

The DENVER WESTERNERS
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PRESENTATION OF THE PLAQUE



J. Nevin Carson,
Program Chairman

Dr. Nolie Mumey,
Sheriff

Herbert P. White,
Speaker

Edward B. Coughlin
Guest

Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

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Sheriff Nolie Mumey presents Fred and Jo Mazzulla with an engraved silver plate in grateful recognition for "outstanding service" to the Denver Posse of The Westerners.

Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

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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 Bolten Story

The Last of Colorado's Sheep and Cattle Wars

by HERBERT P. WHITE

Apparently the cowboys had ridden in shouting and shooting!

Some one set fire to one of the wagons.

Spokes from the wheels of the other wagon must have been used relentlessly. Sheep carcasses were piled high at several points. Apparently even after the pistol ammunition had been exhausted a rider could still kill a lot of sheep with a sturdy wagon spoke.

Beyond the wagons and mounds of dead sheep the remnants of the bawling bands had been scattered from hell to breakfast.

This was the scene of desolation and ruin that Isadore Bolten and his partner, N. W. Chapman, surveyed in the twilight of that late fall day of 1922. The area was the range of Routt County—(Colorado) and Carbon County (Wyoming).

Bolten and Chapman sat in their saddles for quite a spell surveying the wreckage. Among other things most of the \$15,000 represented by the bands of ewes had been borrowed.

Finally Isadore spoke up, "How many do you suppose we've got left?"

"Let's count 'em," the elderly Chapman suggested dispiritedly.

They did. They estimated the remaining ewes might tally 3,700 head.

From an unburned sheep wagon they grubbed up a bite. It was a disconsolate meal.

In the deepening darkness the grey-haired Chapman announced, "Isadore, you're young. You can take this. I

can't. I never felt so unstrung—so near the end of the road. Do what you can with the sheep. I'll get hold of myself and be back!"

He went to California.

Snow was already in the air. After several days Isadore rounded up the remnants of the bands. Then began the long battle of winter. There was no money. There were no herders. It was entirely up to him. By Christmas time he had maneuvered the ewes into a large basin.

The snows had come but they were to come deeper. In the daylight Isadore grubbed up sagebrush stumps and set them in piles around the rim of the basin. In the first darkness of night he put a match to the piles. Until about three in the morning he kept the fires going. Beyond the baffling lights the coyotes howled out their mournful dirge but they and the other predators kept their distance from Bolten's wooley charges.

The next day—and the next—it was the same routine. He never got to town. He lived mostly on mutton, rice and beans. Sometimes he would crawl into the sheep wagon so exhausted after keeping up the fires that when he took off his Levis and threw them in a corner, the waist deep snow had frozen them so that they stood up by themselves.

In that battle of the winter he never had a bath, never shaved, never had a change of clothing.

When the reluctant spring finally came he could still tally approximately 3,700 ewes. And one day when the sun was bright and the warm days of spring beckoned, Chapman, his partner, rode into camp on a fat horse with a sack of groceries slung over his shoulder.

Chapman had that habit of surveying a situation closely before giving it his spoken appraisal. He looked over the ewes with a calculating eye, finally turned his attention to the battered, bewhiskered Isadore; he announced, "Isadore, by golly, the ewes look swell but you look like hell!"¹

Who was this Isadore Bolten? How was posterity to record him?

Well, his name will go into the history books as one of the most outstanding developers of the far flung Yampa Valley of Colorado. Agriculturally speaking, no estate in the Yampa Country has ever run so high.

He was down to his last dollar not once but many times.

He was a shoe cobbler who didn't want to make shoes but wanted to be a cowboy. He was a Russian but wanted to be an American. He was never a college man but he saw to it that many an ambitious youngster got an education.²

That is the story of Isadore Bolten, immigrant, pioneer, philanthropist, cowman and sheepman who called both Hayden, Colorado and Rawlins, Wyoming his home.

Isadore Bolten seemed early to come to a tryst with difficulty. He was a year-and-a-half old when his mother died. His father, a minor officer in the Czar's Army, had little time for his only son and the youngster was bundled off to an uncle who lived near Moscow.

There was some smattering of formal education but at nine to ten years of age, young Isadore learned the shoe cobbling trade alongside his uncle. He had ambitions beyond a trade but such ambitions were denied to one of the Jewish race.

However, he did haunt the libraries everywhere he went and he roamed a lot in Europe in those years before he was 20. Of all the places he read about, America was the one that beckoned most. Finally, after much difficulty and many trials, he looked up into the face of the Statue of Liberty.

He came over as a steerage passenger with no money and not a word of English. Had it not been for a cousin in Chicago who vouched for him and sent him \$20, he might have been sent back.

He went to Chicago, got a job as a shoemaker at \$7 per week. In a year or so he became "affluent" when he "graduated" to Marshall-Field's—still repairing shoes—and was paid \$12 per week. He was really living then.

However, that tryst with difficulty still dogged him. The 1907 panic knocked him out of his job. He opened a cobbler's shop, lived largely on a schooner of beer and free lunches by day, and by night he went to Jane Addams' Hull House where he learned English, read American History and studied generally.

But none of this was getting him into the cattle business.

So after a year or so of the panic, young Bolten went out West—clear to Portage, Wisconsin.

There he led an "easy" life. He learned to milk 12 cows two tiresome times a day. In between he harnessed and worked four head of horses in the fields of J. P. Moran. Moran, with a background that made him appreciate the difficulties of a green immigrant kid, taught Bolten much about the farm and the great business of making a living from the soil. He paid the boy \$15 a month and board.

In the winter even that job played out. Isadore Bolten got down to his last dollar. He got a job hopping bells at a hotel in Yankton, South Dakota. There he learned first hand about Colorado by reading *The Denver Post*. It had a companion paper in those days called *The Great Divide* which was devoted to the Colonization of some Colorado land.

Isadore turned his face further westward. The Moffat railroad was building from Steamboat Springs westward when Isadore reached Routt County. He did not have enough money to pay his fare clear to the railhead.

Ferrington Carpenter, one of the area's most colorful characters, tells of his first meeting with Isadore Bolten. "One day back in 1913 my partner, Jack White, and I were fence repairing when a little fellow came walking up the road in a cutaway coat and a brown derby hat. He could not talk very good English, but he made himself known and said he wanted to get some free land. We directed him on up the road, we didn't want him to take up land near our claims and he left us for what we call the 'rimrock country.' Later he got a surveyor and located the

corners and filed a homestead."³

In walking those 16 miles over the greening Hayden hills Isadore came upon the John Adair ranch, one of the area's big spreads.

"Where's your horse?" the foreman asked.

"I don't have one," Bolten told him.

"Homesteader, eh?" the foreman asked derisively.

They set out Bolten's supper, let him sleep in a cottonwood pole shack and they charged him a whole dollar which he had to pay on "time." It was the "homesteaders rate."

(Later Isadore Bolten owned the ranch and no traveler— whoever he might be—ever paid for a meal or lodging.)

The next day Bolten came upon a place of the sort he had dreamed about many years and half way across the world. It was a high and gently sloping hillside, clear of timber except at the upper end, where the aspens stretched out from the forest into the bunchgrass of a mountain meadow. It was the beginning of the Bolten domain but there were times when he came perilously close to losing it.¹

Earl Erwin met Bolten in the first weeks he was in the country. "We both worked at the same place during the haying season and in those days they worked large hay crews," Mr. Erwin recalls. "The machinery was horse drawn. Isadore was driving the stacker team that lifted the hay onto the stack. The men on the stack thought they would play a trick on Isadore and they neglected to holler to him to dump the hay. The stacker then jerked off its base and came clattering to the ground. They thought they would get Bolten fired, but the man who owned the ranch had gained a pretty good opinion of Isadore and he stayed on the job all through the haying season."⁴

From those haying labors, which payed a dollar a day, Isadore saved enough to make a down payment on a pair of mules and went to work on the railroad grade. Later he bought another team and found that the mules could earn more than he could. Before the end of the line was reached

he decided his 117 pounds just wasn't fitted for earth-moving.

Ferry Carpenter gave Isadore a job the next summer. They had grown to know each other a bit. Carpenter says of him, "He was a very intelligent fellow and it was a pleasure to talk to him because he could tell you quite a story about Russia. He was a great hand to go to the Library. He was very curious and very quick to learn. He wanted to know about everything. He worked his mules for me for \$40 per month and board for himself and feed for the mules, but he saved money."

"A few years later hard times came and you couldn't even sell sheep. A fellow by the name of N. M. Chapman at Craig, who was a big sheep operator and a pretty hard dealer, had about a thousand head of what we call broken-mouth ewes. They were not expected to last the winter and he wanted to sell them. So, he told Isadore he would sell them to him, Isadore could winter them, lamb them in the spring. He asked for a small down payment and the balance when they lambed. Chapman didn't think they would even winter, but it was a very light winter. Isadore took good care of them and nearly all the ewes had lambs. Isadore made his first thousand right there and after that you couldn't stop him. He bought and sold and his trading was shrewd."³

Before Bolten got into the sheep business he made a bit of a stand with cattle. Realizing that the community might take advantage of his lack of knowledge of cattle he rode 75 miles over the southward hills to Meeker. There he bought 40 young Hereford cows at \$75.

He drove them back home by himself. The country was open in those days and time and time again straggling bunches of other cattle would join in, follow along for a few miles and drop out.

Back in Hayden, in the bleak days of December, the Hayden Bank's livestock loan man rode out on the Meeker trail to inspect Isadore's cattle that were back of their

\$1,000 loan with 10 percent interest—the first *big* loan Isadore Bolten ever obtained.

The bank man reported favorably on the purchase. Bolten still had to get the cows through the winter. He had a small cash balance with which to buy hay. He sold the cows in the early spring for \$100 each. His first cattle venture turned out profitably.

He leveled land, put up hay on the Dawson outfit's extensive meadows at a cost to him of \$3.50 per ton and got ready to take on more cows. The Hayden Bank couldn't lend him the funds he needed, but Jim Rendle of Hugus and Company could, so Bolten had new creditors. The cows lost a bundle.

"Isadore, this is good sheep country. Why don't you try a few sheep?" Rendle, his financial advisor, urged.

"Sheep in a cattle country?" Bolten asked.

"Folks can't kill you for it—but they might try," Rendle smiled.

"Right there," mused Bolten, "if I had any friends I lost them all over night."

A number of his cattle were killed periodically after that.²

It might be well to interject the sheep-cattle situation that had developed by 1913 when Isadore Bolten came into Routt County.

Here is a quick historical flashback. Much of what is related here is taken from Edward N. Wentworth's *American Sheep Trails*. "Northwestern Colorado was occupied almost entirely by the cattlemen in the late seventies and the early eighties," says Wentworth. "Colorado's Western Slope was delayed in settlement by sheepmen, farmers and homesteaders because of the 'Meeker Massacre.' In the latter eighties, deadlines were drawn to keep sheepmen out of the Yampa Valley district."³

However, with the westward thrust of Empire, the sheepmen, the farmer and the homesteader were bound to come. And they did and they fenced up the range. As Wentworth continues, "The range situation had become critical in the

early nineties. There was continual excitement in the vicinity of Craig, Hayden and Meeker. Three big outfits each owned more than 15,000 head of cattle. They took a dim view of sheep on what they considered their range. There were many skirmishes and numerous battles and a lot of murders.

"The controversy reached its height in about 1895. On June 4, a tale of wild excitement came out of Hayden that was copied widely in all western papers. It brought agitation and movement equal to that of the Ute war of 1887 and spread all over Routt County. The sheep population had grown enormously. Their numbers and owners were so extensive the Yampa Valley cattlemen decided not to go after them simultaneously and as a group," Wentworth indicates.

"Jack Edwards' name was prominent among the large sheep growers. The Rocky Mountain News of January 21, 1897, reports that 'If Jack Edwards has a standing army over in the far northwestern corner of the state, the officers of the law ought to take a hand in the matter forthwith.'

". . . In November of 1899 the Geddes Sheep Company purchased Jack Edwards' interest numbering between twenty-five to thirty thousand." Wentworth states and quotes from the Craig Courier, 'In the past three years only a few bands of sheep have come across the pre-determined lines. On the morning of November 15, forty masked men rode up to a camp and clubbed and scattered three thousand sheep'."

You could repeat such incidents over and over in those days when the sheep and cattle wars were fought to determine which side would be supreme on the open range.

The establishment of the National Forests in 1905-06 put a semblance of order to the range disputes. And the Taylor Grazing Act of 1917 drew very strict lines where sheep could graze. Since a herder can look after a band of some thousand sheep and the cowboy can tend about a quarter of that number of cattle, it is obvious that the population

favoring the cattle business far outnumbered those who labored with the wooley sheep. Thus, the greater portion of Routt County's sympathies were on the side of the cattleman.

Even against such a historical background Isadore Bolten continued to make money. By 1916 he had an automobile. Claude A. Lukens, pioneer automobile merchant of Steamboat Springs, recalls how Isadore one day drove up to his gas pump. Motioning Lukens to the rear of his car Isadore showed him a check for a thousand dollars. "I told you Woodrow Wilson was going to win!" he declared, "but don't tell my banker. He doesn't like me to gamble."⁶

Among others Isadore offered partnership sheep to Earl Erwin, with whom he had worked on the hay fields, and by that time Erwin had a foothold in a mercantile establishment at Hayden. In his preaching the gospel of "Sheep," Bolten also offered partnership sheep to Ernest Todd, who, for much of his life, was Democratic County Chairman, and that was Bolten's party.

"Mr. Bolten made me the same proposition of taking sheep—we were to split the proceeds from wool and from lambs," Mr. Todd reports. 'You take 600 sheep and if you stay with me for a few years you'll come out with many thousand dollars,' Mr. Bolten urged me.

"I suppose he was right. Some who stayed with him in sheep made a lot of money. He used to tell me how the cattleman was all the time raising hell with the sheepman—'they smell bad and all that sort of thing.'

"He reached into his pocket and took out a ten dollar bill. 'Do you smell anything bad about that bill? It came from sheep and it's just as clean as one that came from the cow.'

"Perhaps I should have gone into the sheep business. Like Isadore said, 'you got two crops—wool and lambs'. I guess his theory was right because he became one of the wealthiest stockmen in the country."⁷

When World War I broke out Bolten, now an American

citizen, was ready to liquidate his herds and go to war but the draft board didn't want to induct so slight a man who could produce so much food and fibre.

Agricultural production then became a penchant with Bolten.

Those years brought a tide of fortune to him. At war's end he toyed with the idea of retiring. He had reached the venerable age of 32 years.

He thought he would try the flat country for a while. Out in Idaho he bought some farm land and later prices boomed. He refused a profit of \$20,000 on his \$40,000 investment. Not long afterwards he regretted that refusal. The bottom fell out of things. Wool went from 70 cents to a dime; steers from \$75 to \$10, and worst of all Isadore was "on the hook" for a thousand yearling steers that had cost \$75.

He sold out everything, mortgaged his Hayden homestead, found he still owed \$60,000. But the years had brought him a knowledge of how to operate. He sold his car for \$800 but an Idaho bank failed and even that \$800 was written off as a loss.

This last tryst with difficulty literally "put him on his feet again." This time, however, he could get a horse on credit.

He reasoned he could make a quicker comeback with sheep. That was a hard row, however, because there were but few sheepmen in the county. The cattlemen numbered some 400.¹

It was the year 1921 and universally no one made money from sheep. As Ferry Carpenter relates, "The bankers in Denver and elsewhere had to foreclose a lot of land mortgages and take many thousands of sheep as well. Among those who found themselves with a lot of land and sheep on their hands was Bob Davis of Denver. The Davis family had been connected with the Hugus Company and owned a lot of checkerboard land over by Rawlins.

"Davis needed someone to manage the family's sheep and asked me about Isadore and whether I thought he

would do well in taking him into a partnership. On my recommendation the partnership was formed and Isadore handled the sheep very well. They made a great deal of money.

“When he was wintering his sheep over at Rawlins he used to spend his evenings at the public library. A widow there had been married to a retail shoe store man who had died. She was Mrs. Ethel Fuiks. When I met her I told her my name was Carpenter and she asked if I had anything to do with the firm of Guthman, Carpenter and Telling of Chicago. That was my father’s firm. . . . So I felt immediately fairly well acquainted with her.

“This smart young Jewish man came into the library to get books (she was older than he was) but she liked him. In a little while they got married. That was 1926. Isadore told me, and I think it was quite true, although his wife had a lot of money, he never used a dollar of her money.

“Among the dealings I had with Isadore—I was practicing law at the time—and he was very much concerned about his name and he wanted to go to court and have it changed. His real name when he come over was Israel Boloten and he thought the word, “Israel” was very Jewish and he wanted it changed to Isadore. I don’t know whether he got a lot of good out of changing it, but at any rate, he went to court and he was changed from Israel Boloten to Isadore Bolten.

“I recall that Frank Toole had a bunch of sheep that Tom Dines in Denver had loaned money on and Frank couldn’t pay the interest or anything so Tom phoned me and asked me to go over and foreclose on that bunch of sheep and sell them at public auction, which I did.

“All the big sheep operators were there and they wanted to steal those sheep but I put a price of \$2.10 per head on them. It was very cheap although they had not lambed out yet.

“I told the crowd my orders were to sell to anybody that raised the bid and all those operators thought I would be

left with the sheep on my hands. But Isadore Bolten bid \$2.15, bought them, wintered them and lambled them out and he must have made ten to fifteen thousand on the deal.

"However, that helped alienate Isadore from what you might call the regular large sheep operators because he started getting the better allotments on the forest and was turning money rapidly. Quite a bit of jealousy developed because he was considered an 'outsider.'

"He bought the Oldum Ranch on the Dry Fork of Elk Head and about that time he got involved in some kind of a lawsuit and he became quite concerned. He thought they were going to take all his property if he lost the lawsuit. He came to me. I told him, 'you can deed your ranch holdings on Dry Fork if you have someone you can deed to.'

"This was before he was married so he deeded to his father in Russia. A little later they cleared up the lawsuit and Isadore wanted to get his deeded land back. But his father wouldn't give it back and Isadore had an awful time—heaps of correspondence and lawyers here and in Russia.

"Isadore, among other things, eventually set his eye on a higher social standing in the community. He wanted to join the Masonic Lodge in Hayden. A Masonic Lodge doesn't like to take in a great number of Jewish people generally, but Isadore got acquainted with everybody and finally a petition went around to be broadminded and to take Isadore in. And he was taken in.

"He got a large size Masonic ring which he probably figured would give him a kind of prestige of dealing square.

"While he was up there on his homestead we built a new school on Elk Head and we got some eastern teachers to come in. You could almost always guarantee a teacher a husband if she came out to Routt County in those days. Isadore took an interest in schools and kids and he was very regular in teaching a class in shoe cobbling.

"One thing that Isadore did before he got into the sheep business was this: Sam Adair was raising Shorthorn bulls

and I was raising Hereford bulls. We sold the better ones off and the ones we had left—the poorest ones—we took down to the Indian Reservation and sold them because the Indians favored spotted bulls like they favored pinto horses. They wanted long-legged ones that could run fast.

“The cattlemen didn’t want spotted bulls. They wanted straight, whitefaced, red animals with the white on the crest of their neck but none running down the back.

“Sam had about 30 bulls left over that he couldn’t sell and he hired Isadore to take them to the Ute Reservation, which was about a hundred miles away. Sam sold the bulls cheap and Isadore must have made a good profit. He came to me and asked if I had any bulls left and he would take them down there. I talked it over with Jack White, my partner, and he convinced me we should run down there ourselves. So we got an old truck and took one bull down for a sample and sold them ourselves.”

The writer asked Mr. Carpenter of what he thought was the direct reason for shooting up the band of 5,000 sheep in which Isadore had an interest and which is mentioned at the beginning of this paper. “I don’t recall the incident,” Carpenter reflected, “but this might have been the background:

“The Cattle Association hired what we called a ‘line rider’ to ride the State line north to Wyoming and the west line to Utah, to keep out the Wyoming and other Utah sheep and there was never any shooting of sheep unless they got over the line. Then the line rider would notify the Association and we would send a committee and tell the sheepman he better get back over the line very fast.

“Once in a while, however, somebody or some group might get a bit liquored up—usually they were cowboys—and there would be some trouble, but the trouble wasn’t anything like we used to have before the Taylor Grazing Act came in.

“You ask me why Isadore, in time, came to winter more in the Rawlins country. Yo see, Rawlins is quite a head-

quarters of the Red Desert, the great southern part of Wyoming. It snows in the Rawlins area and it snows and snows. Also, it blows and blows. It will clear off a track through the sagebrush and one can move the sheep around and keep them where they can get something to eat. It's a place where cattle would generally starve.

"Yes, I had some personal dealings with Isadore. One winter after he came to Hayden; in the evenings he used to come to my little law office. (I slept in the back of the office.) He was interested in the law so I gave him a little summary book called 'Huffcutts Business Law.'

"It had chapters on Contracts, Sales, Real Property, Criminal Law and so on. Every time Isadore finished studying a chapter he came to my little office to spend an evening. Well, I was just fresh out of law school and knew I had learned more law there than I would ever learn later. So I was glad to talk to him and discuss his law studies in great detail. He caught the salient points very readily.

"We came to the Law of Sales. In the Law of Sales you run into Statute of Frauds and the Statute of Frauds says that in the sale of goods—chattels and personal property—the sale, to be binding, must be evidenced by something in writing or the buyer must make a down payment. Isadore went over and over that fact of law until he felt he had a thorough grasp of it. I swear he was about the brightest law student to whom I ever talked.

"He owned a little ranch out near a ranch I owned on Dry Fork of Elk Head. I needed some seed oats and Isadore had some seed oats in his granary. He wanted to sell, so I bought a ton of the oats at \$1.50 a hundred.

"I instructed my man to get the oats but there came a big snow and the man couldn't get to Isadore's granary. Well, when spring came and we had our land ready to plant, my man went over to Isadore's but Isadore wouldn't let him have the oats.

"'Oats are worth \$2.00 a hundred now,' Isadore protested to me.

"I protested too. 'Isadore,' I told him, 'it was a square, fair deal we made. I just couldn't get in there because of the high snows. I bought the oats at \$1.50 and that's what I am going to pay for them,' I announced stubbornly.

"Then Isadore's law-reading experience came to the fore. He said, 'you didn't sign anything in writing, there was no payment down and that makes the fall sale, under the Statute of Fraud, illegal.'

"It rankled my sense of justice and I told him, 'You come into my office, I'm going to teach you another little lesson in law.' I got down my 1908 copy of the Statutes of The State of Colorado and turned to the Statute of Fraud and read, '. . . any contract for the sale of goods or chattels OVER the value of \$50 must be evidenced by a signed statement, or payment down, or partial delivery.'

"Then I told him, 'Our deal totaled only \$30 so I don't come under the Statute!'

"For a moment he was nonpulsed, then he appeared to think it was the funniest thing he had ever heard . . . and he laughed and laughed. 'I tried to get ahead of my law teacher and he shows me something new!' he declared, and he laughed again.

"It wasn't a bit funny to me. I was mad, but I got the oats at \$1.50.

"There are a couple more episodes about Isadore I would like to relate. "Isadore's wife had a relative, a young man who came to live with them. I forgot his name but as I recall it, it was Hans.

"'I'm going to make him my heir,' Isadore told me. 'I take him down to the corrals when I load sheep and in a little while he figures up all the profit for me. He just uses a pencil and can tell how much I make on everything.'

"Isadore was delighted with him. But about a month later Isadore told me, 'Hans isn't proving out. I have him in the house. After dinner I give him some good cigars and he doesn't thank me at all. He seems to think I owe him something. You know I paid his way over here, *he owes me*

something!

"Isadore continued, 'We sit around in the evening, the fire gets low in the fireplace and nobody makes a move to go to the basement for more coal and finally I blurt out to my wife's relative, 'You go down and get some coal.'

" 'Me,' he says, 'I cannot do that manual labor.'

" 'So I say, 'well, you can just sit here in the cold!'

'He then gets up, changes his clothes, gets some coal, picks up a newspaper and wraps it around a chunk of coal and puts it in the fireplace. After that he takes a bath. When he comes back he says, 'We people are very high class Germans. We will not do any physical work!'

"Things went on. Finally Isadore gave Hans a one-way ticket to New York City where he had some friends and we never heard of him in the Hayden country again."

While there might have been more drama, battle, conflict and profit in owning sheep, don't ever think that Isadore Bolten's first love—cattle and cowboys—that he dreamed about in far-off Russia, were not a part of his life in Routt County. They were.

He came to look on cattle as a fixed asset. They can battle out a storm where sheep will pile up and die. He saw the latest spring storm he had ever known in the Hayden area on May 23-24, 1945, and he lost sheep valued at \$63,000. Other than some shrink in flesh, his cattle came through the same storm without a loss.

In Bolten's partnership with Roblin Davis they, together, acquired in 1938, the Kindt Ranch on Sage Creek. Francis Miller worked with the Registered Herefords that came with the ranch and the herd gained a definite amount of attention among Hereford breeders. (Miller later was to go on his own on a ranch adjoining Ferrington Carpenter's near Hayden and give a further boost to the breed).

Mr. Todd, the Democratic County Chairman who has already been quoted, feels that Bolten's acquisition of registered cattle gave him a real status symbol, as we would say today. "I think he made money on the cattle and not all

registered operators fare so well," Todd observed. "Isadore would take great pride in showing his prize bulls and the calves they had thrown.

"He knew a lot about stock," Todd continued, "I recall seeing him at auctions and stockmens meetings and the folks would gather around him with greetings and pleasantries but more than anything, many of them wanted to ask questions about livestock. He was a good talker and a good mixer, honest and well respected. He had gained a definite spot in the community—and not only because he had money—he also had one of the good breeding herds of cattle."

The latter years certainly transformed Bolten's name as a cattleman from a parochial to one of national prominence.

First of all, he looked for a bright young man who knew the registered cattle business. He met up with Charles C. McIlvaine, who, at the time, was on the field forces of The American Hereford Association. While McIlvaine was tiring of so much on-the-road work, and he was to get even more of it, the army beckoned him to do a four-year war stint. After his discharge McIlvaine, somewhat as a force of habit, went back to the Hereford Association but as he made his rounds, Bolten collared him when he next came to the northwestern Colorado cattle country.

He offered McIlvaine so good a proposition that Mac just had to resign his position with the Association.

McIlvaine knew that the famous Jim Stead Herd at Reno, Nevada, was for sale and one of his first official acts as an employee of Bolten, he purchased the herd and brought it to the Hayden country. Isadore set up McIlvaine as a partner and director in the registered operation.

Heading the Stead herd was a tremendous sire—tremendous in the sense that he transmitted to his progeny his many desirable qualities. The bull was affectionately known as Pug and his official name in the Hereford Registry was NHR Nevada Donald 6th.

Pug's yearling sons were shown in the carlot classes at



Isadore Bolten, left, with Lorna Jean "Ginger" McIlvaine, daughter of Charles McIlvaine, and Charles McIlvaine, manager of the Bolten-McIlvaine Cattle Operation (1948).

Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

the Denver show and they always battled for first place. McIlvaine did a fine job handling the herd and Isadore got a lot of pleasure and adulation from Hereford breeders wherever the Bolten-McIlvaine cattle were shown.

Mr. McIlvaine still lives in the Saratoga, Wyoming

country and owns the Lazy River Ranch near there. Presently (1970) he has about a hundred registered cattle and nearly two thousand commercials.

What was Mr. McIlvaine's observation of his boss and partner, Isadore Bolten?

"He was a great guy to be associated with," states McIlvaine. "We got along splendidly. We not only made money on the registered operations at home, but we sometimes went far afield and did well there also.

"From my work with the Association I was acquainted with many of the Hereford breeding establishments over the west. As you know, times change: folks die and there is always some breeder, or his estate, with a herd to liquidate.

"Not long after I teamed up with Mr. Bolten, I got a letter from Irving E. Kesterson, who owned The Golden State Ranch at Oakdale, California, asking me if I knew where he might sell his registered Hereford herd.

"I showed the letter to Mr. Bolten who had said to me several times, 'I'll spend a dollar if I can see a dollar and ten cents coming back.' After I told him about the Kesterson herd he decided it might be good business for the two of us to go out and see it.

"It ended up by Mr. Bolten making an offer some \$85,000 below Mr. Kesterson's asking price. Mr. Kesterson wouldn't budge, nor would Mr. Bolten so we returned to the ranch.

"I had suggested to Mr. Bolten—since I was a partner in the deal—I thought we could profitably raise our bid quite a bit.

"'No,' 'I think we'll get the cattle in time,' Mr. Bolten diverted me. 'You can tell he had no other bids. Remember part of his herd is horned and part is polled. He can't attract many buyers.'

"Be that as it may, the herd had many good cattle and on a straight dispersal auction I knew the Golden State herd would attract many interested buyers. For some reason Mr. Kesterson didn't want to go through the work

and detail of putting on an auction.

"Well, a month passed, and then another. It was getting to be the better part of three months and Mr. Bolten's prediction that we would hear favorably from Mr. Kesterson, did not materialize. And then, one day a short time later, Mr. Kesterson telephoned he was going east and would stop off for a day at Rawlins and discuss a possible sale with us.

"'We can do better on our own grounds,' Mr. Bolten declared. We had our pencils ready—they weren't too sharp, however—and we took Mr. Kesterson to the hotel and for the live long day we worked on the trade and we finished up about at the same bid we had made out in California.

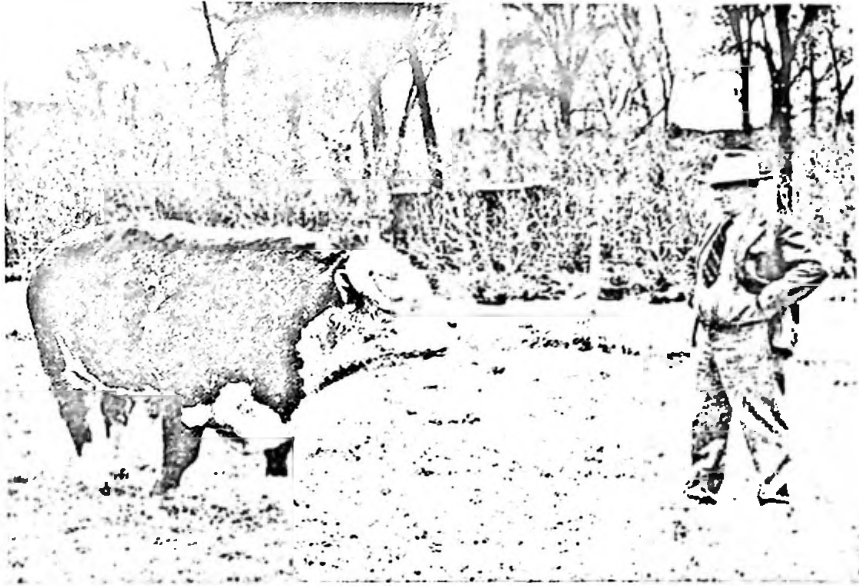
"'Irving, you should have given a drop when we bargained in California and you'd been a whole season ahead,' Mr. Bolten couldn't help but chide Kesterson as we saw him onto the train.

"The Bolten-McIlvaine partnership didn't own those Golden State Herefords very long," declared McIlvaine, "I went to California and in some six to eight weeks I had studied, sorted and cataloged them and got them ready for an auction. We advertised the sale well and the breeders came in droves.

"We did very, very well, profitwise, on the sale. It was the most money I had ever made up to that time. That was back in 1949 and I was just a few years out of the army.

". . . You ask me whether I think Mr. Bolten liked cattle or sheep better. I would say cattle, but perhaps my answer is tempered by my own feelings.

"Besides being an understanding employer and partner, I found Mr. Bolten to be a man who liked to make money but he wasn't only acquisitive. He like to give money away also. I couldn't begin to tell you of all his benefactions but I believe they were many. I know he gave extensively to the hospital at Rawlins and he was a large donor, I understand, to the Shriners Crippled Childrens' Hospitals. I recall that he once sold a ranch and one of the stipulations



Isadore Bolten looks over the chief sire in his registered Hereford herd, NHR Nevada Donald 6th, familiarly known as Pug.

Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

in the sale was that the man who occupied a house on it should use the house tax-free as long as he lived. The man certainly needed the house because he had gotten old and crippled.

"Yes sir, my days with Mr. Bolten were good days—some of the best I've known in my whole life!"⁸

As has been indicated, Earl Erwin who, as a youngster, had labored alongside Isadore in the hay fields, later owned the largest mercantile plant at Hayden. He handled all types of merchandise. Since Bolten was in the livestock business in a very big way his account was Erwin's largest. "Our dealings were always satisfactory. His was one account I could depend on being paid very promptly! And I found Mrs. Bolten equally as gracious and business-like as her husband."⁴

Claude A Lukens, who saw Isadore's \$1,000 winning check on the Woodrow Wilson election, became county commissioner in 1932. He relates that one of the first pieces

of business done by the commissioners was with Mr. Bolten. He recalls, "Isadore had a big deal and it was entirely up to the County Commissioners on what price they would charge him for some county land. He couldn't afford to pay the upset price, he told us, and we had to tell him that we had a number of sheepmen who were in the same fix.

"Realizing that we were forced to be 'unbudgeable,'" Isadore after that always paid whatever price we placed on county land put up for sale. He never made a wrong deal with the county.

". . . The town of Hayden was trying desperately to raise enough money for a library and while Isadore didn't give any cash, he donated a tract of land, the proceeds of which were used to help finance the project. Isadore wasn't much on grants. He looked after himself and what was necessary he paid out.

Mr. Lukens relates further, "We had a terribly hard winter one year and it extended over a wide area. When I saw Isadore in the spring and I knew his livestock losses must have been frightful, 'Oh, I didn't do so bad,' Isadore mused, 'but the Income Tax man sure lost a lot of money.'

"I was chairman of the Finance Committee of the Methodist Church in Steamboat Springs and we decided to build a new church. One day I asked Mr. Bolten if he would give us a donation.

"'No,' he said, 'that's one thing I don't donate to. I belonged to a church when I was younger. I went broke. I tried to borrow money from other members of the church but nobody would loan me a dime. From that time on, I have never given anything to the church.'"⁶

"I can give you an idea on his political leanings," said Ernest Todd, whom we have already identified. "I lived at the other end of the county from Mr. Bolten. For years I was head of the County Democratic Central Committee, and Isadore was an active Democrat and loved to talk politics. Every time I would see him we would have a session.

Of course, at election time we were out looking for funds to carry on the campaign. Isadore loved to talk politics, but he wasn't much of a hand to contribute. He would tell me, 'You know those fellows up in the county office are getting a pretty good salary and it wouldn't hurt them to kick in a few bucks. You'll make it all right—we've got lots of Democrats in the county!'"

The Harris Coal Company owns many thousand acres of surface land besides its coal workings and George R. "Rick" Harris, son of the founder, feels that Mr. Bolten was some of the best folks with whom the coal company dealt. "Mr. Bolten would come into the office about once a year and ask, 'Can I lease the land for another year?' And the answer was always, 'Yes,' because Mr. Bolten kept up the fences, looked after the watering places, put in sheep guards and generally handled the land better than anyone else had ever done. In our book he was tops!"¹⁰

Well, in time, Isadore acquired the extensive J. C. Davis place and in 1948 when the writer first knew him, Isadore acquired several lesser properties also. In 1948-1949 Mr. Bolten owned in fee 11,000 acres in Routt County, according to the county assessor's records. The Carbon County Clerk indicates (October 5, 1970) that Bolton and Davis owned about 80,000 acres of deeded land. Bolten controlled, through leases and permits, some 400,000 acres besides.

In effect, his domain extended even beyond these vast acreages. In 1948 alone, he ran 20,000 head of sheep on Kansas wheat, and sometimes the sheep on wheat would exceed 30,000 head.

"He even had a herd of some 50 head of buffalo," recalls William Sampson, now of Kremmling who knew Bolten when Sampson lived in the Hayden country. The buffalo were a great attraction and many tourists traveled for miles to see them.

He was probably at the zenith of his career by 1950.

I asked him what single asset he counted the greatest in

his well-filled life. He spoke up without hesitation, saying, 'It was his marriage in 1926 to Ethel Fuiks. Everything seemed to go right after I married her!' he declared.

Mrs. Bolten was alien to the harsh western ranch life. From a girlhood in Illinois, she studied at the Cincinnati Conservatory and Chicago Musical College before attending the School of Librarianship at the University of Wisconsin.

She met Isadore Bolten when she came to be the Rawlins Librarian. After their marriage they lived more than 20 summers on the high homestead where the aspens stretch out of the forest and intrude on the mountain meadow. It was a long way from Illinois and Wisconsin and the Conservatory at Cincinnati, but Ethel Fuiks Bolten loved it and was a stalwart supporter of her ambitious husband.

How did the neighbors feel about the Isadore Boltens?

A good approach to the appraisal of a man is to ask someone who gets around a lot and knows a lot of folks. Such a man was Auctioneer, Si Lockhart, and not knowing he was going to be quoted, Si declared, "The Boltens? They're awfully worthwhile. They've been good for the country. You just don't know how many folks they've staked, how much production they are responsible for.

"They must have hired some fifty to sixty men regularly. Many of them, of course, were young and quite a number of them were called to war. But Mrs. Bolten wrote them as regularly as though she was their mother. On furloughs they'd get me to take them 'home'—to the Bolten ranch.

"Isadore never had any children of his own and he didn't have a college education—but he saw that many a deserving youngster went to college. I've known him to save ranches from foreclosure for some folks who weren't too friendly toward him back in the troubled sheep and cattle war days."

"I didn't see much of Isadore in those latter years," reports Ferrington Carpenter. "Our paths crossed more at

the Stock Show in Denver than they did in the county.

"One time in Denver I ran into Isadore right on Seventeenth Street and we shook hands and I inquired, 'Isadore, how are you doing?'

"I must admit Isadore didn't look well. 'I go out to Dr. Sloan who used to be at Hayden,' he told me. 'You know he is now here in Denver. How am I?, you ask. I'll tell you: I'm living on pills—nothing but pills!'

"It wasn't too long after that I heard of his death.

"When he came walking into the country back in 1913, one would have no reason to believe that he would be the 'richest man in the cemetery' by 1952. I have been told his Estate probated for over two million dollars!

"He is buried in Chicago, his first stop in America on his road to fame and fortune."³

Isadore Bolten once summed up his work-filled years this way: "I've been most fortunate. There was nothing for me in Russia—absolutely nothing. I had the whole world to move about in, but a kindly destiny pulled me towards America. It is remarkable that there is a place in this distressed world where a penniless alien, knowing not a word of the local language, can work out a place for himself. I would be grateful to America even if she had given me nothing materially—but she has been kind to me beyond my fondest dreams."

There you have the Bolten story—and it could happen only in America.

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Program Chairman J. Nevin Carson, at left, looks on as Inez Hunt, speaker, receives plaque from Dr. Lester L. Williams, Incoming Sheriff. Outgoing Sheriff Nolie Mume is seated at right.

The Marryin' and The Buryin'

by INEZ HUNT

I take my title from a poem which I wrote. We had been exploring an old ghost town. I had noticed the western architecture of the scene with its storefronts—its log cabin homes. I had seen the gingerbread trim on one house and wondered if the woman for whom it was built had been so loved that the husband wanted her to have all the frills and luxuries he could give her—or was she an old harridan and a scold who refused to put up with the crudities of the West! I have found both kinds.

Then I looked at the churches in these old mining camps. Invariably they were white—New England in style, with slender steeples pointing to the sky. So out of context with

the log cabins. When I came to a conclusion of the reason for this I wrote this poem:

NEW ENGLAND CHURCH IN A MOUNTAIN TOWN

*Somehow, when you go west,
You can go western
In almost everything but God.*

*Oh, after a while, you get to thinkin'
Maybe God loves this new country after all,
Raw and big and terrible at times.
Maybe He even likes to walk under the tall pines
In the cool of the day.*

*But women want a church, white—
Like the one back home.
So you humor them
The way you do when you put the curlicues
On the gables and the porch
And when you put the pump close to the back door.*

*After all, it's the women-folk
Who do most of the thinkin'
About the marryin'
And the buryin',
Maybe they don't want God homesick
For a house he knew.*

After all— isn't that what life and all stories are about: Marrying—the beginnings of a family—the altars where we make our vows—where we dedicate our children to be numbered among the believers—and where we say our last "goodbyes"?

Tonight, I want to bring you a collection of stories which I call the "Marryin' and the Buryin'."

Once when I was speaking at an historical gathering in

Limon, Colorado, an old man came up to tell me one of the most charming wedding stories which I have found.

He told me of a young man who came to Colorado around 1880. He was from Kansas. He left his sweetheart with the promise to send for her as soon as he was established. He became a lawyer in Hugo and owned some property. One day he wrote the letter saying:

I want you to have your father and mother bring you to Colorado in your covered wagon. On the day you start from Kansas, I will start from Hugo. Bring the preacher with you. Wherever we meet we will stop and be married. Then your parents and the preacher can return to Kansas and you and I will return to Hugo.

And so it was, that eventually the two covered wagons did meet on the Colorado plains. As had been planned, the minister married them on the prairie. There was no congregation to hear the vows except for the curious prairie dogs who stood up with them. There was no music except the molten gold which pours from the throats of our meadowlarks. There were no flowers except the wild flowers, the thorn-rimmed cactus blooms, and the white yucca, sometimes called "the candles of the Lord."

"But," the oldtimer told me, "it must have been a good wedding because we helped that couple celebrate their seventy-fifth wedding anniversary not long ago. The groom became a well-known judge in Hugo." (Moral—It pays to meet a man halfway.)

Another story of the eastern plains centers around the small town of Ellicott. I was visiting that community one day and was asked to visit the new little church which the community had built, largely with the hands of the congregation. It, too, was a white-steepled one—an altar-place on the prairie.

The Ellicott people were so proud of the hardwood floors which they had laid themselves. The roof, too, was a labor of love as was the white paint on the outside. I noticed when I went inside that the pledges of the congregation

had been posted on the walls. There was a paper saying that one family would contribute a calf—another a sheep—and perhaps a hog. Some gave the promise of the yield of an acre of ground. It was evident in those dust-bowl days that money was scarce and their offerings would be of their own substance, and perhaps their own need.

The one thing in that church that I shall never forget was the electric organ. My guide explained, "Our minister is also our choir leader." (I thought, he is probably also the janitor, drives the school bus on week days, and dons an apron for the annual pancake supper.) My guide continued, "He wanted our church to have an electric organ. But we had no money. So, our minister, who knows how to do so many things, made us an organ from two old organs and a milking machine."

I sat down at the organ. It worked. The two keyboards were taken from the two old organs. The milking machine made a pulsator. That's "Yankee ingenuity." I thought of the brides who must have walked down that aisle to the wedding march played on that organ!

Probably one of the most marryin' men to come to Colorado was Commodore Stephen Decatur. Mrs. Draper, who collaborates with me in writing, ran across this character when we were searching for a lead story for our book, *To Colorado's Restless Ghosts*. At first we were quite confused as we tried to identify this man as the one who was killed in a duel in the east—the one credited with the quotation, "My country right or wrong."

The story was finally straightened out. We learned that the Colorado character was actually Stephen Decatur Bross. He was born in Sussex County, New Jersey, in 1825. He deserted a wife and child in New Jersey. He went to New York on the milk train one day and never went home. While in New York he enlisted in the army to get into the excitement of the current Mexican situation. He was enrolled in Doniphan's regiment and made the famous march with Kearney out of Santa Fe. He dropped the name of

Bross. At first he claimed he was the cousin of the famous Commodore, Stephen Decatur. Then he later declared that he *was* the famous Commodore. Since he was a congenital liar, he probably believed it, himself.

After the army experience, he went to Nebraska, and in 1865 married another woman without benefit of divorce. Three children were born to that marriage. Decatur was a well-liked and popular man. But he was a born gambler and eventually deserted the wife and three children for greener fields in Utah—lived later with the Indians for a while. Indian women asked less of him and got it.

In 1864, Stephen was among Chivington's men at Sand Creek. His testimony to that affair appears in old Congressional records.

Along with all these affairs there are a few things worth remembering. He settled down in Georgetown and became associate editor of the paper, from about 1869 to about 1873. He was instrumental in promoting a road built over Argentine Pass. He was the town's favorite orator. He could preach a sermon—or talk on temperance, although he did not always follow his teaching.

In 1876 he was Colorado's representative to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia and took samples of Colorado gold ore there to exhibit.

When he grew older, he decided to drift down to Rosita, his favorite town, and a favorite of everyone who ever fell beneath its spell. He built a house there overlooking the valley. The foundations are still visible. He became Justice of the Peace. His duties naturally included marriage ceremonies. Probably his fingers were crossed behind his back when he asked for the vow, "'till death do you part." Please do not misunderstand me. I have no desire to misrepresent this man. He was not a man who did not believe in marriage. He just didn't believe in divorce!

Stephen Decatur is buried in Rosita, but we had a hard time locating his grave. We finally did find it through an article which we wrote for the local papers. A few days

later the paper forwarded us a letter saying, "I can tell those women where that old boy is buried but what do they want with him now?"

We lost no time returning to Rosita. With the aid of Mrs. Hobby, who wrote the letter, we did locate it—unmarked. This woman vowed that the original wooden marker had borne the inscription, "Commodore Stephen Decatur." It was near her own relatives' graves. Further inquiry seemed to substantiate the location.

Later, we put up another marker which now reads:

*Commodore Stephen Decatur
died May 31, 1888
Colorado's Representative
to the
Philadelphia Centennial 1867
Marker replaced in 1960*

We are confident that this is the right grave. If, however, we should find some day that it is the grave of someone's Aunt Mary—well, it won't be the first time he was mixed up with a woman!

Never was there a more spectacular or dramatic story than that of Baby Doe and Horace Tabor. Nor do I find any record of a woman more "married" than Baby Doe. We, of Colorado, are aware of this story. It was the old triangle plot of Tabor, Augusta, and Baby Doe. I am sure you will remember when Tabor secured a divorce from Augusta. Before the ink was figuratively dry on the decree, Tabor hustled Baby Doe to St. Louis to be secretly married. Surely there was some misunderstanding with the information given to the priest.

Of course, the dramatic wedding was the one which took place in the Willard Hotel, March 1, 1883, when Tabor was sent to Washington, D.C. Tabor loved glamour and publicity. He wanted to marry Baby Doe with the President of the United States as a guest. I don't think he cared how

often he married her.

All of the Colorado Legation were invited. Some invitations were torn and returned. I understand that the women did not attend. I doubt if Baby Doe cared. The men came! Baby Doe wore a dress from Paris. It was made of white satin brocade, a low neckline was trimmed with maribou. A pleated fold edged the elaborate long train. The bridal bouquet was of white roses. President Chester Alan Arthur begged for a rose. As all men did, the President, too, fell under her spell.

The air in the bridal suite was heavy with the perfume of flowers. Sweet-scented violets were in profusion. A large wedding bell of white roses hung over the refreshment table. Similax wreathed the room. A heart of red roses was pieced by an arrow of violets shot from a heliotrope bow of a rosy Cupid. It looked like the Rose Parade on New Years Day.

Baby Doe wore no jewels. Tabor's wedding gift was a seventy-five thousand dollar diamond necklace which was not finished in time. There is a story that the priest was not aware of the divorce and refused to sign the certificate. Whether it was ever signed, I do not know.

I have never been able to discover exactly what Baby Doe's wedding lingerie was like. It is surprising that some newspaper didn't quote it in detail. Journalism was inclined to do this in that period. I found one engagement announcement in a New York paper written during this era, where about one column-inch was given to details about the man the girl was to marry, while six column-inches of the same article described an attempt of the bride to elope with a young ensign only a few weeks before. The same paper described the bride's corset with a gold hook set with diamonds. So I keep pouring over last century's papers. I did find a description of one of Tabor's night-shirts. It was of fine silk with lace insets and gold buttons. Champagne by the case was ordered to be delivered to Denver newspapers. It was expected that they would give

proper space and attention to the wedding.

By contrast, let me tell you the story of a prairie wedding as it was told by Mrs. Hal Russell in her book called *Settler Mac and the Charmed-Quarter Section*. It was Mrs. Russell's Aunt Loretta who was getting married. Aunt Loretta had worked at the nearby hotel for several years. She had saved nearly all her wages, for she was given her room and board at the hotel. Aunt Loretta had said "Yes" to Richard and she was going to use her savings to make their new house luxurious. Mrs. Russell was a child at that time.

Aunt Loretta gave a big sod-hauling. Settlers for miles around came with their basket lunches to help. Down by the river they cut the sod with the long grass roots in it and hauled it to Richard's land. Aunt Loretta's money meant they could have many luxuries, such as a good roof, carpenter-made windows and a tongue-and-groove floor in the kitchen.

The house was beautiful inside when Aunt Loretta finished; there was a kitchen, bedroom and parlor. The parlor had a tan ingrain carpet on the floor with yellow roses on it. It was stretched tight and tacked over clean straw. There was a stand table with glass balls on the feet. Aunt Loretta had her family picture album on the table. There was a golden oak rocker by the side of it.

The bedroom had an Arbuckle Coffee box for a dressing table. A pretty ruffled, calico skirt covered the box part. She had a hand-painted china hair receiver on the top of it. No one could tell it was a coffee box. She also had a handkerchief box by the hair receiver.

The bed was made up with a white cotton spread pulled so tight that it looked as though it would have to be split with a knife to get into it. The pillow shams were embroidered with cross stitch. One of the shams said,

*Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.*

The other sham said,

*Now I wake and see the light.
'Tis God who kept me through the night.
I lift my hands and humbly pray,
That he will keep me through the day.*

All the neighbors were invited to the wedding. They brought lunch, and after the wedding planned to dance on the tongue-and-grooved floor. All the neighborhood children came because they heard the preacher was going to tie a knot that could never be untied.

Aunt Loretta looked lovely on her wedding day. The couple stood before the big window of their living room. The west sun caught the glint in Loretta's brown hair until it was almost like a halo. She had made her own wedding dress of brown silk so that she could wear it again.

The children were a little disappointed about that knot business. The preacher didn't tie any knot at all—just said a few words. But they soon forgot their disappointment in the picnic supper out in the yard. One woman had made almost a bushel of noodles with just one hen!

Then the fiddler took up his bow and there was dancing on the tongue-and-groove floor. After the guests had gone home, Richard held the coal oil lamp high, to lead the way for Loretta. She took her simple handmade muslin gown from the walnut chest at the foot of the bed. It was of fine white cambric, the sleeves were long with lace ruffles around her capable wrists. It had a quaint collar that fastened securely under her dimpled chin.

A few years after Mrs. Russell wrote the book with the account I have just given you of her Aunt Loretta's wedding, I received a letter from her. She asked me if I remembered the story she had written of this wedding. She told me that she had just received news that on January fifth, 1960, Aunt Loretta, at age 99, had passed away in California. Her relatives had found Mrs. Russell's book

under her pillow. The chapter about her prairie wedding had been carefully marked. The minister read the chapter at her funeral.

Some of you may have known Mrs. Hal Russell. Hal Borland gave the book an excellent review in the *New York Times* when it was published in 1956. Robert Perkin of the *Rocky Mountain News* in 1959 gave it the enviable honor of being listed as one of the best one hundred books to come out of Colorado in the first one hundred years.

We cannot think of the marriages and burials in these white churches without remembering the three pioneer ministers who left their imprint on this young state.

I always think of Sheldon Jackson as that brisk, efficient little Presbyterian. He must have been a constant trial to his mission board. He was always a step ahead of them. I remember how he stressed education along with religion. I recall his magnificent record when he became Superintendent of Education in Alaska. He is best remembered there for introducing Siberian reindeer for food and milk for the Eskimos. When Jackson died in 1908, the Press declared him "The greatest little man in America."

