

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

JANUARY 1973

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by Vernon L. Mattson, C.M.

and

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by Richard G. Cowman, P.M.



Covered Wagons on the Overland Route

—Collection of the author

## OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

The year of 1972 was magnificently capped off at The Denver Westerners Christmas Rendevous at the Heart of Denver Motel on Friday evening, 15 December 1972.

After a delicious dinner featuring a Club Steak with all the fixin's, the members and guests were treated to an outstanding movie program by Fred and Jo Mazzulla. Fred and Jo chose probably the most moving and inspiring segments of their award winning film, "Expedition Colorado," for their program. "The General William J. Palmer Story" was followed by "The Marble-Lincoln Memorial Story." The audience was captivated as they were again reminded of the sensitive artistry of the authors' portrayal of these momentous facets of Colorado history.

A mighty round of applause acknowledged Fred and Jo's long list of accomplishments in and out of the Westerners. Along with his many publications on Western history, Fred was the Sheriff of the Denver Westerners Posse in 1959. Later he received two awards for his dedicated service to the Westerners. For many years he was the official Westerners photographer, and his pictures were used in many *Roundups* and *Brand Books*. For five years he was Roundup Foreman and Tally Man and served as a leader in practically all of the Westerners functions.

The *Roundup* salutes you, Fred and Jo Mazzulla.

The evening was concluded as outgoing Sheriff Ed Bathke presented the Sheriff's Badge to 1973 Sheriff Dick Ronzio, symbolizing the change of range hands.

The Denver Westerners will long note and gratefully recall the energetic and dedicated leadership of the 1972

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### 1973 OFFICERS

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Officers, particularly that of Sheriff Ed Bathke. Your Editor congratulates Sheriff Ed for a signal year of guidance for the Denver Posse of the Westerners.

Continued on back cover.

# Alonzo Delano, "The Old Block"

by VERNON L. MATTSON, C.M.

Most Westerners have probably read more than one account of the perils and hardships of covered wagon treks across the plains and mountains.

While my story is partially built around such a trip, it is intended primarily as an introduction to a very unusual man who probably would have been a welcome member in any Western Posse.

The "Old Block," as Alonzo Delano was affectionately known to his friends, not only participated in the making of Western history, but he did much to record it with his excellent and authoritative writings. In the Grass Valley Country among the California gold diggin's he truly became a legend in his own time.

Martin Broones recently wrote, "A task without vision is drudgery, and a vision without a task is but a dream, but a task with vision is victory." This story of Alonzo Delano is a tale of a task with vision that ultimately led to victory.

A few years ago I obtained a copy of the original edition (2nd printing) of a book published in 1854 entitled *Life on the Plains and Among the Diggings*, by A. Delano. The book is essentially a day by day account of his trip in a covered wagon from St. Joe, Missouri, to the Sacramento Valley in California.

The meticulous care with which these diary entries were made, often under very difficult circumstances, gives an interesting insight into the man who wrote them. Delano had a remarkable knowledge of geography, geology, botany, biology,

SECOND THOUSAND.

**LIFE ON THE PLAINS**

AND

**AMONG THE DIGGINGS;**

BEING

SCENES AND ADVENTURES

OF AN

**OVERLAND JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA:**

WITH PARTICULAR

INCIDENTS OF THE ROUTE,

MISTAKES AND SUFFERINGS OF THE EMIGRANTS,

THE INDIAN TRIBES,

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE OF THE GREAT WEST.

BY A. DELANO.

AUBURN AND BUFFALO:

MILLER, ORTON & MULLIGAN.

1854.



and, above all, a keen sense of humor. In later years, as he had more leisure time, he wrote extensively of his memories and observations of the gold mining camps of California. Sixty years after his death in 1874, the Grass Valley newspaper, *The Morning Union*, published a series of articles recounting the achievements of Delano and their impact on the history of the California gold country. There are many entries under his name in the files of the California Historical Society and at the University Library at Berkeley.

Not too much is known of the early life of Delano. He was born the son of a prominent physician in Auburn, New York, on July 2, 1806. He appears to be distantly related to Franklin D. Roosevelt through the distaff or Delano side of the family.

In one of Alonzo's later writings he observes that the names Hood and Block both appear in his lineage. He writes that he can therefore only conclude that he is descended from a line of eminent Block-Heads. In one of his sketches in *Chips From The Old Block* he writes, "He was born in New York, brought up in Ohio, educated in Indiana and polished in Illinois, and then perfected his education by a traveling tour." The tour he says, "was a pleasure trip across the plains in 1849 to California with an ox-team by which he became a scientific operator on hawks, crows, rats and other nutritious vegetables calculated to keep body and soul together in the absence of more common food.

The circumstances that caused Delano to leave his family, home and business in Ottawa, Illinois are best described by this quotation from the diary, "Ninety days previous to the 5th of April, 1849, had any one told me that I should be a traveler upon the wild wastes between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean, I should have looked upon it as an idle jest: but circumstances, which frequently govern the course of men in the journey of life, were brought to bear upon me; and on the day above named, I became a nomad denizen of the world, and a new and important era of my life began.

"My constitution had suffered sad inroads by disease incident to western climate, and my physician frankly told me that a change of residence and more bodily exertion was absolutely necessary to effect a radical change in my system—in fact, that my life depended upon such a change and I finally concluded

to adopt his advice. About this time the astonishing accounts of the vast deposits of gold in California reached us, and besides the fever of the body, I was suddenly seized with the fever of mining for gold; and in hopes of receiving a speedy cure for the ills of both body and mind, I turned my attention 'Westward Ho!' and immediately commenced making arrangements for my departure."

He arranged to have his oxen driven across country to St. Joe, Missouri, and he had his wagon shipped thru by steamer. He said good-bye to his family and took the steamer "Revolution" to St. Louis. There he bought supplies for the trip and a stock of trading goods to establish his business upon arrival in California. These goods went along with him in the steamer "Embassy" to St. Joe. This was a ten day trip which he describes, "There was a great crowd of adventurers on the 'Embassy.' Nearly every state in the Union was represented. Every berth was full, and not only every settee and table occupied at night, but the cabin floor was covered by the sleeping emigrants. The decks were covered with wagons, mules, oxen and mining implements, and the hold was filled with supplies. But this was the condition of every boat—for since the invasion of Rome by the Goths, such a deluge of mortals had not been witnessed, as was now pouring from the States to the various points of departure for the golden shores of California. Visions of sudden and immense wealth were dancing in the imaginations of those anxious seekers of fortunes, and I must confess that I was not entirely free from such dreams."

The boat trip up the river was not, however, all gaiety. Cholera broke out and took a heavy toll, but the Delano party fortunately escaped.

The diary paints a most vivid picture of the mass confusion that was the town of St. Joe in the spring of 1849. Getting his men, cattle, wagons and supplies all together in the same place at the same time took a great effort, but finally on April 25 the train was ready to roll.

When the 49'ers made the trip from St. Joe, Missouri to the Sacramento Valley in California they did not pass through a single town or permanent settlement anywhere. The only structures they saw that had permanent walls and roofs were Ft. Kearney in Nebraska, Ft. Laramie in Wyoming and Ft. Hall in

Idaho. Delano did a remarkable job of identifying nearly every creek or dry gulch they crossed either by the then known name or by a description of the cliffs along the stream or the type of crossing or ford or prominent rocks or mountains that were visible in a specified direction. With the aid of the new series of U.S. Geological Survey relief maps, I believe I have been able to quite accurately plot the course of this expedition. There are only two or three minor points where there is any question as to the exact route of the party. It is interesting to note how many of the old creek names are still in use. I found it necessary to go to an eight mile to an inch scale to follow Delano's notes. On many days their travel from daybreak until dark would be represented by only one inch on such a map. Their average travel of 13 miles would be represented by only slightly over an inch and one half.

Delano has some rather unkind words for the maps and guides that were available for sale in St. Louis and St. Joe. Along the trail he occasionally ran into parties that had copies of Fremont's Journal. These appeared to inspire confidence in Delano, but the other route information proved to be most inaccurate.

In another generation, Delano might have established a reputation as a "Wrong Way Corrigan." It seems that whenever there was a choice of routes they inevitably chose the wrong or hard way to go. They had their first opportunity to make such a choice when they were only 65 miles up the Missouri from St. Joe, near the present town of Nemaha, Nebraska. The decision was made to leave the river route which was the regular Overland Route, and attempt a short cut by following the ridge dividing the waters of the Big and Little Nemaha rivers. This was difficult traveling because it was hard to distinguish between the main dividing ridge and points between the smaller tributaries. They finally hit the head of the Nemaha drainage and then followed the Big Blue until they were fairly close to the Platte River. When they reached the Platte River, they were about 50 miles downstream from Ft. Kearney. Instead of saving an estimated 10 days, it appears that those who chose to follow the river route reached Ft. Kearney 10 days to two weeks ahead of the Delano party.

It is interesting to note the careful organization and planning that was evident at the start of the journey. This is from the

diary of May 3, 1849: "Our company was well arranged and provided for the great journey before us. Every wagon was numbered, and our captain, with the concurrence of the members of the company, directed that each wagon should in turn take the lead for one day, and then, falling in the rear, give place to the succeeding number, and so on, alternately, until the whole seventeen advanced in turn. Every mess was provided with a portable light cooking stove, which, though not absolutely necessary, was often found convenient, on account of the



Pioneer Family Beside a Covered Wagon

—Collection of the author

scarcity of fuel; each man was armed with rifle, pistol and knife, with an abundant supply of ammunition, and each mess had a good and substantial tent. Each wagon was drawn by from three to six yoke of good cattle; and it was agreed that they should be prudently driven, for we could well anticipate the helplessness of our condition, should our cattle give out on the plains, where they could not be duplicated."

The journey had not progressed very far before modification of equipment became necessary. On May 5 Delano wrote, "The road was still heavy, and our train moved slowly, while the wind,

which blew a gale every day, retarded our progress with our high canvas covered wagons. It was found to be a fault in having the tops of our wagons too high, for the force of the wind against them made the labor much harder on our cattle, and we resolved to stop at the first convenient place and reduce their dimensions, as well as to overhaul our provisions. We discovered that we had been imposed upon in St. Louis in the purchase of our bacon, for it began to exhibit more signs of life than we had bargained for. It became necessary to scrape and smoke it in order to get rid of its tendency to walk in insect form."

Delano describes the scene as his train rejoined the main stream of traffic near Ft. Kearney: "For miles to the extent of vision, an animated mass of beings broke upon our view. Long lines of wagons with their white covers were moving slowly along, a multitude of horsemen were prancing on the road, companies of men were traveling on foot, and although the scene was not a gorgeous one, yet the display of banners from many wagons and the multitude of armed men, looked as if a mighty army was on its march; and in a few moments we took our station in the line, a component part of the motley throng of gold seekers, who were leaving home and friends far behind, to encounter the peril of mountain and plain."

The long pull along the Platte between Ft. Kearney and Ft. Laramie was made particularly difficult by a series of late spring storms. High winds with heavy rains mixed with hail and sleet made life miserable for both animals and men. The trail became a quagmire and much time was lost in trying to find alternate routes in higher ground near the valley rims. It was between the forks of the Platte and Scotts Bluff that many of the parties realized that they would have to lighten the loads of their wagons if they were to get through.

