean Jacques La Foret Audubon. At the age of twenty he was known as Jean Rabin in documents which gave him the name of Audubon.

In later life Audubon said, "My own name I have never been permitted to speak, according me that of Audubon, which I revere as I have cause to do." He mentioned a boat on the Ohio which almost sank in a storm and remarked, "Her name, like mine, is only a shadow." Regardless of that shadow, he found a new world and made the name Audubon known to that world.

Among the Captain's papers were statements that one Mademoiselle Rabin of Santo Domingo gave birth to a boy. Another important question is raised—there was a gap of nine years between birth and adoption, the latter was on March 7, 1794.

As a child, Audubon began to draw birds which he saw around him. While his father was at sea he neglected his education. He said: "I usually

made for the fields where I spent the day, instead of going to school where I should have been. My little basket held good provisions; when I returned it was replenished with birds, eggs, nests and flowers."

When his father returned from sea duty he was astonished at what the boy had collected, but was dissatisfied because he had neglected his studies. Young Audubon was placed in a school to study as an engineer or Naval Cadet. He found mathematics dull, but was proficient in drawing. For the next seven years he had the advantage of studying under the best artists in France. He studied drawing under Jacques Louis David, who was a leader in French art in Paris. Still he sought the woods for information and contentment of mind.

### **Audubon Goes to America**

At the age of seventeen, Audubon went to America to look after family interests in Pennsylvania. He contracted Yellow Fever in New York, but was nursed back to health by friends. The young man took possession of his father's farm, known as "Mill Grove," on the Schuylkill River near Philadelphia. This became a haven for the young naturalist, a blessed spot with ideal scenery which offered many interesting and pleasing subjects for his pencil and pad. Young Audubon pursued his study of birds in their natural habitat with little concern about his future, for here the world of birds belonged to him. He began his rambles into the woods at daybreak and returned when the shadows of night fell over the countryside, happy with some feathered prize he had found. His studio was a cave, his home a museum of birds with their nests and eggs. Audubon indulged in hunting, fishing, and skating, wearing black satin knee breeches, with pumps and a ruffled shirt. He was known as a dandy and in our own Western vernacular a "dude."

### **Audubon Meets Bakewell—and Lucy**

Adjoining his farm was a neighbor, William Bakewell, an Englishman whose place was known as "Flatland Ford." Audubon was never curious about his neighbor until he met Mr. Bakewell while hunting grouse and was invited to visit him. This is best described in his own words: "Well do I remember and please God I will never forget, the morning when on the first time I entered the Bakewell household. I was shown into the parlor where only one young lady was snugly seated working by the fire. It was she, my dear Lucy Bakewell, who afterwards became my wife and the mother of my children—when she arose from her seat her form seemed radiant with beauty, and my heart and eyes followed her every step. At parting, I felt I knew not why, that I was at least not indifferent to her."

These two young people met frequently after that first visit. They appeared to be mutually attracted to each other, the maiden fair and the

ardent lover. She taught him English and he gave her drawing lessons, each learning from the other. Matrimony became a paramount issue between the young people.

Francis DaCosta, an agent of Audubon's father, who assumed the guardianship of the young naturalist, was opposed to any matrimonial plans and began to limit the finances of young Audubon. He walked to New York in midwinter to get financial aid. After his arrival in that city, he learned that DaCosta had planned to have him seized and sent to India. Audubon was furious. He borrowed money from Mr. Bakewell's brother in New York and sailed for France, where he had a happy reunion with his parents. They were sympathetic with his problems; the steward DaCosta was removed and consent was given for his marriage. He spent a happy year with his parents in their villa on the Loire River, passing his time by rambling through the woods and sketching. While there he finished two hundred drawings of French birds; he put life into every one of his sketches.

#### **Start of BIRDS OF AMERICA**

Audubon with a friend, Ferdinand Rozier, entered the French Marine service to escape conscription. They made a short cruise, then obtained a passport for America. The ship on which he took passage was floating the Stars and Stripes. She was seized and robbed; Audubon saved his gold by hiding it under the cables in the bow of the ship. He returned to "Mill Grove" as the sole owner of the property. He began his first series of sketches which became a part of his great work, THE BIRDS OF AMERICA, which was pronounced as the most gigantic enterprise ever undertaken by a single man.

At "Mill Grove" he felt like a magician going into the quiet, isolated forest, looking earnestly in the desolation, waving his wand and bringing to life his feathered friends hidden in the foliage of the trees. Here he worked in a spirit obedient to God, putting on paper for posterity, birds, trophies which have held a wider sway than most conquerors. His labors have erected monuments significant of his efforts. He never lived in hope with folded arms, but put his mind and fingers to work with all his might. He would go into the woods and follow birds for days; he was known to have followed a hawk for three days, swimming and fording streams when necessary until the bird was brought down with his rifle.

His life work seemed to be based on one of La Fontaine's fables which he read constantly: "He who sees a great deal will have much to remember." This fable interpreted by him meant that he was to study all about birds, their food, their surroundings, their habits, their movements, and their flight. The more he understood of their pursuits the better he delineated them.



JOHN JAMES AUDUBON  
1833

*Photo Supplied by Author*

Audubon, known as the "gay young Frenchman," was fond of music and dancing and entered into all social activities. He had a gift of personal beauty, was five feet ten and one-half inches tall, a handsome figure with large sunken eyes, light colored eyebrows, an aquiline nose (curved like an eagle's beak), a fine texture of hair parted in the middle passing down in ringlets to his shoulders. He was an athletic type, a vegetarian, an abstainer from alcoholic beverages, a good marksman, an expert swimmer, a fearless rider, and a graceful dancer.

Mr. Bakewell saw no visible means of support for his daughter and insisted that young Audubon learn something of a commercial nature before they should be married. He obtained a position in a counting house for Audubon in New York. This was like being in prison for the young naturalist. He collected specimens during his off hours and stuffed birds. The odor from the mess he created brought a complaint from the neighbors. His inattention and lack of interest in business affairs proved he was unfit for any commercial pursuit. His period of probation proved most

unsatisfactory to his employer and his prospective father-in-law. Most of his difficulties came from his trying to do the things he was not fitted to do.

### **Audubon Marries Lucy**

The Creator found that it was not good for man to be alone; He made woman to be a "helpmate for him." He established a relationship in marriage which aided man in his struggle for existence and through association. Man has emerged through the door of obscurity into prominence, in many instances through the sympathy and encouragement of a wife. A woman's influence can be the anchor of success, not entirely due to her charms but to her strength and consistency of virtues maintained under many sacrifices with fortitude and heroism. Lucy Bakewell more than fulfilled all these requirements and maintained them throughout her life.

Audubon returned to "Mill Grove" and married Lucy Bakewell on April 8, 1808. This was a most fortunate union—to her he owed much of his success and happiness. She was a most fitting mate, affectionate, patient, sympathetic, and self-sacrificing, always ready to encourage him when he was depressed and encumbered with disappointments. She cheerfully submitted to privations for him to carry on his life work, enduring without a murmur long separations, teaching and working as a governess to gain means for him to publish his works. Whatever wreath would be woven for the great artist-naturalist, the sprays should be formed into a crown to adorn the head of a devoted and faithful wife. Her reverence for him more than balanced all his imperfections, for she humanized him and was his most intimate friend. Lucy was the guiding spirit of his life; she inspired him to achieve his ambition and was the impelling motive for the publication of his *BIRDS OF AMERICA*.

The West was opening up; Audubon sold his farm and moved to Louisville, Kentucky, where he went into a general mercantile business with his associate, Rozier. Audubon paid very little attention to the store, spending most of his time in the woods.

An interesting incident occurred during his merchant days in Louisville. A Scotchman by the name of Alexander Wilson came into the store selling subscriptions for his work on American ornithology.<sup>5</sup> Audubon was about to subscribe when his partner spoke in French and told him his drawings were far better. Audubon took down his portfolio and showed them to Wilson who was astonished. He had never realized that anyone else was working on such a project. Audubon presented Wilson to his friends and aided him in acquiring some new specimens. Wilson told him he would give him credit, but jealousy, perhaps, prevented Wilson from ever mentioning Audubon in his published work.



### **Winters With Indians**

The years spent in Louisville were a financial failure but an artistic success; they were full of lonely wanderings, poverty, and disappointments. The man's character and his genius were of noble perfection, developed by trial and error and accompanied by misfortune. Through it all he enjoyed his tramps through the woods and forests. On one occasion he lost his pack horse with all of his goods and cash while following the movements of a woodland warbler.

He was an utter failure in business in Louisville and left there in a snowstorm by boat which became wedged in the ice. He went ashore and made winter quarters near the camp of a band of Indians. Their provisions gave out and Audubon with his party existed on pecan soup, bear meat, the breasts of wild turkey used for bread, and bear grease for butter. They were marooned for six weeks, enduring many privations. Audubon later related, "I never regretted one day spent there."

When the ice broke they resumed their journey. Near Cape Gardner he saw the great bald eagle and called it the "Bird of Washington," which he painted true to life.

He located at Henderson, Kentucky, in 1811 where he bought land and slaves, and built a steam mill and a cabin for his family. Here he lived and laid the foundation for his greatness; his two sons were born in Henderson and he buried two infant daughters there. He made several journeys through the woods, at one time traveling 165 miles on foot. Prosperity seemed to smile on him for awhile; he was a true pioneer, but his love for birds and wilderness absorbed most of his time.

### **Rats Destroy Drawings**

Audubon was a victim of a calamity which would have discouraged the most stable individual in the world—two hundred of his fine drawings which he had labored long and endured much to create were destroyed by rats. He had stored them in a warehouse. This sad awakening was followed by days of madness, but not of defeat. He took up his pencil and sketch pad and went into the forest consoling himself with the idea he would make better drawings than those he had lost. It took him three years to again fill his portfolio.

The death of his father, Commodore Audubon, left him an estate in France, which he gave to his sister Rosa in exchange for seventeen thousand dollars. The money was placed in the hands of a merchant in Richmond, Virginia, who became insolvent, and that left poor Audubon without one cent.

His next business venture was in New Orleans, where he went into partnership with his brother-in-law, but the firm Audubon and Company failed and went bankrupt. All he had was a sick wife, his gun, and dog.

He returned to Louisville, where he began drawing portraits with crayons. His income was equal to that of a day laborer. Audubon took a contract to stuff birds for a museum in Cincinnati; after six months of hard labor he found they were poor paymasters—they had no funds with which to pay him. He was poverty stricken. He wrote of his wife: "Her courage never forsook her; her brave, cheerful spirit accepted all, and from her beloved lips no reproach ever wounded my heart, with her I was always rich."

Audubon was a man of poetic and religious nature; he never lost faith in his darkest hour. He sought nature and found God, for every leaf, flower, and bird bore the mark of divinity to him. Through all his adversities and hardships he never gave up drawing birds or listening to their song. He said: "During my deepest troubles I would frequently retire to some secluded spot in the forest, and at the sound of the song-thrushes' melodies have fallen on my knees and prayed earnestly to Almighty God. This never failed to give me the greatest comfort."

Leaving his family, he went down the Mississippi to Natchez, where he painted the portrait of a shoemaker and his wife for two pair of boots—one for himself and one for a friend.

#### **Mrs. Audubon Works to Help Artist**

In 1820, he landed in New Orleans, poor and friendless, and began doing portraits that he might exist. He became acquainted with Dr. Trudeau who was an ornithologist; they traveled the swamps and forests together and painted with great speed the life-like appearance of birds. Audubon measured the bill, the eye, tongue, and claw, giving attention to every detail. He inserted blossoms, foliage, or fruit natural to the haunts of birds. At this time he painted a portrait of Dr. Trudeau, which was exhibited in New Orleans at the exposition of 1885.

He was absent from his family for fourteen months, but they finally joined him and lived on Dauphine Street in New Orleans, moving to Bayou Sara where Mrs. Audubon opened a dancing school to help him accomplish his dreams of publishing his works on birds. His friends called him a lunatic and a fool for following the birds. His wife alone encouraged him.

Mrs. Audubon engaged herself as a governess to a family at Bayou Sara to enable him to go to Paris to study oil painting, but he obtained these instructions in Philadelphia from an artist by the name of Sully.

It is rare that a man like Audubon, possessed with talents in natural sciences, could command success in business; his heart was not in it. His mind was in the forests, his ear tuned to the songs of birds and not to the ring of money on a store counter. His one great ambition was to seek the truth, to find out how God worked through nature.

In 1824, Audubon, while in Pittsburgh, became indebted to Mrs. Charles Basham. He was unable to pay her with money, so he gave art lessons to her daughter Harriett. He was there for six weeks without funds. He presented Harriett with a fifteen-page sketch book of insects and reptiles done in water color. This book came into the possession of Mrs. Kirby Chambers of New Castle, Kentucky, who allowed it to be published in a volume containing colored plates and many in black and white."

Also in 1824, Audubon went to Philadelphia to exhibit his drawings. There he met some prominent people who became his friends and gave him good advice. One was Charles Lucien Bonaparte, a nephew of Napoleon, who was engaged upon a volume of American birds. He advised Audubon to go abroad to find a publisher after his efforts in Philadelphia and New York had proved futile.

Audubon decided to return home when he ran out of funds and could not pay a toll fare over a bridge. He worked his way back by deck passage to Bayou Sara in New Orleans, arriving with uncut hair, wearing rented clothes, and looking like a tramp.

His wife had come into a yearly legacy of three thousand dollars which she gave him to assist in the publication of his work. She also gave dancing lessons to a large class to supplement the family income; he helped her and from it all they managed to save two thousand dollars.

### **Audubon Seeks Publisher**

Audubon sailed for Liverpool in 1826; he exhibited his drawings there and in Manchester, obtaining about one hundred pounds sterling for the showing. He proceeded to Edinburgh, where he met Sir Walter Scott and other distinguished men. He was earning about five pounds daily for the exhibition of his drawings. In Edinburgh he found an engraver; his next task was to find a publisher. He was without means to pay for the first number, but he issued a prospectus of THE BIRDS OF AMERICA in 1827; the entire cost was to be one hundred thousand dollars and it was to take a period of eight years for final publication. The size of the book was to be double elephant folio and the figures were to be life-size, engraved, and colored on fine paper. The book was to appear in eighty-seven parts, and the entire work to appear in five volumes. There were 448 plates containing over one thousand life-size figures. The price of the subscription was two hundred pounds sterling. One hundred subscribers were required to cover the expense of publication.

He sailed for London at the age of 41, with a life of failure behind him and a dark future before him. Sir Walter Besant wrote this of Audubon: "The long haired Achean was no stranger to the streets of London as late as 1837. Brave is the exhibition of flowing locks; they flow over the ears and over the coat collar; you can smell the bear's grease across the street,

if the amaranthine locks were to be raised, you would see the shiny coating of bear's grease upon the velvet collar of the coat."

Audubon's next project was to secure subscribers and to do this he established himself in London and there he met Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy. Audubon was elected to the Academy and sold enough paintings to pay for the engraving.<sup>7</sup> He was elated when the first number appeared. During the first four years he lost fifty-six subscribers, which represented fifty-six thousand dollars.

Discouraged and homesick, he rejoined his wife in 1829. They got all their finances together and decided to go back to London, for his work had been left in the hands of an agent.

In 1836, he and his family were established in London. There he began the publication of *THE BIOGRAPHY*, which was completed in five volumes.

In the writing of the biography of birds he described the most common details of objects connected with them in an interesting way. A few original descriptions will show the poetic nature of the man: "The eagle is born sublime, the symbol of courage and grandeur;" the mocking bird is "the king of song;" the blue heron is "the lady of waters;" the ruby throated humming bird is "a glittering fragment of rainbow." All through his description of birds, the reader can follow him into the solitude of the forests, across the boundless prairies, along the coast from Florida to Labrador. He can feel the sweep of the wind, hear the surging of the sea, and hear in his soul the music and melodies of birds.

In 1839, Audubon left England for the last time at the age of fifty-four to settle permanently in America. After twelve trying years his work was finished, admired and appreciated by all. Still he did not escape attacks from critics. Some contended that he was more of a woodsman than a naturalist. He was referred to in London as a print dealer who sat in his shop on Great Russell Street near the British Museum. Despite the critics, he was a success. As Disraeli once said, "It is easier to be critical than to be correct." The critics have all been forgotten, while the *BIRDS OF AMERICA* is still a monumental work and stands as the most magnificent ornithological work the world has ever seen and the most stupendous task ever undertaken by a single individual.

### **Family Settles In New York**

In 1842, Audubon and his family settled in New York and took possession of a house overlooking the Hudson River.<sup>8</sup> He commenced work on a cheaper, smaller edition but an exact copy of the English edition with reduced figures lithographed, to be complete in seven volumes octavo.

This edition proved to be remunerative. He made money from it and used the proceeds to buy a home at Washington Heights on the Hudson

River which he called "Minnie's Land" after his wife—his pet name for her was "Minnie." Audubon could not remain idle, although his royalties were sufficient to provide him the necessary things of life. He worked from daybreak until dark at his easel, then dissatisfied he would rush into the woods. He was known to have lain on his back with moss or a rock for a pillow every day for three weeks watching two little birds build a nest.

The *Quadrupeds of America* he had projected with Dr. Bachman of Charleston, South Carolina." The first volume was completed in 1846. His two sons and Dr. Bachman completed the third and final volume in 1852. Audubon gathered a number of wild animals—bear, deer, wolves, etc.; he endured the odor of the polecat and buzzard while painting them. He was assisted by his two sons who were excellent artists.

### **He Explores the Missouri West**

In 1843, he embarked on the steamer "Omega" with Pierre Chouteau of the American Fur Company for a journey up the Missouri River to study buffalo and other animals, traveling as far as the Yellowstone River. He was accompanied by his friends Edward Harris, John G. Bell, Isaac Sprague, and Lewis Squires.

In St. Louis, he met and talked with Sir William Drummond Stewart to get information about the country and the animals. They left St. Louis on April 25, 1843; it took thirty-six days to reach Fort Pierre. From there they went on to Fort Clark, the old Mandan Villages, and the lodges of the Arikaras. After seven weeks they reached Fort Union where they were guests of Alexander Culbertson, Superintendent of the Fort. They hunted for game, then went up the Yellowstone looking for beaver, elk, and bighorn sheep. They returned to St. Louis on October 19th. On this journey they collected the skins of 85 quadrupeds and 964 specimens of birds.<sup>10</sup>

Three years after his return from the journey up the Missouri, he lived a tranquil life of happiness, still drawing and painting at intervals. Many came to pay him homage. His eyesight began to fail, he could no longer focus on the canvas. Modern surgery for the removal of cataracts had not been perfected and he became blind. His heart was broken. His loyal wife read to him, fed him, and walked with him, but his health declined as mental darkness enshrouded the once brilliant mind. He groped in utter darkness and in obscurity until his death on January 29, 1851.<sup>11</sup>

This remarkable man, who had the stamina to battle against odds and pioneer difficulties, was a careful investigator and observer who penetrated the unknown forests in the cold and in oppressive heat to secure specimens which he made come to life by his artistic talents. His posthumous fame has been great; he had a winning personality and a strong desire to accomplish his task; his life was checkered, adventurous and romantic.

There has not been anyone since his time with whom we can make a comparison. Many adverse claims were made against him, but like a picture, lights would lose their value if they were not clouded by shadows. Audubon was a loyal American born to accomplish certain work. Nothing could or ever did divert his mind from the subject with which his nature was imbued, nor did privation discourage him from following his study of birds. He was possessed with an indomitable spirit and resolution; even in the face of poverty, without a cent in his pockets, he had the ability to extract himself from many difficulties. There is no doubt he was a great man, an ornithological artist, a lover of birds, their life and histories.

The beauty and accuracy of his books make his contribution one of the most remarkable and most interesting in the history of early American literature. I have not attempted to gloss over his faults nor have I in any way tried to magnify them, despite the many shaded corners in his interesting career.

#### **Now Revered by Counties and Parks**

He is revered by the many monuments erected to him and the names of counties along with a park. We have Audubon County in Iowa, and Audubon Park in New York City between the Hudson River and Broadway from 156th to 160th streets. There is a runic cross monument, which stands 28 feet high, in Trinity Church Cemetery in New York, where Audubon and his two sons are buried. The cross is of white marble ornamented with birds and mammals and a portrait of the naturalist. There is a monument in New Orleans with a bronze figure of Audubon on Georgia granite in Audubon Park.<sup>12</sup> There is a bust in the Museum of Natural History in Newark, New Jersey.

Audubon has not been, and no doubt never will be, forgotten; Audubon Societies for the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals have created and engraved his name throughout the land. After his many failures and disappointments, he came to a full realization of his life's mission. He was a careful observer and a doer. His struggles were composed of strange romances which have filled the history of science and literature in many publications that have appeared during the past century. His checkered career was rich in experience, and he emerged from obscurity to become one of the great in the field of ornithology.

In summation, I would say that Audubon displayed true greatness through all his failures. He is rated high in the gallery of fame by his character and motivation, exemplified by self-sacrifice, forgetfulness of self, and constant pursuit in the field of natural history. He appeared in his studies like an exhaustless fountain, an oasis in a desert; he can be exalted for his honest and painstaking views, for he was enthroned in truth, actuated and governed by high motives in his artistic portrayal of

birds. Audubon accomplished his great project through an indomitable will and an inflexible purpose which he started in early life with a determination to accomplish. He was a man of action, with an invincible determination to succeed; this, combined with a force of purpose, made him great. He had the will to learn, to try, to do, and to improve.<sup>13</sup>

Audubon stood out against all odds to fulfill his mission, to reach his goal throughout all the failures and disappointments that he encountered in the pursuit of the study of birds in the untouched forests, the wilderness of early America. The forest was his laboratory, his home was his university, nature was his teacher, untiring efforts his motive, and feathered flocks his friends.

I would like to end this essay on the life of the great artist-naturalist, who gave to the world the beauty of the feathered tribe of the woods, with the following tribute:

#### TRIBUTE

He opened a closed door  
Of ornithology's fold,  
In his progressive search for  
Truth in the forests of old;

The untouched trees in all their  
Primeval state of the wild,  
The woods belonged to him, in  
Spirit he was nature's child.

He devoted his entire life  
To a lonely gruelling task,  
Gaining a crown with laurels to  
Wear on an immortal mask;

Through all his monumental sketches  
Along with descriptive words  
Of the life and habitat of  
America's woodland birds.

—Nolie Mumey

## FOOTNOTES

<sup>1</sup>Herrick, Francis Hobart, *Audubon the Naturalist*, D. Appleton & Co., New York & London, 1917, Vol. I, p. 174.

<sup>2</sup>Bradford, Mary Fluker, *John James Audubon*, New Orleans, 1897, p. 12.

<sup>3</sup>The Bastille, an ancient fortification of Paris also known as the castle of St. Antoine, was built about 1369 and many additions were made to it. It was converted from a military fortification to a prison; the first to be incarcerated was the builder, Hugues Aubriot.

Prisoners were confined and imprisoned without trial. They were put into the Bastille to satisfy personal grievances or if they criticized the government. Many important people were imprisoned under such wishes and whims of the King. It was captured by revolutionary forces and razed to the ground July 14, 1789. The site is marked by a bronze column.

<sup>4</sup>The King was executed January 21, 1793. Marie Antoinette, whose son was born in 1785, was separated from her son and daughter before her trial. She died by the guillotine on October 16, 1793.

<sup>5</sup>Alexander Wilson died in 1814.

<sup>6</sup>Ford, Alice, *Audubon's Butterflies, Moths and Other Studies*, The Studio Publications Inc. in association with Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York and London, 1952.

<sup>7</sup>Robert Havell, one of the world's greatest engravers, did the engraving on copper plates. He did all but ten of the plates. Born in Reading, England, he came to America in 1839, and brought the plates with him. He lived in a frame house on the north side of Havel Street in New York. He died in 1878.

Most of the copper plates were sold for old metal to a firm in New York. They were stored in the warehouse of Messrs. Phelps, Dodge & Co. until 1865, when they were sold to a brass and copper company which melted them. Forty were saved; they are the only plates in existence today. In 1873, a few were sent to the American Museum of Natural History in New York City and some to the Smithsonian Institution. Mrs. Audubon sold the original drawings of *The Birds of America* to the Historical Society of New York on June 2, 1863.

<sup>8</sup>This location is now 155th Street.

<sup>9</sup>Miss Maria Martin was a sister-in-law of Dr. Bachman, later his wife. She had a great deal of artistic talent and drew a number of insects and plants for the many plates in the *Birds of America*. She married Dr. Bachman, a minister, in 1849.

<sup>10</sup>McDermot, John Francis, *Up the Missouri with Audubon—The Journal of Edward Harris*, University of Oklahoma Press, 1951.

<sup>11</sup>Mrs. Audubon died June 13, 1874 in Shelbyville, Kentucky, in the home of her sister-in-law, Mrs. William G. Bakewell. Her ashes lie by the side of her husband.

<sup>12</sup>Audubon Park is located on St. Charles Avenue, across from Tulane University. It was formerly the Foucher Plantation and part of the De Bore Estate. The tract of land comprises 247 acres extending to the Mississippi River. Sugar was first granulated upon the site in 1795. It contains zoological gardens and an amusement center. The site was purchased by the City of New Orleans in 1871 and was first called "New City Park;" it was later renamed Audubon Park. The monument is surrounded with flowers and shrubs. The statue shows Audubon standing, looking toward the trees with an intent look on his face, a notebook and pencil in his hands. The statue was erected through the influence of Mrs. James Bradford, whose interest was aroused because Audubon had worked in her grandfather's house. It cost ten thousand dollars, was executed by Edward Valentine, and unveiled November 26, 1910.

<sup>13</sup>John Burroughs, a school teacher, discovered Audubon's "Birds of America" in 1862; the drawings inspired him to make a life study of nature.

## ADDENDA

In order to satisfy you who are interested in trying to collect his books, it might be well to give a list of the publications:

*Birds of America*, original elephant folio, 4 vols., 1827, 1839

*Quadrupeds*, original folio, 3 vols. 1845-51

*Ornithological Biography*, 5 vols. 8 vo., 1831-39



*Quadrupeds of America*, text, 2 vols. 8 vo., 1845-51

*Birds of America*, 140 plates, 1 vol., folio, 1861 with 4 vols. of text

*Synopsis of the Birds of North America*, 1 vol. 8 vo., 1839

*Birds of America*, original, 7 vols. 8 vo.

*Quadrupeds of America*, 3 vols. 8 vo., with 500 plates, 1849-54

*Birds of America*, later editions in 8 vo., in 7 vols., 1856, 1861, 1893; in 8 vols. 1865, 1871

The "Birds of America," originally published in 87 parts with 5 plates in each part, were put into 4 volumes elephant folio with red morocco back, bound in solid leather and sold by Sothorn, a bookseller in London, in 1893, for four thousand.

The text to this edition, "Ornithological Biography," was published separately between the years of 1831 and 1839, by the firm of A. & C. Black in Edinburgh.

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## Meet Your New Editor

With this issue your ROUNDUP editor William Kostka bows out and a new man takes over, beginning with the February number. He is Milton W. Callon who now acquires the weighty title of Registrar of Marks and Brands. Callon is the author of the 352-page book, "Las Vegas, New Mexico — The Town That Wouldn't Gamble," published in 1962. Because of circumstances, Callon has found it necessary to change his goal occasionally but has always managed to come out on top.

Born in Indianapolis, Callon studied business administration and also journalism and Spanish at Butler University. These two minor subjects inspired him to travel in South America and to write about the country and

the people. However, the Depression of the 1930s retarded his literary efforts and he entered radio entertainment in this country for a time.

In 1945, Callon went to Las Vegas, New Mexico, for his health. There he managed a service station and cabinet shop business for fifteen years, always fascinated by the influence of the Hispano culture on the New World. He sold his business and moved to Denver to devote his entire time to writing. He has had articles published in many magazines and an article entitled "What Most People Don't Know About New Mexico" appears in the new 1966 Brand Book.

We now wish Milton W. Callon as interesting a year as we have had editing ROUNDUP.



# Westerner's Bookshelf



**POLITICS IN NEW MEXICO**, by Jack E. Holmes. Published by University of New Mexico Press. 335 pages, \$10.

This is not an entertaining book but an informative one. The very subject is a difficult one, and only the author's meticulous scholarship and understanding of political science made possible the writing of the book.

Step by step, from 1910, when New Mexico was still a territory, to 1912 when New Mexico became a state and on down through the years to the present time, with the "two-party model" as a basis, the author examines the sociological, electoral and regional components of the political parties and analyzes the characteristics and results of New Mexico inter and intra-party voting. He pays special attention to the legislature and governorship and the social and economic developments resulting therefrom.

Especially rewarding is the author's analysis of New Mexico's cultural diversity—with its indigenous Indians, "old-settler" Spanish-Americans, transplanted Texans and more recently scientists and technologists in the Los Alamos, Albuquerque and White Sands areas—a cultural diversity indeed! Due to this complexity, the political structures, economic problems and sociological implications vary from community to community throughout the state.

Many charts and tables are included in the volume along with the author's evaluation of them. Of special interest is a map of the counties of New Mexico which shows many of the

centrally located counties from the Colorado border to the Mexican border under Hispanic influence; then the counties on either side of the Hispanic counties where livestock production, ranching and agricultural activities hold sway; and in the southeastern part of the state from Clovis, through Roswell, Eddy and Hobbs, the counties called "Little Texas," where the Texas influence in politics is definitely felt.

Chapter II, "The Political Acculturation of Hispanic New Mexico," should prove of special interest to Westerner groups for its analysis of the Penitentes and their influence on politics in New Mexico through the years.

"Politics in New Mexico" is a highly technical and scholarly work, well documented and researched, a work of significance and one which will undoubtedly find a foremost place in the ranks of books dealing with political science.

Dr. Holmes, now professor of political science at the University of Tennessee, taught political science at the University of New Mexico from 1946 to 1951 and is thoroughly familiar with the complex political system of that state.

Armand W. Reeder, PM

**AMERICAN INDIAN LIFE**, Edited by Elsie Clews Parsons, Illustrated by C. Grant LaFarge, U. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Neb. 419 pages. \$2.95 paper back.

This classic of the anthropology field was published in 1922 and now ap-

pears as one of the fine Bison Books in a format planned for the general reader. These 27 tales of Indian life are by authorities who had literally lived with their subjects. The authors were allowed to write of the people they knew best through the use of fictional tales. This device "allows a freedom in depicting or suggesting the thoughts and feelings of the Indian, such as is impossible in a formal, scientific report. In fact, it incites to active psychological treatment, else the tale would lag. At the same time customs depicted are never invented. Each author has adhered strictly to the social facts as he knew them. . ."

Four of the tales depict life of the Plains tribes, three concern tribes of the Middle West, four deal with Eastern tribes and six with tribes of the Southwest. Mexican tribes are covered in four of the tales. Three deal with Pacific Coast tribes, two with Northern Athabaskan tribes and one — by Franz Boas — concerns an Eskimo band. The Appendix has a map indicating distribution of North American tribes, 33 pages of notes on the various tribes covered, and several pages of notes by the artist concerning the very distinctive drawings which set the tone for each of these ably-written stories. Despite the very readable and seemingly light treatment, each of the tales is a sociological document of lasting value.

Henry W. Hough, CM

**The War on Powder River: The History of an Insurrection. By Helena Huntington Smith. Uni-**

**versity of Nebraska Press, 1967. xiii+320 pp. Map, photos, notes, bibliography, index. \$1.95.**

After having waded through murky rivers of words on the Johnson County War — from the cattlemen's viewpoint (Frank Canton, Malcolm Campbell, authorized publications) and from the "rustlers" viewpoint (Red Angus, Asa Mercer) — it is refreshing to come upon a book on the Wyoming insurrection that calls a spade a spade, on both sides, and let the clods hit whom they may. If they seem to hit mostly the cattle barons, it is because the dice of the facts rolled against them.

Helena Huntington Smith, after prodigious research, thoroughly documents statements that might be considered questionable, or shaded by partiality. New material from small rancher leader Jack Flagg, John Clay, Asa Mercer, and newspaper correspondent Sam Clover adds another dimension of interest to her wide-angle perspective in portraying the classic struggle in full depth. So do her discussion of the maverick law in Wyoming and her surgical dissection of the motivations for lynching, as exemplified in the murders of James Averell, and Ella "Cattle Kate" Watson.

The first half of the book covers the operations of the big cattle outfits owned by foreign capital. Moreton Frewen and his Powder River Cattle Co., Ltd., and Horace Plunkett, his successor as manager, receive colorful and detailed treatment. With the ruin of the foreign-owned ranches, following the winter of 1886-87, American ranchers — and homesteaders — moved

in.

Step by step, under the facile pen of this New Englander graduate of Smith College, who writes as if she had been born and raised on a Wyoming cow ranch, the gripping drama unfolds to its climax with the "gruesome farce" of the invasion by big cattlemen (all are listed) and 20 Texas gunmen (all are listed) hired at \$5 a day and expenses, with \$50 bonus for every man killed. The death list of some 70, including Sheriff Angus, Joe DeBarthe, editor of the Buffalo *Bulletin*, has never been found.

As co-author with "Teddy Blue" Abbott in "We Pointed Them North," Mrs. Smith demonstrated her ability as a writer of western historical material. In "The War On Powder River," she has written an impossible-to-put-down account of the classic struggle between big and little cattle ranchers. In my humble opinion, this is the end of the story. Any other "new" book on the subject would be anti-climactic.

DABNEY OTIS COLLINS, PM

**Great Gunfighters of the Kansas Cownowns, 1867-1886, by Nyle H. Miller and Joseph W. Snell. Published by the University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Neb. 476 pages, 35 illustrations, map of major Texas cattle trails and Kansas railheads in 1867-1885. \$1.95 paper back, \$5.50 cloth.**

This book presents life experiences of such well known Kansas gunmen as Charles E. Bassett, Jack L. Bridges, William L. Brooks, Henry Newton Brown, Thomas Carson, William Fred-

erick Cody, Wyatt Berry Stapp Earp, George W. Flatt, James Butler Hickok, John Henry Holliday, Cassius M. Hollister, Joseph Lowe, Edward J. Master-son, James P. Masterson, William B. Masterson, Dave Mather, Michael Meagher, Luke L. Short, Thomas James Smith, William Matthew Tilghman, Jr. and Chauncey Belden Whitney.

Highlighted are their exploits of a century ago in the famous cow towns or railheads of Kansas towns. These were Abilene, Hays, Newton, Ellsworth, Wichita, Dodge City and Caldwell. The two authors did extensive literature re- search at the Kansas State Historical Society and in numerous newspapers and periodicals of that era.

They have depicted life in the rough as it was detailed in that day. No at- tempt was made to soften the facts of life of these gun fighters as has been done in television or the new age of fiction writers. If some of these famous lawmen or gunmen married prostitutes or were involved in some questionable escapades that were homicides, these incidents are so described in this ex- cellent chronicle of the events in the lives of these men and the Kansas cow towns involved.

This book is an extremely interesting and well written documentary on the lives of these Kansas characters and their towns that we've read so much about.

It is a must for all who are interested in the history of cattlemen, cattle towns, lawmen, gunfighters and all the related associates of this wide open country as it was about a century ago.

R. A. RONZIO, PM

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
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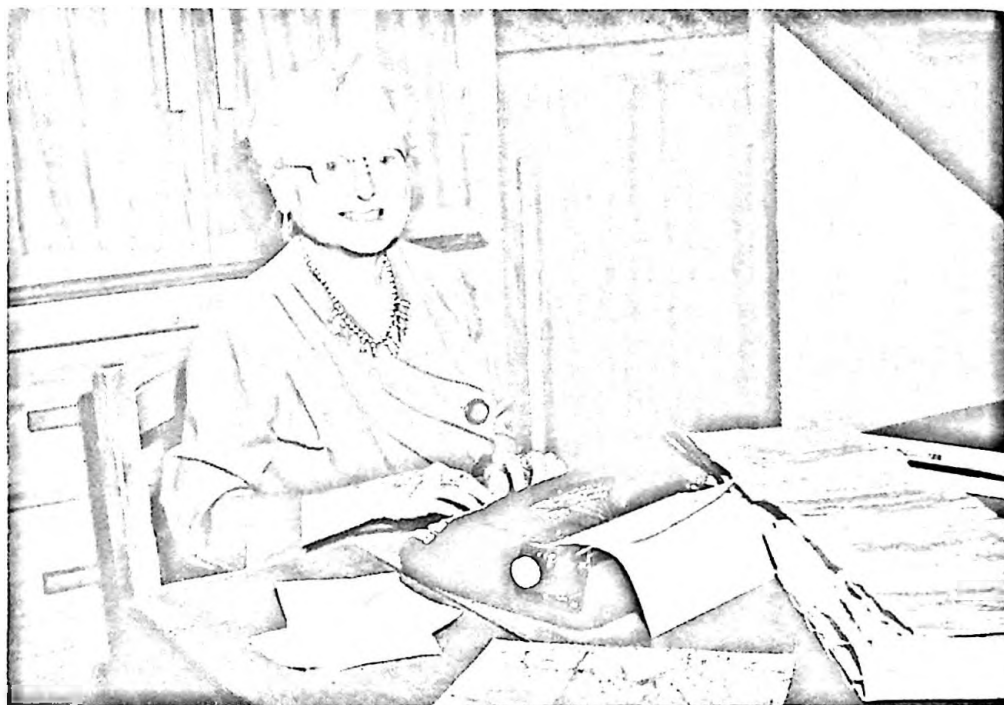
IN THIS ISSUE

HOW DENVER GOT ITS FIRST IRON HORSE

by Charles B. Roth

A HOBBY GONE WILD—WESTERN  
GHOST TOWNS

by Muriel Sibell Walle



Muriel Sibell Walle, CM, author of *Stampede to Timberline*. Speaker for the Christmas meeting of December 16th, 1967.

## ABOUT THE AUTHORS

This month the editor of the *Roundup* is proud to present two papers written for this publication by two celebrated Colorado authors, Muriel Sibell Wolle, CM and Posse Member (R), Charles B. Roth.

Mrs. Wolle's contribution is an excerpt from her excellent program given at the Denver Posse Christmas meeting of December 16, 1967.

Muriel Sibell Wolle's forty-two years of educational service in the Fine Arts and her many credit and awards for distinguished accomplishments are far too numerous for the limited space available. *Stampede To Timberline*, now in the 11th printing, recalls to the minds of all Westerners the outstanding career of this grand lady of the Arts.

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Charles B. Roth, Denver-born, believes, quoting Elbert Hubbard, that "he drank in his interest in Western history with his mother's milk." He has always had it.

Roth, a Reserve member now, is a charter member of the Denver Westerners and was its second sheriff. He has given several papers before the Posse, including *The Mustang and the West*, *The Biggest Blow Since Galveston*, and *The Sage of the Rockies*. Roth is also author of three books on Western Americana: *The Buffalo Harvest*, *C.T.—Sage of the Rockies*, and *The Sportsman's Outdoor Guide*.

A graduate of the University of Denver, with some postgraduate work at Stanford, Roth spent his business career in selling, advertising and publications. In his own words: "I am now lazy and retired."

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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.

# A Hobby Gone Wild-- Western Ghost Towns

by Muriel Sibell Wolle CM

I started exploring the old mining camps in 1926, the year I came to Colorado to become an instructor in the Fine Arts Department of the University of Colorado. Having had an architect father, I was familiar with buildings and architectural styles and when I saw my first mining town—Central City—I decided to make a pictorial record of it. Before long I learned of other towns, both live and ghost, and reached them by car, horseback or on foot. Now, forty-one years later, I am still eager to reach the few I have missed, as well as to revisit and record as they look today, those that I have known over the years.

At first I made watercolors of the subjects I selected but they took too long to do and, since I rarely had more than weekends to devote to sketching, I turned to lithographic crayon as a medium. I made quick pencil sketches in a sort of graphic shorthand on the spot and then finished them at home in lithographic crayon. In this way I could record many more subjects.

When I reached Central City on Labor Day 1926 to begin my project I did not dream that I would be hunting old towns the rest of my life nor that I would write books about them. During my first three days in Central City I sketched the railroad station, now buried in the Chain-O-Mines' tailings, the lobby of the Teller House with its potbellied stove, and the post-office on Main Street with its two windows, labeled 'Ladies' and 'Gents Delivery.' Year by year I continued to record other aspects of Central City, including original scenery from the Opera House and St. Aloysius Academy, crowning the hill above the town.

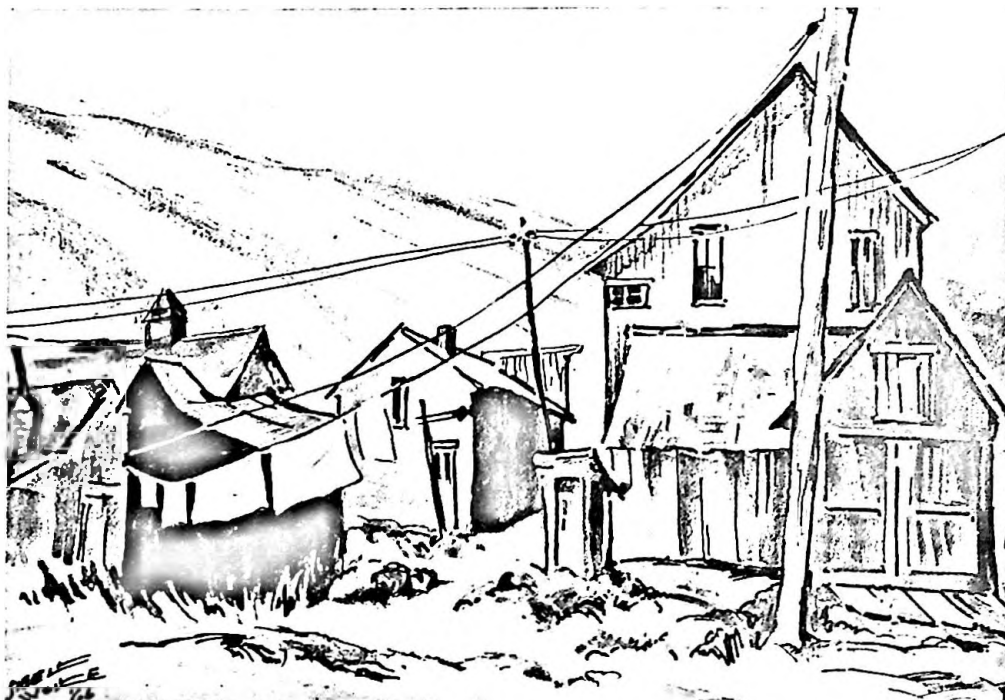
In 1929 there was much more to see in Nevadaville than there is today. The main street was lined with buildings which included the Bald Mountain Postoffice and the fraternity hall of the Rising Sun Tribe. On the hill above the business section stood the empty schoolhouse and Christ Episcopal church, whose interior was in a sad state of ruin with warped floorboards and kneeling cushions strewn about—the upholstery gnawed by rats.

It was not until 1934 that I discovered Baltimore and its opera house, complete with scenery, yet by 1953 it too lay on the ground, a jumbled mass of timbers, wrecked by winds and the weight of snows. American City above Tolland had until recently, a big mill, a small hotel and a sturdy log building known as the Block House.

Breckenridge in the 1930's was full of ornate false fronted stores and a firehouse with a tall, hose-drying tower. A gold dredge floated behind the

main street and the Tonopah shops, where dredge machinery was made and repaired, were the largest buildings in town.

Crested Butte has retained more of its original buildings than any other place except Georgetown and Silver Plume. Its annual heavy snowfall produced practical solutions for living, such as wash lines attached by pulleys to tall poles so that clothes could be pulled above the snow line. Two-story outdoor toilets were handy when snow lay eight feet on the level.



Washlines and two-story toilets, Crested Butte, Colo.

One Christmas vacation I made paintings of all the scenery in the Tabor Opera House in Leadville. Some of it dated from 1879, the year it was opened, and the rest from 1901 when the Elks acquired the building and renamed it the Elks Opera House. During the 1930's I did a water-color of the curtain of the Tabor Grand Opera House in Denver. A little later I sketched the Tabor suite in the Windsor Hotel in Denver.

Chalk Creek, near Buena Vista, was full of material—first the grandiose Antero Hotel at Mt. Princeton Hot Springs and next the old stage station and smelter at Alpine. St. Elmo offered many subjects for my pencil, as did Romley on the railroad and Pomeroy Gulch above it with its Maggie Murphy mine. Farther up the railroad grade was Hancock, where I found in a cabin an old newspaper containing a portrait labeled "Our Next President—William Jennings Bryan."



The term 'ghost town' is a ticklish one to use, for no one living in a camp admits he is a ghost. However, when only one or two families live in a settlement built for several families, the designation seems appropriate. By this definition I would include Turret above Salida, with its many buildings, a few of which are log cabins trimmed with carved bargeboards. Fulford, above Eagle, contained a hotel and store, the latter still stocked with produce. Vulcan, southwest of Gunnison, was uninhabited when I visited it. Although it contained a big mine property, the road was so poor that it took all morning and some bridge repairing to travel the twelve miles from the highway to the camp.

During World War II, I obtained permission from a Major at Camp Hale to hike to Holy Cross City so as to sketch the mill and other buildings all close to timberline. It is the only time I ever hiked alone into the high mountains and the four-mile climb from Gold Park seemed not only lonely but interminable. The resulting sketches, however, made the adventure worthwhile. Another place situated high on a divide was Waldorf, with Argentine Pass twisting out of sight just above it. Fire has claimed most of its buildings since my visit.

The only camp that straddles the Continental Divide is Carson, well above 11,000 feet in elevation, approached either from Wager Gulch above Lake San Cristobal or from a trail above the Rio Grande Reservoir on the Creede side. On two of my three trips to Carson I was driven out by cloudbursts. The third attempt was made by jeep and it scuttled across the divide and back before the clouds gathered.

Often on returning to a camp after a season's absence I looked in vain for landmarks seen on previous visits. Only the foundations of Bachelor's Roost above Empire remain, and vandals have broken many of the windows in the Congress Boardinghouse at North Empire. The big mill at Sts. John has burned down; the town of Robinson is buried by the Climax Molybdenum Company's settling pond; the gutted Catholic church at Gillet is a pile of rubble in the middle of a field and mud slides have swept away the central portion of the town of Marble. The main streets of Bachelor, Pearl and Irwin are eroded gullies, flanked by broken boardwalks, beside which lie weathered timbers which once were part of cabins.

New highways have razed the town of Ironton, as well as the hotel, store and railroad station at the Ophir Loop; but old Ophir remains untouched and Ophir Pass above the town is still a thrilling jeep trail.

I am glad that I reached some towns and sketched certain buildings before they were destroyed or remodeled beyond recognition. The lobby, staircase and General Grant suite of La Veta Hotel, Gunnison, were worth recording, as were the original lobby, barber shop and diningroom of the Jerome Hotel in Aspen. Fortunately I sketched both the exterior and in-

terior of the Occidental Hotel in Lake City prior to its destruction by fire in 1944. Whenever I visited Capitol City I recorded the various stages of decay in the Lee mansion and the schoolhouse—both of which are now gone.

The huge Sunnyside mill in Eureka was standing in 1940. By 1945 only its metal skeleton remained and by 1958 concrete foundations, alone, marked its site. Four miles above Eureka at Animas Forks the foundations of another large mill, the Gold Prince, are still visible. Sometimes whole camps disappear: Gladstone, Leavick and Rosita are mere sites. Teller City was razed by the Forest Service because it was considered a fire hazard.



Old section of Helena, Montana with Watchtower Hill in the background.

In 1951, Indiana University Press asked me to write and illustrate a book on the mining camps of the twelve western mining states. This necessitated research trips which covered most of two summers. The subsequent book, *The Bonanza Trail*, appeared in 1953 and contained one chapter on each state. These summer trips took me into new territory and I found the mining history of these states equally vivid and somewhat different from that of Colorado. New Mexico, Arizona and Oregon mining camps were harrassed by Indians. Utah mining operations were developed by Gentiles, not Mormons. Montana and California gold deposits were worked far more by hydraulicking and dredging than similar strikes in Colorado. Western Montana and much of Idaho were full of mining communities and since no

definitive book had been written about either state I decided to write one, at least, and spent five summers in Montana sketching, interviewing old-timers and reading old newspaper files. In 1963 *Montana Paydirt* was published by Alan Swallow.

Even before I began to write on this absorbing subject I had another hobby that very few people are aware of. It all began in 1921 when I was teaching in Texas and on my first vacation trip discovered Santa Fe and the Pueblo Indians. Since then I've spent more vacations in the Southwest than in any other area.



Adobe church, Isleta Indian Pueblo, New Mexico—1941

An intensive study of Pueblo Indian culture, arts and crafts, native religion and dance forms resulted in many visits to the pueblos, to Indian dances and to services in Indian churches on Christmas eve and on patron saint's days. Sketches and paintings of Indian ceremonies were of necessity made from memory. As an artist I was also impressed by the creative wood-carving and weaving done by descendants of the early Spanish settlers. This interest took me into the Penitente communities of northern New Mexico where I sketched many native churches, moradas, cemeteries and adobe villages. From this mass of material I prepared two art courses which for years I taught at the University of Colorado—"Southwest Indian Art," which included Pueblo, Navajo and Apache arts and crafts, and

"Latin American Art," which included our Spanish-American arts and crafts, as well as those of Mexico, Central America and South America.

You can see that with all these interests I've never had time to be bored. Hunting ghost towns, however, has been my most absorbing hobby. My only frustration has been insufficient time in which to pursue it. All the slides that I use are from sketches which I made on the spot at various times during the past forty-one years. Many of them show subjects no longer in existence, due to fire, neglect and vandalism. Certain buildings in a few of the camps I have drawn a number of times, show their progressive deterioration or their change of appearance because of modern restoration or change of usage. For example, the old Jewish synagogue in Leadville, Colorado, opposite St. George's Episcopal Church, is now the latter's parish hall and rectory. Rose's cabin, an early stage station above Capitol City, Colorado, was a private home during the 1930's and early 1940's, although much remodeled and enlarged from the original log building. Three years ago, only crumbled foundations marked where it once stood.

I still have several hundred roughed-in sketches to complete which challenge me to make the most of any spare time. As a Montana rancher said to my husband as I hurried down the road toward Giltedge to begin a bunch of sketches of that place, "She ain't hobbled, is she?"



### Death of Raymond W. Settle

The passing of the Reverend Raymond W. Settle (1888-1967) last December 30, at Monte Vista, Colorado, regrettably deprives Colorado of one of its most illustrious writers. His writings, over and above many religious articles, include very popular children's stories, and of interest to Westerners, several books on western subjects. His great interest in research centered about the activities of Messrs. Russell, Majors and Waddell. His "*Empire on Wheels*" was published in 1949 by the Stanford University Press with a gracious foreword by Oscar Osburn Winther. "*Saddles and Spurs*" was a later book. All of his histories were co-authored by Mary Lund Settle, who has shared life with Ray Settle since 1914.

Erl Ellis

# HOW DENVER GOT ITS FIRST IRON HORSE

By Charles B. Roth PM

Consider Denver in 1867, poor little Denver. It had a population of less than 5,000. The mines of Central City which had sustained it and really started it were petering out. It had no transportation except that of hooves — mule trains, horses, and ox-drawn wagons. The town, in the words of a brilliant Oxfordian, then homesteading in the Bijou Basin east of Colorado Springs and seeking his health, was “down on its luck.” I shall tell you more about what R. B. Townshend said about Denver a little bit later.

The knockdown blow came to the little town when its leading citizens learned that the Union Pacific, then building from Omaha, Neb., to an undisclosed destination in Utah to link rails with the Southern Pacific, then the Central Pacific, building eastward from Sacramento, California, had decided that they would not bring the road through Denver, but chose a route a hundred miles north through Cheyenne. It was then that Denver's hopes were their dimmest.

But the pioneers who had braved all sorts of dangers and privations to establish the town were not about to give up the fight. They took a leaf from the prophet Mohammed. Mohammed said, “If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed will go to the mountain.” This he did.

The railroad would not come to Denver. But Denver could go to the railroad. Denver would build its own railroad to connect with the Union Pacific at Cheyenne.

The rest of this narrative tells exactly how Denver did that.

The actual date of the arrival of this first train was June 22, 1870. This was a Wednesday. Around 7:00 o'clock in the evening it steamed in. It came from Cheyenne and was five hours on the way. That was considered record-breaking time.

Two days later, June 24, 1870, the cornerstone for Denver's first depot was laid by various Masonic orders of Denver, Greeley and Cheyenne. A special train load of Masons from Cheyenne came to the city for the purpose. The train was composed of six cars and drawn by the good engine “General D. H. Moffat.”

This was unquestionably the greatest day in the history of Denver up until then. The *Rocky Mountain News* of Friday, June 24, 1870, proudly says: “Arriving at the depot grounds a large crowd of not less than 2,000 had assembled to witness ceremonies. The cornerstone was a block of sandstone from Morrison's Works on Bear Creek. The stone being laid, Governor Evans, president of the Denver Pacific, proceeded to drive the last spike in the road amid loud cheers from the excited crowd.”

The first railroad represented five years of work and hope by Denver businessmen. They realized that only after a city has transportation does a city thrive. And the village of Denver was just a few years old when they began talking about putting it on a railroad line.

The times were favorable for this dream. The first transcontinental line was then in projection. A year or two later it actually began building. There seemed no reason, to those who lived in Denver, at least, why Denver should not be included on the through line from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast.

Various delegations left the city and interviewed officials and engineers of the new transcontinental railroad, the Union Pacific. The engineers were sent to Denver to survey the possibilities. It seemed certain for a time that the wish of Denver citizens would be granted, but when the engineers reported, their words blasted forever Denver's hopes of being one of the main points on that first transcontinental line. The barrier of mountains to the westward, concluded the engineers, was too great — and the road went 100 miles north of Denver through Cheyenne.

The history of Denver's first railroad is told in a very fascinating way by the *Daily Colorado Tribune* published Wednesday morning, June 22, 1870, the morning of the day the first train arrived. This original account begins with these words:

“During the summer of 1867, as it became evident that Denver was to be left 100 miles to the southern side of the Union Pacific Railroad, the people finally did come to an understanding of their isolated position, but did not for a long time realize the truth that the gods first help those who help themselves . . .

“T. J. Carter, one of the governing directors of the road stated that if a company just recently organized would grade the road, estimated to cost \$600,000, the Union Pacific would do the balance, and give us a railroad during that year.

“The first railroad meeting was held the afternoon of July 10. At that meeting, the commission was appointed to prepare for a public meeting, called for the next night at Cole's Hall, Governor Hunt being chairman.

“At the meeting Col. Carter asked Denver to vote the railroad company \$200,000 in county bonds, which in addition to \$250,000 that had already been subscribed in the East for the road, would make a good start toward its construction.

“That meeting broke up with cheers for ‘Col. Carter and the Iron Horse in Denver in one year,’ but not until a resolution had been unanimously passed requesting the county commissioner to submit to a vote of the county the question of issuing bonds to said company.”

This proposition was voted upon. The result was: For, 1,160; against, 157. But the road was not built. Difficulties arose about the route to be followed. Agreement was impossible. The Kansas Pacific was then building eastward from Kansas. On November 8, 1867, James Archer of that company came to Denver. He demanded \$2,000,000 to run the line to the city. Unable to meet these terms, Denver was in black discouragement.

In all this history of the railroad, the next paragraph is the most important part. Denver wanted a railroad—needed it. Her citizens had tried in various ways to secure one. Their trouble was that they worked without organization. They were individuals with a common thought, but they had no Board of Trade or Chamber of Commerce to give that common thought action.

The *Tribune* continues:

“A committee of citizens made a report on what we must do to get a railroad, recommending that we should be organized into a body by which our action as citizens might come with accelerated force. They recommended — the formation of a Board of Trade.”

This was the birth of the present Denver Chamber of Commerce. The date was November 13, 1867. It was formed under the stress of necessity because Denver needed an organization that would represent Denver in all things for Denver's good. Its first task was to bring Denver a railroad. In spite of its record of 100 years of accomplishment, no undertaking of the Denver Chamber of Commerce has ever meant so much to Denver as its first accomplishment of the railroad.

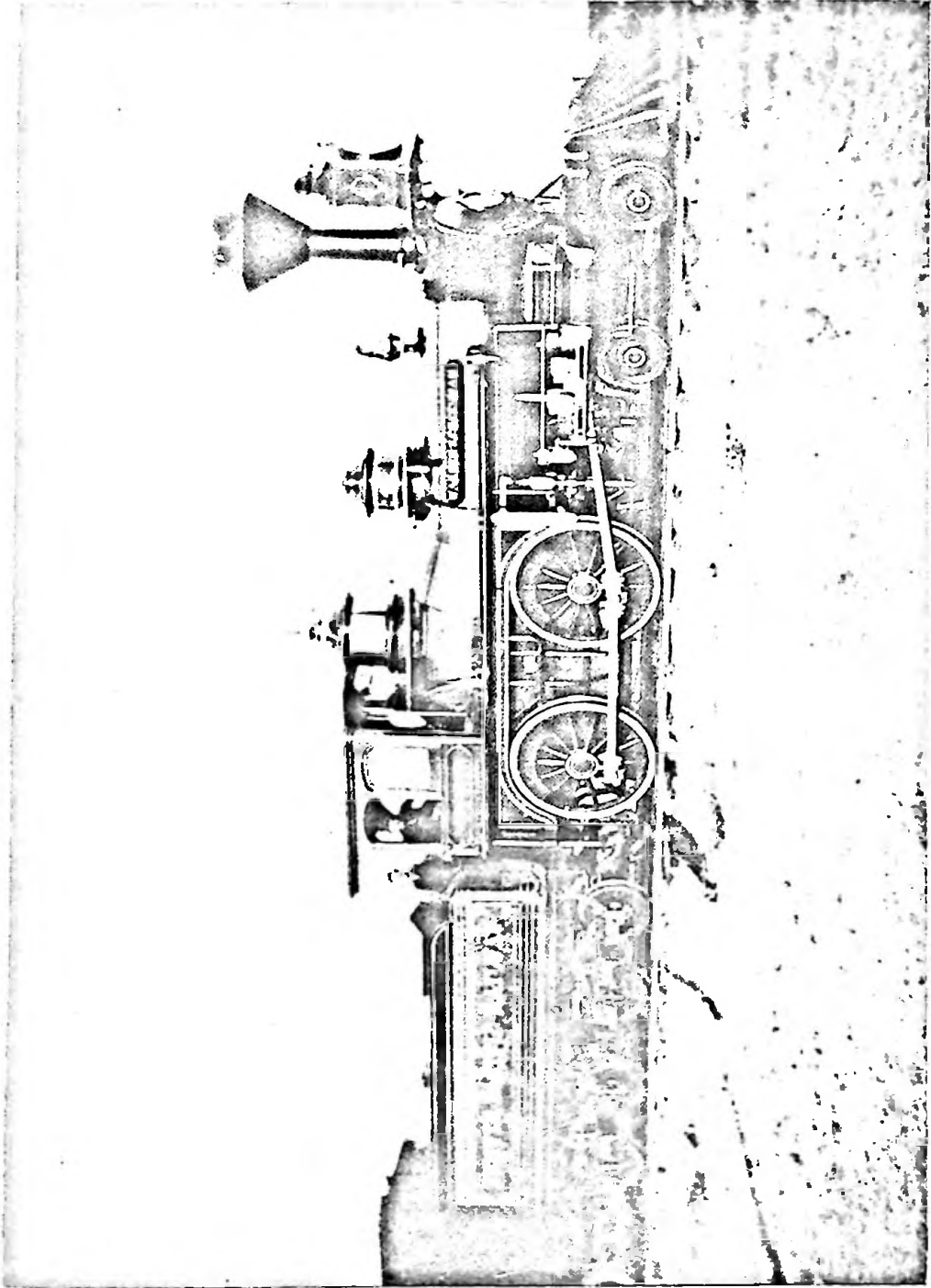
Digressing from the *Tribune's* account of how this railroad was brought to Denver, consider for a moment the condition of Denver at that time.

R. B. Townshend, a brilliant Englishman, who was later associated with Oxford University in England, went west in 1869. He was a young student whose health had broken under the stress of too much study. The doctors advised an outdoor life, and with the spirit of adventure that has marked many Englishmen, Townshend selected for his recuperating grounds the American West.

Traveling by stage and having several memorable adventures, he at last reached Denver from Cheyenne. One of his stage companions was Gov. Gilpin, who introduced him in Denver to David Augustus Cheever, prominent early Denver real estate owner. Mr. Townshend now takes up the narrative. He is describing Denver in 1869:

“Nobody seemed to be very prosperous in Denver just then. Indeed the capital city of the territory had only 5,000 inhabitants. It seemed to be a bit down on its luck. The mines were not paying at all. Freight rates were high, making everything so expensive, and the railroad had not come.

“‘But it is coming, and coming soon, Mr. Townshend,’ Mr. Cheever



One of the first passenger trains of the Kansas Pacific Railroad between Denver and Cheyenne.

From the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzullia.



told him very hopefully, 'and then you'll see things here hum.'

" 'I hope they will hum,' I said, eagerly. 'It's depressing to be in a country that's down on its luck.'

"I next had an interesting interview with the bank manager, or, as Americans call him the cashier. I told him I had some capital that I could bring over, and I was anxious to know what sort of returns I might expect for it.

" 'Well, the interest rate varies, of course,' answered the bank manager. 'Your own knowledge of finance must tell you that. Interest here,' he continued, 'varies according to the security. But you may take it, roughly speaking, at 3 percent.'

" 'Three percent!' I exclaimed, much surprised. 'Why, I can do better than that in England. I have got mine invested at 4½ or 5 percent. Why, over there I could get 3 percent by simply putting it in consols.'

" 'Ah, but you're thinking of 3 percent per annum, while I am talking of 3 percent a month.' "

And then came the Iron Horse!

The capital city, which was down on its luck with 5,000 population, jumped in five years' time to a population of nearly 25,000. The city directory for 1875 estimates Denver's population at 23,856. Ever since that time, Denver's history has been one of growth and accomplishment. It passed from a western frontier village to a small western city in 1870 with the coming of the Iron Horse. And since then it has passed by successive stages from a small city to a large city and then to one of the important American capitals of commerce and finance — the Denver of today.

And for this evolution, credit can largely be given to the influence of the railroad, of transportation upon the city.

The history of the first railroad from the point where we left it is interesting and brief. An organization meeting for the Board of Trade was held in Cole's Hall. William Clayton was elected president, J. M. Strickler was elected secretary of the meeting. The Board was formed with J. W. Smith as its first president and Henry Leach as its first secretary.

About that time there was a very prominent lecturer who was touring the West. He was a humorist. Wherever he went he attracted large crowds. Possibly he was the Will Rogers of his day. His name was George Francis Train.

They realized in Denver then what human nature has since confirmed many times, that the influence of a stranger is sometimes greater than the influence of a neighbor. So the Board of Trade brought George Francis Train to Denver and asked him to discuss the first railroad. This he did. He may have been a great humorist. But now he was serious. He told Denver that it would never be anything but the village it was, without a

railroad line. He asked the citizens of Denver to picture the village twenty-five years hence. Would they have it as it was at present? Or would they have a thriving, prosperous city?

And, then, says the *Tribune*, "With a unanimous 'aye' of the Board, a provisional directorate for the railroad company was elected."

Three days later a second public meeting was held. Two men made addresses. One was Major W. F. Johnson and the other was General John Pierce, both steadfast believers in Denver. Major Johnson did more than talk. He said that all he had to his name was \$5,000 in cash, and he added, "This money can be ready at 9:00 o'clock tomorrow morning for investment in the first railroad."

The next day the third public meeting was held, and that afternoon the organization of the railroad company was completed. It was named the Denver Pacific Railway and Telegraph Company. Its capitalization was fixed at \$2,000,000 to consist of 20,000 shares of stock at \$100.00 a share. These were the officers: President—B. M. Hughes; Vice President—Luther Kountze; Treasurer—D. H. Moffat, Jr.; Secretary—W. F. Johnson; Chief Engineer—F. M. Case; Consulting Engineer—John Pierce.

During the months of that winter, 1867, the company's officers labored hard. They secured stock subscriptions from citizens—\$225,000 in one day, and the next day, \$75,000, making \$300,000 raised in two days — and this in a town that was down on its luck.

It was not all easy sailing, however. In February, 1868, Gen. Hughes resigned as president. Major Johnson was elected in his place. The next month Major Johnson died. The stockholders chose as president, Gov. Evans, one of the greatest men in Western history, who was in Washington at the time. In March, 1868, a bill was introduced in Congress to grant right of way over public lands. And in the latter part of April the contract was made for the construction of the road to Cheyenne.

The agreement was that Denver was to spend \$500,000, and contractors were to finish the road, no matter what it cost.

There is an interesting sidelight in the next paragraph from the *Tribune*:

"A committee went to Chicago to dispose of the bonds. Their hopes were high. But they sold only eleven bonds at \$1,000 each, \$11,000 altogether. The Chicago subscribers included George M. Pullman."

In May, 1868, first ground was broken. Meanwhile, in Congress the bills granting right of way were having a stormy career. The first and second bills were defeated. But the third passed — and the road went ahead.

The grading was completed. The Denver Pacific Company had kept its agreement. Then the officers called upon the Union Pacific to fulfill its promise. At that time this railroad, so powerful today, was in financial

difficulties, and unable to carry out its contract.

