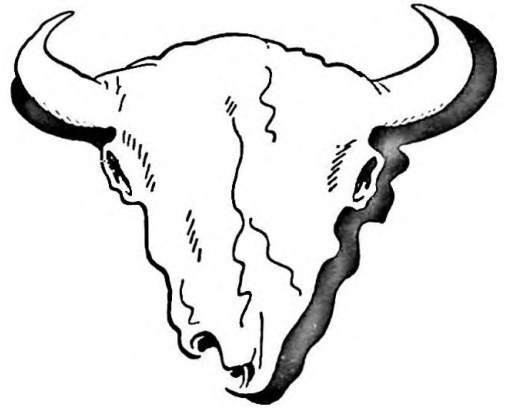


The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

JANUARY
1970
Volume XXVI
Number 1

PENITENTES OF NEW MEXICO IN THE
1870's ACCORDING TO
THOMAS AND EMILY HARWOOD
edited by Martin Rist



Investiture of Dr. Nolie Mumey as 1970 Sheriff



THE HARWOODS AND THE PENITENTES

As was stated in the December issue, Dr. Maxine Benson's paper on "Edward James: Scientist, Linguist, and Humanitarian," read at the December 13 meeting, was unavailable for publication. Consequently, a paper recounting the unique experiences of the Harwoods with the Penitentes of New Mexico in the 1870's which was published in the Winter, 1966, issue of *The Iliff Review*, is being republished for the benefit of the Westerners, few of whom ever see *The Iliff Review*.

INVESTITURE OF SHERIFF MUMEY

Robert L. Brown, Sheriff for the year 1969, was an excellent leader of the Denver Westerners during the past year, capable, knowledgeable, and genial. He is succeeded by Dr. Nolic Mumej, who is well known as a historian. It was most fitting that Mrs. Elmo Scott Watson, whose husband was one of the co-founders of the Westerners in 1944, and who gave the sheriff's star to the Denver Westerners, should have transferred the badge of office from the outgoing to the incoming sheriff.

NEW OFFICERS

The names of the officers for 1970 will appear in the February number.

CREDIT

The pictures on the cover and on p. 15 are from the Fred and Jo Mazzulla Collection.

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

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1969 OFFICERS

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Deputy Sheriff: William D. Powell

Roundup Foreman and Tally Man: Fred M. Mazzulla

Chuck Wrangler: Mac C. Poor

Register of Marks and Brands: Dr. Martin Rist

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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.

Penitentes of New Mexico in the 1870's According to Thomas and Emily Harwood

Edited by Martin Rist

The Penitentes (also known as Los Hermanos, the Brothers) are a mysterious, secret brotherhood of Spanish-Americans found in diminishing numbers in northern New Mexico and southern Colorado. They are professedly Roman Catholics, but their peculiar Lenten rites differ considerably from those normally associated with this denomination. Their precise origin is somewhat uncertain. According to some authorities, both Catholic and otherwise, they are an irregular, even degenerate off-shoot of the Third Order of the Franciscans. This Third Order was composed of persons who desired to follow the Franciscan way of life while residing in their own homes and pursuing their accustomed secular occupations. The Penitente Brothers, likewise, lived with their families and followed their customary occupations. The fact that the Third Order was also called the Order of Penance gives further support for the identification that has been suggested. However, quite recently Fray Angelico Chavez has rejected this identification; instead, he gives convincing reasons for believing that the Penitentes (who practice flagellation) are a transplant, with some modifications, of certain penitential flagellant societies that existed in Spain, especially in Seville. In any event, they made their appearance in New Mexico around the years 1790-1800; by 1850 they had penetrated many hamlets and towns. They were opposed, at times condemned, by the religious authorities, two of whom, Bishop Lamy and Bishop Salpointe, supposing that they were a deviation of the Third Order, urged them to reform and to return to this branch of the Franciscans.¹

Whatever their origin may have been, it is well known that they do practice flagellation unto blood in connection with penitence for their sins during the Lenten period, both in secret meetings and in public processions. On Good Friday there are highly secret meetings in a morada (chapel); also, one or more of the group may carry a heavy cross in a public procession, or might even be bound to a cross to simulate the crucifixion. According to some apparently authentic accounts some flagellants have died as a result of their ordeals. Other rites, including flagellation, are conducted quite secretly in a morada (chapel) culminating in a secret Good Friday

¹ Fray Angelico Chavez, "The Penitentes of New Mexico," *New Mexico Historical Review* XXIX, No. 2 (April, 1954), pp. 97-123.

observance. Quite a number of outsiders have witnessed the public processions; a few have written reports about them; and still fewer have published photographs which they have taken at some risk. For outsiders are strictly warned to keep their distance. Bach states that Charles Lummis was shot in the neck while attempting to take a picture of a Penitente crucifixion, and more than one photographer has had his camera broken. Very few outsiders, however, have been privileged to witness the secret morada rites, and I know of but one person who had published what he had witnessed. For any unauthorized person who might attempt to enter the morada on such an occasion might be subjected to bodily harm. Bach notes that the guards of a morada were armed. He himself had hoped to witness the secret morada rites, but apparently had not been permitted to do so.²

Since there is a paucity of reliable information, the Rev. Thomas Harwood's first-hand account of the forbidden secret rites which he witnessed on Good Friday of 1872 (or 1871) should be of great interest to students of the Penitentes. Furthermore, his wife's letter of 1874 in which she describes a public procession is likewise of historical value. But, first of all, a brief statement about the Harwoods is in order. In 1869 the Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Harwood arrived in New Mexico from Wisconsin as Methodist missionaries, he as a preacher and she as a teacher. They came at the urging of the Rev. John L. Dyer, who had known them in Wisconsin. At this time Dyer, a member of the Colorado Conference, was a presiding elder with New Mexico as part of his wide flung district. Although he was a Methodist preacher, the Rev. Thomas Harwood was a combat veteran of the Civil War. He served as an enlisted man with the 25th Wisconsin Regiment for eighteen months, and then as chaplain of this same regiment for another eighteen months chosen by unanimous vote of the regiment. He was in a number of engagements, and was wounded during the Atlanta campaign. The respect that he gained among his comrades-in-arms is shown by his election in due time as national chaplain of the Grand Army of the Republic, again by unanimous vote. Mrs. Harwood was a cultured, educated woman; she had been both a school teacher and a school principal in Wisconsin before going to New Mexico, as well as being a preacher's wife. Their practical intelligence is shown by their beginning to learn Spanish soon after their arrival in New Mexico, in order to become better acquainted with and more readily accepted by the people among whom they worked. They both had long and distinguished careers as missionaries and educators, careers which were only terminated by their deaths.

It was inevitable, of course, that they would have become aware of the existence of the Penitentes before they had been in New Mexico for any length of time, for there were a number of moradas in the northern part of

²Marcus Bach: *Faith and My Friends*, Bobbs Merrill Co., Inc., 1955, p. 155. His account is quite journalistic rather than scholarly in nature.

New Mexico where they lived and worked. No doubt they unknowingly had contacts with men who were members of this highly secret brotherhood; indeed, it was through such a contact that Harwood was admitted to the secret rites. It was but natural that they should have desired to witness the ceremonies, both public and secret. This they were able to do, for they both observed the public processional, and Harwood was admitted to the very secret morada rites in 1871 or 1872. What is more, each gave a fairly detailed and apparently accurate account of what had been witnessed.

Indeed, Harwood left two accounts. One, in the first person, was published in his book, *History of New Mexico Spanish and English Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church from 1850 to 1910.*, El Abogado Press, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 1908-1910, Vol. 1, pp. 166-169. Much earlier, on April 18, 1878, he had reported his observations to Mr. William G. Ritch, a leading citizen of Santa Fe who at the time was the Secretary of New Mexico. Mr. Ritch recorded this interview with Harwood in his "Memo Book," No. 4, (R12212, v. 4), pp. 326-326a, using the third person instead of the first. This "Memo Book" is preserved in the manuscript division of the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, whose librarian has granted permission to reproduce the interview with Harwood. According to Mrs. Harwood, her husband witnessed the morada rites in 1872, but according to Ritch the date was 1871. This discrepancy is of little importance, for in either case the interview with Ritch occurred within but six or seven years of the event. Harwood's statement in his *History* is considerably later, some thirty-six or thirty-seven years after the experience. Mrs. Harwood's report of her observation of a public processional is recorded in a letter, dated August 22, 1874, which was addressed to an unidentifiable church paper. Fortunately, a copy of this letter was printed by Harwood in his *History*, Vol. 1, pp. 242-243, thirty-four years later.

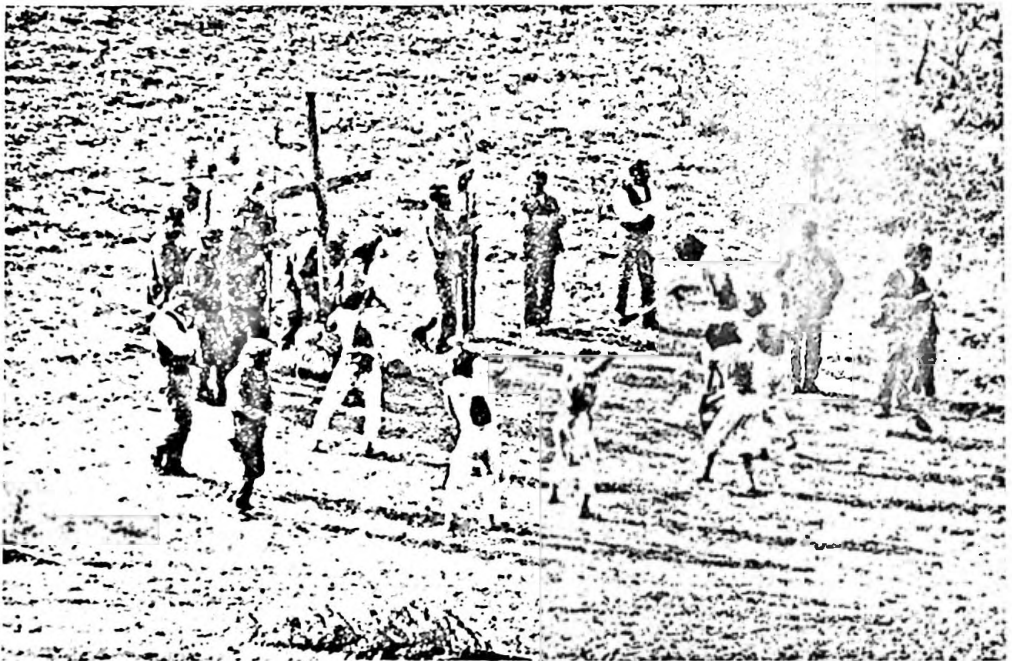
These three documents, two from Harwood and Mrs. Harwood's letter, are of considerable significance for our knowledge of the Penitentes in the early 1870's in northern New Mexico. Harwood not only was one of a very select number of Anglo-Americans to witness the secret morada rites, but in addition he has given us a reliable account of what he had witnessed. To repeat, insofar as can be ascertained, his account is unique. Mrs. Harwood was not the first Anglo-American woman to witness the public procession, but it is probable that her letter is the first published description of this ceremony by a woman. Accordingly, all three of these documents are transcribed verbatim as valuable sources for the study of the Penitentes.

Mrs. Harwood does not date the processional that she witnessed. Since her letter was written in 1874, the ceremony may have occurred in the Easter period of that year, or a year or two earlier. In any event, it is an all but contemporaneous account of a Penitente processional witnessed by an

educated American woman who included a few other items of interest. As such, it is an important document. The relevant portion of the letter is transcribed word for word:

Why then so much more interest is manifested by the church for foreign missions, as Old Mexico for instance, than for the same foreign population in New Mexico, where here they are citizens of our own country, is strange, but "distance lends enchantment to the view" in the missionary work as in all others.

Procession Near Wagon Mound, New Mexico, 1896



State Historical Society of Colorado

Lent is kept in New Mexico in a manner that would surprise many of your readers, and should they fully understand it, they would be convinced that it is not necessary to go out of our own country to find semi-heathens, and that there is great need of missionary labor here. Many of the Mexicans still continue the practice of punishing themselves in various ways to atone for their sin. They are called penitentes. They punish themselves all through Lent but the penitente processions commence Wednesday at midnight preceding Good Friday, and continue till midnight of Good Friday. In their processions, some of them carry huge crosses weighing from two to three hundred pounds. Their limbs are bound tightly with ropes, their shoes have stones in them and sometimes they put branches of the cactus (prickly pear) under the bands of their drawers, and with a whip in one hand they lay the lashes

on their bare backs till the blood flows to the ground. The crowd following, chanting in mournful strains, and often with tears flowing for the sufferers who are, in their eyes considered as martyrs. They close up the work Friday night by marching to the Morada (church) and locking themselves in where the work of punishment is continued with great zest till midnight. Two years ago, they admitted Mr. Harwood to witness their closing ceremonies, though they scarcely ever admit any who are not in sympathy with them.

Every year we hear of some who kill themselves in this way; last year two died only a few miles from here. The surviving penitentes believe such go straight to glory where they wear a martyr's crown. The government never interferes. As these poor creatures are the most wicked and dangerous class of Mexicans, it is the most easy mode of getting rid of them. The day following Good Friday (Sabade de gloria) they, having atoned for the sins of the past year, begin with renewed zeal their various kinds of wickedness — drunkenness, stealing, debauchery and so forth.

Go into some of their churches, or moradas, on Easter Sunday and you will see the blood on the walls, where it is spattered from their whippings.

Mrs. Harwood's strictures concerning the morals of the Penitentes may be, in part, due to her missionary zeal. However, Ritch notes in his "Memo Book", No. 4, p. 326, that certain officials had stated that "immediately following Passion Week among the penitentes . . . is the time more frequently than any other in which thieving, murder, and crimes generally may be expected." Her statement that two participants had died the previous year just a few miles from where she lived may well have been based on more than rumor.

If it was risky for an outsider, and especially for an American, to witness the public processional as stated above, it was even more dangerous for such a person to attempt to witness the secret morada rites, to say nothing of being present inside a morada during these ceremonies. Even though he had faced death many times during the Civil War, Harwood was somewhat hesitant about entering the morada. A certain Jose who had worked for him was, he discovered, a Penitente, and made arrangements for him to enter the morada to witness the rites. Admission was gained because Harwood was a friend of the people, or, as his wife stated, was sympathetic with them. His ability to converse in Spanish no doubt was helpful in gaining this rapport with the people. Upon inquiry, Jose assured him that he would not be harmed. The secret meeting was in a morada at La Junta where the Harwoods were living, and was on the Good Friday of either the year 1871 or 1872. It evidently was the meeting that just preceded the processional characterized by the bearing of a cross. But let Harwood speak for himself, first in *the History* and then in Ritch's "Memo Book."

I said "alone." I mean that I was the only American in the house with the Penitentes, and I presume the only one ever permitted to enter from what I have since learned. As I rode up, one came out and waved his hand for me

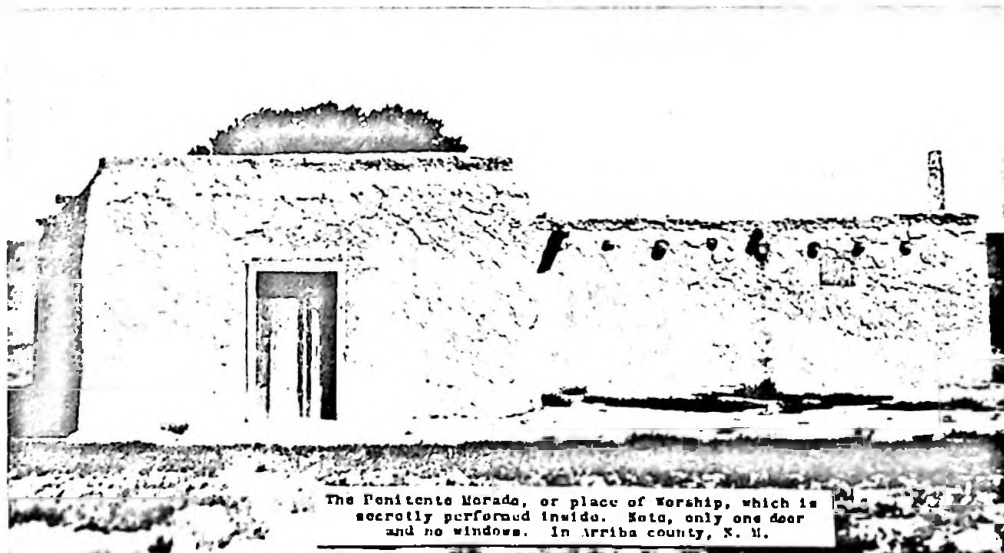
to keep back. I saw a Mexican in the crowd who had worked for me. I liked him and thought he liked me, so I beckoned him to come out to where I was. He came. He was a good fellow, but a Penitente, but I never knew it until that day when I saw him in the crowd. His name was Jose, accented on the last letter. It is Joseph, as everyone knows, in English. I said, "Jose go tell your captain that I am a friend to your people, and I would like to see what you do." Jose went and soon came back and said, "Esta buena," that is "all right; come in." We reached the door. It was locked. The doorkeeper unlocked it. My heart almost failed me. I said, "Look here, Jose, you work for me. I like you and you seem to like me," to which he replied "Si, Senior," Yes, sir. "Will you allow me to be hurt in there?" He replied, "Nunca," that is never. I entered and the door was shut and locked.

The floor was dirt, no windows, one door and that was locked fast, one dim candle of mutton tallow. I had read of a place where "they need no candle, neither light of the sun." Is that it? They call it a morada that is a "mansion." You will find the same word in the Spanish Bible, John 14-2: "In my Father's house are mansions, 'moradas'" But dark as it was and as silent as it was, I began to see around as the dim candle-light seemed to enlarge its light. In one corner of the room was a life-sized image of the Savior on the cross, his hands and feet nailed to the wood and bleeding, at least it so seemed. Also his side was pierced and the blood in the faint light seemed real. In the other corner was a life-sized picture of "La Santisima Virgin Maria," the Holy Virgin Mary. Close to my feet were the feet of two of the Penitentes lying on their faces with feet and legs firmly bound with cords, and their heads toward the images. I supposed they were both dead. At the heads of these stood two other Penitentes facing the images in the corners. These like the two on the floor were nude except their drawers. They were both whipping themselves with whips made of the cactus plants, a tough, prickly plant common in all this Southwest. I went a little closer to them and saw with my own eyes that the blood had stained their drawers and had also stained the floor. They whipped themselves to time, bringing the whips first over one shoulder, then over the other, and the sharp ends of the whips were applied first on one side then on the other of the small of the back just above their drawers. Except for the thud sound of the whips as they fell on the bleeding backs of the deluded fellows, all was silent for about half an hour.

The Revelator says, "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour." So there was in this morada. As it seemed to me, it was just about one half hour not a sigh or groan was heard. Then the silence was broken by the singing of one of the most doleful songs to which I had ever listened, all the congregation with husky voices joined in. Nearly another half hour passed with a little more singing and the Captain said, "Vamos." At this order to go, there seemed to be a struggle from death into life. The two men who I thought were dead, began to twitch their feet, and soon with help were on their feet too. I was so glad to get out, at the order, "Vamos," I think I must have led the procession at least out into the yard, but stepped aside and saw the poor bleeding Penitentes come out under their heavy crosses. As I rode up out of the valley on the Mesa, I noticed, I would think, no fewer

than 300 people. Many of whom had their handkerchiefs to their faces, evidently weeping. I went home with a sad heart thinking that nothing could ever be done with a people so ignorant and superstitious as they were. But after a while I took a different view of it and said: "Surely a people who will punish themselves like that in some way to atone for their sins, if they could only embrace the thought that it is the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ that atones for sin and not their own, they might probably be reached easier than some others. And so we found it. Some of our most earnest, tender hearted people, and preachers were once penitentes.

Morada in Arriba County, New Mexico



The Penitente Morada, or place of worship, which is secretly performed inside. Note, only one door and no windows. In Arriba county, N. M.

Denver Public Library Western Collection

It may be that Harwood depended upon his memory for this account in his *History*. However, he did keep scrap books (according to a statement in his church record); accordingly, he may have relied upon some early written statements in a scrap book for the narration in his *History*. In any event, this account agrees in general with the interview that Ritch wrote down in one of his "Memo Books." The writing in the "Memo Book" is quite legible, save for a couple of words. No doubt Harwood used the first person during the interview, but for some unknown reason Ritch used the third person when he wrote the interview down for preservation in his "Memo Book." He apparently used a good deal of care in transcribing what he recalled of the interview, for he made a few minor deletions and also added a number of words in small letters above the line. Since he was something of a historian, we probably can depend upon him as being a rather

reliable reporter. Save for the deletions which are of no significance, the following is an exact transcription of the interview:

In the margin: In the Cassa Morada of the Penitentes. The text itself reads:

Rev. Thomas Harwood, M. E. Missionary, stationed at La Junta, New Mexico, by permission was present at a gathering of the Penitencies in the day time in the canon opening into the valley of La Junta. He thus describes his visit. Having obtained permission through a person he had had in his employ and being assured that all was right he entered a door in the side of the room near one corner and took a position on the opposite side of the room near the middle. The room was almost 12 x 20, and was dark except as lit by two tallow candles. There were about 20 persons in the room. In the end opposite the entrance was in the right hand corner life size, a figure representing the crucified Saviour bloody from the wounds, in the left corner was the figure of the Virgin. In the dim light the figures looked artistic-good representations of the popular ideal of the originals. In the center of the room lay two persons prostrate on the ground floor, faces covered. The legs of the two were each bound by a cord, like a bed cord, to above the knees, the flesh above the cord was swollen and puffed up over the cord. In the binding the cords looked something like the diagram³. To their ankles were attached chains which restricted their step when walking. As they lay, they were motionless, and so far as outward appearances were concerned, they might have been dead. In front of the prostrate men were two others, with no other dress than their drawers of common muslin and a cloth covering their face. In their hand was a discipline of thongs of cactus, the ends being knotted. Their bodies were bent forward and they facing the figure of Christ and the Virgin respectively. The discipline was held in both hands and was applied deliberately with some vigor, first over one shoulder and then the other, the lash striking the back on the side opposite the shoulder from over which it was administered. Blood was trickling down the back and discolored the drawers, and as seen in the dim light he thought he saw blood on the ground. A chaunt or low dirge was crooned in the mean (?) time. He thus witnessed the scene for $\frac{3}{4}$ —maybe an hour. It was becoming monotonous. Had the door not been locked he would have left. About this time, however, the chief brother cried out "Vamous" and others chimed in. He thought at first they meant him. The door was opened, and then for the first time the prostrate men moved and arose to their feet. They were conducted outside and a heavy cross placed on the shoulder of each. Staggering, half stumbling, they were conducted in procession across a plowed (?) field to another house probably a half-mile away. The two with discipline in hand were among the number and continued the use of the discipline and a deepening of the wounds in the all ready lacerated flesh.

Turning from the sad sight he mixed among the multitude at the plaza nearby, of whom there was probably 300 to learn or observe how they were

³ The cords were criss-crossed, according to the crude diagram.

affected. Not a face indicated a disposition to treat the subject lightly, or trifling or jestingly. Many of the women were in tears. And then he left them.

Upon relating his experience to some American Romanists, they were loth to believe that he had been admitted to the sanctuary of the penitentie. One had sought admittance frequently, but invariably had been refused.

Interview April 18, 1878 at Santa Fe.

How reliable is this description by Harwood? Fray Angelico Chavez quite evidently believes that the report is accurate and unprejudiced, for in referring to it he states that Harwood "describes the rites correctly and minutely to Mr. W. G. Ritch at Santa Fe, but without any bias or disgust. Indeed, he himself seemed to be deeply touched by the reverent earnestness of both penitentes and spectators."⁴ This evaluation by Chavez, an authority on the Penitentes, is quite significant.

The two accounts by Harwood, the one published in his *History*, the other preserved in Ritch's "Memo Book," agree both in general and in detail, despite the time spread, one dated 1878 and the other 1908. There is but one minor disagreement between the two sources, but in some instances one supplements the other. Likewise, to some extent Mrs. Harwood's report supplements that of her husband's. On the basis of these accounts it is possible to give a reconstruction of the rites of the Penitentes, both the public processional and the secret morada ceremony, as these were practiced in the 1870's. In this reconstruction the following symbols will be used for ready identification of the sources: (H) for Harwood's description in the *History*; (M) for the interview recorded in Ritch's "Memo Book"; and (L) for Mrs. Harwood's letter. Where (H) and (M) are in substantial agreement no symbols will be used.

Mrs. Harwood relates something about the background and meaning of the ritual. She states that during Lent the Penitentes "punish themselves in various ways" in order to atone for their sins. Harwood agrees that this was the purpose of the rites (H). The rites, according to (L) began at midnight of the Wednesday preceding Good Friday and continued until midnight of Good Friday. They concluded with a procession to a morada on Good Friday evening, where the Penitentes locked themselves in for a secret meeting where they continued with "the work of punishment" until midnight. What Harwood himself observed was apparently a secret meeting on Good Friday while it was still daylight (M) and the procession following this ceremony. He did not stay for the culminating rites in a morada. The date of his experience was either the Good Friday of 1871 (M) or of 1872 (L), more probably the latter, since Mrs. Harwood's letter was all but contemporaneous with the event. This discrepancy of a year, to be sure, is of no moment. The morada itself was located "in the canon

⁴"The Penitentes of New Mexico," *New Mexico Historical Review* XXIX, No. 2, (April, 1954), p. 104.

opening into the valley at La Junta" (M) near where the Harwoods were living at the time.

Harwood's admission to the secret rites was arranged by a man named Jose (H) who had worked for him. Until that very day Harwood had been unaware that Jose, whom he considered to be a "good fellow," had been a member of the brotherhood (H). Harwood's ability to converse with Jose in Spanish no doubt made the arrangements possible. Harwood asked Jose to tell the "Captain" that he was a "friend of your people" (H). His use of the military title for the leader, known as the hermano mayor (chief brother) possibly reflects Harwood's military training. He is correctly called the "chief brother" in (M). According to Mrs. Harwood her husband would not have been admitted if he had not been in "sympathy" with the people (L). Jose made the necessary arrangements and reported that everything was "all right." The doorkeeper then unlocked the door to admit him. Naturally, he was somewhat apprehensive about his safety and asked Jose if he would allow anyone to "hurt" him. Jose replied, "Nunca," that is "Never." (H)

The building was quite small, 12 x 20 feet in size (M). It had but one door, which was provided with a lock; no window (H) and a dirt floor. It was very dimly lighted by one (H) or two (M) tallow candles. There were about twenty men present (M). Apparently they were standing, not seated. Harwood had an advantageous position, being near the middle of the room. (M) There were two important images (santos, to use the technical term) in the morada. In the right hand corner opposite the entrance, there was a life-sized image of the bleeding and crucified Christ on the cross, in the left hand corner, a life-sized image of the Virgin Mary. In the faint light the blood from Jesus' pierced side seemed to be real (H). Both figures as dimly seen appeared to be artistic representations of popular concepts of Jesus and Mary. (M)

In the center of the room (M) at Harwood's feet (H) there were two men lying motionless on the ground as if they were dead. Their heads were pointed towards the two images. Either they were lying face downwards (H), or were prostrate with their faces covered (M). In either case their faces could not be seen. Each of their legs was bound with heavy cords above the knees. According to (M) the cords were criss-crossed, and were bound so tightly that the flesh was "swollen and puffed" over the bindings. Furthermore, chains were attached to their ankles so as to interfere with their walking (M). Save for their underdrawers they were nude. (H)

Two other Penitentes were standing near the heads of the two who were lying on the floor, facing the two images in the corners. These, like the first two, wore no clothing save for their drawers. Each flogged himself with a "whip" (H) or "discipline" (M) made of a tough, prickly cactus

whip, first over one shoulder, then over the other, so as to draw blood. The blood not only stained their drawers but apparently dripped to the ground as well. According to Mrs. Harwood the walls of the morada as seen on Easter Sunday were also splattered with blood (L), but it is not clear with whose blood. These two were the only ones engaged in self flagellation. The whipping continued for about a half an hour, with complete silence prevailing. Save for the sound of the whips on the bare backs not even a "sigh or a groan" was heard (H). The silence was broken by the singing of a dirge that was crooned (M). With all of the brothers joining in, this chanting continued for another half-hour or so (H). The total period of flogging and chanting was about an hour (H), or perhaps a little less, three-quarters of an hour to an hour (M). It is also stated in (M) that Harwood was finding the proceedings so monotonous that he would have left the building had the door not been locked.

At about this time the Captain (H), or more correctly, the "chief brother" (M), called out "vamous" (depart), and others chimed in (M). Harwood at first thought that this was a command for him to leave (M). However, he soon discovered that this was a signal for all to leave. The door was unlocked and opened (M). The two men lying prostrate on the floor were lifted to their feet (H) and (M). Harwood was so glad that the ceremonies were ended that he was about the first to go out the door (H). Certain of the Penitentes who were bleeding, so it is stated in (H), went out bearing heavy crosses. These cross-bearers are identified in (M) as being the two who had been prostrate on the floor; the crosses were not placed on their shoulders until they had been led outside. These crosses, as noted in (L), were actually quite heavy, weighing two or three hundred pounds. Bearing their crosses, the two joined the procession and staggered across the field to a building (another morada?) about one-half mile away (M). The two who had been flogging themselves also joined the procession and continued to lacerate their bleeding flesh with their disciplines (M). It is stated in addition in (L) that some of the men had stones in their shoes and had put cactus under the bands of their drawers.

There were about 300 persons watching the procession according to both (H) and (M). The crowd in the procession witnessed by Mrs. Harwood chanted in "mournful strains." A number in the procession were weeping (H) and (L), especially the women (M). It is stated in (M) that none treated the matter "lightly, or triflingly or jestingly." Indeed, it is evident that it was a most solemn occasion. Harwood, who had seen enough, made no attempt to go with the procession to the other building for the rites that presumably would continue until midnight. Instead, he went home with a sad heart. (H) At first he thought that he would be unable to do much with such ignorant and superstitious people, but in time he developed a different view. Indeed, some of his most earnest people, preach-

ers, even, had once been Penitentes (H).

It is quite likely that neither of Harwood's accounts of the secret morada rites adds anything to our information concerning these ceremonies, for from one source or another these rites had been reconstructed by students of the Penitentes. However, they do give us an authentication by an eye witness of what actually transpired within the morada. We may be reminded of the Hellenistic mystery religions whose secret rites were held inviolate, even by those initiates who later became Christians. However, on the basis of stray bits of information from one source or another, literary, inscriptional, and archaeological, it is possible, let us say, to reconstruct the secret rites of the Eleusinian mysteries, or the mysteris of Isis and Oriris. Even so, those of us who have studied these Hellenistic mysteries would value very highly a reliable eye witness account of the secret rites so as to authenticate the scholarly reconstructions. So with Harwood's account of the secret morada rites. Insofar as can be ascertained, his eye witness description of the secret rites is unique.

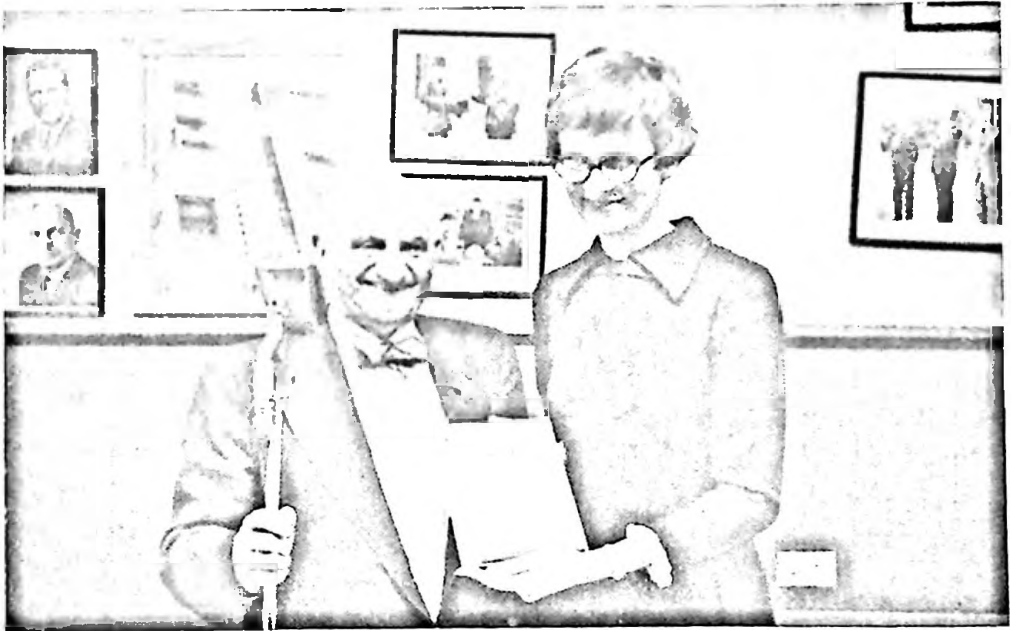
Those who desire to have further information about the Penitentes might well turn to *Lucifer and Crucifer: The Enigma of the Penitentes*, by George Mills and Richard Grove. This is a reprint from *The 1955 Brand Book* of the Denver Westerners made for the Taylor Museum of the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center. This brief article of about forty pages contains twelve important illustrations. It also has a bibliography (apparently prepared by Dr. Dorothy Woodward) listing some sixty-five articles and books. Harwood's *History* is among those listed, but the pagination of his account and of his wife's letter is not given. So the reference is all but useless, since the *History* has no index. There is no specific reference by Mills and Grove to either of these eye-witness accounts. Accordingly, as stated earlier, the verbatim reproduction of these first-hand accounts should be helpful to persons who are interested in the Penitentes, one of the strangest religious groups in this western part of the country.

One of the earliest accounts is provided by C. F. Lummis in his article, "The Penitent Brothers," *The Cosmopolitan*, Vol. VIII, May, 1889, pp. 41-51. Lummis witnessed the processions and the floggings in the neighborhood of San Mateo, New Mexico, in 1888. His article is illustrated with a number of sketches, presumably based upon some of the photographs which he took. However, unlike Harwood earlier, he apparently was not admitted to the secret rites within the morada. Much more recently an unsigned article (probably by the editor) appeared in the Spring, 1968 issue of *Colorado*, pp. 18-22, 97-98. It is partially based upon Lummis' article and upon Bill Tate's, *The Penitentes of the Sangre de Cristo*, reviewed in the December ROUNDUP. It has five remarkable photographic illustrations, one showing the Penitentes entering a morada for the secret rites.

Presentation of Certificate to The Westerners



Presentation of Plaque to Dr. Maxine Benson



Place Names in Roaring Fork Valley

by Len Shoemaker

One of the beautiful sections of Colorado is the Roaring Fork Valley, which lies west of the Continental Divide in parts of Pitkin, Eagle, Gunnison, and Garfield Counties. Until the discovery of rich gold ore in the head of the valley in 1879, the area was the most isolated part of the state. That incident and the discovery of rich silver ore at the site of present Aspen, in 1880, brought thousands of prospectors into the valley. As other strikes were made, towns spring up, and, within a decade, the whole area had been wrested from the wilderness.

In order to preserve the names of places where these migrants lived and worked while developing the land and resources, the following list has been compiled. Beginning at the source of each river or creek, the names are listed geographically in order of location. Camps, towns, cities, resorts, mills, mines, stage stations, road houses, ranger stations, railroad stations and sidings, and/or other places used are shown. Many are unimportant, but each filled a niche in the valley's development.

Whenever possible the year in which the name was bestowed and the person or thing for which it was named is shown. Some of the dates may be incorrect, but most are exact or nearly so.

FRYING PAN RIVER

HAGERMAN tunnel, Colo. Midland Ry., built in 1887, length, 2,164 ft., elevation, 11,528 ft., cost, \$2,000,000, for Jas. J. Hagerman, RR Co. president.

DOUGLAS CITY, camp for tunnel workmen.

IVANHOE, RR station on Hagerman tunnel line, for Ivanhoe creek and lake.

BUSK-IVANHOE tunnel, built in 1890, length, 9,364 ft., elevation, 10,947 ft., cost, \$4,000,000, for J. R. Busk, chief stockholder in the RR company.

IVANHOE station, relocated on Busk line in 1891 at entrance of the tunnel with several other large buildings.

MALLON, RR siding, 1887, for RR official, later known as Lyle Creek.

HELL GATE, narrow gap in rocky, cliff formation, site of several train

mishaps, one engine struck a rock-slide and the tender fell 1,000 ft., still there, Fireman Victor Biglow was killed in another wreck there, 1906.

SELLAR, RR station and siding, water tank, inn, 1887, for D. P. Sellar, RR official, charcoal kilns, camp for timbermen.

NAST, RR siding, 1889, resort owned by Hanthorn & Morris, 1901.

NORRIE, RR siding, 1887, post office, for Gordon Norrie, RR official, logging camp of Frank Gowen, 1884, sawmill, store, pavillion.

QUINS Spur, 1888, for George Quinn, logger.

BIGLOW, resort cabins, 1896, for Harvey Biglow, May Biglow, postmaster.

MUCKAWANEGO, picnic pavillion, 1890, RR siding, 1896, origin of name doubtful, 'Where the bear walks', siding later called Orsen.

CALCIUM, RR siding, 1888, limestone quarry until RR was shut down.

THOMASVILLE, RR station and siding, ore mill, 1890, town, post office, for a Mr. Thomas who promoted the mill, presently personal cabins.

MEREDITH, RR siding, 1889, lime quarry and kiln, town, post office, for one of the workers, known as "Professor" Meredith.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, RR siding, 1887.

RUEDI, RR station and siding, water tank, 1887, for John Ruedi, early settler there, town, post office, resort cabins.

HOPKINS, RR siding, 1887, for RR official.

SLOANE, RR siding, 1887, for W. D. Sloane, RR official.

SLOSS, post office, 1907, for S. P. Sloss, rancher and cowman.

HOWBERT, RR siding, for RR official, 1887.

WILSON'S QUARRIES, RR siding, 1888, for Wilson, operator of stone quarry.

PEACHBLOW, town, post office, 1890, trade name of the red sandstone.

SEVEN CASTLES, RR siding, 1887, resort cabins, for red cliffs.

FRYING PAN, tent camp, charcoal kilns, 1882.

ASPEN JUNCTION, RR station and siding, inn, wye, roundhouse, coal chute, 1887, beginning of Aspen branch line.

BASALT, town renamed 1894 for Basalt Mountain, post office, large place.

ROCKY FORD CREEK

DEANE'S CAMP, houses for miners, for J. W. Deane, early barrister at Aspen.

LIME CREEK

WOODS LAKE, resort, many cabins, for Jim Woods, early owner, 1889.

Operated 45 years by Pete Engelbrecht and son, later by the Bowles family.

ROARING FORK RIVER

HUNTERS PASS, elevation 12,095 ft. Renamed INDEPENDENCE, 1879.

ROARING FORK CAMP, renamed INDEPENDENCE, first town in the valley. For rich gold mine when ore was found on July 4, 1879. Town also called Chipeta, Farwell, Sparkill, Mammoth City, and Mount Hope. Had three post offices at one time: Sidney, Farwell, Sparkill.

LOST MAN ranger station, built 1912.

BLOWERS road house, 1883, for the operator, burned in the 1890's.

SENDELBACH'S road house, 1880, known as Junction House, for Joe Sendelbach.

WELLER'S stage station, 1882, for the operator, large house, could accommodate up to sixty persons overnight.

CURTIS' road house, 1880, for James W. and Lizzy Curtis.

COTTON'S road house, 1880, later known as Cosseboom ranch, King's fox farm, Aspen Park, playground for Aspen residents for years, now resort cabins.

UTE CITY, townsite located by H. P. Gillespie, 1879, relocated and renamed ASPEN, by B. C. Wheeler in 1880. Camp, town, city with 12,000 inhabitants in 1893, known as Crystal City of the Rockies. Smuggler and Molly Gibson mines world famous, silver nugget from the Smuggler weighed 1840 pounds. Declined after 1893 to 769 people in 1940, now a ski resort of world-wide renown.

ROARING FORK townsite, got first post office assigned to Aspen, but it was promptly moved to Aspen by W. C. E. Kock, first postmaster, 1880.

- TOURTELOTTE PARK**, 1880, camp, town, on Aspen Mountain, many rich mines, for Hank Tourtelotte, first locator of claims there.
- RIVERDALE** stage station on Castle Creek, beginning of Aspen-Glenwood stage line in 1883, Sanderson stages, Chas. Fravert, first driver.
- RATHBONE**, Colo. Midland siding, 1887, for RR official.
- WOODY CREEK**, Rio Grande siding, water tank, store, for the creek, 1887.
- WOODY CREEK**, post office, resort cabins.
- TEN-MILE** stage station, operated by A. B. Foster, 1883 to 1887.
- WATSON**, C M siding, 1887, for RR official, Farmer's Alliance hall, 1891.
- GERBAZDALE**, post office, 1918, for the Gerbaz family, Auzel, first P.M.
- BATES**, R G spur, for Arthur Bates, a rancher there.
- SNOWMASS**, C M siding, 1887, R G flag station, store, PO, cabins.
- LEON**, R G siding, now called Wingo, 1887.
- MIDWAY**, stage station, 1883.
- EMMA**, R G siding, water tank, 1887, post office, C. H. Mather store.
- HOOKS**, R G siding, for William Hooker, rancher.
- EL JEBEL**, C M siding, 1887. Name first given to H. B. Gillespie's mansion, previously erected. Sherman post office, now a large trailer camp.
- WHEELER**, C M siding, 1887, for J. B. Wheeler, RR official.
- CATHERINE**, post office secured by Edward Stauffacher in 1892, for his wife.
- CATHERINE**, store, C. Harris, proprietor.
- DINKELS** stage station, 1883, for Wm. M. Dinkel, operator, first settler in that area, store, road house, horse relays on stage line.
- SATANK** post office, secured by Harvey Tanney, a rancher, in 1883. Moved to site of present Carbondale by Mrs. Ottawa Tanney, to Satank town by Fred C. Childs, for Standing Bear, Kiowa chieftain.
- CARBONDALE**, R G station and siding, 1887, for Carbondale, Pa., by promoters.
- CARBONDALE**, C M station and siding, 1887, stage to Carbondale town.
- COOPERTON** townsite, located in 1886 by Fred Childs and Isaac Cooper.
- SATANK**, town, post office, 1887, also called Rockford and Moffat.
- SANDS**, C M station and siding, 1887, for S. S. Sands. RR official, later Bryant, for another RR official, B. A. Bryant.
- SWEETS** Spur on C M, for Frank Sweet, rancher.
- SIEVERS** Spur on C M, for the Sievers family, ranchers.
- CATTLE CREEK**, R G siding, for the creek, 1887.
- RED CANON**, R G spur, 1887, for the canyon.
- CARDIFF**, C M station and siding, 1887, town, 240 CF&I coke ovens. Beginning of branch line to Jerome Park and Four-mile coal mines.
- DEFIANCE**, camp of Jas. M. Landis, locator of the land thereabouts, 1880. Acquired by Isaac Cooper and associates, who formed the Defiance Town & Land Company in 1882, they paid Landis \$1,500, resurveyed the area, laid out a town. **GLENWOOD SPRINGS**, town renamed by Mrs. Cooper in 1883, became the county seat. Hot Springs, pool, sweat caves, tourist resort known as the Spa, for Glenwood, Ia.

LINCOLN CREEK

RED MOUNTAIN Pass

HURST'S CAMP, 1880, for one of the miners. SOUTH INDEPENDENCE, also sometimes used.
RUBY, town, tunnel, mill, boarding house, road to the Roaring Fork, 1906.

DIFFICULT CREEK

BARR'S MILL, built by Jack Williams, 1880, camp for miners, for Frank Barr.
REED'S sawmill, for Clarence Reed.
PIEPLANT sawmill.

CASTLE CREEK

PEARL Pass.
MONTEZUMA mine, mill, boarding house, 1882, enormous production silver ore.
KELLOGG mill for treatment of the ore, for Kellogg, the owner.
COOPER CAMP, for locators of claims on Iron Mountain, 1885, for one of them.
EXPRESS mine, camp for miners, 1885, for Express Mining Company.
MICHIGAN RIDGE, camp for miners, 1882. Gold ore packed to Castle Peak Smelter at Ashcroft on burros.
CASTLE FORKS CITY, townsite on placer claim of M. F. Coxhead, changed to ASHCRAFT, for T. E. Ashcraft, 1880. Chloride post office, changed to Ashcroft.
HIGHLAND, town founded by E. T. Ashcraft, 1879, for Highland Park nearby. Town quickly declined, first ghost town in the valley.

CASTLE CREEK

LITTLE ANNIE Mine, 1886, mill, boarding house, for a girl, Annie Stancel.
HOPE MINE, 1910, boarding house, for the mining company.
MIDNIGHT Mine, boarding house, for the mining company.
SHERIDAN'S Camp, charcoal kilns, cabins, for A. G. Sheridan, operator.

CONUNDRUM CREEK

COFFEE POT Pass.
CONUNDRUM HOT SPRINGS ranger station, cabin and bathhouse, built in 1912.
LEE HOUSE, 1888, for Alfred Lee, sheepman, used by transients afterwards.
CAREY'S CAMP, for Captain Carey, miner, 1882, cabins for timbermen at Cummings mine, post office, Wm. Schwartz, P. M. Five men killed in snowslide, 1884.
CUMMINGS Mine, 1882, all buildings were put underground on account of snowslide danger, still intact in 1934, for Cummings, operator.
MARBLE QUARRY, 1885, cabins for development workers of a small out-crop.

EAST MAROON CREEK

EAST MAROON Pass.
SUNSET Mine, camp for miners, 1887, water pocket drowned one man, he was buried in a fenced lot nearby. Phil Palmer, last owner of the mine.

WOODY CREEK

LENADO, town, post office, tunnel, zinc ore, 1884, tunnel for A. J. Varney. Mill for treatment of ores. Later, sawmill camp, Jack Flogus, present operator.
WOODY ranger station built in 1910.
OWENS sawmill, 1886, for Tom Owens, operator.
SCOTT sawmill, 1900, for Scott Browers, operator.

SPRUCE CREEK

GOWEN'S sawmill, 1894, for Frank Gowen, operator.

BRUSH CREEK

ROBERT'S sawmill, 1898, for Bob Roberts, operator.
SNOWMASS-AT-ASPEN, ski resort, city, large residential and business de-

velopment, many ski runs and tows. The "Snowpass" part of name is misleading.

ROCK CREEK-CRYSTAL CREEK

SCHOFIELD Pass.

SCHOFIELD, town, post office, mines, 1879, mill, 1881, for B. F. Schofield, town promoter. Louisa Scheue, postmaster, Ex-president U. S. Grant visited, 1880.

ELKO, townsite, camp, 1881, no mines, soon abandoned.

CRYSTAL, town, mines, post office, for crystal-like ores, Black Queen mine and Sheep Mountain tunnel, largest producers.

LEAD KING Mine, camp, mill, area known as Lead King Basin.

PROSPECT, town, CF&I coal mine, 1885.

MARBLE, town, post office, large marble finishing mill, 1880-1906. Marble for construction of Lincoln Memorial and Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, at Washington, D. C., produced here. Town partially destroyed by flood in 1941.

CLARENCE, rival townsite, later combined with Marble.

YULE CREEK Quarries, developed by Colorado Yule Company, creek for Geo. Yule. A 56-ton block was quarried in 1926 for use as the Tomb, material for the Memorial quarried at about that time.

McCLURE HOUSE, widely - known road house, 1886, for 'Mac' McClure, owner. Area known as McClure Flats and McClure Pass.

PLACITA, town, post office, CF&I coal mine, 1899.

REDSTONE, town developed by John C. Osgood, president of CF&I Company. Inn, club house, school house, 150 cottages, company store, 200 coke ovens, branch line to Coal Basin coal mine, 1898.

CLEVEHOLM, Osgood's mansion, now a spectacular museum.

PENNY HOT SPRINGS, camp, bathhouse, 1885, for H. D. Penny, early settler.

MOBLEY'S Camp, cabins, 1884, for John Mobley, first settler.

JANEWAY, Crystal River RR station and siding, post office, store, for Mary Jane Francis, who had mining claims nearby, 1898.

COAL CREEK

COAL BASIN, CF&I coal mine town, company store, cabins, 1900.

DUTCH CREEK coal mine, Mid-Continental Company, coal trucked to Woody Creek, shipped via D&RG RR to Utah.

THOMPSON CREEK

WILLOW PEAK, CC&I coal mine, camp, Aspen & Western RR terminal, 1887.

SEWELL, A & W siding, for Charles Sewell, rancher.

JEROME PARK

MARION, Colo. Coal & Coke Co. 1884, owned later by the CF&I Co.

SPRING GULCH, C C & C town, later, CF&I property, large producer. GULCH post office, established 1895.

MARION, No. 2, CF&I camp, 1907, store, boarding house, supt.'s residence.

UNION, CM RR siding, 50 coke ovens, coked Spring Gulch coal, 1887-88.

FOURMILE CREEK

SUNSHINE, CC & C coal mine, 1883, later CF&I property, camp.

SUNLIGHT, post office, established 1895, town in later years.

POCAHONTAS, coal mine.

BLACK DIAMOND, coal mine.

SUNLIGHT Ski area, operation building, ski tows and runs.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

The Centennial of the granting of Woman's Suffrage by Wyoming, the first territory or state to do so, recalls the following episode. John Wesley Iliff with his dauntless Canadian bride and his son, William Seward, by his first marriage, lived in Cheyenne at the time. One day on returning from overseeing his cattle herds he found his young wife quite disturbed. Upon inquiry, he discovered that she did not care to avail herself of a newly won right, the privilege of serving on a jury. Because, as she said, she did not want to be locked up with a jury consisting of gamblers, bartenders, and dance hall girls. Mr. Iliff immediately calmed her apprehensions by moving to Denver, where they lived temporarily in a small frame house located near the present site of the main Post Office. Miss Louise Iliff, the authority for this story, was born in this house.

100 YEARS OF WESTERN ART

On the evening of December 30, Channel 6, Denver, had a showing (in color) of part of Fred A. Rosenstock's remarkable collection of Western Art, with Fred as one of the narrators. The entire collection may be viewed at his well known store of books and art, 1228 East Colfax St., Denver.

THE COLORADO RIVER

Professor C. Gregory Crampton, University of Utah historian, states that Aaron and Ruth Cohen have produced a unique catalog of "choice offerings relating to the Colorado River Basin," issued, most appropriately, on the centennial of John Wesley Powell's voy-

age of discovery. It is entitled *The Colorado River, People and Places*, 1869, by Guidon Books, 83 W. Main Street, Scottsdale, Arizona, 85251. The catalog lists 841 items. No. 500 is a reprinting of Powell's diary of the first trip, with photographs and epilogue by Eliot Porter, at \$30.00.

LANDMARK CHURCH

The congregation that purchased the historic Scott United Methodist Church located at Ogden and 22nd Street in Denver (see the November ROUND-UP) is called the Greater Jerusalem Church of God in Christ.

ABANDONED MILITARY POSTS

The Council on Abandoned Military Posts (CAMP) plans to hold its fourth annual conference in El Paso, Texas, on March 25-26, 1970. Part of the scheduled activities will be to visit seven old Army posts. Inquiries may be directed to: Executive Secretary, CAMP, Box 3993, Augusta, Georgia, 30904.

NARROW GAUGE

The future of the D.&R.G.W. narrow gauge from Farmington, New Mexico, to Durango, Colorado, is very uncertain. The Interstate Commerce Commission has approved its abandonment. The railroad officials are quoted as saying that the order "will greatly simplify our accounting procedures while Colorado and New Mexico decide if they can afford to buy the trackage and preserve it as a tourist attraction." At present New Mexico apparently is unable to provide its share of the necessary financing, and Colorado's Governor John Love's aide said that plans were still "nebulous."

REPORT OF SURVEY OF COLORADO-NEW MEXICO BOUNDARY

The boundary between Colorado and New Mexico was first surveyed in 1868 by Ehud N. Darling. It was again surveyed by H. B. Carpenter in 1902-1903 and he located a line that in general lay north of the Darling Line. In 1919 New Mexico began a suit before the Supreme Court of the United States and sought to have the Carpenter Line held to be the legal boundary between the two States.

In 1925 the Supreme Court ruled in favor of Colorado and decided that the Darling Line was the original, accepted, and legal bond. The Court appointed Arthur D. Kidder as a Commissioner to retrace and re-mark the Darling Line. This work and the report about it were long delayed because of slowness of the two States to pay the expenses. Mr. Kidder died in 1958 and Joseph C. Thoma was then appointed to finish up and file the report, which he did in 1960.

This *report* of the Survey is in three volumes, paper covers, with a large number of fold-in maps, which show about eight mileposts per map and cover the entire common boundary. This is not a Government publication, but was filed with the Supreme Court. It was distributed to the Attorney Generals of the two States, but such copies are not easy to locate. This is a historic and most interesting geographic document. A few copies remain in the hands of Gordon E. Ainsworth & Associates, Inc., of South Deerfield, Mass., 01373, the engineering firm which prepared the report for Commissioner Thoma, and a copy can be obtained from that source at \$20.00 per set.

Erl H. Ellis

YANKEE BOY BASIN, NATURE'S WONDERLAND OF WILDFLOWERS

by Eva Louise Hyde

The Colorado Mountains are unusually blessed with native wildflowers (witness M. Walter Pesman's *Meet the Natives* which lists over seven hundred plants). However, I firmly believe that no other single locality in this or any other part of the Rockies displays a more numerous or more beautiful spread than does the Yankee Boy Basin in the San Juan Range.

This remarkable basin is a deep bowl surrounded by towering and fantastic shaped peaks, some (e.g. Mt. Sneffles) attaining a height of over 14,000 ft. Thus it is protected from strong winds and is well watered by constant trickles of melting snow from these peaks, making an ideal arrangement for the growth of plants. Since it is above timberline there are no trees; some of the plants attain several feet in height. From July to September it is truly a garden of delight. Hundreds of varieties of wildflowers make an incredibly lovely color spread.

In late July the Colorado state flower, the blue columbine, predominates. The sloping sides of the basin are literally covered with a blanket of these exquisite blossoms. In the center of the basin they intermingle with the pinks, reds, and purples of alpine paintbrush, alium, daises, skypilot, and others; with the dark blue of larkspurs and the bright yellow of potentilla, avens, sunspots, etc. Great spikes of green gentian and false hellebore (generally called "skunk cabbage") tower over the other plants, giving variety to the landscape.

Through the center of the basin flows a cascading stream of considerable magnitude. In two places, where huge boulders lie at the edge of drops, the current is split into "Twin Falls." One could spend hours here in contemplation of the marvels of Nature in sculptured rock and blooming plants.

The way into this paradise is by jeep or on foot. The "San Juan Jeep Tours" company keeps six or more of these useful vehicles busy all summer carrying tourists to this and other interesting spots in the San Juans. These Jeeps became available about twenty years ago; my sister and her husband, and, later on, I myself have rarely missed a yearly visit to Yankee Boy Basin. The road from Ouray leads up Canyon Creek, which flows through one of the San Juan's most spectacular canyons. As R. L. Brown says in his book *Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns*, "It has been estimated that more tourists have been frightened into prolonged spells of descriptive universal adjectives on this particular stretch of highway than on any other in the state." The trip up is very beautiful through aspen evergreen forests, under overhanging cliffs, with the dashing sparkling waters of Canyon Creek far below. Where trickles of melting snow drip down, the cliffs are festooned with lovely yellow "monkey flowers. On the creek side the broad-leaved white flowers of "Bears' Britches" (cow parsnips) make a good showing and here and there great clusters of chiming bells (mirtensia) with their dainty blue and pink blossoms brighten the wayside.

The Jeep driver entertains his passengers along the way with stories of the huge snowslides which occur every winter, often with tragic results for the miners who must traverse this road on the way to their work. He also tells "tall tales" of the various mines and the fabulous fortunes dug out of these mountains. Most of these mines are now closed and ghost towns are numerous along the way. Some of them bear interesting names, such as Thistledown, Revenue Ruby Trust, Atlas, Yankee Boy and Mountain Top. Only the Camp Bird mine is still active and it is very much so. This is the mine that made Tom Walsh a multimillionaire. He is remembered also as the father of Evelyn, to whom he gave the famous "Hope Diamond". Listening to these Jeep drivers, one gets a new insight into the history of Colorado and the lives of the husky and daring pioneers who made it into the great state that it is today.

The Silver Plume Historical Museum

The Silver Plume Historical Museum is not one of the largest but it is perhaps the highest (9,1114 feet) in Colorado. In 1959 the County of Clear Creek consolidated their school system which resulted in closing the buildings at Silver Plume and Empire. In less than a year the Silver Plume building, built in 1894, was being demolished by vandals. Since it is such a unique piece of engineering, with all the bricks made and fired here and holds a sentimental spot in the hearts of so many of the citizens of the town, it was felt that something should be done to preserve it.

A group of civic-minded residents held a meeting to discuss the possibilities of making some use of the building. The result was the forming of the Silver Plume Historical Group and the starting of the museum. A statement of policy was drawn up to read as follows: The purpose of this group shall be to preserve the spirit of Colorado mountain history by collecting and displaying early mining equipment, furniture, tools, etc., and the building in which they will be housed. The collection to also include sketches, paintings and photographs picturing mountain scenery and living.

The school board granted permission to use the building and the work of cleaning and organizing materials was then started. There was pessimism among many people as to the successful carrying out of the plans and when the doors first opened on June 12th, 1961 only about fifty items were on display. However as soon as it was proven to be an asset to the town, articles began coming in rapidly and it is now estimated that at least five hundred are on display.

Among the displays is a large framed picture of the first train crossing the high bridge on the world famous Georgetown Loop railroad, the engine of the Argentine Central railroad, and many other modes of travel such as burros, early model cars, and an aerial tramway to the top of Mt. McClellan.

Perhaps the most unusual and beautiful exhibit is a showing of fifty-eight native flowers pressed in 1903-1904 which still retain their yellow, blue and purple coloring.

Both men and women enjoy the early fashion clothes among which is a christening dress, wedding gown of the 1890's, high top laced shoes, flapper dresses, and a Gibson girl blouse.

In the main hall there is a dentist chair with all equipment including a foot drill, a doll collection with one doll over 105 years old, early housekeeping tools, needlework, crocheting, and quilts. We also have "that better mouse trap".

The museum is open week-days from 1:00 to 4:00 and from 12:00 to 4:00 on Saturdays and Sundays, during July and August. There is a charge of 25¢ for adults and 10¢ for children.

M. Hazel Howe

Wyoming State Archives and Historical Departments

The following has been prepared by the editor from materials supplied by the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department, with headquarters in Cheyenne, the state capitol. There are three main divisions of responsibility. These are:

I. The Archives and Records Division, which is charged with the management and safeguarding of all public records of the former territory, the state, the counties, and the municipalities, processing and preserving them, and making them available for research. Many of the documents are being microfilmed. During a two year period, 1966-68, the equivalent of some 12,000 cubic feet of records were microfilmed. It is also charged with the responsibility of destroying records that need not be retained.

II. The Historical Division "gathers, preserves, and makes available to the qualified researcher its collection of prints and negatives, newspapers, primary source documents, maps and plats, unpublished manuscripts, and a library of published sources in western history." It prepares the *Annals of Wyoming*, a biennial publication devoted to Wyoming history, and *History News*, a bi-monthly newsletter. It also revises and publishes every two years a twenty-four page booklet, *Wyoming: Some Historical Facts*, "All possible assistance is given to historical researchers, and no request for assistance is considered too small to receive attention." Requests may be made by personal visits, by telephone calls, or by correspondence. During 1966-68 nearly 3,000 requests were made.

III. The Museum Division "is responsible for the collection, preservation, and interpretive use of historical, ethnological, and archaeological materials which are associated with the American West in general and the State of Wyoming in particular." Its basic obligation is "to seek, acquire, and preserve for as long as technologically possible, the three-dimensional objects which yield as significant reflection of the history and anthropology of Wyoming and its relation to the American West." In addition to the main State Museum in Cheyenne there are three branch museums, Fort Bridger, Guernsey, and Fort Fetterman. In addition, there are museums in other localities: Big Horn, Buffalo, Cheyenne, Cody, Como Bluff, Dubois, Encampment, Green River, Fort Laramie, Gillette, Glendo, Jackson, Kemmerer, Grand Teton National Park, Lander, Laramie, Lusk, Moose, Newcastle, Pinedale, Rawlins, Dun Ranch at Devil's Gate on Highway 220, Thermopolis, and Worland.

Finally, in 1968 the Wyoming State Historical Society had 1,402 members, with nineteen active county chapters.

Historical Library and Museum Directory

During the past year or so the ROUNDUP has run a series of articles about the regional libraries and museums which have collections concerning our regional history. The following directory may be helpful:

MARCH (1969): Boulder Pioneer Museum.

APRIL: Pioneer's Museum, Colorado Springs.

MAY: Colorado Railroad Museum, Golden; Western History Department of the Denver Public Library.

JUNE: State of New Mexico Records Center, Santa Fe; Historical Society of New Mexico, Santa Fe.

JULY-AUGUST: State Historical Society of Colorado, Denver.

SEPTEMBER: Western History Collection, Penrose Public Library, Colorado Springs.

OCTOBER: Western Historical Collection, University of Colorado, Boulder.

DECEMBER: Federal Records Center, Denver; Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka; Rio Grande County Museum, Del Norte, Colorado.

JANUARY (1970): Silver Plume Historical Museum, Silver Plume, Colorado; Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department, Cheyenne; Museum of the First National Bank of Denver.

FEBRUARY: Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming, Laramie.



Western's Bookshelf



THE FREIGHT ROLLED, by James R. Jennings. The Naylor Co., San Antonio, Texas 1969, \$4.95.

Today it is possible to push a fully loaded semi-trailer rig over the eighty-six miles of pavement between Holbrook and Fort Apache, Arizona, in less than two hours without too much strain on the gear box, but around the turn of the century when the author, then a small boy, accompanied his father as he freighted between Holbrook and Fort Apache, a round trip consumed eight days. Until 1881 when the A.T.&S.F. Railroad reached Holbrook supplies for Fort Apache had to be freighted from Albuquerque. With the advent of the railroad to Holbrook many ranchers in the area turned to freighting to supplement their incomes. The road the freighters traveled is close to the present Highways No.s 77 and 73 and passed through the little settlements of Snowflake, Taylor, Shumway, Lakeside, Pine Top, and Whiteriver before reaching Fort Apache. Show Low was given its name when C. E. Cooley and Marion Clark, owners of a ranch at the townsite, quarreled and played a card game called Seven Up, the winner of the game to retain possession of the ranch. Cooley showed low hand, won the game and named the property Show Low.

The author has done honest research in preparing this book and has supplemented this with his recollections of the time he put in helping his father in the family's freighting business between Holbrook and Fort Apache.

Guy M. Herstrom, P.M.

TETON SKETCHES OF SUMMER, by Vance Carruth, illustrations by Joanne Hennes. Johnson Publishing Co., Boulder, Colorado, 1969, 3 2pp., \$4.95.

This book consists of poetical essays by the young author describing his feelings as he wanders over the various trails of the beautiful Teton National Forest. A native Louisianian, he has spent seventeen summers in the park and now calls Wyoming his "home".

The best description of his book is embodied in his own words: "What has been written in these pages is a love story, a personal glimpse into one man's thoughts and feelings about a very special part of this good earth. It has been my desire . . . to share the sights I've seen, the experiences I've had, and the love I've found in this valley called Jackson Hole. I hope that these *Teton Sketches of Summer* will be a guide to inspiration for all those who know, or expect to know, the magic of this heavenly Teton Country".

This thin volume is illustrated with seven full page two color wash drawings, two full double page two color wash drawings, and three full page pen and ink drawings, depicting various scenes in the Teton Mountains. The art work is by the young Jackson Hole artist, Joanne Hennes, who also painted the Cathedral group which is reproduced in full color on both the book jacket and book cover.

The book is handsomely printed.

Harold A. Wolfenbarger, Jr., P.M.

TRAIL ON THE WATER, by Pearl Baker, Pruett Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado, 1969, 134 pp., illus., \$6.95.

Running the Colorado River is a pleasure still known to only a small group of river rats. In *Trail on the Water*, Pearl Baker brings vividly to life the rich story of Bert Loper. His first run on the river began on September 26, 1907, and his last run ended with his drowning on July 8, 1949, when he was nearly 70 years old.

Mrs. Baker is highly qualified to write the story of Bert Loper's full life. She has lived on and near the Colorado River and she knew Loper and his wife for a number of years. This intimate first hand knowledge of the subject provides substantial flesh to the Loper diaries on which she based her book.

Bert Loper spent most of his life near the Colorado River, running it fourteen times. It is on these trips that the author concentrates her realistic story. The reader senses the joys of the triumphant rapid run and the bitter despondency of the tragic run.

Thirty-two black and white illustrations are well reproduced and contribute much to the book. Six well drawn maps, showing mileage points, by Robert L. Price accompany the book.

David Streeter, C.M.

TRAIL ON THE WATER. By Pearl Baker, Pruett Publishing Co. Boulder, Colorado, 1969, 134 pp., illus. \$6.95.

It is fitting that during this centennial year of the first exploratory trip down the Colorado River, the Pruett Publishing Co. of Boulder should bring out this book by Pearl Baker. This volume is the biography of Bert Loper.

His is a delightful story of a man whose life was the Colorado and other rivers of Colorado. Accompanying the book are numerous illustrations and a fine collection of up-to-date maps.

Mrs. Baker knew Loper and his wife over many years and takes advantage of her long acquaintance to bring alive his dedication to river boating and his strong personality. Bert Loper's life was the white water of the Colorado.

Mrs. Baker has brought this to life in her fine biography.

John M. Bruner, C.M.

(It is good, now and then, to have two different reviews of a given book. Ed.)

THE GREAT WEST IN PAINTINGS, introduction by Dean Krakel, The Swallow Press, Inc., Chicago, 1969. 136 pp., index, \$30.00.

Fred Harman, cowboy artist, is introduced delightfully and adequately by Dean Krakel, managing director of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame. Fred Harman, a Westerner's westerner is the creator of "Red Ryder" and "Little Beaver."

There are 32 color plates and 57 black and white plates that total 88 very fine reproductions, plus one mediocre—the last one in the book.

Take a liberal portion of a thorough knowledge of Indians; the West, and especially southwestern Colorado; rodeos; the raw frontier; wild animals; horses; ranch life; Will James; Charles M. Russell, the Gibson Girl; and Walt Disney . . . add a few ingredients, put them altogether and you have Fred Harman, Cowboy Artist.

Fred M. Mazzulla, P.M.

(Review reprinted by permission of *The Denver Post*)

GOLD RUSH DIARY: *Being the Journal of Elisha Douglass Perkins on the California Trail in the Spring and Summer of 1849*, edited by Thomas D. Clark, University of Kentucky Press, 1969, 206 pp., \$8.75.

Young Elisha Douglass Perkins had been married almost two years when the news of the Gold Rush reached his home town of Marietta, Ohio. Not yet established in business and considering his income too meager to support a wife, he envisioned quick riches in the gold fields. With five companions, who called themselves the Marietta Gold Hunters, he struck out via the Overland route for the California gold fields.

A surprising number of Gold Rush emigrants kept journals and consequently scores of day-to-day accounts have turned up, recording journeys throughout the late '40s and early '50s. So many diaries have been published that it is possible to list more than 20 of them for the single season of 1849 by way of the South Pass route alone. Their very abundance might seem to render the publication of still another superfluous.

However, the journal of Elisha Douglass Perkins is characterized by certain features which give it a distinctive value. Many of the journals of Perkins's contemporaries make dull reading because they are mere notations of route and mileage, while others, which display more literary ambition, sometimes become effusive and sententious. By contrast, the Perkins journal is remarkably straight forward and articulate.

Perkins was observant, could write, and had more of a sense of the drama in the moving stream of humanity along the Overland Trail than did his fellow travelers. There is an unusual compact-

ness and subtleness about his journal. He missed no part of the journey and never failed to make an entry in his diary. His recording of the scenery never becomes routine and his good spirits relieve the grinding hardships of the trail.

Traveling to California in 1849 challenged the courage of the men and women who made the effort, and Perkins gives evidence in his journal that he sensed his involvement in a great adventure in American history.

After arriving in California, he and his companions found little gold and much frustration. The raw, biting climate of the Sierra Nevada foothills, the shock of his failure to find gold, and the death of his trail companions impaired his health and he left the gold fields to find employment as a steamboat captain on a boat which plied the Sacramento river trade. He became ill and died aboard the boat in December, 1852.

Disappointment and death, and not gold, were all that Perkins found in California, but he left a journal that is an extremely fine record of the great crossing on the Overland Trail to California in the days of Eldorado.

The editor has supplied extensive notes to supplement the text, and annotated section maps show the progress along the way.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

THE GREAT COLUMBIA PLAIN: A HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY 1805-1910, by D. W. Meinig, Seattle and London, University of Washington Press, 1968, xxi + 576 pages, illustrations, maps, notes, bibliography, index, \$15.00.

The Great Columbia Plain is "a study in historical regional geography" of one

part of the Pacific Northwest interior, a section which was once recognized as a distinct region. Author D. W. Meinig, professor of geography at Syracuse University, sets the scene with an illuminating introduction, for as he points out, the field of historical geography is as little known to scholars as the Great Columbia Plain is to the American public.

In brief, Meinig's study concerns man's relationship with his physical environment (ecology) and man's organization of area (strategy). Tracing these themes through time in a specific area results in a work of historical geography, with the emphasis being on places rather than on persons. Thus clearly defining the limits of his work (hoping to "save at least some readers from trying to get out of the book what the author has had no intention of putting in"), Meinig then proceeds to show how the Great Columbia Plain "has been explored, evaluated, organized, and developed over the span of a century or so."

Handsomely produced by the University of Washington Press, the book features numerous illustrations, over fifty maps, and particularly informative footnotes. *The Great Columbia Plain* is a work of serious scholarship and as such merits serious attention from all those concerned, even peripherally, with the region. The general reader, however, or the historian whose major field of interest lies outside the Pacific Northwest, will be more inclined to use the volume for reference rather than for reading.

Maxine Benson

VAIL, by Sandra Dallas, Pruett Publishing Co., Boulder, Colorado, 1969, 76 pp., soft cover, illus., \$2.00

Here is an interesting account of Vail

from its birth in the spring of 1962 to the present. The author does not limit herself to Vail, but includes Mount of the Holy Cross, Redcliff, Gilman, and some ghosts such as Gold Park and Holy Cross City to mention a few. She concludes with a brief history of Camp Hale and rather neatly ties the end with the beginning via the 10th Mountain Division and one of its prominent members who was also one of the originators of the Vail complex. The many photographs are of excellent quality and the reference list seems adequate. Appropriately placed are brief sketches of Charlie Vail of the Colorado State Highway Department and Lord Gore of Ireland.

The book is both entertaining and informative.

Robert A. Edgerton, C.M.

NOTORIOUS LADIES OF THE FRONTIER, by Harry Sinclair Drago, Dodd Mead and Co., 270 pp., index, illus. \$6.00.