They passed Ft. Kearney on May 23 and shortly after passing the forks of the Platte, they sighted their first buffalo herds . . . Delano describes the scene along the trail in his notation for June 3: "Loading our wagons too heavily with cumbrous and weighty articles, and with unnecessary supplies of provisions, had been a general fault, and the cattle began to exhibit signs of fatigue. We resolved, therefore, to part with everything which was not absolutely necessary, and to shorten the dimension of our wagons so that they would run easier. To sell superfluous ar-

ticles was quite impossible, though I was fortunate enough to find a market for fifty pounds of coffee. Every emigrant was abundantly supplied and we were compelled to throw away a quantity of iron, steel, trunks, valises, old clothes and boots of little value; and I may observe here that we subsequently found the road lined with cast-off articles, piles of bacon, flour, wagons, groceries, clothing and various other articles which had been left, and the waste and destruction of property was enormous. In this the selfish nature of man was plainly exhibited. In many instances the property thus left was rendered useless. We afterwards found sugar on which turpentine had been poured, flour in which salt and dirt had been thrown, and wagons broken to pieces or partially burned, clothes torn to pieces, so they could not be worn and a wanton waste made of valuable property simply because the owners could not use it themselves and were determined that nobody else should. There were occasionally honorable exceptions. The wagons were left unharmed by the roadside; the bacon, flour and sugar were nicely heaped up, with a card, directed to anywho who stood in need, to use freely in welcome." This abundance of surplus food and clothing along this stretch of the trail is in pitiful contrast to the acute shortages which caused such desperate suffering a thousand miles farther west.

Old Ft. Laramie stood on the Platte at the confluence with the Laramie River. This was about 20 miles northwest of the present town of Torrington and about 75 miles northeast of the present city of Laramie. Delano reached the Fort on June 12. It is interesting to note that the distance reported by Delano from Fort Kearney to Fort Laramie was about 300 miles. This was probably quite accurate for it was measured by a roadometer which was simply an odometer that counted each revolution of a wagon wheel. The present highway distance between these points is close to 350 miles. This is a good indication of how closely the old trail followed the air line route. The air line distance between these points is very close to 300 miles.

Delano makes these comments on Ft. Laramie: "Around the Fort were many wagons which had been sold or abandoned by the emigrants. A strong, heavy wagon could be bought for from five to fifteen dollars. In ordinary seasons the Company were able to keep some small supplies for emigrants, but such was

the rush now that scarcely anything could be obtained, even at the most exorbitant prices."

The party left the Platte just west of Ft. Laramie and staying fairly close to the north slope of the Laramie mountains crossing Horse Creek and the Riolo Bonta. They reached the Platte again on June 18 at a point about mid-way between the present towns of Douglas and Casper. Just west of Casper they left the



Gambling Fracas

—Collection of the author

river again and passed to the north of the present Pathfinder Reservoir. This was a period of very difficult travel until they finally reached Independence Rock on June 22.

The party seemed quite relieved when they finally left the Platte water-shed and entered the Sweet Water Valley. They followed this stream to its headwaters near South Pass which they reached on June 29.

Delano's comments on leaving the Atlantic water-shed throw an interesting light on the philosophical side of this unusual man. His more practical observations on what had happened to this well organized party that had left the Missouri River are interesting. When at South Pass, Wyoming, Delano writes: "On leaving the Missouri, nearly every train was an organized com-

pany, with general regulations for mutual safety and with a captain chosen by themselves, as a nominal head. On reaching the South Pass, we found that the great majority had either divided, or broken up entirely, making independent and helter skelter marches towards California. Some had divided from policy, because they were too large and on account of the difficulty of procuring grass in one place for so many cattle, while others, disgusted by the overbearing propensities of some men, would not endure it, and others still, from mutual ill-feelings and disagreements among themselves. Small parties of twenty men got along decidedly the best; and three men to a mess, or wagon, is sufficient for safety as well as harmony."

After only one day's travel west from South Pass, the Delano party had to face another decision on choice of route. Here the road forked. They could go to the left or south and pass Ft. Bridger and on to Salt Lake and take the Hastings Cut-off and rejoin the California Trail on the Humboldt in Nevada. The alternative was to continue directly west to the Bear River and thence north to Ft. Hall. The unreliability of the then available guide books was the deciding factor. The guide book stated the Sublette Cut-off would save 70 miles and that it was only 35 miles from Big Sandy to the Green River. How wrong it was! The northerly route which they selected was at least 150 miles longer to the Humboldt and the waterless and grassless trip from Big Sandy to the Green was nearly 70 miles over soft sand.

The Sublette Cut-off nearly spelled the doom of the Delano party. As the party became aware of the seriousness of their plight, they were spurred into making the best mileage of the whole expedition. In two waterless days of loose sand they covered over 60 miles. Both men and animals were completely exhausted when they reached the Green River. It had been, indeed, a close call.

The trip over the mountains from the Green River to the Bear River was rough and slow, but there was adequate water and grass. The Bear was reached a few miles north of Bear Lake. They followed it northward to the present site of Soda Springs. The carbonate springs at that time were known for some reason as Beer Springs.

The party left the Bear River at Soda Point about 3 miles beyond the Springs. Here they turned north and followed the



Oregon Trail to Ft. Hall. If they had followed the more conventional California Trail to the southwest they would have saved many miles and much hardship. This was another of the hard to understand "Wrong-Way Corrigan" decisions that seemed to plague the party.

Fort Hall was reached on July 18. The Fort was then operated by the Hudson's Bay Company. At the time Delano's party arrived, the post was completely out of all supplies. They had absolutely nothing to sell, but tried to buy items from the emigrants.

About 20 miles downstream from Ft. Hall they passed the American Falls and at 50 miles they came to the Raft River on July 20. Here, again, the road forked. The road north led to Oregon and the road south up the Raft would lead toward the Humboldt River. Toward the headwaters of the Raft the trail again divided. The route south led to Salt Lake. Our party took the fork leading west and reached Goose Creek on July 24th.

Recent U.S.G.S. maps indicate a Delano Peak, elevation 7,847 and a range designated as the Delano Mountains. These are to the east of Goose Creek and about 15 miles west of the Utah-Nevada boundary. The Delano party would have passed along the base of these mountains. Delano's diary discusses the geology of this area and he was obviously much interested in these mountains, but there is no suggestion of a name for them. I have been unable to learn anything about the naming of the peak or the range. Since there seems to be no record of another Delano along this route, I assume that Alonzo has been memorialized by some unknown admirer.

Those of you who have driven along Interstate 80 between Elko and Reno probably remember the rather frequent, but short rocky canyons that are no impediment to modern roads, but which meant many miles of painful detours to the wagon trains. Along this stretch the Digger Indians became a problem. There was much night thievery of cattle and occasionally stray wagons were plundered. Pursuit of the marauders seldom yielded any worthwhile results, so it became customary to take reasonable precautions and accept the losses as part of the business.

They were approaching the vicinity of the Carson Sink where

the Humboldt disappeared into the desert sand. About mid-way between the present towns of Winnemucca and Lovelock the road forked. The route south would have led them past the Carson Sink and on into the Truckee Valley, then over Donner Pass and to Sacramento by the American River. The alternative was to continue on a northwesterly course that would normally have been followed by those going to Oregon. Then they could hit the Oregon-California Trail and go south to Sacramento.



Indian Fight

—Collection of the author

This choice of route required a decision of major importance to the expedition. Reports of the lack of grass for many miles around the Sink and the scarcity of water in that area were combined with gruesome tales of dead cattle lining the trail for many miles. The stories of the great difficulties in the mountains beyond the desert were most discouraging. The information relating to the alternate or northern route was scanty so the decision was indeed a tough one. While pondering the question, word came to them from the first known California real estate promoter—a chap by the name of Lassen described the beauty of northern California and the excellent road leading to it. Judging from the experiences of the Delano party who followed his suggested route, it would have seemed appropriate to hang him

from a cottonwood limb. Instead, they named Lassen County and Lassen Peak in his memory. The Delano party of Wrong-Way Corrigan chose the northern route. This decision added a hundred or more miles and weeks of time to their journey.

The new route left the Humboldt just north of what is now the Rye Patch Reservoir and led to Rabbit Springs. The Black Rock Desert crossing proved to be the most difficult single section of the entire journey. The soft sand and closely spaced boulders and the lack of water and grass were almost too much.

While the party was more or less in a state of shock from the Black Rock Desert experience, a friend of Delano's, a Col. Watkins, overtook them. Watkins had a number of maps and a copy of Fremont's narrative. Watkins suggested they follow him and head directly south, to Pyramid Lake and then follow the Truckee River. The Delano party decided to proceed on their course to the northwest.

The exact route from Black Rock Desert to the present California line is difficult to follow. They apparently went north almost to New Years Lake and then turned southward and crossed the alkali lake area near Cedarville, California. They encountered the Oregon-California Trail south of Goose Lake near Alturas on August 30. They continued on to the Pitt River and then passed over the divide to the watershed of the Sacramento River and passed close to the present city of Redding.

The final leg of the journey from Redding down to Lawson's Ranch was without notable incident. So the log of the long trek ends near the present village of Vina about 100 miles north of Sacramento.

Delano, like most others who made the overland trip to California in 1849, was broke when he reached his destination. All of the trading goods that he had purchased in St. Louis were gone. Most of it was jettisoned to lighten the wagons.

He worked as a laborer and saved his wages only to lose them in his gold prospecting efforts. At one time in desperation he went to San Francisco and worked as a dock hand. He soon returned to Grass valley and eventually became established in the mercantile and banking business.

Here his diary ends and the thread of his later years is picked up by the California historians. Much has been written of these years. He became manager of a Wells Fargo bank and later he

established his own bank and acquired much valuable real estate.

Using the pen name "Old Block," his writings of the early days in the gold country are voluminous and give a vivid but accurate picture of this hectic period in the history of the West. Delano's keen perception of human nature coupled with his sense of humor produced many real gems. What they may lack in literary style is more than compensated for in their warmth and human understanding of the problems of man existing under the stress and privation of pioneer living. Some of the best of these writings are found in *Old Block's Sketch Book*, *Pen-knife Sketches*, *Chips From the Old Block* and many others. Over a period of nearly 20 years he made many contributions to California journals and newspapers.

This is where the story ends. The Old Block had regained his health and had found happiness in the five months of hard covered wagon living. His vision of finding great quantities of gold had been transformed into the more tangible satisfaction of providing leadership and guidance during the formative years of one of our great states. For Alonzo Delano the task and the vision had finally spelled victory.

## ABOUT THE AUTHORS

"Bill" Mattson, as he is best known, received his degree in Mining Engineering from the Colorado School of Mines in 1926. He worked in various mining and milling operations in this country and abroad from 1926 to 1949.

In 1949 he organized and became the first Director of the Colorado School of Mines Research Foundation.

In 1955 Bill joined the Kerr-McGee Corporation as manager of mines and mills, and later served this company as Vice President of Research and Development.

Bill is a member of The American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, The American Nuclear Society, The Mining Club of New York,

The Colorado Scientific Society and other professional organizations. He is a registered Professional Engineer in Colorado and other states. He received the Distinguished Achievement Award of the Colorado School of Mines in 1960.

Richard G. (Dick) Bowman, a Posse member of the Denver Westerners, is a collector of Wells Fargo items, some of which are shown in his article.

He also collects Western numismatic material and is a specialist in paper money and early coins of the West. He is past president of the Colorado Wyoming Coin Association.