Imagine, if you can, the situation of Denver then. Here were the citizens, fired by the dreams of a railroad, half a million dollars of their money invested in a roadbed, confidently expecting that it was only a matter of time before the Union Pacific should lay the rails. And now their hopes were absolutely blasted.

But Gov. Evans and his associates of those days were not men whom rebuffs could conquer. They had resolution and they had will power. They canceled the agreement with the Union Pacific and made a deal with the Kansas Pacific for the extension of that line into Denver, which included the completion of the Denver Pacific to Cheyenne.

After that progress was rapid. Track-laying commenced September 13, 1869. By December 16, the road had reached Evans, named after the Governor. On February 5, 1870, one million dollars of bonds were sold in London. Then all doubts about the completion of the road were removed.

This short history is very simply told. It is taken almost verbatim from a contemporary newspaper account. One wishing to be romantic could find romance in every day of the road's building.

And what is the situation with Denver railroads today? How big are they? How important are they? These questions I asked Harry A. Noren, secretary and administrative assistant of the Denver Chamber of Commerce. He came back with astounding figures:

"At the present time, Denver, which just one hundred years ago was building its first railroad, is one of the leading rail centers of the United States. Six major railroad systems enter Denver. These are the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe; The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy; The Chicago, Rock Island and Quincy; The Denver and Rio Grande Western; and the Union Pacific Railroads.

"Twenty major railroad systems, which have connections with Denver lines, maintain offices in Denver and offer Denver shippers service over their lines to and from all parts of the American continent.

"The estimated number of railroad employees in Denver, as of March, 1967, was 4800. Assuming salary and wage levels of 1963, a total annual railroad payroll in Denver is approximately \$35,000,000.

"Railroading in the State is equally important. In 1963, Operating Revenues of Class I and Class II railroads in the State of Colorado were \$115,857,445. The value of railroad property in the State at that time was \$98,900,000 and main line trackage in the State totaled 3,783 miles.

"Based on declining passenger services of railroads, we tend to think of the railroad business as a vanishing enterprise; however, in 1963, 5000 new units of rolling stock were put into service in the State of Colorado."

Denver's Iron Horse has galloped a long way in the past century!

# New Hands on the Denver Range

Helyn L. Chapman  
6004 Hudson Street  
Commerce City, Colo. 80022

We welcome Helyn L. Chapman to the ranks of corresponding membership thru the services of Laura Ekstrom and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mutchler. Helyn Chapman brings with her a storehouse of Colorado research in the way of 10,000 place names in Colorado history; an extensive collection of slides; and a large file of newspaper clippings. Colorado history and ghost towns are her specialty.

\* \* \* \*

Gordon R. Yowell  
P.O. Box 1231  
Walla Walla, Washington 99362

Gordon R. Yowell served for many years as a peace officer and detective and for the past ten years has been a guard at the Washington State Prison. He is a collector of merchant tokens, police badges and ghost town relics. Another credit to Fred Mazzulla for Mr. Yowell's membership.

\* \* \* \*

Richard D. McAndrew  
469 Colorado Blvd.  
Denver, Colorado 80206

Numa James has sponsored a devotee to conservation in the membership of Richard D. McAndrew, president of the Denver Public School Credit Union. Mr. McAndrew is interested in water rights, water control and the activities of the United States Conservation Department.

Frank J. Kunde  
3046 So. Williams  
Denver, Colo. 80210

W. Keith Peterson sponsors Frank J. Kunde for corresponding membership. Frank is interested in ice crystal formations in abandoned mines. Sound interesting? Photography, jeeping, ghost towns and old mines give him a good background of historical interests.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Jessie Hanlon  
747 Esther Way  
Redlands, California 92373

Miss Hanlon, a native of Colorado, has concentrated her research on Denver history, 1878-1881, with embellishments on Leadville and Cripple Creek. She has contributed articles to the *California Teachers' Magazine* and we are again indebted to Fred Mazzulla for this addition to our corresponding membership.

\* \* \* \*

George C. Brewer  
3475 So. Cherry Street  
Denver, Colo. 80222

Mr. Brewer, a native Coloradan, has always lived in the environment of Colorado's early history. His mother was one of Colorado's pioneer school teachers and was instrumental in promoting the building of better schools in the early history of Colorado. George is interested in Colorado mountain passes and ghost towns while he jeeps and back packs its trails. PM(R) Ed Hilliard is his sponsor.

## OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

This issue of the *Roundup* constitutes the first effort of your new Registrar of Marks and Brands in the field of editing. Your editor plans no drastic changes in the format of the *Roundup* but will make every endeavor to keep our monthly edition on the past level of excellence. My first appeal is similar to all those made by the editors who have preceded me: Please keep your editor informed of news and events pertinent to the interests of Posse and Corresponding Members.

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The Friends of the Denver Public Library, The Denver Post, The Rocky Mountain News and the Colorado Booksellers Association are sponsoring the Rocky Mountain Book Festival to be held in the Denver Auditorium Arena, April 23-25. The Festival promises to be the finest book show of its kind ever to be held in this country. Keep abreast of the plans—there will be something in store for all. CM Gene Rakosnik, Bargain Book Store, is Chairman of the Colorado Booksellers Association and we hope to hear more on the Festival from Gene.

---

Our new CM, Gordon R. Yowell, crashed the *Empire* before the ink was dry on his membership in the Posse. Quotes from his recent *Frontier Times* article on trade tokens rated an extensive quote in Bernard Kelly's excellent story of December 31, *Empire* of the *Denver Post*, "As Good as Cash."

For those who have a problem in researching the history of old Western forts I suggest that a trip to Las Vegas, New Mexico and the New Mexico Highlands University Library would not be amiss. Get acquainted with William Swilling Wallace, Archivist and Librarian of the new Thomas C. Donnelly Library. The James W. Arrott Collection on Southwestern Forts is available in the Special Collections Department, Arrott Room. Frank B. Pascoe is in charge of Special Collections.

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Pick up a copy of *Frontier Times* for January 1968 and read CM Omar Barker's article, "Git Fer Vegas, Cowboy." Meet Dee Bibbs, a hell-fer-leather cowboy. They don't make 'em like Dee—no more'.

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Publicity on the 1967 *Brand Book* is coming on strong and the opinions are highly complimentary. Bill Powell, as editor of the *Brand Book*, "stole the show" on Bill Barker's conversation panel aired over KOA Radio on the evening of December 20. Although other subjects were discussed by the panelists, it was gratifying to note how often the discussion turned to Bill Powell and his editorship; the contents of the book; and the aims and achievements of the Denver Posse. A number of articles were scanned and it was the concensus of opinion that our yearly publication is an outstanding contribution to the preservation of Western Americana.

# New Posse Members

## DELBERT A. BISHOP

Delbert A. Bishop, formerly of the Kansas City Posse where he served as Deputy Sheriff and Program Chairman is the manager of the Federal Records Center at the Denver Federal Center. Mr. Bishop received his Masters in History and Government at the University of Kansas City after an eventful academic career in colleges of his hometown of Springfield, Missouri.

Mr. Bishop has served as Archivist in many outstanding libraries since 1956 including the Harry S. Truman Library in Independence, Mo., and the Dwight D. Eisenhower Library at Abilene, Texas. From Mr. Bishop's experience in research and publication the Denver Posse can expect many worthy contributions to our literary library. "Step down, Delbert, and 'set a spell!'"

## HUGH B. BURNETT

Another saddle was filled when Hugh B. Burnett was elected to Posse membership. Hugh is a civilian employee at the Air Defense Command, ENT AFB, Colorado Springs. He serves as Deputy Chief of Staff-Civil Engineering.

Mr. Burnett specializes in ghost towns and has presented numerous papers with accompanying slides on the subject during his active membership in the Ghost Town Club of Colorado Springs. He is a member of the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region and the State Historical Society of Colorado and has contributed to the Society's *Colorado Magazine*. "Stick in the saddle, Hugh, there's work to be done."

## WILLIAM H. VAN DUZER

William H. Van Duzer, Deputy City Attorney for Denver, fills the third "hurricane deck." Van has been stomping around the Denver corral since 1959 and is quite familiar with our ropes and piggin' strings.

William Van Duzer trailed into Denver from Iowa about thirteen years ago and has spent considerable time in his investigations of the old forts of the West. The Denver Posse can look forward to some outstanding contributions in the years to come from this faithful member. Those who are interested in Civil War relics should get in touch with Van. "Keep throwin' the loop pardnah and let us hear from you at the editor's desk."

## FUTURE MEETINGS

February 28: A good meeting is in store for everyone on this date. Francis Rizzari will give his paper, "Disaster at Hastings:"

March 27: Don't miss the March meeting. CM Ross Miller will bring along a large collection of Civil War weapons and give a paper titled, "Weapons of the Civil War."



## Westerner's Bookshelf



**DIGGING FOR GOLD—WITHOUT A SHOVEL, The Letters of Daniel Wadsworth Coit from Mexico City to San Francisco 1849-1851, ed. & with an introduction by George P. Hammond. (Old West Publishing Co., Denver, 156 pgs., \$22.50).**

Following the Mexican War, Daniel W. Coit of Norwich, Connecticut, went to Mexico on a business trip for the firm of Howland & Aspinwall of New York City. He kept his wife fully informed by letter of his day-to-day activities and, being a fair artist, he made pencil sketches of various scenes in Mexico City and the surrounding countryside. His letters and pencil sketches present an excellent picture of what conditions were like in Mexico after the War. Travel was extremely dangerous. Those who wanted to travel about Mexico had to go in large parties, fully armed, as bandits infested the countryside. Revolutionaries were also on the prowl and there was a movement on foot to overthrow the government and bring about the return of Santa Anna. Nevertheless, despite these upsetting conditions, Mr. Coit conducted his business in an orderly and satisfactory manner, made friends with Mexican businessmen and moved among the elite of the community.

Mr. Coit had intended going home after a one-year stay in Mexico, but when news of the California gold finds reached Mexico, he conceived the idea of buying gold dust at a discount and selling it for the manufacture of gold coins. He received financial backing on this project from the House of Rothschild and from various New York

financiers and left Mexico in 1849 for San Francisco where he was successful in putting his plan into operation.

In his letters, Mr. Coit tells his wife of the turbulent conditions existing in San Francisco—the poor and expensive living quarters, the high prices prevailing due to the scarcity of commodities, the frenzied real estate speculations, the frequent fires which razed large sections of the city, sailors deserting their ships for the gold fields and he deplores the gambling and carousing of the rougher element. A religious man, of impeccable character, he goes to church on Sundays and reports to his wife on the sermon texts.

Coit's thoughts are constantly of home and family, but realizing the business advantages of remaining in San Francisco, he stayed on through 1851.

The finding of these letters and sketches are important not only in presenting the Mexican scene but are extremely important to the early California scene and Dr. George P. Hammond, Director Emeritus of the Bancroft Library and author of dozens of books on the American Southwest and Latin America, has brought together the threads of Coit's novel experiences and placed them in context. The result is a fascinating insight into two of the great centers of Western Civilization in the 19th century—Mexico City and San Francisco, California.

In beautiful, large format, including 18 full pages of Coit's drawings, and in limited edition, the book should prove of extreme interest and value to American collectors.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

**THEM WAS THE DAYS**, by Martha Ferguson McKeown. University of Nebraska Press paperback, \$1.25. A Bison Book reprint of the 1950 Macmillan Co. cloth-bound volume.

A fascinating story of the boyhood of Mont Hawthorne as told in his own words by his niece. "I ain't no story book hero," he protests. "Just an old-timer who remembers good."

What he remembers is sound history of the westward population surge of the last years of the nineteenth century, but history flavored with many a chuckle. Mont Hawthorne was gifted with rare insight into the characters of the pioneer men and women who were unaware that they were helping to make history.

He might be likened to a Huckleberry Finn of the Great Plains, in that the first person account of his boyhood adventures possesses that rare quality of appealing alike to the adult and the juvenile reader.

FORBES PARKHILL, PM

**FIREARMS, TRAPS, AND TOOLS OF THE MOUNTAIN MEN**, by Carl P. Russell. 458 pages, including more than 400 drawings, 4 appendices, bibliography, and index. A Borozi Book by Alfred A. Knopf. \$12.50.

The late Carl Russell's long and thorough research has resulted in a comprehensive guide to the fur trade in our great West. If it had to do with the Mountain Man or the Fur Trade, you will find all facets in this magnificent work—from Adz to Vice and from Hats to Boots.

This book belongs in every Western Library.

Fred M. Mazzulla, PM

**GLEAMS OF UNDERGROUND**, by Alexander Chisholm, Handkraft Art and Publishing Company, Salt Lake City. 485 pages. \$4.95.

This colorful assemblage of early-Western lore is written in 2,650 four-line verses. Example:

2140

At top speed after her I dashed,  
Across the rocks I simply tore,  
As through the falls I swiftly splashed  
I'd never moved so fast before.

The author is a retired Los Angeles city official whose early life was spent in Colorado mining camps, which provide the locale for much of the material contained in this book. It has Indian lore as well as mining background material, and moves on to adventures in World War I on the way to California in a series of adventures which appear to parallel the life of the author, although written in fictionized form.

*GLEAMS OF UNDERGROUND* is a well-printed book and provides much interesting commentary on topics familiar to Westerners, viz. and to wit:

1960

The D. & R. G. Railroad built  
The Colorado Hotel, grand,  
And sunk wealth in it to the hilt  
To make it finest in the land.

Just why he wrote his novel in verse the author does not reveal but it bears out the promise printed on the dust jacket: "An unusual story told in an unusual way."

—Henry W. Hough, CM

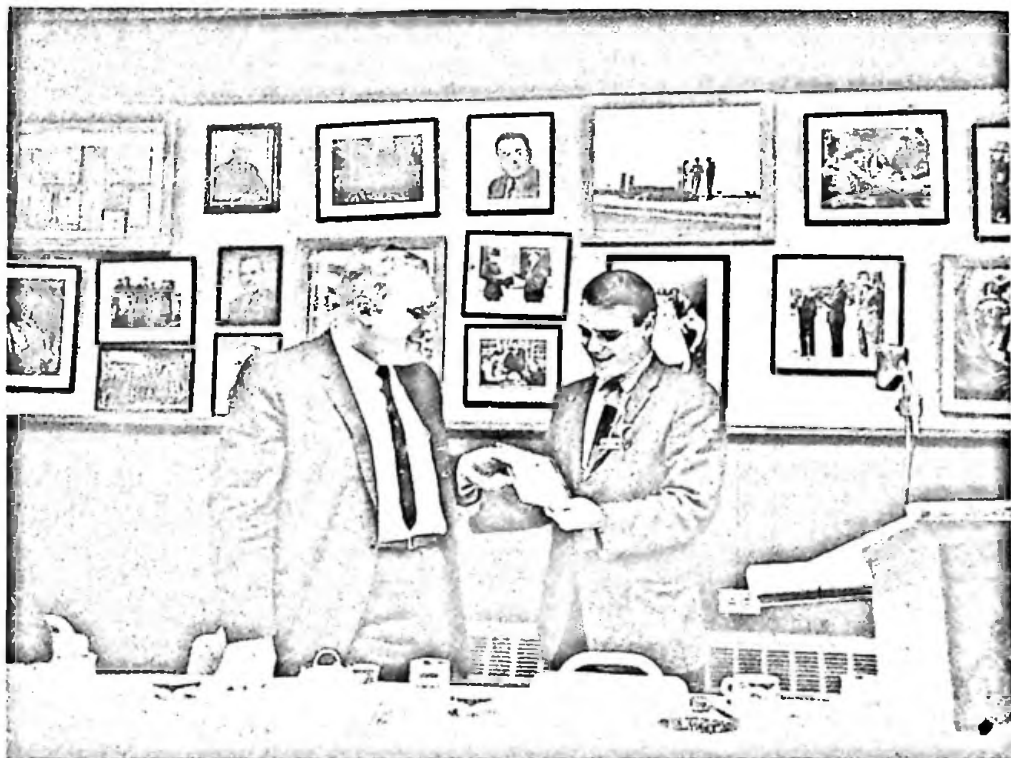


*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
M O N T H L Y  
**ROUNDUP**

MARCH  
1968  
Volume XXIV  
Number 3

IN THIS ISSUE  
COMMENTARIES ON THE COL.  
HENRY B. CARRINGTON IMAGE

by  
Robert A. Murray



Robert A. Murray, Supervisory-Historian, Fort Laramie, Wyo., speaker for the Jan. 24 meeting of the Denver Posse receiving the speaker's plaque from Sheriff Wm. Marshall.  
From the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

## ABOUT THE AUTHORS

This month's paper by Robert A. Murray is a variation from the theme of his extemporaneous talk given at the Westerners' meeting of January 24. At this writing, Bob is Supervisory-Historian with the National Park Service at Fort Laramie, Wyo. After March 30, he will be privately practicing as a "Consultant on Historic projects and properties."

After serving three years with the U. S. Army in the Far East, Bob earned his A.B. degree from Wayne State College at Wayne, Nebr., 1952, and his M.S. at Kansas State University of Manhattan, Kansas, 1956. A few odd jobs as a blacksmith's helper, truck driver, ranch hand and teacher followed before joining the Park Service as a seasonal Ranger/Historian.

Robert Murray has many articles to his credit along with two books, *Fort Laramie's Historic Buildings: An Illustrated Guide* and *Pipestone: A History*. This year will bring the publication of his edition of E. S. Topping's *Chronicles of the Yellowstone*, Ross and Haines, Minneapolis, Minn. (Spring) and *Military Posts in the Powder River Country of Wyoming, 1865-1894*, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebr. (June.)

## FUTURE MEETING

March 27: Don't miss the March meeting! CM Ross Miller will bring along a large collection of Civil War weapons and give a paper titled, "Weapons of the Civil War."

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

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**Material intended for publication in ROUNDUP** — Milton W. Callon, 615 Clarkson, Denver, Colo. 80218.

**Reservations for all meetings and dinners** — Herbert W. O'Hanlon, 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colo. 80202. Dinner \$3.25. Reservations only (No guests with CMs.)

### NEW 1968 OFFICERS

**Sheriff:** William E. Marshall

**Deputy Sheriff:** Robert L. Brown

**Roundup Foreman and Tally Man:**

Fred M. Mazzulla

**Chuck Wrangler:** Herbert W. O'Hanlon

**Registrar of Marks and Brands:**

Milton W. Callon

**Membership Chairman:**

Dr. Philip W. Whiteley

**Program Chairman:** Kenneth E. Englert

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Dr. Philip W. Whiteley

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Dr. Ralph W. Danielson

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.

## COMMENTARIES ON THE COL. HENRY B. CARRINGTON IMAGE

*by Robert A. Murray*

Colonel Henry B. Carrington remains one of the best-known figures of the Indian wars. Certainly this is not due to his achievements, for he was notably unsuccessful, nor to his length of service, for he spent less than three years in the West. Rather, one might attribute his fame to the complex and controversial events that occurred during his six months in the Powder River Country in 1866. A great deal of the publicity he has received derives from his own efforts, and those of his first and second wives, over a forty-year period, to "clear" himself of what he felt were the implications of, and the reactions to his part in the events of 1866.<sup>1</sup> The Carrington story, by sheer volume, became for many Americans the only story of the Bozeman Trail military operations. Through this story, also, Carrington captured public attention to the exclusion of more successful, more competent and more long-suffering contemporaries.<sup>2</sup>

The classic Carrington image seems to be that of a skilled commander (lacking only Indian fighting experience), who, through lack of understanding and support fell victim to a tragic set of circumstances. That certainly seems to have been his own view, and that presented in his family's publications. The widely read book *The Bozeman Trail*<sup>3</sup> along with the fictionalized works of E. A. Brininstool<sup>4</sup> did perhaps more than any other works to spread this view of Carrington among Western History students.

An additional quarter-century passed before there was a serious attempt to interpret the Carrington story with depth and sophistication. Published in 1960, Michael Straight's novel *Carrington*, drawing heavily from published original source materials, creates a convincing and for the first time complex interpretation of the Carrington image in a fairly realistic setting.<sup>5</sup> Straight's interpretation is highly sympathetic to Carrington. This coloration is heightened in the process of fictionalization. Straight also fails to present an effective interpretation of the broad aspects of policy and strategy in the period.

Two years later the first scholarly history of Carrington's tenure at Fort Phil Kearny appeared. This is Dee Brown's *Fort Phil Kearny, An American Saga*.<sup>6</sup> Brown's book is not really a history of Fort Phil Kearny, but rather a study of Carrington's six months there. Scant policy context is presented and little attention given to the notably successful operations of Carrington's successors. Brown's analysis of Carrington's operations is quite sympathetic, but his appraisal of Carrington's background is perhaps the most objective up to his date of publication. In his opening chapter, Brown says, "No more unlikely commander could have been selected for so dangerous a mission at that time or place than Colonel Carrington."<sup>7</sup> He follows with a generally good and objective account of Carrington's career before 1865.

Just what was Carrington like as an officer? What was his image in the eyes of his contemporaries? Fortunately a considerable body of opinion survives.

Carrington graduated from Yale Law School in 1845, and entered practice in Columbus, Ohio in 1848. Like many of Ohio's transplanted New Englanders, he was swept up in both the idealistic and political aspects of the anti-slavery crusade. With the rise of the Republican party came ample opportunity for a young, well-educated lawyer of crusading spirit. Carrington's law partner, William Denison, became governor of Ohio in 1860, and shortly appointed Carrington as his adjutant general. In this capacity, Carrington grew attached to the superficial aspects of the military. His later career would seem to indicate that this attachment was based mostly upon his love for the paper precision and the methodical aspects of organization, strategy and tactics that formed the framework of military literature in the period. At the outset of the Civil War, many state militia officers shared Carrington's approach to military matters. The tactics of saber-swinging cavalry and smoothbore musketry in close ranks were near religion to many, oblivious of the lessons of the Crimean War. Most of Carrington's contemporaries unlearned their concepts in the face of a rifle-musket blood bath that characterized the impact of new weapons upon outmoded tactics. Carrington's political fortunes, however, rose so fast that they eclipsed his opportunity to learn on the battlefield with his contemporaries. For reasons clearly political, Carrington was appointed on May 14, 1861, as colonel of the newly organized 18th U. S. Infantry, a regular unit. Politics paid off again when he was shortly appointed to a staff position in Indiana which kept him from field service with the regiment.

Carrington's Civil War service consisted of political chores for the Governor of Indiana. In the emotionally charged atmosphere of the war, Carrington and his fellow politicians made much of "spy scares." In the

postwar years, when the only "good" man was a Union man and a Republican, Carrington's version of these years was readily believed. Not until 1965 was the truth of this situation objectively revealed. Then Dr. Frank L. Klement's fine study<sup>9</sup> exploded the assembly of folklore that concealed a shoddy mess of politically oriented secret-police work, political prison camps and other political appendages of total civil war. There are no real laurels here for Carrington. Even at the time, General Henry W. Halleck was highly critical of Carrington's qualifications for even this task:

It is reported in the newspapers that you have formed Indiana into a separate military district, placing General Carrington in command. The Secretary of War is of the opinion that General Carrington is entirely unfitted for such a command. From my conversations with Governors Tod and Morton, I think the Secretary is right. I do not know General Carrington personally, but from the best information I can get of him, he has not sufficient judgment and brains to qualify him for the position. He has never been tried in the field. Perhaps he may do better there. I know that the War Department has very little confidence in him. He owes his promotion entirely to political influence.<sup>9</sup>

Carrington's command was so clearly politically oriented that little chance came to improve his military skills. He does reveal, however, early signs of a sense of caution that he displayed intermittently and not always rationally in later years. When the threat of invasion came to Indiana, Carrington spoke out against withdrawing troops from Indianapolis to meet it. He never, it seems, thought he had enough troops for the task at hand!<sup>10</sup> When orders came for him to intercept the reported Rebels, it appears that Carrington got drunk and missed the train.<sup>11</sup> He did learn the virtues of sobriety from this episode, but seems not to have learned a tolerance for his less strong-willed comrades in arms.<sup>12</sup>

When Carrington rejoined his regulars at the close of the war, he was singularly out of place. He brought the prewar concepts of tactics to battle seasoned veterans. He brought an outlook that was by turns crusading and idealistic on one hand and fluidly political on the other. The contrast between Carrington and his fellow officers throughout the rest of his career is glaring.

Carrington brought with him to the West, his brilliant and uncommonly well-educated wife, Margaret. They were literate and personable people of good family, and in a social setting they got along well with the staffs of the units and posts at which he served.

As a commander, he was less well-liked, to say the least. General Phillip St. George Cooke has sometimes been criticized for the following appraisal of Carrington, made at the height of the controversy over events in the Powder River Country:

Colonel Carrington is very plausible—an energetic, industrious man in garrison; but it is too evident that he has not maintained discipline, and that his officers have no confidence in him.<sup>12</sup>

What *did* his subordinates think of him at this time? Fortunately many of their opinions are a matter of record. Perhaps the best collection is the body of sworn testimony before a Military Court of Inquiry in the spring of 1867.<sup>13</sup> At one point, the Court wished to establish whether Carrington's subordinates had confidence in him, and questioned them carefully to this end. Lt. William Bisbee, a severe Carrington critic on many points was questioned at Omaha on May 10, 1867:

Q.: Did the troops have confidence in the company officers and Post Commander?

A.: So far as I know they did in Company Officers but I think they did not in the Post Commander. I refer to the Post Commander both before and subsequent to the 10th of October 1866.

Q.: On what was this opinion based?

A.: By overhearing disparaging remarks of the men. By their swearing they could do as they pleased. By deserters and men confined for other offenses being paroled or allowed the liberty of the garrison without restraint, a lack of discipline on the part of the troops seemed to bring about a lack of confidence, in my opinion. . . .

On May 22nd, at Fort McPherson, Nebraska, the court questioned Captain Frederick Phisterer. Phisterer had been on quite good terms with Carrington, but under oath he said:

Q.: Did you from your experience with Colonel Carrington have confidence in his military abilities?

A.: I did not.

Q.: On what was this want of confidence on your part based?

A.: My knowledge that he had never had any practical military experience and on his easy excitability and as I supposed his inexperience in Indian fighting.

That same day, Captain Henry Haymond came before the court. Haymond had accompanied Carrington's column to the Powder River Country, and apparently had not openly criticized Carrington, but he testified as follows:

Q.: What in your opinion induced this want of confidence?

A.: It was thought that he had no experience in Indian affairs or any other military field service.

Q.: Did you personally have confidence in the military abilities of the District Commander, Colonel Carrington?

A.: I did not.

Q.: What caused you to have this lack of confidence?

A.: As I said before he had had no experience in the immediate command of troops, and it was thought that he could have joined his regiment in the field and participated in the war with it, but he did not do it. He was unpopular with his own regiment for this reason. Socially he was well-liked.

Q.: Do you consider that a lack of military experience in the field is sufficient to account for the want of confidence which you say was generally felt in the command in regard to the Commanding Officer?

A.: Not entirely so. He was excitable and fickle and considered inefficient.

Q.: After your two and a half months experience with Colonel Carrington in the march from Fort Kearny, Neb. to Fort Phil Kearny, D.T., did your confidence in his military ability undergo any change?

A.: It did not. It served to confirm my previous opinion.

Lieutenant Alex H. Wands, whose staff position put him in close day-to-day contact with Colonel Carrington during the most critical period at Fort Phillip Kearny, was also questioned at Fort McPherson:

Q.: In general terms, what was the feeling existing between the officers at Fort Phil Kearny and the Commanding Officer of that Post?

A.: There were two Commanding Officers of the Post during the time I was there, Capt. Ten Eyck and Col. Carrington. I believe a number of the officers thought that Capt. Ten Eyck was not a suitable person to command a post in a hostile country—I may state, they had a want of confidence in his military ability. I myself, requested to be relieved from duty as Post Adjutant about ten days after I was appointed. I also believe this feeling was shared by the same officers when Col. Carrington commanded the post, more especially by the older officers of the Regiment, who were better acquainted with him, some of whom joined after Capt. Ten Eyck had been relieved.

Q.: Did you feel a want of confidence in the Post Commander?

A.: I had not much confidence in Capt. Ten Eyck as post commander, as the post was in the Indian country. I considered him capable of

commanding a post in a peaceable country, but I did not consider he had either the intellect or experience to command in the Indian country. I had more confidence in Col. Carrington, although I did not have the confidence I ought to have had in a Commanding Officer in that country.

Q.: What induced this want of confidence on the part of the officers of the garrison?

A.: As regards Capt. Ten Eyck, while in command of the post, he drank considerable liquor, which clouded his intellect a great portion of the time—and an evident want of ability on his part in his profession. With regard to Col. Carrington it was well known he had no experience in Indian country and it was reported by the officers who served in his regiment, that he had never been in an engagement during the rebellion, but had always avoided them. This want of confidence was also fostered by conflicting and I might say, foolish orders, verbal. I considered him, however, a far more prudent and better commanding officer than Capt. Ten Eyck.

These opinions would certainly seem to confirm Cooke's view of Carrington's image in the minds of a wide range of officers of the command.<sup>14</sup>

Carrington seems himself to have felt that prejudice against him at other headquarters influenced his officers, for he said:

I did (as I believed) fail to have the confidence of some officers. Few came from Omaha or Laramie without prejudice, believing I was not doing enough fighting.<sup>15</sup>

but he went on to say:

Most of those who had no confidence in my judgment as to Indians have paid the penalty of their lives for their want of confidence.<sup>16</sup>

which indicates he may have felt that lack of confidence was largely confined to Fetterman, Brown, Grummond, and possibly Bingham.

Certainly at least one officer at Fort Laramie was not impressed with Carrington as a commander. While discussing the possibility of reinforcing the Bozeman Trail posts from the Fort Laramie garrison in a telegram to General Cooke on December 26, 1866, Colonel Innis N. Palmer said:

Three or four companies can be spared from here, and if Van Voast can have a command would it not be better for him to go? He would go very unwillingly if he is obliged to be under Col. C.<sup>17</sup>

Carrington's management of affairs in the Mountain District was far from efficient or well-thought-out, and drew early criticism. It seems clear that he thought of the posts solely as defensive bastions, rather than as





Old Fort Laramie, 1842, from W. H. Jackson watercolor of 1937.

From the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

efficient bases for the kind of police operations the trail required. Accordingly he neglected many basic considerations in order to complete an extensive set of fortifications before all else. Brevet Major General William B. Hazen who inspected the posts in August of 1866, was highly critical of Carrington's attitude and his approach to the problems at hand, saying:

Had there been no officers' wives with the command, and the fullest interests of the service understood, I believe the labor on the stockade would have been first applied to storehouses and quarters for the men, which would by now be properly enclosed.<sup>12</sup>

And further (with regard to early trouble with Indians):

With care nothing should have occurred, and the whole character of affairs here has been greatly exaggerated, resulting greatly from the fault of not communicating promptly and regularly with Dept. Hd. Qrs.; Col. Carrington appearing to think only of building his post.<sup>13</sup>

Carrington did realize that true security of travelers along the trail could be gained only by instilling a certain amount of organization and discipline on their trains. He issued complex, precise orders to this end, but there is not one indication that he made any serious attempt to enforce

them. Except for the management of his own train and camp on the march upcountry, there is little evidence that Carrington gave much time and thought to appropriate defensive measures for military trains or for small parties in the field.<sup>20</sup>

Carrington put virtually the entire enlisted garrison on duty as construction laborers. While the command consisted mostly of recruits, he instituted no training for them during his tenure.<sup>21</sup>

Carrington's utilization of officer personnel available seems particularly open to criticism. He placed Captain Ten Eyck, who was an experienced construction man, in command of the post, but assumed most of the personal supervision of construction activity himself. Carrington left the post's main striking force, its mounted party, in charge of an N.C.O., while he placed the tough, aggressive and resourceful Captain Brown on duty as quartermaster, for which Brown had no training. Dissatisfied with the performance of many line supervisors within his command, he took over the duties of: post commander, engineer, draftsman, construction supervisor, and often interfered in the administration of individual companies and details, and was proud that he visited his guard posts nightly!<sup>22</sup>

Through Carrington's tenure at Fort Phil Kearny, his assumption of too many fatiguing routine duties, his continued friction with subordinates and superiors alike appears to have had a deteriorating effect upon his personality, and to have progressively distorted his understanding of the situation. His correspondence through this period of stress seems to run in a widening cycle from elation to despondency and back again with increasing frequency. This could not have escaped the notice of experienced officers such as General Cooke. Interestingly, this same tendency appears in Carrington's letters from Fort Caspar, Fort McPherson and Fort Sedgwick over the next year and a half.<sup>23</sup>

Carrington's transfer from Fort Phil Kearny to Fort Caspar in January of 1867, has long been known for the result of routine reorganization of the regiments, firmly planned for as long as three months. The timing was particularly unfortunate for the Carrington image, for the general public tended to associate the move with the Fetterman disaster. It is evident, however, that Carrington's overall management of the Mountain District was so inept that he could not long have continued in command in any event.<sup>24</sup>

When the Court of Inquiry convened to investigate the Fetterman disaster and related matters, Carrington fell back upon his skill as a lawyer and as a politician. He produced statement after statement, plausible but equivocal. The court was clearly not impressed, and he was reminded frequently to devote his answers to the points in question. As the days wore on, Sherman adjourned the court, and its transcript was forwarded through

channels without complete testimony or a formal opinion. Upon examining the transcript, General Grant said:

In my opinion further action in this case is necessary and I respectfully recommend that the Judge Advocate General be directed to prepare charges against Col. H. B. Carrington, 18th Infantry based upon the facts herein developed. . . .<sup>28</sup>

Judge Advocate General Joseph Holt, however, declined to prepare charges against Carrington, in view of certain technicalities of procedure. The complete transcript of the Court of Inquiry has not yet been published. It seems evident though, that the Carrington image in the minds of his superiors was not very good by this time. Over the next several years, Carrington moved from one minor command to another, and retired in 1870 due to continued trouble from an accidental wound. He devoted his retirement to teaching and writing on military subjects. Throughout his later years, he remained strongly embittered on the subject of his experiences in the West. He produced several revised editions of Margaret Carrington's book *Absaraka*. He unquestionably assisted his second wife (the former Frances Courtney Grummond) in the preparation of her own book, *My Army Life*.<sup>29</sup>

Carrington used congressional contacts to force the publication of his own testimony and a selection of his reports and correspondence that had served as evidence at a Special Indian Commission hearing in 1867.<sup>28</sup> He did not, however, seek to open the files of the Army's own Court of Inquiry to the public. These remained in a confidential status until the late 1920's, and in fact there is no evidence that they were downgraded until their transfer to the National Archives some years after this.<sup>28</sup> Considering the content of the testimony of witnesses, including that of Carrington himself, there is little wonder about his reason for not seeking their publication.

Late in his retirement years, Carrington devoted considerable time to the assembly of two interesting clipping collections. The first of these is devoted to a defense of his performance during the Civil War.<sup>29</sup> The second is a similar scrapbook on his Western years. This second volume, entitled "Wyoming Opened," was placed on deposit in carbon copy form in the Sheridan County Public Library in Sheridan, Wyoming in 1908, by Carrington himself. It is heavily edited, and Carrington's own comments appear next to most of the quoted material. It represents perhaps the summit of Carrington's embittered defense of his performance more than forty years earlier.<sup>30</sup>

No complete biography of Carrington has ever reached print. Such a work might be an interesting task, though many will agree with the writer

that a long list of more deserving officers of the frontier army might be studied and publicized in higher priority than Henry B. Carrington.

- <sup>1</sup>See particularly: Margaret Carrington, *Absaraka, Home of the Crows*, Philadelphia, Lippincott, 1868; and Frances Carrington, *My Army Life*, Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1911; and *Senate Executive Document 33*, 50th Congress, 1st Session.
- <sup>2</sup>William B. Hazen, Luther P. Bradley, John E. Smith, John Gibbon, Innis N. Palmer, James Brishin, might be the beginning of a long list of seldom-sung but truly significant officers on the high plains.
- <sup>3</sup>Grace R. Hebard and E. A. Brininstool, *The Bozeman Trail* (2 vols.), Glendale, California, Arthur H. Clark Co., 1921.
- <sup>4</sup>E. A. Brininstool, *Fighting Indian Warriors*, Stackpole, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, 1953.
- <sup>5</sup>Michael Straight, *Carrington*, Alfred A. Knopf, N.Y., 1960.
- <sup>6</sup>Dee Brown, *Fort Phil Kearny, An American Saga*, G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y., 1962.
- <sup>7</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 16.
- <sup>8</sup>Frank L. Klement, "Carrington and the Golden Circle Legend in Indiana during the Civil War," *Indiana Magazine of History*, vol. LXI, No. 1, March, 1965.
- <sup>9</sup>Letter, Halleck to Burnside, from Washington, D.C., March 30, 1863, in *War of the Rebellion*, Series I, Vol. XXIII, part II, pp. 193-194.
- <sup>10</sup>Telegram, Carrington to Wright, March 24, 1863, *ibid.*, p. 170.
- <sup>11</sup>Klement, *op. cit.*
- <sup>12</sup>Carrington's handling of the situation at Fort Phil Kearny indicates a strong prejudice against several officers for such things as drinking, horse racing, and the like! All common enough diversions in the army of 1866.
- <sup>13</sup>This Court of Inquiry is filed as GCMO 002236, 1867, in the Records of the Judge Advocate General's Office, National Archives. Photocopy in the writer's collection.
- <sup>14</sup>*Ibid.* All testimony given here is directly quoted from the transcript.
- <sup>15</sup>*Senate Executive Document 33*, 50th Congress, 1st Session, p. 47.
- <sup>16</sup>*Ibid.*
- <sup>17</sup>Telegram, Palmer to Cooke, from Fort Laramie, 26 December 1866, in Letters and Telegrams Received, Headquarters, Department of the Platte, Record Group 98, National Archives.
- <sup>18</sup>Hazen, "Report of an Inspection of Fort Phillip Kearny" August, 1866, in Letters Received Department of the Platte, Record Group 98, National Archives.
- <sup>19</sup>*Ibid.*
- <sup>20</sup>*Senate Executive Document 33*, 50th Congress, 1st Session, contains most of the reports, orders and correspondence upon this subject. Carrington's force was notably lacking in the most rudimentary defensive tactics, and most generally caught by surprise.
- <sup>21</sup>There is abundant testimony, including Carrington's own, in the transcript of the Court of Inquiry (*op. cit.*) to support this point.
- <sup>22</sup>*Senate Executive Document 33*, contains Carrington's own correspondence outlining the developing situation. The Court of Inquiry transcript cited above reveals the story in greater depth.
- <sup>23</sup>These letters will be found in Letters Received, Headquarters Department of the Platte, Record Group 98, National Archives.
- <sup>24</sup>Transcript, Court of Inquiry, *op. cit.*
- <sup>25</sup>Endorsement, Grant to Secretary of War, June 20, 1867.
- <sup>26</sup>This work has frequent references to data which must have come from Carrington himself.
- <sup>27</sup>*Senate Executive Document 33*, 50th Congress, 1st Session is the block of material Carrington had published. *Executive Document 13*, 40th Congress, 1st Session, 1867, contains other Indian Bureau correspondence on the situation.
- <sup>28</sup>Bisbee was so informed when he attempted to borrow a copy of the transcript or to examine one for research purposes in 1926. See letters and endorsements appended to the transcript.
- <sup>29</sup>Klement, *op. cit.*
- <sup>30</sup>Carrington scrapbook "Wyoming Opened," on file in the Sheridan County Public Library, Sheridan, Wyoming.

# OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Merrill J. Mattes, CM, has this to convey to the Denver Posse:

"The undersigned, who has been a corresponding member of the Denver Westerners since 1945, is the first Sheriff of the newly formed Corral of the San Francisco Westerners, which at their organizational meeting in September 1967, became the 30th Corral of record. This Corral was formed in time to participate actively at the annual Westerners' breakfast held at the San Francisco meeting of the Western History Association. (Don't ask me why it took so long for an all-out Western town like San Francisco to come up with a Corral; . . .). The San Francisco Corral meets the 2nd Monday of each month at Gino's Cafe on Clay Street, downtown San Francisco."

Congratulations to Merrill Mattes, CM, Denver Posse.

Posse members remain in the spotlight. PM Bob Brown had an autograph party on February 17 at Bookland in Arvada for his latest effort, *Ghost Towns of the Colorado Rockies*. Sandra Dallas in her *Denver Post* review of February 11, said "Its popularity is assured."

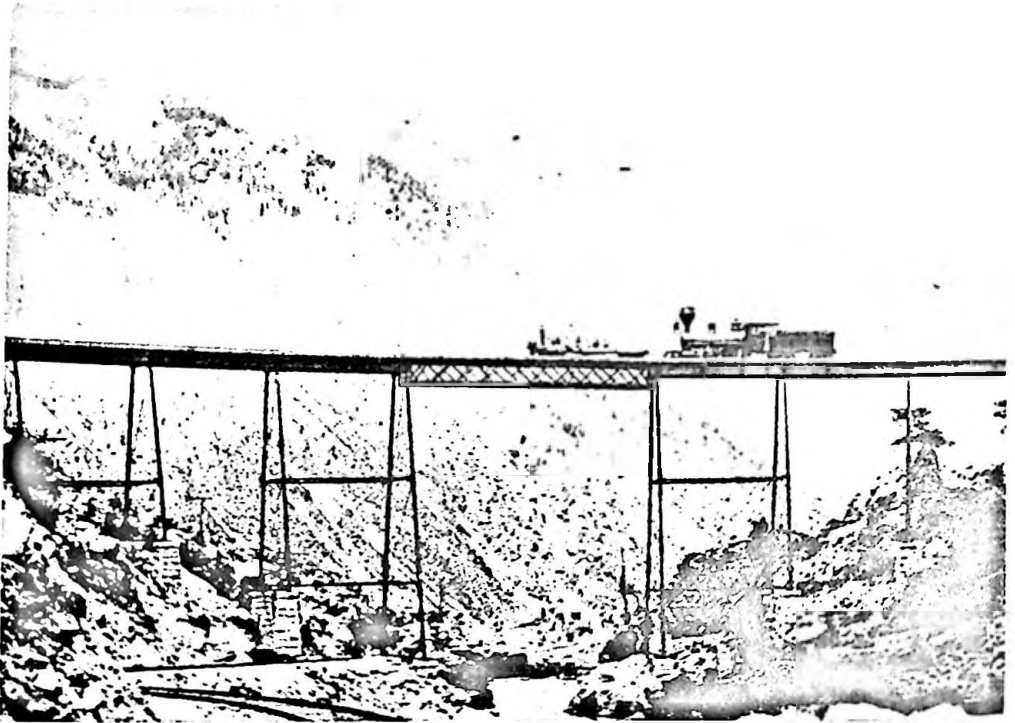
PM Jack Guinn came up with another of his gems of history for *Empire* of the *Denver Post* in the February 11 issue. In "How Denver Got its Name," Jack provides an intriguing anecdote in the life of Brig. Gen. James W. Denver and then gives the controversial views of how Denver was named after the General.

An interesting vignette goes along with the announcement of a reprint of the book, *Mountain Charley, or the Adventures of Mrs. E. J. Guerin, Who Was Thirteen Years in Male Attire*. The reprint is offered to the public by the Oklahoma Press in their Spring and Summer Catalogue, 1968.

An original copy, the only one known to exist, was purchased a number of years ago by Posseman Fred Rosenstock from a Kansas City book dealer. Later, Fred sold the book to Everett L. Golyer, Jr., and he in turn loaned the book to the Oklahoma Press for reprinting. The story doesn't end there. Possemen Fred Mazzulla and Bill Kostka collaborated to write the introduction—another accolade for the Denver Posse.

Stanton Peckham in his *Reader's Roundup* of February 11, *Denver Post*, keeps us abreast of the progress of plans for the Rocky Mountain Book Festival, April 23-25. He says that 60 exhibitors have reserved 98 exhibition booths. He admits he may be wrong on the count because there are so many "combos." For example: Simon & Schuster includes Trident Press and Washington Square Press. Other exhibitors have even more "combos."

The *Brand Book* got another big send-off in an article by Byron Akers CM, published in the *Gazette Telegraph*, Colorado Springs, January 7, 1968. Byron didn't write his piece as a book review but as a feature article on the contents of the book.



Work train on high trestle of Georgetown Loop.

From the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

*History News* of December 1967, a publication of the American Association for State and Local History, keeps us up on the progress of the rebuilding of the Georgetown Loop. An excerpt from the above issue has this to say:

William E. Marshall, Executive Director, said that the (Colorado State Historical) Society has thought for many years they would rebuild one of the fabulous old mining operations so visitors could relive the drama that put Colorado on the map. They picked the Georgetown Loop because of its scenic value and because it was one of the earliest and richest operations. The construction of Interstate 70 through the canyon was a main factor in the selection. Through careful planning

the Colorado Department of Highways and the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads preserved the scenic beauty of this area and the historic site itself. Careful placement of fill and routing allowances preserved the railroad right of way, old mine portal areas, and the existing ore-crushing mill. The location of the Interstate will also provide tourists with easy accessibility to the historic site.

It is also noted that it is the hope of those directly involved in the restoration to have "the mining area open for public tours about 1970." It is the earnest plea of the planners "that foundations, business, and industry will help with donations covering most of the \$1 million estimated cost."

# New Hands on the Denver Range

**James F. Bowers**  
450 South Otis  
Denver, Colorado 80226

Jim comes to the membership through the recommendation of PM Bob Brown. James Bowers will be remembered for his fine talk of recent date on the subject of the Battle of the Little Big Horn. He served as the first historian at the Custer Battlefield National Monument before joining the faculty of North High School of Denver.

**Archie E. Wright**  
523 Ogle St.  
Kendallville, Indiana 46755

PM John Lipsey found a Colorado history buff in the Hoosier State. Archie Wright is interested in general western history but concentrates his research efforts on Colorado.

**James O. Hammond**  
6070 So. Detroit  
Littleton, Colo.

We welcome Jim Hammond to the ranks of corresponding membership through the sponsorship of PM Byron Hooper, Jr. Jim's prime interests are in Indian culture and costumes.

**Dudley C. Enos**  
937 Leyden Street  
Denver, Colorado 80220

Dudley C. Enos is now a corresponding member after becoming acquainted with PM(R) Earl Ellis at the San Francisco conference of the Western History Association. Mr. Enos is researching the history of Central City, Colorado; the Mormon movement into Utah; and of the San Francisco area. Dudley served many years as an assistant to the late Levette J. Davidson of the University of Denver.

**Frank A. Meyer**  
1601 So. Cascade  
Colo. Springs, Colo. 80906

Kenny Englert brings another member to our corresponding ranks in the person of Frank Meyer. Frank is partial to old railroad history but finds enjoyment in any Western Americana.

**Lowell E. Mooney**  
525 Poncha Blvd.  
Salida, Colo. 81201

PM Kenny Englert brings to our corresponding membership, Lowell E. Mooney. Mr. Mooney is interested in the biography of Cy Warman and he is presently engaged in research work of a local nature to be used in radio shows beamed to the tourist trade. Vignettes of the early days are his prime interest.

**Robert W. Vines**  
1234 Republic Bldg.  
Denver, Colo. 80202

Through the services of PM Fred Mazzulla, Robert W. Vines joins the ranks of corresponding membership. Mr. Vines' research is concentrated on the life of General Custer, the history of the United States Army and the Indians. His hobbies are collecting guns and artifacts.

**C. M. Montgomery**  
P. O. Box 722  
Las Vegas, New Mexico 87701

The editor takes special pleasure in welcoming to the ranks of CM, my good friend and collaborator, Charles "Shot" Montgomery. While holding down an executive position with an oil company, "Shot" finds time to contribute articles and color pix to *New Mexico Magazine*, *Desert Magazine* and *El Palacio*. "Keep shootin' 'Shot' "



# Westerner's Bookshelf



**BOULDER, THEN AND NOW, Subtitled: Picturesque Boulder and Gems of Boulder County, 271 pages, index, 500 illustrations. Dr. J. B. Schoolland, Pruett Press, Boulder, \$10.50.**

Joseph B. Sturtevant, photographer, sometimes known as "Rocky Mountain Joe," and Martin Parsons, pioneer stage driver, cow-hand, gamewarden, and ranger, lived in Boulder, Colorado. Sturtevant died in 1910 and Martin Parsons in 1965. Their lives overlapped for a period of about 35 years and I'm sure they knew each other. I knew "Mart" Parsons but "Rocky Mountain Joe" died before my time.

While Mart was making his living by driving stages, cattle, etc., Sturtevant made his by taking pictures of Boulder, the mines, towns and railroads of Boulder County.

After the latter's untimely death, his negatives were stored in a barn where they lay forgotten for years. One day as Parsons passed the barn, he heard children laughing and the breaking of glass. Upon investigating, he found some youngsters entertaining themselves by trying to throw glass negatives, one at a time, into a hoghead. They were utterly innocent of their future historic value. The salvation and care of the Sturtevant negatives by Parsons over the years has resulted in this fine book by Dr. Schoolland. Appropriately, he has dedicated it to the two men.

Using the "then and now" theme, Dr. Schoolland has reproduced the original pictures and then has photographed the same scenes today. In many cases, there are three or four "then" scenes,

followed by the present. The first few pages deal with short biographies of Sturtevant and Parsons, and a history of Boulder from the Boulder City Directory of 1892. The end papers are reproductions of four pages from the same directory. The rest of the book is the 500 photographs beautifully reproduced on heavy glossy enamel paper. The format is a pleasing 7 x 10 inches.

Old grads of Colorado University will enjoy the old scenes of the campus and the town. Ghost town historians will be delighted in the early day scenes of mining towns and mines taken during their heyday—and there are plenty of photographs of the old Denver Interurban Railroad, the C & S, and the Switzerland Trail. This book definitely belongs in the library of every one interested in the mining history of the state, and particularly of Boulder County. Remember, gold was discovered in Gold Run and other gulches early in 1859 at almost the same time as in Central City and Breckenridgel. The book should also be in every passenger car and/or Jeep of those who spend their weekends visiting these historic places. Dr. Schoolland is to be congratulated for a fine contribution to Colorado's history.

Frances Rizzari, PM

**DIAMONDS IN THE SALT, by Bruce A. Woodward, Pruett Press, Inc., Boulder, Colo., 1967, 200 pp., illus., \$6.75.**

"Salted" gemstones must be hidden in conspicuous places where they can



be "discovered" by gullible suckers, but Bruce Woodward literally turns over every rock along the trail as he dredges up the "real gems" in the fantastic swindle known as "The Great Diamond Hoax."

Two scalawags, Philip Arnold and his partner, John Slack, salted an obscure area in northwestern Colorado in 1872 with a variety of gemstones, principally. Then the con artists allowed the news of their discovery to "leak out" to the right parties. From then on out, it is a story of human nature and greed.

The nefarious fraud received worldwide publicity, skyrocketing beyond the wildest dreams of the perpetrators. Within a short time, twenty-five companies throughout the country had incorporated with a total capitalization of \$223,500,000, largely as a result of statements unwittingly made by prominent personalities who had been duped into believing the hoax. Eventually, Arnold and Slack overplayed their hand.

After eight years of meticulous research, Woodward gives a realistic account of an important segment of Western history, pinpointing, for the first time, the actual site of the diamond hoax. Students of history will delight in the thorough documentation and unprejudiced reporting, yet the book is well-paced, with enough intrigue, legend, and action for everyone.

As Woodward suggests, the many confusing points and half-truths concerning the diamond hoax destined it for one of the West's best legends. Even back then, it was difficult to separate the "good guys" and "bad guys." Maybe that's another way of

saying nice people don't live the most interesting history.

Don Galbraith, CM

**THE MOUNTAIN STATES**, by Marshall Sprague and the editors of Time-Life Books. Published by Time-Life Books, Chicago, Ill.; 192 pages including 67 color plates, 62 blk. and wh. photos, 37 charts and illus. and 12 maps; \$4.95.

Treating an area half again larger than the European Common Market countries, Marshall Sprague combined the geological, geographical, sociological and economic aspects into a fascinating review of the eight mountain states: Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah and Wyoming.

There is something for everyone in this book, whether a professional geologist, historian, economist, engineer, or just having a continuing interest in factual information about the Mountain West.

Each of the eight chapters has text and supplementary photos to bring realism and objectivity to the reader. The chapter on water resources presents the western water problem and resources in clear objective fashion readily understood by all. When you walk with the mining engineer into the great mines, some discovered as recently as the 1950s, you can feel the pain and suffering of the prospectors and share some of their delights in their findings.

You can smell the sharp breath of the wild onions in the cattle barns on the vast ranches, and the sheep and shepherds come along for a share of the glory in the agricultural produc-

tion.

Intensifying your interest will be the chapter devoted to the Navajos, and their contribution to the area and themselves through the careful management of meager resources, along with their craftsmanship in silver, rug weaving and ranching. The chapter on the Mormons reveals their early problems, and their glorious achievements in the Great Basin.

The bustling cities of Albuquerque, Colorado Springs, Denver, Phoenix, and Salt Lake City, together with the great military installations are fitted into the text.

The book was a tremendous undertaking, and the author has distinguished himself again by the thoroughness of his research, the objectivity and clarity of his material. You will enjoy several hours reading the text and studying the pictures, charts and maps.

Joy R. Bogue, CM

**THE CATTLEMAN'S STEAK BOOK**, by Carol Truax and S. Omar Barker; simulated leather, full-color dust jacket, illus., 128 pages; Grosset & Dunlap, N.Y.; \$3.95.

Carol Truax and S. Omar Barker were commissioned by the well-known restaurateur, Larry Ellman, owner of the famous New York City restaurant, The Cattleman, to prepare *The Cattleman's Steak Book*. The chefs of the Cattleman and Carol Truax collaborated on some of their choicest recipes to recapture the "charm and manly elegance" of Western saloons and hotels of the turn of the century.

S. Omar Barker, the James Whitcomb Riley of the West, has recreated in poetry and prose the authentic at-

mosphere of the Western scene with salty, amusing, and sage comments about cowboys and their eating habits.

Every edible cut of a beef animal is put into more than 200 recipes from the lowly and humorous "son-of-a-gun-in-a-sack" to the gourmet's elegant delight—chateaubriand.

S. Omar tilted his "versivosity" in tribute to the former recipe in this manner:

A hold buckarooster called Mac,  
Who wanted a wife in his shack,  
Said: "Never mind looks!  
I want one who cooks  
Good son-of-a-gun-in-a-sack."

Barker points out, that out on the range the word "gun" was informally replaced with a word that rhymes quite poetically with "witch."

As to the format of the book, it is a rare occurrence when so many can collaborate successfully to bring out a publication of such outstanding quality—from contents to colophon. One note most worthy of comment regards the endpapers. These were provided by the Denver Public Library and are reprinted from the June 12, 1869 issue of Harper's Weekly. The drawing is titled, "Pilgrims of the Plains" and was drawn by Harper's staff artist, A. R. Waud.

*The Cattleman's Steak Book* belongs on every Westerner's bookshelf.

Milt Callon, PM

**THE BUFFALO WALLOW** by Charles Tenney Jackson, Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebr., 1967, paperback, 253 pages; \$1.60.

This unique novel deposits the reader on the Nebraska plains in the early

1880's. Civilization was well into its task of organizing the raw frontier: section lines and barbed wire had etched their barriers on the once untamed country. Permanent settlers, some still living in sod houses, had succeeded in harnessing the wild thing that had been a wilderness.

Despite man's inexorable advance, certain facets of the untamed past still remained. One of these vestiges was the buffalo wallow. This remote relic of the past was the redoubt and refuge of Chick Tuttle and his cousin Ellis, two youthful inhabitants of the region. When the fetters and burdens of civilization threatened to engulf them, they retreated to the wallow where freedom and self-expression prevailed.

The buffalo wallow symbolized nature's resistance to the onslaught of advancing civilization. In the end, it too was overwhelmed by the gangplow of the relentless land company. The only remaining evidence of its existence was a slight depression in a vast field of corn. The depression represents the fading memory of the past that still remained in the memories of boys who are now superannuated men.

In a style that is reminiscent of Mark Twain and Willa Cather, the author, Charles Jackson, presents an episodic narrative well-laced with bucolic nostalgia. The "incommunicable past" of Willa Cather is here experienced vicariously by the reader through the eyes of landlocked boys similar to Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. The local color of Twain, blended with the descriptions of Cather, presents a vivid word picture of an era that is now with the ages.

**DEVELOPMENT OF INDIAN RESOURCES**, by Henry W. Hough, Director of Research, National Congress of American Indians Fund, published by Indian Resources Studies, 1450 Pennsylvania, Denver, Colo., 1967. 286 pages, map, illus., population, acreage owned, appendix, bibliography and Index, cloth bound \$4.00; paper covers \$2.25.

Written by our fellow "Westerner," this is not so much historical as it is educational, although it touches on the wrongs perpetrated upon many tribes and the difficulties so many find in obtaining employment.

Designed primarily as a handbook for tribal leaders, this volume contains much of value to anyone interested in the Indians, their problems, their income, their arts, etc.

Of the 700,000 or more Indians within the United States, something like one-half are landless and in the years 1880 to 1934 more than three-fourths of the Indian lands were lost to them. Indian agents of the earlier days tried to make farmers of their charges with sad results. (Witness the Meeker massacre of 1879). In later years a few tribes have become wealthy from oil and gas royalties, in particular the Osages, and more recently the Navajos; in the early 1920's the average Osage family received an annual income of \$40,000 which now has dwindled to about five per cent of this. The Navajos have received more than eighty million dollars, which have been used or invested for the benefit of all. In the Pacific northwest nearly a quarter billion dollars have been received from the sale of lumber and timber products.

Carl F. Mathews, P.M.

**HISTORY OF THE SANTEE SIOUX, See *United States Indian Policy on Trial*, by Dr. Roy W. Meyer. University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebraska, 434 pages, Price: \$7.50.**

The famous SIOUX or DAKOTA Indians did not always camp on the Plains and hunt buffalo. Travellers in the 16th century reported them living among the lakes and forests of Minnesota, hunting deer and wild fowl; gathering wild rice and making maple syrup. Some even raised a little corn.

They travelled by canoe, for there were no horses in that area: America's wild horses had died out long ago. In the next century, however, Indians in the South and West began to get horses from the Spaniards. Tribes hurried to move into the Plains country from all directions, among them, a large section of the SIOUX known as the TETONS. Those remaining were the SANTEE, the subject of Dr. Meyer's book.

This is no mere picture story of treaties and battles. Dr. Meyer delved through government reports, letters, journals and newspapers to produce a full and authoritative history. It follows the development of the SANTEE through the first contact and treaties with Whites; then reservation days with changes of policy and all the difficulties of delayed payments and rations. Finally, the smoldering resentment of the Indians resulted in a bloody uprising, when the White captors said there was no remedy for the Indian problem, but extermination. Many residents would have had at least 300 Indians hanged when the fight was over, but President Lincoln reduced the number to 39. After this came a long dismal period of slow change, ending in poverty and demoralization.

There were a few bright spots; two groups of Indians left the reservation and established their own self-supporting colonies. If the Red Man could have been helped with such ventures and allowed to progress slowly, the change may have been not so hurtful, but Whites of those days believed that every custom of their own from food and clothing to religion was better than anything Indian, so the things that made life less burdensome were stamped out. Even missionaries who did many good services insisted that their converts wear trousers!

But it was the example of White neighbors which did the most harm. "It is well to remember," says Dr. Meyer, "that the Indians worst enemy was not the whiskey dealer, the rapacious fur trader or the corrupt Indian Agent, but the American Frontiersman, whom every child has been taught to revere as the embodiment of all that is admirable. . . he saw the Indian mainly as an obstacle to be removed, preferably with a bullet."

"The lifeway of the SANTEE was shattered and the greatest crime against the Indian," says Dr. Meyer, "was not in stealing from him a Continent, but in denying to him the right to be Indian and trying to deprive him of his rational and cultural identity."

The attitudes toward the Indian have changed in recent years. He not only votes, but shares in all government benefits. Indian population everywhere is increasing and Indians are accepting education and business experience of their own choice. "Whites can best help them," says Dr. Meyer, "not by charity, but by understanding and knowledge of their particular needs."

Ruth Underhill

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
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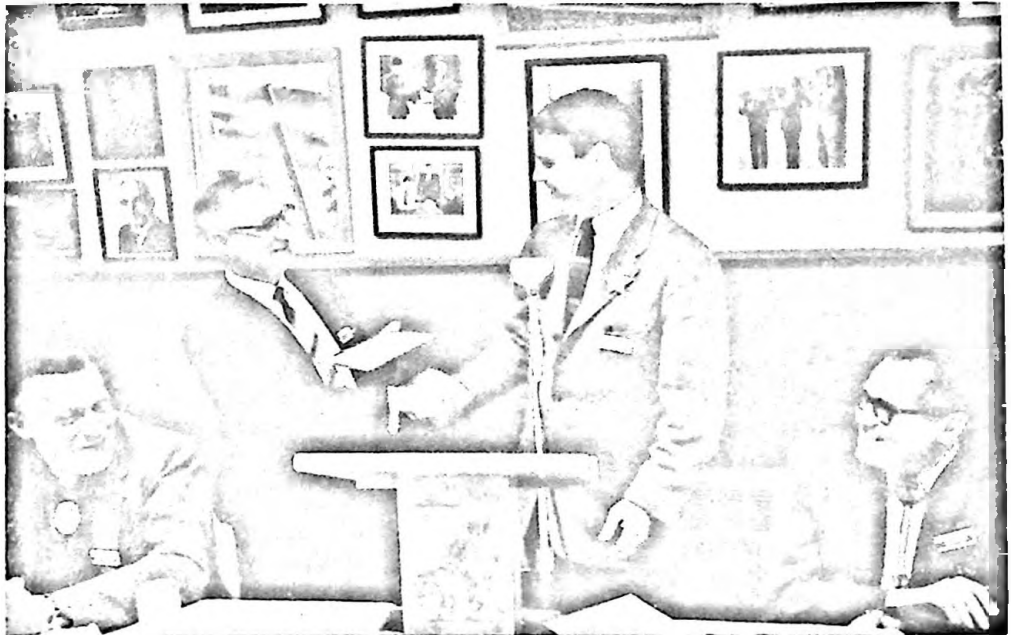
IN THIS ISSUE

COLORADO'S UNDERGROUND INFERNO

by Francis B. Rizzari

TALL BULL'S LAST FIGHT

by Reginald S. Craig



Francis Rizzari, speaker at the March 28th meeting of the Denver Passe, receiving the speaker's plaque from Sheriff William E. Marshall.  
Collection of Fred & Jo Mazzulla

## ABOUT THE AUTHORS

The *Roundup* contains a bonus article this month from a corresponding member in Vista, California, Reginald S. Craig. Mr. Craig was born in Florence, Colorado and is an Associate Member of The Western Writers of America and a member of the Colorado Historical Society. Reginald Craig will be remembered for his fine book, *The Fighting Parson*, a biography of Colonel John M. Chivington.

After serving thirty years on the engineering staff of the City of Los Angeles, Mr. Craig is now a consulting engineer and city planner.

Francis B. Rizzari was born in Denver, Colorado and has lived in Jefferson County for more than 50 years. He graduated from Arvada High School, then attended the Colorado School of Mines. He is a Life Member of the State Historical Society, member of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado Springs, Ghost Town Club of Colorado and the Maverick Ghost Town Club. He collects pictures of all Western mining towns and railroads as well as books about the West. With Westerners Richard Ronzio and Charles Ryland, he publishes rare books under the Cubar (R<sup>2</sup>) imprint. He is employed by the Topographic Division of the U.S. Geological Survey.

## FUTURE MEETING

Harold A. Wolfenbarger, Jr., artist and illustrator, will be the speaker for the April 24th meeting of the Denver Posse. Co-illustrator, of the 1960 *Brand Book*, Mr. Wolfenbarger will present his paper on Captain Charles Deus.

# THE DENVER WESTERNERS MONTHLY ROUNDUP

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### NEW 1968 OFFICERS

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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.

## COLORADO'S UNDERGROUND INFERNO

by Francis B. Rizzari

On the morning of April 27, 1917, about 8:45 A.M., an explosion of methane gas ( $\text{CH}_4$ ), known as Fire Damp, occurred in the Hastings Number 2 coal mine, owned and operated by the Victor-American Fuel Company, at Hastings, Las Animas County, Colorado. One hundred and twenty-one men were in the mine at the time. There were no survivors. Before going into the details of the tragedy, let us trace briefly the history of the coal mining industry in the state.

The Louisiana Purchase of 1803, brought most of what is today Colorado, under the jurisdiction of the United States. The signature with a quill pen, and a small matter of \$15,000,000, more than doubled the area of the original thirteen colonies. Perhaps to those who read or heard about this great West, it must have seemed as inaccessible to them as the moon did to us only a few years back. But as we made progress in space exploration from our first grapefruit-sized satellite of ten years ago, to the mighty 6,200,000 pound Apollo-Saturn spacecraft of last November, so did those sturdy Americans of the early Nineteenth Century make their progress in exploring the newly acquired lands. Lt. Zebulon Pike's expedition and his subsequent capture by the Spanish in 1807, stirred up a little interest in the new domain. His report also gave the first inkling of the riches and wealth that were yet to come, when he was shown gold nuggets by James Purcell, a trapper. We can only speculate as to the consequences if Purcell had been taken more seriously. However, the gold fields of Georgia were producing enough gold for the nation, and rumors of gold 2,000 miles away could be easily forgotten.