Something like 50,00 bawds plied their trade on the Western frontier, Harry Sinclair Drago claims. To date, books on the subject are fewer than the number of Western prostitutes, but with the publication of *Notorious Ladies of the Frontier*, the gap is narrowing.

Like the enduring myths of Western whoredom, the books are supposed to be each fresh and new; but in reality, like the girls, they are just more of the same.

There are better and bawdier books on Western frailts already on the market. An author would have to turn up a wealth of new information to best Fred and Jo Mazzulla's *Brass Checks and Red Lights*.

About the only new fact Drago presents is the number of whores in the West, and he leaves unanswered the question of who counted them.

Sandra Dallas

THE COMPLETE AND AUTHENTIC LIFE OF JESSE JAMES, by Carl H. Breihan. Frederick Fell, Inc., New York, 1953 revised, 278 pp., 28 pp. of photographs of the James' families, outlaws, etc., index, n.p.

Since the original *Lives, Adventures and Exploits of Frank and Jesse James*, written within a couple or three years of Jesse's murder by Bob Ford, there have been far too many books devoted to this pair of brother outlaws. Yet western buffs and outlaw buffs continue to buy them, so this work of the well-known author, Col. Breihan, will possibly do its own part to rack up more sales for this type of book.

Breihan has gone to great trouble to pick up the loose ends of the James boys' robberies, yet the trails are so old, the facts so scattered and few that one will still find in these books much folklore, and very little lean in historical facts. Most of the train robberies outlined conclude with the honest doubt whether Jesse and Frank were even present. One is inclined to the belief that the two men, bad as they were as former guerrillas, riding with Quantrell's gang of killers, still didn't commit all the robberies attributed to them. But one's tears should be saved for their "innocence," for a life sentence in prison for each would not have been out of line, if only for their prior depredations.

Breihan's opening picture pages are from his own and the Rose collection, and will be enjoyed by most Westerners. He assembles his more recent facts together with the older facts about the two brothers and, in the Breihan style, makes the book most readable. His story of the debunking of the many "recent" Jesse James stories makes interesting new reading materials outlaw

buffs will enjoy, and will please all historians. If you enjoy outlaw books, I recommend it.

Harry E. Chrisman, C.M.

MEN ON THE MOVING FRONTIER, by Roger Kennedy, the American West Publishing Co., Palo Alto, 1969, 199 pp., index, \$5.95.

Men of the Moving Frontier presents the careers of ten men who influenced Middle Western development. Each man's impact was the product of his life-style, according to the author, who applauds romantic individuals inspired to act upon their beliefs while deprecating realists for their deliberate adaptation to circumstances.

Roger Kennedy adheres to his theme while contrasting five pairs of "frontiersmen" occupied in similar callings in the region bordered by the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. He discusses explorer Giacomo Constantino Beltrami and Stephen Harriman Long; regional factotums Henry Hastings Sibley and Alexander Ramsey; architects Harvey Ellis and Daniel H. Burnham; politicians Ignatius Donnelly and Frank Billings Kellogg; and, finally, artists F. Scott Fitzgerald and William Gray Purcell.

In contrasting the life-styles of Fitzgerald and Purcell, for example, Kennedy clearly demonstrates his own preference. The reportorial writer, Fitzgerald, failed to display "faith" in the potentialities of men—men in general" while the contemplative architect, Purcell, directed his life "according to that faith." Kennedy explains that romantics like Purcell "made new and beautiful things out of materials quarried from midwestern realities" rather than exploiting their environment like Fitzgerald, whose writings were "mosaics of

precisely observed details."

This study has, to be sure, a highly personal flavor. The author is an attorney presently associated with a St. Paul, Minn, Minnesota, bank who previously has conducted public affairs programs on radio and television and published a book on architectural history plus articles subsequently incorporated in this book.

Kennedy's work is recommended for its style and interpretation, which is evident throughout and presented explicitly in a chapter titled "Character and Circumstances." The author tells precisely where he stands. This reviewer is troubled by the sharp contrasts of life-styles but sympathetic to his reverence for the romantic "frontiersmen."

This publication is well designed, printed, and bound. It has excellent illustrations, bibliographic notes, and a good index. It is successful in format and provocative in content.

John Breiman

THE LAKE SUPERIOR IRON ORE RAILROAD, by Patrick C. Dorin, Superior Publishing Co., Seattle, 1969, 144 pp., illus. \$10.95.

This comprehensive book describing the iron ore hauling railroads of the Lake Superior region should be of great interest to railroad buffs. It is replete with pictures and maps, 191 pictures and 24 maps and plats in 144 pages. It also has a good index.

Having been raised in the iron ore country, more specifically, in the Mesabi iron range region, I can still nostalgically remember standing beside a railroad crossing and counting the iron ore cars as they rolled by. Many times there were over 100 cars being hauled by giant steam locomotives. These are the world's heaviest trains. This is a phase of railroading that more people should know about, and this interesting book should do the job. Every well-dressed railroad book shelf should have this book.

Victor J. D'Andrea

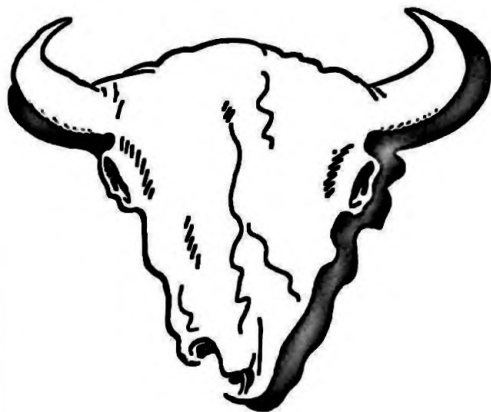
Museum of the First National Bank of Denver

Robert Pulcifer, an assistant vice-president of the First National Bank of Denver, and also the custodian of the bank's museum, had an interesting article, "Denver Museum Rich in Western Lore," in the November 1969 issue of *The Numismatic Scrapbook Magazine*, pp. 1704-07. He tells about the gold coins minted by Clark, Gruber, and Co., in Denver, beginning with the striking of a gold eagle (\$10.00) on July 25, 1860. At the time this was legal, provided that the privately minted coin contained as much gold as the government coin of the same denomination, or more. In addition to minting gold coins of \$2.50, \$5.00, \$10.00, and \$20.00 evaluation, the company also issued steelengraved paper currency in denominations of \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00, and \$5.00. Before selling the mint to the government, by the close of 1862 the company had minted about \$594,305.00 worth of gold coins. The First National Bank was the direct descendant of the Clark, Gruber, and Co.'s banking house. The exhibit on the bank's mezzanine is well worth visiting. Further information is provided by Nolie Mumey's *Clark, Gruber and Company: A Pioneer Denver Mint* (1950), now a collector's item, and by Agnes Wright Spring's recent publication, *The First National Bank of Denver*.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
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STEPHEN W. DORSEY:
SOLDIER, STATESMAN
by
FRANCIS B. RIZZARI



PRESENTATION OF PLAQUE



**Francis B. Rizzari Receiving Author's Plaque
From Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla**

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Francis B. Rizzari, a native Coloradoan, has made his home in Jefferson County for a half-century. He attended Arvada High School and the Colorado School of Mines. During World War II he was a weather observer. He is employed by the United States Geological Survey as a cartographer. As a collector he is interested in photographs and books dealing with Western mines and railroads. He and two other Posse members, Richard Ronzio and Charles Ryland, reprint rare books under the Cubar(R³) imprint.

NATIONAL MONUMENTS

The following "memo" for the ROUNDUP was supplied by Erl H. Ellis:

"At the January, 1970, meeting a little card was circulated giving certain facts.

"It was stated that in Colorado there are two National Parks. This is correct, Rocky Mountain National Park and Mesa Verde National Park.

"It was also stated that there are in Colorado seven National Monuments. This is not correct; there are only five: Great Sand Dunes, Dinosaur, Colorado, Hovenweap, and Black Canon of the Gunnison. There used to be Wheeler and Holy Cross but these were abolished on August 3rd, 1950, by Public Laws 648 and 652.

"As to the number of peaks in the State over 14,000 feet high, there is some variation in tabulations but the Colorado Mountain Club now lists 53 rather than 52."

The editor encourages more discussion by members and other contributions for this column.

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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.

STEPHEN W. DORSEY: SOLDIER, STATESMAN

by Francis B. Rizzari

In modern warfare, the slogan "To the victor belongs the spoils" has been discarded for a rehabilitation program. Nothing could illustrate this theme more convincingly than the prosperity of Germany and Japan—the two nations responsible for World War II—as compared with the financial status of our two allies, England and France. Rehabilitation of the enemy is not a new idea in this country. When it became apparent that the North would win the war against the South, President Abraham Lincoln began to conceive a program to help the devastated States. In the terms of surrender at Appomattox, soldiers of the South were allowed to keep their horses and mules in order to help them to farm their lands. Other steps of aid would take longer. But all these were forgotten with the sound of a pistol discharging a bullet into the head of President Lincoln. Overnight the pendulum swung to the other side and the slogan once again became "To the victor belong the spoils." The South would pay, and pay, and pay.

One State that was made to pay dearly was Arkansas. The carpet-baggers wreaked such havoc that the State had its own little civil war before it was over. This is referred to in history as the Brooks and Baxter War. John M. Harrell in his *History of the Brooks and Baxter War* (pre-face, p.v.)¹ states, "If Mr. Lincoln's design, and the American policy of conciliation, mutual trust and confidence between officers and people had been observed, the State might have been made Republican. The military governments contained the elements of their own destruction."

On Page 5 of the same book, Mr. Harrell continues,

The military rule under that chivalrous and brave officer, General Steele, had greatly propitiated the feelings of the conquered people and the courteous bearing of his officers, and the orderly conduct of the soldiers under him, had encouraged a cordiality in the association which was not seen at many places in the South

True for several months after the surrender, some of the best dwellings continued to be occupied as residences or "quarters" by the military who had found them vacated by their owners upon the 'occupation' of the city"

Entertainments were given to the officers of both armies by citizens who

¹ Hereinafter referred to as Harrell.

had suffered least misfortune from this conflict. The post band serenaded General N. Bedford Forest (South²), who happened to be in the city on business, and the Confederate military band of General Price's command, the members of which had made their way to the city, serenaded Generals Sherman and Reynolds—the latter commanding the department—with 'Marching Through Georgia' and 'My Maryland'

The conflict of the armies had ended. But the interval of repose was short, for the war of the politicians had just begun. The plans of the latter were promptly laid immediately upon the entry of the State capital by the army under General Steele, on the 10th of September, 1863. Being afforded the protection of the Union army, they gathered into Little Rock, citizens of the State, mostly original Union men, with some deserters from the Southern cause, and set about the formation of a State Government which should be 'loyal' to the Union, and replace that which had been constructed under the auspices of secession upon the (Confederate) constitution of 1861. The plan was at first whispered, and received anything but encouragement from the military

But the tendency of events, foreshadowing the inevitable defeat of the Confederate cause, encouraged and finally sanctioned their purposes. Mr. Lincoln, the President, was consulted, and favored them with a proclamation.

(I was unable to locate this proclamation) Harrell continues:

Under the faded or dirty military clothing in which a majority of these patriots were disguised, the mottled beards and sombre physiognomies which most of them wore, the beholder could not easily discern the high qualities of statecraft which they subsequently developed. Chosen mostly from the military organization of State troops, elected in the camps in many instances, in almost every case, I may say, many miles away from the countries they represented, delegates were now assembled in the vacant State house to organize a convention for the adoption of a State Constitution.¹

Thus was the stage set for the exploitation of the State of Arkansas. I will not go into the political deals of the next few years but refer you to the authority quoted above. By March 1867 the so-called Rebel Legislature was in session. This legislature declared the government of Arkansas to be "provisional only" and Governor Murphy was "provisional governor." Harrell states that he (Murphy) had only to look across to the place of meeting of the Union Convention, then in session, to realize that his provisional tenure was drawing to a close. The convention was in session only for the purpose of organizing the Republican party on the basis of negro suffrage.²

In the list of members of the convention we find the name of Powell Clayton. He was elected Governor of Arkansas on March 13, 1868. One of his first acts was to initiate the so-called railroad bill to aid in the construction of railroads in the State. The bill was approved on July 21, 1868. As passed, it was in direct violation of the new constitution which prevented the credit of the State or its counties to be loaned for any purpose without the consent

² Harrell, p. 33.

of the people by a vote. Bonds in the amount of \$5,350,000 were issued to five railroads. Clayton was later impeached, but because of his power, an agreement was worked out and he was elected to the U.S. Senate by the legislature.

J. W. House, Conservative member from White County, defended his vote for Clayton for Senator by saying in part:

It was not because I approved of Governor Clayton's administration. God forbid that I should ever approve of such a one. It was not because I loved Powell Clayton but because I love my country . . . and I thought he could do us about as much harm in that body as the newsboys in the streets of New York³

Entering now upon the scene, was Stephen W. Dorsey. He was born on a farm in Benson, Rutland County, Vermont, February 28, 1843.⁴ He divided his time in his early youth by going to the village school and working on the farm. In 1860, he moved to Ohio where he had hoped to go to Oberlin College but the outbreak of the Civil War interrupted these plans and he enlisted in the First Ohio Light Artillery, April 19, 1861. This was only seven days after the South had fired on Fort Sumter. During the next four years, his ambitious drive and perhaps inborn military skill quickly passed him through the ranks of corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, captain, major, and lieutenant colonel. Battles with familiar names in which he took part were Bowling Green, Nashville, Shiloh, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, and Mission Ridge. In January, 1864, he was assigned to the 6th Corps of the Army of the Potomac and went east with General Grant, taking part in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and Hatcher's Run. When the city of Washington was threatened by Generals Early and Breckinridge, the 6th Corps under General Sheridan was sent to its aid. Dorsey was wounded in this battle and carried the lead in his body to the grave.⁵

In the spring of 1865, the 6th was sent to take part in the battle of Petersburg. His role in this battle is overlooked by most historians. This is the battle where the North, for the first time in the war, used colored troops against the South, and the Confederates were especially embittered by this. This was also the battle in which the North tunneled under the Confederate lines and then exploded 8,000 pounds of powder creating the Blandfield Cemetery Crater. The defenses of Petersburg were a series of fortifications and outposts stretching for about ten miles. Each stronghold was called a "Fort" and during the long siege the opposing position of the North was also called a "Fort." Fort Mahone of the South was opposed by

³ Harrell, p. 101

⁴ Biographical data from Hall's *History of Colorado*, 1895, Vol. IV, pp. 420, 421. Also Don Turner, *Life and Castle of Stephen W. Dorsey*, Amarillo, 1967, hereinafter called "Turner," says Dorsey was born in 1842. I use Turner's dates from here on.

⁵ Father Stanley - *New Mexico Historical Review*, July 1950, p. 178. Hereinafter called *New Mex. Hist. Rev.*

Fort Sedgewick of the North. But so devastating was the fire from Fort Mahone that the Union soldiers called it Fort Damnation. Likewise, the withering fire from Fort Sedgewick caused the Confederates to call it Fort Hell.⁶ Dorsey commanded Fort Hell, and in the battle his position was one of the few that was not overrun by the South. From Petersburg he followed Lee's army and was on hand at Sailor's Creek and the surrender of the Army of North Virginia at Appomattox. He was mustered out of service at Cleveland, Ohio, June 15, 1865, as a colonel of his regiment. He had reached the advanced age of twenty-three, and his career as a soldier was ended.

Returning to civilian life, Dorsey assumed the position of manager of the Sandusky Tool Company and then decided to dabble in politics. He was made chairman of the Republican County Committee of Erie County, Ohio, and in 1866, was made a member of the Congressional committee and Ohio State committee. Just what induced him to move to Arkansas is unknown, but his biography in Hall's *History* states it was his intention to make the State his permanent home. Albeit, the move was made in 1869 and he assumed the presidency of the Arkansas Central Railroad. By 1871, when Powell Clayton resigned the governorship, Dorsey had received some \$2,350,000 of the railroad bonds.⁷

In 1872 he ran for the U.S. Senate on the Republican ticket and took his seat alongside Powell Clayton on March 4, 1873. At that time he was only 31 years of age.⁸ Seldom has one so young attained such success. In the election of 1872, Dorsey and Clayton had backed Elisha Baxter against Joseph Brooks for governor. After Baxter's election, he evidently decided that he owed no one any political favors and immediately announced that Arkansas would issue no more bonds for the purpose of financing railroad construction. Dorsey and Clayton then switched their support to Brooks. Brooks had not conceded the election and organized a private army of about 2,000 men and marched on the capital. The events that followed are referred to in Arkansas history as the Brooks and Baxter war.

In the meantime, Dorsey and Clayton asked President Grant to declare Brooks the winner, but the president decided on a "wait and see" policy and ordered Federal troops under Colonel Rose into the State to prevent bloodshed. Finally the legislators, with the approval of Grant, tackled the problem. Evidently it was Baxter's repeated promise to endorse a new constitution to replace the reconstruction constitution of 1868 that swung the tide in his favor. Arkansas had had enough of the carpetbaggers. Grant declared Baxter the governor and ordered Brooks to leave the capital

⁶ *The Civil War Through the Camera*, Patriot Pub. Co., Springfield, Mass., 1912, Part 16. Also *New Mex. Hist. Rev.*, p. 178.

⁷ Turner, p. 6.

⁸ Turner, p. 6.

and disband his army. The Democrats regained control of the State and evidence shows that Dorsey never again returned to Little Rock.

Even though Dorsey had been elected Senator from Arkansas in the

STEPHEN W. DORSEY



Provided by Francis B. Rizzari from Hall's *History of Colorado*

election of 1872, the outcome of the Brooks and Baxter contest must have convinced him that his political future was dead as far as Arkansas was concerned. Although his term as Senator would not expire until 1879, for some reason in 1877 he turned his thoughts toward New Mexico. This was about the time his brother, John, was getting into the Star Route activity, and perhaps he wanted to see just what the West was like. Or it may have been that his love of railroading, from his days with the Arkansas Central, was rekindled by the stories of the building of the Santa Fe Railroad through the West. Who knows? But ever since he had been a small boy in Vermont he had had a driving ambition to be somebody. His accomplishments in the war, rising from private to colonel in four years; president of two corporations; and election to the U.S. Senate—all before the age of thirty-one—should have been enough for most men, but he could not sit by idly when there were new worlds to conquer.

His first purchase of land in New Mexico is recorded in 1878, although evidence seems to indicate that the deal actually occurred in 1877, when he bought 160 acres from Cruz Baca for the sum of \$300.00.⁹ Subsequent records show he eventually purchased 3,368.89 acres, mostly in lots of 160 acres at a time, for a total sum of \$7,590.00. Agnes Morley Cleaveland in her book, *Satan's Paradise*,¹⁰ states that his holdings were estimated to be from 22,000 to 45,000 acres. Don Turner in his *Life and Castle of Stephen W. Dorsey*¹¹ states that he controlled the water rights to an estimated one-half million acres, which gave him plenty of room for his 45,000 head of cattle carrying the Triangle Dot brand.

Dorsey chose the site of Chico Springs as his new home. It was a historic location being a scant five miles north of the Point of Rocks on the Cimarron Cut-Off of the Santa Fe Trail. Over the years, due to the water there, Point of Rocks had been a favorite camping spot for wagon trains heading to and from Santa Fe. Several battles with the Indians had occurred there, and Kit Carson pursued one band after they had attacked a train in 1850. Dorsey located his building site at the foot of the mesa which sheltered him from the frequent "northers" in the winter. His front yard was all of New Mexico stretching southward to the horizon.

While in the Senate, Dorsey had become interested in the affairs of the Post Office. At that time—and even to this day—mail service in sparsely settled areas of the country was handled by private contractors. The routes thus served were called "Star Routes" as they were so designated by stars or asterisks in the official postal guides. Dorsey's brother, John, along with others of Dorsey's acquaintance, contracted for several of these routes in the west. Dorsey furnished bond for his brother. By late 1877, rumors

⁹ *New Mexico Historical Review*, July 1950, p. 180.

¹⁰ *Op. cit.*, p. 70.

¹¹ Turner, p. 10.

began to circulate in Washington that someone in high authority was getting rich at the expense of the government on Star Route contracts whose towns were merely names on paper. Even though Dorsey himself did not seem to be involved beyond the extent of his brother's bond, the name Dorsey kept popping up and the finger of public suspicion was pointed at him. Also the fact that his secretary, M. C. Rerdell, was a contractor tended to incriminate him.

In 1872 and 1876, Dorsey was chairman of the Republican Committee from Arkansas, and because of his power President Hayes hesitated to call an investigation. The rumors persisted, with no little help from the press of the day, and a congressional investigation of sorts was made in 1879. Dorsey was cleared of any wrong doing. But the *New York Times* would not let up and demanded a trial.¹² By this time, some of Dorsey's political friends were beginning to desert him. Meanwhile, the election year of 1880 rolled around.

In the Republican convention of 1880, Dorsey voted for Grant, but Garfield got the nomination. His vote for Grant is intriguing because Garfield had been his hero while commanding the 42nd Regiment of Ohio Volunteers at the time Dorsey served with the Ohio Light Artillery.¹³ Garfield, with the approval of Grant, then named Dorsey as Secretary of the Republican National Committee. In this capacity he conducted the successful campaign that put Garfield in the White House. However, in spite of this, the choice political plum of the office Postmaster-General went not to Dorsey, but to Thomas James, one of his worst political enemies.¹⁴

James lost no time in launching a full scale inquiry. Second Assistant Postmaster-General Brady was the first to feel the pressure and he resigned. A few days later, J. L. French, a clerk in Brady's office was fired. In June 1881, President Garfield was assassinated, and if Dorsey thought that things would quiet down, he was mistaken. If anything, under President Arthur, the investigations were pursued more vigorously. Finally on March 4, 1882, an indictment was issued naming eight men as plotting to defraud the government on the Star Route contracts. Leading the list was the name of Ex-Senator Stephen Dorsey. Then came his brother, John; Tom Brady, the ex-assistant postmaster-general; John W. Peck; John R. Miner; Harvey Vaile; W. H. Turner, and M. C. Rerdell, Dorsey's former secretary. Dorsey was just barely forty years of age.¹⁵

The area served by the routes extended from Dakota Territory to Texas. One hundred and thirty-four routes were involved in the testimony. We will not go into details of the trial in this paper, but will touch

¹² *New Mexico Historical Review*, p. 182.

¹³ Turner, p. 20.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 20.

¹⁵ Turner, p. 21.

only on the part that concerns Stephen Dorsey. He engaged Robert G. Ingersoll and a group of seven other lawyers to handle the defense. Ingersoll, you may remember, gained further fame a few years later as the defense attorney for James Reavis, self-styled Baron of Arizona, and as a religious agnostic. Testimony lasted two months and then each side was given thirteen closing addresses. Judge Wylie, the presiding Judge, then dropped a bombshell by announcing that during the trial several jurors had been approached with offers of a bribe, the bribes having come from persons claiming an interest in both sides. Wylie had advised the jurymen to keep quiet until they had reached a verdict.¹⁶

After the closing arguments, the jury deliberated three days, then notified the court that they had reached a verdict on some of the defendants but could not agree on the others. Rerdell, Dorsey's former secretary, and Miner were found guilty while Peck and Turner were not guilty.¹⁷ Peck meanwhile had died and naturally was not present to hear his exoneration. This left Dorsey, his brother John, Harvey Vaile, and former Assistant Postmaster-General Brady to be tried again. Trial then was set and proceeded along the lines of the first one. In the first trial, Ingersoll's closing arguments had lasted two days. In the second one, his eloquence held the jury spellbound for six. Finally on June 14, 1883, after two days of deliberation, the jury brought in its verdict. It was "NOT GUILTY."

Dorsey now returned to New Mexico. His term as Senator had expired in 1879, and he was no longer Secretary of the Republican National Committee. His career as a statesman was over.

Ingersoll now presented his bill to Dorsey for services rendered. In the Colfax County Deed Book, G. pp. 256-256, Dorsey, for the sum of one dollar, deeded certain lands to Ingersoll. One account states it was one-third of his holdings and 10,000 head of cattle.¹⁸ Ingersoll supposedly stood at the corral gates and tallied the cattle as they came from the branding chute. But he knew little about the art of branding. Dorsey had ordered his men to cross out the Triangle Dot and substitute the initials R I for the new owner of the herd. Dorsey had the last laugh, however. The cattle were merely hair-branded by which only the hair is singed off leaving the flesh underneath unscarred. By spring the new hair had grown out on the initials, leaving only the original Triangle Dot brand visible.¹⁹

During the trials, Dorsey supposedly sold two-thirds of his ranch holdings for \$250,000 to J. W. Bosler in order to raise money for the trial expenses.²⁰ If this is true and he now deeded one-third over to Ingersoll, one wonders just what was left for him. However, a story in *Field and*

¹⁶ Turner, p. 24.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 25.

¹⁸ Agnes Morley Cleaveland, *Satan's Paradise*, p.72.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 72.

²⁰ Turner, p. 28.

*Farm*²¹ states that Dorsey and the Bosler Brothers of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, were partners but almost immediately began quarreling. Dorsey then hired some of the toughest gunmen in the west for himself alone. Once, while he was away from the ranch, the Boslers sold a bunch of cattle and deposited the money in their private safe. On Dorsey's return, hearing of the turn of events, he rode into Springer to the store of H. M. Porter and asked, "How many Winchesters do you have?" "About 150." "I'll take all of them. How much ammunition have you?" Porter had plenty. "I'll take it all." Then accompanied by his men, Dorsey rode off to the Boslers and got the money.

These shenanigans probably did not set too well with Ingersoll, and he evidently induced the Boslers to sell their interest to John B. Alley, a Boston millionaire. In the fall of 1883, Dorsey, Ingersoll, and Alley organized the Palo Blanco Cattle Company of New Mexico. Alley was listed as president and Ingersoll as secretary. Dorsey was a silent partner.²² The ranch covered an area eight miles wide by 60 miles long, and for working purposes was divided into smaller ranches known as Apache, Chico, Kingman, Kiowa, and Raphead. Almost immediately the company was beset by lawsuits, and Ingersoll was kept busy defending them or settling them out of court. At one point he reportedly wrote, "I most sincerely wish this ranch was in Heaven."²³

But some of the charm of New Mexico must have rubbed off on the Ingersolls as they decided to build a log mansion matching that of Dorsey's about two miles west. Dorsey supervised the construction which took about nine months. During the interim, the Ingersolls made an extensive speaking tour of the west and southwest. Still life was too tame for them, and after living at the ranch for just slightly over one month, they left for the east and out of the story. Merlin Wendlin, writing in the *New Mexico Magazine*²⁴ quotes Uncle Billy Stevens, pioneer cattleman, "I think perhaps that Ingersoll was used to the applause and admiration of the crowds. This prairie country is lonely. The man was too big for the country."

With the end of the Mail Route trials in 1883, Dorsey could now devote his time to the construction of a mansion on his ranch. His first house had been built of logs, was two and a half stories high and constructed in the shape of an "L." It had been built probably in 1878-79 while he was finishing his term in the Senate. Now he started construction of the sandstone castle directly to the east and adjoining the log house. The staircase was ordered from England and was made of the finest cherry wood. It was brought up the Mississippi River to St. Louis and then freighted to

²¹ *Op. cit.*, September 21, 1895, p. 6.

²² Turner, p. 26.

²³ Turner, p. 27.

²⁴ *Loc. cit.*, Vol. 16, No. 11, 1938, p. 20.

Chico Springs by wagon, where it was then assembled entirely with screws.²⁵ The diningroom would seat fifty people comfortably, and on the outside wall was an ornate fireplace topped by a mantelpiece of blood onyx. Hand-cut crystal shades depicting various hunting scenes shaded the lights in the chandeliers. An art gallery containing priceless paintings occupied

DORSEY'S CASTLE



Looking across the moat, half filled with sand. The gazebo may have stood on the island in the foreground. Photo 1968.

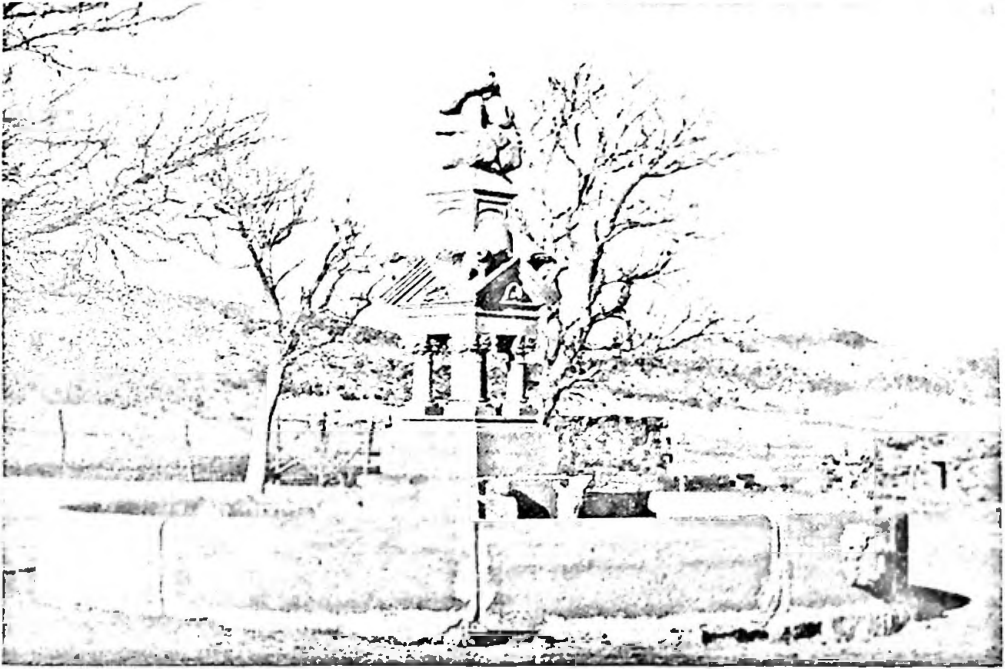
Francis B. Rizzari collection

one end of the house. Dorsey's pride, however, may have been his billiard room, wherein was the finest black billiard table that money could buy. No less attractive were the walls of the room hung with specimen trophies of the hunt. The upstairs was fitted up with bedrooms and the servants' quarters. The latter stretched adjointly in a line in the garret of one leg of the "L." There was no privacy for the servants as access to each room was through the adjoining room. All in all, the building contained twenty-two rooms, including a full basement. Ah, the basement! Here, perhaps, was kept the finest liquor supply in the entire Territory. The supply

²⁵ *Sunday News-Globe*, Amarillo, August 28, 1966, p. 1-D.

was guarded by an iron grill door more substantial than those on most jails. Dorsey completed the mansion sometime in 1884 at a cost of \$50,000.

THE WATER FOUNTAIN



The ornate water fountain. The mansion is to the left, out of the picture. The ruins of the greenhouse are visible just beyond and to the right of the center piece.

Francis B. Rizzari collection

No less appealing to the guests were the grounds surrounding the house. Fruit and shade trees were planted in the lawn in front of the building, which covered perhaps an acre. Under the trees were three water fountains spraying water into the hot summer breezes. One of these was a large sandstone affair, made from the same sandstone rock as the mansion, with a bowl perhaps twenty feet across. The fountain in the middle was surrounded by gargoyles and the entire structure topped with a bobcat holding a rattlesnake in its mouth. The other two fountains were of cast iron and much smaller, although just as ornate. Just outside the yard proper to the west was a lake or moat, about 150 feet long and 50 feet wide. In it were three islands, on one of which sat a six-sided gazebo where guests could relax while sampling the refreshments from the wine cellar.

Completing the buildings of the ranch proper were a huge barn, bath house, smoke house, carriage house, green house, and a commissary or a

general store. The latter catered to the needs of the workers and surrounding ranches. At the height of activity, there were seventy buildings in the town of Chico Springs. The post office, which had been established in 1872, was moved into the commissary building in 1877, or about the time Dorsey arrived in New Mexico. The name was shortened to Chico in 1895 and service was abandoned in 1956. Dorsey even built a school house for the children in the area. To keep his ranch hands busy in the off season, he had them build rock fences or walls on the mesa. Many of these can be seen today.

Dorsey also took a fling at building towns. He platted the town of Dorsey in 1877 on the line of the Santa Fe Railroad, but nothing came of it. Two years later its post office was transferred to Springer. On the east edge of his empire, under the name of the Clayton Townsite Company, he founded the town of Clayton named for his son, Clayton. Dorsey had honored his old friend of his senatorial days, Powell Clayton, by naming his son after him. The town today is the center of trade in northeastern New Mexico. (Clayton Dorsey was a successful lawyer in Denver until his death in 1948). Life at the ranch was gay with lavish entertainment, parties, and dances. Not the least entertaining was Dorsey himself. There seemed to be no limit to his stock in trade of pungent witticisms and the brilliantly conceived yet impossible yarns which he narrated with a straight face as if the gospel truth.²⁶

In a few years, however, things began to change. The price of steers, which in 1885 had been \$17.50 a head, dropped to \$9 by 1888. Perhaps, too, Dorsey was beginning to lose his old zip. At any rate, bad times befell the ranch and in 1893 it was sold at a foreclosure sale to Sol Florsheim, a rancher from Roy, New Mexico.²⁷ Dorsey's days as an empire builder were over. One anecdote is worth repeating here. Several years later, Dorsey and a friend from the east were riding the train near Raton. In the same car was Sol Florsheim whom Dorsey either ignored or failed to recognize. In a loud voice so all could hear, he was telling his friend about his fine ranch about 30 miles east of where they were now riding. As Florsheim rose to leave the car, he stopped by Dorsey's seat and said, "Senator Dorsey, perhaps you can recall my name: Sol Florsheim. I wish to remind you that you *had* a ranch at Chico. I have it now."²⁸

From here on, Dorsey is hard to follow. He moved to Denver and is listed in the 1893 business directory as president of the American Land and Canal Company. His residence was at 1044 Grant Street. The site is now a parking lot for an apartment house. In the directories for 1894-97, inclusive, he is listed with occupation of mining investments. His residence

²⁶ *Field and Farm*, December 9, 1905, p. 8.

²⁷ Turner, p. 30.

²⁸ *New Mexico Magazine*, Vol. 16, No. 11, p. 37.

is given as 1454 Marion Street, and the house still stands although it has been converted into apartments. In Hall's *History of Colorado*, Vol. IV, 1895, his portrait is reproduced on page 152 and his biography covering about three-quarters of a page appears on pages 420 and 421. It makes no reference to the Star Route trials but it does mention his large ranch holdings in New Mexico and mining interests in Colorado. In 1905, he is reported by *Field and Farm*²⁹ as living in Long's Hotel in London. He died in Los Angeles in 1916 at the age of 74.³⁰

And what of his mansion on the plains northeast of Springer? In *Field and Farm* for April 23, 1898, there is a story that the ranch had been purchased by Dr. Seward of New York who would convert it into a sanatorium for tuberculosis patients. Plans were made to pattern it after the famous Montezuma resort near Las Vegas, but it did not have the necessary hot springs nor the Santa Fe railroad to advertise it.³¹ The ranch was later acquired by Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Griggs. After the death of Mr. Griggs in 1948, Mrs. Griggs continued to live in the house. Not being able to keep up the necessary repairs as the roof leaked and the plaster fell from the ceilings, she would close off one room after the other. Over the years the town of Chico had gradually disintegrated. The death knell was sounded with the closing of the post office in 1956 and its name being removed from the postal guide. Of the seventy houses which once comprised the town around the mansion, none is left. In 1966, the mansion and surrounding grounds were purchased by Mr. and Mrs. K. E. Deaton, of Friona, Texas, who have started the almost impossible task of restoration.

Some of the shingles have been blown from the roof of the original log portion of the mansion, and the wind and the rain and the snow play havoc with the interior. The green house stands in ruins, only one wall maintaining its guard against the northers. The barn was struck by lightning and burned to the ground in 1919.³² The commissary—no longer needed as a general store—serves the purpose of a barn today. The furniture, boxes, and grill work of the Chico post office have been moved into one room of the log house. The gazebo is gone, as are the bridges that once connected the islands to the "mainland." The moat is dry and three or four feet of sand and silt have blown into it over the years. The fountains no longer spray their silvery streams of water into the summer breezes. The lawn is almost gone and most of the fruit trees have died. Yet, standing serenely over all this is the great sandstone castle with its gargoyle tower—regal and stately like the queen she is.

The Deaton's first job was to clean up the plaster and debris and make immediate repairs to keep the elements from doing further damage. Over

²⁹ *Loc. cit.*, December 9, 1905, p. 8.

³⁰ Turner, p. 31.

³¹ *New Mexico Historical Review*, p. 185.

³² *Sunday News-Globe*, Amarillo, August 28, 1966, p. 1-D.

the years the great cistern at the rear of the house had been used as a dump. The marble front of the fireplace was missing when the Deatons moved in. But, lo and behold, in cleaning out the cistern, it was found intact. Many other relics were found also, some dating back perhaps to the days of Senator Dorsey. These relics have been carefully preserved but not yet catalogued. In the parlor sits the square grand piano which was rescued from under piles of plaster. It has been restored to its former elegance by the tender loving hands of Mrs. Deaton, who spent many uncounted hours hand rubbing the finish. Mr. Deaton and his daughter are laboriously digging the sand and silt from the moat, all by hand. One by one, the rooms are being repaired and refurnished with a frontier hominess, much as they might have had in Dorsey's time. The beds are enhanced with handmade quilts, all made by Mrs. Denton during the long winter months.

For the modest sum of one dollar, they will take you on a tour of the mansion. As you walk through the rooms, you are seemingly transported to a bygone era; time has no meaning, and before you realize it almost two hours have slipped by. You are brought back to the present when Mrs. Deaton sits down at the grand piano and gives a sprightly rendition of the Twelfth Street Rag. After the tour of the castle, you are free to walk around the grounds, or to sit on the porch (still to be repaired) and gaze off to the horizon as Dorsey must have done. And as you sit there, perhaps you, too, will feel some of the charm of New Mexico. In your mind's eye, you can envision the past grandeur of the castle and the surrounding grounds, and you realize the tremendous job the Deatons still have to do. Many hundreds of dollars and uncounted hours of labor are still to be expended. They are to be congratulated for their restoration efforts.

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WESTERN HISTORY RESEARCH CENTER UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING

The Western History Research Center of the University of Wyoming at Laramie was established in 1945 "to preserve, perpetuate, and disseminate" the history of the West. From a modest beginning the Center has over 1,500 separate collections pertaining to the history of the West. In addition there are over 70,000 photographs of the western scene. These are all housed in the William Robertson Coe Memorial Library, where the humidity is carefully controlled. There is, of course, a special interest in both the live stock and petroleum industries. Other major interests are the Indians, mining, transportation, irrigation, politics, religion, banking, law, and biography. One of the special collections is that of the Ellwood Barbed Wire Corporation Records.

VIEW OF THE MAGNIFICENT FACILITIES



From the Research Center Collection

WYOMING'S HISTORICAL TRAILS

The following are the historic trails in Wyoming: Oregon - Mormon and and California; Pony Express; Overland-Cherokee; Bozeman; Cheyenne-Deadwood Stage Road; Black Hills

Wagon Road; Bridger; Texas; Point-of-Rocks to South Pass City; Fort Halleck to Fort Laramie; Medicine Bow to Fort Fetterman.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

JOHN STEPHENS PAYNE

John Stephens Payne, well known Denver author of Western fiction, died on January 13 at the age of 81. In his early life he was a cowboy and rancher. He wrote hundreds of stories for periodicals, eighteen novels, two movie scripts, and an account of his early life, *When the Rockies Ride Hard* (1966). He was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and of numerous other organizations, including the Westerners, the Western Writers of America, and the Colorado Authors' League, of which he was a charter member and past president. Writers of his ability can scarcely be replaced.

DINNER RESERVATIONS

Either to make or cancel a reservation for the monthly dinner meeting phone the following any time before 5:00 P.M. of the day of the meeting:

Fred Mazzulla:

Office: 534-3587

Home: 322-9119

Press Club:

255-2591

CORRECTIONS ON ERRATA

Most regrettably certain errata slipped into the article by Len Shoemaker in the January ROUNDUP. He has supplied corrections:

Page 16:

Under NORRIE the date 1884 should be 1889. QUINNS should be spelled thus.

Page 17:

ROCKY FORD CREEK should be ROCKY FORK CREEK

Page 18:

HOOKS SPUR was named for Wm. Hook—not Hooker
Under CATHERINE correct the word 'wife'.

Page 19:

HIGHLAND park should be HIGHLAND peak.
Under LENADO correct the word 'town'.

Page 20:

ROCK CREEK—CRYSTAL CREEK should be ROCK CREEK—CRYSTAL RIVER

(one name replaced the other)
DUTCH CREEK should be DUTCH GULCH and the town Woody Creek should be Carbondale (My error)
Under SNOWMASS-AT-ASPEN correct word 'Snowmass'.

Under THOMPSON CREEK—Willow Peak should be WILLOWPARK

ALFERD E. PACKER

This is a somewhat belated acknowledgment of an article by Ann Schmidt in the *Longmont Daily Times-Call* of February 19, 1969, telling about the organization by "ex-westerners" of "The Friends of Alferd E. Packer in the Nation's Capital," with the motto, "Serving our fellow man since 1874." This organization created a good deal of comment in the offete East. One critic, objecting to Packer's Democratic repast, stated: "Many modern day Democrats cannot stomach the Republicans, and many modern Republicans have no taste for Democrats." If this is so, then perhaps the answer is for Republicans to serve Republicans, and Democrats to serve Democrats. Since Fred Mazzulla established that the correct spelling of Packer's first name is "Alferd,"

he was elected as an honorary member.

WYOMING RANCH TOUR

Bob Burns, of Laramie, notes that this is the centennial year of the Range Livestock Industry on the Laramie Plains. There will be an old time ranch tour of the pioneer ranches on the Big and Little Laramie Rivers July 19 and 20. Dabney Collins recommends these tours (he has been on four of them) very highly.

AVIATION PIONEERS

It has been announced that Colorado has an Aviation Hall of Fame. The first ten members are: Ivy Baldwin; Allan F. Bonnalie; A.E. Humphreys; I.B. Humphreys; Will D. Parker; Chriss J. Peterson; Reginald Sinclair; George W. Thompson; Frank VanDersari; and Jerry Vasconcells. Five of these aviation pioneers are still living.

CUSTER'S "LIFE"

The glamorous General George Armstrong Custer wrote "My Life on the Plains," which appeared as a series of magazine articles beginning with 1872. In these he attacked army officers for supporting the so-called "Indian peace policy." The articles appeared as a book: *My Life on the Plains, or Personal Experiences with Indians*, Sheldon and Co., New York, 1874. It was bound in green cloth, and had eight plates. It is now, of course, a collector's item.

BARBED WIRE

The October, 1969, issue of *Arizona Highways* has a very interesting article "Barbed Wire: The Fence that Tamed the West," by Carol Osman Brown. Including some sketches by Joe Beeler,

there are nineteen pages of color illustrations (including the front and back covers). This account is well worth careful consideration.

GHOST COAL MINES

In an article in the January 25, 1970, Boulder Daily Camera *Focus* John Craggs calls attention to an all but forgotten history of coal mining in the neighborhood of Marshall, about six miles south of Boulder. The mining of coal was begun in this area as early as 1864 by Joseph W. Marshall and others. This very rich coal field, with some seams nine feet thick, all but ceased production by 1950, less than a century after mining had been started by Marshall. Today there is little evidence above ground of the existence of the former mining camps, or of the many "entrys" (tunnels) below ground, which branch off in all directions. It is not necessary to go to the mountains to find "ghosts." John Craggs knows whereof he writes, for both his father before him and he were among the stout hearted miners at Marshall.

REFUGE FOR WILD HORSES

As we all know, the wild horses that are a heritage from the old West have been facing extinction. A committee, headed by Dr. C. Wayne Cook, of Colorado State University, has made eleven proposals to Director Boyd L. Rasmusen of the Bureau of Land Management with reference to the preservation of at least one hundred of these horses on the 32,000 acre wild horse range in the Pryor Mountains of Montana. Mrs. Velma B. Johnson, President of the International Society for the Protection of Mustangs and Burros, is among those who urge that these horses be preserved as part of a very colorful chapter of American history.



Westerner's Bookshelf



BUCKSKIN AND BLANKET DAYS, by Thomas Henry Tibbles, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebraska, 1969, paper back, 336 pp., \$1.95.

This book was written in 1905 when the author was 65 years of age and was first published in 1957. It is primarily concerned with experiences gained from 1854 to 1890 as a friend of the Indians in Kansas, Nebraska and South Dakota in detail, and with the whole national Indian problem in general.

Edited and verified by Theodora Bates Cogswell, it has in the Publisher's preface a long list of the author's qualifications and achievements topped by his candidacy for the Vice President of the United States on the Peoples Ticket in 1904. He was a Major in the Union Army during the Civil War, later a senior editor on the Omaha World Herald, a gun-carrying minister, a farmer, and was one of the few white men initiated into the Indians "Soldier Lodge".

He worked openly and covertly with General Crook, and was instrumental in bringing Indian matters to a head in the United States District Court where Judge Dundy handed down a famous decision in 1879 that in essence was "An Indian is a *person* within the laws of the United States."

The book is divided in 34 sections, many of which individually are worth the price of the volume. For example his eye-witness account of the Battle of Wounded Knee and the events leading up to it, his interview with Sitting Bull, the Buffalo Hunt, Facing the Famine, Revolvers and Bibles, Guests of the

Ponca Tribe, and Two-Bears, and I become Koo-Bay are sections of exceptional merit.

The author served as guide and interpreter for the famous ethnologist Alice Cunningham Fletcher in her study of the Sociological aspects of the Plains Indians in 1882. Mr. Tibbles' second wife Bright Eyes was a close friend of Helen Hunt Jackson prior to her appointment as Commissioner to the mission Indians of California and provided some of the motivation and material for the famous novel *Ramona*.

Tibbles' newspaper experience may account for the clear and concise writing which is objective and highly credible. If you read the dedication and one page of the first section you will find this book difficult to lay aside.

Joy L. Bogue, C.M.

ISLAND IN THE ROCKIES, THE HISTORY OF GRAND COUNTY, COLORADO, TO 1930, by Robert C. Black, III. Published for the Grand County Pioneer Society by the Pruett Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado; 435 pages, 43 illustrations, 4 maps, Bibliography and Index. 1969, \$10.00 cloth. \$15.00 signed, boxed.

Dr. Black details the history of Grand County, Colorado, from its beginning, when it included North Park, until essentially 1930. He touches on its geology and early inhabitants. The explorers who came to Middle and North Parks are listed with a brief account of their historical background. The pioneers of this county are described and

their exploits noted. The passes into the valleys are listed with stories of hardships encountered in negotiating them. The people, the towns, the newspapers, the politics, the stage lines, the railroads, the murders, the various events that occurred in Grand County are all well documented. There are fifteen chapters in this book; at the end there is a minimum of 38 footnotes; the research that Dr. Black did was prodigious. This is a complete history of Grand County; its 43 illustrations are very well reproduced. About all that could be added to this excellent treatise would be more illustrations. The railroad pictures are very few in number. The numerous pictures of the Denver Northwestern and Pacific Railroad are available, as are those of its two successors, the Denver and Salt Lake and the Rio Grande Railroads. The Middle Park Lumber Company's railroad, the Colorado, Utah and Southwestern, and the Rocky Mountain Railway could have had illustrations!

I'm very delighted to have this Grand County historical book in my library. I only wish that we had more Dr. Blacks to write other thorough complete histories of our other Colorado counties.

R. A. Ronzio

COLORADO RAIL ANNUAL, published by Colorado Railroad Museum, Box 641, Golden, Colorado, 72 pp., softbound, \$2.50, postpaid.

El Ciudad Real de la Santa Fe, "Royal City of the Holy Faith," SANTA FE! The interesting story of how this centuries-old settlement, still a western frontier town in the late 1800's, came to be served by the narrow gauge rails of the Denver & Rio Grande, occupies the major portion of this latest and largest publication of the Colorado Rail-

road Museum at Golden. Attractively printed on coated stock, copiously and pertinently illustrated, author Gordon Chappell's research for the first time unravels the mysteries surrounding the lives and accomplishments of the early Texas, Santa Fe & Northern, the Santa Fe Southern and the Rio Grande & Santa Fe railroads, and the relationship of the Denver & Rio Grande to all of them.

Nicely spiced with material ranging from the April, 1881, journal of 3rd Cavalry Lt. John G. Bourke, to the reminiscences of more recent residents and travelers, the story of the fabled "Chili Line" presented here is comprehensive, complete, and thoroughly readable.

Morris Abbott's brief, profusely illustrated article on Colorado's 80-year-old Manitou & Pikes Peak cog road, and the story by editor Cornelius Hauck on the unique and obscure narrow-gauge Seward Peninsula Railway serving Nome, Alaska, and the immediate territory to the north some 65 years ago, help to round out a rich fare of authentic, intelligent, satisfying railroad history.

Highly recommended.

Jackson Thode, PM

THE GREAT PLATTE RIVER ROAD, by Merrill J. Mattes, Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln, 1969, 583 pp., illustrated, \$7.95.

Imagine, if you can, a pile of some 700 diaries and journals—most, doubtless, the small leather variety which could be easily tucked into one's pocket—dimmed by the passage of time and bearing the stains from having been water soaked. From such a multitude of firsthand accounts—many, of course, since published or available in type-script—Mr. Mattes has given us a distillation of the personal accounts of

those who used the great Platte River road to Ft. Laramie from 1841 to 1866.

The author approaches this task with a background of thirty-five years in the National Park Service, twenty years of that as Regional Historian of the Midwest Regional Office in Omaha. He is the author of many journal articles and two books dealing with the Nebraska area. This book is Volume 25 of the Nebraska Historical Society *Publications*.

This exhaustive study of personal observations reveals a magnitude of fascinating detail of overland travel: the food the travelers ate; crimes committed and justice meted out; the horrible scourge of cholera; animal life along the Platte; the "bloomers" which most women wisely or necessarily adopted; and the amazing similarity of descriptions of the (already polluted) Platte itself—sandy water flowing in a broad, shallow expanse so near the ground level as to appear to be actually above the ground.

We are taken just far enough down various side roads to show the relation of each to the main road, just as we occasionally catch a glimpse of the Mormon Trail across the river on the north side of the Platte. The importance of Ft. Kearney is stressed, and a summarized history of that installation is included.

If the book has a fault, it is the inclusion of too many accounts of an event (e.g. the unfortunate demise of Mr. Scott for whom Scott's Bluff was named).

A bibliography of more than forty pages lists the many diaries and journals with an indication of the library where each is on file. Quotes in the text are credited to the diarist, including date of the diary. There is a good index; and a chronology of the road from

1803 to 1866. Several pages of well-chosen contemporary sketches and photography and maps in sections, drawn especially to illustrate the text, complete the book.

Hoped for is a sequel which will take us on west from Ft. Laramie.

(Mrs.) Hazel Lundberg
Denver Public Library

**THE DENVER WESTERNERS
BRAND BOOK, 1968, edited by
Milton W. Callon, James Davis,
co-editor, 1969, Johnson Pub-
lishing Co., 370 pp., \$15.00**

Selling a *Brand Book* to a Westerner is a bit like touting food to a starving man. There is little you can say that makes any difference. But since that never stopped a critic, there are a few comments that ought to be made about the 1968 edition: it is a feast, it is the best looking *Brand Book* ever produced. *Brand Books*, generally, are noted for their contents, and the presentation is secondary. Not so this year. The production is as professional as the best turned out by the commercial presses.

The four-color cover is a reproduction of an oil painting by Harold A. Wolfenbarger, Jr., and inside are many excellent drawings, photographs (many from the collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla), and engravings, a good number full page. There is some choice artwork by Muriel Sibell Wolle.

Since Westerners are more interested in the meat than the trimmings, however, they'll be reassured to know the content is both interesting and varied. There are fewer articles than in some of the previous books, but lack of quantity is more than made up for by the depth of the pieces included.

Arthur H. Carhart leads off with "They Had No Alamo," a tale of the Republic of the Rio Grande that has

no Davey Crockett or Travis or Bowie, either. Muriel Wolle follows with her personal man hunt for Joseph Raphael DeLamar, a little-known Western millionaire. There are papers on "John James Audubon" (by Dr. Nolie Mumey); "When Hastings, Colorado, Counted Their Dead," a tragic coal mine disaster (Francis B. Rizzari); and Colorado's famous high line, "The Denver South Park & Pacific Builds the High Line" (Don and Jean Griswold). In all, there are 16 articles.

Our favorite is "The Gravity Tram of Gilpin County," a story of a winter afternoon when Louisa Ward Arps (Imagination) and her husband Elwyn (Skeptic) set out to find the obscure trail of the little Gilpin gravity tram.

While most Westerners purchase *Brand Books* for their contents, it still might be prudent to mention the tremendous appreciation of earlier books. The 1945 *Brand Book* brings a whopping \$65, and one only five years old is up to \$25. An entire set sells for upwards of \$700. So whether you're interested in investment, Western history or good reading, it appears 1968 is your *Brand Book*.

Sandra Dallas

HIGH WEST: by Bill Ballantine, Rand McNally, 1969, \$7.95.

I liked the book. It tells of a family camper trip through what the author calls High West. However, I don't wonder circuses went broke if Mr. Ballantine planned their itineraries. I could see reason for starting at Cheyenne but who go to Colorado Springs back through the Rocky Mountains and South Dakota? At Colorado Springs they were only a short days ride to Taos—yet 20 pages later we finally made it.

I loved his description of Pikes Peak

even though as a native I feel no sympathy for his cold knees. Anyone stupid enough to wear shorts on this trip should be cold. I've never been to South Dakota or the Big Horn country. I was brought up on the true story of Custer and Major Reno so I liked that chapter. I guess we always like something with which we are in complete agreement.

Since I helped list the Jackson pictures of Yellowstone it was like meeting familiar and well loved friends to read of the trip thru the park. I enjoyed seeing Idaho through his eyes. I've always wanted to revisit this state. The trip to visit the Havasupi Indians was interesting but having seen Mike Blechas' slides I think Mike got much closer to understanding these people. New Mexico I liked even though he missed many of my favorite spots.

The bit about the land grants is interesting to me since I did a bit of research in this area. My thinking is that my great grandfather sold his land for the Gorham purchase, but his failure to ask me or my mother or grandfather for permission doesn't give me the right to claim it now. I think each claim has to be examined to see when it was sold, or if there was a really valid reason it was not proved up on after 20 years from the date of the treaty. Besides, who really owned the land the Spanish King granted so freely?

The trip was completely rewarding when I read the author's paragraph on page 299.

Out here the frontier is a living reality

The mountaineer is more at peace with nature

Seems more capable of enjoying simple things.

This mountaineer liked that.

Velma Churchill, CM

FOLKLORE OF THE GREAT WEST: by John Greenway, American West Publishing Co., California, 1969, \$8.95.

This book is essentially an anthology of western folklore taken from 81 years of publications of the *Journal of American Folklore*. The problem with a study of this sort is one of selection—what to include and what to omit. There will be many who will wonder at the criteria used by the author in making his final selections and since he doesn't tell us how he went about doing it, we can not judge the extent to which he followed his plan. The titles of the 10 chapters that comprise the book are rather interesting, but at times somewhat difficult to equate with the content. One wonders, for example, what exactly is meant by "The Indians and the White Man" in Chapter four, particularly since the stories have to do exclusively with the Indian.

The one item that one would expect in the *Folklore of the Great West* is a representative selection of Spanish material, and Dr. Greenway has included only two short selections. This is strange in view of the fact that great quantities of material have been appearing in the *Journal of American Folklore* since 1894, and continue to the present time. Such eminent folklorists as Franz Boas, Juan B. Rael and Aurelio Espinoza, to mention a few, have published extensive articles on folk tales, riddles, proverbs and general folklore. Something else could have been said about the Spanish and Indian acculturation in which the Indian pueblos adapted so many Spanish folk tales into their own body of tradition. For example, the "San Pedro de Jesucristo" story supposedly an Indian legend is nothing more than an adapta-

tion of one of the anecdotes of Pedro de Urdenalás where he was baking a chicken for the village priest and decided to eat one of the legs before serving it.

The best part of the book are the comments made by Dr. Greenway which manifest his folklore scholarship, particularly in the introductory 17 pages. The book will be particularly valuable as an anthology for anyone whose tastes run parallel to those of Professor Greenway, but as a primary source for western folklore, the book leaves a great deal to be desired.

Arthur Campa, PM

A LIGHT-HEARTED LOOK AT THE DESERT, by Chuck Waggin, The University of Arizona Press, 1969, 95 pp. \$1.95.

A delightfully entertaining booklet of 95 pages cleverly caricatured by the author depicting the animals, birds, reptiles, rock formations, trees—each with his own impish personality.

The book is not a scholarly treatise but because of the author's close association with the Southwest is more apt to be used as a quick reference before or after a pleasure jaunt into the desert country.

A Light-Hearted Look tells us that the desert is not an area to be hurried through but if seen at the right season, the right time of day or night it can be an expanse of exotic flowers (don't touch) and fun animals. Though most never have the opportunity to enjoy all this from Mr. Waggin's kitchen window he tells:

All deserts are not sun and sand,
With old bones cluttering up the land.

Deserts are dry, yes, that is true,
But many things can live there too.

Mrs. Ralph L. Carr, CM

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

MARCH
1970
Volume XXVI
Number 3

THE COLORADO FUEL AND
IRON STEEL CORPORATION

by
R. A. Ronzio



PRESENTATION OF PLAQUE TO AUTHOR



Presentation of plaque to R. A. Ronzio by the Deputy Sheriff, Dr. Lester L. Williams.
Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Richard A. Ronzio, P.M., was born in Pueblo, Colorado. He finished his grade and high school education in Montrose, and graduated from the University of Colorado with a B.S. in Chemical Engineering. He put in a year working for the U.S.G.S. on a survey crew, and a year was spent with the U.S.B.R. on hydraulic studies. He was employed by the Climax Molybdenum Co., at Climax, Colorado, and after five years on top of the hill, was transferred to the research laboratories in Golden in the Experimental plant of the Colorado School of Mines. He is now director of Research, Western Operations for Climax.

He wrote the chapter on "Colorado Smelting and Reduction Works" for the 1966 *Brand Book*. He and Francis B. Rizzari and Charles S. Ryland constitute the Cubar Associates (R³) which recently reprinted and republished Vol. II (1885) of Crofutt's *Grip-Sack Guide of Colorado*.

GOOD NEWS

In 1965 a very interesting book by Clarence L. Danielson and Ralph W. Danielson, *Basalt: Colorado Midland Town*, was published in a somewhat limited edition. It is now out of print. However, Dr. Danielson reports that it is to be republished in the near future.

DINNER RESERVATIONS

Either to make or cancel reservation for the monthly dinner meeting phone the following any time before 5:00 P.M. of the day of the meeting:

Fred Mazzulla:

Office: 534-3587

Home: 322-9119

Press Club:

255-2591

THE DENVER WESTERNERS MONTHLY ROUNDUP

Volume XXVI

Number 3



March

1970

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Reservations for all meetings and dinners — Herbert W. O'Hanlon, 1050 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Dinner \$3.75. Reservations only.

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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 COLORADO FUEL AND IRON STEEL CORPORATION

by R. A. Ronzio

Three companies headed by General William J. Palmer, the founder of Colorado Springs, president and founder of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, builder of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, an organizer of many other enterprises, merged in 1880 and became known as The Colorado Coal and Iron Company. Prior to this consolidation they were called The Central Colorado Improvement Company, The Southern Colorado Coal and Town Company, and The Colorado Coal and Steel Works Company. One of these had its beginning in 1872, four years before Colorado became a state. In 1881 this combine at Pueblo put its first blast furnace, "Betsy," into operation and one year later the first railroad rail came out of the plant. It then employed 400 men as compared with better than 7,000 today.

In 1892 this Palmer-merged company consolidated with J. C. Osgood's Colorado Fuel Company and became known as The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company until 1936 when it was reorganized into The Colorado Fuel and Iron Corporation. A few years ago a further name change was announced, the present Colorado Fuel and Iron Steel Corporation. The company as constituted today has five plants, four of which had their origins in companies acquired by The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company: The South San Francisco plant originated in 1852 as The California Wire Cloth Company and merged in 1937; The Wickwire Spencer Steel Company's Palmer Plant in Massachusetts joined in 1944; the oldest plant, Trenton and Roebling, a part of The John Roebling's and Sons Company of New Jersey, began producing in 1848, and was merged in 1952. In addition, the Company has two modern day subsidiaries, The Colorado Fuel and Iron Fabricators, Inc., acquired November 30, 1967, and The Colorado Fuel and Iron Engineers, Inc., acquired January 17, 1969.

As in the aforementioned historical sketch, iron and steel making was established at Pueblo while Colorado was still a territory. This location was selected because of its proximity to the required raw materials for iron and steel making: namely, coal, water, limestone and iron ores.

At first, the operation involved primarily the production of pig iron. Then, in 1882, a Bessemer converter was installed and, as stated above, that same year steel rails began rolling out of the plant. In 1882, also, cut nails were made from puddled iron. This first year of steel making produced 23,000 tons.

During the period between 1895 and 1911 a large expansion program resulted in the construction of a 15-furnace open hearth shop; a 40-inch blooming mill; 10-inch and 14-inch rolling mills; a Garret rod mill; and a complete wire mill. Up to 1917 only beehive coke was used in the plant. This was produced essentially from company-owned coke ovens, which were located mostly in Colorado, but some came from neighboring states. In 1927 a 25-inch structural mill and an open hearth furnace were constructed. World War II brought on another addition, the soaking pits for the rail mill. A new 3-strand rod mill was put into operation in 1949. Four years later a seamless tube mill was also started up. In 1956 the seventeenth open hearth furnace was added. A new oxygen steelmaking shop was put into production in 1961.

GOVERNOR JAMES H. PEABODY AND OTHER NOTABLES



J. M. Herbert, Eugene Grubb, J. C. Osgood, W. C. McGraw, Dr. C. H. Corwin, James H. Peabody, C. E. Carson.
Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

Most of the raw materials originated from Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming and Utah. Although iron now comes from the Sunrise Mine from Platte County, in southeastern Wyoming, and from Iron Mountain in southwestern Utah, this wasn't always so. Colorado produced iron ore at the Company's Orient Mine in the San Luis Valley, at its Calumet Mine



INDEX TO MAP

SHOWING LOCATION OF PROPERTIES.

The respective properties are indicated by a STAR and NUMBER, the latter corresponding to the number in this index.

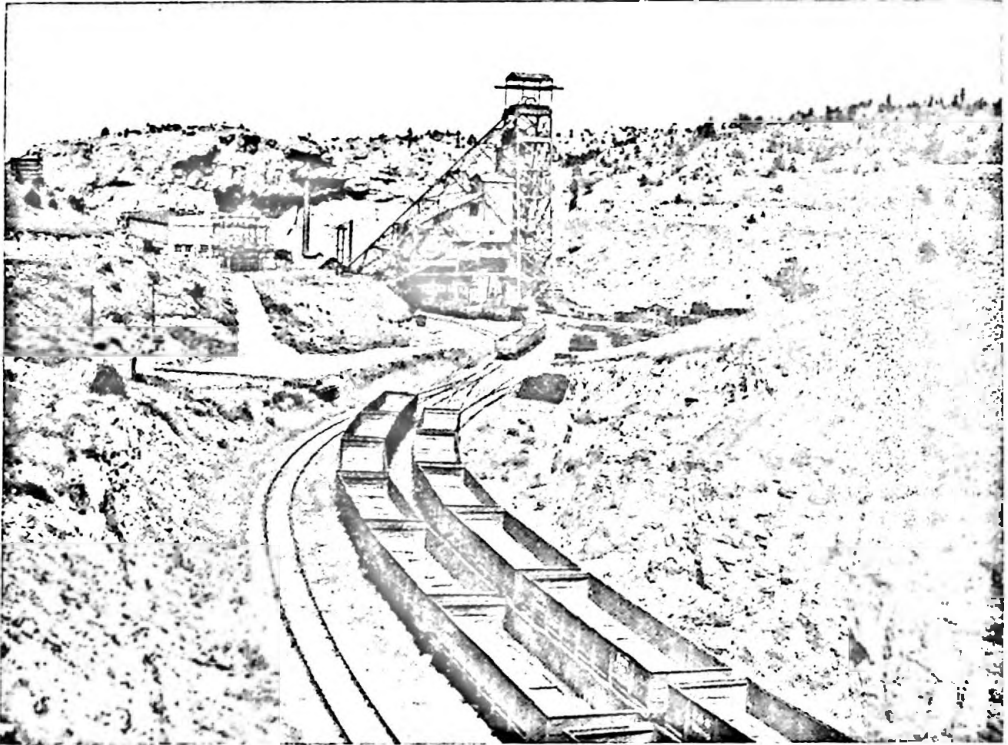
- 0. General Offices.
- 1. Iron lands.
- 2. Steam coal lands.
- 3. Laramie Steel Works.
- 4. Dry domestic coal lands.
- 5. Elk Head Mountains. Anthracite lands.
- 6. Domestic coal lands.
- 7. Semi-caking steam and domestic coal lands.
- 8. Semi-caking steam and domestic coal lands.
- 9. Dry domestic and steam coal lands.
- 10. Coke Ovens.
- 11. Semi-caking domestic coal lands.
- 12. Semi-caking steam and domestic coal lands.
- 13. Coking coal mines. Coke Ovens.
- 14. Coke Ovens.
- 15. Coking coal mines.
- 16. Anthracite mines.
- 17. Anthracite mines.
- 18. Coking coal mines. Coke Ovens.
- 19. Clay properties.
- 20. Iron lands.
- 21. Iron lands.
- 22. Iron lands.
- 23. Iron lands.
- 24. Lignite lands.
- 25. Iron lands.
- 26. Iron lands.
- 27. Domestic coal lands.
- 28. Steel Works.
- 29. Limestone Quarries.
- 30. Domestic coal mines.
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- 50.
- 51. Iron lands.
- 52. Coke Ovens.
- 53. Domestic and steam coal lands.
- 54. Anthracite mines.
- 55. Lignite coal mines.
- 56. Iron lands.
- 57. Iron lands.

W.C.
APRIL 5, 1901

LOCATION OF THE COAL & IRON PROPERTIES OF THE COLORADO FUEL & IRON CO. IN COLORADO, WYOMING UTAH AND NEW MEXICO.

near Salida, and at Placer near La Veta Pass. New Mexico, too, had iron mines at Hanover and Fierro. Today 90 percent of the coking coal for the plant comes from the Allen Mine in Southern Colorado, several miles west of Trinidad up the Purgatoire River.

SUNRISE, WYOMING, IRON ORE MINE

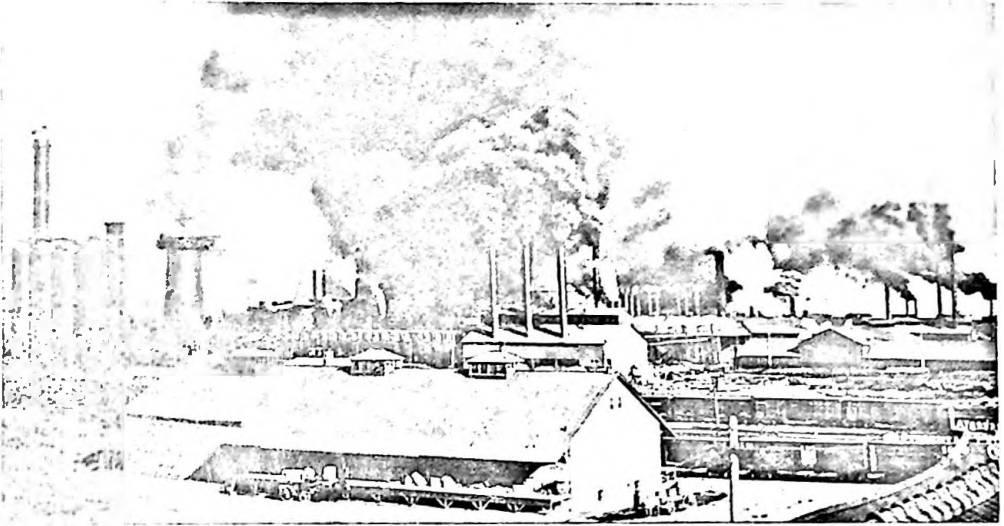


C. F. & I. Collection

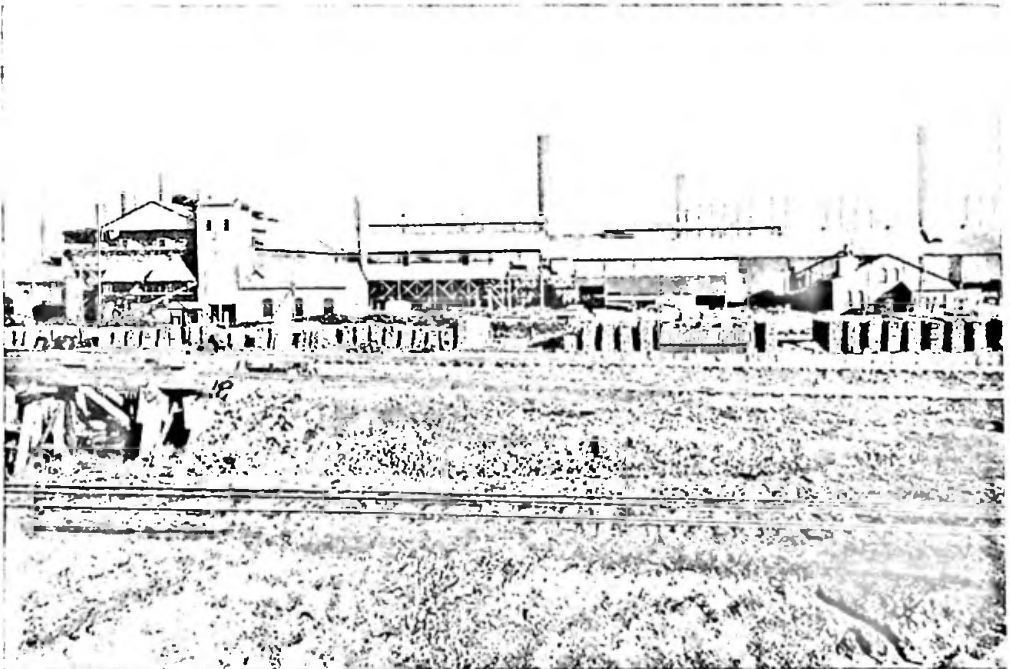
Limestone, a calcium carbonate, comes mainly from the Monarch Quarry near Monarch Pass, west of Salida; dolomite, a magnesium-calcium carbonate, is mined at a small quarry near Canon City. Fluorspar, manganese ore, some iron ore, and limestone are purchased from independent producers in the Rocky Mountain area.