# Wells Fargo- for the Collector

by Richard G. Bowman

In March of 1852, two experienced express men from the east, Henry Wells and William Fargo gave their names to a joint stock enterprise, Wells Fargo and Company. The history of Wells Fargo is the story of an express and banking company made up of individualists who battled for business every inch of the way, who took risks, beat down and bought out their competitors, but never declined a chance to be of service.

The company went through crisis after crisis. In one year it paid 122 per cent dividends, and another year 315 per cent. It was such a plump melon, that it was raided again and again by speculators and financiers, and yet somehow its massive reputation carried on, and even the raiders bowed to the magic name of Wells Fargo.

The history of Wells Fargo is also the history of San Francisco and the California gold rush, for Wells Fargo was created because of the gold rush, and operated through the wild early years when most companies were broken by this same fantastic gold rush and the speculative fever



it brought into being. From the early days, Wells Fargo was a symbol of faith. One could hire the company to do any chore, from escorting wives to California, to delivering a battalion of soldiers for an Indian war. Wells Fargo carried hundreds of millions of dollars worth of gold dust and gold coin, and no shipper ever lost a penny. Speed and safety were the guiding principles, and every man in the West believed and relied on this. A town wasn't a town in the gold rush days without a Wells Fargo office. In 1860 there were 573 Wells Fargo offices and by 1888 there were 1,642, some indication of the rapid expansion of Wells Fargo.

Another important service rendered by Wells Fargo, was the carrying of the mail. The United States Post Office Department found it utterly impossible to keep up with all the new mining camps and appointed Wells Fargo, along with other express companies, to handle much of this important service, and continued until 1895 when again the United States took over the entire mail service.

In the recollections of many old timers are the memories of the treasure chests and the strong boxes, special agents, express cars and wood-burning locomotives, all a part of the panoramic picture of Wells Fargo, and in the boot hills of Tombstone, Deadwood and Dodge City are the headstones of many a bandit and gunman with the impressions—"Wells Fargo Never Forgets." And in the museums and private collections, are the Colts and Winchesters, the way bills and the gold scales, the wanted posters and the Concord stages, that were all part of the history of Wells Fargo.

A recollection of one of the most daring and breathtaking adventures of the West. Then, in 1918, under World War I emergency powers, the government merged all express companies under the American Railway Express, and

only in Mexico and Cuba did Wells Fargo live on in the express business.

What I'd like to relate is the collecting of Wells Fargo material in relation to the history and operation of this great company, and the interesting stories and research work relating to them. But first I'd like to give you a little preliminary history and information leading up to Wells Fargo.

In 1845, Wells and Fargo, who were mutually interested in express services, formed a partnership to become known as the Western Express, and the first express service west of Buffalo. Shortly after the company had started, Wells sold his interest and became associated with a new concern, Livingston, Wells & Co. Then in 1850, another concern of Butterfield, Wassen & Co., headed by John Butterfield, started, and it was soon evident the competition of these companies might lead to each other's destruction. In 1850, the American Express Company was organized, and by mutual agreement of these companies, they sold their equipment and interests to the American Express Company, and Henry Wells was elected president and William Fargo, secretary. Two years after the formation of the American Express, Henry Wells and William Fargo proposed to the board of directors to extend their operations to California, the other directors of American Express voted down the proposal, and at that rebuff, Wells and Fargo, on their own, secured financing and formed Wells Fargo and Company, a joint stock enterprise, to start express and banking operations in California. And on July 1, 1852, Wells Fargo and Company opened its doors for the express and banking business on Montgomery Street in San Francisco.



Henry Wells, born in Thetford, Vermont, Dec. 12, 1805—was president of American Express Company on its founding and up until 1868. He died in Glasgow, Scotland in 1878.



Henry Wells



William G. Fargo

William G. Fargo, the other founder of Wells Fargo and Company, was born in New York in 1818. He was also important member of American Express, was secretary upon its founding and became president in 1868. He was also president of Wells Fargo, 1870 to 1872, and died in Buffalo, N.Y. in 1881.

It all began here in July 1852. Wells Fargo express and banking house on Montgomery Street between California and Sacramento in San Francisco. Samuel P. Carter was to run the express business, and R. W. Washburn the banking end. By August, branch offices were open for business in Sacramento, Benicia, Monterey and San Diego, and before the close of 1852, Wells Fargo had 12 offices in operation.

WELLS FARGO & CO.

Wells, Fargo & Co.

EXPRESS OFFICE

San Francisco, Cal.

Dec 13 1853

Exchange for \$ 100.00

No. 7083

At the receipt of the amount of \$ 100.00  
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One Hundred Dollars

Value received and shown the same to account  
Wells, Fargo & Co. New York

Money exchange certificates were issued by Wells Fargo in San Francisco, one of the earliest ones known, was dated Dec. 13, 1853, payable in New York. The money exchange certificates, or bills of exchange, were a very important factor in trade negotiations and transfer and transport of money. These were issued for both payment in gold and currency, and were issued in the "first," "second," and "third" of exchange. One was sent by overland mail and the other two, usually by different water routes. The first to arrive was honored.

Wells, Fargo & Co.  
OVER OUR CALIFORNIA LAND ROADS



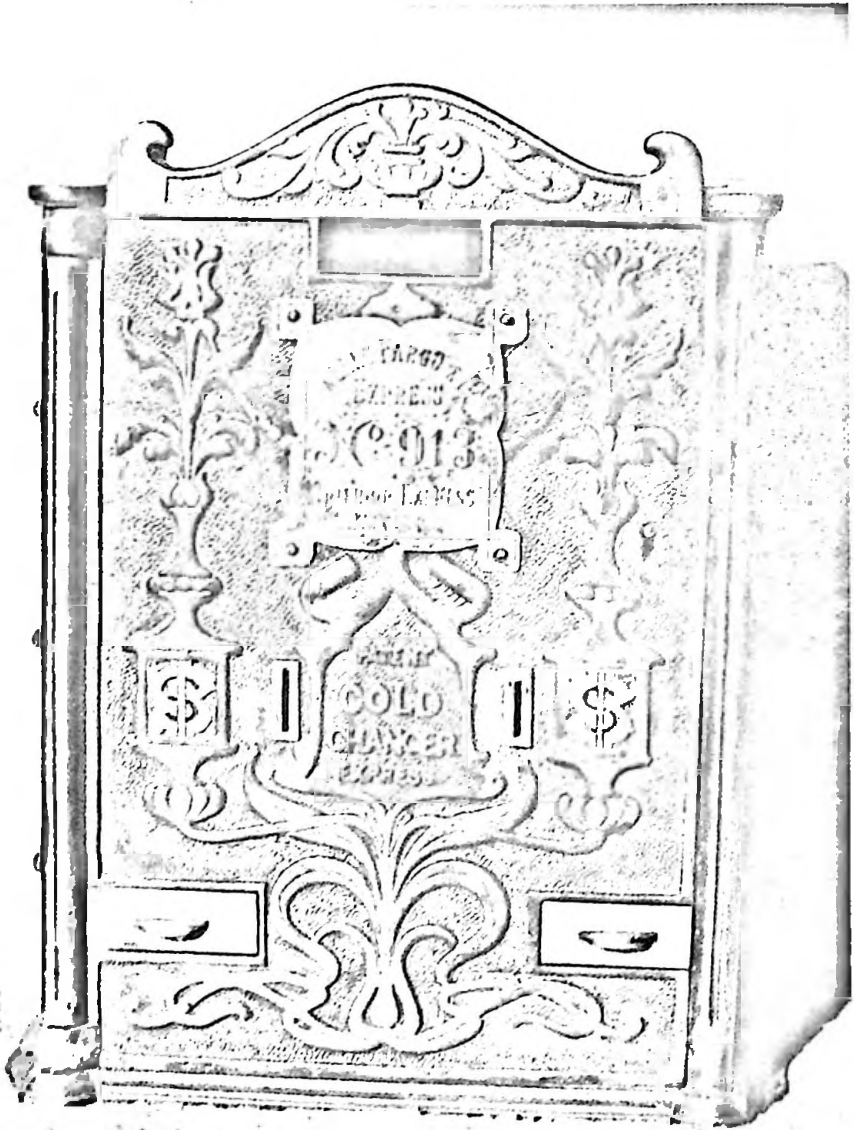
M. Lyons Esq.  
Care of A. S. Rosenbaum Esq.  
San Francisco  
Cal.

This extremely rare Wells Fargo franked envelope, with 25¢ Pony Express stamp, and with Wells Fargo cancellation at Virginia City, Nevada Territory, was sent to San Francisco, Calif. This went over the Virginia Pony Express, which operated from Virginia City to Sacramento and to San Francisco, and came after the transcontinental Pony Express. There are many pros and cons, regarding the role that Wells Fargo played with the original Pony Express. They did play an active part as agents, as the Pony Express carried the mail under the Wells Fargo Pony Express stamps and franked covers. And many persons who were active in the Pony Express had been or were Wells Fargo employees or officials.

This American Express stock certificate was issued in 1863, with the rare hand signed signatures of Henry Wells and William G. Fargo.



An unusual and rare item used by Wells Fargo and Co. express was this steel armor plate, patent gold changer,



used for getting small change for gold coins. "Wells Fargo interior express, #919, Key's agent, Perrott Bldg. (Keys was early Wells Fargo agent in San Francisco and Los Angeles in the early 1870s). Inside is manufacturer's name of F. Tillman & Co., Battery St. Tillman was an early manufacturer and importer of safes and specialized equipment.

Black Bart, notorious stage robber, was a man of gentle birth with manners of a perfect gentleman. As the West was slowly becoming tame, the people said the good old days were gone. But suddenly there appeared the highwayman to fill the vacancy of the fading "Fortyniners." He was Black Bart, the man responsible for the greatest number of reward posters. He single-handedly robbed 28 stages, and began his colorful career in Calaveras County, California.

In July of 1875, Billy Hodges was driving the stage from Sonora to Milton. There was no guard. Then, stepping out in front of his stage, was a figure in linen duster, head covered with flour sack, and, most important, holding a sawed off shotgun pointed at Billy. Orders were given to the surrounding guns sticking out between the rocks "shoot if they reach for their guns boys." Billy warned the passengers not to make any false moves because the gent with the shotgun had a gang with him. Wells Fargo drivers knew that the company was more concerned with the safety of its passengers than with the treasure box.

Bart politely asked for the box and Billy threw it down. The highwayman took a hatchet from his belt and chopped open the wooden box, quickly stuffing the contents into his pockets and said "That's all, get along and good luck."

When the stage finally reached Milton, a heavily armed posse set out, and were their faces red when they saw sticks instead of the gun barrels they thought they had seen behind the rocks.

Wheels were put in motion by Wells Fargo, but no clues were found. Traveling afoot perhaps was the reason Bart was so successful in his holdups and getaways. When pursuit was near, he could easily hide, but a horse is difficult to conceal. He was an amazing walker, often covering 20 miles of rugged mountain terrain in a day. His shotgun was carried in a blanket roll and he usually traveled 15 or 20 miles after a robbery, before he stopped to rest.

Rather quiet and always polite, Bart wasn't so greatly feared after a few robberies. He once said to a lady who offered her purse, "I do not want your purse ma'am. I honor only Wells Fargo."

Except for poor descriptions of Bart's voice and manner, nothing else was known about the man. The duster and flour sack took care of that. On Aug. 3, 1877, Bart became a poet. After robbing the stage from Ross to Russian River, he left in the empty express box, the following verse: "I've labored long and hard for bread, for honor and for riches, but on my corns too long you've tread, you fine-haired sons of bitches — signed Black Bart, poet."