Major Stephen Long's expedition of 1820 tended to put a damper on exploiting the land. In fact his label of "The Great American Desert" had the effect of putting up a "No Trespassing" sign. Fortunately, there were men like Louis Vasquez, Kit Carson, the Bent Brothers, Ceran St. Vrain, and others, who came perhaps out of curiosity to inspect and explore. The stories of the gay life at Santa Fe, the free and easy mode of living on the plains, unfettered by the shackles of law and order, taxes, rent, and other

necessities of modern day living of the times, also may have influenced them. They found that the climate in summer, while hot in the daytime, always felt cool in the shade of a cottonwood tree, and at night it was always necessary to have some kind of covering. And although the blizzards of winter could drop three feet of snow and the winds blow it into ten-foot drifts in a matter of hours, they always passed quickly and the clear, cloudless days that followed made a man glad to be alive. It is possible that while running their trap lines, hunting for buffalo, and trading with the Indians, they too heard of the gold in the mountains. These stories they kept to themselves—why spoil a good thing?

However, stories and rumors have a way of travelling and as they travel, gain more and more in prominence and authenticity. Stories of the rich farm lands in Oregon caused the tide of emmigration to by-pass Colorado. A few more short years and the tide turned to the gold fields of California. Although the term "population explosion" had not yet been coined, the East was beginning to become a little overcrowded.

When gold was discovered in Cherry Creek, 1,500 miles closer than California, the lure was too great and the rush was on. The Great American Desert was fast becoming a myth and the infant Territory of Colorado was being groomed and prepared to become a state and step onto the stage and take her place in history.

The first gold found was in placers or veins of rotten quartz that could easily be pulverized and washed away. Soon, however, the hard complex-refractory ores were reached, making it necessary to find others means of recovering the precious metal. Thanks to Nathaniel P. Hill who solved the puzzle of the ores, the new industry of smelting was developed. It takes fuel to run a smelter and the mountain sides were quickly denuded of the timber cover to provide this. With the timber gone, it became necessary to develop the coal beds as a source of fuel. Colorado seemed to be blessed with more than its share of coal.

In the 102 years from 1864 to 1966, over a half billion tons of coal have been mined. It is still the chief source of fuel for the generating of electricity and in 1967, the Public Service Company of Colorado used 2,082,709 tons for this purpose. Of this amount, 1,034,157 tons were burned in the company's Cherokee plant on the north edge of Denver. Only ten years ago, the total consumption at all the company's plants was only 292,000 tons. When the new 350,000-kilowatt generator starts up at the Cherokee plant later this year, it will burn 150 tons per hour.

Coal had first been discovered in 1860 near Canon City and Golden and had been used by the miners who returned from the mountains for the winter, to heat their homes. This was its only use until the smelters came into being. Total production for 1864, the first year of records, was only 500



tons. In 1865, the Marshall Coal Bank, southeast of Boulder, was opened. Some of this coal was hauled to the smelters at Black Hawk by way of a canyon that today is known as Coal Creek Canyon.

The construction of the Colorado Central, Denver Pacific, and Kansas Pacific railroads in 1870, followed by the Denver and Rio Grande in 1871, the Denver South Park and Pacific in 1872, and the Boulder Valley in 1873, created new markets. By the early 1880's, coal was being mined in the counties of Jefferson, Boulder, Weld, La Plata, Park, and Dolores. This was of lignite and bituminous grade. Anthracite coal had been found in Gunnison County but was not mined commercially until later. The name is perpetuated in the Anthracite Range and Anthracite Creek locations.

The decade from 1880 to 1890 saw the largest promotion and construction of railroads in the state. It is not strange that the railroads owned or controlled the largest coal mines. In some instances, they were their own best customers. By 1884, the known coal fields covered 1,500 square miles, and by the late 1880's, coal had been discovered and mines developed in Routt, Garfield, and Pitkin counties.

In 1893, Colorado ranked sixth in the list of coal-producing states and the commodity was being shipped as far away as Shreveport, Louisiana. That was also the year which saw the repeal of the Sherman Silver Act which ultimately closed most of the silver mines in the state. This brought on a chain reaction affecting the smelters, which in turn curtailed their orders for coal, and by 1896, Colorado had slipped to tenth place. Its rating over the next few years varied from that spot to seventh. In 1900 it produced over 5,000,000 short tons, the first time that figure had been reached.

Iron had been discovered in the 1860's but little had been done to develop the mines. However, with the impetus of railroad construction in the early 80's, mills were built and a new industry came into being. Now the steel mills helped offset the loss of orders from the smelters, but the general depression of 1907-08, together with the mild winter, caused a decrease in production. Labor troubles were also beginning to have their effect. When the coal mines of the Mississippi Valley had been on strike in the early 1900's, orders for Colorado coal from that area had sustained the mines. Conversely, with the labor unions coming into the state and the ensuing conflicts between them and the coal mine owners causing strikes and lockouts, production dropped. Tonnage for 1914 was the smallest since 1904.

Labor troubles had occurred in the gold and silver mines with the first strike being called in Leadville in 1880. Others of note occurred at Cripple Creek in 1894, Leadville again in 1896, Lake City in 1899, Telluride in 1901, Idaho Springs in 1903, and again at Cripple Creek in 1904.

It is not the purpose of this paper to chronicle the history of our min-

ing labor troubles, but to make note of them as a prelude to the coming trouble in the coal mines. The first strike by coal miners took place in 1903. In Las Animas County about 6,500 miners walked out; in Huerfano County about 450; in Fremont County about 1,700; in Boulder County about 1,500; and in Garfield County about 300. President John Mitchell of the United Mine Workers of America, arrived in Trinidad in December and addressed a gathering of about 3,000 people.

The two largest coal companies affected by the strike were the Colorado Fuel and Iron and the Victor Fuel Company. Naturally there were hard feelings on both sides and violence flared. On December 7th, Marshall Milton Hightower was superintending the tearing down of some of the shanties of the Victor Fuel Company at Hastings, where the miners had formerly lived. He was attacked by a group of Italian women, one of whom struck him with a cleaver.



Victor Fuel Company Mine at Hastings, Colorado—Circa 1917.

Thomas Jennings, an employee of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and a brother of the superintendent of the company's mine at Berwind, had conducted several parties of men from Berwind to Primero. He was conducting a party of four men on the afternoon of December 7th, when they were fired upon by a party of unknown men. On the same night a fight occurred at the coke ovens of the company at Segundo. The division superintendent, upon learning of the attack on the Jennings party, had telephoned the superintendent at the coke ovens to request the deputy sheriffs, who were guarding the company property, to allow no one to enter Segundo unless they were alright. About 8 o'clock in the evening, the deputies halted a group of six miners near the ovens. Almost immedi-

ately shooting began, each side claiming the other had fired first. About a hundred shots were fired. None of the deputies was hurt, but one of the strikers was killed and three others wounded, one of whom subsequently died.

The strike of 1903 was followed by those of 1911 and 1913. Violence occurred many times, finally culminating in the bloody and fire-blackened tragedy at Ludlow.

As mentioned a few minutes ago, the growing iron and steel industry aided the coal mines. In 1877, a rolling mill had been brought from Pennsylvania and set up in Pueblo. It wasn't long before Denver offered the owner a subsidy and it was moved north to that city. In 1880, the mill was bought by the Colorado Coal and Iron Company, predecessor to the present C F & I Steel Corporation, who moved it back to South Pueblo. In 1881 the company erected iron and steelworks as Bessemer and the future of Pueblo as the "Pittsburgh of the West" seemed assured. The boom in the railroad construction of the 80's contributed in no small way to the success of the venture, as railroads need steel rails upon which to operate. While some rails came from the east, a good many came from Pueblo.

Except for the railroads, the Colorado Coal and Iron Company was the largest corporation in the state. It had been organized on January 23, 1880, by a group of men which included General William Palmer and Dr. William Bell. The firm possibly could be called Colorado's first syndicate as it was the result of a merger of the Central Colorado Improvement Company, the Southern Colorado Coal and Town Company, and the Colorado Coal and Steel Works. General Palmer was the first president under the new name.

By 1890 the company was employing about 900 men, paying them a total of \$40,000 a month in wages. While this seems a small pittance compared to today's wages, it was big business in those days. Historian Frank Hall recorded the monthly capacity of the mills to be 7,000 tons of pig iron, the same number of tons of steel rails, 2,500 tons of cast-iron water pipe, 1,000 tons of merchant iron, mine rails etc., 6,000 kegs of nails, and 1,000 kegs of spikes.

In addition, the company also owned 40,000 acres of grazing and agricultural land, all within Pueblo County. About 9,000 acres of these were irrigated by the Bessemer Irrigating Canal. By 1918 the company controlled 300,000 acres of land.

Ore for the mills came from the Calumet Mine northeast of Salida and from the Hot Springs Mine southeast of Villa Grove in the San Luis Valley. The Hot Springs location was later called Orient. Coal came from the Canon City Mine at Coal Creek, near Canon City. At Walsenburg they

owned the Walsen, the Cameron, and the Robinson mines. One of its largest producers was the El Moro Mine between the towns of El Moro and Trinidad. This mine also produced coal with excellent coking qualities and 250 ovens were built at El Moro for this purpose. Although most of the coke was used in the company's own operations, carloads were shipped to Leadville and even as far away as Montana. In the early years, limestone came from San Carlos, six miles south of Pueblo, while today it is brought down from the great Madonna Mine at the ghost town of Monarch, a few miles west of Poncha Springs.

In second place in size, was the Victor Coal Company, later known as the Victor Coal and Coke Company, the Victor Fuel Company, and finally as the Victor-American Fuel Company. There were coal companies other than the two named above, but these two pretty well sustained the economic life of Las Animas County.

The *Denver Times* for December 31, 1898, sums up the situation with an article on the industry. I will quote in context from it.

"Coal is King" is the boast of every citizen of Las Animas County. In every hillside and along the banks of every stream for an area embracing 900 square miles surrounding Trinidad, coal outcrops where the land has been cut by wear of the elements. In one vein alone there is enough material to yield 150,000 tons per day through 150 years of constant mining. If all viens were worked, 300,000 tons could be mined. It is superior in quality, free from sulphur, hard and compact in structure, rich in carbon, and readily converted to coke. . . .

The land between the Platte and Candian rivers comprises some 240,000 square miles, capable of sustaining 1,920,000 families. Computing the need for each family at five tons per year, it will require an annual production of 9,600,000 . . . Eight distinct coal camps ranging from two to 20 miles from Trinidad now employ 4,800 men producing 9,600 tons per day. Scattered small mines bring the total number of men to 5,000 and the production to 10,000 tons. There are 716 coke ovens whose daily output is 1,000 tons. . . . Certainly with an array of statistics such as those just quoted, who could say coal was not King?

The eight camps listed were Starkville, Aguilar, Berwind, Forbes, Sopris, Grey Creek, Engle, and Hastings. In most instances, the coal companies not only owned the mine, but the town, the houses, stores, and amusement facilities as well.

Hastings first appears in the small town and post office section of the Colorado State Business Directory for 1890. It is listed merely as Hastings, Las Animas County, population, 20. There are no stage connections nor distances noted from other towns in the vicinity. The same listing is carried in the directories for 1891 and 1892, but in the 1893 edition, it has been moved to the main section and now has a population of 50. Seven businesses are listed; the Hastings Hotel, operated by Mrs. C. T. Burton; P. J.

Bocco and Company, grocers; Claudius Hart, meat; Nicolli Brothers, grocery and saloon; James Roberts, postmaster; and the Victor Coal Company, general merchandise and coal mining. It is also listed as being on the Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf Railroad. Actually, it was on a branch from the main line that was a mile away. The connection was called Ludlow.

In the directory for 1894, the population has jumped to 1,500. It now lists a mayor, city clerk, Catholic Church, an assistant postmaster, and two justices of the peace in addition to the previously mentioned establishments. The Victor Coal Company is now listed as the Victor Coal and Coke Company. In 1895 a physician and a railroad agent were added to the list. From here on the population varies, dropping to 1,000 in 1898 and to 600 in 1900. However the *Denver Times* for November 20, 1900, states that the Victor Fuel Company (note the name change) has 3,600 men employed in its mines at Hastings, Downing, Grey Creek, Chandlar, and Maitland. Another story in the *Times* for December 31, 1899, stated the town had a population of 1,000 and that there were 100 coke ovens.

In the Directories for 1901 and 1902 the population is given as 2,000 and there are ten businesses listed. From 1903 to 1909 the population is shown as 200 but I am sure this is an error where one zero was dropped and then carried over year after year by the editors and not corrected until 1909. However, also remember that 1903 was the year of the strike, so perhaps the 200 is correct.

In the 1905 directory there are 16 businesses listed including an opera house, carpenter, barber, and music teacher. In 1909 the population is back to 2,000 and there are 13 entries including a stage line, school principal, and the Mountain Telegraph Company. In the 1910 and 1911 editions, a blacksmith has seen fit to pay for the privilege of being listed. In 1912 the population dropped to 693 and the Victor-American Fuel Company is listed for the first time.

Statistics remained much the same until the year 1917 when the Continental Oil Company and the Trinidad Electric Transportation Railway appear. As nearly as can be determined, the latter company was a power company, although there was a Trinidad Electric Transmission Railway and Gas Company that operated the street and interurban railway from Trinidad to Starkville.

Since 1904, the town had been served by the Colorado and South Eastern Railway, a wholly-owned subsidiary of the coal company. The branch line built by the Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf Railroad in 1893 had been taken over by the Colorado and Southern upon that company's organization in 1898. Then in 1904, the company bought the track from the C&S, organized the Colorado and South Eastern and eventually extend-

ed its tracks up the canyon west of Hastings to Delagua. The railroad was scrapped in 1952.

The year 1917 was a fateful one for Hastings. Coal, being organic in nature, sometimes generates a deadly gas in the mines known as Fire Damp. It is highly explosive when it comes in contact with an open flame. The Hastings mine had an unusually high content of this gas. In 1911 the State Bureau of Mines had recommended the installation of radiators and the injection of steam into the air intakes of all mines in Las Animas County south of Aguilar, in order to lessen the chance of an explosion due to coal dust. The Hastings mine developed an adobe duster, similar to those in use today, whereby adobe dust was sprayed on the coal facings. This machine, however, was not working on the morning of April 27.

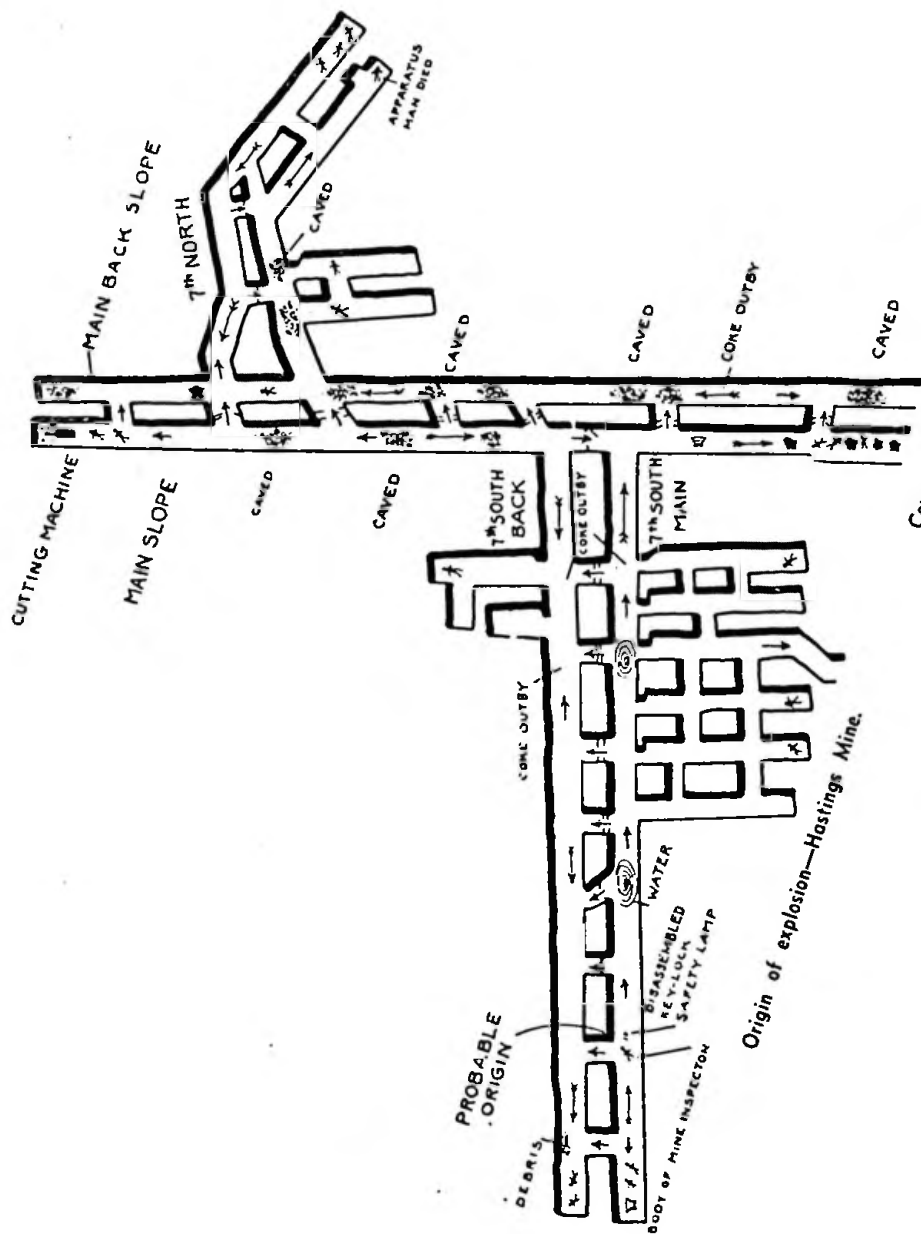
Operations at the Hastings mine were not carried on through a vertical shaft as most mines were, but through an adit that followed the dip of the vein itself. The vein had an average dip of about five degrees. Tributary drifts took off the main adit so the coal could be worked on a multitude of facings at the same time. These drifts were called entries and were numbered one north, two north or one south, two south and so on.

The original entry of the mine had been made on the upper vein known as the Berwind "A." However, there had been a couple of explosions in previous years, causing a few deaths and setting the vein on fire. It had been sealed off about 2,000 feet from the portal and left to burn out. From this point on the "A" vein, a sloping entry had been made to the vein 40 feet below known as the Berwind "B." The main face of the "B" vein was in over 8,000 feet. Haulage was done by hand and mules. Labor in the entries was mostly done by hand while that on the main face of the vein was done by an electric mining machine. This machine was down for repair and, as was the case of the duster, was not operating the morning of April 27.

In order to minimize the danger of gas explosions in the mine, the miners were equipped with Victor electric lamps. The Wolf safety lamp, which had a flame encased in wire mesh, was carried by the superintendent, the mine foreman, the fire-boss, the company mine inspector, shaftman, and some entymen working in entries known to be generating a high percentage of gas. The presence of gas could be determined by the dimming of the flame.

A 6 A.M. on April 27th, the fire-boss inspected the mine to its utmost depths and, as he had done many times before, reported it safe for work. He checked the fan that circulated the fresh air through the "B" seam at the rate of 50,000 cubic feet per minute and O.K.'d it. At 7 A.M. the day shift consisting of 35 Greeks, 33 Austrians, 13 Italians, 14 Mexicans, 7 Negroes, 3 Poles, 1 Serbian, 2 Welsh and 13 Americans, entered the mine.

April, 1968



Courtesy of U. S. Bureau of Mines  
Francis B. Rizzari

David Reese, traveling inspector, was one of the group.

About 9:00 A.M. a trip of empty cars was descending the slope into the mine. Suddenly the cars stopped and the trip rider got off the cars to investigate the trouble. He had gone but a short way when he smelled smoke and saw a huge cloud of the billowing stuff approaching him. This meant only one thing—FIRE! He turned and ran back up the slope, his lungs straining and his aching legs seemingly held down by lead weights as he tried to outrace the deadly cloud. Bursting from the mouth of the mine, he gave the alarm. In a few minutes the smoke from which he had fled in panic, began to emerge from the portal. Down in the powerhouse the engineer began to blow the disaster signal on the steam whistle, calling all off-shift miners to the mine headquarters to prepare for the work of rescue. Telephone calls were placed to the towns around asking for the help of their helmet crews.

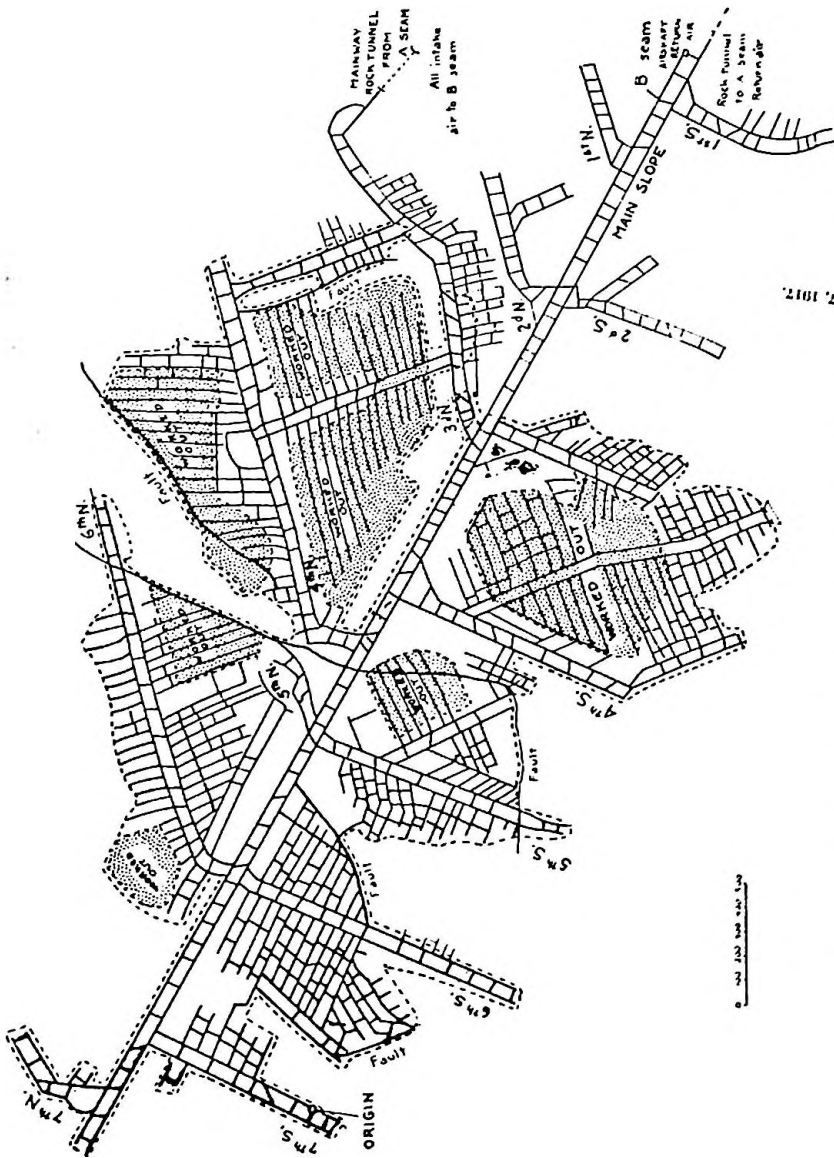
No concussion or shock had been felt at the surface and at first there was some optimism that the smoke was caused by a fire and that some of the miners were safe. However, the smoke was so thick that it was some time before rescuers could attempt to enter the mine.

Henry P. King, Deputy State Inspector of Coal Mines, District No.1, arrived at the mine at 2:30 P.M. and entered the workings twenty minutes later. There seemed to be no damage as far as the third and fourth entries and hope was still held for some survivors. This hope was short-lived, however, as beyond this point they began to come upon bodies of the miners. These were burned, thus indicating an explosion of some kind had taken place. Below the fourth north entry they began to encounter damage and rock fall, thus slowing the recovery work. The great fan had not been damaged, but even so, it could not seem to clear the smoke from the mine and progress was slow.

James Dalrymple, State Mine Inspector, arrived on the scene early on the morning of the 28th, and after accompanying one of the rescue crews as far as possible, stated it was doubtful if any were still alive. By 5 o'clock that afternoon, 30 hours after the explosion, thirteen bodies had been recovered, and by 8 o'clock, two more. Dalrymple also stated that he thought there had been an explosion but could not be certain until the entire mine had been inspected.

All during this time the scene at the mine portal was one of total despair. Wives, sweethearts, and relatives of the trapped men huddled around waiting for some word. Some wept silently, others were almost hysterical and had to be restrained forcibly from entering the workings. A few stood there numbly, saying nothing, remembering other days like this when there had been survivors, but realizing that today was the one day they had lived in fear of most of their lives.





Map of explosion area, Hastings mine, Trinidad, Colorado, April 27, 1917

Courtesy of U. S. Bureau of Mines  
Francis B. Rizzari

Rumors ran through the crowd that the Austrians had blown up the mine in order to slow America's war effort. War had been declared on Austria and Germany only twenty-one days before. This theory was so strong that Governor Julius Ganter felt it necessary to make a public announcement that there was no evidence of foul play connected with the disaster.

As more and more bodies were recovered it was noticed that many had their hair burned off and the skin and flesh were blackened as if scorched, thus confirming a flash explosion. Looking back, at this time, we can visualize an explosion similar to one which occurs when a lighted match is thrown into a spreading flow of gasoline. The result is not a loud explosion but a "Whoo--oosh." The Hastings explosion must have been similar only a thousand times greater. Coal dust may have been a contributing factor, as the duster was not working that morning.

As the work of clearing up the mine and recovering the bodies proceeded, it was noticed that the damage encountered to the seventh south entry had been caused by a force exerting pressure upward toward the mine entrance, while below that entry, the damage seemed to indicate that the force had been downward. This led to the conclusion that the origin of the explosion had occurred near that spot.

By the 8th of May, rescuers had reached the face of the main slope. Here they found the electric cutting machine with its wires still disconnected, thus eliminating it as the cause. On the morning of May 10, the graveyard shift found the body of David Reese, Company Mine Inspector. The Wolf safety lamp that he had been carrying was found beside his body with the oil vessel disconnected. From this point investigators observed that the force of the explosion had travelled both inwardly and outwardly in the mine and that his lamp was not damaged nor blown away from his body, thus indicating that little or no violence had taken place at that spot. This led Inspector King to state that from this evidence, the explosion had been caused at this point by a naked light coming in contact with gas.

The entrymen working in the seventh south back entry also had Wolf safety lamps. They were one hundred and twenty-five feet beyond the point where Reese's body had been found. Most of the gas given off in this part of the mine came from the face of the entry. If the gas had been explosive where Reese was, it was more so where the men were, thus making it impossible for the Wolf safety lamp to burn. Therefore, it seemed evident that those men either did not know, or did not care what extinguished the lamp.

One hundred and twenty-one men died, and at the time the official report was written, only one hundred and one bodies had been recovered. The search went on well into the following year and before the final

count of 121 was given out another man died from indirect causes of the tragedy. On May 6, 1917, Walter Kerr twenty-seven years old, married, father of three children, and a member of the Berwind Colorado Fuel and Iron Company's Helmet Crew, was carrying a body out of the mine. He suddenly left his crew and was later found dead in a cross-cut at the face of the seventh north entry. It was found that he had a defective heart and the overexertion had caused it to fail.

Production at the mine for 1917 dropped to 74,221 tons. In 1918 it fell to 11,944. This year, however, the state produced its greatest amount of coal, 12,658,053 tons. No production is recorded for Hastings for 1919 and 1920, but in 1921, it was 20,747 tons. None is recorded for 1922, and 1923 a mere 7,049 tons are shown. The mine was then abandoned and the portal sealed.

The town of Hastings carried on somehow after that, but only a ghost of its former self. By 1933 the directories list a population of 307. The publishers evidently did little research for the succeeding years as that figure is carried every year to 1939.

Just when the great tipples, trestles, and other structures were torn down, I do not know. They probably fell into decay gradually and the final cleanup done in 1952 when the railroad was torn up. Today only the cement foundations with huge anchor bolts in them, a row of deserted and half-ruined coke ovens, and a polished granite monument to the memory of the dead miners, mark the spot where 121 men died in Colorado's Underground Inferno.

## New posse Member

It's a pleasure to welcome Jackson C. Thode to Posse Membership in the Denver Posse. Mr. Thode is a veteran of more than 30 years with the D&RG Railroad. He is currently 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. Aydelott, and A. E. Perlman, now president of the New York Central.

Jackson 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," which appeared in the April issue of the *Roundup* one year ago, vividly captures the excitement of the railroad construction competition of the 1880's in the race to Colorado's booming mining towns.

"Keep your hand upon the throttle and your eye upon the rail, Jackson!"

# New Hands on the Denver Range

John D. Findling, D.D.S.  
11208 W. Colfax  
Lakewood, Colo.

CM's Wilbur Ritchie and Charles Thompson co-sponsor Dr. Findling who is concerned with the history of Wyoming and Colorado. Traveling and studying historical places are the doctor's first interests.

Wendell F. Hutchinson  
Rt. 1, Box 283  
Salida, Colo. 81207

The "Squatter from Poncha Springs" corraled another author for our ranks in woodcraft are Mr. Jones' special interests. *the Angel of Shavano*. Wendell's family dates back to Oro City, 1860 and Cache Creek, 1866.

Roy E. Coy  
2291 Leyden St.  
Denver, Colo. 80207

PM Fred Rosenstock attests for Roy Coy, the co-author of *Hoofbeats of Destiny*. Roy is the former editor of *Museum Graphic*, St. Joseph, Mo. and his historical research is devoted to the Pony Express and Jesse James.

A. A. Jones  
8464 W. Arizona Drive  
Denver, Colorado 80220

We welcome Mr. A. A. Jones through the sponsorship of J. Nevin Carson, PM. Mr. Jones is a banker and has served as a special investigator with the U. S. Army Counter Intelligence. Western history and woodcraft are Mr. Jones' special interests.

Henry A. Fontaine  
2039 Goldenvue Dr.  
Golden, Colorado 80401

PM's Richard Ronzio and Charles Ryland teamed up to corral Mr. Fontaine into the ranks of corresponding membership. Henry Fontaine is a book collector and a patron of Western art.

Carl E. Benson  
1205 West 4th Ave.  
Broomfield, Colo. 80020

Mr. Carl E. Benson's corresponding membership is brought to us through the services of Numa James, PM. Mr. Benson focuses his historical research on Western characters and ghost towns.

Jay B. Mead, D.D.S.  
2675 So. Winona Ct.  
Denver, Colorado 80219

Dr. Thompson sponsors another of his professional fraternity in the person of Dr. Jay B. Mead. Dr. Mead's historical interests are centered in the early mining operations of Colorado.

William V. Kittleman, Jr., D.D.S.  
2455 Arapahoe Ave.  
Boulder, Colorado 80302

We welcome as a new corresponding member, Dr. William V. Kittleman, Jr., through the sponsorship of Dr. Charles R. Thompson CM. Dr. Kittleman specializes in the study of horse packing and trail riding.

## TALL BULL'S LAST FIGHT

by Reginald S. Craig

It was late in the afternoon of a warm June day in 1869. The sun hung low over the hills bordering the Republican River somewhere in western Kansas or eastern Colorado where the troops of General Eugene Carr had interrupted their search for hostile Indians to establish their camp for the night along the bank of the stream. The tents for approximately 150 men of the Fifth Cavalry were pitched at the upstream end of the camp area. Pawnee scouts, totaling 100, under Captain Luther North, were bivouacked one-half mile further downstream and the wagon train with "Buffalo Bill" Cody's sutler outfit was located between the other two units. The wagon master had put his mules out to graze on the opposite bank of the stream under the guard of two teamsters and the men had just begun their evening meal when they heard a loud war whoop from across the river.<sup>1</sup>

Captain North and twenty of his men caught up and saddled their horses and dashed to the ford which was near Cody's tent. Cody was already across the river since his horse had been left saddled and tied to the wagon. However, his mount was slow and the Pawnees soon passed him; one of them seizing Cody's revolver from its holster and making a remark in the Indian tongue as he rode by. As soon as North reached the scene of the attack he saw that the two herders had been killed and that the stock was being driven off by seven Indians who were identified by the Pawnees as Cheyennes.

The pursuit was pushed vigorously. When the scouts began to gain, the raiders abandoned the mules and escaped into the hills to the south. Cody was concerned that the snatching of his weapon might have indicated that the Pawnees harbored some enmity toward him, particularly since one of them who spoke a little English had told him a few days earlier that they thought he might have been the white man with long hair who had fought with the Cheyennes against them the year before. When North explained to the Pawnees that Cody had never been allied against them, it developed that the Indian who took his revolver had only borrowed it for the occasion.

Since it was near midnight when they got back to the camp with the herd. Captain North delayed his report, and the next morning he rode to the general's tent and advised him concerning the circumstances of the raid. The captain thought the results of his pursuit should be considered as quite satisfactory since he had recovered all of the stolen stock. He was surprised when General Carr, instead of expressing approval, reprimanded him for using so many men merely to drive off seven Indians. Luther North was really a civilian with considerable knowledge of the frontier and particularly of the Pawnee Indians. Having been appointed on the recommendation of his brother, Major North, whose background was similar, he had very little in the way of military tradition and experience to guide him, and he replied to the general with some heat as he would have done to a civilian under similar circumstances. Carr, however, reacting according to his military training, placed North under arrest and assigned his brother-in-law Captain Cushing to command the detachment.

The next morning the column resumed its march up the Republican with the Pawnee scouts three or four miles ahead of the main body. They had only marched a short distance when the adjutant rode up with orders from the general for Captain Cushing to send a scouting party south to the Solomon River. Cushing replied that Captain North was the only white man in the command who could speak Pawnee well enough to transmit the instructions to the scouts. The adjutant laughed as he rode away. Within a short time he returned with orders from the general for Captain North's release and for him to take command and send out the scouting party.<sup>2</sup> The incident was never mentioned again, and relations between the captain and the general continued on the basis of mutual respect.

General Carr was engaged in the last operation of the campaign of 1868-69, which had begun with General Sheridan's attack on the southern hostile bands in the previous fall and winter. By early spring the warriors in the main body of the Cheyenne nation had surrendered to the military authorities and had come in to their new agency at Camp Supply in Indian Territory, or were on their way in, but the Dog Soldiers were still out on the warpath. Under their chief, *Tatonka Haska*, or Tall Bull, they kept to their old hunting ranges near the headwaters of the Republican and Smoky Hill rivers and other streams watering their great buffalo pasture between the Platte and Arkansas rivers. As the settlers moved west to take up homesteads in this area, their anger grew, and on May 21st, they attacked a party of hunters on the Republican and then moved on to the settlements further east. This was followed by a raid on the Saline River Valley in which thirteen men, women and child-

ren were either killed or wounded and two women and a child were captured, a Mrs. Weichell and a Mrs. Alerdice with the baby of the latter.<sup>3</sup>

There were a number of alarming accounts of these raids in the Topeka *Daily Kansas State Record*, and this paper also reported large scale attacks from Nebraska southward and stated that the governor had asked General Sheridan for more troops. As a result of this situation and the excitement all along the frontier, Sheridan ordered all posts in the vicinity of the affected areas to send out scouting detachments in an effort to find and subdue the hostiles. Accordingly, Brevet Major General W. H. Emory, commanding Fort McPherson in western Nebraska, dispatched General Carr with eight companies of the Fifth Cavalry and a detachment of Pawnee scouts from that post to search the area along the headwaters of the Republican.

Originally, the Pawnees had been raised for a winter campaign. It was in February, 1868 that Major Frank North, who had commanded Pawnee units in several previous campaigns, received orders to raise a company from that tribe. As a rancher in eastern Nebraska near the Pawnee agency and an old friend of these Indians, North had no difficulty in recruiting a company of fifty scouts, especially for a campaign against their old enemies the Cheyennes. This unit was designated as Company A and placed under the immediate command of the major's brother, Captain Luther North. They proceeded to Fort Kearney and received their clothing, horses and equipment. From there they were moved by rail to Fort McPherson where they were provided with arms, ammunition, rations and forage. On February 14, Major North returned to the Pawnee agency to recruit another company of scouts while his brother moved south with Company A to join a winter expedition under Major Noyes reported to be somewhere on the Republican.

Three days later he found the major and his command out of rations and suffering from extreme cold. The expedition turned back and several days later reached the shelter of Fort McPherson after considerable hardship but with no loss of personnel. Several weeks were spent by the scouts in a camp near the fort resting and getting the horses in shape for further operations. Later in the spring, they scouted up the North Platte where there were some minor contacts with the Sioux, and on June 5, they joined the second company of Pawnees at North Platte. Here they also joined forces with the Fifth Cavalry under General Carr, and the North brothers for the first time met William F. ("Buffalo Bill") Cody, who was scouting for Carr. They moved back to Fort McPherson, and on June 8, Carr started out on his scout to the south with Luther North in command of the scout detachment in place of his brother, who had again been sent back to raise

one more company of Pawnees. Cody rode with the column as a scout and also brought a supply of canned goods to sell to the soldiers. A week later they were camped on the Republican when the Indians made the attack on the mule herd described at the beginning of this article.

The search by the Pawnees along the Solomon River produced no results, and they returned to the main body. On June 17, Major North arrived with a third company of scouts and took command of the detachment, and on the following day the whole command moved south to the Solomon River. After scouting up and down the stream and to the south without discovering any sign of Indians, General Carr turned back to the north and then moved on to the west. Parties of scouts ranged out to the north and south of the line of march and found the signs of the passage of a few small war parties but no lodge pole trails were seen for several days.<sup>1</sup> On June 26, the command crossed over to the valley of the Republican and resumed the march up that stream in a generally westerly direction. The movement continued on that course for several days with scouts out in advance and on each flank. On the night of July 8, when the scouts were camped a mile ahead of the main body, a few Indians made an unusual midnight raid, charging through the camp in an effort to stampede the horses but the animals were all securely tied and none was lost.

The next day the general decided to stay in camp while his scouts searched the countryside for any signs of hostile bands. Captain North and Lieutenant Billy Harvey took five men and rode south, while other parties moved out in different directions. After proceeding a short distance, North made a wide swing to the west and north and reached the Republican River about twenty-five miles above the camp. The detachment crossed the river just at sunset near the base of a rise in the ground that cut off the view ahead. North decided to get a look at the area in front of him before selecting a campsite, and the party started up the slope of the hill. Near the top of the rise, he called for a halt while one of the men dismounted and moved ahead. When he reached the summit, he crouched, peered over the crest and motioned for the commander to come forward. North and Harvey dismounted and crawled up to the top. Just beyond the hill there was a long draw or swale leading to the river which made a bend to the north about a mile further upstream. Strung out down this valley there was a large body of Indians which they decided was Tall Bull's band of Cheyennes, traveling slowly with their horses loaded with meat and camp equipage and apparently hot and tired after a long day's march<sup>5</sup>

This development changed the captain's plans. Instead of camping for the night, he started back at once for the main camp and reported his discovery to General Carr. After the arrival of a wagon train from Fort McPherson with additional supplies, the general ordered an advance on the



trail of the Indians for the morning of July 10th, and the command moved up the river to the place where the Cheyennes had camped three days earlier. The advance was resumed at daylight the next morning with each man carrying one hundred rounds of ammunition and three days' rations. After marching fifteen miles they reached the camp the Indians had vacated the day before, and a short distance beyond, the trail split into three branches. Carr then divided his forces, sending Major W. B. Royall with a detachment of cavalry and Cody for a guide up the right hand trail leading to the northeast, detailing the two Norths and Captain Cushing with thirty-five scouts to the center track and taking the northwest fork himself with the rest of the command.

Carr's column moved for an hour through the sand hills near the breaks of the North Platte with the Pawnee scouts in the lead, but they saw no Indians and the general was beginning to doubt that they would find the elusive warriors. Finally, one of the Pawnees signaled for him to come forward, and he moved up without much expectation that anything of note was involved. The scout pointed to a herd of animals about four miles away that Carr thought might have been buffaloes. Further investigation convinced him that they had located an Indian horse herd, and he moved his men down a ravine to screen his movements from the village that was probably close by.

In the meantime, Major North and his men had been able to advance only at a slow trot due to the extreme heat. When they had covered about fifteen miles, they were overtaken by a scout from the left hand column with a message from Carr advising them that he had located a Cheyenne village and ordering them to join him at once. North and his men started for the west at a gallop and soon reached the point where Carr's troops were waiting, dismounted. The major also had his men dismount and strip the saddles from their horses to provide for greater speed of advance. There was a short rest for the animals, and the orders were passed to mount and resume the advance in a southeasterly direction towards a valley running east and west in which the village was apparently located. Royall's detachment having rejoined the main body a short time before, the command was operating at full strength.

When they reached a point about a mile from the camp where concealment was no longer possible, Carr placed his three leading companies in a parallel column of two's. He directed Major E. W. Crittenden to take command and sounded the charge.<sup>6</sup> The leading companies moved out at a fast gallop with the Pawnees on their left and the rest of the command following closely behind. They passed over a line of sand hills and entered a long valley leading to the village, which was near a place called Summit Springs. They saw the horse herd but the lodges were not yet in sight.

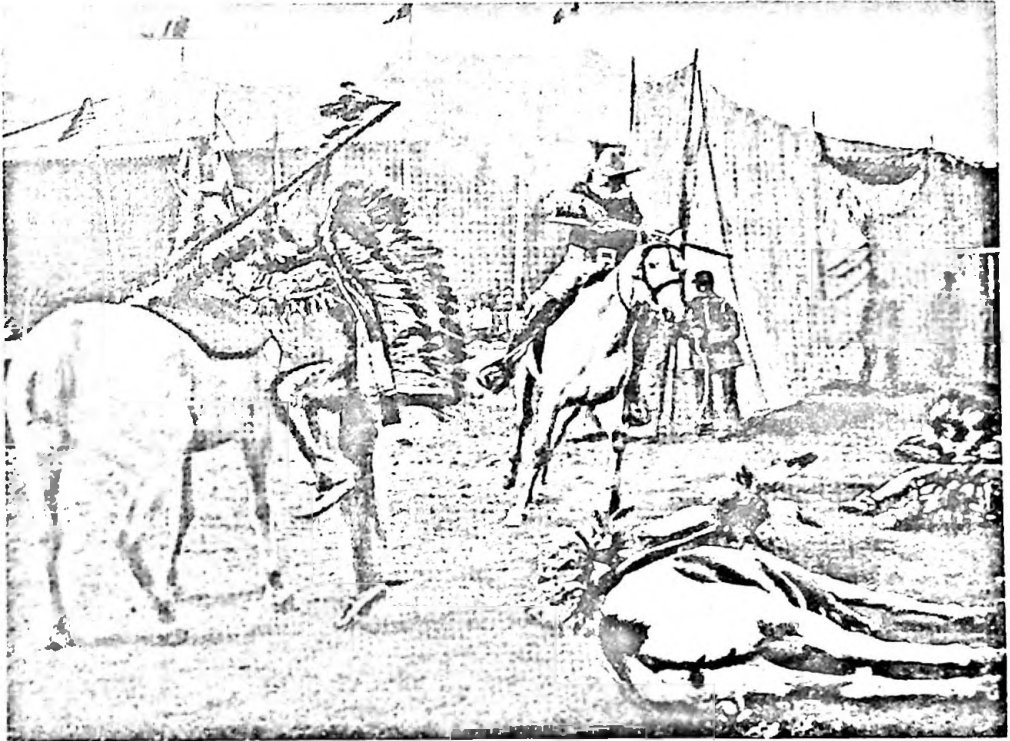
Since they had stripped all excess equipment from their mounts, the Pawnees and their white leaders soon took the lead from the soldiers whose animals were more heavily loaded. Major North had a very fast horse and within a short time he was 200 yards in advance of his battalion, which was riding hard just behind his brother. Passing over the last ridge, the major found himself almost in the village where Indians were rushing out of their lodges in great alarm, and five or six of them who had already secured their horses came riding up the hill towards him.<sup>7</sup> Pulling his horse to a quick stop, North jumped off and opened fire. His brother arrived and also dismounted to engage the Indians but they turned and ran under the major's fire as the rest of the Pawnees began to come up. Both officers then remounted and led their men down towards the village, which consisted of 85 lodges scattered up and down a small stream for about half a mile.

Some distance from the village and off to one side of their line of advance they saw a Cheyenne boy about 15 years of age, who was tending a herd of ponies. When he observed the approach of an obviously hostile group, he quickly jumped onto his horse, gathered up his herd and drove the animals into the village ahead of the scouts, in spite of the heavy fire which they directed towards him. At the edge of the camp he joined a small band of warriors, who had organized a hasty defense to hold back the attackers while the women and children escaped. He stood his ground and died like a full-grown warrior. When the scout battalion reached a point near the edge of the village, the cavalry swept past them, turned left and passed on up the valley to the upper end of the camp while Major North led his men across the lower end of the village to the opposite side.<sup>8</sup>

The two Norths and two other white officers rode up to a big lodge at the lower end of the camp that looked as though it might belong to the chief. They saw a small jug of water on the ground in front of the tent, and since he was hot and thirsty, Captain Cushing dismounted and picked it up. Just as he was about to drink, a woman crawled out of the lodge, staggered to her feet, ran to him and threw her arms around his knees. She was bleeding from a wound in her breast, and although she was tanned and dirty and dressed like a squaw, it was apparent that she was a white woman. She was unable to speak English, but they later learned that she was Mrs. George Weichell, the wife of a German settler who had been captured with Mrs. Alerdice in the Saline Valley raid of the previous spring in which the husbands of both women were killed. Tall Bull, who was the owner of the large lodge, had taken her for a wife and when the troops charged the camp he had tried to kill her but his shot had only resulted in a flesh wound. A little beyond his lodge the dead body of Mrs. Alerdice was found, a victim of the usual Indian tactic of killing all white captives at the start of an attack on their village.

The Pawnees began advancing slowly up the stream through the village driving back the stubbornly resisting Cheyennes but the soldiers were firing volleys into the upstream end of the camp and the Indians soon began a hasty retreat. The scouts followed with Major North and his brother riding in the lead. A warrior raised his head above the top of a nearby ravine and he fired a shot at the major, who threw his hand up to his face and stopped his horse. Jumping from the saddle, he handed the reins to his brother and instructed him to ride off while he waited to see if the Indian would again show himself.

In the meantime, Tall Bull had made an important decision. A number of the Cheyennes, including the chief and his family, had taken refuge in this ravine, which was now surrounded by Pawnees and soldiers. He found



Death of "Tall Bull," as re-enacted by Buffalo Bill.

Courtesy of Denver Public Library.

a place for his wife and child where they would be somewhat protected from rifle fire and returned to the mouth of the ravine. He stabbed his favorite war horse behind the foreleg and the horse fell dead leaving him on foot among his enemies. That was where he intended to die.<sup>9</sup> After firing a shot from the top of the bank at Major North, Tall Bull waited a few

minutes until he heard a horse gallop away and then carefully raised his head above the rim to find out if his shot had taken effect. However, the major was waiting for just such an occurrence and immediately shot him in the forehead. He fell back dead into the ravine, and Captain North rode back with his brother's horse just as an Indian woman climbed out of the wash and surrendered to them. They did not know her identity nor that of the dead Indian until three days later at Fort Sedgwick when she stated, under questioning by the interpreter, Leo Palladay, that she was Tall Bull's wife and that the warrior Major North had killed was Tall Bull himself.<sup>10</sup>

Having joined the main body with Major Royall just before the attack, Cody took a prominent part in the fighting, even though he did not kill Tall Bull as Ned Buntline later stated in his "Buffalo Bill" stories. This erroneous claim never caused any ill will between Major North and Cody, who were the best of friends and business partners in both ranching and Western shows for many years.

Following the shooting of Tall Bull, Major North and his unit moved up to a point near the head of the canyon where the men dismounted and engaged a number of Cheyenne warriors who had taken refuge there. With their bows and arrows, these Cheyennes fired from their positions just below the steep canyon walls whenever the scouts approached. Then the Pawnees and their officers would run up to the depression, fire over the edge and jump back. This exchange continued for some time until finally the arrows ceased to come from the ravine. Although they were hard pressed in the surprise attack, a number of the Indians managed to escape from the vicinity of their camp, and a running fight continued for ten or fifteen miles beyond the village until the pursuit of the scattered bands was finally abandoned.

General Carr stated in his official report that the Indians suffered a loss of fifty-two killed in the engagement, and Captain North said that the dead included two squaws and probably considerably more than fifty warriors.<sup>11</sup> In addition, the troops captured three women and fourteen children, as well as 274 horses, 140 mules, a great quantity of firearms and other weapons and equipment amounting to at least ten tons in all,

After the battle, Carr sent out search parties in all directions to see if there were any Indians remaining in the vicinity and to gather and drive in stray animals. At the same time, he established his campsite to include the Indian village, posted pickets around the perimeter and sent for his train, which had gone to the South Platte and did not arrive until about ten o'clock that night. There was a severe storm accompanied by hail and lightning, which hampered his operations during the late afternoon and evening. The next morning he set about a methodical destruction of the village, burning all of the lodges and all of the property found in the camp

that could not be carried off on the captured animals. At one time there were 160 separate fires burning, which must have presented a most frustrating spectacle to the defeated warriors, who undoubtedly were watching from far-off hill tops.<sup>12</sup> Carr reported that, besides the regular Indian equipment, he found a number of articles which had obviously been acquired in raids on white settlements, such as photograph albums, watches, clocks, crockery, silverware, and \$1,500 in gold coin and bank notes. The camp also contained white scalps attached to lances and shields and a necklace made of human fingers.

The general moved his command to Fort Sedgwick, where he turned in his prisoners and captured property. New supplies were secured, and two weeks later Major Royall took the command and marched south to the Frenchman's Fork of the Republican, where he struck the trail of a part of the band that had escaped the fight at Summit Springs. He followed them down the Republican and north to the South Platte River, which they crossed a day ahead of the troops. He continued to follow them on north across the North Platte River and through the sand hills beyond the Niobrara River, where he finally abandoned the pursuit and returned to Fort McPherson. As a matter of fact, the fleeing Indians did not stop until they reached the camp of their Sioux allies on the White River.<sup>13</sup> This was the end of the campaign of 1868-69. Although the Dog Soldiers did not surrender as the rest of the Southern Cheyennes had done, they suffered heavy losses and were at least temporarily eliminated as a threat to the safety of the settlers on the central plains.

<sup>1</sup>North, Luther, *Man of the Plains—Recollections of Luther North 1856-1882* (Edited by Donald F. Danker). University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebr., 1961.

<sup>2</sup>North, *Man of the Plains*, p. 109. The Indian scouts were enlisted as soldiers, but their white superiors were actually Quartermaster Corps civilian employees, who were accorded military titles by courtesy.

<sup>3</sup>Rister, Carl Coke, *Border Command, General Phil Sheridan in the West*. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla., 1944, pp. 148, 149.

<sup>4</sup>North, *Man of the Plains*, p. 109.

<sup>5</sup>North, *Man of the Plains*, p. 112.

<sup>6</sup>*Journal of the March of the Republican River Expedition*, July 11, 1869. National Archives and Record Service, Record Group 98, Ms., microfilm.

<sup>7</sup>North, *Man of the Plains*, p. 114.

<sup>8</sup>North, *Man of the Plains*, p. 115; Grinnell, George Bird, *The Fighting Cheyennes*. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1956, p. 312.

<sup>9</sup>Grinnell, *The Fighting Cheyennes*, p. 317.

<sup>10</sup>North, *Man of the Plains*, p. 117.

<sup>11</sup>*Journal of the Republican River Expedition*; North, *Man of the Plains*, p. 118.

<sup>12</sup>Rister, *Border Command*, p. 152.

<sup>13</sup>Grinnell, *The Fighting Cheyennes*, p. 316

# OVER THE GORRAL RAIL

Gene Rakosnik CM, reports:

The first Rocky Mountain Book Festival presented April 23-24-25 will be located at the Denver Auditorium and the show will run from 12 noon to 9 P.M. each day. Admission is free.

Books of all types will be displayed by publishers from across the country. Author-Speakers will appear every hour. Storytelling sessions, movies and puppet shows will be available to children. Don't miss this show!!

For those who are interested in New Mexico history and Las Vegas, New Mexico in particular, it is worth noting that "The Town That Wouldn't Gamble" has now decided to settle their differences and gamble on the consolidation of East and West Las Vegas after a separation of eighty-four years.

On February 27, 1968, the consolidation issue was put before the voters at a special election and it was approved by a 4 to 1 margin—both sides concurring. A group of young men under the advice and guidance of Dr. Lynn I. Perrigo, Chairman of the History Department of N.M. Highlands University, has drawn up a well-designed two-year plan for the actual consolidation. When the merger is finally accomplished, it will herald the end of one of the most controversial and unique political battles in Western history. At the same time, another era will begin which is destined to give future historians an unprecedented opportunity to record the course of action and consequent accomplishments of a group of citizens when given a chance to establish a new city government.

Things returned to normal at the Denver Press Club on the Posse's meeting night of February 28. Jo Mazzulla, of the team of Fred and Jo Mazzulla, was on hand to chat and dine with a few of the members' wives who usually enjoy a get-together on the main floor while the Denver Posse holds forth on the second level. It will be good news to their many friends over the country to know that Jo pulled through major heart surgery in fine style and is ready to go back to work on the many historical projects that occupy the lives of Fred and Jo Mazzulla.

On Friday night, March 8, PM Bill Kostka and his wife, Dorothy, appeared on Bill Barker's Show, "At Home With the Barkers," aired over KOA Radio. The cozy, homelike visit was informative and interesting. Dorothy Kostka is a columnist for the *Denver Post* and her column, "Freedom after Fifty" appears weekly in the Sunday supplement, *Contemporary of the Post*. Mrs. Kostka revealed the kernel of her philosophy when she explained the genesis of her weekly column. People have more freedom after fifty because "they have come to terms with reality." A further investigation into this philosophy is the substance of Dorothy Kostka's "Freedom After Fifty." It should make a good book.

Bill Kostka gave the listeners an interesting dialogue on Colorado railroading and particularly some thoughts on the restoration of the Georgetown Loop. I learned, to my surprise, that he and a friend have built a twenty-foot model of the Georgetown trestle. (See *March Roundup*, p. 14). The building of the model must have also been a surprise for the builders—they

will have to tear down Bill's bunkhouse to get the model out for display.

As usual, when Bill Barker corrals a member of the Denver Posse, the Westerners receive a lot of good publicity.

History is being "repeated" in one of the Denver area's newest shopping centers. Cherralyn No. 2, a replica of the famed horse-drawn streetcar used in Englewood in the late 1880's and early 1900's has gone into service carrying tenants around the Englewood Shopping Center. No doubt about it—people of the Denver metropolitan area have "historical pulsations."

Westerners wondering where to go this summer might think about going to see the Navajos, who are observing their Centennial Year. Special events are planned on various parts of the huge reservation in Arizona, New Mexico and Utah.

Fort Defiance, one of five agencies on the reservation, is about 80 miles south of the Four Corners of Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona. The old fort, now a government town, would be a good starting point for a tour of the reservation, for in 1851 it was the first U.S. Army outpost in the Navajo country. It was later the site of the first agency, first schools, first mission and first hospital, and hence is known as the Cradle of Navajo Progress. The Navajo "war on poverty" now centers there.

Window Rock, the Navajo Capital, is 25 miles south of Fort Defiance. Canyon de Chelly, where Colonel Kit Carson with his New Mexico Volunteers in 1864-65 finally brought the warlike Navajos to terms, is now a

National Monument and offers spectacular scenery as well as historic interest. Monument Valley, perhaps the most remarkable natural area on the reservation, is not far away. Travelers will find long stretches of good highways through the far reaches of Navajoland, with scenic and historic spots and interesting Navajo communities at convenient distances. Food and lodging are available at the larger towns and some of the smaller ones. Trading posts still operate. Navajo arts and crafts shops—and rodeos—abound.

The Centennial program is in the hands of a commission headed by Martin A. Link, director of the Navajo Tribal Museum at Window Rock, Arizona, 86515. Details may be obtained by writing him.

The Navajo Museum in addition to a special Centennial exhibition and the distribution of souvenir bola ties and car tags is publishing an illustrated history entitled *Navajo—A Century of Progress* (\$6), a *Navajo Bibliography* (\$2) and a *Navajo Historical Calendar* (\$3). It has also given its blessing to several other timely books, including one entitled *Fort Defiance and the Navajos*, by Maurice Frink, a member of the Denver Westerners, (Pruett Press, Boulder, Colo.) .

After Kit Carson conquered the Navajos, almost all the members of the tribe, young and old, were taken to Fort Sumner, New Mexico, three hundred miles away, and kept there in military captivity until 1868. On June 2 of that year, the last of eight treaties—and the only one that has been more or less kept—was signed at Fort Sumner. The tribe still operates under that treaty.



Miss Sarah Ann Johnson, current "Miss Indian America."





## Western's Bookshelf



**THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL, A true account of incidents that happened along the old Santa Fe Trail in the Sixties, by W. H. Ryus, Frontier Book Co., Publisher, Fort Davis, Texas. 159 pages, no index; \$5.00.**

This book was originally published in 1913 under the title, *The Second William Penn*, by the Frank T. Riley Publishing Co., Kansas City, Missouri. Mr. Ryus was a conductor on the Overland Mail Service between Kansas City and Santa Fe, New Mexico, for the firm of Barnum, Veil, and Vickeroy.

Mr. Ryus was known, according to the introduction, as "The Second William Penn" by passengers and old settlers along the old Santa Fe Trail "because of his rare and exceptional knowledge of Indian traits and characteristics and his ability to trade and treat with them so tactfully. . . ." According to Ryus, "The Indians did not like the idea of the white race being afraid of them . . ." and if they had been treated decently, they would not have been a problem. His fixed theory was that it was better to feed an Indian than to fight one.

The author was in his seventy-fourth year when he wrote this book. He undoubtedly had many interesting experiences during his three years on the Santa Fe Trail. His recollection of encounters with the Indians and with men like Kit Carson, A. G. Boone, Dick Wootton, visiting in the home of Lucien Maxwell, and other events are told in his book.

This book is an example of the hazards and pitfalls one can encounter in

writing of events 50 years after they occur. It is a monument to the difficulties in recalling incidents from one's youth and like all reminiscences it contains error in fact. Many of these the publisher could have easily corrected. For example, the title page gives the name of the author as W. H. Ryus, but on page 5 he is referred to as W. Ryus Stanton. And on page 7, Fort Lyons is in Colorado in one paragraph and in New Mexico in another.

Students of the Sand Creek Massacre will be surprised to learn that after the attack by Colonel Chivington "the Indians got reinforcements and gave Chivington's raiders quite a chase" (page 21).

It was news to me that the Indian Agent, A. G. Boone, "in company with the President (Lincoln) of the United States, went to the Board of Indian Commissioners" (page 31) to discuss Indian problems since the Board was not organized until June, 1869.

I will cite only two more examples to indicate the value of this book to students of the West. Chapter IX is titled, "The Fort Riley Soldiers Go to Fort Larned to Horse Race with Cheyennes, Comanches, and Kiowas." According to the author, the soldiers and Indians often got together for horse racing and that in the fall of 1863, a race was held to which people came from distances of from 300 to 500 miles to witness. Even more surprising is the fact that "There were from twenty to thirty thousand Indians there" (page 52).

This book contains some new information on the Custer Massacre if one wants to accept it. For when Mr. Ryus

was driving sheep to Montana, he "encountered a band of the Sioux and Ute Indians, some of the same tribe that had killed General Custer" (page 136). I am sure that Sitting Bull, Gall, Crazy Horse, and Two Moons would be as surprised as I was to learn that the Utes were with them at the Little Big Horn.

This book offers little to those interested in the Santa Fe Trail or the West. In fact, dedicated students of Western History will find Mr. Ryus' book a real challenge—to see how many factual errors they can spot.

Delbert A. Bishop, P.M.

**THE RIVER AND I**, by John G. Neihardt. Bison reprint, 1968, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln. 325 pages. \$1.95.

Those of you who have read *Black Elk Speaks: Being the Life Story of a Holy Man of the Oglala Sioux* and *Eagle Voice*, will know what to expect from this account of a two-months, 556-mile trip down the Missouri in a motorboat as unpredictable as the Big Muddy itself. John G. Neihardt's style of writing has a distinctive poetic quality which, combined with his uncommon understanding of, and lively enthusiasm for his subject, results in literature.

*The River and I* was published in 1908 as a series of articles for *Outing Magazine*. It was published in book form in 1910. It is historic, in that it records faithfully the character of the wild Missouri and storied sites on its shores before the old river was tamed by the Army Corps of Engineers and imprisoned behind a chain of great dams.

The journey begins at the head of navigation, Fort Benton, and ends at

Sioux City, Iowa. This is a delightful outdoor story spiced with red-blooded adventure, colored with historic interest, and written with the gusto and epic demanded by the Missouri River.

To the student of Western History, the author is at his best in the first part of the book, during the sixteen-mile hike that Bill, the Kid and he made from Great Falls to Fort Benton. Here is a memorable blending of poetry, realistic on-the-spot reporting, fur trade history, Greek mythology and love for the river he calls "my brother—eternal Fighting Man" that reaches a high watermark in the literature of the West.

Fifty photos, most of them excellent, but the reproduction is of inferior quality. No index.

Dabney Otis Collins, P.M.

**THE INDIAN CAPTIVITY OF MARY KINNAN, 1791-1794**, compiled by McKinnie L. Phelps, M.D.: Pruett Press \$8.50.

This is a limited edition of 750 signed copies. Included in these 138 pages we find a good index, a genealogy and end maps. The initial chapter capitals are beautifully hand-illuminated in water colors.

Our friend, Jack Filipiak, in his introduction tells very well the history of Indian captivities.

Mary Kinnan was taken prisoner by members of the Shawnee Nation of Indians on 13 May, 1791. She escaped 16 August, 1794. It is the true story of her bravery, and of her sufferings as revealed from three different accounts, including a photographic reproduction of the extremely rare 1795 edition.

This is a most interesting, rugged and robust frontier history.

Fred M. Mazzulla, P.M.

**THE EDITOR'S RUN IN NEW MEXICO AND COLORADO**, by C. M. Chase. A reprint of the 1882 edition. \$6.00

**PIONEERS OF THE BLACK HILLS**, or Gordon's Stockade Party of 1874, as told by David Akin. \$5.00

Reprints by the Frontier Book Company, Fort Davis, Texas 79734

The reprinting of 19th century west-ernlore—without benefit of copyright—is evidently something of a bonanza, as demonstrated by the obscure Texas cowtown publisher who has come up with these two slender facsimiles. Although the publisher's motive is unabashedly commercial, there is something fascinating about these contemporary primitives that suggests that he is performing a public service.

The Akin account is a minor classic about the Gordon party that invaded the Black Hills on the heels of the Custer expedition of 1874, set up a stockade on French Creek near present Custer, South Dakota, and got ushered out of the Hills by the U.S. Calvary from Fort Laramie for violation of the Sioux Treaty. It is a classic because it is rock bottom source material on the Black Hills' Gold Rush. It is minor because Akin was not content to stick to bare facts but had to embellish his story with silly yarns about his hunting prowess, and his Pocahontas-like escapades with a Sioux maiden, "with the reserve and dignity of a queen" who—naturally—"advanced with crimsoned cheeks, while her coal black eyes gleamed like scintillating diamonds set in a plush of olive."

Although C. M. Chase writes of no earthshaking historic events, his 1881 travelogue is historically valuable. A Vermont newspaperman reporting on the Great West, he writes 28 letters to folks back home. His observations provide insight into the contemporary Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico territorial scenes. He has a reporter's keen nose for facts, and while aspects of agriculture, ranching, homesteading, railroading, etc. are not of the same dramatic impact as the rainbow-hued Sioux maiden, they have a truer ring of authenticity.

Trinidad, La Junta, Leadville and Colorado Springs come under the editor's scrutiny. As to wicked Denver, "on every side is evidence of fast life, dissipation and deviltry." The problem, according to Chase, was that "the Western man's first idea is to make money. After that he is willing to do something towards his morals." Except for miniskirts and nuclear physics, has anything changed since 1881?

Merrill J. Mattes, CM

**BACK IN CRIPPLE CREEK**, by Mabel Barbee Lee. Doubleday \$4.50

The 192 pages include a good index, a magnificent introduction by Lowell Thomas, and copious credits. The acknowledgment given Mr. Harry Denny for his years of help and cooperation is particularly beautiful and touching.

Mabel interviewed and/or corresponded with the great, near great, and the obscure to get her material for this entertaining sequel to "Cripple Creek Days."

It is from rare and robust stuff like this, that history is written.

Fred M. Mazzulla, P.M.

**CUSTER'S LAST or THE BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN, by Don Russell and Barbara Tyler, Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, Fort Worth, Texas; 67 pages, 17 illus., 9 x 9 3/4, notes and bibliography; 1968, \$6.95.**

The Amon Carter Museum of Western Art of Fort Worth, Texas has published another outstanding contribution to Western Americana. Barbara Tyler, Curator of History for the Amon Carter Museum, catalogued 848 known depictions of Custer's engagement at the Little Big Horn. Seventeen were chosen for illustration in *Custer's Last*, four in color. Fifteen of the reproductions are of the lesser-known examples with some by Indian artists.