I think of Father Dyer, the Methodist minister—the snow-shoe preacher. I think of his Breckenridge church, built largely by his own hands and his own funds. I remember how he eked out a living by carrying the mail over Mosquito Pass. I think of the organ he bought for the church. So often the dance hall crowd would steal the organ on Saturday nights and forget to return it in time for church services. No wonder Father Dyer preached against the evils of dancing!

There was Bishop Machebeuf, the Catholic priest. I recall this frail little man coming to a half-finished church in Denver, but leaving, at his death, sixty-four priests in his diocese—102 churches and chapels, nine academies, one college, one orphanage, one house of refuge, ten hospitals and over three thousand children enrolled in Catholic schools. I treasure one quotation which he left. He said, "I

thank God every day, I have more than I can do.”

Years later, there came to Denver a far less dignified minister who deserves some recognition. I am referring to Bishop Frank Hamilton Rice. This man called his church, “the Liberal Church.” It was very liberal and unorthodox.

Rice was probably one of the greatest social workers Denver ever had. His church was always in the slum area—his time was in the Depression days. He was a friend of every down-and-outer. Any bum on Skid Row could be assured of a meal and a bed in his church. A barber chair was part of his church equipment. I am sure he offended many people. He was irreverent. His love of publicity was sharply criticized. Yet, he actually used this crack-pot publicity to call attention to his work and to remind many friends that he could use money to care for these needy people.

He often prayed on an adding machine—not too different from our praying on computers—but rather revolutionary in those times. Some days he used an adding machine to count up the sins of the people.

Rice was known to have the shortest marriage service on record. He did not ask for any vows to be made. This eliminated the danger of breaking any vows. His marriage service consisted of only one word: “Married.”

He performed one very unusual graveside service at Littleton, Colorado, on September 22, 1940. It was so unusual that *Life* magazine covered it. We all know the story of Alferd Packer who with five companions found themselves marooned in the Lake City area for so long a time that the group was faced with starvation. You will recall that Packer was the only one to survive and he did so by eating some of the flesh of his five companions.

Bishop Rice decided to draw attention to his church by performing a service similar to the Hebrew Scapegoat ceremony, at the grave of Alferd Packer, since he had no doubt died without confession. He would thus absolve

him and his companions of their sins.

The story is that he borrowed choir robes from a Denver church without permission and dressed five men in these black robes over which he put white robes. These men represented the victims of Packer. They were chained together. The one who represented Packer wore a black robe and was barefooted. Bishop Rice headed the procession leading a white goat which he had secured from the City Park. The goat's name was Angelica.

At the grave, the chains and robes were placed on the back of Angelica to represent sin. Angelica was reported to have taken her burden meekly. A bit of the goat's milk was placed on the gravestone, and then Bishop Rice read the official absolution. Then he read from Leviticus, 26th chapter and 29th verse, and again in Deuteronomy, 28th chapter and 53rd through 57th verses, words to prove that God does condone cannibalism. I confess that most people get a different meaning from those words.

Later Angelica was returned to the zoo, sins and all. The robes were returned to the church after Rice reluctantly had them dry cleaned at the insistence of the church.

Bishop Rice died on March 1, 1945. It is a question whether he would have preferred a small funeral or a flamboyant one. Actually he had one of the most impressive funerals ever held in Denver. Among those present were Larimer Street down-and-outers, Justices of the Supreme Court, blind men led by children, cripples in wheel chairs, professors from universities, police officers, legislators, and from every segment of life. It was a spectacular funeral. Perhaps he would have preferred a service as short as his marriage service. Perhaps one word would have sufficed: "Buried."

I often think of the memorial service for Lincoln which was held in Denver, as the whole nation sorrowed, and the black draped train bore its burden across the eastern states to carry a martyred president back to Springfield, Illinois.

Many churches held services, and there was a big gather-

ing in the Denver Theatre for no church could hope to hold the crowd. It was announced that the denominations would join in a march to the theatre. As usual, in times of united grief, we tend to forget petty differences.

For some time the Denver Theatre had been closed because public gatherings were dangerous for some time after the Sand Creek massacre. The theatre was cold. Some said the coldest part of the Denver Theatre was the inside. The crowd was too big for the building. Women and children sat in the dress circle. Many who could not get inside knelt in the street outside.

Let us go back for my closing remarks to Mrs. Hal Russell. I believe an article by her once appeared in your Brand Book. If I recall correctly, it was taken from her successful book which was called *Land of Enchantment*. This was the story of Mrs. Russell's mother-in-law, Marian Sloan Russell, the wife of Richard D. Russell, of Maxwell Land Grant history. Richard Russell was killed when the trouble arose between the settlers of Stonewall Valley and the Maxwell Land Grant people. I have often heard her tell of it. She told me how the settlers were given twenty-four hours to appear in Denver if they wanted their case to be heard. This was in 1888. Denver was 200 miles away—not counting the thirty-five miles to Trinidad. No one could have reached Denver in twenty-four hours. Mrs. Russell never said that Richard Russell had been killed. She always said, "murdered."

Mrs. Russell always signed her work "Mrs. Hal Russell," although the professional custom is for an author to sign his or her own name. She often came to visit me—never for too long a time. Always, she would say, "I don't want to leave Hal too long." A few years ago, Hal Russell died. Mrs. Russell eventually had to give up her house on a hill and went to a nursing home in Trinidad. She did not live long after the death of her husband. Last year a contest in the Colorado State Poetry Society was named for her. She was pleased. She did not live to see the poems nor the

awards given. Her step-daughter, Sister Miriam of St. Scholastica, Canon City, told me of this. Mrs. Hal Russell was buried at Stonewall in the old Settlers' Cemetery beside her husband. There are great pines over their heads. She would not have wanted to leave Hal too long. On the night the poetry award was to be made, I read excerpts from her last letter to me as her memorial. Let me share this letter with you. She wrote:

"All I have ever done that is worthwhile is to paint word pictures of things I personally remember. I was born in a buffalo wallow on the prairies near Wray, Colorado. The pictures I paint are simple like sunshine and rain and common people. I don't know any other kind. Most of the word pictures are of Colorado. Colorado has mineral springs, and lava beds and the greatest package of potential energy on earth.

"Colorado has changed in the last one hundred years. The buffalo have gone and the prairies are being turned under with the buffalo grass. But I do remember. I *do* remember. I remember the sand hills and the Republican River. I also remember Denver as it was seventy years ago. I remember the Welcome Arch down by the Union Depot. I remember Sullivan, the cop who used to call the trains. I remember the Tabor Grand Theatre with its Turkey-Red hangings. Once I saw Baby Doe sitting in a box there. The box was lined with blue satin and was banked with white lillies.

"I lived for a time in South Park. I remember Prunes. I heard him bray! God has been good to me to let me live in Stonewall Valley as the wife of Hal Russell.

"We old timers are as changeable as the Colorado weather. Sometimes we are white and shining—sometimes we are black and sullen. In other words, just plain cussed.

"I have seen Colorado when no rain fell. It is also my opinion that Colorado can manufacture the biggest and best blizzards of any state in the Union.

"But we who live in Colorado have learned that God does

not temper the wind to the shorn lamb, here. Either the lamb seeks shelter or it freezes. We also know that human trials and tribulation are necessary to spiritual growth. What would your life or mine be like if the way had been made easy from the cradle to the grave. What would Colorado be like without cyclones, blizzards and dry weather. These things have weeded out the weaklings and begot a hardier race.

"I have never had the things most women crave—perfume and jewels. I have lived in remote places. I have walked alone in the stillness. I have heard birds calling. I have seen pine trees bend their heads to receive the benediction of snow. I have seen the golden sunshine fall through the leaves of sage brush and turn it into God's burning bush.

"I am old, now. I cannot hear what you say to me. A strange white mist seems to hang between us. But let me leave you with this thought. 'Let not your heart be troubled.' Colorado is filled with the beauty and the glory of God."

A short time after I received this letter, she was buried in the Stonewall Cemetery—not far from the grave of an Indian girl whom Mrs. Russell always said was buried with "a white man's ring on her finger, a white man's baby in her arms and an Indian arrow in her heart."

It has been good to share these stories with you. You understand how rewarding research can be. Don't tell me we live but once. I have outdone the cat with its proverbial nine lives. I find myself living in empathy with every character I research, living with them—laughing and weeping with them. Most of all, loving them. For I like people. History is just His story. With such a hobby, my life is overflowing with interest. I am not bored. I realize I will grow older—but I am sure I will never know when it happens.

New Hands on the Denver Range

Ross Kreamer,
1595 Goodbar Ave.,
Memphis, Tennessee 38104

Ross Kreamer's mother's father went to Salida in 1878 where he helped to build the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. As a master mechanic he spent a lifetime in the narrow gauge shops. While on a visit to Salida Ross Kreamer saw Kenny Englert, who suggested that he become a member of the Denver Posse. He admired Kenny Englert's library. He is a collector of old railroad pictures, particularly narrow gauge.

Marjorie Barrett
427 Downing St.
Denver, Colorado 80218

Miss Barrett comes to The Westerners through the efforts of Jo Mazzulla. Marge is the author of countless articles and feature stories in the Rocky Mountain News and she's interested in all phases of Western History, especially Denver.

James A. Parsons,
1020 15th Street,
Denver, Colorado 80202

He became acquainted with the Westerners through Fred Rosenstock, with whom he shares certain interests. For example, together with Fred he published *100 Years of Western Art*. He is the owner of Gallery West, Inc., in Denver, and in addition to art he is also interested in Western books and manuscripts.

Charles Warren Lerch
9655 West 36th Ave.
Wheatridge, Colorado 80033

J. Nevin Carson is responsible for "recruiting" Mr. Lerch. He is interested in early explorers and settlers in Colorado and the West. He is the author of numerous articles in the *American Institute of Architecture*, *Progressive Architecture*, *Engineering Record* and other publications. He has expressed interest in exploring ghost towns.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

The Council on Abandoned Military Posts (CAMP) will hold its Fifth Annual Assembly April 7-8, 1971, according to a note from Lt. Col. Herbert M. Hart.

The assembly will be held in the Washington-Baltimore area with a visit to Fort McHenry, Baltimore (of "Star Spangled Banner" fame) scheduled. Anyone interested in additional details of the meeting should write to Lt. Col. Hart at 2606 S. Dundee, Tampa, Fla. 33609.

The Council is considering having its 1972 meeting in Denver, Lt. Col Hart says. He asks if the Denver Westerners would be interested in joining CAMP in such a meeting.

Dr. Martin Rist advises that, due to an oversight, the title was omitted from a book review by Roy E. Coy in the Novem-

ber-December ROUNDUP. The book was *The Buffalo* by Francis Haines.

Book Review Chairman James H. Davis reports that The Westerners have received the following books: *Speaking of Indians* by Bernice Johnson, University of Arizona Press, 1970, \$2.50; and *Sam Houston's Wife* by William Seale, University of Oklahoma Press, 1970, \$6.95.

Please limit all book reviews to approximately 150 words.

The Silver Anniversary issue of *The Brand Book* is expected out in late February; about 500 pages, 21 articles. It's the biggest and best Brand Book yet. Tentative price: \$15, pre-publication; \$17.50; post publication.



Westerner's Bookshelf



KANSAS IN TURMOIL, 1930-1936.
Francis W. Schruben. University
of Missouri Press. 240 pp.,
\$8.50.

To write of Kansas in 1930 to 1936, trying to separate and also co-ordinate the political, social and economic mix-up that it was, calls for a form of juggling, admirable whether achieved or not.

In this case it has been. Set against a curtain of post W.W. One, the turmoil dealing with agriculture, the K. K. K., and the oil developments, lubricated with the particular fervour which is Kansas' own, an interesting account follows.

Some of the cast is as follows—Doc. Brinkley, the goat-gland rejuvenation surgeon whose bid for governor in 1930 even yet doesn't quite satisfy everyone; the magnificent William Allen White and his fight against the Klan; Alf Landon, his governorship, and his candidacy for president in 1936; and the ups and downs of Harry Woodring, who finally became FDR's Secretary of War.

But this account does more than concentrate on personalities, for it is also a history of the six years of travail from 1930 to 1936, and as such merits your attention.

Henry A. Clausen

NEW MEXICO, LAND OF MANY CULTURES, by Frank Reeve and Alice Ann Cleaveland; Pruett Publishing Co., Boulder, Colo., 1969; 231 pp. plus 12 pp. of appendices and a color map of

N.M.; index, bibliography and illus., \$5.95.

New Mexico, Land of Many Cultures was prepared in final manuscript form by Alice Ann Cleaveland from the many years of research compiled by the late Frank D. Reeve. Mrs. Cleaveland edited the material in a format aimed at the junior high school level: Spanish names and places spelled out phonetically; concise reviews of subject matter with leading titles; and a wide scope of New Mexico history for such a short text.

Its usefulness will go beyond the junior high school level. Serious students and researchers of New Mexico history will find this method of interpretation quite valuable as a rapid and reliable source of reference.

Milt Callon

THE LIFE, TIMES AND TREACHEROUS DEATH OF JESSE JAMES, by Frank Triplet, edited by Joseph Snell, The Swallow Press Inc. 344 pages with bibliography and incomplete index, 22 halftones, 37 photos, \$15.00. Limited Edition \$25.00.

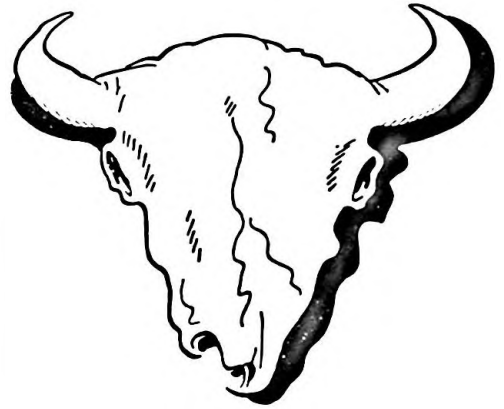
Of the original 1882 edition, only nine known copies exist today. Fred Rosenstock told me that an original in mint condition should bring between \$500.00-\$1,000.00.

Joseph Snell has done a masterful job of editing the official version of the life of Jesse James. I say official, because Jesse's mother and wife authorized, dictated and made available to Triplet the authentic facts that make up this pistoling piece of prime Americanal
Fred M. Mazzulla

The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

MARCH-APRIL
1971
Volume XXVII
Number 2

IN THIS ISSUE
CRIPPLE CREEK WAR—1904
by Robert L. Chadbourne



PRESENTATION OF THE PLAQUE



Dr. Lester L. Williams
Sheriff

J. Nevin Carson
Program Chairman

Robert L. Chadbourne
Speaker

Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Fred Mazzulla, P.M., and Richard Ronzio, P.M., presented an illustrated program "All Our Yesterdays" at the February meeting. The presentation included use of two projectors and two screens and several hundred slides. Among the slides was a rare picture of Augusta Tabor and her husband. The program was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Lt. Col. Herbert M. Hart, in cooperation with the Arthur H. Clark Co., is planning a new series on the military, trading and settler posts of the West. Anyone wishing to contact Col. Hart may reach him at P.O. Box 194, Quantico, VA 22134.

Omaha Posse is offering *The Ponca Chiefs* by Thomas H. Tibbles in limited edition, 300 copies, 160 pages, \$10. Orders may be placed with The Omaha Westerners, 514 Barker Bldg., Omaha, Neb. 68102.

Merrill J. Mattes, C.M., writes with his new address: 30 Via Belardo, No. 8, Greenbrea, CA 94920. Merrill says his *Great Platte River Road* won three awards in 1970. We might add that any awards the book receives are well deserved.

Northern Arizona University at Flagstaff has announced a department of history study tour of Arizona and New Mexico. The dates are July 5-17. Prof. Andrew Wallace will direct the tour.

MEMORANDUM: The planned future meetings of the Western History Assn. are as follows: 1971 at Santa Fe, 1972 at New Haven, Conn., 1973 at Fort Worth, 1974 at Rapid City, 1975 at Tulsa and 1976 at Denver or Colorado Springs. The memorandum is from Erl H. Ellis.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP



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Reservations for all meetings and dinners— Jack L. Morison, 1430 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.

Cripple Creek War— August 1904

Walter Wellman's Dispatches

By Robert L. Chadbourne

Walter Wellman was a reporter for the Chicago Record-Herald. One of his most important assignments was to come to Colorado to investigate the causes and effects of the labor troubles in Cripple Creek in 1903-04. Wellman spent much time and effort to determine the actual truth, and his report and conclusions were transmitted in a series of dispatches to his paper. These were printed consecutively in Chicago Aug. 7-15, 1904.

Aug. 6, 1904—In this memorable struggle between capital and labor there have been two reigns of terror. The first was that of labor, which began with threats, proceeded with attacks, went further with assassinations, and reached a terrible climax with wholesale murder with dynamite.

The second was that of capital, with the military power of the state as its instrument, defying the courts, overriding all constitutional guarantees, trampling on the bill of rights, thrusting hundreds of men into prison without form of law, and exiling many more, the innocent as well as the guilty, without formal charge, fair hearing or trial by jury.

The American people want to know the truth, regardless of what the truth is. Above all, they want to know where the blame, or the major part of it, is to be placed.

They want to know who is guilty, or chiefly guilty, of painting this blot of blood and brutality upon the map of the United States, causing "Colorado" to become a byword among the states and inviting the sneers and the satire of the world at the quality of law and order maintained in the greatest of democracies.

The task (of ascertaining the truth) is approached with

an open mind, without bias, though, as it must be admitted, with a natural sympathy with organized labor and a general inclination to take the part of men who work with their hands when they are engaged in a struggle against the oppression of capital. As an independent investigator the writer twice supported the contentions of John Mitchell and his followers in the anthracite coal field of Pennsylvania, and had the satisfaction of seeing public opinion and the judgment of the eminent tribunal appointed by President Roosevelt ranged on the same side. In the soft coal fields of West Virginia his conclusions were against the striking miners and in favor of the employers, and that finding, too, seemingly was vindicated by public opinion and by the verdict of events.

What can you expect in a state where the leader of the principal labor union boldly declares, as Secretary-Treasurer Haywood declared to me in the course of an authorized interview: "Yes, our organization has announced its loyalty to the doctrines of socialism, and one of the purposes of the federation is to gain control of the government through political action."

And what must we expect in a state where the adjutant general and commander of the troops in the field, Brigadier General Sherman Bell, glories in his blood-thirstiness, confesses with pride his delight to wallow in gore, and is glad to tell me, in the course of a prolonged interview: "I went up there to wipe out the Western Federation, and by God, I wiped them out!"

In this dispatch I shall endeavor to give a concise narrative of what happened in the Colorado mining fields in the last few years—the struggle between capital and labor which led to so much lawlessness and bloodshed. The Western Federation of Miners was organized at Butte, Mont., in May 1893. Gathering in all local unions in that and other states, the federation soon became one of the most powerful labor organizations in the United States. It absolutely dominated Butte and other camps in Montana.

In 1893 fourteen unions in Colorado were taken into the federation. The movement spread rapidly, and by 1902 thirty Colorado unions, with a membership of about 11,000 men acknowledged allegiance to the federation. Strikes for higher wages or shorter hours soon appeared. Late in 1893 and early in 1894 there was a strike at Cripple Creek, then a new camp, only about two years old. The usual battles between deputy sheriffs and armed miners ensued, and a number of men were killed on both sides. Some mine owners and superintendents were run out of the country by the union leaders. One or two mines were dynamited and others captured by the strikers. Finally the military was called in. And then Governor Waite of "bloody bridles" fame effected a settlement on terms eminently satisfactory to his friends, the strikers. That agreement between the miners and operators was in force until August, 1903, when the late strike was ordered by the federation.

The real beginning of the great strike of 1903-04, which cost the State of Colorado many lives and millions of dollars, was not in the mines at all, but in the ore-reducing mills at Colorado City, forty miles from Cripple Creek. These mills, three in number, were largely operated by nonunion men. In 1902 the federation started organizing the men. Early in 1903 the organization thought itself strong enough to make demands for higher wages, shorter hours and recognition of the union. Though only a part of the working force had joined the federation, the strike assumed a serious aspect—men were assaulted, threats were made, and the governor ordered out the troops. As a counter move the federation went to Cripple Creek and served notice upon the mine owners who were shipping ore to Colorado City that the mills there were "unfair," and that such shipments must be discontinued. In consequence those mines were compelled to shut down, their men refusing to work.

Whether or not the majority of 3,300 union miners in the

Cripple Creek district favored the strike, there is no doubt that they struck. To a man they laid down their tools and quit work. Every mine was compelled to shut down. No demand was made upon the mine owners other than the demand that no more ore be shipped to the "unfair" mill at Colorado City. To enforce this decree the federation simply stopped the output of ore. During the short strike at the mines in March only those mines shipping ore to the Colorado City mill were closed. But in August the call embraced not only mines shipping to "unfair" mills, but those shipping to "fair" mills, and also those treating their own ore. In fact, the whole industry was paralyzed by a single blow. It was a wholesale walkout, not a strike.

While the leaders of the federation were tirelessly organizing and preparing for the great battle—a battle for the complete unionization of the mining industry in Colorado—and perhaps for control of the legislature and government of the state through political action and in support of the newly adopted doctrine of socialism—the owners of the richest gold camp in America were simply drifting. But now the owners of the mines instantly roused themselves. They at once met and formed an association. They decided to fight. They would attempt to reopen their mines.

The war in Cripple Creek camp was on! For nearly a year the struggle continued. Its progress was from bad to worse. The story of that year—from Aug. 10, 1903 to Aug. 1, 1904—is one which starts with petty crime, beating of men, intimidation of women, threats to assassinate. It gradually swells to more heinous crimes, actual assassinations, lurking murder, boycott and persecution, to a reign of terror culminating in the horrible massacre of thirteen men, and the maiming of many more, by a dynamite plot at Independence Railway station. Then came the final chapter—the ruthless reign of subsidized militia, imprisonment in bull pens, exile of innocent as well as guilty men by force, the absolute sway of a military dictator, complete crushing of the organization of labor under the iron heel

of martial rule, and the, at last, peace—peace without a vestige of unionism left in the industry.

In yesterday's letter we saw how the miners had determined they would neither work themselves nor permit anyone else to work, and how the owners had declared they would resume operations. The owners attempted to put nonunion men to work; unionists attacked them with fists and clubs and finally with guns. 250 men were imported as strike-breakers, but the union captured 100 of them and shipped them out of the country. The sheriff was asked for protection, but he swore in only a handful of deputies, 2 or 3 to each mine, against 4000 strikers. The sheriff was himself a member of the federation, and had been elected by the votes of union men. A non-union worker was taken from his home by five masked men, badly beaten, and finally shot in the back. The sheriff did nothing!

Convinced the sheriff was unwilling to protect them, the mine owners appealed to Gov. Peabody for troops. Before acting, the governor sent a commission to investigate, and it reported troops were needed. Troops were sent early in September, and for a time after their arrival peace reigned. There is no question as to the effect of the presence of the soldiers. The mine owners had claimed from the first that many men who quit work at the order of the federation did so unwillingly, and obeyed through fear and not through sympathy. Some vindication of this contention was afforded by developments. Within two months fully 2,500 men were at work in and about the mines. Less than 200 of them were imported strike-breakers.

At any rate, crime became more common and more desperate, notwithstanding the presence of the troops. During Sept., Oct., and Nov. there were many assaults, beatings, attempted murders, efforts to wreck trains and electric cars, accompanied by threats of assassination and intimidation of the wives and families of non-union men through midnight visitations and warnings. Nov. 11 an attempt was made to wreck a train carrying a large number of

nonunion workmen. Three nights later an attempt was made to roll another train 300 feet down the mountain side. One McKinney was caught in the act, but was later acquitted by a jury selected by the union sheriff.

Worse crimes were to come. Nov. 21 two men, Supt. McCormack and Mine Boss Beck of the Vindicator mine, descended the shaft, and 600 feet down struck wires attached to an infernal machine and the men were blown to atoms. They were working a non-union force in the Vindicator. This cowardly assassination naturally created great excitement in this community. Public opinion was inflamed first by the murder, and afterward by the verdict of the coroner's jury that they "were unable to determine the exact cause of the explosion." The fact that one-half the members of the jury were union men, and some of the remainder union sympathizers, convinced people that the federation was indirectly responsible for the crime, and that it was attempting to escape public condemnation through a negative verdict.

An immediate effect of this assassination was the declaration of military rule in the Cripple Creek district by Gov. Peabody. Heretofore the militia had been striving simply to keep order. Now it assumed absolute control of the government and superceded the civil authorities. The camp was declared a "military district," and a state of "insurrection and rebellion" proclaimed within. Here was military rule with a vengeance. Force was met with force, violence with violence. Scores of union leaders were arrested by the military and thrust into the "bull pen."

During the following months the military ruled with an iron hand in this camp. They made more arrests, chiefly of labor leaders, but occasionally of innocent people who dared to speak their minds too freely about the wisdom of government by bayonet. But for the most part peace and order prevailed. In April, this year, the troops were withdrawn and the government of the district left to the civil authorities. Apparently the strike was a failure, and for a

time the people of the district enjoyed respite from government by mob or by bayonet. But it was only the calm before the storm! June 6 the whole region was thrown into a frenzy of excitement by a dynamite explosion, which killed thirteen nonunion men at Independence depot. A storm of fury and passion broke over the mountains.

Aug. 9, 1910—Just as the throwing of a bomb in Haymarket Square broke up anarchism in Chicago, so the explosion of an infernal machine at Independence depot worked the destruction of the Western Federation of Miners in this great gold camp. It created a tempest of public indignation which was not stilled till that organization had been extirpated, root and branch. At once the cry was raised that the union must be destroyed, that its leaders must be banished, that at any cost the reign of terror must be brought to an end. There was no compromise, no middle ground, no mercy.

It is a fact not generally known that in this dread crisis Cripple Creek and its sister city, Victor, narrowly escaped a far greater tragedy. But for the influence of cool heads among the leading and angered citizens a vigilance committee would have set to work without delay adorning lamp posts and telegraph poles with the hanging bodies of a dozen or a score of labor agitators.

I have said there was no mercy. But this is not literally true if banishment is more merciful than hanging. It had to be one or the other.

To realize how great the provocation was one has but to visit the wrecked railway station. It has been abandoned by the railway company, and exists only as a ruin. The building itself stands, after a fashion, windowless, doorless, shattered, bits of glass and stains of blood covering its floors. Of the platform little remains. Upon that platform about 30 nonunion men had gathered just after 2 o'clock in the morning, June 6, this year, to take the train for home after eight hours work in the Findley mine, near by. Their train was approaching. Then the platform shot into the

air. An infernal machine, charged with 200 or 300 pounds of giant powder, had been exploded underneath it. The timbers and planks were driven up through the bodies of the unfortunante men. Bodies and legs and heads and arms went flying through the air, and were afterward gathered up from the surrounding acre. Thirteen men were killed, and they left six widows and eleven children. All of these victims save one were nonunion men.

The same day a mass meeting was held in a vacant lot in Victor. While Secretary Hamlin of the Mine Owners' Association was addressing the citizens from a wagon shots were fired into the crowd from the union headquarters on the opposite side of the street. two nonunion men were killed outright and many wounded. Then a company of the local militia surrounded Union Hall, and volleys were exchanged between the union men in the hall and the soldiers. Soon the beleaguered unionists hung out a flag of truce. Probably there would have been lynchings on the spot but for a touch of the ridiculous. After they had surrendered the union men marched out of the hall, their faces white, their hands held high above their heads, and some of them begging not to be shot. They presented such a comical spectacle that the anger of the crowd turned for the moment to laughters and jeers. When the federation headquarters was searched the following arms were found in it: thirty-five rifles, seven shotguns and thirty-nine revolvers.

Events followed fast now. Sheriff Robertson, the unionist, was waited upon by a committee of citizens and invited to resign, with hints that he might take his choice between resignation and a rope. "You will have to show me the rope first," he replied. That useful article was promptly shown him, whereupon he threw up his hands and signed the document, which was ready for him. The county commissioners, who had been so sure troops were not needed in the county, elected a new and far better sheriff within an hour.

That night there was a council of war of the mine owners

and other citizens, to decide what should be done next. Some favored a vigilance committee and wholesale hanging. Better council prevailed, and deportation of the more radical labor agitators was decided on. No time was lost getting about the business. The new sheriff, Edward Bell, a man of sterling character and steel-like nerve, swore in deputies and arrested more than a hundred of the men who were declared to be dangerous characters. The majority of these were released on promise of good behavior, but forty or fifty of them were put on a train and taken to Denver with dire warning as to what would happen to them should they ever return.

Of course the troops came back. The next day after the infernal machine explosion General Sherman M. Bell appeared upon the scene. June 9th he issued a proclamation declaring military law, and closing with the characteristic and significant line: "The Military Orders and Will of the Military Commander Will Be Obeyed." General Bell made himself absolute master of the situation. The vicious element, or what remained of it, was completely cowed. There was no more disorder. Moreover, Gen. Bell made no secret of his intention to destroy the influence of the Western Federation of Miners in his military district. He believed there could be no security and peace in the camp so long as the federation was there, and so he used his power to "run 'em out." Those who had been guilty or were thought to have been guilty of overt acts or of fomenting trouble were deported. Those who were stubborn or defiant were run "over the road" to Kansas. Those who declared their willingness to abandon the federation and go to work as nonunion were offered employment. In thirty days not a vestige of union organization or federation influence was left in the district.

Aug. 10, 1904—Let us pause here in our narrative of actual events to give labor a chance to speak. For the union side of the story I sought William Haywood, secretary-treasurer of the Western Federation of Miners. He is

known far and wide as the actual leader of that organization, as the brains and force behind the miners' movement. After several long talks with him I am quite prepared to believe this is true. He is one of the smartest men I ever met in or out of the labor world. Haywood is a giant of a man, strong as a bull. He is big in body, in brain, and in courage. He looks a fighter, and is a fighter—too much of a fighter, perhaps, for the good of the thousands of miners who follow him and who place their prosperity and happiness in his hands.

A self-educated man, and a self-taught socialist, he has had the force of character and leadership to engraft socialism upon his organization as one of its cardinal creeds—socialism and political action. A fighter, he led and created the war in Colorado—and though crushed, overwhelmingly defeated and routed, he does not know it. He is fighting still, making ready for the next battle. As long as he lives and holds his place in the federation there will be war. Colorado is not done with him yet, I predict. When he is ready to strike he will strike hard, this genius among labor generals—this genius good or evil for the men and women whose cupboards are full or empty at his word of command.

Mr. Haywood told me the same thing everyone else had told me—that the recent struggle in Colorado had its beginning in the reduction mills at Colorado City. "Do you think you were justified in calling out the men in the mines because of your troubles with the mill managers at Colorado City?" "Well, we were placed in this position: Our men at the mines were producing ore to be treated by nonunion men at the mills—at the mills which refused us justice and declined, at the last, to have anything to do with our organization. One of our principles is that injury to one is the concern of all. We should have won our fight at Cripple Creek but for the high-handed, tyrannical course of the state militia under that insane man in gold lace, General Sherman M. Bell." "Why do you think the state administration and the mine owners wanted to destroy your organiza-

tion?" "They wanted to wipe us out because we had two settled purposes in view, namely: First—to secure an eight-hour law and higher wages; Second—to obtain possession of the government through political action." "Then you desire to make yourselves masters of the legislature and the executive government of the states in which you have strength?" "Certainly. That is one of the chief aims of our organization. We desire to obtain control of the government that we may improve the condition of the working people generally."

Aug. 11, 1904—For a year and a half Governor James H. Peabody has led the strenuous life. He has been in the very thick of the war in Colorado. Confronted with a great emergency, he met it with courage. He said, "All the serious troubles we have had in Colorado sprung from the machinations of a single organization, the Western Federation of Miners. That organization has produced more trouble and expense for the State of Colorado than all other causes combined, including Indian raids. It had no sooner obtained a foothold in our state than it started making trouble, and it has been making trouble ever since."

"Soon after I was elected governor in November, 1902, a strike was called by the federation at Colorado City. That was in February, 1903. At once the union men began to assault nonunion men, to beat up, to intimidate. One night they marched in a body to one of the mills and by show of force and threats forced men to leave their work. The sheriff, county officials, city officials and leading citizens asked for troops. Before ordering out the militia I sent a commission to investigate conditions on the spot and acted on their report. This I have pursued in every instance where troops have been called for."

"Then the federation called out all its men in the mines of Cripple Creek. This could not have been a strike for eight hours because eight hours had been the maximum day in that district for nearly ten years. Four thousand men were called out of the mines because a small part of

them were taking out ore which was refined in a mill at Colorado City worked in part by nonunion men, and which the federation was determined to completely unionize.

"In the Cripple Creek district the federation at once resorted to its old-time methods of violence and intimidation. It is an organization which stops at nothing to accomplish its purpose—assaults, threats, dynamite outrages, have everywhere been the weapons with which it has sought to terrorize those who stood in its way. It has never had a strike that was not stained by blood. The catalogue of its crime affrights humanity."

"The federation's record convinced me that the overt acts which had been committed in Cripple Creek were but fore-runners of others, and that with the executive officers of Teller County in direct collusion with this organization it would be but a few days until a reign of terror involving loss of life and property would be established in that district. The federation is led and absolutely controlled by unscrupulous men. I knew and realized this when the strike was called in Cripple Creek, and I responded to the cry for troops to protect life and property."

"How about the famous deportations for which you have been so much criticized?"

"The men deported from certain towns and districts were sent away because they were members of society who at first would not work when they were wanted to, who afterward could not have obtained employment if they had tried, who were menaced by the people about them, or who were themselves a menace to the peace and order of the community. It was necessary to place them under escort to protect them from an excited, frenzied people. Of 1800 men I believe only about 235 were deported. Mistakes have been made in some instances, but on the whole I believe this unpleasant, but necessary and essentially humane, task was performed with justice."

"The Supreme Court has held that the governor has the same power as a chief of police, who takes tramps or

suspicious characters to the limits of the city and orders them to clear out. To me it seemed the only safe way was to disperse the radicals from whom such crimes were feared. No one, of course, can say that all the men deported were criminals. But they were men whose presence in the community gave encouragement and protection to criminal acts. So I resolved to disperse these men, and I dispersed them. We have made no war on unions. We made war upon the Western Federation of Miners because it first made war upon society.”

Aug. 12, 1904—By long odds the most picturesque figure developed by the recent civil war in Colorado is Sherman M. Bell, adjutant general of the Colorado National Guard. He has won national reputation as a fearless, implacable extirpator of disorder and crime, as the man who dared and did, as the militia leader who was proof both against maudlin sympathy for the mob and the influence of wealth and politics. He was at once the pride and the despair of the governor and the conservative people whose battle he was fighting, who set up his own will in an absolutism to which both striker and mine owner were compelled to bow, and who defied courts and threatened to put judges in the bull pen.

The interview—General Bell speaking:

“For years the business men and employers of this state had been buying a lot of labor grafters to be good and not kick up a fuss with dynamite fuses and six-shooters. In time there got to be too many of them; it was too expensive. Up at Cripple Creek it got to be like this: We had to get out the troops or decent men had to get out of the country. Guess we can't be blamed for doing the former, because it's a pretty nice country to live in, and a man hates to run off and leave a mine worth a few millions just because some fellow down the gulch has a grudge against him and is an expert in the use of guns and giant powder.”

“When I went up there and took possession of the whole layout early last September everybody was frightened to

death. All the local officials were members of the union. The unions were running the place. If a business man opened his mouth, he was boycotted. The mine owners were scared, too. I told 'em to go ahead and open up their mines and I would protect them. Plenty of men wanted to go to work, but they were afraid of being mashed up. I sent for the union leaders and served notice on them we were going to have a square deal—no beating, no picketing—and that it behooved 'em to walk pretty straight.”

“When they killed those two men in the Vindicator the whole district was aroused. Then they got a real touch of martial law. They were up against it, sure, and they didn't like it. I just threw out some of the men and surrounded a lot of them so quick they were surprised like. I arrested sixty-five of the leaders and put them in the bull pen.”

“Well, then they started up that habeas corpus business, and I told 'em that wasn't any good—that what they needed was not habeas corpus, but postmortems. Sheriff Robertson, the federationist, who afterward hiked out of office when they showed him a lariat with a noose at the business end of it, wanted to serve a lot of Judge Seed's writs on me. He bluffed around a day or two before he got up nerve enough to come into camp with his deputies.”

“I went to see Judge Seeds, and I told him what I thought of him, and I didn't use any Sunday School grammar, either. He talked a good deal about regard for law, and all that, and I said there wasn't a man in Colorado had more respect for the courts and the law than I had. 'But, by thunder,' I added, 'you and your court have got to pay some respect to me, too. I am here to keep order, and I am going to keep it.'

“At one time the federation had a price of \$5000 set on my head. But I didn't mind that, for they were a lot of cowards and didn't come after me. When they killed thirteen men at Independence depot that settled it. From this on it was simply a question of who was going to stay in the district—the mine owners and the men willing to work or

the dynamiters. I saw there was only one way to end the whole business, and that was to destroy the federation by running out the worst of their gang. Some of the best men in Cripple Creek were anxious to start up wholesale lynching, but I told 'em I'd shoot the first man found with a rope in his hands. And I'd have done it too."

"So we arrested hundreds of the worst men left in camp; gave them a fair hearing; picked the sheep out from the goats, loaded the latter into a special train, put aboard guards, canned beef, hardtack, buckets for drinking water; ran 'em down to within two miles of the Kansas line; unloaded 'em and marched 'em to the line. We gave each man a can of beef, a dozen hard tack, and a half a can of beans. They disappeared over the prairie. And that was the end of the Western Federation of Miners and the reign of terror in Cripple Creek. If I had to do it again, I'd do it just the same way, only I'd do it a damned sight quicker."

Aug. 13, 1904—It is now my duty to pass judgment on the question of responsibility for the recent war between labor and capital in Colorado. My conclusion has been reached after two weeks of painstaking investigation; after hearing both sides; after sifting a mass of data furnished by the leading men of the rival forces and by the state authorities; after scores of extended talks with neutral citizens who were in a position to know much of the truth; after minute inquiry into the details of various episodes which throw light upon the question of moral responsibility, and after a conscientious effort to make impartial, judicial analysis of all conflicting statements.

This war was precipitated by a series of blunders on the part of the Western Federation of Miners—blunders so wicked and atrocious that they may be fairly called crimes. It was bad enough that these were crimes against society, against the prosperity of the state, against capital and industry. But they were more than that. For they were crimes against organized labor, against the cause of unionism everywhere, and more particularly here in this gold

camp—against the very men and women in whose name the struggle was nominally begun, and whose fate, whose homes and happiness, were in the hands of the blundering leaders of that organization. The union men and women were the chief victims, the greatest sufferers. They had to pay a fearful price for the reckless, the vicious, the well-nigh insane conduct of their leaders.

Capitalists, rich men, mine owners, the smelter trusts, the railroads can take care of themselves. If they suffer loss, they can afford it. We need waste no sympathy on them. We need shed no tears over their passed dividends or deferred profits. But no man of mind and heart can survey the misfortunes, the woes and sufferings caused union men, their wives and children, without grief, without anger, without a wish that the labor leaders who worked this wrong might be brought to justice and be made to suffer for their sins.

If the leaders who precipitated this conflict had had actual wrongs to right; if they had had a just cause behind them; if they had had a fair chance to gain some real advantage for the men and women they represented—if on this basis they had made a brave and honest fight, and lost it—no friend of labor, certainly not the writer, would or could condemn them. In such case only sympathy would go out to them.

But these men had no right or justice behind them. They never had a chance to win tangible advantage for their followers. There was not a possibility that they could achieve any practical good for the cause of organized labor. Leave out the consideration for the moment all the rights of the employers, of the communities involved, of society at large, and reducing everything to the narrowed standpoint of what was good or not good for union labor, and still it was a criminal blunder.

Having organized most of the mining camps in Colorado, the Western Federation determined to organize the smelter and reduction mills, which treat the ore from the mines.

Mr. Haywood himself organized a local union at Colorado City in October, 1902. The following February demands were made for increased wages for some men, shorter hours for others and recognition of the union. Mr. Haywood claims the policy of the Standard Mill was hostile to the union, and that previous attempts to form unions there had been rendered futile by the employment of detectives. For Mr. MacNeill it is claimed it was an open mill without discrimination.

At length the governor's commission secured an agreement. It is important to note that in this agreement the mill was not unionized; it was only stipulated the union men who had gone on strike should be reemployed, or "reinstated," as the federation says the word was. Some weeks later the federation claimed MacNeill had not kept his agreement in good faith. The governor's commission reassembled, painstakingly investigated, and reported he had kept faith. Then the second strike—and the deluge.

Indefensible as was the strike at the Colorado City mill, senseless and useless as it was, the leaders of the federation called more than 3000 men out of the Cripple Creek mines simply to prevent that mill getting ore!

There were no grievances at the mines. Every man there was content with his work. No demands were made on the mine owners. There was none to be made. They were not asked to raise wages, shorten hours, recognize the union, or do anything else. At the word of command from Denver more than 3000 men quit work literally without cause, other than to shut down a mill forty miles away employing 200 men. And at that mill the only issue—apart from the unavowed desire to force unionization and recognition—was whether forty or fifty union men should be re-employed at an average of say \$2.00 a day, or of \$2.25 a day. Incredible as it may seem, beyond human belief as it appears, yet this was the origin of the great war between labor and capital in the Cripple Creek gold camp.

That the federation is responsible for the appalling crime

at Independence station there seems no doubt. The mine owners declare some of the men engaged in the plot are known, and all are prominent unionists who have fled the country. The only man I found in Colorado who did not believe the federation responsible for the Independence crime was Mr. Haywood, and, curiously enough, he thought it possible the job had been done by an "inner circle of the mine owners. "If any unionist did it," said Mr. Haywood, "he must have been insane. It was the one thing needed to defeat our cause, the one thing needed to give victory to the other side. Strange if any of our people should make such a blunder."

Up to June 6 in this district comparative quiet reigned. The mines were working. The troops had been withdrawn. Then came the frightful crime at Independence, the riot at Victor, a new reign of terror. The battle was on anew, and fiercer than ever. Instead of lynching by wholesale, as they were tempted to do, the military and the citizens deported the trouble-makers. It was harsh, in some instances cruel, no doubt, but war is not a parlor game. It takes a knife to cut out a cancer; you cannot do it with a soothing lotion.

I have inquired carefully into this whole question, and my conclusion is that the deportations were justifiable, that they were humane. There is a world of significance in what Secretary Hamlin of the Mine Owners said to me: "I was not willing to take the responsibility of hanging a lot of men; I was willing to take the responsibility of deporting them." Most of the 238 men deported were dangerous and guilty men. Some were innocent of any wrongdoing. It is not denied that mistakes were made, and they are regretted. But an innocent man may return and re-establish himself. An innocent man hanged has no return ticket.

If the walk-out in this district was called for any definite purpose, it was to force all the nonunion miners out of the region. For years the federation had been trying by threats and assaults to deport the few hundred nonunion workers.

Tacked upon a telephone pole within a stone's throw of the ruined station at Independence I saw a rain-beaten but still decipherable poster, reading as follows:

"Hence take notice, that on and after Sept. 16, 1901, anyone working in and around the mines, mills or power plants of the Cripple Creek district who cannot show a card of membership in good standing of some local union of the Western Federation of Miners will be considered a "scab" and an enemy to us, himself and the community at large, and will be treated as such.

"By order of the Cripple Creek executive board of the Western Federation of Miners. . . . John Curry, President."

The blood-spattered railway station near by stood as grime evidence of what was meant by "will be treated as such."

When Moyer and Haywood were about to order the walk-out conservative union men begged them not to do it, saying it would mean ruin. I am credibly informed that Haywood replied: "Now is our chance. We can tie up not only the mines, but the railroads and every trade in Colorado, including the newspapers which oppose us."

Moyer and Haywood went ahead. They filled Colorado with woe. They ruined the federation. Today there is not a miner's union left in Cripple Creek camp. Two thousand, two hundred of their thirty-three hundred victimized followers have renounced the union and signed Mine Owner's Association cards, without which they cannot get work in this camp. The other thousand are scattered over the West, seeking employment.

The Western Federation of Miners is composed for the most part of honest and industrious men. It is their duty to repudiate these evil geniuses, reckless, unfit, dangerous, if not worse. Before the Western Federation can hold up its head among the useful and respected labor organizations of the United States it must purge itself of leadership that leads to political ambition, lust for power, anarchy, and crime against its own followers and against society.

New Hands on the Denver Range

Charlie Metro
7890 Indiana
Golden, Colo. 80401

Charlie's interests are major league baseball—he's been manager of the Chicago Cubs, coach, scout and director of players for the Kansas City Royals. He raises quarter and Appaloosa horses.

Charlie is interested in western art and horses. He became acquainted with the Westerners through Ralph W. Casey.

Carl A. Blaurock
2373 Ash St.
Denver, Colo. 80207

Carl has had a few articles on mountaineering trips in Colorado Mountain Club publication "Trail and Timberline."

He heard about the Westerners through George Godfrey and Fred Mazzulla. He's interested in early explorations in the Western states.

Carl is a past president of the Colorado Mountain Club and the William H. Jackson Color Camera Club. He's a member of AdAmAn and helped promote skiing in Colorado in the early 1920s.

Wallace B. Hoffman
130-A West Union
Fullerton, Calif.

Wallace Hoffman learned about the Westerners through Thomas Hornsby Ferril.

He's a life member of the Colorado State Historical Society and is interested in Colorado and New Mexico history, Indian pottery and rugs.

Raymond V. Junker
2941 South Madison St.
Denver, Colo. 80210

Raymond Junker became acquainted with the Westerners through Delbert A. Bishop and others. He's especially interested in Colorado and New Mexico history, early transportation and land grants.

He also likes reading history and exploring areas of historical interest and association.

Donald C. Chamberlin
617 South Ogden St.
Denver, Colo. 80209

Donald Chamberlain is a member of the State Historical Society; has had several articles on Colorado history published in the company paper at National Farmers Union. He's also working on two Colorado history books.

He got to know about the Westerners through the efforts of James Bird.

He's particularly interested in Colorado history, place names and dates.

Mrs. Katherine M. Haley
10409 Santa Ana Road
Ventura, Calif. 93001

Mrs. Haley's maternal grandfather was the first non-Indian or non-Mexican child born in Ventura. She's a collector of Western art, particularly Edward Borein, Carl Oscar Borg and Maynard Dixon. She wrote: "Besides my art collection, I collect old books of the West . . . I raise purebred Shorthorn cattle and Quarter horses.

Mrs. Haley became acquainted with the Westerners through the efforts of Fred Mazzulla.

Cuba Y. Hollaway
3545 Hamilton Ranch Road
Colorado Springs, Colo. 80917

Cuba Hollaway became acquainted with the Westerners through John F. Bennett of Colorado Springs.

An attorney with the firm of Bennett and Heinicke, Cuba Hollaway has a particular interest in the history of the Indian Wars and Scouting Expeditions.

Albert R. Kovac, Sr.
1273 Balsam St.
Lakewood, Colo. 80215

Albert Kovac likes rock hunting, camping and fishing. He heard about the Westerners through the efforts of Donald Drummer.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Book Review Chairman Jim Davis has done a great job. After this issue of Roundup goes to press we still have on hand the following reviews (by reviewer):

Peter McIntyre's West (Opal M. Harber)

Western Mining (Sandra Dallas)

Colorado Rail Annual (Jackson Thode)

Western Yesterdays (Den Galbraith)

White Churches of the Plains (Armand W. Reeder)

The Clifton-Morenci Strike: Labor Difficulty in Arizona (Harold H. Dunham)

Unto a Land (Herbert O'Hanlon)

The Fourteeners, Colorado's Great Mountains (Louisa Ward Arps)

The Invisible Men on Skis: The Story of the Construction of Camp Hale and the Occupation by the 10th Mountain Division 1942-1945 (Perry Eberhart)

Guide to the Colorado Mountains (Jerry Keenan)

Glenwood Springs, Spa in the Mountains (R. A. Ronzio)

Medicine Lodge: The Story of a Kansas Frontier Town (W. H. Van Duzer)

Denver's Old Theater Row (Armand W. Reeder)

Memoirs of Denver (Sandra Dallas)

Hotels of Boulder, Colorado from 1860 (Perry Eberhart)

Jackson Hole, Wyoming: In the Shadow of the Tetons (Jerry Keenan)

Fort Supply Indian Territory: Frontier Outpost on the Plains (Jerry Keenan)

America Moves West (Armand W. Reeder)

The Horse and Buggy Doctor (unsigned)

The Miami Indians (unsigned)

From this list, reviewers can understand why they are asked to keep reviews under 150 words whenever possible.

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Book Review chairman Jim Davis advises that we have received a copy of *Victorian Lady on the Texas Frontier* by Richard C. King, University of Oklahoma Press, 1971.

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A CANNONEER IN NAVAJO COUNTRY, *Journal of Private Josiah M. Rice, 1851*; edited by Richard H. Dillon; published for the Denver Public Library by Old West Publishing Co., 1970; pp. 123, 20 sketches by Rice, map, index; 1500 copies, \$14.50.

Book shelves of collectors of Western Americana are bulging with documentary history of the West. The basic facts contained in these books, for the most part, gleaned from primary sources—court records, government reports, diaries, etc.

When will these sources dry up? It is the concern of many Western writers and historians.

However, those who are in close touch with Western History departments of various libraries realize that the reserve sections of most libraries contain a wealth of information that has not been tapped.

The Denver Public Library is to be commended for bringing forth a book, *A Cannoneer in Navajo Country*, basely solely on a primary source—the journal of Private Josiah M. Rice, 1851.

The journal covers the punitive expedition into the Navajo country led by Colonel E. V. Sumner during the summer and fall of 1851. Rice's recorded observations begin in the northeast corner of New Mexico, southward to Las Vegas, thence to Santa Fe, Bernalillo, Albuquerque, Cubero, Inscription Rock, Zuni and across the boundary into Arizona, northward to Cañon Bonito and into Cañon de Chelly.

Following a rather questionable skirmish with the Navajos, Col. Sumner withdrew his troops and headed back to Cañon Bonito, his choice for the site of Fort Defiance.

Private Rice gave no accounting from Sept. 17 to Sept. 22. On the latter date he was with a detachment commanded by Lt. Charles Griffin, and, to quote editor Dillon, ". . . began a hitherto unnoticed 1,216 mile reconnaissance to the Gila River and back. . . ."

The building of Fort Defiance, the Gila expedition and Rice's description of the life and culture of the Navajos and the Mexicans of that era are the highlights of the journal. However, without editor Dillon's knowledgeable editing and introduction the journal would lose much of its historical significance.

Alys Freeze, Head of the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library and her staff, Richard H. Dillon and Fred Rosenstock of Old West Publishing Co. are to be congratulated for making this journal readily available to the researchers and writers interested in this facet of Southwestern Americana.

Milt Callon

BALLADS OF THE GREAT WEST,
edited with commentary by Aus-

tin and Alta Fife; American West Publishing Company, Palo Alto, California; Preface and Introduction, Lexicon, Indices of Titles and First Lines, General Index; 1970, 271 pp., Line drawings by Glen Rounds. \$10.00.

This anthology of western verse entitled, *Ballads of the Great West,* will not become a dog-eared favorite in a ranch bunkhouse. Its chief appeal will be to members of the academic world who are particularly interested in the origin and structure of western verse in its various forms including songs, oral and printed verse and folksongs.