Up to this time Bart was given a variety of names, and now he had named himself and what a name, a legendary figure, a horseless highwayman.

Two stage coaches were robbed within 24 hours and separated by 30 miles of rough mountains. Seems as if Bart could walk as fast as another man could ride a horse.

People ate it up. Boys who had dreamed of being a Pony Express rider, now wanted to be a Black Bart. Detectives searched for clues at every scene of a hold up, but Bart

never left a thing. Robbery followed robbery, and not a clue except for the taunts from the elusive Bart. Narrow escapes and danger seemed to give him pleasure. A rumor went around that he was a wealthy man who robbed stages for excitement. Another said he had a grudge against Wells Fargo. And another that he was a school teacher who was tired of a humdrum existence. Bart returned in November of 1883 to Calaveras County, where he had begun his banditry. On the same Sonora-Milton run, as eight years before, there was over \$4,000 in the express box—and perhaps he knew about the money. There was only one passenger and the driver this time. The passenger, a young man named Rolleri, who was hunting beside the road behind the coach. Bart stopped the coach and ordered the driver to throw down the Wells Fargo box, but the box was fastened to the floor. Making the driver untitch the team and take them down the road, wasted quite some time, so when Bart had the box open, Rolleri was waiting. As the bandit left the coach, Rolleri and the driver began firing. Richer and wiser, Bart was able to make his escape, but for the first time he'd left some clues. Among traceable items was a handkerchief with a laundry mark.

Holdup number 28 was his last.

With the energy of 8 fruitless years behind them, detectives lost no time in checking laundries in and around San Francisco.

After weeks of searching, the owner of a San Francisco laundry identified the mark, C. E. Bolton, of 37 Second Street, was the owner. After an investigation of Bolton, the detectives were sure he was their man and he was arrested. Some detectives in San Francisco knew Bart and had actually eaten at the same restaurant and had seen



Black Bart (C. E. Bolton)



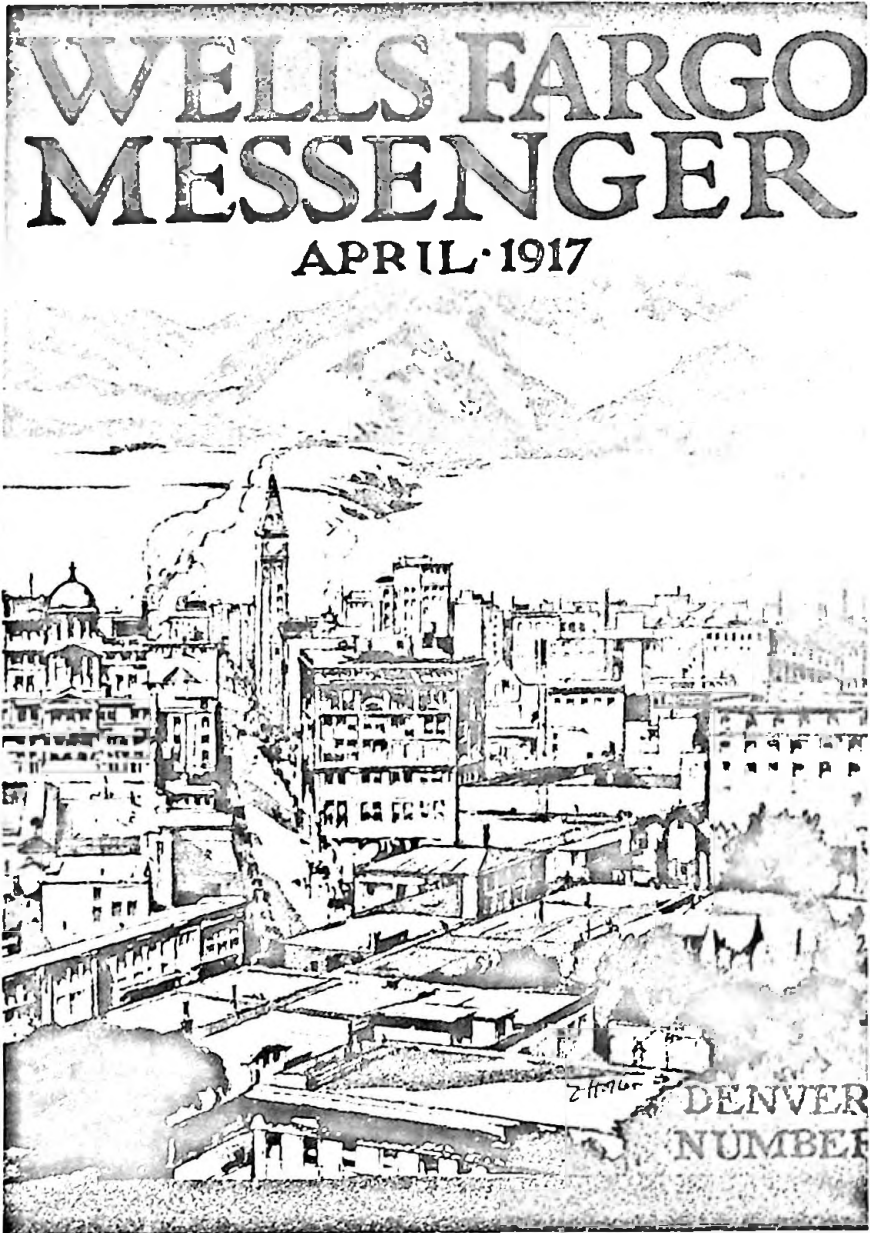
him almost every day for years, except when he was out of town on business.

Some of them recalled Bolton as they knew him, had said, "If some of you smart city detectives went up in the hills you'd get Bart. You're a lot smarter than those country sheriffs chasing him."

His real name was Charles E. Bolton, born in New York 55 years before, a Union veteran with a good war record and he had a wife living in Missouri. A good tenant, respectable and prompt with his rent, said his landlady. Black Bart was sentenced to six years in San Quentin prison. On Jan. 23, 1888, he was released before his time was up. No more was ever heard of Black Bart, and it was said he left the country, but people are reluctant to give up their heroes and today, as they said in the 80s, Wells Fargo put Black Bart on a pension.



This \$5 Wells Fargo-Nevada National Bank note, third charter 1902 series, was issued by Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank of San Francisco. In 1905, the Wells Fargo banking business was merged with the Nevada National Bank, and the Wells Fargo express business operated as a separate entity in the express business.



The Wells Fargo *Messenger*—Denver number, April 1917 No. 9 showed a rendering of Denver and the Rockies in the background on the cover. An article inside, "Denver the beautiful," said "in the very heart of our land stands Denver, Queen City of the Plains, and for a clean half century a Wells Fargo point of steadily increasing importance, and a city that is essentially American."

It also stated, "Wells Fargo enters and leaves Denver by several steel pathways, Santa Fe, the Colorado Midland, and the Denver and Rio Grande. It brings to the capital city of Colorado, manufactured products of the East, to her markets the fresh and growing foodstuffs of South and West and close at hand, Denver is a distributing center of no small importance. Here wholesale stores, like her retail shops are both large and many, all of these, Wells Fargo serves—has been serving these many years since long before the sturdy old stage-coaches rolled to their last stables and the locomotive was still a strange sight upon the plains. But it is as a tourist distributing point rather than a commercial distributing center that Denver continues to grow the more rapidly. The variety and charm of her side trips are hardly to be equaled by those of any other city in the U.S., not even New York or San Francisco or Los Angeles."

The Wells Fargo *Messengers* were issued by Wells Fargo between 1912 and 1918, and contain an unbelievable amount of information and illustrations relating to the Wells Fargo days. Although Wells Fargo was out of the express business after 1918, banking operations continued, and today the Wells Fargo Bank in San Francisco has assets of well over \$4 billion, and more than 200 branch offices in central and northern California. It is the 17th largest bank in the country today.

# OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

(Continued from page 2)

## CORRESPONDING MEMBERS

### NOTE

#### MORE ABOUT DUES

In the November-December 1972 *Roundup* there was an announcement on the last page to the effect that Corresponding Members' dues were now due and payable for the year 1973. In order to clarify this announcement about your dues, the Westerners Executive Committee offers the following explanation:

In order to expedite the bookkeeping system the Executive Committee has authorized the Tallyman to recycle the Corresponding Members' dues from billing on the anniversary date of their entrance into the Westerners, as has been done in the past, to a calendar basis dues payment, i.e., dues for all Corresponding Members will be due and payable at the same time. The target date for the completed recycling is January 1974. 1973 will be the year of changeover.

To compensate Corresponding Members for dues paid in 1972, 1973 dues will be prorated on the following basis: Corresponding Members whose dues become due and payable in the months given will pay the corresponding amount in 1973:

January, February or March	\$5.80
April, May or June	4.97
July, August or September	3.60
October, November or December	1.50

These dues will be billed in the appropriate quarter of 1973.

As of 1 January 1974 *all* Corresponding Members dues will be due and payable. Notices will *not* be sent in 1974, and dues will become past due on 1 March 1974.

Tallyman Francis Rizzari hopes this clarifies the policy and respectfully requests your cooperation in this matter.

### ANOTHER EMPTY SADDLE

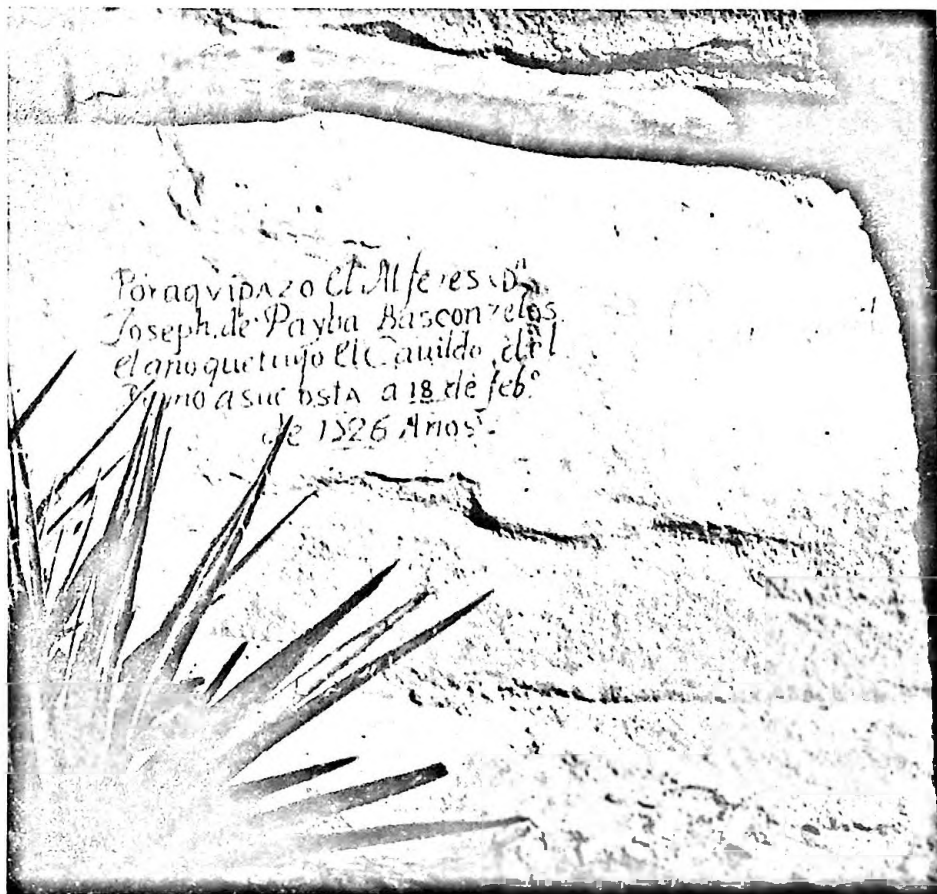
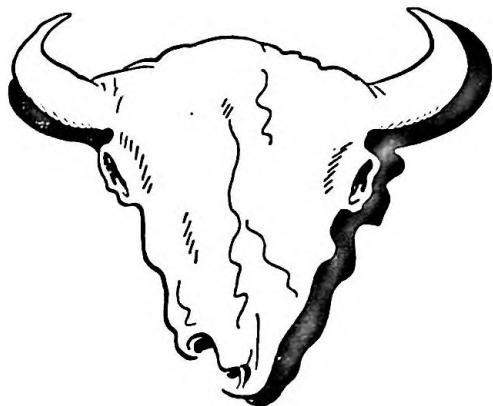
We sadly regret to report  
the passing, on 30 January 1973,  
of long time posse member,  
CHARLES B. ROTH

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

FEBRUARY 1973  
Volume XXIX, No. 2

IN THIS ISSUE  
EL MORRO — THE STONE  
AUTOGRAPH ALBUM  
by George P. Godfrey, P.M.