Barbara Tyler and Don Russell, the narrator, spent over three and one-half years, searching, researching, appraising and coordinating material for the book. Don Russell, a well-known authority on Custer and editor of the *Brand Book* of the Chicago Corral of The Westerners for twenty-five years, punches holes in many of the folklore bubbles that have blown forth from less knowledgeable sources. Although

he does not draw out a scathing critique of "the legend of General Custer," he pointedly cites: "No single event in United States history, or perhaps in world history, has been the subject of more bad art and erroneous story than Custer's Last Stand at the Battle of the Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876."

With this opening paragraph, Russell begins a review of some of the erroneous details that have been related by history buffs, novelists and historians. To emphasize his review, Mr. Russell points out that even the late President John F. Kennedy was as ill-informed as the next fellow on the details of the Battle of the Little Big Horn when he referred to the battle in speeches at Bonn, Germany and Salt Lake City, Utah in June and September of 1963.

In discussing the selected pictures, Don Russell reports in detail concerning the artists and their works—good and bad. The real value of *Custer's Last* is found in these discussions of the history of the pictures. Historians and artists will find mutual interests in its contents.

Milt Callon, PM

## Western Novels

Two novels of the Western scene have come to the hands of Book Review Chairman, Ralph Danielson: *Death of a Gunfighter*, by Lewis B. Patton, a Double D Western by Doubleday, 162 pages; \$3.95 and *Wild Runs the River* by Giles A. Lutz, Doubleday, 210 pages; \$3.95. Worthwhile reading for the relaxing hours of Westerners.

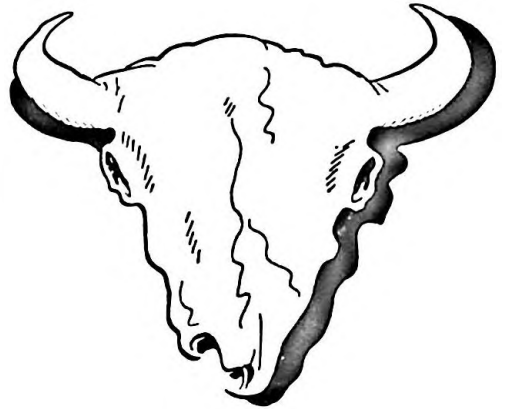
*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
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1968  
Volume XXIV  
Number 5

IN THIS ISSUE:

"WEAPONS OF THE CIVIL WAR"

By Ross V. Miller, Jr.



Ross V. Miller (left) receiving speaker's plaque from Sheriff W. E. Marshall at the March 27 meeting of the Denver Posse.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ross V. Miller CM, was born in Des Moines, Iowa and came to Denver at the age of nine years. He is a graduate of the University of Denver and has taught history in the public schools for seventeen years. Ross is presently assigned to Abraham Lincoln High School.

Ross Miller has been a corresponding member of the Denver Posse since 1955. He had previously written his first article, "Shawsheen, Heroine of the Meeker Massacre," for the *Roundup* in 1951. The monthly publication of that date was known as the *Brand Book*.

As author of "Weapons of the Civil War," Ross is eminently qualified to write on the subject. He is a charter member of the Colorado Gun Collectors Assn, Inc. and past president of the Civil War Roundtable of Colorado. Since 1964, Ross Miller has consistently won top awards in Colorado Gun shows. His fabulous gun collection is the result of eight years work.

## FUTURE MEETINGS

Dr. Wendell F. Hutchinson, D.V.M., will be the speaker of the evening for the Denver Posse meeting of May 22. Dr. Hutchinson's family dates back to 1860 at Oro City, Colorado and Cache Creek, 1866. His subject will be, "Family Reminiscences of the Lake County War."

A printer's mistake in pulling the wrong correction line in last month's *Roundup* left out information that Dr. Hutchinson is co-author of *Under the Angel of Shavano*.

At the June meeting we are going to have a paper on the early journalism in Leadville by J. Leroy Wingenback. Excellent subjects continue to be the fare at our monthly meetings.

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## NEW 1968 OFFICERS

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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.

## WEAPONS OF THE CIVIL WAR

by Ross V. Miller, Jr.

The Civil War was the first really modern war in the world's history. To look at the weapons of the war one may think they look quite old-fashioned. But, in reality, they are much more modern than they may appear at first glance. The principle infantry weapon was the rifled musket. In appearance it was not much different from its predecessor, the smoothbore musket. In fact, as noted, it was still called a "musket," meaning a muzzle-loading smoothbore. But the important difference was that this weapon was rifled. The smoothbore's effective range, which is the estimated distance from which massed infantry could fire with damaging results, was calculated to be about one hundred yards. Ulysses S. Grant, is reported to have said that with the smoothbore a man could shoot at you all day from one hundred and fifty yards without you even knowing you were being shot at.

Our Civil War was the bloodiest conflict of modern times, and the thing that caused its frightful carnage was the change in weapons without concurrent change in tactics. At the time the war began all infantry tactics were based on this extreme limitation of the infantry's effective field of fire. When an attack was made the attacking column could be massed and brought forward until it got in comparatively close range without fear that anything very damaging would result. Strictly disciplined men under strong leadership could keep moving forward, and despite some losses against the defender's maximum of two shots per man, the assaulting column with fixed bayonets could drive the attack home in hand-to-hand combat.

The defenders most effective defense against these tactics was the intelligent use of artillery. The smoothbore fieldpieces of the day were also of limited range, but they very greatly out-ranged the musket. If the defenders had enough guns massed at the proper spot they could break up a charging column or destroy its cohesiveness before it got within musket range.

However, the attackers had their weapon against this artillery tactic: A frontal attack of cavalry squadrons charging in to sabre the gunners. This was what the British were attempting at Balaclava, in the "Charge of the Light Brigade."

All of these intricate maneuvers were taught to the infantry, to the artillery, and to the cavalry up until 1861. All of the professional thinking of the generals and their officers, taught to them at West Point and at Virginia Military Institute, was based upon these weapons of very limited range and upon tactics of personal assault.

Then, suddenly they found the whole *modus operandi* out of date, primarily because the weapons of war had changed. The Napoleonic Age of warfare, characterized by the smoothbore musket, was doomed by the use of a new weapon.

The rifled Springfield or Enfield was a very different weapon. It was still shaped like a musket and muzzle-loaded, but with a rifled bore. During battle, good marksmen were accurate at a range of about 300 yards, the average, at about 200. Under controlled conditions, e.g., on a target range, the rifle was capable of accurate fire power at from six hundred to one thousand yards. Thus, the secret of this wonder weapon of the day was simple: With a rifle a trained marksman could hit where he aimed.

Fundamentally, a rifle is a gun with grooves in the barrel. The word is derived from the old German word *riffeln*, "to groove," and was certainly not unknown prior to the Civil War. In fact, muskets with straight rifling to permit the fouled powder to collect in the grooves date to the mid 1600's.

In any muzzle-loading gun the ball must be smaller than the muzzle in order to be able to load the weapon. Bullets thus undersized had the habit of bounding (balloting) down the barrel on discharge, striking first one point on the bore and then another. Hence, when the bullet left the muzzle it might strike yards off target in any direction, depending on the last bounce it had made. The straight grooved barrels were soon replaced by spiral rifling. The tight fit of the bullet achieved by the rifling cutting into it, gave more force due to better combustion and high compression and acted in flight much as the fletching does to the arrow. Also, it eliminated the balloting of the bullet in the barrel.

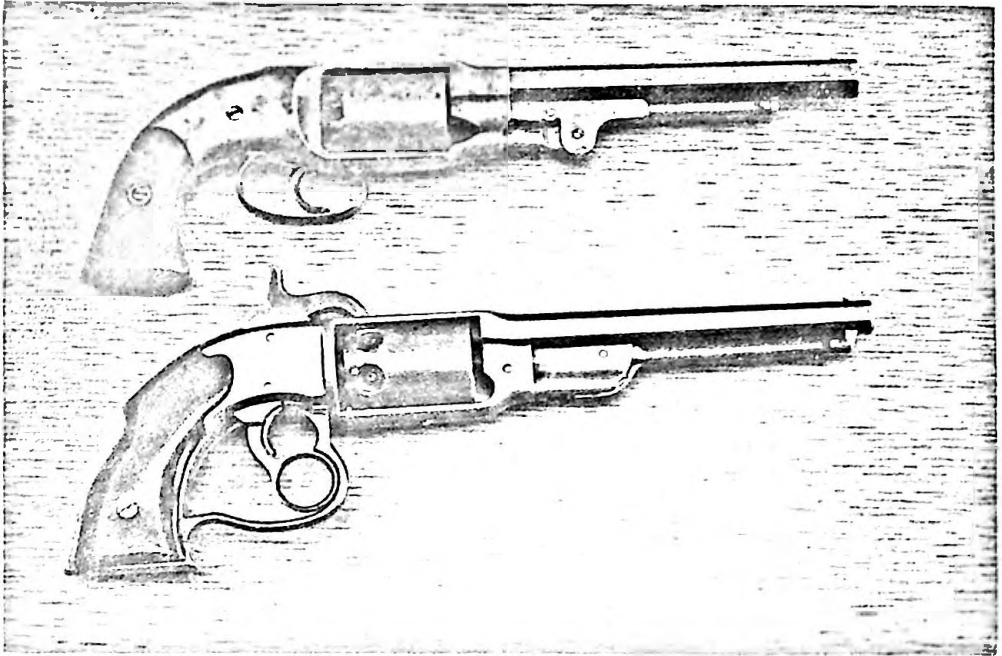
In the early 1700's, barrels were rifled on such commercial arms as the American "Kentucky" rifle and the German "Jaeger," but it would be more than a century before the world's military forces could adopt it—and, for good reason. The bullet wrapped in greased patches was too slow loading for military purposes.

So for a while, it would appear, they failed to think of the rifles as anything more than a supplementary arm. Then European nations began active experimentation in this field. Captain Berner in Brunswick devel-



oped a gun which had a bore that was slightly oval in shape with two deep rifled grooves opposing one another. For this, he developed two kinds of cartridges, one with a patched ball to fit snugly, the other, a smaller ball to be loaded naked, as in a smoothbore. This arm was soon adopted by other governments.

England adopted it in 1836, but their Inspector of Small Arms made some significant changes. Instead of the spherical patched ball, he sub-



Top: Pettengill Army.  
Bottom: Savage-North Navy.

Collection of Ross V. Miller.

stituted a ball with a raised belt around its center. This was placed in the muzzle so that the opposite sides of its belt fitted into the two grooves and was then rammed home. This was not a very satisfactory change, as it resulted in a wobbling flight for the projectile. After fifteen years of use it was discarded and dubbed the worst military rifle in Europe.

In France, a quite different approach was tried. In 1828, Captain Gustave Delvigne decided that if a tight-fitting ball was used the loading of a rifle could never be speeded up. The projectile must be able to be dropped loosely down the barrel then made to fit tightly after it was in position. He designed a rifle that had a narrow chamber at the breech. The chamber was large enough to hold the powder and had a little space left over. The ball when dropped down the barrel rested against this

opening. Light tapping with the ramrod flattened it enough to make it fit tightly.

The Delvigne system worked to the extent that it was fast, and it was easy, but the squeezing between the ramrod and the entrance to the chamber gave it such an irregular shape that it wobbled in flight. This was partially, but not entirely, solved by Col. Pontchara who added a wooden disk to prevent the bottom of the ball from being so badly disfigured. He also placed a greased patch under the lower half to reduce fouling. However, the system still was not really satisfactory.

The French, still working with the idea of the loose-fitting bullet, continued to experiment. Col. Thouvenin produced a rifle that had a pin at the bottom of the breech which acted as an anvil for flattening the bullet when seated by the ramrod. This pin is called a "tige" in French, and today this rifle is usually referred to as a tige-rifle. He also switched his projectile from a spherical ball to an elongated bullet of cylindro-conical form.

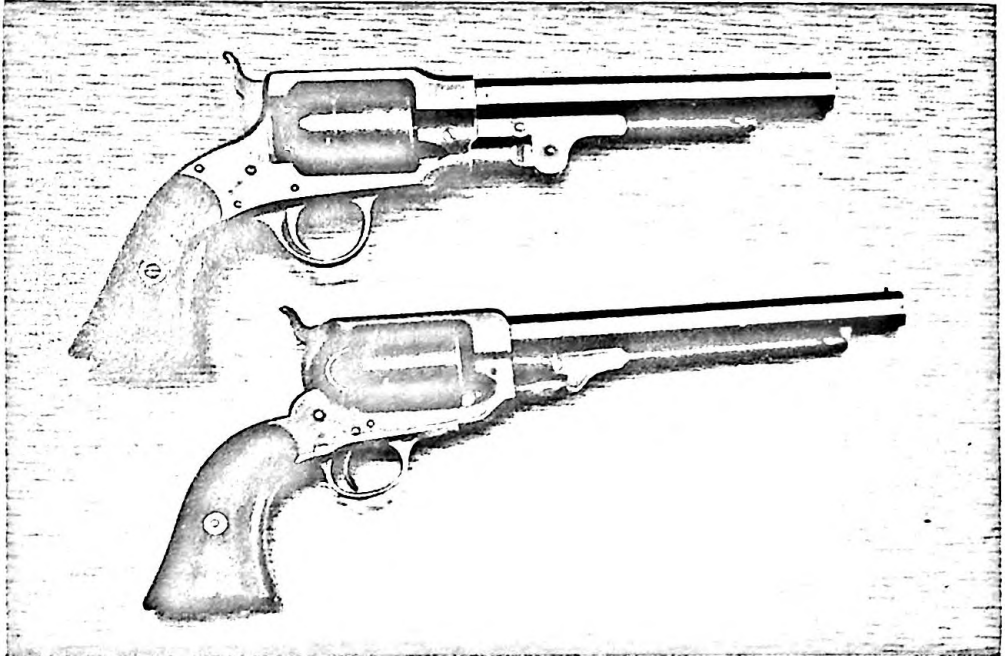
In 1835, William Greener produced the first perfect expansive bullet. It was egg-shaped with a flat end. It had a cast metallic plug extending nearly through it. When the explosion occurred this plug was driven home, and the bullet would expand and fill the rifle grooves.

However, in 1851, a French infantry officer, Captain Claude Etienne Minié, invented and gave his name to the first system that made the rifled barrel practical for war. His invention was quite simple. It consisted of a bullet, conical in shape, with a hollow base into which an iron cup was fitted. When the gunpowder was ignited it exerted a smashing blow upon the iron cup and forced its perimeter into the rifle bore. Thus, a bullet of smaller than bore diameter could be dropped down the barrel of the rifle, and upon firing, expand into a tight fit in the rifled bore, completely blocking the escape of gas past the undersized bullet. The bullet would then spin from the muzzle without balloting and, by rotating upon its own axis, remain on target without drifting.

Although Minié's invention was to be perfected later by James H. Burton of the Federal Armory at Harper's Ferry, the name "minie ball" remained to distinguish it as one of the most lethal arms of Civil War weaponry. Captain Minié, who was born in Paris, France in 1814, went on to serve as an instructor at the military school in Vincennes, France. He died in 1879.

In this country the minie ball, under James H. Burton, underwent a simplifying change. He hit upon the idea of hollowing out the base of the bullet in such a way as to make the edges thin enough so that the explosion of the charge would force the edges outward, thus causing the bullet to fit the grooves and spin from the muzzle of the rifle without the addition of the iron cup to the bullet's base.

It took the generals a long time to adjust their thinking and their strategy to the changes brought about by this technical innovation. Many of the tragic slaughters of the Civil War that are otherwise inexplicable become clear enough when one studies them in light of the sudden modernization of weaponry. To amass an assaulting column in the old manner, men moving into battle elbow to elbow, was an invitation to frightful slaughter. Lee was to learn this at Malvern Hill and Gettysburg, Burnside



Top: Rogers and Spencer Army  
Bottom: Whitney Navy

Collection of Ross V. Miller.

at Fredericksburg, and Grant at Cold Harbor. At Gettysburg the attackers outnumbered the defenders at the point of attack by three to one. At the slaughter at Fredericksburg, Burnside mounted an assault with Union troops with fixed bayonets attacking a fortified position held by six thousand Confederate troops and twenty guns. The stone wall was described as appearing as a sheet of flame that enveloped the head of the assaulting column. Officers and men fell so rapidly that it was impossible for orders to be passed. Only by sheer weight of numbers were part of the Union lines able to reach the emplaced Confederates. The assault failed.

Things were changed for the artillery also. To mass artillery batteries on the defensive line with the infantry was an invitation to annihilation by the accurate and killing fire of enemy sharpshooters. In fact, artillerymen

learned to dread infantry fire, particularly that of sharpshooters, a great deal more than they dreaded counter-battery fire. In some battles, sharpshooters completely succeeded in silencing enemy cannon, picking off the gun crews one by one as they attempted to service their guns.

For the cavalry, it was even worse. To attack formed infantry or artillery with infantry support was suicide, and was rarely tried. Thus, as a combat arm, cavalry became less and less important as the war progressed. But it remained important for scouting and as a means of screening the movements of an army.

As a result of the change in range of rifle fire, it is of interest to note that less than one-half of one percent of all wounds observed were made by a bayonet, sword, or bowie knife. Yet one or more of these were carried by nearly all men in combat, including physicians and musicians.

As stated, the rifle was the major tactical weapon of the war, and to secure these in sufficient number became the prime task of both sides early in the war. The primary weapon of the North was the Springfield Model 1861 and 1863, caliber .58. The South's primary shoulder arm was the British Enfield, caliber .577. However, both sides, particularly early in the war, imported a great deal of their arms from other European countries.

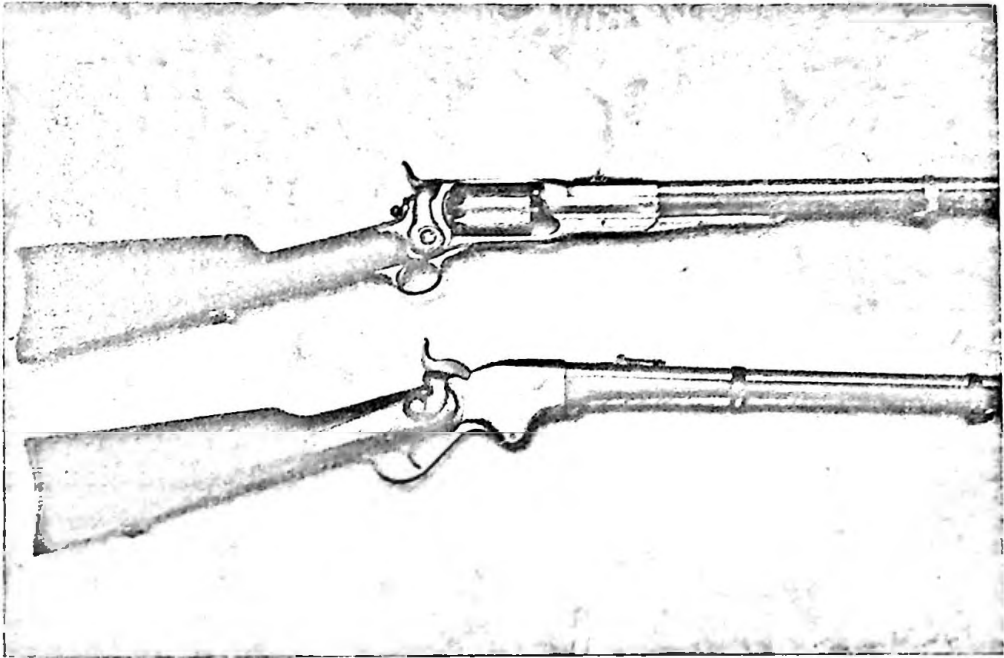
When the war began, the South had only two armories of any size capable of producing firearms: The Federal Armory at Harpers Ferry, which fell into their hands early in the War; and the Virginia Manufactory Armory at Richmond. Though Harpers Ferry was recaptured by the Federal forces, the equipment had been moved south to remain throughout the rest of the War. The North had the Springfield Armory and numerous private producers, plus the fact that they had unlimited resources of material and skilled mechanics. Also, the North could import, with no interference from the South, all of the foreign arms desired. Whereas, the South, which had to depend far more upon foreign imports than her industrial adversary, could not bring them in with ease due to the ever-tightening blockade. Hence, it is estimated that the Confederate armies used as many captured Federal arms as they did either Southern manufacture or foreign importation.

The sharpshooters of the Civil War fired a remarkable variety of weapons. In the North, the original plan had been to let them use their own favorite weapons; the government would pay for them at the rate of \$60 each. Later they were to find that this promise had been made without authorization.

It was decided that the First United States Sharpshooters, under the command of Colonel Berdan, should fire a uniform type of weapon. The Chief of Ordnance, Colonel Ripley, thought they should be armed with the Springfield rifle musket. But, the men wanted the breech-loaded Sharps

rifle. Yet the first rifle issued was the Colt revolving rifle. Some say this was done because Colonel Berdan favored the Colt. Others argue that he had wanted the Sharps from the beginning. Though, as mentioned, they appeared to prefer the Sharps over the Colt, those who carried the five-shooter realized the value of fire power under special conditions. The regiment began its combat life with two companies armed with target rifles and the remainder armed with Colt's five-shot rifles.

In their first battle at Yorktown, April 5, 1862, they soon proved their



Top: Colt revolving rifle  
Bottom: Spencer rifle

Collection of Ross V. Miller.

value, for in a very short time they succeeded in silencing a number of cannon on their front, which the enemy was unable to load, so fast and so accurately did the bullets fall among them.

In another engagement one group of Berdan's regiment, under command of Lieutenant Bronson, blew up a cannon. Bronson, a former artilleryman, knew that sand thrown into the muzzle of a cannon after loading was likely to cause it to burst. He noticed that the muzzle of a large Rebel cannon was surrounded with sand bags. The Confederates would have to roll it back into the revetment and load it. As soon as it was loaded and while running it forward to fire, Bronson ordered his men to fire at the sand bags and thus splash sand into the muzzle. This was done and the gun exploded into the air.

There is still another interesting account of accurate rifle fire against cannon. In this account a sharpshooter equipped with a single-shot, scope-sighted match rifle in a rifle pit in advance of the other men was able to silence a cannon and keep it silenced for two days until the siege was over. As soon as a man would step up to the muzzle of the big gun with a swab, he would be dropped and as one would take his place his fate would be the same. In the meantime he was protected from heavy return infantry fire by his mates armed with Colt's revolving rifles. In this way one man virtually captured the gun.

On May 8, 1862 they received a first issue of Sharps rifles. These were single-shot rifles, but their breech-loading system gave them greater fire power than the rifled muskets.

The Confederates also had their sharpshooters, armed whenever possible with the English-made Whitworth rifle with telescopic attachment. These guns were able to reach, with fatal results, to a distance of fifteen hundred yards. By an act of the Confederate Congress in 1862, a formal Confederate sharpshooter regiment had been organized on the same lines as the U. S. Sharpshooters.

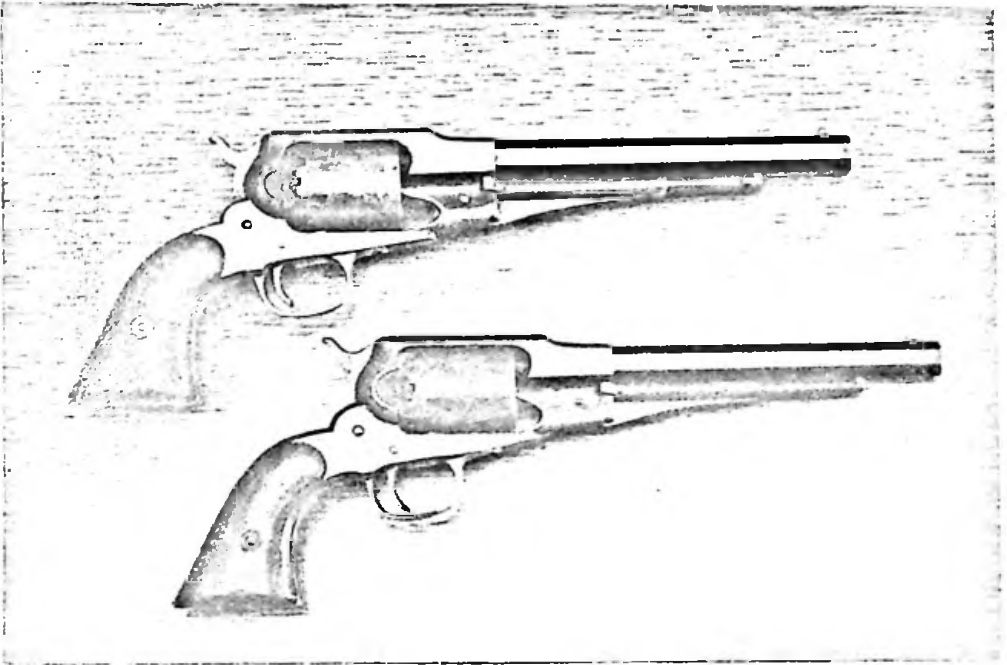
The Confederate wonder weapon, the Whitworth, was developed by Sir Joseph Whitworth, an engineer and one of the leading men of science of that day. There were no rifle grooves in the weapon that bore his name. Instead the bore was a long hexagonal prism which turned once in twenty inches, twice as fast a twist as the usual musket rifling. The bore diameter was .450, but with the same weight bullet as the .577 Enfield. The bullet was long, hexagonal in shape and of hard cast lead which would expand in the bore slightly and fill the corners of the hexagonally bored barrel. This bullet had excellent sectional density and because of reduced air resistance due to the reduced frontal area it continued to carry well beyond the range of ordinary rifled muskets.

Also among the rifles carried by sharpshooters on both sides were the "heavies," some weighing as much as thirty-five pounds. The sharpshooter thus armed was independent in movement, used only for special service and was privileged to go to any part of the line where he felt he could do the most good.

At Gettysburg, Berdan, with only one hundred sharpshooters, delayed Longstreet with thirty thousand men for a critical period of forty minutes. Critical it was, for Longstreet always claimed that had he been delayed for no more than thirty-five minutes his corps would not have been repulsed. He said afterward, "That five minutes saved the day for the Army of the Potomac."

The Civil War was the testing ground: the great transitional war of history. It was the experimental ground for modern warfare, for the great

wars of our twentieth century. This was the first of the great wars of the industrial age. This was the initial conflict in which the forces of an industrial society were mobilized behind an army, and hence, produced the prototypes of many of the guns which we now take for granted. New types of weapons were invented in an amazing variety. Some were ingeniously functional in design, others were wildly impractical. Some of the innovations were: the first lever-action carbines and rifles; the first widespread use of the metallic cartridge with integral primer. There were three im-



Top: Remington New Model Army.  
Bottom: Remington New Model Navy.

Collection of Ross V. Miller.

portant developments in design appearing first in carbine form: the breech-loading system first appearing in various percussion systems; the introduction in military form of the metallic cartridge; and the repeater with a multiple shot magazine.

It seems that in variety of design, the carbine field was the most fertile in long arms. By the time the War ended, as many as forty-four different breech-loading carbines were presented for testing including the dreaded "Horizontal Shot-tower," as the Confederates dubbed the Spencer with its seven shots and its Blakeslee cartridge box containing ten additional seven shot magazines. Another was "that Damn Yankee Rifle," the Henry, "that they load on Sunday and shoot all week" (actually it would fire sixteen shots).

Also, a field fertile in variety of design, and to me, the most fascinating was the greatest individual weapon of the War, the handgun; in particular, the revolver.

The Civil War was the first major conflict in which revolvers were used extensively. No war has ever seen such tactically important use of the handgun in combat. And in that war its role is unparalleled in handgun history.

Only twenty-five years earlier the great Samuel Colt had designed the first practical revolver and his principle had been well-developed in the years prior to the Civil War.

"It wasn't God or the Declaration of Independence made all men free and equal—it was Colonel Sam Colt!" This quaintly blasphemous remark accurately expresses the place of the revolver in American history. Or the respect developed by Americans for the revolver as illustrated in the couplet engraved on revolvers sometimes, "fear no man, whate'er his size. Just call on me—I'll equalize!"

Their dependability and accuracy were well known to both sides and consequently, the desirability of acquiring them was unquestioned, while ordnance and many military leaders of both sides fought the repeating concept in shoulder arms. An officer armed with two Colts was the equal of twelve ordinary foot soldiers in a fight.

To many, fire power was of utmost importance, particularly, as this was the period of emergence from strictly single-shot days. Many soldiers carried several "personal side arms." The lightness of some of the new arms, e.g., the Colt 1860 Army over the old Dragoon model, made possible some tactical innovations. It is said that Quantrill equipped his guerrillas with four revolvers each, providing a fire potential of twenty-four half-ounce slugs per man without pausing.

The Civil War was both the big testing ground for the percussion models introduced during the late 1850's and also a mid-century heyday for percussion revolver manufacturers.

In Federal use during the war were two general classifications of revolving handguns. Those which the government purchased and issued, and those purchased by individuals or purchased by individual states and issued to their own men.

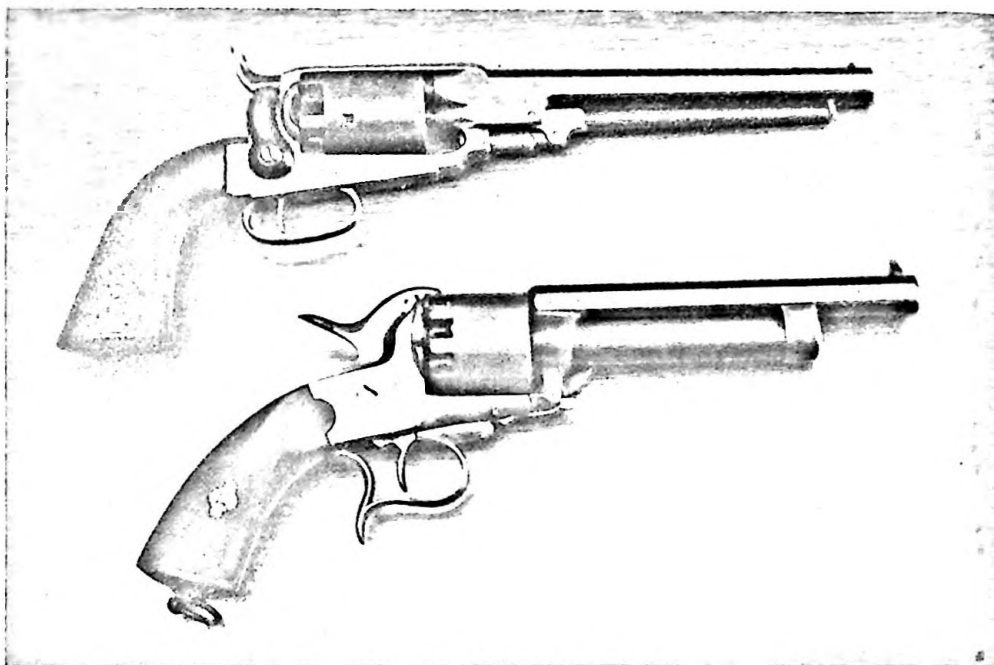
Considering all of the pistols which were produced during this time and purchased by individuals, the list of official purchases is not large. But, it does include a number of quite different types:

- 536 Allen's Revolvers were purchased in both Army, .44 cal. and Navy, .36 cal. The Army model was 13¼ overall and weighed 2 lbs., 13 oz. The Navy model varies in barrel length and can be



as long overall as 13¼" and weigh up to 2 lbs., 6 oz.

- 1,100 Joslyn Revolvers, made only in Army Caliber, overall length 14¾", weight 3 lbs.
- 2,001 Pettengill revolvers, made Army, Navy, and Pocket models, but only Army models were purchased by the government. Overall length 14", weight 3 lbs.
- 11,284 Savage's revolvers, made in only Navy caliber. Total length 14¼", weight 3 lbs.



Top: Joslyn Army Revolver.  
Bottom: LeMat Revolver

Ross V. Miller Collection.

- 5,000 Rogers & Spencer's revolvers. All made in Army caliber. Purchased towards the end of war and never issued. 13¾" in length and weight 3 lbs., 2 oz.
- 11,214 Whitney revolvers, made in Navy caliber only, 13¾" overall, 2 lbs., 7 oz. in weight.
- 200 Horse pistols.
- 348 Signal pistols, of two types, an all brass pistol for the use of the Navy and a short brass pistol with wooden grip for the Army. Both used percussion caps but the cartridges were "Composition Fires" of pyrotechnic composition which burned with great intensity of light and color.

47,000 Starr revolvers in three models: a Navy, of which the government purchased only 1,402; two Army models, the first a double-action with an overall length of 11 $\frac{5}{8}$ "", weight 2 lbs., 15 oz.; and a single-action, overall length 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ "", weight 3 lbs., 1 oz.

Foreign handguns purchased by the government include the following:

- 200 Perrin revolvers manufactured in France, centerfire, .45 caliber.
- 12,374 Lefauchaux revolvers. French pin-fire revolvers of both double and single-action in 12 mm. A few also in 9 mm.
- 978 Raphael's revolvers in about .44 cal. A rimless metallic case was used having an inside anvil for centerfire.
- 100 Foreign pistols.

In addition, Ordnance purchases include the following unidentifiable handguns:

- 346 Cavalry pistols.
- 68 French revolvers.
- 772 Percussion lock holster pistols.
- 453 U. S. holster pistols.

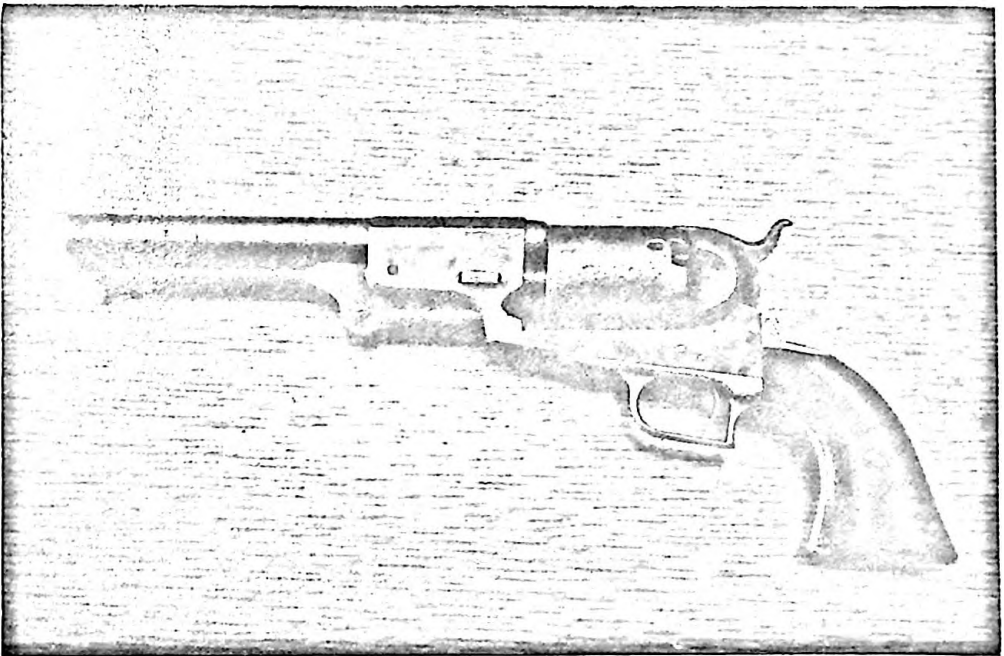
However, these only account for about thirty percent of the handguns purchased by the government. The other seventy percent were either Colt or Remington manufactured.

In all, the Colt factory provided 386,417 revolvers of various types to the government during the War. This does not include the large number of guns purchased prior to that conflict and still in use or issued during its duration. These would include the three different types of "Dragoons" produced from 1848 until 1860, length 14", weight 4 lbs., 1 oz.; and, also, some of the 1851 Navy Models produced from 1851 until 1865. This was the most popular prewar Colt and preferred during the conflict by the South. One constantly reads accounts of Confederate cavalymen armed with their "twin Navy sixes." This favored weapon had a 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ " barrel and weighed 2 lbs., 10 oz., and was 13" long. The New Model Army, Model 1860, was the major Federal revolver of the Civil War. Some 107,156 were purchased by the Federal government. It weighed 2 lbs., 11 oz., and was 14 in. long, overall. The Navy Model 1861, better known today as the round barrel Navy, completed the Federal purchases of Colt revolvers. It weighed 1 lb., 10 oz. and was 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. in overall length. Only 2,056 were purchased by the War Department during the War.

Next to Colt, Remington produced more revolvers than any other company for the Federal government during the War. These were of five different models. The Remington-Beals Model Navy weighed 2 lbs., 10 oz. and was 13 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. in overall length. The Remington-Beals Model Army weighed 2 lbs., 14 oz. and was 13 $\frac{3}{4}$  in. long. In all 12,251 "Beals" revolv-

ers were purchased by the Federal government. Remington Model 1861 Old Model Army and Navy versions were 13¾ in. long and 2 lbs., 14 oz. weight and 13⅞ in. long and 2 lbs., 8 oz. weight, respectively, and were patented on Dec. 17, 1861, but were replaced in 1863 by the New Model Army and Navy. The Army version is easily one of the most popular arms of the War. The Army weighed 2 lbs., 14 oz. and was 13¾ in. in length, the Navy version, 2 lbs., 8 oz. and 13¾ in. in overall length.

There is a vast difference of opinion among authorities concerning the number of pistol models carried by Union troops either as official issue or as personal arms, but fifty is probably a rather modest estimate with the



Colt First Model Dragoon.

Collection of Ross V. Miller.

above mentioned being classed as "martial," meaning those actually purchased and issued by the Federal Government. Others were classed as "secondary martial" which meant that there was no specific Government contract for them, and a third group that is designated "personal."

Since the arms carried by their Confederate counterparts were primarily captured ordnance, it is probably reasonable to assume that they carried the aforementioned side arms in approximately the same proportion with the exception of imported arms such as the Adams, the Kerr and a few other English arms and the rather small number of Confederate manufactured arms. Probably not more than seven thousand five hundred re-

volvers of Confederate origin were ever produced in the Memphis-Richmond-Columbus-Macon complex of industries. This would include the following manufacturers: Shank & McLanahan, Leech and Rigdon, Rigdon and Ansley, Griswold & Gunnison, Spiller & Burr, and Cofer.

In addition, the South's famous "grapeshot revolver" made by Jean Alexander Francois LeMat of New Orleans was manufactured in France. This unique side arm had a 9 shot, .40 caliber cylinder surrounding a huge central bore taking a 16-gauge buckshot charge. There are serial numbers going to about 2,500, but how many of these were purchased by the Confederacy is uncertain as a great many failed to pass inspection and many more were sold to individual purchasers. It appears, however, that not many were actually Confederate purchases.

Texas also produced several hundred revolvers. Some found their way to the front, but others were sold to individuals outside of the army. Included in this Texas group were the Dance Brothers, Tucker, Sherrod & Co., and George Todd revolvers.

Among the most popular arms purchased by individuals but never issued by either of the services were the Smith & Wesson revolvers. This was the most "modern" of all of the revolvers of that day and was so popular that it is often referred to as the "official unofficial" side arm of Union Officers. It used a modern rim-fire cartridge and was made in .22 and .32 caliber only. There were also many imitators infringing on Roland White's patented "bored-through" cylinder, which was owned by Smith & Wesson.

Another very popular revolver was the Manhattan, which looked very much like the Colt Navy, but was built on a somewhat smaller frame classified by many as "secondary martial" as were the Cocper, the Frecman, Alsop, Butterfield, Walch, and Lindsay.

Machine guns were used in the Civil War by both sides, but only in limited numbers. Five Requa battery guns were used by the Federals besieging Battery Wagner in front of Charleston in August, 1863. These were the first machine guns using metallic cartridges to be used in actual combat. It had twenty-five barrels side-by-side and the barrels fired one after the other by a single percussion cap. The cap flash entered the back of the cartridge through a tiny center hole very much like that of the Maynard cartridge. It could be fired by a three-man crew at the rate of seven volleys per minute, with an effective range of 1,200 yards. All told, seven were purchased by the Federal Government.

Wilson Ager designed a repeating arm usually called the "Coffee Mill Gun." The bullets of this gun were fired through a single barrel. An extra barrel was supplied which was supposed to be alternated so one would not become too hot. The drum was hand cranked and the steel cartridges would fall from the drum into an open cylinder. The back of each cartridge had

a musket nipple which could be recapped and used over and over. At least fifty of these were purchased by the government.

The most successful of the machine guns invented during the War, was that of Dr. Richard Jordan Gatling; it had a revolving "bundle" of barrels to which was attached a hopper which permitted sustained fire, as did the "Coffee Mill," without the hazard of overheating the barrel. The Army never purchased any of these guns although individual state governors did for their troops. General Butler had some with him in his advance on Richmond in 1864. The Federal Navy did order some for use on river gunboats. That Dr. Gatling's idea was a sound one is proven by the fact that the same principle is being used today in the Air Force's "Vulcan," firing at the rate of 8,000 shots per minute.

The Confederates also experimented with machine guns. General Gorgas invented a repeating 1.25 inch repeating cannon built on the turret principle. None, however, was actually used in combat. Another gun was invented by General O. Vandenberg, an American, who after receiving rebuffs in this country, went to England in an attempt to find a market for his gun. The number of barrels varied with some having as many as 451. This cumbersome piece had a loading machine to charge all chambers at once with powder and another to load with bullets and ram them home. Three of these guns were sent to the U. S. to be tested. This was done, but they were not accepted and were returned to Vandenberg in England. In April of 1865, General Stoneman's Federal cavalry captured a Vandenberg gun sent by the inventor to Governor Vance of North Carolina.

Captain D. R. Williams, C. S. A., invented the Confederate's most effective machine gun. It was a single-barreled rapid-fire cannon capable of firing a 1.56-inch combustible cartridge at the rate of 65 shots per minute. Approximately forty of these were made. Despite its rapid fire capabilities it was not a true machine gun, for it had neither multiplicity of barrels nor attached feeding mechanism. It could simply be operated rapidly by manipulating a hand crank which opened and closed the breechblock which fired the cap as the cartridge was pushed into the chamber.

In summary then, we can say that the cliché, "strategic and tactical principles do not always keep pace with the improved capabilities of weapons," is well-illustrated by the Civil War.

The basic weapon of the infantryman was the single-shot, muzzle loading rifled musket, caliber .58, nearly twice the caliber of the U. S. Rifles Model 1903 and M1, but much closer in range and accuracy to the '03 or the M1 than to the Eighteenth Century rifles upon which all Civil War tactical formations were based.

Because this was the first war in which the Industrial Revolution had achieved its full impact; it was the first total war of history.

To quote William D. Edwards: "The nation divided against itself did not fall. Guns, North and South, boomed defiance and, ultimately, for one side victory and for the other, a curiously honorable defeat. It is this story which the collector, the student, the historian finds today in records of the weapons of the Civil War."

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Display of the Ross V. Miller weapons collection.  
Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

# New Hands on the Denver Range

John M. Carroll  
P. O. Box 543  
New Brunswick, N.J. 08903

We have received the corresponding membership of John Carroll through the good offices of the New York Posse. Mr. Carroll is a teacher to disadvantaged students and has written articles on remedial training. He is presently writing his first book on the subject of the American West.

. . .

Philip A. Upp  
1318 Pontiac Street  
Denver, Colo. 80220

Mr. Philip A. Upp is a devotee of Western History and is particularly interested in the history of narrow gauge railroads and ghost towns of Colorado. We are indebted to Dr. Ralph W. Danielson, PM for Mr. Upp's sponsorship.

. . .

Pauline Settle Sharp  
Box 166  
Monte Vista, Colo. 81144

Pauline Settle Sharp is the daughter of the late Raymond W. Settle, distinguished Colorado author and historian (See *Round-up*, Feb. 1968, p. 8).

Mrs. Sharp is continuing her father's research and writing on the Russell, Majors and Waddell firm and the influence of the freighters on the opening of the West. Although a mother of six children, Mrs. Sharp finds time to jeep into the high country and take 35mm shots of wild flowers, ghost towns and historic areas. We can expect some worthy contributions from Mrs. Sharp's Western research.

Joe Austell Small  
P. O. Box 3668  
Austin, Texas 78704

Your editor is proud to announce the sponsorship of Joe Austell Small for corresponding membership in the Denver Posse. Joe has been in the writing and publishing business since 1932 with credits in *Argosy*, *True* and numerous outdoor and Western magazines. Mr. Small is publisher of Western Publications which include *Frontier Times*, *True West*, *Old West* and *Relics*.

. . .

John W. Ragsdale  
1321 Elati St.  
Denver, Colo. 80204

Mr. Ragsdale comes recommended by a distinguished group of Posse members—Numa James, Bob Cormack and Frances Rizzari. His long list of literary credits, accomplishments and duties are too numerous to mention in our limited space. However, his chief historical interests are the rehabilitation of the South Platte River and the incorporation of the J. B. Walker castle and surrounding acreage into the public domain.

. . .

Clyde C. Dawson  
1900 First National Bank Bldg.  
Denver, Colo. 80202

Mr. Dawson comes to the Westerners through the sponsorship of Al Bronfield, Fred Mazzulla and Merriam Berger. Clyde is special bond counsel for the City of Denver and many other Western communities. His special interests are in Western history and particularly the legal history of communities over the state. His hobby is collecting Western literature.

## OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Take a peek at the story on page 12 of the May issue of *Frontier Times*—"Las Vegas and the Dodge City Gang." "Nuff sed!"

The March 27th meeting of the Denver Posse was a memorable one. Sheriff Bill Marshall loosened up the opening formalities with a couple of clever jokes and the enthusiasm took hold. The ensuing round of introductions sparkled with quick humor and witty asides.

During the "kidney break," Speaker Ross V. Miller, CM, and his assistants set up Mr. Miller's display of over one hundred weapons of the Civil War. (Accompanying picture will be of special interest to those who missed the March meeting). History was made as well as reviewed at this outstanding powwow of the Denver Posse.

The editor's life is one of sifting errors and splashing proof marks. The needed corrections sometimes prove to

be quite humorous. It's quite a shock to hear a copyreader say: "S. Omar Bradley, the James Whitcomb Riley of the West . . ." after you have proofed the page copy, alone, no less than three times. S. Omar Barker would have fallen out of his saddle if that had gotten by. But you really get shook up when you realize that you have personally written a caption which reads: Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ receiving the *speaker's plague* from Sheriff Marshall. . . ."

However I fail to find any humor in the following:

### ERRATA

In the March issue, page 19, the printer failed to pick up the last paragraph of Herbert O'Hanlon's excellent review of Charles Tenney Jackson's book, *The Buffalo Wallow*, and subsequently, Herb's signature as the reviewer. This error escaped my notice. Therefore, I am republishing the review in this issue in its entirety. When the head doesn't work—the back must.



Capacity attendance at the Press Club on March 27 to hear, "Weapons of the Civil War" by Ross V. Miller.

Collection of Fred and Jo Mazulla.





## Westerner's Bookshelf



**THE BUFFALO WALLOW** by Charles Tenney Jackson, Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebr., 1967, paperback, 253 pages; \$1.60.

This unique novel deposits the reader on the Nebraska plains in the early 1880's. Civilization was well into its task of organizing the raw frontier: section lines and barbed wire had etched their barriers on the once untamed country. Permanent settlers, some still living in sod houses, had succeeded in harnessing the wild thing that had been a wilderness.

Despite man's inexorable advance, certain facets of the untamed past still remained. One of these vestiges was the buffalo wallow. This remote relic of the past was the redoubt and refuge of Chick Tuttle and his cousin Ellis, two youthful inhabitants of the region. When the fetters and burdens of civilization threatened to engulf them, they retreated to the wallow where freedom and self-expression prevailed.

The buffalo wallow symbolized nature's hopeless resistance to the onslaught of advancing civilization. In the end, it too was overwhelmed by the gang plow of the relentless land company. The only remaining evidence of its existence was a slight depression in a vast field of corn. The depression represents the fading memory of the past that still remained in the memories of boys who are now superannuated men.

In a style that is reminiscent of Mark Twain and Willa Cather, the author, Charles Jackson, presents an episodic narrative well-laced with bucolic nos-

talgia. The "incommunicable past" of Willa Cather is here experienced vicariously by the reader through the eyes of landlocked boys similar to Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. The local color of Twain, blended with the descriptions of Cather, presents a vivid word-picture of an era that is now with the ages.

Looking with retrospect at the care-free days of an adventure-filled boyhood, Chick comments on the benefits of an overly-organized society: "That's the way it was in the country. Nobody locked their houses. I never heard of a house being robbed either until I grew up and went Back East . . . where folks had that mysterious thing . . . called culture."

Herbert O'Hanlon, PM

**GHOST TOWNS OF THE COLORADO ROCKIES**, by Robert L. Brown. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 400 pages, 136 illus. \$6.25.

From Bonanza, nestled in a cathedral of trees in the forest-laden Cochetopa Hills—which never had a church, as such, for its 20,000 inhabitants, but, however, had more than 40 saloons to care for the "spirits" of its populace—to Telluride with its fabulous Liberty Bell and Tom Boy claims and its still-operating famous Smuggler Union mine, there is a world of adventure and Western history reflected in Posseman Robert L. Brown's, *Ghost Towns of the Colorado Rockies*.

Even if the history of early Colorado is only of passing concern for you, this is a MUST book for it will make that

history "come alive!" If you are an avid history fan of the West, you will find illustrations of the "then"—when a town or camp was in its heyday—to the "now" when so many of them that literally rose out of the earth, fell back to the earth and silence of the high places again.

Each enjoyed its day of brief, boisterous sunshine and many saw a quick twilight from which they never emerged. Singularly enough, Bonanza and Telluride, and a few others, born in a boom, are still "fighting the ghosts."

Like Brown's *Empire of Silver*, this new volume is, in effect, an "all-year-round" monograph. It can be read in the cold and stormy winter nights, for instance, and one can almost hear the roar of the wind that, ghostlike, haunts the camps that used to be. Brown does so well in his storytelling that one can almost feel the rush and roar of the avalanche that buried many a camp and simply obliterated it. Likewise, one can vicariously trod the muddy or dusty streets of Alma, Buckskin Joe, Como, Fairplay, Jasper, Lulu City, Ouray, Platoro or Russell Gulch and all the rest that drew hopeful prospectors and hangers-on, and "live through" the hell-roaring episodes that followed in the wake of each new stampede.

Then in the brilliant days of summer or fall, one can actually visit all these places (for some he will need a Jeep) because Author Brown has set forth quite meticulously how to reach every last one of them.

Of course, there was drama in every camp because people were there—sometimes by the thousands and sometimes by the hundreds. For instance, Buckskin Joe was one of the places that definitely "comes alive" under

Brown's facile pen. Besides telling of the mining development there the author doesn't miss the drama in the local story of Silver Heels, a "dance hall girl," who Brown contends "was easy on the eyes and of easier virtue. She always wore silver-heeled slippers when she plied her trade as an entertainer. Having a pleasant and cheery personality, she soon became a great favorite of the miners."

One year during Silver Heels' tenure, Buckskin Joe almost became a ghost town by the onslaught of smallpox. Silver Heels, as Brown relates, "rose superbly to the challenge in the finest tradition although a slightly tarnished Florence Nightingale." In time she fell prey to the ravages of the disease and although she recovered, a pock-marked complexion ruled out the possibility of a return to her former profession. Today, one of the nearby mountains bears the name of Mount Silverheels.

Of course there was gold all over the place in the Cripple Creek district. Doyle and Burns owned the Independence and the Portland; Carlton purchased the Cressen. Jack Dempsey worked as a mucker in the Portland. Boom times were high in the district when the Western Federation of miners struck there and elsewhere. Thereafter follows a most unfortunate chapter in the history of mining—a chapter repeated in almost every mining camp in the West.

The Sherman Silver Act of 1893 shut down almost every silver camp in the state and that sounded the death knell for many a Colorado mining camp. Some locations, however, had the good fortune to possess gold as well as silver. For instance, in the Tom Boy, 3,000 feet above Telluride, sold for \$100,000 in

1894's gold boom. But only a few years later, in 1899, the Rothschilds in London bought the property for a cool \$2,000,000.

To elaborate more would only detract from the pleasure of reading the book. There is surely a wealth of history and drama around it. It belongs in every good collection of Western History.

Herbert P. White, PM

**FAMOUS GUNFIGHTERS OF THE WESTERN FRONTIER, By W. B. (Bat) Masterson. Frontier Book Co., Fort Davis, Tex. 112 pages. Price \$3.00. Reprint of original published in 1907 and limited to 1,000 copies.**

This small paperback reprint gives an insight into the lives of five of the famous gunfighters of the Frontier West and how they happened to die in bed. Bat Masterson, a pretty fair man at taking care of himself, within or outside the law, relates the story of Luke Short, Bill Tilghman, Ben Thompson, Doc Holliday and Wyatt Earp, along with some references to some other gunslingers, most of whom died with a pistol in their hands.

Many of the incidents related occurred in Colorado, some in Wyoming.

Masterson makes some observations concerning the death of many feared gunfighters who died and those who lived.

He said, "I have known men in the West whose courage could not be questioned and whose expertness with the pistol was simply marvelous, who fell before men who added deliberation to the other two qualities." Then he goes on to recite gunfights in which one man fired five shots and dropped

when the man with deliberation shot once.

The last 40 pages of the small book consist of pictures which would send envy into the hearts of Jo and Fred Mazzulla.

A suspicion could arise that the original, from which this reprint is made, could have been ghosted. But Masterson had many talents in addition to his speed and accuracy with a handgun. He is reputed to have been owner of a string of establishments in Denver operated by practioners of "the oldest profession." He also worked as a sports writer on Denver and New York newspapers. He collapsed at his desk in his New York newspaper office on Oct. 25, 1921.

In his typewriter was this:

"There are many in this old world of ours who hold that things break even for all of us. I have observed, for example, that we all get about the same amount of ice. The rich get it in the summer and the poor get it in the winter."

John M. Bruner, CM

**ON THE WESTERN TOUR WITH WASHINGTON IRVING: The Journal and Letters of Count Pourtales, Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by George F. Spaulding, translated by Seymour Feiler, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1968, 96 pages, bibliography, index. List of American Exploration and Travel Series, of which the present volume is Number 54, \$4.95.**

This is an altogether charming account, starting with the discovery of the Count's manuscripts in an old trunk in Munich—the editor's story of the Count's ancestry, continuing with the

facile and transparent rendition of the exuberant Count's letters, and completed by the beautiful binding, paper, and typography of the book itself: a typical University of Oklahoma production. The map is a jewel.

That four such disparate personalities as Pourtales, Latrobe, Ellsworth, and Irving could have formed a party is but the least of the amusing and amazing events that transpired. For all the antics and escapades of the young nobleman, his immediate purchase of a complete costume of dressed deerskin, "dyed a beautiful purple," leathern pantaloons and "moccasins," a \$150 race horse, the better to hunt the buffalo, he possessed very sound judgment, as his subsequent career in his country's diplomatic service was to attest. He loved moccasins and made several pairs. It is said that he lost his only pair of boots the very first day,

but this reviewer believes he threw them away, for they were found surprisingly quickly, and he never wore them again, preferring the moccasin, of which he exclaimed again and again. His leathern costume stood up to brush and scrub oak better than any others, and his horse caught three of the four wild horses to be roped.

The preference of this Parisian dandy for the meals and homes of the Osages, Creeks, and Cherokees, and his brisk disagreement later on with the arrant nationalism of Bismarck reveal a cosmopolitan heritage, a Prussian father, and a French mother of noble family, to the latter of whom we are doubtless no more indebted for this idyllic tale than to the soldier of fortune father. And then of course, there were Spaulding, Feiler, and the University of Oklahoma Press.

Horace Emerson Campbell, CM

## ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

From "Along the Old Trail," Tucker-Vernon Co.; Cimarron and Larned, Kansas, by Joseph Vernon:

"In the spring of 1868, (Kit) Carson was living at a ranch, three-quarters of a mile from Boggsville, a small place up the Purgatoire River about five miles from Ft. Lyon. . . . Luke Cahill, who had served as his orderly in New Mexico when Carson was a Brigadier General commanding the First New Mexico Cavalry, said that his wife had died there just a short time before and that his bereavement over his wife's death hastened his end. Pneumonia was really the direct cause of his death. When Carson became ill he sent for

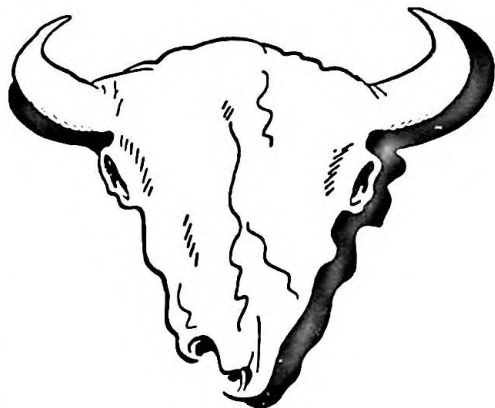
Cahill, having learned that the sergeant was at Ft. Lyon, and Cahill went out to see him. He found the scout in serious condition, and so reported to Gen. William T. Penrose, who was commanding the post. Penrose sent an ambulance out to the Carson place and had him brought to Fort Lyon. On the morning of May 22, 1868, at about ten o'clock, the famous pioneer breathed his last breath. Carson left a family composed of three girls and three boys. They are William, Kit and Charley; Stefanita, Osafita and Terecina. Their mother was a Mexican." *Editor's Note:* Most writers give his death as of May 23, 1868.

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

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Number 6

IN THIS ISSUE:

"CAPTAIN CHARLES DEUS"  
by Harold Wolfinbarger, Jr.



From left to right: Kenny Englert, Program Chairman; Sheriff Marshall; Harold Wolfinbarger, Jr., speaker of the evening; and Arthur Roy Mitchell, Trinidad artist, curator and author.

*Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla.*

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Harold Wolfinbarger, Jr., PM, was born in Denver and graduated from South High. He attended the University of Denver and took advanced art study at the Art Student's league in New York City, where he studied under Frank Vincent DuMond. He cites his experiences with the late Robert A. Graham, a member of New York's Salamagundi Club, as an outstanding inspiration in his work.

Harold has devoted his life to drawing, painting, illustrating and teaching. His success and versatile talents have attracted a host of students to his art classes.

Our author for this publication has been associated with the Denver Posse for a number of years and was the co-illustrator of the 1960 *Brand Book*. He won international acclaim for his illustrations in Ann D. Miller's book, *Matadors of Mexico*, 1961, and has also won numerous national and regional awards. Mr. Wolfinbarger's paper is an excerpt from a larger publication which he is working on at present.

## FUTURE MEETINGS

"Printers and Printers' Devils in the Early History of the 'Sky City,'" will be the subject for the June meeting. J. Leroy Wingenback is the speaker. Leadville and journalism should make an interesting paper.

There will be no July meeting as per usual but Ladies Night is being planned for around the middle of August.

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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.

## CAPTAIN CHARLES DEUS

by Harold A. Wolfenbarger, Jr.

The Karlsbad Decrees, invoked by the reactionary Prince Metternich in 1819, forced the liberal movement, then prevalent in Germany, underground. Severe penalties were imposed on the violators of the mandate, which suppressed the press, censored publications, supervised the teaching in the universities, and banned secret societies. The death penalty was not uncommon. To escape the persecution of the Austrian Prince many of the best young men of the country fled to America and influenced their friends to go with them.

Wilhelm Ludwig Deus was one of these young men. He was a married man with a family of nine children when he and his family were forced to leave their native Rhineland and flee to Alsace-Lorraine<sup>1</sup> with barely the clothes on their backs and some "hard money."<sup>2</sup> Leaving the French provinces about the year 1833, the Deus family arrived in St. Louis, a city of 10 or 12,000 inhabitants. It was an insignificant looking place to the German immigrant, but Deus settled his family there temporarily, while he investigated the available land on the Missouri river. While in the city, he was offered a parcel of land of 100 acres at \$10 an acre, but wishing for more fertile land at a cheaper price, he turned it down. A few weeks later he bought land which appealed to him, located near Augusta, then Mount Pleasant, Missouri, and moved his family to it. Had he bought the land offered to him in St. Louis and kept it, it would have made his family wealthy, as the lots now form the downtown part of the city.<sup>3</sup>

Wilhelm put in seven acres of grapes, erected a distillery where he made wine, and put up a grist mill.<sup>4</sup> He soon became one of the region's more prosperous citizens. Young Charles Deus, aged 10 years, when the family came to Missouri, helped his father in the chores about the farm and mills. He was the fourth child of Wilhelm and Wilhelmina Deus.<sup>5</sup> He was born in Langenfeld, near Dusseldorf, Germany, August 12, 1822. His nationality was Prussian with a strain of French blood.

As there were no schools for Charles to attend on the frontier, his education was that which his parents could give him. Charles read books in odd moments when the chores were done, but most of his "book learning," as he called it, came after he had grown to manhood. By the time he reached the age of sixteen he had been apprenticed to a tanner who paid him five dollars a month. From this salary he was obliged to buy his clothing and pay for his laundry. The tanning business soon lost its lustre for Charles and he wished he had never entered it, but as his contract ran until he was twenty-one, he honored it until his time was up.<sup>6</sup> He never worked at the trade after gaining his liberty. The hardships and travail of frontier life developed in the boy a straightforward, honest character that marked his personality throughout life.

But, Missouri had its fascinating side, too. This was the era of the conquest of the West and the Missouri river was the main artery to the feral regions where savage primitives, painted for war, lurked. Trade had been opened up with the fabled southwest Mexican town called Santa Fe, and the river near which Charles lived was crowded with cargo and colorful voyageurs hurrying to and fro in commerce with Mexico and the fur traders of the Rocky Mountains. Being exposed to the visual excitement of this river traffic, and hearing tales of daring exploits from the lips of actual adventurers, who being friends of the family, were often guests at the farm home, fired the young tanning apprentice with a desire to make his fortune in that part of the continent, as well as partaking in the stimulating experiences it afforded. The opportunity came at long last, when in the spring of 1845, an old friend and former neighbor of the family, Charles Blumner, on his way to St. Louis with his ox train for supplies, stopped at the Deus home for a visit. The stories he told of the country between the Missouri river and the Mexican trading centers determined Charles, who was now a free man, to accompany Blumner's caravan when he returned to Santa Fe. Arrangements were made and when Blumner's company headed west, the twenty-two year old youth was put in charge of a herd of loose cattle. There is a very good chance that in this train was another young man, just newly arrived from Holland and having made his way almost immediately to St. Louis, joined Blumner there. His name was Albert H. Pfeiffer.<sup>7</sup>

One can only imagine the exultation that swelled within the breast of Charles as he joined the motley, adventurous crew of the merchant wagons and drove the cattle before him on the legendary trace to Santa Fe. In 1845, the road was not the risk it had once been, but it still was dangerous enough, and Deus was not disillusioned in any way on his first journey across the flowering prairies. As he and his crew whistled, cursed and yelled their herd across the Arkansas River and upon the dreaded expanse



of the Cimarron, they could see large groups of Indians and buffalo all the time.

The drive up the Cimarron River valley and across the dry plains to the valley of the Mora River was long and tedious and fraught with danger of Indian attacks and Deus began to long for signs of human habitation. When the first crude adobe huts on the Mora, and several miles later at Las Vegas were reached, the spirits of the men began to pick up, although the dirtiness of the Mexican way of life, new to most of them, disgusted them.

When the wagon train rolled into Santa Fe the last of June, it was greeted with the usual excitement the inhabitants of that city exhibited whenever American commercial caravans arrived. But it soon simmered down and the antagonistic atmosphere of the New Mexicans became more and more evident, for war clouds hung low over the region as the natives resented the annexation of Texas by the United States. It did not take long for Charles Deus to satisfy his curiosity, and disliking the brick-kiln-like cluster of adobes resided in by half-naked people as well as fearing for his life, he joined a group of trappers who were headed for Bent's Fort on the Arkansas in the fall. Here he remained until Colonel Bent was ready to ship a load of furs to the States. Bent hired Deus to assist on this train and when his duties were over, Charles went to his father's home where he stayed until May, 1846, when war was declared on Mexico by the United States.

The call for one thousand Missouri volunteers was issued and Deus hurried to St. Louis, where he enlisted in Captain Waldemar Fischer's German company of dragoons, which had been organized in 1842.<sup>9</sup> He was at this time twenty-three years old, 5' 6" tall, and had blond hair, blue eyes and a light complexion.

Major Meriwether Lewis Clark was attempting to raise a battalion of light artillery composed of two companies. The first company, under the command of Captain Richard Weightman had been easily filled, but the second was incomplete. When June 6 arrived and the company still remained unfilled, Captain Fischer's Dragoons were transferred to the artillery battalion." Deus then became a gunner in the artillery. The company arrived at Fort Leavenworth June 20, and the men were mustered into service the next day.

Camp life was boresome to the civilian army and when the order came to move out, it was greeted with such unmilitary enthusiasm that it upset the disciplined Colonel Kearny. The army left in detachments and many of these stretched for four or five miles across the prairies. The St. Louis detachment composed of the artillery battalion and the LaCledde Rangers presented a warlike appearance, resplendent in uniforms, the only volun-

teer companies so dressed.<sup>10</sup> Several large civilian wagon trains were accompanying the expeditionary force, and the procession on the plains presented a formidable invasion of Indian territory and the savage inhabitants were deeply concerned.