The other raw ingredient necessary for this operation is water. Because the Pueblo plant is located in a semi-arid region, it was necessary for the management to acquire old decreed water rights dating back to before 1864. Also, flood storage rights were obtained about 1900. Most of the water comes from the Arkansas River which is fed from water storage in Turquoise Lake and Clear Lake, near Leadville, some 165 miles upstream. Near Pueblo there are three other storage reservoirs used mainly for emer-

C. F. & I. COMPANY, PUEBLO, 1902



C. F. & I. COMPANY, PUEBLO, 1905



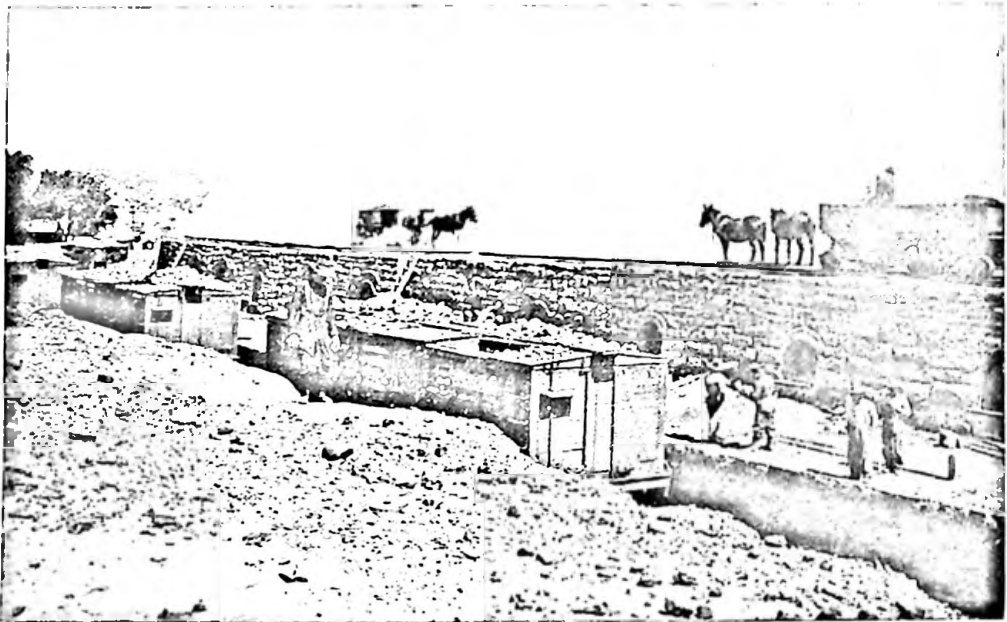
Both pictures from C. F. & I. Collection

gency purposes. To indicate the value and necessity of water, the plant consumes from 60,000,000 to 85,000,000 gallons every day with a total daily water handling of 150,000,000 gallons, much of which is recovered.

Electric power is essentially self generated, but a tie-in with the Public Service Company provides for emergency usage during breakdowns or whatever. Steam for the turboblowers and turbo generators is produced in two company boiler plants.

Intra-plant transportation is provided by the Company's subsidiary, The Colorado and Wyoming Railway. This railroad and another that belonged to The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company will be discussed later.

BEEHIVE COKE OVENS, SEGUNDO, COLORADO



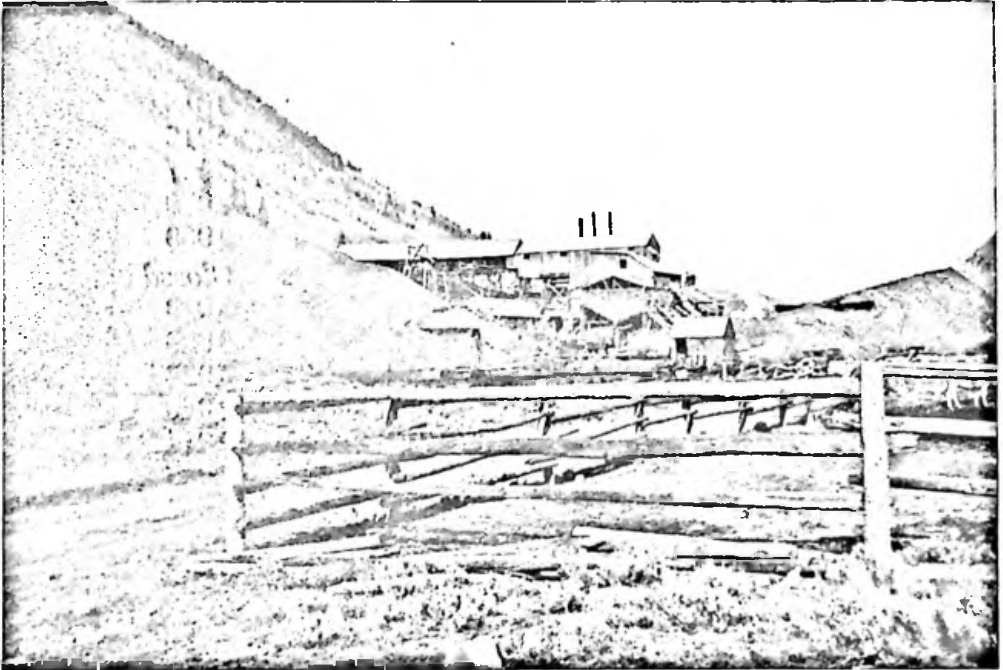
C. F. & I. Collection

From its early days The Colorado Fuel and Iron Corporation made steel history by its accomplishments in the field of safety, technology, and human relations. The company had the first mine rescue car in the United States (1910); the first adoption of the eight hour day for steel workers (1918); the first ore bedding plant of its kind (1943); the first seamless tube mill built west of the Mississippi River (1953); and the first wide flange beams that were rolled in the west (1965).

The first by-product ovens in the western United States began operation in Pueblo in 1918 when two 60-oven batteries were lighted up. In 1929, 1938, and 1944 additional batteries were put into operation. Some of

these by-products are organic chemicals, benzol, toluol, xylol and naphthalene. Ammonia, which is also produced, is an essential ingredient in chemical fertilizers. Some of the unsalable residues are burned for fuel. The tar plant, with a daily capacity of 35,000 gallons, produces refined cresote oils, which are used for preservatives and disinfectants. The heavy pitches are used by the roofing industry and as a water-proofing material.

HORACE COAL MINE, CRESTED BUTTE, COLO.



R. A. Ronzio Collection

One of The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company's greatest impacts on Colorado history was probably due to its vast holdings in coal lands. As an example, in 1916 its coal mines produced 3,800,000 tons of coal; its total employment exceeded 12,000 with a payroll of over \$11,000,000. The coke ovens at the mines in 1911 numbered 2,969. Today, as you drive along the old coal mine ghost towns, you can still see the remains of these ovens. At Tercio, for example, there still remains, practically intact, a double row over a mile long. These coal mines were responsible for the creation of numerous coal towns. A compilation of these is listed as follows:

In New Mexico there were Waldo, Madrid, Gibson, Gallup, Catalpa and Gardiner; Colorado had Primero, Segundo, Tercio, Quatro, Berwind, Brookside, Coal Creek, Coalbasin, Williamsburg, Crested Butte, Floresta, Tabasco, Starkville, Rockvale, Spring Gulch, Redstone, Rouse (old, new),

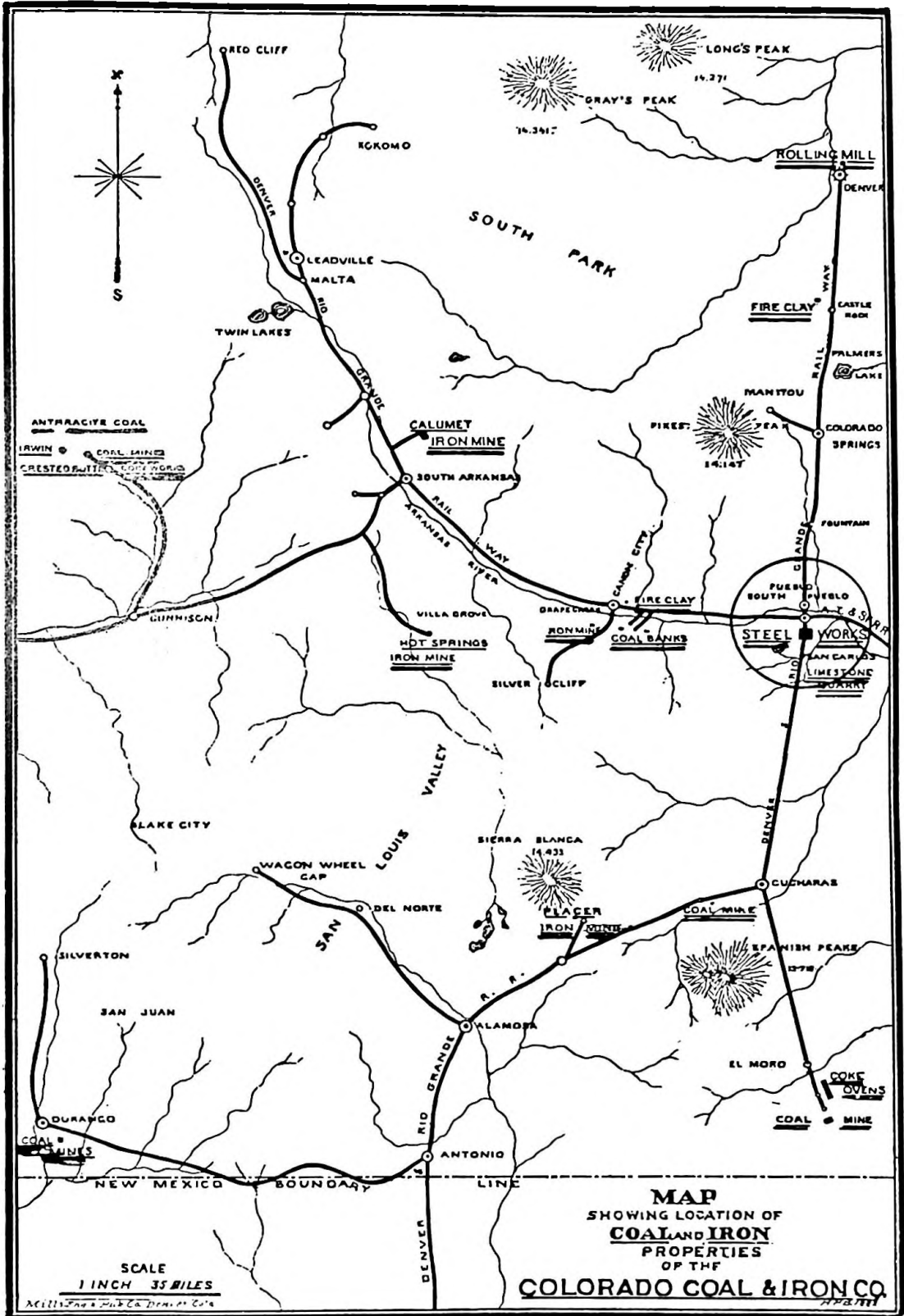
Sopris, Walsen, Walsenburg, Pictou, Toler, Valdez, Piedmont, Anthracite, Cardiff, Engle (Engleville), El Moro, Fremont, Hezron, Sunlight, Cameron, Humoso (Segundo), Placita, Robinson, Redstone, Marion, Rincon, (Torres), Fredrick, Morley, Weston, Delaqua, Hastings, and Ludlow.

A listing of The Colorado Fuel and Iron Corporation coal mines that started after 1902 follows:

<i>Trinidad District</i>	<i>Opened</i>	<i>Closed</i>
Allen Coal Mine	1953	Still Operating
Toller	1918	1931
Hezron	1902	1918
Tercio	1902	1915
Quatro	1902	1915
Quinto	1905	1907
Morley	1907	1956
Frederick	1907	1960
<i>Walsenburg District</i>	<i>Opened</i>	<i>Closed</i>
Ideal	1910	1929
Lester	1911	1929
Kebler #1	1918	1922
Cameron	1907	1946
McNally	1913	1914
Kebler #2	1907	1925
Jobal	1920	1924
<i>Canon City District</i>	<i>Opened</i>	<i>Closed</i>
Coal Creek #3	1912	1931
Emerald	1919	1925
<i>Crested Butte District</i>	<i>Opened</i>	<i>Closed</i>
Elk Mountain	1918	1927

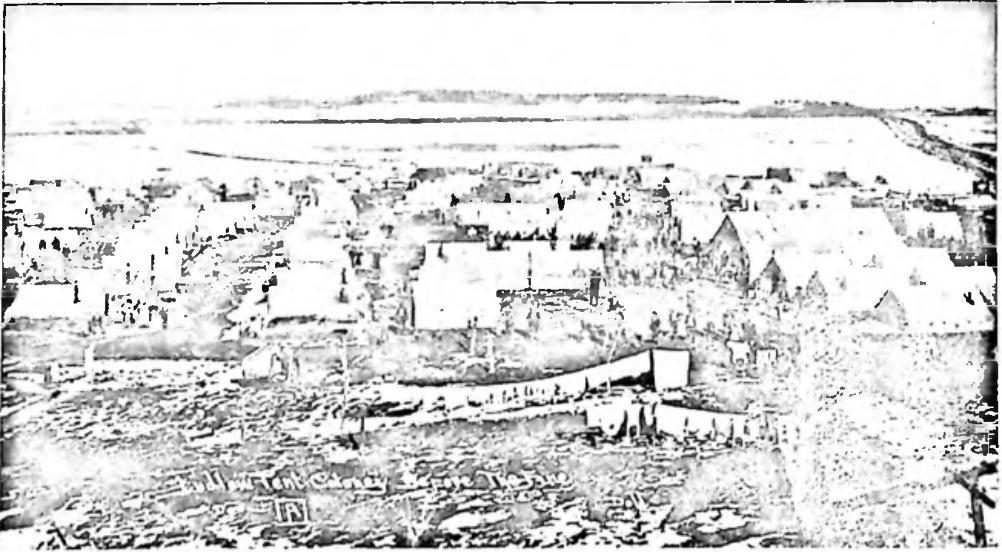
The coal mines at Hastings and Delaqua were operated by the Victor-American Fuel Company, which was owned by Rockefeller as was the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company at this time. Rockefeller got into the picture when he came to the aid of John C. Osgood in his fight with the Chicago financier, John W. Gates, for control of The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. As the story goes Osgood, by some shrewd maneuvering, kept the operating control out of the hands of John W. Gates; however, Gates made the last move, for he in turn sold his 191,609 of the 259,178 shares of outstanding The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company stock to George J. Gould, who was acting for Rockefeller. This transaction, which cost Gates better than \$3,000,000, gave control to Rockefeller instead of Osgood.

Getting back to a coal town listed above, Ludlow, Colorado, perhaps



Properties of Colorado Coal and Iron Company underscored with red lines.

LUDLOW TENT COLONY BEFORE THE FIRE



RED CROSS WORKERS AT LUDLOW AFTER THE FIRE



its story because of its impact on the union movement, and the tragedy that took place there April 20, 1914, is best remembered by Coloradans. Barron B. Beshoar presents the union's viewpoint of the gruesome events of that episode of a money-influenced governor, courts and lawmen; the trial of union leader, John R. Lawson, as well as the role that was played by pseudo-Colorado militia men in his excellent book, *Out of the Depths*. The federal investigation detailed the overall data of the atrocities on both sides. This report gives the brutal statistics without prejudice.

Beshoar's book, admittedly, is somewhat biased (having been underwritten by a union group); there were unwarranted acts committed on *both* sides. The deaths of the women and children were due to suffocation caused by firing of the tents, besides the eleven children and two women killed, there were also twenty strikers and thirty of the militia to add to the score. The Colorado Fuel and Iron Steel Corporation as the sole surviving company of this affair now carries, along with the house of Rockefeller, the brunt of the blame.

In 1888 The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company established The Colo-

WALSEN CAMP AROUND 1900



C. F. & I. Collection

rado Supply Company, which was, in essence, a group of company stores located in nearly all of the towns where it had working employees.

Two railroads were owned and operated by the company, The Crystal River Railroad and The Colorado and Wyoming Railway. The latter is still operating three divisions, the Northern Division at Sunrise, Wyoming, where most of the iron is mined, the Middle Division at the steel plant in Pueblo, and the Southern Division which handles the coal from the Allen Mine to Pueblo.

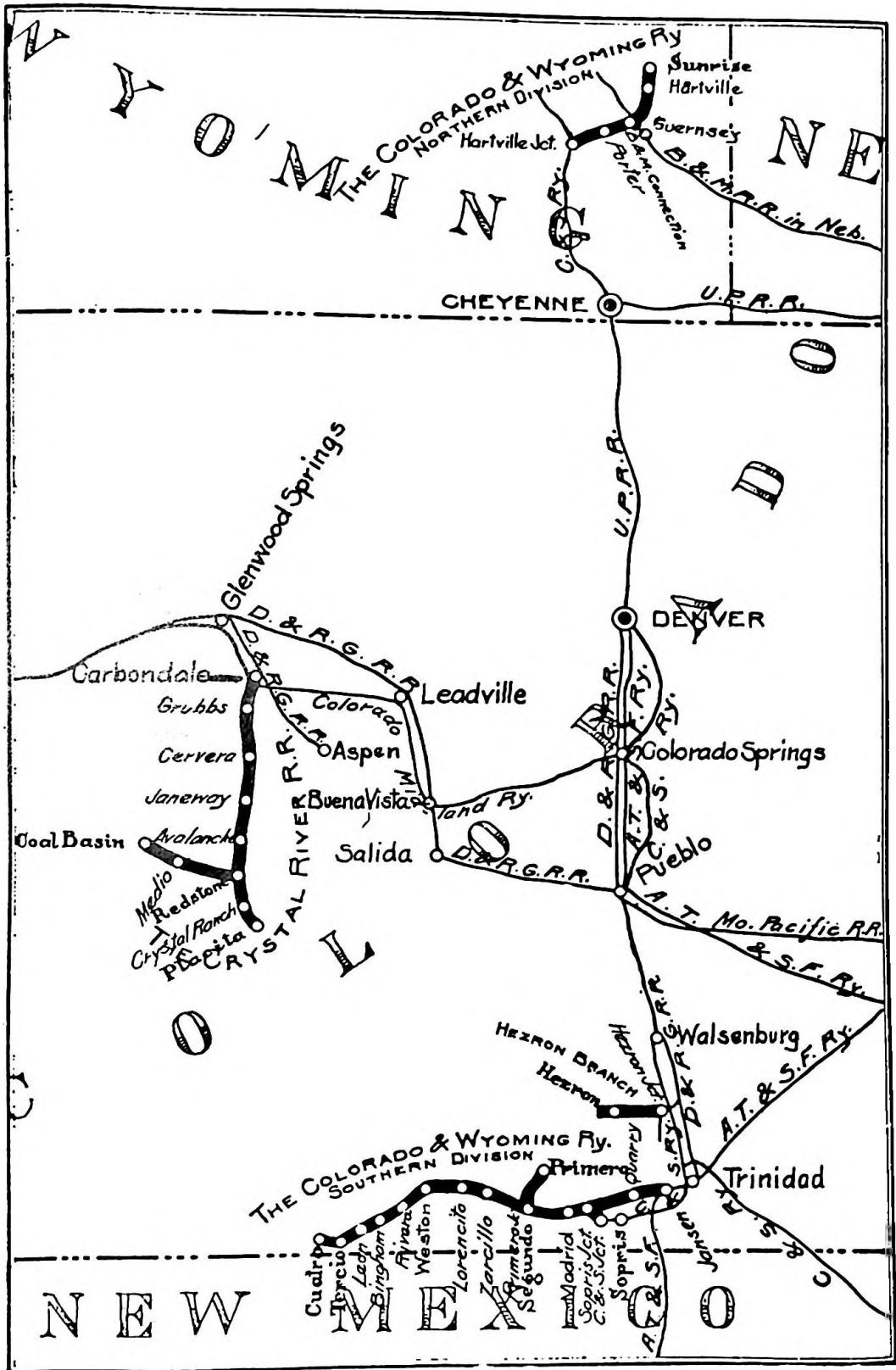
The Crystal River Railroad was a reorganization in 1898 of The Crystal River Railway, both of which were Colorado Fuel and Iron Company railroads. The 20.44 miles of rail between Carbondale, a junction with the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad, and Placita were standard gauge track. In 1900 the railroad was extended from Redstone to Coalbasin with 11.83 miles of narrow gauge track. This branch lasted until about 1911. There were five engines in the roster of equipment: No. 1, a standard gauge locomotive and Nos. 11, 101, 102 and 103, narrow gauge. The standard gauge also had a combination coach No. 2; a flanger, No. A; a derrick, No. A-1; and a snowplow, No. AB-2. The narrow gauge had in its equipment 1 flat car, 2 way cars, Nos. 01 and 02; a flanger, No. B-1; a box car, No. 101; 3 flat cars, Nos. 1-3; and 40 Ingoldsby dump cars, Nos. 201 - 240. This railroad ceased all of its operations in 1917.

The Colorado & Wyoming Railway, the other CF&I railroad, was chartered May 9, 1899. The Northern Division was 14.52 miles from Hartville Junction to Sunrise, Wyoming; today only six miles are being used, from Sunrise to Guernsey. The Southern Division consisted of 31.1 miles from Jansen, Colorado, to end of the line with branch lines of 3.04 miles from Primero Junction to Primero; 1.68 miles from Hezron Jct. to Hezron, Colorado; 0.8 miles from Piedmont, Colorado; connecting tracks of 0.19 miles; and 5.74 miles of leased line from the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway from Jansen to Trinidad, Colorado. All that is operating of this division today is from the Allen Mine to Jansen. The original 53.83 miles of standard gauge railroad had in its early day, 50 locomotives and 565 cars of various kinds and descriptions.

The middle Division was a narrow gauge railroad that consisted of 18 saddle tank Dinkeys whose whole function was to move equipment and supplies within the plant grounds.

Besides the steel plant at Pueblo, the company had a large hospital. In 1902 the records show that 73,388 employees and members of their families were treated either medically or surgically.

It is extremely difficult or practically impossible to outline in any detail an account that would do justice to the history of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Steel Corporation, in a short paper such as this. A more detailed history about this vast enterprise and what it has meant and is continuing to do



Map of the Colorado and Wyoming Railway and Connections.

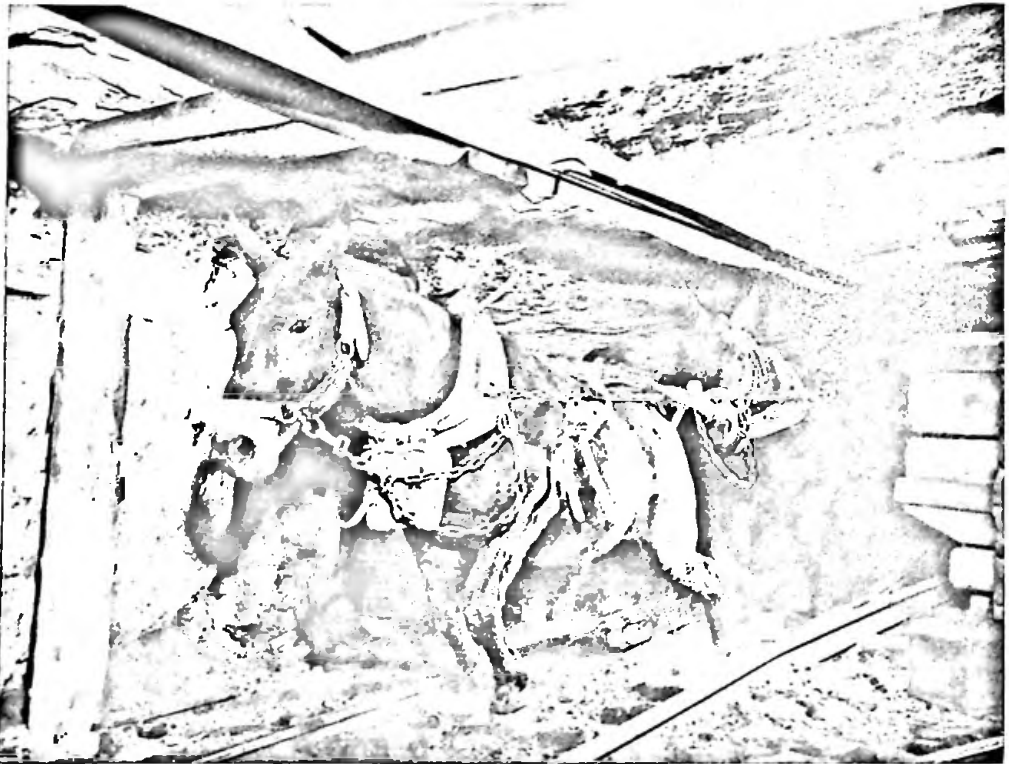
This also shows the Crystal River Railroad which was described in the Crystal River Railroad Number of Camp and Plant, Volume III, Number 2, January 10, 1903.

for the State of Colorado is being prepared by a Colorado University professor and should be available in the not too distant future.

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History of Colorado, Stone

MULE TRAIN, MORLEY, COLORADO MINE



C. F. & I. Collection

New Hands on the Denver Range

Gercold A. Sabin,
641 Marion Street,
Denver, Colorado 80218

Mr. Sabin was sponsored by Numa James. He is the Director of Advertising for the Colorado Fuel and Iron Steel Corporation, hence is interested in Ronzio's paper about this company. He is actively engaged with the Boy Scouts and with the Spalding Rehabilitation Center.

Clark Secrest,
1496 So. Macon Street,
Aurora, Colorado 80010

He became acquainted with the Westerners through Fred Mazzulla. He is the Assistant City Editor of *The Denver Post*, and is interested in Denver's history. He has written numerous articles for *True West*, *Frontier Times*, *Old West*, and *The Denver Post*.

Rev. A. P. Gaines,
350 Ponca Place,
Boulder, Colorado 80302

He was introduced by Martin Rist. As a preacher in New Mexico and Colorado he became interested in regional history. He wrote the article "The Battle of Beecher's Island" for the July-August, 1969, ROUNDUP. He is a past president of the Pioneer Association of Larimer County.

Lena M. Urquhart,
824 Blake Avenue,
Glenwood Springs, Colorado 81601

She learned about the Westerners from Dr. Ralph Danielson. She wrote *Cold Snows of Carbonate*; *Roll Call: The Violent and Lawless*; and *Colorow: The Angry Chieftain*. Is Historian for the Frontier Historical Society, of Glenwood Springs.

OUR PARISIAN CORRESPONDING MEMBER

George Fronval, 82, rue la Fontaine, Paris XVI, France, was listed among the new hands on the Denver range in the December issue, with the suggestion that he might write a letter telling about himself. His reply was a four page letter. He has been a writer of Western novels and histories for a considerable period of time. He first visited America in 1916. During a much later visit which included Denver he met Herschel R. Phelps, Numa Jesse (*sic*) James, George R. Eichler, Bill Brennan, and Fred Mazzulla. At the time he was a member of the Denver Posse. He also is a member of the following Westerners: Los Angeles, Chicago, New York, Tucson, Stockton, Kansas City, Munich, and London. The Westerners

of Paris is "a crazy Western orchestra." He possesses 2,000 American books on the West, and some 7,000 old photos of the West. He also receives 48 Western magazines. In addition, he has a number of museum pieces. Among his writings are *Le Shériff de Dodge City* and *Jerry Morton du Pony Express*. Vol. I of a series, *La Fantastique Epopée du Far West*, was published in December, and Vol. II will appear in May. As a true Westerner he prefers to be called "George" or "Partner," rather than "Monsieur." He will welcome correspondence; also, he promises that if some Westerners will visit him in France he will make a smoke signal and have a good powwow. His English is very good.

DANIELSON'S 'SHOW AND TELL'



What is this strange creature?

Dr. Ralph W. Danielson "showed" the interesting specimen of wood that was in his back yard and "told" that it looked like some kind of an animal, but he was not too clear about its identity. Consequently various members hazarded guesses: squirrel, ground hog, skunk, porcupine, dolphin, and so on. Dr. Lester L. Williams who, as Deputy Sheriff was presiding, said that the differing suggestions reminded him of the various identifications of inkspots in a Rorschach test. After this remark no one ventured another identification, lest he betray himself!

However, Dr. Danielson suggested that if any member had an item of historic interest (unlike his strange piece of wood), such as a document or an artifact, he might be willing to bring it to a dinner meeting for a "show" and "tell." Accordingly, bring your items to the meetings, and inform the Sheriff before the meetings get underway so that you might have a few minutes for a "show" and "tell."

SUMMIT SPRINGS

The following letter, addressed to Fred Mazzulla, is printed practically verbatim. It gives the Indian side of the Summit Springs battle, hence is somewhat unique. Editor.

October 18th, 1969

Dear Fred;

Your two letters received along with the papers on Summit Springs and I appreciate them very much and recognize the trouble you went thru to get them into my hands.

You have asked me twice to write my story and recollections of the Cheyenne downfall at Summit Springs. I have wondered about this and thought, should I or shouldn't I. Shall I write it in the form of a paper or a letter? I have decided to give it to you in the latter form as this will come from my heart with no flourish from my pen, so to speak.

I realize that I am leaving myself open for lots of criticism but knowing that there are 108 different versions of this slaughter, surely the 109th, coming from Denver, and nearly a half a century ago will carry a small amount of weight! So here it is!

In Denver in the fall of 1927 I met a man that became in a short time, one of my best friends. His name was Tourin Horse. He was a Sioux. Tall as myself but much darker, six foot two, about 180 lbs., black hair and eyes.

I am a Wyandotte with the Indian blood draining with each generation. My hair and eyes are dark brown and somewhere down the line freckles and a lighter skin crept in!

Tourin lived with his older sister and Uncle Tom and in 1927 Tourin was about 35 years old—Mary 40 and Tom was 75.

Tourin is a corruption of Two Running and Mary's Sioux name was Red Leaf and Uncle Tom's was Rock Man or Dirt Man or Hard or Big Man. I could never pin it down.

I never questioned Tourin or his little family about how they left the Reservation and why the change in names. I always felt they were trying to get lost in a white society. Anyhow they were living better than they possibly could on the Reservation.

They all spoke English although Uncle Tom's was limited and when he was excited he reverted to the guttural language of the Sioux together with the beautiful hand expressions.

They lived together on the ground floor of an old two story home at around 28th and Champa. Many cold winter evenings I spent that year in their four room apartment. Mary boiled beef ribs and we drank the broth like tea and sopped biscuits around the ribs and sucked marrow out of the bones. Good pickins there but hardly recognized in a non finger-lickin' society!

History began to seep out on those cold winter nights. First Mary mentioned Summit Springs, then Tourin picked it up and with my knowledge of the affair, old Tom, who always sat near the iron heating stove in the corner of the front room, began to open up.

Buffalo Tail was Tourin's father and Uncle Tom was born about two years after Buffalo Tail which meant that Buffalo Tail was born about 1850. and was around 19 at the Summit Springs Surprise. Uncle Tom and Buffalo Tail were brothers. Buffalo Tail died in 1921 at the age of 71. Buffalo Tail was with the small band of Sioux that joined the camp of Tall Bull near the Sand Hill divide between Cherry Creek and White Butte Springs (later called Summit Springs). In those days there were seven definite springs but when I was last there in the '20's there were only three. Cattle can and often do stomp down and cover up spring outlets and at this late stage there may be more or less outpourings. There were 17 in the Sioux party that Buffalo Tail was associated with, 7 men that we should class as warriors, 5 women and 5 children.

This Sioux band didn't like the erratic travel pattern that Tall Bull insisted on because of his late war with the whites so had planned on leaving the encampment on the morning or early afternoon of the 11th. of July- 1869 and strike out on their own and make contact with their own tribe of Sioux which was camped on a branch of Rush Creek 60 miles north in Nebraska. For this reason none of their horses were in the Cheyenne herd that was out to graze and were all picketed near their lodges which were on the south side of the encampment.

Two Sioux women and two children, a girl about eight and a boy 13, had gone down to White Butte creek to dip water for their coming trip and were caught there when the Pawnee Battalion of Scouts came boiling over the rise to the north. The two women were killed and scalped and the little girl was trampled under the hooves of Pawnee ponies.

The Pawnees made a quick run thru the length of the Cheyenne camp driving about 400 head of the camp's horse herd before them that a young Cheyenne had been guarding and had brought as far as the north edge of the village where the Pawnees picked them up and ran them ahead while they charged thru the encampment so as to cause as much confusion as possible.

The 13 year old boy hid under low sagebrush and only showed himself to an officer so as to escape being killed and was captured.

Pawnees never liked to take prisoners and their scalp dances usually waved more long hair than short. Of the 52 Indians killed that summer day only 17 were male fighting men.

I do not belittle the Pawnees for their killing of women or children because as far back as any of us could remember the Cheyenne and Sioux slaughtered every male, female and child they could run across of the Pawnee tribe. Each tribe hated the other with a deadly passion and savage hearts know only total war!

The 13 year old boy was the only one of the 117 captured that escaped. He managed to do this the next night. He hid behind the blanket of a squaw

who left the enclosure to answer nature's call. And four days later rejoined the 12 other Sioux that had managed to flee the slaughter.

The Platte was nearly in flood stage, from the downfall of the evening before, when he swam it about midnight.

At the first sound of gunfire the Sioux men with the three women and three children mounted the picketed horses and made a run for the south ahead of the charge from the north. They circled around and headed back toward the northeast.

Two warriors slipped back and watched the fight from sage thickets at the head of the draw above where Tall Bull was making his stand. One was Buffalo Tail - the other was killed later. Buffalo Tail always said that the white Chief of the Pawnee Scouts killed Tall Bull. The bullet tore the left top of his head off, going in above the left eye and coming out above and to the rear of the left ear.

Buffalo Tail and his companion waited for about one half an hour and watched the fight from their fairly safe position.

It was no fight just confusion and slaughter. And when returning cavalymen came too close they finely made a run for it. Buffalo Tail's friend was killed by a lucky shot from a trooper's carbine and Buffalo Tail caught up with his group the next morning. He traveled all night knowing that they were headed for Rush Creek, in Nebraska.

He had seen Tall Bull's squaw and little daughter give up to the Officer that had killed her husband. He could read part of her sign language when she used it to convey her thoughts to Frank North.

Some years later Buffalo Tail talked with Sun Dance woman or Sun Woman, Tall Bull's first wife. She said that both white women were in Tall Bull's Lodge when the Pawnees made their run thru the village and the Chief grabbed his rifle, and with no time to lose, brained the one called & latter identified as Susanna Alderdice and jabbed the other in the breast with the barrel of his gun, a vicious action that left her breast torn and bleeding. This was the other white woman prisoner a Mrs. George (Maria) Weichell. Both had been used as wives of Tall Bull and one was with child. Sun Woman didn't like either and shot Mrs. Weichell in the same breast again with a pistol before she ran from the lodge and jumped up behind her husband and small daughter waiting on horse back. She said that she knew that Susanna was dead or would die, from the sound of the rifle blow when it hit her head. It cracked like a split from a ripe pumpkin.

All of these facts came out in our get together at Tourin's flat that winter in Denver. Tourin and Mary and Uncle Tom all got their information from Buffalo Tail.

Uncle Tom was not with the 17 Sioux that joined Tall Bull's camp that July. He was with the Sioux encampment on Rush Creek. Mary would be born 18 years later and Tourin 23. But all of them had been with Buffalo Tail to the site of the old camp of 1869 towards the headwaters of the Republican and the camp at Summit Springs. Buffalo Tail and Uncle Tom had revisited the spot in the early spring of the next year and bones of horses

and Indians were still scattered about. Those that had been burried were in shallow graves and had been dug up by prairie wolves.

Each one of the Horse family knew ever spot on the encampment. But Uncle Tom knew them best and would correct the least bit of variation. I received all my knowledge of the affair from my mother.

In 1927 this was wide open country and good hunting. There was always jackrabbits and prairie chickens and sand rabbits were thick around the creek bottoms. I never saw one of these little sand bunnies run over 30 ft. to their burrows. I called them home-lovers and Tourin would look at me with raised eyebrows!

He and I hunted northeastern Colorado between the triangle of Brush, Yuma and Sterling and whenever we came near Summit Springs Tourin would go over the whole happening again with me.

We used Winchester's. Mine was a .44 and Tourin's was a .38 Cal. and once in a while if we were very careful we could raise a coyote from a distant rise. And there were always prairie hawks and an occasional rattler.

Just before Xmas that year of '27 uncle Tom got very excited and wanted to go with us to White Butte Springs. He never called them Summit. I had a new 1927 model T ford Roadster so took the Horse family of uncle Tom, Mary and Tourin northeast to the old encampment on White Butte Creek. We had planned on hunting but found ourselves living again the charge of the soldiers and Pawnee scouts as they swept over the buttes to the north and down into the bottoms where the lodges stood.

No eagle feathers quivered in the cold December wind that ruffled the thinning hair of Rock Man as he pointed out his story. He stood straight and thin in his Levis and red and white woolen shirt and ignored the snow that melted inside his hand made moccasins.

It was a great day for all of us and I have always been thankful that I was one of that small group.

Never again that winter did Rock Man inter into our talks. He sat silently beside the iron stove in the living room and his thin body ate up the heat.

I often tried to get him to open up but he would shake his head and turn away and Mary would catch my eye and shake her head. What his thoughts were we could only surmise.

Never have I talked to an Indian that knew Buffalo Bill in the old days. He was only 23 years old at the time of the Summit Springs happening and although we had all heard the story of his killing Tall Bull with a fast pistol shot while charging thru the encampment at break neck speed everyone laughed at the story. Buffalo Bill? Hell, his name should have been Tall Bull because he could spread the Bull taller than anyone else.

I don't intend to give the impression that I discredit the Pawnees. I always admired them and they and the Wyandottes were friendly.

Pawnees always knew what side their bread was buttered on and were smart enough to recognize the fact which is more than anyone can say about so many of the other tribes. Maybe they just gave up sooner. Being closer to the eastern frontier, they met the onrush of the western migration head on

and blended into it. In their employment as Scouts—half the time they were not payed their promised salary even though their services were untold hardships. Still they were loyal!

It is most natural for anyone to look out for his own skin be it in war or peace and for this reason most all Indian scouts exaggerated the size of an Indian village or encampment. If the army officers ordered a charge the Indian scouts wanted them to send in ever available man to insure complete success without too much danger to their selves. Very seldom have Indians attacked parties that outnumbered themselves unless they could draw the enemy into an ambush. The same holds true for most peoples in any race or color, bad man or good, black hats or white. He will very seldom go into action when the odds are against him. He waits for that fraction that gives him the balance in the scales.

The Cheyennes were light on the scales that sultry July day!

Sun Woman said that there were 90 lodges in Tall Bulls camp and as she fled with Tall Bull and looked back she saw several horses collide and pile up and crash against threel edges and bring them down. They were burning when they reached the draw.

The estimated number of people in an Indian Village was usually figured at between 4 and 6 to the lodge, a little heavy on the 6 with about 1 and $\frac{1}{2}$ warriors to each, or males capable of fighting. At this rate there were about from 100 to 140 men and older boys capable of fighting and about 500 people in the whole encampment mostly women and children.

Of the number of fighting men in the village only about 60 were Dog Soldiers. They were the elite of fighting men of the plains Indians. A Cheyenne secret lodge or club made up of only the most daring and successful warriors. Some Sioux and a few Arapahoes were initiated into the Dog Soldiers but they had to be warriors that had killed several enemies and shown extreme acts of bravery.

Tall Bull was remembering Chivington's Massacre when he raided the Soloman and Saline river settlements and General Carr's command was doing the same at White Butte Springs. Go back as far as you care to. It depends on what side you want to lean to and what you want to believe.

Today our heart aches for Mrs. Alderdice and her baby, and also Mrs. Weichel and her ordeal. Then we can take Major Anthony's testimony before the Congressional Investigating Committee that probed into the Chivington Massacre; A little baby, not more than three years old, emerged from one of the lodges after the flight of the Cheyennes from the village. Plump, brown, perfectly naked, it toddled down the pathway where the Indians had fled, crying a little, but not much, in the cold.

It was a sight which should have stirred compassion in a wolf but it stirred none in the men who were sacking the village. A soldier saw the child and fired at 75 yards, missing. Another dismounted and said; "Let me try the little" And fired and missed also. A third trooper tried his luck and his bullet lifted the little baby up and crashed it down to bleed on the path where a short time before his mother's moccasin left a trail!

Savage Indians!

Well, that is about it!

42 winters have rolled across eastern Colorado swelling plains and it seems like only a few months ago that Tourin and I lay in dry prairie grass with an east wind nipping our face and our eyes on a few antelope grazing on open patches of snow covered ground.

The Horse family didn't have much but they were rich in hospitality and I can still smell beef ribs cooking on an iron stove. Uncle Tom liked to have the lid off and hold a rib or two over the open wood flame. His eyes sparkled and became young again as the flames danced on his leather face and Mary with her kind patient way, smiled at me with knowledge of the ages and shook her head. Uncle Tom was reliving again a thousand campfires of his youth.

They are all gone now and only I and dry prairie grass remain, a thousand miles apart but when early fall frost hits the high plains, I like to think that Uncle Tom, Mary and Tourin are camped just across the next sand hill.

And Fred I want to apologize for not answering sooner but in between the lines of a half a century ago, I find myself out on the porch, looking towards the mountains, to the east and wondering if I can get a whiff of dry sage brush sifting across the many miles.

Thank you for the Program you sent of the Centennial Celebration of the Battle of Summit Springs. Its what I have been trying to say all along. Every one was in the act except the Cheyennes. Oh! I take that back. I think the Cavalry from the Francis E. Warren Air Force Base came from "Cheyenne" Wyoming and that was the only time that the name of Cheyenne was mentioned in the Centennial Program! We begin to wonder, who fought who. But when all is simmered down, a few Indians will turn restlessly in their graves, rather they had one or not.

Evelyn and I often mention you and Jo. There is a full moon tonight and often I like to get out of bed and set before the big glass doors and watch deer and bunnies on our big lawn with moonlight slanting thru the pines. We're secure now. No more raids and no more fighting just two thoughts of thinking!

Once in a while, when you remember Summit Springs, try and remember the little 8 year old girl that had her brains crushed out by the thundering hooves of Pawnee ponies and the little 3 year old, naked and cold, crying for his mother, a bulls eye for white soldiers rifles at Sand Creek!

You asked for it. Here it is!

Always your friend;
C. Jefferson Cox

R.F.D. 1, Box 343-A
Yreka, California 96097

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

RURAL ITALIAN

Albin Wagner, assistant archivist of the University of Colorado, has an historical article with a forward look, "The History of Campus Architecture," in the *Gadfly*, a supplement of the February 20, 1970, issue of *The Colorado Daily*. He states that the University's first home, Old Main, was built in 1875, and was used for classrooms, the president's home, chapel, library, and dormitory at the same time, with living quarters for the janitor's family in the basement. During the ensuing forty years some twenty buildings of various styles and construction, from sheds to masonry piles, clustered around Old Main. Dr. Norlin who was president from 1917 to 1939, considered that the campus looked like a third-rate farm. Consequently, a different and beautifully distinctive style of architecture, called Rural Italian, developed by Charles A. Klauder of a Philadelphia firm, was introduced. During the Norlin-Klauder era some fifteen buildings of this type were erected on the campus. This period was followed by what Wagner, an architectural authority, called the Post-Klauder Doldrums. A new era, under the guidance of Sasaki and Belluschi as consultants, began in 1960, with a master plan that reaffirms Klauder's principles, but with necessary modifications.

SILVER BEGINNINGS

Almost everybody knows about the beginnings of gold mining in Colorado, but relatively few are acquainted with the beginnings of silver mining. Since Colorado has been called the "Silver

State" this is somewhat surprising. That there was silver as well as gold in large quantities in Colorado was known from the beginning of gold discoveries. Samples of ore from the Gregory lode when assayed by the United States assay office in New York showed 10½ ounces of gold to the ton, and 16¾ ounces of silver. In 1860 silver was also noticed in other localities as well. The opening of the Whale lode in 1861 in the lower end of the Spanish Bar revealed more silver than gold. Miners in Georgia Gulch, Fairplay, and Buckskin Joe frequently found what appeared to be particles of silver intermingled with the gold. However, the early miners were not interested in silver; their desire was for gold, and gold alone. In 1865 James Huff and Robert Layton while prospecting on the eastern slope of McClellan Mountain a few miles distant from Georgetown found a mineral vein, later called Belmont, which was rich in silver. Discoveries increased, so that by 1867 the Georgetown Silver Melting Co., with John T. Herrick as manager, was established. Accordingly, for a time Georgetown was the silver center of the Territory. With discoveries of silver ore in many other localities before long silver came into its own.

ADDENDUM

The editor showed Richard Ronzio's article to a good friend, Mrs. Glen Bruner, who was interested in his account of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company's mines. For her father, John Williams, was a Welsh coal miner who worked at first in the mine at Rockvale, ten miles from Canon City. Edith was born in this mining community of Rock-

vale. Later, the family moved to Walsen Camp, which, she states, had two mines. She also notes that there was no mine in Walsenburg itself. Since there were no schools in Walsen Camp, she walked along the railroad track to Walsenburg to attend school there. Despite the hardships, she received a good education, which prepared her for further studies at the Colorado Agricultural and Mechanical College, where she graduated. Her husband, Glen Bruner, also a graduate of Colorado A. and M., briefly clerked in the Colorado Supply Company store at Walden Camp while they awaited orders to go to Japan as missionaries. They were destined to spend most of the rest of their lives until retirement in this far away land, where he had a long and distinguished career in various pursuits, including missionary work, education, diplomacy, and military service. At the time of retirement he was with the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, with headquarters at Hiroshima. This miner's daughter who has returned to live in her home state after a long absence from it, has vivid memories of the mining camps of her early days.

An Early Historical Society

One of the earliest historical societies in Colorado was organized during the session of the Colorado Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church on August 3-7, 1881, in Leadville, with Rev. John L. Dyer as chairman of the organizing committee. Known as The Historical Society of the Colorado Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, its object was to be "the collection, arrangement, preservation, and publication of the authentic history of

Colorado Methodism from the day of its planting in the Territory." This, one of the oldest historical societies in Colorado, has had a continuous existence to the present day. Due to mergers with other denominations, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the Methodist Protestant Church, and the Evangelical and United Brethren Church, as well as to the inclusion of Utah and Wyoming along with Colorado, the society is now called by an involved name: "Commission on Archives and History, The Rocky Mountain Conference of the United Methodist Church." The archives of this Commission are housed in a special room in the Ira J. Taylor Library of The Iliff School of Theology. Walter J. Boige grain, C.M., is the president, and Martin Rist, P.M., is the historian-archivist.

CHARLES RUSSELL'S HOME

It has recently been announced that the Great Falls, Montana, City Board has decided that the Charles Russell home, which is adjacent to the Charles Russell Museum, should be demolished since it is a fire hazard. Even though it is a national historic monument, the Interior Department apparently is in agreement. Consequently, local citizens are planning to raise funds in order to repair the building and save it.

ALASKA FLAG

The American flag that was flown in 1867 when the United States obtained possession of Alaska was recently "found" in the Sheldon Jackson Museum in Sitka. Readers will recall that Sheldon Jackson, who spent a decade in Colorado, was the missionary who introduced reindeer into Alaska.



Westerner's Bookshelf



WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT, a Biography, by C. Harvey Gardiner, University of Texas Press, 1969, 366 pp., \$7.50.

Here is a genuinely comprehensive and searching biography of William Hickling Prescott, one which has long been overdue. Fortunately, the task of filling the gap has fallen to an author with special scholarly preparation, critical insight, and the ability to appraise the great New England historian against the cultural background of early New England and the young republic of the United States.

Prescott will be remembered as one of the more illustrious American historians and as the author of an enduring classic of the English language, *The Conquest of Mexico*, which has never been out of print or unobtainable in any leading Western country since its publication in 1843, and which grows in interest and cosmopolitan appeal as the development of both Latin and English-speaking America proceeds, and as the two peoples become more closely interlinked.

While Prescott was still at Harvard he was struck in the eye with a crust of bread thrown by a skylarking student in the Commons. The accident not only made the victim blind but gave his nervous system such a shock that he was never able to enter upon any active career. Although his grandfather had commanded the Americans at Bunker Hill and his father was an eminent lawyer in Boston, Prescott had to become the scholar, dependent most of the time on the eyes of others for most of his enormous reading and had to limit his writing time at most to a few hours'

work a day. Yet, with magnificent courage, he undertook to become the historian of Spain during its most splendid period. He became particularly interested in the exploits of that country in the New World.

Besides his *Conquest of Mexico*, he wrote also the *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, and the *History of the Conquest of Peru*. Fortunately he was enabled by the wealth of his family to obtain the countless books he needed and to have many manuscripts copied for him in Spain, as well as to engage the services of skillful assistants. All this would not have made him the great historian he became if he had not had the courage and persistence to overcome his handicaps.

The author presents every aspect of Prescott's life. Besides being a great historian, Prescott was a marvelous letter writer and conversationalist and wrote many literary criticisms for the leading magazines of the day. He was a dutiful son, a doting husband and parent, a fun-loving socialite, and a shrewd investor. The author pictures him as being both brilliant and dull, hilarious and serious, sick and well, and there were many high spots and low spots in his physical and mental make-up. In broad design, the biography reflects much of Prescott's nature, even as, in specific detail, it mirrors the pattern of his life.

Prescott emerges as a gentleman and a scholar, firmly fixed in relationship to his community and his times and as a distinguished historian and man of letters, who helped establish canons that have enriched American historical scholarship and set criteria which

have been helpful to many modern historians.

Armand W. Reeder, PM

SIX GUNS AND SADDLE LEATHER: compiled by Ramon F. Adams, new and revised and greatly enlarged, University of Oklahoma Press, 1969, 808 pp., comprehensive index, \$19.95.

This is the one and only complete and critical bibliography on Western Outlaws and Gunmen. The author stresses structural details of the books he describes and evaluates. In the text, authors are arranged alphabetically, and their works are given a real Western "spades is spades" treatment.

Six Guns and Saddle Leather is a must for researchers, students and teachers of Western History, Western Authors, would-be Western Authors, Western book collectors, small libraries as well as big libraries.

Fred M. Mazzulla, PM

FELL'S GUIDE TO GUNS AND HOW TO USE THEM SAFELY, LEGALLY, RESPONSIBLY, by Byron G. Wels, Frederick Fell, Inc., New York, 1969, 173 pp., \$4.95.

This book provides a guide for those who love the out of doors. It teaches gun safety, covering how to clean, handle, load, fire, unload and store a gun. There is good information both for the beginner, and also for the more experienced shooter who may have developed careless habits. It covers all the major types of firearms and makes suggestions to aid one in selecting the most appropriate guns for his own use. The final chapter deals with the gun laws which have been enacted by the various states. There are good illustrations, both photographs and drawings,

which show basic shooting positions, and picture and describe basic types of weapons and their favored uses.

Ross V. Miller, Jr.

ANTIQUE GUNS FROM THE STAGECOACH COLLECTION, by Hank W. Bowman, Arco Publishing Company, Inc., 1969, 112 pp., \$3.50.

To most antique gun collectors an important, if not the most important, requisite of a gun book is adequate illustrations. This book certainly fulfills this requirement with over 260 black and white illustrations ranging from early touch hole weapons through Colt Frontiers.

Hank Bowman describes each of the guns and tells the story of The Stagecoach Museum and its proprietor Ozzie Klavestad. Beginning with the percussion era and Sam Colt's revolver, the story is told of Colt's rivals, and the pepper box and other multi-shot percussion pistols. The Stagecoach Museum has many fine pieces to illustrate Mr. Bowman's text.

Early metallic cartridge firearms are also pictured and explained, including Colt conversions and early Colt, Remington, Smith and Wesson, and other sixshooters found on the frontier.

Ross V. Miller, Jr.

SAGA OF THE COLT SIX SHOOTER, by George E. Virgines, Frederick Fell, Inc., N. Y., 1969, 199 pp., plus three appendices and bibliography, \$7.95.

The story of the Colt Single Action revolver is told from its birth in 1873 to the present.

The book has a Table of Contents, but no index. It is divided into three parts. Part I covers the history of the Colt Six Shooter from 1873 to 1940 and

is quite well done, including pertinent information for the collector. It directs the readers' attention to the Colt Company's records department and to the fine Colt collection at the Connecticut State library.

Part II, is entitled "Historic Colts" and tells of the Colt's association with famous events and/or famous individuals. The second chapter is devoted to the role played by the Colt in movies and the guns owned by individual screen stars.

Part III tells of the Colt's postwar developments and covers the Colt story from 1940 through 1965. It includes a chapter on "Commemorative Colts," which have also become collectors' items.

Mr. Virgines' concluding chapter describes gun tricks and fast draw information for the benefit of the fast draw enthusiasts. The author is particularly well known in this field.

Ross V. Miller, Jr.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICAN MINING, by Howard N. and Lucille L. Sloane. Crown Publishers, Inc. New York, 1970. 342 pages, 1,000 illustrations. Bibliography and index. \$12.50.

Confucius said that "One look is worth 1,000 tellings." In this fascinating book we have a comprehensive telling of mining from pre-Columbian times to the space age in the form of some 1,000,000 tellings.

In addition to mining there are interesting sidelights on such famous and notorious names as: James W. Marshall, Death Valley Scotty, Eliza Gilbert, Lotta Crabtree, J. J. and Molly Brown, the Tabors, Al Packer, H. T. P. Comestock, Adolph Sutro, Black Bart, Bob Ford, John L. Lewis, Harry Truman, and

many, many more.

I was disappointed because Yule Marble and the Lincoln Memorial were not mentioned.

It is a very good book, well put together and should be of interest to all people.

Guy L. V. Emerson, C.M.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN NEW MEXICO, by George D. Brewerton, Introduction and Commentary by Ferol Egan; Lewis Osborne, Ashland, 1969. Limited edition of 1400 copies.

This is a reprint of the second of three essays which Brewerton wrote for publication in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*. It appeared in the April issue of 1854, six years after Brewerton and Kit Carson journey from California to Independence, Missouri. The portion of the trip covered in the second essay is from Taos, New Mexico to the Mora River on the Santa Fe Trail.

Brewerton relied to some extent on quotes from Josiah Gregg and Lt. W. H. Emory. Without Ferol Egan's *Editorial Commentary*, the narrative would be of little historical value.

Mr. Ferol is not without error in his Introduction. He states: "The main body awaited at Mora, about 27 miles (or three days) distant on the trail that by-passed the mountains east of Santa Fe" The "27" may be a typographical error. It is more like 87 miles to the Mora River from Santa Fe by way of the Santa Fe Trail. Actually, Brewerton reported on page 64, the following: "I was not sorry when we at length reached the *Mora*" He goes on to identify the Mora River but says nothing about the town of Mora. This was on July 6, 1848 and the rendezvous probably took place near the confluence of the Sapello and Mora

rivers, a junction of the Raton and Cimarron branches of the Trail.

There is reason to believe that either the original narrative was cut in places by Harper's or by Mr. Ferol. Brewerton had to pass through San Miguel del Bado, Telcolote, and Las Vegas. San Miguel del Bado was a port of customs in the 1840's; Tecolote was a sizable village and extremely interesting at the time Brewerton traveled through it; and Las Vegas was an important stop on the Trail. No mention is given to any of these places.

The book is beautifully designed and the typography and reproductions of woodcuts are excellent.

Milt Callon, P.M.

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN: GOLD RUSH BANKER: by Dwight L. Clarke, California Historical Society, 1969. Illustrations, notes, bibliography, index, 446 pp., \$8.95.

Most people think of Sherman as an aggressive general, sword in hand, commanding victorious armies. This engaging book reveals a less familiar figure—Sherman in his mid-thirties, toiling as senior resident partner of a banking house in San Francisco, wielding a pen, and dashing off informative letters about the problems and frustrations of a Gold Rush banker during the hectic years from 1853 through 1857.

Almost three hundred of those letters, addressed to a friend and senior partner in the St. Louis home office, have enabled Dwight L. Clarke, a long-time California banker and seasoned historian, to reconstruct this neglected chapter in Sherman's career. With his own eye on the sailing time of the mail steamers, Sherman wrote hurriedly and tersely, not about banking transactions, but about current conditions and events

in San Francisco, Sacramento, and the mining towns. By eliminating repetitions, judiciously pruning the details of banking operations, and allowing Sherman to speak for himself much of the time, Clarke's work sustains interest and gives the reader a sense of immediacy and of involvement in the events of those feverish years.

Sherman's taut prose makes the reader feel the strain of managing a reputable bank when the prevailing attitudes and practices were those of a gambling den, when anyone could open and operate a bank or a butcher shop without the slightest control by any authority, when communication with a home office was by mail steamer via Nicaragua and Panama, when every man's reputation was at the mercy of scurrilous journalists, when almost half of the banks in the city could go to the wall on one Black Friday, when the assurances of public officials were as unreliable as city warrants and state bonds. Some of Sherman's most graphic writing concerned the control of San Francisco by the famous Vigilance Committee in 1856, when the governor put Sherman in an impossible position by commissioning him Major General of the militia and then providing him with nary a man or musket.

The Sherman who emerges from the letters was honorable, conscientious, sensible, courageous and painfully insecure. He was wracked by repeated asthmatic attacks and plagued by concern for the bank in case of his death. He was torn between his faith in the potentialities of California and his disgust with the baseness of life where "the very nature of the country begets speculation, extravagance, failures, and rascality." Under the worst conditions imaginable, he was plying a complicated

trade for which he lacked experience and training. His responsibilities weighed heavily on him; his mistakes haunted him. He not only became convinced that he was not cut out for banking, but even began to doubt that he was fitted for anything that mattered. He found out a few years later.

William Tecumseh Sherman and Dwight L. Clarke make a good team. Together, they have produced an excellent book.

Raymond C. Cairy

THE LIVES OF JAMES JOHN HAGERMAN, by John J. Lipsey. Golden Bell Press, Denver, Colorado. 1968, 253 pages, appendix, index, 55 illus. \$12.50.

More than 100 years have passed since the discovery of gold created the State of California and first hand information is getting hard to obtain. But we are fortunate that our friend and posse member, the late John J. Lipsey, was a close personal friend of Percy Hagerman, son of James J. Hagerman, and as such, had access to records and correspondence that otherwise probably would never have been made available to anyone else.

John Lipsey has aptly named his book *The Lives of James J. Hagerman*, and has divided the book into five parts—one for each major “life” of Hagerman. Part 1, Early Life; part 2, Hagerman Builds the Colorado Midland Railway; part 3, Hagerman in Aspen; part 4, Hagerman in Cripple Creek, and part 5, Hagerman in the Pecos Valley.

Hagerman was already a rich man when he had to come to Colorado for he had contracted tuberculosis and came here for his health. The mines of Aspen were pouring out their millions in silver and Hagerman invested in them. From there it was but a step to

join the organizers of the Colorado Midland. When the great gold strikes were made at Cripple Creek, after the collapse of the price of silver, Hagerman invested in gold. He lost the touch when he invested in the farm lands of the Pecos Valley in New Mexico.

Although the various lives of James J. Hagerman deal with the history of Aspen, Cripple Creek, and the Colorado Midland, the dominant factor is Hagerman. You will be fascinated with him.

Francis B. Rizzari

NEVADA'S NORTHEASTERN FRONTIER, by Edna B. Patterson, Louise A. Ulph and Victor Goodwin, (Western Printing & Publishing Co., Sparks, Nevada, 1969, 702 pgs., \$12.50)

The history of Nevada's northeastern frontier is primarily the history of giant Elko County, bordered on the north by Idaho and on the east by Utah. The story of this portion of Nevada as it once was and as it is today is written with close attention to fact and detail and the authors seem to have consulted every source which might yield a tiny bit of interesting or pertinent material, including old newspapers, old letters and scores of books.

Here, then, is the definitive work on that vast corner of Nevada, Elko County, all eleven million acres of it, from the time the Shoshone Indians roamed the country and explorer, fur trapper and Forty-niner passed through but did not stop, down through the years of Chorpennings' “Jackass Mail”, the Pony Express, the building of the Central Pacific through the area and the mining boom which vied with that of Virginia City, and the Comstock Lode.

Livestock production dominates the area today, with many prosperous sheep and cattle ranches and a new industry

is taking hold, "big time" entertainment to vie with Las Vegas and Reno.

The result is a very good county history, readable, enjoyable and thorough in its accounts of the passing of the Old West and the beginning of a new way of life in the great Northeastern corner of Nevada.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

THE BADMAN OF THE WEST, by George Hendricks, The Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas. (c) 1942-1950-1959-1970. 256 pages, many mediocre illustrations, appendix, bibliography and index. \$5.95.

This book can best be summed up by quoting from the preface on page VIII, "Many a western badman motif found in the book has been employed in movies and in television since - - -"

In pages 187 and 187 this appears and I quote: "Rudabaugh was sent to the Las Vegas jail, convicted of murder, sentenced to death; but he appealed and presently escaped and was never heard of again."

It is self-evident that the author never read nor saw any of the following:

1. *Dave Rudabaugh Border Ruffian*, by F. Stanley, World Press, Denver, Colorado, 1961.

2. *The Westerners' Brand Book*, Denver, Colorado, 1964, pages 263-264-265.

3. *Six Guns and Saddle Leather*, University of Oklahoma Press by Ramon F. Adams, 52 References. (See also Revised Edition, 1969).

4. *The Biographical Album of Western Gunfighters*, Frontier Press, by Ed Bartholomew, 1958.

5. *Outlaw Album*, Hirschfeld Press, Denver, Colorado, by Fred and Jo Maz-

zulla, 1966.

This book makes fascinating reading for both amateur and professional Western buffs.

Fred M. Mazzulla, P.M.

DEER TRAIL; 1869 RODEO CENTENNIAL 1969: "THE COLORFUL PAST LIVES ON". The Deer Trail Pioneer Historical Society Booklet, illustrated: \$2.00. Prepared for the Centennial Celebration Sept. 13-14, 1969.

Hurrah for Deer Trail! Would that every Colorado town had the good fortune to be "put on the map" for posterity by a far-seeing, interested and pains-taking literary group of citizens such as that of the Deer Trail Historical Society! This effort to make colorful history live on should be an incentive to people in other areas of our state to do likewise.

Deer Trail claims to be the site of the first rodeo in the world which took place on July 4, 1869.

Growth from a campsite on the old Leavenworth to Pike's Peak Express, through years of cattle drives, the coming of homesteaders and settlers and the railroad makes absorbing reading for all who enjoy people and Colorado history. The excellently reproduced cattle brands add emphasis to the fact that "the first and largest cattle empire ever established in the state was right here in Deer Trail".

Mr. George Cranmer of Denver was guest speaker at the dedication of the Historical Marked commemorating the 100th anniversary of rodeo. His grandfather, father, and uncle were among the men who helped build up the cattle industry in the Deer Trail area.

Ralph W. Danielson, P.M.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

APRIL
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Number 4

IN THIS ISSUE:
PROMINENT PIONEER ANCESTORS IN
MONTANA'S HISTORY

by Dr. Robert W. Mutchler



PRESENTATION OF PLAQUE



Dr. Mutchler, Sheriff Mume, and Easter Bunny

Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dr. Robert Mutchler, with degrees from Western Reserve University and Northwestern University, has been practicing dentistry since 1955. He has resided in Colorado since 1960. He is presently employed by the Department of Health and Hospitals of the City and County of Denver. He and his wife Barbara, who has a degree from the University of Michigan, have two children. They also share interests, such as ghost towns, antique bottles, Western history, photography, jeeping, and hiking. He has been the Vice President of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado, Inc., and President of the Antique Bottle Collectors of Colorado, Inc. His wife has been the Secretary of the former organization, and President of the Ghost Town Mavericks. In connection with the Antique Bottlers Collectors they won "Best-of-Show" in 1968 and three trophies in 1969. His paper deals with some of Barbara's pioneer ancestors in Montana.

BOOK REVIEWS

Reviewers of books will help the editors if they will follow the format used in the Westerner's "Book Shelf" section of the ROUNDUP. Also, it will be helpful if data such as publisher, date of publication, place of publication, place of publication, the number of pages, and the cost are given.

BRAND BOOKS AVAILABLE

Copies of the *Brand Book*, Volumes 21, 22, and 24, may be obtained from Fred Mazzulla, 1950 Western Federal Savings Bldg., Denver, Colorado, 80202, from Don Bloch, 654 Emerson St., Denver, Colorado, 80218, from Fred Rosenstock, 1228 E. Colfax Ave., Denver, Colorado, 80203, or most other book dealers.

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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.

Prominent Pioneer Ancestors In Montana's History

by Dr. Robert W. Mutchler

How big is Montana's sky?

What spirit drove the clanking windlass?

How mighty were Montana's mines?

My program tonight deals with my wife Barbara's ancestors who were prominent pioneers in Montana's history. During the summer of 1967 we toured the mining areas in Deerlodge and Beaverhead Counties once owned and operated by Barbara's grandfather, William R. Allen. Arching up through Grand Teton National Park, Yellowstone National Park and Virginia City, Montana, we uncovered much information of which we had no prior knowledge. In the course of subsequent research, we discovered significant contributions of earlier ancestors as well.

Barbara's great-great-grandfather on her maternal grandmother's side was William Berkin who was born in 1826 in Leicestershire, England. William Berkin was cited as the second oldest living pioneer of Montana in the book, *Montana: It's Story and Biography*, at the time of its publication in 1921 by the American Historical Society. Arriving in Montana Territory in 1863, he became the pioneer transportation magnate of Montana. He worked for the American Fur Company who commissioned him to sell mining tools and supplies in storage at Fort Benton. His first pack train, consisting of a French guide, a Negro and himself, made the trip from Fort Benton to Virginia City on a very primitive trail. The second trip was made with a bull train of twenty-one teams yoked ten and twenty animals to the wagon. By this time, he conceived the idea of finding a better route from Virginia City to Fort Benton. Concerning this scouting trip, Mr. Berkin wrote the following: "I left Boulder, Jefferson County, February 20, 1865, taking eight hired men and three volunteers. We were equipped with saddle horses, one wagon, five yoke of oxen and supplies for the trip, including rifles and ammunition, one twelve-pound howitzer cannon, two cases of howitzer ammunition and two cases of grapeshot."

The scouting party crossed steep mountains and heavy snowdrifts, and was often compelled to let the wagon and cannon down the mountain sides with heavy ropes. There were no other white men in this country. At the end of the second week, the men discovered that one of the cattle was missing. William Berkin and six of his men followed Indian tracks in the snow to confront the warriors in a deep coulee. The Berkin party shot four Indians and lost one of their own men. Because of snow blindness, only three men made it to their destination, the mouth of the Musselshell

River where it empties into the Missouri River. On the return trip the party was again attacked by a large band of Blackfoot Indians. Berkin lost one man, all the cattle, and all but three horses. The Indians wrecked the wagon and cooking utensils and stole the provisions. On successive trips, many Indian battles were fought on his newly founded trail.

WILLIAM BERKIN



Robert W. Mutchler Collection

Later Berkin founded the famous Diamond R Freighting outfit and was head of sixty bull teams (each team consisting of twelve yoke, or twenty-four head, of oxen) with three wagons to the team. He employed about one hundred men who took their lives in their hands every time they traveled the four hundred miles from Virginia City to the gold camps. He expanded the line to establish the Diamond R Fast Freight operating be-

tween Salt Lake City and the Montana mining areas. It consisted of units of ten mule teams, each team hauling three wagons. One left Salt Lake City on one end of the line and Helena on the other each day with relays and changes of animals all along the way. Subsequently he built the first road from Virginia City to Boulder, Montana, and continued freighting until the 1870's.

During his freighting enterprises William Berkin returned to England for his family, and then built the first cabin in the city of Boulder, Montana, where he became interested in placer mining. He discovered and bought the Mountain Chief Mine, which was the second patented claim in the Butte district. His was the first copper ore shipped out of Butte, for which purpose he built a road between Butte and Boulder. From there the ore was hauled by bull team to Corinne, Utah, shipped by rail to San Francisco and then by boat around Cape Horn to Wales for smelting. In later years he sold his interest in the Mountain Chief Mine for \$3,700.00. In 1921 it was reported to be worth \$25,000,000.00.

William Berkin was a member of the vigilante movement which rid the territory of Henry Plummer and his cutthroats, and was responsible for their eventual hanging in Virginia City. His courage and prowess were such that when Montana was admitted to statehood in 1889, he was named as the first United States Marshal of the District. We have a newspaper clipping noting the celebration of his 101st birthday in 1927. He died that same year on November 16th.

Finally, from the book, *Montana: It's Story and Biography*, I will quote the following: "Mr. Berkin is admitted to have endured more hardships, braved more dangers and had more exciting experiences than any of the other pioneers."

Barbara's great-grandfather, John Berkin, born in 1860, was brought to Montana from England by his father, William, when he was six years old. He was a hunter, prospector, miner, photographer and sheriff, and lived in Fort Benton, Alder Gulch and Boulder.

While a child he was captured and carried away by the Nez Percé Indians. His father had bought a handsome pinto pony and ordered a special saddle from St. Louis, the only saddle of its kind in Montana Territory. The old Nez Percé trail ran through Boulder, and some young bucks spied John on the pony in his new saddle. Suddenly there was a lasso around him, and he was headed east behind the Nez Percé hunting party. His father set out in pursuit, and came upon him at Three Forks, sitting in a teepee on a dirty buffalo robe, chewing jerked buffalo meat. The Indians refused to surrender him since he was one of the first five white children in Montana Territory, the other four being his brothers and sisters. Chief Joseph suggested a council, and William Berkin sat down with some three hundred Indians. Finally little John was released with the pony and

saddle. Later John came to know Chief Joseph so well that he lived among the tribe and learned to speak their language.

When eleven years old, he was mounted on his pony at Virginia City to carry \$18,000.00 in gold dust to Helena. He rode right through the lawless and murderous road agents who never suspected that the gold shipment would be entrusted to such a young scout.

JOHN BERKIN



Robert W. Mutchler Collection

At age sixteen, he, Wilbur Sanders, son of the famous colonel of the same name, and Sam Hauser were the first three white boys to enter Yellowstone Park about 1875. There were no trails, and the geysers frightened them out of their wits. Discovering signs of Indians, they hid by day and traveled by night. Then a party of Crow Indians made off with their

horses and the boys were compelled to walk from Mammoth Hot Springs to Bozeman before finding mounts.

When he was eighteen, in 1878, he carried the mail between Butte and Boulder on horseback. The trip required one day each way. When lost in a severe blizzard one winter, he shot a huge cougar, measuring eight feet from tip to tip, and four small cougars. Former Senator Clark of North Dakota paid \$500.00 for the skins, and they are now displayed in a New York City museum.

Also, John Berkin worked as a carpenter until he broke his leg, and subsequently took up the study of photography. He became one of the most accomplished photographers in the West. In 1880 he was appointed deputy sheriff for Fergus County, made very dangerous by activities of horse thieves, cattle rustlers, and western bad men in general. From Fergus County, he returned to Boulder and then to Butte where he made his headquarters. He discovered placer claims on a tributary of the North Boulder River, sold the claims and became an extensive mining property lessor and operator in Butte and Madison Counties.