From their personal collection of nearly fifty volumes of indexed and cross-referenced examples of western songs, ballads and verse, Austin and Alta Fife, two of the "most authoritative American folklorists," have been selected and arranged examples of ballads under the following categories: Physical and Human Environment; the Cowboy and Other Western Types; Dramatic Situations and Events; and the Code of the Cowboy.

In the words of the compilers, "the Great West was an exotic domain inhabited by human 'varmints' as rough, awesome, as undisciplined, as varied in their origins, aspects and mores as were the setting, the animals and plants." And they judge western ballads accordingly.

In a paragraph preceding each selected verse or ballad the Fifes discuss the contents and call attention to the literary value. For example, relative to "Braggin' Bill's Fortytude," they say, "In tall tales, especially versified ones, there is more art than meets the eye. The structure is as balanced as a sentence out of Cicero, and the language

comes straight from the range despite flawless rhythm and rhyme."

Although many of the so-called ballads used in the book are anonymous there are many from the pens of well-known writers including E.A. Brinninstool, S. Omar Barker, Badger Clark, Curley Fletcher, Philip Ashton Rollins, and Capt. Jack Crawford. Full bibliographical reference is given for the Lexicon to Ramon F. Adams, author of *Western Words* and other similar outstanding works.

The line drawings by Glen Rounds add considerably to the enjoyment of the text.

Coming from the press of the American West Publishing Company, the volume contains top quality printing and paper.

Agnes Wright Spring

HOW PAT GARRETT DIED, by Colin Rickards, an Imprint of The Territories, Santa Fe, N. M., Printed and bound in the British Crown Colony, Ltd., Photographs. 72 pages text, 45 pages notes and references. Hard cover, \$5.00. Paperback, \$3.00.

Colin Rickards is one of the leading British authorities on the American Old West. He is an active member of the English Westerners' Society.

Following his killing of Billy The Kid, Pat Garrett served as Collector of Customs and as Deputy Sheriff, as a breeder of quarter horses, and as a hotel keeper. He was only moderately successful, due to his fondness for whiskey and poker.

In 1907 he leased adjoining grazing land from Wayne Brazel, who permitted hogs to graze on Garrett's lease. To end the bitterness between the two, Garrett, offered to buy the land under

lease. They agreed to meet on the open range to discuss the deal. Also attending the meeting were Carl Adamson, cattleman who was said to be Brazel's backer, and Jim Miller, known as 'Killer Miller.' A few hours later Brazel dashed into the sheriff's office shouting "I killed Pat Garrett—in self-defense!" Three years elapsed before Brazel, who was on a small bail, was tried and found not guilty. Meanwhile Killer Miller was one of a band of gunmen lynched in a barn by "law and order" advocates.

Forbes Parkhill

ARIZONA WAS THE WEST, by James R. Jennings, The Naylor Co., San Antonio, Texas, 1970, 164 pp., \$4.95.

Author Jennings has a long list of stories to tell. He tells them well, yet the brevity and the lack of continuity of the tales in this volume do harm to the stories. The author has talked to persons who knew famous persons in early Arizona. He quotes them, but at no length. It is something like a man dying of thirst who gets water a drop at a time, every five minutes. He will not die, but he will not quench his thirst.

Several of the items run to twenty-five lines of type or less. Other items lead the reader to expect humor or sadness, but fail because of incompleteness; the author tells only part of the story.

Another problem is lack of continuity. The train of thought is required to jump forward and backward in history, and from one character to another, and then back to the original.

Still, with all these faults, Jennings offers some priceless nutshell glimpses into Arizona history. We have the feeling that if Jennings were left to

tell his stories without editing they would come through more clearly, and tell something of him at the same time.

A map of the area surrounding Holbrook would have helped. Author Jennings has done better things; we are certain he will again.

Dave Hicks

GUIDE TO THE WOODY PLANTS OF COLORADO, by George W. Kelly, Pruett Publishing Company, Boulder, 1970; illustrated with some colored and also numerous black and white small photographs; viii + 180 pp., pocket map, \$4.95.

The many different Colorado altitudes and climates support plants in a great variety, and many books have been published about the botany of our area. Some books are excellent, some poor. This volume is a novel, elaborate, and painstaking little book about hundreds of plants. It contains indices to and very brief descriptions of trees, bushes, and perennial species of wild growth. It is written by a well-known and life-time student of both wild and domesticated vegetation. There has been nothing like this book in arrangement previously seen on our shelves.

Instead of regimenting plants by families and relationships, which is the usual, indeed almost the universal practice, for a discussion of living things whether plants or animals, the author approaches them on the basis of climatic habits. The place and character of the place where the species grow are the guides to its identification. The book is aimed to fit the capacity and knowledge of amateurs, and not scientists. Eight different climatic zones are listed, and for each zone

rather extensive catalogs of plants are assembled. For each species a brief description is given covering such features as size, shape, and appearance of leaves, flowers, and fruit or seeds. An array of alpine vegetation is followed by a list of subalpine plants as we travel down hill; then of the montane (forest) zone; followed by the foothill area and the plains. The woody growth on the Western Slope mesas, the canyons of southwest Colorado, and separately, the deserts and parks of the southwest part of the State, are listed as supplements to the eight principal zones. The term "woody" is liberally construed, for mats of vegetation like Kinnikinnick as well as trees and yucca shrubs are included. Indeed the adjective "perennial" might almost be used as a substitute for "woody."

A folding map carried in a pocket of the cover divides Colorado into three horizontal strips called Northern, Central, and Southern. It also shows the climatic areas by altitude.

Each plant is listed by the alphabetic order of its Latin scientific name, followed by but a single popular name. For example, "picea pungens" is given as "blue spruce," even though it is also popularly known as the "silver spruce" or the "Colorado spruce." Furthermore, this tree is listed in only one zone, the montane, although it is common both above and below this area. "Pinus ponderosa" is another instance of the mysterious practice of naming only one zone as its habitat, the foothills region, whereas it flourishes in almost every zone but the Alpine. This obviously limits the usefulness of the book.

There are many photographs of plants, both in color and black and white, but most are too small to con-

tribute much information.

The author suggests that the normal use of the book in the field will be to find the name of the plant by beginning with the zone in which it lives and then searching the list of plants inhabiting that zone for one whose size, leaves, flowers, and fruits are those observed by the searcher. This will reveal the plant's name and will also refer to a page where it is further described.

This reviewer on trying this plan found it usually workable. But a thorough botanist's guide was needed for assurance. Only time can tell how practical other amateurs will find this procedure.

To a critical reader the author refers too sparingly to popular names. These are, it is true, confusing because often local and muddled but the average plant over depends upon them almost entirely and will miss them keenly. There could also be many more references to the history of plants. Names like yucca, tamarisk, pinon, for example are rich in interest.

The book reflects a lifetime of devotion by the author to horticulture, particularly to the domestication of wild Colorado vegetation and its pages are rich in knowledge and experience. We commend it to plant lovers on mountain and plain.

James Grafton Rogers

THE MANUAL OF BRANDS AND MARKS, by Manfred R. Wolfenstine, ed. by Ramon F. Adams, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1970, illustrations, index, xxix, 434 pp., \$9.95.

This book (in both content and price) is for only the most devoted of ranching history buffs. As the word

"manual" in the title implies, it is a technical work rather than a book for general reading. This does not mean, however, that it is not an impressive work. Those interested in the history of branding, the "language" of brands, and the legal technicalities across the nation will be more than pleased with this book.

Basically, each chapter stands by itself, covering a particular aspect of branding, as the titles imply: History of Brands and Branding; Branding Implements and Methods; Design of Brands; Federal Government Brands, State Government Brands, Marks; California Mission Brands; Brand Registration, and Foreign Brands. There is also a miscellany and glossary.

A major part of the book is the seventy-four plates and photographs, ranging from Egyptian tomb paintings through numerous brands "alphabets". For the attentive student, the reading of brands will no longer be a problem. The reviewer found them to be the most interesting part of the book. Placed together at the end of the text, however, make them somewhat difficult to refer to as the book itself is being read.

The University of Oklahoma Press has done its usual fine technical production.

Paul D. Riley

ROCKY MOUNTAIN TRAILS, by Louis Kenoyer. Pruett Publishing Co., Boulder, Colorado. 76 pages, \$3.95.

Rocky Mountain National Park is a hiking park. Really to see this magnificent chunk of the Rockies, take to the trails. For the newcomer to the area, this guide offers suggestions for several summers of weekends. The

trails suggested are the commonly used ones, and if you have hiked all 25, you will be well acquainted with the Park.

The book is a combination of topographic maps and photographs of spots and goals along the recommended trails, and it does its job well. The photographs don't always reproduce well, but that is all right; they accomplish their purpose of suggesting what you will find along the trail. Besides, they can inspire you to do better.

Thrown in for good measure are some good hiking suggestions: "Buy good footgear for comfort and durability, if you plan to enjoy your hikes." Also, "You never see an animal up here without his fur coat—and what's good for them should be good for visitors . . . A summer storm can be only as far away as the next cloud. Go prepared for the weather to change—it usually does."

Hugh E. Kingery

ESSAYS ON THE AMERICAN WEST, edited by Harold M. Hollingsworth and Sandra L. Myres, University of Texas Press, Austin, Texas, 1969. 114 pp., \$4.50.

The four brief studies in this slim volume were originally presented at the third annual series of the Walter Prescott Webb Memorial Lectures sponsored by the University of Texas at Arlington in April, 1968. Although much of the material is familiar, the writing is uncommonly good for a scholarly book.

In her survey of the development of ranching in the Spanish borderlands, Sandra L. Myres drew on a great body of manuscripts and printed documents to show the Iberian origins of many frontier ranching techniques.

Professor Myres sees the ranch as "a multifaceted, multipurpose pioneering agency" which "outlasted the mission and presidio and became the only Spanish frontier institution to survive intact into the modern age."

Professor Blaine T. Williams utilized data from the 1850 Census in north central Texas to raise questions about the validity of two bits of frontier mythology—marriage at an early age, and the marriageability of widows. Robert L. Williamson cites a good many stories of frontier marksmanship to show that the muzzle-loading rifle was "a work of art—technologically perceptive, keenly designed, esthetically pleasing."

The prize section of the whole series is an essay by Ray A. Billington on the creative insights of Frederick Jackson Turner and Walter Prescott Webb. Although each man's work continues to be challenged, Webb formulated the perfect response to critics of his own *opus*, *The Great Plains*, saying: "I am told by the publisher it never will go out of print."

Harry Kelsey

THE BEAUTIFUL NORTHWEST, by the Editors of Sunset Books, Lane Magazine & Book Co., Menlo, Park, Calif., 1970, 255 pgs., \$8.95.

To the average Easterner the Pacific Northwest is a vague and perhaps even mysterious place. He may be familiar with a few striking images, like the Columbia River, Mt. Hood, Puget Sound, and the Olympic Peninsula, but beyond that, all is downright mystery. The editors of the pictorial book of the Northwest Country give us a great deal more as they extend the geographical limits to include not only the states of Oregon, Washington and

Idaho, but also portions of Alberta and British Columbia bordering the United States. Western Montana and Yellowstone Park and the Grand Teton in Wyoming are also included, although they lie more precisely within the Rocky Mountain region.

One gains a greater understanding the medium of the more than 350 splendid photographs in the book. All of the photographers whose works are included are skilled professionals working the Western scene. Here are photographs of the mountains and waterways; the ocean with a shore line that is still wild and rugged; the rose gardens of Portland and the Victorian houses in North Townsend and Eugene. Again, there is a tidy little farm near Oregon City, the remote ranch; the logger at work; the lone fisherman and the Inland Empire and its great city of Spokane. All of the photographs have interesting and informative captions.

We could go on and on, but get the book. If you are not familiar with this section, you will be, and if you are, you will renew your acquaintance with a most remarkable portion of our country - the beautiful Northwest.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

SANDHILL SUNDAYS AND OTHER RECOLLECTIONS, by Mari Sandoz, University of Nebraska Press, 1970, 165 pp., cloth, \$5.00.

Here is a Mari Sandoz anthology — mostly autobiographical — to delight readers of *Old Jules*, and her other fans. Many Westerners in the Denver Posse knew and were inspired by the gifted and dynamic little redhead. At the end of the book there is a biblio-

graphical checklist with a chronology of forty years of the wide-open Mari Sandoz writings.

If you have forgotten why the name Sandoz stays at the top of the list of creators of Western literature, savor this paragraph from "Marlizzie," telling about a pioneer of the sandhill country of northwestern Nebraska. This piece first appeared in the *Country Gentleman* in 1936, and is about Mari's own mother, Mary Elizabeth Fehr Sandoz: "She comes smiling and curious, shading her faded blue eyes to see who you may be, and eager to welcome you in any event. And as she approaches, you see her wonderful wiry slightness, notice that her forearms, always bare, are like steel with twisted cables under dry leather — with hands that are beautiful in the knotted vigor that has gripped the hoe and the pitchfork until the fingers can never be straightened, fingers that still mix the ingredients for the world's most divine concoction — Swiss plum pie . . ."

Several of the ten pieces appear in book form for the first time. One of these is "Outpost in New York," which describes the Greenwich Village life that milled around Mari when she had occasion to occupy her New York apartment, usually only a few months out of the year.

A sensitive Introduction which amounts to a brief summary of Mari Sandoz' writing career is provided by Virginia Faulkner, Editor of the University of Nebraska Press. It shows how significantly the writing of Miss Sandoz was stimulated and perhaps given its wings by the professors, editors and publications of the University of Nebraska.

H. W. Hough

NORAD COMMAND POST: THE CITY INSIDE OF CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN, by Henry W. Hough, Green Mountain Press, P.O. Box 16628, Denver, Colorado, 1970, 52 pages, illustrated, paper back, \$2.45.

Many Colorado residents and almost all visitors to the Centennial State are curious about the "hole in Cheyenne Mountain." Invariably questions are asked as to the how, when, where, and why of the Underground Combat Operations Center deep within Cheyenne Mountains. I was privileged to walk through the center during tunnelling operations and again during the construction phase, and was truly amazed at what must be one of the Seven Wonders of the Underground World. The chambers, which are up to 45 feet wide and 60 feet high, are awesome and suggestive of a dimly lit cathedral. Today they are filled with three story buildings balanced on gigantic springs and containing the most sophisticated electronic equipment assembled anywhere on this earth. Security now precludes a tour of the complex but Henry Hough has hurdled this blockade by providing an arm-chair tour in his pictorial guide entitled: *The City Inside Cheyenne Mountain*. An informative text tells the reader that should this nation be the target of an enemy attack the North American Air Defense Command will provide detection and early warning of such attack, then organize an effective defense. Having such capabilities for defense and retaliation is the best deterrent against attack. Pictures and diagrams complement the text in explaining the function of NORAD and how its Combat Operations Center deep within the mountain is protected from enemy at-

tack. There are also photographs and descriptions of such exotic weapons as the radar antennas in remote outposts which are the distant information receivers of NORAD, and Nike Hercules missile.

Lester L. Williams, P.M.

THE WESTERNERS, by John Myers Myers, Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, 1969, 258 pp., index. \$7.95.

This unusual book speaks with many voices, twenty-four, to be exact. Mr. Myers has recorded interviews with venerable and articulate Westerners from many walks of life. All of them lived through the building and development of the West, and through their eyes we are treated to a broad and yet detailed view of frontier life. His selection of the speakers shows excellent judgment, for here is living legend, so vivid that the book is hard to put aside. It is interesting that even though most of these people did not know each other, their stories interrelate.

The area covered includes eleven states. Three of the contributors are well known to Denver Posse Westerners: the late Stephen Payne, Mrs. Agnes Wright Spring, and Guy L. V. Emerson.

This is a splendid book of great charm and value. My only regret is that pictures of the speakers are not included.

Charles S. Ryland, P.M.

"DEAR OLD KIT": The Historical Christopher Carson, by Harvey Lewis Carter, University of Oklahoma Press, 1968, 250 pgs., \$7.95.

Despite a somewhat inept title, this book is an in-depth study of Kit Car-

son, the man, and the events of his life as trader, trapper, scout, Indian agent, and brigadier general of New Mexico Volunteers.

Part I discusses the Carson of history and legend. The author shows how fame came to Carson unsought, and how he became a living legend in his own lifetime. When, quite by chance, he encountered John C. Fremont in 1842 and became his guide, he was unknown to the public, though well-known among the Mountain Men. Mutual admiration followed and through the journalistic talents of Fremont and the oratorical ability of his father-in-law, Senator Thomas Hart Benton, on the floor of the U.S. Senate, Carson's deeds were related and magnified. Then came the dime novel thrillers of the day about a fellow named Carson. But it was mainly through Fremont's "Reports" that Carson became known as a natural gentleman, fine diplomat, and the greatest of American guides.

Two versions of the Carson "Memoirs" have previously been published. Dr. Carter presents another version, with a minimum of change from the original manuscript, but copiously annotated, in Part II. Carson was so modest and undemonstrative that he passed lightly over some of his most daring adventures. Dr. Carter elaborates on these, adhering strictly to facts. Part III deals with Carson's life in the years after he dictated his Memoirs and Part IV is an appraisal of his life. Three appendices are included in the book: a chronology of Carson's life; an early newspaper account of Carson; and a commentary on the twenty excellent illustrations. Included also are five maps. The book is worthy to stand beside the so-called definitive *Kit Carson Days* of Edwin L. Sabin

and is a scholarly, thought-provoking work on one of America's greatest pioneers.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

TRAVELERS ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER, edited by John Francis McDermott, University of Illinois Press, Chicago, 1969, 351 pp., \$10.95.

The epic saga of the American West has been abundantly related by explorers, soldiers, missionaries, and others who followed the call of their professions or occupations. *Travelers on the Western Frontier* tells the story from the viewpoints of today's tourists, men and women from every part of the United States and every country of Europe who burned with the desire to see the strange people and places in this big, new land they had heard and read about.

In this very impressive, scholarly edited volume is presented the American West as it appeared to travelers, from its French-Spanish days through the 19th century, re-created from letters, diaries, reminiscences and books of travel. Each traveler saw the West and its people through his own experience, and herein lies the impact of the book. Living with a tribe in their village, for example, would likely give an inquiring visitor a conception of the Indian different from the traditional.

The material was presented at the Conference on Travelers on the Western Frontier, under the auspices of Southern Illinois University, in 1968.

Several of the thirteen articles report on the resources available in important Americana collections, others explore nineteenth century newspapers and periodicals. In presenting scenes

from the diaries of Missouri River travelers, Editor McDermott adds a checklist of ninety-five firsthand reports on voyaging on the river. Dale L. Morgan describes the frontier material at Bancroft Library. Archibald Hanna tells of the vast riches in the Yale University Library. John Porter Bloom, Dwight L. Smith, John C. Ewers, and other distinguished scholars offer leads to lodes of rare research material.

Excellent reproductions of historic paintings, maps, footnotes, index, and biographical sketches of contributors are included.

Dabney Otis Collins

LIVING LEGENDS OF THE SANTA FE COUNTRY, by Alice Bullock, Green Mountain Press, Denver, Colorado, 1970, 121 pages, \$2.45 paperback.

This is a collection of 25 legends of Spanish, Indian, and Anglo-American provenience covering not only the Santa Fe region, but extending to Acoma in the west, Taos in the north, and the pueblo of Isleta to the south of Albuquerque. As the author says, these stories are not new, nor are they written as original compositions. Nevertheless, there is so much of the author's style and content in them that one wonders if it is altogether accurate to say that they are not original. Unfortunately, the style in which these legends are told is badly phrased and lacks the smoothness and spontaneity that a folk story is expected to have. Actually, some of these stories have been told so often by professionals that they are better known among them than among the folk who are supposed to have produced them.

The many misspellings and the total disregard for Spanish orthography detract considerably from the Spanish

legends in this collection. One also gets a feeling that the author has rendered Hispanic culture within a framework of what she considers to be Spanish, and this, unfortunately, results in a version of sentimentalism that is far from being Spanish.

It would be a relief to see in print such words as "Espanola," "nino," "senorita," and "La Canada," etc., properly written with a tilde over the "n" when these words are quoted in Spanish. One expects authors in the Southwest to show greater concern for the Spanish language and not mutilate the highest expression of that culture — language. Some of the errors in the book may be misprints such as "arroya" for "arroyo" and "Zumarrago" for "Zumarraga." There is also a reference to Governor Mendinueta who held office in 1770 as the "Mexican governor" and it is interesting to note that the story of the Virgin of Guadalupe takes place in a snow storm in Mexico City.

Alice Bullock is familiar with the subject of tradition in the West and the style that she uses in telling about these interesting traditions is strictly journalistic. One gets the impression that she is writing fresh stories rather than the usual legends that come from the pen of other writers. She disavows any responsibility about "weighty academic studies of the historian or the purist," but it would improve the retelling of these legends if more accurate history and academic purism were applied now and then. The photographs in this paperback are of considerable interest and are so well chosen that they tell a story in themselves.

Arthur Campa

GUNMAN'S TERRITORY, by Elmer LeRoy Baker, The Naylor

Company, San Antonio, Texas, \$7.95.

At last, a pioneer lawman who almost admits to being human. He occasionally took a drink of what passed for whiskey in the Oklahoma territory. More than once he took a backward glance at a well-turned ankle. He gently inserted his hand (gloved?) between the breasts of actress Lillie Langtry and removed a hide-out gun which she had planned to use on her manager.

Gunman's Territory is the story of Bob Hutchins' fifty-year career as a Deputy U. S. Marshall and peace officer in the Oklahoma Territory. He was the youngest of all the old frontier officers who rode out of "hanging judge" Isaac Parker's court at Ft. Smith, Ark., and he was the last survivor of this group.

Author Elmer LeRoy Baker frankly admits that he was more editor than author, because he had access to many of the written memoirs of Bob Hutchins, as well as having had the privilege of knowing Hutchins personally "from the time I was a young newsboy in Arkmore, Okla., and he was chief of police in my native town."

Bob Hutchins began keeping a diary early in his career about his own and his fellow officers' experiences with outlaws, bootleggers and other miscreants. Many pages of Hutchins' manuscript were used with little or no editing.

The only man Hutchins ever admitted killing was Jim July (Starr), husband and murderer of Belle Starr. Hutchins carried Belle's six-shooter for many years after removing it from the body of Jim July (Starr). Incidentally, this book has the earliest known photograph of Myra Belle Shirley (Belle Starr), also photos of Belle's home in Younger's Bend, her six-shoot-

er and her weed-overgrown tomb in the yard of her old home.

Hutchins helped Roy Bean, "The Law West of the Pecos", stage the Fitzsimmons-Peter Maher prize fight on an island in the middle of the Rio Grande River between Texas and Mexico, after the states of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona had refused to allow it. With the help of two other well-known gunmen, Heck Thomas and Bill Tilghman, Hutchins removed the great seal of the State of Oklahoma from the then capital at Guthrie, to Oklahoma City, the present capital, in spite of considerable opposition by the Sheriff of Logan County and eighteen deputies.

This book is a first-hand gold mine of information for those students of the lawless days of Oklahoma Territory around the turn of the century, but we wish the author had seen fit to end the book earlier, instead of trying to glamorize Bob Hutchins' last few years when health and other circumstances forced him to accept a job as a bridge guard on the Mexican border.

Lowell E. Mooney

FORTY YEARS OF THE ARAPAHOE HUNT, by Lawrence Phipps, Jr., including A QUARTER OF A CENTURY OF THE ARAPAHOE HUNT, by W. W. Grant, privately printed, ca. 1969, 112 pp., illustrations, rosters, and lists, n.p.

This thin, red-covered volume recounts the activities of Denver's unique Arapahoe Club (organized about 1907) which, because of a dearth of foxes, chases coyotes on the 25,000 acre Highland Ranch belonging to its Master of the Hunt, Lawrence C. Phipps, Jr. The book concentrates on the period after 1930, the date of the club's recognition, and contains short, unrelated

vignettes about the riders, their dogs and horses, their mishaps and triumphs and their crises and celebrations.

Forty Years of the Arapahoe Hunt will have only limited appeal as it was written obviously for the members of the Hunt whose names appear on a roster which reads like a roll-call of Denver's "Beautiful People." Someday, it will be a veritable gold mine of information for the historian who summons sufficient ambition to write a general account concerning the successors of the "Sacred Thirty-Six." At present, this piece of writing will be of little interest to anyone not riding with the Arapahoe Hunt.

Easton has carefully researched the life of Frederick Faust and includes a bibliography and filmography of his works, a listing which takes 36 pages. Also included are several photographs and a comprehensive index.

Den Galbraith, CM

TALES OF THE 04 RANCH, Recollections of Harold J. Cook, 1887-1909. University of Nebraska Press, 1968, 221 pages, 16 illustrations, no index, \$5.95.

For those interest in some of the details dealing with the operation of an old time working ranch, this book is well recommended. These recollections of Harold J. Cook are somewhat of a continuation of the story begun by his father, the famed frontiersman Captain James H. Cook, in *Fifty Years on the Old Frontier* (1923). The story centers around the 04 Ranch which was located on the upper Niobrara River in northwest Nebraska. The name of the ranch was later changed to The Agate Springs Ranch. The place was also the site of some extremely rich fossil beds which became a national monument in 1965.

In addition to portraying ranch life as it was on the 04 from 1887 to 1909, he has also seasoned his book with many stories concerning the 04 ranch hands and hear-by friendly Indian chiefs who would visit the ranch at various times.

Harold J. Cook must have been gifted with a terrific memory to be able to recall all the little anecdotes of his early life that he has included in this book. His wife, who helped him write the book, is also due considerable credit for preserving many of her husband's original expressions and also for putting much of the material in the book in final form. Last but not least, the book includes a most interesting Introduction by our good friend, Agnes Wright Spring.

Mac C. Poor, PM

THE OVERLAND EXPRESS, by William H. Rideing, intro. by Richard Dillon, Lewis Osborne, Ashland, Oregon, 1970, 70 pgs., no price shown.

The word "express" does not mean staging or freighting any more than it signifies banking or the Overland Mail. An express company is a firm which engages in the rapid transportation of merchandise and which provides *special care* and *security* as well as fast delivery. It could choose to do this by paddlewheel steamer, railroad car, or Concord coach. In the West, of course, it was mainly the transporting of specie, bullion, or gold dust, which seized the imagination of the public.

The express business grew enormously, largely on account of the West, with its desperate need for communication with the States. However, it was not born during the Gold Rush, but, rather, a decade earlier in the East. It

started when a young man, William F. Harnden, purchased a small carpet bag and began transporting other people's papers and goods from New York to Boston by steamboat and railroad. Harnden afterward allowed himself to become distracted by emigration schemes, so that the leadership of the express business passed first to his rival, Alvin Adams, of Adams Express Company, and thence to Henry Wells and William Fargo, whose names remain household words to this day.

By 1850, Wells, with the help of Fargo, was able to throw a scare into the monopoly of the Adams Express Company by forming the American Express Company. Then, in 1852, Wells and Fargo divided up the United States by assigning the eastern half to the parent company, American Express, and designating to Wells, Fargo & Co. the half west of the Mississippi. Soon the depression-wracked Adams & Co. called it quits, leaving the field open to Wells, Fargo.

There are many accounts of the Pony Express, and of Wells, Fargo, and other accounts concerned with stage-coaching, the skill of stage drivers, and road agents such as Black Bart, but few accounts of the express business *per se*. Rideing did a good job in summarizing the history of the express business for the general public. All this is made clear in this major early magazine essay on the subject by Rideing. It was published in the August, 1875 number of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* and was entitled "An American Enterprise." It is reprinted here for the first time.

Although Rideing is forgotten today, he was one of the most prolific and talented free lance writers of the 19th Century and contributed material on a wide variety of subjects for Harper's,

Scribner's and other magazines of the day. He also wrote fifteen books ranging from travel and biography to fiction for both adults and young people.

The reprinting of this lengthy essay is of value to historians and those interested in this phase of Western history. Illustrations are reproduced from the August, 1875 issue of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* and a section at the rear reproduces Abbot, Dowing Co's. "Chart A" catalog for 1871 with pictures of coaches, carriages and wagons used by the express companies.

In beautiful format, and in a limited edition of 650 copies, the book should become a collector's item.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

THE MONTANA GOLD RUSH DIARY OF KATE DUNLAP, by S. Lyman Tyler, ed., Fred A. Rosenstock Old West Publishing Co., Denver, and The University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, 1969. A-15, B-43, C-15, pp., illus. Maps. Bibliography. Limited Edition. \$15.00.

This is a work which will be of especial interest to historians, scholars, and librarians. A unique format, designed by E. Keith Eddington of the University of Utah Press, by which the printed *Diary* must be read from right to left and from bottom to top, in order to match the text with portions of the accompanying maps, is an innovation in design. The reader's attention is closely focused on the mechanical arrangement in order to follow the chronology of the *Diary*. But all parts of the book are informative, well edited, beautifully illustrated, and skillfully printed.

Like the famous "Idol's Eye" diamond with its elaborate setting of smaller gems, Kate Dunlap's *Diary* is en-

cased by J. L. Campbell's rare *Idaho: Six Months in the new Gold Diggings. The emigrant's guide overland*, a biography of the Dunlaps, a history of the Montan Mining Region and the Territory of Montana, plus a Letter Accompanying the *Diary*, and a Bibliography.

Twenty - seven - year - old Catherine (Kate) Cruikshank Dunlap and her thirty-eight-year-old bridegroom, college bred Samuel Frederick Dunlap, set out by wagon from Keokuk, Iowa, in May, 1864, for the Bannack City mines of Idaho. Before they reached their destination, the Territory of Montana had been created and had claimed Bannack City within its borders.

With a view to informing her Iowa folks about her journey, Kate Dunlap carefully selected and recorded in her journal daily events and described their background. She was much impressed by the many lonely graves that they passed along the way. She had great compassion for their horses, which were at the mercy of the weather and the difficulties of the trail, including sometimes the lack of feed. "We slept better when the horses had good grass," Kate noted.

She especially enjoyed the new flower species of the plains and canyons. Daily events, weather, trail, and stream conditions, as well as comments on personalities, received due mention.

The Dunlap party followed the less familiar route which J. L. Campbell had logged the preceding year, taking the Lander Cut-off west of South Pass to "Black Foot," thence north to Bannack City. Although they were almost alone when they reached their destination, there was one time along the Platte when Kate mentioned 500 wagons in camp.

Readers wishing to follow the Dunlaps mile by mile will appreciate the

geological survey maps tied in to the text of the *Diary*. The less exacting reader may enjoy following the Dunlap route as indicated on the attractive W. W. de Lacy map used for front and back covers of the book.

This publication is Volume One of the Western History Center Publications, Volume One in the series "Annals of the West," under the direction of the Western History Center of the University of Utah, Salt Lake City.

The Montana Gold Rush Diary of Kate Dunlap adds another gem to the list of De Luxe productions of Fred A. Rosenstock's Old West Publishing Company.

Agnes Wright Spring

FRONTIER CAPITALIST — THE LIFE OF JOHN EVANS, by Harry E. Kelsey, Jr. Published by the State Historical Society of Colorado and the Pruett Publishing Company. Regular \$12.50, cased edition \$15.00. 371 pages include 101 pages of notes, 23 pages of bibliography, 33 photos, and index.

The Life of John Evans was written by Edgar C. McMichen in 1924. *John Evans, An Appreciation*, was written by Walter Dill Scott in Evanston, Illinois in 1939. A documentary movie, "The John Evans Story" was shown by the ABC Network in 1961.

Kelsey's book has been carefully and thoroughly researched. Every facet of the many sided Evans is presented in a scholarly manner, including his interest in both the Quaker and Methodist churches, Evanston, Illinois; hospitals, real estate, universities, medicine, education, railroading, the Indian question, and countless other endeavors that helped form our great West and mid-west. This book belongs in every Western library.

Fred M. Mazzulla

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

MAY-JUNE 1971 Volume XXVII Number 3

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OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

The Denver Westerners Posse has a few copies of the 1965 (Vol. 21), 1966 (Vol. 22), 1968 (Vol. 24) and 1969 (Vol. 25) Brand Books available for sale. The price for Vols. 21, 22 and 24 is \$15.00 each. Vol. 25 is \$17.50. The books may be ordered from Fred Mazzulla, 1430 Western Federal Savings Bldg., Denver, Colo. 80202.

Upcoming programs, as planned by Deputy Sheriff Ed Bathke, include: August, Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Anderson on Mesa Verde and the Anasazi; September, Paul Harrison on Early Denver; October, Jack Thode on D&RG in connection with centennial; November, Kenny Englert on material from taped interviews with old timers. That's far enough ahead for now. Ed, sounds like a lot of interesting material ahead, congratulations.



Sheriff Les Williams brought this early fireman's helmet to a recent meeting.

The following books, reprints by the University of Nebraska Press in their Bison Book series, were recently received by the Book Review Editor, James

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

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IN MEMORIUM
Dr. James Grafton Rogers
1883-1971

Hayden's 1854-55 Missouri River Expedition

By F. Martin Brown

Ferdinand Vandiver Hayden is an Horatio Alger of geology. He was born Sept. 7, 1829 on a farm near Westfield, Mass., in the Connecticut River valley. His father died when Hayden was 10, and his mother remarried. Hayden and his stepfather did not hit it off, so Hayden left home and walked to the farm of his paternal uncle near Rochester, N.Y. He went to a nearby country school and learned a little reading, writing and ciphering. At age 16 he stopped being a pupil and became the teacher of the school. He taught for two years.

In 1847 Hayden felt the urge for further knowledge. He took off his shoes and set out to walk to Oberlin, Ohio, the home of a young frontier college.

President Finney of Oberlin must have seen through the shy and diffident front the youth presented for he admitted Hayden to Oberlin College and hired him to take care of his lawns and furnace.

After completing his undergraduate work at Oberlin, Hayden went back to New York to attend Albany Medical School. In Albany he found shelter and employment with Prof. James Hall, the state geologist. In exchange for board and bed Hayden and another young boarder, F. B. Meek, sorted, cleaned and drew illustrations from the huge collection of fossils that Hall accumulated. It was this practical training under a master geologist that equipped Hayden to later lead the infant United States Geological Survey.

In February 1853 Hayden and Meek asked Spencer Fullerton Baird to place them on an expedition to the West. Baird was then assistant secretary of the Smithson-

ian Institution. Baird's father-in-law was the Adjutant General of the Army and through him Baird placed budding naturalists in the field and gathered material for the growing Smithsonian Institution.

Nothing came of Hayden's request but Hayden and Meek did spend the summer in the field. Hall urged them to go to the Badlands of the Dakotas to search for the fossil beds that had been discovered by Dr. Evans of Chicago. When they returned from this summer expedition Hayden continued his medical studies while Meek devoted all his time to fossils.

While Hayden was living at Hall's house, Baird visited Hall. At that time Hayden told Baird of his great desire to become a naturalist. Baird's advice was to continue to train in medicine and to join the Army Medical Corps.

After Hayden was graduated from medical school he wrote Baird, reminding him of their conversations.

Professor Baird,

Albany, Jan. 8th 1854

Dear Sir,

I take the liberty of thus addressing you, for I wish to make some inquiries and ask your counsel in a matter which is of much interest to me. At the time of your visit last Fall you proposed to me the idea of entering the Army as Surgeon and that way I could pursue to a better advantage the study of Natural History. I think, if it were possible for me to be admitted to the Army or Navy, I might do much for science by collections at least. My inclinations are altogether in that direction and am willing to make any sacrifice on my part or travel in any country provided I can do something, little though it be. From what you said to me I inferred that I might, when prepared, be admitted to the Army and since that time I have thought of it much as giving a fair chance to make many valuable collections in all departments and at the same time an honorable and in-

dependent position as far as pecuniary matters are concerned.

I have now finished my course of lectures here and graduated very respectably so that I am now free in that respect, and I think with 5 or 6 months close application I should be well prepared for examination for the Army.

If you will be so kind as to inform me what are the requirements necessary for admission and my prospects for so doing I shall be much obliged. Any encouragement or assistance you may feel disposed to give me will have my most sincere gratitude and at some future day I am confident I will give you no occasion to regret it. I have had a hard struggle so far with poverty and still I cannot give up with out [sic] a much stronger effort to accomplish something at least. Perhaps you may think of some other position in which I could be more useful to science than in the Army?

I am now preparing myself to make collections with as much facility as possible the coming season. Prof. Hall wishes me to collect for him but he will not pay me much for it. But some position in an expedition however humble would I think be much better for me.

I am sorry that I could not have furnished you with one of those fishes from "Sage Creek," and have sent something to Prof. [J.P.] Kirtland [physician-naturalist who lived near Cleveland, Ohio], but you will readily pass that off as impossible when I tell you that neither Mr. Meek nor myself, after all our diligence & success, have yet received so much as a single plant nor do we expect to. I feel much gratitude toward Prof. Kirtland for many kindnesses which he has shown me and I trust I may yet do something for him in return. He has always appeared much interested in me and many others have enjoyed the good effects

of his kindness. If nothing better presents itself, I may go to Mauvaises Terreses for Maj. [Alfred] Vaughan, Indian Agent, if it is thought best. He made me a fine offer. In that case the collection would be under my control and I might do much toward collecting the reptiles, fishes, and insects of that wild country.

If it will not trespass too much on your time I should be glad to hear from you as soon as you receive this, and please give your opinion of what you think would be best for me to do.

I remain with much respect, yours, etc.

F. V. Hayden

I should like to have you consider this letter confidential.

Hayden now found himself in a quandry. Should he continue in his chosen profession, or, should he turn his attention and life to exploration of the West?

The excitement of discovery and thrill of little-known country won.

Professor Baird,

Albany, Jan. 27th 1854

Dear Sir:

I received your kind letter in due time and feel under much obligation to you for the trouble you took for me. I hope I shall yet be able to do something for you, by way of collections in return for your kindness —

I look upon the Army as the principle object of my efforts though my age will permit me to wait 3 or 4 years yet if necessary. In the mean time, should my position present itself that I might occupy for a year or two perhaps it would be better for me to accept it, would it not? as an expedition to West — for instance. I have taken much pains to prepare myself to collect well, not merely as an amature [sic] collector—but to do so intelligently in all departments.

Though I passed a very creditable examination this winter at my graduation, still I do not feel prepared to attempt it for the Army. I think it best to follow your advice and wait some other opportunity. If I could spend a few months in Philadelphia, I would stand my chance with pleasure —

I will explain to you as far as possible Col. Vaughan's proposition, his object & plans. He is Indian Agent for the Upper Missouri tribes of Indians and has his station at Fort Pierre — He is a man of considerable wealth, residing at St. Joseph's [sic] Mo., and owns much property there, has no family — Has been Indian Agent among Potawatomis for 8 or 9 years — He has a good deal of energy and decision and have no doubt will do as he agrees.

I became acquainted with him on the Fur Company's Boat last Summer on our way up the River—He proposes to pay all my expenses from St. Joseph's, Mo., (his place of Residence) and give me half of all I can collect in one year's time. He gives me an ample outfit and all the facilities his position can afford me, (which as you know would be very fine) and wishes me to explore not only the "Bad Lands" [sic] proper, but also the Bad Lands of Upper Missouri as far as Falls of Mo. even to Fort Benton if possible. You can readily see that this would afford me one of the finest fields in the world and I have not the slightest doubt but that I could bring as large and valuable collection as was ever brought from the West. It is a glorious country for a Naturalist. Every step he takes, there are multitudes of objects to excite his enthusiasm. I long to explore it thoroughly, every nook & corner, I need not tell you, that (although the collections from there have been very high) nothing has yet been done compared with what there is to be done. All the collections from the "Bad Lands" have been made in a circuit of a few miles—while they cover a surface of 100

miles in length & 40 or 50 miles in width. There is no reason why farther investigation should not develop other locations of still greater interest. Besides, the illustrations in Catlin's works and in the Prince de Wied's magnificent journal seems to indicate the same kind of broken country in the region of Fort Union & Yellow Stone [sic]. In fact, Mr. A. Culbertson says that they possess still greater interest. (though that can hardly be possible.) At any rate, it is a grand country for a Naturalist.

That Col. Vaughan was sincere I have not the slightest doubt. He says he has thought of this plan for some years but had not before found a person who suited him to make the offer to. He asked Dr. Evan's advice and Dr. E told him that it would be a fine idea for both of us and that he could not secure a better collector than myself in the country. This aroused his enthusiasm very much and he took me into his room and wanted me to obligate myself to return in the Spring (just before we left Fort Pierre) and offered me every inducement. He is willing to expend about 1500 dollars and even more if necessary. But I think that sum will be amply sufficient under his auspices—You speak of giving the expedition somewhat of a semi-official character, that would aid it much—They are well acquainted with Prof. Baird's name in that Region and with them it is synonymous with the Smithsonian Institution, any one going up there under your patronage would be most favorably received and aided in every way. Should some other expedition be fitted out the coming season, for that Region, it would of course supersede the necessity of my going, as above. In this case, I should like to form one of the number, for from my knowledge of the country and experience in that kind of business I could labor much more effectually than one unaccustomed to the country. I regret exceedingly that I could not have been

connected with Dr. Evan's party last year—He is a fine man and a thorough gentleman, and possessed of great energy—He would give even to the humblest of his party his just due—

I am now expecting to hear from Col. Vaughan any day—He is probably on his return and will be in Washington in the Spring—

I wish you would consider this plan, and let me know at your earliest opportunity what you think of it, and what additional feature you would like to give it—If this plan does not seem best to you—I hope some other will occur [sic], to you by which I can still further pursue Natural History—

Anything you may see fit to do for me, will not interfere with any plan of Prof. Hall's for my obligations to him will most certainly cease by the first of March or sooner—He has proposed to give me an [sic] 100 dollars for my personal outfit and take any collections for security—But no collections of mine shall ever go East—He held out great inducements to me last Spring to do well for him & I did so—that ends the matter—I refused a situation in a public school, worth 600 dollars, to go for him thinking from what he said, it would be the stepping stone to fame & fortune—For my hard and faithful services to him last summer, I have received about 75 dollars and I shall leave him some 50 or 75 dollars indebted to him—whereas the conditions on which I went were enough to relieve me from all embarrassment—I placed the utmost confidence in him, perhaps he has done perfectly right—I will not complain—But I cannot stay in this part of the country longer than March—

I am very anxious that my labor for the next season should aid me in pursuing my studies furthermore, anything you may feel like doing for me will certainly have my gratitude —

You ask me if I know anything about surveying &

I do not practically, I am thoroughly acquainted with all the higher Branches of Mathematics, and I have Yankee enough to fit myself in most any where—I have already obtained considerable knowledge of Geology and Paleontology—I do nothing else at present but that—examining fossils and I have made myself quite familiar [sic] with Prof. Hall's collection as far as described. Mr. Meek and myself are now taking casts of fossils — We succeeded so well as to receive the commendation of Prof. Agassiz — I am also acquiring the art of sketching & drawing fossils etc. — I can already draw sections, maps, etc., So that I might make myself generally useful in a survey —

Please not mention to anyone anything in this letter. For some imaginary reason I know not what Prof. Hall does not feel friendly toward you.

Please write me as soon as convenient — I have some other things I wish to communicate if Vaughan's plan is carried out.

I remain ever yours with much respect.

F. V. Hayden

[In left margin] Pardon me for troubling you with so long a letter, but I am so much interested in the matter, I could not make it shorter.

The next few months were filled with uncertainty for Hayden. His affairs with Colonel Vaughan blew hot and cold. The Colonel, who had been Indian Agent to the Potawatomis for nine years, now was agent to the Crows. These Indians were in far from a friendly mood. They still recalled the smallpox epidemic accidentally introduced among them some thirty years earlier by the whites. They had seen the fur trade decimate the game they depended upon. They mistrusted the permanent posts that followed the dissolution of the rendezvous system of the fur trade.

Vaughan was not in a mood to develop the germ of an idea for a collecting expedition that he had discussed casually with Hayden the previous summer.

Meanwhile, Hayden received through Hall and Meek an offer to travel on the Missouri and collect plants for Professor Swallow in St. Louis. The pay was to be a dollar a day and expenses.

He also had a proposition from P. A. Sarpy, then living in Bellvue, Neb., to work for the old Mountain Man and explore on the Missouri.

Professor Douglass in Michigan also wanted Hayden to collect plants for him.

None of these offers stirred Hayden's enthusiasm as had the conversations with Colonel Vaughan.

Throughout the spring of 1854 the budding scientist wrote frequent letters to Baird asking advice. He kept himself busy and learning. In a letter dated March 20, 1854, he wrote:

"I am now spending most of my time with Prof. Dewey at the Rochester University, they have 2 large rooms filled with objects of Natural History in the most *beautiful* confusion, scarcely a name or label. I am assisting Prof. D. to arrange it and name the specimens which affords me a fine opportunity to pursue my studies."

By April 15th of 1854 Hayden had just about decided to accept Swallow's proposition although the pay was a pittance.

Shortly after receiving the March 20 letter from Hayden, Baird had an interview with Vaughan in Washington. The clouds were swept away and Vaughan decided to support Hayden, on a partnership basis, for a trip up the Missouri to collect natural history specimens. Hayden received the news on April 25 and the next day replied at length to Baird. His one problem was whether or not Swallow would release him from his agreement. His letter to Baird bubbles with enthusiasm and plans.

Rochester, April 26th 1854

My Dear Sir,

I received your letter of

April 20th, and the [sic] immediately replied — I was visiting, and could not think of many things I wished to say. I also received your 2nd letter after I had mailed mine to you. I need not say how much I am rejoiced at having an opportunity to make further explorations in that wild country — Once in the country, I think I could stay without great expense — The opportunity is too rare to be lost under any consideration — Science demands that it should be improved — and although I have accepted Prof. S's offer, I am confident that if he feels any interest in Science he will not hesitate one moment to release me from any obligation to him especially as he can find enough who would fill the place he wishes me to have, as well as myself —

I shall be able to make fine collections all the way to Fort Union ... and then if the goods are transferred to boats, these boats must be "cordailed" or pulled by hand for 250 miles up the Yellow Stone, all of which country I can explore thoroughly for the boat cannot go more than 15 or 20 miles per day. I can see nothing to hinder me from making one of the finest collections ever brought from the West —

Should I go up to spend a year I should need an extensive outfit — I suppose you will be able to furnish many things and I doubt not that Col. V. will make allowance for them — I shall feel like husbanding resources as much as possible —

I shall need as correct a map of that Region as I can get — to paint down the Geology as I determine it — Would not some cheap portable Barometer be good? Also a thermometer & instruments of that sort? — Can you send me a volume printed in England for the naval service, edited by Sir John Hershel, giving directions in making collections — I liked that very much — or some other work. I shall need \$50 or \$100 to make up outfit, aside from provisions — Will Col.

V. furnish that? — Dr. Engleman will be ready to assist as usual —

Would it not be best to make an arrangement with Col. V. to have all the collections sent to Washington and examine before any division takes place?

I have already written to Col. V. at New York — I do not know that it will be necessary for me to go there — I do not doubt that I can persuade him to furnish abundant means when once started — next Monday or Tuesday — I will write you again from that place — I wish to go through Cleveland for I have my things there which I shall lose unless I go and take care of them —

I hope as good preparation may be made for collecting specimens in Zoology as possible, for I wish to pay particular attention to it, especially fishes & reptiles —

I hope you will feel the liberty to identify yourself with the whole enterprise, for as far as I am concerned I wish to submit the direction and disposition of my part (at least) to you. I shall ever feel in the greatest degree indebted to you for your kindness and I trust that if I live to return, I shall bring back sufficient additions to Natural History to repay you for your trouble —

I wish very much to visit you at Washington but there will be no time now to make it worth a while. I will meet Col. V. at St. Louis in due time and all things can then be made right.

With great regards yours, —
F. V. Hayden

From this point on, Hayden's letters to Baird are a running commentary on his preparation for the expedition and a brief account of his actual journey.

Until his journals are discovered these letters are the only primary source for an account of the trip. Thus far the location of his journals, if indeed they are still extant, has

evaded all of us who have sought them. The search for them led to St. Louis where the trail ended.

These letters, now in the archives of the Smithsonian Institution, follow in chronological order. The only editing that I have done is to delete repetition in successive letters. Hayden was not certain that any of his letters from the field would get through to Baird so each usually summarized the preceding one and added to it.

New York, May 5th 1854

Prof. Baird,

My Dear Sir,

I have spent a few days here with Col. Vaughan and everything so far is satisfactory. He agrees to let me explore about 18 months and perhaps longer if successful — He seems willing to do everything fairly — Still our bargain is merely verbal and I would like to have you see him when he comes to W. [Washington], and talk the matter over with him. — He has a high opinion of you and your influence with him will be great — If he states our bargain to you I shall have proof and he will fear to do anything less than he agrees — I do not know that this is necessary — It occurred to me however.

Col. V. starts for W. tonight. I can see no reason why the enterprise will not be successful, and for your efforts in bringing the matter about I am very grateful — I will do the best I can — I trust you will continue to feel a deep interest in the same as though it were at your own expense — and I shall feel a great pleasure in giving you of its fruits what you may desire — I shall need some funds at St. Louis for my own personal outfit, which I cannot obtain other than of you — I will secure you in any way you may say, trusting that will be right in the end —

Col. V. pays all expenses from St. Louis back to that point — All other expenses I must bear myself — which is probably fair enough —

I wish you would send to St. Louis any reports on Indian affairs which may be useful to me — During the winter and on the Boat I shall have plenty of time to use them — It will be lonesome to me without a plenty of Books and any that you can send me on Natural History will be acceptable. I can preserve them and return them to you if desired — You will know best what I want or whether I want any or not — Any instruments or apparatus that you can send by Col. V. or by any other means will be very much needed — for preserving Reptiles and fishes. I wish to be well prepared.

Col. V. may think some things unnecessary as he knows nothing about these things — Should this be the case I wish to get them at my own expense rather neglect anything that will in any way cripple my efforts —

I deeply regret that I cannot spend a week with you for I could get many hints that would be very useful to me — However I suppose you will send me instructions at St. Louis, and I hope you will send me any books pertaining to collecting or preparing specimens, etc.

Please write care of Dr. Engelmann — I shall not start from Rochester before 12th or 14th, and I hope I may hear from you there —

I hope you will frankly advise me in all things that I should do and if possible send me a list of articles needed —

I trust I shall be able to add many truths to science —

I remain ever most truly & sincerely yours
F. V. Hayden

Rochester, May 15th 1854

Prof. Baird,

My Dear Sir,

I can start today for St.

Louis, shall spend the day tomorrow in Cleavland [sic—founder of Cleveland was Gen. Moses Cleaveland] and go by the way of Chicago — The boat I think will start as soon as the 20th.

I have heard nothing from you for sometime. I hope to hear in Cleavland or St. Louis.

I received a letter a day or two ago from Ann Arbor, Mich., from Dr. Douglass requesting to know my terms as an assistant — I should like very much to go into that Region —

Col. Vaughan promises very fair, and if he fulfills I have no hesitation in preparing to go with him — I think there will be no difficulty in getting released from Prof. Swallow — My engagement with Col. V. was long prior to any with Prof. S. — I shall be sorry to disappoint anyone or cause any hard feelings and I think if Prof. S. valued my services much he would have made me a better offer — I cannot live, take it the year together, on what Prof. S. offers — I wish to take no wrong step in the matter and would like your advice respecting it —

I shall need \$50 or \$75 for my personal outfit which I desire you to furnish me at St. Louis — I would like the sum of \$75 to draw on though I shall not need as much I think but in case I should it would be pleasant to have it.