On August 5th, after days of traveling across a hot dusty desert-like country, the artillery encamped on a tributary of the Purgatoire River near the foot of Raton Mountain and near the present sight of Trinidad. This imposing mountain, with its precipitous cliffs and mesa-like top, stood like a sentinel guarding the northern end of the range, and seemed so close to Captain Fischer that he decided to climb it. He started out in late afternoon fully intending to reach the top and return before supper. But he did not arrive for the meal and did not arrive when taps sounded. In the morning he still had not arrived and every one thought that he had either been killed by Indians or captured by the Mexicans. Colonel Kearny was about to send out a party to investigate when the Captain was seen returning. Upon being asked where he had been he told his questioners that he had been to the top of the peak. The distance had been greater than it appeared and he reached the top about midnight. It had been a tiring climb, so he rested until daylight as he wanted to view the country, then he returned.<sup>11</sup> Lieutenant W. H. Emory, of the Topographical Engineers, who was present, named the peak after the Captain to honor his plucky climb.<sup>12</sup> Captain Fischer's name is spelled F-I-S-C-H-E-R and the name of the peak was so spelled on the first maps put out by the military, but subsequently the "C" was dropped for some reason or other, and it is now spelled F-I-S-H-E-R.

Santa Fe was occupied August 18, by the U.S. Army, and the artillery remaining on the hilltop southeast of the city gave a salute of twenty-eight guns, when the American flag was raised in the plaza. The frightened inhabitants, thinking they were bombarded, streaked for the hills, providing gunner Deus and his artillery comrades a great deal of amusement.

The hills about Santa Fe were destitute of forage for the animals and it was necessary to send the horses and mules belonging to the army to various stations outside the vicinity of the capital city. The artillery was sent to Galisteo, some twenty-two miles south, and it was all the horses could do to make it, as they had been on a hard march without subsistence for three days, but they began to recover rapidly in the good grass found there.

Here it was that Captain Fischer's men found three cannon belonging to General Armijo's army in a field. One of the guns formerly belonged to General McLeod's Texas expeditionary force that had met defeat at the hands of the Mexicans.

Although the people of New Mexico had seemed to acquiesce to the



**Capt. Richard Charles Deus**

*(Original photo in possession of Nellie D. Manzanares).*

Photographer: A. E. Rinehart, 1637 Larimer St., Denver, Colo.

new government, it was becoming evident that they were still enemies of the United States, and in January of 1847, a mob murdered Governor Bent and other officials and began open revolt.

Colonel Sterling Price immediately organized a campaign against the insurgents and left Santa Fe with a force of 353 men, rank and file, accompanied by the usual wagons carrying ammunition and provisions. Captain Fischer's artillery company had been left to guard the city when Colonel Doniphan went on his campaign to Mexico and from this company, Lieutenant Hassendenbel with a battery of four twelve-pounder howitzers accompanied Colonel Price. After the battle of La Cañada on January 24, Price sent back orders to Captain Fischer to forward a six-pounder gun, and with this ordnance, Charles Deus departed for the front, January 25, and joined the force at La Cañada. He shared in the hard march through deep snows and across steep mountain trails to Taos where he participated in the battle there. He gives one pertinent observation that is little known in the details of the fighting.

"Notwithstanding a considerable loss of life," he says, "the Americans were not to be defeated. It was suggested to try shells on the Mexicans and bomb shells were furnished men on the roof of the church. By means of ropes and blankets, they were hoisted to the roof of the church, where at each of the openings were stationed soldiers with bomb shells which they were instructed to light the fuse of and drop into the openings of the church and among the Mexicans in the building. This had the desired effect. The Mexicans were forced from the church and took to the open plains where they were met by the Americans."

Immediately after this battle, Deus was ordered as one of an express team to carry mail and the news of the victory to Doniphan who was nearing Chihuahua, in Mexico. Deus performed this duty and returned to Santa Fe where scurvy was now prevalent among the American volunteers. The American Army of Occupation was not a well-fed one, and scurvy, which began to appear in early 1847, reached epidemic proportions before it was arrested with the help of gunner Charles Deus. The army had no vinegar in its commissary and the Mexicans knew nothing about its manufacture. The army wanted to make some and made a general plea to the troops in a search for a knowledgeable person on the subject. Deus volunteered the information he knew how to make it as he had learned how in his father's distillery, and if he was furnished with apple tree shavings, cream of tartar, sugar, whiskey, and water, he could make it. The requirements were met, as apple orchards were part of the Santa Fe scene. Deus was given a contract to make vinegar for the army at \$1.50 per barrel, the barrels to be furnished and the ingredients to be sold by the commissary at cost. No limit was set as to the supply. Charles was excused from all duty as a soldier and began to manufacture the vinegar. The business continued

several months when the health of the soldiers had so much improved that the government called a halt to the project, but not before Deus had netted a tidy sum. By the time this venture ceased, the enlistment time of the volunteers was about to expire, and as this time neared, a general reorganization of the army took place.

Captain Fischer returned to Missouri as did many other volunteers who had tired of army life. Lieutenant Hassendenbel reorganized Fischer's company and became Captain. Charles reenlisted in the company as a bugler, his musical training having been cultivated at home. This company operated as an independent unit and was sent to El Paso in the fall of 1847, where it remained until General Price, aroused by rumors of an invasion of New Mexico by a Mexican force organized an expedition to meet it. He arrived in El Paso February 20, 1848, and continued on into Mexico ordering Captain Hassendenbel's artillery unit to follow. He met the enemy at the little town of Santa Cruz and demanded its surrender. Governor Trias informed Price that he had information there was a peace concluded between the two countries. Price had received no notification of this, although it was indeed true, the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo having been signed February 2, and he was inclined to be skeptical of the Mexican governor's motives. He consented to wait for a few days pending the arrival of an official confirmation, but when this did not occur, he began hostilities and after a hard all-day battle defeated the enemy. Deus gave no details of his participation in this battle except to say, in later life that he was shot in the leg and a cannon ball had passed so close to him that it had stunned him and left him partly deaf. Official records, however, reveal no evidence of his being wounded at this time.

The war was now over and Deus was mustered out of service October 19, 1848. He had come to love this western country and decided to make his home in the Spanish-speaking land. He determined to erect a brewery, a distillery and a grist mill in Santa Fe. He knew how to distill wines, but brewing beer was a process he was unacquainted with. After his discharge, he went back to the States to visit his parents for awhile and then continued to St. Louis, where he spent the winter serving a short-term apprenticeship to learn the brewery business. While studying in the city, he had machinery and other manufacturing parts not available in Santa Fe fabricated, so that he could ship it in sections across the prairies. The boilers were made of copper and all the other sections were made of the lightest and strongest metal available, one reason being to save shipping costs which were 20¢ per pound from Independence to Santa Fe. He started with the first wagon train leaving Independence that spring and with him was his older brother, John Peter, who was to be partner in the business.

Near Santa Fe, Charles purchased an old, dilapidated hacienda<sup>13</sup> which he converted into his brewery, the first in the Rocky Mountain

region, and distillery, and began making his beer and wine. When the product was ready for the market, the Deus brothers opened a dram shop in the city, operating under the trade name of Deus and Company.<sup>14</sup> Beer was twenty-five cents a glass and strictly on a cash basis. The business proved to be a flourishing one, and in September 1850, a billiard hall was added. The addition of this new attraction brought throngs of soldiers and citizens to the establishment keeping the billiard tables in constant use night and day. Profits soon reached four and five hundred dollars a day and as the business was still growing, Charles decided to build a larger and more appropriate building for his brewery and grist mill. He found a suitable location on the south side of Santa Fe Creek about one-half mile above the plaza of the city and erected a \$30,000 rock building.

Early in 1850, it was necessary for him to make a business trip to St. Louis. He joined a group of fifteen merchants among whom were Jacob Spiegelberg, the prominent Santa Fe merchant, Charles Blummer, then active in governmental offices, Ceran St. Vrain, and several others lesser known. The company started in February and as they were carrying considerable wealth with them, most of it in gold and silver and the rest of it in vouchers honored by St. Louis banks, and wanting to make the journey across the plains as fast as possible, they traveled in 10 light wagons with as little baggage as possible. Good weather favored the beginning of the trip, but when the merry party reached the Big Bend of the Arkansas River, a severe snowstorm set in and marooned them for several days. When the weather finally cleared, they found that their mules had been run off by Indians and there was nothing left for them to do that early in the season but to walk the remaining three hundred miles to Independence. Caching their buggies and harness and other goods the best they could with brush and branches they started on the journey. The weather remained severe and it was decided upon to travel at night when it was cold, and rest and sleep in the daytime, if possible, in some hidden sunny spot out of sight of roving bands of Indians. After many weeks of difficult hiking, staggering under the burden of the heavy gold and silver, they finally met a man who took the unfortunate travelers to his ranch thirty miles west of Independence where the now happy merchants recuperated several days at the hospitable home of the rancher.

When the footsore, weary men had recovered sufficiently, they were driven in a wagon to Independence by their benefactor who was handsomely paid for his trouble. In the frontier town the small party divided up, Deus and several others remaining in the city while Spiegelberg, St. Vrain and the others who were going to New York went on to St. Louis.

Deus noticed an ad in the local newspaper advertising a sale of government mules and wagons at Ft. Leavenworth, and seeing a good business opportunity to make some sales among the migrants to Oregon and Cali-

ifornia who were crowding the town, he went to the fort. He purchased ninety-three head of mules at \$6 each and seven wagons at about the same price. He brought the animals and wagons back to Independence where he disposed of the mules for \$50 each and sold two wagons for three hundred dollars. Not having any takers, he left the other five wagons in the city and never went back to claim them.

After making this little business coup, he left for St. Louis. He bought the goods he came for and then returned to Independence, where he met other members of his party, and securing passage on a freight caravan bound for Santa Fe they departed from the States. When they came to the place they had cached their wagons in the brush they found their property had been stolen. They continued, then, with the freighter to their homes in Santa Fe where they arrived in late summer.

In 1851, Deus experienced the first of a series of disasters which seemed to plague his life. Heavy summer rains in the mountains sent a flood crashing down Santa Fe Creek tearing out part of his new building. At the same time, Colonel E. V. Sumner had assumed command of the Military Department in New Mexico, and one of his first acts was to evacuate all troops from Santa Fe, a city he called a "sink of vice and extravagance." All citizens who had been employed in the staff department were discharged.

These two hard blows to his business discouraged the young man and he sold out his share to Spiegelberg. He left for Socorro to try his fortune there and bought some property fronted by the plaza adjacent to land owned by Vincente St. Vrain. Deus' land contained a stand of one thousand grapevines, and a house which he converted into a hotel. He began making wine from the grapes but soon realized that Socorro held no future for him and within a year he sold out to an early resident, Conner, by name.

Returning to Santa Fe, he rented a house to use as a hotel, again trying his luck at this business. While engaged in this endeavor, he met Simon Rosenstein, a merchant of Albuquerque, and the two men formed a partnership to open a store, first at Alameda, and later at Albuquerque, where he remained until January, 1855. In this month Governor David Meriwether issued a call for four companies of volunteers to chastise the Ute and Jicarilla Apache Indians for the depredations caused by those tribes, culminating in the massacre at Fort Pueblo on the Arkansas River, Christmas Day, 1854. Charles Deus sold out to Rosenstein and answered the call.

John Henry Mink, a former comrade of Charles in Captain Fischer's company, Charles, and Albert H. Pfeiffer, formed a company of mounted troops. Mink was Captain; Deus, First Lieutenant; and Pfeiffer, Second Lieutenant. By the 29th of January, their company had filled its ranks

with 91 men and Governor Meriwether notified General Garland of the fact. Mink, however, was in trouble with the law, criminal charges having been filed against him, and Garland, apprised of this fact, felt if these charges were true, it would be unwise to muster him into service as a captain.<sup>15</sup> Mink resigned his command and Deus was elected to fill it with Pfeiffer, moving up to First Lieutenant. Matias Martinez was elected to succeed Pfeiffer as Second Lieutenant.

It was the custom of these times for the volunteers to furnish their own horses and horse equipment and as most of the company was composed of Mexicans who were too poor to own horses or mules, Deus furnished them with mounts from his own pocket. The government gave an allowance of 40¢ a day for forage, and as this was good even though the animals grazed on the grasses in the fields, Deus was able to get a sizable portion of his investment back.

Deus' company was mustered in January 30th and rode out of Santa Fe bound for Fort Union. Here they received their arms, ammunition and other equipment furnished by the government. They had been in camp only a few days, when Captain Deus was ordered to take his company to pursue some Indians who had murdered a Mexican. The pursuit was in the direction of the Canadian River and was continued until provisions gave out necessitating a return to the fort.

He was soon ordered out again, this time to the Red River, north of Taos. The Indians were actively engaged in depredations among the northern frontier settlements, and Deus was ordered to chastise them. He made his headquarters at Rito, a little settlement, about twelve miles northeast of Abiquiu. On March 6, the Captain received orders to be on the alert for a band of Utes and Jicarillas moving towards the Navaho country. Mindful of the order, he immediately dispatched Lieutenant Pfeiffer, who was obliged to enlist more men for limited service, with a force to pursue the band near Abiquiu. Pfeiffer caught up with the Indians, March 14, at Las Nutrias, and engaged them in battle, breaking up and forcing the Indians back. Pfeiffer continued the pursuit until March 21st.<sup>16</sup>

The Captain was then ordered to report to Fort Massachusetts in order to accompany Colonel Fauntleroy on his second foray against the Utes in the direction of Poncha Pass. On April 23rd, the Colonel set forth from the fort in command of four companies; two companies of regulars and two companies of volunteers. The commanders of the volunteers were Captain Deus and Captain Manuel Chavez. Near Poncha Pass fresh Indian tracks were observed but since it was 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the Colonel called a halt to the march and had the soldiers prepare camp. The Mexican soldiers, however, were anxious to pursue that night and Captains Deus and Chavez went to the Colonel to advise him to send out scouts to



discover the Indian camp. The Colonel refused, though there were a number of Mexicans willing to act as scouts. Deus and Chavez decided to take things in their own hands, which seemed to be a prerogative of volunteer troops in those days, and gave permission to several of their men to scout and discover the Indians if possible. The scouts returned about midnight (official reports say it was 10 P.M.) and reported the Utes on a creek engaged in a scalp dance, and not aware of the closeness of the troops. Deus and Chavez immediately advised Colonel Fauntleroy of the situation and urged him to move at once to surround the Indian camp.<sup>17</sup>

The Colonel immediately ordered the troops to advance, which was so quietly done that the Indians were almost surrounded when a careless Mexican accidentally discharged his musket (Colonel Fauntleroy's report says it was the barking of Indian dogs) and alarmed the dancing warriors. Nevertheless, the attack was a complete surprise and the Utes lost 40 killed, a large number wounded, six children captured, besides stock and provisions destroyed. This battle seemed to break the spirit of the Utes and they began to sue for peace.

Colonel Fauntleroy and his command returned to Fort Massachusetts. The Colonel intended to go on another expedition after the men had recuperated, but he did not again enter the field. Lieutenant Colonel St. Vrain conducted the final campaign.

While encamped on the Trinchera River recruiting their strength, Deus' company had a visitor who expressed a desire to join them. He was none other than Lafayette Head, erstwhile Indian agent at Conejos. Martinez resigned as Second Lieutenant and Head was elected to fill the vacated position. This occasion took place May 15.<sup>18</sup>

After a fit time of rest, Lt. Colonel St. Vrain left the fort with four companies of volunteers, including Deus', for a final campaign against the Jicarillas. This expedition covered the territory from the Raton Mountains to the northern end of the Wet Mountains at Hardscrabble Creek. Only one engagement with the Apaches occurred, a battle near the head of the Apishapa River where the Indians separated, making it difficult to follow them effectively. The force returned to their base taking a route down the Wet Mountain valley to the upper Huerfano River. When the mounted column clattered into the beautiful little valley of the upper Huerfano, Deus was so impressed that he turned to his friend, and First Lieutenant, Pfeiffer, and told him, "this will be my home some day." The column rode over Mosca Pass to Fort Massachusetts, and as it was the middle of July, nearing the end of the volunteers' enlistment period, which terminated July 31, the soldiers bided their time until mustered out of service.

Captain Deus returned to Santa Fe where he met William Kroenig and Moritz Bielschowsky and the three men formed a partnership to erect

a distillery at Costilla, N.M. with Deus to be the manager. While engaged in this business at Costilla, Deus married Juana Maria Gallegos in 1857, a sister to one of his soldiers in the campaign of 1855. This year also saw him cross the Sangre de Cristo mountains and stake out a claim on the upper Huerfano. He put some cattle on his claim and it became a source of pride for him as the first in that area.

The business was not good at Costilla, and he sold out his share of the business and moved with his young wife to the Culebra River, where he erected a distillery near the head of the river and went into business for himself. He had with him some potatoes which had been given to him by Sam Watrous, founder of Watrous, New Mexico, near Fort Union, and these he carefully planted in a garden at his new home. The plants flourished and were the first of that crop to be planted in that part of the country.

In the early spring of 1858, news of Colonel Loring's and Captain Marcy's expedition to Utah to deliver stock to the United States Army, engaged in a punitive campaign against the Mormons, reached Captain Deus at Culebra and, ever alert for business opportunities, decided to freight some liquor and other goods to sell to the Mormon people with the soldiers acting as escort. John Albert and George Simpson, who were living in that part of the country at the time, also decided to take some wagon-loads of goods to Utah. They joined forces with the Captain and the combined train left Fort Massachusetts in early April to cross the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. They met Colonel Loring's detachment near the Greenhorn River. When the combined army and civilian columns reached the summit of the Divide which separate the waters of the Arkansas from those of the South Platte, on the Jimmy Camp trail, a ferocious spring snowstorm struck them, scattering and killing hundreds of head of stock as well as several men. The storm lasted from April 30 to May 2. For awhile it looked as though the whole force would freeze to death. To keep warm, many of the men drank to excess. When the weather cleared on May 3, to allow the march to continue, Deus was suddenly arrested and brought before Colonel Loring who accused him of selling liquor to the soldiers. This accusation Deus vehemently denied and finally Col. Loring allowed him to go, but admonished him that if it happened again he would be severely dealt with.

The march continued down Cherry Creek until the Platte River was reached. It was so flooded from melting snows that rafts were made to carry the goods and wagons across to the other side. When the wagons were unloaded, it was discovered the soldiers had burrowed through the army sutler's wagons into barrels of whiskey he was transporting, and thus obtained the liquor which they had drunk during the snowstorm. Colonel Loring was informed of this discovery and he had Captain Deus called to

his tent. Loring apologized to the Captain for accusing him and opened up a bottle of his whiskey offering a toast of friendship to which they both drank and parted friends. The Colonel, also to atone for his error, ferried the Captain's wagons across the Platte. John Albert was no longer with the column as he had turned back after the disastrous snowstorm.

Captain Deus, and George Simpson, who had discovered gold in Cherry Creek May 9,<sup>19</sup> continued with the soldiers as they moved up the Platte to the Cache le Poudre. There Deus met some old Mexican friends, Miguel Pino and De Cabano, who were on their way to the States for goods. Deus decided to leave Loring and go with his friends. The three men with their crews traveled to Fort Laramie where the Captain, finding good trading opportunities with the Mormons, went to the junction of the North and South Platte rivers where he established a temporary trading post and disposed of his goods profitably, trading them for the Mormons worn-out cattle. He stayed at the junction for about three months after which he started his return trip home to the Culebra.

He came to the junction of Cherry Creek and the Platte River and camped with his small crew and sizeable herd of cattle. While here he found a mule which he appropriated, thinking it was an army animal left behind in May when Loring and Marcy crossed. But some men came up and claimed the mule as theirs, it having strayed from their mining camp six or seven miles up the river. The men were Green Russell and his companions from Dry Creek. Deus visited their camp while his cattle were recuperating at his location at the junction.

One day, a mountain man named John Smith arrived and liking the ground where Deus was camped decided to build a house on it. Deus offered to help him and snaked logs across the river with his oxen.<sup>20</sup> This was the first house built on the site of Denver, and of course, there is more to the story of why John Smith was there than Deus knew at the time. After helping to put up the building, Deus left for home, but before doing so he left the remainder of his goods, amounting to about \$500, for Smith to sell for him, thus making John Smith's log building the first trading post, as well as the first residence to be erected on the present site of Denver. The Captain also staked out a land claim next to Smith's, but this was lost when Larimer and his crowd arrived several months later and took over the development of the city.

During the winter 1858-59, the Captain made the acquaintance of a Mexican named Feliciano Butarus. Butarus carried a secret with him which he finally disclosed to Deus. He knew of a place a long way off where gold was plentiful and lying near the surface of the ground. He described the gold as "yellow metal" and was so sincere in his belief that he convinced the Captain of the truth of his statements and Deus formed a company of four other men, including Butarus as guide, to search for the

bonanza. The five men, each well-mounted, well-equipped and with a pack mule started in the month of January, 1859, in beautiful springlike weather, for the "marvelous" gold field.

They crossed the Sangre de Cristo Mountains and made their way to the Purgatoire River, where the weather changed, and it began to snow. Hardships were now encountered, for the trail, already rough, became very slippery and the mule lost its footing, fell into the icy stream and ruined the provisions it carried. In a starved and freezing condition, the gold seekers wandered upon the snow-covered plains for weeks, urged on by Butarus, seeking the gold mine, but finally, too hungry to continue, they returned homeward. On the Arkansas they were fortunate enough to find some Mexican traders who gave them some food consisting mostly of beans. This food, the starved men too hungry to cook it properly, ate before it was done, and they all became too sick to travel for a few days. They finally recovered sufficiently to continue and arrived at Charles Auto-bees' place at the junction of the Huerfano and Arkansas where they recuperated, eating the last of their benefactor's food. They finally staggered into the Culebra valley in March.

Gold mining was now booming in Colorado and in the summer of 1859, Deus drove an ox train of goods to Tarryall to trade with the miners. The sight of gold nuggets against excited Butarus, who was with the Captain, and he reminded him of the marvelous supply he could take him to. The Captain determined to try again and leaving his wagons on a ranch near Pueblo set out upon the prairies with another small party to search for the field of "yellow metal." They reached the vicinity of Butarus' objective and, finally, pointing to some knolls in the distance, the guide exclaimed that they had found the place. Upon reaching the hillocks, elation turned to leaden disappointment; for the metal the Mexican guide thought was gold, turned out to be iron pyrites. Picking up a few pieces for souvenirs, the frustrated gold seekers turned their mounts in the direction of home.

The hot days of August had dried up many little streams and water holes and the party began to suffer dreadfully from thirst. The horses and men were about used up traveling upon the treeless expanse. Suddenly, after several days of this distressful riding, water was found, but one member of the group didn't make it and died on the plains. Butarus, fearing that the men in the party were angry and would kill him for bringing so much misery upon them, stole out one night taking the Captain's valuable hunting knife with him. The rest of the trip home was without notable incident.<sup>21</sup>

Charles Deus was in Denver on his way to the States with his freight wagons loaded with goods to sell about the first of June, 1861, when the war between the States was rumored as officially started. William Gilpin had just arrived in the city to assume the governorship of the Territory,

and Deus, knowing the Governor well, went to see him to confirm the report. After a short conference, Gilpin told Deus war had indeed started and the Captain expressed his desire to raise a company and be commissioned as captain. Gilpin tried to persuade him to wait awhile and when authorization came from Washington for the Governor to raise volunteers, he would commission Deus as a Colonel. Captain Deus thought the matter over, but would not consent to wait as he knew that since they were raising troops in New Mexico, he could easily raise and equip a company of Mexicans. He informed the Governor of his intentions, disposed of his goods as fast as he could, gave up the trip to the States and headed his men and his wagons south to the Culebra River.<sup>22</sup>

When he reached his ranch at the junction of the Muddy and Huerfano rivers, where Gardner now is, he told the four men attending to his crops and cattle there of his intention to raise a company and enter the war on the Northern side. They at once threw down their hoes and said, "We go with you." The crops were left standing as they were and the cattle were rounded up and driven over the mountains to Culebra. He then converted everything that he could into cash. He sold his oxen to Colonel John M. Francisco and made a five-year contract with a man named John Bailey to care for his stock cattle, his house and all the household goods, furniture, tools, wagons, farming equipment and other incidentals.<sup>23</sup>

When these necessary business arrangements were out of the way, Deus turned his full attention in July to recruiting volunteers for a company of cavalry, getting most of his men from San Luis and other towns on the Culebra and at Costilla. It did not take him long to raise the necessary quota. Some of his men had horses and saddles furnished them, but for those who did not, the Captain furnished them at his own expense. As soon as the company was mounted at San Luis, they marched the 132 miles to Fort Union where they were mustered into service August 4, 1861.<sup>24</sup> They were mustered in as infantry, which was a big disappointment to the Captain and his men, but when they were about to sell their horses, Lieutenant Colonel Kit Carson advised against it as he said the company would soon be mounted.

The first duty of Deus' company was helping to build a new fortification, called the "Star Redoubt," at Ft. Union, which was finished about August 26. Deus and his company was then sent to Albuquerque where they were mounted as cavalry in October. The company served as escorts for wagon trains until the end of January, 1862, when the threat of Sibley's invasion from Texas made it necessary for the company to be sent to Fort Craig as reinforcements. There they fought in the battle of Valverde, February 21. Captain Deus thought the actions of Colonel Canby in this fight were disgraceful and cowardly and he was not backward in showing his feelings to the Colonel. When the troops were reorganized in May,



Aerial photo of Star Redoubt at Fort Union, N.M.

Photo taken by Ross E. Thompson, 1956

Collection of Milton W. Callon

Colonel Canby obtained his revenge by dropping Deus from the volunteers, but Colonel Carson spoke in behalf of the Captain and insisted that he be reinstated. Canby complied with this demand of Carson's and sent Deus to Fort Garland from which post he was to operate in Colorado enlisting men for a new company.<sup>25</sup>

Major A. H. Mayer, a volunteer officer, was in command of Fort Garland and it was with some misgiving that he ordered Captain Deus to Laurette,<sup>26</sup> better known as Buckskin Joe, a booming mining community, to recruit volunteers. Deus, however, proved a competent recruiting officer, his success prompting an exchange of letters between Acting-Governor Sam Elbert of Colorado Territory protesting a New Mexican company commander enlisting Colorado residents, and Major Mayer, who absolved himself of all blame, calling to the Governor's attention that Deus was working under direct orders of the Military Commander of the department, and therefore outside of his jurisdiction.<sup>27</sup> A further exchange of letters between the Governor of Colorado Territory and the Commanding General finally brought Deus' recall and he reported back to Fort Garland where his company was put at full strength by further enlistments at Taos. The company left for Fort Union November 19.

The next year, 1863, saw Deus' cavalry company fighting in the Navaho campaign with Kit Carson's regiment until fall of that year when Carson felt that cavalry was impractical for the winter fighting and ordered Captain Deus to report to Fort Wingate. From there in the spring of 1864, Deus' company escorted the captured Navahoes to the reservation at Fort Sumner. Kit Carson was ordered to conduct a campaign against the Comanche and Kiowa Indians in the fall of 1864, and Deus' company was assigned to his fighting force. A battle was fought at a ruined adobe fort on the Canadian River, November 25. The battle could hardly be called an outstanding victory for the U.S. troops as they did not drive the Indians from the field. Deus' company played a prominent part in this fighting and Carson mentioned him in his report.<sup>28</sup>

After the campaign was over, Deus was stationed at Fort Bascom escorting government and civilian wagon trains until November 19, 1865 when he was mustered out of service.

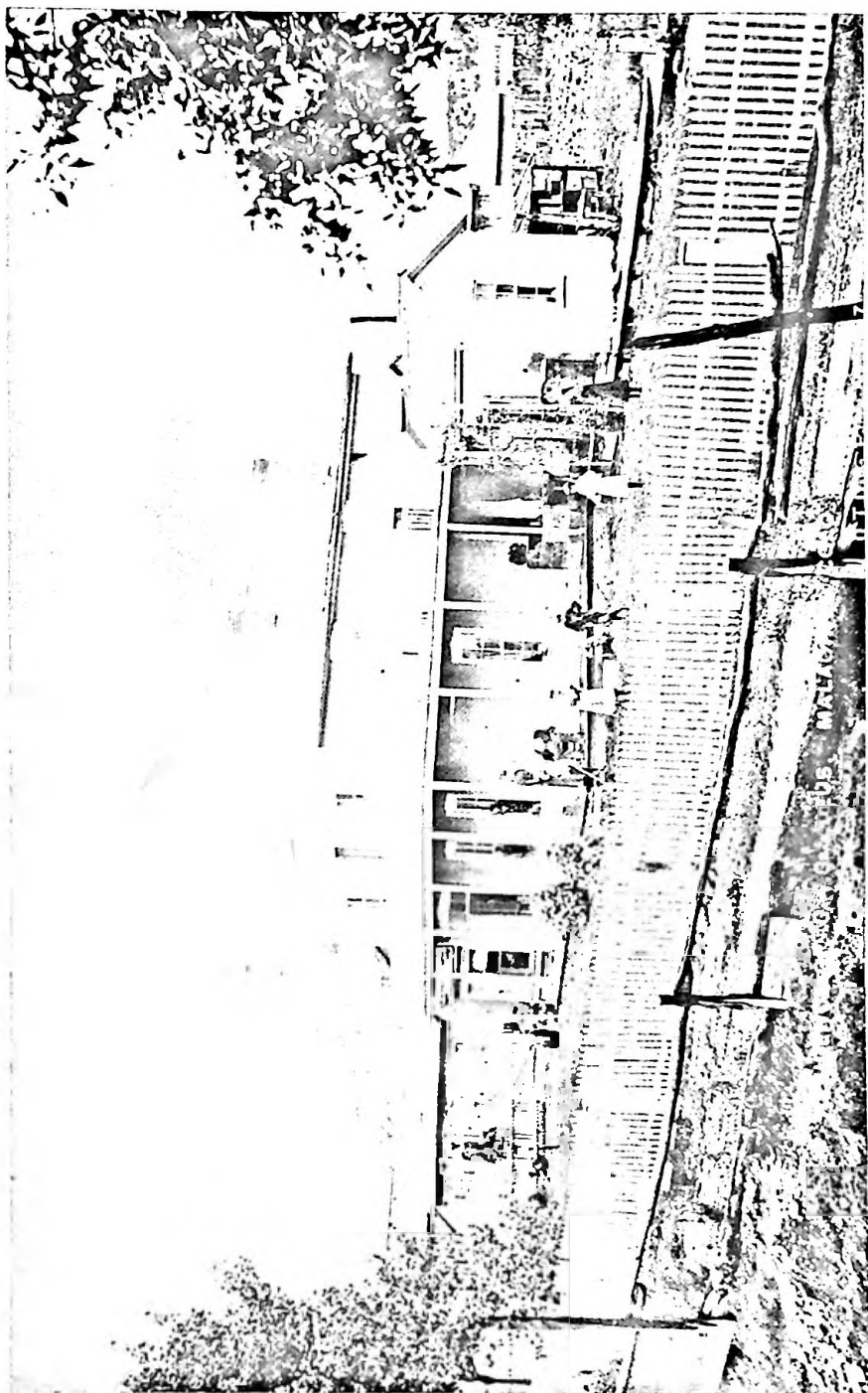
Deus returned to Santa Fe where his family had lived throughout the war. They gathered their few belongings and returned to their permanent home on the Culebra River at San Luis. When they arrived they found, to their dismay, the house ransacked, most of the cattle, all the farm and distillery tools, and nearly everything else the Captain owned, gone. Bailey, to whom Deus had entrusted the care of his estate, had been a Southern sympathizer, unknown to the Captain, and when Sibley entered Santa Fe, the secretive rebel having stolen everything that he could from Deus and selling it all for cash, joined the Confederate force in the capital city.<sup>29</sup>

This was a hard blow, but the Captain was not entirely cleaned out. A few head of cattle were overlooked by Bailey and with them as a nucleus, Deus set to rebuilding his fortune. He had about \$7000 saved from his army service and he decided to invest this money in a store. He went to Santa Fe to buy his goods doing business with the firm of the Seligman brothers. Deus was looking for a partner and upon the recommendation of one of the Seligmans, he accepted a former employee of the brothers named E. Soloman.<sup>30</sup> Soloman was to manage the store while Deus looked after his freighting business and ranch holdings. He dropped the distilling business.

When the store was in operation and doing well, Deus left it in the hands of Soloman and pursued his other interests. He rode over the mountains to his ranch on the Huerfano where upon reaching it found to his dismay that a man named Joe Golden had settled upon it. He wouldn't leave and the disappointed Captain had no other choice but to look for other land which he found further up the valley. He staked out his claim and two other homestead claims for friends who had wanted him to do so. He put up buildings on his ground and some foundations on the land of the others. When this endeavor was finished he went back to San Luis. In the early part of 1868 he called for a settlement between himself and Soloman, and found "to his horror," to quote his words, that his partner had swindled him. The business had incurred a debt of \$10,000 and the man had run off with 800 head of mutton sheep belonging to the Captain. Soloman had sold the stock in Denver and taken the money out of the country with him.<sup>31</sup>

This was a disaster that left the Deus family destitute. Creditors attached the property and the San Luis sheriff attached the house. There were only peas and a little meat left in the larder for the family to exist on. But there were a lot of peas. Deus still had the homestead on the Huerfano and to this land the family came to live, permanently, as soon as the snows on the pass melted to allow travel. He also had left in his possession some wagons and enough yoke of oxen to pull them. With the wagons, oxen and some loyal Mexican helpers he left for Wyoming to find work on the railroad then being constructed after seeing that his wife and children would be protected by the neighbors. He found employment at Bitter Creek for his oxen and crew and worked all summer and fall until it was too cold to work. Deus then packed up to return home. On his way he camped at a place near Cheyenne and while there a party of three men camped near him. They became curious about the costumes and language of Deus' Mexican men and came over to visit. The men introduced themselves as W. T. Sharp and John White, while the name of the third man has been forgotten. In the course of the conversation, Deus sold Sharp and White on the Huerfano valley and when he moved on towards home those two





Residence of Capt. Chas. Deus, Malachite, Colo. July 16, 1897. From left to right: Hired hands; Minnie Coates (niece of Capt. Deus); Philip Liddy; Capt. Deus; Lily Liddy; Oscar Deus (grandson of Capt. Deus); May Liddy, and Maudé Liddy.

Photographer: O. T. Davis, La Veta, Colo. #1367  
(Original photo in possession of Nellie Manzanares, granddaughter of Capt. Deus).

gentlemen came with him. They both settled there on land near the Deus ranch.<sup>32</sup>

Needless to say, Mrs. Deus and the children, Peter and Julia, were happy to see the head of the house back safely and with enough money to buy groceries and end the steady diet of peas which the family had subsisted on almost entirely.

The last thirty-five years of Charles Deus' life was that of a moderately successful farmer and business man at Malachite. In the fall of 1888, he built a 10 room, two-story adobe house, which is still standing on the banks of the gurgling little stream called the Huerfano, but is in a very ruinous condition. Not far from the house, he ran a grist mill which made flour for residents of the area. For a while the able, practical man also ran a stamp mill for some of the mines in the neighborhood.

He was bothered in later life from ailments incurred in the adventurous, rigorous army campaigns. In 1887 he began receiving a Mexican War pension of \$8.00 a month and after a prolonged correspondence with the War Department Pension Bureau in Washington, finally succeeded in having it raised to \$12 per month in 1895.<sup>33</sup>

In December, 1891, Mrs. Deus died<sup>34</sup> and a niece came to look after the aging old soldier as his son Peter was now raising a family of his own, while Julia had disappeared with a man named Garcia to whom she was married. In 1902 the niece, Minnie Coats Muench, persuaded the old Captain to lease his ranch and return with her to Augusta, Missouri.<sup>35</sup> Charles Deus died in Augusta, June 4, 1904,<sup>36</sup> about two months shy of being 82 years old.

#### SOURCE MATERIAL

<sup>1</sup>Letter to author from Edna McElhiney Olson, Missouri State Society D.A.R., May 9, 1965.

<sup>2</sup>Interview with Nellie Deus Manzanares, granddaughter of Capt. Charles Deus, March, 1965.

<sup>3</sup>Daniel B. Castello Mss. Copy in author's possession. Colo. State Hist. Society also has a copy in the library files.

<sup>4</sup>Letter to author from E. M. Olson, May 9, 1965.

<sup>5</sup>Interview with Mrs. Charles Deus, granddaughter-in-law of Capt. Deus, March 16, 1965.

<sup>6</sup>Castello Mss.

<sup>7</sup>Autobiographical sketch of A. H. Pfeiffer, Colo. Magazine, page 217, Nov., 1933.

<sup>8</sup>Letter to author from Mrs. Fred C. Harrington, Jr., Missouri Hist. Society, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 30, 1968.

<sup>9</sup>St. Louis Daily Reveille, June 5, 1846.

<sup>10</sup>St. Louis Daily Reveille, June 7 and 13, 1846, Jan. 1, 1847.

<sup>11</sup>Castello Mss.

<sup>12</sup>"Notes Taken in 60 Years"—Richard S. Elliott.

<sup>13</sup>Walsenburg World, June 2, 1897, page 4.

<sup>14</sup>Register "A" Deeds, Courthouse, Santa Fe, N.M.

<sup>15</sup>Arrott Collection, Ft. Union, 1855 file 1, part 1.

<sup>16</sup>Adjutant General Militia Rolls #5, New Mexico Records Center, Santa Fe, N.M.

<sup>17</sup>Castello Mss.

<sup>18</sup>Adjutant General Papers, New Mexico Record Center, Santa Fe, N.M.

<sup>19</sup>"Campaigns In The West," a journal by Col. John Van Deusen, DuBois, Ariz. Pioneers Hist. Society, Edited by Geo. P. Hammond, Tucson, Ariz., 1949.

<sup>20</sup>"History of Denver"—James C. Smiley, The Times Publishing Co., Denver, 1901, page 192. Smiley says "The men crossed the Platte to cut the logs, which they 'snaked' over."

<sup>24</sup>Castello Mss.

<sup>25</sup>Ibid.

<sup>26</sup>Ibid.

<sup>27</sup>Adjutant General Militia Rolls #455, New Mexico State Records Center, Santa Fe, N.M.

<sup>28</sup>Castello Mss.

<sup>29</sup>Letter to Dept. Hdq., New Mex., by Maj. Mayer, U.S. Army Commands, Ft. Garland, letters sent Aug. 7, 1860-April 11, 1863, Colo. State Archives, Denver, Colo. Micro.

<sup>30</sup>Letters to Sam. H. Elbert, Act. Gov. Colo. Ter., Colo. Executive Records 1861-1870, Colo. State Archives, Denver, Colo. Also see Rocky Mt. News Weekly, 1862.

<sup>31</sup>Kit Carson's "Official Report on the Battle of Adobe Walls," Appendix, Vol. 2, "Kit Carson Days"—Sabin.

<sup>32</sup>Castello Mss.

<sup>33</sup>*Santa Fe New Mexican*, Jan. 9, 1864.

<sup>34</sup>Castello Mss.

<sup>35</sup>Ibid.

<sup>36</sup>Deposition "A," Case of Charles Deus, No. 931, 192, Bureau of Pensions, National Archives Micro in author's possession.

<sup>37</sup>Ibid.

<sup>38</sup>Newspaper clipping, unidentified, probably Walsenburg World, 1902—Colo. Hist. Society, Charles Deus File, Denver.

<sup>39</sup>Case of Charles Deus, Bureau of Pensions, National Archives, Micro in author's possession.

#### REFERENCE MAPS TO FISCHER'S PEAK

Map of Fischer's Peak spelled correctly is the map of the New Mexico Territory compiled by Bvt. 2nd Lieutenant John G. Parke, U.S.T.E., assisted by Richard H. Kern by the order of Bvt. Col. John Munroe, commanding the 9th Military Dept. Drawn by Richard H. Kern, Santa Fe, N.M., 1851. The territory from Bent's Fort to the Rio Grande River at Fra Cristobal was from the surveys of Bvt. Major Emory and Lts. Abert and Peck.

Map entitled Military Reconnaissance of the Arkansas, Rio Del Norte and Rio Gila by W. H. Emory, Lieut. Topographical Engineers, made in 1846-1847 with the advance guard of the "Army of the West," Fischer Peak shown.

## MEMORIAM

Carl F. Mathews, born July 27, 1885 in Elbert County, Colorado, became a corresponding member of the Denver Westerners when that posse was organized in 1945. A year later he was elected to the posse and during the next 22 years attended almost every meeting. He was an authority on Colorado history, author of a carefully researched monograph on the Jimmy Camp Trail, a frequent contributor to the *Brand Book*, and a valued friend and posseman. An energetic and productive historian to the end. Carl died suddenly on April 14, 1968, a few days after suffering a massive heart attack.

## OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Book dealers have puzzled over a trite question that too often comes forth at social gatherings:—"Where can I buy that book?" After the tremendous response by the public to the "Rocky Mountain Festival," the answer to the question should be obvious. The full import of Denver's acceptance of the Festival is yet to be appraised in the fullest, but all who participated in its staging should be heartily congratulated. "53,000 in attendance? WOW!"

The disastrous fire at the Bargain Book Store in Denver on the morning of April 28, while tragic and costly to Eugene Rakosnik, CM, owner and manager, was not without a touch of humor. While surveying the damage early on Sunday morning with Gene and his wife Barbara, the latter came upon an undamaged book titled, *One Day Everything Went Wrong*. Through a mist of tears, Barbara read the title; picked it up and carefully placed it in our view on the well-scorched cash register. The trauma of

the moment disappeared temporarily and we found ourselves laughing. But Gene and Barbara discovered many unknown friends in the aftermath of their disaster. They will cherish those magnanimous gestures long after the fire has assumed a blank space in the company's ledgers.

Accolades continue to be bestowed on members of the Denver Posse. On May 9 Posse Member Numa James received national recognition for his outstanding work in the field of advertising when he was presented with the Silver Medal Award for 1967 by Printer's Ink Magazine and American Federation of Advertising. Numa was cited for creative ability in advertising; his contribution to the advancement of advertising; and service to his community. The Silver Medal for 1967 is only one of many honorariums that Numa James has received over a long career of service to his community. Our congratulations.

### ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

*Rocky Mountain News* June 24, 1868, p. 4, col. 2:—

"Col. Sam F. Tappan came in from the South on this morning's coach. He goes East directly. Gen. Sherman is in Cleveland, where this evening he attends the wedding of his niece, Miss Mary Sherman, to Major Miles, of the regular army. The work of the commission in the South was accomplished

by the removal of the Navajos back to their native place from the Bosque Redondo, which was incapable of supporting life."

A Trinidad paper of June 18, 1868 quoted a reliable source as reporting that the operation of the Bosque Redondo cost the government from \$500,000 to \$750,000 a year or a total cost of \$2,500,000 during its existence.

# New Hands on the Denver Range

Burton Devere  
Box 555  
Tombstone, Arizona 85638

Burton comes to the Posse through the sponsorship of Fred Mazzulla. Mr. Devere is interested in Southwestern history and the early mining days. He is a collector of rare Western Americana and takes a hobbyist's interest in antiques and old bottles.

Charles R. Paddock  
548 Arlington Ave.  
Elmhurst, Ill. 60126

Bill Mathieson, CM, corraled Mr. Paddock into our corresponding membership roll and Mr. Paddock contributes his knowledge of Colorado narrow gauge rail-

roads and the old mining camps and towns they served. Charles Paddock plans on coming to Colorado in the near future to make his home.

George F. Kinzie  
Lyons, Colorado 80540

Floyd Stergun and Fred West of Longmont, Colorado sponsor the corresponding membership of George F. Kinzie. George is interested in the history of Colorado, particularly its mountains. He served for twenty-eight years in the U.S. Air Force. Mr. Kinzie is well-known for his candle making and, when not busy at this, he enjoys his hobbies of collecting antiques and working in his woodworking shop.

## LATE NEWS BY DELAYED WIRE

The Mac C. Poor Informational Marker, honoring Colorado's great railroad historian, was dedicated August 27, 1967, and placed at the Denver, South Park & Pacific Railroad's west portal of the Alpine Tunnel, high in the Colorado Rocky Mountains.

It stands 13 miles northeast of Pitkin, Colorado, at an altitude of 11,605 feet in the Gunnison National Forest.

The marker was dedicated to Mr.

Poor in recognition of the years of research and effort he devoted to his great railroad book, *Denver, South Park & Pacific*, now a collector's item.

In it he provided for this and for future generations the authentic story of the birth, growth and death of this fascinating narrow-gauge railroad which so well served many early-day Colorado mining camps.

*Excerpt from a publication by  
the Gunnison Community  
Historical Marker Project.*



## Westerner's Bookshelf



**THE GENTLE TAMERS: WOMEN OF THE OLD WILD WEST**, by Dee Brown. Illus., University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebraska, 1968. Paperback, \$1.95.

As a new title in their Bison Books editions, the University of Nebraska did well to reprint Dee Brown's *The Gentle Tamers*, originally published ten years ago by Putnam. The book is valuable not only as an introduction to the subject of women in the West, but as a guide to source material. Mr. Brown (or the University of Illinois where he is Agricultural Librarian) must have enormous files of quotations (all with correct bibliographical details as befits a librarian) from diaries of women travelers, categorized under Clothing, Housing, Overland Journeys, and other mundane subjects. These appear in the book under fancier titles: "Vanity Conquers All," "A Home in the West," and "Many a Weary Mile."

Item after item is listed. How women did the laundry. (Mr. Brown feels that washing was one of the reasons that men welcomed women—sending shirts to the Sandwich Islands was too expensive). How women cooked for their husbands, then for his friends, then ran boarding houses. How one woman shared her covered wagon with cackling hens whose eggs she sold for \$2.00 each. One Army officer's wife had two seats removed from the ambulance so she could ride her rocking chair, leaving no place for the lady whose husband was of lesser rank. How did the women who washed their hair "in castor oil and pure whiskey scented with lavender" manage to sidetrack the

whiskey from its original destination?

The author, realizing that short quotations in special categories, no matter how skillfully woven together, make dull reading, interspersed long sketches of specific women, starting with Josephine Meeker. Elizabeth Custer was "an island of wife in a sea of dogs"; Lola Montez was daring and glamorous; Susan Magoffin pampered; Ann Eliza, nineteenth wife of Brigham Young, was resentful; Narcissa Whitman was fervent. The story of Annie Sokalsi defending her husband through a court-martial was new to this reader, but most of the tales were the usual, including the inevitable "harlot with a heart of gold." Mr. Brown chose Julia Bulette of Virginia City to typify these women, but he did not mention the sadism implicit in prostitution. How could he have ignored the jocular accounts of the death of "soiled doves" scattered throughout the newspapers of the early West? "Kitty was not joking. She had swallowed morphine and now is a corpse." (Denver Republican, October 30, 1892, p. 2, col. 6).

In his other books Dee Brown has turned items from his enormous categories into unified books. He published a novel on Davy Crockett in 1942, and another novel in 1967 called *Action at Beecher Island*. His *Galvanized Yankees* is a compilation, long needed, on the ex-Confederate soldiers who served in the Union Army in the West. His interest in *Fort Phil Kearney*, published in 1962, may well have stemmed from researching the stories of the two Mrs. Carringtons for *The Gentle Tamers*. His latest book, *The Year of the*

*Century: 1876*, published in 1966, is devoted to the politics of that year. These books all have a cohesion, a design, a point of view.

What is the point of view of *The Gentle Tamers*? The author implies it in the first chapter, called the "Sunbonnet Myth." He is not portraying the life of the ordinary woman, she who was too tired or too illiterate to write a diary; the kind who, according to Isabella Bird in 1872, often was "cankered by greed and selfishness." Since he omitted this type, how could he subtitle his book *Women of the Old Wild West*? And what of the main title—*The Gentle Tamers*? A good title—but is it apropos?

On the cover, beneath the title, are three pictures—of Carrie Nation, Calamity Jane, and Tillie Baldwin, the first female rodeo star to bulldog steers. Gentle tamers? But then, if the author had limited his account to gentle women, what man would have bought the book?

Louisa Arps

**THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A QUAKER AMONG THE INDIANS**, by Thomas C. Battey, University of Oklahoma Press 1968. 318 pages with Appendix and Addendum, and seven illustrations. Number 26 in the Western Frontier Library. \$2.00.

Reprint edition of a book published in 1875 with Chapter X originally omitted, but included by special permission with the reprint Addendum.

The sweeping and all-inclusive title is misleading since timewise it is limited to something less than three years, and spacewise to the area between the Red and Arkansas rivers, and the east and west boundaries of the Territory

of Oklahoma. However this defect is generously overcome by the wealth of interesting detail in narrative of daily contact with small groups of Indians on the family level. Violence, and such other misdeeds of thievery was toned down and glossed over objectively, but still quite objective. There is no credibility gap here. Some might refer to the author as a "master of understatement."

Considerable time was spent along the Washita River, but no mention was made of Custer's Battle of the Washita which was dated 3 or 4 years previous to this chronicle, and doubtless most of the Indians there were familiar with that event.

Students of Fort Sill and environs will find his descriptions of the Wichita Mountains, Cache Creek, and Medicine Bluffs areas, almost one hundred years ago, stimulating and enlightening.

The "Quaker's" explicit trust in God, and belief in Peace, Truth and Goodwill was exemplified throughout the book—and this attitude was reciprocated by the Indians with whom he had contact. The author was held in high esteem by the Indians who were in high favor of the Agency, as well as the hostiles. On one occasion while traveling, it was necessary through delays, to spend the night enroute and the only lodge was that of an hostile Indian chief, and the author was well treated and sent on his way the following morning, unharmed.

The omission of Chapter X, in the original publication furnishes grounds for interesting speculation, since it is one of the highlights of the book. It contained a brief report on the Modoc Indian war in California and Oregon,

and also an account of the author's report to the Indian Council composed of approximately 100 chiefs and sub-chiefs of the Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Caddoes, Wichitas, and Lipans in Oklahoma Territory. It was the nature of the report which was introduced as "bad news" that made it unique. When the "Great White Father" in Washington applied pressure to the Plains Indians (refusing to release as hostages Kiowa Chiefs Satanta and Big Tree) because of the misdeeds of the Modoc Indians in California, of whom the Plains Indians had never heard, their consternation was lessened by the

author's plea for delay. Under the circumstances some excitement and disorderly conduct would not have been unnatural or unprecedented among people of higher reasoning powers and greater degree of civilization than they had reached.

You will get a chuckle when you read about the Indians relishing "over ripe" meat detected by its odor, and the living vermin-infested beds where the Indians slept. The average reader will read this book in 2-three hour sittings, and will find his interest sustained, by the close intimate details, to the very last paragraph.

Joy R. Bogue, CM

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## **COUNCIL ON ABANDONED MILITARY POSTS**

April 30, 1968

PHOENIX—A Marine Corps officer is the new president of the Council on Abandoned Military Posts, succeeding George Read Carlock, Phoenix lawyer.

Lt. Col. Herbert M. Hart, who wears an Army Commendation Medal for his writings and photography of old military installations, was elected president of CAMP.

Hart is assigned to U.S. Strike Command, MacDill Air Force Base, Fla. He has authored three books on abandoned military posts. The Secretary of the Army recognized his contribution to military history with the commendation medal in 1965.

Directors—meeting at the historic Fort McNair (started in 1794) in Washington, D.C.—chose Dr. Robert W. Frazer as Vice President West and Lt. Col. O. W. Martin, Jr. as Vice President East of the council which recognizes the Mississippi River as its regional dividing line. Frazer is a professor of history at California State College, Long Beach, and Martin, a resident of Falls Church, Va., is editor of ARMOR Magazine.

Maj. Lloyd Clark, an instructor at the Civil Affairs School, Fort Gordon, Ga., was re-elected secretary, and Merrill C. Windsor, Jr., managing editor of SUNSET Magazine, Menlo Park, Calif., was re-elected treasurer.

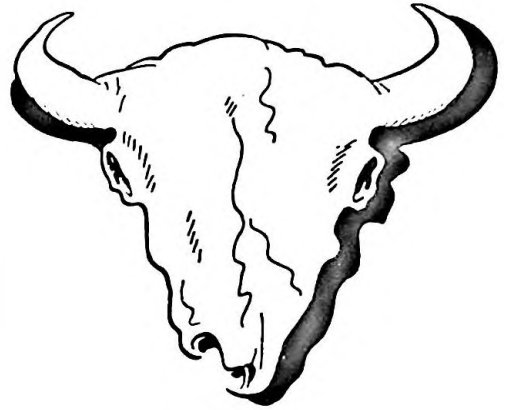
Carlock remains a director and legal counsel for CAMP, a non-profit corporation whose members are interested in the location, identification, restoration, preservation, and memorialization of old military posts. Its membership spans the oceans. Mailing address is: P.O. Box 7284, Phoenix, Arizona 85011.



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

JULY and AUGUST  
1968  
Volume XXIV  
Numbers 5 & 6

IN THIS ISSUE:  
SAVAGE BASIN AND THE TOMBOY  
by  
Darlene and Robert Edgerton



Dr. Wendell Hutchinson, the "Salida, Colorado Spellbinder," reminiscing on the Lake County War at the meeting of the Denver Posse on May 22.

## ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Darlene and Robert Edgerton are the authors of this month's publication. Bob Edgerton is a corresponding member of The Westerners and vice-president of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgerton collaborate in their mutual interests of researching, writing, photography, jeeping and exploring ghost towns.

## FUTURE MEETINGS

Darlene and Robert Edgerton will present the program for the Summer Rendezvous of August 17 at the Denver Press Club. Their subject will be, "Selected Ghost Towns and Mining Camps of Colorado." This will be a fast-moving twin screen presentation of selected slides photographed by Darlene and Bob. Get your reservations in early.

• • •

Kenny Englert has the programs outlined and set for the coming months and here is the impressive list of speakers:

For Sept.—John Bennett, PM; Oct.—Numa James, PM; Nov.—Don Griswold, PM; Channing Sweet will be the speaker for the Christmas meeting. In Jan.—Guy Herstrom, PM; and Scott Carpenter, CM, will give the Feb. program. It looks like we are going to continue to have bang-up programs in the days ahead.

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



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**Reservations for all meetings and dinners** — Herbert W. O'Hanlon, 1050 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Dinner \$3.50. Reservations only.

### NEW 1968 OFFICERS

**Sheriff:** William E. Marshall

**Deputy Sheriff:** Robert L. Brown

**Raundup Foreman and Tally Man:**

Fred M. Mazzulla

**Chuck Wrangler:** Herbert W. O'Hanlon

**Registrar of Marks and Brands:**

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**Keeper of the Possibles Bag:**

Dr. Philip W. Whiteley

**Publications Chairman:** Richard A. Ronzio

**Nominations Chairman:** Dr. Arthur L. Campa

**Book Review Chairman:**

Dr. Ralph W. Danielson

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.

# Savage Basin And The Tomboy

by Darlene and Robert Edgerton

Surrounded by the towering peaks of the San Miguel range, nearly bisected by the San Miguel River, Telluride has one of the most fascinating histories of America's mining camps. It was born with the San Miguel excitement that produced the famous Tomboy, Smuggler, Alta, Liberty Bell, Black Bear, and other rich strikes. White men are known to have been in the region as early as 1833. Col. John Fremont formed an expedition to the region in 1845 but the first lode was not mined until 1875 by John Fallon.

Altho its riches were discovered early, it wasn't until the 1880's when pioneer builder Otto Mears hewed out a road thru the almost impassable mountains that Telluride and its neighboring communities boomed. The first settlement of the area was made in 1873, a few miners coming up the San Miguel River that year. A short time later, San Miguel, a mile west of Telluride, was founded. Earlier prospecting was for placers, but in 1876 a large number of lode mines were located.

In July 1876, J. F. Gundaker, John B. Ingram, and Jacob Summa, a Denver saloon owner, located the Smuggler. According to legend, the locators of the Union and the Sheridan had taken larger claims than the law allowed. Then the locators of the Smuggler came along; noticed the claims seemed to be too long and measured them. They found the other claims were indeed too long and there was room for another claim between the Union and the Sheridan. They "smuggled" their mine in between the others and so decided to call it the "Smuggler". The Smuggler vein assayed at \$1200 a ton. This rich strike caused a mad rush to Telluride and the region enjoyed wild prosperity.

This rush increased from summer to summer and in the spring of 1880 the town of Columbia was started. A company town was not organized until the following year when Charles Painter was elected mayor and made

Trustee of the townsite. For various reasons, one of which was the high price of lots in San Miguel, the city of Columbia grew faster than its neighbor. A few years later the name was changed to Telluride to overcome mail difficulties because of confusion with a town named Columbia in California. Before 1890, the city was surveyed and cleared of heavy timber. Corner lots on main street sold for \$25, \$5 for inside lots, and 75c for residence lots.

The romance of mining was heightened because every bit of equipment had to be transported over the sides of jagged precipices and over mountain trails into the inaccessible region. During flush times there were probably 700 pack animals packing to and from the mines. It was a great sight to see Main Street crowded with pack trains loaded with every conceivable thing from cookstoves to baled hay. Others were loaded with rails, lumber, and timber for the mines.

When it became necessary to install heavier machinery, it was transported up the precipitous trails on "go-devils" or heavy iron-shod stone boats with an iron roller beneath. These boats had a hitch at each end and were pulled by a number of mules, tandem. Much ingenuity, mule power, and vocal persuasion were required to get the machinery from the valley to the mines.

In 1886 the Tomboy, which lies in a glacial cirque, was located by Orris C. "Tomboy" Thomas for George Rohwer. Rohwer gave Thomas and Charles Painter, Telluride publisher, one share each.

For several years the mine did not prosper, finally it was combined with the Belmont, which, according to legend, had been sold at one time for \$5 to Mrs. Emily Costigan who felt sorry for the owner because he was without funds and hungry.

A report of the USGS to the Secretary of the Interior 1896-1897, contains the following:

It is only within the past 4 years that the property known as the Tomboy has made any considerable progress. Especially in the last two years, the output of the mine has surprisingly increased. The workings now on the vein comprise the length of two claims, namely the Belmont and the Tomboy, and several more claims have been located on the vein in its southern extension. The history of this mine is somewhat remarkable considering its present large output. The original location on the vein was the Belmont claim made in 1880, and in 1886 the Tomboy claim to the south of the Belmont was located. Since the original discovery of the lode, and up to the year 1892, no considerable product was obtained; in fact, the vein was generally regarded of little value and

interests in the claim were sold and resold at very low figures. The Tomboy Gold Mining Company which bought the mine in 1894 had it profitably working by April 1895. In that year the product was nearly \$600,000 and in 1896 the product was nearly \$800,000. The main adit is at 12,130 feet elevation, very near the head of Savage Basin. The greater portion of the work has been done on one level consisting of a drift over 3,000 feet in length with stopes extending up to a height of 200 feet above the drift. A second adit, 381 feet vertically below the upper one is being run to cut the vein. It's starting point is directly above the site of the Tomboy mill. So constantly does the vein shift from one set of fissures to another that it is impossible to get at any one point in the workings, a compass reading which represents its average course. The width of the main lode is variable, but it is generally from 4 to 7 feet. It sometimes attains the width of 12 feet and in one place pinches to less than 1 foot. The vein minerals are remarkably few in number, and with the exception of quartz, do not appear to bear much relation to the values which are almost entirely in gold. It is remarkable that much of the quartz which is commonly referred to as "bony" and is ordinarily barren of value is, in the Tomboy vein, rich in gold and often contains free gold visible to the naked eye. The gold is more than  $\frac{3}{4}$  free, its total value being about \$20 to the ton. Situated as it is, more than 3,000 feet above the level of the Telluride valley, this mine must need be rich to pay for the cost of transportation of supplies. All the concentrates are packed on mule train from the mill to the railway below. It has been necessary to haul the timbers for the mine up the steep trail by teams at a cost of 27¢ per foot of stick.

The Rio Grande Southern Railroad brought in transportation in 1890, a narrow gauge line that threaded its way carefully, but stubbornly, up picturesque Lizard Head Canyon from Ridgeway, up the trout-filled San Miguel River to the very base of operations, and mule and ox teams were soon put into discard. A few mills had been brought into the district by means of wagons and pack trains, but it was only with the arrival of the railroad that milling attained any considerable development. The Tomboy, Smuggler-Union, and the Liberty Bell were shipping in train loads of mining and milling machinery and taking out something like 180 cars of concentrates a month. In the season of 1896, some of the mills were in the process of completion. Few were idle. Over 400 stamps were dropping. Water was the power most used, either directly or thru the medium of electricity.

The heavy producer of the camp in 1899 was the Tomboy, J. Herron, Superintendent. The ore, which was largely free-milling, was treated by amalgamation and concentration—165 tons daily output. 170 men were employed. The Smuggler-Union, C.W. Miller, General Superintendent—175 tons of ore taken out daily, treated by amalgamation. 325 men employed. Also included were the Liberty Bell, Japan, Nellie and the Gold King.

Also in 1899 the great Meldrum tunnel was eating its way into the mountain that separates the headwaters of the San Miguel and the Uncompahgre rivers. It was 12 x 12 feet in dimension and rate of progress was 7 to 10 feet a day. This great subterranean excavation was designed to pierce the mountain a distance of over 4 miles, connect the railroads on either side—the Telluride branch on the western slope and the Silverton and Red Mountain on the opposite side. The tunnel aimed to cut the great Tomboy, Smuggler-Union, Sheridan-Mendota, Columbia, Menona, Japan and other veins on the western slope at a great depth. Connections would be made with the mines above all along the line, thus offering ventilation, drainage, transportation, and a highway for a narrow gauge railroad so that freight cars could be spotted and loaded underground. To hasten completion, work was started on both sides of the mountain. The enterprise was promoted and managed by Andre Meldrum with Scotch capital behind it, and was expected to involve 4 to 5 million dollars in its construction.

May 2, 1901, labor troubles began. The union was asking for the abolishment of the contract system as it existed on the Smuggler-Union property. The contract or fathom system was an old Cornish method. A fathom was a body of ore 6 feet 6 inches long and as wide as the vein, whatever that might be. If a miner happened to get into a wide vein his pay was less than if he was working the same distance thru a narrow vein. Under this system the men's wages were less, for many worked over 8 hours a day and yet could not make the \$3 wage that was usual in the district. However, the company refused to arbitrate and reopened with non-union members who were paid by the day. The strike reached a climax July 6, 1901 in a free-for-all gunfight at the mine when several men were killed and a number of others wounded while coming off shift.

Telluride connections were cut off—no one was allowed in or out of the basin. Finally the non-union men surrendered and that afternoon were marched up the trail to the top of the range and ordered to leave the country if they knew what was good for them. The contract system was abolished and a standard wage and hour scale adopted. On October 16, 1903, the Tomboy resumed operations on a small scale employing 100 men regardless of union affiliation. It was stated that thereafter there would

be no discrimination, but that no contract would be made in which the union would be recognized.

On October 31, 100 men in the Tomboy struck because the mill had been started with non-union labor. On November 5, members of the Mine Owners Association requested Gov. Peabody to send troops to Telluride, assuring him they could reopen their mines and mills with non-union labor if they were given military protection, but no troops were sent. On November 17 another request was sent. On November 18, Gov. Peabody appealed to President Roosevelt but still no troops were sent. Eventually the state militia arrived under Major Hill who proceeded to rule the area with an iron hand. In January 1904, these troops arrested 22 men who were believed to be trouble makers and lodged them in the local jail. These men were deported to Ridgway by train and ordered not to come back. On March 14, about 100 men, members of the Citizens Alliance armed themselves, searched the town, and took into custody 60 union men and sympathizers. These men were kept in a vacant store until after midnight when they were marched to the station and loaded into 2 coaches. Some of the mob went with them as far as Ridgway where they were warned never to return.

On July 28, 1911, by the filing of an agreement with the clerk and recorder of Ouray County, it became publicly known for the first time the exact amount paid by the Tomboy Gold Mines Company of Telluride and London, England, for the Montana vein and other property purchased from the Revenue Tunnel Mines Company of Ouray, the deal being one of the largest consummated in the San Juan mining circles in years. The price paid was \$400,000, divided into three payments of \$100,000 each, and two payments of \$50,000 each. \$350,000 went to the Revenue Tunnel Mines Company and \$50,000 went to A. E. Reynolds, one of the principle stockholders in the company for the Bushwacker lode mining claim. The agreement set forth the long list of claims purchased by the Tomboy Company from the Revenue Company and detailed agreement as to the use of tunnels, purchase of buildings, etc. The Tomboy Company agreed to work the Montana from the San Miguel side as the vein ran toward the Tomboy property at Telluride.

The failure of the Tomboy mines in 1929 scourged the town like a plague. It was only a brief interval before a vigorous population of 2500 had wasted away to five or six hundred, but those who stayed refused to abandon the place to the spirits that preside over ghost towns. They found another source of revenue—they turned to bootleg whiskey. Its fame spread far and wide, and the label "Telluride Whiskey" made with pure mountain water became universally recognized as a brand of supreme quality.

Bootlegging was far more than a survival measure after mining enter-

prises failed. On this new resource the town prospered and on the most abysmal depression days there was no poverty. In fact, still operations were so profitable they sustained the town. The town's most esteemed citizens participated, and the man who could turn out a product good enough to enhance the reputation of the town, was considered a public benefactor. Whiskey was Telluride's only cash crop. There were ten wholesale manufacturers who made the stuff for export. Innumerable others made it for home consumption. Dried fruits, corn, malt, even potatoes, altho with less popularity, served as grist for the stills.