In 1877, he arrived at the scene of the Battle of the Big Hole between United States troops and the Nez Percé Indians two days after the massacre, and assisted in taking care of the wounded and moving them to Helena. He represented Jefferson and Silver Bow Counties in the seventh and eleventh sessions of the State Assemblies respectively. He was appointed sheriff of Silver Bow County (Butte) during the labor troubles when the Industrial Workers of the World blew up the Miners Union Hall and openly defied the law. He was able to bring order out of chaos.

Berkin originated the first state fish hatchery, and was instrumental in completing the largest rearing ponds in the world at Maiden Rock. In appreciation, he was presented with a solid gold game warden's badge in 1911, and made an honorary life-time deputy game warden of the state.

He was a Mason, exalted ruler of the Order of Elks, a member of the Silver Bow Club, an officer of the Butte Angler's Club and president of the Motor Car Distributing Company of Butte.

In 1900 Berkin went to Alaska. He floated the Yukon River on a raft poled by two Indians, and toured Skagway, Dawson, and Nome, crossing the famous Chilkoot Pass.

John Berkin was the first Butte man to own an airplane, a Curtiss pusher. He took flying lessons at age sixty and accomplished a flight to Seattle in three hours twenty minutes. Also he was a racing driver, and raced a Stanley Steamer at 75 mph, fast in those days. He owned the second automobile brought to Butte. It was built in Boston, where brakes were not needed. The theory might have worked in Boston, but not in Montana, and Berkin was forced to cut a tree and drag it behind the car. He paid \$5,000.00 for the Stanley Steamer, one of the first models, and

spent \$10,000.00 in repairs in the first year alone. Having lived a full life, John Berkin died in 1939 at age 76.

William R. Allen was my wife's grandfather, her mother's father. He was born at French Gulch, Deer Lodge County, Montana Territory, on July 25, 1871 and died in 1954, at the age of 83. His father, William N. Allen, Barbara's great-grandfather on her maternal grandfather's side, was born in Missouri in 1834 of Scottish descent. After serving in the Union Army, he worked his way to St. Joseph in 1863. Then he drove a four-mule team across the plains, taking two months to arrive at Salt Lake City. In 1864 he arrived at Alder Gulch at Virginia City the morning after the hanging of the Plummer gang. He worked placer mines until he located Allen's Placer bar in French Gulch, twelve miles southeast of Anaconda, in 1865. This developed into the Allen Gold Mining Company, which consisted of 240 acres. Seven to nine million dollars' worth of gold was reported to have been mined by the Allens up to 1900.

In 1869 great-grandfather Allen returned to Missouri for the second time and married my wife's great-grandmother. They crossed the plains to Salt Lake City by covered wagon, and traveled to French Gulch by stagecoach. Life was primitive. They lived in a one room, one window, 14 x 16 foot cabin. A fireplace made of rocks and mud served for both cooking and heating. A six month supply of food was brought from Fort Benton or Corinne, Utah. Mail came in once a week by snowshoe. From November to May they were completely isolated by three to six feet of snow. After two years, when son William came along, they bought a ranch in Deer Lodge County. They spent six months living in French Gulch near the mines and the other six months on the ranch. In French Gulch there were some two hundred families of all nationalities, a store, school, and sawmill.

On the third journey back to Missouri, great-grandfather Allen took his wife and three sons, Barbara's grandfather, who was then six, and two younger brothers, one an infant. They traveled by wagon to Corinne where they took advantage of the railway just newly completed. During the cross-country trip, a measles epidemic erupted on the train, and the infant son died. On the return journey from Missouri they bought two teams, a covered wagon, a two-horse buggy, bedding, camp equipment and food at Corinne to carry them on to French Gulch. The trip took about two weeks. At Melrose, Montana, on the Big Hole River, only fifty miles from home, they stopped at the Robbins Stage Station. While the men were caring for the horses, a drunken Indian reeled into the room where Allen had left his wife and two remaining sons. This incident so frightened her that she died of a heart attack on the spot.

Life was very difficult for great-grandfather Allen until he remarried; his second wife was a cousin from Missouri. As son William matured, he

took over the placer mining in French Gulch while his father did more and more ranching. Barbara's grandfather began dredging with hydraulic dredges and gravel elevators in 1898 and made a fortune. He attended Helena Business College and Harvard University. After college, having married the youngest of John Berkin's three daughters, he worked in the hardware business and became associated with Marcus Daly in the newly founded town of Anaconda as an accountant in the new smelter.

GOV. WILLIAM R. ALLEN



Robert W. Mutchler Collection

Here is an abstract of the history of French Gulch taken from the Eighth Annual Report of the Bureau of Labor, Agriculture and Industry of the State of Montana:

When the early "Fortune Hunters" drifted into Montana in the early

'60's, French Gulch was one of the noted gold fields. It was discovered in 1864. During the next five years it has a record of having produced \$5,000,000.00 in gold dust and nuggets. Some placer mining has been done each season since in a desultory way until about three years ago, when Mr. W. R. Allen succeeded in bringing about a consolidation of interests under one ownership and made arrangements to open up the old diggings in a systematic and modern way. Eight hundred acres were brought under this consolidation. Mr. Allen has in operation an Evans hydraulic elevator, having a capacity of 1,000 cubic yards per day. There are about 240 acres of land in this tract which has been worked through by the old and crude way of pick, shovel and sluice box, but modern improvements such as the hydraulic elevator will enable all this ground to be worked over again at a very handsome profit. This property is supplied with water from a ditch seven miles in length, which cost \$10,000.00 for construction. The working life of this ground is considered to be about 30 years. About one and one-half miles further up in the gulch Mr. Allen is operating other placer mines with three bedrock flumes, using two three-inch nozzles for washing down the banks. The banks are 30 feet deep with a great many large boulders weighing from one to twelve tons. A traction and steam derrick is used for hoisting these boulders out of the workings. The gold on this ground is very coarse owing to the fact that it is near the source. Nuggets are frequently taken out weighing from \$10.00 to \$50.00.

The water supply to these mines is brought from American Gulch, through a ditch and flume two and a half miles in length. There is about 50 or 60 acres of unworked virgin land, and if worked to the highest capacity will last for 25 or 30 years.

Soon Marcus Daly needed more timber. Flumes had been built to Mill Creek and Allen continued the building of the flumes up to French Gulch, American Creek and far beyond on land that he owned. Sixteen hundred people, of which 400 were employed, lived in the lumber camps, called Camps One, Two, Three and Four. The flumes were shaped like a "V," the sides being three to four feet wide and the top being four to five feet across. A flume watchman was posted in a way station every mile, and they usually built their cabins nearby. At the end of the day, the watchman furthest up the mountain nailed a pine branch on a log which signaled every watchman down the line that the long day's work was done. Some brave adults and even children dared to ride the logs when in a hurry to get down the mountain. The children attended school in the summers as the winters presented too many hazards for transportation. The bath house was for men, women and children. Young single men went in separately.

Allen's was the largest timber operation in the United States at one time. He was appropriated federal funds from the Department of Forestry to promote the venture after the Secretary of Agriculture and the Attorney General visited the timber site. The operation flourished until 1911.

William R. Allen served in the eighth and tenth Assemblies, being Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in the latter, and was Lieutenant Governor of the state, presiding officer of the Senate and Acting Governor of Montana from 1909 to 1913. He was President of the Butte-Anaconda Consolidated Mine and Milling Company, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Boston Mines Company, and First Vice-President of the Mining Association of Montana. He served as an Intelligence Officer in the Department of Justice during World War I. He also founded and was President of the Boston, Montana Development Company, a director of the State Savings Bank of Butte, President of the Butte, Wisdom and Pacific Railway and President of the National Silver Association.

His last venture was the Elkhorn Mine, located 68 miles southwest of Butte on the headwaters of the Wise River, which flows northerly into the Big Hole River. The region received its name from the Elkhorn Lode discovered in 1873. Development of the many mines in the area was slow because it was so extremely remote. The mines produced much ore, mainly silver, from the early 1880's until the silver slump in 1893. Ore was sacked and taken to the Washoe Smelter in Anaconda by pack mule and ore wagons.

In 1911 Allen bought the principal claims for \$474,000.00. He continued his land purchases until he held 80 claims and 1,600 acres of mining land. Later, with Allen as President, the Boston, Montana Development Corporation was formed in 1913, and took over all the claims in the district. Marcus Daly and London financiers were active in this organization. A wagon road was built from Wise River to the mines in 1914.

That same year engineers surveyed the grade of a proposed railroad, and the Montana Southern narrow gauge railroad was built from Divide to Coolidge, the newly formed town at the Elkhorn Mine, named after Allen's close friend, Calvin Coolidge. This was a distance of forty miles. It took two years to wind his steel rails around the mountains and over foaming creeks and rivers. On November 1, 1919, the first train, powered by a chugging Baldwin locomotive (one of three), rolled into Coolidge. Allen built shops and a depot at Allentown, twelve miles west of Divide and a depot and freight house at Divide. The Montana Southern had twenty-two ore cars, three shining passenger coaches and two gasoline cars. Total cost of the railroad was \$1,500,000.00, a tremendous investment in those days.

That same year the mining company built a \$900,000.00 mill with a 750 ton-per-day capacity and a \$15,000.00 power line to bring electricity forty-two miles. The mill was a massive structure and contained an impressive array of mining equipment. The inventory was as follows:

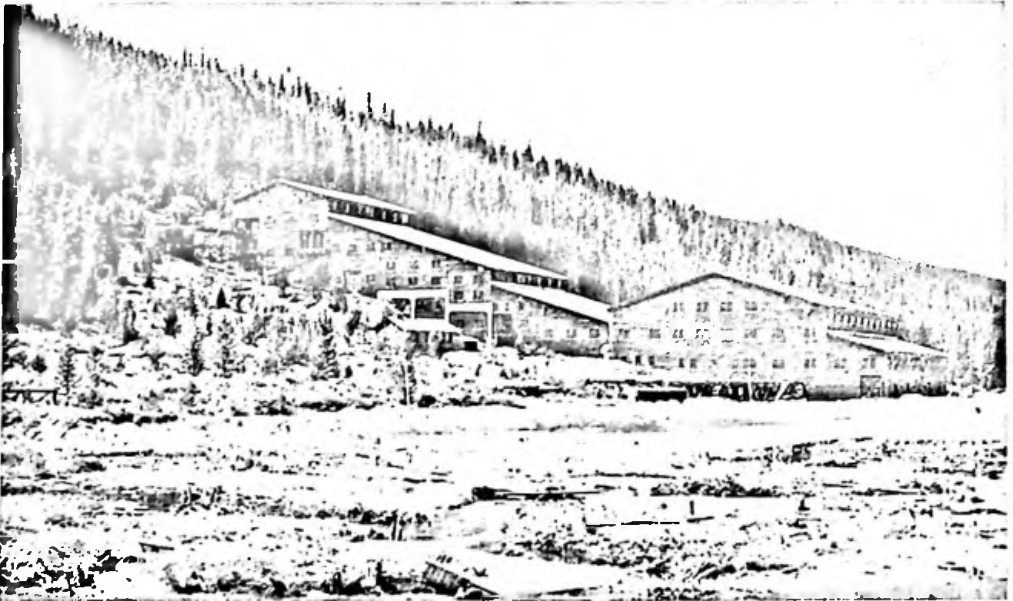
2-7' x 36" Hardinge Ball Mills

1-3½' Hardinge Ball Mills

- 12-James Concentrating Tables
- 4-Janey Concentrating Tables
- 2-#6-1,000 Ton Gyrotory Crushers with Automatic Feed
- 1-25 Ton Jaw Crusher
- 2-Door Classifiers
- 2-Dorr Thickeners with 50' Diameter Tanks
- 2-40' Dorr Settling Tanks
- 6-Janey Emulsifiers
- 6-Automatic Reagent Feeders
- 1-Oliver Filter with Vacuum Pump and Tank
- 2-Duplex Pumps
- 3-Centrifugal Pumps

This mill—at the so-called “Lower Camp”—was in five levels. Two hundred men worked eight miles of tunnels.

THE ELKHORN MILL



Robert W. Mutchler Collection

From the Lower Camp one can still see the cut in the trees indicating the site of the Upper Camp, 600 feet above. Without maps but with good fortune my wife and I jeeped to the Upper Camp—as picturesque a ghost town as can be seen. The 300 foot snow shed, blacksmith shop, hoist buildings, carpenter shop, mill buildings and boarding houses are set in a spectacular location on the side of Elkhorn Mountain. Many old log cabins

and heavily timbered structures suggest much earlier mining operations at the Upper Camp.

Coolidge was a thriving town with street lights and many electrically lighted homes. There were thirty families with twenty children and a large number of single miners lived in a boarding house. The town stretched for over one mile. In addition to many single dwelling cabins, an assay office, a two-story store building, nine bunk houses and two pump houses lined the main street.

Many of Grandfather Allen's favorite years were spent in Coolidge, and in his retirement years he wrote about his memories and philosophy in a book he published in 1949, entitled *The Chequemegon*, meaning "Beaver."

The 1920-21 recession laid a heavy hand on the Boston-Montana Mines Company, which had succeeded the Boston Montana Development Corporation. The mine, although having extensive bodies of profitable ore on numerous vein systems, was inadequately developed and prepared with open slopes to supply the mill with more than a small portion of the daily tonnage requirement. Unfortunately the underground development of the mine was unwisely neglected by the management at the property and sacrificed in favor of completion of surface structures. The forced practice of wholesale mining of low grade vein material with waste and good ore, in an attempt to supply the mill to capacity soon proved unprofitable. By 1923 the company was in receivership. It hung on for seven years, and the Montana Southern's little thirty-six ton Baldwins rolled ore trains down to the Big Hole River until 1925. By 1930 it was all over, and boards went up on the windows. In 1940 a steel hungry World War gobbled up the old roadbed of the Montana Southern. A fortune had been made. A fortune had been lost.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Grateful acknowledgement is hereby made of the assistance and use of certain material from the following sources:

The Montana State Historical Society Library
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The Western History Division of the Denver
Public Library
The University of Colorado Library
Mrs. Velma Churchill, Colorado State Archives

ELEVATION OF MOUNTAINS IN COLORADO OVER 14,000 FEET

January 1969

The following is a composite list of named mountains in Colorado with elevations of 14,000 feet or more. The information has been compiled from the following sources:

1. U.S. Geological Survey maps or mapping operations.
2. U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.
3. Guide to the Colorado Mountains by the Colorado Mountain Club 1955 Edition.

Some of the altitudes, although given to the nearest foot, are for the most part only approximate and subject to refinement by future surveys.

NO.	MOUNTAIN	ELEV.	QUADRANGLE	SOURCE	DATE
1	Mt. Elbert	14,433	Mt. Elbert (15') ¹	VA ²	1967
2	Mt. Massive	14,421	Mt. Elbert (15')	VA	1967
3	Mt. Harvard	14,420	Mt. Harvard (15')	VA	1955
4	Blanca Pk. ³	14,345	Huerfano Park No. 3 SW.	Photo-trig	1968
5	La Plata Pk.	14,336	Mt. Elbert (15')	VA	1967
6	Uncompahgre Pk.	14,309	Lake City (7½')	VA	1963
7	Crestone Pk.	14,294	Hooper No. 1 NE.	Photo-trig	1968
8	Mt. Lincoln	14,286	Mt. Lincoln (15')	VA	1964
9	Grays Pk.	14,270	Montezuma (15')	VA	1956
10	Mt. Antero	14,269	Poncha Springs (15')	VA	1956
11	Torreys Pk.	14,267	Montezuma (15')	VA	1956
12	Castle Pk.	14,265	Hayden Pk. (7½')	VA	1959
13	Mt. Evans	14,264	Georgetown (15')	VA	1955
14	Quandary Pk.	14,264 ⁴	Mt. Lincoln (15')	VA	1951 1964
15	Longs Pk.	14,256	Longs Pk. (7½')	VA	1961
16	Mt. Wilson	14,246	Telluride (15')	Mt. Wilson (1:24,000 map)	1953
17	Shavano	14,229	Poncha Springs (15')	VA	1955
18	Mt. Princeton	14,197	Poncha Springs (15')	VA	1954
19	Mt. Belford	14,197	Mt. Harvard (15')	VA	1955
20	Mt. Yale	14,196	Mt. Harvard (15')	VA	1955
21	Crestone Needle	14,191	Hooper I NE.	Photo-trig	1968

22 Mt. Bross	14,172	Mt. Lincoln (15')	VA	1964
23 Kit Carson Pk.	14,165 ²	Hooper No. 1 NE.	VA	1956
24 El Diente Pk.	14,159	Dolores Pk. (7½')	VA	1953
25 Maroon Pk.	14,156	Maroon Bells (7½')	VA	1959
26 Tabeguache Mtn.	14,155	Garfield (15') ⁴	VA	1955
27 Mt. Oxford	14,153	Mt. Harvard 15'	VA	1955
28 Mt. Sneffels	14,150	Montrose	VA	1953
29 Mt. Democrat	14,148	Mt. Lincoln 15'	VA	1964
30 Capitol Pk.	14,130	Capital Pk. 7½')	VA	1959
31 Pikes Peak	14,110	Pikes Peak	USGS Levels	1907
32 Snowmass Pk.	14,092	Snowmass Mt. (7½')	VA	1959
33 Windom Pk.	14,087	Needle Mtn. (15')	VA	1965
34 Mt. Eolus ⁷	14,084	Needle Mtn. (15')	VA	1965
North Eolus	14,039		VA	1965
(May be considered part of Mt. Eolus)				1964
35 Mt. Columbia	14,073	Mt. Harvard (15')	VA	1955
36 Culebra	14,069	Trinidad	CMC ⁸	1954
		(1:250,000)		
37 Missouri Mtn.	14,067	Mt. Harvard (15')	VA	1955
38 Humboldt Pk.	14,064 ²	Hooper No. 1 NE.	VA	1956
39 Mt. Bierstadt	14,060	Georgetown (15')	VA	1955
40 Sunlight Pk.	14,059	Needle Mtn. (15')	VA	1965
41 Handies Pk.	14,048	Handies Pk. (7½')	VA	1955
42 Mt. Lindsey	14,042	Huerfano Park	Photo-trig	1968
		No. 3 SW.		
43 Little Bear Pk.	14,037 ⁹	Huerfano Park	VA	1965
		No. 3 SW.		
44 Mt. Sherman	14,036	Mt. Sherman (7½')	VA	1962
45 Redcloud Pk.	14,034	Redcloud Pk. (7½')	VA	1965
46 Pyramid Pk.	14,018	Maroon Bells (7½')	VA	1959
47 Wilson Pk.	14,017	Mt. Wilson (7½')	VA	1953
48 Wetterhorn Pk.	14,017	Wetterhorn Pk. (7½')	VA	1909
49 North Maroon Pk. ¹⁰	14,014	Maroon Bells (7½')	VA	1959
50 San Luis Pk.	14,014	Creede (15')	VA	1956
	(Verified in 1965)		(Verified in 1965)	
51 Huron Pk.	14,005	Mt. Harvard (15')	VA	1955
52 Mt. of Holy Cross	14,005	Holy Cross (15')	VA	1964
53 Sunshine Pk.	14,001	Redcloud Pk. (7½')	VA	1965

¹Scale of quadrangle map showing peak and elevation.

²Vertical angle elevation by USGS during mapping phases.

³Different sources of information give the elevation of Blanca Peak vary-

ing from 14,310 to 14,390. The U.S. Geological Survey has accepted 14,345 as being most reliable. Photo-trig value in Multiplex Future field work in 1969 will determine verification of this elevation.

⁴USC&GS secondary observations during triangulation surveys.

⁵AMS 1:250,000 Trinidad 1954 map indicates 14,400+ for Kit Carson and 14,075 Humbolt Peak.

⁶Not identified on Garfield 1:62,500 quadrangle map.

⁷1961 USFS map San Juan National Forest gives a spelling "AEOLUS."

⁸Publication of Colorado Mountain Club.

⁹This is PP 4-14E, Blanca Project. The elevation is based on two non-reciprocal angles, but may have some subsequent photo-trig verification in Multiplex.

¹⁰The USGS triangulation station located on this peak is stamped "Maroon Bell."

¹¹Peak identified on 1:250,000-scale quadrangle map.

NOTE: Mt. Cameron (14,238) is accepted as an integral part of Mt. Lincoln and is therefore not listed.

Mt. Conundrum (14,022) (Hayden Peak 7+ Quad.) is accepted as an integral part of Castle Peak and is therefore not listed.

—Submitted by Sheriff Nolie Mumey

New Hands on the Denver Range

James A. Wier,
Quarter One Hutton Dr.,
Fitzsimons General Hospital,
Denver, Colorado 80240.

Major General Wier has been a U. S. Army physician for thirty plus years. He became acquainted with the Westerners through reading our publications, and the recent issue of the *Western History Quarterly*. He has written over fifty medical articles, but none on Western history, "as yet." He may write one, since he has an interest in army doctors and medicine during the Indian wars. He likes the outdoors and golfing.

Samuel P. Guyton,
12345 (sic) W. 19th Pl.,
Lakewood, Colorado. 80215.

He is another Danielson "recruit." His special areas of interest in Western history are railroads, mountain passes, and towns.

He reads books about the West, especially about Colorado. He also fishes and hikes.

Philip N. Pleshek,
1328 W. 102 Ave.,
Denver, Colorado. 80221

He is among the many who have become members through the good offices of Dr. Ralph Danielson. He was with the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad in Iowa as a gandy dancer and signalman. (The uninformed editor discovered that the term "gandy dancer" is from the rhythmic movements of the railroad worker as he uses tools produced by the now defunct Gandy Manufacturing Company of Chicago). He is, of course, interested in railroad history, especially in Colorado, and in ghost towns. His hobbies consist of camping, hiking, and collecting railroad mementos.

NATIONAL FORESTS

By Len Shoemaker

While I was working in the Denver Regional Office of the United States Forest Service (about 1940), I did a lot of research to get data for use with National Forest maps which the Drafting Department was putting out. After retirement, I eventually ran down and listed all of the National Forests that had been established in the United States since such areas had been authorized in 1891, a total of 387 names.

The list showed the serial number, the name, the date of establishment, the original acreage, and what had become of the units not then existent. Units 1 to 6 had been called Timber Land Reserves; units 7 to 175, Forest Reserves; units 176 to 397, National Forests. Changes in title had occurred on July 1, 1892 and March 4, 1907.

A copy of that list was placed in the Conservation Center of the Denver Public Library, where it is available for reference.

In 1910 the National Forests were divided into Districts, and each group was named and numbered. The units in Colorado, South Dakota, Nebraska, and the western part of Wyoming were placed in the Rocky Mountain District, or District Two. In 1910 the term "District" was changed to "Region", hence the abbreviation R-2.

A check of the complete list showed that 47 units have been established in R-2; in 1940 they had been reduced to 21 units; at present there are 16 units. The 47 units once existing in R-2 are shown below. Those in Kansas and North Dakota were abolished. The others have been combined with the present 16 units in the interest of economy and better supervision.

Unit No.	Year Est.	Unit No.	Year Est.
COLORADO		COLORADO	
2 White River Plateau	10-16-91	94 Montezuma	6-13-05
4 Pikes Peak	2-11-92	95 Uncompahgre	6-14-05
6 Plum Creek	6-23-92	110 Holy Cross	8-25-05
7 South Platte	12-9-92	113 Fruita	2-24-06
9 Battlement Mesa	12-24-92	157 Ouray	2-2-07
44 San Isabel	4-16-02	162 Las Animas	3-1-07
81 Gunnison	5-12-05	199 Arapahoe	7-1-08
82 Leadville	5-12-05	202 Rio Grande	7-1-08
89 San Juan	6-12-05	203 Routt	7-1-08
91 Park Range	6-12-05	239 Hayden	7-1-08
92 Wet Mountains	6-12-05	276 Sopris	4-26-09
93 Cochetopah	6-13-05	281 Colorado	7-1-10

290 Durango	7-1-11	WYOMING	
312 Grand Mesa	3-11-24	1 Yellowstone National	3-30-91
309 Roosevelt	3-28-32	29 Big Horn	2-22-97
SOUTH DAKOTA		30 Teton	2-22-97
24 Black Hills	2-22-97	40 Crow Creek	10-10-00
66 Cave Hills	3-25-04	48 Medicine Bow	5-22-05
67 Slim Buttes	3-5-04	148 Sierra Madre	11-5-06
98 Short Pine	7-22-05	240 Shoshone	7-1-08
285 Harney	5-16-11	289 Washakie	6-30-11
NEBRASKA		KANSAS	
45 Niobrara	4-16-02	99 Garden City	7-25-05
46 Dismal River	4-16-02	189 Kansas	3-15-08
114 North Platte	3-10-06	NORTH DAKOTA	
256 Nebraska	7-02-08	267 Dakota	11-24-08

ORIGIN OF NATIONAL FOREST NAMES

WHITE RIVER is the name of the principal stream within the original area established by President Benjamin Harrison as the White River Plateau Timber-Land Reserve. It was the second area of that kind established in the United States. When the White River and Holy Cross Forests were combined, the name was retained for that reason or because of that fact. It has the largest acreage of any existing national forest in Region Two.

Pike is in honor of that intrepid explorer, Captain Zebulon M. Pike, who was among the first to explore that area, and incidentally the first to see Pikes Peak, the now world-renowned "hump" which bears his name. He and his associates first sighted the peak from the plains on November 14, 1806. Pike and three companions attempted to climb the peak, but failed to reach the top. Gold seekers to the state in 1859 publicized the name and the peak with their "Pikes Peak or Bust" migration to the Rockies.

SAN ISABEL is a pleasant-sounding, easily-spoken contraction of "Santa Ysabel." It goes back to Queen Isabella of Spain, who sponsored the Columbus explorations, and who is the beloved patron saint of the Spanish speaking folk of southern Colorado. As applied to the national forest, it was taken from San Isabel Creek within the first small reservation in the Sangre de Cristo Range. Presumably, San instead of Santa was used for euphonious effect.

GUNNISON is in honor of Captain John W. Gunnison, who was chosen by the Government to select a route for an east-to-west railroad across the Rockies. He followed the 38th parallel of latitude as closely as possible and crossed Cochetopa and other passes to the present Gunnison River. He went in into Utah where he was killed by Indians. The name was given to the town of Gunnison in 1874 and to the county of

Gunnison in 1877 before it was attached to the National Forest in 1905.

SAN JUAN is the equivalent of Saint John, and the frequent use of the name in southern Colorado shows its popularity and the regard of the Spanish settlers for that patron saint. It was first applied to the river and the mountain range by Spanish conquistadors in the 18th century. Then it was applied to the county, to San Juan Basin, and to San Juan National Forest. It probably is the most used geographical name in the state.

COCHETOPA is a contraction of Cochetopah, a Ute Indian name which meant "buffalo gate". Great herds of bison crossed this and North Pass annually in their migration from the plains to the upland ranges. Captain Gunnison and other explorers used this route across the Continental Divide. The first road led over North Pass, but the name settled on this one. The Forest name came from the Cochetopa Hills, within the area.

MONTEZUMA was the name of the ninth King of Mexico, who opposed the Spaniard Cortez, and was killed by him. The name has retained historical and romantic significance throughout the Southwest and was given to Montezuma County as early as 1889. The name as applied to the National Forest was the result of its popularity in that part of the state.

UNHOMPAHGRE is a Ute Indian name which meant "red springs", the springs being a unique physical feature of that area and a popular camping spot for the tribe. Early geographers gave the name to the river which joins the North Fork of the Gunnison at Delta, and to the plateau and peak nearby. The peak is ranked as sixth in elevation in the state, 14,309 feet. The Forest was named for it.

HOLY CROSS is a part of the name "Mount of the Holy Cross," a peak in the Saguache Range which has a large natural cross on its east face. The peak was discovered and named by two Spanish monks who went about teaching the Indians. Wm. H. Jackson, with the Hayden United States Geographical Survey, first photographed the peak in 1873. The National Forest and a National Monument, which was later released from that status, were named for the Mount.

ARAPAHO is a contraction of Arapahoe, an Indian tribe which occupied the plains country adjacent to Denver. They called themselves Inuanaina, which meant "our people"; the Crow tribe called them "Arapahoe", which meant "tattooed-on-the-breast people." White settlers used Arapahoe because it was more easily spoken. The name was first applied to the Arapahoe peaks and glacier, then to Arapahoe County. When the National Forest was named, the final letter "e" was dropped.

RIO GRANDE is a Spanish name which means Grand River. The large stream drains the south-central part of the state and flows southward through New Mexico. The upper part of the present Colorado

River was previously called Grand River, but geographers added it to the Colorado, thus removing the duplication of the name, Grand and Rio Grande.

ROUTT is in honor of John L. Routt, a native of Kentucky, who was appointed by President Grant as territorial governor of Colorado in 1875. He was so satisfactory to both Washington officials and Colorado settlers that he was elected as the state's first governor. His services were so proficient that he was reelected in 1890. Routt County was formed in 1877, the national forest in 1908.

GRAND MESA is the name of the large plateau in western Colorado, supposed to be the largest flat-topped mountain the world; it averages about 10,300 feet high. The early reserve was called Battlement Mesa, for another physical feature, but Grand Mesa was the more attractive, more pleasing name. The hard cap under the surface soil provides basins for many beautiful lakes.

ROOSEVELT is in honor of President Theodore Roosevelt, the greatest champion of forestry and conservation in our country's history. He established forests totaling about 160,000 acres, reorganized the government's forestry forces, renamed them "Forest Service", and transferred their administration to the Department of Agriculture, in 1905. When it seemed desirable to change the name Colorado National Forest the Forest was renamed Roosevelt. President Hoover approved the change.

BLACK HILLS is the English translation of "Paha Sapa", the Sioux Indian name for that topographical feature. The name referred to the dark appearance of the timbered hills in contrast to the plains country. The name was applied to the whole region by early explorers and settlers who followed General Custer's 1874 expedition to the area, and it was a natural choice for the Forest.

HARNEY is in honor of General Wm. S. Harney whose military activities in the area adjacent to the Black Hills are well recorded. In 1855 he led an expedition to negotiate a treaty with the Indians. The name was first applied to Harney Peak, 7240 feet in elevation, and then to the Forest when the Black Hills forest was divided in 1908, but it is now reunited with that Forest.

NEBRASKA is an Indian word which often meant "flat water". In the Omaha tongue it was pronounced like the present state name; the Otoe tribe pronounced it Ne-brath-ke, which meant flat or valley water. In 1902 two small reserves, Niobrara and Dismal River, were established and conifer plantations were started. Now combined, they show what man can do to assist Nature.

BIG HORN is the combined name of Big Horn, the river that drains that area. It is the common name for the Rocky Mountain sheep (*Ovis canadensis*) which early Spanish explorers found in that area. They were

named and described by Dr. George Shaw of London in 1804. The Indians called them "ahsasta" or "ahsahsooha". The name was later applied to the Big Horn mountains and still later to the Forest.

MEDICINE BOW is the name given to a locality in south-central Wyoming by friendly tribes "to make bows," and in early-day lingo "to make medicine". The exact origin of the name is unknown, but the name probably grew out of the association of the terms good medicine and good bows. The mountain ash used to make bows could have been considered as "good medicine bow" material. A creek, the range of mountains, and the town renowned in Wister's *The Virginian* bear the name, which was later bestowed on the national forest.

SHOSHONE is a variation of Shoshoni, the name of an Indian tribe who inhabited northwest Wyoming. The word meant "valley dwellers", and was given to them by other tribes before they were forced into the mountains by the Sioux and other more powerful tribes. The government gave them protection and set up a reservation for them, because of the peaceful attitude of their chief, Washakie. The Arapahoes now share the reservation with them. The Forest took its name from the Shoshone River, the principal stream of that area.

WASHAKIE is in honor of Chief Washakie of the Shoshoni Indian tribe. He ruled over the tribe from 1840 until the time of his death in 1900. He was always friendly to the early explorers and settlers, and because of that many conflicts were averted. He claimed that "no white man's scalp has decorated my tepee." He sleeps in the military cemetery at Fort Washakie adjacent to the national Forest, where he was buried with full military honors.

NATIONAL FORESTS IN R-2

For ready reference the sixteen existing national forests in Region Two are listed below alphabetically by states:

COLORADO—Arapahoe, Grand Mesa, Gunnison, Pike, Rio Grande, Roosevelt, Routt, San Isabel, San Juan, Uncompahgre, White River. The Grand Mesa and Uncompahgre are administered jointly.

NEBRASKA—Nebraska

SOUTH DAKOTA—Black Hills

WYOMING—Big Horn, Medicine Bow, Shoshone

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

A FISHERMAN'S PRAYER

I pray that I may
live to fish until
my dying day,

And when it comes to
my last cast, I then
most humbly pray

When in the Lord's
great landing net
and peacefully asleep,

That in his mercy
I be judged
big enough to keep.

(Provided by R. A. Kasting,
Boulder, a deep sea fisherman,
who copied it at a lodge where
he stayed near La Paz (B. C.,
Mexico)

TWO NEW POSSE MEMBERS

Two Westerners were recently elected to be Posse Members. One is Dave Hicks, at present Director of Public Relations for Ringsby-United. He has also been a reporter on several newspapers, including *The Rocky Mountain News*. His professional experience should make him a prospect for editorial duties for the Posse. The other, the director of the St. Joseph Museum, Roy Coy, was for twenty-seven years St. Joseph, Missouri. He came to Denver as the Assistant Director of the Denver Museum of Natural History, and following the recent retirement of Dr. Alfred M. Bailey he became the Director. In addition to his interests in natural history and archaeology he also is concerned with our Western

history, for he was the Director of the Pony Express Museum in St. Joseph and was Chairman of the 1960 Pony Express Centennial Commission for St. Joseph.

SANTA FE WESTERNERS

The Santa Fe Westerners "Trail Dust" notes that Wayne Mauzy addressed the March meeting on the subject of early Spanish and Mexican land grants, and that Phil Cooke showed some motion pictures of New Mexico taken in 1914, taken for the 1915 Panama - California International Exposition. The first issue of their new publication, *La Gaceta*, will be ready in May.

WYOMING SITES

The following sites have been added to the National Register of Historic Places: Register Cliff, near Guernsey, where travelers on the Oregon Trail wrote their names, and the Point of Rocks stage coach station in Sweetwater County, which was also on the Oregon Trail.

"AUNT" CLARA BROWN

The April issue of the *Colorado Prospector* features "Aunt" Clara Brown, the ex-slave who came to Central City in 1859. However, the caption under the picture of the old St. James United Methodist Church in Central City is quite incorrect in stating that the congregation met in her house "through most of the 1860's." Even more misleading is the statement quoted from *The Denver Republican* of March 4, 1882, that she "donated almost enough (money) to build the desired edifice," since its members could not "raise the necessary means."

In Memoriam

Robert Byron Cormack

Robert Byron Cormack, PM, a valuable member of the Denver Westerners, died on March 24. He was born in Edgewater, Colorado, on December 14, 1914. He was graduated from the University of Denver, and also attended the University of California at Los Angeles. He worked for a time as a cartoon artist for the Walt Disney Studios, and as a scenery artist for MGM. Later on he was in commercial art and public relations for the *Rocky Mountain News* and for the Colorado Visitors and Convention Bureau. He was also executive director of Industries for Jefferson County. He and his brother, William Cormack, formed the Cormack Industries. During World War II he served in the Navy at Great Lakes in the visual aids training section. He belonged to a number of organizations, among them the Denver Press Club, the Aviation Country Club, the Colorado Press Association, and the Kiwanis Club. He was also an active Mason, a member of Edgewater Masonic Lodge 159, Colorado Consistory 1, and El Jebel Shrine. Denver Westerners will remember him as the able editor of the 1963 *Brand Book*, Vol. XIX. As might be expected, not only were the contents of high calibre, but this volume was profusely illustrated, with sketches, maps, and photographs. Also, the typography was exceptionally artistic. A sentence in this valuable volume exemplifies his amazing versatility: "Bob's publishing house, The Buffalo Bill Press, saw this volume through its conception, editing, design, typography, lithography, and binding," a modest statement which actually means that Bob himself did all this. Needless to say, he will be greatly missed by all of us, not alone for his unusual ability, but for his friendly and genial personality, and for his helpfulness to many people.



Westerner's Bookshelf



DENVER'S MAYOR SPEER, by Charles A. Johnson, Green Mountain Press, \$5.95; many photographs, introductions by George Cramner and W.M. Grant.

Although the seeds of today's many urban problems were planted decades ago, their magnitude could not be imagined in the easy-going free-wheeling life of 60 or 70 years ago. But one wonders, particularly after reading this book, if Denver's problems today would be so burdensome if Robert Speer had been mayor during recent years or if he were mayor today.

No one can question the fact that Speer was Denver's strongest mayor (from 1906-1912 and 1915-1918). He was the city's first "home rule" mayor and was instrumental in carving out the city charter. It made him "the boss," there was no doubt about it.

In addition to this very useful weapon, Mayor Speer utilized many other questionable tools to do the things he did. But always the highest: he wanted his city to be the most beautiful in the west, if not the nation, a true "Queen City."

What did he do? He turned a deteriorating neighborhood into a most unique and colorful civic center. He turned an ugly, open sewer (Cherry Creek) into the parkway that now bears his name. He doubled the park acreage in Denver, and hired an immigrant landscape architect S. R. DeBoer (possibly the first landscape architect hired by any city in the nation) to transform the new and old parks into national examples. He doubled the tree population of Denver until that "far west" city

on the dry, arid plains, had more trees per capita than any city in the nation. He bulldozed high society and social clubs into "donating" many of the city's statues and fountains we see all around us today.

The city auditorium was completed under his administration, and he kept it full with all manner of free entertainment. There were nightly concerts in city park during the warm months. There was the colorful fountain in the center of City Park Lake.

These are some of the things he did. Despite the fact that they are buried deeper and deeper each year by sprawl, blight, deterioration, and pollution, the monuments to this man of many years ago remind us today that Denver was once a "queen city" and that it can be again.

Speer, as so many others in those times (including former Governor and Senator Ed Johnson) came to Colorado as a last resort in his battle against TB. As many of the others, he survived and thrived. He evolved after a series of municipal positions, to his first term of mayor in 1906.

They say a man is known by his friends and enemies. Outside of his one consistent foe, fellow Democrat, Senator Thomas Patterson, one can't be too sure about Mayor Speer. His friends and enemies changed positions frequently, including the *News* and *Post*, and other Denver newspapers. Usual and oft-questioned ally of Speer was the big business community, including the public utilities. Denver's notorious "Red Light District" and gambling dens seemed more secure under Speer than insecure.

The Speer story had to be written, and I'm glad Charley Johnson wrote it. Although the book delves deeply into the intricate workings of a city, and its different personalities (or characters), it is easy reading, difficult to put down. One might criticize the glossing over of Speer's means, but perhaps they were justified by the results. The only minor criticism I might have of the book is that it didn't include one of Speer's speeches in which he "auctioned" off the needs of the city (mostly statuary) to civic groups and individuals, making them feel as if they almost had to participate in Denver's renaissance.

The quotes from any of these speeches might inspire us as we work to solve the problems of today. Perhaps, one of the most useful in Denver's particular case is: "The beauty and business of a city can be made to work in harmony, and to assist each other."

Perry Eberhart

LATEST FROM ARIZONA! THE HESPERIAN LETTERS, 1859-1861, edited by Contance Wynn Altshuler, Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, Tucson, Arizona, 1969, 293 pp., map, appendices, biographical index, \$10.00.

This scholarly and substantial book is based upon sixty-five letters or news dispatches sent in 1859-1861 from Tubac and Tucson, Arizona (then in New Mexico to the St. Louis *Missouri Republican* and the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin* by T. M. Turner, lawyer, printer, publisher, editor, and above all *honest* reporter.

According to Editor Altshuler, the signing of the letters "Hesperian" was a poetic way of saying "Westerner." Turner, one-time editor of the Tucson *Arizonian*, reported without embellishment events as he saw or personally ex-

perienced them, or obtained data direct from those who were involved in the happenings.

These early-day letters mirror the frontier violence, the frustrations of the frontiersmen, the struggles to obtain decent mail and stageline service, the attempts to build a new state, the continual depredations and atrocities of the Apaches, and the almost hopeless isolation of southeastern Arizona during the hectic months prior to the outbreak of the Civil War.

In view of the fact that contemporary sources relating to the Tubas and Tucson areas are so scarce, the Hesperian Letters supply much hitherto unobtainable historical data. In the opinion of the editor they are as "reliable as a local newspaper." Not only are the Turner letters important to Arizona's history, they represent an important segment in the history of the entire Southwest.

No motion picture story or TV telecast could portray more revolting atrocities than those recorded by Turner. He told of the almost unthinkable treatment by the Indians of their captive, Mrs. Page; the chaining of emigrants to wagon wheels and burning them alive by Apaches; the retaliation of the army by hanging six Indian warriors and leaving them to sway in the wind; and the murdering of innumerable innocent mining men and ranchers by Mexicans.

Latest from Arizona is made doubly valuable to the research scholar by the Appendices and Biographical Index prepared by Mrs. Altshuler. Detailed historical background material on early Arizona, Mexico, stagelines, and postal service, attempted mining developments, and other subjects bring out the importance of the Turner letters. The Biographical Index, compiled by

the editor "in order to decrease footnotes," displays meticulous research and provides exceptionally interesting reading.

Printed in large type, the book is easy to read. The jacket, depicting an attack on a six-horse stage coach, sets a most authoritative tempo for the book.

—Agnes Wright Spring

THE HORSE IN THE WEST, by Bradley Smith, World Publishing Company, New York, 1969, 255 pp., \$19.95.

This is the most beautiful book about horses I have ever had the pleasure of reading, re-reading, admiring, studying, fondling, and enjoying. I have also had the pleasure of owning, trading, buying, selling, riding, breeding and feeding horses over forty years. I consider myself somewhat of a left-handed expert in my somewhat secluded circle. But now this fine book has taught me how little I knew, has rekindled my interest and revived my reverence for the Horse.

The photographs by the author, Bradley Smith, are magnificent. Perhaps you have seen his photographic essays in *Life*, *Time*, *Holiday*, and other top magazines. But I have the feeling that this book was a labor of love for Mr. Smith. He no doubt caught the equine hoof-and-mouth disease when he was growing up in Karnes City, Texas, near the famous King Ranch, where the appreciation of fine horse-flesh was almost a religion. His text is simple, interesting and complete. There is a fine map, tracing the spread of the horse to the western world. There is a story about Burrha and his magnificent stallion Kanthaka. There is a collection of pictures tracing the horse back to prehistoric man in Spain,

to the Phoenicians, to prehistoric China, Japan, the Romans, the Moslems. In those days a horse and a woman were traded at equal value.

The most popular breeds, the Arabian, the Thoroughbred, the Quarter Horse, and the Apaloosa, are covered with loving detail, by words and pictures, from the beginning to the present time. Among other things we learn to train, judge, show, ride, race, and appreciate these wonderful animals. Do you know that all light horses of Europe and the Americas are infused with the blood of the Arabian? He first came to the New World with the conquistadores. His descendants supplied mounts for the American Indians. In Europe he was the basis for the Thoroughbred.

Bradley Smith tells us one of the most exciting examples of man's ability to observe and plan is shown in the creation of the Thoroughbred horse. Then he explains how it all came about, and how every Thoroughbred in the world today traces directly to Herod, Matchem, or Eclipse.

Quarted Horse enthusiasts will surely be happy with this book. There are stories of Old Janus, Bacchus, Shiloh, Steel Dust, Peter McCue, and many other solid progenitors. There is even a chart so you can do your own tracing of your horse's ancestry. And to add to your pleasure, there are some humorous stories of some of the early day match races. The Steel-Dust-Monmouth race that almost wrecked the economy of McKinney, Texas, is included among them. The story of the Quarter Horse Registry also explains the rating of the top race horses.

The Appaloosa's name comes from a small, clear stream, the Palouse, that runs along the northern border of Idaho. How the Nez Percé Indians have

bred this picturesque horse for two hundred and fifty years, why they chose the spotted horse, and how, together, they played important roles in our Western history, is all told in this beautiful picture essay.

The saddest commentary on man's inhumanity to man is included in this chapter on the Appaloosa's: "Chief Joseph of the Nez Percé was forced to surrender to an overwhelming force of U. S. Cavalry in 1877. He surrendered 1,100 horses. These and others rounded up in the region were sold to white horse traders. Forced onto reservations, the remaining Nez Percé were forbidden to breed or discouraged from breeding horses."

If I were allowed only one horse book to take to that desert island, I'd choose this one.

Pete Smythe, P.M.

AMERICAN ODYSSEY: THE JOURNEY OF LEWIS AND CLARK.
By Ingvard Henry Eide. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co., 1969. xxii, 245 pages. Map, illustrations, selected bibliography. \$17.95.

With a combination of superb photographs and pertinent selections from writings of both Meriwether Lewis and William Clark and some of the members of their expedition, this remarkable journey of these brave men over a vast part of the western United States early in the last century is made to come alive and the reader seems to be a part of the great adventure. Editor and photographer Ingvard Henry Eide spent over two years and traveled more than 57,000 miles in all seasons of the year to capture the exact view seen by the explorers (as nearly as possible) at the time of year that the daily entries of the journals indicated. Mr.

Eide states that he used black-and-white films for his essay as it seemed to suit his purpose better. In his words: ". . . I could catch more of mood, symbol, and the suggestion of space and loneliness. These were the moods so often expressed in the journals." In the introduction A. B. Guthrie, Jr., commends Mr. Eide for his dedication in recording scenes along the trail that look much as they must have over one hundred and fifty years ago. Before much longer this may not be possible.

While this large book is only a skeleton in comparison with the formidable study of eight volumes edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, this reviewer must acknowledge that perusing all of these volumes has seemed an unsurmountable task. Now that Mr. Eide has condensed this vastly important study of the journey of exploration down to a more palatable size with visual aids of beautiful photographs, a more in-depth study of the original journals doesn't seem so frightening.

The arrangement of the book seems to have mixed advantages. In the text, the photograph is matched with the entry from the journals only by date. In this way the reader is helped to imagine that he is seeing the scene for the first time. However, if one really wants to know where the location is, it is necessary to turn to the back of the book for the List of Illustrations. Here the photographs are listed as to page as well as date and place. Here also the sources of the questions are given—in the text the entries are identified only by the last name of the narrator. After this list there are a few more suggestions of "Books for further reading." There is no index, but in a book of this type, it is not necessary,

but the list of the "Permanent members of the Expedition" is hard to find inserted on page 227.

With all the current propaganda about pollution and contamination in our country, this book comes at a time to bring home clearly to all Americans that it is each one's responsibility *now* to try to preserve our past heritage and not permit all of our wilderness areas to be blighted by "civilization."

Opal M. Harber

THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WESTERN FILM, by William K. Everson; The Citadel Press, New York, 1969, \$10.00

William K. Everson's book is filled with illustrations, more than 500 in all, of such Western stars as Gene Autry, Tom Mix, John Wayne, and Joel McCrea. The photographs alone make the book fascinating. But the meat is in the writing.

Author Everson is an authority on films. He conducts film courses at both the New School and New York University. His mastery of the history of the Western film is displayed in this intriguing book.

He punctures such myths as good guys in Western wear white hats and the bad guys wear black hats. Many film heroes adopted complete black outfits as their trademark.

Such sayings as "they went that-away" were not that common in Westerns, even the "B" variety. Nor did the hero often kiss his horse rather than the girl at the end of the film.

We predict that anyone will enjoy this book because virtually everyone enjoys a good Western film. And remember those film names: Ken Maynard, Brono Billy Anderson, William S. Hart, Buck Jones, Tex Ritter, Tim McCoy, Hoot Gibson, Roy Rogers,

Randolph Scott, Johnny Mack Brown, and so many others.

The Western film is not dead, nor will it ever be. It has moved to television. Westerns have been made around the world. They are a part of American history.

Dave Hicks

THE WORLD OF THE AMERICAN ELK: by Joe Van Wormer, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York, 1969, first edition. 159 pages, \$5.95.

The World of the American Elk is one of a series of *Living World Books* edited by John K. Terres. Mr. Van Wormer explores the anatomy, ecology and behavior of these magnificent animals season by season with exceptional thoroughness and clarity. Most of the accounts are from Mr. Van Wormer's personal observations.

Particularly notable are the many elk photographs, taken by the author. It seems remarkable to this reviewer that so many wildlife photographs of high quality could be obtained. It is clear that the author has had wide experience in the study of the American elk.

An important section of this book deals with the future of the American elk. Mr. Van Wormer asserts a strong plea for sufficient suitable land to give future elk populations rearing and migration grounds. This chapter will be vital reading for the conservationist. The book concludes with a classification of elk and a very comprehensive bibliography and index.

This study of the American elk would appear to have primary interest for the hunter or naturalist, and, to be of secondary interest to the historian.

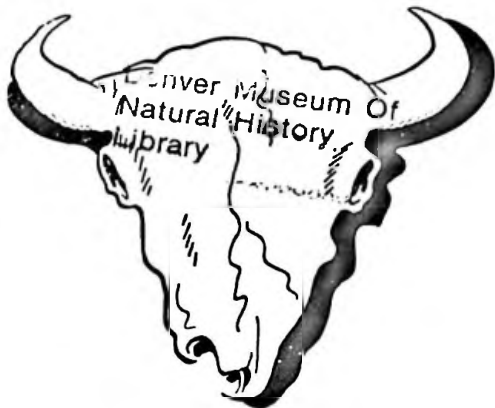
Robert W. Mutchler, C.M.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

JUNE
1970
Volume XXVI
Number 6

IN THIS ISSUE:
THE STRUGGLE FOR INDIAN
CITIZENSHIP
1865-87

by Delbert A. Bishop



CERTIFICATE OF COMMENDATION

The American Association for State and Local History

by a vote of its Committee on Awards presents a

CERTIFICATE OF COMMENDATION

to

Denver Posse of The Westerners

awarded this twenty-second day of August, Nineteen Hundred and Sixty-nine



A. B. Winters, Sr.
President

R. Williams
Chairman, Committee on Awards

The certificate reproduced in reduced facsimile above was formally presented to the Denver Posse of the Westerners at the December 13, 1969 meeting, in recognition of the quality of our two publications, the annual *Brand Book* and the monthly *ROUNDUP*. Credit for this recognition is due to the editors, contributors, and illustrators of the past years, as well as to the printers and binders. A photograph of the presentation may be seen on p. 15 of the January issue.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Delbert A. Bishop, P.M., was born in Springfield, Missouri. He finished his grade and high school education in Springfield, and graduated from Drury College in 1950 with a B.A. in History and he received an M.A. in History and Government in 1961 from the University of Missouri at Kansas City. He is the Manager of the Federal Records Center located at the Denver Federal Center operated by the National Archives and Records Service of the General Services Administration.

He was formerly a member of the Kansas City Posse of The Westerners and served as Deputy Sheriff (Program Chairman) of the Posse prior to his transfer to Denver. The Kansas City Posse published in their quarterly publication, *The Trail Guide*, a paper "The Plains Sioux and the Federal Government, 1865 to the Custer Massacre" that Del wrote. His family consists of his wife, Wanda, and a daughter, Rebecca.

COVER ILLUSTRATION

The present editor takes no credit for the certification of commendation of our publications for their excellence. A photograph of the official presentation is given on p. 15 of the January 1970, number of the ROUNDUP.

CHARLES RUSSELL EXHIBIT

Fred Rosenstock's excellent collection of Charles Russell's paintings and bronzes was on exhibit at the Denver Public Library May 16 to June 13. For the May meeting Fred Mazzulla provided the superb film, "The West of Charles Russell," one of NBC's Project 20 Series.

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

Volume XXVI
Number 6



JUNE
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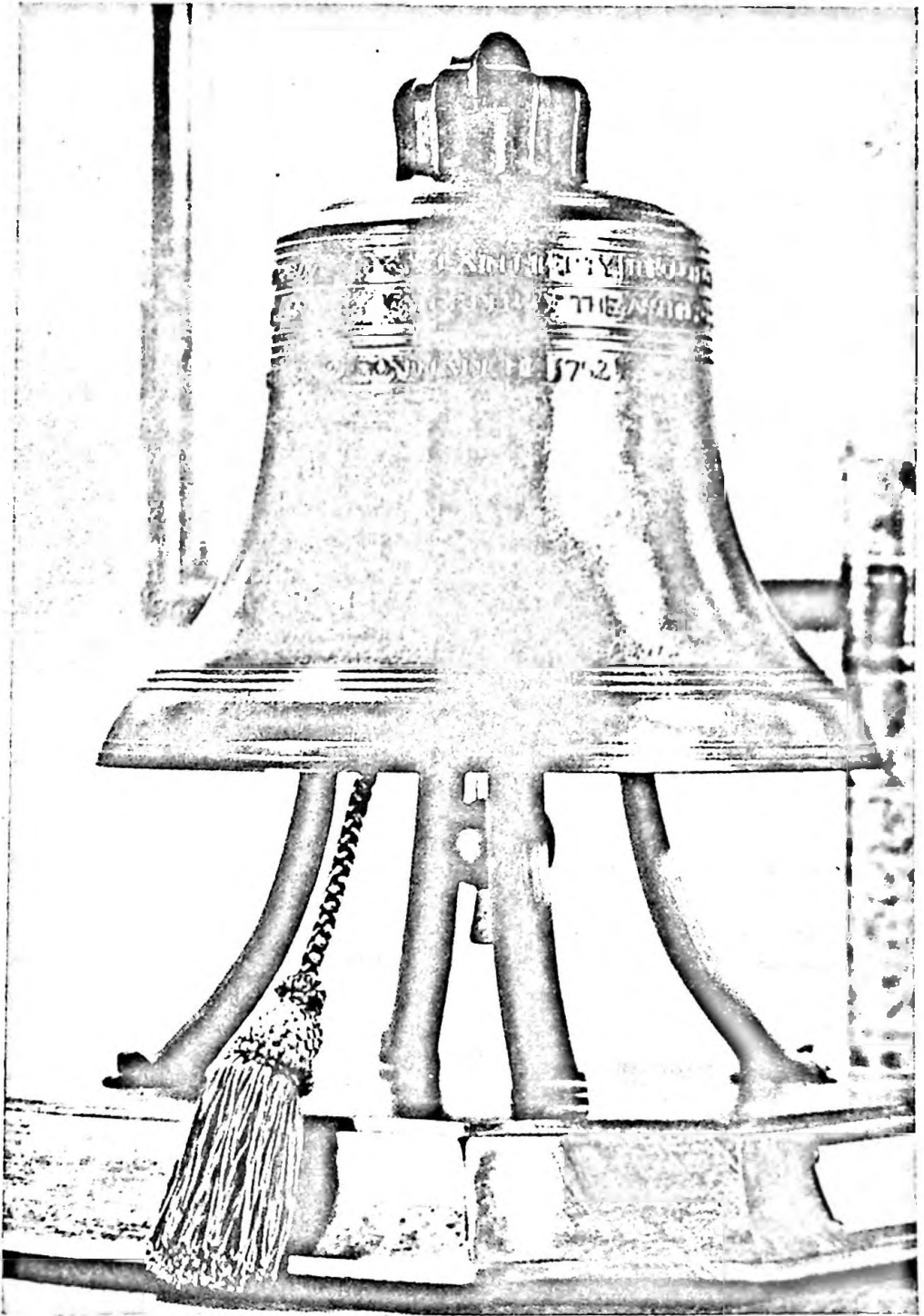
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Reservations for all meetings and dinners — Herbert W. O'Hanlon, 1050 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202. Dinner \$3.75. Reservations only.

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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.



2400 LIBERTY BELLS

In connection with the coming bicentennial of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1976, the Whitechapel Bell Foundry of London, which cast the Liberty Bell in 1752 for Pennsylvania, has begun casting a "limited" number of small replicas. The original, which bore the name of the master founder, Thomas Lester, was about five feet three inches high over all, weighed about 2,080 pounds, and cost 60 pounds, 14 shillings, and five pence. Each replica is about thirteen and a half inches high, weighs about 20 pounds, and costs \$756.00, plus a small fee for a silver plaque bearing the owner's name. Each bears the name of the original master founder, Thomas Lester, and the verse from Leviticus 25:10: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Replica No. 1 was cast in April, 1968, the last will be cast by June of 1976. Each will be perfectly tuned, will have an oaken base, and the clapper will be provided with a silk cord with a tassel at the end.

The original arrived in Philadelphia in September of 1752, and was set up in the state house yard. Many citizens gathered to hear its first peals. Unfortunately, the bell was cracked by the first stroke. It was recast by two Philadelphia artisans, Pass and Stow. Their first attempt was a failure, but the second was reasonably successful. It was hung from a tower, and was used to summon people to hear important announcements and to call legislators to the Assembly. On July 8, 1776, it "rang in" the Declaration of Independence which had been adopted several days earlier. During the occupation of Philadelphia by the British it was hidden under the floor of the Zion Reformed Church in Allentown. Later on it was returned to Philadelphia. It was cracked again in 1835 while tolling the death of Chief Justice John Marshall.

The following information was provided by C. F. Coverley of the Denver Public Library in a letter written on August 21, 1969:

The bell, as originally cast, was to bear the following inscription around the crown:

Proclaim Liberty Throughout All
The Land Unto All the Inhabitants
Thereof. Lev. XXV. 10.

and beneath that:

By order of the Assembly of the
Province of Pennsylvania for the
State House in the City of Philadel-
phia, 1752.

When the bell was recast in 1753, it followed the specifications set forth in the original order and according to the printed card describing the history of the Liberty Bell, which is available at the Bell's present location in the Tower Room of Independence Hall: "This bell was first cast in England. It broke in ringing after its arrival and was recast in Philadelphia from the same metal, with the same inscription." This statement refers, apparently, only to the Biblical quotation, otherwise, such an assertion would be not altogether accurate.

One obvious difference between the lettering on the original and on the recast bell is the name of the founders. Had the original bell not cracked when first tested, the name of the Whitechapel Foundry would appear on the ball. As it is, the bell bears the names of its two American founders, Pass and Stow, below which is inscribed "Phila", and below that, in Roman numerals, the date MDCCLIII.

Another departure from the writing of the original specifications is to be found in the citation of the source of the inscription, i.e., "Lev. XXV. 10". Between the chapter number and the verse number, Pass and Stow inserted the letter "V" with an elongated "s" intersecting the left arm of the V (unquestionably meaning "verse"), and as well, they substituted the Roman numeral for the Arabic number "10".

Also, in the authority inscription beneath the Biblical quotation, the date 1752 does not appear and the sentence ends with the words: "in Philada.," the words "the city of" having been omitted.

COLORADO'S FIRST RECORDED FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION

James Davis, PM, our Book Editor, suggested that the first celebration of the Fourth of July in Colorado was that by the Long expedition on July 4, 1820. Following this lead, the editor consulted Edwin James' first hand *Account of an Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains* (1823). On July 3, 1820, the party had camped overnight in the vicinity of what is now Brighton. James begins his entry for the fourth as follows: "We had hoped to celebrate our great national festival in the Rocky Mountains; but the day had arrived and they were still at a distance. Being extremely impatient of any unnecessary delay which prevented us from entering upon the examination of the mountains, we did not devote the day to rest as had been our intention. It was not, however, forgotten to celebrate the anniversary of our National Independence according to our circumstances. An extra pint of maize was issued to each man [the regular ration was one gill], and a small portion of whiskey was distributed." (Vol. I, p. 496).

The Struggle For Indian Citizenship, 1865-87

by Delbert A. Bishop

Since the passage of the Citizenship Act of 1924, all Indians born in the continental limits of the United States are citizens. Prior to that time citizenship had been conferred upon individual members of many tribes and bands by treaty, special acts of Congress with individual tribes, or under the provision of the General Allotment Act of February 8, 1887 commonly referred to as the Dawes Act because of the efforts of Senator H. L. Dawes of Massachusetts in getting the Act passed.

After the War for Southern Independence there were many people in the United States who felt that the Indian had been made a citizen by the 14th Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. This was not the case as we shall see.

The American Indian, like the Negro, had white friends—people who looked out for his rights. According to one author, Loren Benson Priest, in his excellent book, *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren*, the two groups, pro-Negro and pro-Indian, rarely worked together; in fact they believed that the Indian and Negro problems should be solved separately. Furthermore, the difficulties encountered in adjusting Negroes to white society made little or no impression on the friends of the Indians.¹

Robert W. Mardock, author of a new book, *The Reformers and the American Indian*, which will be published this fall by the University of Missouri Press, disagrees with Priest. In his research he found that many of the active Indian rights workers during the period 1868-76 were anti-slavery workers, that there was a connection between the two problems, and that the assimilation idea was applied to both.

The workers for Indian rights faced the problem of attracting the public's attention to the conditions of the red man. The average American knew little of tribal conditions; his knowledge was limited to what appeared in the newspapers and magazines of the day. Accounts of Indian wars and massacres made the news often, but little was said regarding the actual conditions of the tribes. When factual reports were made they were condemned as sentimental or prejudiced. So the work of the reformers was cut out for them—they had to educate the public and they had to publicize their work.²

One of the first prominent Indian reformers following the War between the States was a Methodist layman, John Beeson. He was followed by Alfred B. Meacham, who had survived an Indian massacre; the fact that a

survivor of such an event would condemn white injustice was indeed a dramatic presentation of the need for reform. He established the magazine *Council Fire* in 1871, which was an inspiration to Indian workers for over ten years.³ Another reformer who helped create interest in Indian rights was Helen Hunt Jackson. Her book, *A Century of Dishonor*, while perhaps a little one-sided, documented many of the abuses the Indians had suffered at the hands of the government.

A Board of Indian Commissioners was created early in Grant's administration to oversee the appropriating of Indian money, to assist the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in preventing fraud; to examine supplies; and to visit the reservations and Indian schools. The Board spent much of its time with the various organizations interested in the advancement of the Indians.⁴

The first post Civil War society designed to fight for Indian rights was the United States Indian Commission, a private group in New York City, founded in 1866, with Peter Cooper, inventor, industrialist, and philanthropist, chiefly responsible for its founding. The Women's National Rights Association was organized in 1879. Its purpose was to make known the Indians' needs by holding mass meetings, circulating leaflets and pamphlets, submitting memorials to the Government, and making use of the newspapers.⁵ Three years later the Indian Rights Association, composed of men and women of means who were interested in the Indian problem, was founded. Through its studies and work it developed a body of experts who aided Congress in drawing up legislation. It was interested in formulating new policies as well as in preventing wrongs. This Association was satisfied to place its influence behind the Lake Mohonk Conferences.⁶

These societies and others, as well as individuals, all interested in the Indians, began to meet annually from 1883 on in what came to be known as the Lake Mohonk Conferences. For the meetings were financed by the educator and humanitarian, Alber K. Smiley, a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, and met at his Lake Mohonk Mountain home in Ulster County, New York. These annual meetings served as a clearing house for the ideas of the reformers and as a means of presenting the public with a brief, but well organized, picture of the course that should be followed by those seeking to promote Indian welfare.⁷

The objectives of these various societies were stated in their annual reports from time to time. The following were the most important: the laws of the State or Territory where their reservations were located should be extended to cover the Indians on the reservations; citizenship when the Indians were ready for it; and the individual ownership of land after a probationary period.⁸

We must now discuss the question of land ownership in detail, for it was inseparable from the problem of Indian citizenship in the mind of the white man. Land ownership, as we know it, was unknown to the Indians before

the coming of the white man. By a sort of tacit understanding an area held and inhabited from time immemorial by a certain tribe was recognized as its territory by other tribes. No individual had title to any portion of the land; it was communal property for the most part. This system was quickly set aside when the white man pushed his way across the frontier; for, fixed in the minds of those who attempted to formulate an Indian policy for our Government lay the idea that civilization went hand in hand with individual landholding. Thus, early in our relations to the Indians, we developed the concept that the Indian should be a farmer; accordingly, tools, seeds, livestock, and farm implements were made available to him through treaties which took part of his land from him before the enactment of any general allotment of land.⁹

These early experiences with individual ownership were rather disheartening, for the tribes lost so much property to the whites when they were granted individual titles that even the more civilized tribes opposed the allotment of land. Nevertheless, reformers felt that unless tribal property was distributed to individual Indians there would be no advancement for the Indians. The continent was being spanned by the railroads, and the West was becoming more thickly populated by the emigrants from Europe. Thus, to hold his own and to compete with the whites on near equal terms it seemed to the reformers that the Indians must hold a patent to his own land and adopt the ways of the whites.¹⁰

The Secretary of the Interior, in 1867, exemplified this attitude when he said of the Indian:

He should be gradually won from the chase to a pastoral life, . . . A desire for . . . individual property will soon spring up, and should be gratified by (giving) to each adult a limited quantity of land for his exclusive use.¹¹

A few years later the Commissioner of Indian Affairs remarked:

It is doubtful whether any high degree of civilization is possible without ownership of land.¹²

Likewise, Secretary of the Interior Carl Schurz expressed the same view in 1881:

What we can and should do is . . . to fit the Indians, as much as possible, for the habits and occupations of civilized life, by work and education; to individualize them in the possession and appreciation of property, by allotting to them lands in severalty, giving a fee simple title individually to the parcels of land they cultivate. . . .¹³

By 1882 the arguments in favor of severalty (a holding by individual right) resulted in joint action by Eastern and Western legislators to force

acceptance of the policy. The Westerner saw in it a way whereby Indian reservation land would become open to him; the Easterner realized it was a way to initiate important reforms and that tribal holdings could be broken up if enough protection was offered.¹⁴

The next question was that of consent, which was not forthcoming. The average red man resisted the change so strongly that there was little hope of success if Americans insisted upon waiting for Indian consent. The desire to maintain tribal customs, fear of white settlers, and distrust of government officials were in good part responsible for the unpopularity among the Indians of individual land ownership.¹⁵ However, General Land Allotment Bills began to appear in Congress as early as 1879. These proposals reappeared almost annually until the passage of the Dawes Act in 1887, which provided for the allotment of land by the President, when, in his opinion, a reservation was suitable for agriculture and grazing purposes. According to this Act:

The land could not be alienated for a period of at least twenty five years. The period was to be longer if the President felt it was necessary.

It gave to the head of each family 160 acres of land with lesser amounts to those who were single or orphans.

The allotment of land was to be selected by the Indian within four years. If after four years he had failed to make a selection, the Secretary of the Interior could order some government official to make it for him.

If any surplus land remained, it would be purchased by the government. The money received from the sale of this land would be held in trust for the tribe concerned.¹⁶

The citizenship provision of the Dawes Act will be discussed later.

The Dawes Act brought about a fundamental change in the Indian policy of the United States. It broke up the communal system and helped destroy tribal organization. The Indian Reorganization Act of 1934, recognizing some of the problems resulting from this policy, encouraged the tribes to set up tribal governments and many of the tribes did so.

Long before 1887 reformers realized that determination of the proper legal status of the Indians was a necessary prerequisite to successful allotment of land. They realized that any weakening of tribal ties would lead to disaster unless some effort was made to regulate relations between the Indian land holders and their white neighbors. Still they insisted that it was in the best interest of Indian advancement to do away with tribal laws and customs.

What was the position of the American Indians before the law, prior to the passage of the Dawes Act? They could not enter into agreements with foreign countries. Their tribes, according to American Courts, constituted district political communities capable of managing their own internal affairs, and thus were not subject to American sovereignty, and they owed no

allegiance to the United States. Until 1871 we carried on all negotiations with them by treaty, and those who fought us in wars were not guilty of treason for they had belligerent status. They were, in general, not subject to our laws or within the jurisdiction of our courts. The Indian who committed a crime against another Indian within an Indian reservation was not indictable under our common law or statute.¹⁷

It is not quite true that all negotiations were carried out with the Indians by treaty, for it turned out for various reasons that the Indians succeeded rather poorly at making laws for and governing themselves. Thus, the United States prevented outsiders from trading freely with them, and it was felt that the government should know what they were doing—whether they were living up to their agreements with us or not—so agents were sent among them to deliver the goods and money we owed to them. These agents were sent also to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors or fire arms to the Indians. In short, we fully “regulated commerce” with them. Thus, we really interfered a great deal with their tribal governments, and as time went on, we realized that tribal government amounted to very little. Therefore, from time to time laws were passed to regulate their relations with their white neighbors while allowing each tribe to handle its internal affairs.¹⁸ Thus it can be seen there were two separate opinions concerning the status of the Indians. One group considered the Indians a separate nation, the other claimed they were not. It was almost impossible to define the legal status of the Indian.

Before the passage of the Dawes Act, George F. Canfield, a legal authority of the period, studied the constitution and the conditions of the Indians at the time of its adoption and came to the conclusion that the rights and privileges granted to the Americans and restrictions placed on Congress were not applicable to congressional dealings with the Indians. Thus, the Indians were not persons within the meaning of the Constitution. Therefore, the power of Congress over them was supreme and absolute.

If Congress then should grant a fee to a tribe or to an individual in severalty, would this have the effect of extending our laws over them? No, provided the tribe was still recognized as a distinct political community. But, if our laws and the jurisdiction of our courts were extended over them, the tribal organization would be destroyed and the tribe or individual would be amenable to the laws of the country, in his opinion.¹⁹ For various purposes at different times special legislation had been enacted applying to the Indian’s legal status. Also, two Supreme Court decisions (*The Kansas Indians*, 5 Wall. 737, and *The New York Indians*, 5 Wall. 761) had held that Indian lands could not be taxed.²⁰

Canfield summed up the legal position of the Indian at the time of his writing in this way:

Congress may prevent an Indian leaving it (*sic*) his reservation, and while he is on a reservation it may deprive him of his liberty, his property, his life; but as soon as an Indian has severed his tribal relation, or come to reside among us without severing his tribal relation, the supreme power of Congress over him ceases—he then becomes a person within the meaning of the Constitution, and under the protection of its restrictive clauses, and every executive officer and every legislative body in our country must respect his rights.²¹

The Indian on the reservation was not under the jurisdiction of the common law, for he was a member of a distinct political community. But the Indian living off the reservation was subject to the jurisdiction of the courts like any foreign national visiting in the United States as a person in the legal sense of the term.²² Thus, while he might by leaving the tribe acquire certain rights, he was not a citizen of the United States unless the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution made him one. But it did not, as we shall see.

The reformers were interested in extending our laws to the tribes and individuals on the reservation and were willing to accept this without full citizenship for the Indians. One of them, William Justin Harsha, writing in 1882, said:

We are far from advocating that they should immediately be endowed with full citizenship. They may have a part of this great privilege without the whole. The Indian should be admitted to the United States Courts, though for the time, or until he possessed statutory qualifications, be debarred from the full rights of citizenship.²³

Officials approached the problem of the Indians' legal position cautiously. But each year they stressed the need for the extension of civil and criminal jurisdiction over the Indians to the States and Territories. For several years the practice of extending legal principles to the Indians was carried on by the Indian agents whose duties involve many cases of judicial nature. To aid the agents in their attempt to maintain law and order on the reservations, Courts of Indian Offenses were established in 1883.²⁴

The case of Crow Dog, who killed Spotted Tail, a Brule Sioux Chief, stirred the demand for the extension of laws to cover crimes committed by an Indian against another Indian. Crow Dog was tried and convicted before the first district court of Dakota, sitting as a United States Court, which held it had jurisdiction under the treaty of 1868 and the agreement of 1877 with the Sioux Indians, notwithstanding the general provision of the statutes. The case went to the United States Supreme Court. The court held that the statutory exception was not repealed by the provision of the treaties, that the first district court of Dakota was without jurisdiction to find or try the defendant and the conviction and sentence were set aside,

and that Crow Dog's imprisonment was illegal.²⁵

The *Crow Dog* decision which was handed down in 1883 was not popular. Many felt that if our judicial system was good enough for the rest of the nation it was good enough for a few thousand Indians who were no more ignorant of the laws of the land than many who were subject to them.²⁶ This decision forced Congress to act, so that two years later Congress extended criminal jurisdiction over the Indians. Thus any crime committed by an Indian within the boundaries of a Territory or on a reservation within a State would be tried in Federal Courts.