Our understanding was that I should spend a year at Fort Benton and Fort Union, and then spend the Spring until the boat returns one year from next July — at the "Bad Lands" and around Fort Pierre. This will give a fine opportunity to make large collections and should be improved it seems to me —

I hope you have been able to send some apparatus to St. Louis. I suppose Col. V. will not feel willing to spend more than \$100 for an outfit.

Prof. Hall has written to me desiring to let me have \$100 and take my collection as security, but past ex-

perience tells me that I could not do so safely —

I remain ever yours,
F. V. Hayden

St. Louis, May 19th 1854

Prof. Baird,

My Dear Sir,

I arrived at St. Louis on the evening of the 17th, as I find in good time certainly, for I learn that the boat will not start until sometime in June —

As soon as I got here, I visited Dr. Englemann and was very glad to receive your letter —

The articles mentioned as coming by express are not here yet — If you sent them at the time mentioned in your letter they ought to be here it seems to me — I hope nothing has happened to them —

The prospect of success seems as fair as I could wish. Col. V. is very much elated and everything seems to conspire to keep him so — He has requested of me a



St. Louis in 1854, engraving from a painting by Prof. Devraux of Philadelphia.

list of outfit which I have just made out — Should anything occur to you as necessary, please mention it. You will have ample time to write or send anything you wish —

When I left *home*, my friends felt very sadly about my going so far, they had felt so for a week or more, and I did not come away with as high hopes and confidence of success as I had expected to feel — My friends have never seemed to care so much about me before. But when I reached St. Louis and was greeted so cordially by Mr. Sarpy — Culbertson and others, I began to feel that it would be a pleasure to me to spend two years even — exploring that wild country — They all seem to feel interested in helping me along — and seem to think my industry will make my future a bright one — Your great influence with Culbertson is one of the greatest benefit to me, for there is *nothing* he would not *do* for *you* and now the same kindness will be extended to me, as he is acquainted with your interest in this affair —

I stopped a day or so with Dr. Newberry at Cleveland [sic]. He treated me with great hospitality and felt a deep interest in my success —

I am very glad that \$40 has been received for my personal outfit — I am inclined to think that I shall not need even as much as that — though I shall need it when I return — My personal outfit will not cost much — Prof. Dewey gave me \$10 which I spent in coming here — My expenses will be something on account of the boat delay. I shall get a cheap boarding place and economize as much as possible — I think Col. V. should pay a part at least of my expenses after the 20th.

Respecting the directions given in your letter, I shall have them carefully in mind and act upon them — Should anything more occur to you please write — — There was so much stormy weather this spring and the streams here so much swollen that I could not do

enough in collecting for you about Rochester, to pay the trouble of sending to you — I have however requested my two brothers who take a good deal of interest in the thing to keep a jar of alcohol standing somewhere in a safe place and drop in whatever they may catch — They will accumulate considerable in the course of the summer — I requested them to leave the specimens with Prof. Dewey for you —

I received a letter from Mr. Meek here in which he informs me that he has received an offer of a \$1000 a year and expenses with a prospect of \$1500 the coming year. I *do* hope he will be *released* for he is a noble fellow and deserves a better fate — and in a Survey he would be one of the most useful men that could be found —

I was very much obliged for your kind offer of a month or two ago, but then I could see no prospect of being able to pay you again and as I could *possibly* get along without it, I felt a delicacy in accepting it. It gave me the most perfect confidence, however that you were my true friend and felt a true interest in my welfare —

As yet I have heard nothing from Prof. Swallow though I have written him stating my intentions to go up the River — There will be no trouble I think. At any rate I have made up my mind what to do. I will write to you often and hope I may hear from you again soon —

I remain with great Respect,
Yours, F. V. Hayden

Prof. Baird,

St. Louis, May 25th 1854

My Dear Sir,

I have received your last letter, also the Dispatch — I could not well use your order as Dr. Engelmann had no spare money by him — The fur company would have advanced me the money if I

had urged the matter but as I do not go up in their boat I did not feel like asking many favors of them — They are extremely kind however and offer every facility — Mr. Sarpy has offered to carry up any freight necessary for the expedition free of expense — So that the prospect is fair for doing a good deal with small expense.

I am well pleased with the way everything works — Col. V. will do more even than I anticipated. He has already made large purchases of provisions and today he told me to get everything necessary and bring him the bill and he would be ready to pay it — I bought today 6 reams of wrapping paper, 2 good kegs of 5 gallons each filled with alcohol, ordered a plant press made, etc. Should anything occur to you as necessary write me, you will have ample time for I do not think the Boat will start before a week from Saturday.

Do not Telegraph again — A letter will reach me sooner by mail and will be much cheaper. Your last Telegraph was five days reaching me. Dr. Meek and myself were annoyed just so last Spring and we found that the Mail was more expeditious than Telegraph —

Please send Dr. Engelmann a check to the amount [sic] of 60 dollars — I do not think I shall need it all — but some money will be very convenient when I return from the mountains —

The prospect is very fine — I feel very much elated with hope. I can see no reason why I can not render good service to Science in the next 12 months.

The collection of books etc. you sent gave me great pleasure. They are just what I wished — I find no Indian Vocabularies, but large numbers of Meteorological Blanks etc.

Without much doubt now I depart. If I return in the Spring I shall not visit the "Bad Lands" at all, but I think I have it so arranged that I shall be able to spend six months there next year — I shall not feel sat-

ified with my trip unless I can bring that about —

I wish you would ascertain to whom Prof. Hall sends a set of the plants I collected last summer — If Profs Torry or Grey, or Dr. Engelmann get them I hope a catalogue of the species will be made out. I would like to make out a complete catalogue of all the plants that have been found in the vicinity of Mo. — I hope you will write me any suggestions or advice me in anything that may occur to you further —

I remain with the kindest regards yours —

F. V. Hayden

[Postscript to letter of May 25th 1854.] Since writing to you yesterday I have had an interview with a man from Fort Pierre, named Mc Ellery — He has been in the employ of Fur Company at Fort Pierre 9 years and is well acquainted with every part — He has saved about \$1000 and is very desirous of embarking in this scheme with Col. Vaughan and myself — I have laid before him a plain statement of the facts as they look to me and shall talk farther with him today — He has an idea that a handsome sum of money can be made of a collection from that Region — Although he would be of the greatest aid, in fact, the best man that could be got, his influence being great among the Indians, still by what I have said, I have rather discouraged than encouraged such a thing — Col. Vaughan is very anxious to have him go with us — Mc Ellery is a very good fellow and unable to lose much in any speculations though it would add at least a third to the result of the expedition to have him go — We should of course make an immense collection and if it were saleable should make something handsome out of it — How that is I do not know — As yet he seems anxious to go into the thing and says if the whole thing is a failure he will cast no reflections on me — He will decide soon —

It seems to me now that the way is open for a thor-

ough exploration of that Region —

I have not heard or seen anything of Prof. Swallow — In thinking over his offer, I make out that he offered me just 50 cents a day and my expenses — It costs me \$25. to come here — no certainty or prospect of staying after 1st Dec., \$25 to go back — He pays my expenses only while in the field, so that I may reckon additional expense to me of at least \$25. etc. — I am inclined to feel a little indignant about it, but perhaps the less said the better —

The trunk you sent, reached here yesterday safely —

Please write soon — Boat goes between 1st and 16th June.

Yours, etc. F. V. Hayden

The boat left St. Louis on the first of June and was commanded by Captain Throckmorton. It made a fast trip up the Missouri to Fort Union, an American Fur Company post at the junction of the Yellowstone and Missouri, on the present border between North Dakota and Montana.

The short time in which the trip was made, thirty-three days, did not allow Hayden much time for collecting en route.

Colonel Vaughan fulfilled his promise and saw to it that Hayden had the material with which to collect and prepare whatever specimens he found. Some of the equipment was gathered in St. Louis and the rest at St. Joseph.

Three letters, one from Council Bluffs and two from Fort Union, written to Baird telling of the trip up the river. In the letter from Fort Union dated July 2 there is a list of specimens collected and shipped in a jar of alcohol. Since the list is meaningless without the specimens it has been deleted. However, the list has served to fill in the following time schedule for the trip up the river:

1 June 1854 left St. Louis, Mo.

4 June 1854 "on the Missouri" below St. Joseph, Mo.

7 June 1854 "near St. Josephs," Mo.

10 June 1854 "Council Bluffs," Iowa.

13 June 1854 "Sargeant Bluff," Iowa.

18 June 1854 "mouth of the White River," in South Dakota.

19 June 1854 "Big Cedar Island, 100 miles below Fort Pierre," in South Dakota.

20 June 1854 "Upper Cedar Island, 50 miles below Fort Pierre."

20 June 1854 "near Big Bend, below Fort Pierre." [Near the site of Big Bend Dam.]

22 June 1854 "Fort Pierre," So. Dakota.

26 June 1854 'near Yancton, 25 miles above Fort Pierre," [Not to be confused with Yankton, about fifty miles northwest of Sioux City, Iowa.]

27 June 1854 "mouth of the Cannon Ball River," North Dakota. [Note: There appears to be a discrepancy here. The mouth of the Cannon Ball is about 220 river miles above Fort Pierre. It seems quite unlikely the stern-wheeler Hayden was traveling on could cover almost 200 miles in a day against the current of the Missouri in June. I take it that the date for Yancton is incorrect.]

1 July 1854 "Big Bend" [Probably the big bend in the river between the present towns of Mannhaven and Expansion, North Dakota.]

3 July 1854 "Fort Union," North Dakota.

The three letters from the upstream voyage follow.

Council Bluffs, June 10th 1854

Prof. Baird,

My Dear Sir,

I write to you now for the last time until the boat returns from the Yellow Stone — I shall soon leave the region of Post Offices —

I received your letter containing a list of those who had subscribed just as the boat started from St. Louis — I hope when the American Fur Company's boat

comes up I may hear from you again though I fear I shall not —

Thus far all has gone well — The Boat started June 1st and now we are within a few miles of Council Bluffs in about 9 days. At C. B. the boat will discharge a great quantity of freight so that the boat will be comparatively light and will make the trip to Fort Pierre in a very few days —

My prospects are all I can wish — Col. V. is deeply interested in the enterprise, many things have occurred to render his interest greater still — He now talks of keeping me at work two years but I think I shall get through by a year from next August and send my collection down by the Boat on its return next summer. This will give me a chance to explore a wide field and I hope I shall be able to explore it well —

I have already made a pretty good collection of plants. Vegetation is not as forward by two or three weeks as last year — I have found one snake, an Ophiobolus, I suppose, different from any I have seen in the States — When I caught him he flattened himself out like a knife blade, his head assumed the form of a spear head, his body was covered with dark and purple spots. He had swallowed an enormous toad which he disgorged as soon as I caught him. I presume he is familiar to you.

I would like to ask a favor of you if it would not be asking too much — I have never been able to get any reports published by Congress though I have written often. Should it be in your power to lay aside any of these for me I will willingly pay you any expense or trouble you may be to.

I will continually keep you advised of my success good or ill — I shall ever be grateful for the interest you have taken in my welfare and I trust I shall yet be able to testify my gratitude to you in some other way than by words.



Early drawing of Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellowstone River, near the present North Dakota-Montana line. Goods are being distributed to the Indians.

I shall ever remain with the kindest regards,
Yours, F. V. Hayden

Fort Union, July 2nd 1854

Professor Baird,

My Dear Sir,

We are now fast approaching Fort Union and as the Boat will stop there only a few hours, I must anticipate somewhat — I wrote you at Council Bluffs I believe, and gave you an account of my journey that far. Since that time all things have gone off pleasantly, as could be desired — The Boat has made an unusually quick trip, not giving me as good a chance to collect as I could wish. Much of the wood was already cut, and no winds or other troubles to detain us, so that the boat has stopped nowhere for Indians even, over 6 hours at a time — So my collections are rather small, but I hope of some value, though I presume there is nothing new or rare among them. I have made a very good collection of plants, about 500 species, and many rare fossils I can assure you. I trust I shall be able to reveal some new as well as important facts in geology of this country — I endeavor to be as minute, accurate and patient in

my investigations as possible so that my conclusions will not hereafter [sic] be found baseless —

My general health has been quite good, but I have been grievously afflicted with "sore Boils". The first one came on my "seat" of an enormous size, and made me down sick for two or three days. Since leaving Fort Pierre I have had one on my knee which has very crippled my efforts as well as myself — I suppose it is the result of change of climate and diet —

I hope you will write often — I can receive letters several times a year. I can give you no idea of the interest this country affords to the Naturalist. As soon as I get free from the Boat I propose to spend 3 or 4 weeks ranging up and down the river, visiting Forts Clark and Bertold, etc. Whether Col. V. will go to the Crow country or not, he cannot determine until he reaches Fort Union. He has heard that the Crow were there ready to receive their goods, if so, he will not go, much to my regret.

I should like to know if any appropriations have been made as yet. Please inform me, on anything Government is going to do in exploration — Col. V. says it has already been decided to send 100,000 dollars worth of things to Blackfeet next year and make a treaty with them, if so that would afford a good opportunity to explore the region — I wish you could tell me about it —

We killed a large Grizzly Bear yesterday morning in the River. The captain had him stuffed and put on the Boat as a trophy — The old hunters tell me there are two kinds, one they call "yellow nose grizzly", smaller, more savage, longer legged than the other. Is there anything in this? They seem readily to distinguish the two — It seems intermediate in size between, "Big Grizzly" and the small Brown Bear. If there is anything in this I will search it out — We have

seen many bands of Buffalo which has offered fine amusement —

Col. V. has written you I believe — You will see by his letter how he feels — I hope what I do, while with him, will be a small foundation for future effort, if something can be done by the Government — A small appropriation of 10,000 dollars would enable me to explore the whole country this side of the Rocky mountains — Can this be done? Please remember me to all interested kindly, and believe me most sincerely and kindly yours.

F. V. Hayden

I hope I shall hear from you soon. I am ever grateful for the kindness and interest you have felt, and I hope you will see results that will reward you for your trouble. Perhaps the specimens sent had better be kept at W. [Washington] — until Col. V. can be there in person when some decision can be made, and my part distributed, though let them be examined as soon as you please —

H.

Prof. Baird,

Fort Union, July 3rd 1854

My Dear Sir,

We have just arrived at the Fort and as some things have occurred which I wish to inform you of, and my other letter is sealed, I will write another short one — We have had an exceedingly pleasant trip — Nothing could have been more satisfactory — A little circumstance occurred this morning which is very gratifying to me. Col. V. settled this morning with Capt. Throckmorton he [the captain] said that in consideration of my industry and attention to my business and my desire to accomplish something for myself — he would charge nothing for my passage or any freight, and will carry anything back I may wish to send, free. This was also gratifying to Col. V. — I

have received all the attention and accommodation which anyone could ask and in consideration of Capt. T. — liberality, Col. V. seems inclined to do still more — So that I cannot see but my *joy* is complete, my prospect firm — I know not why I have such a run of good luck — It surely cannot be because I deserve it, but still for the Service of Science I most earnestly hope it will continue — A keg of specimens will be coming to you by Adam's and Co's express — I have done up a bundle of several species of Cacti and sent to Dr. Engelmann — Those birds are of no account. Being on the Boat I had no facilities for preparing them. Still I send them, that you may be able to identify them — So far my expenses have been comparatively nothing — With Col. V. I think I can do far more with less expense than with any other man. I have sent a flour barrel filled with fossils and minerals to Council Bluffs, also a box of the same — These are carried without expense. The Crows are not here. Col. V. will doubtless go up the Yellow Stone — I am very glad of this — though he was in hope the Crows would be here to receive their goods and save him much trouble —

Hoping that you will remain all safe

I remain as ever, sincerely & truly yours, —

F. V. Hayden

No letters were received by Baird after that written from Fort Union on July 3 until the summer season in the field was over.

The next in order are three written from Bellvue, Neb. At the time Hayden may have been staying with Sarpy who lived there. The town was in a turmoil of politics and although Hayden wrote Baird that he was standing aside from the activity, he was soon in it with his characteristic enthusiasm. Repetitive material has been deleted from these letters at the points indicated by dieresis (* * *).

Bellvue, Nebraska, Nov. 11th 1854

[received Washington, D. C. Nov. 27, 1854]

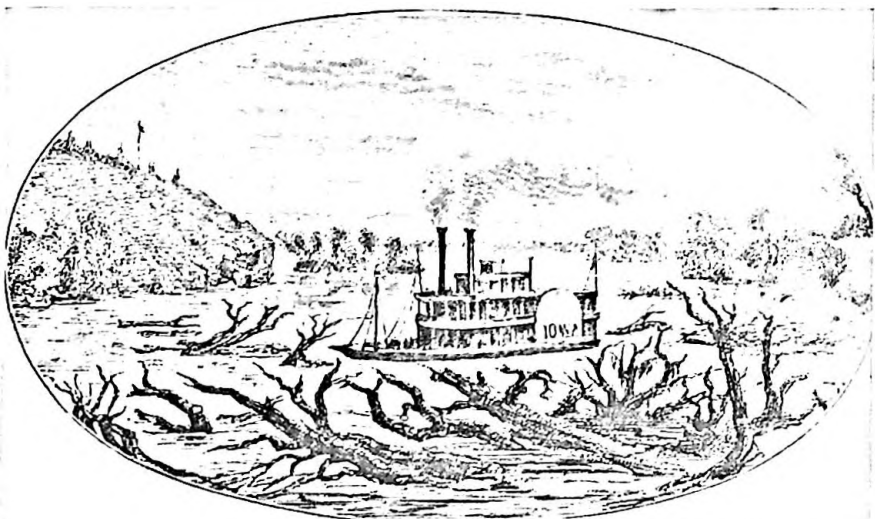
Prof. Baird,

My Dear Sir,

I was very sorry that I did not receive a letter from you of later date than 3rd of June, at the time of the fall express — Perhaps they were lost or mislaid — Col. Vaughan wrote you from Fort Union about 1st July. I was in hopes you would give him an encouraging reply. He has written to you again this fall — Please give him a little touch on the importance of Scientific researches. It will make him more liberal and enthusiastic. You may inquire on seeing the Place of Date of this letter, how I came here. After returning from the Yellow Stone to Fort Pierre, there was no one to whom Col. Vaughn wished to entrust his express — The excited [sic] state of the Indians rendered it unsafe for me to operate around Fort Pierre this fall so I consented to come down with the Express — I had a hard time of it, a small skiff — Heavy winds, But I accomplished what I wished and that was to complete my Geological Section from the Mountains to Council Bluffs — I am now in the midst of a tempest of Politics, taking no part however myself —

Did you receive a letter from me at Fort Union by return of Boat? I then sent you some Alcoholic Specimens. I heard of their safe arrival at St. Louis. We stayed at Fort Union about three weeks during which I rambled about the country made some fine collections of fossils — some Alcoholic Specimens etc. On the 19th July, all things were ready for our trip up the Yellow Stone by boat [the rest of the sentence, about four or five words, is cut off at top of page] move slowly, and gave me a fine time to explore, which I tried to improve to the utmost of my ability. I used to wander off alone five miles from the river with a

Bag in one hand, Pick in the other, a Bottle of Alcohol in my vest pocket, and with all a gun to defend myself from Indians and Grizzly Bears. This Region I suppose you are aware is the debatable ground of all the war-like Indians on Mo. But for the Naturalist, especially the Geologist, this is a most interesting Region. I could always return loaded down with rare and interesting things — I had a very interesting trip I can assure you and I think will prove interesting when the results are published — We had no trouble with Indians until reaching the mouth of Tongue river. There a party of about [the rest of the sentence cut off at top of page 4] and grew as a fight killing 2 Indians that were with us — The particulars of it I have written in Col. V's report. It was so dangerous about the Fort Benton on the Yellow Stone that I did not do much there, But I have some Alcoholic Specimens which I send you — They are not well labeled from the fact of an accident which occurred 4th day out. A Barrel containing a fine lot of Bottles, my cotton, and everything I had nearly, stood on the stern of the Boat, apparently a safe place. The clerk for the Army Post



Riverboat on the upper Missouri.

in passing around the stern by some means fell into the river and in falling caught my Barrel and drew everything into the river. The Army man was drowned. This accident hindered me from doing as I would have done — I filled all my Bottles — also that copper can which is now at Fort Pierre — The three Bottles I send by Stage as no Steamboat comes up to this point now. I hope they will get safe, for there are some rare Specimens. 2 bottles labeled Yellow Stone came from there and its tributaries — The Reptiles came from the high Bluffs — fish small streams — Insects Praries [sic] — etc. One Bottle collected near Fort Union — I shall endeavor to induce Col. V. to make all the Alcoholic Specimens a present to you — At any rate half of them belong to me as you are aware — Please divide them in the Spring when Col. V. comes, take my portion to yourself and distribute as you think best. So do with all Alcoholic Specimens I can obtain — I would like to make you a little present in the Spring of some stuffed animal or animals. Please write me what rare animal or animals would please you and I will try to obtain them —

I spend the winter at Fort Pierre — From that point I will write you more fully, I have a great many notes on the Birds and animals of this country which I wish to send you — I shall spend the winter among my specimens of which I have a good sized room full at Fort Pierre. All the Alcoholic Specimens will come to you by Col. V. in the Spring.

What I shall do next year I know not, the Indians are exasperated, I can assure you that what I do hereafter will be at the peril of my life. I have worked all Summer in the midst of danger and I fear it will be worse — What shall I do? I am told it will be sure death to go to Bad Lands, but if I stay up there I must go. That is the greater center of my operations. I dislike to give it up — Perhaps I shall be obliged to re-

turn in the Spring — Please give me your opinion. Is there any expedition being fitted out by Government?

Nebraska is now being organized, Legislature and council formed. Influential men tell me among the first things they will do is to Petition for a geological Survey of the territory. If they succeed they say I shall have it. I would be glad to explore under such auspices — I think then I could do things more to my satisfaction. I have commenced the nucleus of a little Museum at Bellvue and got some young men interested in adding specimens to it — Perhaps that will do some good —

I am in great haste and pardon my careless writing. I will write you a full account from Fort Pierre — I have found a few Bones — very fine — 2 sets of Saurian Bones — Anything in which you can advise me please tell me frankly — It will be for my good and success — I can not do things with as much system and thoroughness as I could if I had Government Patronage. But I will do the Best I can. I have to work single handed and alone — Col. V. has not yet hired me a man — I have 2 Grizzly Bears — 4 Beaver — 9 Prarie [sic] Dogs — 3 Antelopes — 2 Buffalo Calves — a great variety of Heads — Birds, etc, stuffed.

Please write me as soon as you can and believe me.

Most Sincerely Yours

F. V. Hayden

Bellevue, Nebraska, Nov. 17th 1854

[received Washington, D. C. Dec. 2, 1854]

Prof. Baird,

My Dear Sir,

I have already written you a long letter but some things have turned up since which I wish to lay before you and obtain your advice — Coming down from Fort Pierre, I had the good fortune to find some good petrifications as Cretaceous

fossils and Vertebrae, etc — These I have shown to many, who seem to feel much interested. I have also started a nucleus for a Museum for the Territory to which I contributed some of my fossils and a great variety of Carbonaceous fossils which I have gathered since I have been here. These I have labeled and arranged in the house in which Gov. Burt died — Which, if the capital is located at Bellvue, will be an important point. An intelligent young man of property, a brother of the most important candidate for Congress, I have interested to take care of it and add to it —

All the citizens of the territory without respect of party are very desirous of having an early Survey of the territory, and when the Legislature & Council meet which will be this winter, one of the first things they propose to do is to memorialize Congress to make an appropriation for a Survey. The Delegate will also carry the matter strongly at Washington. The different Papers are also going to urge the necessity of a Geological Survey, etc. I shall write several articles setting fourth the importance of such a movement and establishing a territorial museum.

The most influential men in the territory say that I shall have the charge of this Survey, etc. Now I would ask you what would you think of the prospect under such circumstances? Do you not think if all the people wish it and the Delegate asks it that Congress will make an appropriation? Perhaps by some political manœuvre [sic!] I would not be benefited, but that is not the question with me. Could such a thing be done? Could there be a good appropriation it would produce grand results to Science. I would to God, such an event might be brought about. They know what I have done and I know there will be no want of interest on the part of citizens or its friends — Please inform me what you think of *the thing* — I shall labor pretty hard for such a thing to succeed even if I have

no position in it, for I am convinced that Science would be very greatly benefited.

I have found a fine lot of Cacti for Dr. Engelmann, one new species I think — I have now been here nearly two weeks awaiting political movements. There is a question whether the mountain vote should be excluded or received. If received I shall then start and call an Election and thus send the "Dear people" a letter, *though deliver me from Politics!* What influences At Washington could be brought to bear in bringing about such a thing? Perhaps you could set forth the merits of it in such a manner as to accomplish the thing? Please write me as fully as you can — If I had time I could make some money this fall hunting for coal — Coal is the great desideratum of the territory and people are confident they have it in abundance but I fear not. A little may be found but no valuable Beds. If any further news turns up I will inform you —

I hope the Indian will not stop my labors, they are quite *Bad*.

Yours most sincerely,
F. V. Hayden

Bellevue, Nebraska, Nov. 26th 1854

[received Washington, D. C. Dec. 19th, 1854]

Prof. Baird,

My Dear Sir,

You will see by the date of this letter that I have not gone on my homeward journey [sic] yet — Some political matters have detained me. Something respecting the mountain vote — But I start tomorrow morning early — A box of alcoholic Specimens has just started in the care of Col. Gilmore — A Gentleman just starting from this place for Chicago and Washington — Dr. Engelmann will remove some interesting Cacti and Seeds and the three Bottles will come to you by Express — There is a conglomeration of them but an accident which I

mentioned in a previous letter prevented any better labeling — I have some more at Fort Pierre which will be well labelled [sic].

I have a little matter which I wish to lay before you in which I beg your council and cooperation. The people of Nebraska are very anxious to have an early Geological Survey of their territory * * *

At the suggestion of Col. A. R. Gilmore, I have prepared a small box of nice specimens well labeled, for Senator Douglass which he will carry to him and press the matter of a Survey — Col. Gilmore is the most influential man in Nebraska — an intimate friend of Senator Douglass and a train of influence may be reached then which will effect much, this administration — Col. Gilmore is confident that there will be no trouble in securing an appropriation. He will call and see you as soon as he comes to Washington. Mr. Drayton he speaks of as his acquaintance — He will explain to you the nature of the enterprise and I trust the plan will meet with your cordial approbation * * *

I feel under the greatest obligations to you for your great kindness and encouragement * * * I have made arrangements I think so as to secure the fishes and reptiles of this region by leaving bottles of Alcohol in various places, and have promises that something of the kind shall be saved. I should like very much to see you a short time and talk with you, but when I shall return I know not.

Accept My Kindest Regard
and Believe me truly yours,
F. V. Hayden

After almost a month at Bellvue, Hayden started back to Fort Pierre. En route he sent a letter to Baird from Sargeant's Bluff dated Dec. 6, 1854. It contained little new information and reiterated Hayden's political dream of a large appropriation for him to continue his geological field work.

Once back at the Fort, Hayden turned with earnest to his collections. Politics took a back seat. The Indians were in an ugly mood, yet Hayden seems to have avoided any serious trouble. He spent the late winter and spring months working out of Fort Pierre. In July he went up river to Fort Union which was his base for the summer. In early autumn he returned to Fort Pierre, picked up his collections and continued down stream to St. Louis and the east.

There are four letters from Hayden and a joint letter from Vaughan and Hayden donating much of the material collected to the Smithsonian, all written at Fort Pierre, in the Baird collection of letters at the Smithsonian Institution. In these letters the thread of Hayden's journeys is so interwoven with other bits of information that it seems best to quote them in entirety.

Fort Pierre, Feb. 9th 1855

[received Washington, D. C. March 24, 1855]

My Dear Sir,

I wrote you last at Sargeants Hill [Bluff] — and perhaps I have written oftener than was necessary, even so as to annoy you, but I hope not. While below, the people seemed so much interested in a Sur-



Fort Pierre Chouteau (South Dakota) from a painting by Karl Badmer circa 1835. The fort was a fur trading post across the river from the present Pierre.

vey, that I thought such a thing practicable, but promises in respect to Natural History are more easily made than fulfilled — However a Survey may be got within a few years. Perhaps when Dr. Evans returns from Oregon, he will devote his attention to it.

I have just returned from the Moreau trading Post, 14 days travel from Fort Pierre. I had Mr. Gilpin [Galpin] as companion who feels much interest in Geology and has a pretty good practical knowledge of it. I had a fine opportunity for examining the Fox hills, Moreau River, and many other places of much interest, and made a fine collection of Shells and large Bones. In two days from this time I start for the "Bad Lands", to spend a month, with one Cart, four horses, and two men. There is not as much danger now and the Brules have threatened to kill any white man who may fall in their way. They are now supposed to be on the head waters of the L'eau que Cavit. It is a hard season of the year but we have as yet had but little Snow, but some very cold weather.

I have just had a more just and amicable arrangement with Col. Vaughan — His idea of right and wrong took altogether too wide a range in some respects and in others, too narrow, so I requested a written agreement. As it stands, all peltries hereafter obtained with some already obtained, all plants, all Alcoholic Specimens & birds we mutually present to you. The petrifications are to be taken to St. Louis and there arranged and described by myself or at my request. This I wished to have to prevent the undescribed species from falling into the hands of any one & no credit reverting to the laborer.

A proposition has been made to me which I wish to lay before you and desire your opinion as to its feasibility — Mr. Gilpin [Galpin], the Bourgeois of Fort Pierre has made me this offer and is desirous of carrying it through and if there is no prospect of Govern-

ment making an appropriation it would be well to consider it perhaps. He will furnish \$1500, or more if necessary, to operate 18 months and with other facilities which the Fur company can afford would be amply Sufficient — He puts that capital against my time. He is willing to wait for a return of his money 18 months after the collection is finished if it be necessary, but wishes to realize a fair per centage on the capital invested. I told him I would write and get your opinion, and if the plan looked favorable to you I would enter into it heartily — Could two or three thousand dollars be raised by subscription among Scientific men & Colleges? Would Government be willing to purchase such a collection? or could it be divided into sets and sold in Europe for anything worth while? The whole Upper Mo. company would become more or less interested in procuring specimens and Mr. Gilpin [Galpin] thinks that Stuffed animals might be obtained to the amount of \$1000 — Their teams and men are ranging all over the country East of the Mountains and all expenses could be comparatively light — I believe I have given you the substance of the matter — Please give me your opinion as soon as convenient — If there is a fair prospect of a Survey in a year or two, it would be better perhaps to let this opportunity pass, of this you will know best. I think I shall return in the Steamboat next Summer and then I hope there will be some opening by which I can labor and receive a salary for I am getting rather destitute and will be far more so. Mr. Gilpin [Galpin] with genuine liberality has offered to let me have any amount of money I may wish, to appear respectably on my return, for which I feel toward him the deepest gratitude —

Will there be any Expeditions on foot by Government next Summer? Mr. Meek writes me, that Prof. Swallow wants to know if he can have me in his Sur-

vey, it continues. What he will be willing to do for me I know not. My notes have now accumulated to a large quantity — I have just copied my Geological Sections, and they fill over a hundred pages of letter paper — closely written. I intend to explore to some extent, White, Cheyenne, Moreau, Grand Rivers, etc., and secure a set of fishes from each for you — The Birds are very few here — especially in winter. I hope in Spring to get a good many — I have got a few — Are Magpies desirable? They are very abundant in this region especially where game is plenty — I might get many specimens of it —

I hope you received those three Bottles of Alcoholic Specimens which I sent you from Council Bluffs. They are not well labelled [sic] I know, but by the accident I spoke to you of, I lost all by bottles but two or three — I trust however that you will find many things of interest — I have not heard from you since your letter of June 3. I feel very sorry for I stand in need of your counsel very much. I think there must be an express up before the Steamboat comes, though it is uncertain — I ever remain with sincere regard, Yours,

F. V. Hayden

[Postscript on separate page.] Since finishing my sheet, we have heard the sad news of the murder of Mr. Malcolm Clark on the Yellow Stone by a war-party of Sioux — You are doubtless familiar with his name. He was a fine man, a gentleman in all respects, once a cadet at West Point. Dr. Evans and Gov. Stevens will recollect him well. All the Indians are very bad and daily growing worse. It is not impossible that I may not live to return to the States. In case I should not, I wish you would take my collections and dispose of them as you may see fit. My notes and Journals I have left in the care of Mr. Hodgekiss which I wish you to receive also. The Indians are much opposed

to anyone's getting specimens in their country, and will yet make trouble with some one —

I will write you again as soon as I return from the "Bad Lands", which will be in 4 or 5 weeks when I expect Mr. Culbertson will pass here on his way down. —

I shall have a chance to send you something in the Spring I hope —

F. V. H.

Fort Pierre, April 6th 1855

[received Washington, D. C. May 31, 1855]

Prof. Baird,

My Dear Sir,

I wrote you soon after my return from Council Bluffs, at that time I sent you three bottles of alcoholic specimens from the Yellow Stone which I hope you received. I now send the remainder by Col. V. consisting of one keg containing fishes, etc, one keg of Embryos, & a bottle of things collected at Fort Union, etc. Among them all I hope you will find some things interesting — The collection is not as complete as I could have wished, but for reasons which I will explain to you more fully when I see you. As I told you in my last, by an arrangement with Col. V. all specimens except fossils, go as a mutual present to you, though still Col. V. Retains all the finest specimens of stuffed animals for himself, yet I shall succeed in getting you some fine things by way of Skulls, etc. I now have, which will come to you by Boat, skins of 6 prarie [sic] dogs, some skulls, one skeleton, two Beaver skins, two Black tailed Deer, several heads of fallow & Black tail Der [sic], one female Big Horn & Antelope, with skin on about 6 inches of neck and stuffed, 11 good Black tail Deer Skulls, three Beaver Skulls, and a calf skull, one Badger Skull and one Badger skin, with a small quantity of Birds, etc. I will watch the Spring Birds narrowly — Please tell me if collection of small birds in Alcohol would be desirable

to you, I find much trouble in skinning them — I suppose from want of experience. I will do the best I can. Birds are rare in this region for want of timber — All Alcoholic Specimens are also rare. There are so many mineral substances in the streams that but a few fish are seen and only a few permanent, drying up completely in the fall, and then freezing to the very earth in winter.

I made an abortive trip to Mauvoise terres, started 11th Feb., went as far as Sage creek, a severe snow storm came upon us, and I turned back, sent my team and men home, and took across to the Cheyenne trad-houses alone from Pincus Spring about 35 miles, got lost, and spent three days in the terrible ravines of Chyenne [sic] with nothing to eat, snow 18 inches deep — I then took a trip to Black Hills with Mr. Galpin the Bourgeois of Fort Pierre, had a fine time, for 10 days we ate nothing but one prarie [sic] dog, divided among three, I came near perishing — I was so weak when I got to the Fort, 22 March, that I could hardly sit on my horse. After getting at the fort, we all ate so imprudently, that we were taken very sick, in fact I have not got over it yet. They tell me that now I have become partially naturalized in the country — I have had some hard times, but still if I can add my mite to the sum of human knowledge I shall not complain — It is very strange that at the base of the Black Hills a couple of men cannot kill enough game for their support, but it is true —

I shall start again for the Bad Lands in a few days, with one man and a boy, three horses & a cart, to be absent six weeks. Though I go very light handed and almost unprotected, I hope to accomplish something —

It has been my intention until recently to return with the Steamboat in July — But Col. V. is quite anxious to have me go up the Yellow Stone again and assist him in writing out his report — I am also anxious

to go and revision [see again] the labors of the past summer. For want of knowledge and experience I left many things incomplete — which now makes me feel unpleasantly and as I shall return by September I think it best for me to go. However I would like to ask your advice. Money is no object to me, provided I can make my researches as complete as possible, and reliable — I have several objects in view, which I have partially accomplished and can finish in one more trip. Ist a map of every stream and important locality, from the mouth of Platte to sources of Yellow Stone and Mo., with Indian names in the languages of Indians that live in the different portions, with explanations, also a comparative view of all the Languages on Mo., with small grammars and vocabularies of each for the American Ethnological Society, which I have already about half completed and can finish it I think in my leisure moments next Summer, 3rd a review of my Geological Sections and collections of Alcoholic Specimens. This is a good deal and perhaps too much, but I shall try to accomplish it. I fear it is a fault with me, trying to do too much, and perhaps I had better do less better. But I see so much to learn that it makes me greedy — I *do wish* you would make any *suggestions* and give me any advice you may think I need. I may err in many things, but certainly not intentionally, and my confidence in you and your friendship for me is such that I hope you will not hesitate — I have already derived much benefit from your letters and I regret much that I could not have heard from you during the past year, your last letter which I have received bears the Date of June 3rd 1854, but it is no fault of yours for no express has come up since last September. Suffer me again to say that I shall ever feel grateful to you for the kindly interest you have shown in my welfare, and if I succeed, I shall owe much to that reflection. I have struggled through the most intense pov-

erty to gain a foot hold — I shall ever remember you with kindness — and if I do make as large a collection in your line for you as you expected — I will do it in some other field. All the Fur Company feel a high regard for you. Dr. Galpin, the present Bourgeois of Fort Pierre has treated me like a Brother — I owe him a great debt of gratitude — He is a pretty good practical Geologist and Science may expect much from him. He expects to go below with Mr. Culbertson, I have requested him to call on you — at any rate I wish you would see him — I have some wants now to tell you of — Since all the collections except Alcoholic Specimens go to you, please pay any freight that may be on them — Col. V. will not be willing now. The only expense will be from St. Louis to Washington — I wish you would purchase and send me by Steamboat, two Kegs of Alcohol and one ream of plant paper — Dr. Engelmann will know what kind — also some more tools for skinning animals and birds, material for nets — Lino Bags, Labels, etc. In all these things I shall be deficient by the time the Steamboat comes up. If it is best for me to return by Steamboat I shall not need them — Anything you may send to me if put on board steamboat care of Col. Vaughan, will come to me free of charge. I would like very much to get all that may have been written about the country since my absence — I presume Prof. Hall has written something, and I suppose Dr. Evans Report is now published which I am very anxious to see — It will be a grand thing — and please not fail to send it to me by Boat. Perhaps Dr. Leidy has published something, I wish it much. From all these works I shall get many suggestions which will make me xamine [sic] more minutely. I will try to pay whatever they may cost in some way — Is any one coming up into this country from below this season? All my fossils will be stored very safely in St. Louis until I return — Col. V. will

call on you at W. He has one tooth which I gave him. It came from White River — It is a large black tooth, and I can see nothing in Dr. Leidy's memoirs that resembles it — perhaps a new species. If so please let Dr. Leidy indicate it — I have a large number more of them — Dr. Leidy has written very kindly to me, please remember me to him kindly — I shall secure him some fine specimens for description. My friend Mr. Meek and myself will describe the shells — I doubtless annoy you sometimes with my long and frequent letters but I do not know how to say less.

I shall ever remain most kindly and gratefully yours,
F. V. Hayden

Fort Pierre April 21st 1855

[received Washington, D. C. May 31, 1855]

Dear Prof. Baird,

I am disappointed again. I started on the 9th of April to Bad Lands with high hopes, got as far as Grindstone Hill, met a trader coming in from Brules camp who told such a doleful tale that my guide became scared and would go no further with me — The Bad Lands are now full of the Platte Brulees, — who say that they will rob every white man they meet on the Laramie road. They are determined that there will be no communication between Fort Pierre & Fort Laramie. Everything seems to work against me. It seems as though I could do nothing — it will take me two years to accomplish the work of one under the present state of affairs — I am not discouraged yet neither is Col. V. — I have made arrangements to stay here until fall, it will take me until then to do what I wish — on account of the troubles from rascally Indians — I wrote you informing you that we had agreed to present you all specimens except fossils — I was glad to succeed in that, you will get a letter with both names to that effect. I would like to suggest (not

otherwise) respecting their disposal — 1st, I hope you will take for yourself such specimens as may please you, these for Smithsonian Institution — I would like to have Prof. Kirtland obtain some skulls, fishes, etc., if he should like them. He has always been very kind to me and encouraged me when I most needed it. I hope before I return to get specimens for all my friends who have encouraged me. I should think by your letters that you expected much to be done — Do not look for much — I labor under great disadvantages — I have to lose at best half of my time and much of that is without profit — I cannot do as I wish — and could do if I had means — in respect to fishes I may not disappoint you much — I have just got the hang of catching them — so that you may expect a fine lot from many localities when the Steamboat comes down. If I stay at Fort Union any length of time this summer I will try to get to Red River, but I think it is impossible — I stay here until fall, which I am [the rest of this sentence cut off at top of page] hands to trouble you with — Col. V. just tells me that anything placed on the Steamboat at St. Louis in his care will come to me free of charge. I wish 2 kegs of Alcohol — one for Fort Pierre & the other for Fort Union — 2 reams of paper — pcege [package] of plant paper — Labels — Lino Bags (I can make them perhaps), a pair of Scissors like those you sent me, those were stolen from me — Some fine mustard seed shot — I am going to pay more attention to birds — also, more of those Vocabularies, Schoolcraft's vocabularies and questions — do not fail to send me, if convenient, anything that may have been published about this country — I wish very much Lyell's Principles of Geology — Mr. Galpin has promised to get it — and perhaps if you find it convenient to send me his latest Edition, I would find it of great value — Do no fail to see Mr. Galpin also Mr. Culbertson if possible — I feel very badly that I cannot

get to Bad Lands but Mr. Galpin says he will fix me off yet. Perhaps I shall have to give it up until the Government sends troops up here and wipes out two or three hundred of them — The Traders are most all leaving the country, they have got so scared — I wish I could hear from you, not a word as yet since June 3rd. We know nothing what is going on below — Col. V. is waiting for Mr. Culdertson who has not got here from Fort Union yet — I would like some cotton, also, about a peck of small boxes, such as Match Boxes, — tin Mustard Boxes, or any kind of tin Boxes holding about half pint or pint — I find them very useful for recent Shells and delicate fossils, and soils & earths, etc. — One Keg of alcohol I wish at Fort Pierre for a trip planned in fall which will contribute much to Science. I am not now at liberty to state what it is — I shall send a part of my plants to Dr. Engelmann — between 500 to 600 species — and one set of these I can spare for you if desirable — I have collected quite a number of fine species this Spring — Have you ever seen a White Skunk? Mr. Galpin has obtained a skin from the Indians which is perfectly white all over — an anomaly in nature I suppose. I have requested him to send it to you — I am collecting Birds and Fish as fast as I have opportunity — Pardon me for writting [sic] so long letters.

Ever sincerely and truly yours,
F. V. Hayden

Fort Pierre, May 10th 1855

[received Washington, D. C. July 10th 1855]

Dear Prof. Baird,

I have at last succeeded in my wishes in making a collection in Mauvoises terres — I cannot tell you how much anxiety, trouble, and disappointment, an attempt to visit that place has cost me — It seemed as if all *Nature animate* and *inanimate* was

against me to prevent the success of my efforts, and in this third attempt I think I have been tolerably successful, though it was the most severe trip I've made — I started from the Fort under unpleasant circumstances, all said it was doubtful about my returning, but now was the time or never I thought. I had already been seven months waiting an opportunity & making ineffectual attempts, so I resolved to go even if I had a collision with the Indians — An Indian at the Fort, who was starving, accompanied me, as guide and spy, and I had two carts, one man & a boy, 15 years old, all the men that could be spared, so you see, I was almost alone — We took a new route, passed through the heart of the Brules country — Starting from the Fort, we struck White River about 50 miles above its mouth, passed thence along the valley and crossed it above the Forks, passed along the dividing ridge between L'eau que Covit & White Rivers, thence to a point near the Porcupine just below where the Platte road crosses the White River to the head of Bear Creek. A most interesting country I can assure you and which I shall be delighted to describe to you if I ever see you — This journey took us 17 days — I then worked hard 5 days gleaning in the old fields of Dr. Evans, Mr. Meek & myself of two years ago and returned to the Fort — I have my collection now safely in the Fort — Mr. Hodgkiss says that I might go ninety nine times again and not escape, for if we had met even 10 or 12 lodges, we would have had trouble — As it was we saw only their lodges, they were in the Sand Hills, hunting Buffalo, but a day or two before we left, we saw their signal fires on White River which showed that they had returned — They are now threatening to burn the Fort but they cannot do anything I think, and when the troops come they will all be quiet as lambs. O! if I could only work without fear, with ample time and means, with the influence that money

or government could give me! It seems as though I could do something, as it is, I must pass over the ground hastily, gather up the most obvious things, and hastily return, for fear of Indians and for fear of expenses — I do not believe that this deposit has yet yielded up half its treasures and it can only be made to do so by the most patient and minute examination. I am confident that the different orders of Mammalia are well represented somewhere and that numbers of new species may yet be found. I find that the small patches of Bad Land are now the most interesting — I hope I can add some new species which I think will please Dr. Leidy much. 1st, is a Rodent, somewhat like a Beaver I should think. 2nd, two or three species of small Rodents as Mice or Squirrels. 3rd, a small skull, for which I know no analogic living — 4th, a few teeth of an animal allied to a horse. Col. V. has one of them with him, which I requested him to hand to you — I am not aware that the order Rodentia has yet been found here. I therefor [sic] ask, why do we not look for representatives from all the different orders? But it must be done by a faithful examination on the hands & knees, for I find in this way a third and even a fourth examination of a locality most fruitful — I also found one splendid skull of *M. primaevus*, and a skull of one of the most ferocious looking animals I ever saw, I think it must be allied to Hyena or Tiger, being nearly of that size — inches in length — I found it on White River nearly opposite Pinais Spring — among the large quantities of loose teeth and jaws I have, some other things of interest may be found. I long to show them to you and if you find it of interest I shall be paid for my labor. Of fishes, I made a pretty good collection for you from some strange localities, three species of Turtle, some Serpents and one Lizard from Sand Hills — These things most interesting to you I have the fewest facilities for getting, and are the hardest to pre-

serve — I will however do the best I can. If I stay up here another season, I shall go to the Forts above where I can do more in that line in one month than in a year at Fort Pierre —

An express arrived from below, a few days ago, bringing three letters from you. They gave me the greatest pleasure. There must be more on the way somewhere — I hope you have received those alcoholic specimens — Dr. E. [Englemann] is rather slow in sending. I have much anxiety about them for fear some may never reach you — The three bottles I spoke to you of must contain some fine things — I trust those are the ones Dr. E. has — I also sent a key to you by Steamboat last summer. Did you receive them? Col. V. took along some which I hope you will get, though I fear they will not be well preserved. I also sent Dr. E. about 600 species of plants, I hope with the collections I made for Prof. Hall, to make the flora of Upper Mo. tolerably complete — I wish to stay in the country until winter certain, and review the past year — and then I feel confident that something can be done to enable me to return and examine the country thoroughly — I ask no reward for past labors and only enough to support me for future — only give me means to *act*. — I am treated here with respect, yet I am well aware that here a man without *money* is a *bore* and with *money* a great gentleman, let him do what he will — and my industry only makes me a greater *bore* — I have tried to make myself useful in many ways. I have taught the children of Mr. Galpin & Hodgkiss to read, carried expresses for them, yet I know I am a *burden* because they can make no money out of me — Mr. Culbertson is not so, he has very kindly invited me to spend the next season at the upper forts, and seems to feel a good deal of interest in my success — With our whole collection I think a good deal of a show might be made at Washington — Would it not be better to

have the whole brought to W. — if you think so, please suggest the thing to Col. V. in your next letter — if a line of Posts are established along this river — I can operate safely and thoroughly — and without doubt the intelligent portion of the Officers will encourage me. I will not hesitate to introduce myself to Capt. Van Vliet — I hope you have seen him or written him a line about it — so that I may not seem too abrupt.

I received a very kind letter from Dr. Leidy. He asks, "for whom are you now collecting and how are you especially engaged" ? You can answer him better than I can — He also says he will see what can be done in the Academy. Please confer with him about it if you think best. I feel a great regard for Dr. L and I think his kindness of heart is only equaled [sic] by his genius. I only hope I may be able to find him some specimens in his line that will interest him — Is his forthcoming work to be published by the Smithsonian Institution? I shall send him a small box of my specimens in hopes he may find something to add to it. It will come to you first. — I am now preparing my collection of past year for Steamboat, and I find it will weigh several tons — but I think there will be no trouble in getting it to St. Louis. — All collections I may be able to get except fossils are yours — Col. V. has a large quantity of stuffed animals but I think hereafter you will get the rest. If I could spend a few weeks with you it would be well, as it is my ignorance how to prepare these specimens causes me to lose about half or more — But I think I can manage better hereafter.

If I do not go down this summer, I hope I shall get a good supply of Alcohol. I will make good use of it now. As to smaller Mammalia if I go alone I can surely get all you wish, but in this region it is difficult — The Indians are too numerous and too mean. I hope I may go to Blackfeet — The Indians say three Steam-

boats are coming up the river below us. I hope soon to have many letters from you.

I remain ever most truly and gratefully yours,
F. V. Hayden

When Hayden reached Port Union he found that the boat was to turn about immediately. The original plan was that it would go some 300 miles upstream from the Fort. The rapid turn-around did not give Hayden time to write fully about anything. The two letters he managed to prepare before the boat went down stream primarily refer to material collected during the spring months and future plans. The first of these I present in full, the second, written two days later, contains information on the spring collections best presented in a chronological table.

Fort Union, July 10th 1855

[received Washington D. C., Sept. 15, 1855]

Dear Prof. Baird,

I received several letters from you by steamboat which gave me much satisfaction. Yet I do not believe I have all you have written me. One bears date of Nov. 17th, another May 30th, etc, 4 in all. I was very sorry that I could not have received them sooner. I might perhaps have done more for you in collecting small mammals — You will see by my letter that I am on my way up again toward the mountains. Mr. Culbertson very kindly invited me to go to Fort Benton, and seemed desirous of aiding me all in his power. I think he merits in a great degree the respect by Scientific men for the interest he has felt and still feels for Science. I shall always remember him with much gratitude —

I did not see Lieut. [G.K.] Warren, none of the officers had arrived when the Boat left Fort Pierre though they were supposed to be on the way — I shall write a line to him requesting him to consider me attached to his corps, if he wishes me. Otherwise I will avail myself

of all the facilities I can get. Col. Cornisy [?] Sup. Ind. Aff's St. Louis is on the Boat, on his way to make a treaty with the Blackfeet. He offered of his own accord to give me a letter to the commanding officer at Fort Pierre, which should secure me all the facilities I might need — I begin to think I shall have a chance to do something — Hitherto I have been obliged to act on so economical [sic] scale that I have lost about half my labors, especially in skins. I have a large Box & a Barrel of skulls & skins at Fort Pierre for you — All my specimens are there. Whether they will all be destroyed by the soldiers or not I can not tell. Mr. Charles P. Choteau, a son of P. C. Sr., has charge of the Steamboat this year and proposed to take all my specimens down and store them in St. Louis, free of expense, as aid to Science, but I fear the water will be too low on their return — He also spoke to Col. V. of taking a share in our operations, You know he is a man of immense wealth. He has spoken of it but once and perhaps it will end there. I have 18 boxes of Geological Specimens 1 box Plants, Box & Barrel of skins, etc. and a number of loose Horns and heads. I secured a pair of prairie [sic] foxes (V. Velox) the most interesting little fellows I ever saw, which I was intending to get to you alive, so that you might study their habits, but Col. V. gave them to Mr. Chouteau. Should you ever go to St. Louis, he would be pleased to have a call from you. Write me if any of these animals would be useful enough to you alive to pay the trouble of getting them to you, and I will make a just effort another Spring — In the Box of skins you will find 2 Beaver, from Fort Sarpy, 3 skins, Black tailed fawns, from one mother, in Bad Lands, 4 Antelopes from 2 mothers, one pair was not yet born, the other pair, were a day old. I had no chance about Fort Pierre to get skins, in fact, to do but very little, and I am glad to get away. One of the Hunters going to Fort Benton is a

good friend of mine, and he will favor me much, so that I hope to send you a fine set of skins in the fall. At any rate I shall always do all I can, But I am never able to accomplish half what I think I ought to. I received from Dr. E. 2 kegs of Alcohol, one ream paper, that is my complete outfit for this year. No books, reports, nothing else — I would give half my collection for Lyell's Principles of Geology. I have not a single work on Geology now.