"There passed by here the Lieutenant Don Joseph de Payba Basconzelos the year that he brought the council of the realm, at his expense, on the 18th February 1726."

Photography by George P. Godfrey

## OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

The Denver Westerners say "Howdy" to these new Posse members:

GEORGE GODFREY was one of our most loyal Corresponding Members. His paper on El Morro appears in this issue of the *Roundup*.

RICHARD G. (DICK) BOWMAN is a specialist in paper money and early coins of the West. He is a collector of Wells Fargo memorabilia and has written extensively on Wells Fargo history. He is Past President of the Colorado-Wyoming Coin Association.

HENRY HOUGH returns to the Denver Posse after some years as a Corresponding Member while he was working in other states on research assignments. However, Henry was a Posseman as early as September 1945, only 8 months after the Posse was founded. Having contributed frequently to Westerners activities, Henry is enthusiastically re-recommended by Don Bloch, who, himself, was sponsored for Posse membership by none other than Henry Hough more than a quarter century ago!

• • •

The last word on Corresponding Members' dues from Tallyman Rizzari: Those of you who, either in an ardent flash of panic, or in a single moment of generosity, overpaid your 1973 dues will receive an acknowledgement of your payment, and the amount of credit that will be applied to your 1974 dues will be noted. Thank you for your cooperation.

• • •

The last, last word, sez Rizzari, is, if you didn't get this issue of the *Roundup*, you didn't pay your dues!

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

Volume XXIX

Number 2



February

1973

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**Material for publication in the ROUNDUP**—Dr. Bob Mutchler, Route 3, Box 471, Golden, Colorado 80401.

**Reservations for all meetings and dinners**—Hugh B. Burnett, 900 Saturn Drive, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80906.

### 1973 OFFICERS

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Don't forget to get your 1971 *Brand Book*. Call Charles Ryland or Francis Rizzari.

# *El Morro*

## *The Stone Autograph*

### *Album*

by GEORGE P. GODFREY, P.M.

An accidental meeting between two groups of men, in the spring of 1536, was the prelude to an amazing chain of events. This meeting was all the more unusual when one realizes that only a small segment of today's population in the Southwest have heard of the meeting or know any of the details of the incident.

A party of slave hunters under the command of Diego de Alcaraz had been operating from a ship in the Gulf of California. They had been searching through Indian villages in the area, seizing women and young men to be taken back to Mexico to be sold. On a trail between two villages, they came upon a party of 15 men. Four were naked, bearded, and so haggard they were hardly distinguishable from Indians.

These four—Cabeza de Vaca, Andres Dorantes, Alonzo de Maldonado, and Estivancio, a Moor slave of Dorantes—were survivors of an ill-fated expedition from Spain that had landed in Florida eight years earlier. De Vaca and the others were sent under escort to the town of San Miguel, reaching there April 1st. Another group of soldiers escorted them to Mexico City, reaching there Sunday, July 25th.

These four tattered figures made a strange sight in a city accustomed to strange sights. For this was the Mexico of early Spanish conquest, and it was less than a score of years since Hernando Cortez had sunk his ships in the Gulf of Mexico and entered the old Aztec city. While the Spaniards of Mexico City were captivated by the strange story told by the Castilian-born Cabeza de Vaca, their interest was aroused by what the men had seen, a land thick with trees, a land where crops were planted three times a year, beautiful rivers, and a variety of ore with clear traces of gold and silver. In addition, de Vaca told them of Indians they had met on their trek. The Indians had told of a land to the north abounding in gold and silver, with cities whose houses were many stories high, whose streets were lined with silversmith shops, and whose doors were inlaid with turquoise. Around Mexico City these tales flew and grew, and the populace concluded that de Vaca's stories proved the legends of old, that somewhere in the north and west were seven Golden Cities.

New Spain's well loved Spanish viceroy, Don Antonio de Mendoza, set about organizing an expedition to a land far richer than either Mexico or Peru. Fortune seekers from Spain had flocked to New Spain. As a result, many were without jobs or money, or prospects of either. If the lands to the north were as wealthy as prophesied, the viceroy concluded, it would absorb the overflow population. Another consideration weighed heavily in the viceroy's thoughts. Spain had recently become the champion of Catholicism in Europe. To Emperor Charles V, the glory of acquiring the new territory and bringing the Indian nations to the knowledge of God was more important than rich treasurers. Mendoza decided that this was an opportunity to gain new territory and fulfill his duty to the Mother Church.

Before equipping a large-scale expedition to search for the Seven Cities, the viceroy decided to send a small expedition to verify their existence and started to look for a



leader. The Spanish wanderers, with thoughts of their hardships still vivid in their minds, declined the job. De Vaca soon left for Spain to report to King Charles. A footnote here: At the King's request, de Vaca wrote an account of his travels in the New Land. His manuscript was published in 1542 and reprinted in 1555. A copy of the 1542 book is in the New York Public Library. A translation of it is included in the "Fourteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology."

After many delays, Father Marcos de Niza, a Franciscan Friar, was picked to lead the expedition. With the slave Estivancio, whom the viceroy had purchased from Dorantes, and some Mexican Indians, he set off in the spring of 1539 for the mysterious north country. The search for the Seven Cities had begun.

Less than a year later, Friar Marcos was back in Mexico City with reports that not only corroborated, but outstripped, those told by de Vaca. He had actually seen the Seven Cities. What the people of Mexico City failed to grasp, and likely cared little about, although the Friar had seen the town, he had not seen its riches. The good Friar had seen the Zuni pueblo of Hawikuh. Perhaps the sun shining on the pueblos made them glitter like gold; perhaps the heat waves from the desert magnified the size of the town. Whatever the cause, he received an incredibly distorted impression, an idea that was enhanced by the stories told him by the Indians with whom he had conversed only in sign language.

Mexico City was electrified by the news, and as the stories spread, they grew: the houses were of solid gold, the women wore strings of turquoise and gold beads, and the men girdles of gold.

A number of contenders for the position of leader soon appeared. De Soto, who later was to discover the Mississippi River, and Cortez petitioned King Charles for the right to organize the expedition. Viceroy Mendoza, however, gave preference to a close personal friend and mem-

ber of the Mexico City town council, Francisco Vazquez de Coronado. The expedition was the largest ever attempted by the Spaniards in the New World, and on Saturday, February 21, 1540, preparations were finalized for the official review. On Sunday, after a solemn high mass, the army began to march by the viceroy and the court. With usual Spanish passion for detail, and in compliance with a royal decree, a record was made of every man, each piece of equipment, and every animal. Each man was given an advance of 30 pesos, and all were promised land grants in the new addition to the empire.

There was a military force of approximately 1100 men, in addition to the personal servants, bearers, grooms, and herders. Some 600 saddle and pack horses and mules were on the march; in addition, thousands of cattle, sheep, and swine were transported on the hoof for food.

On Monday, February 23rd, the long trek to Cibola began. Viceroy Mendoza, fired with adventurous spirit, accompanied the army for two days. Progress was slow: straying cattle, heavily laden pack animals, and the condition of the Spanish aristocrats and their sleek, fat mounts, did much to slow progress, for almost all the riders were unaccustomed to the rigors of a pioneering expedition. After a month and a half, the army had traveled the short distance of 350 miles. On April 22nd Coronado, with 75 horsemen, 25 foot soldiers, and some Indians, plus animals for food, set out as an advance force, leaving the rest of the party to follow. This small force was guided by Friar Marcos over the route he had used twice before, to and from Cibola.

On July 7th, 1540, the small party reached their goal—Cibola, the town that Friar Marcos had described so glowingly. The Spaniards were amazed and enraged to see No Golden Walls, No Silversmith Shops, No Turquoise Doors. Instead, their startled eyes gazed on a small rocky pueblo. One of the soldiers remarked, "The curses that were hurled at Friar Marcos were such that God forbid that they may

Lt JH Simpson USA in R.H. Kern Area,  
visited and copied these inscriptions,  
September 18 1849.

SO NY de mano de Philip da  
Rosa na a - a de se na na b. e. e. e. l  
dude

R. H. Kern  
1851

SE P<sup>da</sup> J<sup>da</sup> B<sup>da</sup> D<sup>da</sup> I<sup>da</sup> G<sup>da</sup> Z<sup>da</sup> Z<sup>da</sup> A<sup>da</sup>  
A<sup>da</sup> B<sup>da</sup> E<sup>da</sup> D<sup>da</sup> M<sup>da</sup> D<sup>da</sup> P<sup>da</sup> E<sup>da</sup> J<sup>da</sup> e<sup>da</sup> T<sup>da</sup> e<sup>da</sup> r<sup>da</sup> a<sup>da</sup> d<sup>da</sup> o<sup>da</sup>  
M<sup>da</sup> J<sup>da</sup> M<sup>da</sup> P<sup>da</sup>



"Lt. J. H. Simpson USA &  
R. H. Kern, Artist, visited  
and copied these inscriptions  
September 17 & 18, 1849."

"They passed on the 23rd of March, 1632 to the  
evening of the death of the Father Letrado Lujan."

"R. H. Kern  
Aug. 29 1851."

Photography by George P. Godfrey

fall on him." To the other Friars who accompanied the party, the lack of riches made little difference, because their ambition was to convert the heathen.

The Zunis were not friendly, and after a fight and the storming of their pueblo, they fled to their sacred mountain. In the empty pueblo, Coronado and his men found a large quantity of food: maize, beans, piñon nuts, and fowl—and for the first time in weeks were comfortable and not hungry.

After a rest, Coronado sent two of his party as messengers to tell the rest of the party to join him here at Cibola. The messengers were to continue on to Mexico City with a letter to the viceroy, telling him the results of the trip. Friar Marcos was sent back with the messengers in disgrace. In his letter, Coronado said in disgust, "Friar Marcos has not told the truth in a single thing he has said except maybe the name of the cities and large stone houses. God knows that I wish I had better news to write your Lordship. Be assured that if all the riches and treasurers of the world had been here, I could not have done more than what I have done; among us there is not one pound of raisins, nor sugar, nor oil, nor wine except barely half a quart. Our Lord God protect and keep your most illustrious Lordship. From the province of Cibola, 3rd August 1540."