This act was soon tested in the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of *United States v. Kagama*. The case involved a murder committed on the Hoopa Valley Indian Reservation in California by two Indians; the person murdered was also an Indian of said reservation. The case was decided in 1886. The Court ruled that the act was valid and constitutional in extending Federal jurisdiction over crimes committed by Indians in the Territories or on a reservation within a State.²⁷ This *United States v. Kagama* decision stimulated the reformers to increase their efforts to extend civil as well as criminal jurisdiction over the Indians. They pressed for this additional legislation. However, due to the opposition of many who felt the Indian was unprepared for such responsibilities, they agreed to limit law extension for a time to the most advanced Indians.

Since the Dawes Act, which was pending in Congress, provided that Indians undergoing a change should be carefully selected by the Government, a decision was made that Indians receiving allotments should also be answerable to civil law followed. Thus section six of the Dawes Act made it possible for the Indians to benefit from and be subject to the civil and criminal laws of the State or Territory in which they lived. Accordingly, it brought the Indians under the jurisdiction of State and Territorial Courts, for under the Act of 1885 the Indians were under the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States and not subject to state laws.²⁸

We now come to the question of his citizenship. Since the Indians were now subject to the laws of the United States, it was felt to be only just that they should be allowed full political rights. This was, however, of doubtful value, for Indians had many privileges which would be lost in any grant of citizenship. So, whether the Indians should become citizens or remain as a distinct group with certain rights and disabilities was a serious problem. It was a question widely debated from 1865 to the passage of the Dawes Act in 1887.

Some early treaties between the United States and various tribes provided for citizenship. In many of the treaties citizenship was made dependent upon acceptance of an allotment of land in severalty. The idea in this arrangement was that citizenship was incompatible with continued participation in tribal government or tribal property, free from State juris-

diction or control. Other treaties often required the submission of evidence of fitness for citizenship, and empowered some official to determine whether the applicant for citizenship met the requirement expressed in the treaty.²⁰

Indians were often made citizens by special statutes before and after the termination of the treaty making period. In some instances the tribe was dissolved and its lands distributed to the members of the tribe. Other statutes required adopting the habits of civilized life, becoming self-supporting and learning to read and speak the English language as conditions for citizenship.

These were the methods of acquiring citizenship for the red man prior to the Civil War and after the war, for that matter, for tribes or individuals. However, the idea of conferring citizenship on all of the Indians of the United States was not considered by many until 1866.²⁰

During the debate on the Civil Rights Act of 1866, the matter was discussed in Congress. One senator was asked if he intended to naturalize all Indians by his amendment which stated:

All persons born in the United States and not subject to any foreign power, are hereby declared to be citizens, without distinction of color.

He replied that it would only apply to those "who are domesticated and pay taxes and live in civilized society and not to those who retain their tribal membership." However, another senator felt this provision would make all the Indians citizens.²¹

After much debate of the subject, where opinions were expressed that the Indians born in the United States were citizens by right of birth; that they could only be citizens by becoming naturalized under the laws governing naturalization or by special statutes; or that they were citizens by leaving their tribe and adopting the habits of whites,²² the amendment was changed to read:

All persons born in the United States, excluding Indians not taxed, and not subject to any foreign power, shall be deemed citizens of the United States.²³

Replying to criticism of the amendment the senator said:

Does the Senator from Indiana want the wild roaming Indians not taxed, not subject to our authority, to be citizens of the United States—persons that are not to be counted in our Government? If he does not, let him not object to this amendment that brings in even only the Indian when he shall have cast off his wild habits and submitted to the laws of organized society and become a citizen.²⁴

The debate on this bill indicates that the Senators taking part in it felt

that it, as passed, admitted Indians who left their tribal relationship and became residents of a State or a Territory to full citizenship. President Johnson felt that it conferred citizenship on the Indians, for in his veto message he stated:

By the first section of this bill all persons born in the United States . . . excluding Indians not taxed, are declared to be citizens of the United States. This provision comprehends the . . . Indian subject to taxation . . . is, by the bill, made a citizen.³⁵

Section one of the Fourteenth Amendment provides:

All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside.

The Fourteenth Amendment was passed by the same Congress that had passed the Civil Rights Bill of 1866, in the debates concerning the amendment it was evident that many of the senators present as did many reformers felt the amendment granted citizenship to all Indians. Some senators felt that all the Indians in the United States, being born on our soil and in a sense under our jurisdiction, would become citizens under the first section of the amendment. Thus they sought without success to insert the phrase "excluding Indians not taxed" after the word "thereof."

Other senators held the view that the amendment did not include Indians because they had always been recognized as independent nations and communities and not subject completely to the jurisdiction of the United States; further, though born within our territorial limits, they owed allegiance to an Indian tribe, not to the United States Government.³⁶

Regardless of their opinion on the wording of the amendment, those forming the amendment seem to intend to include the Indians within the jurisdiction of the United States as citizens. One senator moved to have the words "excluding Indians not taxed" added to the amendment as previously mentioned, but was told:

It is only those who come completely under our jurisdiction, who are subject to our laws, that we think of making citizens and there can be no objection to the proposition that such persons should be citizens.³⁷

For a time after the passage of the Fourteenth Amendment reformers claimed that Indians had become citizens. If those most responsible for the Indians and some of their friends had not insisted that some training was necessary before the Indians would be prepared for citizenship, the Indians might well have been mentioned as citizens in the amendment.

After the fervor of the war period died down, extension of citizenship to the Indians was opposed by many. Commissioner of Indian Affairs Francis A. Walker declared advocates of citizenship as enemies of the race and impractical dreamers.

The Indians exercised many important privileges as a result of treaties made with and statutes enacted by the United States. Many felt the whites pressing for citizenship for the red man were in reality working to remove the barriers that prevent them from taking Indian land. For if they were citizens, the protections guaranteed them in treaties and statutes would be removed. The evils of premature citizenship were in evidence in different sections of the land, for the Indians were soon made paupers as a result of selling their land for practically nothing. Accordingly, they were left with little or no way to make a living as they were untrained to work.³⁸

The experiences of the United States with the freed Negroes influenced the friends of the Indians and made them aware of the difficulties in granting political rights prematurely. The consequences of granting suffrage to the Indians made some reformers hesitate. Yet many continued to press for citizenship.³⁹ However, they tied their proposal for citizenship to the idea of individual land ownership and equal rights before the courts of the land. Thus, an Indian was to become citizen only after he owned his land and was amenable to the laws of the land.

Yet there still remained some doubt as to whether an Indian was or could become a citizen under the Fourteenth Amendment. Representative Benjamin F. Butler in 1869 declared in a debate over Indian treaties that "by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, they become citizens, not with political power, but with civil rights; not with political rights to any and every extent, but yet they become citizens of the United States."⁴⁰ Still doubt remained in Congress as to the effect of the amendment on Indian citizenship, so that in 1870 the Senate instructed its Judiciary Committee to decide if the Indians were made citizens by the Fourteenth Amendment.

The Committee concluded that the Indians were not made citizens by the amendment. But they ended their report with the following words: "That when the members of a tribe are scattered, they are merged in the mass of our people, and become equal subject to the jurisdiction of the United States."⁴¹ The committee opinion did not meet with universal assent although it was generally accepted and sustained by the courts.⁴² While many reformers continued to insist that separation from the tribe should not be necessary, this idea won overwhelming support in the 1870's. By the early 1880's most Americans believed that all Indians were citizens or that they could become so by leaving their tribes.⁴³

In *McKay v. Campbell* (2 Sawyer 118) a district court judge in Oregon held that an Indian could not become a citizen by separating from the tribe.

He held that since the tribes were independent political communities, a child of a member thereof did not become a citizen by being born within the limits of the United States because he was not born subject to its jurisdiction. Thus the Fourteenth Amendment did not cover the Indians for they were not born subject to the jurisdiction of the United States.⁴⁴

Thus, two separate opinions were held regarding an Indian becoming a citizen by leaving his tribe and adopting the ways of the white man. This problem could have been settled if Congress had defined the position of the red man. Citizenship measures were introduced annually following 1873, but without success.⁴⁵

The increased interest in Indian affairs marking the late 1870's and early 1880's was due in some respect to the troubles with the Plains Indians. In 1881 a bill was proposed to extend full citizenship to Indians accepting allotments under a severalty bill that had been introduced. This was rejected because it did not offer adequate protection even if the grants were made inalienable.⁴⁶

Carl Schurz reflected the view of many in the early 1880's by saying, "Full citizenship must be regarded as the terminal, not as the initial, point of their development. The first necessity therefore, is not at once to give it to them, but to fit them for it." He then stated the factors needed for absorption of the Indians into American citizenship were that they should be taught to work; that they should be educated, and that they be granted land in severalty with a fee simple title. He also pointed out that those advocating citizenship thought the Indians wanted it and said, "No mistake could be greater. An overwhelming majority of the Indians look at present upon American citizenship as a dangerous gift."⁴⁷

In the case of *Elk v. Wilkins* decided in 1884 the problem of citizenship was brought to a head. John Elk, a non-reservation Indian, was refused the right to vote in a local election in Omaha, Nebraska. Statements that the plaintiff had separated from his tribe and was therefore under the jurisdiction of the United States were accepted by the Court. However, claims that he became a citizen with the right to vote by this action were denied by a majority of the court, who held:

An Indian, born a member of one of the Indian tribes within the United States, which still exists and is recognized as a Tribe by the Government of the United States, who has voluntarily separated himself from his Tribe, and taken up his residence among the white citizens of a State, but who has not been naturalized or taxed or recognized as a citizen, either by the United States or by the State, is not a citizen of the United States within the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment.⁴⁸

This decision changed congressional thinking on Indian rights when congressmen realized Indians could not gain privileges by leaving their

tribes. Most legislatures had felt that Indians could become citizens by placing themselves under United States jurisdiction. As the decision upheld the right of Congress to grant citizenship to the Indians, prompt legislative action seemed the best way of providing for Indians who were neither tribal members or citizens.

In view of the above decision a bill was introduced in Congress declaring every Indian born within the territorial limits of the United States who had voluntarily taken up residence within said limits, separated from his tribe, and adopted the habits of civilized life was a citizen. This bill met with objections from some who felt the Indians should be made citizens, but only after they were ready for it, and that this should be a gradual process. They should be able to adapt themselves to civilized life; to read and speak English; to understand the laws of the land; etc. Or they should be required to appear in court and prove themselves to be as qualified as other aliens.⁴⁹

The change that took place in the thinking of the reformers for immediate citizenship can be seen by reading the Annual Reports of the Lake Mohonk Conferences from 1883 through 1886. Much criticism was offered in the annual report for 1883;⁵⁰ on granting immediate citizenship, however, the report of 1886 stated:

It is our conviction that the duties of citizenship are of such a nature that they can only be learned by example and practice; and we believe that quicker and surer progress in industry, education, and morality will be secured by giving citizenship first, than by making citizenship dependent upon the attainment of any standard of education and conduct.⁵¹

Thus the reformers' major concern became how fast they could make the Indian a citizen. The Indians would have been denied any special protection if many of the reformers had had their way. Senator Dawes considered liberty and law more important than protection, and he insisted that the Indians should be prepared for citizenship and that legal responsibilities should not be imposed on the red men unless they were ready to bear them. He hoped to limit citizenship to Indians receiving allotments under his severalty act, for their land could not be taken from them for twenty-five years. Any chance that political privileges would be confined to selected Indians was defeated when it was decided all Indians would be citizens whether they received their plots by treaty, voluntary action, or under the Dawes Act. Only in the case of reservation Indians was citizenship postponed.⁵²

Section Six of the Dawes Act states:

And every Indian born within the territorial limits of the United States whom allotments shall have been made under the provisions of this act, or under any law or treaty, and every Indian born within the territorial limits of the

United States who has voluntarily taken up, within said limits, his residence separate and apart from any tribe of Indians therein, and has adopted the habits of civilized life, is hereby declared to be a citizen of the United States . . . without in any manner impairing or otherwise affecting the right of any such Indian to tribal or other property.⁵³

Not everyone was satisfied. Many reformers wanted every Indian made a citizen. Senator Dawes felt too many were included who were unprepared for citizenship. The campaign for immediate citizenship did not cease with the passage of the Dawes Act. But this is another story. To the friends of the Indians located mainly in the eastern section of the United States and to sympathetic Congressmen belong the thanks for making it possible for the Indian to become a citizen, for the protection of his personal rights in the courts of the land, and for granting to each individual Indian the right to own land of his own.

FOOTNOTES

- ¹Loren Benson Priest, *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren* (New Brunswick, Rutgers University Press, 1942), p. 174. This book is an excellent introduction to the problems of Indian Citizenship.
- ²*Ibid.*, p. 57.
- ³*Ibid.*, p. 60.
- ⁴Francis E. Leupp, *The Indian and His Problem* (New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910), p. 107.
- ⁵Amelia S. Quinton, *Proceedings of the Third Annual Lake Mohonk Conference of Friends of the Indian* (Philadelphia, Sherman and Co., Oct. 7-9, 1885), p. 46.
- ⁶"Something about the Indian Rights Association," *Indian Rights Association Report No. 65* (Philadelphia, Sep., 1903), pp. 1, 6.
- ⁷Albert K. Smiley, *Lake Mohonk 1885*, p. 1; Priest, *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren*, pp. 83, 85.
- ⁸*Annual Report of the Board of Indian Commissioners* (Washington, Government Printing Office, 1879), p. 5. Hereafter cited *Board*. 1883, p. 39; *Lake Mohonk 1885*, pp. 48-50.
- ⁹Leupp, *Indian Problem*, pp. 23-24.
- ¹⁰Priest, *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren*, pp. 177-178.
- ¹¹Priest, *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren*, pp. 177-178.
- ¹²Quoted in Introduction, *Commissioner of Indian Affairs Annual Report* (Washington, Government Printing office, 1867). Hereafter cited *Commissioner*.
- ¹³*Commissioner 1876*, pp. VI, IX.
- ¹⁴Carl Schurz, "Present Aspects of the Indian Problem," *North American Review*, CXXXIII: 1-24 (July, 1881), pp. 6-7.
- ¹⁵Priest, *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren*, pp. 188-193.
- ¹⁶*Commissioner 1874*, p. 254; 1875, p. 251.
- ¹⁷Laurence F. Schmeckebier, *The Office of Indian Affairs* (Baltimore, Md., Johns Hopkins University Press, 1927), pp. 79-80.
- ¹⁸George F. Canfield, "The Legal Position of the Indian," *American Law Review*, 15: 21-37 (Jan., 1881), p. 22.
- ¹⁹James Bradley Thayer, "A People without Law," *Atlantic Monthly*, LXVIII: 540-551, 678-687 (Oct.-Nov., 1891), p. 541.
- ²⁰*Ibid.*, p. 32.
- ²¹*Ibid.*, p. 34.
- ²²William Justin Harsha, "Law for the Indians," *North American Review*, CXXXIV: 272-292 (1882), p. 278.
- ²³*Commissioner 1879*, p. 2; 1882, pp. XVIII, XII; 1883, p. X-XI; 1885, p. XXI and Schurz, "Present Aspects," pp. 8-9.
- ²⁴*Commissioner, 1884*, p. XIV, and *Ex Parte Crow Dog*, 109 United States Reports 556.
- ²⁵*Board*, 1884, pp. 6-7 and Priest, *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren*, p. 202.
- ²⁶*United States v. Kagama*, 118 U. S. Reports 375.
- ²⁷Priest, *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren*, pp. 202-203.
- ²⁸United States Department of the Interior, Office of the Solicitor, *Federal Indian Law* (Washington, Government Printing Office, 1958), p. 517.

- ²⁰C. M. Lambertson, "Indian Citizenship," *American Law Review*, XX: 183-193 (1886), p. 192.
- ²¹*Congressional Globe*, 39 Congress, 1 Session, vol. 36, pp. 497-498.
- ²²*Ibid.*, pp. 498-506, 525.
- ²³*Ibid.*, p. 527.
- ²⁴*Ibid.*, p. 528.
- ²⁵Quoted in *Elk v. Wilkins*, 112 U. S. Reports 114.
- ²⁶*Congressional Globe*, 39 Congress, 1 Session, vol. 36, pp. 2890, 2898.
- ²⁷*Ibid.*, pp. 2890-2894.
- ²⁸Francis A. Walker, *The Indian Question* (Boston, James R. Osgood and Co., 1874), p. 97; Commissioner 1878, p. IX; Priest, *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren*, pp. 174, 208-209.
- ²⁹Priest, *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren*, pp. 174-176.
- ³⁰*Congressional Globe*, 41 Congress, 1 Session, p. 560.
- ³¹Matt H. Carpenter (41 Congress, 3 Session, Senate Report No. 268, Washington, Government Printing Office, 1870), p. 1.
- ³²Lambertson, "Indian Citizenship," p. 184.
- ³³Priest, *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren*, p. 204.
- ³⁴16 Federal Cases 161.
- ³⁵Priest, *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren*, p. 205.
- ³⁶*Congressional Record*, 46 Congress, 3 Session, pp. 873-882, 904-912, 933-943.
- ³⁷Schurz, "Present Aspects," pp. 7-8.
- ³⁸*Elk v. Wilkins*, 112 U. S. Reports 94.
- ³⁹*Commissioners Report 1885*, pp. VII-VIII, and Lambertson, "Indian Citizenship," pp. 186-193.
- ⁴⁰Priest, *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren*, p. 209, and *Board 1883*, *passim*.
- ⁴¹*Board 1883*, p. 4.
- ⁴²Priest, *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren*, p. 211.
- ⁴³Charles J. Kappler (Compiler and Editor), *Indian Affairs—Laws and Treaties* (2 vols., 57 Congress, 1 Session, Senate Document No. 452, Washington, Government Printing Office, 1868), I, p. 13.

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MORE ABOUT THE INDIANS

In connection with Del Bishop's informative article about the Indians the following statistics may be of interest: There are supposedly some 650,000 Indians in the United States at present. 450,000 of these live on or near the 282 reservations plus 38 other locations in twenty-five of our states. The rest, numbering about 200,000, live in urban centers, for the most part. Regardless of the past, the Indian is by no means the "vanishing American" in recent decades. In 1950 there were 357,499 Indians in the United States; in 1960 this had risen markedly to 523,591; and at present, as mentioned above, to 650,000, nearly *double* the number in 1950.

This number may be compared with an estimated 840,000 in what is now the United States in 1492, and 243,000 around 1900. There are relatively few in Colorado, about 6,800 at present, compared with 4,288 in 1960, and 1,567 in 1950.

Quite evidently, at the present rate of increase there will be as many in the next decade or so as there were in 1492. This is by no means impossible, for the Indian birth rate is about double that of the national rate, and the life expectancy of a new born Indian baby is now 63.8 years compared with 70.2 years for the total population.

A FAKE THAT ROCKED THE WORLD

by Harry Lee Wilber

One modest but highly inventive newspaper man forty years ago in a mining camp in Nevada, started a commotion of international and incalculable significance. Through a sheer journalistic stunt, wholly innocent in its intent, he started the Boxer Rebellion in China!

In 1899 the newspapers of Denver, Colorado, were: the *Republican*, the *Denver Times*, the *Denver Post* and the *Rocky Mountain News*. On a bleak Saturday night a reporter from each of these papers was assigned to cover the hotels on lower Seventeenth Street and the depot. The four men — Al Stevens, Jack Tournay, John Lewis and Hal Wilshire — happened to meet at the depot at practically the same time. In ~~some~~ order they confessed to one another that they were hard up for news for the Sunday morning edition. Suddenly Stevens spoke up:

"You guys can do what you want, but I'm going to take. I won't go back to the city desk on a pinch-hitting night like this without a line." And then, as an after-thought, "It won't hurt anybody, so don't get sore." The other three men asked to be taken in, which Stevens promptly agreed to.

So the four walked up Seventeenth Street to the Oxford Hotel, where they had a drink. It was about 10 o'clock. While waiting for their beers, Lewis, who was called "King" because he was tall, dignified and wore horn-rimmed glasses, leaned forward: "Why four weak fakes? If we're going to slip one over, why not make it a good one sponsored by all of us?"

At once they began scratching for a good one. If memory is not at fault, it was Wilshire who made the initial suggestion, to wit:

Five steel men, representing an independent organization in Wall Street, had arrived only a few hours before. Their purpose was to acquire a large area of ground for the erection of steel mills in competition with the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company.

This hunch was received frigidly. The story could not be followed up and the public would be suspicious.

Stevens suggested a kidnapping story: three detectives from New York or Boston were in Denver on the trail of two kidnappers who had secretly made off with a rich débutante. This was too fantastic. The Boston police would pick that bubble within an hour.

Finally Tournay and Lewis said that a big story with a "foreign" punch might get over, owing to the difficulty of contradiction. A foreign angle! Russia? Hardly, for none knew much about that country. Germany looked better. Then there was Spain. Maybe a tale with a bullring back-

ground. Holland with her great dikes and windmills loomed as a possibility. The group was about to adopt a Dutch setting when Japan thrust itself into the picture, to be followed like a flash, with the one word: *China*. But why that land, almost dead and buried, with her antique business methods and utter lack of progress?

Lewis exclaimed, "What's the matter with the great Chinese wall? That sacred pile hasn't been in the news for ages. Why not a story around it?"

The idea fascinated. Lewis continued: "Let's tear it down!"

Tear it down! While at first blush the scheme promised intense interest, the thought of razing it appalled. Eventually, however, it was decided upon as a solution for front-page news on the morrow. Only one of the group was opposed. He was afraid of repercussions. Time proved his wisdom.

Here was the story: a party of engineers from a Wall Street firm had arrived in Denver en route to China. They planned to inspect the Great Wall with a view to its eventual demolition at a minimum of cost. Their company had negotiated with the ruling power in China, which had decided to level the entire ancient boundary as a gesture of good will, and to show the world that China welcomed trade.

It was 11 o'clock at night, and the newspaper men had to hurry. They had another round of beer.

The next step was to "register" the "engineers" so they could be "interviewed." So to the Windsor Hotel, swanky in those days, the reporters repaired and, after enlisting the secrecy of the night clerk, each signed a fictitious name. The clerk promised, if cornered the next day, to declare the "visitors" had not confided in him, but had talked to the "press," had paid their bills, and left early the next morning for the West.

The Windsor records, if preserved, will show these names.

Then back to the Oxford went the four journalists for a last drink and to draw up a secret agreement that each would stand pat on the story and maintain absolute secrecy as to its falsity "during their lifetime." That proviso, unfortunately, doesn't hold any more.

Wilshire presented himself before one of the greatest of all city desk men, John Charles Mason, curt in speech, merciless in criticism, hard as a rock, but fair, to his men. He outlined the "story" with as straight a face as he could maintain. Mason's eyes glittered. "Exclusive?" he asked quickly. Wilshire sorrowfully admitted that the story was too big not to have found its way into the hands of reporters on the three other competing papers.

"Well," Mason snapped, "stay within a column for page one. Rush it!"

Page one the following morning was dominated by this revelation:

GREAT CHINESE
WALL IS DOOMED;
PEKING TO SEEK
WORLD'S TRADE!

In equally arresting fashion, the other sheets blazoned the yarn, the writers of which, of course, although differing a bit on minor details, had recorded faithfully the main theme. The *Post* used red ink.

Two weeks later, Lewis asked Wilshire to meet him at a secret rendezvous where he cautiously displayed a copy of the Sunday edition of a large Eastern newspaper, in the supplement of which was printed the Great Wall story with illustrations of the pile itself, the mikado, etc. And not only this, but the paper quoted a Chinese mandarin visiting in New York who confirmed the report!

Destruction of the wall was of such international interest that the story was cabled across seas without comment or verification. When it reached China it incensed the "Boxers" so that they started the Boxer "Rebellion." This is how it happened.

Things about this time were sizzling in China. Russia had secured the right to extend her trans-Siberian railroad through Manchuria. She already had secured Port Arthur. Roused by her rival, England demanded and obtained Wai-hei-wai on the opposite side of the gulf to enable her to check Russian movements. Germany already had seized Kiau Chau, and France had begun to occupy Indo-China. It began to look as if China were doomed to partition.

A secret society called the "Boxers" had sprung up, its object being to drive out the hated foreigners. At first they really did very little damage, compared to the holy work of the later bands, but when they read in their newspapers of the American plan to demolish the Chinese Wall they became infuriated, and soon the world was shocked to read that the "western Barbarians," missionaries and others, had been massacred by the hundreds, and foreign embassies in Peking besieged. Emperor Kwang-Su and his Empress fled. Alarm spread. Twelve thousand British, French, Russian, Japanese and American troops marched on Peking. Eventually the capital was taken and the residents rescued. The Boxer "Rebellion" did not cover many years but its slaughter, mainly by the "rescuers," was terrible.

Several years passed. Bishop Henry W. Warren of the Methodist Episcopal church returned to the United States from an extended tour of observation throughout China. One Sunday evening he was advertised to deliver a lecture on conditions in the Orient at the Trinity M. E. Church, Eighteenth and Broadway, in Denver. Wilshire was assigned to report the missionary's view of China.

"You may not realize, friends," said the learned Bishop, during his introductory remarks, "the power of the printed word. Bad news and false

news pick up added fuel and eventually blaze devastatingly . . .”

Nothing yet of interest here. Then—

“As an example of the havoc that can be wrought, take the ‘Boxer Rebellion.’ The spark that set off the tinder in that terrible war was struck in a town in Western Kansas or Nebraska (it was Colorado) by three (four, you will remember) reporters who concocted and printed a wild yarn, for what reason I have never been able to find out, that the huge sacred Chinese Wall was to be razed by American engineers, and the country thrown wide open to hated foreigners.”

In a rear pew, Wilshire almost fell from his seat as he listened:

“This pure canard reached China and the newspapers there published it with shouting headlines and editorial comment. Denial did no good. The Boxers, already incensed, believed the yarn and there was no stopping them. It was the last straw and hell broke loose to the horror of the world. All this from a sensational but untrue story.”

Thus was history made. I often wonder how much more of it is made in the same way.

The article printed above originally appeared in *The North American Review*, Vol. 247, 1939, pp. 21-26. This notable periodical ceased publication shortly thereafter, and the copyright ran out many years ago. A subtitle to the article states: “An Authentic Story of Four Reporters Who Had to *Make News*.” Don Bloch suggested that it be reprinted in the ROUND-UP since it deals with an interesting episode of Denver’s newspaper history. The reference in the conclusion of the article to Bishop Warren’s mention of it as “the spark that set off the tinder” in the Boxer uprising adds verisimilitude. True enough, Bishop Henry White Warren *was* the bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Denver (until 1912); he had traveled in the Orient, including China; and he doubtless lectured about the Orient in numerous churches, Denver’s Trinity among them. But when he stated that the newspaper account of the threatened destruction of the Great Wall was the spark that started the Boxer uprising he was guilty of homiletical exaggeration, the ministerial equivalent of poetic license.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY CHARLES RUSSELL

Charles Russell, born in St. Louis in 1864, came West to Montana Territory in his teens, and so loved this country and Montana that he never forsook it, but spent his life in and around the area of Great Falls. He wrote his own autobiography for a Butte newspaper in 1903; it was published early the following year.

I was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1865 (Nancy corrected this later to read 1864, which is accurate—author's note) and came to Montana 23 years ago next month coming by way of the Utah Northern and stage to Helena, where Pike Miller, the man I came with, outfitted, buying a wagon, and four horses. We pulled out for the Judith Basin, where he had a sheep ranch.

I did not stay with Miller long, as the sheep and I did not get along at all well, so we split up and I don't think Pike missed me much, as I was considered pretty ornery. I soon took up with a hunter and trapper, Jake Hoover. This life suited me. We had six horses, a saddle horse apiece and pack animals. Two of them belonged to me. One of these, a pinto I bought in 1881, is at this minute eating hay in my corral. He has a good stable but seems to prefer being outside, so I turn him loose. He has his choice.

He is not worth much now, but I don't think he owes me anything. We were kids together. I have ridden and packed him thousands of miles. We have always been together. People who know me know him. We don't exactly talk, but we sure savvy one another.

Well, I lived with Jake about two years. In 1882 I returned to St. Louis and stayed about four weeks, bringing back a cousin of mine, Jim Fulkerson, who died of mountain fever at Billings two weeks after we arrived.

When I pulled out, I had four bits in my pockets and 200 miles between me and Hoover. Things looked mighty rocky. There was still quite a little snow, as it was early in April, but after riding about 15 miles I struck a cow outfit coming in to receive 1,000 dogies for the 12, Z and V outfit up in the basin.

The boss, John Cabler, hired me to night wrangle horses. We were about a month on the trail and turned loose on Ross Fork, where we met the Judith roundup. They had just fired their night herder and Cabler gave me a good recommendation, so I took the herd.

It was a lucky thing no one knew me or I'd never got the job. Old man True was asking who I was. Ed Older said: 'I think it's Kid Russell.'

JACK DEMPSEY AND CHARLES RUSSELL



NEAR GREAT FALLS, MONTANA, JULY 4, 1923

Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

'Who's Kid Russell?'

'Why,' says Ed, 'it's that kid that drawed S. S. Hobson's ranch.'

'Well,' says True, 'if that's that buckskin kid, 'Y'm betting we'll be afoot in the morning.' So you see what kind of rep I had. I was considered worthless and was spoken of as 'that ornery Kid Russell,' but not among cowmen.

I held their bunch and at that time they had 300 saddle horses. That same fall old True hired me to night herd his beef, and for 11 years I sung to their horses and cattle.

In 1888 I went to the northwest territory and stayed about six months with the Blood Indians. In the spring of 1889 I went back to the Judith, taking my old place wrangling. The captain was Horis Bruster (Horace Brewster), the same man who hired me in 1882 on Ross fork.

The Judith country was getting pretty well settled and sheep had the range, so the cowmen decided to move. All that summer and the next we trailed the cattle north to Milk River. In the fall of 1891 I received a letter from Charley Green, better known as "Pretty Charley," a bartender who was in Great Falls, saying that if I would come to that camp I could make \$74 a month and grub. It looked good, so I saddled my gray and packed Monty, my pinto, and pulled my freight for said burg.

When I arrived I was introduced to Mr. G., (Nancy later changed this to Mr. K.) who pulled a contract as long as a stake rope for me to sign. Everything I drew, modeled or painted was to be his, and it was for a year. I balked. Then he wanted me to paint from 6 in the morning till 6 at night, but I argued that there was some difference in painting and sawing wood, so we split up and I went to work for myself.

I put in with a bunch of cowpunchers, a roundup cook and a prize fighter out of work and we rented a two-by-four on the south side, but we wintered. Next spring I went back to Milk River and once more took to the range. In the fall I returned to Great Falls, took up the paint brush and have never 'sung to them' since.

I went to Cascade in the fall of 1895 and was married to Nancy Cooper in 1896. She took me for better or worse, and I will leave it to her which she got. We moved to Great Falls in 1897 and have lived there ever since.

Several papers have given me writeups, and though they were very kind and gave me much flattery, in many ways they were incorrect, so I have written you a few facts.—Yours sincerely, C. M. Russell.

(Provided by Fred Mazzulla)

New Hands on the Denver Range

Aaron W. Cohen,
c/o Guidon Books,
83 W. Main Street,
Scottsdale, Arizona 85251

Aaron L. Cohen also belongs to the Westerners of Phoenix, Los Angeles, and Chicago. He is especially interested in Western art and in Custer.

M. Wayne Bennett,
1357 Williams St., Apt. 104,
Denver, Colorado 80218

His interests are widespread: Colorado and Denver history and Western "characters" (personalities).

Harold Hedtke,
77 So. Ogden St., #303,
Denver, Colorado 80209

This new member learned about the Westerners through William Baker, Kenneth Gaunt, and Richard Johnston. He grew up in south Texas in the neighborhood of the battlegrounds of the Texas War for Independence in 1836. He is interested in ghost towns, Plains Indians, and narrow gauge railroads.

Duane Vandebusch,
c/o Western State College,
Gunnison, Colorado 81230

Duane Vandebusch, who became acquainted with the Westerners thru Fred Rosenstock, combines teaching history at Western State College with sportscasting. A number of his articles about the West have been published in *Colorado Magazine* and in *Golden Bell*.

Robert Black III,
300 Lafayette St.,
Denver, Colorado 80218

Dr. Black, who was introduced to

the Westerners by Ralph Danielson, teaches history at Temple Buell College. He has written a number of books, including *Island in the Rockies: The History of Grand County, Colorado*, reviewed by F. A. Ronzio in the February, 1970, issue of ROUNDUP.

Glenn G. Saunders,
240 So. Clermont St.,
Denver, Colorado 80222

For forty years an attorney for the Water Board, Glenn Saunders became acquainted with the Westerners thru another attorney, Fred Mazzulla. He has, quite understandably, written articles on water law. A major interest is the continuing development of Western water resources.

Victor White, Miller,
Cotopaxi, Colorado 81223

Victor Miller is one of many who learned about the Westerners through Fred Mazzulla. He homesteaded fifteen miles north of Cotopaxi in 1921, and now has a ranch of some 3,000 acres. He has written numerous articles about the West. He hunts, fishes, spe-lunks, and prospects, and also looks for Indian artifacts and for rocks.

Rev. Frank S. Mead,
6 McKinley St.,
Nutley, N. J. 07110

This new member was introduced to the Westerners by Mrs. Mary E. Ross. He enjoys golf and good books about the West. He himself has written some fifteen books, but he does not give any of the titles in his application.



Westerner's Bookshelf

THE CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH DIARY OF A GERMAN SAILOR, by Adolphus Windeler, ed. by W. Turrentine Jackson, Howell-North Books, Berkeley, 1969, 234 pp., numerous sketches by Carl Friederich Christendorff, index, \$7.50.

In December, 1849, a young German sailor, Adolphus Windeler, and his friend, Carl Friederich Christendorff, having completed a trip around the Horn from Boston, left their ship in San Francisco to seek their fortunes in the gold fields of northern California. For the next three years Windeler kept a detailed diary of his day-to-day activities, which eventually, along with Christendorff's sketches, became the possession of Yale University. This book is a verbatim reprint of that three year record.

The diary itself, while not recording any major historical event or personalities, does provide a unique insight into the difficult, if not impoverished, life of a 49'er.

Windeler was an exacting recorder, noting such things as the weather, cost of food, size of the prospect hole, activity in camp, etc. There seems to be little of his everyday activities that he didn't put down for posterity.

The quaint spelling and abbreviations maintained in the reprint, add to the authenticity of the publication, but tend to distract and occasionally confuse the reader. However, Dr. Jackson has done a monumental job of research, and his abundance of footnotes clarify the text substantially. Unfortunately, the publisher has seen fit to group these notes at the end of the

book, and the poor reader occasionally finds himself spending most of his reading time turning pages.

The book contains about fifty reprints of Christendorff's sketches, and while pertaining to the text, they are very primitive, difficult to reproduce in a publication of this size (6½ x 9½), and for the most part relatively uninteresting.

For the student of California history, and particularly the student of the 49'er, this publication provides excellent source material and is a library must. However, *The California Gold Rush Diary of a German Sailor* is definitely not recommended reading for the Western buff seeking "action" except perhaps as a cure for insomnia.

Byron Hooper

LOST HERITAGE, by Henry Savage, Jr., William Morrow & Co., Inc., New York, 1970, 329 pp., index, \$10.00.

Lost Heritage presents the lives of seven pre-Audubon naturalists in North America based on their diaries and the writings of others. It also has a last chapter titled "Man and Nature" which everyone should read.

The book is well done considering the not-too-easy subject matter and should be read by every historian interested in natural history and by every American naturalist interested in the history of his chosen field. It is well researched and well documented. In spite of the fact that it could have been dull reading, the author has selected the best part of the lives of these men and presented it in a very interesting and

easy-readable manner. Naturally, there are many unknowns due to parts of their diaries being lost or just never being written. Once the reader is finished with the book, he feels he is well acquainted with these seven men. While a knowledge of botany is not necessary to appreciate this book, a course in high school botany or knowledge of same would be helpful. The book definitely gives the reader a full appreciation of what this country was like in the early days of its settlement, and one can see it clearly through the eyes of these seven men; John Lawson, Mark Catesby, John and William Bartram, André and François André Michaux, and Alexander Wilson.

It is a deeply satisfying and thought-provoking story, telling us in very plain language what we have lost and what we must do, not so much as to regain, but to retain what we have left, and how to live with it in the proper manner. I would recommend it as a "must" for those interested in the ecology of our world today and all those interested in life itself.

Roy E. Coy, P.M.

STAGECOACH WEST TO KANSAS: TRUE STORIES OF THE WESTERN PLAINS, by Mary Einsel, Pruett Publishing Co., 1970, 108 pp., 28 photographs, two maps, cloth, \$4.95; paper, \$2.50.

This is a brief, but meaty, account of some highlights of Kansas history. It contains only 108 pages, but all of them well packed. Individual chapters such as "Forts on the Santa Fe Trail," "Riding Herd on the Chisholm Trail," and "Driving the Frontier to Market", are sufficiently informative to make one want more, and should send you searching for other sources.

It tells of the transition from empty plains (that is, empty of whites) into countless miles of cultivated land. The jump from virgin stretches of land to well-cultivated homesteads was a quicker one by far, than in almost any other area of this country, or, for that matter, outside its boundaries. The turmoil precipitated by pro- and anti-slavery forces makes particularly good reading. There may not, literally, be anything higher than foothills in Kansas, but her history is full of mountainous peaks.

Henry A. Clamse

WITH A CAMERA IN OLD NAVA-HOLLAND, by Earle R. Forrest. Foreword by Katharine Bartlett. University of Oklahoma Press, 1969, pp. xvii + 274. 127 photographs. \$5.95.

The white man with the camera was showing some young Navahos how his camera worked, one day in 1902, on the reservation in New Mexico. The Indians were fascinated when the photographer let them put their heads under the black cloth and look at the image, on the ground glass finder, of the man whose picture he had just taken. The man appeared upside down, as was the way with cameras then. A young Indian girl came along at that moment, and the Navahos excitedly asked the photographer to get her to pose. He did so, and the Indians peered at her through the camera, then shook their heads in disappointment. They had thought her skirts would tumble over her head while she was upside down.

This is one of many anecdotes in Earle Forrest's book about his adventures on the Navaho and on the Southern Ute reservation, Colorado, in the early 1900s, when the author was in his late teens and was working as a cow-

hand on a ranch near Dolores, Colo. He had a 4x5 Tel-Photo Poco camera which he had strapped to his saddle horn. From photographing Indians at trading posts near the ranch, he advanced to the point of making excursions deep into Indian country, photographing as he went. The resultant book is an interesting narrative of his experiences and a generous serving of pictures which for the most part are excellent and, according to the publisher, not previously published.

Importantly, Mr. Forrest documented his photographs, as to time, place, and individuals, which too few western photographers did. Many of his plates are in the archives of the Museum of Northern Arizona, Flagstaff, where they will reward researchers on Navaho and Ute costumes, dwellings, arms, arts and crafts. What Mr. Forrest learned about Indian ways he tells in everyday English without other adornment than the simple charm that emanates from his warm interest in his subjects and his desire to communicate his knowledge to others. People will be enjoying his book for a long time to come.

Maurice Frink, R.M.

THE COSTANSO NARRATIVE OF THE PORTOLA EXPEDITION, translated with an introduction and bibliography by Ray Brandes, Hogarth Press, Newhall, Calif., 1970, 112 pp., \$15.00.

Spain had occupied Pimeria Alta (southern Arizona) and Lower California by the end of the seventeenth century, and she had long talked of advancing her settlements to Alta California. But there was a vast desert to cross and Charles III had more pressing tasks in other corners of the hemisphere. So California waited until an emer-

gency arose.

That emergency came when Russia threatened to extend her settlements from Alaska down the Pacific Coast. Charles III was not a man who temporized. He ordered the occupancy of Alta California. The task of organizing the expedition fell to visitador general Jose de Galvez. It was designed to establish garrisons at San Diego and Monterey, and to plant missions and convert the natives. The command was entrusted to Governor Portala of Lower California and the missionary work to Father Junipero Serra, president of the California missions. The enterprise was carried out in 1769 by joint land and sea expeditions. At last the long talked of ports of San Diego and Monterey were occupied and the Bay of San Francisco discovered.

The *narrative* reproduced here was written by Miguel Costanso, engineer and cosmographer, who accompanied the expedition. He also became its diarist, and reported succinctly and for the first time, within the pages of a single document, the founding of Alta California. The Costanso Narrative is much more, however, for it relates concisely the events which led up to Spain's decision to occupy Alta California. Costanso was a man of broad intellectual background. He was intensely perceptive and had the capacity to view the broad spectrum of events and give those events meaning.

There have been several previous translations of this narrative, but Dr. Brandes, who is Chairman of the Department of History at the University of San Diego and a specialist in the field of Spanish Borderlands history, has brought a clarity and a meaning to his translation which preserves most nearly the flavor of the original.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
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O. W. DAGGETT AND
THE HOLY CROSS TRAIL
by
Robert L. Brown



PRESENTATION OF A SHIP'S STEERING WHEEL



Dr. Wm. Baker—Sheriff Mumey—Ex-Sheriff Brown
From collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Most of the readers of the ROUNDUP do not need to have Ex-Sheriff Robert L. Brown, author of the article about Daggett, introduced to them. He was born and reared in Maine. During World War II he was an aerial photographer with the Fifteenth Air Force, serving in Europe. He married Evelyn McCall, of Brighton. They have two children, Diana (Mrs. Steven Baker), and Marshall. Bob has both a Bachelor's and Master's degree from the University of Denver. He has been a teacher with the Denver Public Schools for many years; currently he teaches history at the Abraham Lincoln High School. He also has taught at the University of Denver, Regis College, and the University of Colorado. His vital interest in Western history, shared by his family, is well known. He is the author of the best seller, *Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns*, and *An Empire of Silver*.

Al Look is the Advertising Manager of the United States Bank of Grand Junction. He is well known as an archaeologist, an artist (see his sketch of Yogasie), and an author. We appreciate his contribution.

THE NAUTICAL WHEEL

The presentation of the ship's steering wheel to Ex-Sheriff Brown by Sheriff Mumey is a recognition of Bob's early interest in sea faring. His father was a New England sea captain, who commanded schooners, both sail and steam, along the coast. Bob spent his summers as a boy and youth with his father on board these coastal schooners. Sheriff Mumey not only provided the wheel, but he also carved out the wooden buffalo head that is in the center of the wheel. Dr. William Baker is Diana (Brown) Baker's father-in-law.

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O. W. Daggett And The Holy Cross Trail

by Robert L. Brown

Rather late in the research for a certain book an unusual newspaper file was placed at my disposal. It reflected a highly individualized kind of journalism and was called the *Holy Cross Trail*. Always a weekly and published at Redcliff on Saturdays, its size varied from two to eight pages, depending on the amount of news available. Its life span covered about two decades, with the last issue coming off the press in the early 1940's.

Orion Wainwright Daggett was both its publisher and editor. Born at Proctor, Indiana, on January 4, 1864, he migrated to Colorado at age 20. His first wife was a Mormon girl, a teacher, from Salt Lake City. They settled at Fulford, a mining camp on Brush Creek south of Eagle and made a home there for a few years in the early 1890's. During their residence Daggett acted as Fulford's postmaster. Two boys were born to the family. Later the Daggetts migrated to Cripple Creek. Here in the 1890's Mrs. Daggett contracted a fatal illness in an epidemic. She is buried in the Mt. Pisgah cemetery.

Following an abortive mining venture, Daggett moved over the mountains to Gypsum. Although he was not an attorney, he seemed to know more about law than most residents of the town and acted as Gypsum's legal advisor for several years. Throughout his life-time Daggett was always interested in education. He is credited with having started the first high school at Gypsum.

When Harriet Patterson stepped off the stagecoach from the east one day, the widower lost his heart. According to the recollections of their daughter, Emma Lou, Daggett noted that she had a well turned ankle and immediately set about the business of making her his wife. They were married at Gypsum on November 4, 1903, and made their home there for many years.

From Gypsum, the family moved to Redcliff. At first Daggett worked as an assayer in the town. Later he was employed in the same capacity for the Empire Zinc Corporation at Gilman. His concern for education was responsible for a long tenure on the Redcliff school board. When he acquired a grocery store the family fortunes began to improve. For many years he performed in the dual role of grocer and postmaster of Redcliff.

Sometime in 1920 Daggett acquired the *Eagle County News*, changed its name two years later to the *Holy Cross Trail*, and began the first of a long series of Don Quixote-like crusades for the betterment of his town.

Among the causes that he championed were the following: a State University for Grand Junction; Hubert Work for President of the United States in 1928; all-weather highways over Loveland and Tennessee Passes; preservation of the beaver population; a tax on tobacco and gasoline; better roads; good schools; repeal of the 14th and 18th amendments; a prospectors' trail down the Colorado; a climb of Mount Everest; and a Denver and Rio Grande Railroad short cut between Denver and Redcliff.

But the most beloved and enduring cause ever championed by Daggett was one that would occupy his energy and attentions for nearly two decades. He called it the Holy Cross Trail. Quite apart from the name given later to his newspaper, the original use of this name involved a major highway from Denver to Redcliff. Later Daggett expanded the dream to include building the road west as far as Grand Junction. Still later he envisioned the Pacific Ocean as the western terminus of his highway. "Thus," he said, "Denver could be on a direct transcontinental ocean to ocean route." As he proposed it, the distance from Denver to Glenwood Springs or Grand Junction could be shortened by 150 miles. Using a new road over Loveland and Shrine Passes, the distance between Denver and Grand Junction would be reduced to a mere 250 miles.

To recruit support for his road, Daggett embarked upon a speaking tour of western slope towns during 1921. On the eastern slope he recruited help from the Colorado Springs Chamber of Commerce and from the elected officials of Silver Plume and Georgetown. In Denver, he went after Mayor Dewey Bailey, Governor A. H. Shoup, and the State Highway Department. Before leaving town he received a most welcome promise of support from an unexpected quarter. F. W. Bonfils of the Denver Post offered to support editorially the idea of the Holy Cross Trail.

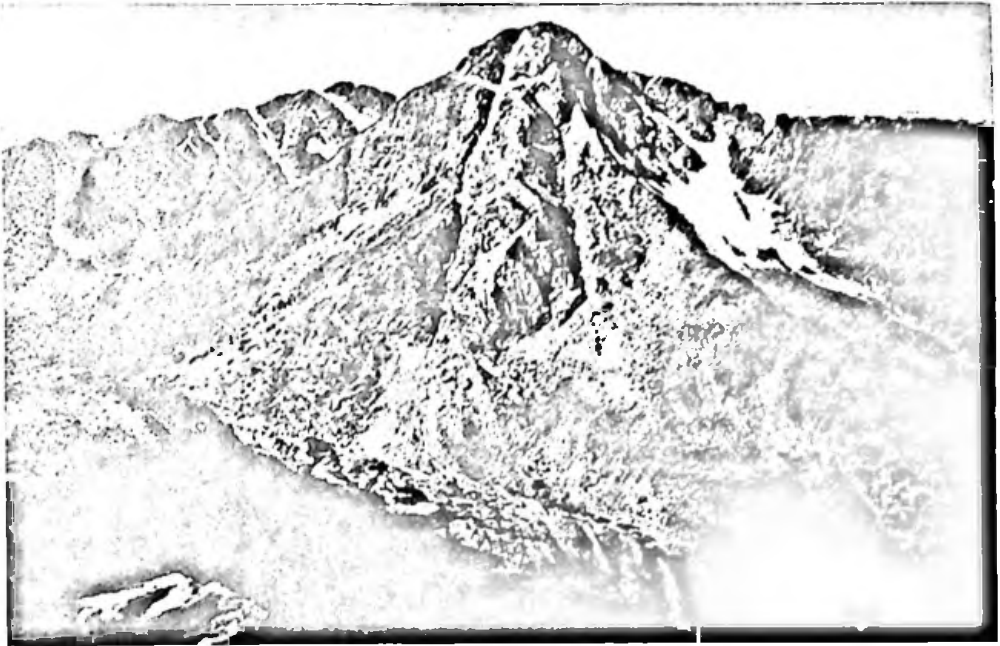
Back at Redcliff Daggett and Dr. O. W. Randall, a dentist who maintained offices in several of the surrounding towns, formed the Mount Holy Cross Highway Association in 1921. Randall became its first chairman. On February 25, 1922, the organization was reformed. The word "Highway" was dropped from the name and it became simply the Mount of the Holy Cross Association. As a secondary objective—the Association hoped to promote the Mount of the Holy Cross as a national tourist attraction.

Daggett's idea of a trans-mountain highway was no whimsical flight of fancy and its advocacy was not undertaken without sound planning. In the early days an Indian trail had started in the vicinity of Silver Plume and crossed the Continental Divide just east of present Loveland Pass. On the western side it traversed the Blue River Valley, climbed over Shrine Pass, and dropped sharply down into Redcliff. Its steepest grades were a mere 12%. Despite several decades of disuse, he found the abandoned roadbeds were still in remarkably good condition.

On September 25, 1922, E. E. Sommers, a member of the state high-

way commission, put his surveyors to work. Their orders were to explore the several trails across Loveland Pass and from there to the top of the Mount of the Holy Cros. Although he soon recognized the unfeasibility of this objective, much of his planning for the lower roads was sound and was used by later builders. There were many alternative routes on the western slope. Daggett worried most about approval of the one across Vail Pass, a road that would by-pass Redcliff.

THE MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS—1874



Photograph by William Jackson

As an ardent partisan of his community, editor Daggett wrote countless front page editorials on behalf of the Shrine Pass crossing which would bring the road down Turkey Creek to Redcliff.

William H. Jackson, the famed lensman, was a close friend of O. W. Daggett. Some of their correspondence still survives. Over a period of time the two men had become interested in discovering a site where a shrine could be constructed in full view of the snowy cross. On July 7, 1921, Daggett found the well-known viewpoint on Shrine Pass. Here, one mile northwest from the pass at 11,000 feet, he discovered a large open meadow from which virtually the entire cruciform was visible through the cleft of Notch Mountain.

At this spot he envisioned a natural amphitheatre, seating 50,000,

“where a multitude could assemble for worship. Nearby is space for a campground, a golf course, a parking lot large enough for all the autos in Colorado, and a flying field.” Daggett had rejected Notch Mountain, a much closer viewpoint, as a site for the shrine partly because of its inaccessibility and partly because there would not be adequate space for services there due to the narrowness of the ridge.

THE MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS—1967



Photograph by Marshall Brown

Daggett always exhibited a very personal interest where the Mount of the Holy Cross was concerned. In all, he had climbed the peak on eleven separate occasions. Four of these were frontal assaults, accomplished by actually ascending the face of the peak by the cross itself. During one of these ascents, in 1929, he estimated the snow in the vertical staff to be about 40 feet across. Further up, at the junction of the stem and the cross arms, he said that there was “room enough to accomodate several hundred people if necessary.” He described the arms of the cross as “great shelves of solid granite, possibly forty or fifty feet wide.” Further up the stem, about 50 feet below the summit, he saw an exposed vein of gold-bearing quartz. On this basis he speculated that the vertical staff of the cross was an ore vein. When the snow melts, the gold is exposed.

In the meantime, publication of the paper went on. Using a foot-

powered press, Daggett and his four daughters made up the work force that printed the *Holy Cross Trail*. One unique feature of this unusual newspaper is worthy of attention. Above the masthead, a single line of print often appeared, reflecting some pet project, dream, bit of philosophy, or prejudice of the editor and publisher. The following will provide a generous sampling of these gems:

Don't hang around the fire this weather, it will unfit you for the great outdoors.

This paper is multi-sectarian; there is good in all denominations, also the Mormons, Jews, and Gentiles.

Abounding good health, better schools, and perfect roads, in time will cure all our ills.

Keep the white race white. Intermingle the races and in time they amalgamate.

Cut taxes to the quick, except for schools and roads.

Poisons, traps, sprays and the Biological Survey are the bane of the forest.

It takes a whole lot of egotism to be a preacher or an editor.

Reform yourself and there will be no criminals to reform.

Our prisons at their worst are improvements on the Old Fashioned Hardshell Baptist Hell and Eternal Damnation!

Tennessee Pass, 366 days a year, carry a shovel and good chains.

Hell is the proper melting pot for the races, not America!

Let us tax the cigarettes and tobacco to construct and maintain highways. Wouldn't there be a roar!

Tennessee Pass is dusty.

There should be no paper money less than a \$5.00 bill.

Reservoir your water at high altitudes.

The Gunnison River is dry at its junction with the Colorado.

You have no business traveling Tennessee Pass at night.

Civil Service has to go—it is a farce.

Democratic nominee Davis owns twenty-five walking sticks. Would he know a mucker's stick or the man on the end of one?

Like everything else we have had an over-production of prosperity (date: 1/3/31).

"Over production" is a misnomer, "Lack of Consumption" is the proper name.

Although formal road work on the Holy Cross Trail had been started in 1921, the work progressed spasmodically as dribblets of money became available through the budget of the State Highway Department. Several Governors made promises of financial support to Daggett but suffered lapses of memory at budget-making time. When public support lagged, Daggett often spent money from his own pocket. At other times he superintended the work. Frequently he could be seen with a pick or shovel in hand help-

ing with the physical labor. In all, he personally raised about \$240,000.00 toward construction costs. From time to time convict laborers from the State Penitentiary were sent up to work on the road.

Shrine Pass was eventually eliminated from the Holy Cross Trail route in favor of the lower crossing at Vail Pass. With this change the Holy Cross name was no longer applicable to the road. Faced by such a setback, a lesser man than Daggett might have given up in disgust. Instead he switched the name, started referring to the proposed Shrine Pass route as the Holy Cross Trail, began agitating again, and got his road anyway. On June 21, 1931, under threatening skies, some 400 people from Colorado and Wyoming gathered for the official opening and formal dedication of Shrine Pass. When the rain began to fall the crowd simply buttoned up their raincoats, huddled around the newly erected flagpole and stayed until the ceremonies were completed.

Daggett was elated. He said that the trail was, "70 per cent high, 20 per cent second, and 10 per cent low gear; with absolutely no high centers or mud holes." Except for two miles of uncompleted grades on Loveland Pass, his dream of an east-west route had been largely completed by September of 1931.

With this hurdle out of the way, Daggett again devoted his energies to making the Mount of the Holy Cross into a national attraction. The newly acquired National Monument status, signed by President Hoover in 1929, was a start. A front page editorial in the *Holy Cross Trail* announced formation of the Mount of the Holy Cross Association. Although its officials changed from time to time, the following slate is fairly representative.

Honorary Ex-Officio President, Governor Adams of Colorado

Honorary Ex-Officio Vice President, Mayor Ben Stapleton of Denver

Executive Board

Rev. J. P. Carrigan, Chairman

Sam F. Dutton

Elmer E. Lucas

O. W. Daggett

C. C. Parks

Wm. G. Evans

Calvin H. Morse

Elmer E. Sommers

Wm. Weiser

Hopefully, national prominence for the mountain might bring a measure of prosperity to Redcliff, suffering the effects of the 1930's depression which saw the subscription price of the *Holy Cross Trail* slashed to \$1.00 a year.

Down through the years many legends have grown up around the Mount of the Holy Cross. At one time or another the Redcliff paper printed most of them. Orion Daggett loved legends and spent many hours in trying to prove their bases in fact. One of his favorites told how the Mount of the Holy Cross had first been seen from the peaks near Loveland Pass 300 years

ago by the followers of Hernando de Soto.

Quite apart from the fact that the chronology was off by nearly a century at the time this account was printed, we also have the fact that de Soto was never even close to Loveland Pass. For the record, de Soto landed at Tampa Bay in 1539 and moved west to discover the Mississippi River. One generous historian insists that following the Arkansas inland he penetrated as far west as Oklahoma. Others consider the Ozarks a more likely limit. Yet one of his Lieutenants, Louis de Moscoso, recorded a side journey up the Arkansas to a point from which snow-capped mountains could be seen to the west. Since the Ozarks carry no snow in summer, this would place him in eastern Colorado. A mirage or an over-active imagination would seem to offer a more likely explanation. But Daggett's version was more fun.

It involved a Franciscan Friar, a companion of the Spanish, who was stripped of his holy habit and crucifix by one of de Soto's soldiers who disliked him. The Friar, left to survive alone in the wilderness, turned west and wandered along Indian trails into the Rocky Mountains. A Chickasaw brave, who had witnessed the encounter with the soldier, followed along until he felt it would be safe to reveal himself. As he approached, the Friar drew the sign of the cross in the sand. Impressed, the Chickasaw took him to his tribe.

While wandering with the Indians in the Rockies, the party chanced upon a remnant of de Soto's scattered band. Among them the priest recognized his old enemy, now disguised in the priest's own clerical garb. Enraged, the Friar drew a knife and stabbed the imposter. When reason returned, the priest was afraid to touch his own restored crucifix since he had disregarded his vows with the taking of a life.

Leaving the party, he started out alone in the wilderness to seek some sign of divine forgiveness. Two months later, his strength failing, he knelt in prayer upon a lofty plateau. As he prayed, the mists around him began to lift, revealing a huge snow white cross, outlined upon a dark mountainside. Incidentally, this legend was also printed by *Red Book* magazine in the issue of November, 1927.

In what would appear to be a slight variation on this same theme, Catholic ecclesiastics in de Soto's party are said to have had a field day converting the natives here to Christianity. Some of the converts passed the word to a few of de Soto's men that off in the West was a mountain with a cross of wondrous size on its face, similar to the symbols carried by the priests as a sign of their religion. What was more to the point, not many miles from the cross were streams where sands contained grains of yellow metal which the Indians beat into crude images.

Following the death of de Soto, the party split up. Some of the Spaniards married into tribes of mountain Indians and journeyed west becoming

the first white men to view the snowy cross. In the legend, these men never returned to civilization. In actual fact, the whole de Soto expedition was out of the country by 1542.

In what would appear to be a slightly altered version of the same tale, the late Dr. Levette J. Davidson, outstanding folklore authority and Professor of English at the University of Denver, sometimes repeated a "half-legendary" story concerning the naming of the Mount of the Holy Cross. In it a Franciscan Friar banished himself from Spain to Mexico as a penance for past sins. Finding no peace in "New Spain," he left with a north-bound exploring party. Many weeks later the band made camp on a mountaintop to await a break in the overcast weather. A short distance from the camp, the friar knelt to pray. While praying the clouds parted. Upon opening his eyes the holy man saw a gigantic, gleaming cross of snow, bathed in brilliant sunlight.

At one time the incredible Eugene Field got into the Holy Cross folklore game. Field said that the legendary wandering Jew came to an early Spanish settlement near present Redcliff and begged to be allowed to die there. The priests buried him near the foot of a high mountain. In time a pile of sun-bleached bones was seen on the mountainside. From these there suddenly appeared the great white cross we see now.

But of all the Holy Cross legends, Daggett's own favorite was based on Longfellow's *Evangeline*. He apparently accepted and certainly helped to perpetuate the belief that the fictional *Evangeline* had spent time in the Eagle River Valley. When pressed for sources he gave the following reply: "Near Wall Street, the Astors kept records and relics of the Fur Trade exploration. Here is where Longfellow went for the facts of *Evangeline's* search for Gabriel and for his knowledge of the Mount of the Holy Cross of which he wrote in his immortal poems."

According to his biographers, Longfellow got the idea for *Evangeline* from his friend Nathaniel Hawthorne. It seems that Hawthorne openly discussed the idea for the story he hoped to write, and Longfellow "borrowed" it and went to press first. Both Professor Edward Wagenknecht, author of *Longfellow: A Full-Length Portrait* and Professor Andrew Hilen, editor of Longfellow's letters, agree on the fictional basis of *Evangeline*.

At other times Daggett quoted a pair of squaw-men named Root and Marks who first came to Colorado in 1860. Both men had lived at Astor City during its declining years. Daggett met them while they were mining at Fulford. Root and Marks insisted that the Indian princess who became the wife of Gabriel was also the mother of the Ute Chief, Colorow. Both *Evangeline* and Gabriel, according to the squaw-men, were buried side by side in a Philadelphia cemetery.

Longfellow wrote:

Far in the west there lies a distant land, where the mountains
Lift through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the Emigrants wagon

This was the place, Daggett insisted, where Astor City was located. Further to build his case, he cited Catholic church history concerning a special dispensation given to the Utes of Colorado's western slope who were worshipping at the Mount of the Holy Cross. This dispensation rescinded the command to abstain from meat on Fridays and granted for a time the privilege of polygamy, a tribal rite long practiced by the Utes. Supposedly the reason for the exception was the near extermination of male Utes during a tribal war. Therefore, it was reasoned, they should be allowed to take unto themselves more than one squaw. Apparently Daggett was never challenged and his sources of information for this reference remain a mystery.

Conveniently overlooked by Daggett, the following lines also appear in *Evangeline*:

Eastward with devious course, among the Wind-river mountains
Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark mountains,

And a bit further along, Longfellow wrote:

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed and the Shawnee
Said as they journeyed along, "on the western slope of these mountains
Dwells the Black Robe, chief of the Mission."

And as *Evangeline* entered the valley she:

Saw the tests of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit mission

In the poem *Evangeline* spent the winter and then left for the Michigan forests, still searching for her Gabriel. But as Daggett interpreted it the story now assumes some familiar themes. "Here she confessed loss of faith to a priest but offered to consecrate her life to the service of humanity if he could help in restoring her faith." Next he attributed lines to Longfellow which do not appear in the original work. They are the following:

My child, God has set his emblem, the cross of Christ,
Of forgiveness and immortality on the face of a high mountain nearby,
As a token of his eternal mercy, justice, and his omnipotence
If I could behold that sacred emblem I would still believe,
My child, on the morrow we will journey to the cross.

At times Daggett lifted a stanza from Longfellow's *Cross of Snow* and quoted it as a part of Evangeline, usually at this point of the story.

On the following morning, Daggett said, the Utes, Jesuits, and Evangeline departed by pony from Astor City. Leaving their mounts at timberline, they hiked together to the crest of Notch Mountain. Inevitably, in the best dramatic tradition, the convenient fog rolled in to obscure their view. Here the priest knelt in prayer and was soon joined by his companions. When a soft wind began to blow, a rift appeared in the clouds revealing a rainbow that reached from the notch to the cross, spanning the Bowl of Tears. Another breeze, like an unseen hand, lifted the shroud of clouds and revealed the cross. Entranced, Evangeline watched as the men erected a monument of stones on the spot.

Daggett frequently editorialized about Evangeline's monument on Notch Mountain, "a place close to where W. H. Jackson had stood to make his famous view of the cross." In one of his "Evangeline" editorials he dated this viewing with the Jesuits and Utes as 1839. The Evangeline monument, as described in an article from the *Holy Cross Trail*, is down in the notch of Notch Mountain. This location would require a rather "hairy" degree of mountaineering skill on the part of the priests or for anyone wanting to check on the the monument today. If a rock cairn does exist there, I would suspect that it was erected by other than priestly hands.

Daggett's Evangeline story should not detract from our estimate of him as a man. Remember that he lived during a period prior to radio, television, and commercially-oriented forms of recreation. Accomplished storytellers were much in demand, and hardly anyone insisted that the story be true. In part, folklore and legends grew out of cultural deprivation. Daggett loved Redcliff and the Eagle Valley. Much of his life was devoted to furthering the interests of his region, establishing tourist attractions and better roads. If his stories and crusades occasionally grew "bigger than life," they can be excused as justifiable regional chauvinism. Daggett's sins, if such they were, pale into insignificance when composed with the output of publicity committees of some contemporary Chambers of Commerce and the fabrications of public relations image makers.

When the off year elections of 1934 rolled around O. W. Daggett ran for Congress on a Townsend Plan platform. He was soundly defeated by Ed Taylor, perennial western slope congressman. Daggett was no friend of the Roosevelt Administration. When some 200 C.C.C. boys completed work on the trail and shelter house on Notch Mountain, the *Holy Cross Trail* carried a front page editorial. In it the editor told how the New Deal had spent \$120,000.00 on this project. And then, when it was finished, the windows were shuttered and the door was locked so no one could use it.

Harriet Patterson Daggett, wife of the editor, died on February 16, 1940. With her passing some of the editorial spark disappeared from the

pages of the *Holy Cross Trail*. On May 31, 1940, Daggett sold his paper to Dean Holmes of Cambridge, Nebraska. But the inactivity of retirement was pretty thin stuff for a lifelong crusader. In ill health, he died on April 16, 1942. By his request, burial was to be at Gypsum.

Perhaps it would be unseemly to think of O. W. Daggett departing from this world without a controversy. He didn't! As the result of a long-standing difference of opinion with the cemetery owners at Gypsum, Daggett, his wife, and the two boys by his first marriage are all buried in a gully barely outside the cemetery walls.

In the words of one of his surviving daughters, "He was a character." Yet so often it is the characters of this world who get things done. By his life the history of Western Colorado has become a more interesting story, and the history of the Eagle River Valley was infinitely enriched because he passed that way.

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BIG LARAMIE AND LITTLE LARAMIE RIVERS OLD TIME RANCH TOURS

Big Laramie Tour
(July 18, 1970)

Two old time ranch tours commemorating the centennial of beef from the Laramie Plains grass are being sponsored by the Summer School of Wyoming University, the Kiwanis Club of Laramie, and the Albany County Historical Society. The first tour will start from the Albany County Courthouse Square, Laramie, at 8:00 A.M. on July 18, the second from the same place at 7:00 A.M. on July 19. Bring your car, lunch, drinking water, and mosquito dope. The Wyoming State Patrol will guide the caravan on the oiled roads.

The sponsors state that the Laramie Plains can well be called the cradle of the Western livestock industry, for it was on these Plains that the early Pioneers noted the fat wild life, including deer, elk, antelope, and buffalo that thrived there. The Indians came every summer for the excellent hunting afforded there, and there was much warfare among the tribes for the privilege of using these Plains for a hunting ground.

The first written reference to the discovery that work oxen, thin from a long summer of work on the trail, and therefore abandoned on the Laramie Plains, turned up fat in the spring, is given in *Wyoming's Pioneer Ranches*, pp. 3-14. A confirmation of this was related by John Alsop concerning his father, Tom Alsop, who found oxen abandoned by Ed Creighton fat and healthy after a winter spent in the area southwest of Laramie. It is also stated that Ed Creighton sent out something like 150 head of oxen in the late fall of 1860 to Fort Sanders, which they reached late in November. Since the Fort was short of fodder, it was decided to turn the oxen out to water into a protected valley about fifteen miles to the southwest where there was good feeding. In the spring when Creighton was ready to start work on the telegraph line he sent one of his men (probably Tom Alsop) out from Fort Sanders to learn how many of the oxen had survived, so that he would know how many he would have to bring from Omaha to make up for losses. The animals were found to be in fine shape and good health, to everyone's amazement, and Mr. Creighton said that he now knew what these Western valleys were good for; this was the real beginning of large investments in cattle in these valleys in later years.

Indeed, Creighton himself formed the firm of Creighton, Hutton, and Alsop, and late in 1869 he established one of the largest livestock ranches in the West, the Heart Ranch at the site of the Big Laramie stage crossing, which will be the third stop on the first tour.

Little Laramie Tour (July 19, 1970)

The Little Laramie Valley has always been known for its fine hay crops; in fact, it was the site of the first haying operations on the Laramie Plains. When the army at Fort Sanders needed hay for its horses it contracted for hay with some early day ranchers. Moreover, some of the hostlers and others at the Fort, including Mike Carroll, took contracts to cut and deliver native hay to the Fort. Among the other contractors were Ed Farrell, Bob Homer, and Charley Hutton.

Some Englishmen who were attracted to the Valley while on hunting and exploring trips remained to invest in ranches, some of which became large. Here they raised some of the best livestock, including horses. The Douglas-Willan, Sartoris Company not only spent large sums of money on its Millbrook Ranch in the Valley, but it also invested money in ranches near Douglas and in the mines at Keystone.

The statement above was taken from material supplied by Dabney O. Collins. For additional information you could write him at 5315 Montview Blvd., Denver, Colorado 80207, or you might phone him (322-5686).

SOUTHWEST AND RARE BOOK ROOM, NEW MEXICO STATE LIBRARY

The following is taken from the "Annual Report" for July 1, 1968-June 30, 1969 of the New Mexico State Library, Santa Fe, New Mexico:

PROJECTS

All gift books and pamphlets that have not been cataloged will be arranged by author and priority needs for cataloging will be established.

New file cases have been ordered and, when received, the New Mexico State Library historical file will be put in order. The historical records of the New Mexico State Library Association will also be arranged. Much of that material is still in boxes. The present vertical file will be revised and expanded.

The card catalog was divided into two sections: author-title and subject. In addition, the subject cards for the vertical file, periodicals and New Mexico state documents were interfiled with the book subject cards. A patron can now go to one file, look up his subject and see if there is a book, periodical article, newspaper clipping, state document, pamphlet or manuscript available. An additional catalog case unit of fifteen drawers was added when the card catalog was expanded in scope. A number of requested bibliographies were prepared by Mrs. Virginia Jennings. These included such subjects as: "Thirty-six Current Southwest Titles for Purchase by Small Libraries," "Reference and Research Materials for Southwestern Subjects," "A Bibliography on Racial Minorities," "A Bibliography on Taos and Vicinity" and "Selected Titles on Railroads and Railroadings in New Mexico." Two study carrells have been added during the year. They have been placed in the stacks. Persons doing extensive research over a period of days find them more convenient to use than the main reading room tables. The catalog cards for books added before 1966 are slowly being reproduced and added to the Southwest Room catalog.

The New Mexico State Documents were moved to the Southwest and Rare Book Room in March 1969. In addition to the documents, some periodicals issued by New Mexico documents are now received, processed, shelved and serviced by the staff of this Division. A special periodicals section was set up and all circulating periodicals were put in that area. Subject analytics have been made for all current periodicals.

A new map case was added and the map collection rearranged. The Library is now a depository for U. S. Geological Survey maps. As new quadrangles are surveyed, maps are received at the Library.

YOGASIE

by Al Look

A little known sidelight of the Meeker Massacre was a Ute "brave" branded as a coward and condemned to live the rest of his life as a woman. Yogasi had shown a yellow streak when he refused to fight in the attack on the White River Agency in 1879.

Western Colorado had long been the ancestral home of the Utes. Historians and archeologists perhaps know more about the 2000 year old Pueblo culture of the Southwest than they do about the ancient Ute Indians.