I suppose that Gov. Stevens, Dr. Evans etc. have explored the Blackfoot country so thoroughly, that there is little left to be done — I feel desirous of going up however, in as much as I will have a chance to go up the Yellow Stone next season. I have found a great many friends who encourage me and are disposed to assist me, fully as many as I deserve. I think the way is now open to stay in the country as long as it will be worth while. Of course I have some dark hours when it seems as though all my hopes were about to fail, but I expect them in my dependent condition — But if I can accomplish my object all will then be well. Dr. Engelmann sends me a label which he has printed "*Flora Nebraska*" this pleases me. Will not the Smithsonian Inst. publish a list of Flora and Fauna of this country when I get through? I have gathered some insects, will you have them named and a list of them made out. I have some fishes and I intend to get you a full collection from Fort Union to the mountains — Among them you may find some new species. Will you describe them as fast as they come to you? I do not hope to find many things that are new to you — and I am not suprised [sic] that there is nothing new as yet in my collections, but I may aid in determining the geographical distribution of animals — I cannot make any important collections on Steamboat — I hope you will write to any of the officers you may think best — introducing me to their favorable notice

— It will help me much in my operations — Mr. Key [?] is on board, on his way to take charge of Fort Union. He is the only white man that ever spoke the Mandan Language. He has promised to give it to me. Mr. C. also has promised to aid me. But these men look at the surface of all things — and I am obliged to ply them so closely sometimes as to annoy them. I propose to make my notes reliable—I think I can do something in this line — I hope now that the facilities for getting specimens to you will be better — they ought not to delay a moment any where. I hope Dr. E. will forward them as soon as he gets them. —

Col. V. has made a Bargain with Mr. Chouteau to take all our Geological Specimens down, store them, takes one half of Col. V's Share, pays one half of the expenses already incurred [sic], and also one half that may be incurred until next fall. Col. Vaughan also proposes to send you some specimens to dispose of — which I hope may be some value to him — There has been so much confusion and hurry its [sic], and now instead of going 300 miles above Fort Union, as was supposed, the Boat returns immediately. I write in a hurry, perhaps [a word omitted?] my write, excuse poor writing.

Ever gratefully yours
F. V. Hayden

The letter written on July 12th refers to four localities where Hayden collected in May and June.

8 May 1855 "head of Medicine creek." South Dakota.

12 May 1855 "creek above Pouka's lay on Pouka cut, a tributary of White River." South Dakota.

14 May 1855 "Eagle nest pass creek, about 40 miles west." South Dakota.

4 June 1855 "from (undecipherable), a branch of Teton or Little Mo. on road to Bad Lands." North Dakota.



The Dakota Badlands. Photo taken in 1898.

Hayden did not write to Baird again until he was on the way home in late December, 1855. This is followed by three others from the field and conclude the series that relate to the expedition of 1854-1855.

St. Joseph, Mo. Dec. 26th 1855

[received at Washington, D. C., Jan. 13, 1856]

Dear Prof. Baird,

I have not heard a word from you since last July, neither have I had an opportunity of writing you. I took the steamboat at Fort Pierre, went to Fort Union, thence on Keel Boats to Fort Benton, started from the mouth of Judith, 22nd October, [un-decipherable] up at Fort Pierre, and then came the rest of the distance by land, to this point. I can assure you that I have had a severe time of it and many disappointments. We have encountered several [sic] severe storms. Near Fort Clark the Sioux stole all the fine mules which Col. Cumming & Mr. Culbertson had provided for our land travel in case we were overtaken by ice. This put them to much trouble. And

there has been a continual series of troubles all the Season. I have however made something of a collection at any rate. I have done the best I could. Whenever I have had an opportunity I have labored with all my might. But I have failed to get but very few of my specimens down. 2 small Boxes were brought to Council Bluffs, my choicest and new species, which I intended to use this winter but I could not bring them. I however packed my notes and my few specimens on a mule from Council Bluffs to this place. I very much wish you could see my collection. I have not heard a word from Dr. Engelmann concerning those things which I sent down in care of Mr. C. P. Chouteau in the Summer. I only know that they left Fort Pierre safely, all but two or three boxes, one of which is a large bread box filled with choice Skins which I expect will be wholly spoiled before you can get them. I have made a collection of skins this summer sufficient to fill two large boxes, namely, some Beaver, Black tailed deer, 2 mule antelopes, 1 male Big Horn, Heads of male & female with skin on them, over 20 Prairie [sic] Dog skins, some Rabbit etc., a few Bird Skins, etc. some Skulls. The Copper Can is at Fort Pierre, full of fishes etc. from the various little creeks that run into Mo. [the Missouri] above Fort Union. I have with me 2 Bottles one of Insects and the other Miscellaneous, as Bats, Mice, Squirrels & a Shrew like the one before sent down, etc. These I will send to you as soon as I get to St. Louis. I wish I could send you thousands when I send you one, and perhaps you will wonder why I have not done better. I can only say that I did all I could, and what I have done has cost me much labor.

I had a fine opportunity to explore thoroughly the Mauvaise terres of the Upper Mo., I mean the Bad Lands of the Blackfoot country. Although most respects entirely different, I think them scarcely less in-

teresting than the Bad Lands of White River, as I hope to show you soon. I made a small, but I think it will prove valuable, collection of Vertebrate remains, which I wish to have pass through your hands to Dr. Leidy for examination. Did you ever receive the small box that I sent down in the Summer which contained the specimens which I supposed valuable? It is strange that Dr. E. [Engelmann] did not write me in as much as there has been a monthly mail to Fort Pierre all summer. I am yet in ignorance of the facts of my collections, if all is safe. My Geological collection will amount to about Six tons, collected from a thousand localities and illustrating every phase of the Geology of the Upper Mo. as far as I have traveled. I have detailed sections from Council Bluffs to Fort Benton and about 400 miles on the Yellow Stone, while I have followed up White River, Teton, Cheyenne, Moreau, etc. traversing the country in different directions. I hope something will result from it of value to Science. I feel very anxious to submit it to your inspection.

I wish to ask your advice on many points and I trust you will advise me, as you may think best for the interest of Science and my interest. I have accumulated an immense body of notes on a good many subjects. I propose first if it meet with your approbation, to write out a large octavo volume, say 300 or 400 pages, entitled "Wandering in the far West or three years on the Mo. & its Tributaries". The kind of life that I have led has given me a better chance to accumulate facts than anyone could have in merely passing through the country. I have material enough for several volumes, and I think I can get enough for one that will prove of some interest.

P. S. I have paid much attention to the Indian Languages. I do not know what has been done in that way, and perhaps others may have anticipated me, but

I will tell you. I have obtained large Vocabularies of the Gross Ventes of the Prarie [sic], Gross Ventes of Mo., Assinnebois, the Arrickara & the various dialects of the Dakotas, pretty good grammars & Dictionaries of the Blackfeet, Crow and Mandan Languages, the whole would make quite a volume, and then my geological notes & Descriptions of fossils, of which I must have several hundred new species will be something more. How can I work this material up? & when? Can you advise me? Mr. Meek wrote me a letter which I received at Sergeants Bluffs expressing a desire to join me, in describing fossils. I am rejoiced. You know, I could not have a better associate or more able. I have written him requesting him to await at St. Louis until I come, so that we can look over my collection together and select such as we wish to figure and describe. I ought to have been in St. Louis in Oct. or November, but I have been so much under the control of circumstances and misfortunes that I shall not get there until after 1st of *Jan.* I came to this point on Horseback with Mr. Culbertson & Col. Cumming. Here Mr. Culbertson purchased a splendid span of Horses & Carriage for \$550. and last evening one of them (*the Horses*), was nearly ruined, so that we will be detained here some time.

What would you think of an attempt to get an appropriation for a Geological Survey of Kansas & Nebraska, my friends throughout this region have said much about it and if you think it would be successful I wish it might be done. If I could get an appropriation for a preliminary survey, I think I could make it so thorough that it would not need farther search. I have been laboring thus far with my hands *tied* as it were, and I *do long* for the freedom which some sort of position would give me. When I can have *means* to work all the time and not be under the control of circumstances and humiliated by poverty. If [it]

should not be advisable, I have a half a dozen openings to explore after my previous fashion. All the officers at Fort Pierre have offered to assist me and Gen. Harney made this expression, "anything I have is at his services". I have at this place had a request to go to Salt Lake and other places, etc. All this might be done with very little expense. Do write me as soon as you get this that I may have a letter from you on arriving at St. Louis. Advise me what to do. Mr. Culbertson wishes to be remembered to you Kindly, he will be in Washington this winter. I feel so anxious to see you and have a long talk with you that I can hardly wait for the time to come. Could you meet me at St. Louis and look over my collection. I do not feel very well at this place though I hope to feel better when on my way.

I remain ever Sincerely & Gratefully yours,
F. V. Hayden.

Danville, Jan. 9th, 1856

[received Washington, D. C. Jan. 19, 1856]

My Dear Professor Baird,

I am obliged to stay over a day here, waiting for a team to take me to Hermon where the Cars will take me to St. Louis. I hope to be in St. Louis tomorrow night. Mr. Culbertson goes about 10 miles from this place to visit his son and I will get to St. Louis as soon as possible. Some new developments have been made which I wish to tell you of and which I hope will result in good. As we passed through Platte City, Mr. C. & myself called on Gen. Atchison. We were received with great kindness. I presented to him the idea of a Geological Survey of Nebraska & Kansas, and he took it with enthusiasm and I need not fear that an appropriation would be made the present session, that it was important and must be done. He says the Surveyor General tells him

that one million of acres has already been surveyed in Kansas and nearly the same amount in Nebraska and will be ready for sale in the Spring that there has been so many conflicting accounts of the resources of the Territories that it is time now that there should be something official that can be relied on. He told me how the thing should be managed. Will write to the Sec. of War, who he says is an old school mate of his, and set him right also the Sec. of Interior and any other friends he may think of who will feel an interest, detailing the reasons why there should be an immediate Survey. Of course you know Gen. Atchison's influence and Mr. McClelland is an old acquaintance and townsman of Mr. Culbertson and to him I can gain ready access. My friends in Nebraska & Kansas tell me to "Command them" at anytime, and memorials might be presented to Congress from the Legislature and Councils of the Territories if necessary, but Gen. Atchison says there is no need of that. That the matter is only to be presented and an appropriation will be made without hesitation. I am very anxious to hear from you what you think. If you say push the thing through, not a stone shall be left unturned to lay open the vast store houses of Natural History knowledge in these vast Territories. I long to work untrammled and above board, and explore any hidden recess of this intensely interesting portion of Nature.

But then the question arises in my own mind, can I get the appointment? and am I fit and capable of filling such a position creditably, and would it conduce to the best interests of Science. I leave that for you to decide, and if you think it not best, I am content. I do not wish to *pressure at all*, but *I do think* that if I can explore a wild country alone and without pecuniary means, I can certainly do so with the advantages such a position would give. I long for the posi-

tion for no gain, only that I may be enabled to work with greater success and contribute more to the knowledge of this region in which I am especially interested. My experience in prairie [sic] life and my knowledge of the country, already acquired, would (it seems to me) enable me to accomplish much more than one not thus accustomed.

I long very much to see you and talk with you. I can hardly tell you what a terrible time we have had getting down. We have been traveling toward home ever since the 22nd Oct., and O how we have suffered from the storms and cold. There will be the severest winter on the mountains, that has been known for many years. Yesterday we rode 40 miles, the thermometer in the morning 24° below zero, and from 8° to 10° below during the day. I have been riding through the country with Mr. C. in a private conveyance. Mr. C. has been very kind to me and wished me to stick by him or I should have been in St. Louis by the 1st of Jan. But I have an excellent opportunity to get a general idea of the country through Iowa & Mo. without expense. Besides I wish to investigate all points in Geology — namely — the Yellow Marl Hills which you will see noticed in Dr. Owen's Report. I think I can now solve the problem concerning them. They are the most conspicuous Geological features in this region. I hope to submit a paper to you this winter on that subject that may be of some value. I made some examinations at Glasgow which will aid me much. Do not fail to write me at St. Louis as quickly as you can. Your last letter to me bears date of July, but I hope to find a good many in St. Louis.

Col. Cumming, Supt. of Indian Affs. St. Louis, will be in Washington in a few days. I hope you will not fail to see him. You know he has been up to Fort Benton. He has aided me much and I think will give you a good account of me.

I wrote a long letter from St. Joseph which I hope you received. I tell you I had a fine lot of vertebrate remains which I wish to send to you for Dr. Leidy to examine. They are mostly single teeth and vertebra and will I think reveal a few features in the Geology of that country (Blackfoot Country) I also said that I wished to prepare a narrative volume for publication. I think I can get it ready in two months. Mr. Denig is now collecting and preparing material for a great work on the Indians of Upper Mo. for Mr. Culbertson. Mr. C. has with him manuscript for one volume, which I have requested him to show you at W. I think you will find more reliable information in it, there is a score of other works on Indians. Mr. C. has agreed with me to write a Physical description of the country, essays on Indian Languages, and revise the whole and see it through the press as joint authors. It will be published a year from this winter in two large octavo Vols. well illustrated under the auspices of Mr. Culbertson.

You see I have a good deal to do before me but I will bring it all out right if my health is spared. I saw Gov. Stevens and spent some time with him at the Council ground. I will send you some letters from him as soon as I get to St. Louis. Hope to see you soon in Washington. As to money, I have some, I have had a [undecipherable] placed at my disposal, but I do not wish to be under too much obligation in that way. Mr. Hodgkiss gave me 10 dollars and told me to say how much I wanted. I refused anymore. Mr. Galpin made me a present of 50 dollars, and Mr. Dawson of Fort Benton 100 dollars for which I gave him a note "payable whenever I am able". I never asked for a cent, they knew my circumstances however. So you can see that they are friends to me. I also earned 25 dollars at the Treaty. This will keep me from actual want for a time.

F. V. Hayden

St. Louis, Mo. Jan. 20th 1856

[received Washington, D. C. Jan. 25, 1856]

My Dear Sir,

I have just received yours of Jan 17th and hasten to reply. I wrote a letter from Danville which I suppose had not reached you at the date of your letter. I arrived here on the 11th, found a letter from you here dated in Sept., from New York. I was very glad to hear from you and I hope to meet you in Washington in a few days. I am now arranging my collection at Mr. Chouteau's house, and selecting out portions for examination and sending them on to Mr. Meek. Prof. Hall has very kindly given Mr. Meek his time this winter, given us a room, the use of his library and collections for comparing, and his assistance when needed. I also hope to sell a set to the Museum there. Through the imprudence of Col. Vaughan the collection has been placed in part out of my control. It was my wish to bring the whole on to Washington and as it is undoubtedly the finest ever obtained west of Mississippi, it might have made a beneficial impression. I will try however do the best I can and look for an opportunity to repeat the thing under more favorable circumstances. Freights are enormous and discourage me. I sent a Box to Mr. Meek last evening weighing 85 lbs. and paid \$5.00 freight. I cannot work up my material fairly without 1,000 or 1,500 lbs freight which is rather severe. I have also sent a Box of Saurian remains to Prof. Leidy weighing 94 lbs, which I trust he will get. The Box you speak of came down in July and was retained by Dr. E. [Engelmann] until Dec. It has been on its way 5 or 6 weeks. I hope it has not got lost, for it will be hard for me if it does. My fossils I found in a good condition, but my other collections were so neglected that I fear they will all be spoilt, and a part of them were *lost or stolen*. One large box of Skulls & Skins was left at Fort Pierre but a barrel

containing Skulls & Birds, etc. is at the Fur Company's Office, destroyed by the worms. I shall look it over and if there is anything valuable, will send it to you. I find that all perishable articles have been more sadly neglected after getting here, and the labor of months lost. I hope it will not always be so. I labored in those departments which more especially interest you, with all the means I had, and at times, thought I would get things that would please you much. But I find that on arriving here they were detained at the Company's office, or something of that sort until spoiled! I have now things of great value at Fort Pierre which may share the same fate, but I hope not. I have some things with me which I will bring on to you myself.

As to the Survey, I would dislike competition, but I will talk with you more when I see you. My notes I can show you and decide on their value.

Dr. Engelmann and myself are now looking over the "Flora Nebraskana" every evening. There will be many things of interest, and some new species. The Catalogue will be a very large one.

I anticipate great pleasure in being connected with Lieut. Warren & Capt. Vanvliet if arrangements can be made to that effect. I very much wished to have been with him the past summer, but will give reasons when I see you. My Mauvaise Terres Collection is at least a third finer than the one made for Prof. Hall, 48 Turtles, about 100 good heads, & but little if any waste material, also a first rate set of fresh water fossils from that place, etc. Dr. Engelmann says that it will take years to work it up. The "Ancient Flora" is wonderful. I only regret that you cannot see it. It will be put in a room at Mr. Chouteau's where it can be seen by any one who may happen to pass through this place. Mr. Chouteaus [sic] talks as though he had a good object in view. He purchased a portion of Col. Vaughan's share, and thus the matter became more complicated.

You will meet Mr. Culbertson in W. soon.

With true regard, yours,
F. V. Hayden

Prof. S. F. Baird
Washington.

St. Louis, Mo. Jan 30th, 1856

[received Washington, D. C., Feb. 6, 1856]

My Dear Professor,

I received your very kind letter yesterday which made me very happy. The assurance that I have found things that give you so much satisfaction well repays me for all my trouble. I hope to see you soon now in W. The room for my collection will be finished today and I shall immediately arrange my collection and then visitors will be permitted to see it. I will explain more fully the plans when I see you.

I am taking great delight in examining my Plants with Dr. Engelmann. I can hardly express to you my high regard for him not as a man of science alone but as a gentleman.

As to your describing my Rodents, it would give me greater pleasure than anything else and had I known that you would have undertaken them, I should have reserved the special right. As it is, I do not see why Prof. Leidy would not feel perfectly willing. To you and your kind encouraging letters, I feel that I owe my success, more than to any one else, and for my own part I have always felt that you have an "a priori" right to describe what ever might interest you. Still I would feel extremely sorry should Dr. Leidy have any hard feeling about it. Perhaps you can arrange that matter better. I have already sent Dr. Leidy a Box weighing 95 pounds of just such Saurian bones as you have seen of several species. I have with me enough to keep him busy a long time and some rare

vertebrates in the Upper Country. However I wish you would retain all until I see you which will be the 1st of next week.

Please retain all the others [rest of sentence and beginning of next sentence missing at top of next page] just sent a Box of Skulls, Birds, etc. for you and inclose the receipt. They will indicate my good intentions to do something in that way for you. One box of Skins which I suppose are now spoiled, were [sic] not brought down on the boat. Those that I made this season, 2 Large Boxes, I think will be good.

All the vertebrates that are not fossil are for you of course, but Dr. L. wrote me wishing to describe my fossil vertebrates and I gave him ready permission, still I trust you will find no hesitation in describing the rodents.

Ever Truly & Gratefully yours,
F. V. Hayden

History records that Hayden was with a party which included Lt. G. K. Warren when they were met by Sir George Gore at the entrance to the Yellowstone country. Gore was leaving for home with his 75 sporting rifles, 15 shortguns, dozens of pistols, bundles of fishing rods, special tents, collapsible brass bedstead and folding tables. To manage all this he had 112 horses, 40 men, 6 wagons and 21 two-wheeled carts, plus Jim Bridger as his guide.

That Hayden fails to recall this meeting in one of his letters indicates a letter may have been lost. Hayden does mention Lt. Warren in his July 10, 1855 and Jan. 25, 1856 letters.

Warren continued his activities in the area, and, of course, Hayden was to return many times and gain the title of one of the West's most brilliant geologists.

F. Martin Brown, corresponding member of the Denver Westerners, is a member of the faculty of the Fountain Valley School in Colorado Springs, and is listed in "American Men of Science."

(Illustrations used with the Hayden Letters were courtesy the Western History Department, Denver Public Library.)



Westerner's Bookshelf



WESTERN MINING. By Otis E. Young, Jr. Oklahoma. 342 pp. \$8.95.

Books on mining in the West are as common as abandoned glory holes, but good technical books as rare as paydirt. "Western Mining," a technical book, all right, but one written for the layman, picks up where romanticism hits borrasca.

In his account of the various types of mining on the Western frontier, Otis E. Young, Jr., a history professor at Arizona State University, pokes holes in some of early mining's favorite theories—that a lode was marked by an outcropping above ground, for instance, or that a vein got richer as it got deeper. That one "was to waste millions in money," writes Young.

"Western Mining" is no mining camp guide, but should be an invaluable source for serious mining students and Sunday prospectors.

Sandra Dallas

COLORADO RAIL ANNUAL 1970
—Scenic Line of the World, by Gordon Chappell. Colorado Railroad Museum, P.O. Box 641, Golden, Colorado 80401. 8½ x 11, 131 pp., paperbound. \$3.95.

Illustrated with many exceedingly rare photos, carefully reproduced, this new book gets down to the "brass tacks" of building the Denver & Rio Grande's "narrow gauge transcontinental" across the rugged Colorado Rockies, through the desolate eastern Utah desert, and over the crest of the Wasatch Range enroute from Denver to Ogden in 1881-83. This latest publication of the Colorado Railroad Museum is indeed an ap-

propriate tribute to the Centennial of Colorado's "baby railroad."

In this otherwise impressive effort, not quite enough attention was given to proofreading and editing. On page 19, for instance, the "Eagle River Extension over *Ten Mile* (Fremont) Pass north of Leadville," is listed; the Railroad's Annual Report of 1881, a not unfamiliar document, says that the Eagle River Extension "follows up the Arkansas River to the mouth of Tennessee Creek, thence up the same and over *Tennessee Pass* . . ." Again, on page 67, Farnham is stated as being "ten miles beyond Price"; three pages later we read "Farnham, 1.7 miles east of Price."

Notwithstanding other minute errors and misspellings through the text, this eighth volume in a series of yearly railroad histories presents the results of diligent research, both documentary and photographic, in the form of a fascinating, superbly-illustrated story.

Jackson Thode, P.M.

HOLY CROSS: THE MOUNTAIN AND THE CITY, by Robert L. Brown, Caxton Printers Ltd., 1970, Caldwell, Idaho, \$2.95.

One of the unique gems in Colorado's vast treasure trove is one of the least seen and admired — the Mount of the Holy Cross. Well hidden in the middle of Colorado's rugged Rockies, the Mount is probably less known today, and, possibly, less seen today than it has been in past years. The cross is seen from Shrine Pass (named for the view) but not a well-traveled mountain speedway, and from the top of other high peaks in the vicinity.

Mount of the Holy Cross was a leg-

end long before Colorado was a territory or a state. Tales were told of misdirected Spanish explorers viewing the cross and taking new heart to carry on. Even after prospectors began scrambling all over the Colorado Rockies searching for gold and silver, the cross was more legendary than real for many years. Wandering prospectors told of seeing the cross of ice and snow, but nobody pinpointed its location. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the great American poet, added fuel to the legend with his words from "The Cross of Snow."

"There is a mountain in the distant West

That, sun-defying in its deep ravines

Displays a cross of snow upon its side. . . ."

It wasn't until 1873 when the Hayden Survey team set out to chart the area that the world found the legend was for real. A member of the survey team was William H. Jackson, the West's greatest pioneer photographer. His original photograph, reprinted around the world, remains the best known shot of the Mount.

But that didn't end the legend. Author Robert Brown rehashes the old controversy about whether or not the photo was "touched up" it make it a perfect cross. To get his conclusion, buy the book and find out.

The Mount was so esteemed that it was made a National Monument by President Herbert Hoover in 1929. In the 1920's and 1930's the Mount became the symbol of hope of hundreds of thousands of so-called miracle cure and health seekers.

Alas, however, glory is fleeting. The left arm of the cross began to crumble (if it was perfect in the first place),

and the Mount was demoted from the ranks of National Monuments in 1954. But it won a "consolation prize" by the U.S. Geological Survey in recent years when it was added to the list of Colorado peaks over 14,000 feet. Long believed to be 5 feet short, one wonders if it was given its recent designation in lieu of its lost glory.

Colorado author and lecturer, Robert Brown, has reached deep into the treasure chest, taken out this rare gem, dusted it off, and given it wide view. He has played down the legend and played up the facts, while keeping the Mount in its natural setting.

He details the surrounding area, discussing the mining towns, alive and ghost, including one of Colorado's most unbelievable mining towns, Holy Cross City. It is doubtful if anyone is more familiar with this remote, short-lived mining town than the author. He also discusses the characters who were instrumental in developing the legend and the true character of the Mount, including a new member of Colorado's long list of important and colorful personalities, O. W. Daggett.

Holy Cross: the Mountain and the City is an invaluable addition to Colorado's growing historical library. Many illustrations.

Perry Eberhart

WESTERN YESTERDAYS, A n Evening at Sanderson's Station by Forest Crossen: Vol. VII of a Series, 1970, Paddock Pub., Inc., Boulder, Colo., 99 pp., illus., paperback, \$1.95.

Sanderson's Station is a mythical setting used by Forest Crossen to bring a group of authentic Western characters together for a true-tale bull session. By this means the author can present stories from far-reaching places and with a

variety of subjects by the "that reminds me of an experience" device.

Yet this device has its limitations for at the start of each chapter one expects to hear a knock at the door and the arrival of another frontier character with another story. The author uses conversation almost exclusive of descriptive passages, which somewhat precludes a change of pace.

For those who have followed Forest Crossen, this book is the seventh of a series called *Western Yesterdays*, and one senses that some of the characters in this book are sentimental favorites. The material runs the gamut of Western subjects: horses, wolves, bears, Indians, miners, the good guys and the bad guys, and one travels by both land and sea.

Den Galbraith, C.M.

SADDLE UP! The Farm Journal Book on Western Horsemanship, by Charles Elihue Ball; Lippincott Co., Publisher; 217 pp., \$5.95.

This is a how-to-do-it book for the horseman or would-be horseman, youngster or adult. And the accent is on Western horsemanship. It covers everything, from choosing the right mount for each personality or age, to care, training, showing and riding just for pleasure.

Dave Hicks, P.M.

WHITE CHURCHES OF THE PLAINS, by Robert Hickman Adams, Colorado Associated University Press, Boulder, 1970, 80 pp., 57 illus., \$9.75.

The high plains country was, and still is, a land of harsh extremes, with recurrent and prolonged droughts, a relentless sun, searing winds, ground blizzards. It took a strong faith to move to such a land and the first settlers, after building homes and schools, built their

churches. Nothing gaudy or ostentatious—they did not have the desire or the money for that—but simple churches, mostly of frame and most always painted white. The results, against the mighty backdrop of the plains, were structures of deeply satisfying, though stark beauty.

Mr. Adams has sought out these tiny structures, or what is left of them, and has preserved for us in word and picture, substantial examples of these churches which still remain in eastern Colorado. 57 striking black and white photographs of these lovely churches, taken by the author, accompany the brief but satisfying text.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

THE NEW ELDORADO: The Fabulous Story of Colorado's Gold and Silver Rushes. By Phyllis Flanders Dorset. Macmillan. \$12.50.

This is, as the title clearly states, a story of Colorado's gold and silver rushes; it is also much more.

Macmillan has given the book a lavish production, with a most attractive jacket and fine illustrations, all from the Western collection of the Denver Public Library and the library of the State Historical Society of Colorado.

Mrs. Dorset includes everything from the Sand Creek Massacre and Rocky Mountain News editor William N. Byers' affair with Mrs. Sancomb to such other seemingly unrelated gold and silver rush topics as the Spanish-American War, Denver's Sacred 36, and the lives and times of Frederick G. Bonfils, Harry Tamm and the Sells-Floto Circus.

Since no effort is made, through references to earlier works or even words of caution, to distinguish between the truth and apocryphal tales, folklore,

half truths, and even fiction, it would be safe to bet a couple of prime beaver pelts and a pound of the best terbac that she is going to catch it from the ever vigilant historian-types who keep their buffalo guns oiled for such transgressors.

An extensive bibliography, which includes 117 books, 31 booklets, 51 periodicals and newspapers, four manuscripts and Baby Doe's scrapbook is, unfortunately, not related to the text. However, it should have kept Mrs. Dorset from putting the Huerfano River in New Mexico, having stage drivers stop "every 100 to 200 miles" to change teams, or from having Alferd Packer tried in Silverton rather than in Lake City.

Having said all that, it must also be said that the story is fast-moving and entertaining, will hold a reader's interest from first to last, despite such atrocities as "fatally holed" for mortally wounded. "The New Eldorado" may well be destined to become one of Colorado's best-read histories.

It would make a good introduction to the state's exciting history, provided the reader followed up with some of the excellent works listed in the bibliography, and by the same token it would make a fine recapitulation for someone who has read Colorado history and would like a light and breezy refresher with all the anecdotes.

Since Mrs. Dorset chose to ignore the court record and used a bartender's version of the sentencing of Packer as being the actual words used by Judge Melville B. Gerry, we here and now paraphrase the paraphraser and address ourselves to the author thusly:

"Stand up, you writin' son of a gun, stand up!

"They was one thousand and one

phoney stories about Colorado and ye have done printed them all!"

Barron Beeshoar

THE CLIFTON - MORENCI STRIKE: LABOR DIFFICULTY IN ARIZONA, 1915-1916, by James R. Kluger. University of Arizona Press, Tucson, Arizona, 1970. Map, illustrated, index and bibliography. \$3.50.

Here is a short but interesting account of the causes, course and results of a strike against three copper companies in southeastern Arizona during the period September 1915-January 1916. Although the Western Federation of Miners aided in organizing the Anglo and Mexican workers and precipitating the strike, practically no violence occurred. The companies included the Detroit Copper Co., owned by the Phelps Dodge Co. In 1912, the Detroit concern paid a dividend of 146 per cent on its capitalization of \$1,000,000. The three copper companies operated company towns, stores, water works, hospitals and the like.

Company officials were determined not to deal with the W.F. of M. representatives. Local and state officials were sympathetic to the miners, though pledged to maintain order. Thus at that time the settling of an Arizona labor dispute stood in contrast to similar disputes in Colorado, such as that at Cripple Creek. Arthur Kluger has presented a significant story in a worthy manner.

Harold H. Dunham, P.M.

UNTO A LAND by Bess Browning Pearce. San Antonio, Texas: The Naylor Company, 1968. 235 pages, 8 illustrations. \$7.95.

UNTO A LAND is a narrative of early homesteaders in Oklahoma as seen by the author when a young girl. The

Browning family consisting of Wash Browning, his wife, Mollie, and two daughters, Essie and Bessie, filled with confidence in their own abilities, had accepted the challenge of carving a home from the raw wilderness.

Chronologically, the reader follows the pioneering family through the vicissitudes, tribulations and triumphs of these early sod-busters. We see Davidson, Okla., emerge from the primitive frontier; we watch it develop into a mature community.

Told in a simple style, the volume is easy handling for the casual reader. The more discriminating reader may find the use of direct quotations difficult to accept since a period of 66 years had elapsed between the event and the writing. The author's habitual use of redundant phraseology, too, may irritate the serious reader.

Despite these short-comings, the book is the actual experience of people whose role in the development of the West represents the universality of all pioneering families.

Herbert O'Hanlon, P.M.

**IN THE DAYS OF VICTORIO:
THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A
WARM SPRINGS APACHE,** by
Eve Ball, Tucson, University of
Arizona Press, 1970, 224 pgs.,
maps, sketches, photographs,
notes, bibliography, index, cloth,
\$6.50.

In recent years there has been a steady stream of personal narratives, describing life in the old West, not all of which, unfortunately, have been worthy of publication. Happily, this book can be classed as an exception.

The author, who lives in the shadow of the Mescalero Reservation in eastern New Mexico, has spent years study-

ing the Apaches. Her sincerity earned the respect of the older tribal members, who related to her the history and tradition of their people. Because he outlived the others and was able to contribute the most, James Kaywaykla, a Warm Springs Apache, became the principal narrator of his people's story.

This is essentially an account of the Apaches' desperate struggle for survival in the 1870's and 1880's, as recalled by one of their own. It was a turbulent period, in which warfare and bloodshed had become such an integral part of Apache existence, that, until he was ten years old, Kaywaykla "did not know that people died except by violence."

Kaywaykla was one of the few survivors of the Tres Castillos Massacre, where Victorio and his band were surprised and almost annihilated by Mexican irregulars. Here it is interesting to note that Kaywaykla's claim that Victorio committed suicide is at variance with at least one other account of the affair, which states that the Apache leader was shot and killed by one of the Tarahumari Indian scouts employed by the Mexicans.

Descriptions of customs and beliefs regarding marriage, sex, honor, obedience and the Apache conception of a supreme being remind us that had these things only been understood and honored a century ago, it surely would have made a most significant difference in Indian-White relations.

This is a highly readable and informative work, which should be read by everyone interested in the history of the southwest. Eve Ball and the University of Arizona Press are to be commended for making Wayvaykla's story available.

Jerry Keenan, C.M.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

(continued from page 2)

Roundup magazines from the past 10 years can be purchased (while they last) by writing to Fred Mazzulla, 1430 Western Federal Savings Bldg., Denver, Colo. 80202. The price is \$1 each or \$10 a dozen. There are only a few copies of some issues, so it's first come, first served.

• • •

The 6th Annual Assembly of the Council on Abandoned Military Posts (CAMP) will be in Colorado. G. M. Horstman, of the Denver Westerners, attended the recent CAMP meeting in

Washington-Baltimore area. The CAMP assembly in Colorado will be in spring of 1972, location probably Denver.

• • •

A tip of a Stetson goes to the new Posse of The Westerners at Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico. Welcome amigos!

And to the newly formed Yellowstone Corral of The Westerners at Billings, Mont.

• • •

Henry E. Bender Jr., C.M., writes that his book, *Utah Railway, The Gilsonite Route*, has been published, 240 pages, 290 illustrations, \$9.50. For autographed copy write to him at 6257 Solando Dr., San Jose, Calif. 95119.

New Hands on the Denver Range

Ross K. Edmonds
3943 Magnolia St.
Colorado Springs, Colo. 80907

Ross Edmonds notes that he is interested in the Brand Books. He likes fishing and hunting. He heard about the Westerners through the efforts of Dr. Lester Williams, sheriff of the Denver Posse.

J. S. Sampson
5743 Marshall Road
Boulder, Colorado 80303

J. S. Sampson is interested in early coal mining era in Colorado, has published "quite a lot of poetry and several history articles," and likes poetry, theatre and photography.

Gerhardt Lehmkuhl
233 N. New Ballas Road
Creve Coeur, Missouri 63141

Gerhardt Lehmkuhl heard about the Westerners through Fred Rosenstock. His interest is in the history of religion in the Southwest. He has done research work at the Truman Library in Independence, Mo., and educational archives at St. Louis, Mo. He is also interested in mining and mountain climbing.

Robert E. Savage
719 South 75th Street
Omaha, Nebraska 68114

To his interest in American Indians, Bob Savage adds interest in anthropology, archaeology, history, literature, gin and bourbon. He's a member of the Omaha Corral and is a consultant to Red Cloud Indian School, Pine Ridge, South Dakota.

Bob Ross
306 East Story
Bozeman, Montana 59715

Bob learned about the Westerner through Fred Rosenstock. Bob's interested in Montana history, collects barbed wire and flat irons, and likes wilderness packing and exploring.

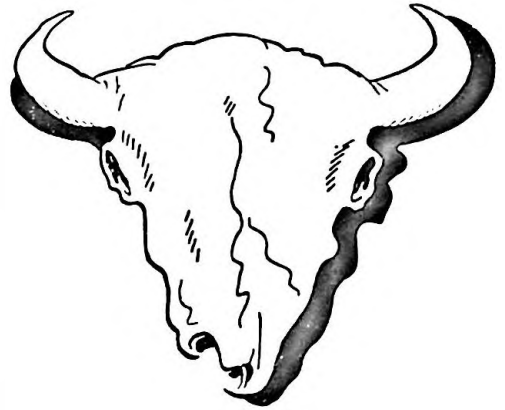
Roger Berry
2302 Avalon Drive
Bettendorf, Iowa 52722

Roger Berry heard about the Westerners through Jim Davis and Fred Mazzulla. Roger's special interest is the period 1830-1880 west of the Missouri River and east of California. He has been a high school principal at Davenport, Iowa for 28 years and is a graduate of Denver University.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

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IN THIS ISSUE JEROME B. CHAFFEE
AND COLORADO
by Ross V. Miller



PRESENTATION OF THE PLAQUE



Program Chairman
Edwin Bathke

Ross Miller
Speaker

Dr. Lester L. William
Sheriff
Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Ross V. Miller, Jr., author of the paper on Jerome B. Chaffee in this issue of *Roundup*, has taught history for 20 years and is currently teaching at Denver's Abraham Lincoln High School. He holds degrees from the University of Denver in education and history. He is pursuing his doctoral studies at D.U.

Ross has been a corresponding member of the Denver Posse since 1955. He is the author of "Shawsheen, Heroine of the Meeker Massacre," which appeared in the *Roundup* in 1951, and "Weapons of the Civil War," which he presented in 1968.

Kenny Englert sent us a page out of the June 29 issue of the *Salida Mountain Mail*. Right there, on page one, were pictures of his daughter-in-law, Suzy Englert, and Ken's granddaughter, Sage. Also shown, getting ready to toss a buffalo chip, was Ken. All the publicity had to do with the annual Fourth of July celebration.



Forbes Parkhill, left, gets together with Fred Mazzulla for a short one. Some weeks later, Parkhill was hospitalized for some "plumbing repairs." We wish him a speedy recovery.

Book review editor Jim Davis, P.M., notes that we have received a copy of

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"Ghost Towns of the Northwest" by Norman D. Weis, Caldwell, Idaho, the Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1971, 319 pages, \$6.95. The book contains information about ghost towns in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Wyoming and Montana.

Jerome B. Chaffee and Colorado

By ROSS V. MILLER

Jerome Bonaparte Chaffee¹ was born April 17, 1825, on a farm near Lockport, Niagara County, New York. The town of Lockport, founded in 1821, is so named because of its location on the Erie Canal, which crosses through the heavily forested mountain ridge at this point.²

He was the second child of Warren and Elizabeth (Otto) Chaffee. He received a common school education in Lockport and in Adrain, Mich., where his family moved when he was in his early teens. In the fall and winter of 1844 he taught school in the Allen Chaffee District. He later taught school for a while in the Selleck District.

Chaffee accepted a clerkship in a grocery store in lieu of a college education and by strict economy by age 22 he had saved enough money to go into the dry goods business for himself.³

On Sept. 25, 1848, in Adrian, Mich., he married Miriam Bernard, daughter of Warner M. and Mary (Perry) Comstock of Adrian. They had four children, all died early except the youngest,⁴ Fannie Josephine, born Jan. 16, 1857, in Adrian.⁵

Chaffee continued in the trade for several years before selling his business. Following his venture in the dry goods business he went into a bank where he was a bookkeeper

¹*The Dictionary of American Biography* shows Jerome B. Chaffee's middle name as Bonaparte. *The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography* gives it as Bunty.

²*The Illustrated History of Niagara County, New York* (New York: B. F. Beers & Co., 1878), 265.

³*Harpers Weekly*, XXX (March 20, 1886), 183.

⁴*Dictionary of American Biography* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1929), III, 590.

⁵*Sketches of Colorado* (Denver, Colorado: The Western Press Bureau Company, 1911), I, 99.

until its failure, afterward continuing in the employ of the receiver for several months.⁶ He then entered the employ of the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad Co. in Adrian.

In March, 1857, while still in his early thirties he went to the Territory of Kansas; first to Leavenworth, where he engaged in speculation in wild lands and city property. On Nov. 11, 1857, his wife died and he moved to St. Joseph, Mo., where he started a banking business.

At this time Chaffee is described as a man nearly six feet in height, of fair complexion with hazel eyes, always handsome in appearance and imposing in stature and body build.⁷

In 1859, Chaffee formed a partnership with Eben Smith, who had recently returned from California. Gregory and Jackson had just made their big finds up Clear Creek, Colorado. Chaffee was familiar with these developments and was always awake to the possibilities of making money. In Eben Smith he found a man familiar with mining as a business and who had ideas regarding the possibilities of the new gold region. They had a quartz mill built at Leavenworth to take to Colorado. Chaffee came to Colorado in February, 1860, and Smith followed him by wagon with the mill in May the same year.⁸ This mill was one of the first ore treating establishments in the Gregory region near Central City. They began operations in Lake Gulch, Gilpin County, as the Chaffee and Smith Stamp Mill. Smith was in charge of the mining operations of the various claims made by himself and Chaffee. Chaffee was in charge of operations at the mill.

Although both men were relatively poor, they did have robust good health, were young, energetic and determined to make a fortune from gold mining—despite the hard work

⁶William H. Chaffee, *The Chaffee Genealogy 1865-1909* (New York: The Grafton Press, 1909), 311-313.

⁷*Ibid.*, 311.

⁸*Sketches of Colorado*, 99.

and hardships which all miners in the new area were forced to endure. Chaffee described the area and conditions in a letter dated Mountain City, May 1, 1860, and written to his sister:

I suppose you would like to hear all about this country and more about the mines. We have had all kinds of weather, but now it is fine. In Russell gulch I should think about 2,500 men are at work digging gold. The gulch is about four miles long. If you ask how they are doing they will only say, "Oh, about grub." Some of them are doing well no doubt; others are working on the different lodes, opening up and getting out quartz ready for milling. Several mills are going up. Hundreds are prospecting around for new diggings, the hill and valleys are alive with men, and trouble is brewing between newcomers and those who have been here and claimed everything, making laws to hold the same.

In the same letter he mentioned a shooting over a claim and also concern over possible Indian attacks, which must have been an ever present worry to the prospector:

One man was shot dead a few days ago about a claim. The Indians from the south have not made their appearance yet, and they will have a poor show when they do come; but many a poor fellow will lose his scalp without doubt while hunting for gold. There is no law here except miner's law, and whiskey is king, so that it is easy to imagine how faithful subjects obey and how tranquil the kingdom is. There is something about these mountains that I like besides the gold, and if it were not for fear of the Indians, I should travel all over them, down to New Mexico. But the Utes are better posted and better shots than white men. They can and will pick off a white man whenever they catch him outside. I prefer panthers [Mountain Lions].

His letter also spoke of the future prospects of mining in this region, but he warned of rumors that cannot always be believed:

I think there will be mining going on here 100 years hence. Most of the newer immigration is going over on the other sides of the ranges to Tarryall and the Blue and Arkansas rivers, where they report big diggings, but you can't rely on anything you hear, and scarcely on what you see in this country.

He mentions the arrival of some of the early wagon trains carrying supplies into the area and lists some of the food-stuffs carried. He also used this opportunity to boast a little regarding his adaptability to the rugged outdoor life:

The early [wagon] trains have come in and there is plenty of flour, bacon, beans, dried apples, coffee, etc. We get good American flour for \$22 per 100, or \$44 per barrel. I have so far excellent health, and if nothing happens to me, I think this trip will benefit me in that respect. I look like a Mexican greaser and feel as if I was sixteen hand high and weighed a ton. This kind of living suits me exactly. I ought to have been an Indian.⁹

In a later letter, also written to his sister, Chaffee complained of the rough characters that were attracted into the gold region:

This is a rough place. There is no word I know of that will make a proper adjective for this country. Every construction that can be put upon the word 'rough' will enable you to form an idea of my opinion of it. The only redeeming feature is, there is some gold here. There is a great charm in gold. What men will not do for it, I can't imagine; what they do I can see. The truth is, this getting rich quick out here is mighty doubtful; there are ten chances of getting killed or dying of disease to one of living and getting rich.

He blamed whiskey for much of the fighting and didn't feel that the Sabbath is even noticed by the majority of men:

We have very poor whiskey out here. Everybody is using it, and then all want to quarrel. Last Sunday I saw no less than ten fights. I could not tell when it is Sunday if it were not for a pocket diary, unless it is because there is more fighting, drinking, or gambling going on. The roughs of the world are congregated here and they are as desolate of the image of their Creator as some of the far-famed gold-bearing quartz is of gold. A few bring along their wives and children.¹⁰

On Sept. 18, 1860, Chaffee showed signs of discouragement in a letter written to his brother:

... We are still pounding away with our mill under many difficulties, paying off debts and contracting new ones. I really begin to think I shall never have any money, as there is always some opening with a ghastly mouth to be filled. We took out about \$2,000 last week, and today are hard up. Almost everyone here is poor and broke, and sometimes I think there is not going to be much money made in this country. Out of eight mills close by us, ours is the only one that makes expenses, and out of 150 in the region, I dare say not more than twenty-five make money. I undertook this enterprise without money and have twisted in many ways in order to bring the thing out.

⁹"Letter From Chaffee," *The Denver Post*, April 21, 1907. Frank Hall, Clipping in Dawson Scrap Book in Colo. Historical Society Library.

¹⁰*ibid.*

He gave a good picture of the wages paid for mining in 1860 and an idea of expenses incurred in mine operations:

We work on the ledge between sixteen men regularly at \$2.50 per day, and in the mill six men; four at \$2.50 and two at \$4 per day. It costs about \$100 per week to haul the quartz. Powder and fuse is \$25 and blacksmith shop \$25 more per week; water costs \$27 per week and board \$10 per week each. So unless everything goes right and we run all the time we go up Salt Creek with awful strides.¹¹

On Sept. 26, in a letter again addressed to his brother, after thanking him for sending some newspapers, Chaffee showed his determination in the face of adversity:

The boiler blew up raising h-ll [sic] generally and also came near knocking Smith & Chaffee clear out of business. The damage was about \$4,000, but I am now settled more determinedly than ever never to leave these mountains until I make some money or die trying.¹²

In 1863 they sold the mill for \$250,000, a very handsome profit over their original cost. The partners had developed several gold lodes and finally organized the famous Bobtail Lode and Tunnel Co., located at Lake Gulch. The name was supposedly derived from the fact that a bob-tail horse was harnessed to a drag made by stretching rawhide across a forked stick and used to haul the first pay dirt to the gulch for sluicing.¹³

The original pre-emptors of this vein, called the "Field" or "Bobtail," were B. O. Russel and Co., who had No. 6; L. D. Crandall, No. 7; L. D. Crandall and Co., No. 3; W. F. Ross had No. 4; J. A. Johns and R. Branch, 3; W. F. Ross and N. Squires, 8; and J. F. Fields, 5. The names of Smitherm, Thomas and Fay & Co., also appear. These were all numbered east from the gulch. Brownlee had Nos. 3 and 4 west. J. F. Field pre-empted claim No. 2 west. A large number of individuals recorded 2,000 feet of territory on the lode east of any of the claims above noted. Among

¹¹*Ibid.*

¹²*Ibid.*

¹³*Portrait and Biographical Record of the State of Colorado* (Chicago: Chapman Publishing Company) 1899.

them were D. S. Parmelee, J. S. Stone, D. D. Beldon and W. N. Byers. A relocation of the lode, left claim No. 4 with only seventy-two feet, as Field & Co. refused to move on to allow the claim to be a full one. Field and the Coltons divided, Field retaining thirty-three and one third feet. The Coltons sold to Ben Smith and after a big yield Smith and Parmelee sold to Eben Smith and J. B. Chaffee in 1862.¹⁴

In 1863, Chaffee sold his interest in the lode, but later repurchased it and consolidated it with other mines. This is the consolidation that became the famous Bobtail Mine and Tunnel Co. It was consolidated in 1869 with Chaffee as the heaviest stockholder. For a time it was the best known and most prosperous mining company in Colorado. It produced annually from \$300,000 to \$500,000 in gold.¹⁵ Frank Fossett, writing in 1876, said:

The Bobtail is one of the richest gold bearing lodes in Colorado, and has ranked next to the Gregory in production, \$4,000,000, at least, having been obtained from it. There was a period of three years in its history when its average yield per ton was greater than can be shown by any other gold vein for the same quantity of ore.¹⁶

Chaffee, with confidence in the mining knowledge of Eben Smith, never purchased a mine or a prospect without consulting him and securing his advice. In most of the mining ventures Smith was a partner, but later the partnership was severed and Smith acted as an expert for Chaffee rather than as a full partner. The severing of the partnership may have been due to Smith's poor management of his own money, for later Smith lost all of his money and Chaffee used his influence to have Eben named Postmaster of Central City.¹⁷

¹⁴Frank Fossett, *A Historical Descriptive and Statistical Work on the Rocky Mountain Gold and Silver Mining Region* (Denver, Colorado: Daily Tribune Steam Printing House, 1876), 222-223.

¹⁵G. Thomas Ingham Esq., *Digging Gold Among the Rockies* (Philadelphia Hibbard Bros., Publishers, 1880), 459.

¹⁶Fossett, *A Historical, Descriptive and Statistical Work*, 222.

¹⁷Interview with Mrs. Jordan by T. F. Dawson, M. S. S. in the Library of the State Historical Society of Colorado.

When Chaffee and David Moffat were considering the purchase of the Caribou mine in Boulder County, they called upon Eben Smith for expert advice. Upon his advice they bought the mine and made Smith their mine manager. They soon ran into a fabulous deposit which made fortunes for both of them.¹⁸

In the summer of 1878, Chaffee went to Leadville to investigate investment possibilities in that area. George H. Fryer, in company with a man named Borden, owned the New Discovery Mine at Fryer Hill. Chaffee purchased Fryer's interest in the mine for \$50,000. H. A. W. Tabor and August Rische owned the adjoining claim, The Little Pittsburg. Tabor and Rische were afraid that the older title of the New Discovery claim might imperil their claim and so bought the claim from Chaffee for \$125,000, thus giving Chaffee a quick profit of \$75,000 on a few days investment. A little later, Chaffee, in company with others, bought August Rische's entire interest in the Little Pittsburg and New Discovery for \$262,500, making them half-owners with Tabor.

On Nov. 18, the Little Pittsburg Consolidated Mining Co. was organized, which was a consolidation of the New Discovery, Little Pittsburg, Dives, and Winnemuc claims. In the next five months the actual yield of ore from these consolidated mines, at the sold or assay value, was nearly \$1,000,000. The profits to the promoters, in the great rise of stocks, were enormous. Chaffee probably realized from his share not less than \$2,000,000.¹⁹

According to the prospectus dated 1879, the company: "Since the consolidation, has paid a regular monthly dividend of \$100,000 besides paying in full for all working expenses, machinery, tools, buildings, and other permanent improvements, amounting to \$188,359.23." The prospectus goes on to state that:

¹⁸*Ibid.*

¹⁹Ingham, *Digging Gold Among the Rockies*, 459.

The present development shows conclusively that nearly the entire ground covered by the four properties is underlaid by a vein of ore from four to 35 feet in thickness averaging 110 oz. silver and 25% lead to the ton. In numerous places, large ore bodies have been exposed, which assay, from 500 to 1,000 oz. silver to the ton.²⁰

In 1880, Chaffee and David H. Moffat bought H. A. W. Tabor's interest in the company for approximately \$1,000,000.²¹

Although he was a very successful businessman, Chaffee was best known as a political leader. He was elected to the lower house of the Territorial Legislature in 1861 and again in 1863 representing District Six, Gilpin County. He became speaker of the lower house in 1864.