One skillful manufacturer made an especially high-grade brand without using a still at all. He would boil up the mash in a large, open tub, put an old horse blanket over the tub and when it had become saturated with steam, wring it out. The smoke and ash and horse hair, he maintained, enhanced the flavor immeasurably. All the customers agreed. Old John Spoljářick's whiskey was renowned all over the state. He had it cached somewhere in the mountains to age and one day, as soon as word was out that he had died, everyone for miles around took to the mountains to find the cache. There hadn't been such a treasure hunt since gold rush days.

In June of 1938, the best news in this rich mining district of Colorado was the reopening of the big Tomboy mining property of over 75 claims that in 20 years to 1916 paid shareholders of the operating company, the Exploration Company of London, 262% on their investment. At one time the Tomboy sent gold bullion to the Denver Mint 3 times a week, and up to 1938 had produced 30 millions in gold. The property was credited with dividends of 4 million, 535 thousand dollars.

In April 1927, when the mine and mill were closed down by the Tomboy Gold Mines Company, Ltd., an English concern, due to complications affecting taxes in England and America which placed a heavy burden on the foreign concern, Mr. John H. Moore, C. H. Tidd and Mr. Gio Umberto purchased the Tomboy properties in their entirety. Until 1938 only a small amount of ore was taken out and handled. This operation was done by a leasor, Manley, but owing to difficulties developing on other mine holdings in Alaska, he gave up the lease on the Tomboy. In July of 1938, one of the most significant mining transactions in years was completed when a warranty deed for all of the Tomboy property was recorded at the San Miguel County Clerk's office, transfer being made by Gio Umberto to John H. Moore, the transfer including a large group of mining claims, mill and mining machinery and other improvements. Also at the same time a quit-claim deed to the same property given by Charles Tidd was recorded. Mr. Tidd was a former partner with Mr. Umberto. This gave Mr. Moore full title to the famous Tomboy mines. The Tomboy and Montana properties of the group had been developed by then to a depth



of 2400 feet. Principle metallic minerals were gold, pyrite, galena, zinc blende and chalcopyrite. While operation plans were not yet completed, Moore said that the famous gold-producing property, which when last operated employed over 300 men a day, would again be in operation soon. He added that it was not only feasible but probable that a new mill would be built down the mountain in the vicinity of Pandora and the ore trammed to the mill, thus making it more convenient for the mill men who lived in town and would also eliminate the hazards of having the property in the area of snowslides.

It was about this time that the Veta Company leased the property. The Veta had already leased the Smuggler-Union, the Sheridan and the Union mines.

Early in March 1940, the little town at the foot of the San Miguels was in the throes of some of the most excitement it had had since Charles B. Waggoner, banker and leading citizen attempted in 1929 to swindle 6 New York banks of half a million dollars. Could it be true that the law finally ran down the reports of stolen highgrade ore that Telluride had heard about for more than a score of years? In the gulch beyond the eastern edge of town where the Tomboy, Smuggler-Union, and the Cimarron mines were being worked by 200 men under lease to Veta Mines, Inc., of Denver, miners discussed the alleged wholesale highgrading in stopes, lighted only by dancing ravens from lanterns on their caps.

District Attorney William F. Heywood of Grand Junction, Colorado, acting upon information supplied by Sheriff Guv Warrick of Telluride, was preparing charges against 12 men accused of buying between 50,000 and 100,00 dollars worth of highgraded gold from miners employed in the historic Smuggler-Union mine in Telluride and its equally-famed neighbor, the Tomboy, both properties under lease to Veta Mines, Inc. Those accused included two Grand Junction businessmen, two residents of Silverton, one from Ophir, and others from Telluride. Four of the men were saloon keepers. Back of the charges was a bizarre story, for underlying Sheriff Warrick's discovery of the alleged widespread highgrading operations in San Miguel County was a one-sided love affair in which it was charged an ex-convict sought to win another man's wife, only to bring to light the tale of asserted gold thefts over a long period of time. All of the accused were charged with being fences for the stolen gold.

Everett Shearin had come to Telluride from Missouri where he had served a term in prison. After his release he married. Shortly after this a former prison pal, Jimmy Hutchins, arrived in Telluride. Hutchins fell madly in love with his friend's wife. His affections were not returned and Hutchins set about to remove Shearin from the scene. Hutchins was engaged in a plot to have Missouri authorities arrest Shearin on suspicion of having

committed some crime in the state after his release from prison. Shearin learned of this, armed himself, and announced he would kill Hutchins. Hutchins also armed himself, and it was generally reported that each man would kill the other on sight. When Sheriff Warrick learned of this he put both men in jail. On searching Shearin he found a check for \$321.25 signed by a mine owner. Much to his surprise he was told it was for highgraded ore. That set the investigation under way and it soon became obvious that highgrading in Telluride was so widespread it was necessary to take drastic steps if legitimate mining in Colorado was to continue.

Scores of miners were stealing highgrade ore, especially that being produced at that time, on the Smuggler-Union's 10th level. The ore was high in gold value: a 5# chunk worth anywhere from 10 to 30 dollars. Men were carrying it out in their lunch pails, under their coats. They would save this until they had between 25 and 50 pounds and carry it to one of the fences in town. A saloon was the center of activity. There was a complete concentration mill in the bar basement. This consisted of an electrically-driven crusher, a pulverizer, and a ball mill. Highgraded ore would be taken into this basement and there the gold would be extracted. The miners received little for their efforts. Gold, worth \$35 an ounce, netted them little more than \$5, and this often had to be taken out in drinks at one of the saloons whose owners, it was charged, were the principle fences.

In one instance, two highgraders did get the better of a fence. The men procured a heavy steel ball, the size of a baseball, gold plated it with a shell of pure gold about an inch thick. They then carried this plated ball to the fence who in turn, bought it for 15 dollars an ounce. When the fence sent the ball to the agency thru which he disposed of highgraded gold, the deception was discovered and the ball, with its shell, was returned to the Telluride fence. In the meantime, the miners who had sold the ball had wisely departed and the fence was out several hundred dollars.

Scales kept by the fences were off. One scale registered short three ounces to the pound. These thefts had continued over a long period and it is estimated that in two years at the Smuggler-Union alone, not less than \$50,000 worth of gold had been highgraded. The most amazing part was the fact that highgrading operations were not the result of any dissatisfaction on the part of the miners, but that the thefts had just grown until at least 100 men were involved. Apparently, as is the case in so many investigations, so many were involved that it was better to let the entire matter die quietly.

May 16, 1953, was to have been "C" day at Telluride—the day the mines and mills which were the main economic support of the community were to have closed, but owners of the Idarado which operates out of Ouray offered to buy out Telluride Mines and keep them running. The Idarado

is part of a world-wide prosperous empire owned chiefly by the Newmont Mining Corp. of New York, a giant corporation whose holdings stretch around the globe. The purpose of announcing the sale in advance was to hold the miners, as good miners were hard to find. One of the chief problems involved was a new union contract paralleling the Idarado contract. The mines of the two companies had entrances on opposite sides of the mountains but underground the diggings were very close together and it was understood that Idarado planned to connect them and make one large mine.

On February 16, 1954, for the second time in 10 months, residents of the town were shocked by word that production was to stop in Telluride Mines. The announcement would throw some 200 men out of work. About 60 would be kept for development work. Insurmountable losses forced abandonment of ore production. If richer bodies of ore, more economical to mine under present prices were found, or if lead and zinc prices rose, production would resume, as it has.

Between February 1954 and January 1956, Idarado put one million dollars into the mill and spent another million developing underground reserves. The new mill had a capacity of 30,000 tons of ore, more than twice that of the old mill.

The Red Mountain and Pandora operations produce about 5,000 tons of concentrates a month and shipment today is made to smelters in Texas.

The early day prospector, mostly without a knowledge of mining, roamed the hills to discover outcrops of rich ore. The doctor, lawyer, beggarman, thief, and many other walks of life were represented, but the days of surface prospecting are practically gone. Since new rich deposits lying right on the surface are not being discovered, the mining industry has turned to improvements in processing and the study of methods to make profitable millions of tons of known ore which were formerly considered worthless. In early days 50% of the values went into concentrates and 50% was washed down stream with the tailings. Then came improvement in crushing, and the use of cyanide, followed by flotation and now by selective flotation. Ores that were considered waste 25 years ago have become the best money-makers of the mining industry.

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### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Due to a last minute cancellation by the managers of the dining facilities of the Oxford Hotel, the Summer Rendezvous of The Westerners of August 17 will be held at the Denver Press Club,

1330 Glenarm Pl. Get your reservations in EARLY at \$4.50 per person. Oxford Hotel gives the lack of help as their reason for cancellation.

# New Hands on the Denver Range

William B. Williams  
Box 382  
Sterling, Colorado 80751

William B. Williams is a Civil War Veteran—in its research, that is. He modestly admits that he “did do a little research for the editor of *Civil War Times* . . . plus a few other scholars, etc.” In his time, he has been a gandy-dancer, bartender, real estate broker and a reporter-photographer. In the meantime, he graduated from the Colorado University School of Journalism. The Civil War, collecting Western Americana and outdoor sports are his hobbies. Otto Unfug sponsored Mr. Williams.

• • •

Arthur R. Johnson  
1955 Glencoe  
Denver, Colorado 80220

Fred Mazzulla interested Mr. Johnson in corresponding membership in the Westerners. Arthur is a part-time resident of Colorado and spends the months from May to October in Deer River, Minn., where he gets his mail at Box 121B, Inger Route, 56636.

Arthur Johnson is intrigued with Colorado history and Western Americana in its broadest terms. For hobbies, he is a photographer and collects antique clocks.

• • •

Michael D. Groshek  
225 Ivy St.  
Denver, Colorado 80220

John Dahle, Fred Mazzulla and Herb White possessed up on Michael Groshek and corralled him into corresponding membership. Michael has devoted considerable time to the study of constitutional and early statutory law concerning subdivisions and local taxation. Ghost towns and the history of Regis College are also specific interests. Hiking in the mountains is his special hobby.

Charles W. Fletcher  
2290 E. Columbia Place  
Denver, Colorado 80210

George Clymer, CM, sponsors Charles W. Fletcher for corresponding membership in the Westerners. Mr. Fletcher's research on Wyoming history will broaden our horizons in that area of Western Americana.

• • •

Charles E. Williams  
12390 W. 14th Ave.  
Golden, Colo. 80401

We are indebted to Charles Ryland, PM, for the sponsorship of Charles E. Williams as a corresponding member. Mr. Williams' historical interests reside in mining and the scope of military activities in our history.

A long list of professional papers on metallurgy and ceramics have been interlaced with his historical publications, foremost among them being, *Land War of 1812* and *Note on the Custer Battle*.

His numerous hobbies range from military miniatures and war-gaming to “suffering each Fall with the Broncos.”

• • •

Winford Griffin  
2415 Chelton Rd.  
Colorado Springs, Colo. 80909

Kenny Englert brings to our ranks another resident of Colorado Springs to swell their membership roll in The Westerners.

Winford Griffin is engrossed in anything pertaining to Colorado history.

• • •

Lawrence Alan Sweeney  
1801 Iris Street  
Denver, Colo. 80215

Lawrence researches early Colorado legal history, Colorado folklore and humor, and substandard gauge railroads. He is an elementary school geography and history teacher and his hobbies (fifteen in number) begin with numismatics and end with collecting old rusty iron. CM George Godfrey brings Mr. Sweeney into the fold.

Dave Hicks  
3903 West Quigley Dr.  
Denver, Colorado 80236

Welcome Dave Hicks to corresponding membership in the Westerners. Dave is copy editor for *The Rocky Mountain News* and is author of several children's books. Among them are, *Angie Meets the Hammer Family*; *President of the Zoo*; and *Treasure of the Empty House*.

Dave Hicks has many hobbies—rock hunting and polishing, oil painting, sketching and writing. We are indebted to Fred Mazzulla and the Colorado State Historical Society, of which Dave is a member, for this new addition to our ranks.

R. James Hart, D.D.S.  
1400 Dayton St.  
Aurora, Colorado 80010

Posse Member Fred Rosenstock brings Dr. Hart to our ranks. R. James Hart is interested in Indian lore as well as the history of medicine. He is also a collector of books and literature on Western Americana.

Frank J. Vattano  
1880 So. Monroe  
Denver, Colorado 80210

Frank is the Associate Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, University of Denver and comes to the membership sponsored by Dr. Arthur L. Campa. Frank Vattano has written numerous articles in psychology journals and is interested in Western Americana. Music, archery and outdoor activities are his hobbies.

\* \* \*

Richard W. Johnston  
1400 Dayton St.  
Aurora, Colorado 80010

Richard Johnston hunts artifacts and when he tires of that for a hobby, he researches the history of Denver from 1859 to 1920. He has also done extensive studies on the Santa Fe Trail, Smokey Hill Route and collected numerous maps pertinent to the subjects. Jim Bird, CM, brings Richard to our membership.

## NEW POSSE MEMBER

James H. Davis, better known to all Westerners as just plain Jim, was born in Boise, Idaho. He has lived in Denver for the past thirteen years. During that time, Jim attended the University of Denver and received M.A. degrees in both History and Library Science.

For the past ten years, Jim Davis has been on the staff of the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library. He says his chief responsibility relates to the Western Picture Collec-

tion and then adds, even more modestly, that he "assists in various kinds of research." For those of us who use the facilities of the Western History Department, it is an accepted fact that Jim is a key member of one of the finest Western Library staffs in the country.

Jim finds time to get an historical article published now and then and is collecting material on his home state of Idaho. "Welcome to the Posse, Jim!"

## OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

At a luncheon on May 9, 1968, the spotlight was turned on Henry Toll, who has been a member of the Denver Posse since the year of its organization. Jointly the Colorado Chapter of the American Society for Public Administration (ASPA) and the Denver Federal Executive Board accorded him the first Frank E. Johnson Memorial Award in recognition of his services in the field of interstate cooperation.

To add lustre to the occasion, Mayor Tom Currigan gave Henry a citation, and in jocular mood, Gov. John Love proclaimed May 9th as "Henry Wolcott Toll Day in Colorado." Two alliterative Federal officials sent their congratulations to the meeting, Vice-President Hubert H. Humphrey, and Labor Secretary Willard W. Wirtz.

During the eight years when Henry was a member of the Colorado State Senate, he founded the Council of State Governments, which the legislature of each of the 50 states has since declared to be a joint agency of all of the State Governments. Since 1925, Henry has been its honorary president, and the Commonwealth of Kentucky is now constructing a million dollar headquarters for the organization on a twenty-five acre tract of bluegrass country dedicated to the Council by the State, at Lexington.

Again, an honor of major significance is awarded to a member of the Denver Posse. The Westerners pass on their hearty congratulations for this well-deserved citation.

Dr. Wendell Hutchinson of Salida, Colorado was the speaker of the evening of May 22. His subject was "Family Reminiscences of the Lake County War." Unfortunately for our readers, the script was not prepared for publication. Fortunately for those who were privileged to hear the talk, Dr. Hutchinson ad-libbed with professional timing and kept the group historically and humorously interested in facts and anecdotes concerning the Lake County War.

Dr. Hutchinson is a veterinarian and just prior to the meeting of May 22, Wendell played "the supporting role" in a bit of veterinary history. In April of this year, he performed a Caesarian section on a cow. He delivered a stillborn calf with two heads, two tails and four legs. A million to one shot.

• • •

The Possibles Bag, which is so faithfully fostered by Dr. Philip Whitely, has not received the publicity it deserves. The treasures of the Possibles Bag are raffled off to the lucky holders of the winning meal tickets. The "possibles" are usually first publications or valued reprints. At the last two meetings the winners received the following publications:

Edward A. Burrit had the winning meal ticket for Lorene and Kenny Engert's fine exposé, *Oliver Perry Wiggins: Fantastic, Bombastic Frontiersman*. George Godfrey walked off with Cliff Farrell's book, *Death Trap on the Platte*. Francis "Luck Box" Rizzari won again and took home Dr. Nolie Mumey's gem, *Easter Island*. And Forbes Parkhill got

two repasts from his meal ticket when he won Fred and Jo Mazzulla's "gourmet's delight," *Al Packer—A Colorado Cannibal*.

• • •

On his way back to Denver from an automobile trip to the Middlewest, PM Bill Kostka and his wife, Dorothy, visited several historic sites. Opposite Prairie du Chien, Wis., on the Mississippi River near Marquette, Iowa, they visited the ancient Indian Effigy Mounds, shaped in the forms of birds and animals. West of Bismarck, N.D., at the town of Mandan in Ft. Lincoln State Park, they saw the reconstructed Mandan earth lodges of the Slant Indian Village and visited the Ft. Lincoln Museum and Ft. Lincoln. At this fort, Bvt. Maj. George A. Custer headquartered his Seventh Cavalry before the battle of Little Big Horn.

Farther west on Interstate 94 in North Dakota's Badlands, they saw the reconstruction work underway at Medora,

where the Marquis de Mores of France dreamed of establishing a packing-house empire and where Theodore Roosevelt had his ranch. Medora is the southern entrance to the Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Park. They came away with the impression that the reconstructed cow-town of Medora may be an important competitor to Colorado's own Central City.

• • •

If you had been anywhere near Poncha Pass, Colorado on "6-31-68," you would have heard a melodious trio composed of Lorene, Holly and Kenny Englert bellerin' to the moon the plaintive strains of, "Buffalo Gal, Ain't You Comin' Out Tonight?"

In case you are worrying about the above-mentioned date, forget it, it just goes to show that Kenny was still "cool, calm and collected" when he reported by note that his family had just witnessed the birth of a fat and sassy heifer calf—buffalo calf, that is.

## BY PONY EXPRESS

Considerable mail has accumulated over the past two months. Our answers must necessarily be brief but our correspondents will recognize our responses.

Thanks to George Brooks for *Westward*, Vol. I, No. 4, of the St. Louis Westerners.

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Vernon: Merrill Mattes' address is: 35 Andrew Dr., #144, Tiburon, Calif., 94920.

We appreciate the renewals of membership by William D. Hill, of New York and Mrs. Lloyd R. Jackson of Columbus, Ohio.

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For those interested in the history of aviation, we received a story and pix of Jonas brothers' flying machine of 1911. A memento for someone's Aviation Library.



# Westerner's Bookshelf



**THE OLD NORTH TRAIL**, by Walter McClintock; Bison paperback, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1968. 512 pp., appendix, index, 200 photographs; \$2.95.

"Life, Legends and Religion of the Blackfeet Indians" is the subtitle of this book, and that is what it is about. The author lived with a Blackfoot band for four years as the adopted son of the shaman. The locale is the country of the Blackfeet in northern Montana and the time from 1896 until 1910 when this book was first published.

Mad Wolf, McClintock's "father" wanted to record the old culture that he foresaw would be lost in the force of civilization. He also, perhaps hoped for better relations with the white people by having one in the Indian camp. The resulting book is fascinating.

Here we have a classic text in ethnology that is written simply enough to be enjoyed by anyone who appreciates adventure and history. It is a big book; and the photographs which appear of poor quality at first glance, add interest to the subject matter. It is well worth the price.

George B. Greene, CM

**A PICTURE REPORT OF THE CUSTER FIGHT.** By William Reusswig. (New York Hastings House Publishers, 1967. Illus. Index, 184 pp. \$8.50).

Readers of this handsome volume should enjoy it. Both the lively narrative and attractive illustrations will hold the interest of one who is uninformed and acquaint him with a controversial episode in the history of the United States. It will give the dilettante historian the story of the Little Big Horn in seventeen easy lessons. Professional historians, dyed-in-the-wool Custer buffs, and reviewers will enjoy it because it gives each a chance to peruse pages seeking discrepancies, errors, flaws, and inaccuracies, thus enabling them to exhibit their own superior knowledge. Some defects are inevitable in any book.

No relationship is established between the illustrations and the narrative; connection between the two is left solely to the reader's imagination and previous knowledge. The artist obviously has done sufficient study and research, which, coupled with his talent and craftsmanship, has enabled him to portray persons and events realistically and accurately, making them readily identifiable by the informed reader.

The illustrator, however, was not sure about equipment and uniforms. Among the mistakes, one is amusing—his indecision on the placement of the carbine. Pages 46, 64, and 89 show it on the right side of the horse, which is correct, but on pages 56 and 100 it is on the left side. The surprising error is that all representations of the company guidons are incorrect. Those used in 1876 were the swallow-tailed stars and stripes type. According to General



Godfrey, a lieutenant with Reno's column, stirrups were open, not hooded. The Gatling guns accompanying the Terry column were the 1-inch, six-barrel and the .50-70 ten-barrel models with unenclosed barrels. Another mistake occurs in showing the hills adjacent to and northeast of Ft. Philip Kearney as cliffs. Actually they are high rolling hills.

Among inaccuracies in the text is the stating of conclusions or deductions as fact, e.g., "the nervous fingers of the white-faced dispatcher." On page 61 the author has Mark Kellogg riding "alongside Custer's prancing mare,"—rather remarkable considering that the two horses Custer had with the command June 25, 1876 were Vic, which Custer rode, and Dandy, left with the pack train. Neither Vic nor Dandy was a mare.

The movements of the five companies with Custer after leaving Medicine Trail Coulee, presented as facts, are debatable. No white persons lived to relate Custer's movements after he left the Coulee. Indian accounts are of little value because they are confused and contradictory. In fact this lure of the unknown, the inability to answer factually the questions: "What did Custer do?" and, "Why did he do it?", make this small battle one of the most controversial in the history of the nation.

Inaccuracies diminish in importance when considered in relation to Mr. Reusswig's purpose. He has accomplished his goal of relating an oft-told tale in a different and interesting manner.

The artist and the publisher have produced an attractive book. There is a good bibliography. The print is clear and the drawings are beautifully re-

produced, reflecting artistic craftsmanship and painstaking effort. There are (thank heavens) no footnotes.

William J. Shay, CM

**UP THE TRAIL IN '79** by Baylis John Fletcher (edited by Wayne Gard), University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1968. 113 pp. biblio., with foreword and intro. by Wayne Gard.

When contemporary writers and historians, working with today's modern historical collections and vast archives of frontier materials, are dredging up much more important and interesting materials on our old West, it seems strange that our university presses continue to dawdle with such fragmentary and inconsequential materials while declining to even read manuscripts by many authors. This work, principally consisting of a magazine reprint of two years ago, *The Cattleman*, February-May (4 installments), 1966, is the desultory recounting of Fletcher's experiences, or reflections, many years later, on a cattle drive from south Texas to Cheyenne, in 1879.

Fletcher's account of the trip is without doubt an honest report of the drudgery that constituted trail driving. A little more than half the book is taken up with the Longhorns, and their safe delivery into the hands of a Swan foreman near Cheyenne.

Of the balance of the work, the reviewer found "Camp Meeting on Jenks Branch" the most readable and interesting. Here, working with most familiar material and with the tender nostalgia of a man looking backward upon many happy times, Fletcher's descriptive passages flow with the feel of Steinbeck's earlier writings. This item makes the book well-worth its cost. The other

chapters, "The Regulators," "Trailing Comanches" and "Nebraska Train Robbery" are only fair.

The interblending of notes with the text ably done by editor, Wayne Gard, helps keep the trail locations, the actions of men and animals, and the historical perspective of the assorted stories, straightened out in the reader's mind.

Number 37 of the Western Frontier Library list, this book fails to live up to the standard set, to give readers of Western literature 'memorable writings' about our frontier past. Further, these books should all have indices.

Harry E. Chrisman, CM.

**FORT DEFIANCE & THE NAVA-JOS** by Maurice Frink; published by Pruett Press, 1968. 124 pages including index and source notes. Profusely illustrated. Paperback \$2.75, Hard cover \$4.00.

Mr. Frink, in a relatively few pages, has completely portrayed the life and times of Fort Defiance, Arizona, from the establishment of the frontier post to the town of today and the story of the Navajos from the mythological beginnings of the "People" to the present-day life of this colorful and cultural tribe.

Well researched with an impressive list of reference material, a very generous acknowledgment of persons and institutions who contributed to the work, an abundance of illustrations reproduced from photographs gleaned from many sources and printed with clearness and detail, it is patently obvious that Mr. Frink is interested in his subject and knows it intimately from personal contact rather than a resifting of data compiled from former writers. His treatment of the Navajo is sympathetic but factual and informative.

The book should be of general interest to the reading public as well as to the relatively small segment of persons whose concern lies with the loss of and recapture of the culture of our American Indian.

W. Keith Peterson, PM

**BILL TILGHMAN, MARSHAL OF THE LAST FRONTIER**, by Floyd Miller. Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York, 1968. 20 pages, bibliography, index, map and photographs. Price \$4.95.

At the end of this book the author quotes Andrew Jackson: "One Man with courage makes a majority." That type of man certainly exemplifies Marshal Tilghman, and his "majority" carried him through a lifetime of adventure from buffalo hunting and Indian scrapes to years of being a lawman and rancher. While Tilghman may have lacked the flamboyance of the Earps, Hickock, and Masterson, he proved that intelligence and cool courage more than outweigh fancy shenanigans. He was also somewhat of a curiosity as a frontier lawman in staying inside of the law, rather than operating inside, outside, and sometimes on both sides, as was far from rare among marshals. Being the type he was, there haven't been television shows and movies glorifying his exploits, so this book fills a need to get a popular writer to bring out an interesting and readable account of Marshal Tilghman's life. The invented conversations, statements, and feelings detract from the historical integrity of the book, but they do give life to the account and the basic facts seem well-researched and accurate. The photographs are of good quality and well chosen.

Bill Tilghman was a true classic hero.

He pursued his calling and his destiny, risking his life time after time until he was gut-shot by a renegade federal officer in Cromwell, Oklahoma in 1924. It is sad that this competent old peace officer lived through the last of the wild old days to be felled unnecessarily during the prohibition lawlessness.

W. H. Van Duzer, PM.

**BOOM TOWN BOY** by Edwin Lewis Bennett and Agnes Wright Spring. Sage Books, Chicago, 1966, 213 pages, illus.

Edwin Louis Bennett arrived, as a young boy, in the Creede area during 1893. Creede was then one of the great bonanza mining camps of Colorado. The town consisted mostly of flimsy wooden buildings housing some 8,000 people, but its streets pulsed with feverish activity and its mines led the state in silver production.

Mr. Bennett is a most perceptive man and his memory, aided at some points by old newspaper files, yields much detail about Creede as well as about its neighboring communities—Jintown and Weaver. Colorado State Historian *Emeritus*, Mrs. Agnes Wright Spring, alert to an unusual opportunity for preserving early-day material, encouraged him to produce a book-length work.

For the historian there is a rich treasure every bit as exciting as any precious metal a miner might discover. Light is shed on the extinct occupation of muleskinner, early Colorado ranching, business dealings of various mining camp tradesmen, diversions for young people on the frontier, the dispensing of law and order under near lawless conditions and much more.

The phrasing of the text has the authentic flavor and color only a pioneer could give it. One suspects that Mrs.

Spring did some editing, smoothing and verifying of dates.

Numerous photographs are provided, many appearing for the first time in publication.

James H. Davis, PM.

**TRAIN ROBBERIES AND TRAIN ROBBERS**, by William A. Pinkerton, Reprint, Published by Frontier Book Co., Ft. Davis, Texas, 79 pages, 42 illustrations, limited to 1000 copies, \$3.50.

This small 5½ x 6½ booklet was originally written by William Pinkerton and copyrighted in 1907.

The author, William Pinkerton, briefly describes the incidents in the life of crime of some of the midwest's most notorious train and bank robbers.

The Pinkerton Agency worked throughout the United States for railroads, express and stage companies and the Bankers' Association for 50 years prior to 1907; consequently, this agency was well informed in the exploits of the crooks of this era.

The author relates the stories of the James brothers, the Renos, the Youngers, the Fords, the Burrows brothers and many more.

The author punctuates his treatise with 42 photographs of these villainous characters; however, some of these illustrations are poorly reproduced.

This is an interesting little booklet on one facet of Americana that appeals to many of us.

R. A. Ronzio, P.M.

**OLIVER PERRY WIGGINS: FANTASTIC, BOMBASTIC FRONTIERSMAN**, by Lorene and Kenneth Englert. Filter Press, Palmer, Colo., Wild and Woolly West Series; 60 pp., illus., paperback.

The opening paragraph of Lorene and Kenny Englert's latest publication is as follows:

"Oliver Perry Wiggins, whose long life began about 1823 and ended in 1913, was one of the biggest damn liars who ever straddled a horse or ate beaver tail."

In the ensuing thirty pages, the authors prove this premise with an additional thirty pages of bibliography, and they do it as candidly and humorously as the first paragraph forecasts.

This reviewer advises all writers who might be romanced into using any material from the reminiscences of Oliver P. Wiggins, to read the Englerts' booklet first. (While it is a booklet, it has

the "intestinal fortitude" of book rating).

Lorene and Kenny have not been intimidated by highly respected source material in which Wiggins' whimsical meanderings are quoted. They splashed the "proofmarkings" where they thought they belonged and proceeded to prove their point.

The quality of the booklet is greatly enhanced by the artwork of Ben Titsworth who was commissioned by the authors to illustrate historical events of the Western scene. These are first-time reproductions.

Back away from your typewriter long enough to read, *Oliver Perry Wiggins: Fantastic, Bombastic Frontiersman*.

Milt Callon, PM.

## MEMORIAM

PM Jack Guinn, 51, widely known Denver newspaperman, died June 5, 1968, in a Denver hospital following a short illness. He suffered a heart attack in May.

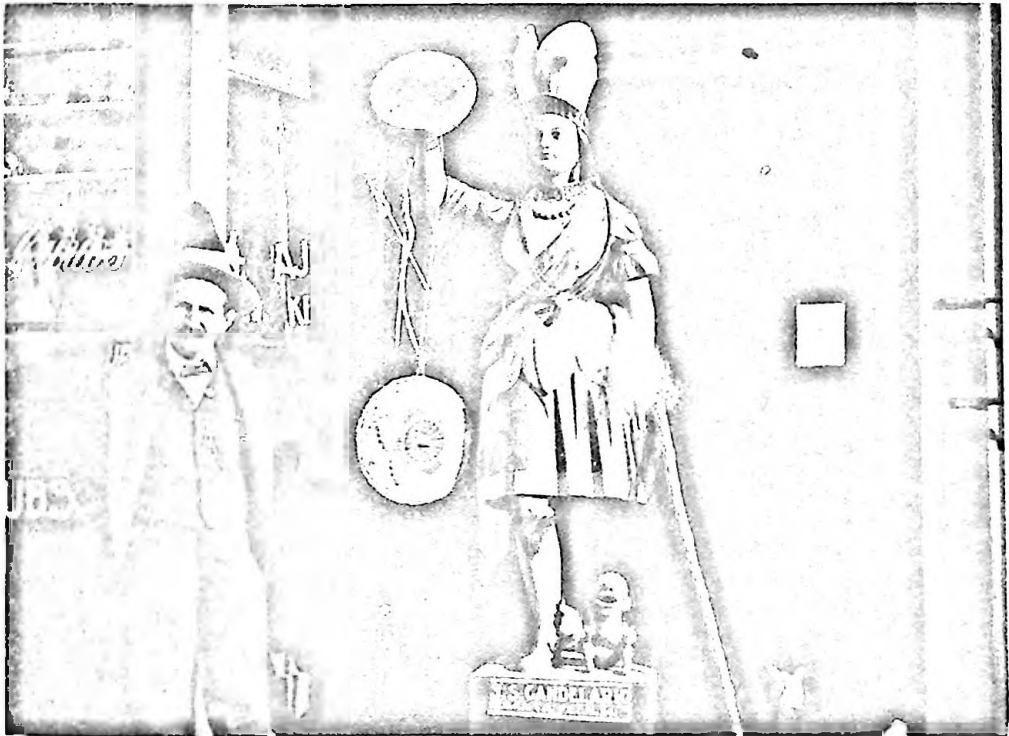
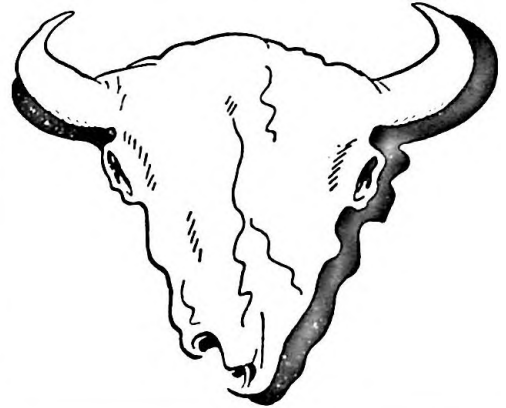
Jack came to Denver from Texas in 1942 and entered the Army in October of that year. Following his discharge in 1943, he was a war correspondent for United Press in the China-Burma-India Theater and later was a reporter for Associated Press in Europe.

Jack Guinn worked for the *Denver Post* from November 1950 until his death. He co-authored the book, *The Wire God* and also wrote, *The Caperberry Bush*. One of his finest contributions to Western History, *The Redman's Last Struggle*, was published in *Empire* in a weekly series of ten articles beginning on March 27, 1966. Jack was associated with the Denver Posse of The Westerners for nine years.

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

SEPTEMBER  
1968  
Volume XXIV  
Number 9

IN THIS ISSUE  
"CANDELARIO'S FABULOUS CURIOS"  
by  
Gene F. Doyle



A wooden Indian greeted tourists at the entrance of the Old Original Curio Store in Sante Fe  
Doyle Collection

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Gene F. Doyle, who was awarded her B.A. Degree from New Mexico Highlands University in 1966, is a member of Pi Gamma Mu, National Social Science Honor Society. She is the mother of two children, Marc and Chris Doyle. Marc, a junior at Highlands and a history major, and Chris, a freshman at the University of Albuquerque, are the great-grandsons of the late Jesus Sito Candelario and have always been interested in family stories about him. Consequently, Mrs. Doyle selected to do a biography about the boys' paternal great-grandfather as a subject for her thesis.

At the request of the *Roundup* editor, Mrs. Doyle agreed to submit a short resume from Candelario's biography for this publication. It is a fresh historical subject which responds well to the modern treatment of Western Americana.

When Mrs. Doyle isn't adding to her already impressive memorabilia of Jesus Candelario, she devotes her time to her thesis, paints, collects and refinishes antiques, and goes fishing and hunting with her husband, Jim Doyle. The Doyles live at 810 Douglas, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

## FUTURE MEETINGS

Please note the revisions from those reported in the July-August issue. Channing Sweet of Colorado Springs will give the September paper. Excerpts will be taken from the scrapbook of H. H. Stevens from 1871 to 1943. Stevens was the builder of the Alta Vista Hotel in Colorado Springs and a great-uncle of Channing Sweet.

Numa James is still scheduled for the October meeting and Don Griswold for

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**Reservations for all meetings and dinners** — Herbert W. O'Hanlon, 1050 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Dinner \$3.50. Reservations only.

### NEW 1968 OFFICERS

**Sheriff:** William E. Marshall

**Deputy Sheriff:** Robert L. Brown

**Roundup Foreman and Tally Man:**  
Fred M. Mazzulla

**Chuck Wrangler:** Herbert W. O'Hanlon

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Dr. Philip W. Whiteley

**Publications Chairman:** Richard A. Ronzio

**Nominations Chairman:** Dr. Arthur L. Campa

**Book Review Chairman:**  
Dr. Ralph W. Danielson

November. Louisa Ward Arps will present the program in December and Guy Herstrom is still scheduled for January.

# Candelario's Fabulous Curios

by Gene F. Doyle

Dust laid everywhere covering the treasures and pieces of trash like a gossamer veil. It served to unite the masses of objects into a solid lump so that at first glance the observer had difficulty distinguishing one form from another. Once one's eyes became accustomed to the shadowed interior of the store under the ox cart in Santa Fe, New Mexico, the unique collection it housed was an unforgettable sensual experience in handicrafts of the Southwest. The ghastly and the beautiful were to be found in the artifacts which represented the material discards of human occupation of Mexico which once included a large portion of Western United States. The owner who presided over the store was as unusual as the contents. He was Jesus (pronounced Hay-zeus) Sito Candelario but no one ever called him by his first name or any other name but "Candelario."

A native-born New Mexican of Spanish-American heritage, Candelario became a curio dealer extraordinary. As a collector, salesman and humorist, he had few equals. The great, the near-great and the unknowns who came to Santa Fe all made the dash down narrow San Francisco Street to his shop. Visiting Candelario's of Santa Fe was a tourist status symbol. Vincent Maney, first minister from Canada to the United States and millionaire poet, said on a visit to the capital city of New Mexico: "I have spent a fine day in Santa Fe; I have called on the governor of New Mexico, the Archbishop of Santa Fe, the oldest church and finally on Candelario."

Candelario was born in Albuquerque, New Mexico, March 10, 1864. He was the son of Antonio and Altigracia Candelaria. His father owned a general mercantile business in Santa Fe on the present site of the Original Old Curio Store at 301-303 San Francisco Street. In 1864 there were two stores—a meat market and a general merchandise establishment. In addition, there was also the family residence in back of the store located on Palace Avenue; sheds for storage of goods and lean-tos for the pack burros opened off of Burro Alley. The property had a tall wooden fence which was strung from adobe building to adobe building. The enclosed area became known as the Candelario Compound.



*J. S. Candelario*

Candelario in 1912 as he appeared in *REPRESENTATIVE NEW MEXICANS*  
Doyle Collection



Antonio and his brother ran the business and, later, Antonio's two sons—Antonio Garcia and Jesus Sito—worked for their father and uncle. Sometime after 1876, a dry goods store was opened in the shop which had been the meat market. The latter was moved to a shop on Burro Alley. It was in the dry goods and mercantile stores that Jesus spent most of his early years. By 1882, Jesus and his brother had inherited the businesses and property from their father and uncle.

At the age of eighteen, Jesus Candelario was already beginning to develop his mercantile technique. Early correspondence reveals that he had established a mail order business, bartered for Indian curios and extended credit and loaned money. He was also training horses and had an outstanding reputation as a jockey. Although he was something of a hell-raiser, he did work for Elfege Baca as one of the lawman's deputies. In 1885, Jesus hired Jake Gold to run his portion of the business, became converted to the Presbyterian faith, changed the spelling of his last name from Candelaria to Candelario, acquired an education from a mid-western divinity college and eventually became a missionary schoolmaster. The portion of Candelario's life that he spent in Mora as an evangelist and missionary in the Mora-Rociada, New Mexico area, is tempest-tossed. He met his future wife, Estefanita Laumbach, at this time. Estefanita was a teacher in Taos, New Mexico and a native-born New Mexican of German extraction. Their marriage in 1892 served to settle Candelario down.

The two moved to Santa Fe and Candelario became a merchant once more. His manager, Jake Gold, had quite literally taken over his business. This action resulted in a bitter struggle between the two men. It must have given Candelario a great deal of satisfaction in 1903 to distribute the following handbill:

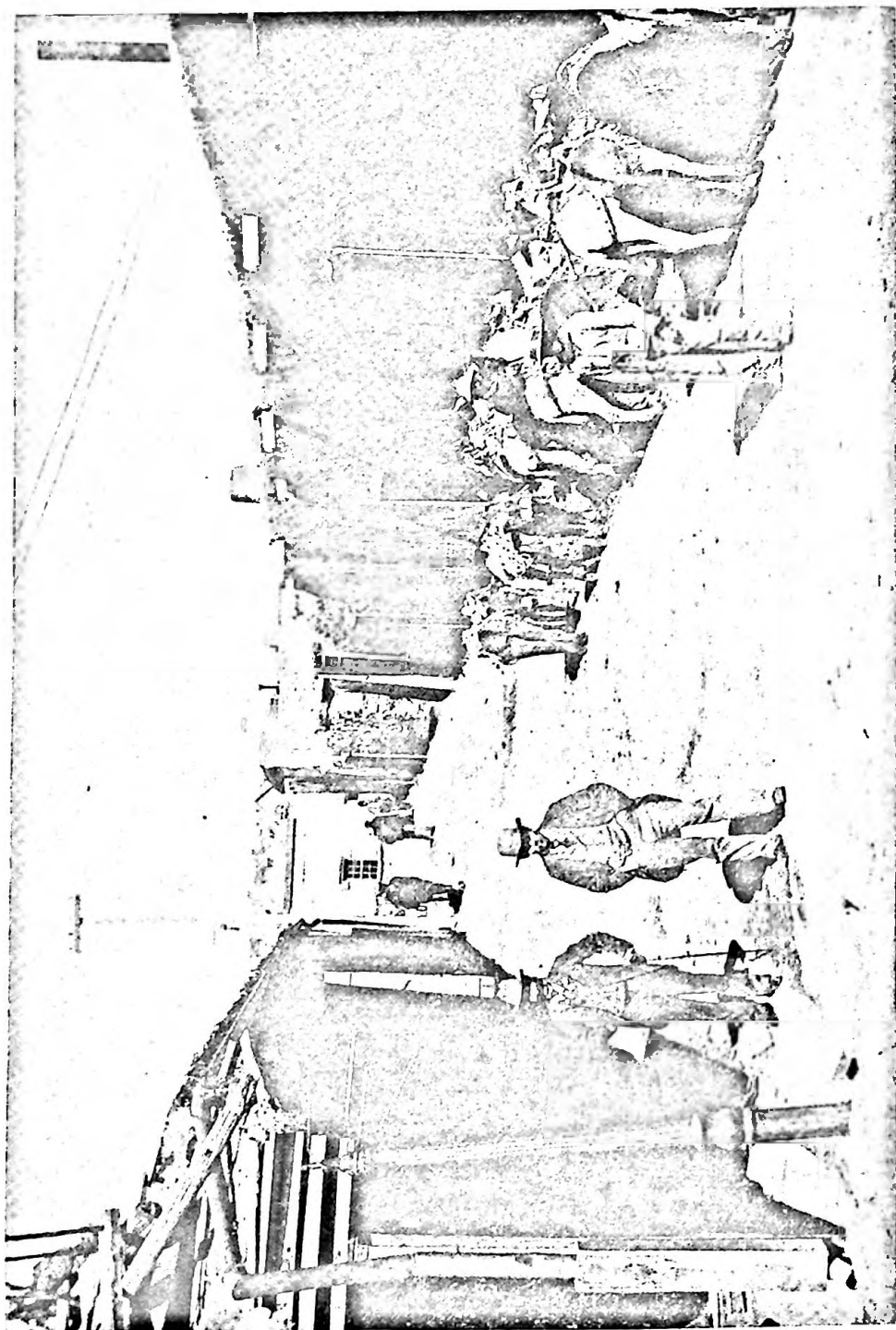
To My Friends and Customers:

Mr. Jake Gold who for several years past has managed my Curio Store on San Francisco Street, otherwise known as the "Original Jack Gold Curio Store," will sever his connection therewith Saturday next. The business will be continued under the name of the Old Curio Store, and the undersigned will wait upon his customers as usual with a full line of Indian and Mexican curios of every description.

Call and examine this wonderful and varied stock of curios in which I defy competition in quality and prices.

Yours very truly,  
J. S. Candelario

Young Candelario was on his way. He traveled all over the Southwest and Mexico to locate merchandise and antiques. His wife, who was as dedicated to expanding the business as he, stayed home and tended the stores. She also conducted much of the local trading. Candelario's brother, Antonio Garcia who never married, ran the meat market.



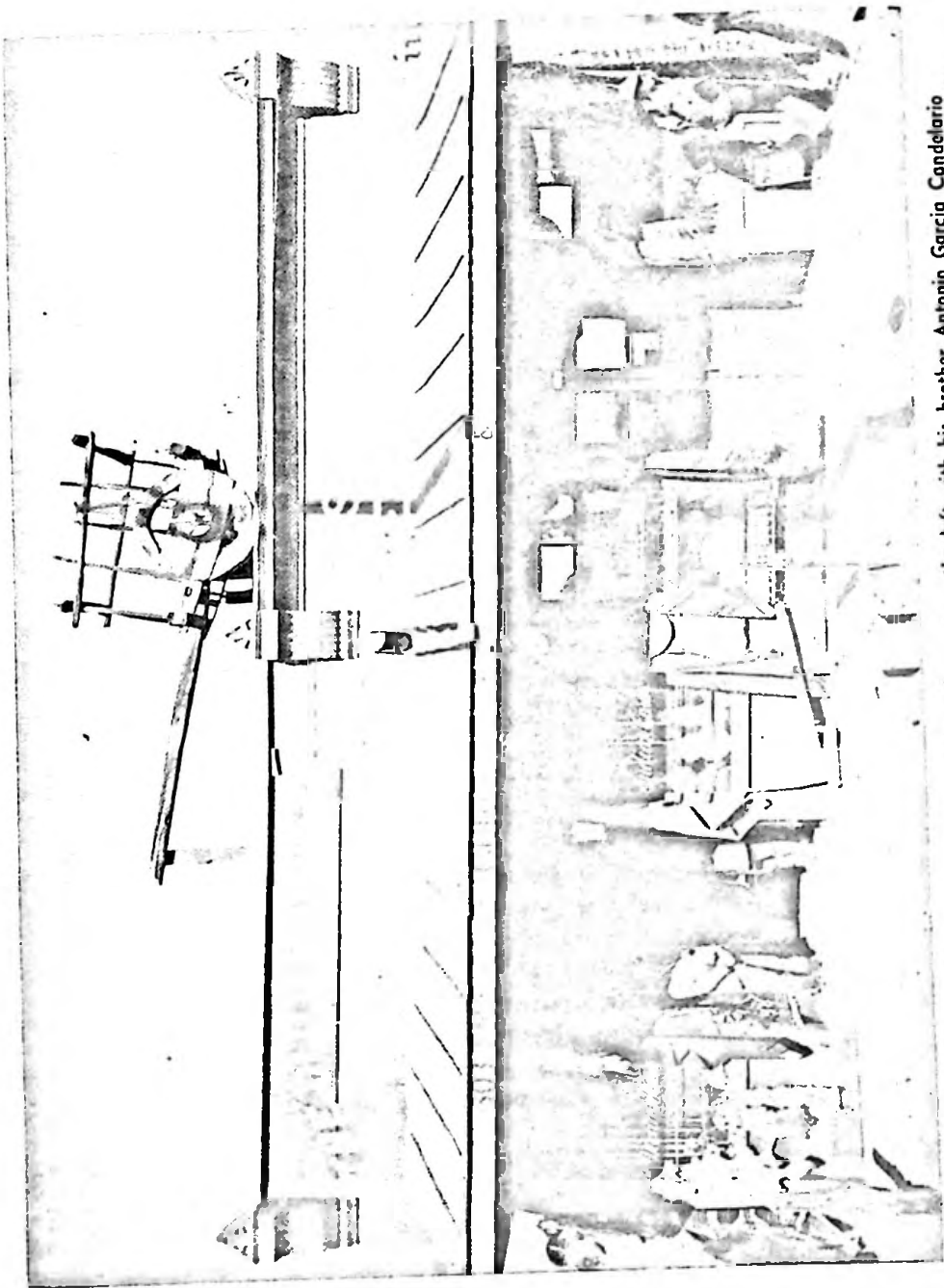
Santa Fe's famed Burro Alley in the 1890's. Photo courtesy Museum of New Mexico.

In the early part of the century, the Candelario Compound was a colorful place. Indian families in native costume and Spanish-Americans stayed as guests of the Candelarios in small adobe rooms which surrounded the two sides of the courtyard. Burros milled around loaded with piñon wood, native crafts and foodstuffs in the sheds off Burro Alley. For the most part, trading took place in the courtyard where blankets, baskets, pots, bows and arrows, drums, moccasins, beaded work of every description, sheets of buckskin, santos, guns, jewelry, ancient Indian and Spanish artifacts were exchanged for cash or bartered for goods.

During the week, the traders cooked their own food over tiny piñon fires but on the weekend, Mrs. Candelario and her hired girl prepared large meals for any visitors who happened to be around. Old-timers who remember these meals recall that it was not unusual for thirty guests to be served in shifts around a large trestle table. Huge platters of two or three different types of meat, vegetables, bread stuffs and fruit-filled pastries were served. The menus always represented a strange mixture of German, Mexican and Indian dishes. Although gallons of coffee and tea were consumed, alcoholic beverages were taboo. Mrs. Candelario was an advocate of the temperance movement. Despite her strict ruling concerning wine and liquor, the Candelarios were, for the most part, thought to be generous hosts. It is little wonder that the Original Old Curio Store became one of the most popular New Mexican trading stations. The prices for the trade goods were fair and the accommodations excellent.

Candelario not only traded for handicrafts but he also hired artisans to create them. Indian weavers, potters and silversmiths worked elbow to elbow with craftsmen imported from Mexico and Spain. An inter-adaptation of Spanish, Mexican and Indian traditional designs emerged into distinctive handicrafts under Candelario's sponsorship. Perhaps the most outstanding example of an exchange of ideas between the ethnic groups is the interrelation of pattern and materials that can be found in the beautiful gold filigree created by Candelario's goldsmiths. The original goldsmiths came from Spain; these men taught the Indian smiths their art in the workshop of the Old Curio Store. Candelario gold filigree is recognizable because the basic Spanish influence of traditional rococo ornamentation is supplanted by Indian influenced designs that are more rhythmic, dynamic and less confined. Native turquoise was frequently substituted in place of more traditional stones found in this jewelry. Perhaps the most outstanding feature of Candelario filigree is its color. Very little alloy was used in the gold, and consequently, this lacy, intricate jewelry is even more fragile than most. It is highly prized today by collectors of antique jewelry because of its uniquely beautiful designs and rich, gold color.

As the years went by, Candelario concentrated more and more on building his personal collections of treasures. The best of everything went



The Old Curio Store in 1903. Mr. Candelario is standing in doorway / on the left with his brother Antonio Garcia Candelario  
Doyle Collection

into this assemblage. Some of the pieces acquired were placed in a large walk-in safe; others were on display in rooms set aside for this purpose. In time, his personal antiques and souvenirs overflowed into every nook and cranny of the main store. This confused the patrons of Candelario who frequently found themselves in the same position of William Dean Howells' daughter on her first visit to the Old Curio Store. She is quoted as saying: "I spent four hours in Candelario's store and I finally picked out a delightful 'santo' which I wished to buy. I went to the glass-enclosed office of the owner and said in my sweetest voice, 'Mr. Candelabra (that is what I thought his name was), I have decided to buy this 'santo.' How much is it?' The owner of the store glared at me and exclaimed: 'Madame, put that down right away; it is NOT FOR SALE!'"

This form of mercantile roulette—investing hours in selecting a choice item for purchase only to be told you couldn't buy it—apparently only served to enhance prospective purchasers' shopping expeditions in the old store. Those fortunate enough to walk out of the store with one of Candelario's prized antiques enjoyed the battle they went through to get the shop owner to part with it, as much as the possession of the treasure. In a way, it represented a trophy of the buyer's ability to talk Candelario out of it. Candelario became more of a collector than a merchant, and when a potential customer departed without buying anything, he was much happier than when he made a sale. Although many disappointed tourists left the shop without making a desired purchase, they could always count on having been entertained by the owner.

In a large glass case Candelario had many, many human skulls on display. One skull, much smaller than the others, he took particular delight in showing to tourists as the skull of Henry Ward Beecher. If they protested that the skull of Beecher should be much larger, Candelario would say with his best smile: "That skull was of Henry Ward Beecher as a boy!"

Hearing this story, Sinclair Lewis said on a visit to Santa Fe: "Candelario must have gotten that story in Rome where a guide shows the head of St. Paul." Wherever Candelario got his inspiration from, he operated on the theory that tourists like to be kidded.

One of Candelario's favorite tourists (and the butt of many of his inspired stories) was the late William Jennings Bryan, who visited the store many times. As usual when entertaining important visitors, Candelario rang his three famous bells—those tongued monsters of iron which he always claimed contained much silver and gold. Two of the bells displayed printed signs dated in the early 16th century. The "Great Commoner" listened attentively to Candelario's narrative about the "oldest bells in the world." Bryan corrected the shopkeeper on this occasion by saying:

"In my travels around the world, my dear Mr. Candelario, I think I have seen much older bells—say in Moscow and Tokyo."



Candelario, shortly before his death in 1938, in his beloved curio store. Mrs. Candelario preceded her husband in death two months previously.

Doyle Collection

"You do not read the inscriptions," Candelario retorted with a customary twinkle in his eye, "those dates are not A.D.—but Before Christ"!

It was reported by those who witnessed the scene that for once William Jennings Bryan remained silent. However, before leaving the shop Bryan ordered 22 Indian blankets for his Miami Beach house in Florida.

Candelario once listed the souvenirs he particularly loved for the Brian Boru Dunne, a newspaper reporter, editor and novelist. The list readily demonstrates that the shopkeeper's fondness for certain possessions did not always rest on the economic value of the piece. As an example, he mentioned a suit of clothes said to have been worn by a man when killed by lightning. The suit must have been made of formidable cloth as it was not damaged. Candelario got a swat out of showing this relic to wide-eyed, open-mouth tourists.

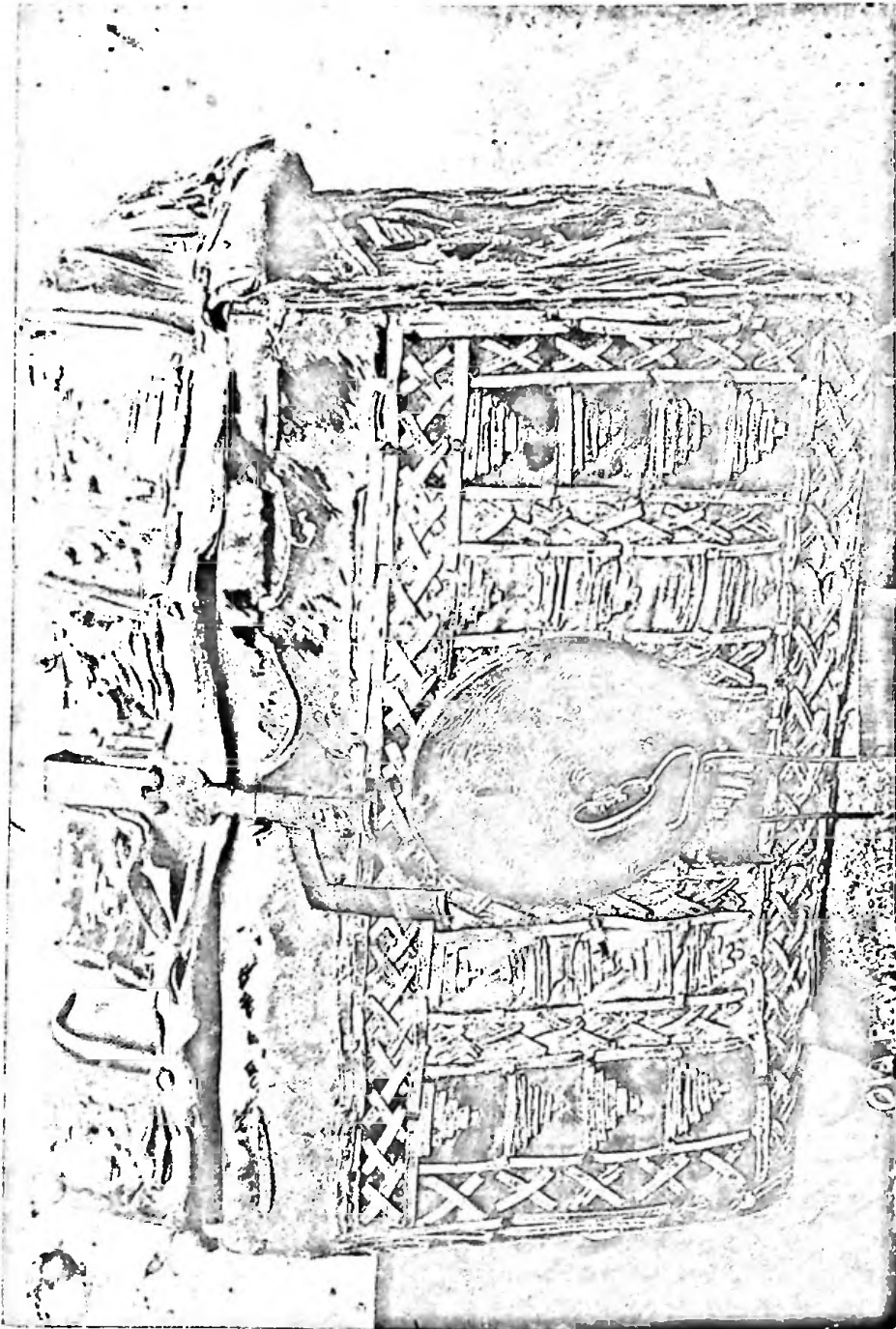
A pair of golden candlesticks was another item on the list. Candelario used to feed unsuspecting newspaper reporters with the following story:

"I sold two brass candlesticks to a Missouri tourist for \$4.00 and when I wrapped them up I heard a peculiar musical sound. Rushing to the laboratory in my residence, I applied the acids and found these candlesticks were of 18 karat gold, worth \$4,000.00 each. Of course, I replaced them with \$4.00 brass candlesticks and deposited my newly found treasure in that big iron safe over there."

Dunne claimed that the story worked and "more than one over-zealous newshound had to send a telegram to Denver to KILL the story he had wired about the priceless golden candlesticks discovered by a local curio dealer in Santa Fe."

Not everything on Candelario's list represented the grotesque or humorous. He adored a silver spur said to have been worn by Emperor Maximilian when he took his last ride on horseback. The gorgeous spur, adorned with a crown and a huge letter "M", represented one of the truly outstanding pieces of 19th century Mexican silver craftsmanship. Another item Candelario favored was a pair of stirrups presented to him by the late Mrs. Victoriana Velarde de Martinez of Velarde, New Mexico, who was a descendant of one of the original soldiers of Oñate, New Mexico's conquerer in 1598. The stirrups were brought to this country at that time and are of ebony, elaborately carved in Moorish designs.

Mixed in with Candelario's favorite things were old buffalo hides painted in Indian symbols of antiquity, Penitente whips that had pieces of glass woven in the rawhide tails and a beautiful Italian angel of 17th century origin whose wings are missing. However, it was Candelario's private collection of jewelry that really amazed those fortunate enough to be allowed to see even a part of it. A writer from New York on a visit to Santa Fe many years ago was given this privilege. He stated: "Candelario



This is the old trunk, still on display in the Original Old Curio Store, that Candelario used to spoof tourists by telling them it had once been used by Ben Hur.

Doyle Collection



is sort of an East Indian rajah or maharajah. I was at his residence one night, and at a late hour Candelario emptied a huge barrel of rings, silver and gold, on a Persian rug in the center of his drawing room. His eyes literally glowed with delight as they drank in the magnificent, glittering scene. It reminded me of the stories of ancient and present-day potentates who gloat over quarts and quarts of rubies poured out of a huge golden chalice under the soft lights of a myriad of candles."

If Candelario enjoyed his treasures, he valued his library filled with hundreds of volumes of priceless first editions, and he loved good music. One of the last of the world celebrities to call on Candelario shortly before his death July 30, 1938, was Leopold Stokowski. On that occasion, he offered to show his unique curio store to Stokowski on a Sunday afternoon. It may be assumed that this famous personage was admitted to the walk-in safe where the most precious of his private collection was locked away.

The first time this writer saw the contents of this safe was in 1948. Upon entering the 12 by 10 foot room, I was confronted with a wall of small shallow drawers which extended from the floor to the ceiling. Each contained one or more pieces of exquisite Indian or filigree jewelry. There were also drawers of unset stones—opals, turquoise, rubies, emeralds, matched pearls and black star sapphires. In the middle of the room were huge Indian pots filled with rare spider and Cerrillos turquoise, as yet uncut. The other walls of the safe were lined with shelves upon which rested priceless antiques—beautiful ornate dueling pistols in elaborate leather cases, a fabulous gold coin collection, lovely old santos and retablos, golden crosses, delicately beaded Indian ceremonial robes and beautifully decorated boxes that contained many other lovely things. After an hour of browsing, I became extremely light-headed and was assured this condition was brought about by the poor ventilation in the safe. However, I think that the safe had the same effect upon me that some avaricious Fifth Avenue matrons experience after a visit to Tiffany's in New York. I can remember marveling at Candelario's persistence in accumulating these treasures and being amazed at his selectiveness.

At the time of my visit the Original Old Curio Store's owner had been dead for a decade. Within the next two decades the collections were destined to be sold to various collectors and museums throughout the United States. Today only a tiny portion of Candelario's fabulous curios can be seen in his old store in Santa Fe. Among the remnants of the Candelario collection is an old leather trunk. Candelario used to show this unique treasure to curious tourists and tell them it was used by Ben Hur.

"They wanted to be 'kidded' and I 'kidded' them," he used to explain. If he ever looks down from wherever it is that old curio dealers go after their trading days are over, it probably pleases him that the trunk is still on display in what was once the most fantastic store in the Southwest.

## OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

The annual August Rendezvous held at the Denver Press Club on the evening of August 17, will go down in the history of the Denver Posse as one of the most successful and enjoyable meetings of the year. Darlene and Robert Edgerton presented their twin screen slide program titled, "Selected Ghost Towns and Mining Camps." The highlight of the presentation will be remembered by the comparison photos—the early shots furnished by Fred and Jo Mazzulla and those taken at a much later date by Darlene and Bob. Many comparisons were extremely well executed and presented on twin screens.

Due to a last-minute change in plans from the Oxford Hotel to the Denver Press Club, the banquet hall was filled to capacity and it must be noted that the management and personnel of the Press Club did an outstanding job in arranging all the service details of the dinner meeting under emergency conditions. No compliment is sufficiently adequate to express our appreciation.

The Posse was honored by some seldom seen corresponding members, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Roy Barnes and Joy R. Bogue of Colorado Springs, Clarice Whittenburg, well-know historian from Laramie, Wyom-



Sheriff Bill Marshall presenting the speakers' plaque to Bob and Darlene Edgerton at the Summer Rendezvous of Aug. 17.

*Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla.*

ing and the Executive Secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society, Nyle H. Miller.

Dr. Philip Whiteley, Keeper of the Possibles Bag, had a field day at the Rendezvous. The good doctor reports that he raffled off sixteen books and/or booklets, the largest "gamble" of the year. He reports the following publications, donors and winners.

Nyle H. Miller donated five to the Possibles Bag: Two copies of *Great Gunfighters of the Kansas Coughtowns, 1867-1886*, by Nyle H. Miller and Joseph W. Snell and three copies of *The Birth of the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe Railway* by Snell and Wilson.

Fred and Jo Mazzulla contributed five copies of *Al Packer—A Colorado Cannibal*.

*The Apache Frontier* by Max L. Moorhead came from the University of Oklahoma Press and *Ghost Towns of the Colorado Rockies*, by Bob Brown, P.M., was put in the Bag by Caxton Printers.

The Whiteleys and the Rosenstocks contributed jointly with *My Rocky Mountain Valley* by James Grafton Rogers.

Unidentified donors donated *Vast Domain of Blood* by Don Schellie, *Pioneers of the Western Frontier* by Harriet Farnsworth and *Whcre the Old West Never Died* by Naylor.

The winners were: Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Gillis, Velma Churchill, Mrs. Roy Barnes, "Luck Box" Rizzari, Mrs. Nyle Miller, Mrs. Blecha, Mrs. Whiteley, L. N. Lindeman, Clarice Whittenburg, Marion Ling, Francis Bain, Cecil Connor, Charles Ryland, Otis King, Mac Poor and Joy R. Bogue.

Erma Bombeck in her column 'At

Wit's End' published in the *Seattle Times* on August 8, devoted two columns to a review of Fred and Jo Mazzulla's recent book, *Al Packer—A Colorado Cannibal*. She reviewed it from the modern viewpoint of her nine-year-old son. Space limitation does not permit full coverage but a few excerpts tell a "neat" story:

"Boy, what a neat book! There was this guy who ate people and one winter he went on a hunting trip into the mountains, he discovered he didn't have no money, no food, no Diner's Card, no nothing.

"Well, for a while he ate snow cones, but that didn't satisfy him, so one night he thought if he didn't have a snack he was going to die, so he picked up a hatchet and killed the other men.

"He didn't have to worry about putting them in a refrigerator or food locker because he had all that ice, so he nibbled on them for a month or so. I told you it was a groovy book."

Erma Bombeck's column is syndicated in 146 papers from coast to coast and appeared in the Sunday Denver Post on August 25, 1968.

Columnist Charles McCabe of the *San Francisco Chronicle* devoted considerable space in his column, "The Fearless Spectator" on August 12 and 13 to our own Posse member, Thomas Hornsby Ferril. After a visit to Denver and Tom Ferril, McCabe on August 12, wrote the following:

The newspaper columnist is a funny breed. And among the best of breed I would certainly have to number Tom Ferril, of this mile-high town.

Thomas Hornsby Ferril writes a column under the name "Childe Herald" for The Rocky Mountain Herald which, at age 109, is the old-

est weekly paper in Colorado. He is also a distinguished poet, loaded down with laurel. His latest volume is "Words for Denver and other Poems."

There is a kind of Ferril cult abroad: but it does no harm. Said the late Bernard de Voto of Ferril's column "Ideas and Comment" in the Herald:

"He has never written a mediocre piece: I can't remember even a sloppy paragraph. It is by so far the best weekly column in contemporary journalism that there is no second place; the runner-up comes in third."