The historic Utes were divided into bands each with its own chief. When on buffalo hunts on the eastern slope of the Rockies they usually fought the Comanches and Arapahoes under the control of one chosen chief.

During the mining days of Southwestern Colorado many treaties were made with the Utes, all of which were violated and ignored by the white settlers. The government changed its official mind so often it became tedious, if not impossible to deal with the different tribal chiefs who didn't like treaties written with a forked tongue. Their hair became too sore to touch when the Bureau of Indian Affairs hired Ouray, head man of the Uncompahgre Utes, and put him on the federal payroll at \$1000.00 a year and dubbed him Chief of All the Utes.

Ouray was a dominating intelligent character who controlled his tribes with a calloused conscience. He was no coward, and not a tonguetied simpleton. There were times when he had to maintain his dignity by having dissenters killed. His dominating attitude bred surreptitious discontent among the lesser and belligerent chiefs. Ouray was smart enough to understand that his people could not win a war with the whites. He realized that they had to have more than painted faces and war dances to stand up to repeating rifles and cannons. Since the Utes could not win, his strategy was to delay the inevitable end as long as possible. This was a crusade his sub-chiefs refused to understand.

The most disgruntled tribe was the White River Utes camped two hundred miles across the mountain and semi-desert country from Ouray's camp on the Uncompahgre River. Peace had been on a hair trigger basis ever since the Indian Bureau had sent Horace Greeley's protege, and agriculture editor of his New York Tribune, to become the agent at the White River Agency.

Nathan Meeker had come from his newly incorporated town of Greeley in Northeastern Colorado where he had built a modern irrigation system, successfully sponsored a law forbidding the sale of liquor in the

colony forever, and left a well organized church and God-fearing society to stand as a model of sobriety and rectitude among a beer drinking citizenry.

Meeker had asked for his job and his one big ambition in life was to make weed-hoeing agriculturists out of the heathen and carnivorous Ute Indians in Western Colorado by ordering them to plant and harvest crops. But the generations of hunting and meat-eating culture could not be plowed under over night. And that is exactly what Meeker had tried to do.

Meeker was an unbending Bible-throwing religionist, a God-fearing disciple who hated spirit worship, and any other idea that the sun was the giver of all life. He was ever ready to challenge the devil at the drop of a sin. It was this hard-shell religious attitude that caused resentment to boil. After many unsuccessful months of trying to "civilize" the Utes, Meeker run into the problem of horse racing. In Meeker's book this was a red-hot sin. The only way to make the Utes understand how unholy it was was to plow up their race track. This was the last of a long series of pronouncements, commands, proclamations and demands that made the Utes sore enough to raise hell and put a chunk under it. Their belligerence boiled to the top and peace was on an eyeball to eyeball basis.

The broken treaties, delayed allotments, and other promises by the government that had not been delivered agitated the air. When Doctor Johnson, a Ute medicine man personally attacked Meeker, all bets were off. The agent secretly sent for the army to come for his protection, and the plowing of the race track was the last straw on the Ute's back.

The Meeker Massacre was the result of Major Thornburg's army detachment riding to the rescue of Meeker and his employes. Thornburg's army was ambushed and the major and thirteen of his soldiers were killed. At the same time, some twenty miles away, all of the male employes at the agency, including Meeker, were murdered and three women and two children were taken hostage.

It was during this engagement when Yogasie refused to fight the Whites that the Utes cut his suspenders and forced him to live like a squaw, according to reports by pioneers, including Mrs. Faye Masters Anderson, of Placerville, and Mrs. Ruby Luton, of Fruita. For the rest of his life he lived in a wikiup set apart from the village where he did a woman's work, and was never openly recognized or spoken to by the male members of the tribe. (But see the editorial note).

The castigated Yogasie was not too bright. He could not count money like most Ute braves could, and he steered clear of all former companions and white people except when hungry.

After the massacre most Utes would not eat at white man's table for

YOGASIE



Sketched by Al Look

they were afraid of being poisoned. When given a handout Yogasie would carry it off to a grove of trees or some other secluded spot. Several white people knew Yogasie, or more to the point, saw him on occasion.

Mrs. Faye Masters Anderson, of Placerville, Colorado, is one of few who knew Yogasie in his later years. She tells of meeting with the snubbed and lonely man in squaw clothing:

I met the Indian brave who betrayed his tribe at the Meeker Massacre one night during the winter I worked for a sheep outfit in Dragon, Utah. A light knock sent me to the door.

There in the semi-darkness stood a tall, slender figure, a woman apparently, since "she" wore a long sleeve blouse and ankle-length skirt, a squaw-blanket pulled about the shoulders. It had to be an illusion for no woman possessed such firm treading moccasins.

Silently the figure moved into the light and warmth of the room, and standing perfectly still in the brownish colored dress made me think of autumn leaves. The voice, low and guttural, sort of musical, but bass, was definitely the voice of a man.

My boss said by way of introduction, "It's Yogasie. He's hungry. Get him some food."

I went to the kitchen to gather something for him. My muddled mind still mulling, "This Indian is a man."

His penetrating gaze followed my every move. His eyes seemed to look through me. As I handed him the food he gently touched my hand as much as to say, "Thank you." I was deeply impressed. It was my first experience meeting an Indian, and of all people, the man who was condemned by his peers to wear women's clothing and do menial work of a woman for the rest of his life, the most disgraceful punishment that his tribe could hand down.

He came quite often for food and to visit. Their allotments didn't last long and it had become a habit. I got to know Yogasie rather well. He was almost one hundred years old, but he didn't look or act that old. He lived alone and made his own clothes.

He knew what punishment his act would earn him, if not death, he gave of himself to prevent the death of others and he bore his punishment as a wound almost proudly.

I wanted to take his picture but was warned sternly against it. He felt that this would be making sport of him and he would go into a rage and if he could, he would break the camera. I was told by an old trapper's son, Sy Nearing, that there had been several people try to take his picture in the general store and he made sure they didn't get out with the camera in one piece. So I didn't try even if I wanted to.

The Utes were camped south of Dragon and I wanted to see their camp. A friend said he would go with me one evening after I got off from work. In the dusk of evening we saw the Indian village with fires glowing here and there, and shadowy figures moving about, and heard the thud of feet of hobbled horses and dogs barking. The smell of smoke and boiled meat

was almost like going back to another camp in another place and at another time. The White River Agency, where Meeker gave the order that the Indian's race track must be plowed up. Meeker, a stiff-necked Englishman (sic) felt to command was to obey. The Indians couldn't see why they should have to forfeit their pony races and when the plow share bit into their race track they were ready to fight with their painted faces and screaming resentment.

It was the Ute's custom to punish the part of the body that had offended them most, and Meeker was placed spread-eagle with a stake driven through his mouth as punishment to the organ that gave the deescrating command. A stake through his heart was for his stern relentlessness, and one through his stomach in retaliation for disgust at having to eat white man's food.

Yogasie was not allowed the release of death, but was made to walk all days of his life with the sharp stakes of his punishment piercing his vitals. This he did with a gleam of deep comprehension and compassion in his black eyes. A brave man.

I wonder how many of my white friends could walk the lonely years in obedience to a creed?

Faye Masters Anderson

Did Yogasie refuse to participate in the massacre because he was a coward, or did he act as a coward because he liked white people, whom he considered his friends? In either instance he would have been ostracized by the Indians.

Yogasie did only a woman's work such as building fires, carrying water, sewing his own dresses, cooking, and setting up camp. He was friendly, and accepted the dictate of the tribe, and took his punishment without apparent remorse.

He was completely subdued, never bitter, but extremely cautious. He was known by the whites as the only bald headed Ute on the reservation. If this was the result of worry and emotional strain he didn't show it. The women treated him with compassion and sympathy. The Ute men looked upon him as the worm that never dies.

Editorial note: When the noted authority on the Ute Indians, Professor Omar Stewart, of the University of Colorado, was informed about this episode, he did not question that the Ute Indian, Yogasie, dressed and lived as a squaw. However, he suggested that instead of having been forced to do so on the charge of cowardice, that he did so voluntarily, for he may have been a "berdache," a term from the French, used by the Indians as an equivalent of "transvestite" or "homosexual".

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

COMANCHE CROSSING

The Comanche Crossing Historical Society of Strasburg, Colorado, denies that the first truly transcontinental railroad was established with the driving of the golden spike at Promontory, Utah, in 1869, because there was no bridge over the Missouri River at Omaha to provide a continuous route until 1872. Consequently, the first truly continuous route was provided by the Kansas Pacific, completed at Comanche Crossing on August 15, 1870, for it crossed the Missouri River at Kansas City. Naturally, therefore, a centennial celebration of this event is being planned.

CODY'S MUSEUM

Zeke Scher has written an article about "Harold McCracken's Wild West Show" for the April 19 issue of *Empire*. He tells about the important Whitney Gallery which is a part of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming. McCracken had much to do with the development of the Gallery from its "zero collections" in 1959 to its current magnificent collections, including some 2,000 works of art, among them 400 "Russells."

BYERS AND PHRENOLOGY

Madeleine B. Stern has an interesting article about William N. Byers, the founder of *The Rocky Mountain News* in the "Occasional Notes" of the Norlin Library of the University of Colorado, No. 10, April, 1969. She cites from a sketch of Byers in *The American Phre-*

nological Journal of January, 1872. She states that "Byer's skull came out very well indeed," for on the basis of a phrenological study of the contours of his head it was predicted that he would have "a useful and successful career." This prediction was made on the basis of a study of a portrait showing but a three quarter's view of his head. What if his entire head had been available for study?

HOLY CROSS MONUMENT

Francis Rizzari sent in an item from *The Rocky Mountain News* of May 21, 1954, about the celebration of the supposed twenty-fifth anniversary of the Mount of the Holy Cross as a National Monument. Governor Dan Thornton issued a proclamation urging Coloradoans to reflect on the spiritual significance of the shrine; Denver's Mayor Quigg Newton called upon people to make a pilgrimage, in spirit, at least, to the shrine, thanking God for the blessing bestowed upon the state. On Thursday, May 20, 1954, Carl Williams played sacred and patriotic music on the City Hall carillon. At this juncture Francis Rizzari brought an end to the celebration by noting that the Mount of the Holy Cross had ceased to be a National Monument (Act of Congress, August 3, 1950), and had been returned to the U.S. Forest Service.

In 1951 the Post Office issued a stamp commemorating Colorado's 75th year of statehood, showing, left to right, the Mount of the Holy Cross, the Capitol, and a cowboy on his bronco.



Western's Bookshelf



THE WILD, WILD WEST, by Peter Lyon; Funk and Wagnalls, 1969, 48 illustrations (2 by Remington), index, bibliography. \$5.95.

In recent years many attempts, generally successful, have been made to debunk the myths and legends of the Wild West, but no author has stated this objective as candidly as Lyon has done in the following quotation from his foreward: "A chilling Illustrated History presenting THE FACTS about a passel of low-down mischievous personages including JOAQUIN MURIETA, WILD BILL HICKOK, JESSE JAMES, BAT MASTERSON, WYATT EARP & BILLY THE KID.

"Some were Lawmen, Some were Desperadoes; Some began by KILLING and proceeded to THEFT and finally sank to telling UNTRUTHS; Some TOYED with WEAK WOMEN like CALAMITY JANE & BELLE STARR but all (HIDEOUS TO RELATE) gambled, swore, drank hard spirits, bragged, consorted with infamous CHARACTERS and brought their reputations to SHAME.

"Herein An Honest Accounting of these so-called HEROES OF THE FRONTIER" Together with a Stern Indictment of Those Painstakingly assembled by Peter Lyon & now FEARLESSLY published, complete in One Volume by Funk and Wagnalls of New York City."

The popular media, especially television, which have pandered to the wickedest impulses in their vast audiences by singling out and emphasizing the bloody violence with which it was maintained was, writes the author, the

heart and gizzard of the (Wild West) legend. (Eighteen of the illustrations picture such bloody violence as gun fights, and bank, stagecoach and railroad holdups).

The world of the *Wild, Wild West*, the author insists, was an underworld, corrupt and rotten. Its heroes, vaunted for their courage, in fact showed only the rashness of the alcoholic or the desperation of the cornered rat. The moral, he concludes, is that crime, when commercially exploited, *does* pay, and the more sadistic, the better. . . . The stink of evil hangs over it.

Members of the various groups of The Westerners will be most interested in the following quotation from the chapter on Wyatt Earp:

"Wild, Wild West buffs were now either Earp believers or Earp apostates. Gathered into societies in New York, Chicago, Denver, Los Angeles, and elsewhere, they met and discussed Earp with heat. (Their societies are often called posses; their chairmen are sometimes called sheriffs. Each posse regularly issues bulletins in which are printed speculations about various notables of the *Wild, Wild West*)."

Forbes Parkhill

THE WINNEBAGO TRIBE, by Paul Radin, University of Nebraska Press, 1970, 511 pages, 58 plates, 38 figures. \$3.50 paper back.

This is an offset reprint of the original, and now out of print, classic study of the Winnebago Tribe. Originally published as a part of the 37th Annual

Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology in 1923, it is based on Paul Radin's fieldwork during 1908-1913. It is still the most complete study of this tribe, and since it has not been superseded by anything more recent, it still forms a basic reference.

Aside from the usual complete ethnographic coverage of tribal history, social organization, and ceremonial organization this volume contains the first complete account of the Peyote Religion, now known as The Native American Church.

As in all offset reproductions, the photographs suffer a little in clarity, but the type and line drawings are well reproduced. At the \$3.50 price tag, this is an excellent buy.

Norman Feder

MAX BRAND, THE BIG "WESTERNER," by Robert Easton, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1970, 1st ed., 330 pp., illus., \$7.95.

Frederick Faust published over thirty-one million words of popular fiction, or roughly the equivalent of 530 average books, yet he remains a virtually unknown genius of the literary world.

But the name Max Brand and popular books like *Destry Rides Again* and the Dr. Kildare stories will identify him all over the world. Yet Max Brand was only one of twenty pen names used by Faust, in addition to collaborating with, and ghost writing for, other writers. As

a writer, Faust was so prolific that magazines often carried at least three of his stories in the same issue.

As Robert Easton points out, Faust was more of an enigma than the fabulous characters he created. His life reads like something out of Horatio Alger, from his poverty-stricken, tuberculosis-threatened youth when his mother feared he was mentally retarded to his world of Italian villas and cruises on luxury liners. Campus rebel, soldier, writer, poet, adventurer, screen writer, war correspondent, and extensive traveler, Faust enjoyed tremendous successes, but tragedy stalked him throughout his marriage and several love affairs, a continuous heart condition, a series of financial disasters, and alcoholism, right up to his untimely end.

Hidden behind several pseudonyms, Faust divided his life into several fictitious segments while seeking to solve and establish his own real identity. His struggle for self-realization prompted him to become a war correspondent and his various personalities finally united when a chunk of shrapnel ended his fabulous career.

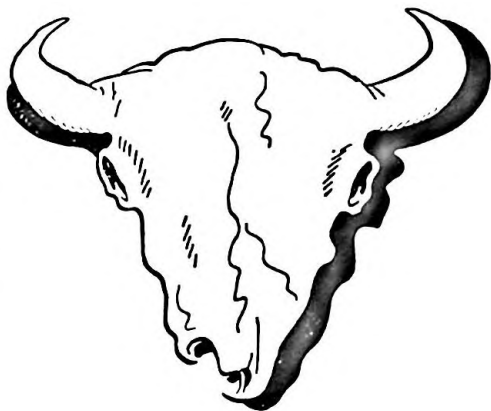
BOOKS RECEIVED

The following books, reprints by the University of Nebraska Press in their Bison Book series, were recently received by the Book Review Editor, James Davis: Cass G. Barns, *The Sod House*, and Stan Hoig, *Humor of the American Cowboy*.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

JULY-AUGUST
1970
Volume XXVI
Numbers 7-8

IN THIS ISSUE:
SYLVIA T. SMITH: HER DAY IN COURT
by John F. Bennett
KIPLING, CAROLINE, AND COLORADO
by Lowell E. Mooney



PRESENTATION OF PLAQUE TO SPEAKER



John F. Bennett

Sheriff Nolie Mumej
Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

John F. Bennett

A native of Colorado Springs, professionally he is a lawyer, a member of the Bennett and Heinecke law firm in Colorado Springs. For eleven years, up to 1969, he was chairman of the Democratic party organization in El Paso County. Among his interests are mountain climbing (he recently climbed Mount Massive), kyaking on the Arkansas River, and picture taking.

Lowell E. Mooney

A native of Missouri, he moved to Salida in 1953. He ran lumber mills most of his life until 1960, and after that a bowling alley and motel until 1967. Currently, he is with radio station KVRH in Salida. He became especially interested in Western history while doing some research for a radio program.

NEXT MEETING

The next meeting, Ladies' night, will be held Friday, August 21, at the Press Club. Ed and Nancy Bathke, of Manitou Springs, will present an illustrated lecture on "Spoons Full of Colorado History." They will feature antique sterling silver souvenir Colorado spoons, mainly from the period dating from 1890 to 1915. The embossing and engraving on the spoons provide a record of Colorado history, and are fitting souvenirs of the Silver State. A special menu, with the ladies in mind, is being planned for the dinner.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Fred Mazzulla, from suite 1050 to 30, Western Federal Savings Build-

THE DENVER WESTERNERS MONTHLY ROUNDUP

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

Sylvia T. Smith, Her Day In Court

by John F. Bennett

Sylvia T. Smith came to Marble, Colorado, in the fall of 1908, bringing with her a Washington hand press suitable for printing a country newspaper, enough type to set two to three pages, a Gordon job press, and some miscellaneous printer's furniture such as galleys, type cases, a printer's table, and the other things that go with the publication of a country newspaper. She bought two lots 25 ft. by 100 ft. each on a good street in town for the sum of \$250.00, split them across the middle, making two 50 ft. square lots. She sold one-half and kept the corner for herself. With local labor she built a print shop and office with a residence attached, the residence seemingly having a sort of a lean-to tent addition to the back end. Thus equipped and ready for business, she commenced publication of *The Marble City Times* in the spring of 1909. Three years later, at 5 o'clock A.M. on March 25, 1912, Sylvia T. Smith boarded the regular outbound train of the Crystal River and San Juan Railroad headed for Carbondale and Glenwood Springs and then to Denver at the special and urgent invitation of a committee of her fellow townspeople who suggested in a formal resolution that she take her departure from their community, never to return. At the time of leaving she had with her only a few personal belongings and clothing and her railroad pass over the Denver and Rio Grande System. Why Sylvia so concluded her stay in Marble and what came about thereafter is the subject of this paper.

At the time of her departure from Marble she had been in the newspaper or printing business for some fourteen years, and immediately before coming to Marble had published a paper at Crested Butte for three years. Sometimes she employed an assistant on *The Marble City Times*, and sometimes she did not, mostly the latter. She had no other means of subsistence than the income she got from the advertising and subscriptions to her paper and from the small amount of job printing she did. On the other hand, living was not expensive in Marble in those days and she estimated that she could make it for around \$20.00 a month. Sometimes she cooked her own meals and sometimes she boarded at one of the three hotels in Marble. She ran a fairly good little paper, apparently wrote presentable English, seems to have had a sense of humor, and had both local and out of town advertising until the very last issue. She used a system of publication which involved purchasing "patent insides" which, as nearly as I can understand, consisted of prepared insides or boiler plate at 10c for each 24

sheets plus mailing or express. Originally, she seems to have set two pages of local news, but in the last issue, and for several months before that, she had set only one. From the very beginning she seems to have gotten 90 degrees crosswise to the Colorado Yule Marble Company. We had better take a hurried look at this company.

The town of Marble was a one company, one industry town. The industry was the marble quarry and the company was the Colorado Yule Marble Company. That company was headed by Col. C. F. Meek, its promoter, president, manager, check signer, overseer of operations, and general boss. He had a determination and ambition to make the marble business successful in Marble, Colorado. He had developed the finishing plant located in the town itself into one of the best of its kind in the world; he had fought snow slides, transportation problems, financial difficulties, and labor troubles until the town had blossomed into a community of anywhere from 750 to 2,000 souls. It had a general store, a men's furnishing store, a drug store, several other assorted stores, a bank, one or two doctors or "near" doctors, three hotels, two newspapers, and two barbershops; and it was dry.

The mayor, constable, the justice of the peace, most of the city officials, and most of the best people of the town were on its payroll. Those who weren't on its payroll depended upon those who were for their living. It had a company housing project. The only reasonable means of ingress and egress to and from the town of Marble was the Crystal River and San Juan Railway, originated by Col. Meek and operated as an adjunct to the Yule Marble Company. One hundred per cent sweetness and light did not prevail, however, as was shown by at least one strike against the company. Col. Meek's method of financing was to make personal stock selling excursions back East to bring stockholders and other interested parties to Marble to view the quarry and the plant and hopefully to invest more in the operation. And it was this nerve to which Sylvia T. Smith applied the vinegar of her pen and editorial comment. She repeatedly referred to the Colorado Yule Marble Company as a stock selling swindle. Her paper proclaimed in headlines that one of Marble's needs is a hospital—thousands have been taken from working men for this purpose—where is this money now? In 1910 Col. Meek called a meeting of prominent businessmen at his home to consult with them and devise some means and manner of ridding the town of Sylvia Smith and her paper. He expressed his own view that she should be gotten rid of, and in order to pin his visitors down he asked each one present to make a little talk concerning what he thought about it. From this meeting a businessmen's association or chamber of commerce arose. Sylvia's attacks on the company continued; she had a circulation of some 200, forty, perhaps in the town of Marble, some out in the county, some in the state, and a few in the East. Among the documents, she was not al-

lowed to remove from her print shop on the night of her departure were lists of her subscribers, including those who lived in the East. The inference drawn by the company and its representatives was that she was sending her papers with derogatory statements about the company's stock to Eastern centers for the purpose of hindering Col. Meek's stock sales. Through all this her opposition newspaper, *The Marble Booster*, remained the proper chamber of commerce sycophant, saying nothing bad about the town or the company, and taking the forward-looking, progressive, positive community building approach.

Then on March 20, 1912, an avalanche came down the slope opposite the mill, crossed the Crystal River and piled into the mill itself, causing considerable damage but no loss of life. Two days later Sylvia wrote in the last issue of *The Marble City Times*: "Destiny kept her appointment and redresses many wrongs; Colorado Yule Marble Mill crushed like an eggshell by avalanche; warnings unheeded; company never will pay dividends; organized by strenuous promoters its stock selling scheme has carried desolation into many homes and written despair over many lives that cannot give worthless paper back for hard-earned, life-time savings. Certain, unhesitating, with awful noise peculiar to such destruction, like the crash of doom came the snowslide that wrecked the Colorado Yule Marble Company's mill Wednesday morning about 6:10." She continued to detail some of the incidents that involved nearby dwellers and strongly implied that the company, already in a financial bind, would try to make light of this latest reverse but would not be able to make a success of future operations. The same issue of the paper contained a lengthy article on the opportunity for capital investment in the Crystal River slope of Gunnison County and of a variety of different valuable ores as yet untouched. This article was by H. W. Batt, one of the advertisers in her paper who ran an assay office.

Tucked away among other locals in the same issue was a short item:

GAVE ONE OF HIS STOCK-SELLING STUNTS.

Kunnel Meek went through one of his Waldorf-Astoria, stock-selling stunts Wednesday evening when he was Chairman of the caucus called to select delegates to the Republican Convention to be held in Gunnison Tuesday. The women showed their interest by being absent.

Reaction to the destiny story was immediate and violent. An anonymous committee met forthwith to determine what should be done. On the initiative of several of the committee members, W. R. Frazier, Chief Clerk of the Marble Company, C. E. Budlong, Police Migistrate, and Frank P. Frost, Editor of the *Marble Booster*, a handbill was printed and circulated throughout the town stating:

Mass Meeting.
Tonight in Masonic Hall.

Every man and woman in Marble is invited and urged to be present. A matter of vital importance to the town will be discussed. The hour is 8 o'clock.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

The meeting was held on schedule. Frank P. Frost, editor of the competing *Booster*, attended and took excellent notes, printing the proceedings in full in the next issue of the *Booster*, including the names of all those present and the remarks they made. Later on this served as an invaluable source of information to Sylvia's attorneys. Well over 200 people attended this meeting. Some of them were mere lookers-on and there were even a few sympathizers for Sylvia Smith, but the great majority were imbued with the passionate belief that Sylvia Smith was a menace to the town. The town doctor referred to her as a nuisance like a dead animal. The preacher made a talk, the principal of the high school denounced her, and several of the ladies present cast aside their feminine shyness to defend their community and suggest that Sylvia go. Thereupon, Mr. Frazier, who chaired the meeting, whipped out a prepared resolution reciting the sins of Sylvia Smith and how she was filled with a fiendish satisfaction over this loss to the company and the community, and stating that such an attitude was in direct opposition to all community interests and that the continued publication of her scurrilous sheet was a menace to the people of Marble as a whole and concluded, Resolved: That she be requested to take her departure from the town of Marble at once, never to return and that a copy of the resolutions be presented to her." One hundred eighty people then queued up to sign the resolutions. Fifteen men and two women were designated as members of the committee to wait on Miss Smith and present her with a copy. The meeting then adjourned. Next day in the early afternoon the committee gathered around Ike Kobey's store, went in and mustered its courage. Meanwhile, Miss Smith had got word of what was going on and had sent a note to Mr. Frazier and others to keep off her property. After about an hour at Kobey's store the committee went up to Miss Smith's place of business to present her with the resolutions. As they approached, Frazier told her they had come to pay a visit on her. She told them to get off her property. Frazier said they had learned that a print shop is public property and they had some resolutions to give her. She told them she didn't care what they had — to go on away. One of the members of the committee said: "You might as well come and hear them, old girl. You have got to go anyway." Then Miss Smith turned on her heel and walked away. Some said she had brandished a fire shovel in their faces. She denied this, saying she was only cleaning off the walk. Everyone

admitted she hadn't got close enough to the committee actually to commit an assault. Tom Boughton, a veteran and respected mining man, stood next door at Barber Sistick's house watching the affair. He was friendly to Sylvia Smith. Frazier turned to Boughton after Sylvia had withdrawn and said: "Mr. Boughton, if you represent Miss Smith we will read the resolutions to you." Boughton replied: "I don't represent Miss Smith and it will do you no good to read the resolutions to me. Mr. Frazier, if Miss Smith has done anything against this company they can come on her for libel for that; I don't believe in mob law, the day for that has gone long ago in this country and we have courts in the land to settle these things now." To which Frazier replied: "I want you to distinctly understand that the Colorado Yule Marble Company has nothing to do with this" and Boughton replied: "Mr. Frazier, you can tell that to some people and they may believe it, but you can never make me believe it." Whereupon, Mr. Thode, one of the committee said: "Tom Boughton, you better keep your mouth shut or you will get yours." Boughton saw the preacher back in the crowd and he said: "There is the preacher, the hypocrite." And the preacher replied: "You dassn't come over here and call me that."

Not being able to deliver their resolutions, Mr. Frazier read the entire document together with each signature for the benefit of any one who cared to listen. Sylvia had gone to a neighbor's house, and when Frazier was about to the end of the signatures she returned. As he finished reading he said: "There is (*sic*) the resolutions." And she replied: "I won't take them." Whereupon, he threw them on the snow and told her she had just three days to leave and the delegation walked off.

Sylvia went back to her print shop and began to make preparations to get out the next issue of the paper, probably set some type and got ready to go out of town to do a little business and to consult a lawyer, but not to leave permanently. The next day, about 4 o'clock, Town Marshal Richard Mahoney, who was paid \$40 per month by the Marble Company for helping to enforce the liquor ordinance and for other unspecified duties, and Special Officer John Fisher, who was a watchman for the Yule Marble Company at their headgate, came to her place with a paper signed by Mayor Paul Tischauser who ran a machine in the Marble Mill. By the time of the trial the paper was unfortunately lost, but it was to the general effect that the officers should take charge of her and her property for her protection and move her out of town. Mahoney read the paper to her, and she said:

"Well, that means I go to jail then?" And he said, "It does." I asked him "When he was going to take me out," and he said "You go out in the morning." I reached out to take some papers or a roll of papers I said I wanted to take with me from the windowsill, and Fisher spoke up and said "You don't take anything out of this office." I says, "You will let me take my

transportation, won't you?" And he said, "Yes, you can take that." I tried to take a little memorandum book and he wouldn't let me take that but he did let me take a check. He let me take my mail but wouldn't let me take any *Marble City Times*. They let me change my dress and pack my valise. I have never seen the rest of my property since except for a cloak and a dress which my nephew went to Marble and got for me later. I have never seen the printing shop presses, type or other things since then and I have never been back.

The next morning at 4:35 A.M., she was put on the Crystal River and San Juan Railroad, the conductor paid her fare, and she left the town of Marble never to return. Her summation of her stay in jail and departure from the town given at the trial is substantially as follows:

I stayed in the jail from 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday until between 4:00 and half past four the next morning, Thursday morning. The jail is a log cabin, hewed logs, healthy as to ventilation since the logs don't fit and between the logs were open places. But they put their coal right in this room, too, and there was quite a big pile of coal there and, of course, it couldn't be very clean under those circumstances. The coal had been taken in there and was in bad condition. There was a space of perhaps two and one-half or three feet between the two cells and the logs in the jail and there was thrown in the space what may have been a doubled up mattress or part of a mattress and I got weary and begged the man that had been left in charge, Mr. Fisher, not to lock me in a cell and I asked him if he was going to put me in a cell and he didn't answer me and I begged him not to lock me in a cell and there was a woman in the jail and she said, "Miss Smith, you can't go in there, there was a drunk man, a drunken dago, in there." I ignored her and I said to Fisher "Are you going to lock me up there" and I says "I don't want to be locked up, I don't want to sleep, I can stay here" and he says "I guess I won't lock you up." And after awhile I became weary and I realized I hadn't had any dinner that day, in the excitement I had forgotten it and Mrs. Curley, the woman who was in the jail, divided up something they had brought her from the house and cooked it on a little stove she had there to cook on. And I said to her, I looked at this mattress when I became so very weary, and I said "What is that bundle of stuff down there." The mattress being covered with loose newspapers I couldn't tell if it was a mattress or a lot of old stuff piled over it. She told me the bundle was clean clothes and I spread the newspapers over this and laid down and she gave me part of her quilt. She told me her bedding was clean and I laid down between the logs of the jail and the cell in that narrow place but I did not sleep much. I caught cold and was pretty nearly two months getting over the cold.

I was somewhat dazed at the time and later going out the train was caught in a snowslide and I didn't have very much food to eat and I was pretty well broken down when I got to Denver. The experience took all of the courage out of me.

Sometime during the night Mahoney came back with a couple of loaves of bread, turned on the electric light and put the bread on the table. In the morning I was taken down to the train by Mr. Fisher and Mr. Mahoney and put on the train to Glenwood and from Glenwood into Denver. I had transportation over the Denver and Rio Grande. The train should have gotten into Denver that afternoon but we didn't get in until the next morning about six o'clock because we were stopped by a snow slide beyond Leadville in the hills. I had no food.

While she was in the jail or very shortly thereafter, Marshal Mahoney appointed Frank P. Frost, editor of the *Marble Booster* newspaper, to supervise the dismantling and removal of the little printing plant of the *Marble City Times*. Somehow in the process the type for what was to be the next edition of the *Marble City Times* was spilled out on the street and hopelessly pied. The plant, type, and equipment were stored in the basement of Kobey's Store under the supervision of editor Frost. Maybe they are still there.

Sylvia wasted no time in employing attorneys in Denver to help her redress her wrongs, and within a month after her deportation filed suit in the Gunnison County District Court at Gunnison, Colorado, seeking \$22,500 actual damages and \$30,000 exemplary damage against 37 individuals, the town of Marble, the Colorado Yule Marble Company, and the Crystal River and San Juan Railway Company, on the allegation that they had joined together in a wicked conspiracy to damage and humiliate her. It is important to note here that the suit was on the basis of a conspiracy to commit a wrong. The law holds each and every conspirator liable for all damage caused as a result of the conspiracy by any participant along the line, however great or small the part of that particular conspirator may have been. Along with money damages she sought a body judgment against the individual defendants by reason of their fraud, malice and unlawful conduct.

The defense of the defendants set forth in their answer was generally to the effect that they denied the conspiracy; they denied that Sylvia was engaged in any reputable business or ran a reputable newspaper; except for Mahoney and Fisher they denied locking her up; denied that she had "any good name or standing in said community other than being virtuous. . . ." They added to these denials an affirmative defense stating that Yule Marble Company and the railway company supply the 500 men employed with work and constitute the principal business of the town; that the town was only 150 people when the Marble Company started and the town depends upon it; that the plaintiff had become unpopular at Crested Butte and was a nuisance and moved to Marble three years ago where she started vicious attacks on the Marble Company, its officers and the citizens who were friendly to the company, and that these ma-

licious and intemperate attacks were designed to prevent it from selling stock, and that her attacks on the company culminated in the snowslide article which so provoked the people that a meeting of at least 300 of the "best" citizens adopted the resolution inviting her to leave and appointed a committee to present the resolutions to her and that the Mayor and Marshal only took her into custody to protect her and her property and keep her in a safe place because they were fearful of violence that might result to her by inflamed community reactions. It was specifically denied that Meek attended the meeting. The Marble Company denied everything except that it was a corporation.

The suit came to trial a year after it was filed. In the meantime Colonel Meek had suffered a fatal accident riding the little trolley with a load of marble from the quarry to the shops and could no longer be a defendant. The town of Marble was dismissed as a defendant, I suppose because Sylvia's attorneys may have failed to give the necessary notice of their claim within the time required by law. The case was heard before a jury of twelve men and was presented on Miss Smith's behalf by Samuel D. Crump, familiarly known as "Five-Finger Crump" because he had five perfectly formed fingers on each hand. Dexter Sapp represented the defendants.

Using the March 30, 1912 issue of the *Booster* as source material for what went on at the meeting at Masonic Hall where the resolution was adopted, her attorney called Editor Foster, one of the defendants and a very reluctant witness, for cross-examination, and maneuvered him into admitting that he was a pretty good editor and a pretty good reporter, and that whatever he said in that issue of *The Marble Booster* was accurate, since he had personally attended the meeting, personally knew all the people involved, and personally wrote the report. From this base, and by reading excerpts from his paper to him, he was led to detail what happened at the meeting, who spoke, what was said, what individuals made violent speeches against Sylvia Smith and who signed the resolutions demanding her departure. Several other witnesses hostile to Sylvia, were called by her attorney and examined as to their part in the affair, including Town Marshal Mahoney; Special Officer Fisher; Mayor Tischauser; one J. F. Parrish who was in the grocery and meat business and was on the committee to present the resolutions; C. E. "Judge" Budlong, who was police magistrate at the time and a member of the committee; J. A. Williams, the postmaster; and Joseph Larkin, the conductor of the railroad which took her out of town. Each of these witnesses had to admit his part in the affair and in some way implicate someone else. Three friendly witnesses were called in Miss Smith's behalf; they were Tom Boughton, Mrs. Marshy Woods, and George Stogshell. Mrs. Woods was a real native of the town, having lived there twenty-one years and was apparently a

pretty good friend of Sylvia Smith's. She also seems to have been a woman of substance since she and her husband, W. W. Woods, owned half the townsite of Marble, the Yule Marble Company owning the other half. As co-tenants they didn't seem to be too friendly, and when Col. Meek asked her to withdraw her friendship from Sylvia Smith when he caught her walking out of church with Sylvia one day, Mrs. Woods refused. George Stodgshell ran a cigar store in Marble at the time of the occurrences involved, and was later convicted of bootlegging, Marble being dry. Apparently it was one of the chief interests of the company to keep its workmen from drinking too much, and it was one of the chief duties of the Town Marshal and Judge Budlong to enforce the dry ordinance and put the offenders in the town jail. Unfortunately, the jail being what it was, booze was rumored to be passed freely in and out to inmates through holes or chinks in the wall. Anyhow, all Stodgshell contributed was the information that as early as 1910 Col. Meek had called a meeting to get things started toward devising a method of getting Sylvia out of town.

Of course, Sylvia took the stand in her own behalf. In reading her testimony I was struck by the fact that she was apparently a modest and straightforward witness and had none of the flamboyance, dogmatism, or argumentativeness that might be attributed to a crusading, fire-eating trouble-maker.

The defense produced almost no evidence, partly because a number of the defendants had already testified and as their attorney remarked, he had been preempted, and partly because early in the trial the Court made a ruling which destroyed their principal defense. When the defense attorney attempted to put in evidence *The Marble City Times* for March 22, 1912, the one with the "Destiny kept her appointment and redresses many wrongs" article on the snowslide, Judge Thomas J. Black dismissed the jury, heard arguments and ruled in effect that no articles or statements printed in *The Marble City Times*, however malicious or scurrilous, could in any way be a defense to any unlawful action taken against Sylvia nor could such articles be introduced in evidence as a mitigating circumstance. The Judge's reasoning was as follows:

For the purpose of illustration, we will take the case of A and B—they are rivals in business, A publishes false, malicious and slanderous statements concerning B, and printed them in a newspaper. B, by reason of that, goes to the premises of A, takes his goods into his street, takes A and put him in confinement. Now one theory advanced is that that cannot be admitted in justification or it cannot be admitted in mitigation; the other theory is that for the purpose of throwing light upon the question of whether or not there was malice, it ought to be admitted. The view I take of it is that in the eye of the law, or from the standpoint of legal principles, the mere fact that A

may have slandered B or libeled him would not be any justification at all—would not be any mitigation at all, because he has his remedy, and such remedy as the law provides. And even though there is no remedy in the law, I don't know of any principle of law that would say that because the law did not provide any, he might take the law into his own hands. Now, that is my theory of the case.

So, the case was tried on that theory. No issue of *The Marble City Times* was introduced in evidence although apparently many were available for that purpose. No testimony as to Sylvia's standing in the community, her influence on the fortunes of the Yule Marble Company, or the motivation for her articles against it could be produced. No evidence to the effect that Sylvia may have sent some of her papers to the East for the purpose of discouraging investors could be received, and finally, no argument based on the idea that because of her activities she only got her just deserts could be made. Defense counsel attempted to the very last to argue that Sylvia was a destructive force in the community and should be removed; finally the Court told him to end his closing argument to the jury and sit down.

So the jury retired to consider its verdict, and returned in favor of Sylvia T. Smith for \$10,345 in damages, carrying an additional \$592.97 in costs, and further, in an attempt to work exact justice, apportioned to each defendant the amount it felt that particular defendant should bear. It found some of the defendants guilty of malice and as to them it awarded body judgments. When the verdict was read Judge Black informed the jurors they must simply render one verdict against all the defendants for the amount of damages they found, but could specifically find what defendants were guilty of malice and as to them could award a body judgment. Thereupon the jury again retired and brought in the lump sum verdict as requested.

It found fourteen of the defendants guilty of malice, and awarded body judgments against them. Among these were W. R. Frazier, Judge Budlong, Editor Frost, the Mayor, the doctor, the druggist, and three of the women. The judgment was entered April 21, 1913, and as nearly as I can discover was eventually all paid, although perhaps not by the persons who were the most involved in inflicting damage on Sylvia. The judgment was appealed and ultimately sustained by the Supreme Court of Colorado, but in the process the defendants were required to post a surety bond for the payment of the judgment in event that they lost their appeal. I assume the surety company did pay all of the judgment to Sylvia, because I notice that soon after collection proceedings started an attorney for the Equitable Surety Company appeared in the case. The collection of the judgment was long and tortuous, involving garnishing of bank accounts, school warrants, debts and obligations of the in-

dividual defendants, sale of their property, and by tracing of assets which had been transferred to other persons. By April 15th of 1916 everything seems to have been paid and released.

I would like to be able to tell you what happened to Sylvia Smith after the trial, but I cannot. As nearly as I can tell, she never returned to Marble; certainly she did not return to Marble before the trial. She had two nephews in Pueblo, one of whom came back and picked up some of her clothing before the trial. After the deportation she was in Pueblo for awhile and kept house for them. I have read in articles I consider pretty unreliable that she made a good thing out of going on the lecture circuit to tell about her battle with the town of Marble and its inhabitants, but I find nothing to substantiate this and I can hardly believe that it would have been a good subject for a lecture tour in those days. The case stirred up some interest and a little notoriety in the newspapers of the time, but the amount of publicity bestowed upon it was certainly not great. I have also heard that she went to Denver and worked as a reporter on the *Post*, but inquiry at the *Post* fails to reveal any record or knowledge of her ever having been there, and inquiry among old time reporters draws a similar blank. Sylvia Smith died February 27, 1932. At that time she was about 67 years old, and she resided at 129 West Alameda Street in Denver.

Many of the people in the Gunnison and Carbondale area still remember the litigation; a few are still alive who participated in it in one way or another, and others were children of those who did. At Gunnison I located two of the members of the jury who sat at the trial. Neither could remember anything in the least derogatory to Sylvia Smith, both felt that she was a person of rather mild and lady-like behavior, and both believed that the jury brought in a fair verdict. But then, the juryman who is willing to impeach his own verdict, even 58 years later, is indeed a rarity. The proprietor of one of the three hotels at Marble, who was also a signer of the petition, suggested that he was not really deeply involved in the case, and that you would have to realize that the town was completely dominated by the company, and there was little room there for anyone who violently opposed it.

It would be interesting to know more about Sylvia Smith, this maiden lady whose virtue was unchallenged even by her fiercest opponents, and who for some fourteen years made her living publishing small mountain weekly newspapers and doing job printing work. I would like to see a picture of her, just to know what she looked like. It would be interesting to leaf through a file of old *Marble City Times*, if such were in existence. But, alas, I cannot supply this information. Sylvia, her works and history, are as surely gone as is her little print shop, *The Marble City Times*, and the fire shovel she had in her hand that day the committee called on her

to tell her to leave town.

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See also a book not yet published and which I have not seen yet, but it should be helpful — *Marble* by Dewayne Vandembush, Golden Bell Press, Denver.

ADDENDUM

Unfortunately, so John Bennett remarked during the presentation of his factual paper, no picture of the colorful Sylvia Smith is known to exist; moreover, there is apparently no reliable description of her appearance. It may be noted that she was the picturesque, controversial type whose exploits tend to become embellished.

For example, Bennett tells about articles which depict her making money on the lecture circuit telling about her battle with the town of Marble, but he considers these to be quite unreliable.

Again, Bennett cites Sylvia's own statement concerning her forced departure, which was unspectacular. She simply states: "In the morning I was taken to the train by Mr. Fisher and Mr. Mahoney (the town marshal) and put on the train to Glenwood." Alvin Foote, in an article in *Empire* (August 20, 1950), has a more colorful account. He states that "she was taken bodily from the jail, screaming protests, and placed on the train." In addition, the marshal warned her: "Don't come back."

Bennett says: "As nearly as I can tell, she never returned to Marble." Foote, however, gives a colorful account of a triumphal return in 1915: "When she returned she wore a pink dress and she had a lawyer at her left side and a deputy sheriff at her right." Furthermore, apparently in her honor, the deputy closed all but one of the stores in Marble during the homecoming.

Kipling, Caroline and Colorado

by Lowell E. Mooney

RUDYARD KIPLING WOODED AND WON HIS WIFE IN SALIDA, so screamed headlines in the *Salida* (Colo.) *Mail* of January 21, 1936; "Famous Author Wrote Novel on Visit Here."

This outburst of printers' ink was occasioned by the death of Rudyard Kipling in England on January 18, 1936. The story stated that the death of Kipling had a special significance for the people of Salida, because it was there that he had met and wooed his wife; that he had written at least part of a book there; that he spent a summer riding horseback in the mountains, visiting the mining camps and enjoying the scenery. He allegedly came West in 1884 to call on an American friend, Wolcott Balestier, who, with his sister, Caroline Starr Balestier, was in Salida for a few months. Caroline and Rudyard became friends. They corresponded, and when she accompanied her brother to London a few years later, she and Kipling married.

This is a beautiful story. It was a beautiful story in 1936 when it evidently had its start. It is even more beautiful now, because innumerable articles have been written expanding it and embellishing it and decorating it; adding a detail here and an imagined happening there, resulting in a romanticized yarn worthy of comparison of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet."

There are holes in this story. Great, gaping, glaring breaches almost large enough to hold Kipling's ego. Let us look at the record, the pure, unadorned, recorded facts.

Caroline Starr Balestier, who was destined to become Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, came to Salida, in late 1884, for a visit with Miss Amy Graves. The two had met and become fast friends while they were attending an Eastern school. Amy's mother was Mrs. Emma Homan Thayer, author of *Colorado Wild Flowers* and other books; her father was manager and part owner of the fabled Monte Christo Hotel in Salida. "Carrie", as she was known to her intimate friends, was accompanied to Salida by her brother, Wolcott, who had already won wide acclaim as an author and man of letters.

The *Salida Daily Mail* of December 30, 1884, noted that "Wolcott Balestier of the literary staff of the *New York Tribune* has been in the city a few days and made this office a pleasant call yesterday." The same journal on January 5, 1885, told that "Wolcott Balestier . . . is the author of several novels that have attracted much attention. . . . *A Victorious Defeat* of which he is the author appeared in eighteen of the leading dailies of this country

yesterday. . . . He is now busily engaged correcting proof sheets of a new book to be issued soon. Mr. Balestier is yet a very young man but promises to become renowned in the literary world before many years."

Wolcott Balestier returned to New York in early April, 1885, to accept the editorial chair of *Tidbits*, a popular journal published by the John W. Lovell Co., Philadelphia, of Lovell Library fame. Caroline Balestier stayed in Salida until shortly after the first of July, 1885, when she went to New York to join her brother.

Even though she spent only a few months in Salida, Caroline left a lasting monument, for she and her school chum are given credit for establishing the first Episcopal Sunday School in the lusty, brawling, young town. The original class consisted of four youngsters and was held in the same building that housed one of Salida's more popular saloons, with only a thin wooden partition separating the two enterprises. Good always triumphs over Evil, and it has been noted that "the rough and ready pioneers of Salida piped down during Sunday School hour."

It is noteworthy that in all the accounts of the Balestiers' presence in Salida, Rudyard Kipling is conspicuous only by lack of mention. It is also of more than passing interest that on December 30, 1884, just a few days after the Balestiers arrived in Salida, Kipling celebrated his nineteenth birthday (he was three years younger than Caroline). "So", you say, "where was Kipling while the Balestiers were making such social and theological and literary hay in Salida?"

Charles E. Carrington of London wrote an excellent biography entitled *The Life of Rudyard Kipling* (Doubleday, 1955). Harold Merklen, Research Librarian of the New York Public Library, in answer to our query, tells us ". . . The librarians in our Berg Collection inform us that . . . the author . . . examined all sources in this library and all other collections and that his (Carrington's) account is considered authoritative."

Mr. Carrington definitely places Kipling in India continuously from October 18, 1882, until early May, 1889, when he left to catch the American ship *City of Peking* at Yokohama on May 11, for a twenty-day voyage across the stormy North Pacific to San Francisco. Mr. Carrington, when contacted in regard to Kipling's visits to America and the West, stated in a letter dated April 26, 1966, "I can give a positive reply. You refer to my *Life of Kipling* (*sic*), every sentence of which has been closely scrutinized for errors of fact. There are virtually no doubts about where Kipling was. If you will look again at my Chapter VI you will see a chronological account of his movements in the fall of 1889. This was—quite certainly—his first visit to America and his only visit to the West."

Rudyard became sub-editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore, India, early in 1883, at the tender age of seventeen, but soon advanced to special correspondent, a position he still held upon his arrival in San Fran-

cisco in 1889, where he immediately started giving his American contemporaries the benefit of his mature and profound observations in regard to purely local matters. His introduction to the "American Eagle" sickened him with American politics—not a difficult matter, since all politics sickened him. He wrote "Scores of men have told me they would as soon concern themselves with the affairs of city or state as rake muck."

He also delivered himself of many other shallow comments:

"When the hotel clerk stoops to attend to your wants, he does so whistling or humming or picking his teeth . . . these performances, I gather, are to impress upon you that he is a free man, and your equal."

"Most of the men wore frock-coats and top-hats—but they all spat! They spat on principle."

"They delude themselves into the belief that they talk 'English'—and I have already been pitied for speaking with an 'English Accent!'"

"The American does not drink at meals . . . indeed, he has no meals. He stuffs himself for ten minutes thrice daily, and he pours his vanity into himself at unholy hours."

Kipling's accounts of his travels through the West in 1899 are covered in his book *From Sea to Sea*, in which he unreservedly propounds on such diverse subjects as bloated, swearing, spitting politicians; American maidens, mostly predatory; the varying degrees of undesirability among various ethnic groups; and other highly complex subjects on which he became an instant authority. No phase of American habit, custom, idiosyncrasy, or speech pattern escaped his notice. Generally, his observations showed an exceptionally keen mind, but he found in Americans only the disparaging things he was looking for, much as a caricature artist will select the one feature of a subject he wishes to emphasize, then exaggerate it almost to the point of absurdity.

Rudyard's travels in the United States began in San Francisco, ranging from there to Portland; Tacoma; Vancouver, B.C.; Yellowstone Park; Salt Lake City; Denver; Omaha; Chicago; Beaver, Pa.; New England and New York. In all this traveling across our broad land, very few things met with his approval. He enjoyed fishing for salmon in the Klackamas River because he caught the biggest fish of any in his party. Trout fishing in the Gunnison River of Colorado excited him because he was able to show the Gunnisonites that small English flies were much, much superior to their own "great, coarse tackle." Mark Twain became his hero for no stated reason, but it is interesting to note that as much as Kipling resented the invasion of his own privacy, it never occurred to him that he was rude by appearing at Twain's home without an appointment. Too, Kipling approved of the works of Bret Harte, who, although writing of American subjects, chose to spend his later years in England, thereby proving himself worthy of Kipling's admiration.

Let's follow Kipling through Colorado in *From Sea to Sea*. After describing the unbelievable horrors a gentleman was forced to endure on a train ride through the Black Canyon of the Gunnison, his observations about the city of Gunnison and its famed La Veta Hotel were not destined to be remembered with reverence in that city:

We halted at a half-dead city, the name of which does not remain with me. It had originally been built on the crest of a wave of prosperity. Once, ten thousand people had walked its streets; but the boom had collapsed. The great brick houses and the factories were empty. The population lived in little timber shanties on the fringes of the deserted town. There were some railway shops and things, and the hotel (whose pavement formed the platform of the railway) and contained one hundred and more rooms—empty.

. . . went trout fishing in the Gunnison River in the pasture-scented dusk and caught a three-pounder on a ragged old brown hackle and landed him after a ten-minute argument. The natives seem to use much too coarse tackle. They laugh at the tiny English hooks, but they hold.

Betty Wallace in her book *Gunnison Country* says "Rudyard Kipling, who visited Gunnison in 1889, was far from impressed with the La Veta Hotel and the town. He thoroughly aroused the animosity of the local citizens when, not only did he deride the place, he made the unpardonable blunder of not even remembering its name." Kipling spent the night in Gunnison. Here is his account of the spine-chilling adventure of narrow gauge transportation over Marshall Pass:

Next day . . . myself and a few others began the real ascent of the Rockies; up to that time our climbing didn't count. The train ran violently up a steep place and was taken to pieces. Five cars were hitched onto two locomotives and two cars to one locomotive. This seemed to be a kind and thoughtful act, but I was idiot enough to go forward and watch the coupling-on of the two rear cars . . . the regular coupling had been lost . . . so a single iron link about as thick as a fetter-link watch chain 'would have to do'. Get hauled up a cliff by the hook of a lady's parasol if you wish to appreciate my sentiments when the cars moved uphill and the link drew tight. Miles away and two thousand feet above our heads rose the shoulder of a hill epauletted with the long line of a snow-tunnel. The first section of the cars crawled a quarter of a mile ahead of us, the track snaked and looped behind, and there was a black drop to the left. So, we went up and up and up till the thin air grew thinner and the chunk-chunk-chunk of the labouring locomotive was answered by the oppressed beating of the exhausted heart. Through the chequed light and shade of the snow tunnels (horrible caverns of rude timbering) we ground our way, halting now and again to allow a down-train to pass. One monster of forty mineral cars slid past, scarce held by four locomotives, their brakes screaming and chortling in chorus; and in the end, after a

glimpse at half America spread mapwise leagues below us, we halted at the head of the longest snow tunnel of all, on the crest of the divide, between ten and eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea . . . a wind as keen as a knife-edge rioted down the grimy tunnel.

Then, dispatching a pilot engine to clear the way, we began the downward portion of the journey, with every available brake on and frequent shrieks, till after some hours we reached the level plain, and later the city of Denver.

Kipling brushes Denver off with "The pulse of that town was too like the rushing mighty wind in the Rocky Mountain tunnel (atop Marshall Pass). It made me tired because complete strangers desired me to do something to mines which were in mountains, and to purchase building blocks upon inaccessible cliffs; and once, a woman urged that I should supply her with strong drinks."

Old time-tables of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad show that the journey from Gunnison over Marshall Pass and on into Denver as related above, would have given Kipling a stop of twenty minutes in Salida. This is the *one* and *only* time he ever saw Salida, five years or so after he purportedly met Caroline Balestier there.

"Aha," several hundred Sunday-driver students of Colorado history are saying to themselves, "Why did Kipling register at the Jackson Hotel in Poncha Springs, five miles west of Salida?"

Kipling's "signature," as well as many others, has been surreptitiously cut from the register. The only person who could point out where it "used to be" is dead, so the date that Kipling "registered" is now unknown. One can only wish that he had "registered" on July 8, 1897, so he could have enjoyed visiting with a fellow countryman, as well as many other distinguished guests. The guest list of that date shows that the first arrival was Wm. Shakespeare, Stratford-on-Avon, England; followed closely by Grover Cleveland, Princeton, N.J. Then came Wm. McKinley of Washington, D.C. McKinley didn't want to ignore the home folks, so he appended "formerly of Canton, Ohio" to his current address. The next guests to arrive at the Jackson that day possibly were two miners in for the night. We know they were brothers because they were very careful to proclaim this fact in flowing script. Had they not announced they were brothers, nobody would ever have guessed. Their names: Jimmie Whistlebritches and Johnnie Hammerhandle. The next guest was a true son of the old sod named Patrick O'Riley, hailing from Skinflint, Ohio. The last man to check into the hotel that night was William Jennings Bryan, Lincoln, Nebr.

A comparison of the number of rooms at the Jackson with the profusion of guests registered there on occasion leads one to surmise that the celebrities must have had to sleep two to a bed, with the nonentities being shunted to the hayloft over the stables.

Let's get back to Kipling. His travels through Colorado occurred between the 10th and 14th of July, 1889, after which he stayed a short time in Omaha, a day in Chicago, then had a lengthy visit with friends in Beaver, Pa., making short side trips from there to New York State and New England, finally leaving from New York City for Liverpool September 25 aboard the SS City of Berlin.

Where was Caroline Starr Balestier during Rudyard's three or four-day ordeal in Colorado? The *Salida Mail* of June 29, 1889, contained a lengthy article describing the wedding of Caroline's friend, Amy Marie Graves to J. Wallace Ohl, and giving a list of the bride's wedding gifts. "The bride wore silver beads sent from Caroline Balestier of New York."

Carrington's letter, quoted earlier, says "Wolcott Balestier, his mother, and his two sisters were already in London in July, 1889 . . . it is quite clear that he (Kipling) first met Wolcott Balestier in London a few months later (November-December, 1889)."

Again, taking pertinent information from Carrington's *The Life of Rudyard Kipling*, we learn that "According to Balestier family tradition, Caroline first met Rudyard at Wolcott's office in Dean's Yard, London, where she had gone with the housekeeping books under her arm" (p. 138). This meeting was on an unknown date late in 1890. Wolcott and Kipling were then in the process of collaboration on *The Naulahka*, a story of East and West, with Kipling writing the portion concerning India and Wolcott handling the Western chapters. Before *The Naulahka* was finished and appeared in print, Rudyard and Caroline had an "understanding." The progress of the love affair, as the two principals would have wished, remained their own secret, and has died with them. It did not run smoothly. Soon after the meeting and the "understanding," Rudyard left for extensive travels in the East.

Wolcott Balestier became ill with typhoid in Dresden, Germany, dying in that city December 6, 1891. Word of his death reached Rudyard in India, whether from Caroline or otherwise is not clear. He immediately set sail for England, arriving in London January 10, 1892. Whereupon he and Caroline arranged to be married by special license within eight days, on January 18. The wedding took place at All Soul's Church, Langham Place, London, in the presence of a congregation of five people. 'Ambo' Poynter as best man was the only representative of Kipling's family. Henry James, the writer, gave the bride away. At the church door the couple parted (Carrie was obliged to nurse her mother, ill with influenza) to meet again at Brown's Hotel, where, two days later, 'Ambo' Poynter and Stan Baldwin came to lunch; the only entertainment that accompanied the marriage (Carrington, *The Life of Rudyard Kipling*, p. 149).

Ten years after Kipling's twenty-minute visit to Salida, the *Salida Mail* of March 7, 1899, noted that "Mrs. Rudyard Kipling is well known to many

Salida people. She was a chum of Mrs. John Wallis Ohl (Amy Graves), and in 1885 (1884?) assisted that lady in establishing the first Episcopal Sunday School in Salida. . . . Mr. Kipling and Miss Balestier . . . formed a life partnership. . . . Kipling is as dear to America as to England."

The Denver *Rocky Mountain News* of March 24, 1901, reported a meeting of the Womens' Press Club of Denver. The main speaker that day was Mrs. Emma A. Thayer (mother of Amy Graves Ohl) who told most interestingly of "her early acquaintance with Mrs. Rudyard Kipling who was my daughter's guest in our Salida home."

The two newspaper items just quoted give conclusive, although negative, evidence that Caroline and Rudyard did not meet in Salida in 1884-1885 when Caroline was there or in 1889 when Kipling traveled through the West. Kipling had by this time forged ahead in the literary field and was widely known. Had Rudyard and Caroline done their courting in Salida, that fact certainly would have been mentioned in both of these accounts.

Why the 1936 headlines regarding the courtship of Rudyard and Caroline in Salida? We can only conjecture; but logical deduction tells us how this myth might have started.

Caroline Starr Balestier was a lovely young lady. All good young ladies were lovely in 1884-1885. She visited a school chum in Salida. Her brother, a well-known author, was with her, and actually wrote part of a book during this visit. Rudyard Kipling was then an unknown, struggling sub-editor for an obscure (to Americans) publication in India. Caroline and her brother Wolcott undoubtedly were social catches, and as such, must have been feted and partied and wooed unendingly. Their presence at a literary tea would have furnished endless grist for the conversational mills. Wolcott returned to New York and his new position as editor for *Tidbits*. Further news of his writings and activities was published periodically in the Salida papers, even after Caroline ended her six-month stay there and returned to the East.

After four years in the East, Caroline and Wolcott embarked for London. Wolcott became aware of Kipling's increasing literary reputation and arranged to meet him. They collaborated on *The Naulahka*, and word of these happenings trickled back to the newspapers of Colorado and Salida. Shortly after completing his part of *The Naulahka*, Wolcott died and Caroline married Rudyard. All of this is building up to the premise that during the time she spent in Salida and in the news about her after she left Salida, Caroline, in the minds of Solidans, was very closely associated with a writer. It stands to reason that sooner or later, any mention of Caroline's visit to Salida inevitably was followed by a typical remark: "Oh, yes. I remember her. She was here with 'that writer.'" Since Wolcott by 1936 had long been dead, 'that writer' (her brother) by default, became Rudyard Kipling, and by the time of Kipling's death, it probably had become an

irrefutable fact in the annals of Salida that since his wife had visited and been lionized there in company with a writer, that writer could have been none other than Rudyard Kipling. Of such things are legends made.

There is still a sincere belief among some of the old timers in Salida that Kipling actually courted the fair Miss Balestier there. They remember their parents or grandparents reminiscing about having seen or met Kipling and his future wife in the social whirl of early Salida, and why should these people doubt the word of their forebears, all of whom were just and upright citizens?

Legends die hard, and especially so when they are rooted in one's own dooryard. The purpose of this account is not to start a quarrel with those who don't agree with the findings cited. It is merely a long overdue attempt to shine a ray of truth on what has been up to now a charming and romantic, but completely unauthentic segment of Salida and Colorado history.

LEGENDARY VARIATIONS ON A THEME

The *Elk Mountain Pilot*, January 23, 1936, states that Wolcott and Caroline Balestier came to Salida in 1885. Kipling arrived the same year to visit Wolcott, and "met his future wife." Moreover, "a year later, while Balestier and his sister were in London, she and the famous author were married." The January 11, 1940, of this same newspaper notes that Caroline "courted (*sic*) Kipling in Salida," who had come there "to visit his sweetheart." He spent several months in the vicinity, collaborating with her brother on a novel "at St. Elmo." He and Caroline "were married a few months later in the East."

Beryl McA Dow in his "Kipling in Colorado" (*The Western Humanities Review*, 1952, pp. 205-6) relates some oral traditions garnered from Salida residents. Kipling and Balestier, so Miss Ruple Duey related, ate in her mother's restaurant. Mrs. Duey told her that Kipling was "very friendly." Kipling wrote letters to her mother, but none was extant. Mrs. Ethel Purdy and Miss Duey identified the place where a house, occupied by Kipling and Balestier, once stood. Mrs. T. W. Larimer, a member of Caroline's Sunday School class remembered "so little." However, Caroline and Kipling did call at her childhood home. They would ride up to the door on horses and knocked on it with their whips. She would rush to the door, to see the horses, rather than Kipling.

Prof. Allen Breck, in his book, *The Episcopal Church in Colorado* (1963) states, on p. 101: "One unusual visitor to Salida (in 1883) was Rudyard Kipling who came to live in a cabin on Little River, where he collected material for his novel *Naulahka*. He visited Wolcott Balestier, the brother of Caroline, with a view to collaboration on another work of fiction. Here a romance began between Kipling and Caroline, which culminated in their marriage in 1892."

Lowell Mooney relates in a recent letter that there are three cabins on Little River where Kipling allegedly stayed.

New Hands on the Denver Range

John Bright,
P.O. Box 3352,
San Bernardino, California 92402

He is the senior member of the D-J Book Search, which specializes in Western Americana, and Californiana. He is also interested in publishing, in small editions, items of local history and interest.

Walter E. Vest, Jr., M.D.,
460 Circle Drive,
Denver, Colorado 80206

Dr. Vest is still another of Dr. Danielson's "recruits." He has published *Who Are the Ghosts?* which consists of poems about Colorado and its ghost towns. He is especially concerned about the Georgetown, Colorado, area.

Allen D. Bond,
1510 Oxlet St.,
So. Pasadena, California 91030

He was introduced to the Denver Westerners through Fred Mazzulla. He has a special interest in the history of casino and of gambling machines. As a hobby he restores old coin-operated gambling machines.

Bennett M. Wayne,
1285 Albion St., #305,
Denver, Colorado 80220

He was "recruited" by the two Freds, Mazzulla and Rosenstock. His interest is in ghost towns and in personalities.

Daniel W. Jones,
137 East 66th Street,
New York, N.Y. 10010

Fred Mazzulla is responsible for obtaining this new member. Mr. Jones assembled the collections of photographs from which NBC Project 20's films, "Mark Twain's America," "The Real West," "The West of Charles Russell," and "The Shining Mountains" were made. Obviously, he is interested in the photography of the West and its history. Indeed, he is concerned with all phases of photography and with American history in general. Hobbies include sailing, and calligraphy.

John G. Mackie,
Box 147,
Carbondale, Colorado 81623

Professor Mackie became acquainted with the Westerners through Ralph W. Danielson. He teaches American History at Colorado Mountain College. He is especially interested in the religion of the Hopi Indians, in mining, and in law.

APPLICATION FORMS

Membership application forms may be obtained by writing to Mr. Fred Mazzulla, Roundup Foreman and Tally Man, at 1430 Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

OMISSION

Through inadvertence, Don Gailbraith's name was omitted from his fine review of Robert Easton's book, *Max Brand, the "Big Westerner,"* in the May ROUNDUP.

TRUE GALL

The following item was sent in by James G. Schneider, C.M., president of the Kankakee (Illinois) Federal Savings & Loan Association which published it in its April "Homes and Loans":

True Gall

For a change we agreed with some of the Motion Picture Academy's choice for "Oscars," especially the selection of John Wayne for his role as "Rooster" Cogburn in "True Grit." It was a great performance in a fine movie! But for Paramount Pictures' "True Gall" during the making of "True Grit" we recommend two special awards: One for "Cheapskate of the Year," the other for "Historical Polluter of the Year."

Most of "True Grit" was filmed in or near the tiny village of Ridgway in southwestern Colorado. Paramount richly deserves the "Cheapskate" honor because, according to information given us by a village official, it conferred the magnanimous sum of \$700 on the village for the right to: (1) Construct the gallows and stables in the town park; (2) Hide the village sidewalks by covering them with dirt (which is still there); (3) Park its equipment all over the village; and (4) Close the park and various streets for days at a time while filming the epic.

And, now, for the "Historical Polluter" award: Those who saw "True Grit" will recall that the heroine arrived in Fort Smith on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad. However, the only evidence of a train was a red MK&T caboose that slid across the screen accompanied by appropriate sound effects. In real life this narrow gauge caboose is a relic of the Rio Grande Southern Railroad which ran for 60 years from Ridgway to Durango. Since the line's abandonment in 1952 the little RCS caboose has been a landmark at the east edge of Ridgway. But the caboose still bears the markings of the MK&T, which, of course, never ran within 500 miles of Ridgway. Visiting history buffs will be dumfounded!

ELLINGWOOD PEAK

An important listing of 53 Colorado peaks with elevations of 14,000 feet and more, submitted by Sheriff Nolie Mume, was published in the April, 1970, number of the ROUNDUP, pages 14-16. Attention has been called to still another, by Albert Ossinger in *Empire*, March 3, 1970, named Ellingwood Peak, in honor of the noted Colorado mountain climber. It is one of the complex of four Sierra Blanca peaks: Blanca Peak, 14,342 ft., (Mume has 14,345); Little Bear Peak, 14,037; Mt. Lindsey, 14,042; and now Ellingwood Pk., 14,042, the same as Mt. Lindsey. Accordingly, there are 54 peaks in Colorado with an elevation of 14,000 feet or more. The lowest of these is Sunshine Pk., 14,001 ft., which barely qualifies.

(Submitted by Miss Victoria Smith)



Westerner's Bookshelf



THE SUPERIOR EDITION OF MY FRIEND THE INDIAN, by James McLaughlin with 30 drawings and paintings by Daniel S. Buisson, and the Three Missing Chapters with Preface and Epilogue by Reverend Louis L. Pfalle O.S.B. A Salisbury Press book by Superior Publishing Co., Seattle, 1970, 136 pp., \$25.00.

In retirement after 38 years in the Indian Service, James McLaughlin wrote *My Friend the Indian* (Houghton Mifflin, 1919), a fine book of permanent worth. It went through three editions. In 1936, Usher L. Burdick, a North Dakota congressman, published, in a 30-page pamphlet (Baltimer, The Proof Press), three chapters of McLaughlin's original manuscript which Houghton Mifflin had omitted from the book.

Now the Superior Publishing Co. has reproduced the original book and the supplementary chapters under one cover, with comment by the Rev. Father Pfaller plus some thirty western drawings and paintings by the late Daniel Shaw Buisson, nephew of Marie Buisson McLaughlin, James McLaughlin's quarter-blood Sioux wife. Buisson was a dentist. His art work, never published, was preserved by a sister, Mrs. Alma Putman. Painting apparently was but one of Buisson's many hobbies, and one that even he did not take very seriously. His art work seems, to this reviewer, who is no art critic, to lack values which would make it what this book says it is—"an important contribution to our national heritage."

Reproduction of the text of *My*

Friend the Indian has been done photographically from the original first edition. This reduces the type size and blurs details in the illustrations. But the text is there, errors and all; for readers unable to obtain the original, it will serve.

The Rev. Father Pfaller has for some time been working on a biography of McLaughlin and an account of his Indian Service experiences. For this purpose Father Pfaller had had access to McLaughlin's records and correspondence, official and personal. The collection is in the Archives of Assumption College, Richardton, North Dakota. It has been catalogued and its 30,000 pages microfilmed; copies of a pamphlet descriptive of the collection may be obtained free, according to Father Pfaller's Epilogue in the Superior edition of *My Friend the Indian* (presumably by asking Assumption Abbey Archives, Richardton, for a copy of "Guide to the Microfilm Edition of the Major James McLaughlin Papers").

Father Pfaller's book about McLaughlin is one to look forward to.

Maurice Frink, R.M

WORLD CATTLE, by John E. Rouse, University of Oklahoma Press, 1970, 2 vols., boxed, 1046 pp., illustrated, maps, bibliography, index of cattle, \$25.00.

World Cattle, is a comprehensive study and history of the breeds, management practices, abattoirs, cattle diseases, and methods of husbandry of cattle in over eighty countries outside of North America.

The author, John Rouse, who has a productive Angus cattle ranch, located

near Saratoga, Wyoming, visited eighty-five of eighty-six cattle raising countries of the world to gather the information contained in these books. The People's Republic of China (Mainland China) was the exception.

The breeds and types of cattle and the practices involved in their care are discussed as he actually saw them, with stress upon unusual breeds and uncommon methods of husbandry. Mr. Rouse made friends with the cattle people of many countries and most were hospitable and cooperative in showing him their herds and discussing their operations.

Here, then, is the story of men and cattle coming up through the ages together, of the powerful influences each has exerted on the life of the other, and how they have achieved an association which has produced results quite unattainable had they operated separately. It concerns itself with beef cattle only, from the ancient Aurochs of prehistoric times to the sleek Herefords of modern times.

Man came into the world a barbarian, surrounded by many natural assets. Some of these he discovered in his early days; others he is still discovering today. One asset that he recognized very soon in his existence was cattle. First he hunted and killed them for food and cover; then, he domesticated and raised them for food, clothing and work. In whatever country and whatever type of cattle involved, he is constantly improving the breed to his changing needs.

This could have been the definitive work on the cattle of the world had the author included North America in his analyses. Unfortunately, time was of the essence, he wanted to get this work into print, and he claims that further delay so as to include North America

did not seem warranted. We do not agree with him.

However, Mr. Rouse's discussions of novel techniques in husbandry and the apparent intrinsic qualities of some breeds of livestock in the countries visited are stimulating and his observations should prove of interest and usefulness, particularly to cattlemen and students of agriculture. The books are profusely illustrated with pictures of cattle from all of the countries he visited.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

COWBOY AND WESTERN SONGS, a Comprehensive Anthology, by Austin E. and Alta S. Jolie; Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., Publisher; 1969, 372 pp., \$12.50.

This is one of those big, beautiful books with a great deal of appeal for Westerners wherever they live because it includes just about every song that was hummed, strummed, whistled, or played by or about Westerners and the West. It includes in its many categories songs before the cowboy; songs of the covered wagon days; the working cowboy; the square dance; the hunters, the Indian; and the passing of the frontier. It even includes a glossary of terms (for tenderfeet) and a well arranged index and list of titles and first lines.