At this time the Republican party of Colorado Territory was divided into two contesting groups. The most important of these, the "Denver Crowd," was under the leadership of Chaffee. The other, the "Golden Crowd" usually was led by Henry Moore Teller, a man who came from the same part of western New York as Chaffee. Their fathers had been friends and the families had intermarried to an extent that the men had many relatives in common.

Throughout the decade of the sixties, because of the national situation, the leaders of the Republican party in Washington desired to strengthen their hold upon the Electoral College and assure the election of Abraham Lincoln. Consequently, they decided in 1864 to create three new states—Nevada, Nebraska, and Colorado. An enabling act for Colorado which was passed provided for a constitutional convention in July and a popular referendum in October to ratify or reject the proposed charter. The date of the election was later changed to September so that the state government might be brought into operation in time to take part in the national election. H. M. Teller and John Evans took the lead in carrying out locally the wishes of the national organization.

²⁰*Colorado Mining Company Register*, I, 5-6.

²¹Frank Hall, *History of the State of Colorado* (Chicago: The Blakely Printing Company, 1889), I, 435.

The convention produced a state constitution typical of the period, except for the salary schedule of the state officials. Because Colorado was sparsely populated and poor in taxable property, the statehood leaders correctly foresaw that their opponents would use the arguments of the added cost of statehood upon the annual tax bill. To anticipate this, they included one of the lowest salary schedules any constitutional convention of the time seriously considered. Between the September vote and the national election in November an election of state officials would have to be held. To overcome this difficulty, it was decided to hold the election for state officials at the same time as the vote on the constitution.

Statehood, with its resultant jobs for "native sons," had great appeal for the politically ambitious and would gain for the bill their untiring support. However, holding the election for state officials at the same time that the vote on the statehood bill was taken proved to go a long way toward defeating statehood. This was quite evident for when the Union Administration selected a slate of candidates at their convention those Republicans who were disappointed at the outcome either refused to aid in the statehood campaign or came out directly against statehood. It is interesting to note that Chaffee declared himself for statehood so tardily that the anti-state convention was seriously considering making him one of their candidates.²²

Those opposed to statehood were: the disappointed Republican office seekers; nearly all Democrats, because they could see no advantage to them at this time either locally or nationally; the citizens of Mexican descent in the southern counties, who feared living under a local government in which they were a minority; and the majority of territorial officials whose jobs would end if statehood carried.

If statehood were to carry it was understood that Teller and Evans would be the Republican choices for the United

²²Elmer Ellis, *Henry Moore Teller* (Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1941), 67.

States Senate and John M. Chivington the choice for the House of Representatives. Those who opposed statehood used the temporary unpopularity of Evans and Chivington, the fear of greater taxation, and the fact that the Federal Military Conscription Law would apply to the new state, as their principal arguments against statehood.

Even though Evans announced that if statehood won he would not be a candidate for office, the opposition continued using his and Chivington's unpopularity in their attacks upon the bill. When the ballots were counted it was found that statehood had been defeated 1,520 to 4,672.

The following spring, even though there was no longer any authority to form a state, a call was made by the central committees of both parties and the anti-state committees for a constitutional convention. This was done without authority because the enabling act had provided for but one election to be held. There was no particular reason for the Republican leaders in Washington to work for Colorado statehood now that the national election was past.

Chaffee and the "Denver Crowd" led the new attempt for Colorado statehood. The constitution which they drew up was very much like that of the year before except that the salary schedule for the state offices was raised, making it similar to those of the other states. In this new statehood attempt Henry M. Teller and the "Golden Crowd" offered very little encouragement and help, but they gave very little public opposition to the movement. This time statehood carried 3,025 to 2,820, but fraud was claimed and irregularities were common. In one county an election was never held and in another it was not announced until the afternoon of the election day, yet returns were turned in for both counties.²³

In the election which followed, a personal contest for control of the party took place between Chaffee and Teller, with the possible danger of a split in the Union Party. The

²³*Ibid.*, 69.

split would have been great enough to insure the Democratic Party of an easy victory and to let them send their name to Congress in Washington.²⁴

The first ballot for first United States Senator stood as follows: Evans 24, Chaffee 8, Teller 8, Gorsline 1. On a motion of Mr. Cook, the election of Hon. John Evans was made unanimous, and a ballot for second United States Senator was as follows: Chaffee 25, William Craig 7, and Teller 7. Therefore, Chaffee having received a majority of all of the votes cast, was declared duly elected United States Senator.²⁵

On Dec. 21, 1865, John Evans and Jerome B. Chaffee, United States Senators elect, and G. M. Chilcott, who had been elected as a member of the United States House of Representatives, started from Denver to attend Congress in Washington.²⁶

They reached Washington and presented their credentials, but President Andrew Johnson refused to recognize Colorado as a state on the grounds that it failed to conform to the terms of the Enabling Act of 1864. He turned the matter over to Congress for its decision. As previously mentioned, the Republicans in Congress were not so anxious to allow it as they had been in 1864, for the political urgency had passed. Nevertheless, a bill to admit Colorado was brought in, supported primarily by the senators from the Western states but Congress failed to pass it.

This year of 1866 was not a normal political year because the bitterness between President Johnson and the Radical Republicans was rapidly coming to a head. Shortly after the bill's defeat President Johnson vetoed the Civil Rights bill which was designed to nullify the "black codes" by guaranteeing the Negroes the equal protection of all laws and giving the federal courts jurisdiction. The Radical Republican majority in both houses was able to pass this

²⁴*Rocky Mountain News*, November 13, 1865, 1, c. 2.

²⁵*Rocky Mountain News*, December 20, 1865, 2, c. 3.

²⁶*Rocky Mountain News*, December 21, 1865, 1, c. 1.

over the President's veto. However, the majority in the Senate was just barely sufficient, and Republican leaders began to see their error in refusing admission to a state whose two senators, Evans and Chaffee, could increase their senate lead.

Consequently, a new statehood bill was prepared. It passed both houses of Congress, to the delight of its Colorado friends, only to be vetoed by the President. It was at this time that William N. Byers, editor of the Rocky Mountain News, writing in reply to a letter of Gov. Alexander Cummings of the Colorado Territory in Forney's Philadelphia Press, said:

. . . A second State Constitution was framed and submitted to the people and by them adopted with a fair and undisputed majority. With it, our Representative and Senators elect went before Congress at its last session, and a bill was passed by both houses of that body for the admission of the state. Before approving it, the President demanded a pledge from those officers that they would sustain his policy. They refused to give it and he vetoed the bill. . . .²⁷

While they, however, had assured President Johnson that they had not "sold out" to the "radicals,"²⁸ he again vetoed the bill, on the grounds that the population did not entitle Colorado to admission and that eleven of the "old states" had been for sometime unrepresented in Congress. He felt that no new states should be admitted until the rebelling states had been fully restored and could be consulted as to the admission of new states.²⁹

In the meantime, in Colorado, the "Golden Crowd" came out in opposition to statehood because Chaffee and the "Denver Crowd" were controlling the state administration. Their opposition had been growing. Willard Teller had written letters to friends in Washing urging them to oppose admission. H. M. Teller had gone to Washington in the spring of 1866 to lobby against the bill, thus counterbalancing the efforts of Chaffee and Evans, who were there urging passage.

²⁷*Forney's Philadelphia Press*, November 25, 1866.

²⁸Ellis, *Henry Moore Teller*, 71.

²⁹*Rocky Mountain News*, June 5, 1866, 1, c. 1.

This shift on the part of the Teller brothers, after their vigorous support for statehood in 1864, was charged by their enemies to their disappointment over the election of Chaffee and Evans as senators. These attacks were answered by Willard, who insisted that neither of them had approved the second statehood movement. He wrote: "They believed its agitation so soon after its defeat of last year was conceived in political aspiration and born in political trickery." The corruption that was evident in the 1865 campaign made it a "farce and a swindle," although he admitted that he might not have come out in opposition "had better men than 'Granny' Evans as you used to call him and Joey 'Bagstock' Chaffee been elected."³⁰

The *Rocky Mountain News*, in quoting an extract from the *New York Tribune*, stated: ". . . the President avowed to the Colorado Senators, Messrs. Evans and Chaffee, that he was only kept back from recommending the admission of Colorado from fear that he would injure them with the d-d [sic] Radicals." The *News* went on to again state that he offered to sign the bill if they would make a deal with him, which they refused to do.³¹

Even though Evans and Chaffee failed in their attempt to get Colorado admitted, they did not cease in their efforts, but stayed on in Washington until May, 1867, at their own expense, to forward the cause of statehood.³²

Early in the year 1868, a final attempt was made to make Colorado a state, using the same constitution and officials selected in 1865. Evans and Chaffee went to Washington and submitted statements before the Senate Committee on Territories. H. M. Teller hurried to Washington to present evidence against admission. He arrived too late to go before the committee, but presented his case to Sen. Roscoe Conkling, who took the lead in Congress in opposing Colorado statehood. Teller drew up a statement in the form of

³⁰Ellis, *Henry Moore Teller*, 72.

³¹*Rocky Mountain News*, August 24, 1866, 1, c. 3.

³²*Rocky Mountain News*, August 4, 1867, 1, c. 3.

a memorial to Congress, and Conkling presented it to the Senate.

In this memorial it was charged that the formation and adoption of the constitution had been a questionable procedure and that Colorado's population and wealth had not increased as expected. He also charged that the people of Colorado were against statehood and that their number did not exceed 30,000, in contrast to the 75,000 to 100,000 claimed by Evans and Chaffee. He opposed the submission of the question to a popular vote.³³

At this time, the House of Representatives voted articles of impeachment against President Andrew Johnson by a vote of 126 to 47, for his defiance of Congress in removing Secretary of War Stanton in violation of the Tenure of Office Act passed by Congress in March, 1867. The Senate trial began on March 13th; Johnson's defense was based on his alleged power to remove appointive officers. He charged that the Tenure of Office Act was unconstitutional. On May 16, 1868, the Senate voted, acquitting him. The acquittal lay in the Senate's inability to obtain a two-thirds majority for conviction as required by the Constitution. Thus conviction failed by but one vote.

After the impeachment trial was over, Sen. Conkling adopted Teller's challenge to a referendum to form opposition to Colorado statehood. This idea of a popular referendum attracted so much support that it was apparent that a statehood bill would not pass without such an amendment. The advocates of statehood seemed to feel that it would be voted down if submitted to a referendum, so they failed to push the bill any further.

Back in Colorado the Rocky Mountain News was abundant in its praises of Messrs. Chaffee and Evans and attacked Teller, saying: "the brand of Cain is upon him" and "let the curse of every citizen be upon him."

In 1870, Chaffee was nominated for delegate to Congress. Teller, who had dropped out of active politics, was per-

³³Ellis, *Henry Moore Teller*, 75.

sueded by Irving W. Stanton to deliver three speeches for the Republican ticket, although in these speeches Chaffee was not mentioned by name. This appearance of unity within the Republican Party gave Chaffee a majority of the votes in Gilpin County.

In this campaign of 1870 Chaffee was, of course, supported by the *Rocky Mountain News* which advocated his election, claiming that, "He is not a politician in the common acceptance of the word, but, a citizen identified with the interests of his territory, possessing the ability and willingness to labor for her interests and worthy of all honor at the hands of his fellow citizens."³⁴

The *News* also pointed out his prominent position in social, political, and business circles. His identification with Colorado mines and his presidency of the First National Bank were also emphasized; he was placed in a position second to none in understanding territorial finances. Mentioned, also were the two or three years spent in Washington urging the sending of troops to the Territory, his exercising of his influence to obtain the passage of such bills as the Denver Pacific Railway grant; the establishing of land offices at Central City, Fairplay and Pueblo; the appropriation for the penitentiary and grants of land to aid construction of railroads to various parts of the mountains.

The Democratic *Rocky Mountain Herald* and *The Transcript* attacked Chaffee as a "carpetbagger" and non-resident of Colorado. The *Daily Colorado Tribune* attacked the charge of carpetbagger as sheer nonsense, stating that, "if Chaffee be a carpetbagger then all in Colorado including the editor of the *Transcript* are carpetbaggers."³⁵ The *Rocky Mountain Herald* quoted the *Golden Transcript* as saying, "We have nothing against him personally and in fact like him as a man; but apart from that we cannot see how honest Republicans can (if any such there be) vote for him, a citizen of another state, or, to be as charitable as

³⁴*Rocky Mountain News*, July 15, 1870, 2, c. 1.

³⁵*The Daily Colorado Tribune*, July 21, 1870, 2, c. 1.

the circumstances will possibly allow, a non-citizen of our Territory."

The Herald continued its arguments against Chaffee on grounds of lack of citizenship by saying: "Practically they might, with equal justice, nominate Whittemore of North Carolina, or De Lano of Foo Chow, China. If distance lends enchantment to the view of the ever faithful Rads, Joe Chaffee can make them happy." As the article continued it became more violent in its attacks upon Chaffee, calling him:

Carpet-bagger, political shyster, pap-sucker—one who without a home or any fixed abode, but with cosmic proclivities is willing to eat of the public crib from Alaska to Florida, and though like a bird of passage has no fixed abode yet is unable to look upon the natural bird as anything better than a goose ready for plucking.³⁶

The Daily Colorado Tribune charged that the protests of the Herald against sending Chaffee to Congress because he had been a Senator designate and he could not "forever be feathering his nest" were unjust: "It should be considered that Mr. Chaffee's Senatorial office never paid him anything but some thousands out of his own pocket."³⁷

The Rocky Mountain Herald on Sept. 2, 1870 blasted Chaffee again as being a citizen of New York and not of Colorado and charged him with committing the crime of paying a legislative body to elect him to the United States Senate. The paper charged:

. . . that to secure that election he paid one Senator from Gilpin county the sum of \$3,000 and to various Representatives, the aggregate sum of \$12,000 and if Mr. Chalfee will personally call this statement in question, we promise to promptly notice the case for trial, and if he chooses to call a mass-meeting of the Radical voters of this country to the Denver Theatre, we will meet him with the evidence, and either substantiated what we have alleged, or confess that we have traduced the character of a great and good man.³⁸

These charges appear to have been ignored by both Chaffee and the Rocky Mountain News.

³⁶*The Rocky Mountain Herald*, August 5, 1870, 1, c. 4.

³⁷*The Daily Colorado Tribune*, July 28, 1870, 2, c. 1.

³⁸*The Rocky Mountain Herald*, September 2, 1870, 2, c. 5.

After this most spirited and determined campaign Chaffee was elected delegate to Congress by a majority of about 1300 votes. He took his seat on Mar. 4, 1871. As this session was a short one, only one or two topics, by agreement, were allowed to come before the house. Consequently, it was not until Congress met in December that the committees were appointed, and the business of the session begun in earnest. He was appointed a member of the Committee on Territories and was successful in getting a day set aside for territorial business. He was successful in obtaining passage of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad bill; the amended incorporation law; the Denver cemetery bill; the town site acts for the mountain towns; the Ute reservation bill; the Fort Collins reservations bill; the appropriations for surveys, and other government purposes; the establishment of several new postal routes in southern Colorado; and much general legislation affecting adjoining territories.³⁹

He was re-elected in September, 1872, by a majority of 1,336, over his opponent A. C. Hunt. On Dec. 8, 1873, he introduced a bill (H. R. No. 434) making an appropriation for the legislative expense of Colorado Territory and also introduced a bill (H. R. No. 435) "to enable the people of Colorado to form a constitution and State government, and for the admission of the said State into the Union on an equal footing with the original states."⁴⁰ He also submitted the following report to accompany bill H. R. 435:

Colorado was organized as a territory February 28, 1861. In 1864 an enabling act, similar to the bill now pending, was passed for the Territories of Nevada, Nebraska, and Colorado, under which the former two became states. By a lapse of time Colorado failed to be admitted. The bill was again submitted to Congress and passed both houses twice and was twice vetoed by the President, and thus failed to become a law. The people of the territory again made application to the Forty-second Congress, but failed to secure admission. Upon a careful examination into the condition of the Territory at present, in respect to its resources, wealth, population

³⁹*Rocky Mountain News*, August 2, 1872, 2, c. 1.

⁴⁰*Congressional Record*. Forty-Third Congress, First Session (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1874), II, 7.

and capabilities for maintaining a State Government, the committee believe it ought to be admitted into the union of states without further delay.⁴¹

This bill was defeated in spite of a masterly argument in its behalf on Jan. 22nd by Chaffee, in which he reviewed the "state question" from its start. In addition Chaffee introduced a number of bills: H. R. No. 768 providing for the issue of convertible bonds and national bank notes, and for other purposes; H. R. No. 993, amending the organic act of Colorado; H. R. No. 1161, authorizing sale of Fort Reynolds, Colorado; H. R. No. 1162, granting the right of way to the Denver and Pacific Railroad; and other acts dealing with mining development in Colorado. He introduced a bill changing the rules of the House to give the Territories representation in the Committee on Territories, thus establishing a precedent in permitting delegates to participate in the business of other committees.⁴²

He was successful in securing the appointment of citizens of the Territories to Federal jobs in their territories, thus lessening the objection to the Territorial form of government. His last work in Congress was securing the passage of an enabling act so that the people of Colorado could form a state Constitution.

Chaffee's close relations with President U. S. Grant gave him control of the Colorado appointments, which he was able to distribute among his supporters. Thus, everything politically was going to Chaffee's liking until, according to rumor, he and President Grant quarreled over a poker game early in 1874. As a result the President began to remove Chaffee's appointees and appoint others in their places. The appointment causing the greatest furor was the replacement of John Evans' son-in-law, S. H. Elbert, as governor by Edward M. McCook. Chaffee threatened

⁴¹*Reports of the Committees of the House of Representatives for the First Session of the Forty-Third Congress, 1873-74* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1874), Report No. 619.

⁴²William N. Byers, *Encyclopedia of Biography of Colorado* (Chicago: The Century Publishing and Engraving Company, 1901), I.

to resign if McCook's appointment was confirmed. Teller spoke for McCook feeling that his confirmation would break the control of the State's Republican machine by Chaffee and his "Denver Crowd."

Chaffee lost the battle as McCook's appointment was confirmed by the Senate in June. This brought H. M. Teller back into politics as the temporary leader of the Republicans of the State. Party harmony was impossible, and with the schism thus created in Republican ranks the Democrats were able to elect their candidate, Thomas M. Patterson, as delegate to Congress in 1874.

Grant replaced McCook with one of his close personal friends, John J. Routt. Routt was able to reconcile the differences between Chaffee and Grant and was well liked by Coloradans. Both Chaffee and Patterson worked hard in Washington, using their influence upon their friends in both parties to get an enabling act passed in 1875. The opposition in Colorado was now almost non-existent and with Chaffee back in the good graces of President Grant, statehood was assured and Chaffee was again "boss" of Colorado's Republicans.

When the time came for the election of senators several candidates were in the running. In addition to Chaffee and Teller there were: Moses Hallett, W. S. Jackson, George M. Chilcott, Wm. H. VanGiesen, and S. H. Elbert.

Chaffee was conceded by most as a sure choice for one of the Senate seats, because of his unceasing efforts for statehood, and his acknowledged party leadership.⁴³ Owing to the fact that the member of the House was to be Judge James B. Belford of Central City, the residents of the southern counties claimed that the other senator must come from there. If the legislators from this region had been able to agree upon a man they would have elected him. There were three southern candidates and Teller seemed to be the second choice of the supporters of each of these men.

⁴³R. G. Dill, *The Political Campaigns of Colorado* (Denver: The Arapahoe Publishing Co., Publishers, 1895), 20-21.

Consequently, Teller was elected as the other senatorial candidate of the Republican party. The Democrats voted for Thomas Macon and W. A. Loveland.

When Chaffee and Teller arrived in Washington they discovered that the terms to which they had been elected extended in one case only until March 4, 1877, and the other to March 4, 1879. Lots were drawn in the usual manner, and Teller drew the term of only three months. This forced the sitting legislature to vote for a senator to serve the full six-year term ending March 4, 1883. As this same body had just chosen Teller, they naturally re-elected him to the long term. To Chaffee this turn of events could be nothing but galling and he disgustedly wrote to ex-Governor Evans that he had been wise to quit politics.⁴⁴

Soon after their arrival in Washington the concerns of national and local politics forced the two men to cooperate so closely that the old antagonisms faded to a great extent. During the spring of 1878 the relations between them were so close that during Chaffee's illness Teller was handling the patronage correspondence of both, with full power to act.

Owing to ill-health and fighting with President Rutherford B. Hayes, Chaffee found himself disgusted with national politics. The result was that he made an abrupt announcement that he was not a candidate for re-election to the Senate.

In 1884, he received his final political honor; he was selected as chairman of the national executive council of the Republican party.

In 1881, his daughter had been married to U. S. Grant, Jr., thus connecting the families of two men who had been very close friends throughout President Grant's political years, with the exception of the brief estrangement previously mentioned. His connection with Grant led him to invest a large sum with the firm of Grant and Ward. Notwithstanding his loss in the firm's failure, Sen. Chaffee,

⁴⁴Ellis, *Henry Moore Teller*, 94.

who had at one time been a multi-millionaire, still left his daughter a tidy sum, chiefly in valuable western real estate.

Due to failing health, Chaffee spent much of his time at his daughter Fannie's home in Westchester County, N. Y. In 1886, he made what proved to be his last trip to Leadville. He caught a severe cold and upon his return to his daughter's home died on the ninth day of March, 1886.

The Denver Post eulogizing Jerome B. Chaffee in 1907 stated:

He was not only a pioneer in pathfinding and gold mining but one of the greatest political leaders of his time. . . . For twenty-eight years he was the trusted leader of the Republican party in Colorado, planned its campaigns and won its victories year after year by the sheer force of a dominating personality and his matchless skill as manager of its forces.⁴⁵

⁴⁵*The Denver Post*, April 21, 1907.

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Westerner's Bookshelf



A DICTIONARY OF THE TETON DAKOTA SIOUX LANGUAGE, by Rev. Eugene Buechel, S.J., edited by Rev. Paul Manhart, S.J., Red Cloud Indian School, Inc., Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, S.D., 1970, 853 pp., \$9.00 (to Indians, \$6.00). Lithographed in limited edition, hardbound.

Many persons have no need for a Sioux dictionary, but those who do feel such a need want a good one, and this is it, the best. It is the only comprehensive dictionary I know of that covers the dialect (Lakota) spoken by the Teton division of the tribe, which is sixty percent of the Sioux. In addition it has a summary grammar with syntax examples in both English and Lakota; a historical essay on the Sioux; a guide to the use of the volume; and a supplementary list of lately defined words. It is Lakota-English and English-Lakota.

It will be an indispensable tool for

all who have contact with or an interest in the Teton Sioux, including educators, historians, students, social and governmental workers; and others interested in widening their knowledge and understanding of the Sioux as they were and are. I should think it would be a must for Western libraries in particular.

The book is the end result of linguistic research begun sixty years ago by the late Father Buechel, missionary to the Sioux. Others have assisted the project over the years but it is primarily Father Buechel's work, and a monument to a man whose life was unselfishly devoted to a people whom he admired, for one reason, he said, because they had risen, more swiftly than any other race had done, from primitiveness to a strange new civilization.

The Red Cloud Indian School has also recently published, in simple format, *Lakota Stories*, edited by Leo American Horse and Joseph Cress.

This is a 139-page compilation of myths, legends and folk tales of the Sioux, including explanations of their tribal gods; their account of their creation; and their attitude toward the supernatural. My copy does not list the price; inquiries should be addressed to the Red Cloud Indian School, Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, S.D. 57770.

Maurice Frink, R.M.

NEVADA GHOST TOWNS AND MINING CAMPS, by Stanley W. Paher, Howell-North, California, 1970, 480 pp., selected bibliography, profusely illustrated, index, \$15.00.

Here is a book that will delight every Ghost Town hunter, regardless of his home state. Mr. Paher spent five years of researching, compiling, visiting old timers, and viewing private collections of photographs as well as those of our Western Libraries. Among the latter were those of the U.S. Geological Survey and the University of Wyoming. All in all, he uncovered over 1600 rare views of Nevada towns, most of which had never before been published. Over 650 are used in the book. A goodly number of these show railroad depots, trains, or engines, and a great number have ancient automobiles which will make car hobbyists drool.

The book is divided into seventeen chapters, one for each county in the State. Thumbnail sketches of the towns accompany the photographs. Front end papers consist of a map of the north part of the State while the back end papers show the south part of the State. It is a large book, 8 x 10 inches in size, handsomely bound in orange-colored linen. And for a bonus, the frontispiece is a full-color plate of

Tonopah from an original photograph by the well-known Western photographer, David Muench.

The book is a must for Nevada Ghost Town historians and should also be on the shelf of every serious collector of Western Americana.

If you can't locate me after I retire, just forward my mail to General Delivery, Tonopah, and ask the postmaster to hold it for me.

Francis B. Rizzari, P.M.

MEMOIRS OF DENVER. By Jake Schaetzel. (published by author, no price given)

By rights, a book with the unweildy title "Memoirs of Denver, Story of His Boyhood when Denver was Young and Wild, 1887 . . . 1965," a mimeographed manuscript stapled together, with a few family snapshots on the side, ought to be ignored. But anyone who glances through Jake Schaetzel's recollections will be rewarded with a look at a simpler Denver. Mullin's Ditch crossed Eighth and Larimer, the Turnverein picnic was the highlight of the summer, and to a boy growing up, there was no sweller place than Denver.

Schaetzel was a kind of wild west Huck Finn. He would stand in front of Soapy Smith's con game and yell: "He's a fake, watch out." Once, watching a pair of men leaving samples of "Cascarets," chocolate-coated laxatives, on door steps, he followed them for 11 blocks gathering up the samples, then passed them out to children in the schoolyard.

Of German descent, Schaetzel came to Denver in 1889 when he was two. At the age of eight, he started first grade—possibly because his father had read the work of a German doctor in St. Louis who claimed that a child who was sent

to school any younger was susceptible to brain fever.

He shunned the family-owned cigar business and in 1912 was graduated from DU law school. He helped form Denver's legal aid society, built the first attached garage in Denver, and formed the first father-son-daughter law team in the country.

Schaetzel writes clearly and with affection for Denver. This is Denver as he knew it, from his personal gang to the "madame who ran the mysterious house at the end of our block." The book is dedicated to both.

Sandra Dallas

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, NEBRASKA!, by Berna Chrisman, edited by Harry E. Chrisman. (Purcell's, Inc., Broken Bow, Neb., 1971, 255 pgs., \$7.)

This is Berna Hunter Chrisman's own story—a beautifully written, nostalgic story of her life in the pioneer plains country of Nebraska—when the land was right side up, and the country abounded in birds, wild animals, wild flowers and unpolluted streams.

The book is rich, not only in the detailed memories, incidents and anecdotes of life in the Nebraska prairie country, but in the recording of the emotions, stresses and reactions of those who meet and deal with each new problem and situation.

Delightful reading.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.
COWBOY LIFE ON THE LIANO ESTACADO, by Vivian H. Whitlock, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1970, 278 pp., index, \$6.95.

Among books dealing with the nineteenth century cowboy, this one is outstanding. The later Mr. Whitlock, deceased 1967, was a keen observer and he

wrote well, often with humor. In many ways this book is almost biographical, except for a lapse prior to 1887 and a big gap between his marriage in 1908 and his return to the Staked Plains of Eastern New Mexico in 1963.

Interesting and rarely-encountered bits of information about the cowboy's everyday life are scattered throughout the book. For example, prairie fires were sometimes contained by catching and killing a two-year-old heifer and slitting it open along breast and belly from throat to tail. Breaking the ribs enabled the cowboys to flatten the carcass out, flesh side down. Long ropes from the animal's hind feet reached two saddle horns and a pair of riders straddled the line of burning grass, dragging the wet side over the flames and smothering the fire.

Several rare characters also show up in the stories. Among them were George Causey, who killed more buffalo than W. F. Cody but who lacked the press agency of Ned Buntline; a black cowboy called "Old Negro Ad," and a line rider named Shorty, whose Texas-oriented table manners included straining coffee through his walrus mustache, then pushing the hair into his mouth with a forefinger to suck out the remaining coffee.

In the opinion of this reviewer, entire well illustrated volume is easily worth the reading time of any Westerner.

Robert L. Brown, P.M.

WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD, edited by Richard Reinhardt, American West Publishing Co., Palo Alto, 1970. 318 pp., illustrated with line engravings, no index. \$8.95.

"Railroads are like the Government. They are large, complicated, and use-

ful, but year in and year out they are hard to love." So observes editor Reinhardt in the leadoff to one of his chapters. But in this interesting new anthology, devoted to the human aspects of 100 years of steam railroading, the reader can find much sympathy for the working men who developed an industry which became as tangible, ubiquitous and influential as the government.

A broadly varied selection of personal memoirs of old days on the railroad, this nicely printed 'scrapbook' brings to light once again the long forgotten or all-but-lost writing of such prominent people as the early day inventor Peter Cooper, who tells of his primitive "Tom Thumb" locomotive, and Horatio Allen, who, in running the 7-ton "Stourbridge Lion" on August 8, 1929, became the first locomotive engineer on the American continent. Fascinating!

Of special interest to Westerners are selections by the redoubtable Cy Warman; by Joseph A. Noble, who railroaded for the Santa Fe more than fifty years in Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico; and by James H. Kyner, a grading contractor who worked for the Union Pacific in Nebraska, Colorado and Idaho.

Satisfying fare, indeed, for those who enjoy stories of railroading the way it's 'sposed to be!

Jackson Thode

DENVER'S OLD THEATER ROW,
by **Forrest H. Johnson.** (A Gem Publication, Denver, 1970, 68 pgs., \$3.)

In this small, but delightful book, the author tells the story of Curtis Street and its glamorous show business in the heyday of the 1920s and before, when the legitimate theater, vaudeville, bur-

lesque and variety shows ruled the entertainment world and when many orchestra leaders and musicians who worked there gained national prominence; among them, Paul Whiteman, Little Jack Little and Vincent Youmans. Among the many performers who appeared in the vaudeville and variety shows were: Laurel and Hardy, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Eva Tanguay, Walter Winchell and Charlie Chaplin, all of them to become the well-known stars of the future.

Not only the theaters, but also other entertainment features—the pool halls, the bars and cafes and the red light district—are covered. Thomas Edison, visiting Denver at the time, proclaimed Curtis Street the "best lighted street in the world."

The book is profusely illustrated with pictures of the old theaters and the Curtis Street area. To the author, who played organ in many of the theaters he mentions, the writing of this book was a nostalgic labor of love.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

GUIDE TO THE COLORADO MOUNTAINS by **Robert Ormes with the Colorado Mountain Club.** (Chicago, Sage Books, Swallow Press, Sixth Edition, First Printing, 1970, 300 pp., preface, maps, photographs and index. Clothbound, \$6.)

This long-awaited guide to Colorado's mountains has been revised and updated, and describes more climbs and trail trips than any of its predecessors. However, sections on motoring, railroads, and ski areas, carried in earlier editions, have been dropped.

The book has a helpful introductory section covering such topics as wildlife, forests, tundra, geology and administration. Additional parts discuss rock climb-

ing, ski touring, spelunking and white water boating.

The bulk of the book, however, is devoted to the various mountain areas, describing location, altitude, roads, trails and mileage. Most sections also list the quadrangle of the area for which U. S. Geological Survey topographical maps are available.

One unfortunate error has the map of the Never Summer Range appearing opposite page 62, in place of the Byers Peak map. Hopefully, this oversight does not exist in all copies.

We are fortunate to have such a book, and anyone who spends time in the high country should have a copy.

Jerry Keenan, C.M.

GLENWOOD SPRINGS, SPA IN THE MOUNTAINS, by Lena M. Urquhart (Pruett Publishing Co. \$2.50, 181 pages, 91 illustrations, paper back.)

This is the story of Glenwood Springs from its discovery by white men in 1860 to date.

The author mentions the Ute Indians making long trips to the Spas for the miracle cures of the springs. Capt. Richard Sopris was the first white man to use the springs. He was followed by many more such as Isaac Cooper and George P. Ryan.

Historical sketches of the hotels, the springs, railroads and its people are thoroughly depicted in this excellent treatise on Glenwood Springs, one of the top recreational meccas of Colorado.

The illustrations make the book more complete. I regret that more railroad pictures were not included. Some of the illustrations could have been improved in their reproduction.

I recommend the booklet for those who love Colorado and its people, who made it great.

R. A. Ronzio, P.M.

NEW HANDS ON THE RANGE

Charles R. Pattison
695 S. Jersey
Denver, Colo. 80222

Mr. Pattison learned about the Westerners from Eugene Rakosnik. He's interested in railroads, hiking, fishing, book collecting.

Sam Zimmerman
4500 Homestead Dr.
Littleton, Colo. 80123

Ed Burritt told Mr. Zimmerman about the Westerners. He's interested in early forts and trading posts and Indian artifacts. He spent 17 years in the Middle East, two years in Sumatra.

Charles T. Crockett
1181 S. High
Denver, Colo. 80210

Mr. Crockett comes to the range with the recommendation of Roy E. Coy. He's interested in railroads and victorian architecture. He's employed as assistant director of the Denver Museum of Natural History. His hobby? Of course, model railroading.

Gene B. Martin
302 Crystal Hills Blvd.
Manitou Springs, Colo. 80829

Leland Feitz and Jim Davis told Mr. Martin about the Westerners. He's interested in Colorado ghost towns and Santa Fe Trail history. His hobbies are camping, ghost townning and flying.

Alan J. Stewart
780 Emerald St.
Broomfield, Colo. 80020

Mr. Stewart was "recruited" by Dave Hicks. Alan is interested in military history and has a large biographical collection on Gen. Frederick Funston. He's a member of the Kansas Historical Society and is a gun collector.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER
1971
Volume XXVII
Number 5

IN THIS ISSUE
COLORADO MELODRAMA REVIVAL
by Ben Draper



PRESENTATION OF THE PLAQUE



Edwin Bathke
Program Chairman

Tom Ferril
Posse Member

Ben Draper
Speaker

Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

About the Author

Dr. Benjamin Draper is a member of the Broadcast Communication Arts Department of San Francisco State College. During the summer Ben Draper is a resident of Georgetown. He is the author of Georgetown Illustrated. Westerners of long standing may recall that he spoke to this group about 1946-47 on efforts to restore Georgetown. His paper, presented here, combines his knowledge of the theatre and his interest in Colorado history. For some time he has been working on a book on the history of Colorado theatre.

Over the Corral Rail

Jerome C. Smiley's massive 978-page "History of Denver," is being reprinted in facsimile under the sponsorship of the State Historical Society. The new edition has a detailed index prepared by Robert L. Perkin, author of "The First Hundred Years." Perkin also supplies a brief introduction about Smiley and his book. \$20 each. Copies may be ordered from the State Historical Society of Colorado, 210 Fourteenth Ave., Denver 80203. Delivery is expected in late October.

• • •

The Englewood public library has launched a "Share Your Heritage" project. The staff is seeking any information about Englewood, early residents, early photos and such. Any help will be appreciated. If you have something to contribute, write Mrs. Beverly Simon, Library, 3400 S. Elati, Englewood, Colo. 80110.

• • •

Early Birds of Aviation gathered at the Cosmopolitan Hotel recently. A. F. Bonnalie of Denver was general chairman for the convention. Members flew prior to Dec. 17, 1916. Another Colorado member is John F. Curry.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

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Reservations for all meetings and dinners— Jack L. Morison, 1430 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver Colorado 80202. Dinner \$4.00. Reservations only.

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Keeper of the Possibles Bag: Dr. Philip W. Whiteley

At the August meeting the following won prizes from the Possibles Bag: Mrs. Les Williams, Ed Burritt, Joyce Covey, Glen Daley, Dick Bowman, Dave Hicks, Barbara Bowers, Mr. Dein and Mrs. Lena Bower. Please forgive any spelling errors.

Colorado Melodrama Revival

or, **Handle-barred Villains**

by BENJAMIN DRAPER

Colorado began to recall its romantic past in the depths of the Great Depression. Strangely enough it was the WPA that brought about much of this interest. Mayor George D. Gegole sponsored three projects that stirred the attention of citizens of the City and County of Denver to early history. One project copied pictures of historic events, notable leaders (both immortal and immoral), civic monuments, and historic sites.

The Denver Museum was organized with the cooperation of the Pioneer Women of Colorado, the Society of Colorado Pioneers, and the Volunteer Firemen's Association. Cherished mementoes, from ox-yokes to daguerreotypes, were gathered by these groups and housed in 1932 on the fourth floor of the newly opened City and County Building. The founders were the late Maria Davies McGrath, Margaret Evans Myers (Mrs. Joseph A.), and the writer. The collection has since become parts of the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library and the Denver Art Museum.

A second Denver WPA project involved a collection of biographical sketches, "The Real Pioneers of Colorado," compiled by Mrs. McGrath, long-time president of the Pioneer Women. The work, in manuscript form, was lodged in historical research collections. Miss Ina T. Aulls, head of the then recently established Western History Collection, utilized WPA workers to index early years of the

Rocky Mountain News and to build a superb clipping collection.

The State Historical Society of Colorado commissioned portraits of pioneers and other notables by WPA artists. A model of early Denver was built. Of theatrical interest is the fact that both the original Apollo Hall and the Platte Valley Theatre were shown.

The Denver Art Museum hired architect Lester Varian to do a series of etchings of historic structures. Murals depicting pioneer days were painted in a dozen public buildings. Gladys Caldwell's magnificent Rocky Mountain sheep graced the Eighteenth Street entrance to the United States Post Office, itself one of the ten great examples of monumental architecture in the country. A Federal theatre project gave some attention to nineteenth century drama. This group was the final tenant of the old Baker Theatre on Lawrence Street. It can truly be observed that Colorado owes a substantial historical debt to the WPA.

Traditionally many American Communities celebrate their founding with pioneer picnics, rodeos, Old Home Days, or other nostalgic affairs. In Colorado the revival of the past, grown romantic with the decades, has an added dimension of a sprightly interest in the theatre. This is not unusual since Colorado from its beginnings has enjoyed the theatre to a greater degree than any other section of the country, as we shall see.

For its size today, including summer tourists, Colorado has more melodrama revivals than there are straw-hat theatres in all New England. Practically every historic opera house or theatre building extant has housed in recent years a local melodrama group. Other troupes play in tents or more modern accommodations. The support which the pioneers gave the theatre has continued through the twentieth century.

Colorado's return to its theatrical past flowered full-blown in 1932. This first revival remains the greatest. The restoration of the Central City Opera House and the pre-

sentation of *Camille*, starring Lillian Gish and produced by Robert Edmond Jones, is now theatrical history of first magnitude.

This great adventure was embarked upon by two great ladies—Ida Kruse McFarlane and Anne Evans. It is too well-known to require re-telling. Central City awakened many people all over the country to the high feather of melodrama. Among local enthusiasts was Frank White, son of the well-known turn-of-the-century *Denver Post* drama critic, Frederick W. White. "FWW," as he invariably signed his column, reviewed and recorded theatrical history in the Mile High City. His approbation brought success to a good deal of it. It also attested that the *Denver Post*, in its earlier, much criticized years, had cultural interests as well as sensational headlines. "FWW's" young son, Frank, was persuaded in 1932 by Mrs. McFarlane and Miss Evans to lend his promotional acumen (under supervision of the telephone company's Milton Bernet) to the first play festival.

During a stimulating summer driving back and forth to Central City over the narrow, dusty Virginia Canyon road with Anne and Ida walking along Eureka and Main Streets of Central City after the play, many people conceived of revivals of a less lofty turn, as they observed the beer drinking crowds (repeal was a year away) that gathered around the piano players and sang lustily if not well.

The old West Denver Turner Hall, on 12th Street, north of Larimer was still standing, adjacent to and owned by the Tivoli Brewing Company. In 1934, in this gem of a nineteenth century theatre a group which included Frank White opened Colorado's first twentieth century nineteenth century melodrama company. The production was *Ten Nights in a Barroom*. The audience was seated at tables, entirely reminiscent of early day variety theatres. Handle-barred waiters brought trays loaded with mugs of near beer. After blowing the foam and drinking deep, Denver

dudes felt impelled to hiss the despicable Edward Middleton. The venture was known as the Old Town Hall Tavern.

The sudsy revival proved popular for many months and also included *The Drunkard* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It was the latest rage to go slumming on Larimer Street. After dining at the Manhattan Restaurant, Saturday night strollers journeyed west past Jim Goodheart's Mission, peering in at the reformations in progress. They continued down Larimer to John Gahan's Buffet (formerly saloon) which was across 14th Street from the old City Hall. Here they might exchange greetings with the night beat from the Post, News, and Denver Express.

Thence across Cherry Creek to 12th and perhaps a performance by the Eureka Repertoire Troupe of *The Drunkard*. This remarkable melodrama had a built-in appeal that made social drinkers feel infinitely superior to souses. It is the hardest of all revivals and has been playing continuously in Los Angeles for twenty-four years.

West Denver Turner Hall had had a long theatrical history. Built in 1882, it was the third West Denver building to be erected by a Turnverein society. Earlier ones had been Sigi's Hall and Voerwaert's Turner Hall, both dating back to the 1870's. West Denver Turner Hall was a theatre-gymnasium which housed parallel bars and leather "horses" as well as scenery backstage. Its uses were in every way similar to other lodge halls of the period.

The Turnverein clubs derived from the national origins of their members, both Swiss and German. West Denver Turner Hall competed with East Denver Turner Hall, 2132 Arapahoe Street, both for members and in gymnastic exhibitions. East Denver Turner Hall was also used by German and Swedish theatre groups. The establishment is fondly remembered by many Denverites for the gymnasium classes held there by Herr Schmidt who also served as physical education supervisor of the Denver Public Schools. His classes excelled in Indian Club and Dumb Bell exercises which invariably started off with a roll of

Herr Schmidt's drum. During and after World War I he became known as Mr. Schmidt.

The second important revival following *Camille* took place in 1933 at the University Civic Theatre. Walter Sinclair, having discovered an actress of considerable comedy talent in Miss Helen Bonfils, undertook a revival of *East Lynne*. This production proved one of the highlights of the 1933 season at the Civic Theatre which was then housed on the University of Denver campus.

The cast played their roles straight with very little alteration of the original script from the pen of Mrs. Henry Wood. For audience interest and amusement Sinclair relied on the trite and improbable situations of true melodrama. The actors gesticulated delicately, indulging only slightly stylized action for comedy effects. Walter Sinclair's hallmark invariably was understatement. The success of this "old chestnut" astounded members on both sides of the footlights.

In 1936 the "half a century old" Tavern Theatre at Bailey, Colorado, just below the summit of Kenosha Pass, accommodated a brief season of "Western plays," produced by Magdalene Klausner and Helen McGraw, with the help of Joseph Emerson Smith. In 1939, in Englewood, the Ramshackle Players presented *Dot, the Miner's Daughter* in the high school auditorium.

It was not until after World War II that melodrama revivals got under way in many other Colorado communities. The annual play festival at Central City continued to be the focal point of the state's interest in its romantic theatrical past. Central City elected, however, to present not melodrama but the finest theatre and opera that a limited box office and generous subsidies could buy.

The new melodrama trend in Colorado stressed good fun more than good theatre. It developed from the urge to summer madness by amateur groups and a desire by various communities to attract tourists and visitors.

In 1945 a group of young veterans founded a company

known as Georgetown Enterprises. Their purpose was the restoration of the Colorado silver town to its former glory and to establish businesses to cater to summer tourists. One of the attractions they instituted was a season of melodrama. The McClellan Opera House having burned in 1892, Georgetown Enterprises bought the 100-seat picture show building and restored it. It was given the name McClellan Hall, honoring the earlier historic edifice. The ticket booth sported Erskine McClellan's stern Presbyterian admonition: "No Improper Persons Admitted."

Georgetown Enterprises enlisted the support of the Piper Players for a summer melodrama season in Idaho Springs and Georgetown. The troupe moved to Cripple Creek in 1948.

At Cripple Creek the Piper Players were under contract to Wayne and Dorothy Mackin for two seasons. The Mackins, a tremendously enthusiastic couple, had bought and were restoring the old Imperial Hotel. This brisk hostelry, long a landmark, was located a half block off the town's famous thoroughfare, Bennett Avenue, where in boom times a ticket of admission included two drinks.

The Mackins remodeled the lower floor of the Imperial for a cabaret theatre and established their own melodrama company in 1950. The Gold Bar Room Theatre has continued with a full summer season ever since. The Mackins justly claim to operate "Colorado's first and favorite Melodrama Theatre," as theirs is now the oldest melodrama company in continuous operation in the United States.

In order to produce a new revival of a notable play each season, Dorothy Mackin, already studying local history, added nineteenth century theatre to her research. She has adapted seventeen scripts since 1953. In the last two decades the Imperial Players have performed such classics as *The Two Orphans*, *After Dark*, *Ragpickers of Paris*, and the *Count of Monte Cristo*. Paid attendance the first 1948 season was 4,800. In 1970 it exceeded 33,000. The 1971

attraction was a dramatization of the French novelist Ouida's 1865 work, *Under Two Flags*.

Mrs. Mackin has expressed her philosophy of melodrama revival as follows:

It is very satisfying to have spanned a generation with our presentations of melodrama at the Imperial Hotel and to have our efforts rewarded with increased attendance year after year. We now see in our audiences married sons and daughters of some of our early day customers. They often tell us that they first came to a matinee with their parents when they were still in elementary school.

We feel a great deal of our success has been our dedication to preserving the flavor of the 1950-1900 period in our presentations. We direct our plays as we feel they were directed when they were first played, asking our actors and actresses to portray their roles with complete seriousness, allowing the script to dictate and evoke its own comic aspects. Throughout the twelve weeks run, rehearsals are called each week in order to keep the show as much as possible in its original design. Fines are assessed against any actor or actress who makes a deliberate alteration in lines or movement. Ad lib repartee with the audience is strictly forbidden. In this way, we continue to present professional level performances that remain quite consistent throughout the twelve week season.

After the Piper Players had moved on to Cripple Creek the Georgetown project engaged a University of Colorado troupe, the Thirteenth Street Players, founded and directed by Robert Barrows. This company played week nights in Boulder and weekends in Georgetown.

Highlight of the 1948 season was on August 7 when a special performance of *The Drunkard* was given honoring Miss Mae West and her Diamond Lil Company, then appearing at Central City. Among the "augmented cast" was "A Tiny Babe," played by Miss Deborah Draper, age three months.

The "Mae West in Georgetown" affair was attended by Governor and Mrs. Lee Knous and four former Colorado governors. It was heady stuff for "The Silver Queen"—Mae West on Alpine Street! Frederick McFarlane of Central City fame, declared that he had come all the way to

Georgetown to get a glimpse of Diamond-decked Miss West who hadn't so much as poked her nose out of her specially decorated suite on Eureka at Central.

The performance was preceded by a dinner in Georgetown Enterprises' restaurant, The Grubstake. The menu featured "an early day delectable—mining camp pasties." Instead of the climax, Miss Mae West proved the anti-climax. She never showed up. Pleading indisposition she was the only person of any consequence who failed to join the festivities in Georgetown that night. But her gem-glittering name provided tremendous impetus for the future of melodrama revivals in the state.

The next two seasons in Georgetown were given to old time silent movies in McClellan Hall. *The Birth of a Nation*, which had been shown in 1915 in the same building, brought many visitors. The mountain revival stirred up a ruckus similar but in miniature to that which had taken place in Denver when Griffith's masterpiece was first exhibited on Curtis Street. In 1950 Georgetown Enterprises failed. "Twenty years ahead of its time," was the kindly verdict of James Grafton Rogers.

McClellan Hall was next used by a local amateur group, the McClellan Players. This company, composed of Georgetown and Silver Plume citizens, was founded in 1953 by Mrs. Cynthia Willet, Wayne and Lois Allen, Miss Anne Coe, Charles Christianson, and the talented Rutherford family. Over the years McClellan Players have been so successful with summer week-end seasons that they now perform in a rebuilt Star Hook and Ladder firehouse. The upper floor, once the town hall, is today a theatre, accommodating the audience at tables. There is a small and challenging stage with a roller curtain that appropriately thumps as it descends. Broadway star Miss Eugenia Rawls gave a complimentary performance of *Fanny Kemble* there last summer for the benefit of Georgetown's John Tomay Memorial Library. This year McClellan Players

show in an original, not a revival, *The Widow's Weary Way*, which opened Friday, July 9.

Preceding the organization of the McClellan Players by one year was an amateur group in Beulah, Colorado, twenty-five miles south and west of Pueblo. This pleasant valley town, on the border of the San Isabel National Forest, has long had a lively summer colony, first attracted to the soda springs. Beulah boasts that its quarry furnished pink marble for the west wing of the State Capitol.

In the summer of 1952 a melodrama was given to raise money for the annual Yule Log Festival. Instant success led to the formation of the Beulah Melodrama Club, Incorporated. Annual productions have been given except when a six-foot snow caved in their theatre in the old Gay Way Amusement Park dance hall. The Valley Ho community building has housed the group since 1961. The Beulah troupe, directed in early years by Palmer Challela of Pueblo, took their 1967 success, *The Curse of an Aching Heart*, on tour to Canon City and Pueblo.

The last two summers have been directed by Kerry Gladnew of Pueblo who is a summer resident. Teen-agers in the valley present two melodramas during the winter for the benefit of the American Cancer Society. The 1971 season played in July and August.

Except in a very limited way Colorado has never nurtured native drama. In spite of the ever-increasing popularity of the Western—first stimulated by pulp magazines and popular novels, then moving pictures, talking pictures, and now television—local Colorado lore has had a negligible role. Two notable theatrical events have derived from Colorado history.

The Unsinkable Molly Brown was written by Richard Morris, a California man who was sparked to the story by Bill and Mary McGlone on an excursion to Central City. This musical was a substantial Broadway hit in 1958. The movie version ran true to Hollywood's disregard for both minor and major points of history. It depicted Leadville

Johnny Brown as a young and lusty buck of the same age as Molly. He sang his big numbers from a promontory overlooking the Black Canyon of the Gunnison which the movie implied was on the outskirts of Leadville.

The second theatrical event was a year later. In 1959 the *Denver Post* sponsored a play writing contest on a theme deriving from the Pikes Peak Gold Rush. This salute, as a part of the Centennial, was produced at Central City. The winning script, ". . .and Perhaps Happiness," by Thomas Hornsby Ferril, was a tour de force as literature, superbly written in iambic pentameter. Ferril's poetic drama, laid in Central City, was a success at the summer Festival. But, in spite of the services of a play doctor and excellent direction by Dr. Edwin Levy, it proved of insufficient theatrical strength to be moved to Broadway. The title of the play, with its ellipses and quotation marks, derived from Horace Greeley's observations when he visited Gregory Gulch in June, 1859. "Pikes Peakers," Mr. Greeley observed, 'might find gold, riches, and perhaps happiness.'

It was inevitable, with the tremendous popularity of Westerns on television and the medium's insatiable appetite, that attention be directed to Colorado as a source of material. Traditionally Western had centered on the cowboy and were filmed on the range. Little attention had ever been given to the miner who in truth was as young, vigorous, and daring. Life in the mining towns, in actual history, was every bit as romantic as that on the range and far more hazardous. The mines offered the added suspense and excitement of Eureka!, Bonanza!, and Borrascol!

In the late 1950s the CBS network came to Georgetown on a scouting trip. These TV brainstormers were boozed and proselited by the late Mrs. Frederick Atherton Adams, Mrs. Richard Pate, and the writer. Out of the highly stimulating excursion came a television series, *Hotel De Paris*, on which the writer served briefly as historical advisor.