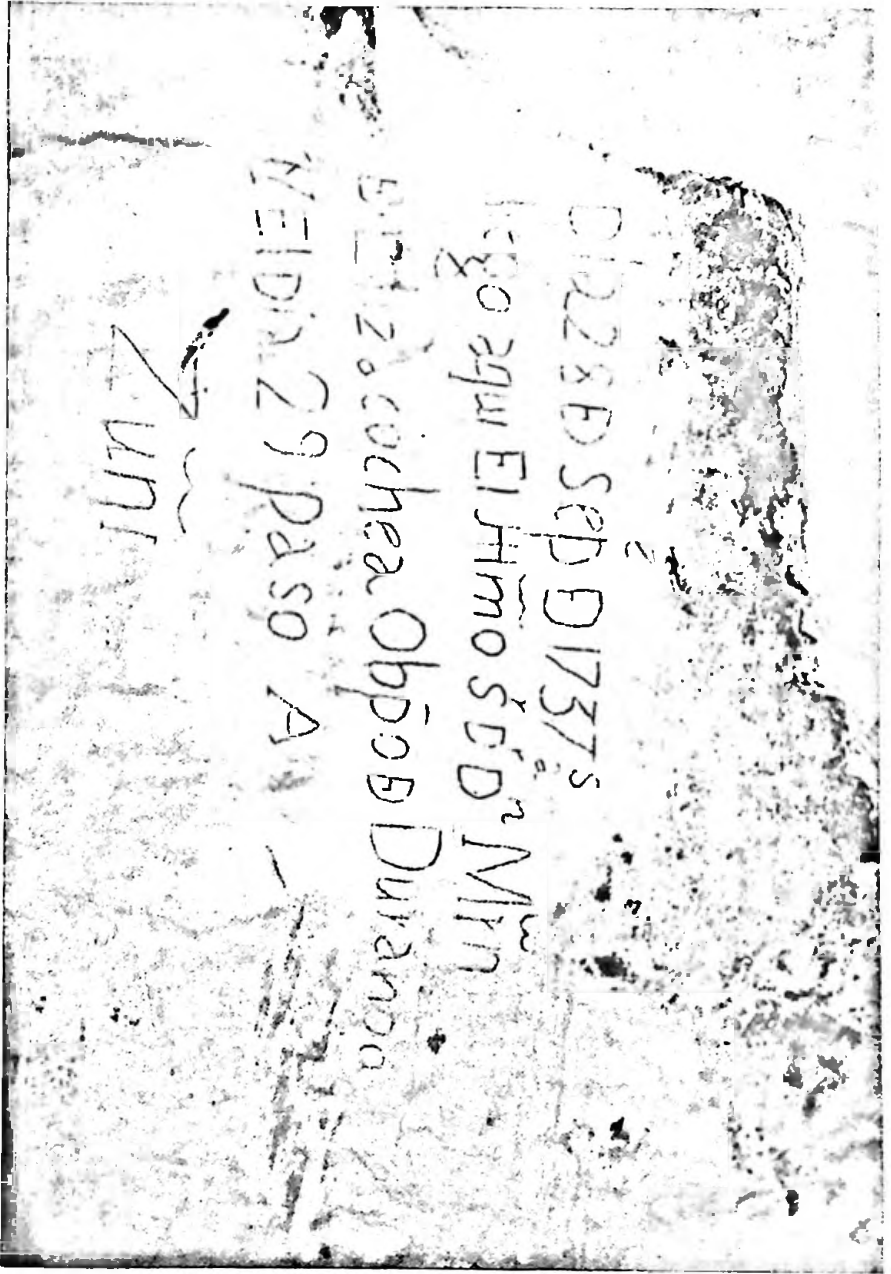
Charles F. Lummis, in his book, "Mesa, Cañon, and Pueblo," claims that Coronado did not pass El Morro. And yet Pedro de Castaneda, in his official narrative of Coronado's expedition, has this to say: "The army continued its march to the east, and as the season had advanced into December, it did not fail to snow almost every day. The road could not be seen, but the guides managed to find it, as they knew the country. There were junipers and pines all over the country, which they used to make large fires after they had cleared a large amount of snow where they wanted to make camp. It was a dry snow, for although it fell on the baggage and covered it to half a man's



There is a lack of information from the time of Coronado's visit to the record of the visit of the first Governor of New Mexico, Juan de Oñate. He founded San Gabriel de los Espanoles in 1598 and Sante Fe in 1605. Before he founded Sante Fe, he marched with a party of 30 men to the Gulf of California. On his return trip, he camped at El Morro and inscribed: "Passed by here the Commander Don Juan de Oñate from the discovery of the sea of the south on the 16th of April year 1605."

I became interested in El Morro following a visit in 1937. This visit was a real adventure due to the condition of the road—it was actually little more than an ill-kept logging road. Shortly before reaching El Morro, the road seemed to end at a combination bunk house and cook shack. After wading through at least a dozen dogs to reach the door, I was greeted with, "How the hell did you get from your car to the door without being bit?" The cook showed me the faint road between two large trees, and within a half an hour we reached The Castle. We spent almost half a day looking at the inscriptions and taking pictures, using the Kodachrome of that day. I now wish that I had taken more pictures, because in visiting the area eight times since 1937, the inscriptions are getting progressively fainter.

El Morro's first official contact with the new American nation came about through the curiosity of a young Lieutenant, member of Colonel John Washington's expedition "to subdue the trouble-some Navahos." Lieutenant (later General) James H. Simpson of the Corps of Topographical Engineers, had been in charge of a troop of soldiers guarding a party of emigrants traveling from Fort Smith, Arkansas, to Sante Fe. On reaching Sante Fe, he joined Colonel Washington's staff. Lieutenant Simpson had an exceptionally keen and active mind, and took a great interest in anything of an unusual nature along the trail, although he wrote, "he loathed the dismal country and was



"On the 28th day of September of the year 1737 there arrived here the very illustrious Senor Doctor Don Martin de Elizacochea, Bishop of Durango, and on the 29th went on to Zuni."

Photography by George P. Godfrey

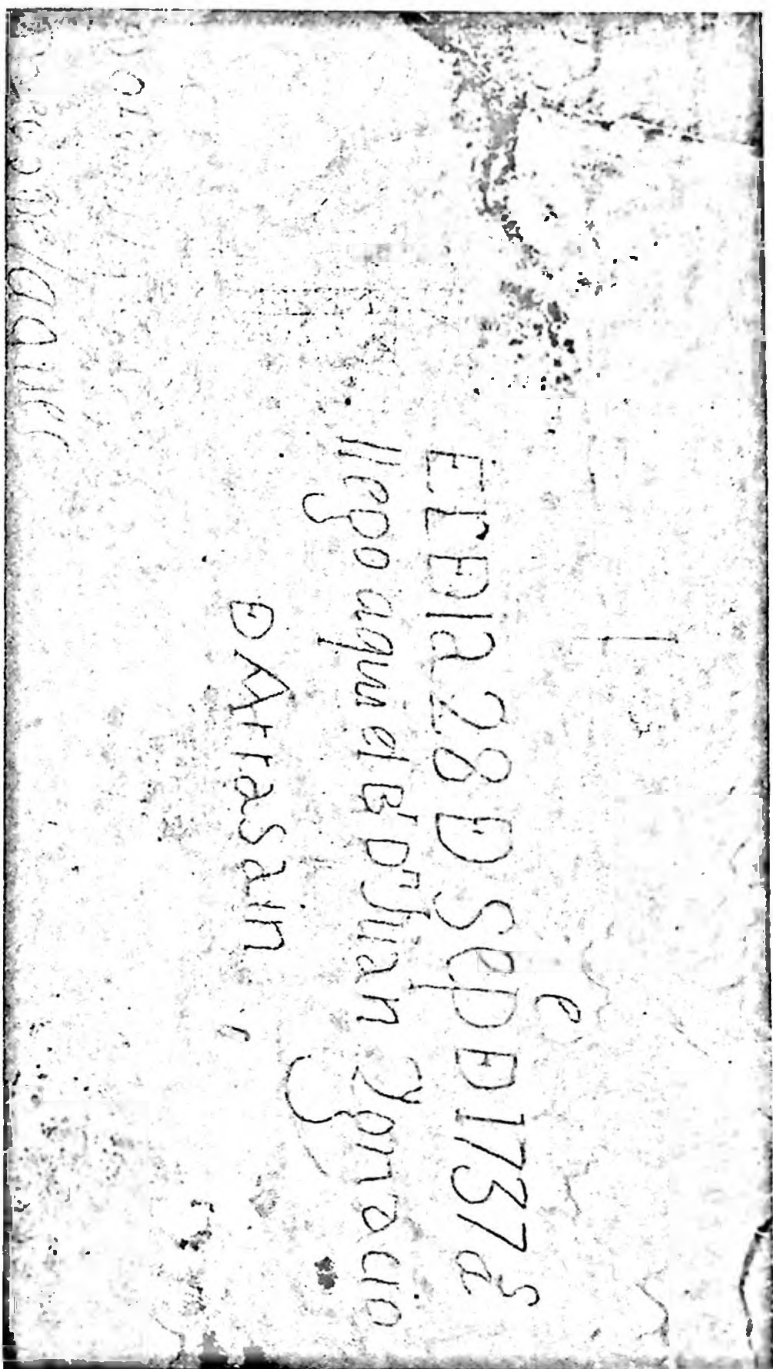
nauseated by the native food." He became quite excited when a guide named Lewis mentioned a rock he had seen some years before, on which were "acres of writings carved on the surface of the rock." After obtaining permission from Colonel Washington, Lieutenant Simpson, Richard H. Kern, an artist, and Lewis left to visit the inscription area. On reaching the site, Lewis made camp and Lieutenant Simpson and Kern set about the task of copying the inscriptions. The next morning, September 18, 1849, Lieutenant Simpson says, "The dawn of the day at 3 o'clock appearing, we finished our labors on the inscriptions, and set off to rejoin the troop."

Last September 16th, my wife and I arrived at El Morro, 123 years later at 7 o'clock. There was just enough light to see to pour coffee from a Thermos. In fact, we had to wait till about 8:30 for light for photographs. Perhaps in Lieutenant Simpson's time, it grew lighter earlier, or maybe his watch was in error.

Reaching El Morro now is an easy trip from Sante Fe. In Lieutenant Simpson's time, it was a 12 to 15 day journey. By U.S. 66, it is about 130 miles from Sante Fe to Grant, New Mexico. Then by way of State #53, or the Zuni Wagon Road, you can soon reach the lava flow mentioned by Castenada. West of the flow, is seen a cream-colored, wedge-shaped mesa jutting out into the valley. Because the mesa resembles a gigantic castle, the Spaniards named it "el Morro." From a distance it looks almost unclimbable, and yet only a few hundred yards from the point, worn foot holes in the rock lead to the top of the mesa near the old pueblo ruins.

A few paces away from the steps, the main reason most parties camped at the site is visible. Water fed by run-off from snow, and the spring rains, collect in a large pool about 12 feet deep. This pool, holding about 200,000 gallons of water, was at that time the only source of water between Zuni and the river. On the walls above the pool are the many mud nests of the cliff swallows that come





"The 28th day of September of the year 1737 there arrived here the Bachelor (of Law) Don Juan Ignacio de Atsasain."