The illustrations and sketches by J. K. Ralston are particularly fitting and cover a wide range from pathos to humor to authentic realism. Each song, and there are over 200 of them, includes music lines and guitar chords so anyone with a knack with a musical instrument is in business with this book.

It is doubtful if there are any authentic old western songs that are not in this book. Ownership is highly recom-

mended, not only for the historical value of the songs but for the genuine pleasure of picking out the songs on a musical instrument or singing them. They might laugh when you sit down at the piano, but if you can sing all of the verses to "Snag-tooth Sal" they'll end up laughing with you and not at you.

W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.

SWEET MEDICINE, By Peter J. Powell, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1969, 935 pp., 2 vols., boxed, \$25.00.

Sweet Medicine records the role of the Sacred Arrows, the Sun Dance, and the Sacred Buffalo Hat in the history of the Northern Cheyennes. The Sacred Arrows are the supreme symbols of male power. The Sacred Buffalo Hat is the symbol and source of female renewing powers. The author traces the rituals surrounding these symbols from about 1830 to the present in the first volume. In volume two, he records in words and pictures the Sacred Arrow ceremony of July 13 and 14, 1960 and a composite of Sun Dance ceremonies from 1959 to 1964.

Peter J. Powell has observed and writes as an Anglo Catholic priest. He is director of American Indian work for the Episcopal Diocese of Chicago. The author has observed and participated in Cheyenne ceremonies for over ten years. He writes with a keen sense of observation and profound respect for the sacredness of the Cheyenne beliefs. Mr. Powell interprets the symbolism according to Christianity in the introduction. In recording the history and the ceremonies, he writes as a sympathetic observer.

There is a good bibliography and index. Illustration are excellent.

David Streeter, C.M.

PIONEER PARADE, by Maureen Nelson Bradshaw, Vantage Press, c. 1966, 175 pp., \$4.95.

A fascinating melange of history and legend of pioneer days in south eastern Colorado where the first permanent settlement of the "gringo" was made.

The main motive is the part the Jesse Nelson family played in the beginnings of our state, an account which reminds us once more that it was families who turned the wilderness into homelands, in the great "Western Movement" as the historians call it. The head of that family as it relates to Colorado was the Jesse Nelson who married a Sarah Carson back in Missouri. She was a niece of that hero of western folklore, Kit Carson, emphasizing once more the role of the family in the development of a new area.

Another important motive is that of the Jones brothers and the great J. J. Ranch which they founded. Various members of the Nelson family were employed there which naturally led to a close association through the years. Various other families are identified and the beginnings of many present day towns noted.

The reproductions of a number of early day photographs gives added value to the narrative but it is to be regretted that no Index was provided and the whole book would have benefitted by a more careful organization of the material.

Q. D. McClung

THRASHIN' TIME, MEMORIES OF A MONTANA BOYHOOD, by Milton Shatraw, American West Publishing Co., Palo Alto, 188 pp., \$5.95.

As the book begins, this reader wondered if he was reading just one more attempt by so many men with the urge

to tell the tale of their life—interesting or not, unique or not. This is a story of life in rural Midwestern America about 1905. The setting is Montana. The bigness of the Montana plains, the harshness of its winters, the nearness of the mountains, the fading traces of Indians, and a few remaining vestiges of frontier pioneers and cowboys add a sprinkle of flavor to the story. This is not a strong flavor of the “Rocky Mountain West,” since the setting could almost as well be anywhere in the upper Midwest from the Rockies to the Great Lakes, during the era mentioned. It is just that quality that makes *Thrashin’ Time* enjoyable reading. The book has nostalgic appeal to a wide range of readers recalling rural life a few decades ago. Milton Shatraw relates his boyhood experiences on a Montana ranch, shepherding, attending a one-room school, threshing crews, as a boy would tell them, with the accompanying fun and a few pranks added. The author’s smooth style adds interest to even ordinary events, maintaining the reader’s attention. The interesting way in which the author presents his tale makes the book delightful reading.

Edwin A. Bathke

C. BEN ROSS AND THE NEW DEAL IN IDAHO, by Michael P. Malone, University of Washington Press, Seattle and London, 191 pp., including footnotes, bibliography and good index. \$7.95.

This is a detailed review of the career of C. Ben Ross, who served three two-year terms as governor of Idaho (1931-

37). Governor Ross led Idaho through the Great Depression. His era coincides with the first term of Franklin D. Roosevelt and his New Deal and the book relates its effects on the state of Idaho. Ross often disagreed with some of President Roosevelt’s policies unless he controlled them, which he frequently did. William E. Borah was a senator from Idaho at that time but Ross did more for Idaho than the senator, a Republican, could. Of course Borah had the greater reputation nationally.

Governor Ross began his political career in 1915 when he, a Democrat, was elected a commissioner of the heavily Republican Canyon county and twice re-elected. Later he moved to Pocatello where, in a normally Republican city, he was elected mayor and re-elected three times, from 1923 to 1930.

After his three terms as Idaho’s governor, Ross dared to campaign for U. S. Senator against William E. Borah. The Roosevelt landslide of 1936 carried into Idaho and every Democrat was elected except Ross. Borah won by a greater margin than Roosevelt: 128, 723 to 74,444. Ross’s political career ended shortly afterward in 1938, when he retired. On April 12, 1945, the day of President Roosevelt’s death, Ross suffered a cerebral hemorrhage and he died on March 31, 1946.

Those interested in the New Deal and its effects on the Western state of Idaho will appreciate this book. For others, it may prove too limited in scope.

William Kostka, P.M.

THIS ISSUE IS TWO NUMBERS IN ONE: JULY-AUGUST

THERE WILL BE NO JULY MEETING

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER

1970

Volume XXVI

Numbers 9-10

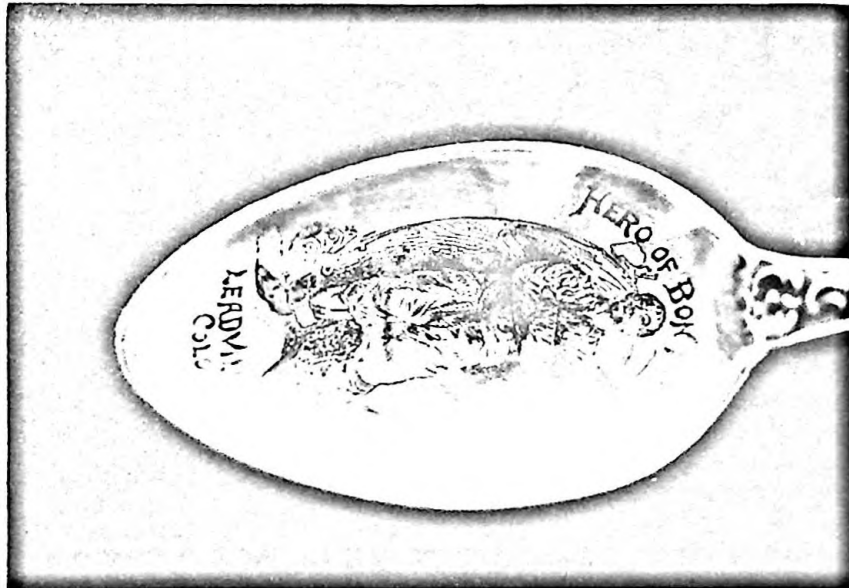
IN THIS ISSUE

THE HEROES OF THE BON AIR
by Edwin A. & Nancy E. Bathke

CHANUKAH COMES TO LAS VEGAS
by Milton W. Callon



SOUVENIR SPOON OF THE BON AIR
(somewhat enlarged)



The miner is probably Charles Reuss.

Collection of Nancy Bathke

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Edwin A. and Nancy E. Bathke

Edwin Bathke and his charming wife Nancy are natives of Wisconsin, but they now reside in Manitou Springs, Colorado. He is a scientist, and she is a school teacher. For quite a number of years Nancy has been collecting (and photographing) sterling silver souvenir spoons depicting some aspect of Colorado scenery and/or history. They presented an excellent program illustrated by photographic slides made by both husband and wife, at the summer meeting on "Spoons Full of Colorado History." Since this illustrated lecture could not be published in the ROUNDUP, they provided a paper suggested by the spoon illustrated on the cover which memorialized the Bon Air mine disaster. There were two heroes of the disaster, but the spoon depicts but one of them.

Milton W. Callon

Milton Callon is well known to readers of the ROUNDUP and of the *Brand Book*. In fact, he was the editor-in-chief of the superb 1968 *Brand Book*. For a good many years he was engaged both in business and in writing in Las Vegas, New Mexico. Indeed, he wrote a book about Las Vegas, "the town that wouldn't gamble." In 1960 he and his wife moved to Denver, where he devotes a good deal of time to research and writing. The article that appears in this issue reveals his rich knowledge in breadth and depth about New Mexico.

BRAND BOOK

Galley proofs of the 1969 *Brand Book* are now being proof read by a corps of six competent proof readers.

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

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1970
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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 Heroes of the Bon Air

by Edwin A. Bathke and Nancy E. Bathke

Just who was the hero of the Bon Air? Why was he bestowed the title of hero? And how did his fellowmen choose to honor him? Many are the ways that heroic deeds are honored: a testimonial dinner; ceremonies and celebrations; awards and endowments; monuments and statues. Heroes' names are immortalized by mountains and lakes, streets and towns. But often after the event is commemorated, and the hero has had his day in the sun, the light of memory dims, and the records of the deed fade into obscurity. Many a statue in the park is passed by countless people, without one wondering who the man on the horse was, or why the impressive bronze was erected. The heroes of our tale had been treated likewise by the fates, and have long been erased from the consciousness of men. But in their case it was easy to forget; nothing was named after them, no monuments were erected. The only commemorative of their past is an etching in silver in the bowl of a teaspoon. This mundane eating implement etched and labeled as "The Hero (*sic*) of the Bon Air" was our sole clue to a tale of valiant deeds that occurred in Leadville in March, 1899.

DEPUTY SHERIFF WILLIAMS AND THE AUTHORS



Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

This spoon is such a small token of honor that perhaps the deed wasn't worthy of greater commemoration. But as the story unfolds we will see that such is not really the case. These events in Leadville that spring of 1899 were worthy of taking notice. The mine accident at the Bon Air shaft was not a large disaster; generally only the great tragedies have left a lasting impact on us, and are therefore recalled in present days. The 1917 disaster at Hastings, Colorado, and the Dawson, New Mexico disasters of 1913 and 1923 are typical tragedies which will be long remembered by students of Western history and of mining history. The Bon Air incident did not involve a great number of miners—in fact the central figures number just two. But the accident at the Bon Air was an unusual one, and the rescue operation is a dramatic story. The operation is practically unparalleled in mining annals of Colorado. Records were established by the participants, and the daily episodes provided vignettes of life in the Cloud City during its mining heydays.

The silver bonanza was in its eleventh year when the downtown group of mines was started in 1889. By 1891 ten shafts had been sunk and ore had been found in four mines. The Bon Air shaft was started downward in 1891 by Major Ahiman V. Bohn. Major Bohn had arrived in the carbonate camp in February, 1878, preceding the great boom of 1879. He had been general manager of the Matchless mine for a number of years, and was manager of the Hope Mining Company before undertaking this endeavor.

The Bon Air was the third property in a line between Fourth Street and First Street, along Toledo Avenue, being only a few steps from Toledo Avenue. Serious difficulties were encountered from the very beginning in sinking the Bon Air, owing to the very soft ground. In order to hold the ground in place a large amount of hay and straw was used, and pieces of timber were driven in endways. Major Bohn continued, nevertheless, putting the Bon Air down to 560 feet. When the panic of 1893 struck, the Major was compelled to give up his efforts.

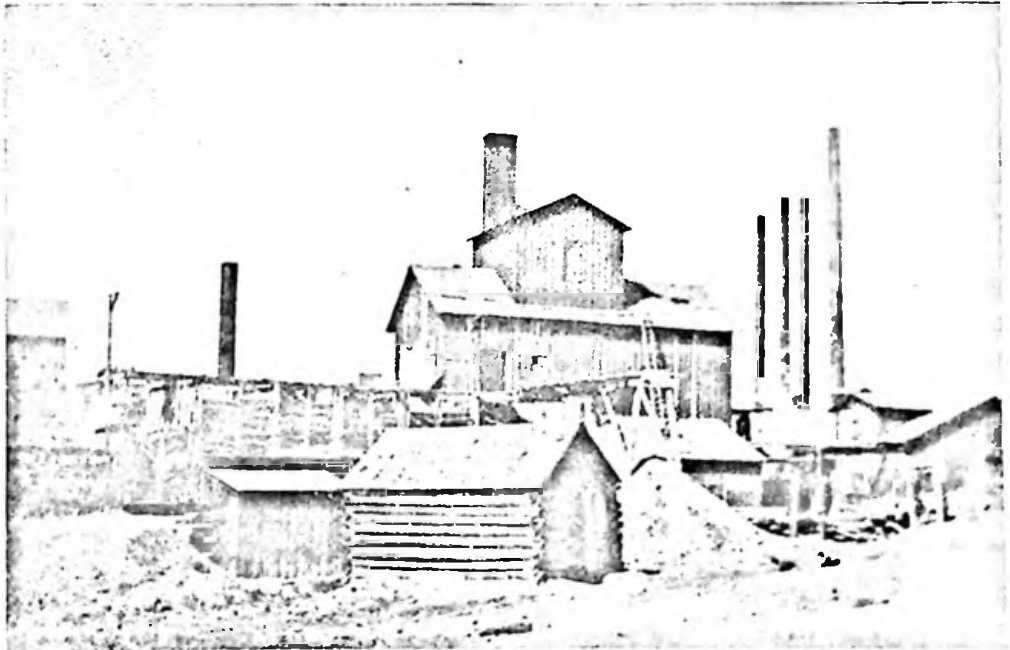
The property then passed into the hands of Moffat and Smith, During the time when this syndicate operated the mine the shaft was always regarded as unsafe, hence it was frequently repaired and patched up. Smith and Moffat very soon opened up the rich ore body which Bohn was on the verge of tapping when he shut down. The Bon Air is mentioned as being a regular shipper during 1895. In its "Leadville Notes" the *Colorado Springs Gazette*, in May, 1895, refers to exploration work at the Bon Air indicating rich ore running through this ground. The Bon Air continued to be a heavy producer until the labor strike in 1896 when it was closed down along with the other downtown mines.

Water had always been a problem in the downtown mines. Following the strike, water ran at will through these workings, including the Bon Air. In October of 1898 the Leadville Pumping Association and the Home

Mining Company commenced pumping operations to unwater these mines. In March of 1899 these five downtown mines, the Bon Air, Penrose, Bohn, Starr, and Northern were pumping 3,500 gallons per minute. The water level was being lowered three feet a day, and only a depth of sixty feet of water covered the bottoms of the main shafts.

Winter was severe in the Colorado Rockies in 1899. On the first of March new blizzards swept down on Leadville. More snow fell on the third. The Colorado Midland was running between Leadville and Denver, but twelve foot drifts blocked the tracks to the west. The Rio Grande was running its first train in three days, but fifteen foot drifts blocked the Denver and Rio Grande between Leadville and Glenwood Springs. By the end of the first week in March the mines around Leadville were suffering setbacks from the snowstorm. On Tuesday the seventh Leadville welcomed a thaw, but there was no attempt to open the South Park or Blue River roads.

THE BON AIR MINE



Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

Tuesday's thaw had caused surface water to be seeping through the ground, and the entire locality of the downtown mines was water-soaked. The shaft of the Bon Air was well-timbered to combat the soft ground which had caused trouble since the shaft was first sunk. Little hint of coming events was given, although Superintendent Nimon did notice that a few pieces of rock and dirt were falling down the shaft.

Only a few men were needed to operate the big pumps in the Bon Air. At eleven o'clock Wednesday night, March 8, 1899, three men started down the shaft to work the graveyard shift. The crew consisted of H. M. Shepherd, the head pumpman; Charles Reuss; and Albert (Bert) Frey. Charles Reuss was well known in Leadville, having been a resident of the Cloud City for twenty years. Although only forty-five years old, he was one of the oldest members of the Turnverein in the state, and was as well known among the German societies in Denver as in the one in Leadville. Albert Frey was a young man, less than twenty-four years of age. He lived with his mother and his stepfather, the Jacksons, at 525 W. Third Street, in Leadville. He had lived in Leadville most of his boyhood days, and for some months had been employed on the Resurrection property. But the Resurrection was east of town, at the foot of the last great climb to Mosquito Pass. The heavy snows that winter and the long distance to work encouraged Bert to look for work nearer home. When he learned of a vacancy for a pumpman at the Bon Air, he quickly applied—for the Bon Air was just little more than a mile from home. Monday, the sixth of March, was Bert's first day of work at the Bon Air.

About two o'clock in the morning of Thursday, March 9, Frey came up for his lunch, but Reuss stayed below. After lunch the men resumed work. During the entire night there were occasional bunches of dirt and rock falling down the shaft, but not much was thought of it. Then, about 7:00 A.M. the shower of dirt and rock became so marked that it was evident a serious disturbance to the shaft was in progress. The men were at the 430 foot level, and Shepherd suggested that it was about time to come up. He told Frey and Reuss to accompany him, but they refused, saying they would rather take their chances in the station than take any chances of being struck by falling rock while going up the shaft. Superintendent Nimon feared a big cave-in of dirt and notified the men to come up at once. Shepherd crawled into the bucket and pulled the bell. Up the shaft he came, rocks hailing around him. Fortunately, only one rock of any size struck him, catching him on the shoulder. He reached the top comparatively safe and only slightly injured.

When questioned later about his brave ride and miraculous escape, Shepherd replied, "There is not much to be said. I expected a cave-in and took that chance of getting out. A smaller cave-in occurred about one o'clock, but I felt as if the thing was not over from the fact that dirt and rock kept coming down the shaft. We were at work in the station 435 feet down, and somebody had to tell those on top of the danger of another break in the shaft, and I took the chance." His greatest risk was in being stunned by a hit on the head, losing his hold on the rope, and falling to the bottom of the shaft. Shepherd was an experienced miner who had been around the camp a number of years, and had been managing the Eldorado mine at

Robinson for more than a year. A year previous he had likewise had a miraculous escape when in one of the lower levels a mass of ore fell on him, fracturing his skull.

Nimon was quite surprised to find only Shepherd in the bucket when it reached the top. While he was wondering what to do, a terrible crash was heard, and five hundred tons of dirt went thundering down the shaft. The timbers had been unable to hold the great force of dirt behind them, and about forty feet from the top of the shaft the sides gave way, leaving immense cavities six to eight feet wide on each side of the shaft.

THE HEROES



Charles Reuss

Albert Frey

Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

As quickly as possible a dozen teams brought bales of hay and straw to the shaft. Over five hundred bales were thrown down into the cavity. Hopefully, as the hay swelled with water, it would prevent further caving. The hay would also aid later in cleaning out the shaft.

Nimon's next action was to notify Manager Sherwin of the trouble. Sherwin, accompanied by Eugene Stevens, Major Bohn, and other members

of the association, was soon on the ground, as were also a large number of townspeople brought out by the report of the accident. All were ready to lend every assistance possible. Three possibilities of rescue existed. First, the Bon Air shaft could be cleaned out, and a path forced through the debris. Second, an old drift connecting the Canning shaft of the Starr mine with the Bon Air could be cleaned out. Accurate maps were not available, and various estimates, some as long as 1800 feet, were made. The drift had been under water, and was clogged with dirt and decayed timber. Third, a new shaft could be sunk parallel to the Bon Air, to a depth sufficient to drift to the old shaft at a point below the caved-portion.

Since the imprisoned men were thought to be alive attempts were made to communicate with them through the water pipes. Reuss and Frey could scarcely be heard, but they managed to make it understood that they were uninjured and that they would like a light. An effort was made to send down what they wanted through the pipes but it proved unsuccessful.

The problems confronting the Home Mining Company that Thursday were appalling. Not only were two lives at stake, but the whole enterprise was in danger of collapse. At this point J. W. Newell, manager of the Northern company, tendered his services and was accepted. Time was a critical factor. The first undertaking was the dangerous inspection of the Bon Air shaft. Newell called for volunteers. The response was overwhelming—all the town was eager to aid in the rescue. But only experienced mining personnel would be of real help. William Fellows, one of the best miners in the camp, volunteered, and he and Newell inspect the shaft. It was realized that unless the upper portion of the shaft was braced and caught up, it was bound to crash in, carrying with it the gallows frame and entire superstructure.

These immediate repairs having been initiated, attention was turned to establishing rescue operations. It was estimated that of the 500 tons of dirt torn away by the cave-in perhaps only twenty or thirty tons had gone to the bottom of the shaft, the rest being blocked by platforms across the shaft, strengthened by timbers which had been wedged in tightly by the fall, and held fast by blocking dirt. It was believed that the new shaft need not be more than seventy-five feet in depth in order to drift beneath the disturbed area. The new shaft was started seventeen feet northwest of the Bon Air, and an eight by seven foot excavation begun. The work was under the immediate charge of Newell's right-hand man, Foreman McLean of the Northern. The ground was soft, so first estimates were that sixteen to twenty-two feet per day or even better should be made. Major Bohn expressed belief that the men would be rescued by the next day; but calmer, less optimistic minds reasoned that three days to a week would be necessary.

During the afternoon various expedients were tried in communicating

with the imprisoned men. Reuss and Frey had pounded on the pipes, but just where they were no one seemed to know. Their faint cry, however, gave the rescuers fresh hope, and they redoubled their efforts to devise means for relieving the immediate wants of the trapped men. On the west side of the shaft there was a compartment containing a ten inch water column and a six inch stream line. A rope with a lantern was lowered through the ten inch pipe, and when a depth of 430 feet was reached, it was drawn up. The lantern had been extinguished, but it had no water on it, showing that the pipe was clear. No relief could be afforded by this pipe, unfortunately, as there was no opening, and the men below had no tools, except an old shovel, with which to break the column. The use of dynamite was suggested, but abandoned as too dangerous.

The six inch column pipe promised better results. This pipe ended in a "t" at 350 feet; since a strong draft was coming up, the bottom of the "t" was probably open. A rope with a weight attached was lowered successfully for over 400 feet, so indeed the pipe was open. Taking heart, the workers lowered an insulated electric light wire with an incandescent globe at the end. Superintendent Nimon tied on a package containing matches, and a note was written, bidding the boys be of good cheer, that their friends were working for them. Mr. Nimon slowly lowered the light, and the group watched with breathless interest. When the light had reached a point about opposite the 430-foot station, the pipe was rapped vigorously with a piece of iron. There was no reply. But this was a distinct gain; a light had been sent to the darkened regions beneath, and the pipe was amply large enough for supplying provisions.

Thursday night the cleaning out of the drift from the Starr shaft and the sinking of the new shaft were vigorously pushed forward. But grave fears began to be expressed for the safety of Reuss and Frey. Perhaps they had tried to climb the shaft and had been killed. There had been no response to the lowered electric light. "There is just one thing to do, gentlemen," at last said S. J. Sullivan, the manager of the Penn mine. "We must shoot out a section of that ten inch pipe and if they are alive they will hear it and answer. The opening of this pipe will also afford a means of communication."

The terrible alternative was weighed, for the men could be blown to bits. But something had to be done, so six sticks of dynamite were lowered down the pipe at ten that evening. An electric battery on the top triggered the terrific explosion. The crowd waited in breathless suspense. Soon a cheer was heard from below. To Jim Nimon's query, "How are you, boys," came the reply, "All right." Then the "boys" told of their providential escape. They *had* been at the 430 foot station, but had climbed up to a station sixty feet above, and worn out by a day and a night's toil had fallen asleep. How lucky they had been—had they remained in that station at

the 435 foot level they certainly would have been blown up. Awakened by the shot, they hastened to investigate the pipe. The blast had removed a four foot piece of pipe and through this an electric light was lowered. Reuss and Frey secured it and fastened it to the station.

After the light had been lowered torches, blankets, and several pails of lunch, including hot coffee, were sent down. To guard against the possibility of communication being cut off, three days' to a week's supply of food was sent to them. Changes of clothing, medicine, pipes, tobacco, and liquor were also lowered. Soon the miners reported room was becoming scarce, consequently they requested no more be sent. Early Friday morning (March 10) the boys said they were feeling in first-class condition, and Reuss shouted up he couldn't have better accommodations at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Nevertheless, the situation was not overly pleasant. The danger of further cave-ins posed a continual peril. To this was the added danger of rising water. The Bon Air had been pumping a thousand gallons of water per minute. The water which had been forty-five feet from the lower station had risen ten feet. However, it was not considered likely that the water would rise more than two feet a day in the future. Since the pumps in the Penrose, Bohn, Starr, and Northern had been handling 150,000 gallons an hour, their capacity would be sufficient to control the rise of the water. Due to the possibility of rising water, the men decided to make their base at the 360 foot level.

During the day that Friday Reuss was struck on the head by a rock, so a doctor sent down remedies for him. Charles Reuss' brother, Joseph, in Pocatello, Idaho, had received a telegram Thursday morning, and his reply on Friday was delivered down the pipe to Charles. At midnight Friday the new shaft was down thirty feet, and by dawn Saturday a distance of thirty-four feet was reached. Progress was considered good: nearly a foot an hour since the shaft had been started Thursday afternoon. The shaft was being timbered as it went down. Three shifts were at work in sinking the shaft, and the men were relieving each other every twenty minutes.

Throughout Friday Superintendent Newell and William Fellows had been working on the old shaft. They were lowered twenty-five feet down the shaft, at which point the opening was blocked by timbers and dirt. A quantity of hay was also lowered, and with the timbers the caved-in area was contained so as to prevent further running of the ground. Then attention was turned to the gallows frame, which was reinforced with angle braces to give additional support to the frame, and especially to the cables on which the heavy sinkers were hung. Having completed this, Mr. Newell initiated the retimbering over the cave-in portion. Fourteen inch cribbing was used, with eight inch braces between the compartments, thereby providing an effective preventive against further damage.

Meanwhile, work was continuing just as vigorously in the drift from the Starr. Thousands of tons of debris blocked the way. Foreman Shadbolt and his crew had progressed 130 feet from the Starr, but it was considered slow going. There seemed to be no possibility of cleaning out the drift for many days. The new shaft remained the most feasible route of rescue. If all continued as well, the general consensus was that the men would be released by Wednesday at the latest.

Reuss and Frey made their quarters in the old Smith and Vaile pump station at the 370 foot level. The station had dimensions of twenty by thirty feet, and there was a drift leading off for a distance of a hundred feet. They were as comfortable as could be, considering their circumstances of being penned in the small station cut in the rock, imprisoned 400 feet underground, with no immediate chances of escape. Friends were attending to their every want: plenty of food, changes of clothing, artificial light, newspapers to read, all were sent down the ten inch pipe. The pipe also provided a communication link, and a continual stream of friends came to converse with the two pumpmen. All agreed that Charles and Bert talked with cheerfulness and hopefulness. The host of friends was anxious that they would want for nothing. Supplies were tightly wrapped in a bucket for lowering. Blankets and medicine and other necessities were being sent, even beds, chairs, and a stove would have been sent, had the suggestion been made, but the ten inch pipe did have its limitations. That Saturday morning (March 11) some tools were lowered down, and the cap was removed from the "t" joint on the water column, at the Smith-Vaile station. No longer did the miners have to travel the 430 foot station for their supplies. The 430 foot level was in bad condition, and the trip back and forth in the shaft was a dangerous one.

Among the luxuries which were sent down in the afternoon were some things which particularly delighted Reuss. Albert Hahnwald brought up a quantity of Sweitzer cheese, rye bread, and a yard of bologna sausage. There was some difficulty in dropping this through the pipe, and considerable extra rope had to be paid out before Reuss could get it through the joint. "If you'll send down a kettle of beer," he shouted, "you will have us fixed." A "growler" was quickly secured and the foaming liquid chased down without spilling a drop.

A reporter for the *Leadville Herald-Democrat* lowered a bundle of newspapers, and talked with the men about three o'clock that afternoon. Frey said they felt very hopeful, and replied, "We know our friends are doing all they can for us." The newspapers provided the first opportunity for Reuss and Frey to read about their imprisonment. This was probably the first case on record of men buried alive being able to read accounts of their entombment. Visitors continued, and items such as cigars, fruit, and a deck of cards were delivered through the pipe. The cards were particularly wel-

come in helping wile away the time. Mrs. Jackson visited her son several times a day. She had recovered from the initial shock of learning of the accident, and was preparing each meal for her son, bringing all manner of delicacies from her home on Third Street, walking the mile each trip.

In the evening a committee of the Democratic Party proceeded to the Bon Air shaft. The *Rocky Mountain News* headlined its report: "Can't Bury a Good Democrat." Of other newspapers reporting on the events of the accident, no other recorded this episode—not the *Denver Post*, certainly not the *Denver Republican*, and not even the *Leadville Herald-Democrat* in spite of its namesake and its extensive coverage of the accident. Charles Reuss was notified in due form of his election as a delegate to the city convention to be held the next week. Reuss said he hoped to be able to attend. Although the men had ample warm clothing, their quarters were damp and cramped. They were chilled through, and troubled by the cold.

The new shaft, measuring three by six feet, was being worked by four shifts. Kenneth McLean was in direct charge, and Evan Howen was handling one shift. A little delay was being encountered due to bad ground, but by midnight the depth was forty feet. Foreman Shadbolt's crews had attained a little over 200 feet in the drift. He was working with six men per shift. The timbers appeared to be in good condition, but the loose sand and decomposed porphyry had broken through the lagging, and the drift was filled clear to the top. They were further hampered by bad air, and fresh air was being supplied by a hand-operated blower. They had also been delayed by getting in the wrong drift, and not until the maps were carefully examined did the men get on the right track.

Sunday the two imprisoned men were surprised and pleased when a genuine stove was sent down the life line. That morning Sam Alexander had heard of their trouble with the cold, and he returned later in the day with an oil stove, one of the kind used with a small frying pan. The little mechanism, eight inches in diameter, was sent down the pipe without trouble, and with it some fresh eggs and beef steak, an appreciated change in the bill of fare. Several rubber blankets were also sent down, and Reuss reported they were making a bed of lumber secured in the drift. He boasted, "Just come down the pipe, and you will see the most comfortable place in town."

Joseph Reuss, brother of Charles, arrived from Pocatello, Idaho. Adolph Lillie of Colorado Springs also called at the shaft house. The three men conversed in German, and the pipe echoed with "Gut heil." Mrs. Jackson paid regular visits. On her first visits she would leave the shaft with tears in her eyes. But now she felt more relieved, and although expressing anxiety, didn't murmur or complain.

A crowd thronged to the Bon Air mine, and it was doubtful if Leadville had ever seen a more interested crowd. Since it was Sunday, many people

visited the shaft where Charles Reuss and Bert Frey had been entombed for four days. Two officers were employed to keep the crowds back; a gathering in the shafthouse would be unsafe, also, the rescue work would be interfered with. In addition to the interested visitors, volunteers were plentiful. Hundreds of miners, out of work due to the shutting down of the gold mines, offered their services. Only experienced men were wanted, and the foremen had their pick of those available.

By midnight the shaft was down fifty-five feet. Progress was slow, as the digging was hard in the tough clay. Pick work was so difficult that giant powder was being used. Nevertheless the rate of progress was considered a record breaker in the camp. With two men working below relieving each other each half hour, an amazing amount of work was being accomplished.

Carpenters in the old shaft were making good progress on the repair work. Five feet of wreckage had been cleared away, and fourteen inch timbers were being used for cribbing, with twelve inch timbers for braces between the compartments. The progress in the Starr drift was considered fairly good. The drift ran through porphyry for a considerable distance, and it is here that the dirt and sand had accumulated. When the lime was entered less obstruction was anticipated. A return of cold weather was termed a godsend, in diminishing the flow of surface water seeping through the soft ground.

On the fifth day since the accident work on the new shaft went steadily forward. By midnight sixty-five feet of depth had been attained. Monday afternoon more than twenty people called at the shaft; the several hours of visiting with relatives and friends were a pleasant relief to the dreary monotony weighing on Reuss and Frey. Meanwhile Foreman Shadbol's crew was back 300 feet in the drift from the Starr. The imprisoned men could crawl back 300 feet from the Bon Air shaft. That evening Reuss reported a very strong draft blowing out of the drift, a hopeful sign that not a great amount of sand was in the drift after the stratum of porphyry was passed through and the lime was entered.

When someone remarked that it was too bad the men below did not have a mattress, again it was Sam Alexander to the rescue. Sam explained how three-quarter inch hair felt, such as was sold in hardware stores and used for wrapping pipe, could be cut in strips and lowered down the pipe. Reuss and Frey were pleased with this substantial addition to their furniture.

Tuesday noon, as Reuss and Frey were frying a porterhouse steak on their little stove, the rescue shaft was down sixty-seven feet. When seventy feet depth was reached, the most expeditious plan called for an incline to connect with the old shaft. A copy of the Monday issue of the *Denver Republican* was sent down to the boys. It contained the only published portraits of the two, and a sketch of their quarters 400 feet below the surface. The picture that had been drawn was based on conversation with

them; they remarked at once that they could not see how a newspaper could so accurately portray existing conditions. They stated that the portraits were excellent, but they laughed when they saw the picture of their comforts as shown in the cut of the underground workings. Charles Reuss said it looked all right on paper but he thought it didn't look half as nice as to see daylight again.

Between two and three A.M. on Wednesday, March 11, the incline from the new shaft struck the timbers of the old shaft. The result was distinctly disappointing. While no cave-in had occurred at this depth, the timbers were bent and twisted out of shape, and conditions were such that it was impossible to attempt bringing the men up. The shaft was full of debris from above, and any attempt to work in the main shaft would have been highly dangerous.

During the previous evening rumors were numerous that Reuss and Frey had been rescued. The rumors apparently originated at six o'clock when many whistles throughout the city were sounding their evening call, and suddenly the fire bells pealed forth. This made the rumor a fact, and the news spread over the city. The timing of the fire bells was unfortunate, and their only purpose was to call the department to untangle a number of electric wires at the Weston Opera House which were threatening to damage the electric system.

The new shaft would have to be continued downward at least another thirty feet. This would take several days, and unless the Starr drift should prove less choked up than conditions at time indicated, Reuss and Frey could scarcely be liberated before the end of the week. The Starr drift was by now in about 700 feet. Reuss and Frey took the bad news cheerfully. Their only trouble was a slight touch of rheumatism by Reuss.

Charles Reuss was very popular among the local Turners. At their Wednesday night meeting, after some discussion, they passed a set of resolutions expressing sympathy for their brother in his unfortunate plight, and expressing hope that he and his partner would soon be released. Thursday morning Secretary Otto Raebel of the Turnverein proceeded to the shaft, and read the resolutions to the imprisoned men. Ladies of the neighborhood were sending down, in addition to fruit and sweet meats, an angel food cake. The management of the Bon Air was furnishing more beefsteak. Many messages of consolation were received, including telegrams from all over the country. As of midnight that Wednesday night the prisoners of the Bon Air had been confined in their dungeon for exactly a week: the eighth through the fifteenth of March. Nevertheless they had borne up well under their incarceration, and needed nothing to add to their comfort. Reuss had a touch of rheumatism in his ankle, and although in so much pain that he could not wear his shoes, he proclaimed, "When the time comes for me to climb a shaft, I'll be on hand, rheumatism or no rheumatism."

Several young ladies had shown an interest in Bert Frey's welfare. One of his visitors was a decidedly pretty miss in black. One morning she visited with Frey a half hour, and each morning she sent him a bucket of delicacies.

After midnight Tuesday there had been considerable suppressed excitement as the drift approached the shaft. Bucket after bucket whirled to the surface and the windlass fairly smoked. The incline had been started for the shaft by guess, no survey having been made. The shaft at this point was found to be in fairly good shape, it having been retimbered during the strike. But a tangled mass of timbers and dirt from the cave-in obstructed the shaft.

Although greatly disappointed, Sherwin and Newell at once held a consultation, and decided to sink the shaft to 100 feet, at which depth the old shaft should be intact. This decision necessitated having a steam hoist. The windlass method is all right up to a certain point, but after the fifty foot mark is reached work is very slow.

Accordingly, Wednesday afternoon a small steam hoist was brought to the mine, and placed in position on a substantial frame foundation. Wednesday night a force of men was at work on the engine, and in framing a gallows frame. The gallows frame would be prepared for setting up as soon as the engine was in place and connected up, so the windlass could be kept at work to the last minute. Less than a half hour should be lost in the substitution. Hopefully the hoister could be operating by Thursday morning, March 16. Even though the shaft could then be sent down more quickly, rescue before Sunday appeared to be impossible.

The alternate route of rescue may yet prove the more promising. There had been much misinformation about the drift from the Star shaft, since it had been under water so long that few miners remembered all its sinuosities. Accurate map measurement showed it to be 1125 feet long, running west to a point under the Carbonate Hill School house, and then swinging south to the Bon Air. There were a number of cross cuts and branches in the drift, and some time had been lost in ascertaining the right direction. On Wednesday evening a steam jet was placed in position and very fair progress was made in disposing of the accumulation of water. The presence of water was accounted for by the fact that the drift running west to the Bohn shaft and which cut the main Bon Air-Star connection in the lime stone was bulkheaded by two heavy doors. One of these doors had been opened, but the inner one was still closed, and held back the water which should naturally find its way to the Bohn shaft. Assuming the imprisoned men could get back 150 feet in the drift, and the rescue crew was now 700 feet into the drift, only an intervening space of 275 feet, principally in line, and filled with water, must be spanned to rescue the two men. The uncertainty as to the amount of water and the condition of the ground precluded the possibility of forecasting the length of time which would be required to

complete the connections.

On Thursday Frey made a daring trip up the shaft to determine how far it was clear. He started counting from the Blake station 235 feet below the surface, and calculated that he had climbed up 135 feet, or within 100 feet from the surface. Beyond this point he could make no further progress on account of the tangle of timbers.

More rapid progress on the new shaft could now be expected, since the steam hoist was put into service about three o'clock on the sixteenth. That evening, Thursday, a depth of eighty-five feet had been gained. The water had nearly all been taken out of the Starr drift, but unfortunately, another large cave-in was encountered, and the sand in the drift was accumulating so rapidly it was impossible to make much headway.

Thursday afternoon it was learned that Reuss' rheumatism attack was about over. He received a considerable quantity of liniment, and other remedies, both internal and external. Reuss said that the different medicines must have gotten in their work for he was "altogether out of pain." (Accounts did not elaborate on the internal remedies). He requested that no more curative preparations be sent down, or there would be no room for provisions.

Friday, as the prisoners started their ninth day in the dungeon, the old shaft was put in first-class shape to a depth of fifty feet. A great quantity of sand and loose dirt had been brought to the surface, but all of the broken timbers remained below the point at which the repair work was being done. In the drift the large cave-in 750 feet from the Starr was causing slow progress. The new shaft reached a depth of over 100 feet by midnight, the steam hoist being of material benefit in speeding operations.

There appeared to be no danger from water. The Penrose was pumping 100,000 gallons an hour, the Northern, 31,000 gallons, the Starr, 18,000 gallons, and the Bohn 12,000 gallons an hour. The unwatering drainage operation seemed to be continuing favorably, with these four properties pumping slightly more than they were before the Bon Air accident, and being capable of preventing any substantial rise in the water level.

By midnight Saturday the rescue shaft had reached a depth of 110 feet. At this point a drift was run to the old shaft. At 3:30 A.M. the *Herald-Democrat* reporter filed a story titled "Bon Air Prisoners Free Within Very Few Hours." The drift from the new shaft was within one foot of the Bon Air shaft. Bert's mother, and his sister, Mrs. Sarah Ester, came to the mine about two Sunday morning.

At 5:30 the drift reached the timbers of the old shaft. The tremendous exertions which had been continued all Saturday night were for naught. The shaft was jammed with timber wedged in so tightly that the way was hopelessly blocked. Both Reuss and Frey were awake and expecting rescue at any moment. The failure of this latest attempt to release them was overly

depressing, but with philosophical acceptance, they laid down on their hair mattresses and fell soundly asleep.

As the day dawned the crowd of weary watchers left the Bon Air shaft house. Bert's mother and sister were keenly disappointed, but Mrs. Jackson's courage was reflected in her comment, "I know my boy is safe and is not suffering, and it will only be a few days before I shall see him again. But how I would love to have him at the breakfast table this morning." A few days would be required for the next try at releasing the imprisoned men. By sinking the shaft another forty feet deeper, the third attempt at rescue should surely be successful.

While the rescue attempt from the new shaft was being pushed forward feverishly Saturday, good progress was being made through the Starr. Four shifts of six men each were working, and as of midnight, each shift had made ten feet. The distance gained from the shaft was now 800 feet, and the worst cave had been caught up. The current trouble in the Starr drift was the presence of bad air, in which the men were unable to hold out very long.

The old Bon Air shaft has been cleared and retimbered for a distance of nearly fifty feet, timely work which saved the superstructure of the shaft. Since there was now little possibility of further damage the management suspended further removal of debris to avoid danger to the men below.

By midnight Sunday, March 19, the new shaft had been all timbered up, and it was hoped that at least ten feet a day could be made. Including the two short drifts to the shaft, the total sinking and drifting accomplished in ten days had been 150 feet. Now, however, the ground was compact wash filled with boulders, and blasting was frequently necessary.

Since it was difficult to obtain data on which to base an estimate of the necessary depth to sink the shaft, it had been supposed that the disturbance did not extend below 100 feet. The overall dismay at finding the shaft choked full of timbers at 110 feet emphasized the desire to be more sure of success this try. Apparently Bert had miscounted the steps when he had climbed the shaft last Thursday. Now both Reuss and Frey carefully examined the shaft up to the point where the timbers were jammed in, and they deduced that 140 feet would enable the rescue party to break through with certain success.

Tuesday (March 21) marked the men's thirteenth day trapped in the shaft. In spite of their long imprisonment the two were in good spirits, and joked with visitors. Reuss wanted the weather man to have a good supply of sunshine for him. Frey was anxious to see his mother and sister, to say nothing of the young lady who had been visiting at the shaft daily.

The emergency shaft was being sunk at the rate of sixteen feet per day. About 9:30 Wednesday morning a depth of 145 feet was attained, and the drift was headed for the shaft. The ground was extremely difficult to work

in. Large boulders had to be dug or blasted out, and the earth around them was almost as hard as cent. The drift was about five feet in height and as the men picked, shoveled, and blasted their way through, large slabs of dirt fell from the roof on several occasions. Nearing the end the men were changing shifts every two minutes. At 8:00 P.M. the timbers of the old workings were encountered. The timbers did not show the slightest indication of disturbance. With some difficulty, a hole was cut through. Anxiety mounted, for fear the work had been in vain. But the right spot had been struck; the men found themselves in the shaft, with a jagged mass of broken timber not six feet above.

No chance of further accident was to be taken. Rush orders for heavy timber were sent to the surface where contractor Kerr was engaged in attending to the details of the carpenter work. A substantial platform was constructed just above the point where the shaft had been broken into, as a precaution against further disturbance in the compartment. Then the rescue party started down the shaft. William Fellows was in immediate charge. He investigated the shaft, and except for a few lengths of ladder having been knocked away, and the timbers being slippery with dirt, everything seemed all right. Foreman Fellows, W. A. Johnson, H. M. Shepherd, and Bob Quagle started their perilous journey down the Bon Air shaft. It seemed fitting that Shepherd, the trapped miners' foreman, should be in the rescue party.

Meanwhile the scene above was rapidly assuming a lively character. That the men were almost certain to be rescued was no longer a secret, and a curious crowd of visitors was gathering. Bert's mother and sister were notified immediately after supper, and an express sent for them. But a mother's love was swifter, and she had nearly reached the mine when the express started for her. Throughout the evening the crowd increased, but the management had taken precautions, and only a few were admitted to the buildings. Three officers struggled to hold the crowd in check, but finally the women had to be admitted. Scores of them wanted to watch the operation with the most intense interest.

Early in the evening Frey and Reuss had been notified to pack their trunks and settle their bill at the hotel. A number of buckets of papers, tools, and bric-a-brac were hauled to the surface, and items were eagerly snapped up as valued souvenirs of the event.

Manager Sherwin, Mr. Gaw, and Mr. McCarty, as well as others of the Home Mining Company were on hand. Superintendent Newell seemed to be everywhere, directing the operations. Joseph Reuss and a committee from the Turners waited nervously. Mrs. Jackson, the center of interest, displayed cheerfulness. She promised that after she had welcomed her son, all the young ladies present should have a chance to kiss him. The offer was eagerly accepted, although several preferred reserving their salutes until

after the young man had washed his face.

The rescue party reached a point about forty feet from the station, when Fellows called down to Reuss and Frey that it was time to be moving. A joyful meeting in the dismal dungeon ensued. Then the ascent was slowly made to the drift. Five bells were sounded and Frey and Johnson stepped aboard the bucket. It was three minutes to eleven. Although the accident had occurred Thursday morning, March 9, the two men had been underground since 11:00 P.M. Wednesday. Fourteen long dreary days had passed, and now release materialized on another Wednesday, March 22, exactly two weeks to the hour from their descent.

Herwin and Newell were at the edge of the shaft when the bucket reached the surface, and Frey bounded off with a glad cry. They warmly welcomed him, and a score of hands reached out to grasp his. "Where's mother?" cried the boy. "Here, Bert," came the reply and a tearful reunion followed. In a few moments the bucket returned to the surface. This time Shepherd and Reuss appeared, and a glad shout arose, "Reuss, Reuss, three cheers for Reuss." "I'm all right, you bet, boys," shouted the blackened figure, and a warm fraternal greeting was exchanged between the brothers.

In less than a minute after the rescue nearly every mine and smelter whistle in the camp was shrieking. Not to be outdone, the fire department set the fire bells working, and soon people who had been in bed were flocking to the streets and toward the mine to get a glimpse of the men. Accounts told of a crowd of thousands.

Frey was hoisted on the shoulders of the crowd, and carried to the engine room. He was covered with mud and soaked with water. "I haven't washed for two weeks," cried Bert when somebody suggested that his face was black. After a change into dry clothes, he and his mother and sister were escorted home in an express wagon.

Likewise, Reuss was hoisted onto shoulders. After a dash for the wash room, he was escorted by the Turnverein to the Turner Hall where the entire membership were meeting in tribute to their brother.

A celebration at the Jackson residence at 525 West Third Street continued after three in the morning. Bert was most joyful, being among a multitude of his friends and acquaintances, many of them ladies.

Bert was granted two hours of sleep, until the crowds awakened him at sunup. A liberal application of soap and warm water, a shave, and a complete change of raiment effected a wonderful transformation in the appearance of Charles Reuss and Albert Frey, as they made their appearance downtown. They seemed no worse the wear for their experience. Modestly accepting many good wishes, they called at the *Herald-Democrat* rescuers, and all the people who had been so kind to them.

There was one unhappy man in Leadville that day. Sam Alexander had been unable to find his historic coal oil stove. It was sent up the shaft

Wednesday along with the cutlery and tools, but no one seems to know where it had gone. Sam was in despair. He had been dreaming of sending the stove, with appropriate engraving, to the Paris exhibition. Although the little stove had originally cost 85 cents, Sam had refused an offer of \$25.00 for it.

So went the day in Leadville on March the 23rd, 1899. The grateful town rejoiced to have their two fellow citizens safe among them again. The two heroes of the Bon Air were appreciative and humble in this finale to their dramatic episode. Reuss planned to travel to Colorado Springs, to spend a week with Adolph Lillie and family. Both men returned to their professions. Charles Reuss continued working as a miner and pumpman for the Leadville Home Mining Company. He resided in Leadville as least until 1902, according to the business directories. Frey was not listed. But the two heroes of the Bon Air had had their day in the sun—after fourteen days in the darkness. The excitement over their dramatic confinement and spectacular rescue subsided, and nothing more is recorded of the two gallant miners.

Now that the most serious feature of the Bon Air accident was happily a thing of the past, the management of the Home Mining Company applied itself to the task of repairs. The cost of sinking the rescue shaft alone was \$3.00 per foot. The rescue shaft, started on the afternoon of the ninth, measured 205 feet including the three drifts, the rate of progress having averaged sixteen feet per day. Less than two years previous, Arizona miners, in rescuing James Stevens, had sunk 127 feet in thirteen days and ten hours, a record which was said to stand without equal. Leadville citizens could proudly claim a new record. The total loss to the company was estimated at \$8,000.00. Work was resumed immediately on cleaning out the debris, and the shaft was practically rebuilt for a distance of 200 feet.

The Bon Air was successfully returned to production, and after the downtown mines were unwatered, it became a big producer. Home Mining stock could be bought for around \$1.00 a share before the unwatering plans in 1898. Once the mines had been drained the stock strengthened to \$3.00 a share. Two big strikes in October of 1899 sent the stock soaring to \$15.00 a share, with possibilities of selling at \$20.00. The ore was primarily iron, with forty-five to fifty ounces of silver, taking it out of the class of ordinary iron ore.

In the *Mining Reporter* of February 15, 1900, the Home Mining Company was reported to be shipping the largest aggregate tonnage in the Leadville District, thus far that month. The record was 275 tons for the Penrose, seventy-five tons from the Bon Air, and fifty tons from the Starr. A. V. Bohn, who was the manager, stated that a large body of iron ore had been reached in the Bon Air, and there was enough ore to increase shipments if

the smelter could handle it.

In January of 1901 a valuable discovery of silver bearing iron was made in the Penrose. Valuable sulfides were located in the Bon Air in March. The production in March was averaging 325 tons daily, mostly iron, plus eight to ten ounces of silver, netting about \$6.00 per ton. One hundred and twenty-five men were at work on the property. The Bon Air shaft was being put down another 100 feet to the 750 foot level.

In 1902 the Home Company had expended \$50,000.00 on development work, and then gave up its lease on the Bon Air. T. S. Schlessinger acquired the lease in August, and immediately reported a strike. The strike may have been made three months earlier, but was kept quiet until Schlessinger had secured his lease. By December he was employing fifty men, and had spent \$25,000.00 on equipment, including a new hoist and pumps for the Bon Air. During 1903 he was shipping fifty tons a day, and returns showed values of 300 ounces of silver and 35% lead. Good grade silver-lead ore and iron ore continued from the Bon Air in 1903 and 1904. The *Herald-Democrat* called Schlessinger's workings a bonanza. How long Schlessinger's bonanza continued we do not know. However, Samuel Emmons, in *The Downtown District of Leadville Colorado*, USGS Bulletin 320, 1907, reported that at the time of the examination the mine was not actively worked, and the ore stopes were not visited. By the 1920's the downtown mines were again filled with water.

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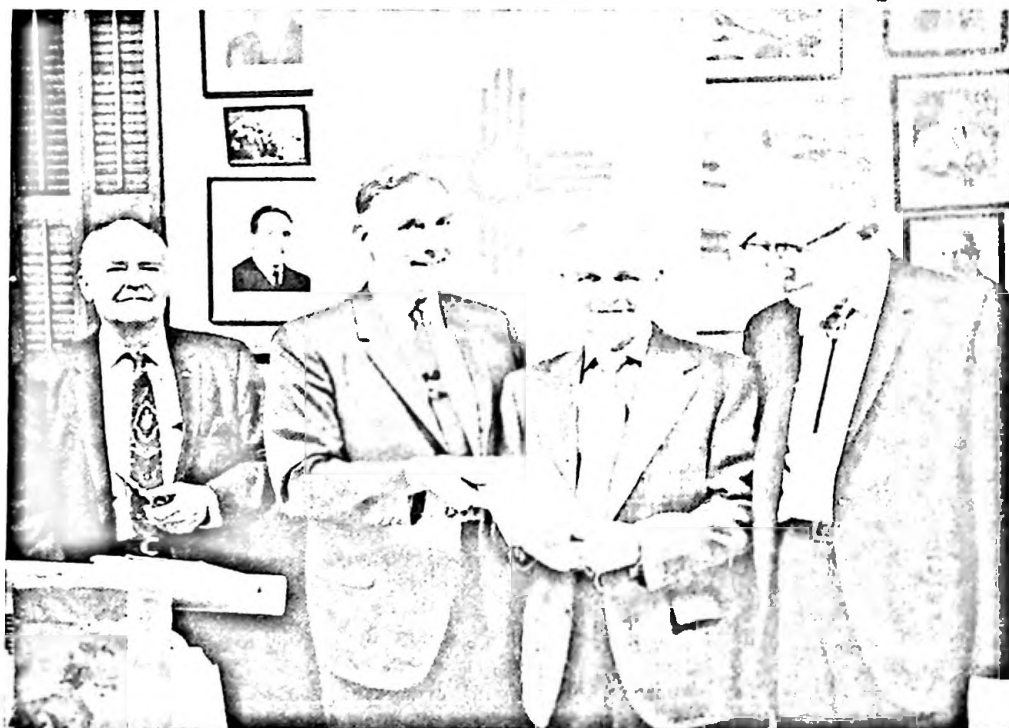
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Total No. copies printed	1,000
Paid Circulation:	
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	—
2. Mail subscriptions	900
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Total distribution	900
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Total	1,000

Chanukah Comes To Las Vegas

by Milton Callon

I suppose it is only natural for me to have a special interest in the Western history of the Jewish people, for my parents named me after a prominent Jewish banker. Sometime during my mother's pregnancy with her sixth child, my father went into partnership with Milton Asbury Woollen under the name and style of Woollen and Callon, Plumbing and Heating Contractors. Frank Tobias Callon, my father, provided the know-how and his Jewish benefactor, Mr. Woollen, the money. "Toby" Callon showed his appreciation for the monetary assistance by loading me down with the old boy's full moniker. My birth certificate reads: Milton Asbury Woollen Callon.

THE AUTHOR RECEIVING THE PLAQUE



James

Williams

Callon

Rosenstock

Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

From that time forth, I have experienced an affinity, a rapport, or as we say in New Mexico, a *simpatico* with the Jewish people. Perhaps, on the one hand, it is the modern Jewish affection for the name "Milton."

However, I have a feeling that my admiration for a race of people who can turn adversity into an eventual boon, has something to do with it. No less influential in this mutual admiration is the sense of humor possessed by most Jews, their ability to poke fun at themselves, and their hair-splitting logic in humorous anecdotes.

Yiddish humor is classic. No matter how many times you hear a Yiddish yarn, it retains its amusing quality. For example:

Poppa Yelkowitz was dying. The father gathered at his bedside before he passed into a coma. Sensing their presence, he asked, "Is Momma here?" "Yes, Poppa, I'm here," his wife replied. "Is Jakey here?" "Yes, Poppa." "Is Rifke here?" "Right here, Poppa." "Is my nephew Milton here?" "Yes, Uncle—we're all here."

The old patriarch's eyes popped open and he cried out, "Oye! All of you here? Owee gevault! Who's minding the store?"

Just moments before he died the old man came out of the coma long enough to whisper to his wife, "Please, Momma, bury me 'hole-sel!'"

Just recently I spent six days in Las Vegas, New Mexico. My primary purpose for the trip concerned some research for another manuscript. But, having already committed myself to this program, I thought it would be wise to visit the cemeteries and refresh my memory with names and dates of pioneer Jews who played such a large part in the history of the community.

There are two principal cemeteries in the area: Mt. Calvary and the Masonic Cemetery. I visited the Catholic cemetery first and found a few familiar names. Then on my visit to the Masonic Cemetery I began taking Polaroid shots of the gravestones. There were very few Jews buried in the newer section and I began to fear that I had overestimated the tremendous influence the Jewish people had on the community. But suddenly I came upon a rectangular area bordered by a low stone enclosure. It was obviously an old section, weathered and somewhat neglected. The Jewish names on the headstones registered on my mind in memory flashes of past history. I "walked in their shoes" and lived with them historically for a full thirty minutes.

Charles Rosenthal: merchant in ready-to-wear. He and his brother Nathan built Rosenthal Hall, sometimes called the K. of P. Hall, in 1882. It was on Railroad Avenue directly across from the Sante Fe Railway Castaneda Hotel. Many a big dance was held there by high society.

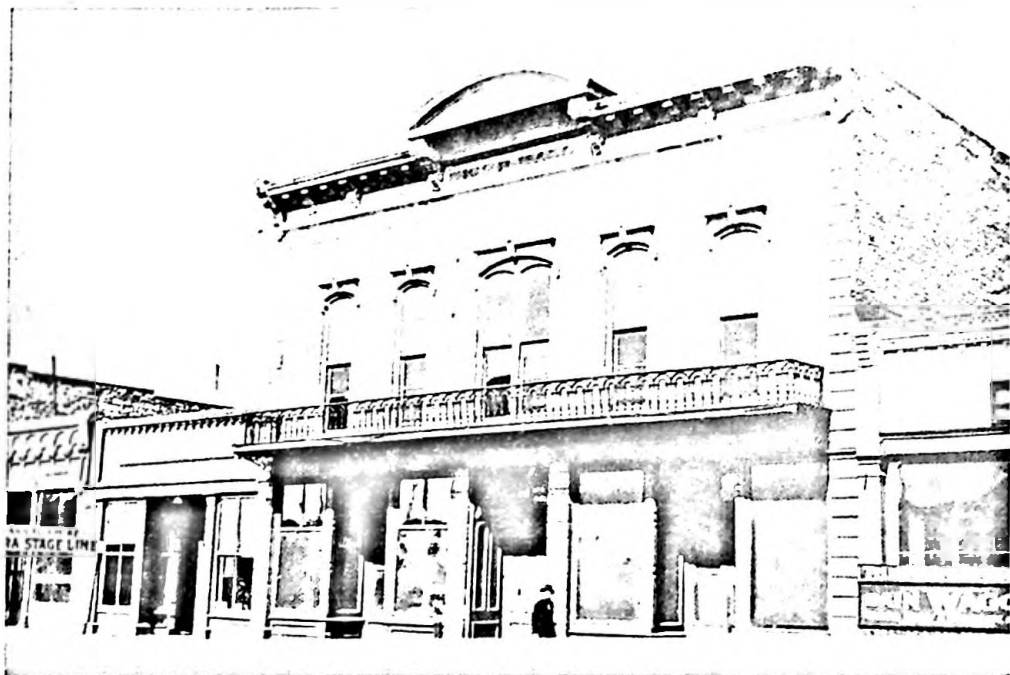
Sigmund Nahm: partner in the retail grocery firm of Stern and Nahm. Father of Milton C. Nahm, head of the Department of Philosophy at Bryn Mawr College, a good friend of mine.

Isidor Stern: grocer, banker and partner of Sig Nahm. His son Jay Stern, showed me the pictograph on the rocky walls of the Sapello Canyon

near Watrous, N.M., in 1950.

J. H. Teitlebaum: quite a character. A little fraud, a lottery here, a land deal there, and marriage to a young Spanish senorita when he was old enough to know better. His badly beaten corpse was found in his branch store at Tecolote, New Mexico, ten miles out of Las Vegas on February 16, 1908. It was fairly well established that his wife, Virginia Teitlebaum, and her paramour, Leandro Romero, planned the murder. Virginia went free.

K. OF P. HALL - THE OLD ROSENTHAL BUILDING



Collection of Milton Callon

Where was the grave of Marcus Brunswick, the affable, cigar-chewing German immigrant who gambled with Lucien Maxwell, Wilson Waddingham, John Chisum, and others at the old Exchange Hotel in Las Vegas? The man whom former Governor Miguel A. Otero described as "one of the old timers who thought money was only intended to spend, and with him it flowed like water over a dam."

Isaac Davis: grocer and inventor. This enterprising merchant operated under the motto: "The Store That's Always Busy." Ike, as he was familiarly known, conceived the idea of using an electric light bulb in place of a candle or coal oil lamp for testing eggs for freshness. On June 8, 1911,

The Las Vegas Optic reported that Ike Davis had been issued a patent on an egg candler. The description of the device is interesting, in the rhetoric of that era:

The outfit consists of a small wooden box, lined with asbestos, in the lid of which are cut two holes of sufficient size to allow eggs to be placed in them so firmly as not to roll. The top of the box is covered with black cloth in order to furnish a contrasting color to the white tint of the eggs. In the interior of the box is an electric light globe to which a wire of sufficient length to reach the ordinary lamp socket is attached.

In order to test the eggs all that is necessary is to connect the apparatus to the electric light circuit. The eggs are placed two by two upon the slots at the top of the box. If the light comes through with a light pink color the eggs are in perfect condition. If no light comes through or the color is dark the eggs are of no value or are classed as seconds.

Ike was no small time operator. By September of the same year he returned from New York where he had organized the David Rapid Egg Tester Co. with offices in Room F, Produce Exchange Building, New York. The company was formed to manufacture and sell Davis's patented egg candler. In October of 1911, Nathan Jaffa, Secretary of the Territory of New Mexico, accepted the filing of incorporation papers for a similar corporation in New Mexico. The stock sold for \$10.00 per share. Ike held 2,500 shares while the remaining 500 were split with W. E. Gortner, William Springer, William Southard, and Robert L. M. Ross, the latter appointed manager of the Las Vegas firm.

Nathan Jaffa: born in Germany, came to Trinidad, Colorado in 1878. Three years later, at the age of eighteen, he went to Las Vegas to manage the Jaffa Brothers Mercantile. It wouldn't be fair to call Nathan Jaffa a politician although he held a number of political positions. His status was a rare commodity in New Mexico politics. He was a voters' politician, while politicians needed him but could never "use him" in the parlance of political force. Because of his astuteness in business affairs, he was called upon to serve in many capacities. He was a member of the Board of Regents of the Roswell Military Institute upon its founding in 1894 until 1907, when President Roosevelt appointed him Secretary of the Territory upon the recommendation of Governor George Curry. President Taft reappointed him to serve in the administration of William J. Mills, Governor of the Territory until the advent of statehood. Governor Curry said of him: "Jaffa was a tower of strength to me throughout my term. His sound judgment of men and affairs proved invaluable."

Nathan Jaffa was the first Republican to be elected to the Board of County Commissioners in the Democratic County of Chaves, New Mexico. He also served as mayor of Roswell and of Santa Fe. At the time of his death in 1945 he was the City Clerk of East Las Vegas, a 33d Degree Ma-

son, Past Grand Master of the Masons of New Mexico, Past Grand High Priest of the Royal Arch Masons of the state, and Past Exalted Ruler of the Elks Lodge at Roswell.

LAS VEGAS, N. M. PLAZA — 1881



Collection of Milton Callan

Emanuel Rosenwald: in the reminiscences of Emanuel Rosenwald, dictated on May 12, 1910, he stated he was born on May 10, 1838 in Dittenhofen, Bavaria. Excerpts are of special interest to Colorado Westerners. The Rosenwald brothers, Emanuel and Joseph, had been in the United States since 1856 and early in the year of 1860 and while Emanuel was in New York on a buying trip, Joseph found a partnership with a friend, Henry Rosenfield. Emanuel's reminiscences recalled the followin:

They bought a trainload of spirits on credit and started for Camp Floyd, Utah by bull team from Leavenworth. They were on the road three months undergoing the severest hardships. Major Waddell and Company provided the train for transportation. At Camp Floyd the firm manufactured whiskey from the spirits they had transported:- bottling their goods at night and selling their entire product each day. The firm made considerable money and would have cleared more had not Henry Rosenfield taken "out in trade" what was due the firm from the saloon keepers to whom the firm sold some of their goods. At this point the firm had a large soldier trade — Joe narrowly escaped being killed by these soldiers at various times.

They finally sold out and Joe went to Denver. In the meantime I was endeavoring to sell out stock in Lawrence, Kansas and then accompanied Goldsmith and family to Baltimore. After a short stay I started on my trip to meet Joe in Denver. I had money enough of my own to take me there, but when I arrived in

Leavenworth, I went to Wyandotte where we had a lawsuit for some money due us for some lands and instead of getting money out of the case, I had to pay what little money I had for costs and lawyer's fees in the case — which left me without means to reach Denver. My good friends had "insufficient funds" to aid me. By pony express, Joe then sent me the required amount for transportation. I went to Denver by Overland Mail Coach — saw thousands upon thousands of buffalo, deer, etc. upon the plains.

In Denver we bought two trains fully equipped and one mule wagon and started down to the Arkansas River, where Fort Wise was building at the time. Joe drove one wagon, I drove the second and a man who had come with Joe from Camp Floyd drove the third. Arriving near the site of the Fort, camped there until part of our stock was sold and we received orders from the Commanding Officer "to move on." We took the remainder of our stock to Huerfano, Pikes Peak. (Nov. 20, 1860). On our way up we were followed by a band of Indians, they being on the opposite side of the river. We, however, escaped them. Traded our entire remaining stock for potatoes — took them to Denver, peddled them out after finishing with our sale, we sold our oxen and wagons and started in our mule wagon for Wyandotte, Kansas.

We remained in Wyandotte during the winter, during which time we made preparations to take a stock of goods to the Rocky Mountains. We ordered ten ox wagons made to order in Westport. Contracted for our cattle and in the spring of 1861 we loaded the train with provisions which we bought in Kansas City and started on our journey for California Gulch (now Leadville). Our train consisted of ten foot wagons, 3 yoke of oxen to each wagon and a number of extra cattle for emergency use—driver to each team.

After getting out of the Territory of Kansas on the Platte we encountered warm weather to such an extent we had to set tires almost everyday.

We managed to commence climbing the Rockies — passing through Canon City and with a great deal of trouble we finally reached California Gulch, which was also at times called Oro City. We unloaded our goods and commenced business. We bought a log house large enough to hold all of our goods and enough space for living room. Our wagons and teams we sent back to Wyandotte and wintered the cattle there.

All sales were paid in Gold Dust — credit business was unknown. Gold Dust was handled as rapidly as coin is today. We remained there all winter. Wagon transportation over the mountains during the winter was impossible. Any goods that had to be brought in at that time were loaded on burros. At times snow came to the level of the roof of our cabin. We kept an open way for our customers.

We remained there over a year trading with the miners. At intervals we took the Gold Dust to Denver, where it was sold to Kountz Brothers (same firm as now in New York), and other bankers.

We made considerable money there in merchandising. We also did placer mining which did not prove profitable. Had it not been for the terrible climate, and character of the miners, we might have remained there.

We opened a branch at "Buckskin Joe," leaving J. Goldsmith and Sam Jeffers in charge at California Gulch.

"Buckskin Joe" was also a mining camp. We remained there only a short

time. In the fall of '61 we moved to Canon City and remained there during the winter, selling out our stock of goods. Goldsmith closed out at California Gulch and moved to Denver, starting a business there.

Before moving to Canon City, Joe went east and during the fall brought three loads of apples to Denver, where I met him, Phil Strauss taking charge of our Canon City store. My object in going to Denver was to inform Joe of the death of our mother.

Joe and Emanuel Rosenwald returned to Wyandotte, and were subsequently in business in Fort Scott and Leavenworth. It was at this time that Emanuel decided to try the market at Fort Union and Las Vegas in New Mexico. He arrived in Las Vegas in 1862. A train load of goods followed, and he disposed of all of it to W. H. Moore, the sutler at Fort Union.

The Rosenwalds had not ruled out Denver as their final and permanent location for a merchandising business. Emanuel spent the next three weeks in Denver but his success in disposing of all of his goods at Fort Union tipped the scales in favor of Las Vegas. (It is worth noting here that during his stay in Denver, a terrific cloudburst flooded Cherry Creek and undermined some of the business buildings. This occurred early in the year 1864). The same year, 1864, the Rosenwalds were firmly established in Las Vegas and their contributions to the economic and political activities of the community were outstanding.

Charles Ifeld: the most successful merchant in the history of New Mexico. A Prussian by birth, he had already mastered the English language by the time he left Hamburg, Germany, in April of 1865, to join his brother Herman in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Sponsored by the wholesale and banking firm of Elsberg and Amberg, Charles Ifeld accepted a position as bookkeeper for Adolph Letcher, another protégé of the banking firm, in Taos. Taos was on the decline due to the falling off of the fur trade, the depletion of the soil and the difficulty experienced by wagons in negotiating the mountainous terrain.

In 1867, Charles Ifeld and Adolph Letcher packed seventy-five burros with their worldly goods and slowly trudged some eighty miles over two mountain passes into Las Vegas. By July of that year, Ifeld became a partner in A. Letcher and Company situated on the plaza in West Las Vegas. In September of 1874, Ifeld had bought out Letcher and the firm of Charles Ifeld Company began its phenomenal rise to become the largest and most successful merchandising house in the entire Southwest. A brochure and short history of the company published in 1935 gave the following twelve locations in the Ifeld holdings: Pastura, Santa Rosa, Santa Fe, Mountainair, Farmington, Magdalena, Las Vegas, Albuquerque, Raton, Corona, Gallup, all in New Mexico, and a branch store in Durango, Colorado.

An interesting anecdote lends an insight into the life and times of Charles Ifeld. On about June 6, 1879, Manuel Barela, a freighter and merchant from Mesilla, N. M., brought a train into Las Vegas; before he was loaded up for a return trip he proceeded to get well plastered with the local snake poison. At about 4:30 in the afternoon he staggered out of a saloon and bumped into an innocent passerby, Jesus Morales. Without provocation, Manuel shot him in the face. Benigno Romero, another innocent bystander, remonstrated with Manuel Barela who in turn pumped two bullets into Romero, killing him instantly. A large crowd gathered and it was with considerable difficulty that the police finally locked Mr. Barela in the hoosegow. That night a group of vigilantes broke down the door of the jail and ushered Manuel Barela to the windmill in the center of the plaza. The feeling was so high that the group was not satisfied with hanging the murderer. An Italian who had been incarcerated for a minor crime was hauled out to the windmill and swung along with Mr. Barela.

Charles Ifeld wrote a letter to Manuel's brother Mariano and explained in detail the above action. With the letter he enclosed the following invoice:

Cash for washing body	1.50
1 suit clothes, shirt and socks, slippers, necktie & 1 pr. drawers	21.00
Digging grave	4.00
Taking provision to train	1.00
Enclosed bill of Frank Ogden (undertaker)	37.00

	64.50

An earlier letter explained the arrangements made by Ifeld to return the train to Mesilla Valley. The costs were minimal and precisely detailed. Charles Ifeld saw to it that no matter how far away his customers might be, they could be assured that all circumstances would be met with fairness.

Throughout his long career in Las Vegas, he supported the Normal College of Las Vegas, now New Mexico Highlands University. He served on the Board of Regents for a number of years and the original campus auditorium, which is still in use, bears his wife's name—Adele Ifeld Auditorium.

The Masonic Cemetery, with its special section reserved for the Jews of the area, is another monument to Charles Ifeld. The chapel standing at the entrance to the cemetery was the result of his philanthropy.

Excerpts from the following article will bring the focus of attention from the Jews as individuals to their overall influence in the community as an ethnic group. The experts are taken from an article written by Rabbi

Maurice Lefkowitz who served in Las Vegas from 1902 until 1909. It was published in a special edition of the *Jewish Outlook* honoring the 250th anniversary of the settlement of the Jews in America. (*Optic* Dec. 9, 1905).

Las Vegas, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts. One part is incorporated as a city; the western across the Gallinas is incorporated as a town; while Upper Las Vegas is unincorporated. The combined population is upward of 12,000.