Robert Frost wrote a small poem to to him. Carl Sandburg said. "He's terrifically and beautifully American." Said Mark Van Doren of his column: "It contains the world as he sees and feels it; and since his nature is capacious, his heart generous, and his mind both keen and sound, here in a word is God's plenty."

This, of course, is quite a tribute to Tom, but on August 13, McCabe summed up his conversations with Tom

Ferril on this jeweled note:

". . . He (Tom) was talking about the human comedy, which is the subject matter of any columnist worth his salt, and it went something like this:

"'On with the circus! It's all pretty deplorable, but it's the best we have until you and I turn out to be better than we are.'"

It is always a pleasure to pass on to our membership the many accolades that are bestowed on so many members of our Denver Posse. They cut a wide swath of pasture land.

The Denver Posse is in receipt of an informative letter from Mrs. Jean Williams of Lincoln, Nebraska. Since the death of her husband Bill, Mrs. Williams has taken over as Senior Associate Editor of the excellent publication, *NEBRASKALand* magazine, published by the Nebraska Game and Parks Department. We are looking forward to receiving a copy of *NEBRASKALand*.

## New Hands on the Denver Range

Lawrence F. McCarty, M.D.  
1422 Bonneville St.  
Laramie, Wyoming 82070

Fred Mazzulla tapped another Wyomingite for corresponding membership. Dr. McCarty investigates ghost towns, Indian artifacts and antique arms in his historical research.

Dr. McCarty's family came to Wyoming in 1868 and his instinctive interest in Western history is focused on Wyoming and Montana.

Though president of the Wyoming State Board of Health he still finds time to participate in his numerous hobbies of photography, gun collecting, reloading, hunting, back packing, fishing and researching the lives of Charles Russell and Father DeSmet.

Carrol Joe Carter  
97 Sierra  
Alamosa, Colorado 81101

Kenny Englert, PM, sponsors the membership of Carrol Joe Carter, assistant professor of History and Political Science at Adams State College, Alamosa, Colorado. Mr. Carter's literary endeavors dovetail with those of his vocation with general Colorado history and the local political history of the Alamosa area as his chief interests.

For the hobby breaks that complete a full life, Mr. Carter enjoys panning for gold for fun, and fishing, hunting and photography for his own amusement.

Richard Arneson  
65 Elm  
Denver, Colorado 80220

Mr. Arneson is a member of Leliman Brothers, an investment banking firm. His work in the field of Western Americana is devoted to the history of the growth and development of cattle ranches and the farming interests of Colorado. Bill Kostka brings Richard Arneson to our corresponding membership.

Frank S. McGorty  
315 Montgomery St., Suite 302  
San Francisco, California 94104

It is a pleasure to welcome another citizen of San Francisco to corresponding membership. Fred Mazzulla sponsors Fred McGorty as a Western enthusiast and researcher of trappers, mountain men, National and State parks, stamps, maps, medals and mountains and rivers.

Hiking and collecting Western Americana fill Mr. McGorty's hobby time.

## ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

The following article appeared in the *Rocky Mtn. News* on September 25, 1868:

"Fort Wallace, Kan. September 24. —Two scouts from Col. Forsyth's camp, on the dry fork of the Republican, report that on the 17th three or four hundred Indians attacked the camp. Col. Forsyth, having only fifty men, crossed to a small island. The Indians commenced firing, and kept it up until sundown. The scouts were obliged to crawl on their hands and knees two miles through Indians to escape from camp. They heard firing back at the camp all next day. The casualties were: Col. Forsyth, left leg broken by ball, shot through the right thigh. Lt. Beecher, shot in several places, supposed to be dying—his back is broken; he begged the men to kill him. Dr. Moore, shot in the head while dressing Forsyth's wounds. Ten men killed and twenty

wounded. All the stock of the command is killed. The men are living on horseflesh. The scouts had only one and a half pounds of grub to last them into Wallace. The party had sixty rounds of ammunition left, and were fortifying. The scouts could only travel of nights on account of the danger of Indians, they being seen every day. On learning Col. Forsyth's condition, Col. Bankhead, commanding this post, sent out one hundred men, with arms and ammunition, to their relief.

"LATER—Gen. Nichols has just arrived from Fort Reynolds, and reports Lieut. Beecher dead, Dr. Moore mortally wounded and dying, and Col. Forsyth nearly as bad. All were lying there with Indians all around them, eating horseflesh, and waiting patiently for relief. Cols. Bankhead and Carpenter will reach them to night."



# Westerner's Bookshelf



**TWO GUNS, ARIZONA**, by Gladwell Richardson (Number 15 of a series of Western Americana). Santa Fe, New Mexico: The Press Of The Territorians, 1968. 27 pp. Photographs. Bibliography. \$1.50.

Although this pamphlet is not a scholarly study in the sense of the historical profession, it is as sincere a labor of love as will ever appear concerning the "unusual town of Two Guns . . . near the half-way mark between Flagstaff and Winslow on Interstate Highway 40 . . ." The area in which the town is located is rich in pre-history as is reflected in the cliff dwelling ruins of Canyon Diablo and the relics of its primitive inhabitants. East of it lies Meteor or Barringer Crater—the evidence of the massive visitor of 22,000 years ago from outer space. More recently it has been the range of the Apache and Navajo tribes, the scene of Spanish intrusion—explorers, missionaries, treasure seekers, and settlers who were followed by American trappers and traders.

Two Guns and the immediate vicinity, crossed and recrossed by every kind of frontiersman, witnessed the entire panorama of the conquering of the West. Far too numerous to mention are the names of the men, red and white, who battled for possession of the land or those who struggled with their flocks and herds to gain a foothold. Hell Street housed denizens typical of the raw, lusty, and untamed Southwestern frontier — drifters, prostitutes, killers, soldiers, gunmen, cattlemen, cowboys,

bandits and confidence men — a good representation of heroes and villains. Much of Two Guns' character persisted into the twentieth century and, with the coming of the automobile, it became a tourist attraction. Today Two Guns consists of a motel, coffee shop, gift and curio shop, western tavern and lounge, and a service station—all new buildings "in keeping with Western atmosphere and tradition."

Because of the many place names, the geographic and topographic features significant to this monograph, a detailed map of the region would be an aid to the reader. The bibliography of books, newspapers, articles, and interviews is extensive. The booklet will certainly be of interest for tourists and collectors of Western Americana.

Clifford P. Westermeier, CM

**MOUNTAIN CHARLEY**, by Mrs. E. J. Guerin. Introduction by Fred M. Mazzulla and William Kostka. University of Oklahoma Press. \$2.95

Mrs. Guerin wrote her autobiography at the tender age of thirty years, almost half of which had been spent in men's clothing and doing men's work. She tells her story in the quaint and typical language of the mid-Victorian period, but with remarkable capacity for dramatic narrative. It is a completely enjoyable account of her varied experiences, which took her from Chicago and St. Louis to the California gold fields.

However, the biography of another Mountain Charley, written for The

Golden Transcript by General George West, suffers somewhat by comparison. West's more composed, pedestrian style does not project the verve of Mrs. Guerin's more emotional out-pouring.

What does fire the imagination is the fact that the two Mountain Charleys were in Denver at the same time—during the winter of 1859-60. What a story might have come out of their meeting! Or why didn't they meet, and make some mention of it?

These questions carry over into other areas of the old West, and other stories of still other Mountain Charleys. One is forced to the conclusion that male impersonation was as popular 100 years ago as female impersonation is today.

L. H. Lindemann, CM

**BOSTONIANS AND BULLION,**  
 edited by Gene M. Gressley, Uni-  
 versity of Nebraska Press, 1968.  
 193 pages with 16 full page pic-  
 tures and 5 maps. \$6.95

This book is primarily the edited diary of Robert Livermore during the period 1892 to 1915, sandwiched between 23 pages of introduction and 9 pages of epilogue. The introduction and epilogue are brilliantly written, while the edited diary contains many phrases and descriptions indicating the exuberance of youth, and later a growing maturity.

Livermore was educated at Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Much of the period under review as spent in the San Juan Mountains and near the Smuggler-Union mine at Telluride, Colorado. Brief interludes in College days, Europe, Mexico and Canada were cleverly woven into the script. The notes, observations and reports of factual incidents all without plot or drama, provide excellent

historical material. The labor unrest and union warfare, along with an analysis of the character of Bulkeley Wells was discreetly reported. It was particularly interesting to recognize the change in outlook of the youthful observations in the diary, with those views of a later period which indicated growing maturity. The pictures are exceptionally clear and in sharp detail, none taken later than 1915, with most of them taken about 1900.

The material was credible, and I enjoyed the succinct understatement in the diary. It should be read slowly, allowing time to ponder each paragraph. The following quoted paragraph is a sample to illustrate the style: "The routine of mining work was varied by the never uninteresting events of a flush mining town, still with its rough edges not too smoothed. I remember one 'tin horn' named Munn, semi-cowhand, semi-gambler, who killed the sheriff's deputy who was trying to disarm him, and took to the brush. The deputy, Art Goeglein, was universally liked, and a posse formed and hunted the killer far and wide, but without avail. Finally the tin horn came in and gave himself up, saying; I got tired of waiting for you fellows to catch me, and fed up with living like a chipmunk in the brush.' I believe he was acquitted, as usual, on the grounds of self-defense."

Researchers will find the diary rewarding for factual information, contributing to the mining history of Colorado, and the social and economic conditions of the period. This book is interesting and will hold your attention with colorful details, objective reporting, and easy to read type. I recommend it.

JOY R. BOGUE, CM



A composite photograph of the interior of the Original Old Curio Store taken in 1916. From left to right are Candelario, his wife Estefanita, Alice (his only child), Estafanita, Alice and Candelario.

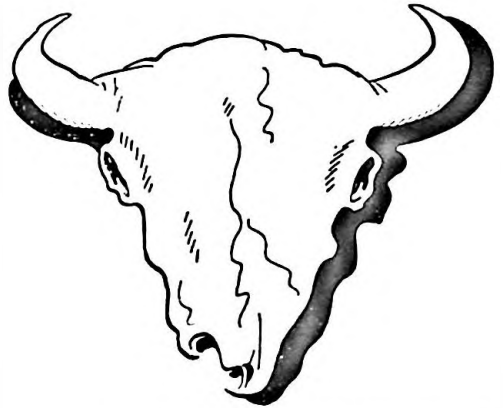
John S. Candelario Collection



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

OCTOBER  
1968  
Volume XXIV  
Number 10

IN THIS ISSUE  
"EXCERPTS FROM THE SCRAPBOOK OF  
H. H. STEVENS"  
by  
Channing F. Sweet



Channing F. Sweet (right) receiving the speaker's plaque from Deputy Sheriff Robert Brown at the September 25th meeting.

Fred and Jo Mazzulla Collection

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Channing F. Sweet, "the Princeton cowboy", was born in Denver in 1898. Although Mr. Sweet was educated in the refined and staid milieu of the East, he chose to carve his career in the atmosphere of the Colorado mountains, the rough life of a working ranch and the turn of the century environment of the West. He has worked as a guide, cattle and sheep buyer and rancher. His latest book, *A Princeton Cowboy*, published in 1967, explains how an Ivy Leaguer came back to his home in the West and shed a tweed jacket for buckskin.

Mr. Sweet's grandfather came to Pike's Peak in 1871. His father, William E. Sweet, served as Governor of Colorado, 1923-25.

## FUTURE MEETINGS

Posse member Numa James has written an interesting paper for presentation at the October meeting. Numa has chosen about 100 examples from a collection of over 750 slides which reveal the advertising sales pitch of the early days. The title of the paper is, "Let The Buyer Beware." Through newspaper ads, billboards, hand-outs and gimmicks, Numa checks the pulse of advertising that persuaded Grandma and Grandpa to purchase commodities from the enterprising merchants of the pioneer days. Before the advent of the FTC Numa James says the liquor dealers sold whiskey "that could make you live 100 years! An advertisement says so." It should be an interesting and amusing slide presentation.

Don Griswold will be the speaker for the November meeting. More on that subject in the next issue.

# THE DENVER WESTERNERS MONTHLY ROUNDUP

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Number 10



October  
1968

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### USE THESE ADDRESSES FOR:

**Correspondence and Remittance** — Fred Mazzulla, 1050 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202

**Material intended for publication in ROUNDUP** — Milton W. Callon, 841 Jackson, Denver, Colorado 80206.

**Reservations for all meetings and dinners** — Herbert W. O'Hanlon, 1050 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Dinner \$3.50. Reservations only.

### NEW 1968 OFFICERS

**Sheriff:** William E. Marshall

**Deputy Sheriff:** Robert L. Brown

**Roundup Foreman and Tally Man:**

Fred M. Mazzulla

**Chuck Wrangler:** Herbert W. O'Hanlon

**Registrar of Marks and Brands:**

Milton W. Callon

**Membership Chairman:**

Dr. Philip W. Whiteley

**Program Chairman:** Kenneth E. Englert

**Keeper of the Possibles Bag:**

Dr. Philip W. Whiteley

**Publications Chairman:** Richard A. Ronzio

**Nominations Chairman:** Dr. Arthur L. Campa

**Book Review Chairman:**

Dr. Ralph W. Danielson

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.

## EXCERPTS FROM THE SCRAPBOOK OF H. H. STEVENS

by Channing F. Sweet

There has been so much written about Colorado Springs by eminent authors such as Marshall Sprague's *Newport in the Rockies*, John Felter's *Pikes Peak People*, and Inez Hunt's books and pamphlets, that I doubt whether I can add a great deal to what is already known. It is sort of like inflation when you have so much money that you can't buy anything.

The names of General Palmer, "Spec" Penrose, Winfield Scott Stratton, Count James Pourtales, Charlie Tutt are all well-known to any who have an interest in the history of the Colorado Springs area. They all contributed their part to the growth and well-being of the region.

However, there might be interesting thumbnail sketches of people, though not so well known nor as wealthy, who have done something in their small way to add some historical interest.

The following items concerning people and events, which may be interesting and entertaining are taken from an exhaustive scrapbook which belongs to Mrs. Albert Knight of Colorado Springs. She is the youngest child of Henry Hoyt Stevens and the only one of five still living.

Who was H.H. Stevens? He was a native of the town of Dunham in the Province of Quebec and therefore a Canadian. Although he arrived in this country in 1871, he never became a naturalized citizen. How he managed to vote in all elections is still a mystery. He was my grandmother's brother and therefore my great-uncle. He, together with my grandfather, helped to fight the great fire in Chicago of October 9, 1871 started by Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicking over the milk bucket and lantern. Immediately after the fire, everything in Chicago being in turmoil, he and his young bride, together with my grandfather and grandmother, the Channing Sweets, and their two-year old son, William E. Sweet, my father, left for Colorado Springs. They arrived on the first narrow-gauge passenger train that ran on the Rio Grande tracks from Denver to Colorado Springs. The town, then known as Fountain Colony, had been laid out six weeks before their arrival.

Mr. Stevens and his wife went immediately to South Park where they took up a homestead on land now covered by the eleven-mile reservoir. South Park was then populated by a scattering of white people with a few small settlements here and there, but most of the population was Indians and wild beasts! He owned some milk cows, and made butter from the cream, storing it in large barrels. When he had quite a supply on hand he hitched up his team to a small old wagon and started out on his butter route to sell it to various people in the Park in order to raise some cash.

Although he was a teetotaler himself, he always had a bottle of whiskey with him in order to pacify the Indians. This worked well one evening when on his way from Colorado Springs to his homestead, a journey of two days, he stopped at a small store in Florissant where two Indians were rather obnoxious to the lone woman proprietor. He offered each of the Indians a drink or two and they left the store peaceably and in high spirits.

His first son, Fred Park Stevens, was born in their dirt-floored homestead log cabin. He was the first white child born in South Park.

The winters were very cold, it was a long way from civilization and living was a great hardship, so in 1876 he moved to Colorado Springs and entered the hay and grain business. He sold the first carload of corn in the Springs. He soon sold this business to my grandfather and started a livery stable with a Mr. Rouse.

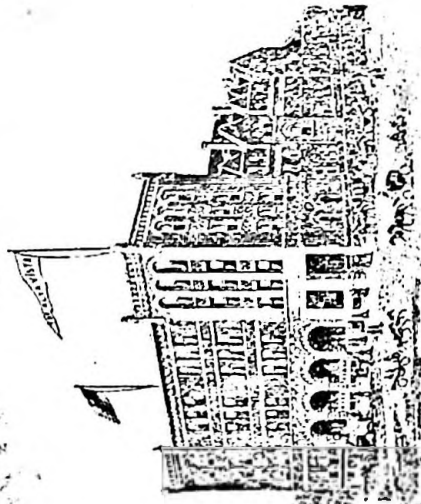
H. H. Stevens drove the first stage from Colorado Springs to Leadville and continued this for some time. The stable furnished horses and mules to take three-seated carriages up Pikes Peak. To each carriage or surrey was hitched four animals. This was the old Cascade carriage road. This trip was considered the greatest thrill in the country. The year was 1889. They also operated one Herdic coach which seated twelve people, back to back. It went up Nevada Avenue from Cucharras street to Cache La Poudre drawn by two small mules. It was the first public transportation in the city. It ran every thirty minutes during the day. The fare was ten cents, four for a quarter, nine for fifty cents and twenty for one dollar. Later they reported that the Herdic coach had cleared 10% of the money invested over and above all expenses during the month of April. They were getting rich so fast that they announced that the fare would be reduced to five cents.

A few notable things happened during those early years. Grasshoppers in the summer of 1875 stripped trees and shrubs of all foliage. The grasshoppers together with the dead leaves fell into the wells used for drinking water, making it unsafe for human consumption, so the city fathers started a water system in Bear Creek Canyon about four miles southwest of the town.

There were no meat markets, but deer and antelope were plentiful

# THE NEW ALTA VISTA

Centrally Located  
Convenient to Opera House and Business Portion of the city.



H. HOYT STEVENS  
Owner and Manager

H. HOYT STEVENS  
Owner and Manager

## Colorado Springs, Colorado

Every Modern Convenience,  
Porcelain Baths, Lighted by Electricity,  
Electric Elevator, Bells, etc.

No Inside Rooms.  
Splendidly Lighted and Ventilated Apartments  
Right in the Fashionable part of the City.

H. H. Stevens' advertisement for his hotel as published in *Colorado Springs and its Famous Scenic Environs* by Geo. Rex Buckman.

Fred and Jo Mazzulla Collection

running in small herds at the foot of Cheyenne Mountain and close-by on the prairies. Indians passed through the town on their way up Ute Pass and there were a few Indian scares, but they were quite peaceful, only asking for a few handouts now and then.

Mr. Stevens finally quit the livery business and in May 1889 he opened the Alta Vista on the corner of Cascade and Kiowa one block north of the Antlers. It was described in the newspaper as:

A splendid new boarding house. The main entrance is in the east facing Cascade. The main hall extending the length of the building is carpeted with light brussels and the hall and parlor furniture is antique oak.

Then it describes the rest of the first floor as having,

Splendid suites of rooms together with two beautifully furnished parlors. The second and third floors are reached by easy flights of stairs leading up from the middle of the building. In the center of each flight are landings with cushioned seats where invalids can rest when ascending if they so desire. The daily arrivals are not large as nearly ever since the house opened it has been full and it is no sooner known that there is to be a vacancy than there is somebody ready to take advantage of it. Many of the guests have made arrangements for the summer and though they are forty-five to fifty, they are fast becoming acquainted and join in the singing and dancing. Among the ladies are a violinist, a guitar and banjo player and many good singers. Not an evening passes but a jolly crowd gathers on the broad piazza for a concert.

Mrs. Stevens enjoyed music of every sort and the Alta Vista must have been the focal point of the various small musicales held in the city as there were programs galore of musicales and concerts of every size, kind, and description.

The Alta Vista was noted for its meals as Mrs. Stevens oversaw and supervised all the cooking. A few of the dishes which the dining room menu afforded in 1889 might be of interest. Salami of prairie chicken with olives; syllabub cream; yacht oyster soup; (for some reason oysters lent themselves better than did most foods to the canning process of the time. They emerged less stew-like and more nutritious per ounce, factors which brought them high popularity in districts where weight was a primary consideration) saddle of venison with jelly; round of elk, larded with green olives; fig fritters, white wine sauce, brides pudding, banana jam, Colorado gazelle, larded, hunter style. A good deal of imagination was evidently used to name and prepare some of the above delicacies.

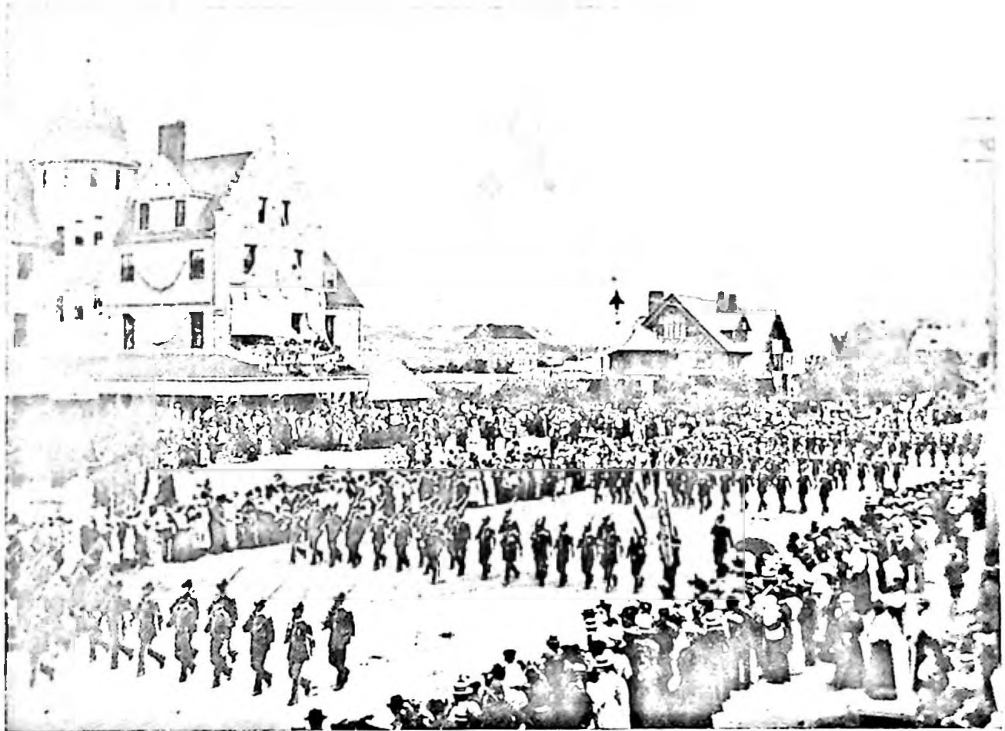
The hotel or boardinghouse was enlarged in 1890 and after telling how comfortable and warm it was in the winter and how cool in summer and how homelike it was for those staying there the article goes on to say, "Ladies travelling alone will find the Alta Vista a quiet homelike place

and will receive special attention. Travelling men always welcome." The rates were \$2.50 to \$3.50 per day and there were special rates by the week.

The Alta Vista was enlarged in 1899 and also again after a few years until it contained 120 rooms.

Evidently the streets in the Springs were not very well maintained because "Mr. Stevens would not permit his guests to suffer longer so he built a stone crossing at Cascade and Kiowa himself."

The scrapbook contained many descriptions of storms and on Thursday, November 21, 1900 the following was noted.

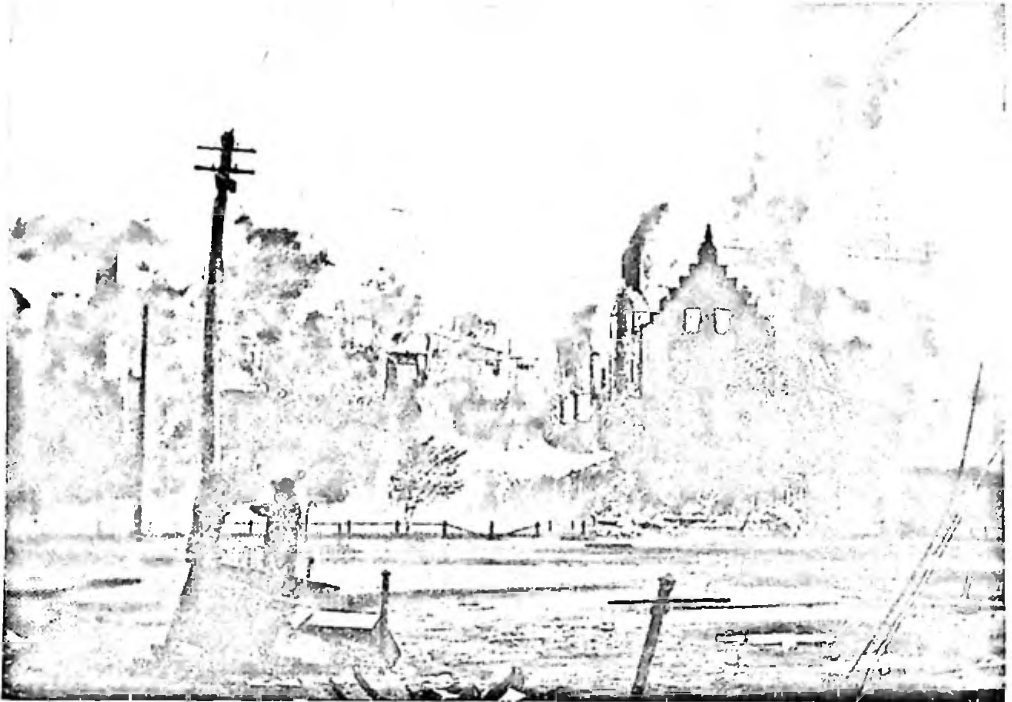


Parade down Cascade Avenue in front of the Antlers Hotel circa 1889.

Fred and Jo Mazzulla Collection

A terrific wind storm hit the city which any resident of Colorado Springs will never forget. A day and a night of terror. No words can ever describe it, no pen can ever picture what the people of this city have known in the past 24 hours. At the present writing the wind has blown a gale that disorganized the city for more than ten hours. We are shut off from communication from every other place and people are huddled in their homes, hoping, praying, that a calamity may not overtake them. The greatest danger has been from fire. Early in the day fire alarms began to come in because ash bins and other smouldering embers began to break into blazes. The falling of buildings were

also a cause for alarm for fires. Finally all the firemen and horses were exhausted and other horses and additional men had to be secured. The roof of the big Durkee building on Pikes Peak Avenue between Tejon and Cascade was lifted and landed on the east side of Tejon Street. The roof was carried clear over the Exchange National Bank Building and fell on the east sidewalk of Tejon Street, crashing through the plate glass window of the Osborn's cigar store and Shove, Aldridge and Company's Office. All electricity was shut off from fear of falling wires. No one knew the velocity of the wind. At the college weather bureau it showed eighty miles an hour. The weather vane spun around for a long time but finally became overheated and melted away. It was carried away at last and no exact record is known.



The great fire that destroyed the Antlers Hotel in 1898.

Fred and Jo Mazzulla Collection

Speaking of fires in Colorado Springs. The original Antlers Hotel was built in 1891, enlarged in 1892, and burned to the ground in 1898. Mr. Whitney, a salesman, had this to say about that fire:

I arrived in Colorado Springs the evening of October 1, 1898, the day of the big fire when the Antlers burned. I came down from Denver on the afternoon train and there was a big crowd of newspaper reporters on the train. They kept jumping out at every station and looking southward, so finally I



asked what was the matter and received the answer that Colorado Springs had burned to the ground. I didn't hardly see how I could do business in a town that had burned to the ground but I stopped off. When we neared the city we could see the blaze and when we got there the roof was going off. The Antlers park was filled with furniture and I never saw such a sight of bedroom suites, etc. in my life. The other hotels in the city were crowded but I managed to get a room at the Alta Vista and went out to see the fire. I didn't know whether the Alta Vista would stand the heat or not. As a matter of fact the roof did catch in places during the evening and there wasn't much sleep for me or anyone else. The wind was blowing hard, too. My it was awful!



"Sunset Behind Pikes Peak" by Fred P. Stevens.

Fred and Jo Mazzulla Collection

Something should be said about Fred P. Stevens, eldest son of H. H. Stevens. He was a photographer of note. He was the official photographer of the St. Louis Exposition of 1904 and the Yukon-Seattle Exposition of 1908. He is, however, best known for his remarkable photographs taken in 1897 of "Sunrise from Pikes Peak" and "Sunset behind Pikes Peak." The former was the most difficult, as there had to be a cloud on the sun to keep it from shining into his camera lense. They were both published in *Harpers Weekly* and the negatives and copyrights were bought by Foltz and Hardy of Chicago. The sunrise picture was sent all over the world and

over 40,000 copies were printed. It was pronounced one of the most wonderful pieces of photographic work in the history of art.

Mr. Hoyt Stevens was a stubborn and rather pecunious gentleman as is shown by the following:

In 1891, Mr. Stevens went to California leaving a heifer in a pasture at Broadmoor. The animal strayed into the Broadmoor dairy pasture adjoining. The dairy, after being purchased by Dr. Smith, insisted that the cow was included in the purchase. Upon Mr. Stevens return to the Springs he secured judgment for the value of the cow in a justice court. Smith appealed, the district court affirmed the justice's decision. Dr. Smith then went to the state court of appeals which ordered the case retried by the local district court. The latter again decided in Steven's favor and Dr. Smith again sought the court of appeals. While the case was pending the court of appeals was merged with the state supreme court and it was that tribunal which on April 5, 1905, rendered the verdict sustaining the lower court in favor of Stevens. The case took fourteen years to adjudicate. It cost Smith \$2,000 and all this involved a \$40 cow. However, Stevens received \$600 as he was suing not only for the cow but for all her offspring and the milk she would have produced.

As a side comment by one who was in the cattle business for thirty-five years, it would be most interesting to see by just what process of reasoning the court and Mr. Stevens arrived at the figure of \$600 for the offspring and what the number of gallons of milk would have been worth with regard to the above case!

Just recently a law was passed making it illegal to burn trash in Colorado Springs on account of smoke polluting the air. However, in 1905 it was noted that a great deal of smoke was a menace to the town because the winds coming out of the north caused the smoke from the steam engines pulling passenger and freight trains up over Monument Hill to float down upon the city which was most annoying to the inhabitants. Nothing could be done concerning this menace until the engines could be converted to electricity, so said Mr. Stevens.

The first long automobile trip taken by the Stevens family was in 1908. They decided to visit Mr. and Mrs. Sweet, Mr. Steven's sister and brother-in-law in Denver. The trip was bumpy and dusty and it took five hours to drive to Denver and five hours to make the return trip but no accidents nor flat tires were encountered and the car ran well.

In 1916 a New York newspaper published the fact that Nevada Avenue in Colorado Springs, Colorado, 6340 feet above sea level, was the highest paved street in the world.

In 1920 Mr. Stevens leased the hotel but took it back in 1935 and started operating it again at the age of 84. To celebrate his return to the

hotel business he had an extra-special Christmas dinner with several choices advertised in the paper for 65¢, available in the coffee shop.

Mr. Stevens not only owned the Alta Vista Hotel but he also had a gold mine at Ophir, Colorado. He never operated it himself but managed to lease it several times. After being worked by the lessor who found little pay dirt, Mr. Stevens would get it back and would again lease it to someone else. It made him as much money through his leasing as it would have done had it contained some gold.

In 1939 the hotel was purchased by Jack D. McClure, whose wife was a step-granddaughter of H. H. Stevens. Because of the age and condition of the plumbing and heating plant, he decided to tear it down in 1963. The only part of the old hotel still standing is the flat, ugly Kochina lounge. The Alta Vista therefore, was in operation under the same family management for seventy-four years. Mr. Stevens died in 1943 at the age of 94. I still remember seeing him driving some of the elderly women guests around town shortly before his death.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevens were the oldest couple who were living in the Springs when it was laid out. They were married almost sixty-nine years when Mrs. Stevens died in 1940 at the age of 88.

There were several firsts in connection with the hotel. The first cooking to be done by electricity west of the Mississippi was done in Colorado Springs at the Alta Vista. It was considered too expensive; but as the Hotel had its own electrical plant, a large dynamo was installed. This was in 1902. In 1917 a hotel cafeteria was opened which according to Mr. Stevens was the first hotel cafeteria anywhere in the country. The ornamental lights on Cascade Street in front of the Alta Vista hotel were the first installed in Colorado Springs. The hotel had the first automatic electrically operated elevator in Colorado.

The corner where the old Alta Vista stood is across the street from new and modern stores and office buildings, including the recently-opened Penrose Library. Some day even the ugly Kochina lounge will be torn down and thus will pass into history another landmark which served its purpose so well in years past.

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# New Hands on the Denver Range

**Stan Zamonski**  
14022 W. 22nd Ave.  
Golden, Colo. 80401

We welcome back into the ranks of membership an old associate of the Denver Posse, Stan Zamonski. Stan is the author of *The '59ers*, *The Westerners*, and scores of Western material in magazines, books and historic reports.

Mr. Zamonski is a world traveler, prize winning photographer and linguist. He is presently working on a book covering the California missions. Other interests in the field of historic writing are too numerous to mention but it is good to have his literary accomplishments within the ranks of the Denver Posse.

**Dr. Jack K. Cooper**  
64 El Rio Drive  
Alamosa, Colorado 81101

Don Bloch sponsors the corresponding membership of Dr. Cooper. When not en-

gaged in the general practice of dentistry, the doctor is a part-time instructor at Adams State College. He was recently elected Chairman of the Board of Directors of the newly founded San Luis Valley Historical Society, Inc. He is a licensed guide and outfitter in the State of Colorado and his chief historical interest encompasses the San Luis Valley history.

**Thomas B. Pennington**  
715 Clayton  
Denver, Colorado 80206

Frank Fontaine brings Thomas Pennington to our ranks of corresponding membership. Mr. Pennington's prime Western interest centers on Western paintings and painters. He rounds out his Western research by traveling and visiting historic areas of the Western states. Mr. Pennington is the senior member of Thomas Pennington Associates.

## ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Buffalo, October 24,—The following dispatch from President Johnson was received by Gov. Seymour today:

I see it announced in the papers, this morning, that you will enter the Presidential canvass in person. I trust this may be so, as the present position of public affairs justifies and demands it. 'Tis hoped and believed by your friends that all the enemies of Constitutional Government, whether secret or avowed, will not be spared; that their arbitrary and unjust usurpations, together with their wasteful, profligate, corrupt uses of the people's treasure, will be exposed and rebuked. The masses of the people should be aroused and warned against the en-

croachments of the despotic power now ready to enter the very gates of the citadel of liberty. I trust you may speak with inspired tongue, and that your voice may penetrate every just and patriotic heart throughout the land. Let the living principles of a violated Constitution be proclaimed and restored, that peace, prosperity and fraternal feeling may return to a divided and oppressed nation.  
Signed, Andrew Johnson.

The above telegraphic communication appeared in the *Rocky Mountain News* of October 24, 1868. Horatio Seymour was the Governor of New York and the Democratic nominee for the President of the United States in 1868.

# OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

It gives your editor considerable pleasure to publish a poem written by my friend and fellow Westerner, S. Omar Barker. "Trek in '89" was originally written for publication in the *Brand Book* of the New York Westerners some seven or eight years ago.

Omar selected this poem in response

to my humble request for a piece, poetry or prose, that would appropriately characterize—The Westerner. When we consider Omar's poetic saga, it becomes evident that either we or our forebears made similar treks westward at some memorable date and are now a part of our great Western heritage.

## TREK IN '89

When the drouth hung on in Texas  
 Till 'twas dusty in the bogs,  
 Squire Barker gathered up his kids  
 And whistled up his dogs;  
 He loaded up three wagons,  
 And he rounded up his stock,  
 And he headed out northwestward  
 With his family—just a flock  
 Of nine towheaded young'uns  
 And their Ma. She drove a team,  
 A cradled babe beside her,  
 And in her eyes a dream:  
 A dream of timbered mountains  
 With sweet valleys in between,  
 Of black loam for a garden  
 By a creek all willow-green.  
 The miles were long and lonely  
 In those days of long ago.  
 The plains were wide and weary,  
 And Pa's oxen traveled slow;  
 But Pa and Ma were mountain folk,  
 Virginia born and bred,  
 And when at last the Rockies  
 Loomed grand and green ahead,

The tired and toilsome journey  
 Was a soon forgotten past,  
 In the heart-content of mountaineers  
 Returned to hills at last.  
 With their wagons and their cattle,  
 They found a mountain stream,  
 With land enough to homestead—  
 Fulfillment for Ma's dream.  
 They named the new ranch Beulah Land.  
 By rugged sweat and prayer,  
 They made it home and haven.  
 Their bones lie buried there.  
 No marshal, sheriff, gambler,  
 No gunsmoke pistoleer—  
 My father was a grass-roots breed  
 Of Western pioneer.

S. Omar Barker

Members of the Denver Posse continue to make headlines and receive notable honors for meritorious service. Posse member Arthur Carhart is the latest to be honored. The following appeared in the Denver Post of October 5 in the paper's "Gallery of Fame."

"ARTHUR CARHART: For his years of effort on behalf of conservation and his writings on the subject in an attempt to create public concern. Largely through his efforts, a special conservation section was created in the Denver Public Library. Carhart was recently honored by the Colorado Author's League for his achievements as an author and conservationist."

Two distinguished members of the Denver Posse, Forbes Parkhill and Fred

Mazzulla received creditable exposure on Bill Barker's TV show, "Hot Topic", over KOA on Sunday evening, October 6, 11:30 to 12:30. They were joined in the discussion of "Bad Men and Shady Ladies" by George Morrison, Denver's famous musician and benefactor to numerous Negro entertainers who subsequently hit the "big lights."

Fred and Forbes discussed their favorite "bad men and shady ladies" while George reminisced on the same theme from his long experience in entertaining the gamut of the Denver populace—from the broads of the brothels to the blasé *bon vivant*. The numerous Mazzulla photographs which were screened for the viewers made it a good "late show."



# Westerner's Bookshelf



**MONTANA ADVENTURE: The Recollections of Frank B. Linderman.** University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Neb. Edited by Harold G. Merriam. \$5.95.

Frank B. Linderman was one of those intrepid, colorful, utterly fearless and dynamic men who helped settled the West and his recollections reflect his colorful career.

Going into northwestern Montana in 1885 as a boy of 16, Linderman lived off the land as a trapper and hunter. He was completely independent. When he needed shelter he built it. When he needed meat he shot it—but only what he needed. He asked help from no man yet was quick to give it to others.

He became a close friend of most of the Indian leaders of his day. In later years it was his sympathetic, understanding Indian stories and biographies which brought him literary fame. His biography of Plenty-Coups, chief of the Crows, is regarded as one of the classics in its field. It was originally published as *American, The Life Story of a Great Indian*.

From a trapper and hunter, almost penniless assayer and prosperous insurance agent, Linderman became something of a power in Republican politics in Montana. He served two terms in the House of the Montana Legislature. Three times he was nominated for Congress. Once he was defeated in the primary by Jeanette Rankin, the first woman elected to Congress. She cast the only vote against the United States declaration of war against Germany. Many

years later history was repeated when she cast the only vote against a declaration of war on Japan.

Linderman achieved such stature that he was able to defeat her brother, Wellington D. Rankin, for the nomination for the U. S. Senate—only to lose to Democrat Thomas Walsh. The margin was something around 17,000 votes, which was virtually a victory as votes were counted in Montana in those days.

A chapter of Linderman's recollections on Montana politics is particularly illuminating.

Dr. Harold G. Merriam has done a fine job of editing. He is a retired professor of English at the University of Montana.

He won a Rhodes scholarship while at the University of Wyoming and holds a degree from Columbia University. He was Frank Linderman's friend for more than 20 years.

He makes skillful use of footnotes without intruding on the flow of the text.

John M. Bruner CM

**TWO BURROS OF FAIRPLAY** by Caroline Bancroft, 1968, Johnson Publishing Company, Boulder Colorado, Paperback; Price \$1.00.

A very readable and well illustrated story about two famous burros and their pals who lived in Fairplay in the mining days which will be particularly enjoyed by children and by visitors to the town.

R. W. Danielson, PM

**THE COURT MARTIAL OF GENERAL GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER**, by Lawrence A. Frost  
—University of Oklahoma Press.  
279 pages. \$5.95

Here at last is a definitive account of Gen. G. A. Custer's famous court martial in 1867 which represented the ebb tide of his career. Inevitably referred to in Custer biographies as evidence of his checkered behavior, not until this account by Dr. Lawrence A. Frost could Custer buffs study the verbatim court proceedings unearthed from U.S. Army archives.

Several years ago author Frost published the delightful *Custer Album*, a collection of rare photographs and memorabilia tracing the life of this mad-cap cavalryman who still ranks as America's most controversial soldier. While less charming, *The Court Martial*—fills a more important niche in the collector's library.

Compared to the 1867 fiasco, for which Custer was kicked out of the Army for a year, his behavior at the Little Big Horn nine years later was exemplary. In short, Custer got homesick and worried about his wife while leading the Seventh Cavalry during a plains Indian uprising. He pulled his 300 men out of the war and, without authority, simply went home to Fort Riley.

Leaving most of the regiment camped at Fort Wallace near the Colorado-Kansas border, he lit out east with his broth-

er Tom and a 75 man escort. On the pretext of trying to locate supplies and find General Hancock, Custer drove the exhausted column on a forced march, moving night and day. Horses that collapsed were shot. Straggling troopers were abandoned at various stage stops. When a war party ambushed a group of laggards—killing one and wounding another—Custer refused to halt or go back. Day and night, a man possessed, he rode east. A cholera epidemic had hit Fort Riley and he feared Libbie might be ill.

At Fort Hays, he dropped the escort and continued on alone with his brother Tom and Lt. W. W. Cooke (both of whom died later on Custer Hill) and at Fort Harker he caught the train for Fort Riley where he found Libbie, hale, hearty and as beautiful as ever. She called it "one long beautiful day" with her "Bo." By nightfall he had a telegram informing him he was under arrest.

The reader will likely reach the same conclusion as the court assembled at Fort Leavenworth: Custer behaved like an idiot. The romantic will see a love story between the lines.

Most recent books on the "Boy General" have added little to an understanding of this complex, exciting personality and his stormy career. *The Court Martial of General George Armstrong Custer* adds a great deal.

Robert G. Palmer, CM



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

NOVEMBER  
1968  
Volume XXIV  
Number 11

IN THIS ISSUE  
A NARRATIVE OF THE SUFFERINGS OF  
MRS. JANE WILSON—A COMANCHE CAPTIVE  
edited by  
Numa James, PM



Numa James receiving the speaker's plaque from Kenny Englert, Program Chairman, at the October 23 Meeting.

*Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla*

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Numa James, editor of this month's publication, retired this summer after a long and brilliant career in the newspaper advertising business. During his career he has been awarded practically every award in his field and has served the Westerners and his community meritoriously. He finally has time to devote his efforts to research and writing. This month's article is one of many unique stories that Numa has uncovered in his diligent search through old and rare newspapers from all over the United States. This contribution is a fine compliment to the slide talk which he presented at our last meeting on October 23.

## FUTURE MEETING

Don Griswold has compiled a paper for the November meeting which sounds quite exciting. It will deal with the problems and construction of the railroad from Dickey and Frisco, across Fremont Pass into Leadville during the years 1883 and 1884. It is entitled, "The Denver South Park and Pacific Builds the High Line."

The annual Christmas meeting will be held at the Denver Press Club on the evening of December 13. This will be no "come and get it" affair. Fred Mazzulla schedules it as a Champagne-Steak Dinner for \$5.75 per person. Louisa Arps will present a paper that carries an intriguing title, "The Gravity Tram of Gilpin County." Looks like a top drawer evening but get your reservations in early as the dining space is limited.

# THE DENVER WESTERNERS MONTHLY ROUNDUP

Vol. XXIX

No. 11



Nov.

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### USE THESE ADDRESSES FOR:

**Correspondence and Remittance** — Fred Mazzulla, 1050 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202

**Material intended for publication in ROUNDUP** — Milton W. Callon, 841 Jackson, Denver, Colorado 80206.

**Reservations for all meetings and dinners** — Herbert W. O'Hanlon, 1050 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Dinner \$3.50. Reservations only.

### NEW 1968 OFFICERS

**Sheriff:** William E. Marshall

**Deputy Sheriff:** Robert L. Brown

**Roundup Foreman and Tally Man:**

Fred M. Mazzulla

**Chuck Wrangler:** Herbert W. O'Hanlon

**Registrar of Marks and Brands:**

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**Membership Chairman:**

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Dr. Philip W. Whiteley

**Publications Chairman:** Richard A. Ronzio

**Nominations Chairman:** Dr. Arthur L. Campa

**Book Review Chairman:**

Dr. Ralph W. Danielson

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.

# Mrs. Wilson's Narrative

edited by Numa James

*Posseman Numa James submitted the following article in lieu of a paper covering his recent slide presentation of October 23. Numa has been collecting newspapers from all over the United States and cataloging interesting historical items covering his sphere of research, namely, New Mexico and Colorado.*

*The narrative as told by Mrs. Wilson to a correspondent of the day, Mr. L. Smith, is prefaced by a letter to W. W. H. Davis, the Secretary of New Mexico at the time of the tragedy.*

Santa Fe, New Mexico,  
December 14, 1853

W. W. H. Davis, Esq:

Dear Sir:—Circumstances requiring my absence from this place, I leave in your hands for publication the following narrative, which I prepared at the request of yourself and others. The sufferings herein related appear almost incredible; but no one who has any acquaintance with the subject of the narrative can for a moment doubt her veracity. She is a young woman of prepossessing appearance, is modest and unassuming in her manners, and has a remarkably strong mind. The following recital of her sufferings has been taken from her own lips by Maj. Carl(e)ton and myself. Her language and style have been preserved as far as possible. Hoping that the publication of this narrative may lead our Government to adopt a more vigilant oversight and a more stringent course of policy with respect to the wild Indian tribes of the Plains,

I remain, yours truly, L. Smith.

A NARRATIVE OF THE SUFFERINGS OF MRS. JANE  
ADELINE WILSON, DURING HER CAPTIVITY  
AMONG THE COMANCHE INDIANS

I was born in Alton, Illinois on the 12th day of June, 1837, and am, therefore, in the seventeenth year of my age. My father's name was William Smith; my mother's maiden name was Jane Cox. I had five brothers and four sisters. I think it was in the year 1846 that we moved to Missouri and settled at a boat landing, or ferry, called Jamestown, on the North Grand river. My father kept the ferry.

About eight years ago we moved from this place to Texas, and settled near Paris, in Lamar county. Here my father and mother died within one day of each other, leaving six orphan children behind them. Three of my brothers had died before the death of my parents. My eldest brother, who was in a ranging company, now came home to settle my father's affairs and make provisions for our support. He secured homes for us with different neighbors, but took the youngest sister, our pet, with him to place her with one of our aunts.

One day's journey from the place where he left us he was attacked by the Winter fever, and died in one week. I have three sisters older than myself. Their names are Elizabeth, Cynthia, and Caroline. My brother James and sister Ellen are younger than myself. Ellen was four years old when my parents died. Caroline is a dwarf, and the neighbors thought that the medicine the doctor gave her stopped her growth. She was a dear child, and we all loved her because of her misfortune. I lived with several neighbors until the first of last February, when I was married to Mr. James Wilson, a young farmer just beginning life with a little property, consisting of cattle and horses. He was but nineteen years of age when we were married. We knew but little of life, for I was not yet sixteen. I fear we were crazy in getting married while we were so young.

We had heard that people became rich very fast in California, so we concluded to move and commence life in that distant country. We gathered together the little property we possessed and joined a party of emigrants consisting of 52 men, 12 women and several children. The father and brothers of my husband were among this number. There were in all 22 wagons, and the whole company was placed under the command of Mr. Henry Hickman. We started from Hunt county on the 6th of April last, and took the route for El Paso. We arrived at the Guadalupe (sic) Mountains about the 1st of June. Here the Mescalero (sic) Apaches stole from us 19 head of cattle; six men started pursuit, but were driven back by

the Indians. We went then to El Paso. My husband not being able to travel well with Mr. Hickman's train, he determined to remain at El Paso till the arrival of another party of Californian emigrants. Five of Mr. H's men staid with us. While here the Mexicans stole nearly all the property we had, and left us unable to proceed on our journey. We could do nothing now except make our way back to Texas.

About the last of July we started on our return, with the fragments of our property which the thieves had spared. On the first day of August, my husband and his father left us, and fell into the hands of the Indians. I saw them no more after this. I was told that they had been murdered. You may perhaps be able to imagine my feelings when I found myself thus bereaved and destitute in a land of strangers. My misfortune seemed greater than I could bear, but I knew not that heavier trials were in store for me.

Unable to continue my journey, I returned to El Paso, where I remained till September 8th, when I started once more for Texas with my three brothers-in-law, in company with a small party consisting of five Americans and one Mexican. Mr. Hart who owned and commanded this train, having some business in Texas which required his immediate attention, travelled very rapidly, and I hoped in a few days more to be in the midst of my friends.

As we had seen only one Indian on the route we flattered ourselves that we should not be molested by any of the tribes which infest this route. When near the borders of Texas, some of our own party stole three animals from Mr. Hart and ran off. Mr. Hart, anxious to overtake the thieves, started in pursuit, taking with him my eldest brother-in-law, a lad some fourteen years of age, leaving myself, a Mexican and the two boys to follow as rapidly as we could. We were at this time within three day's journey of a military post at Phantom Hill, and were considered out of danger. A discharged soldier being unable to keep up with us was some distance behind, but I saw nothing of him after this. The day after Mr. Hart left us, we were travelling, about noon, we saw two Comanche Indians charging upon us in front and at the same time two others were seen driving up behind. We were all very much frightened, and the Mexican jumped out of the wagon and went toward the Indians, in order, if possible, to gain their friendship.

The mules in our wagon, four in number, becoming frightened by the war-hoop of the savages, turned out of the road and commenced running as fast as they could. One of them fell down before we had gone far, and the others were obliged to stop. The Indians now came upon us, and ordered the Mexican to take the mules out of the harness. While this was going on, I got out of the wagon, and looked on in breathless suspense.

After the mules were unharnessed, the Mexican was stripped of his clothing, his hands tied behind his back, and ordered to sit down upon the ground. One of them then went behind him and shot him with a gun, while another stabbed him several times with a large butcher knife. His scalp was cut off before he was dead, and put into his own hat; the hat was then worn by one of his murderers. I was stupefied with horror as I gazed on this spectacle, and supposed that my turn would come next. But the Indians having secured the plunder of the wagon, mounted us on the mules and ordered us to go with them.

As I left, I looked back and saw the poor Mexican weltering in his blood, and still breathing.

We took a northeast direction, and travelled slowly till sunset, when we encamped. Here, the plunder, consisting of blankets, bedding, clothing, bridles, and some money which I had in my pocket, was divided among the Indians. Some articles considered useless were thrown into the fire. My clothing was taken away, except barely enough to cover my person. In the distribution of the captives, the eldest boy, about 12 years of age, was claimed by the chief. I became the property of one of the others. I should have mentioned that one of our captors was a Mexican, who had been stolen from the state of Chihuahua, when an infant. He was now as savage as the Indians, and claimed the youngest boy for his prize. The scalp of the Mexican was stretched on a stick and dried by the fire.

After giving us some meat for our supper, the Indians began to secure us for the night. The boys, with their arms tied tightly behind them, were taken under guard by two of the savages. My feet were tied together, and I was obliged to lie between the other two. I did not sleep any during the night, for I was afraid of being killed.

The next day we resumed our journey, and travelled in the same direction. The boys were mounted on good animals, and had bows and arrows. Their faces were painted Indian fashion, and they looked like young savages. They appeared to enjoy this new mode of life, and were never treated with excessive cruelty. I was mounted on a good horse, and being obliged to sit astride the animal, the journey was exceedingly painful.

I had a fine head of hair, which I valued very much. But the chief ordered it to be cut off; I was not a little mortified at seeing it decorating the heads of the heartless savages. My head was thus left entirely unprotected from the intensely hot rays of the sun.

Nothing of interest occurred except repeated acts of inhumanity toward me, until the twelfth day after my capture. At this time we were joined by two Indian men and a squaw. These were all the Indians I saw until after my escape. Up to this time my suffering had been so severe as to take from

me all desire to live, but now they were greatly increased. The squaw, from whom I might have expected some compassion, was evidently the cause of the new cruelties which I now began to experience.

My horse was taken from me, and I was mounted on an unbroken mule without a bridle. I had a saddle, but it was worn out and good for nothing except to torture me. This animal would frequently top me over its head of its own accord; but not being wild enough to gratify the malice of the Indians, the chief would sometimes shake the Mexican scalp before its eyes. The beast would then rear and plunge in the utmost fright, and I would be thrown upon the ground with great violence. I have been tossed from the mule's back as many as half dozen times a day, and once I was so stunned that I lay a considerable time before my senses returned. My repeated falls greatly amused the Indians, whose horrid peals of laughter might have been heard at a great distance.

I never saw them exhibit the first sign of pity toward me. It made no difference how badly I was hurt, if I did not rise immediately and mount the animal which had just thrown me, they would apply their riding whips, or gunsticks, or the end of a lariat, to my unprotected body with the greatest violence. The squaw would also help me to rise by wounding me with the point of a spear which she carried. You may understand one object the Indians had in view in putting me on this wild animal and causing me to be thrown so often, when I tell you I expected to become a mother in a few weeks. They understood my situation, but instead of softening their hearts it only made them more inhuman, and subjected me to greater suffering.

I was obliged to work like a slave while in camp; while there was any service to perform I was not allowed a moment's rest. I was compelled to carry large loads of wood on my back, which being destitute of sufficient clothing was mangled till the blood ran down to my feet. I had to chase the animals through briars and bushes, till what little clothing I had was torn into ribbons. I brought the animals to camp in the morning, and had to watch them till ready to start, and if one more wild than the rest ran off, I must chase and bring him back, and then be knocked down by the savage chief for my want of skill. When all were ready to start, I had to catch and saddle my own wild mule, without assistance. If the party did not start immediately, I was compelled to pull at the end of a lariat which the Indians would fasten to a bush. They seemed to study every method of putting me to death by piecemeal.

Exhausted by incessant toil and suffering, and extreme anguish from my wounds, I could not work as fast as the Indians desired; and often when scarcely able to stand, and hardly knowing what I was doing, I have been required to do the work of the strongest man. And because of my inability to accomplish my task satisfactorily, I have been whipped till my flesh was

raw. Large stones were thrown at me. I was knocked down and stamped upon by the ferocious chief, who seemed anxious to crush me like a worm beneath his feet. My head sometimes fell under the horses' feet, and then the Indians would try to make the beasts kick me. After all was ready for the day's journey, I was obliged to travel as fast as the others, riding sometimes over rocks and through bushes, aching and sore from head to foot, and exposed alike to cold and heat, sunshine and storm.

I have gone two days at a time without tasting food. The Indians depended on hunting for their subsistence, and sometimes had nothing to eat themselves. Unless there was an abundance of food, I received little or nothing. When any game was killed, the Indians would tear out the heart, liver and entrails, and eat them raw. I suffered exceedingly from thirst; I was not allowed to drink, except while in camp. We frequently crossed beautiful streams during the day, and I would beg the privilege of dismounting to quench my thirst. But the Indians would always deny my request with contempt. It was in vain I pointed to my parched tongue and head blistered in the rays of the sun. Nothing could soften them into pity, and I ardently desired death that my torments might come to an end.

Every indignity was offered to my person which the imagination can conceive. And I am at lost to know how I have lived through all the barbarous treatment which was inflicted upon me. Frequently my feelings were so outraged that I was tempted to kill my inhuman masters. My indignation burned particularly against the chief, and I thought if I could only cut him to pieces I could die content.

We travelled every day—we usually started about 10 o'clock in the morning, and halted about four in the afternoon. The Indians were accustomed to go to the top of the highest hills and stand there gazing in every direction. We always spent the night on a hill and were thus exposed to the cold Autumn winds; we slept on the ground, generally without covering. When it rained the Indians made a tent of the blankets and wagon sheet they had stolen from us, but I was not allowed to take shelter in it—I preferred sleeping outside in the storm.

After my mule had become so gentle that I could ride it without being thrown, it was taken from me and I was obliged to travel on foot. The road over which we passed was often very rough and stony, and full of thorns. My feet were wounded and bruised till they were covered with blood and greatly swollen. But still I was obliged to keep up with the rest of the party, and if I fell behind I was beaten until I was nearly senseless. The Indians often urged me on by attempting to ride their horses over me. Many a mile of that road is marked with my blood, and many a hill there has echoed to my useless cries.

I travelled thus on foot for some five or six days. After the party were



ready to start in the morning, I was required to go before the others, in order not to hinder them. They usually overtook me before I travelled far. I had always intended to make my escape as soon as I found an opportunity. I never expected to reach any friendly settlement, but I did not wish to give the Indians the pleasure of seeing me die. On the morning of the twenty-fifth day after my capture, I was sent on in advance as usual. I had eaten no breakfast and was very weak, but the hope of escape now supported me. I hastened on as fast as I could, and finding a suitable hiding place I turned aside and concealed myself in the bushes. After this I saw nothing more of my captors. I found afterward by the tracks of the animals, they had searched for me; they probably thought I would die, and therefore took less trouble to find me. I have no doubt that the next time they pass that way they will look for my bones.

My situation was now distressing beyond all description; I was alone in an Indian country, some hundreds of miles from the nearest friendly settlements. I was without food, without shelter, and almost without clothing. My body was full of wounds and bruises, and my feet were so swollen that I could hardly stand. Wild beasts were around me, and savages, more wild than beasts, roamed on every hand. Winter was coming on, and death in its most terrible forms stared me in the face—I sat down and thought of my lonely and exposed situation. But I could not weep; my heart was too full of woe. I remembered the events of the few preceding weeks. The husband of my choice had been murdered, and I was not allowed the melancholy privilege of closing his eyes and seeing his remains decently interred. My little property had been stolen, and when within a few day's march of sympathizing friends I was captured by savages, and after three weeks of indescribable sufferings found myself wandering solitude and destitute in the midst of the wild prairies—my cup was filled to overflowing, but I resolved to live in hope, if I died in despair.

After remaining three days in the place where I first concealed myself from the Indians, I went to a grove about half mile distant and built a little house of bushes and grass. Here I lived nine days. My only food was the hackberries which grew on the bushes around. I quenched my thirst at a spring near by. My wounds pained me exceedingly, and I wasted to a mere skeleton for want of proper nourishment. It rained upon me seven nights in succession, and my little house was unable to protect me from the cold storms. More than once I spent a sleepless night, perfectly drenched in rain; while the wolves, sometimes coming within five steps of me, would make the woods ring with their frightful howlings. They would also follow close behind me when I went to the spring during the day; I expected some time to be devoured by them; but they are great cowards, and I could easily frighten them away.

When I slept, I would dream of seeing tables spread with an abundance of every kind of food; but when I stretched forth my hand to satisfy my hunger, the effort would awaken me, and I would find myself weeping bitterly.

When absent from my house on the 12th day after my escape, some New Mexican traders passed by on their way to the Comanche settlements. While standing on a small hill, looking after them in order to be sure they were not Indians, I was discovered by some three or four of the party who happened to be some distance behind. They immediately came towards me and soon understood my situation. They kindly offered to take me with them. The Mexicans put me on a *burro* and gave me a blanket and some men's clothing in which I dressed myself very comfortably.

Two or three days after this we came in sight of a band of Comanches, and as it was not safe for me to be seen by them, I was left behind in the ravine, with a promise that the Mexicans would return for me at night. As they did not fulfill their promise, I started toward their camp; about midnight, while wandering among the bushes, a Comanche Indian passed within twenty steps. I thought I was a captive once more, but fortunately the savage did not see me. I threw myself on the ground and waited for day. In the morning I started again for the camp of the Mexicans, but before I reached it I was discovered by one of the trading party who was herding the animals. This man is a Pueblo Indian, of San Ildefonso, and is named Juan Jose. To him more than any other man in the party, I owe my present freedom.

He told me the camp was full of Comanches, and if they saw me it would be impossible for the party to save me. He made me lie on the ground while he covered me with dried grass. I lay here all day and at night crept forth to quench my almost intolerant thirst. Juan came and brought me some bread and told me not by any means to leave my hiding place the next day. That day dragged slowly along, and I could hear the dreaded Comanches passing and repassing and shouting to each other; at night Juan returned, bringing another blanket and several loaves of bread, and told me that I must remain here for seven or eight days longer, as the party were obliged to go further on, and could not take me unless I was willing to become a captive once more. I saw the party disappear the next day, and it seemed as if my hopes of rescue disappeared with them. But I resolved to wait till the appointed time was up.

In a ravine near by I found a large log which had been left burning; this fire I kept alive day and night till the Mexicans returned, and without it I should probably have frozen to death, as the weather had become very cold. I covered a hollow cottonwood stump with bark and leaves to keep out the cold wind. This stump was my house during my stay here. When

I could endure the cold no longer, I would leave my house and run to the fire, but was afraid to stay there long lest the Indians should see me. The wolves soon found my place of retreat, and frequently while I was in the stump, they would come and scratch around and on its top. The hackberries were very scarce here, and had it not been for the bread Juan Jose gave me, I do not see how I could have been kept from starving to death.

The eight days passed slowly by, and I knew not whether to give way to hope or despair. But on the 9th I heard several persons calling to each other. I feared they were Indians, but they belonged to the trading party, and were on their return to New Mexico. They had lost the place where I was concealed, and were shouting to each other to attract my attention. I was so overjoyed that I rushed toward them unmindful of briars and sore feet. Juan gave me a fine horse to ride, and the whole party treated me with the utmost civility and kindness. On the 84th day of our return toward New Mexico, we reached the town of Pecos. Here I met Major Carleton and Mrs. Adams of the U.S. Army, who took the deepest interest in my comfort. Here I laid aside men's apparel, and was furnished with a supply from Mrs. A's wardrobe. After remaining at Pecos a few days I was conducted to Santa Fe by the son of Gov. Merriwether.

To Gov. M., and also to the American ladies of this place, I cannot be too thankful for their friendly sympathies and uniform kindness.

The past seems like a horrid dream. I have related nothing but facts and no language that I can use can fully express the sufferings of mind and body which I have endured. My two brothers-in-law are still captives, and unless reclaimed will become as savage as the Indians. The Mexicans saw them with the Comanches, but were unable to procure their freedom. One is twelve years old the other ten and unless the strong arm of Government is lifted up for their redemption there is no hope for them.

(Mrs. Wilson's story was reprinted in the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, February 2, 1854, Vol. LVII, page 1, cols. 6, 7, & 8).

# New Hands on the Denver Range

Chester P. Bonoff, M.D.  
1930 Wilshire Blvd.  
Los Angeles, Calif. 90057

Posse member John J. Lipsey and Mrs. Avery Abbott sponsor the corresponding membership of Dr. Bonoff. Guns of the early West, particularly those inscribed with names and dates, are the fancy of Dr. Bonoff. He is an avid collector of antique firearms and in the main, Colt pistols from 1836 to 1870. Dr. Bonoff has had several medical articles published in recent years and also one entitled, "The Early Hartford and London Colt 1851 Navies," *Gun Report*, Vol. XII, No. 3, August 1966. He is also a member of many medical associations and the Antique Arms Collectors Association.

Zebb B. Conley Jr.  
P.O. Box No. 907  
Las Vegas, New Mexico 87701

Your editor takes pleasure in sponsoring Zebb Conley to corresponding membership. Zebb is a native of the eastern seaboard and since coming to Las Vegas has taken considerable interest in the history of his new hometown—Las Vegas, New Mexico. His particular field of research is devoted to the history of the old Montezuma Hotel. Architectural development and refinement in the American West is also of interest to him.

Joseph F. Thompson  
670 So. Ogden St.  
Denver, Colorado 80209

Mr. Thompson researches the lives of Western badmen and their counterparts, the sheriffs. He is also a collector of locks and primitives of early America.

Channing F. Sweet  
1407 Mesa Ave., Broadmoor  
Colorado Springs, Colorado 80906

Channing F. Sweet, our recent speaker of the evening for September meeting of the Posse, is another corresponding member. Mr. Sweet is a descendant of an old Colorado Springs family and is the author of, *A Princeton Cowboy*, 1967. He is now retired after devoting thirty-five years in the livestock business.

Morris B. Hecox, Jr.  
500 Equitable Bldg.  
Denver, Colorado 80302

Douglas McHendrie sponsors the membership of Morris Hecox, Jr. Mr. Hecox spends his research time delving into the history of early Colorado mining. In pursuance of his occupation as an attorney, Mr. Hecox is the author of *The Uniform Code and Sales Warranties in Colorado*, 38 Univ. of Colorado, L. Rev. 7.

# OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Received a communication from J. Orville Spreen, Secretary of the St. Louis Westerners with a welcoming note to all members of the Denver Posse and a meeting schedule which follows:

January 17, 1969:

John Francis McDermott,  
Research Professor of Humanities  
Southern Illinois University  
Edwardsville, Illinois  
WAGONS WEST

March 21, 1969:

James A. Gardener,  
Chairman of the History Department  
of Mineral College,  
Flat River, Missouri  
MOSES AUSTIN

February 21, 1969:

George E. Hadaller,  
Pattern Maker  
PALM & ROBERTSON — AN EAR-  
LY WESTERN LOCOMOTIVE  
MANUFACTURER

April 18, 1969:

Carl A. Brummett,  
Professor of Social Sciences  
Harris Teachers College  
St. Louis, Missouri  
A WESTERN DIARY

May 16, 1969:

Ladies' Night

6:30 P.M. Dinner at place to be announced

8:00 P.M. Meeting at St. Louis Public Library, 1301 Olive Street

Frank E. Oakes, Supervisor, Technical Service of Library  
WESTERN MATERIAL IN THE  
ST. LOUIS PUBLIC LIBRARY

All meetings are held at Garavelli's Restaurant, 301 DeBaliviere Ave., 7:00 P.M. unless otherwise specified. Our thanks and appreciation to the St. Louis Westerners.