Photography by George P. Godfrey

here each year to nest and raise their young.

As we move around the cliff, hundreds of inscriptions are visible. I will describe a number of them. The oldest and one of the most famous I have mentioned previously, that of Oñate. Another famous Governor left his mark: "Here was the General Don Diego de Vargas, who conquered for our Holy Faith, and for the Royal Crown, all of New Mexico at his own expense. Year 1692." Twelve years earlier, the Pueblo Indian revolt had taken place. De Vargas had returned and restored order. He later was appointed Governor and died in Bernalillo in 1704.

Many who visited New Mexico enlisted and outfitted expeditions, hoping to make fortunes or receive political honors. Old records in Sante Fe do not list all these expeditions. El Morro fills in the gaps; for example: "There passed by here the Lieutenant Don Joseph de Payba Basconzelos, the year that he brought the council of the realm at his own expense on 18th February 1726."

Mixed in with the Spanish writings are numerous later English records. Lieutenant Simpson mentioned in his journal that when he and Richard Kern visited the site in 1849, there was not a single English inscription to be found. Lieutenant Simpson left two records, one on the south face and one on the north, while Kern visited the area in 1849 and 1851.

Lieutenant Edward Beale camped here, on August 23, 1857, with his camel caravan, and was content to inscribe merely, "Lt. Beale." Two of his party left elaborate autographs: E. Pen Long of Baltimore and Mr. P. (Peachy) Gilmore Breckenridge, the man in charge of the camels.

At the point of the rock, there are numerous names, carved by a group of men who ran a survey for the Union Pacific Railroad. The development of the Sante Fe Railroad 25 miles to the north ended the Union Pacific's plans, and also ended the use of El Morro as a stopping place.

On the north face of the cliff are several famous Spanish autographs. "On the 28th day of September of the year

Dycap, gen, de las pro<sup>as</sup> del nuebo mex<sup>o</sup>; Por el Reynto, S<sup>o</sup> Pasoporaquin<sup>o</sup> del ro de las pue  
 blas de Buni A los 29 de Julio del año de 1622 y los pue soco p<sup>o</sup> S<sup>o</sup> sup<sup>o</sup> del m<sup>o</sup> pi  
 Ziendole Syfabor como b<sup>o</sup> las desus mag<sup>o</sup> y de nuebo dize en la obediencia a todos q<sup>o</sup>  
 fiso con la gaxax es el oyo prudencia como a n<sup>o</sup> ch<sup>o</sup> shanismo  
 Laz y gallardo soldado de n<sup>o</sup> ca<sup>o</sup> babie y la adanemo

Belido

SADAJA

Belido

"I am the Captain General of the province of New Mexico for the King our Lord passed by here  
 on the return from the pueblo of Zuni on the 29th of July 1620 and put them at peace at their  
 humble petition, they asking favor as vassals of his Majesty, and promising anew their obedience all  
 of which I did with clemency, zeal and prudence, as a most christian like gentleman extraordinary  
 and gallant soldier of enduring and praised memory. Governor Estate."

Photography by George P. Godfrey

1737 there arrived here the very illustrious Señor Doctor Don Martin de Elizacochea, Bishop of Durango, and on the 29th went on to Zuni." A member of the Bishop's party also wrote: "The 28th day of September 1737, there arrived here the Bachelor (of law) Don Juan Ignacio de Arrasain."

Lieutenant Simpson and Richard Kern carved their names and the dates September 17th and 18th, 1849, just above another famous inscription: "We passed on the 23rd of March, 1632, to the avenging of the death of the Father Letrado Lujan." Father Letrado had founded the mission near Mountainair, New Mexico, in 1629. In February, 1632, he was transferred to Zuni and was killed by the natives a week later. Lujan was sent from Sante Fe, in charge of a punitive force.

The future of El Morro is much in doubt. The rock is disintegrating at such a rapid rate that in a few decades, some of the fainter markings may be eliminated. As the rains fall, the small bits of rock dislodged by the drops run down the wall with an abrasive action that tends to erase the markings. Time alone can tell how much of this ancient Autograph Album will survive for the enjoyment by future generations.

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

George Godfrey was born in Upland, Nebraska and attended grade and high school in Boulder, Colorado. He majored in business administration at Denver University.

He worked in two New York Stock Exchange houses, Otis & Co. and Sargant Malo & Co. for 15 years.

Following this he was employed by the U.S. Mint and retired from there two years ago after 31 years of service.

He is presently working as a Volunteer in the Geology Department of the

Denver Museum of Natural History.

His interests are old books, Indian artifacts, petroglyphs, ghost towns and early railroads.

He is a long time member of the Wm. H. Jackson Camera Club, the Colorado Archeological Society and the Colorado Mineral Society.

His latest honor was that of Posse membership in the Denver Westerners. George presented his paper on El Morro National Monument at the February meeting of the Denver Westerners.

## New Hands on the Denver Range

Mrs. Gerry Drew  
3120 Corona Trail Apt. 104  
Boulder, Colorado 80301

Gerry became interested in the Denver Westerners through Dr. Bob Mutchler. She is a Registered Dental Hygienist. Among her many hobbies are silver smithing and rockhounding. Welcome to the Westerners, Gerry.

Roger E. Henn  
Union League Club of Chicago  
65 West Jackson Blvd.  
Chicago, Illinois 60604

Mr. Henn is a Posse member in the Chicago corral. His latest publication is "Lies, Lore and Legend of the Silvery San Juan," published in the Chicago Westerners Brand Book. Roger owns a year-round home in Ouray, Colorado and is a graduate of Denver University.

Robert A. Prager  
13943 Asbury Park  
Detroit, Michigan 48227

Mr. Prager is a Little Big Horn Associate. His chief interests are Custeriana and Indian history.

T. Don Brandes  
3415 Colfax "A" Place  
Denver, Colorado 80206

Don heard of the Westerners through Louisa Arps, Jim Davis and his brother, Dr. Ray Brandes. Don has written a book entitled *Military Posts of Colorado* to be published in March, 1973. He is currently working on a second book.

John R. Adams  
3895 East Iliff Avenue  
Denver, Colorado 80210

John was recommended to us by Posseman Robert L. Brown. He is interested in hiking and jeeping. He has managed the Central City Opera House and was also Supervisor of the Western Athletic Conference Officials.

A. B. (Rex) Reagan  
2785 North Speer Blvd., Suite 155  
Denver, Colorado 80211

Rex's interests are Ghost Towns, Western art and bronze sculptures, coin collecting and back packing. He heard of the Westerners through Jim Turner of Fairplay.



## Westerner's Bookshelf



**LEADVILLE'S TALES FROM THE OLD TIMERS**, by Helen Skala and Don Krocesky, Published by the Authors, Leadville, Colorado, 1972, 52 pages, price not listed.

This brief work contains three stories; two of them are quite short. One, inevitably, concerns Baby Doe, and contributes little that is new. The second details another lost mine story, and a good one it is. Somehow the Lost Southpaw is a yarn that has eluded prior researchers.

But the best thing in the book is the story of an alleged dog and badger fight in Leadville's Ryan Pool Hall. It is the longest of the three narratives, is told with high good humor, and it alone justifies the purchase of this little booklet.

Robert L. Brown, P.M.

**CROWFOOT: CHIEF OF THE BLACKFEET**, by Hugh A. Dempsey with forward by Paul F. Sharp, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1972, 226 pp., \$7.95.

In one astounding decade, from 1875 to 1885, the great buffalo herds disappeared from western North America, and the Plains Indians, who had depended on them for food, shelter and clothing, were forced to become wards of the government. This book tells the story of how one Canadian tribe was led through years of harassment, starvation and subjugation by a wise and farsighted chief.

Crowfoot, a Blood Indian who became chief of the Blackfoot Nation, was

considered by whites to be the greatest single influence in the maintenance of peace and the acceptance of a new mode of life.

In 1885 the Riel Rebellion erupted in the Canadian-American West, but Crowfoot refused to participate, in the belief that it was a losing cause. Did he follow this course for personal gain, as many of his tribesmen suspected? The author has searched widely for the answer.

This book reveals Crowfoot as a leader of rare foresight and perception, a man whose primary loyalty never waned, a chieftain who always performed to the best of his ability and in the best interests of his people.

Dr. Robert W. Mutchler, P.M.

**THE COWBOY IN AMERICAN PRINTS**, edited by John Meigs, Swallow Press, Chicago, 1972, 184 pgs., \$15.

Gathered together in this book are more than 100 black and white drawings, including woodcuts, engravings and lithographs, presenting a special kind of image—that of the American cowboy.

From the 1850's to 1900, the cowboy made his living on the open lands. His manners and his physique reflected his environment. He was sparse of words—a big silent fellow for the most part, but capable of yelling in pure physical exuberance and of making a lot of noise on a day off in town with the help of a bottle or two. The great reaches of land brought out his nomadic urges, which kept him moving most of the time. And, of course, he is seldom pic-

tured without his constant companion—his horse. Today, his counterpart is the rodeo performer.

The drawings in this book match closely the above image. The first part of the book presents the early artists, such as Charlie Russell, Frederick Remington, W. A. Rogers, Paul Frenzeny and Jules Tavernier. The second section presents later artists—Joe Beeler, Edward Borein, Harry Jackson, Peter Hurd, Olag Wieghorst and others.

Here is a round-up of Western art, in black and white, by artists, past and present, who interpret, in their own ways, the cowboy and the cattle country.

The editor has made a fine selection of drawings which transmit actuality with understanding and craftsmanship.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

**AURARIA, WHERE DENVER BEGAN**, written and photographed by Don D. Etter, Colorado Associated University Press, Boulder, Colo., 1972, 100 pages, \$5.95.

For those of us who suffer each time we watch our heritage being bulldozed into oblivion by well-intentioned fellow citizens who worship at the shrine of the Goddess of (what we so blithely call) Progress, books of this nature are a must. Here the author-photographer, aided by a grant from the Colorado Council of the Arts and Humanities, and the National Endowment for the Arts, has faithfully recorded representative styles of architecture built from approximately 1870 to the turn of the century in the portion of Denver that was once Auraria, where Denver began. Since Auraria is to be part of the Denver Urban Renewal plan, the structures in this locality will be torn

down, in all probability. If so, this photographic preservation will stand as documentation of architectural and environmental change for all future generations.

History buffs might wish for a bit of the human story that accompanied the buildings shown in this collection, but that, obviously, was not the purpose of this work, which is well done and fulfills its intent in a scholarly way. Its addition to your collection of Western Americana is recommended.

Rhoda Davis Wilcox, C.M.

**FOURTEEN THOUSAND FEET: A HISTORY OF THE NAMING AND EARLY ASCENTS OF THE HIGH COLORADO PEAKS**, by John L. Jerome Hart. The Colorado Mountain Club, Denver, 1972. 48 pp. \$1.50 in bookstores, \$1.75 by mail from the Club.

First published in 1925 with a second edition in 1931, *Fourteen Thousand Feet* has long been out of print. Both editions have been cited in numerous publications for almost fifty years, and their readability and scarcity have caused high prices for the few copies available through rare book outlets. As a result of repeated requests, The Colorado Mountain Club has reproduced the major portion of the 1931 edition.