In the television version of the world famous French

hostelry, the hero, instead of being a fictionalized version of Louis Du Puy, was a muscular young man known as Sundance. This hotel owner was an American cowboy who had done time in prison. His housekeeper, instead of Aunt Sophie Gallet who was a highly dramatic person in real life, was an ordinary woman whose place in the story was scenting danger. Although the role was superbly played by Jeanette Nolan, her sole plot function was heightening suspense. The situations around which each episode was built were unrealistic and related vaguely or not at all to life in a mining town. The last story conference which this writer attended involved Sundance driving a herd of 7,000 cattle over Loveland Pass.

In fairness to CBS it must be recorded that Earl Holliman, who played Sundance, owned a piece of the show. He was not unnaturally interested in furthering his own career as against local history. Cowboys were sure draw and playing a mysterious Frenchman or a miner was experimental. The television series *Hotel De Paris* failed after twenty-six weeks. Its failure stemmed, in this writer's opinion, from artificiality where reality would have made a whacking good story, one that has not yet been told on television.

Such liberties with facts, probabilities, and possibilities of history are by no means new in literature nor are they confined to Westerns. To the contrary, however, many, many writers and historians are wont to argue that the real facts of the winning of the West, if told with small embellishment, would make for better reading, play-going, and viewing.

The Windsor Hotel, Denver, had a ten-week season in 1945 of a play, entitled *Lily of Dirty Gulch*, an original melodrama by Diane Thomas and Bill Boast.

A minor attempt and major distortion of a native drama theme was made at Lake City in 1958. A local dramatic group was assembled to perform a play in cooperation with the Lake City Chamber of Commerce on the seventy-

fifth anniversary of the 1883 trial of Alferd Packer. Packer, it will be recalled, turned cannibal in the bitter cold and deep snow of a San Juan winter. He was eventually released from prison when the *Denver Post*, in its circulation building days at the turn of the century, made him a *cause célèbre*. Gene Fowler, in *Timberline*, gave immortality to the original verdict: "Alferd Packer," Judge Gerry pronounced, "There was seven Democrats in Hinsdale County but you, you voracious man-eating son of a bitch, ate five of them!"

The 1959 re-creation of the tragedy was presented at the Hinsdale County Court House, in "the original courtroom." In 1883 the two-story, severe frame building had drawn the attention of the entire yellow journal reading world. The 1958 production was astonishingly entitled *They Wuz Et*. It was more astonishingly billed as a farce comedy. The show was a howling success and eventually moved to Silverton to the Bent Elbow, a popular tourist saloon on notorious Blair Street, where it finished a bang-up season. For reasons now obscure in the passage of time, the program for the Silverton run was changed to read "Flake City, Whimsdail County, Colorado!"

One should not speak too harshly of efforts of local thespians to amuse themselves and their neighbors with theatrical hi-jinks, even to taking the tragedy of cannibalism lightly. For the main thrust of Colorado's melodrama for the first two post-war decades as holiday, week-end, and tourist stuff and not serious theatre.

In more recent years there has emerged amid the handle-barred villians, eyelet embroidered heroines, and horny but honest heroes still another kind of melodrama revival. It produces laughter by being played seriously. Much of it has Walter Sinclair's brand of deft delicacy. It is remarkably fine theatre, perhaps distinctive enough to be a new genre, at least a sub-genre. In the panorama of such performances from Pikes Peak to Telluride, many of these new groups are composed of theatre students. Some are

sponsored by theatre departments of colleges and universities throughout the country who come to Colorado for a summer season.

Western State College at Gunnison, under the knowledgeable direction of Dr. Martin Hatcher, has engaged in several melodrama revivals in the last decade. Unfortunately, the town's time-honored two-story brick Smith's Opera House, which once knew many of the great and near-great of the theatre, has been remodeled for the private uses of an apartment house and the magnificent Victorian La Veta Hotel dismantled. Either of these would have been a period setting unequalled in most of Colorado. The opera house was possessed of a roller curtain and "five slide scenes" as well as seven sets of scenery. Seating 400, it opened Jan. 3, 1883 with an amateur production of *The Turn of the Tide*.

Gunnison was reached, in its zenith years, by two railroads: a Denver and Rio Grande extension narrow gauge via Marshall Pass from Salida which opened in 1881 and a Denver and South Park line via Alpine Pass inaugurated a year later. From there the Black Canyon line eventually rattled on to Grand Junction. Traveling players and ordinary passengers alike clung to their seats while peering gingerly out of the windows to the depths below as the train chugged along shelf-ledge tracks.

Dr. Hatcher and his collegians, known as the Four of A Kind Players, set up in 1963 at Crested Butte in the old Colorado Fuel and Iron Company barn. They drew happy holiday audiences from summer tourists and winter skiers. The group moved shortly into the C.F.&I. office building which was remodeled as a theatre. They have played summer seasons ever since to increasingly larger houses. A second troupe, The Last Chance Players, from Western State and also under Dr. Hatcher's direction, performs each summer at a cabaret in Gunnison. This company discovered that an old 1892 chestnut, *Down the Black Canyon*, perfectly suited to imbibing patrons in those environs.

Crested Butte, since 1964, has had a second melodrama group, The California Players, under Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Booth of Pasadena. These players emote in Firemen's Hall. The town of Crested Butte, although twenty miles removed from the main highway at Gunnison, remains an architecturally unspoiled mining town with unexcelled ski potential. Much of the gingerbread detail is intact in spite of destructive fires in 1890 and 1893. The Princess Theatre, one of Colorado's oldest moving picture houses, continues to operate.

The Tabor Opera House at Leadville has alternated as the joy and despair of its friends ever since Horace Austin Warner Tabor lost his fortune in 1893. Detective work by Mrs. Dorothy Degitz, historian of the building, revealed particulars of one of the many misfortunes visited upon the Silver Midas. From deeds and other county records, she pieced together what is today a widely copied story.

In the aftermath of Tabor's troubles, in March, 1893, one A. S. Weston, then County Judge of Lake County, took over the Opera House. The transaction, which can only be described as an incredible interpretation of "the public trust," arose from receivership in the Judge's own court. Judge Weston paid the Tabor Amusement Company \$22,000 for the building, the net profit of which had averaged \$75 a day ever since its opening in 1879. If you want to do the arithmetic on your napkin, in just three hundred performances he would have the entire purchase price back.

The new owner's enthusiastic rescue of the building extended to his re-naming it the Weston Opera House. It was begrudgingly known by that name until his death in 1897 after which time his widow operated the theatre. She in turn lost it, her husband having actually paid Tabor very little cash and had given a very large mortgage to a local bank.

In 1902 the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, which fraternal organization had been founded in Leadville, re-

named the building *The Elks Opera House*. They opened it with a gala performance of *Floradora* and continued ownership for many years. Like all mining town opera houses the Tabor fell into infrequent use and eventually knew only dark nights. The writer sang there in 1925 with the University of Denver Glee Club. We thrilled at being shown cuts under the stage floor that had been made to accommodate the treadmill for the chariot race in *Ben Hur*.

In 1955 there was a new owner of the Tabor Opera House. Florence A. Hollister, a retired Minnesota school teacher, invested most of her life savings in restoring the building. She scrubbed off the brick front, applied a new coat of red paint, and had a local tinner make letters for the word TABOR. With its original name restored, Mrs. Hollister began operating the building as a museum. Upon her death in 1965, she was succeeded by her equally enthusiastic daughter, Mrs. Evelyn Furman, the present owner.

In 1967 a group of twenty young people from Chicago, directed by D. Edward Litchfield of Northwestern University, played a season of *Charley's Aunt*, *Shaw's Arms and the Man*, and *The Chocolate Soldier*. The season was successful artistically and disastrous financially. Since that time the building has continued as a museum attracting several thousand each summer. There have been occasional performances by various groups. This year the Scholar Productions of Fort Dodge, Iowa, will stage *Paint Your Wagon* and *Carousel*.

The Iron Springs Chateau at Manitou Springs initiated in 1967 a summer melodrama season directed by Dr. Edwin Levy of the University of Denver. That year they gave forty-one performances of *East Lynne* and fifty of *The Fatal Wedding*, setting somewhat of a record for summer melodrama if not all summer theatre in Colorado. Dr. Levy, in booking talented and experienced players from the University's theatre department, had struck it rich in

Colorado's number one tourist area—the Pikes Peak Region.

The success of this first season by the Edwin Levy Productions led to the group moving to Cascade. (The Iron Springs Chateau has since reopened with its own company) Cascade, an 1880 resort town, had been built on the Colorado Midland Railway line, a few miles beyond Manitou Springs. John Hay wrote much of his *Life of Abraham Lincoln* here and General William Tecumseh Sheridan and Elihu Root had swapped stories as they rocked on the wide verandah of the Ramona Hotel.

In 1926 Thomas Cusack of Billboard fame and fortune bought the town and a substantial community house was erected. In this structure, handsomely remodeled, Bob Young's Cabaret Theatre opened June 8, 1968. The first season's offerings were *The Easiest Way* and *The Virginian*, both adapted by Dr. Levy. The 1971 plays are *East Lynne*, alternating with *Scandal at Fairfax*.

Edwin Levy, in his tender years, had played under Walter Sinclair. He has an enviable record of directing, not only at the University of Denver where he is a professor of theatre, but at Lincoln Center, New York, at Central City, and for a season at the Bonfils Theatre. His widely copied melodrama techniques are intended to move patrons to boisterous behavior but they are basically good theatre. Dr. Levy has described his melodrama directing technique:

Like all good drama, characters must be approached with honesty, through extremely presentational, and very nearly super-graphic in use of gesture, movement, and facial expression. Delsarte is a fine basic authority, but sometimes speech and gesture must be isolated. That is, sometimes gesture follows speech; often, it precedes; rather than the more realistic device of smooth coordination of the two. Music, of course, is indispensable. After all, the term means "drama with music."

I always approach the staging of a melodrama with a reminder of what two pioneers in melodrama playwriting—Kotzebue and

Pixerecourt—always have been credited with: “Melodramas are plays written for people who cannot read.”

Tempo is super-fast, and articulation must be overly distinct. The style must never be kidded. And finally, it is far better to work with genuine scripts from the nineteenth century or very early twentieth century (*Easiest Way*, for example) rather than using a burlesque on the style.

Levy's masterly direction has built the greatest success of any of Colorado's melodrama theatres. Every performance is sold out each summer. The season has now been extended to week-ends during the winter.

The Sheridan Opera House at Telluride is another surviving architectural gem. Built as an adjunct to and a part of the Sheridan Hotel in the 1890s, the theatre has been preserved intact to its roller curtain and diadem of light bulbs outlining the proscenium arch. In summer seasons, since 1966, there has been a troupe from Orange County, California playing such melodramas as *Nellie's Terrible Secret* to enthusiastic houses.

Durango's glory day opera house was originally a part of the Strater Hotel. This tradition has been preserved in a modern adaptation, the Diamond Circle Theatre, seating 300, in an adjoining building. A summer melodrama group begins its tenth season this year under the direction of Orvis Grout of Colorado Springs. The troupe is proud of its designation by *Time* magazine as “one of the three best melodrama groups in the nation.” The 1971 offerings are *The Great Diamond Robbery* and *Pursuit of Happiness*. There are olivos with the college and university players doubling as waiters and waitresses between the acts.

Victor has a new melodrama revival in the Victor Hotel. An original musical, *The Affairs of Baby Doe Tabor*, directed by Todd Andreff, will run all summer. Sitzmark Lodge at Winter Park has had a melodrama season as has the Gaslight Players in Estes Park. The latter troupe was founded fourteen years ago. In 1966 the Board and Bat-

ten Players from Topeka, Kansas, performed a summer season of *The Drunkard* at Riverside Lodge, twelve miles from Lyons.

It has not always been beer and skittles for the players who come to Colorado. Idaho Springs had a melodrama group in 1968 in a store on Miner Street but scant houses made the going rough. In Cancos, in 1966, a theatrical company played *Little Mary Sunshine* in the highly appropriate setting of the Mancos Opera House. The company failed to return the next year. A local informant, who understandably elects to remain anonymous, assigned failure to the fact that "the players couldn't get along with the town people."

In the early 1960s a melodrama group performed in the ballroom of the historic Beaumont Hotel at Ouray. This gem of a salon has a musician's gallery at one end, reminiscent of the best European architecture of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Wright's Opera House, built at Ouray about 1879, is being reconditioned to meet safety laws and hopes for a revival.

An occasional theatrical revival is presented in the restored Soldier's Theatre at Fort Garland. Nearby Adams State College, which opened in 1926, has an excellent drama department which boasts a partial replica of an Elizabethan theatre on their campus. This group, from time to time, takes an appropriate play to the Soldier's Theatre, a part of the Fort Garland complex which is operated as a museum by the State Historical Society of Colorado.

The restored Wheeler Opera House at Aspen appears not to inspire melodrama revivals. The vacation spirit which leads to this kind of enjoyment finds outlet in Aspen in several night clubs and saloons which headline piano players and encourage a mixture of loud, good, and sometimes melodious singing. The customers lavishly reward the musician with drinks and often with dollar bills tossed grandiloquently into a chamber pot atop the piano.

In 1964 an Edwin Booth Opera House existed briefly at Breckenridge, although the great tragedian never played there nor at Central City as is often claimed.

There is a summer melodrama season in the restored town of Buckskin Joe in Park County. The remodeled picture show building in Creede, re-named the Creede Opera House, was used by a melodrama group from 1958 to 1965 and has more lately accommodated straw-hatters from the University of Kansas.

The latest company to open in Heritage Square Opera House where an original melodrama, *Billy The Kid*, and a musical, *East of the Rockies*, are being presented this 1971 season. This is a new group at Vail, Colorado, headed happily by Buddy Pipu, who in the intervening decades has gone on to successes in Hollywood, New York, and on television.

We lament the destruction of the Del Norte Opera House a few years ago. Built in 1876, it was the oldest standing theatre structure in Colorado. The wrecker's ball may bring the complete obliteration of historic theatres in the state if citizens don't rise and preserve the few remaining ones.

Opera Houses and theatres were once the chief dwellings of musical and dramatic entertainment, the focal place of community culture. A more private device known as television has in turn replaced the motion picture which in turn had replaced the living theatre. Entertainment in the confines of the living room is a vastly different thing to that presented to congregate audiences.

Substantial buildings for these long gone audiences were once found in every city and town in the state. There were three hundred and thirty-seven places in Colorado that had opera houses or theatres. This figure, when related to the population, attests a far greater number of theatres than any other place in the United States. A multifaceted explanation of the popularity of the theatre in Colorado includes such related factors as the pioneer isola-

tion of Colorado from other parts of the country, distances between towns, slowness of travel and to a degree lack of facilities, and the unusual phenomenon of ready money. Colorado in its mining days was a wage-earner state. There was cash money every Saturday night in contrast to much of the United States which was agricultural, producing cash crops once a year and bartered with produce on weekly trips to town.

Today there are perhaps a score of Colorado's fine early day theatres still standing. These souvenirs of the past include: West Theatre, Trinidad; Burns Opera House, Colorado Springs; Miner's Theatre, Apex; Central City Opera House; Tabor Opera House, Leadville; Wright's Opera House, Ouray; Sheridan Opera House, Telluride; West Denver Turner Hall; Palace Theatre, Blake Street, Denver; Empress Theatre, Hugo; and Bird Cage Theatre, Ouray.

Today numerous amateur and civic dramatic clubs throughout Colorado provide artistic outlet for members and playgoing for community audiences. There are a score of summer theatres that offer current plays instead of melodrama. Notable ones are the American College Players at Grand Lake and the long-established Little Theatre of the Rockies at Greeley. But a large portion of all legitimate theatre today is presented by high school, college, and university theatre departments. Save for a few national companies, traveling with Broadway successes, professional entertainment is almost exclusively in the province of motion pictures and television. Only a half-dozen theatres or auditoriums in Colorado today house commercial productions and this use is occasional.

It is not our purpose here to debate or analyze these changes. We lament the passing of legitimate professional theatre and the stock company and we look back upon it with affection. We delight in its nineteenth century revival by summer melodrama troupes.

The theatre has been generously patronized in Colorado

since the days of the Gold Rush. Fourth and fifth generation Coloradoans cannot recall a time in their family history in the West when the theatre was not a potent force for both culture and amusement. The Now Generation Coloradoans delightedly follow in family footsteps, sometimes in the spirit of camp and sometimes with genuine nostalgia. They find in it romance and color. Twentieth century patrons have generously supported Central City. Such legitimate theatre as still exists is well patronized. Denver and other Colorado places have always been good show towns, in the vernacular of the sock and buskin set.

Colorado melodrama revival has taken two main directions. First a re-working of the old plays for modern audiences and second, some bright new original dramas, written in the tongue-in-cheek style. Both contribute tremendously to the new kind of summer fun. This re-creation of the glory days has brought a new kind of glory day. In its behavior the audience at the melodrama revival today is in many respects reminiscent of pioneer mining camp audiences. There is a happy hissing of the villain and loud cheering as virtue triumphs. A schooner of beer at the elbow makes it better. Such holiday whooping and hollering is best amid historic surroundings.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Sheridan, Colo., a Denver suburb, probably got its name from the fact that Fort Logan, Colo., was first called Fort Sheridan. Gen. Sheridan decided that he'd rather have an Illinois fort with his name and in 1889 the Colorado "Fort Sheridan" officially became Fort Logan.



Westerner's Bookshelf



IN THE BUFFALO COUNTRY, by Lt. George D. Brewerton, Introduction by David Lavender. Lewis Osborne, Publisher, Ashland, Oregon. \$12.00.

A good deal of careful preparation and thought went into the printing and binding of this limited edition (1,400 copies) sequel to *A Ride With Kit Carson and Incidents of Travel in New Mexico*, and no doubt it will eventually become a collector's item. This volume concerns itself with the author's West to East journey along the Santa Fe Trail from the Mora Valley of New Mexico to Independence, Missouri.

This story, of course, is a reprint of the last of a three part serial published by *Harpers New Monthly Magazine*. Lt. Brewerton's trek was made in 1848; the account was not written until late 1853. No journal was kept, so the possibility exists that many of the facts may have been lost to history. There is a compensating factor, however. If one reads the story before reading the introduction by David Lavender, many hitherto unknown historical gems come to light. The entire book contains but 71 pages, and it seems a shame that Mr. Lavender, stickler for fact that he is, used up 17 pages of an otherwise entertaining little story just to set the record straight.

There is a certain amount of dry wit coursing throughout Brewerton's account of his adventures, but this reviewer gets the impression that the author may have mixed his formal education with some of the expressions one might hear at a rendezvous of mountain men, with the reader coming out second best.

The story is out of the ordinary in that it is an account of a *West to East* trip along the famous Santa Fe Trail; most other accounts start at the eastern end. By the time one reads of an unusual incident in the text, then searches through David Lavender's introduction to check for truth, he becomes thoroughly confused. If you are reading for entertainment, buy this book, skip the introduction, and have fun. If you are researching for historical fact, try a reliable author.

Lowell E. Mooney

THE WILD WEST, by Don Russell, edited and published by Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, Fort Worth, Texas, 1970. 149 pages.

(It is interesting to Westerners to note that Don Russell lives in Elmhurst, Illinois, has written several books relating to western history and, for the past twenty years, has edited the *Chicago Westerners Brand Book*).

The inner flyleaf states that this book is "A History of the Wild West Shows, Being an Account of the Prestigious, Peregrinary Pageants Pre-tentiously Presented . . . Which Created a Wonderfully Imaginative and Unrealistic Image of the American West." These spectacular adjectives may not express the opinion of some of the outstanding characters, including Buffalo Bill Cody, Wild Bill Hickok, Pawnee Bill, Red Cloud, P. T. Barnum, Annie Oakley, Sitting Bull, Calamity Jane, Harry Tamm and Fred Bonfils, to name a few.

The book is a true and authentic history of Wild West Shows in many

forms dating from 1843 to 1969. It is written in a readable and interesting manner but meticulously presents the factual events. It is a valuable addition to a reference library but is most interesting reading to one interested in true western history and especially to those who remember the heyday of the Buffalo Bill Shows and of other intriguing characters. The true "Wild West" Show is defined and distinguished from the "rodeo," "carnival" and "circus," although many of the "Wild West" acts and scenes may be and are included in other forms of entertainment. For example, the "rodeo" is primarily a contest; but it is also in the field of entertainment related to western life.

A checklist of 116 Wild West Shows is presented, and many are described in the book; but, of course, the best known and biggest in all dimensions are Buffalo Bill and 101 Ranch Wild West Shows. There are a number of others which were large and very successful. Many of these top shows traveled the world and were very popular with the people in many countries, including the royal families. Cowboy contests and shows are recorded in the 1840's, but the true "Wild West" Show does not appear in full entertainment form until the 1880's. Its heyday extended until the 1920's.

The book contains many photographs and 13 color plates, which add greatly to the enjoyment of its reading and also to the acquaintance of characters and the understanding of the history of the Wild West Show.

Ralph M. Mayo

CITY ON THE MOVE: THE STORY OF SALINA, KANSAS, by Ruby Phillips Bramwell, Survey Press, Salina, second

edition, 1970, 246 pp., illustrated, bibliography, index. \$5.00.

Here is a comprehensive history of one of the great towns of Kansas and the surrounding area. It is hard to realize that the birth of Salina preceded the birth of our own Denver by only a few months. Miss Bramwell traces the history of the area from Lt. Zebulon Pike (who was probably the first white man in the area, to the founding of the town and its first fifty or so years which she describes as its Golden Age. Since it was founded on the Smoky Hill River, it was only natural that the trail to the newly discovered gold fields in the Pikes Peak region be called the Smoky Hill Trail—one with which all westerners are familiar.

The book is easy to read and not cluttered up with a lot of historical statistics. Miss Bramwell has done a terrific amount of research and spent countless hours interviewing the descendants of the pioneers. She records the Indian battles, the blizzards, the heat, the droughts, the floods, the grasshoppers, the people—and after all, it is the people that count, right down to the Braniffs and the Martins, famous names in today's jet age. It would be nice if all our towns in the West had their history recorded as Miss Bramwell has done with that of Salina.

Francis B. Rizzari, P.M.

VISIONS OF GLORY: Texans on the Southwestern Frontier, by Stephen B. Oates. University of Oklahoma Press, 1970, 270 pgs., \$6.95

The author, in a series of related accounts, which have a certain thematic unity, attempts to illuminate episodes in the evolution of Texas from a rough and rowdy frontier region to an industrial, Space-Age society.

Mr. Oates begins his narrative with the ill-fated Snively expedition, when a volunteer, rag-tag Texan army under Col. Jacob Snively started north to avenge the capture of the Santa Fe expedition by looting Mexican wagon trains on the Santa Fe Trail. Apprehended by an escort of U.S. dragoons under Philip St. George Cooke, they were disarmed and sent packing homeward, much to their disgust.

Then we have the Texas Rangers serving in the war with Mexico. While there is no doubt they helped greatly in winning the war for the United States, their personal actions in the conflict were most reprehensible, and the Mexicans called them Los Diablos Tejanos! (Those devils, the Texans!)

Again we have the Texas Rangers and an isolated frontier people fighting for the tragic and pitiable "lost cause" of the Confederacy. If Texas was down-trodden at the end of the Civil War, post-war developments transformed the State from the rural frontier of the *ante bellum* period into a modern, technological society. Instead of glory and conquest, Texas began exploiting its own natural resources. When prospectors and geologists discovered oil beneath the Texas surface, Texas evolved from a sprawling cattle kingdom into a sprawling industrial empire.

The author handles the oil boom phase with a vivid picture of the Spindletop operations, when speculators stood on every street corner of Beaumont; when the population boomed from a few thousand to fifty thousand over night; and where an obscure clerk who had bought four acres of land before the boom for \$60, now sold it for \$100,000.00.

Perhaps the crowning achievement for Texas came with the National Aero-

nautics and Space Administration's announcement that it had selected Houston as the site for the new manned spacecraft center. Today Houston is booming as the result of the decision and the state of Texas has realized billions of dollars from the space center alone, with technological programs and centers set up throughout the state.

This is not a definitive history of Texas, but a series of incidents limited in time and place and set up in narrative form showing the human conflicts, the dreams, frustrations, defeats and victories of the people of Texas who experienced them.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

CHIEF BOWLES AND THE TEXAS CHEROKEES, by Mary Whatley Clarke. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman. \$6.95.

The book tells the story of a band of Cherokees and their fight to obtain title to some Texas soil. Although the book was well researched, the author was unable to handle the material in a scholarly fashion. Easy reading, the book provides a good basic background of the situation.

Connie Bunte

"AUNT" CLARA BROWN: STORY OF A BLACK PIONEER, by Kathleen Bruyn. Boulder, Colorado: Pruett Publishing Co., 193 pages plus Bibliography and Index. Illustrated Paperback, \$3.95.

Fictionalized biography has a legitimate place in the annals of history in the opinion of many critics. The trouble with fictionalization is that unless the author is immersed in the times and the life of the protagonist, some of the fictionalization will end up producing untruths. Mrs. Bruyn has endeavored in

her notes to each chapter to indicate some of her fictionalization and reasons for it. Any historian will be very grateful for these notes, and they seem very pertinent in her treatment of this well-known black pioneer.

However, some of her fictionalization would seem quite false. There is no justification for the assumption that George A. Jackson ever made friends with John Gregory or told him about gold deposits in the mountains. According to all contemporary evidence, Jackson was a notably secretive man and not inclined to be friendly. Mrs. Bruyn also assumes that Gregory took a wrong turn and didn't know the difference between Clear Creek and its north fork. This is manifestly silly, as Gregory was an accomplished woodsman, prospector, and walker, and was also independent and intrepid. John Gregory's discovery of the first lode gold in Colorado has been well covered by numerous historians and in particular by the *Colorado Magazine*. Another fictionalization is her assumption that "Aunt" Clara Brown and Black Jennie Spriggs were friends in Black Hawk. At the time that "Aunt" Clara lived in Central City, Black Jennie had not yet been born.

Nonetheless, Mrs. Bruyn has accomplished a warm and appealing portrait of the manumitted slave who made a position for herself in early Denver, Gregory Gulch, and again in Denver when her health began to fail from old age. In the telling of "Aunt" Clara's story the author has included a number of prominent Colorado episodes, such as the Sand

Creek Massacre of 1864 and the Chinese Riot of 1880. By weaving these into the story, Mrs. Bruyn has given the book more substance, as "Aunt" Clara was illiterate and actual documentation about her life is difficult to track down. Mrs. Bruyn pictures the black woman's

industry, compassion, generosity, intelligence, and shrewdness with admiration. The author's contributions to the larger picture of Colorado history are all with manifest sympathy for the underdog.

Mrs. Bruyn is to be congratulated on adding a book to Colorado lore that fits so admirably into the trend of our own times.

Caroline Bancroft

OVER HILL AND VALE, VOL. III, by Harold Marion Dunning. Johnson Publishing Co., Boulder, 511 pages with good index and 241 photos and illustrations. \$10.

The first 356 pages are a continuation of Volumes I and II of the history of Northern Colorado. The next 85 pages are made up of a 20-year diary by Donald Brown, a Civil War Veteran, of his experiences as a prospector in the Rockies after the Civil War. The third section of 40-odd pages is the History of the Trail Ridge Road.

The reader will find this well-illustrated book a most interesting and informative record of everyday events of the pioneers of this part of Colorado.

Elaine Miller, CM

THE COLORADO ROAD, by F. Hol Wagner, Jr., The Intermountain Chapter, National Railway Historical Society, Denver, 415 pp., illustrations, not indexed. \$15. Exhaustive—and exhausting!

This handsome new book, somewhat misleadingly titled, is devoted essentially to the locomotives of the Colorado & Southern Railway, its affiliated Fort Worth & Denver Railway, and their subsidiaries.

The book is notable in several respects: although regrettably brief on the

history of a railroad system where genesis was W.A.H. Loveland's Colorado Central in 1869, and Gov. John Evans' Denver & New Orleans in 1881, it details, to the other extreme, the specifications, changes, characteristics, modification and life of each and every item of motive power—narrow and standard guage, freight and passenger, steam and diesel-electric—owned by the two companies, their associates and predecessors. Yes, it is an outstanding example of the completeness that can be achieved by a dedicated researcher given wholehearted and sympathetic cooperation by a business organization, an all-too-rare commodity.

This lavishly-illustrated new publication will most likely find its greatest appeal among the relatively small number of "nuts and bolts addicts" of railroad history; a broader scope would have magnified its appeal beyond measure.

Jackson Thode, PM

UINTAH RAILWAY, by Henry E. Bender, Jr. Howell-North Books, Berkeley, Calif., 239 pp. \$9.50.

Among the numerous railroad history books that are continually making their appearance, this is one of the best in quite awhile.

"Uintah Railway" is the history of a rather unusual narrow guage railroad that operated in Colorado and Utah. The Uintah Railway began at Mack, Colo., 19 miles west of Grand Junction and wound its way northwest some 62.8 miles through some of the wildest and desolate country imaginable, to reach Watson, Utah. Although the Uintah furnished passenger accommodations, the line was principally built to haul out the unusual mineral called gilsonite, a glossy black asphaltum found nowhere else in the world.

The operation of the line was all the more difficult on account of the fantastic grade climbing Baxter Pass which included 5 continuous miles of unrelenting 7.5 percent grade. As usual, the little road experienced its share of wrecks, fires, derailments, blizzards, and floods.

It is a handsome, well illustrated (290 photographs) and comparatively inexpensive book. It is printed on slick paper with excellent photographic reproductions. Well organized, carefully edited and well printed with plenty of scale drawings of rolling stock, charts, maps, and an excellent index. The book clearly indicates that considerable research went into its preparation. It is well documented which is of utmost importance to the serious student of railroad history. Mr. Bender covers both the Corporate and Historical facts of the road.

With the Uintah it was the same old story—after 34 years of operation, the railroad was forced out of business by trucks running on tax-supported highways. The only complaint I could find with the book was that the printer must have used copious quantities of cod liver oil in his printing ink—the book has a distinct fishy odor. Never-the-less, I highly recommend it to any one interested in Colorado railroad history.

Mac C. Poor, PM

HOTELS OF BOULDER, COLORADO FROM 1860, by Sanford Charles Gladden, printed by Johnson Publishing Co., Boulder, \$7.25.

Boulder has never stopped growing or stopped being fascinating. Born about the same time as Denver, it has had many personalities as it grew in its little pocket beneath the towering peaks. Those towering peaks coughed up mil-

lions in gold and silver over the years. Boulder served as a supply town to the colorful mining camps to the west of it, and a milling town, and a railroad center for the colorful railroads that snaked their way through the mountains. It has long been a key educational and scientific center. It was even the Chautauqua headquarters of Colorado for many years.

It had many hotels and they reflect the personality of their day, but the builders always had lavish tastes—nothing was too good for Boulder. Many of them were among the most lavish in the state for that period. Some have been torn down, others are garages or storehouses today, some are still going, a little grayer and more wrinkled than in their heyday.

The author tells a comprehensive history of some 20 of the historical hotels of Boulder, with photographs of virtually all of them, including additional pictures of their later lives and special faces.

Perhaps the book is almost too detailed. It has the block and lot numbers (a block man is included in the pocket on the back cover), and much space is given to the many transactions. It is more of a thesis—in fact it is printed in typewritten thesis style, which was distracting to me.

Local color is kept to a minimum. We did learn that Frank and Jesse James stayed a few days at the Sale House with Bob Ford and his brother in the late 1870s.

Other famous guests were President Grant and P. T. Barnum. There must have been many more.

This book isn't aimed at the general reader of western history. It is, however, an invaluable volume for the ad-

vanced student of Boulder—and its hotels.

—Perry Eberhart

JACKSON HOLE, WYOMING: IN THE SHADOW OF THE TETONS, by David J. Saylor. The University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 268 pp., maps, photographs, notes, bibliography and index. Clothbound, \$4.95.

This is the story of Jackson Hole, that unique piece of real estate in northwestern Wyoming.

The book begins with a section on topography, Indians, mountain men and the western fur trade, then moves on to cover the various military and scientific expeditions which penetrated the region, and recounts the trials of the early settlers.

Part three is an account of the struggle to preserve the ecology, history and great scenic beauty of the country, and is, perhaps, the most significant and important part of the book.

The author, who spent two summers in Jackson Hole as an employee of the National Park Service, has produced a really interesting and worthwhile book; it was a delight to read. *Jackson Hole* should appeal to Western buffs, outdoor enthusiasts and conservationists.

Jerry Keenan, CM

TRAGEDY AT EDEN, by Dow Helmers (Swallow Press, 1971, 149 pgs., \$6.95)

D&RG passenger train No. 11 left Denver at 5 p.m., on August 7, 1904, for Pueblo, Colo., where it would join the Missouri Pacific to become the Denver, Kansas City & St. Louis Express, the forerunner of the distinguished Colo-

rado Eagle. There were many passengers aboard and many more got on the train at Colorado Springs. The train never reached Pueblo.

It had rained intermittently that day, nothing unusual for that time of the year, but as the train neared bridge No. 110-B, five miles from Pueblo, a flash flood roared down Hogan's Gulch, weakening the wooden structure.

As the engineer brought the train slowly over the bridge, the bridge buckled, and the engine, baggage car, smoker and chair car vanished in the raging torrent. The tragedy cost nearly a hundred lives, perhaps more, for many bodies were never found, the quicksand of the gulch claiming them.

This was the worst railroad tragedy of its time, and had a profound impact, not only on the residents of Pueblo and of Colorado but on the nation.

Mr. Helmers, in minute detail, reviews the tragedy in all of its phases and as he says in his last chapter: "There is a feeling of sadness when one finishes a work such as this. As the final words are written, phrases reviewed, and the last page taken from the typewriter, it is like bidding goodbye to old, intimate friends. For one comes to know and love the characters." The book leaves the reader with the same feeling.

Armand W. Reeder, PM

THE SPOKANE INDIANS—CHILDREN OF THE SUN, by **Robert H. Ruby and John A. Brown**, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma.

This is probably the most thoroughly written, documented book on these Indians to date.

While it is interesting reading, it is also slow reading and is a book of the

type that could be used for a text on this particular subject and should be recommended reading for all students of the American Indian. Since I am personally interested in the Indian, I enjoyed it thoroughly, but it is certainly not a book for the light reader.

Roy E. Coy

INDIAN SKIN PAINTINGS FROM THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST (Two representations of Border Conflicts between Mexico and the Missouri in the early Eighteenth Century), by **Gottfried Hotz**, translated by **Johannes Malthaner**, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma. 248 pp., index, illustrations, maps, \$9.95.

"In the possession of the von Segesser von Brunegg family of Lucerne, Switzerland, are two large skin paintings of North American origin." The author, who is a scholar of American Indian history and culture, came across the information of the existence of these paintings shortly after World War II. This book is the result of years of research and investigation on the part of the author to determine the sources of these two paintings and the answers to what they depict.

His account, which is Volume 94 in The Civilization of the American Indian Series, tells the story. It certainly brings new understanding of and information about the history of that time, when the Indians and the Spaniards were in confrontation on the plains and along the mountains.

This book will need to be studied, but it will reward the reader for his time and effort.

G. S. Barnes

THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR, by Arthur E. Hertzler, M.D. Foreword by Milburn Stone. University of Nebraska Press, 322 pp., (\$5 Hardback, \$1.95 Paperback)

This documentary of personal experience was first published in 1938 under the direction of the Hertzler Research Foundation. It is now released in a Bison Book printing to commemorate the centennial of the author's birth.

The book is an autobiography of a hard living, dedicated pioneer of medicine in our region who went on to establish a clinic recognized for its impact on medical practice in a large portion of Kansas. The rigors of practice in an area still being settled and developed at the turn of the century nearly approach fantasy in Hertzler's description. His memory is keen, almost beyond belief. He recounts episode after episode in rapid, staccato fashion that hypnotizes the reader, and the vignettes are equally fascinating to western historians and those devotees of medicine. His description of the encounter of the town drunk with the undertaker, which nearly ended in premature burial, is a superb example of the author's recognition of humor in everyday life. Much time is devoted to uncomfortably realistic description of various modes of travel over a countryside hardly prepared for travel of any kind.

Although there appears to be minor, nervous discontinuity in the narration and although the first person presentation at times becomes a little overbearing, the book is easy to read and delightful. It should provide considerable actual and peripheral insight into life on the Kansas plains when the West was being developed by strong men

with foresight such as Doctor Hertzler.
W. G. Ranier

THE MIERA MAP

According to an item in the "Occasional Notes" of the Norlin Library of the University of Colorado, a copy of the Miera y Pacheco manuscript map (dated 1778), the earliest map of the central Rocky Mountains and the Great Salt Lake region was sold at auction in 1969 for \$16,000.

Because of the large number of book reviews still on hand, please confine your reviews to no more than 150 words.

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Total distribution	900
Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	100
Total	1,000

New Hands on the Denver Range

R. Paul Bartolini
624 N. Oakwood Ave.
Griffith, Ind. 46319

He is director of the Lake County Public Library at Crown Point, Ind. He writes that it was a pleasure meeting Dr. Mumey, N. Flynn, Fred Rosenstock and Don Block. He's interested in the life of Ben Franklin.

We're looking forward to his return to Denver.

John D. Farr
P.O. Box 944
Breckenridge, Colo. 80424

John became interested in the Westerners through past membership and the great reputation of the organization. He's founder of the Colorado Ghost Town Club, and, in addition to ghost towns, he's interested in mining, water and agricultural history.

John M. Lane
2121 S. Josephine St., Apt. 5
Denver, Colo. 80210

John learned about the Westerners through Dr. Rist and Dr. Dunham. He's interested in local and Indian history.

He did his masters thesis on William Newton Byers and his role in the Meeker Massacre and the Ute War of 1879. He also likes military history applicable to the West, and book collecting.

Thomas Henry
Byers, Colo. 80103

An old time rancher in Eastern Colorado, he runs whiteface cattle. He's very much interested in Colorado history.

Dr. William G. Baker
736 Milwaukee
Denver, Colo. 80206

He is very much interested in the history of Colorado and the United States. He has spent almost all his life in Denver.

Vincent M. Dwyer
650 Birch St.
Denver, Colo. 80220

Vince, recruited by Fred Mazzula, is editor of the Rocky Mountain News. His interest in Western History involves early newspapers, he says, and he's editor of the oldest.

We're glad to have you in the Westerners, Vince.

Frank Blecha
Deed Trail, Colo. 80105

A World War I veteran, he spent 20 years at Kansas State University and later a year or two in Germany helping rehabilitate the people of war-torn Germany following World War II.

Don E. Stanfield
8818 Norwich St.
Westminster, Colo. 80030

Don was introduced to the Westerners by Dave Hicks. He's director of industrial relations for Ringsby United. He likes trucking history, and general Colorado history.

Brian N. Geddes
2955 Moorhead
Boulder, Colo. 80303

Brian is interested in mining, Cripple Creek, and Marble, Colo.

He was introduced to the Westerners by Fred Mazzulla.

He also owns part of a mining claim.

David S. Jolly, Jr.
Box 205
Deer Trail, Colo. 80105

He has a ranch in the east end of Arapahoe County and runs whiteface cattle. He has spent his entire life in Eastern Colorado and has always been interested in Colorado history, especially Indians. His grandfather, John Jolly, located in Colorado in 1887.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
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IN THIS ISSUE
A CITY FOUNDED ON GOLD
by Forest Crossen



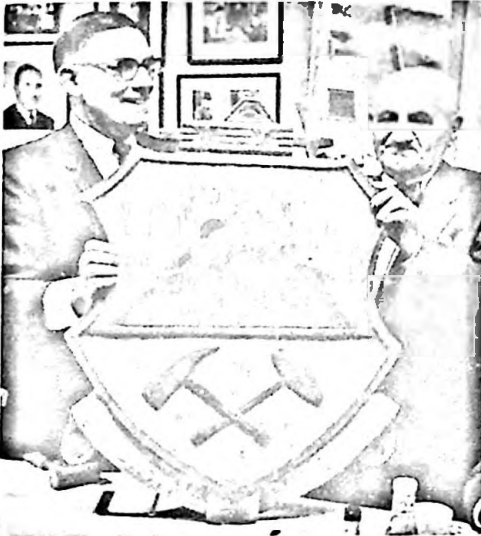
Forest Crossen
Speaker

Edwin Bathke
Program Chairman

Les Williams
Sheriff

Collection of Fred and Jo Mazzulla

Over the Corral Rail



Sheriff Les Williams helps Dr. Nolie Mumey hold up an old mining plaque, a "show and tell" item at a recent Westerners meeting. If you've got something to show at a meeting, bring it along!

* * *

Bill Lindsey of Boulder, a new C.M., was the discoverer (co-discoverer with his son, Charles, 16) of some carved names on a sandstone wall in southern Weld County. There was an article, with a couple of pictures of the carvings, in a recent issue of the Denver Post. Some of the carvings are believed to date from 1840.

* * *

Some additional copies of the May-June 1971 Roundup, the 72-page issue with F. V. Hayden's letters concerning the 1854-55 Missouri River Expedition, are still available at \$2 each. Write The Westerners, 1430 Western Federal Savings Bldg., Denver, Colo. 80202.

(MORE CORRAL NEWS PAGE 17)

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

A City Founded on Gold

By Forest Crossen

I want to tell you about a city founded on gold. It is my own city, Boulder, Colorado.

The first human eyes to see the lovely Boulder Valley and adjacent Rocky Mountains were those of ancestors of the American Indians. These people had come by marches over a long period of time from Mongolia by way of the Bering Straits, then had spread southward and eastward to cover all of North America, then finally South America.

The first whites in the American Southwest were Spanish. On Feb. 22, 1540, a powerful army of Spanish and Indian allies left Compostela, west of Mexico City, under command of Captain General Don Francisco Vasquez de Coronado. His aim was to find the lost Seven Cities of Cibola and capture their fabulous riches. He was gone two and one-half years and found no riches, only an immense country.

His great march did, however, spur the Spanish on to exploration and conquest. In 1598, Don Juan de Onate led the first permanent colonists up the Rio Grande (called the Rio Bravo by the Mexicans). They found a town, San Juan, north of present-day Santa Fe.

In 1609, Governor Peralta arrived with full plans for the building of the city of Santa Fe. These plans had been drawn up in Madrid with the sanction of the ruling Spanish monarch. They were for Spanish cities in the New World. Anyone who has been to Santa Fe knows that the old downtown section is in lay-out, an ancient Spanish city transplanted. And I, for one, hope it forever remains so.

From time to time adventurous Spanish rode north and

crossed over in what is now Colorado, giving their names to rivers, mountain peaks and, later, settlements.

The first of our Anglo-Saxon people came west even before the explorations of Lt. Zebulon M. Pike. Pike came out in 1806 on orders to ascertain the boundaries of the new Louisiana Purchase and the Spanish holdings. He was also to make peace with the Indians, chase illegal fur traders out of the country, thoroughly explore the country and a few other minor duties.

He sighted the peak that bears his name but did not climb it. He went west over the mountains and down into the San Luis Valley. Here he built a fort, thinking he was on U.S. territory; he mistook the Rio Grande for the Red River. Spanish troops from Santa Fe arrived and informed him of his mistake, placed him under arrest and took him and his men to Santa Fe. Later he was taken to Chihuahua City and released.

After Pike came the beaver trappers and Indian traders. The trappers ranged up and down the mountain creeks, particularly in the 1820's and 30's, making a Spring hunt and a Fall hunt. They took the beaver pelts to trading posts: Bent's Fort on the Arkansas and to forts on the South Fork of the Platte—Vasquez, Jackson, Lupton and St. Vrain. Here they held high revelry until every cent was gone, then back once more to the beaver creeks.

It is almost inconceivable that these men, ranging up and down the creeks in the highly mineralized mountain country west of Denver, did not find gold nuggets in the stream beds. If they took them into the trading posts, the traders kept the news quiet. They did not want a gold rush and a horde of wild-eyed gold-seekers rampaging up and down the streams, chasing the game out of the country and ruining their lucrative business.

They could not keep quiet the news of the fabulous strike of gold at Sutter's sawmill on the American Fork of the Sacramento River in California, Jan. 24, 1848. This set off the wildest and biggest westward migration in our history.

Men left their families, their farms, their businesses, their professional practices and headed for Californy, as many of them called it. They did not always know exactly where it was, but they would find it; they were Americans of the old adventurer breed.

Most of them went overland, but some went by sea around South America. Others sailed to Panama, crossed that dangerous Isthmus and caught a ship on the west side for San Francisco Bay.

One of the overland parties in the Spring of 1850 was coming up the old Spanish Trail along the Foothills of the Rocky Mountains. They were Cherokee Indians and white men who had married into the tribe, from the Indian Territory, now Oklahoma. The Cherokees were experienced gold miners; they had mined gold in their native Georgia and the Carolinas before the whites, under doughty Andrew Jackson, chased them west in the tragic Trail of Tears.

They prospected as they went along and on a creek west of present Arvada they found fine flour gold. They named the creek Ralston after John Ralston, a white man with them. The find was not big, so they continued to California.

Out there they told about finding gold in the Pike's Peak Country, as this whole great area was known. Their most eager listener was a Georgian, William Green Russell. He asked searching questions about their strike

Russell returned to Georgia later with a small fortune. He probably invested it in land, as we were an agricultural country then. But he was restless; he could not settle down to the good, easy life. Not after living in mining camps like Hangtown and Downieville, to say nothing of delectable San Francisco, where some of the most beautiful and accomplished women of the world had gathered to help the poor miners carry their gold pokes.

So in February, 1858, Russell started out with a small party to find the gold in the Pike's Peak Country. Probably all had been to California and, like himself, were restless. And perhaps Sal did not look nearly as good as she had

looked in the moonlight when they returned from California. So west again for one more good trip!

On the way a party of Missourians and men from Kansas joined them. Then, as they were coming up the old Spanish Trail, a party of Cherokees enroute to the Pike's Peak Country, fell in with them. All were after the gold the Cherokees had found eight years before. They numbered 104.

They reached the site of present Denver and spread out, prospecting the country. They went as far north as Boulder Creek and they found gold. But it was the same fine flour gold found earlier, difficult to recover. Then they found something else: signs of Indians.

Now this was the homeland of the Arapahoes, fierce warriors. The Cherokees, having been at peace for a long time, wanted no brush with these fighting men, so they pulled out. There was no gold worth while in the Pike's Peak Country, they said. The Missourians and the Kansas boys pulled out too. So Russell was faced with the loss of his entire party.

He took a stick and drew a line on the ground. "Now, men," he said, "we've come two-thirds of the way across this great country. I propose to stay here and thoroughly prospect, find out, once and for all, if there is gold in paying quantities in the Pike's Peak Country—if only one man will stay with me."

This shamed the others, so twelve of them stepped across the line.

They started up the South Platte and, a few days later, found coarse shot gold on Dry Creek, which flows down through present Englewood. This was early in July.

A wagon-train, enroute back to Fort Leavenworth after suppling the forts out west, came along. Russell sent a half-sack of gold-bearing gravel back to the fort. Here an old Forty-niner washed it out. The wide streak of gold in the pan was indisputable evidence of the richness of the strike.

The newspapers took it up, and a new gold rush was on. Again restless men were all too eager to leave home and fire-

side for the creeks of gold. Many scrawled "Pike's Peak or Bust" on the canvas sides of their wagon tops. Some were busted long before they sighted Pike's Peak.

The middle of October a group of loosely organized parties was coming up the South Fork of the Platte. They stopped for the night at Fort St. Vrain, which had been abandoned for years. The beaver trade came to an end about 1843. Silk had replaced beaver felt for the making of gentlemen's high hats. It was lighter, more handsome and better in many ways. Anyway, the beaver had been about trapped out.

The next morning a member of a small party, largely from Nebraska City, Neb., climbed up on the eroded adobe walls of Fort St. Vrain. He looked off to the west at the mountain wall etched so boldly against the skyline. It was one of those lovely mornings when everything looked extra clear. Smog had never been thought of. He had a telescope, so he leveled it and took long, searching looks. His name was Thomas Aikens, a captain of militia during the Black Hawk War.

"Men," he said when he came down, "I've seen a beautiful, sheltered valley that looks like a good place to winter. And the mountains look good for prospecting for gold."

The others nodded approval and began discussing the place. They were dissatisfied with traveling with the large party. There was little or no discipline, and unruly young men were shooting at everything that moved. They were afraid they would scare the game out of the country—and they would have to winter on game. Then, too, they might embroil them with the Indians.

So they let the others go on, headed for the diggings near present Denver. Then they yoked up their oxen, hooked up horses and mules to covered wagons and crossed the shallow South Platte River. They started up the St. Vrain River, named for Ceran St. Vrain, a partner of the Bents and a powerful member of the fur trade in its palmy days. The mountains in the distance looked black.

They reached a smaller tributary stream that seemed to flow down from the valley they sought. They took out up it, more pleased with each mile they progressed. The mountains faded to a purple, then to blue. Finally, as they drew near the mighty wall, they saw the color as green—from the thick cover of virgin pine and spruce.

They came up the north side of Boulder Creek, dodging the big boulders on the site of present Boulder. They stopped short of the mountain wall, camping in a grove of young cottonwoods almost directly south of the Redrocks formation near the mouth of Boulder Canyon.

They cut down trees, trimmed them and made a corral for their stock, extending it out into the stream so that the animals could drink. They knew that this was Arapahoe country, and, if the Indians were hostile, their first act would be to stampede the invaders' stock.

They had but finished the corral when up rode Chief Niwot and several braves, well armed. Niwot ordered them off. He could speak English; he had been taken to Washington to meet the Great White Father (the President), to see the army and the cannons fire.

The men who had been to California and met many Indians knew how to handle Niwot. They told him what a great man he was, probably gave him a cupful of corn whiskey. Anyway, he finally decided they could live together, Indians and whites, and rode back to his camp.

Another chief, Bear Head, rode up later and rudely ordered them off. They had fortifications up by this time, so they told him to leave or they'd shoot him. He left.

The white men, pleased with the country, built cabins. The late Martin Parsons of Boulder, whose father knew some of the original gold seekers, said there were eleven. They settled down to the good life for the winter.

Over one what is now University Hill grazed a herd of deer and one of antelope. Down Boulder Canyon at times came elk that could be shot from the doorways of their cabins. Out on the plains to the east were plenty of buffalo.

The weather was so pleasant that on Jan. 15th a party of six prospectors left camp to go into the mountains. They went up open Sunshine Canyon, took an old Indian trail and cut in south of Big Horn Mountain, coming out on a little stream they named Gold Run.

The next day they found coarse shot gold at the mouth of a little gulch, later known as Aunt Hannah's Gulch, one-half mile south of the present Gold Hill Inn. They staked claims, washed gold until they exhausted their food. Then they returned to their base camp and reported their find.

Their partners rushed up and staked their claims. With the coming of Spring they began mining in earnest.

The news reached the towns of Auraria and Denver City. With the coming of warm weather a rush to the Rockies began. It was estimated that from 5,000 to 7,000 prospectors were in the Gold Hill area that Summer.

About the same time that the six prospectors struck gold on Gold Run, two men found gold not far away. One was John M. Gregory, from Georgia, who struck gold on North Clear Creek near present Black Hawk. The other was George A. Jackson, from Missouri, who struck rich pay dirt on Chicago Creek, south of present Idaho Springs.