**THE CATTLE TOWNS: A SOCIAL HISTORY OF ABILENE, ELLSWORTH, WICHITA, DODGE CITY AND CALDWELL (KANSAS), 1867 TO 1885, by Robert Dykstra; Knopf, New York, 1968; 386 pp. with photographs; \$8.95.**

Up until now the Kansas "cattle town" of the 1870's and the 1880's has been something that's belonged to what we could call "romanticized" history. We've read and seen much in movies and on television in recent years about the saloons, the gambling halls, the cowboys, the prostitutes, the Bill Hickoks and the Bat Mastersons who inhabited these places. But what about the towns themselves?

In his book, *The Cattle Towns*, Dr. Robert Dykstra gives us a much needed detailed social history of Abilene, Ellsworth, Wichita, Dodge City and Caldwell, Kansas. He defines these "cattle" and "cow towns" as being interior market facilities situated at the junction of a railroad and Texas cattle trail. It was here, we're told, where drovers/cowboys came, congregated, dickered and sold their livestock to local buyers. These buyers, in turn, would ship their livestock on to Eastern markets. "We are here," one Dodge City newspaper editor wrote back in 1885, "to live and get rich—if we can." This, in essence, is the theme of Dr. Dykstra's book. And a well developed, well presented theme it is, too.

Dr. Dykstra began his "cow town" story around 1855 when first-comers started moving into south central Kansas. The first town under discussion is that of Abilene, Kansas. It's more or less typical of the others that followed.

"The village of Abilene was already

six years old when discovered by the Texas cattle trade. The original settler near the site . . . Timothy F. Hershey, established a claim on the bare west bank of Mud Creek just north of the Smoky Hill in July 1857." Three years later a gentleman by the name of Charles H. Thompson bought property nearby. In the spring of 1861 he hired a surveyor to stake out a townsite on part of his land. He filed a plat with the county register of deeds on June 7, and began selling lots to any and all comers into the area.

The Union Pacific Railroad, Eastern Division, was pushing its way west through Abilene in the middle 1860's. Joseph McCoy, representing family cattle interests in the East, arrived in Abilene in 1867. He bought up some 250 acres of land west of Abilene for a large stockyard and made immediate plans for erecting a barn, a small office building, a set of livestock scales, a hotel with attached livery stables and a bank on the site. While all this was going on, McCoy sent an agent down into Indian Territory to contact the owners of various Texas cattle herds there in an effort to induce them to bring their cattle to his stockyard on their way north. If they did, he said, he'd pay them handsomely for their herds and at the same time he'd see to it that their cattle were shipped East via the Union Pacific for resale. It sounded like a good deal. A lot of Texas cattlemen took him up on it.

McCoy experienced a reasonable amount of monetary success with his 1867 Abilene cattle business venture. That next year business really boomed! The number of Texas cattle shipped eastward over the Union Pacific, "chiefly from the stockyards at Abilene," came to 52,920 head in 1868. The year closed "with Abilene's success as a cattle mar-

ket of no mean proportions assured beyond cavil or doubt."

Other town promoters followed suit. Realizing the tremendous monetary rewards to be gained in the cattle business they also began establishing "cattle towns" along the cattle trail/railroad routes. The towns of Ellsworth, Wichita, Dodge City and Caldwell, Kansas were the result of these early business ventures.

With the good, there often times comes the bad. So it was with the cattle business. As new towns sprang up a "second class type of citizen" moved in. These were the saloon keepers, the gamblers and prostitutes we've seen and read so much about. They, too, began reaping fat profits in doing business with the cattle men. Occasionally disturbances would arise. As time went on town councils were formed and Marshals and Chief Deputy Sheriffs were installed in office to quell the disturbances. This is, of course, where Bill Hickok and Bat Masterson fit into the picture.

The author is a college professor having received his M.A. and Ph.D. at the University of Iowa specializing in American Social History and the History of the American West. *Cattle Towns* is based on research conducted for his Ph.D. in 1964. A great deal of the information in *Cattle Towns* is based on contemporary newspaper accounts taken from papers now in the collection of the Kansas State Historical Society in Topeka, Kansas.

It was Cicero who once said that "To be ignorant of one's past is to live the life of a child forever." Too many people, it would seem, unless they're true Western History buffs, live in communities not knowing the full extent of the heritage they possess. They might

know bits and pieces about what went on there in years gone by but for many this seems to be the extent of their knowledge on the subject. Perhaps this is the real significance of Dr. Dykstra's book. He's taken us off the town's "Front Streets," away from the rowdiness and in the process he's introduced us to those individuals who pioneered, who founded these Kansas communities. He's made us aware of the heritage we possess. For this we owe Dr. Dykstra a debt of thanks.

Fred L. Lee.

**DOCTORS OF THE OLD WEST,  
A pictorial History of Medicine  
on the Frontier (Superior Pub-  
lishing Company, Seattle, 1967.  
192 pp. \$12.95) by Robert F.  
Karolevitz.**

In looking at the author through the filter of his book, I am pleased, both as a practicing physician and as an amateur historian. He has painstakingly assembled an album in which frontier medicine passes in review in deftly selected photographs and trenchant companion prose, from medicine men to men of medicine. The author's professional journalistic prowess is so accomplished as to mostly pardon his occasional license with history. The large and little liberties with the parade of the past which he takes do not deflect his basic aim to present medicine in pictorial perspective.

One exception to the historical amnesty which I bestow upon him, however, is his assertion that George Clark was the intrepid comrade of Meriwether Lewis in 1804-05 on their epic journey up the Missouri River and on to the Pacific Ocean. George was actually Bill's big brother; William accom-

panied Lewis. George Rogers Clark had already done his bit by wresting the Trans-Allegany West from the British and totally defeating the Shawnee Indians. Mr. Karolevitz also maintains the fiction that two captains made that expedition west, while William Clark was a lieutenant. This last is surely a picayune point, but the former is more significant.

The author imparts much very interesting medical history that should broadly appeal alike to use healers and others. One sees that drug stores of the old days bore that title due to the fact that medicines were but one of the things dispensed therein, with sundries from varnish to sponges also for sale, just as today.

One might be surprised that modesty flourished among savages in 1894, as suggested by a naked Indian photographed while discreetly clutching his groin. Actually, genital shyness is still common among untouched primitives, not being only instilled through the efforts of shocked missionaries. A remarkable Mohave Apache Indian, Wasaja, who became Carlos Montezuma, M.D., after attending medical school, is represented only by a photograph of his grave. Pictures of the man exist and would have been more interesting; his tombstone is unremarkable.

Physicians will be amused to see Doctors Will and Charlie Mayo operating with a nurse assistant, the three of them neatly capped, masked, and gowned while the anesthetist and fifteen kibitzers wear nothing but looks of intense interest and street clothes as they lean virtually into the operative field. Dissecting room scenes abound, manned by students casually attired, wearing derby hats and fedoras while smoking cigars. Unbuttoned bodies seem to greatly intrigue the author, as he in-

cludes four pictures commanding as many pages of men communing with cadavers. Few other topics are so relentlessly presented, desiccated corpses in stages of unstrung disarray. I think the laity will share his fascination, but hope that critics will not anachronistically gain ghoulish grist for their mill in this day of popular disparagement of physicians.

Doctors who become disgruntled with the inundation of paper work of this day may be surprised to note the flourishing institution of prepaid medical insurance of an earlier day—in 1886. The origin of temperance worker Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with an alcohol content equal to that of other fortified wines is amusing, as is the knowledge that Sears Roebuck formerly sold White Star Secret Liquor Cure to those addicted to it or other medicinal brews like Gilbert & Parsons Hygienic Whiskey. Alluring granny remedies used in the days of yore, such as the application of the warm brains of a freshly killed rabbit to child's gums for relief of teething pains, are included.

Other physicians trained in the West, as I was, will be quite interested to view early scenes depicting seats of their latter day medical education. Such are of interest, anyway, but I derived personal pleasure at the sights of embryonic St. Luke's Hospital and Denver General. It is said that it is a poor man who can't think of more than one way to spell a word, and the doctors of the past were not poor in this regard. Bygone advertisements displaying letters arrayed in the phonetics of their physician authors, as "labratory" and "tabacco", are reproduced in the book.

Regional favorites and sectional medical heroes will not, of course, always be found. I might like to have come



across, for instance, Dr. James, who was the first man to scale Pike's Peak in 1820. Mr. Karelovitz has been amazingly complete, however.

This completion is a hallmark of the book, as I cannot think of any facet of frontier medicine which is notably lacking. Readers who look closely from their individual points of view will see a great deal which is not needlessly belabored in the text. The words say much, the pictures say more, and the two say nearly everything. The journalistic background of the author yields to his book much which would not often be available from the pen of either a physician or an historian. Doctors and patients will find this a rewarding volume.

Wallace L. LaBaw, MD—CM

#### **BILL NYE'S WESTERN HUMOR—**

**Selected by T. A. Larson; University of Nebraska Press—\$4.75**

Bill Nye was the nation's best known humorist before the turn of the century. His writing in the late 1880's and early 1890's is just as pungent and timely today, in many instances as when written in Laramie, Wyoming between 1876 and 1883.

T. A. Larson, head of the department of history and director of the School of American Studies at the University of Wyoming, has done a new generation a great service in producing his volume on Bill Nye.

Dr. Larson has long been a Nye fan as well as an eminent authority of Wyoming history. The material comes from out-of-date books, yellowed newspaper files of Wyoming and Colorado and other sources.

Enclosed, of course, are two of what probably are Nye's two best known bits—his letter of acceptance of the office of

postmaster of Laramie and his resignation from that office.

Personally, we wish that Dr. Larson had included one of our favorite Nye pieces—his fictitious and hilarious account of the debate in the Wyoming Territorial Legislature on women's suffrage.

Nye was the Will Rogers and Bob Hope of his day. His humor, however, was somewhat more bitter than theirs when directed at public figures.

One of his accounts of a Wyoming picnic is just as graphic, and timely—today, as it is now. Says Nye:

"Dear Reader, Did you ever sit amidst the silence and solitude of the mountains and feel the hailstones rolling down your back, melting and soothing you and filling your heart with great surging thoughts of the sweet bye-and-bye and death and other earth-provoking subjects? We have now been about 200 years without food, it seemed to me, and I mildly suggested that I would like something to eat rather than die of starvation in the midst of plenty; but the ladies wouldn't give me so much as a ham sandwich to preserve my life. They told me to smoke if I must have nourishment, and coldly refused to let me sample the pickled spiders and cold-pressed flies."

There is more of the travails of this picnic in southern Wyoming and Nye concludes:

"I am now preparing a work to be called, 'Pick Nicker's Guide; or Starvation Made Easy and Even Desirable.'"

Dr. Larson has compiled a book of great appeal to those who like humor generally classified as "Western."

John M. Bruner, CM

**A TENDERFOOT IN COLORADO**, by R. B. Townshend; University of Oklahoma Press, The Western Frontier Library 282 pages, hard cover, \$2.95.

This little reprint of a book first published in 1923 tells the story of eight years of life of a young Cambridge graduate who came to the American West in 1869. Starting as a rank tenderfoot he learned the ways of the frontier rapidly and became reasonably proficient with the tools and weapons of the West. His field of operations was from Denver south along the front range. He settled longest at a ranch he established 25 miles east of Colorado Springs.

A large number of the incidents that could be expected to occur as settlers moved West were observed and recorded by the author, as well as the saga of his own development from a green young Englishman to an experienced rancher and traveler. Encounters with the Indians, with thieves, a vigilante execution, gamblers, transient ranch hands, the frontier towns and the life of a lone man throughout a winter in the midst of the plains are recounted with the apparent mark of authenticity.

One might wonder who brought out the first printing of this book and what its proper name at the time was. The title page is "A Tenderfoot in Colorado". The caption throughout the book is "The Tale of a Tenderfoot". The introduction refers to it as "A Tenderfoot in Colorado". As an effort of some scholarly value, publishers could well append a note as to the correct name of the original edition, the date of publication and the publisher.

John F. Bennett—CM

**SOD AND STUBBLE**—by: John Ise; The Story of a Kansas Homestead; University of Nebraska Press, \$1.95.

It is good to have this book back in print, even in a paperback: A modern classic of it's kind, I venture to say. Anyone who likes to romance about the good old days, should read it, and ponder carefully. The early sod house dwellers in Northwestern Kansas in the 1870's, were unconsciously heroic, and had they been called so directly would, if nothing else, have been puzzled by such a connotation.

While many others tried and gave up, the two here chronicled, John and Rosie Ise, just simply met the challenge, never questioned the merits thereof, and can certainly be said to have triumphed. They possessed physical and spiritual fortitude in great measure.

In spite of the flagrant overuse of such-and-such a work being a "must". *Sod and Stubble* definitely is that!

H. A. Clausen C.M.

**THE SPLENDID PAUPER**, By Allen Andrews. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York. \$4.95.

The story of Moreton Frewen, who for several reasons could lay a claim to fame; one of the minor reasons being that, by dint of persevering courtship, he was married to the sister of Sir Winston Churchill's mother.

Moreton's career ranged from putting together a million-acre ranch in Wyoming, to confidential adviser, valet and wet nurse to Sir Salar Jung, teenaged Prime Minister of Hyderabad, with a few other incidentals in the bargain. These included laying out and claiming a townsite at Prince Rupert, for favors

done for the Grand Trunk Railroad, lobbying in Washington, selling gold ore crushers and buying worked-out gold mines to be resuscitated by same and trying to corner the diamond market on the basis of supposed inside information from one of the executives of the De Beers Syndicate.

Moreton could legitimately drop names ranging from the Prince of Wales to Buffalo Bill including innumerable Earls, Lords, Kings, Duchesses and Ambassadors, to the extent that if names and titles had been omitted from *The Splendid Pauper*, the book would have been shortened by at least one-fourth.

To use a worn-out cliché, Moreton Frewen seems to have been a "Jack of All Trades, and Master of none," with all of his forays into the realms of high finance dangling the carrot of millions in profits and producing nothing, always at the expense of his friends and relatives. A lot of his ideas were ahead of their time; most of them were sound, but Frewen lacked the perseverance to carry them to fruition. He was always in the process of "dropping the meat in his mouth, in order to pick up the reflection of the meat in the water".

A tremendous amount of research must have been done in order to document all the events in the life of this extraordinary man. One could wish that the author had divided this work into several books, instead of trying to compress it into just one short (250 pages) account. The reader occasionally finds himself in England, for instance, when he had thought he was still in New York, or Wyoming or Washington or India. Moreton Frewen crossed the Atlantic Ocean one hundred times during his career, and one wonders if he didn't have the same difficulty as the reader in keeping up with his where-

abouts.

All in all, this is a well-researched documentary of the life and times of the cattle barons and market operators of America, the ruling class of England and the nabobs of the East. Literally, a fast-moving tale, and the reader who doesn't stay alert will find himself thousands of miles away from the action.

Lowell E. Moency, CM

**BILL DOOLIN, OUTLAW, O. T., by Colonel Bailey C. Hanes; University of Oklahoma Press, \$2.95 A Western Frontier Library Original.**

Some say it was fate, some say it was common sense, some say it was a lame horse that caused Bill Doolin to turn back the day he was riding with the Dalton gang on the dusty road to Coffeyville, thereby escaping the vengeant rifles and six-shooters of an enraged citizenry who shot the Daltons out of their saddles.

Upon hearing of the Dalton massacre, Bill Doolin headed back to Oklahoma and formed one of the last organized outlaw gangs in the Southwest. Doolin's gang managed to rob and run for about four years, as compared with the eighteen-month reign of the Daltons.

The student of Western History will recognize the names that pop up in this restirring of the pot of Western lawlessness. On the black-hat side of the fence are Bill Dalton, who had not been a regular member of his brother's gang, Bitter Creek Newcomb; the killer, George Weightman, Alias "Red Buck": Little Dick; Jack Blake, alias Tulsa Jack; Dan Clifton, alias Dynamite Dick; Charley Pierce; Arkansas Tom; and "Little Bill" Raidler. Featured among the white hats are Heck Thomas,

Bud Ledbetter, Chris Madsen and Bill Tilghman.

Doolin was known for his sense of fair play and for keeping his word, whether it was given to a member of his gang or to the minions of the law. He boasted that he robbed trains, but not the people on the trains. He was a thief, but never a bushwacker. When his chief killer, Red Buck, had Marshall Bill Tilghman in his sights from under a blanket, Doolin wouldn't let him shoot, claiming "Bill Tilghman is too

good a man to shoot in the back".

The author has unearthed many hitherto unknown incidents in the life of Bill Doolin. He also deserves the gratitude of the reader for having pinpointed the locale of most of Doolin's escapades with present-day landmarks. More careful editing of the book would have made it easier to read and understand. However, disciples of Western outlawry will overlook the toughness of the strongbox to get at the gold inside.

Lowell E. Mooney, C.M.

The following is a news release from (Camp (Council On Abandoned Military Posts). It is dated October 18,

CAMP (Council On Abandoned Military Posts). It is dated October 18, 1968.

TUCSON, Ariz. — Sidney B. Brinckerhoff has been named to head a committee which will separate fact from fiction relating to old military installations.

Brinckerhoff, assistant director for museums of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, Tucson, was appointed officer-in-charge of the Documentation Detail of the Council on Abandoned Military Posts. Marine Corps Lt. Col. Herbert M. Hart, president of CAMP, announced the appointment while in attendance at the Western History Association Conference.

Work of the Documentation Detail will consist of "research and documentation for the purpose of establishing the validity of certain information pertaining to various military environments," Colonel Hart explained. He has authored

four books on old forts of the West and is aware of the need for a registry of substantiated information.

Brinckerhoff, who has specialized in military history in his extensive writings, is a charter member of CAMP, a non-profit corporation whose members are interested in identifying, locating, restoring, preserving, memorializing, and visiting old military installations.

Other members named by Hart to the Documentation Detail presently are Dr. Otis E. Young of Tempe, a professor of history at Arizona State University, and Lee Myers of Carlsbad, N. M., Western Americana writer. Additions to the detail will be made from time-to-time, Hart stated.

Address for CAMP is P.O. Box No. 7933, Phoenix, Ariz. 85011.

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

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IN THIS ISSUE  
THE DENVER, SOUTH PARK & PACIFIC  
BUILDS A HIGH LINE  
by Don and Jean Griswald

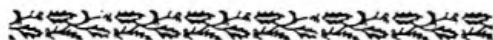


Merry  
Christmas

## ABOUT THE AUTHORS

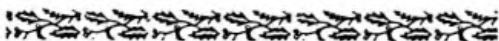
Don and Jean Griswold have authored numerous articles for the *Roundup* and the *Brand Book*. Don holds a Master's Degree in Education from Columbia University and Jean a Master's from the University of Southern California. Whenever they combine their talents to produce an article, the result is always informative and entertaining. "The Denver, South Park & Pacific Builds a High Line" is no exception.

Photos were contributed through the courtesy of Kenneth C. Crist, national director of the National Railway Historical Society.



## FUTURE MEETING

The annual Christmas meeting will be held at the Denver Press Club on the evening of December 13. This will be no "come and get it" affair. Fred Mazzulla schedules it as a Champagne-Steak Dinner for \$5.75 per person. Louisa Arps will present a paper that carries an intriguing title, "The Gravity Tram of Gilpin County." Looks like a top drawer evening but get your reservations in early as the dining space is limited.



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### NEW 1968 OFFICERS

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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 Denver, South Park & Pacific Builds the High Line

by Don and Jean Griswold

Rich silver and lead ores dug from the hills east of present-day Leadville started a rush of treasure seekers to the region in 1878 and caused three railroads, the Denver & Rio Grande, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe and the Denver, South Park & Pacific to extend their lines in the direction of the fast-growing mining camp. Legal battles, the Royal Gorge War and maneuvering on the part of officials of all three railroads followed until February 2, 1880, at which time the Denver & Rio Grande Railway Company and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad Company reached an agreement, the so-called "Treaty of Boston", that gave the D. & R. G. the right to operate through the Royal Gorge and up the Arkansas River Valley into Leadville.

Late in 1879, officials of the Denver & Rio Grande and of the Denver, South Park & Pacific, by then a subsidiary of the powerful Union Pacific Railroad Company, made an agreement which gave the D. S. P. & P. the right to use the narrow-gauged tracks of the D. & R. G. between Buena Vista and Leadville, with the provisions the profits were to be divided by the two railway companies and that the D. S. P. & P. would pay a usage charge on the traffic over the 40 miles of track plus some maintenance fees. The first Rio Grande train reached Leadville on July 22, 1880, and both railroads began using the joint trackage immediately. According to the Leadville newspapers, when the D. & R. G. began carrying an estimated eighty percent of the freight going over the Buena Vista-Leadville tracks and the officials of that line refused to divide the profits, the D. S. P. & P. officials refused to pay the usage and maintenance fees.

Some idea of the amount of business created by Leadville's mining and smelting industry can be had by pointing out that the value of silver, lead and gold produced in 1881 was \$12,108,311 and \$15,256,375 in 1882. These figures were taken from Charles W. Henderson's "Mining in Colorado".

To the north and east of Leadville, the mines around Kokomo in the Ten Mile District were also producing valuable ores. Soon after the Denver & Rio Grande had reached Leadville, the company built a branch line into the Ten Mile area. Tracks across Fremont Pass were completed early in 1881, and by November of 1882, D.&R.G. trains were running to and from Dillion. The Denver, South Park & Pacific, also seeking a share of the wealth in that region, built a branch line from Como in the South Park across Boreas Pass to Breckenridge and Dillion, reaching the latter point in December of 1882.

Since the Denver, South Park & Pacific continued to refuse to pay for the use of the tracks between Buena Vista and Leadville, attorneys for the Denver & Rio Grande filed a suit in September of 1882 against the South Park, asking \$350,000 for the use and maintenance of said tracks. Eight months later, May 26, 1883, the D.S.P.&P. officials agreed to pay \$280,000, which figured out at \$8,000 per month from July 1, 1880 to June 1, 1883. Under the original agreement the D.S.P.&P. would have paid \$10,000 per month. Under the agreement beginning on June 1, 1883, the South Park was to pay \$12,000 per month in the future for use of the Buena Vista-Leadville tracks, and the two companies agreed to give each other a six-month notice of any change relative to the agreement.

The exact date on which the Denver, South Park & Pacific officials decided to lay tracks from Dillion to Leadville is not known, but it must have been sometime prior to May of 1883. Early in the summer of that year, Leadvillites began to suspect something was under way. The suspicions gained substance when representatives of several building contractors appeared in the city asking questions of grocers and hardware men about the stock of supplies each carried and if they were able to supply big orders on short notice. It was not until July 30, however, that *The Leadville Chronicle* announced the plans of the Denver, South Park & Pacific to build a roadbed and lay narrow-gauged tracks from Dickey, a point near Dillion, through the Ten Mile District and across Fremont Pass to Leadville.

Following the announcement, speculation on two questions became a major topic of conversation in Leadville: Where would the railroad enter the city? And where would the depots and freight yards be located?

The guessing on the point-of-entry question grew out of the misbelief the Denver & Rio Grande Company controlled all probable routes on the northeast side of the town, the direction from which the Denver, South



Park & Pacific would approach Leadville via Big Evans Gulch. This speculation ended on Saturday, August 4, when *The Chronicle* published a map and an explanation that told of the purchase by the South Park of an undivided one-third interest in the Searle Placer, a 24-acre piece of ground northeast of the city limits, and also of a right of way along the Starr Ditch. This right of way within the city followed the ditch between Hemlock and Hazel streets from Thirteenth street southward to California Gulch. Some time earlier, Thomas Starr, a pioneer of the region, had secured a patent from the United States government on the ground traversed by the ditch and the patent included a 50-foot right in or over the ditch for street or steam railway purposes.

Speculation as to the possible location of the depots and yards ranged from sites in the northern part of town south to California Gulch and the site of the former Grant Smelter, which had burned in 1882. While there was no immediate end to this speculation, the latter site seemed the most likely at the time because Sidney Dillon, president of the Union Pacific (parent railroad company of the D.S.P.&P.), was known to have an interest in the Omaha and Grant Smelting Company, which had headquarters in Denver and of which J. B. Grant, formerly of Leadville, was the president. From this association also came the rumor of a monopoly by the Union Pacific and the Omaha and Grant smelting interests that would destroy the smelting industry of Leadville. Coupled with this rumor was talk of the well-known practice of the Union Pacific, then under the ownership of Jay Gould, to cut its freight rates in order to monopolize the business in all areas which that railroad serviced.

Furthermore, since J. B. Grant was the governor of Colorado and a Democrat, it was inevitable some Republican newspapers would play up any rumors which could give the Republican party political advantage. This was especially true of *The Leadville Herald* which was owned in part by H. A. W. Tabor, who was beginning to show signs of again seeking some public office. Therefore, as well as the monopoly supposition about the Union Pacific and the Omaha and Grant smelting interests, *The Herald* also gave credence to the rumors the D.S.P.&P. would ship, upon completion of its road, Leadville ores to Grant's Denver plant for one to two dollars a ton, and that J. B. Grant would run for the United States Senate to further the interests of a smelter monopoly and the ambitions of the Union Pacific.

In an interview with Governor Grant in Denver, a *Leadville Chronicle* reporter received assurances there would be no big reduction in freight rates by the Union Pacific, that Sidney Dillon, president of the U.P., held only one-twenty-fifth of an interest in the Omaha and Grant Smelting Company and therefore had little to say about the operation of the smelters, that the old Grant Smelter site in Leadville would not be sold to the Union Pacific

for the depot locations, and that he, Grant, would not run for a second term as governor of Colorado let alone seek a U.S. Senate seat. Even though the rumors persisted Grant's predictions were what happened.

At the start of the building of the Denver, South Park & Pacific road-bed from Leadville to Dickey in late July of 1883, newspaper accounts referred to the new railroad as the Short Line; but as the construction crews working between Leadville and Fremont Pass talked of how high the route was above the East Fork of the Upper Arkansas River and the tracks of the Denver & Rio Grande which followed along the stream, the newsmen dropped the use of Short Line in favor of High Line. Today, the twelve-mile railroad between Leadville and Climax, now converted to standard-gauged track, is still called the High Line.

Officials of the Denver & Rio Grande must have known or guessed what the plans of the Denver, South Park & Pacific were several weeks before the July 30 announcement; however, a notice that the Rio Grande tracks between Buena Vista and Leadville would no longer be available for use by the D.S.P.&P. was not given until August 6, 1883. Because of the six-months' clause in the operating agreement, this meant the termination of the South Park's trackage rights would be at midnight on February 5, 1884. It also meant construction of the High Line would have to be pushed vigorously so as to meet the deadline.

During August, obstructions in the form of legal actions against the Denver, South Park & Pacific were brought by the city of Leadville, by the Denver & Rio Grande and by owners of mining properties across which the High Line was projected.

In explanation of the difficulties between the city and the railroad, the August 30 *Chronicle* recorded:

A conflict of jurisdiction seems to have broken out between the South Park Railway company and the city authorities. Wednesday a warrant was issued for the arrest of a number of men who were laying the railroad track, but the men desisted from work and were not arrested. It is understood that some of the city authorities had a conversation with some of the South Park officials. The result of the talk, as reported, terminated in the railroad men saying the city could go to hell and they would take the bull by the horns and build their road anyhow. . . . Officer Roberts says that this morning when he came down town workmen had commenced at Eleventh street and by noon they had laid the ties as far as Eighth, when Marshal Cudihee and Officer Roberts went to the place where they were at work and notified all those who had crossed Eighth street that they could consider themselves under arrest.

. . . As soon as they saw there was no foolishness in the matter they all stopped work and threw down their tools. Marshal Cudihee then placed those who had been arrested in front of him and instructed them to proceed



Narrow-gauge engine No. 76 of the Colorado & Southern in front of a water tank near Birdseye, a location between Leadville and Fremont Pass. From this point a view of the Upper Arkansas River and peaks of the Sawatch Range can be had. Picture taken in summer of 1943. Courtesy of Intermountain Chapter, National Railway Historical Society. A Burlington Railroad Company photograph.

down town [and to the city jail], he and Officer Roberts following close behind. . . . After they had given their names they were marched below to the pen and locked up.

The next day the men were released, the charges of obstructing the streets and alleys were dropped, and the problem was taken up by the Leadville city fathers. At the regular September 5 meeting of the city council, one of the attorneys for the D.S.P.&P., H. B. Johnson, presented his company's case. After reminding the council, the joint usage of the Rio Grande tracks between Leadville and Buena Vista would be terminated on the 5th of February, 1884, he stated the city then would be at the mercy of the Denver & Rio Grande, which company could demand whatever passenger and freight rates it might desire if the High Line of the D.S.P.&P. were not completed by that date. Therefore, pointed out Attorney Johnson, it would be to the advantage of both the city and the South Park for the council to take prompt action. In consequence of his pleading, a committee was appointed to prepare an ordinance granting the railroad the right to lay tracks across the streets and alleys of Leadville along the company's right of way.

City Ordinance No. 198 was passed at a special meeting of the council held the next evening, and the Denver, South Park & Pacific was given the rights and privileges requested, providing the company observed such regulations as: conform to the grade of all streets and alleys; keep a flagman at each and every crossing; construct, keep open and in repair all drainage ditches and culverts crossed by the tracks; keep the speed of engines at or under six miles per hour within the city limits; and place and keep in repair a lamp at each street crossing and keep the same lit between sundown and sunrise. The ordinance also established fines to be imposed for failure to observe any of the above regulations.

At approximately the same time as the above proceedings, the Denver & Rio Grande attorneys secured a temporary injunction from the United States District Court prohibiting the Denver, South Park & Pacific builders from trespassing on the right of way held by the Rio Grande between Leadville and Dillon. This injunction was based on the action of the United States Congress on June 15, 1872, which had granted William J. Palmer, president of the D.&R.G. at that time, a 200-foot right of way in the public domain. Even so, the South Park workmen continued grading operations all along Ten Mile Creek, without regard to the right of way limitations. As a result contempt citations were issued against James A. Evans, chief engineer of the D.S.P.&P., and P. F. Barr, resident construction engineer for the High Line.

At the trial of the two men, held in the Colorado District Court with Judge L. M. Goddard of Leadville presiding, on September 1, 1883, three

D.&R.G. officials testified they had seen South Park workmen trespassing at several points along the Rio Grande Blue River Branch, even directing water from Ten Mile Creek in such a way as to wash against the roadbed of the Rio Grande tracks.

One of the witnesses was George W. Cook who held a complicated and dual position at that time. He was superintendent of the Mountain Division of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad and also was the Leadville agent for both the D.&R.G. and the D.S.P.&P. But while his Rio Grande responsibilities included the supervision of the D.&R.G.'s Blue River Branch, he had no connection with the construction of the South Park's High Line.

When the defendants, Evans and Barr, were called to testify, both said orders had been issued for all work to stop at all points on or near the Rio Grande right of way as soon as they had been told of the injunction, and both stated they would abide by the law. Evans and Barr were accordingly discharged and the contempt citation dropped.

Two days after the Evans and Barr trial, Judge Moses Hallett of the United States District Court made the temporary injunction, which had been secured earlier by the Rio Grande against the D.S.P.&P., permanent: the court then called for an explanation from the D.S.P.&P. attorneys to be filed with the court showing why intrusions upon the D.&R.G. right of way could not be avoided. The order was complied with in a short time, but a Rio Grande explanation as to why such intrusions would be harmful or unnecessary, that also had been ordered by the court, was not filed by that company's attorneys until late in November.

Of the several suits brought by property owners against the Denver, South Park & Pacific and the Union Pacific, most were settled out of court, primarily because of defective titles. The case of C. S. Stettauer and associates was a different story. Following the filing of the suit, Judge Goddard of the Colorado District Court ruled in mid-October of 1883 that no railroad or any big corporation had the right to enter upon or take possession of private property without just compensation, quoting from Amendment V of the United States Constitution in his ruling. He then set the trial by jury to determine the compensation value of the Stettauer Placer for the last week of November.

At the trial, attorneys for both sides of the case attempted to sway the jurymen to their ways of thinking through their most persuasive rhetoric, not because the suit involved a great amount of money but because the amount agreed upon would influence other litigation suits against the Denver, South Park & Pacific already before the courts, as well as some other property owners who were contemplating suits.

The jurors retired to the jury room on Friday afternoon, November 30, and according to the Leadville newspapers, whose reporters had "the power

of sounding the walls," the sum of \$20,000 was agreed upon to be paid Stettauer and his associates by the D.S.P.&P. for the right of building across the property. However, when the jurymen returned to the courtroom and Judge Goddard asked if all were in agreement, one, George Kruger, answered he did not think \$20,000 was enough for "such rich placer ground." Therefore, the jury was sent back for further deliberation of the sum, but Kruger refused to yield. On Monday, December 3, Judge Goddard dismissed the jury, setting a new trial date for the 1884 spring term of district court. Until that time, the South Park people were enjoined from building across the Stettauer Placer. In spite of this, construction crews immediately started grading operations.

During the first week of December, an effort was made by Lake County Sheriff Peter Becker and a posse to arrest the foremen and laborers of the grading crews, but since news of the officers' intention traveled faster than the D.&R.G. train they rode, no one could be found on the disputed ground when they arrived.

The next week, the sheriff and several deputies, keeping their errand a secret, went by special train to Kokomo, where Sheriff Becker arrested P. F. Barr, the South Park's resident engineer, and J. D. Kilpatrick, the contractor in charge of building the roadbed across the Stettauer Placer. The ride back to Leadville went without incident, but as the group alighted from the train, Sheriff Becker announced everyone would have to walk to the county jail, a distance of a little more than a mile. Kilpatrick, who wore "ministerial looking Burnside whiskers" and who had a quick temper, demanded a carriage. When told he must pay for it, he made no protest, but when the sheriff had a deputy with a shotgun get into the cab with Kilpatrick, he protested vehemently. By the time everyone had reached the jail, Kilpatrick was "white with rage". Barr remained quiet and composed, but Horace Newman, attorney for the D.S.P.&P., paced up and down the hallway, "uttering anathemas with volcanic fury while the officers looked on smilingly and replied sweetly to the racket." The next morning, both Barr and Kilpatrick were released on \$1,000 bonds each.

Hearing of the arrests, the men interested in the placer and several of their supporters rushed two carloads of material from Leadville to the property and built "a strong and commodious building" directly in the path of the roadbed. Eight men and a small arsenal were left in the building with orders "to arrest the first railroad laborer or official who insisted on working or directing work on the South Park grade." What was the fortification called? What else but Fort Kruger.

During the third week of December, the D.S.P.&P. attorney, Horace Newman, presented the Colorado District Court a \$20,000 bond guaranteeing just compensation for the Stettauer Placer, the eight defenders of Fort

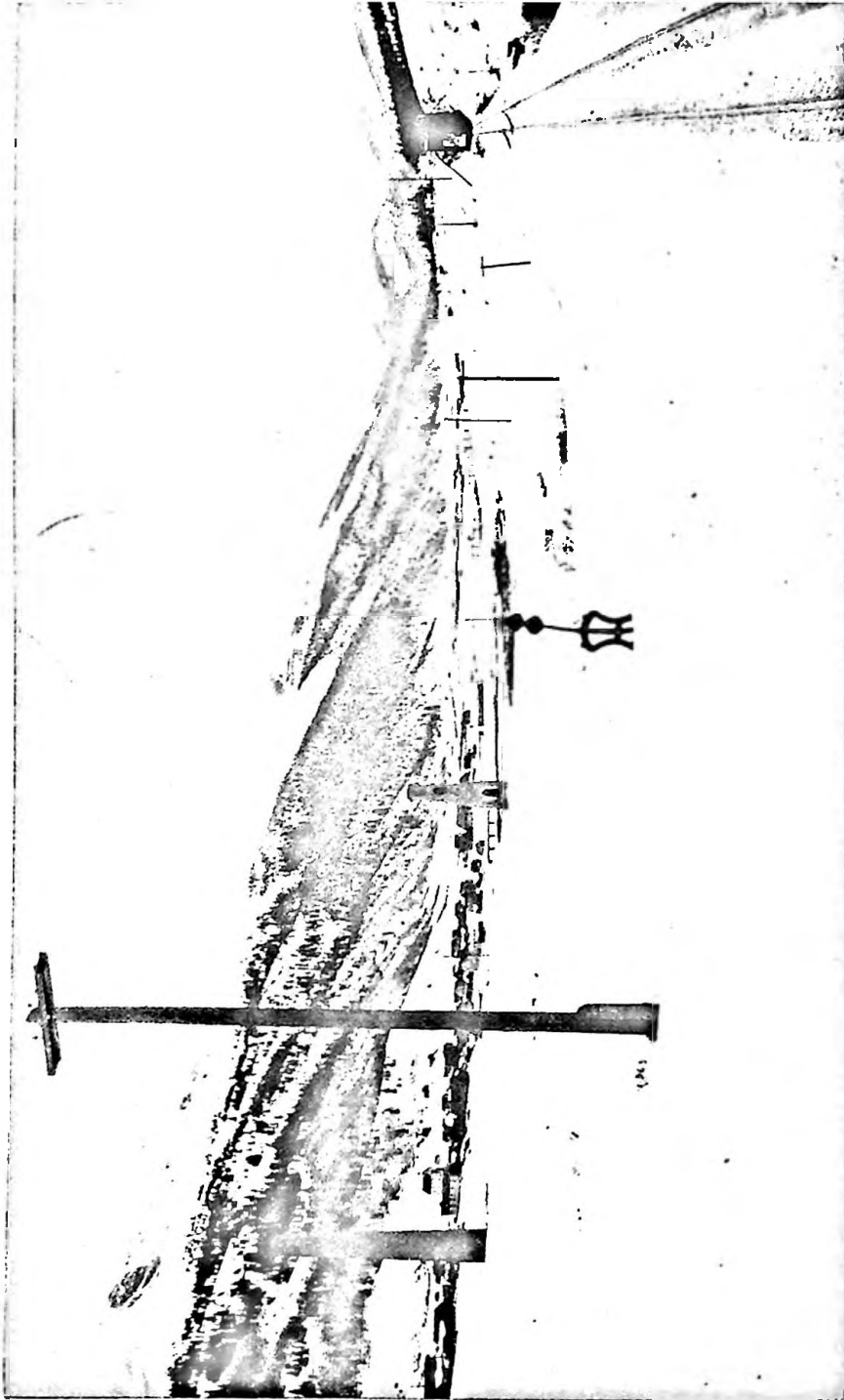
Kruger with their guns were called back to Leadville, the fort was blown up, the roadbed was completed across the placer ground, and the tracks were laid.

At the second hearing, held during the 1884 spring term of the district court to determine the value of the Stettauer Placer, the new panel of jurors agreed on \$6,000 as a just price. A rehearing of the case was denied and C. S. Stettauer returned to Chicago, loudly denouncing the Denver, South Park & Pacific, the Union Pacific, and Leadville for the unfair treatment he had received.

Back again to the last week of November, 1883. Officials of the South Park railroad consulted separately with all members of the Kokomo town board, and after swearing each alderman to secrecy, explained the company planned to make application for the right to lay tracks through the town, subject to the Kokomo town site patent of 1881. Since the Denver & Rio Grande tracks had been laid into and through Kokomo prior to the issuance of the 1881 patent, the officials of the D.&R.G. had never sought permission from the town board.

The South Park's plan for submitting the request to the town board continued to be kept secret until just before the first regular board meeting in December. Then, according to the story, representatives of the Rio Grande, on hearing of the plan, decided to protect their company's rights; but since it was late in the day and there was not enough time to telegraph the head office for instructions, the agent at Kokomo, calling for help from his friends, hurriedly prepared a D.&R.G. request for a certificate recognizing that company's earlier right. Both appeals were heard and approved by the board, with the deed for the Denver, South Park & Pacific being executed first. The South Park negotiators left immediately by horse-drawn express for the county seat at Breckenridge, confidently believing they had plenty of time because, to their knowledge, only one document seal had been on hand at the meeting of the board. However, Bob Morrison, the commissioner of deeds in Kokomo, had some extra seals in his office, one of which was secured and affixed to the Denver & Rio Grande certificate. The exciting climax to all of these goings-on was described in the December 8, 1883, *Carbonate Chronicle* as follows:

. . . The Rio Grande fellows got a locomotive and on a special train went speeding down the canon to Frisco with dangerous celerity. En route they passed the South Park delegation, but the latter was in complete ignorance of the purpose of the special, or that a telegraphic order had been sent to Frisco [by the Rio Grande group] for a fast team of horses, and from that point A WILD RACE was made over the Ten Mile and Blue river divide, and up the Blue to Breckenridge. The Rio Grande representatives arrived first, recorded the grant, and just as they possessed the deed, . . . the South Park team came



The narrow-gauge tracks and snowshed of the High Line as they appeared in January of 1929. On the left are the old smelter stacks near Koko, scene of the 1883 location controversy between the Denver & Rio Grande and the Denver, South Park and Pacific. The D.S.P.&P. later became the Colorado & Southern.

*Courtesy of Intermountain Chapter, National Railway Historical Society.*



steaming through the main street of town, the horses covered with foam and completely exhausted. Their long cause had been in vain and the confident hope of success was dissipated. . . .

The settlement of the Kokomo dispute was determined through the D.&R.G. injunction case and was made by Judge Moses Hallett of the United States District Court on December 15, 1883. Under this ruling the D.S.P.&P. was given the right to lay tracks through Kokomo, providing a trestle was built over the Rio Grande tracks at the lower end of the town, then a second trestle built over both Ten Mile Creek and the Rio Grande tracks in the upper part of town. Some time later, the company gave up this crisscross system through Kokomo and laid tracks outside the town.

With the Stettauer Placer and Kokomo problems under control, the South Park advanced toward Fremont Pass, but somewhat behind schedule.

Running concurrently with the legal problems of the Denver, South Park & Pacific, the builders of the High Line had to contend with a murder and with the difficulties of maintaining a large and healthy enough work force to meet the deadline of February 5, 1884, set by the D.&R.G. on the joint use of the Buena Vista-Leadville tracks.

The murder was that of S. H. White, the tie inspector for the railroad, whose rejection of some ties cut and dressed by C. C. Rogers caused the latter to confront the inspector as to why his ties had been refused. When White said all ties had to meet exact specifications, Rogers pulled a rock from his pocket and threw it at White. The one-pound-plus missile hit the inspector on the right temple, just above the eye, knocking him down. Rogers fled into the forest. Nearby workers revived White and he started walking back to a construction camp, complaining of violent pains in his head. A sleigh came along and White was taken to a boarding house in Ten Mile Camp, where he died soon afterward.

(Rogers, who made his escape good, evaded arrest for over a year; but following his capture, he was tried in March of 1885, found guilty of murder in the second degree and was sentenced to ten years in the Colorado State Penitentiary at Canon City).

One of the difficulties of maintaining an adequate work force was brought about by the activity of agents, who supposedly were hired by the D.&R.G., to slow construction on the High Line. The most common tactic used by these operators was the luring of laborers away from the South Park with promises of free tickets to other localities, where the workmen were assured they would find better jobs, better pay and better accommodations.

Other difficulties were caused by ethnic conflicts. In one incident, a group of Italians started beating up a Negro and would have killed him if a group of Irishmen had not come to his rescue, turning the fight into a

general knock-down-drag-out affair. Because of the resultant injuries and hard feelings some of the laborers were laid up for a time and some quit their jobs.

Several news items called attention to the fact the laborers did not have sufficiently warm clothing or suitable shelters to protect them from the rigors of the high altitude. Most of the men had been recruited in and imported from the East and arrived on the job with only the clothes on their backs and possibly carrying a flimsy blanket. They lived in construction camps which were located every mile or so apart along the line, and they slept in the open or in tents. In the evenings, the workmen built fires; then, by taking turns, kept the fires burning all night. While the fires were described as lighting up picturesque, nighttime camp scenes, the exposure to chilling winds and temperatures caused many colds and other respiratory ailments among the laborers which kept them from working at peak efficiency. Even as early in the year as August, several of the men caught pneumonia and as the fall advanced, more and more of them were stricken until the hospitals in Leadville, including the Lake County Poorhouse, were overcrowded. How many of the men recovered and returned to their jobs or how many died from pneumonia and other sicknesses is not known, but it probably was a considerable number.

Although no mention of the food eaten by the men was ever made in the news accounts, one *Chronicle* reporter wrote of their major relaxation as follows: "In all the little camps along the line, dance halls and saloons are running full blast. The females for these places are supplied from the off-scourings of the Leadville tenderloin." The whiskey and Cyprians may have helped to keep the men warm, for a time, but evidence is lacking that such solace improved their health. So it was the cold night temperatures and inadequate protection from the elements continued to be a hardship and caused many laborers to quit.

All that fall and winter, the weather alternated between a few good days and long stretches of bad weather, with almost daily snowstorms on 11,316-foot Fremont Pass. This harsh weather, together with all the other troubles faced by the Denver, South Park & Pacific, made the February 5, 1884, deadline an uncertainty.

An event which nearly caused a railroad war was brought on by the D.S.P.&P. people themselves. On January 10, 1884, *The Chronicle* quoted the following telegraphic dispatch sent from the Upper Ten Mile camp of Robinson to the Denver & Rio Grande's agent, George W. Cook, in Leadville:

"About dark this evening the South Park commenced with about two hundred men to lay [a side-track] . . . from their newly constructed line up to and across the Denver Rio Grande main track, sidings and depot ground

of this place [Robinson]. The proposed South Park crossing will come within a few feet of the Denver and Rio Grande depot."

Twenty minutes after having been notified of the above action, D.&R.G. Agent Cook left Leadville on a special train with about fifty men, all well armed with rifles and ammunition which had been held in readiness for such an emergency. Arriving in Robinson at 8:30 p.m., Cook ordered two Rio Grande Mogul engines placed on the tracks at the point where the South Park construction crew had started work on the proposed sidetrack to the mines on the other side of Robinson; he then ordered his men to "hold the fort against all odds."

The next day, the newspaper reported: ". . . The South Park laborers were told not to approach the track of the Denver and Rio Grande and they deemed discretion the better part of valor and obeyed."

With the outbreak of a war so averted, no more skirmishes between the two railway rivals slowed construction of the Denver, South Park & Pacific into the Cloud City, since the Rio Grande tracks, after crossing Fremont Pass, continued down along the East Fork of the Arkansas River, while the South Park followed its High Line right of way along the slopes of Democrat and Prospect mountains to approach Leadville by way of Big Evans Gulch.

The D.S.P.&P., however, was troubled by disputes with lesser property owners. Sam Boise, representing the owners of the Ingersoll Placer which was located seven miles north and east of Leadville, secured an injunction against the company and erected a barricade to prevent passage across the property. A short distance farther along, Richard Finch and Miles Southward, owners of the Old Crown mining claim, also secured an injunction against the South Park, demanding \$20,000 damages since the company had laid track across the claim without the owners' permission and the workmen had "cut down timber thereon." Because of faulty titles neither injunction delayed the railroad for long. Moreover, the High Line's advance was not held back by protests and cries of damages from property owners within the city itself. As a *Chronicle* newsman put it, the D.S.P.&P. builders, by late January and early February, were "moving heaven and earth" to have their road completed before the February 5 deadline. Because of this, on Sunday morning, February 3, the contractors put a large number of extra men laying track day and night until the afternoon of February 5. Of the events that followed, the next day's *Chronicle* recorded:

At 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon the construction of the new South Park extension from Como to this city was completed. The last spike was driven near Cummings & Finn's smelter [located in Big Evans Gulch], and the ceremony was accomplished by a screaming of locomotive whistles that was perfectly deafening. A few minutes later a special engine and car conveyed

a number of South Park officials over the portion of the track where the junction had been completed and the tooting was resumed with eclat. Later in the evening the construction trains began to arrive from various parts of the extension, and at 10 o'clock last night four South Park locomotives were at the company's impromptu depot, on East Ninth street. THE NEW TRACK is pronounced a 'dandy' by the South Park people, while the Rio Grande men shake their heads dubiously when it is referred to. Colonel Horace Newman says that it is as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar, and that the man who says the ties are embedded in snow is a bold liar. 'The ties were laid before the snow began to fall,' said Colonel Newman to a reporter last night, 'and the track will bear any weight it may be called upon to sustain. . . .

As climatic as the Denver, South Park & Pacific's entry into Leadville was, eight months were to pass before major operations by the South Park were independent of the Denver & Rio Grande.

Four days before the celebration of the construction workers and South Park officials over the final laying of tracks into Leadville, *The Chronicle* carried an article about an agreement among five railroads—the Denver & Rio Grande, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, the Central Pacific, and the Union Pacific—in which all of the companies were reported to have promised to bill freight over their tracks at the regular rates with no cutting of prices, plus other guarantees. The group was called the Utah Traffic Association, and even though all of the railroads concerned did not sign, the *Chronicle* writer of the article believed the agreement minimized the rivalry between the Denver & Rio Grande and the Union Pacific, and due to this would clear the way for continued use of the Buena Vista-Leadville tracks by the D.S.P.&P.

In spite of the boasting at the time of the entrance of the Denver, South Park & Pacific into Leadville, the officials knew their company was not equipped or prepared to operate on the High Line. Increasingly stormy weather, together with the need of all the Leadville trade the South Park could procure caused that company's officials to request an extension of time in the use of the Buena Vista-Leadville tracks. The Denver & Rio Grande officials, also needing all the money that could be raised, willingly granted the request.

Storms of blizzard proportions during February and March of 1884 brought all work over and on both sides of Fremont Pass to a complete halt as far as the Denver, South Park & Pacific was concerned. Even the Rio Grande had a hard time keeping its trains running between Leadville and Dillon during those months. With the coming of April and the moderating of the weather, work on the High Line was resumed by the South Park. So great was the amount of repair all along the line as well as the establishment of freight and passenger stations in Leadville, that it took all of the spring



On August 15, 1943, the Colorado & Southern, present-day owners of the High Line, changed from narrow-gauge operations to standard-gauge. This picture, taken on that date, shows company officials in front of narrow-gauge engine No. 76 on the left and standard-gauge engine No. 638 on the right. The eastern edge of Leadville and Mosquito Range are in the background.  
*Courtesy of Intermountain Chapter, National Railway Historical Society. A Burlington Railroad Company photograph.*

and summer to put the Dickey-Leadville extension in usable condition.

Finally, on September 30, 1884, under the headline of THE HIGH LINE DONE, *The Leadville Morning Democrat* announced:

The Denver, South Park and Pacific Railroad company will commence running trains over the High Line this morning, saving one hour and five minutes in the time between Leadville and Denver. . . . With completion of the new route the South Park will be independent of its rival [the Denver & Rio Grande], except as hereafter noted, and will have its own Leadville depot and offices. The corporation has erected, on the corner of Ninth and Hemlock streets, a handsome and commodious freight depot, and has purchased and remodeled a dwelling at 327 East Eighth street for temporary use as a passenger station. This building is excellently arranged for the purpose, and, as adapted, contains ladies' and gentlemen's waiting rooms, with a large baggage room in the rear, and plenty of room on the second floor for operator and clerks. The first passenger train for Denver over the new road will leave Leadville at 8:45 this morning and arrive at the Queen City at 6:15 o'clock this evening.

There will be two freight trains a day each way over the new line, the evening freight from Denver reaching Leadville for delivery at 10 o'clock the next morning, a gain of seven hours in time. . . .

From Denver to Leadville by the old South Park line is 171 miles; by the new line it is 151 miles, and by the Denver and Rio Grande road, by way of Pueblo and Colorado Springs, 277 and 4-10 miles.

A new turn table and a water tank has been put in. . . .

. . . The Denver and Rio Grande railroad own all the switches to the smelters and mines [in the Leadville district], and will continue to attend to that part of the South Park's business as heretofore, charging so much a car. . . .

On October 1, 1884, all Denver, South Park & Pacific trains started using the High Line, leaving the Buena Vista-Leadville tracks for the exclusive use of the Denver & Rio Grande trains.

## OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

We are in receipt of a communication from Ralph W. Randall, 1966 Park Avenue, San Jose, California. Mr. Randall lived in Colorado Springs in the early 1920's and a few excerpts from his reminiscences, with some editing, will be of interest to members of the Colorado Springs area.

"I am grateful for receiving the little booklet, *Disaster in Fountain, 1888*, by Lester L. Williams.

. . . .

"In the early 20's I was bus boy at the Antlers Hotel and Silver Boy. I well remember the great linen and silver theft—and the shots fired at the thieves. They escaped on a freight going out of the station on the D & R G Western Railroad. Later they were caught in Denver.

. . . .

"I also worked at the Broadmoor as elevator boy and dining boy. Mr. Penrose was very good to me. He always wanted me to work on Sundays because some of the help wouldn't show up. Consequently I never got to ride the 'Short Line to St. Peter's Dome.'"

. . . .

"Colorado City was where my father's pal lived—Mr. Theodore Spencer. He was a bridegroom on the Colorado Midland. . . . I loved to ride to Cripple Creek on Sundays. Two engines pulled out of the Sante Fe station to Cripple Creek. It was an excellent sight to behold. . . . (It cost) 25¢ to visit the gold mine between Victor and Cripple

Creek. We took a tour to 1200 feet in the mine.

"Mr. Spencer told us the story of the last passenger train on the Colorado Midland Railroad. People wept and said goodbye as the train pulled out for the last time."

It is always a pleasure to receive reminiscences from former Coloradans, especially when they are evoked by articles written by our Posse members. What about the "Short Line to St. Peter's Dome?" Is there a good story surrounding the "linen and silver theft?"

### TO ALL WESTERNERS

A bright new spot on the holiday scene will be John Lipsey's new book "*THE LIVES OF JAMES JOHN HAGERMAN*", builder of the Colorado Midland R.R. The book is being readied for publication and the first printing will be a limited edition of 497 copies. Each book will have—tipped in—a stock certificate of the Isabella Gold Mining Company, signed by Percy Hagerman—James John's son. The sale of the stock of this company helped finance the building of the Colorado Midland. The limited edition will sell for \$12.50 and orders can be placed by phoning 266-3277, the book department, Golden Bell Press. The book contains some rare, unpublished documents, photos and other memorabilia of the times.

New and interesting bits of Denver history pop up from all over the country. Fred Mazzulla received a letter dated October 10th from Archie E. Wright of Kendallville, Indiana. Archie is a corresponding member and he had this to say:

"Being an old Denverite, I was almost a neighbor of Alf. Packer when he lived near Ft. Logan. I lived near the bridge in the vicinity of what was called Petersburg, 1903-04. I didn't know who Alf. Packer was at the time. I used to

work for Potato Clark as a boy. We later moved near to the paper mill and I delivered great rolls of newsprint from the mill to the *Denver Post* with the Sells Floto wagons and teams.

"I worked construction as a teamster on the Moffat Road in 1908. Knew John P. Lower very well and spent many hours at his store on Larimer St. I am a member of the Denver Posse of the Westerners. . . . I want to congratulate you for your great contributions to the history of the old West."

## ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

### GEN. SHERIDAN TO GEN. SHERMAN—THE LATE INDIAN BATTLE — ANOTHER WOUND FOR NED WYNKOOP'S SENSITIVE CONSCIENCE.

Chicago, Dec. 20.—A letter from Gen. Sheridan to Gen. Sherman gives some interesting information in regard to the Indians lately defeated by Gen. Custer. The trails of the war parties who have been committing depredations were traced directly to Black Kettle's camp, and much plunder taken from the houses robbed in Kansas last fall, as well as mails and other property taken from thence, were found in the camp. Thirteen Cheyenne, two Sioux, and one Arapahoe chief were killed. General Sheridan thinks that fight is pretty knocked out of Cheyennes (sic). He thinks the Government makes mistakes in giving these Indians quantities of food, as the country is literally covered with game.

*The above appeared in the Rocky Mtn. News on December 21, 1868.*

The following appeared in the *Denver Post* for Nov. 12, 1968.

### OPINIONS DIFFER ON BLACK KETTLE MASSACRE

CHEYENNE, Okla. — (UPI) — Col. George A. Custer rode into the Cheyenne Indian encampment of Chief Black Kettle at dawn, Nov. 27, 1868, with 500 troopers from the 7th Cavalry. What ensued was later called the Black Kettle Massacre.

Custer reported to the secretary of the interior that his force had killed 103 Cheyenne warriors. The Cheyenne set the total at 13 men, 16 women, and 9 children, including Black Kettle and his wife.

Two weeks from Wednesday, the Black Kettle Massacre, or the Battle of the Washita, will be re-enacted in a two-day celebration.

. . . . .

Most residents of the area where the Black Kettle Massacre was fought believe the Cheyenne account of the battle is more accurate than Custer's.



## WESTERNERS—1945

We hit the town of "Albu—kirk"  
 On the day they dropped "The  
 Bomb."  
 Flatlanders four, all westward bound,  
 Excited, but aplomb).

We had three hundred dollars  
 And a rool was waiting there  
 In the mountains of New Mexico,  
 Where the skies are always fair.

We were Nancy, Mike and Mother,  
 And they called me Dad or Pop,  
 Our wagon was a Greyhound  
 That quickly made the hop

From sycamores and candlelight,  
 And Indiana's new mown hay,  
 To the banks of Las Gallinas  
 Where Montezuma once held sway.

We weren't the stalwart pioneers  
 Like Magoffin, Young and Kit,  
 But the hills of old Las Vegas  
 Seemed to echo, "This is it!"

For fifteen years we sojurned  
 In God's Eden of the West,  
 'Til the kids sought newer pastures  
 In their never-ending quest.

So Pop and Mother packed the wagon,  
 Headed north, up Denver way,  
 Where the morningside of mountains  
 Forecasts the clime of day.

"Queen City of the Plains" they  
 called it,  
 Where the Cherry meets the Platte,  
 And it took a bit of doing  
 To be satisfied with that.

But friendly folk of Western mien  
 Found room for Mom and Pop,  
 And barring unforeseen events,  
 It looks like our last stop.

We'll grow to love its friendliness,  
 And reciprocate in kind,  
 While we grow old serenely,  
 Filled with memories that bind

The sycamores and candlelight  
 With Montezuma's legend old,  
 And Gregory Gulch and Cherry Creek  
 Still running free with gold.

Thus we'll weave a Western saga  
 Like those valiant pioneers  
 Who found a world of happiness,  
 In blood and sweat and tears.

Milt Callon



## Westerner's Bookshelf



### **DONNA MADIXXA GOES WEST.**

**By Forbes Parkhill. Pruett Press. \$6.**

Forbes Parkhill, well known for his lively and often ribald accounts of Colorado history, has added not only a new book but a new character to Western lore. She is Donna Madixxa, tempestuous wife of William B. Daniels, the merchant prince of Daniels & Fisher.

With two marriages already to her credit (and one near-bankruptcy) Donna Madixxa, who was the same age as Baby Doe Tabor (though oddly enough she was more influenced by Augusta) arrived in Denver in the early 1880's. She moved in with her sister, a clerk at D&F's and announced she was available, for a fee, for elocution lessons. It was only a matter of time before Denver's elite, including Daniels, a new widower, enrolled their children for instruction.

Donna Madixxa was an enchantress—Parkhill calls her a witch, and perhaps she was—and only a few months later became Daniels' wife. Parkhill doesn't take sides, but there is little question that Donna Madixxa was out to make a fast buck off Daniels. He was disillusioned in a mere three months but found getting rid of the Donna was a good deal harder than getting her.

The divorce hearings as well as various other trials carried on for years, even after Daniels' death. They were not only lengthy but sensational and bizarre. So was the aftermath. Only 10 years ago when owners were moving the

contents of the defunct Daniels & Fisher to the new Courthouse Square May-D&F building, they discovered a pot of human ashes on a basement shelf. They assumed the urn contained the remnants of Daniels, and the matter was, with proper ceremony, laid to rest. Parkhill, however, has a better idea and has given new identity to the contents of the urn.

Parkhill lets Donna Madixxa tell her story in dialogue form. The account, well illustrated with pictures of Denver during the 1880's (including an excellent one of the flamboyant Daniels mansion) is frequently punctuated with newspaper quotes, court records, and tidbits from Daniels' love letters.

Parkhill has done an excellent job of finding a new heroine for Western folklore and following her stay in the West in minute detail. He lets us down only when he fails to tell the Donna's end, but Parkhill loves a good story; he may have saved that for his next book.

Sandra Dallas

### **WOMAN IN LEVIS, by Eulalia Bourne, University of Arizona Press, pp 208, Tucson, 1967.**

This lady author slips up behind the reader gently, taps him on the shoulder, and confides in a conversational manner the agonies and ecstasies of her life in Southern Arizona. Her name smacks of contrivance, with the pseudonymic makin's borrowed from Greek and French and rolled into her own, translating to something like "the realm of

fair speech," precisely the domain exemplified by her book. Her words typify the compassionate hardness of the West. In a land where men are men and women are damned glad of it, she gracefully puts the outdoor woman on a par with males, after grudgingly giving the "devil his due," as she says. She lauds and deplors the male animal whom she harries throughout the book, in good humor and with pathos, but pays him consummate tribute through significant mimicry of him.

As a psychiatrist, I am delighted and intrigued by many aspects of the book as a reflection of its author. It is a kind mirror. The author is really emphatically female, but gallantly parades a thin crust of masculinity before her like a shield of snowflakes. The masquerade is at times amusing, like a lady trying to spit, and always of interest. She frequently alludes to the everyday examples of the practical psychology of living which is the most informed body of psychological knowledge, encompassing much more know-how than sterile academics. Her thoughts and feelings are arrayed on the printed page with gentility, inflicting themselves upon the reader with the deceptive softness of a powder puff.

Insights into the life and times of the contemporary West, and of days gone and going by, will be gratefully received by the thoughtful reader. As well as I can recognize the pealing ring of authenticity, as a devotee and amateur historian concerning things Western, the response of this volume is loud and clear!

Wallace L. LaBaw, CM

**THE APACHE FRONTIER, by Max L. Moorhead. Published by the**

**University of Oklahoma Press. Norman, Oklahoma. Contains 290 pages divided into XI chapters, with 12 illustrations and 8 maps, at \$6.95.**

This scholarly treatment of the Spanish effort to Christianize and civilize the native Indians during the period 1769-1791 covering the area of present-day states of Sonora, Chihuahua, Coahuila, Durango, Sinaloa and Zacatecas in Mexico, and most of New Mexico, western Texas, southern Arizona, and a sliver of California in the United States. The author confined his material to the administrative and operational details of the military forces, and with the Indians were largely omitted. Then the vast area covered with deserts, mountains and extremes of weather entered not into the study and reasoning of the author.

Utilizing correspondence from officers in the field, post commanders, governors, viceroys, and royal administrators, the author reveals how policies worked in practice and how the Apaches reacted. Evidence exists of the tremendous amount of historical research necessary to prepare a volume such as this, the fitting together of decisions and policies from documents dated many months from inception to application, was time consuming but well done. Making this material readable and interesting attests to the scholarly achievement of the author.

The Spanish military was given the mission of providing security for the many Spanish settlements, villages and communities over the vast area inhabited by native Indians. All of the Indians were not hostile to the Spanish, but varying degrees of hostility existed between the various Indian groups, and this the Spanish commanders exploited

to maintain a rather delicate balance, in accomplishing their mission. This strategy worked well until interference by the civilian side of the Spanish government seemed to result in the various commands and echelons of the Spanish Army working at cross purposes, with resultant chaos. Students of the profession of arms will find this delightful reading with many close parallels to mid-twentieth century military-civilian operations.

Not the least stimulating interest was the treatment of the intrigues and jealousies existing between the professional Spanish officers, which probably hasn't changed much from the latter part of the eighteenth to the mid-twentieth centuries, in all defense establishments of the Western world. This book merits high recommendation for serious students of the Indian wars, and concurrent problems in North America.

JOY R. BOGUE, CM

**COLORADO CHARLEY, WILD BILL'S PARD.** By Agnes Wright Springs. Pruett Press Inc., Boulder, Colo. 1968 144 pages.

From time to time a piece of well-written and original biographical research emerges within the field of Wes-

tern History. *Colorado Charley* is such a book. Charles H. Utter skirted around the edge of fame on several occasions during a long and very active life. Students of Colorado and the West have encountered casual references to Utter in a variety of books and documents. Using an assortment of letters, old newspaper files, and other primary resources, Agnes Wright Spring has brought about the emergence of this important pioneer as a distinct personality in his own right.

Among other things he was active resident of Gilpin County's obscure Missouri City, and a participant in the early mining booms at Empire and Georgetown. For a time Utter operated pack trains across Argentine and other high passes. When gold was found in the Black Hills, he joined the stampede. On the frontier he operated a pony express line between Fort Laramie and Custer, S.D. Before it was over Colorado Charley had become an intimate friend of James Butler Hickok, Calamity Jane and other notable characters. This fascinating history-through-biography volume may be recommended to all who enjoy re-living this important period of the American West.

Robert L. Brown, P.M.



and a  
Happy New  
Year