Of these 12,000 about 200 are of Jewish persuasion. Small as this number is, it yet constitutes the largest Jewish community in New Mexico and the oldest one in any of Uncle Sam's territories. The first Jewish settlers came here as far back as 1848; they continued coming in stray units all through the fifties and sixties; and when, in the late seventies, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway was extended to this place, there were enough of them here to organize a permanent congregation. At first they worshiped in a hall rented for that purpose, but soon after, in 1884, built a beautiful synagogue of their own, which, in honor of the hundredth birthday of the great philanthropist, they named temple Montefiore. (Rabbi Lefkowitz is in error in this date — the synagogue was built in 1886). From that moment this little community became a veritable Jewish oasis in this western desert. It was the pioneer congregation in an area of thousands of miles, and pioneerlike, it did its duty thoroughly and conscientiously. It has held services twice a week ever since its inception, and has always been fortunate in having for its spiritual guides, men of ability and character. The rabbis who have successfully occupied its pulpit are: J. Glueck, B. Scherlitzer, Sig. L. Frey, L. Scheiber, B. A. Bonheim, and Dr. Maurice Lefkowitz, the occupant since 1902. Of the laymen who were conspicuous in communal service must be mentioned in the first place, the late N. L. Rosenthal. It was due to him more than anyone else that the congregation was originally started. He was its president for a good many years, and rendered signal service in its early development. During the last decade or so the prosperity of the congregation is attributed mainly to the efforts of Messrs. J. Judell and David Winternitz, president and secretary respectively. . . .

Here the Rabbi gives praise to the members in general and points out that,

This little community of scarcely sixty families expends annually approximately \$3,000 for purely congregational purposes, which averages \$50 per family. And therein are not included the expenditures of the Ladies Benevolent Society, nor those of B'nai B'rith lodge, both of which are thriving institutions attached to the Temple. (Other congregational institutions are, the Cemetery Association, and the Ladies Temple Aid Society. . . .)

Prominent as our co-religionists are here, socially and commercially, politically they are a negligible quantity. Until lately they paid no heed whatever to "politics." It is only since the last year or two that they are commencing to take some little interest in it. And they no sooner commenced than they succeeded. In the city of Las Vegas we have one member each in the city council (Messrs. Simon Bacharach and Sig. Nahm), while in the town we have two members on the Board of Education, viz.: Messrs. Cecilio Rosenwald and David Winternitz. The first named gentleman was the first president of the Board of the newly incorporated town, and is now occupying the position of vice-president of the Com-

mercial Club of Greater Las Vegas. His predecessor in the latter position was another co-religionist, Mr. Max Norhaus. Mr. Chas. Rosenthal held at one time the office of treasurer of the City of Las Vegas, while Mr. Charles Ilfeld enjoys the unique honor of being president of the Board of Regents of the Normal University of New Mexico, situated in this city. It is probably the first case in the history of the world that such an honor was conferred upon a Jew — being the executive head of a state university. . . .

Rabbi Lefkowitz's statement that Temple Montefiore was, “. . . the pioneer congregation in an area of thousands of miles. . .” is corroborated by an excerpt from an article titled, “Trail Blazers of the Trans-Mississippi West,” which was published in the October, 1956 issue of *American Jewish Archives*. It reads as follows: “The first synagogue in New Mexico, Congregation Montefiore, was organized in 1884, nearly forty years after the first important Jewish settler made his appearance in the Territory. It had forty-two charter members. . . .”

The article includes a reproduction of the original contract for building the temple. The building committee was composed of S. L. Leon, Isidor Stern, Charles Ilfeld, M. Barash, and our notorious friend, J. H. Teitlebaum. After the contract was signed the committee issued an appeal for funds to pay for the construction. It was a widely distributed printed appeal and carried this message:

HEAR, OH ISRAEL! THE LORD, OUR GOD, IS ONE GOD.

Our Appeal

Congregation Montefiore having determined to build a temple, we respectfully ask your aid to enable us to complete the same. There being none in this Territory, therefore, the congregation has taken the task upon themselves to build a suitable place for worship. All that may favor us with their donations, their names will be placed on our Roll of Honor, which will be deposited in the archives of the temple. We hope our efforts will be crowned with success, and our temple, when finished, will be an honor to ourselves and in the future an acceptable inheritance to the children of Israel, whose aim it will forever be to perpetuate the principle and precepts of Judaism.

By order of the congregation, the following named firms and persons are hereby authorized to receive donations and receipt for the same.

Joseph Rosenwald & Co.

Simon Lewis' Sons

N. L. Rosenthal & Sons

Barash and Block

Chas. Ilfeld

P. L. Strauss

Isidor Stern

David Winternitz

Congregation Montefiore

Las Vegas, New Mexico

1886

(Organized, 1884)

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Meyer Friedman & Bro.

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Phil. Holzman

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Emil Hersch, Esq.

On September 27, 1886, *Las Vegas Optic* reported on the dedication.

At the appointed hour yesterday the Jewish temple was crowded by as large a concourse of people as Las Vegas has seen at a religious service for many a day. The music was rendered in elegant style by the Presbyterian choir, and all parts of the service were conducted in a manner truly and impressive. The address by Rev. Dr. Glueck (Rabbi), the speech on presenting the keys, by S. Leon, the chairman of the building committee, and that on accepting them, by N. L. Rosenthal, the president of the congregation, were all in excellent taste and very appropriate. But perhaps the most impressive part of the ceremony, was the dedication of the perpetual fire to the memory of the dead, and its being set apart as a constant symbol in belief in immortality. The Jews of our city deserve great credit for their liberality and public-spiritedness in creating this temple, and it certainly is a monument to the faithful and laborious industry of the pastor, Dr. Glueck.

SCENE IN LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO



LAS VEGAS & VICINITY.

Denver Public Library, Western Collection

CHANUKAH COMES TO NEW MEXICO

History assumes a greater significance when the past is correlated to the present. The ultimate achievements and failures can thereby be assessed and evaluated. It is in this sense that we can review the highlights of a contemporary Jewish family of Las Vegas.

In the Jewish National Archives in Cincinnati, Ohio, there are ten and one-half typewritten pages titled "Recollections of Milton Taichert." Milt is an active businessman in Las Vegas at the age of 72. He was born

in Tavrig, now called Taurog, in Lithuania on September 22, 1892. His parents were Herman and Mildred Daniel Taichert. His father died in 1898 and his mother in 1906. The only education which Milt received was the usual Chedar, or elementary school. After his Bar Mitzvah, he accompanied his older brother Nathan to America and they went directly to Louisville where the eldest brother, Joe, had already established himself as manager of a tailor shop.

Nathan went to work for a "whiskey house", but when he tired of the business he put a pack on his back, crossed the Ohio River and peddled goods and notions throughout southern Indiana. When he had saved sufficient money he opened a dry goods store in Jasper, Indiana.

Joseph Taichert left Louisville in February of 1908, and, after he established Taichert's Clothing Store in Las Vegas in February of 1909, he sent for his brother Milt. In 1912, Milt and Joe began a brokerage business in wool, hides and pelts. Little is recorded on the younger brother Daniel until 1925. At that time Nathan, Joe and Milt assisted Daniel in establishing a Taichert Store on San Francisco Ave., just off the plaza in Santa Fe. Prior to his death in 1954, Daniel had stores in Gallup, Los Alamos, Las Cruces and a second store in Santa Fe on Cerrillos Road.

Milt was and still is a staunch supporter of civic enterprises in Las Vegas, New Mexico. He served many years as president of the Montefiore congregation and he has been president of the J. E. Rosenwald B'nai B'rith Lodge which was founded in 1901. He has been a member of Elks since 1931, Rotary since 1938, and of the Chamber of Commerce from its earliest beginnings. In later years much of his civic work has centered around the fund raising drives for the Las Vegas and St. Anthony Hospitals.

Milt Taichert's reminiscences draw the curtain on the saga of the Jews in as Vegas. He recalls the names of the other rabbis who served Congregation Montefiore: Jacob Raisin, Jacob H. Landau, Carl S. Schorr, and David Bronstein. He noted that membership in B'nai B'rith dropped from 50 to 19 by 1964, and that in the same year the temple was sold to New Mexico Highlands University for a Newman Center. It has since been torn down for the university's expansion program.

With Milt Taichert's concluding review of the Jewish community in Las Vegas, one might be prompted to entitle this paper, "The Ascendancy and Decline of Jewish Influence in Las Vegas." However, such a title would not honestly introduce the subject matter. It is true that the synagogue no longer shelters the co-religionists of the Hebrew faith and the commerce of the community is not so strongly controlled by Jewish merchants. But the inscriptions on the headstones in the Jewish section of the Masonic Temple conjure up an historical saga, a chronicle of courage, enterprise and social awareness.

In Memoriam

Edward Hobbs Hilliard, Jr., 1922-1970

Edward Hobbs Hilliard, Jr., a Reserve Member of the Denver Posse of the Westerners, fell to his death (along with one of his fellow climbers) from near the top of lofty North Maroon Peak on Saturday, August 15. He was the managing partner of the Redfield Gun Sight Co., of Denver. In addition to his interests as a mountaineer and sportsman, he was vitally concerned about natural conservation and ecology. He was a vice-president of the National Wilderness Society, and was very active in other conservation organizations, such as the Colorado Open Space Council, the Colorado Open Space Foundation, and the Rocky Mountain Space Foundation. In 1969 he was given the Colorado Mountain Club's "Conservationist of the Year" award. His wife, Joy, (Rushmore) shared his outdoor interests, indeed, was with him in a party in 1963 that spent six weeks on a trek of the foothills of the Himalayas. He was a Yale graduate; also, he served with the United States Army in France in World War II. In addition to his wife he is survived by three children, Byron, Helen, and Hobbs. Quite fittingly, an outdoor memorial service was conducted at the top of Mount Vernon Canyon, on August 18.

Raymond B. Johnson – Carl S. Akers

On Friday, September 18, Raymond B. Johnson, co-owner and publisher of the Johnson Publishing Co., Boulder, and Carl S. Akers, his capable assistant general manager, were tragically killed in a plane crash near the Boulder airport. With Ray Johnson an experienced pilot at the controls, the twin motor private airplane, with a cargo of books for delivery to Casper, crashed shortly after take-off. Mr. Johnson is survived by his wife, co-owner of the firm who helped him start it in a private garage in 1946, and their three children, and Mr. Akers is survived by his wife and two children. As many of the Westerners are aware, both the *Brand Book* and the *ROUNDUP* have been published by this firm. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Akers gave invaluable assistance to the editors of these two publications. A number of Westerners have had their books published by this same company. We all feel a keen sense of personal loss, and extend deepest sympathies to their families.

OVER THE GORRAL RAIL

DR. RALPH DANIELSON

Just as we went to press notice of the death of Dr. Ralph Danielson, PM, appeared in the newspapers. In addition to having been a noted ophthalmologist, he was active in numerous civic and community affairs, including the Westerners. For a period of time he was the book review editor of the ROUNDUP; also, he and his brother Clarence Danielson wrote an important book about their home town, Basalt, Colorado. A more complete statement will appear in the next ROUNDUP.

THE CHINESE WALL

Readers will, we trust, recall the reprinted article by Harry Lee Wilber, "A Fake that Rocked the World," in the June, 1970, issue of the ROUNDUP, pp. 22-25. Wilber's article, which appeared originally in *The North American Review* of 1939, was purportedly based upon a fake news account that was trumped up by four reporters, each representing a Denver paper, in 1899, and printed in each of the newspapers. According to Wilber the one in the *Denver Post* was headlined in red ink on p. 1. After a diligent search the *Post* account was located in an obscure position on p. 6 of the issue for June 25, 1899. The other accounts, all differing from one another, were also located. Since the one in the *Post* was specifically mentioned by Wilber and presumably used by him for his account, the readers with some time on their hands may wish to make comparisons and draw conclusions:

OLD WALL MUST GO

According to Frank C. Lewis, a Chicago civil engineer, who was on yester-

day a guest at the Oxford hotel, the Chinese government contemplates the destruction of the ancient Chinese wall that separates China proper from Chinese Tartary, and Mr. Lewis is en route to China to assist at tearing down the famous structure.

Mr. Lewis is a civil engineer of prominence and he goes on behalf of a syndicate of Chicago capitalists who have been invited to offer bids to tear down the wall and to effect improvements contemplated. It is believed that there are millions in it, wonderful opportunities in wealth, and the Chicago capitalists will strive for the contract with all the zeal and enterprise that attaches itself to the financiers of the Windy City.

"The plans of the Chinese government are not generally known concerning the great wall I believe," said Mr. Lewis last night, "but they appear actually to contemplate a great improvement. Through the proper diplomatic channels the matter has been broached to engineers and capitalists in America; England, France, Germany and Russia and bids are solicited. I represent certain Chicago financiers who see a good thing ahead.

"It is astonishing that old and decrepit China should have the exertion to think of disposing of the old landmark, the great wall, and it is hard to credit the idea.

"Nevertheless it is so and I am on my way to investigate and report. The old wall is some 2,000 years old. It is credited with have been built 214 B.C., and that is probably true. It is 1,500 miles long and extends from the Pe Chihli gulf to the Shan mountains. Its original use was to keep the barbarism

Tartar Chinese out of civilized China and it has stood through the ages. It is from twenty to thirty feet high and is wide enough to accommodate six horsemen riding abreast.

"It passes through a remarkably fertile country, and in some places is a considerable road. As I understand it, the Chinese government at Peking is to raze the wall and construct on its site a remarkably fine roadway through all the country that the wall traverses. The stone work and other material of the wall is to be used in making the road bed and also in building roads that shall branch from the main one right and left.

"The road is to be wide enough to accommodate a railroad and many concessions of the greatest value are held out. The country is exceedingly fertile and thickly populated. It will bring a vast commerce, I should think, to the port of Shanghai, the chief city on the gulf I have named and also give a great boom to Peking, which is only a few miles distant from the great wall. Besides the wall is tangent to many great rivers, as the Whang Ho river, which is sometimes called the Yellow river.

"I understand that the enterprise is one of the Chinese government's own conception and is independent of Russian, German or French influence. The cost will be great, involving millions of dollars. The concessions that will be granted will be worth the candle and I anticipate that there will be sharp competition."

Mr. Lewis said that he has information that a New York syndicate is the only other American concern after the project and that there are two British syndicates out, a French syndicate and three German ones.

The Chicago syndicate is said to have

such men back of it as the Armours, Marshall Field and the elder Leiter and Carter Harrison.

Mr. Lewis said that he understood that the project was broached by diplomats on May 1 last. His plan last evening was to leave on the Union Pacific 4 a.m. train for San Francisco, whence he will embark this week, going straight to Peking.

* * * *

We may freely grant that the imagination of newspaper reporters of the 1890's was indeed great, but we may also wonder if four reporters, even with the help of a few beers, could have conjured up this detailed but fictional account during one evening of conviviality.

CHANUKA

Gentile readers who are not as conversant with Jewish traditions as Milton Calion is may not understand the significance of the word Chanukah (also Hanukkah) which means "dedication." Specifically, it is the Feast of Dedication, beginning on the 25th of Chislev (corresponding to December) and lasting eight days. It was on this date in 165 B.C. that Judas Maccabeus, after liberating the temple from the Seleucid conquerors and persecutors of the Jews, rededicated the temple and dedicated a newly built altar (see I Maccabees 4:53). The feast is alternately called the Feast of Lights, due to the ceremony of lighting eight candles, an additional one each day of the feast. Though not prescribed by Jewish law, the feast has been observed without interruption down through the centuries, and has become one of the most significant in the Jewish calendar.



Westerner's Bookshelf



THE BLOODY BENDERS, by Robert H. Adleman, Stein & Day, 247 pp., photos, map, 1970. \$6.95.

This book, the blurb on the jacket flap maintains, deals with the worst female in American history, Katie Bender and her gang of holdups and killers responsible for at least twelve murders a hundred years ago. Some unauthenticated accounts estimate the number of the Bender killings at closer to fifty. Adoption of the Homestead Act after the Civil War brought about a land rush of several years. Among the land-seekers were the Benders: John, Sr., and Jr., and the strikingly beautiful Katie. She served as bait to induce prospective homesteaders to file on land near Cherryvale in southwest Kansas. They saw more profit in operating a lodging house. It was a log affair, divided in half by a cloth sheet. The prospective victim was seated with his head against the cloth, and at an agreed-upon signal one of the Benders brought a hammer down upon his skull and dropped him in a pit beneath the table. Katie finished off the job by jumping into the pit and cutting his throat.

The Benders pursued their grisly occupation for some years unsuspected until finally they made the error of choosing a victim from a well-to-do local family who offered a substantial reward for arrest of the killer. With this reward to spur interest in the case the Benders promptly disappeared. One grave was discovered, then another until twelve in all had been. One report that they had escaped by means of a home-made balloon, only to be destroyed by a

storm at sea, could never be confirmed. A museum at Cherryvale commemorates what was probably America's bloodiest family of murderers.

Forbes Parkhill

(See the article, "The Damnedest Story that ever Was, the Bender Women," by Harry E. Chrisman, in the 1967 *Brand Book*, pp. 71-101)

HISTORY OF THE THEATER 1879-1925 IN CONCORDIA, KANSAS, by Peggy Doyen, 1969, 120 pp., illustrated, n.p.

Theatrical historians are becoming delighted. There is a newly published history of opera houses and theatrical events of the nineteenth century. It is badly needed for it covers a small town in Kansas. Triggering this delight is Peggy Doyen's *History of the Theater* (spelling hers) *1879-1925 in Concordia, Kansas*.

This remarkably well-written, 120-page, handsomely illustrated work describes the town's two opera houses—La Roque Hall (1877) and the Brown Grand Opera House (1907). The book also lists the traveling companies that played there. In this framework it is a micro history of the theatre on the Plains during the period.

Concordia (population?) "one of the largest frontier towns between Kansas City and Denver," had a great advantage, being a crossroads for four railroad lines. Its theatrical fare, mostly one night stands, occasionally had a week of stock company plays and now and then a fine star attraction.

About the same time this book was being written, one Larry J. Fowler,

Kansas State Teacher's College, Emporia, did a similar study of the Stevens Opera House, Garden City, under the direction of Dr. Kenneth Lee Jones. Dr. Jones must introduce these Kansas theatre historians, Doyen and Fowler.

A glance at the Appendices of the two studies indicates that McFadden's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* company played both towns 1886-1887. Other traveling troupes to appear in both places in calendar proximity were the Louis Lord Company; John Dillion (who pioneered in Colorado and the frontier forts on his cross-country travels between San Francisco and Chicago); Effie Ellsler, a durable Shakespearean trouper; and the Milton Nobles Dramatic Company.

Comparisons such as these, when enlarged through other theatrical calendars of stops between Chicago, Kansas City, and Denver, can form the basis of a fine history of the theatre of the Great Plains.

The Concordia study neither enlightens the reader as to who Peggy Doyen is nor whether her study as begun as a scholarly work. We only know she has done a very competent job. We extend our congratulations for a useful study. We wish there were more such works. If there are, we'd like to know about them. All of we CATS will become even more delighted.

Benjamin Draper

THE MARQUIS DE MORES, EMPEROR OF THE BAD LANDS, by Donald Dresden, University of Oklahoma Press, 1970, 282 pgs., \$5.95.

This is the first full length biography in English of that intrepid young French aristocrat, the Marquis de Mores, who came to America in the

early eighties, married the beautiful daughter of a Wall Street banker and with the financial help of his father-in-law, acquired vast ranch lands and herds of cattle in the Dakotas. He also established a packing plant in the Bad Lands in an attempt to compete with the big established plants in Chicago and the East.

The Marquis named the site of his packing plant Medora, after his wife. The enterprise which began operation in 1883, failed for a variety of reasons, but mainly because of the Marquis' inexperience. In the winter months the Marquis had to buy feed at exorbitant prices. Thousands of dollars had to be spent before any meat was sold. Eastern packers undersold De Mores and forced ruinously low prices. De Mores ran sheep but hundreds died. A foreigner, and a wealthy one at that, he was not popular in the community. Worst of all, he began to fence his land—a major sin in the open-range country. After a fight with some local enemies in which a man was killed, the Marquis was tried three times for murder, but was finally acquitted in 1886. By then all his Dakota enterprises had failed. The Medora-Deadwood stage line which he had organized gave up in May, 1885 and the packing plant had closed in November, 1886. The Marquis closed the Chateau de Mores and, with his wife and children, returned to Europe.

Always restless, the Marquis bought a newspaper in Paris and entered politics. His life continued to encompass one violent episode after another. He fought two duels, killing one man and wounding another. He went to Africa, took charge of an expedition for the French army and was finally assassinated in the Sahara desert by members of

the Toureg tribe at the instigation of political enemies. Ambitious, imaginative, full of high adventure, brave and every inch the aristocrat, the Marquis, who died at the age of thirty-eight, lived the lives of a dozen men, promoting economic and political ideas that were years ahead of his time.

The ruins of the meat packing plant at Medora are still in evidence today, and the smokestack has survived. The Chateau de Mores, home of the Marquis, is now administered by the State Historical Society of North Dakota. All the old silverware, chinaware, guns, saddles, furniture and clothes are arranged just as though the Marquis and Medora had left them for a hunting trip down the Little Missouri River and one half expects they will be returning at any moment.

This well-written book should be a welcome addition to any Western Americana library.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

THE MAN WHO REDISCOVERED AMERICA, A Biography of John Wesley Powell: by John Upton Terrell, Weybright and Talley, New York, 1969, 270 pp., Bibliography and Index. \$6.95.

Major Powell, who as stated in the title of this book "rediscovered America" has been rediscovered by journalists, probably because of our renewed and reawakened interest in our ecology and wilderness areas. This well written book provides a readable account of Powell's life and contributions, commencing with his birth into an English-born family and ending with his death and the scientific examination of his brain, which was declared to be "superior".

In a time when many college students seem dedicated to destroying

their colleges, Powell's struggle to secure an education without family financing or encouragement is refreshing. His dedication to emancipation of the blacks which took him to Shiloh and cost him his right arm again illustrates his strong convictions. His numerous field trips to Colorado and the West, including his explorations of the Colorado River, with one arm and not much money, prove what ability and determination can accomplish.

Considerable space in this book is devoted to Powell's long and apparently unsuccessful (at least in his lifetime) crusade for conservation, restriction of irrigation and farming, and proper use of water in the West. It seems impossible that Powell could have been booed off the speaker's platform at the International Irrigation Congress in Los Angeles in 1893, or that his *Report on the Arid Lands* could have been so bitterly attacked, in the light of the vindication of his principles today.

This book could have been improved by the addition of some well-chosen photographs of Powell and the areas of his explorations. However, it should be a standard Powell biography and useful in any Westerner's library.

W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.

1870-1970: THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, GREELEY, COLORADO, by Barbara Smith, The Greater Greeley Centennial Commission, Inc., 1970, 96 pp. (no price listed).

Centennial celebration publications tend to be a dull lot, extolling clean air and progress. By contrast this is all the more reason to take notice of Greeley's centennial book, *The First Hundred Years* (by no means an unique title), for it is an attractive, well-written objective history.

The town was founded as an agricultural colony by Nathan Meeker and Horace Greeley with temperance as an objective. This led one man to note: "We are (were?) trying to recuperate from a 'total abstinence' celebration at Greeley yesterday."

While the book is a light history of Greeley (it tells you all that you care to know about the town), its description of small town American life of the past century is important, including matters such as the price of barbed wire; the free reading rooms; and clubs. There was a club for every day of the week (except Sunday, of course): the farmers' club; the old men's lyceum; the young men's "ditto"; the sewing or singing or temperance groups; and the "good tipplers" (which in temperance Greeley must have been a popular group).

For a locally produced centennial book *The First Hundred Years* of Greeley is exceptionally attractive. It is printed on thick, buff-colored stock, with excellent layout and typography, and it has a generous number of full-page line drawings.

Sandra Dallas

THE GRAND COLORADO: Forward by Wallace Stegner; American West Co., 1969, 277 pp., 200 pictures, maps, and illustrations; \$15.00.

This is one of the finest books on the history and glamour of The Canyon, beautifully written, with much that is new of the more modern history of the Grand Canyon Country. The pictures are outstanding but one wishes they had used more of Major Powell's original sketches.

This book belongs in the library of every student of the history of Western United States. It gives a comprehensive outline of the Grand Canyon of the

Colorado from prehistoric days of myth and legend to recent times.

William D. Powell, PM

SHADOW OF THUNDER, by Max Evans, The Swallow Press, Chicago, 1969, \$5.00.

The dust jacket tells us that this little book has been sold to Hollywood and this is not surprising. Had it been made to order, the movies could not have been done better because this tale has everything it takes to make a box office western: a strong silent man, a sexy wife, a prairie fire and a medicine show. It all makes for a couple of hours of fast, pleasant reading in which the 1937 New Mexico setting is almost incidental. Max Evans writes well and must know his market since his earlier novels, we are told, found ready acceptance in Hollywood. The book is a beauty—well designed, with fine illustrations by Victor Seper, and excellent typography.

Allison E. Nutt

INCREDIBLE IDAHO, published quarterly by the Idaho Department of Commerce and Development, Room 108, Capitol Building, Boise, Idaho, 83707. Yearly subscription price is \$2.50.

A publication initiated during 1969. It has an attractive format including many photographs, both in color and black-and-white. Articles feature historical items as well as current attractions and events. The magazine is as important to Idaho as ARIZONA HIGHWAYS and NEW MEXICO MAGAZINE are for their respective states.

James H. Davis, P.M.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
M O N T H L Y
ROUNDUP

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER

1970

Volume XXVI

Numbers 11-12

IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHANGRI LA OF THE ROCKIES

by Victoria Smith



PRESENTATION OF THE PLAQUE



Nevin Carson
Program Chairman

Joseph Butterfield
Speaker

Nolie Mumej
Sheriff

—Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

THE COVER PICTURE

The cover picture shows Dr. Joseph Butterfield, flanked by Nevin Carson, program chairman, and Nolie Mumej, sheriff, receiving the customary speaker's plaque. Dr. Butterfield is the Director of the Newborn Center at Children's Hospital, Denver, and is on the staff of the University of Colorado Medical Center. His unusual paper, "The Incubator Doctor in Denver: A Medical Missing Link," was not available for publication.

THE AUTHOR

Miss Victoria Smith, R.N., received her B.S. in nursing and administrative education from Columbia University. She served as supervisor of nurses, as a hospital administrator, and as a director of public relations in a number of hospitals in Ohio, New Jersey, Oklahoma, and Texas. She is listed in *Who's Who in the Midwest*, and in *Who's Who of American Women*. She has traveled widely in South America and Europe. Also, she has taken graduate courses in archaeology, art, and medieval history. During her first ten years of retirement she lived in Del Norte, but is now residing in Boulder. Currently she serves the *San Luis Valley Historian*, publication of the San Luis Valley Historical Society, Inc., as "correspondent research shooter." The map used in her article is from a recent issue of this interesting, factual publication.

HALL OF FAME

Dr. Nolie Mumej, our sheriff this year, was one of eleven of Colorado's aviation pioneers to be elected into the Hall of Fame of the Colorado Aviation Historical Society. Among his contributions to aviation is the development of the portable depth perception box used by World War II flight surgeons.

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

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The Shangri La Of The Rockies

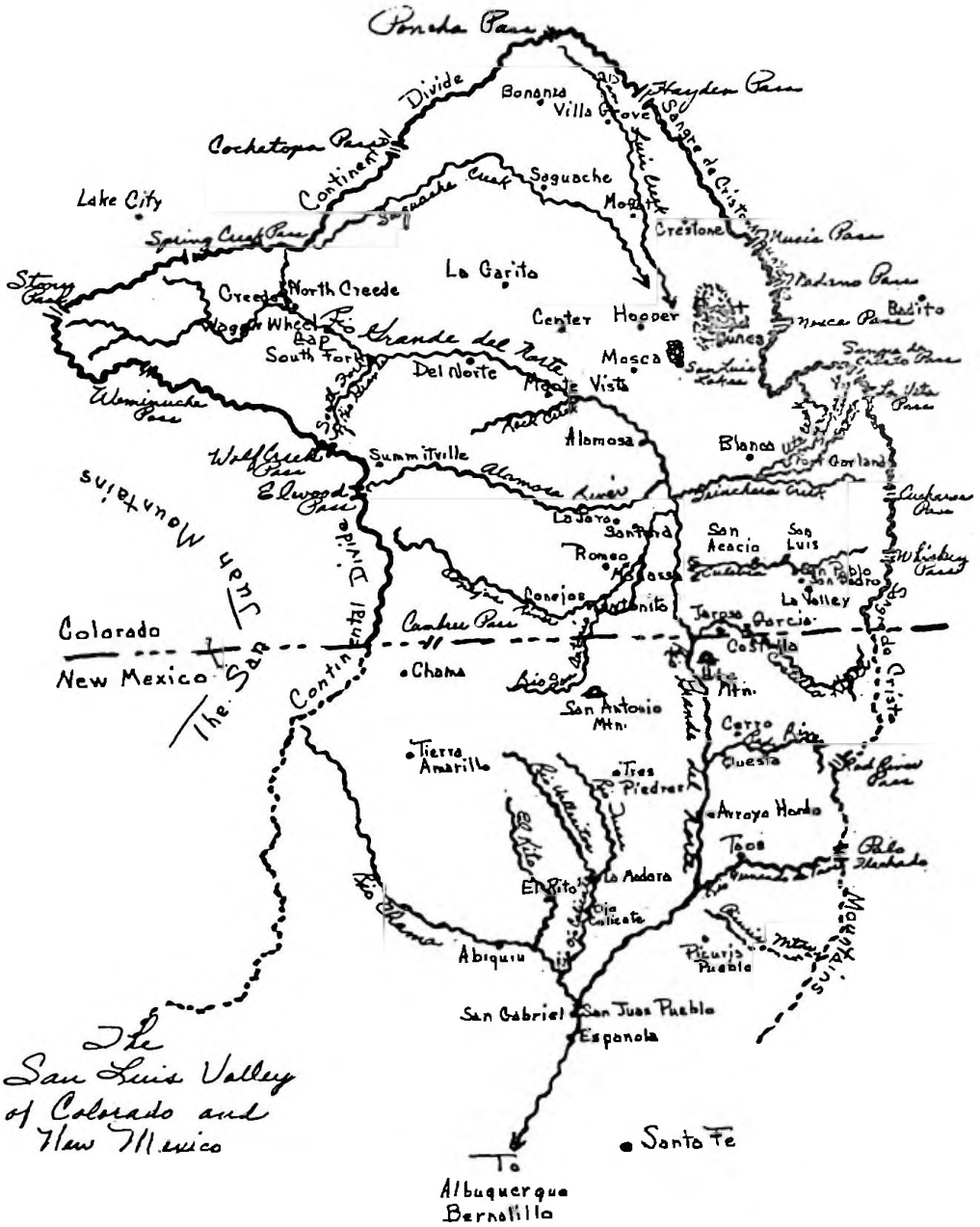
by VICTORIA SMITH

The story of the San Luis Valley really deserves the talents of a James Grafton Rogers whose recent book, *My Rocky Mountain Valley*, has done so much both to inform and charm his readers. While our Valley does have a much longer background in history and even more varied natural resources than Upper Clear Creek, your speaker can claim a span of fifty years of personal knowledge and interest in this part of Colorado, which covers 5,249,280 acres or 7.98% of the state, but has only 2% of its population.

On a good relief map of Colorado the four mountain parks are clearly shown: North Park, Middle Park, South Park, and greatest of all, the San Luis Valley, which had a name at a period when the other parks were still in no man's land.

Many names have been given to this Valley, which unlike most valleys is not formed about a river: "The Great Valley," "Land of the Blue Sky People," "Fabulous Valley," "Garden at the Top of the World," "The Great Basin" and in recent times, "The Poverty Pocket." The name given to it by the Spanish explorers honored San Luis, a Spanish Saint, and is correctly pronounced San Luis, never San Louie, a French corruption of St. Louis. However, the name which appeals most to me is "The Shangri La of the Rockies," given to it by Roy McConnell, a Valley potato farmer and world traveler. It is the Shangri La for so many different kinds of people, now and in the remote past—if one has a dreams, it can be answered within the confines of our mountain ranges, be that dream powdered snow for skiing, a hermit's hut to get away from it all, or gold, silver, and gem stones.

The Valley really begins where Route 285, one of the two highways which bisect it, crosses Poncha Pass, only 9010



feet in elevation, then spreads out to Route 160 which crosses the Valley at its widest points from east to west. The New Mexico state line is 150 miles to the south where the Valley is closed in by a pair of very old mountain peaks, San Antonio and the Ute Mountain, their volcanic points smoothed down by eons of erosion, now bowl shaped and bare.

To the west or left on the map you see the Continental Divide line, zigzagging east and west, up and down, geologically ancient with dead volcano peaks; uplifted and tilted plateaus; pena plains, bare and forbidding; canyons timbered; and beautiful, full of snow that never melts; icy lakes in old glacial cirques. To cross the divide, one goes up and up and around, always seeing even higher ranges, ridges or canyons until at last one comes to the Wolf Creek Pass, elevation 10,850—Wolf Creek, the old devil of the “All Winter Passes.”

To the left are the New Mountains, this crescent of sharp serrated and snow capped peaks of the Sangre de Cristo, Spanish for the Blood of Christ. When the winter sun drops behind the San Juans of the Continental Divide the lower part of the Sangre de Cristo is deep blue, while over the white capped ridge a pink glow floats like a gigantic scarf of chiffon. Some call it Alpine Glow. Once seen, never forgotten.

To cross La Veta Pass, elevation 9100, is an easy, up and over drive, dropping into the flat lands of eastern Colorado with only the Twin Spanish peaks to give drama to the scene. These peaks were once the landmark for the fur trappers on their way to Taos.

Historically, geographically and geologically the San Luis Valley belongs to northern New Mexico. It is singularly riverless. The Rio Grande del Norte, issuing from the San Juans above Creede enters the open valley at Del Norte, turns south at Alamosa and sets its course for the Gulf of Mexico, 1800 miles away. Laura Gilpin, a Santa Fe photographer and writer whose book, *The Rio Grande*,

River of Destiny, is a classic says, "In few localities is the immensity of space more clearly felt than in the San Luis Valley. The great distance across the Valley seems to dwarf the one-hundred mile stretch of the fourteen thousand-foot peaks of the Sangre de Cristo Range, making the dome of the sky immeasurable."

The river, the Sangre de Cristo, and the plains are shared alike by the San Luis Valley and Northern New Mexico.

Up from the south, along this once great river trekked the Spanish-Europeans some 400 years ago, while much later from the north and the east, Americans struggled over the many passes to reach the Valley.

The geologic "Time-Event" scale would only bore you, so I shall only mention that it all began some three billion years ago when violent volcanic action took place; followed by a continuous lava flow, mountain up-lifting and ages of erosion. A sea covered all our land, save the continental spine. Cold, but a million years later, hot—even tropical with mammals, birds and reptiles. It was perhaps a million and a half years ago that the Sangre de Cristo Range heaved up forming the true valley depression, filled some times with salt water, some times with fresh water.

While no deep glacial ice sheet reached down into the Valley during the Wisconsin ice age plenty of glaciation was present—geologic investigation has validated all this while cirques, moraines and terraces are still there for the casual observer to see.

A tilt to the southward allowed the Valley to drain and prehistoric people followed prehistoric animals into our Valley and to quote from *The San Luis Valley Historian*, "And by the artifacts of camp, hunt and war, left by the ancient peoples" modern archaeologists using modern dating techniques have proven our long history. By the time of Christ these prehistoric people were living in small seasonal village groups especially along the river banks.

However, the Valley has none of the great centers such as Mesa Verde, Chaco Canyon or the pueblos of New Mex-

ico. The great drouth of the southwest had ended by the 14th century and roving bands of Athabascans, the ancestors of the Navajo and Apache Indians, arrived from the north. The Yutas (Utes) claimed the Valley with its vast buffalo herds as their hunting ground, a claim which prevailed up to 1850, when the United States set up a series of forts and outposts to protect settlers and traders.

By 1520 Cortez had captured Mexico for Spain and within twenty years the Spaniards with their still unfulfilled lust for God and Gold started expeditions up the Rio Grande. Don Francisco's Entrada with "300 young gentlemen on horse back (1540-42)" was a failure, nor did he reach our Valley. Coronado, de Sosa, Oñate, and Peralta came north, but none touched our territory. By 1610 Santa Fe was settled, agriculture flourished, Indians were baptized and many missions built. But by 1680 the Pueblo tribes, speaking no common language, mounted a rebellion which drove the Spanish back to El Paso, military and priests alike—those not slaughtered.

A Re-Entrada in 1692-93 was made into Santa Fe, led by Don Diego de Vargas. With him came a thousand people to be fed. This brings us back to the San Luis Valley. The first recorded history about the Valley tells us that on June 20, 1694, de Vargas brought 150 soldiers and Indian allies north to hunt buffalo for food. They camped near Culebra Creek on the east bank of the Rio Grande, then in full flood from the first summer snow melt, a mighty river indeed. They crossed the river with difficulty, killed the buffalo, fought the Utes and escaped the Apaches. De Vargas guided his laden caravan west beyond San Antonio Peak where he turned south through a waterless terrain to Santa Fe and safety. Such is the saga of our entrance into history.

What record keepers those Spanish were!! I have seen and touched the day by day journal of that expedition kept by de Vargas' secretary. It is kept in the archives in Santa Fe, an original no less, of long thick, legal-sized sheets of paper and written in a large clear 17th century Spanish.

From then the San Luis Valley was on the map as a through way both recorded and unrecorded. In 1769 a fort was built near San Antonio Peak. Escalante, Domenguez and de Anza passed through. James Purcell, an American trapper-trader, crossed the Valley in 1805. Next Zebulon Pike was sent to explore the Arkansas and Red rivers, thought to be within the Louisiana Purchase. In 1807 he clambered over Sangre de Cristo pass, built a log stockade on the Conejos river and ran up the American flag, barely before the Spanish soldiers rode in and carried Pike off to Mexico City. Today a replica of this stockade is in a state park—a beautiful picnic spot surrounded with little flat top mountains, huge cottonwoods and rattlesnakes.

In 1822 Jacob Fowler came into the Valley to trap. He kept a journal to tell what the land was like. By 1840 all the famous and infamous fur trappers and Indian Scouts knew the Valley, among them, Kit Carson, Old Bill Williams, Tom Tobin, Jim Bridger, Dick Wooton and Albert Pfeiffer. They took the Taos Trail to the winter rendezvous with civilization and Taos lightning. Surveyors, map makers, and adventurers all visited us, including the Englishman Ruxton; hunters and artists as well.

While the early Spanish immigrants and settlers crept northward into the Valley, thus justifying their claim of being Spanish and not Mexicans, the period of the great land grants came after the Mexicans had rebelled against Spain and set up their own Republic in 1821. The Sangre de Cristo and the Conejos Grants covered most of the Valley south of the Rio Grande. Most of the grants were confirmed by Congress in 1860, over ten years after the close of the Mexican war with the United States. Litigation over titles continues to this day.

After that war in 1846-47, and the treaty of Hidalgo, the entire Valley became a territory of the USA and Colorado.

To throw in a personal note, my grandfather rode with Col. Doniphan and Gen. Kearney as a Missouri Volunteer. After the capture of Santa Fe they went on to the battles of

Sacramento and Brazitos in Mexico. Grandfather was discharged at Monterey, Mexico where he was given an oxcart to drive to New Orleans. The load was species and two sick men. Species means hard money. The Volunteers had not been paid for over a year after they had ridden their own horses out of Fort Leavenworth.

Politicians in Washington knew of the mountain enclosed Valley and in 1849, sent the famous John C. Fremont to explore a short cut to California for a railroad. Guided by Old Bill Williams, against that old mountain man's better judgment, Fremont crossed the Sangre de Cristo at Mosca Pass—in the dead of winter. Unlike the mild winter of 1970, he found a snow packed valley and bitter cold! The group struggled across the treeless plain into the La Garita mountains hunting for Cochetopa Pass. Fremont lost his reputation and the lives of most of his men and mules at a spot now called Camp Desolation.

By 1850 Charles Beaubien had induced Spanish named settlers to establish the "San Luis de Culebra" on his grant. San Luis holds the honor of being the Valley's (and Colorado's)first town. The next settlement was Guadalupe where Jose Marie Jacquez and Major Lafayette Head, their families with horses, cows, oxen, sheep and goats arrived to stay. In 1854 a mission church was built—a rectangular jacal style 16 x 30, the first congregation in the Valley and in Colorado. Catholic of course!

But the Utes liked both horses and sheep. Fort Massachusetts was built in the shadow of Mt. Blanca and the war against the Utes and their Plains Indian allies was on. In the meantime irrigation ditches were laid and corn and wheat were growing. Jacquez built a flour mill on the east side of the Conejos River. In 1857 Charles Deus erected a distillery and planted potatoes. Dario Gallegos opened a mercantile store in San Luis, which is still operated by his descendants. Fort Massachusetts was abandoned and a new adobe fort constructed a few miles away and staffed with Indian fighters, and named Fort Garland. *The San*

Luis Valley Historian has made a dramatic statement of this period, "In a short 40 years span, 1850-1890, the San Luis Valley will suddenly explode with events as the three strong, vital cultures meet. The Indians, the colonial New Mexicans and the Americans will be thrown together, will lock, clash, survive, co-exist, merge or disappear. Men in those years in the San Luis Valley will establish peace, government, towns, mines, railroads and roads, farms, ranches, schools and themselves in a pattern whose design shows in the life of the Valley today."

In 1858 when Green Russell and his Georgians had discovered gold near the junction of the Platte and Cherry Creek, they sent teams and wagons to Fort Garland for flour and other supplies. The mill owned by Easterlay and St. Vrain also shipped flour to the Pikes Peak gold fields. In 1859, 14 families from Santa Fe, Ojo Caliente and the Rio Conejos settlements established La Loma near the present Del Norte. The family names are still found in Del Norte—Silva, Martinez, Vigil, Atencio, Chavez, and Espanosa.

To the Spanish we owe irrigation, music and education. The first school masters were brought into the Valley by this group.

However, as early as 1884 the Presbyterians, under the leadership of two militant preachers named Darley, had established the College of the Southwest in Del Norte. The college boasted of a telescope and observatory—all the better to see our stars! Six teachers taught fifty students who could study five languages including Greek.

The real goal of the school was the education of the Spanish converts to Protestantism, but many Valley men and women were educated there. The work was transferred to Westminster College in 1901.

Adams State College began as a normal school—2 years I think, but after we sent our cowboy Billy Adams to be the Governor of Colorado, his influence and some of his money put the college on its feet. It now has an enrollment of nearly 2000 per year.

The Civil War barely touched the Valley, though many Union soldiers passed through Fort Garland on their way to Glorieta Pass, to be under the command of a huge Methodist preacher named Chivington. But the southwest was snatched away from the Confederates by the Colorado troops.

Soon a more vital cross-valley trade was established to service the mines of the San Juans. Laboring over Mosca, Music or Medano Passes were loaded wagons drawn by oxen or mule teams bound for the mines at Ouray, Silverton and Lake City. This was long before the Creede mines were opened, Del Norte was an out-fitting stop, equipped with blacksmiths, harness makers, wagon repairmen, tool makers, boarding houses, and of course, saloons.

A stone barn, built to stable a hundred teams of mules was still standing in West Del Norte when I first knew it.

When the railroads came, freighting and the toll road business were over. The Denver and Rio Grande first built a narrow gauge railroad from Pueblo to Fort Garland. By 1878 it was extended to Alamosa which soon became the hub of narrow gauge lines. One went north to the mines in Bonanza, and later extended to Salida. Another went south to Antonito where one could ride on through Chama, New Mexico to Durango or take the Chili Line to Santa Fe. This Alamosa-Durango Narrow Gauge is now being bought jointly by New Mexico and Colorado. I once rode a spur line from Moffat to Crestone through miles and miles of chico, grease brush, rabbit bush and cactus which swept upward on the mesa to where the timber begins. Beautiful and bare, it is still a first impression of many visitors.

The Valley is dwarfed by the surrounding peaks. Ten of these are 14,000 feet in elevation with Sierra Blanca at 14,317 feet, the highest; eighteen soar above 13,000, while seventeen are from 9 to 12,000 feet, these being for most parts "Great Gates," the name given to the passes by Marshall Sprague.

Unique along the Sangre de Cristo is another kind of wonderland. The Sand Dunes are perched 1000 feet above the floor of the Valley. "Singing Sands," they have been called, because of the sound made by the wind as it moves the peaks, ridges and coves of the dunes.

It is an ideal recreation area. It has a lost river, Medano Creek, running on one visit, dry sand on the next. Nature trails lead into the rugged wilderness. A camp ground for a hundred campers is set on a cedar filled mesa. There is housing for 1000 boy scouts at one time.

Near here is Crestone Lake, above timber line. The lake fills a glacial cirque, icy and crystal clear with small snow melt streams trickling down the peaks. I camped there for a week in 1913 and have never forgotten its beauty, nor the 28 different wild flowers I picked on a ten-minute walk. It is still a seven-mile hike to reach this Shangri La.

Near Saguache, along the Gunbarrel Highway, a road once straight as a gun barrel, and the free flowing artesian wells are of interest to visitors. Due to the lowering of the water tables and the many pump wells used for irrigation, they are not as picturesque as they once were. Many are plugged in the winter but where a tiny stream escapes it will flow and freeze and flow, building up giant ice sculptures of blue green color and incredible beauty.

Speaking of cold, this may be the place to mention the weather. Temperatures of 55 degrees below have been recorded, and Alamosa vies with Fraser and International Falls as the coldest spot in the Nation. However, on a clear cold day one can comfortably walk to the post office bare-headed. If one values ears, just don't stop in the shadow. I kept a sunshine chart in Del Norte once. Twenty-five days of winter sun per month was usual. But in the spring, watch out. The winds are only surpassed by Boulder.

There seems to be a vast underground source of hot water with many hot mineral springs. Shaw Spring, Valley View, Mineral Hot Springs, Wagon Wheel Gap and Alamosa all have warm pools. The Indians knew all these springs and

their artifacts prove they camped there. There is gas down there, but so far no oil.

In establishing the agricultural base for the Valley's economy, sheep came first. Sheep will eat anything. For cattle there are two especial native forage plants. The first is a coarse but highly nutritious blue green native hay and the second is grama grass. If a cattleman has these two items plus water he has it made. Fifty years ago there was a lot of open range in both the Valley and mountains. Now many sheep and cattle are trucked to the "hills" but, I always felt really western when a band of sheep was driven through Del Norte. My street was the through way for sheep. Cattle went a block south past the Baptist Church.

Herefords were the first favorites, but many cattle men have switched to Black Angus or Charolais. Horses are still a must for handling cattle. Now we use handsome expensive Quarter Horses—broncos in the old days. The sheep herders' chuck wagon is no longer a shack on wheels, horse drawn with a burro tied on behind. It is a nice camper, but finding a good sheep herder or a dog trained to handle sheep is still like finding a new silver mine.

Where once wheat and oats flourished, potatoes and barley are the backbone of the present economy. The Red McClure potato was a Valley trade-mark for years. Today russets are widely grown and more will be if the \$6,500,000 potato processing plant is built between Alamosa and Monte Vista. The proposed two million dollar pay roll sounds like a tickets to Shangri La.

Rio Grande County produced 1,972,200 bushels of barley in 1969, making it the number one county in Colorado. Moravian barley was introduced by Coors a number of years ago.

In the Blanca area vegetables are grown extensively: lettuce, carrots, spinach, cauliflower and cabbage. Many farms are owned by Japanese who came in following World War II. They, along with the Mormons—long time settlers, are examples of industry and frugality for all of us.

Comparing today with the homestead days is almost unbelievable. A man who wants to go into cattle, potatoes or barley should have an investment of thirty to fifty thousand dollars—sheep require less—but agriculture today means heavy machinery and high labor costs.

Almost anywhere one goes in the mountains one sees evidences of the search for minable metals. In 1890 Creede was a rip-roaring boom town with a population of 10,000. The Holy Moses, Amethyst, Last Chance and other mines were working. The Denver & Rio Grande, by 1890 a standard gauge, ran three trains a day, bringing in the hopefuls and carrying back the ore. In 1893 Congress repealed the Sherman Silver Purchase Act. Silver dropped and so did Creede. Years later tourists, Texas tourists with oil money, discovered the ghost town. But, more important were the new strikes of mixed metals which make the Holy Moses mine seem like small potatoes indeed. Most mines in Creede are in full operation today. It was recently learned that Wm. McGuinnies, ° then living at Pitkin, was the man who had grubstaked N. C. Creede, the prospector who struck his pick against a boulder and yelled, "Holy Moses! Its silver." And so it was!!

Summitville, situated in a massif of volcanic and glacial mountains produced a rich gold strike in 1872, another in the early thirties and is now being worked for copper. Modern machinery and modern mining technology make the lone prospector with his pick, mule and grubstake an old-fashioned concept—the prospector is a geologist.

In the southern part of the Valley are both perlite and pumice mines, operated on a commercial basis.

Besides the metal mines the Valley has two turquoise mines, one at Bonanza and the other near Manassa, the birthplace of Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler. Numerous Rock Hounds have staked claims to digging for the geodes which sometimes contain the famous Del Norte plumed agate. But many gem stones suitable for cutting or tumbling can be found on the surface by sharp looking.

Jasper, agates, all sorts of quartz, carnelian chalcedony, low grade opal, petrified wood, obsidian and a fascinating by-product of volcanic action called Apache Tears.

Amateur archaeology is a great Valley hobby and professional archaeology is a popular study at Adams College. The Folsom Site, west of Mt. Blanca, was located by an amateur arrowhead hunter, Gene Sutherland. The skeletons of five buffalo had been exposed on a sandy blow-out; spear points were still in some of the bones and tools of the kill nearby. Frank Roberts, chief archaeologist at the Smithsonian Institution, came to the San Luis Valley, found the bones belonging to a now extinct Buffalo talori, and the points and tools those of a highly sophisticated hunter and craftsman of the Folsom Culture, dating at least 10,000 years ago. Man has lived in this Valley for a long time, even longer than the Folsom man.

A recent student at the college said he had examined 25,000 arrow heads belonging to five Valley collectors. Many times that number are stored away in glass jars, tin cans, cigar boxes and old trunks. No longer a Shangri La for arrowhead hunters, plenty are waiting for a high wind to uncover them and sharp eyes to see them in the sand.

Cross the Valley to the southwest where under "Old Greenie," another of those bowl-shaped mountains, we find a great collection of petroglyphs and pictographs, known as Rock Art. Though they may look like it, these are not doodlings. No one has found the key to learn what they mean, either here or in the many places they may be found all over the world. The granite, basalt and sandstone walls of our arroyos, cliffs and caves made ideal places for primitive man to record the images of his fetishes, his animals and himself.

In 1869 Kit Carson made a treaty with the Utes for leaving the Valley. That same year, William Blackmoore, an English land promoter, William Gilpin, Colorado's first governor and four other owners divided the Sangre de Cristo Grant into two parts, named the Costilla and Trin-

chera. Dr. F. V. Hayden did the survey. This was perhaps the first of many land schemes to bring in settlers. Another notable one was headquartered in the Moffat area in 1910, that of the Oklahoma Land Company. Many of doubtful worth are operating in the Valley at the present time. Many specialize in five acre plots, often without water.

While neither the cattle nor sheep men really like the Forest Service which has long administered the timber lands and lumbering, their work has been an economic asset. Through the "Multiple Use" principle, the production of usable water, wood for lumber, forage for cattle and sheep, habitat for game and fish are all compatible with recreation. Many of these activities are in the Rio Grande National Forest. Also available is the La Garita Wilderness with numerous camp and picnic sites.

Located in the Upper Rio Grande Primitive Zone, high above Creede is a 300-acre tract known from 1908 to 1950 as Wheeler Monument. Its weird and exotic collection of peaks and cones of very light colored lava, some times capped with chocolate brown, create an illusion of a far off Shangri La.

The Wolf Creek Ski area has two poma lifts but no hotels or other housing facilities. Monte Vista has its Ski-High Stampede. South Fork has raft races and a center for the square dance and for art. Del Norte organized Tote Goat contests up Lookout Mountain where the Christmas Star and Easter Cross are still placed. La Jara has its Pioneer Mormon Days. Snowmobile clubs visit Chama, New Mexico and Lake City. Recent laws have been enacted to prevent either shooting or harassing game from snowmobiles. Serious mountain climbing with pitons and rapelling has been an out-lander's sport, but now our young men are taking it up with enthusiasm. Numerous light planes are owned and used by ranchers for pleasure and business such as crop dusting or checking cattle and sheep on the range.

Hunting water fowl has increased since the National Wild Life Refuge was established near Monte Vista. Thir-

teen thousand acres of wet meadows, grain and brush make it a bird watcher's paradise, especially when the Sand Hill Cranes stop over on their way to or from their northern nesting grounds. There is an open season for pheasant and partridge as well as for elk, deer and bear. Occasionally there is a hunting season for antelope. Long ago hunters shot and sold the frozen carcasses of antelope in Pueblo at \$1.50 each. Coyote, rabbit and rattlesnake hunts are fun things.

There are six counties: (1) Mineral, which means minerals of course, (2) Alamosa—"of the cottonwoods," (3) Conejos—"rabbit," (4) Saguache—an Indian name for blue earth, (5) Rio Grande—named for the river, while (6) Costilla means "rib." Politics, mostly Republican.

There are many churches of all faiths, even a Buddhist Temple; many study clubs for women; several Pioneer museums. All counties and most towns have libraries. Recently organized is the San Luis Valley Historical Society with a quarterly publication, called *The Historian*. Adams State College is wielding more and more influence in community life and many, many of the young people of all backgrounds go to college in and out of Colorado. They become teachers, preachers, doctors, lawyers, architects, mining engineers, nurses, even governors and opera singers.

Few return to help solve the many problems of their Valley. To them, out in the world, it is still their Shangri La.

SOURCES

The Historian—Vol. 1—San Luis Historical Society

Land of the Blue Sky People—Luther Bean

Chili Line—John A. Gjeore

The Rio Grande, River of Destiny—Laura Gilpin

My Rocky Mountain Valley—James Grafton Rogers

°Father of Jessie Bauer of Boulder, Colo.

In Memoriam

DR. RALPH W. DANIELSON, P.M.
1897 - 1970

Ralph W. Danielson, M.D., was one of the most valuable and devoted members of the Denver Posse. Until recently he was the faithful book review editor of the ROUNDUP. He was responsible for interesting a considerable number of persons in applying for membership in the Westerners. His brother, Clarence L. Danielson, and he wrote an excellent history of their native town, entitled *Basalt; Colorado Midland Town*, published in 1965, which very soon was out of print. Pruett Press, Inc., will publish a revised and somewhat enlarged edition in the near future.

In 1922 he and Luverne Langley were married in Denver. His wife, his daughter, Mrs. Leonard Kowalski, and seven grandchildren, as well as his brother, survive him. His son, Philip W. Danielson, died somewhat recently.

He received his Doctor of Medicine degree in 1923 from the University of Colorado. After practicing medicine in New Mexico for three years, he returned to Denver, where he gained recognition as one of the most competent ophthalmologists in this entire region. Indeed, he served as the chairman of the Ophthalmology Department of his Alma Mater. The University also honored him by bestowing the alumni recognition award in 1942, and the medical school alumni award in 1944.

He belonged to a number of professional medical societies. In addition he was a member of Colorado Consistory No. 1 and Emulation Lodge No. 154 A.F. A.M.; of the Pan American Club of Denver; of the University Club; of the Colorado State Historical Society; and of the Big Brothers, Inc., of Denver, of which he was a past president.

He will be best remembered, however, for his warm and genuinely friendly personality, which endeared him to all who came to know him. An excellent photograph of Ralph Danielson taken by Fred Mazzulla at the February, 1970, meeting, is reproduced on page 18 of the March, 1970, number of the ROUNDUP. This depicts him in a very characteristic pose.

He died on October 8. Services were conducted on October 12 at the St. Luke's Parish Church (Episcopal), where he and his wife had been members for many years.

New Hands on the Denver Range

Dr. Mason W. Wolf,
P. O. Box 306,
Colby, Kansas. 67701.

Dr. Wolf became acquainted with the Westerners through Art Carmody of Trenton, Nebraska. His varied interests include, first of all, antique guns, and accessories, and then early Western history and coins.

Robert S. Pulcifer,
c/o First National Bank of Denver,
T. A. Box 5808,
Denver, Colorado 80217

Fred Mazzulla introduced Robert Pulcifer, an assistant vice-president of the First National Bank of Denver, to the Denver Posse. Among his duties he is the custodian of the bank's museum which has a collection of historical items, including coins and currency. His lecture on "Denver Museum Rich in Western Lore" was published in the *Numismatic Scrapbook*, November, 1969. He also provided data about the museum which was published in the January, 1970, ROUNDUP.

Harry B. Combs,
Stapleton International Airport,
Terminal Building, Room 446,
Denver, Colorado 80207

Harry E. Combs has written a few poems and stories about the Western United States (unpublished, so he says). Among other responsibilities he is the Vice Chairman of the Colorado Game and Fish Commission, he is the Founder and Chairman of the Combs Aircraft Co., and Chairman of the Board of the Gates Aviation Co. He also owns and operates a cattle ranch in Ouray, Colorado. He became acquainted with the Westerners through Fred Mazzulla.

Timothy J. Kloberdanz,
Sterling, Colorado,
Rural Route #2. 80751

He, like many others, was "recruited" by Fred Mazzulla. He is interested in the Plains Indians of the South Platte Valley. Among his publications are: *The Tragedy at Summit Springs from the Viewpoint of the Indian* and *As High as the Eagle Flies*. He is Chairman of the Summit Springs Indian Memorial Fund.

Warren Eisenbraun,
744 Cook St.,
Denver, Colorado. 80206.

Warren Eisenbraun became interested in the Westerners through Al Jones and Nevin Carson. He has been a lieutenant in the United States Army, and at present is Loan Officer for the Colorado National Bank. His hobbies include gun collecting and hunting.

Alexander Hamilton,
Kennebunkport, Maine,
Route #1, Box 290. 04046

Alexander Hamilton learned about the Westerners through Dr. Ralph W. Danielson. He has written various articles about railroad history and travel. Furthermore, he "set the pattern" for trolley car and railroad museums "world wide." Among his other interests are genealogy and Civil Air Patrol.

Elaine H. Miller,
175 Sheridan St. #306,
Denver, Colorado 80203

Fred Mazzulla also recruits women as well as men. Elaine Miller, a social worker, has written an article on "Mental Hygiene." She is on the Advisory Council of Temple Buell College, and hiking and sports are among her hobbies.

James Turner,
1045 Milwaukee St.,
Denver, Colorado 80206

James Turner, who was introduced to the Westerners by Thomas Pennington, is a sculptor of Western figures. He is currently the chairman of the Russell Society for Western Arts.

Henry McLister,
300 Cherry St.,
Denver, Colorado 80220

He also became acquainted with the Westerners through the good offices of Fred Mazzulla. His interests are artifacts and fossils, and American history "prior to the entry of the white man."

Jerry L. Russell,
P.O. Box 7281,
Little Rock, Arkansas 72207

Introduced to the Westerners by John M. Carroll, he has an interest in the Northern Plains Indians, Little Big Horn, and gunfighter. He is a member of the Little Big Horn Association, and is the founder of the Civil War Round Table Associates.

Allan S. Dakan,
4900 W. Lakeridge Road,
Denver, Colorado 80219

A former member of the Potomac Corral, Washington, D.C., and its past president, sheriff, chuck wrangler, and tallyman, he now joins the Denver Posse. He retired after thirty-five years of government service. Colorado history and photography are among his interests.

L. Frederick Moose,
1603 Cimmaron St.,
Midland, Texas 79701

He became acquainted with the Denver Westerners through the *Brand Book*. His special interests are narrow gauge railroads and mining.

Liston L. Leyendecker,
305 East Magnolia Street,
Fort Collins, Colorado 80521

He was introduced by Robert L. Brown. Currently he is an Assistant Professor of History at Colorado State University. He is an author; also, he collects old weapons.

J. Donald Hughes,
University of Denver,
Denver, Colorado 80210

Dr. Hughes is an Assistant Professor of Ancient History at the University of Denver. He was introduced to the Westerners by Ross V. Miller, Jr. Among his publications in *The Story of Man at Grand Canyon*. He is the Associate Editor of *The Western Explorer*. He has been a ranger, naturalist, and historian of the National Park Service.

William F. Wilbur,
3101 East 7th Ave. Pkwy.,
Denver, Colorado 80206

Mr. Wilbur's acquaintance with Fred Rosenstock accounts for his membership in the Westerners. He is a Trustee of The Colorado Historical Foundation.

David L. Lonsdale,
1718 8th Avenue,
Greeley, Colorado 80631

He was introduced to the Westerners by Miss Pauline Pogue. He is an Assistant Professor in History at the University of Northern Colorado. His doctoral dissertation (unpublished) is *Movement for an Eight Hour Law in Colorado*.

George J. Richards, Jr.,
3436 Oneida Street,
Chadwick, New York 13319

Although he is a New Yorker, he has a definite interest in the history of the American West, especially in the fur trade, the Indians, and the settlements.

Dana H. Crawford,
1228 15th Street,
Denver, Colorado 80202

He is among Fred Mazzulla's numerous "recruits." His special interest is in Denver history, as his connection with the Larimer Square Associates indicates.



Westerner's Bookshelf



ARIZONA, A SHORT HISTORY, by Odie B. Faulk, Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1970, 267 pgs., \$3.50.

This brief history of the region which is now the State of Arizona, provides a summary of the four hundred years of the state's past, a look at the present and an overview of its potential.

Dr. Faulk recognizes that from the beginning geography and climate have played a decisive role in determining the course of events; he shows how the conditions of existence shaped the characters of the men and women who settled the state, and how the character of its people provides a key to understanding and meaning of Arizona history. He traces the growth of the state from its precarious beginnings to the present decade of prosperity. Too, he has not neglected the social and cultural history of the state, which has gained richness and color from its Spanish and pioneer heritage.

The first part of the book is devoted to the Spanish-Mexican years, and the last part to the statehood years, with all the political ramifications and controversies examined.

Over half of Dr. Faulk's book is concerned with the Territorial epoch, from the Mexican War in 1846 to statehood in 1912. He feels that the period between 1863 and 1912, was the most important one in shaping of the Arizona of today, and emphasizes this portion in order to give the reader a better understanding of Arizona as it now is.

Dr. Faulk is most capable of blending complete authenticity with the personal touch particularly appropriate to the

concise over-all view. Political, economic, and social history are all emphasized in this well-balanced study, though because of its brevity some are but lightly scrutinized.

The book provides a good working base for a more in-depth study of Arizona history.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

LOS HERMANOS PENITENTES, by Lorayne Ann Horka-Follick, Westernlore Press, 1969, 226 pp., numerous illustrations and sketches, bibliography, glossary, index, \$7.50.

This informative and interesting account of the Penitentes was originally written by the young author (born in 1940) as a dissertation for the Ph.D. degree from the far distant St. Andrew's College, University of London. According, it is scholarly, with an extensive bibliography, is carefully documented, and is replete with footnotes. Even so, it is very readable. She is sympathetic towards the Penitentes, but is objective in her treatment. She is concerned about dispelling false views about the Brotherhood, but she also presents evidences of their excesses from time to time.

The chapter headings for each of the eleven chapters are sketches from the original etchings used in Darley's *La Hermandad*, published in Pueblo in 1890. In addition, the book is enriched with eighteen reproductions of photographs. Among other aspects she deals with their possible origin, their religious patterns, their political structure, eco-

conomic and social factors, the attitudes of the Roman Catholic Church towards them, and their contributions to the fine arts.

The secondary title of her book, "A Vestige of Medievalism in Southwestern United States," summarizes her views that despite the significance of the Order and the contributions that the Penitentes have made to New Mexico in the past, the modern social, economic, educational, and cultural changes that have occurred, while not causing the Order to disappear altogether, may lead it to "gravitate more in the direction of a laymen's religious society within the Roman Catholic Church."

The five page glossary of Spanish terms is very useful; however, if the author had, in addition, given the English equivalent in parentheses the first time a term is used the reader who is unacquainted with Spanish words would be given even more help.

Martin Rist

THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN,
by Alvin M. Josephy Jr., Amon
Carter Museum, Fort Worth,
1970, \$12.50.

Peter Rindisbacher was born in Switzerland in 1806. He died twenty-eight years later in St. Louis, Missouri. During his short life, he painted everything from the Buffalo hunts of the Assinibon Indians to portraits of Saint Louis society. Although his paintings and drawings predate those of Bodmer, Catlin, and Miller, Rindisbacher's artistic career has remained in relative obscurity. This full length biography was prepared in conjunction with an exhibition of his works at the Amon Carter Museum. The exhibit will circulate to the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, the City Art Museum of St. Louis, the Glenbow Alberta Institute,

Calgary, and the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, after the Amon Carter showing.

There are 71 black and white and 8 color plates; notes; bibliography; and index.

David Streeter, C.M.

THE DIVINE ECCENTRIC, Lola Montez and the Newspapers, by Doris Foley, *Westernlore*, 224 pages, \$7.50.

The Divine Eccentric must have been a labor of love; it could hardly have been one of profit. Even the most ardent Lola Montez fan would tire of page after page of newspaper gleanings about the danseuse, mistress of the King of Bavaria, and reported cause of a revolution.

The research is monumental. Miss Foley has reproduced hundreds of articles written about Lola Montez during her stay in California in the 1850's, and to her credit, her research has dispelled a few myths. Her work will be of great interest to the researcher or to a serious student of Lola Montez. At \$7.50, a book full of newspaper clippings will have doubtful appeal to the average Western buff.

Sandra Dallas

AS HIGH AS THE EAGLE FLIES, by Timothy Kloherdanz, (*Timothy Kloherdanz, Sterling, Colo.*, 1970, 25 pgs., \$1.50)

In the summer of 1969, the Logan County Historical Society, Sterling, Colorado, held a Centennial Commemoration honoring Susan Alderdice, American pioneer mother, who was killed by Indians at the battle of Summit Springs, Colorado Territory, July 11, 1869. No Indians were invited to the affair, which greatly disturbed the author of this booklet. He gathered a

few Indians and they held their own commemorative services at the site of the battle, honoring the Indians who died there.

Unlike Col. Sparks, whose recent booklet *Reckoning at Summit Springs*, presented the settlers' and the military side of the 1869 battle, Mr. Kloberdanz holds to the Indian viewpoint, believing the Indians were unjustly attacked by the military.

The author's main purpose in writing this booklet is to secure funds for a proposed monument at the Summit Springs site to honor the Indian dead. It is hoped his efforts will be successful.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York, 1970. \$7.95.

There have been many books written about the buffalo or American bison, but I believe this is the most complete and thorough story of the buffalo that I have ever read, and while it could be written in a very dry style, it is completely the opposite in that it is a very interesting account of the West and of mammals in general. It is not just a story of the buffalo but a story of the Great Plains of North America and the white man as well as the Indian and their relationship to this interesting mammal.

Roy E. Coy

WILLIAM GILPIN: WESTERN NATIONALIST, by Thomas L. Karnes, University of Texas Press, Austin and London, 1970. 383 pp., illustrations, notes, bibliography, index. \$7.50.

Like numerous other volumes published by university presses today, this book gives the reader more than his money's worth in material which is

competently researched, competently edited, and competently produced. The bibliography alone is worth the price of admission. But like too many of the scholarly offerings the writing is, at best, a trifle lackluster.

While Karnes's biography is exhaustive, Gilpin never comes to life as a man except when he is shown through the letters of Nathaniel Hill, who worked with Gilpin one summer in the San Luis Valley. Nevertheless, one will learn enough about Colorado's first territorial governor in *William Gilpin: Western Nationalist* to conjure up the man in his own character: privileged through family and education, extravagant in thought and energy, eccentric in manner, and, although Karnes seems to avoid the conclusion, a failure in much that he undertook because of his inability to deal wisely with the problems which arose with responsibility.

Born in 1815 to the life of the distinguished squires of the Middle Atlantic States, Gilpin received some of his education abroad. Then, after a brief stay at West Point, he embarked on his adventurous and restless career. In chronological order that career included service in the Seminole War; the practice of law in St. Louis; editorship of the *Missouri Daily Argus*; close association with Thomas Hart Henton; a guest appearance with Fremont's second expedition to Oregon; service in the Mexican War and in an expedition against the Indians along the Santa Fe Trail; candidacy for governor of Missouri; expansionist writer and politician; Missouri land promoter; first territorial governor of Colorado; speculator in San Luis Valley land; and, with time running out, family man.

The author early in the book states, "William Gilpin enjoyed with other pioneers that restless energy which almost by definition characterized the frontiersman," and he does seem even to be typical of territorial leaders of his day in his "dramatic jumps to the newest opportunity," and his "frequent trips to New York for capital or to Washington for favor." (A comparison with John Evan's career would be interesting in this respect). But Karnes winds up the biography with an important "Epilogue," an appendix really, which analyzes studies of Gilpin's geopolitics by Bernard DeVoto, Henry Nash Smith, and Wallace Stegner. Consequently, one recognizes that in Gilpin's writing there resides his claim on history. More important than Gilpin's role as a pioneer or territorial leader is the impact on his contemporaries of his unique, and sometimes outlandish, geopolitics and expansionist writings.

Virginia McConnell

THE MODERN SIOUX: SOCIAL SYSTEMS AND RESERVATION CULTURE, edited by Ethel Nurge, Lincoln, Nebraska, the University of Nebraska Press, 1970. 6x9, 352 pages, preface, maps, appendices, bibliography and index; clothbound, \$12.50.

This book is an outgrowth of a meeting of the Central States Anthropological Association which convened in Detroit in 1963. Aware that many of the anthropologists who had worked on the Teton Dakota reservations had never published their findings, the editor, Ethel Nurge, and her associate, Professor Ruth Hill Useem, began to explore the possibilities of bringing this material together in a single vol-

ume, the unifying theme of which would be that a specific culture ". . . has emerged as a result of the meeting and commingling of the native Americans, the Dakotas, with the contact group, the European immigrants. . . ."

The book is composed of eleven studies, and is divided into two parts, the first of which deals with "Social Systems and Reservation Culture," and treats such diverse topics as economy, diet, culture change, government and religious systems. Part two deals with the individual in the social system, and examines cultural identity, "Familial and Extra-Familial Socialization in Urban Dakota Adolescents," and "Contemporary Oglala Music and Dance: Pan-Indianism versus Pan-Tetonism." Some of these deal with the reservation culture per se, while others examine the reservation's influence on those who leave, and are absorbed by the urban white society.

These essays are most enlightening and stimulating, and provide a sobering insight into the reservation system, which, in view of the growing interest in the American Indian, makes it a really timely offering.

This is not a book that will be digested in one evening; nor is it something for the casual reader. And while it may be primarily a work of social significance, of interest mainly to the sociologist and anthropologist, it should not be ignored by the historian, because the reservation system and the conditions which it has bred can rightly be considered as history's offspring.

The editor has expressed the hope that this book will prove to be the first in a series. We share that hope.

Jerry Keenan, C.M.