The miners at Gold Run knew that the source of the gold came from higher up, within the rock. David Horsfal, who had mined in California, began prospecting for the lode. Grubstaked by his partners, Matt McCaslin and Richard Blore, he struck the Horsfal Lode. This discovery led on other prospectors, who turned up leads. One of these was the Niwot at Ward.

The camp below the Redrocks became a natural supply town for the mines. Wagon-trains coming into Denver City rolled on up to the new camp. Men laid out a better road to Gold Run, going north out of Boulder to Left Hand Canyon, up it to a steep gulch, first called Aikens, then Lickskillet, to the diggings.

Men met on Feb. 10, 1859, to form the Boulder City Town Company. They laid out a townsite from the mouth

of Boulder Canyon east two miles. It was one mile wide. They had the land surveyed into lots for sale.

One faction favored selling the lots for a low price or giving them away to encourage settlement. The other faction said they had come west to get rich and to charge a high price. The latter, unfortunately, won out. The result was stagnation for the new community for a long time.

Not all the stampeders had their eyes on gold mining. The three Wellman brothers tried gold mining but soon gave it up. They had been to California and they knew their way about. They had brought farming implements and seeds.

They took up a piece of land one mile east of Boulder City and broke two and one-half acres of land on the right bank of Boulder Creek in August. They planted it to garden vegetables, using the creek waters for irrigation. The plants grew like magic. They saw their fortunes made; the miners, tired of sow belly and beans and wild game, would pay heavily for fresh vegetables.

But, alas for the hopes of men. One morning the sky darkened, and a horde of grasshoppers dropped down, eating everything green. All they could do was swear at the cleared field.

They shrugged their shoulders, saying they would winter here, break more ground the next Spring and plant more. This they did. Their wheat grew marvelously and sparked others to begin farming.

Trail drivers brought up Texas longhorns, which waxed fat on the native grasses. Better cattle came out from the Missouri River. Men took up ranches along Boulder Creek, Left Hand Creek and the St. Vrain River. They brought in sheep, hogs and goats. Women raised chickens, geese and ducks. Ranchers started raising horses and mules for the ever-demanding freighting to the mining camps.

Central City, Black Hawk, Nevadaville and Russell Gulch provided the big markets. Ranchers hauled their produce up there, getting as high as \$100 a ton for hay, \$1 a pound

for butter. They went up the Golden Gate toll road.

In the Spring of 1865 James N. Maxwell from Baraboo, Wis., began building a toll road up Boulder Canyon to the mouth of Four Mile Creek. It was a one-way road with turnouts. Parts of it may be seen today in Boulder Canyon. Its cost was \$9,000.

Later they extended the road on up Boulder Canyon to the foot of Magnolia Hill, up that steep grade and on over across the wooded hills to Black Hawk. Up this road went the farm and ranch produce of the valleys. On the way home the ranchers and farmers spent much of their money in Boulder City.

In 1869 the Wells Fargo & Co. stage line told Boulder businessmen that, if they would extend the Boulder Canyon road to Middle Boulder (now Nederland), they would put on a twice-weekly stage from Cheyenne to Black Hawk. The Boulder men began extending the road that Summer.

Later in August four young wood cutters who had a camp on Dory Hill above Black Hawk were down in Central City one evening. They went into a saloon to see what was going on. In those days the saloon was every man's club. It was a place where much news was exchanged as well as drinks of whiskey tossed down.

A hunter in a fringed buckskin outfit was at the bar showing some samples of float ore he had picked up over to the north. No one in the saloon knew what this ore was. Central City was a gold camp.

Quietly one of the young wood cutters motioned his partners outside. "Men," he said, "I know what that ore is. It's high grade silver ore. I used to work in the Comstock Lode at Virginia City, Nev. That's as high grade as anything that ever came out of the Comstock.

"Now I'll go back in," continued Billy Martin, "and buy that hunter a few drinks, find out where he found that float. We'll cut him in on it, because that's no more than right."

Before long Billy had his information, and the partners headed back to their camp. They had an agreement with

the hunter, who was obviously Sam Conger.

The next morning Billy Martin and George Lytle headed north in a little cart made from the front axle and wheels of a wagon and pulled by a yoke of oxen. They had a meager outfit, because they were poor.

They had easy going on the road over to Middle Boulder, but from here they had to make their own road to the northwest. Finally they came to the foot of the long hill that the hunter had described. And here, at the foot, they found the float ore, which had been broken off ages before from a vein higher up by weathering and brought down by erosion.

They started up the hill and before long found the vein. It was immensely rich (some of the surface assays ran to \$18,000 a ton), and it was from six inches to thirty-six inches in width.

The partners yelled "Hooray!" and shook hands. Their fortunes were in sight in the white metal.

"What'll we name her?" asked Billy. A precious metal mine must have a ringing, romantic name.

"What'll we name her?" asked Billy. A precious metal mine must have a ringing, romantic name.

George Lytle looked around. "You know, Billy, I used to mine in the Caribou Range Country of northern British Columbia. This country here is a dead ringer for that. Let's call her the Caribou."

"All right."

They moved on to find another rich lead.

"I'll take this one," said George. "I've been poor all my life but I'm not gonna be poor any more. We'll name her the Poorman."

They staked their claims and went back for their partners, who rushed over and staked claims. This was early in September, with the threat of Winter hanging in the crisp air of this 10,000-foot altitude.

This news leaked out, and men rushed to the new silver diggings. They staked claims and were eager to work them.

But the first snows changed their minds; they would have to wait until Spring.

The road builders in Boulder Canyon heard the news of the great silver discovery at Caribou. Nobody had ever heard of Caribou, but the men hiring them ordered the work speeded up. They must reach Middle Boulder and bring the business down to Boulder City.

In the Summer of 1871 the builders reached Middle Boulder. The business did come down to Boulder City, shortening the haul by some twenty-two miles. The business of Caribou, which had rapidly built up as a camp, had been going to Black Hawk. Boulder City received a big shot in the arm.

In 1872 two prospectors began development work on a mine named the Red Cloud, located across Licksillet Gulch from Gold Hill. They encountered a wide vein of black ore. It was heavy ore and it had been occurring in the Gold Hill mines for some time.

They felt certain it contained gold, so they ran some of the highest grade through Hi Fullen's mill down on nearby Left Hand Creek. That was what they did, run it through. The process saved no gold.

They returned to the Red Cloud, deeply discouraged. One partner was for pulling out immediately. The other thought a while, then suggested that they take some of the best highgrade down to the U.S. Mint in Denver.

They drove up in front of the Mint, located at 17th and Market Streets, and hitched their team. Luck for them, the Mint had a very able metallurgist. He looked at the ore and gave it some tests. Finally he called them in.

"Men," he said, "this is high-grade tellurium ore, telluride of gold. It is the best that I have seen, and I studied in Germany."

The partners yelled in their excitement and pounded each other on the back. They were rich!

"But," continued the metallurgist, "there is not a mill nor a smelter in this country that can extract the gold. There is

only one smelter in the world capable of doing it. That's at Swansea, in Wales."

The partners faces fell. They had no money to ship ore to Swansea and pay charges.

The metallurgist smiled a little. "If you men will bring me a shipment of the best high-grade, I'll send it over to Swansea. We'll split the profits."

The returns from the shipment were big.

This news attracted miners, who quickly located other veins of the black ore. Then Professor Nathaniel P. Hill entered the picture. He had blown in the Boston-Colorado Smelter below Black Hawk in 1867, and he was eager to handle this new ore.

He tried and tried but always failure resulted. One day he quietly departed for Wales. He made his way to Swansea, where he attempted to learn the secret of processing tellurium. Failing in this, he hired an expert smelter man and brought him back to Black Hawk. They made changes in the smelter and soon were reducing the tellurium ore.

This started the tellurium boom of Boulder County, and mining camps with romantic names—Ballarat, Magnolia, Sunshine, Sunset and Jamestown—sprang up.

In 1861 the first Colorado Territorial Legislature had passed a law establishing a State University "on paper." Boulder citizens decided they wanted the university in their town, so three rugged old pioneers donated 51.3 acres of land on the hill to the south where deer and antelope had ranged.

In 1874 the Territorial Legislature agreed to provide \$15,000 for the first building—if the citizens of Boulder would contribute the same amount. They agreed and by the time Colorado became a state, building was under way.

On Sept. 5, 1877, the new University of Colorado opened its doors in the three-story brick building known today as Old Main. This was the entire university. President Joseph A. Sewall and his family lived in the building.

Prior to this, Boulder City had the first public school in

the Territory. It was built by Boulder citizens in 1860 at 15th and Walnut Streets.

From the start Boulder City and the rest of the new country had been plagued by poor transportation from the Missouri River. A freight wagon train took some six weeks to make the journey. Freight rates remained fantastically high. So men wanted a railroad. In that day a railroad was a sure bringer of prosperity.

In 1870 the Denver Pacific and the Kansas Pacific reached Denver City. In the Spring of 1873 the Colorado Central, running up from Golden Junction, reached Boulder Junction, one mile east of the town. That September the Denver & Boulder Valley came into Boulder City. There was much rejoicing; people could now board the steam cars and be in Denver City in two hours.

Men wanted railroads built across the mountains to develop the country. In 1881 four narrow gauge railroads were projected in the Boulder area. One came to fruition—the Greeley, Salt Lake & Pacific, built by the mighty Union Pacific. It began service in 1883, lasted until 1894, when a great flood washed it out on Decoration Day. The Union Pacific promptly abandoned it, for it was not paying.

Boulder had already fallen into the doldrums. In 1893 came the long-delayed demonitization of silver. The price fell when the Government withdrew its support until it no longer paid to mine the white metal save in a few deposits. Men began leaving the big camp of Caribou.

In 1897 some bold capitalists of New York and Pennsylvania arrived in Boulder and announced they would build a narrow gauge railroad to Ward. Low-cost transportation would permit development of great deposits of low-grade gold ore. They organized the Colorado & North Western Railway Company and began construction. They went up Boulder Canyon on the old Greeley, Salt Lake & Pacific grade, then up Four Mile Creek on an improved grade to Sunset.

They officially opened the railroad to Ward in June, 1898,

with great fanfare. Men held big hopes for the development of gold mines. At once the railroad became popular with excursionists and known as the Switzerland Trail of America. The line built a fine picnic resort called Mont Alto Park, and here many organizations enjoyed outings that are remembered to this day.

The owners extended the railroad from Sunset to Eldora late in 1904, hoping for more mining businesses. They moved the resort buildings at Mont Alto Park to Glacier Lake. Here mass picnics with as many as thirteen special trains were enjoyed.

The railroad was never a financial success. It made money in the summers hauling people; lost money in the winters fighting snow. The encroachment of the automobile spelled the end.

A flood in August, 1919, washed out part of the railroad. Its owners had already applied for abandonment. When it was granted, the wonderful little railroad ceased to be. It was junked, but only after valiant efforts to save it.

One more big mining boom was to help Boulder. For years prospectors in the Nederland area had been coming across a heavy black ore that they called "black iron." In 1900 a metallurgist found it to be high-grade tungsten, valuable in hardening and tempering tool steel. Mining began.

It may be well here to explain the origin of the name Nederland. In 1873 some Holland investors bought the Caribou Mine and the mill at Middle Boulder. These Hollanders liked the country, said that the country around the mill reminded them of home, of Netherland. The name stuck, only changed to Nederland in spelling.

World War I began when the armies of Kaiser Wilhem II marched against their neighbors. There came a demand for tungsten, and the price began rising. By 1915 it was making men rich, almost overnight. The camp of Nederland boomed; it was said that, at one time, 3,000 people were receiving mail at the Nederland post office. The narrow

gauge Switzerland Trail of America and the narrow, primitive road up Boulder Canyon were busy night and day.

The boom came to an end even before the sudden close of World War I, Nov. 11, 1918. Tungsten had been discovered in South America, in Arizona and in China, and the price dropped.

Boulder dropped into the role of a tranquil city from 1918 until after World War II. The population remained static, with the University of Colorado enrollment gaining a little.

It was to have one more mining boom, this one in gold. After Franklin D. Roosevelt became President, the price of gold advanced to \$35 an ounce. Old miners, remembering good ore that had not paid to mill at \$20.67 an ounce, began sorting over old mine dumps. Others joined them, reopened old mines. The result was employment for men who would have been walking the streets. Thousands of tons of ore went out of Boulder for the mills and smelters still operating in the state.

Since World War II Boulder has gained fame internationally as a scientific center. It has gained stature in education and culture. Its population has grown. Some regard this as not altogether a blessing. But here it is today - a City Founded on Gold in the most beautiful setting between Canada and Mexico.

Over the Corral Rail

Paul Harrison, Sr., P.M. spoke on "The Fantastic Panorama of Spanish and Mexican Land Grants" at the September meeting. He's shown at the right here receiving the plaque from Sheriff Les Williams.

* * *

Antique Bottle Collectors of Colorado have announced publication of Denver's Golden Days and Apothecary Palaces. It sells for \$12.50, edition limited to 500 copies. Write Dr. Bob Mutchler, Route 3, Box 471, Golden, Colo.





Westerner's Bookshelf



THE SPANISH BORDERLANDS FRONTIER, 1513-1821. By John Francis Bannon. (Histories of the American Frontier series.) New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston. Pp. x + 308. \$3.95.

This book is in a sense patterned after Bolton's *Spanish Borderlands*, and although it is a synthesis of the borderlands of the Spanish Empire from Florida to California, it includes all of the important and salient information regarding the problems in keeping the extensive borderlands. We have become accustomed to hearing about borderland frontiers from the Anglo-American side. This book speaks of the frontier from the Spanish side despite the fact that it is a synthesis of several centuries of history.

The author gives an interpretation of certain concepts that have been misused by most American scholars. He insists that a "pioneer" is a man who extends civilization into unchartered wilderness and by this token the so-called American frontiersman falls short of being one. He was extending civilization into a country that had been occupied for centuries by another European country and it was not an uninhabited wilderness he was going into. On the other hand, the author states that the Spaniard was a true frontiersman because he did advance European civilization all over the new world and it was an unchartered wilderness. Like all Hispanists, he balances the claims of Anglo-American travelers, trappers and would-be pioneers by presenting his case from the point of view of the defenders of the borderland, but he is not a biased historian.

John Francis Bannon has written one of the best documented books in the Histories of American Frontier series. All students of colonial Spanish history would do well to have on their shelves an up-to-date evaluation of the vast borderlands and a historical review extending from 1513 to 1821. These dates mark the beginning of the Spanish Empire and also the end after the Wars of Independence in Latin America. In addition to being informative, the book is written in a most engaging style.

Arthur Campa, P.M.

GHOST TOWNS OF THE NORTH-WEST—by Norman D. Weis. 319 pp. Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho. \$6.95.

This work, the result of three years of photographic study and much legwork, is easily one of the most readable of all ghost town books.

Your reviewer has never been in even one of the many places, known and unknown, but is ready to cast aside all ties, wife and children, plus his bookshop, and leave for any number of months following the tracks of the author, Norman D. Weis.

He covers Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana. Anyone can accomplish the physical part of this safari, but it's much harder to so temptingly chronicle the many ventures off the well-beaten paths.

No one town necessarily takes precedence over another, but who wouldn't like to see Horse Haven, Oregon—Yellow Jacket and Sawtooth City, Idaho—Miner's Delight, and Benton,

Wyoming—Red Bluff and Electric, Washington?

Some of the places are new even to people who live in any one of the states, and others are rediscovered more brightly, due to the clear cut photography (a particularly excellent feature), and the pithy, succinct prose.

Of particular importance is the diligent use of topographical maps of all areas visited, and referring to said maps by name and number, making it much easier for those who will read and use the accounts.

It is all in a wellbound book, on clear, sturdy paper, and with pictures which will linger in the mind's eye.

Henry A. Clausen

BATTLE DRUMS AND GEYSERS:

The Life and Journals of Lt. Gustavus Cheyney Doane, Soldier and Explorer of the Yellowstone and Snake River Regions, by Orrin H. and Lorraine Bonney, Sage books, Chicago. Bibliography, Illustrations, Index, Maps, xxv + 622 pp.

Lt. Gustavus Cheyney Doane commanded the military escort attached to the 1870 Washburn-Langford-Doane expedition, whose subsequent publication of its investigation of Yellowstone occasioned the creation of that area as our first national park. Doane's continuing curiosity about the wilderness led him to propose schemes to explore the Colorado and Snake rivers in the western United States, as well as the Nile River in central Africa, and eventually enabled him to reach Greenland in an attempt to investigate the Arctic. Hopefully his career as a frontier army officer was personally rewarding; for no other aspect of his professional career appeared to be successful. Explorations had gained promotions for junior offi-

cers in pre-Civil War days, but such rewards were not forthcoming for similar endeavors during the period which followed it.

The Bonneys have compiled and written a sympathetic account of the life and achievements of an Indian-fighting cavalryman who led a fascinating, yet frustrating, career. The result has been a large volume which is divided into three parts: the first contains the biography of Lieutenant Doane; the second is devoted to his journals of the Yellowstone expedition, together with supplemental descriptions and thumbnail sketches of the other members of the party; the third portion consists of Doane's daily record of the Snake river expedition and includes other materials which amplify this phase of the Lieutenant's work. This book should prove to be a useful reference for scholars whose interests lie in the northern Rockies or in the early conservation policies of the United States.

Liston E. Leyendecker, C.M.

THE GREAT PERSUADER, by David Lavender, (Doubleday & Co., 444 pgs., \$7.95)

This is a major biography of the greatest of all the railroad moguls, Colis P. Huntington. Colis was in business with his brother in Oneonta, N.Y., when, in 1849, he set out with other forty-niners for California. In Sacramento, Huntington started a store in a small tent and shortly thereafter entered a partnership with Mark Hopkins. This was so successful that by 1856 the firm was one of the wealthiest on the Pacific Coast. It was at the Huntington store on K Street that Theodore Judah, a railroad engineer, convinced them and two other California merchants, Charles Crocker and Leland Stanford, to undertake the building of the west-

ern end of the first transcontinental railroad, the Central Pacific.

The future Big Four of the Central Pacific had all reached California at the time of the gold rush and all eventually became leading merchants of Sacramento. Stanford and Crocker were in the dry goods trade; while Huntington and Hopkins deal in hardware and miners' supplies. From the time these four men joined forces in the organization of the Central Pacific until the combination was finally dissolved by death, they worked together as a unit, presenting a solid front to all opposition, and never allowing personal disagreements or jealousies to defeat their purpose. This perfect teamwork largely accounted for their phenomenal success. It is remarkable, however, considering the character of the men, that they should have maintained such harmonious relations over so many years, for all four were men of determined wills and vigorous opinions.

Of the Sacramento associates, Huntington was most important as financial and purchasing agent; the thrifty Hopkins was treasurer and business manager; the optimistic and energetic Crocker was in charge of construction; Stanford, who had been wartime governor of California, handled political problems within the state. The division of authority worked well, and affairs were handled with mutual confidence.

Huntington himself was a very strong man. His skillful management made sure that all obligations were met promptly and that the C.P. bonds were counted among the best in the world. To many he was a hard, unyielding man who stopped at nothing to achieve his goal; to his family he was genial, good-humored, companionable — and a dreamer. He amassed great wealth and power, innumerable interests, con-

troversies constantly revolved about him and he made many enemies. Above all, though, his singleness of purpose and ruthless manipulation of men and money propelled the great enterprise forward against all odds.

The biography of Colis P. Huntington must, of necessity, also be the biography of the Big Four and of the Central Pacific, but David Lavender, in meticulous fashion, handles all phases of the story well.

Arman W. Reeder, P.M.

THE WILDERNESS WORLD OF GRAND CANYON: "LEAVE IT AS IT IS," by Ann and Myron Sutton, J. B. Lippincott Co., 241 pp., 50 photographs, appendices, index, \$8.95.

The authors make clear their feelings in a long title about a big subject. They see the function of the Canyon to be a place for personal inspiration in the same sense that Henry Van Dyke once stated that a "National park should be as sacred as a temple." In support of their advocacy, the Suttons, who once were park naturalists at Grand Canyon, present firsthand experiences, sublime and not so sublime, while the photography by Philip Hyde illustrates magnificently the Canyon's rims and its depths.

The fragile wilderness "temple" is under pressure from the rapidly increasing number of visitors, soon to reach three million annually. For example, thousands each year now run the rapids which only two decades ago witnessed their hundredth "conqueror." Beaches along the river are neither big enough nor numerous enough to host this invasion, let alone what is left of the native flora and fauna.

In the concluding chapters a number of the park's problems are examined;

and some solutions, which are bound to incur *laissez-faire* antipathy, are proposed. The book is a must in a conservationist's library, but western historians will find little of direct bearing on the past. On the other hand, the policies adopted by the Department of the Interior and Congress in the immediate future will have to be a dramatic piece of history-in-the-making if this natural wonder of the world is to remain unspoiled, according to the Suttons.

Virginia McConnell

THE TAOS TRAPPERS: THE FUR TRADE IN THE FAR SOUTHWEST, 1540-1846 by David J. Weber. Norman, The University of Oklahoma Press. 263 pp., preface, maps, drawings, bibliography and index. Cloth, \$8.95.

During the early part of the nineteenth century, the little village of Taos, New Mexico was the most important fur trading community between Fort Vancouver and St. Louis.

Strategically situated, Taos provided easy access to rich trapping areas, and because of its remoteness, was an ideal headquarters for trappers to pursue their trade without interference from Mexican officials.

Large fur companies never assumed an important role in the southwestern fur trade, rather, trapping was carried on by taciturn, often illiterate individuals, who left little in the way of written records.

In putting together this first comprehensive study of the subject, the author made good use of the Mexican Archives, which had ". . . never before been systematically mined by historians of the fur trade. . . ." As a result, *The Taos Trappers* is a most worthy and

much-needed addition to the literature of the fur trade.

Jerry Keenan, C.M.

A HISTORY OF MONTEZUMA, STS. JOHN AND ARGENTINE, by Verna Sharp. Published by the Summit Historical Society. 36 pages, 27 illustrations, no index, soft cover, \$2.50.

The author, a long time resident of Montezuma herself, and the wife of Leland Sharp, a descendant of a pioneer mining family of Summit county, seems eminently qualified to write this booklet for the Summit Historical Society. Although most of the information contained relates to the title communities, there is ample coverage also of the towns of Decatur, Rathbne and Chihuahua. Also there is a short section on "Dream Towns" of the area, i.e. settlements which were always Ghost Towns. Among these were Franklin, Adrian and Filger City.

The writing is factual and well documented, and there is a profusion of good photographs. This is a very desirable book for any Westerners' library.

Dr. Bob Mutchler, P.M.

STEPHAN CRANE IN THE WEST AND MEXICO, Edited by Joseph Katz. Kent, Ohio: Kent State University Press.

Seventeen newspaper articles by the celebrated author of *The Red Badge of Courage*, Stephen Crane, make up the heart of this work. Editor Joseph Katz, an academic specialist on the works of Stephan Crane, has included a useful introduction and an informative textual afterword.

The text of Crane's articles, written in 1895, is somewhat overwritten for

current tastes. The author traveled in Nebraska, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, and Old Mexico.

His best pieces describe drought conditions near Omaha, and people and things in Mexico City. Crane's writings about his travels are much less skillful than his works of fiction.

John A. Brennan

EDGE OF A CONTINENT, by Don Greame Kelley, (American West Pub. Co. 288 pgs., \$13.95)

Here is an excellent account of the edge of a land mass which spans the Pacific Coast—the longest shore line on earth. The author does not include South America, but limits his study to a sweeping overview of four thousand miles of coastline from the Aleutian Islands to Baja California. Then, in a leisurely way, he examines every facet of his subject—geography, geology, oceanography, meteorology, forests, deserts, islands and inlets; shore birds, marine birds, fish, mammals, and last of all, man—from the earliest inhabitants of the area to the present.

Thoroughly researched and presenting a mass of information, the author has also included many fine maps and photographs. While there is a wealth of information in the book, it cannot be absorbed in a single reading. To be enjoyed it must be read and referred to again and again—as a book of reference, an unparalleled handbook of the Pacific Coast.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

THE VILLAGE HORSE DOCTOR: WEST OF THE PECOS, by Ben K. Green. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 306 pp., map, drawings. Cloth, \$6.95.

This is Ben K. (Doc) Green's own account of his experiences as a practic-

ing veterinarian in the Trans-Pecos region of southwest Texas a quarter of a century ago.

With headquarters in Fort Stockton, Doc Green ranged over a 1,500-square-mile area, treating just about everything from poisoned livestock to a calf roper with a toothache and a six-foot-eight-inch rancher down with virus pneumonia.

But Green's biggest challenge was finding antidotes to cure livestock poisoned by the great variety of toxic desert plants. His own tireless research, combined with a solid, common-sense approach, produced effective remedies for many poisons which had plagued local stockmen.

The Village Horse Doctor is first rate reading; well spiced with plenty of cow country humor and philosophy, it is also a most informative work, and makes a fine addition to the literature of the southwest. Highly recommended!

Jerry Keenan, C.M.

NAVAJO ROUNDUP, by Lawrence C. Kelly, The Pruett Publishing Co. 192 pages with sources, appendix with reproductions of Kit Carson letters, index, maps, illustrations, and separate reproduction of 1864 Map of the Military Department of New Mexico in back cover pocket. \$8.95.

This book is exactly what it says it is, and is excellently done. Mostly correspondence between Kit Carson, General Carleton, and other officers involved in the 1863-65 removal of the Navajo from their traditional homeland in Arizona and western New Mexico to the Bosque Redondo at Fort Sumner, the expert selection and arrangement by the author gives a feeling for the problems, frustrations, and fleeting success of a unique undertaking.

Many of the New Mexico volunteer officers and California Column officers serving under Carson and Carleton emerge as pretty raunchy characters, falling by the wayside as victims of liquor, duels, and Navajo bullets, as well as one officer cashiered for being drunk and in bed with an enlisted man. Carleton appears as an extremely able officer who practically alone planned and ramrodded the Navajo removal.

Carson, as the man directly in charge of the expedition, proved his ability as a leader, even though longing to return to his wife and children, and inexplicably never really believing the Navajo were primarily in the Canyon de Chelly until his expedition found them there. To one who has visited the forts and areas concerned, this book is very interesting, and the separate map is a real collector's item. Unfortunately, Capt. Edmund Butler, who later received the Congressional Medal of Honor and who managed the final surrender of the Navajo, only gets one footnote. Butler was recommended for brevet for gallantry and success and Gen. Carleton wrote from his headquarters in November, 1865: "To Capt. Edmund Butler I owe many thanks. To the efficiency and straight-forward course and the energy and good sense of Captain Butler I owe a great deal of the luck I get credit for as a commander."

William Van Duzer, P.M.

THE MIAMI INDIANS, by Burt Anson, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla. 329 pp.

This book presents an excellent ethnohistoric reconstruction of an important but almost forgotten Midwestern Algonquian Indian people. The author presents a history of the acculturation of a major Indian tribe which is in most

respects typical. The book is well-organized along historical lines and copiously documented, drawing on early accounts of the Miami and related tribes and supplemented with illustrations by J. O. Lewis and George Winter of the early 19th century, early photographs, and maps.

Seventeenth century French explorers and fur traders realized the importance of the Miami living astride the most direct river and postage system to the Mississippi River Valley and Louisiana. Small garrisons and trading posts were soon established among them. These contacts, as well as inter-marriage, increased during the 18th century, but Miami ambiguity encouraging of English traders among them aroused French suspicion and resulted in one punitive expedition against them. The Miami exercised limited involvement in the French and Indian Wars, although a few were present at Braddock's defeat. In the subsequent unsettled period of British domination of the midwest, this tribe avoided overcommitment in Pontiac's rebellion.

The American Revolution which effected the demise of Iroquois balance of power set the stage for the Miami Confederacy under the leadership of Chief Little Turtle, which for a short time filled the power vacuum in Indian-American relations. But their short-lived hegemony was brought to an end by General Wayne's decisive victory at Fallen Timbers in the heart of their homeland. The extent of French acculturation is attested to by Wayne's observation:

The very extensive and highly cultivated fields and gardens show the work of many hands. The margins of those beautiful rivers, the Miami of the Lakes and Au Glaize appear like one continued village for a number of miles

both above and below this place: nor have I ever beheld such immense fields of corn in any part of America from Canada to Florida.

The treaty period with the United States introduced the concomitants of an end of the warrior ethos, annuity payments, drunkenness, debts run up with traders, and general social disintegration. Little Turtle died and leadership passed to Chief Richardville. Predictably, the Miami experienced the pangs of nativistic endeavors that spread among the Eastern Indian peoples, giving birth to the messianic Shawnee leadership of The Prophet and the British intrigues masterminded by Tecumseh. At the onset of the War of 1812, the U.S. military first attacked the suspected through neutral Delaware at their village of Mississinewa, an early Sand Creek Massacre prototype.

Charged with extinguishing Indian title to midwestern lands, General Harrison exploited the confused Indian concepts of specific and general tribal ownership rights to obtain a series of very unequitable land concessions treaties. The emotionalism stirred up by the Black Hawk War and Federal Removal Act of 1830 (the U. S. counterpart of the apartheid concept) led to the early removal of the Shawnee, Delaware, and Potawatomi. Rapid white settlement extended further demands for access to right-of-ways and to valuable Miami land bordering on the proposed Wabash-Maumee canal system. By skillful diplomacy, Chief Lafontaine delayed partial Miami removal until 1846. The more conservative half of the tribe, a little over 300, moved to Kansas Territory and shortly thereafter a portion of these moved to Oklahoma Territory and subsequently became affiliated with the Quapaw tribe. The more progressive portion

that remained in Indiana was denied recognition by the Bureau of Indian Affairs and slowly was absorbed into white society. The 1895 role list of this group was comprised of 317. Defacto recognition was finally obtained in Indian litigation claims which in 1967 resulted in 3,066 claimants who received \$1297.69 each.

Both the western and eastern Miami people are today extensively acculturated and integrated in modern American life. The western group has a formally-recognized tribal status and identity. The identity of those in Indiana is more diffused. The injustices of the Indian removal policy are cited, but the author recognizes that no equitable policy could operate in the conquest of America. The belated financial indemnities made to the descendents of the victims serve as a ritualistic qualm for the luxury of contemporary American national conscience.

C. J. Norton

AMERICA MOVES WEST, by Robert E. Riegel & Robert G. Athearn, (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 599 pgs., no price shown).

A synthesis of the broad history of westward expansion starting with the early English seaboard colonies and moving westward until the limits of the continent were reached, told in connected proportions to make the whole story.

Each chapter provides the general reader with a sound but readable account of one phase of the nation's frontier past, and the specialized student with a documented narrative that is integrated into the general story of the national's growth.

Here are the Santa Fe traders, the fur trappers, the Indians, the frontier army, missionaries, overland pioneers,

Mormons, forty-niners, with interpretations of each period told with scientific objectivity and critical acumen.

First published in 1930, this fifth edition of *America Moves West* incorporates recent new materials and bibliography, but the general outline of the book remains as in earlier editions.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

FORT SUPPLY INDIAN TERRITORY: FRONTIER OUTPOST ON THE PLAINS by Robert C. Carriker. Norman, The University of Oklahoma Press, 241 pp., maps, drawings, photographs, bibliography and index; cloth-bound, \$7.95.

Fort Supply was one of the key military outposts on the Southern Plains during that turbulent, unsettled period from the close of the Civil War until the turn of the century.

The Post was built in 1868, in the northwest part of what was then called Indian Territory, and is, today, northwest Oklahoma. Camp Supply, as it was originally named, functioned as a supply point, furnishing both men and material for punitive expeditions against hostile Cheyennes, Kiowas, Arapahoes and Comanches. Probably the most famous expedition launched from Camp Supply was the one in which Custer and the Seventh Cavalry destroyed the Cheyenne village of Black Kettle on the Washita River in November, 1868.

As the hostile tribes were brought under control and placed on reservations, the military found itself faced with the task of helping to bring law and order to an outlaw-infested land.

The garrison at Fort Supply, (The name was officially changed in 1878), in cooperation with federal marshals,

worked to curb the rampant activities of whiskey peddlers and horse thieves, who seemed particularly adept at pilfering army mounts. In addition, Indian reservation lands had to be protected against the encroachment of illegal timber cutters, buffalo hunters and cattlemen, all attempting to capitalize on the unsettled conditions.

The final phase of Supply's lively career involved guarding the Cherokee Outlet from illegal colonization, a duty which ended when the Outlet was officially thrown open for settlement in 1893.

Fort Supply ceased to function as a military establishment on Feb. 26, 1895, when custody of the Post was transferred to the Department of the Interior, bringing to a close 27 years of important service to the Southern Plains.

The author, an assistant professor of History at Gonzaga University in Spokane, did extensive research in reconstructing the life and times of Fort Supply. The University of Oklahoma Press had done its usual fine job in making available another important study in frontier history. There may be some resistance to a price of \$7.95 for a rather small volume, but this is an interesting, well balanced account of one of the more important military posts in Western history, and will prove especially valuable as a research tool.

Jerry Keenan, C.M.

MEDICINE LODGE: THE STORY OF A KANSAS FRONTIER TOWN, By Nellie Snyder Yost, Introduction by Don Russell, Sage Books, The Swallow Press, Inc., Chicago. Map of Barber County, Kansas. 31 illustrations, Text of the 1867 Medicine Lodge

Creek Treaty, Notes, Appendix, and Index. 237 pages, hardbound, \$6.00.

Westerner Don Russell's introduction to this book is about as good a review as could be written. Russell makes the point that most people, other than natives, will not find a book of local history of much interest, but this is an exception. And it is. Beginning with the curious "Legend of Flower Pot Mountain," the book proceeds in an engaging manner to chronicle the settlement, growth, and present status of frontier Medicine Lodge, with its buffalo hunting days, cattlemen era, homesteaders period, and final balancing of ranching and farming.

Medicine Lodge and Barber County had their share of characters, good and bad. A neighboring town marshal who, after being presented with a gold-plated Winchester by grateful citizens, held up the bank with his deputy and two cowboys, killed two bankers, and so enraged the citizenry that they shot or lynched all four. Carrie Nation, who lived in Medicine Lodge and launched her hatchet wars on saloons from there, incidentally putting two rocks through "Cleopatra at Her Bath" hanging over the bar of the Carey Hotel in Wichita. Congressman "Sockless" Jerry Simpson, deserves your acquaintance.

The material in this book was collected by Medicine Lodge native I. N. "Jibo" Hewitt, who as mayor of the town talked Nebraska's Mrs. Yost into putting it all together. Unfortunately, Mayor Hewitt did not live to see the book in print.

I recommend this book, and it made me want to spend a few days in Barber County and Medicine Lodge seeing the historic places described in the book.

W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.

THE FOURTEENERS, COLORADO'S GREAT MOUNTAINS, by Perry Eberhart and Philip Schmuck. Sago Books, The Swallow Press, Chicago, 128 p., illus., maps. \$10.

This is a beautiful picture book to add to the all-too-few records of Colorado's highest mountains; but it could have been better. The author, Perry Eberhart, writes in the introduction that each mountain "has a history, a legend, a beauty of its own." The beauty is in the book in the photographs. That Philip Schmuck is an expert, both as photographer and mountain climber, is demonstrated in his pictures of the 50-odd highest peaks of Colorado. Most of them are taken from unusual angles. Even his picture of the Maroons is different enough to avoid the banal. And that magnificent shot of Crestone Needle! At least, one presumes it is of the Crestone Needle. The publisher has not seen fit to caption any of the double-page pictures, thus making the book a puzzle-game of sorts.

Beauty—yes! Legends—yes! Perry Eberhart, the author, is fond of legends and tells them well. Here we have the rats on Pikes Peak, the treasure on Mt. Princeton, and the Angel of the Shavano. The author is a journalist, and has combed the newspapers for stories like that of the radio man in Alamosa who tried to talk Mt. Blanca into being the highest mountain in the state, and the holy pilgrimages to the Mount of the Holy Cross.

Beauty—yes! Legends—yes! History—no! Much of the author's history is lazy. For instance, he writes that Culebra "was a part of old Spanish land grants under Isabella of Spain." Would it have taken much effort on his part to find that Isabella died in 1504,

and that the Sangre de Cristo Land Grant (including Culebra Peak) was established in 1842 by the Mexican government? If the author had ever read Isabella Bird's *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*, he would not have written "The mountain (Longs Peak) was mastered by Isabella Bird Bishop, a leader of the international jet set of the 1870s." *Mastered* is hardly the word when Isabella wrote that Jim "dragged her up, like a bale of goods." And fancy anyone characterizing Isabella Bird, that intellectual, dowdy, Victorian hypochondriac, as a leader of the jet set!

Eberhart goes back to an original source in one long quotation, the dramatic account by the Hayden survey party of a lightning storm on Sunshine Peak. If he had only quoted more of the original accounts! Both author and photographer could have dealt better with Mt. Sneffels. The author could have quoted the dramatic account of its first climb, when the surveyors first looked into "the sink," as they called the Blue Lakes Basin. The photographer could have supplied a picture of the Blue Lake Basin. Instead of which, two prints of the Sneffels range (very beautiful) are used—prints of the same shot. Which do you prefer—the small, dark, clear print or the large, soft one?

What in the world made Perry Eberhart state that Mt. Elbert is the third highest peak in the U.S. (not including Alaska)? He must know that only California's Mt. Whitney tops it. It is fair to criticize a journalist because of inaccuracies like this (and a good many others). Perhaps it is not fair to criticize the author because he is not a mountain climber, but the highest mountains in Colorado deserve a more knowledgeable biographer.

Louisa Ward Arps

THE GILPIN GOLD TRAM, COLORADO'S UNIQUE NARROW GAUGE, by Mallory Hope Ferrell. Boulder, Colo., Pruett Publishing Co., 112 p. illus., photos. \$8.95.

Railroad buffs—here is a most satisfactory book, beautifully printed in text and pictures on fine paper, well designed, tastefully bound in black and gold, with a Howard Fogg spectacular in color, photographs, scale drawings and maps.

The Gilpin Tram was a two-foot gauge railroad designed to carry ore from the mines of Gilpin County to the mills at Black Hawk. The first ore came down behind the little Shay locomotive in December 1887. In 1917 the line was junked.

Mallory Hope Ferrell is an air pilot by profession, but his feet choose to walk railroad grades. As a boy in Virginia, he was neighbor to that narrow-gauge pro, H. Temple Crittenden. Ferrell dedicates *The Gilpin Gold Tram* to Crittenden, who finished the scale drawing of ore cars used in the book just a few hours before he died.

Crittenden was the first person to print an account of the Gilpin Tram. This appeared in the January 1942 *Bulletin of the Railway and Locomotive Society*. In 1958 Frank Hollenback wrote a 64-page pamphlet on the Tram, published in Denver by Sage Press. In 1969 Jon MacNeil of Denver started to write a college paper on the tram, and to help Ferrell. The author of this review had done extensive research on the tram, and freely let MacNeil use her notes. Railroad buffs and libraries have collected pictures of the Tram for years. In 1969 a file of Colorado & Southern papers yielded business information on the Tram, including a 1915 roster of cars. Ferrell has

skillfully used all these.

Comparing Hollenback's pamphlet with Ferrell's book, we find that Hollenback has more human interest stories, chiefly because of first hand interviews. Both use scale drawings, Hollenback's illustrating more types of cars, but Ferrell's in greater detail. Hollenback uses the July 1905 map (with his own revisions) produced by the Colorado & Southern engineers when they bought the Tram. At that time the length of the road was 21.35 miles. Ferrell uses the May 1906 map of the Central City District published by the U.S. Geological Survey, which included the Gilpin Tram. Ferrell added extensions to this (he did not date them), drew a map of the Banta Hill extension, and, a map of Black Hawk. He states that in 1910 the line was 26.46 miles long.

One contribution Ferrell could have made was a map of the mills of Black Hawk. Has any one ever figured them out?

The pictures of the Gilpin Shays No. 1 and No. 2 at Silver City are great.

For the information of buyers of the book (may they be many!) the mine Ferrell names Roderick Dow was named from Sir Walter Scott's hero in the *Lady of the Lake*, Roderick Dhu. And the Grecian King Midas lent his name to the Midas Mill (not Mides). The business block built and named the Campbell Building, after Rob Campbell of the Tram who killed himself, is in Cripple Creek, not Central City. The Tram did not run on Eureka Street (picture caption p. 56) but crossed it.

But these are silly little complaints. Two major complaints are these:

The author should have taken more care with his credit lines under pictures.

Out of 100 photographs in the book,

20 are of the Colorado Central. One understands that it is hard for a railroad buff to restrain his enthusiasm when he finds rare pictures—and these Colorado Central pictures are rare!—but why include them in the Gilpin Tram book?

For the 30 years of its life, the Tram was the pet of Gilpin County, and its demise a personal tragedy. It deserves a personal biography.

Louisa Ward Arps

PETER MCINTYRE'S WEST, by Peter McIntyre, Lane Magazine & Book Company, 138 pp., \$19.50.

This mammoth book, measuring 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 14", should cost far more considering its beautifully executed color plates which are mounted by hand at the spine end of the base pages—all 56 of them.

Peter McIntyre is a world-renowned artist now living in New Zealand. He was commissioned by the SUNSET book editors to come to the American West and record his impressions of the past and present of this vast area. He has done so in a most rewarding presentation of reproductions of his paintings (printed in six colors). Also his delightful pencil sketches opposite the mounted pages, and his brief written observations bring out the essence of life in this immense land in a most vivid way. He and his wife traveled over 20,000 miles from the West Coast to the Mexican border, east to New Mexico and as far north as Alaska. They were immediately accepted everywhere and invited into the homes of the inhabitants. No doubt the SUNSET book editors paved the way, but their own friendliness and genuine interest in finding out all there is to know about the West contributed to their acceptance.

Mr. McIntyre's introduction entitled: "This Incredible West" gives a brief description of the Western states and brings out some of the highlights of each. This is a book to be enjoyed and given to others to enjoy. It gives a fresh viewpoint by a keen observer who had not really seen the American West before.

Opal M. Harber

The INVISIBLE MEN ON SKIS: The Story of the Construction of Camp Hale and the Occupation by the 10th Mountain Division 1942-1945, by Rene L. Coquoz, Johnson Publishing Co., Boulder, 32 pages, \$1.

Colorado has a wide variety of ghost sites. One of the latest to qualify and certainly one of the most significant was Camp Hale. Located on the north descent of Tennessee Pass north of Leadville, the camp trained thousands of U.S. ski troops invaluable in specialized fighting during World War II. It also served as a prisoner of war camp for a short time.

This booklet goes into detail concerning its construction and its relationship with Leadville.

Highly disappointing is the lack of any information on what happened to the troops after training. The book states that 990 men of the Tenth Mountain Division lost their lives in combat. Where? How was their specialized training, high in the Colorado Rockies, utilized in the war in Europe? What part did it play in the final victory?

The book contains a lot of correspondence, local and Federal acts and resolutions in establishing Camp Hale. We see the names of a myriad of local officials, particularly the City Council of Leadville. But we don't get to know anything about the brave men who

trained here, and what became of them.

The author also misses another wonderful opportunity to add dimension to her book by failing to include any of the rich color and history of the surrounding country.

Perry Eberhart

TURBULENT TAOS, by Den Galbraith; The Press of the Territorian, Santa Fe, N.M.; drawings and photos; 48 pp. pamphlet; 1.50.

NEW MEXICO'S RAILROADS—AN HISTORICAL SURVEY, by David F. Myrick; published by Colorado Railroad Museum, Golden, Colo.; photos, maps; cover in color by Otto Kuhler; 201 pp. plus index; \$7.95.

Too little has been written about the American Period of New Mexico history and it is encouraging to see some interest given to this era of its history. Galbraith, in his pamphlet, *Turbulent Taos*, does brief us on the early history of Taos but he also brings us up-to-date on some recent events and a glimpse into the lives of contemporaries. This is an excellent beginning for a more comprehensive history of Taos.

It is regrettable that Ceran St. Vrain's date of residency in Mora, N.M. is incorrect—Ceran St. Vrain died in 1870 and not in 1890 as implied in the cutline under his photo on page 26.

Myrick's *New Mexico Railroads* is a fine edition to New Mexico's history. It is an historical survey that has been needed for some time and will be more valuable historically as the railroads take a back seat to more modern forms

of transportation. There are over 200 well-produced photos and maps covering all forms of rail transportation used in New Mexico. The street railway photos and those of the gasoline-powered rail buggies are an outstanding addition to this collection. A table of illustrations should have been included for such a fine group of pictures and maps.

For historical accuracy it must be noted that Miguel A Otero, Sr. of the firm of Otero, Sellar & Co. did not serve as Governor of the State of New Mexico. Otero, Sr. died in 1882 and his son, Miguel A. Otero, Jr. was Governor, 1897-1906 and died in 1944. (Cutline on page 16).

Though dates and names are extremely important for future historians, these errors do not detract from the valuable contribution of these two publications.

Milt Callon, P.M.

THE SNAKE COUNTRY EXPEDITION OF 1830-1831 — JOHN WORK'S FIELD JOURNAL, edited by Francis D. Haines, Jr. Published by the Oklahoma Press. 172 pages, 9 illustrations, 1 map, 2 appendices, bibliography, index. \$7.95 hard bound.

The history of the Pacific Northwest really begins with the third voyage of Captain James Cook, 1776-78. The discovery, by Cook's sailors, that furs acquired on the Northwest coast were readily saleable in China, led a number of British and American merchants to the maritime fur trade. The resulting rush to the Northwest coast culminated in the Nootka Sound incident of 1788, which ended in an agreement between Spain and Great Britain in which Spain relinquished her claims north of 42 degrees north latitude and left the

eventual disposition of this territory to the principle of actual occupation.

The British soon withdrew from the maritime trade, leaving the area open to American merchants. Although fur trade with China dropped off almost completely by 1805, it was not until 1810 that permanent occupation of the region began. John Jacob Astor organized his Pacific Fur Company to establish permanent trading posts in the Northwest. However, by 1813 the exploits of the Pacific Fur Company came to a halt and the future of the United States as an ocean-spanning continent was in grave doubt.

A treaty of Joint Occupation was drawn with Great Britain in 1818 and renewed in 1827 until the boundary settlement of 1846. The British effort was taken up in 1821 by Hudson's Bay Company, which hoped to make the area economically unattractive to the American fur trapper. Essential to this plan was the trapping out of the Snake Country, which was that part of the Snake River between the Continental Divide and Hell's Canyon. Snake Country expeditions were started as early as 1815 but not taken up vigorously until 1824 when Peter Skene Ogden was put in charge. In 1830 Ogden turned his command over to John Work, and it is Work's field journal of his 1830-31 expedition that is reprinted in this book.

As it turned out, Hudson's Bay Company's policy was well conceived and well executed, but the scarcity of beaver proved not to deter American settlers from the Northwest territory. By 1840 great bands of immigrants were sweeping into the Northwest over the Oregon Trail, which had been the route of the brigades into the Snake Country.

This daily record of John Work is

finely detailed and seems to foretell the futility of the mission of the Hudson's Bay Company. The reading is at best a meticulous diary devoid of much literary art and would be recommended mainly to students and historians of the Pacific Northwest.

Dr. Bob Mutchler, P.M.

REQUIEM FOR A PEOPLE: THE ROGUE INDIANS AND THE FRONTIERSMEN, Stephen Dow Beckham, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman. 214 pp., 24 pp. of illustrations and photographs, 2 maps, bibliography and index, \$7.95.

This book is Volume 108 in the outstanding "Civilization of the American Indian Series" published by the University of Oklahoma Press. All of us interested in the history of the American Indian are indebted to the University of Oklahoma Press for publishing this classic series.

Requiem For A People is a worthy addition to this series covering the Rogue Indians of the Rogue River country in southwestern Oregon. The two maps are very useful to the reader especially one not familiar with the region and the illustrations are interesting.

In the preface the author writes as he "stood there listening, absorbing, and looking up at the timbered hills above the Big Bend of the Rogue

(River), I determined to find someday the full history of that land and its long-vanished people. The story was found and it had to be written." Dr. Beckham accomplished his mission. The book is well written, well documented, and it holds your interest. As the author closes he states, "The opening of this region was little different from the conquest of other frontiers in western America. . . . Nor was the resistance of the Indians unique; their desire to retain their homeland was only natural." How true, this story has been told many times in prior volumes of this series and it undoubtedly will be repeated in future volumes.

The bibliography is very good. It should be consulted by anyone wishing to dig deeper into the subject. The author used several unpublished manuscripts including some from the Hudson's Bay Company Archives in London, England. Since Dr. Beckham made use of military records found in the National Archives of the United States one wonders why he did not use the records of the Oregon Superintendency of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

This is a worthwhile addition to the material on the American Indian and his dealings with the coming of the white man. I recommend this book to all who are interested in this field. My only criticism is its price, \$7.95, seems a bit high.

Delbert A. Bishop, P.M.

New Hands on the Denver Range

Carl E. C. Carlson
2794 S. Eaton Way
Denver, Colo. 8027

Carl was introduced to The Westerners by Jackson C. Thode. Carl is interested in Colorado history, photography and railroad history. He was program chairman for the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club in 1969. Welcome to The Westerners.

Helen Gardiner Mullins
1251 Thompson Ave.
Glendale, Calif. 91201

She's interested in mining towns. She spent her childhood and early adult life in Cripple Creek and Denver. She learned about The Westerners through Edith Stuart Jackson, 1519 Doone Road, Columbus, Ohio. Welcome!

Fred J. Reynolds
Ft. Wayne Public Library
900 Webster St.
Fort Wayne, Ind. 46802

Fred heard about The Westerners from Don Block. Fred's interested in local history and county towns. He writes: "I belong to one state and nine county historical societies. I have built a collection of more than 60,000 volumes in local history and geneology." Welcome!

Robert H. Lee
Boulder Canyon Rt.
Sturgis, S.D. 57785

Bob learned about The Westerners from Leland Case, a founder and the current deputy sheriff of the Black Hills Posse. Bob likes Sioux Indians, Major Reno and the Plains frontier Army. He's currently editor and vice president of the Black Hills Publishing Co., vice president of the S.D. State Historical Society, a member of the Regions 8 Advisory Committee, National Archives and Records Center. He's formerly of Denver and knows Dabney Collins, Jack Foster, Maurice Frink, Robert Berkin and Fred Rosenstock. Welcome, Bob, we're glad to have you with us.

Savoie Lottinville
P.O. Box 416
Salida, Colo. 81201

Savoie learned about The Westerners through Kenny Englert and his own membership for many years in the Indian Territory (Oklahoma) Posse.

He's interested in the Indian and exploration. He's published articles on George Bent and John C. Fremont. He's founder and editor of the American Exploration and Travel series, editor, American Indian series, founder and editor of the western Frontiers Library and founder and editor of Centers of Civilization series. From January to August his address is 503 Shawnee, Norman, Okla., 73069.

Bill Lindsey
405 Baseline Road
Boulder, Colo. 80302

Bill learned about the Westerners through Dave Hicks.

Bill is manager of the Colorado Press Assn. He's interested in Colorado history, insulators and bottles ("especially with liquid in"). He has published articles in Boulder Camera and Colorado Editor magazine.

Cecil F. Cook
4598 E. Oakwood Dr.
Des Moines, Iowa 50317

Cecil became acquainted with The Westerners through Fred Rosenstock. He's interested in Colorado history, western mining and railroads. His hobbies include photography and rock collecting.

John Little
429 Maxwell Ave.
Boulder, Colo. 80302

John is publishers' representative ("drummer") for university presses of Arizona, Nebraska, New Mexico, Oklahoma; and Pruett Press and Swallow Press. His active interest in history includes the Rocky Mountain fur trade. He was introduced to The Westerners by Eugene Rakosnik.