The bulk of the reprint is devoted to the derivation of the names of the fourteeners and carefully documented accounts of the circumstances of their naming. Material in the 1925 edition was revised and expanded (as of 1931) and a 1972 map and list of fourteeners replace those of 1931. The concluding section describes early ascents and tells the story of a golden age of mountaineering before climbing became a

popular organized sport with ropes, pitons, and other mechanical aids. A guide to climbing routes included in the 1931 edition has been omitted because much of that information is now obsolete and has been superseded by Robert M. Ormes' 1970 *Guide to the Colorado Mountains*.

John L. Jerome Hart, author of the edition reprinted, received his A.B. degree at Harvard in 1925 and, as a Rhodes Scholar, attended Oxford University where he received three further degrees. Since 1970 he has been president of The American Alpine Club, and has recently returned from Russia where he has made official arrangements for Americans to climb in the Caucasus.

H. Hartzler

**THE WESTERN WILDERNESS OF NORTH AMERICA, text by George Crossette, Barre Publishers, Barre, Mass., 107 pp., illustrations, maps, and photographs, \$14.95.**

For seventy years, fate sealed Herbert Wendell Gleason's name from the world. Knowledge and appreciation of his photographic artistry seemed hidden by a mysterious destiny in which the lapse of time played a key role. The Gleason story becomes more unusual since his fame springs from one capricious moment in another human's life. One day Roland Robbins removed the thin veil covering a treasure in an old attic. The treasure was Gleason's decades-old glass negatives of wilderness areas in North America. Gleason, a one time minister who turned photographer for health reasons, had been commissioned to photograph wilderness areas as a conservationist. He created 6,000 visual aids to convince legislators of the need to enact legislation establishing

the National Park System. Gleason brought a rich devotion and a keen eye for beauty to his work. His artistic struggles with photographic innovation, balance, detail and line composition results in photographs of the rarest of natural beauty. He gives artistic permanence to the splendor known to those who have tramped the areas seen in this book. He preserved on film the areas known today as national parks: Yellowstone, Yosemite, Glacier, King's Canyon, Zion, Rainier, Grand Canyon, Grand Teton and Bryce.

Appointed as Interior Department Inspector in the early 1900's, Gleason realized some notoriety as a result of his labors. The successful passage of the legislation is testimony to the impact that was made on the legislators. Today, his artistry conveys accomplishments of a technical skill as well. His professional ability astounds even contemporary photography enthusiasts. The drama of his art commands respect as one understands the difficulties confronting him. He was denied easy access to the wilderness areas and modern technological photographic equipment was nonexistent.

The 74 reproductions of Gleason's work presented in this volume are clear, sharp and primarily of full page size. Key localities are represented. The introduction and commentary is by George Crossette, chief researcher for the National Geographic Society. Stewart L. Udall provides the interesting forwarding comments. This book, *The Western Wilderness of North America*, deserves careful consideration because it reveals the timely contribution of a true pioneer photographer whose talents helped inspire the creation of the National Park System.

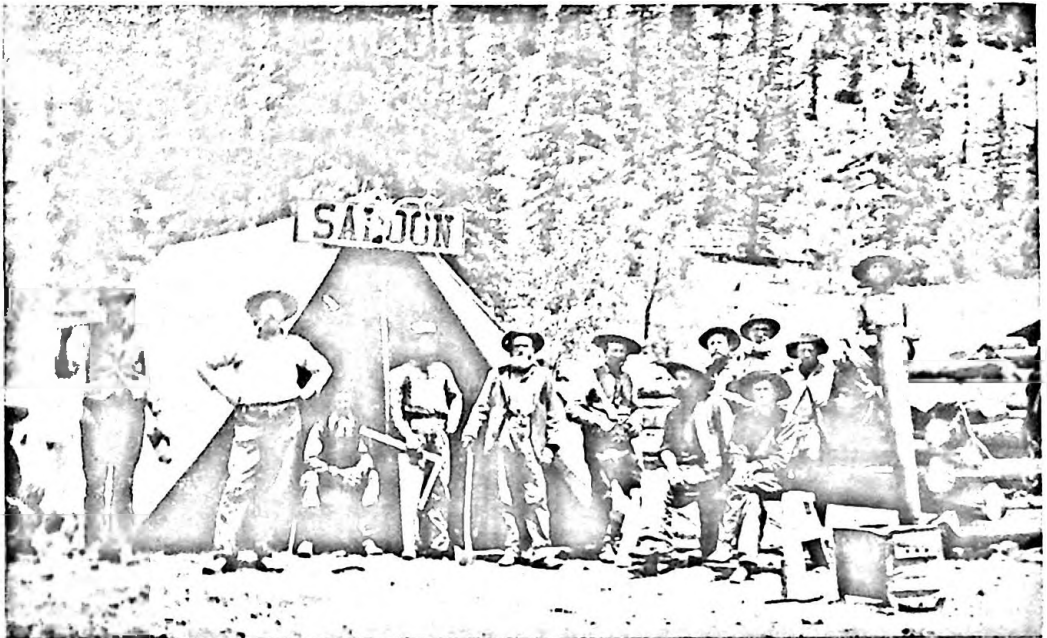
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*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

MARCH-APRIL 1973  
Volume XXIX, No. 3

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and  
EXPLORATION AND CLIMBING  
IN THE WIND RIVER RANGE,  
HALF A CENTURY AGO  
by Carl Blaurack, P.M.



Tent saloons often produced enough income to assure erection of a permanent building in a short time. Creede, Colorado, 1892.

—Library, State Historical Society of Colorado

## OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

A tip of our sombrero to Posseman Dabney Otis ("Doc") Collins for his article on Marcus Whitman in the January-February 1973 *Colorado Magazine*.

• • •

The Westerners note with sadness the passing of several of our corresponding members during the past months:

C. Phelps Dodge, Santa Fe, New Mexico

Dr. M. Scott Carpenter, Palmer Lake, Colorado

Laudell Bartlett, Colorado Springs, Colorado

• • •

### ALL MEMBERS NOTE

The United States Post Office will not forward your *Roundup* if you move. Therefore, please let us know your new address as soon as possible when you change it.

• • •

A shining star appeared at the March Posse meeting in the form of the famous author James Mitchener, as the guest of Merrill Mattes. We're beginning to shine ever more brightly!

• • •

Corresponding Members please note: In accordance with the recent (1972) by-law changes, your dues must be paid within 30 days of the due date. A full re-cap of the by-laws will be printed in a forthcoming issue of the *Roundup*.

• • •

Do you know of any one interested in becoming a member of the Westerners Denver Posse? For an application blank write the Westerners office.

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

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**Reservations for all meetings and dinners**—Hugh B. Burnett, 900 Saturn Drive, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80906.

### 1973 OFFICERS

**Sheriff:** Richard A. Ronzio

**Deputy Sheriff:** Jackson C. Thode

**Roundup Foreman:** Charles S. Ryland

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**Book Review Chairman:** Herb White

**Keeper of the Possibles Bag:** Armand W. Reeder

Don't forget to get your 1971 *Brand Book*. Call Charles Ryland or Francis Rizzari.

# *Saloons of the American West*

by

ROBERT L. BROWN, P.M.

Almost assuredly the record of mankind's drinking habits antedates the dawn of recorded history. The discovery that the character of various grains and vegetables could be altered by fermentation is a very ancient bit of knowledge. Just when or by whom this was discovered remains nebulous. But in Genesis IX: 20, 21, we may read one of the earlier recorded references.

And Noah began to be a husbandman, and he planted a vineyard;  
And he drank of the wine, and was drunken; and he was uncovered  
within his tent.

Drinking was surprisingly common in 19th century America. Wine, spirits, and fiery punches were both acceptable and expected on most dinner tables. Like Louisville, Kentucky, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, or Golden, Colorado, towns often supported their local breweries with a sense of pride usually reserved for parks, churches, or schools. Saloons, by one name or another, have flourished in America for more than three centuries. There was even one at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607.

Saloons offered an emotional release from hard work and job tensions as well as sympathy for the lonely frontiersman. They also afforded their patrons good male company, an art show, a chance to discourse on issues of the day, liquid refreshments, a free lunch, and sometimes feminine companionship of a sort. The prevailing spirit of equality among all men was another widely recognized characteristic of the saloon. Rich and poor, well attired or otherwise, the corner dram shop was a great social leveler.

While no single set of criteria would be either adequate or accurate as a description of the American saloon, there are some fairly safe generalizations shared by a majority of these public drinking places. The bar ran along the wall of the room's longest dimension. Many of the best bars were made of a hard, dark wood. Some were ornately hand-carved from oak or mahogany and sometimes walnut. For the "tonier" places bars were fastened together with wooden pegs rather than screws or nails. Many had hand-rubbed finishes that grew more lustrous with years of common use.

An intricately ornamented bar and bar back around the diamond-dust mirror showed richness and was suggestive of quality. Behind the bar, most saloons sported a large plate glass mirror. Around its border an assortment of motto cards exhorted the customer about such delicate examples of saloon comportment as not hurrying the bartender, asking for credit, or spitting on the floor. One said, "If you spit on the floor at home, spit on the floor here. We want you to feel at home."

A bank of slot machines could often be found in an out-of-the-way corner. At the back of the building, or sometimes upstairs, were private card rooms, redolent with tobacco smoke, badly lighted, where cowboys, bullwhackers, miners, drifters, and professional gamblers huddled around crowded tables. Two or three times each hour they called for and consumed shots of bar whisky. Fights were common.

Generally a saloon had at least one back door and several

side doors for the use of special customers, hasty escapes, occasional visits by ladies, and for access to the cribs out behind the main structure. Adjacent to one of the rear exits was the "bull pen." When things got rough in the saloon one or more bouncers would throw the more obstreperous customers into the enclosure where they remained until sober. Rarely did a patron emerge with any money in his pockets.

Saloon floors were mostly of the puncheon type, heavily covered with sawdust to catch the drip, plus any gold dust that might fall from a miner's poke. Small boys were hired to pan out the gold from the sawdust once a week. The image of the heavily pomaded bartender is likewise no coincidence. By casually running his hand through his hair after pinching out gold dust, the average bar man could recover a tidy sum by the simple expedient of a nightly shampoo.

The origins of swinging doors as a standard saloon fixture remain nebulous. Certainly the principal is a very old one. Thomas Jefferson installed weighted, delayed action swinging doors between the sewing and dining rooms of his home at Monticello. On saloons, these doors provided easy ingress or egress for unsteady persons with fumbling, poorly coordinated hands. For sensitive persons passing on the boardwalk outside, swinging doors provided a discreet screening from activities going on inside. At the same time the open areas above and below the doors allowed the alluring sights, sounds, and odors to emanate as enticing reminders.

When people migrated westward along the Overland, Smoky Hill, Oregon, Santa Fe, or other trails, the saloon went along as a cherished institution. During these migrations there was a widely held belief that whisky was an efficient, useful, cure for rattlesnake bites. And so, according to tales told among temperance leaders in the east, many of the wagons that joined westbound caravans contained a case or two of whisky—and a box of snakes,

Many enterprising emigrants loaded their Murphy, Conestoga, or Studebaker wagons with oak barrels of liquor and set up improvised saloons along the way at convenient spots. Where the trails were rough or steep enough to induce work and therefore thirst, the barrel-top saloon could be expected on the top of the next hill. One example was seen beside the trail in the 1849 rush to California in Thousand Spring Valley near Elko, Nevada.

The west's earliest grog shops were housed in canvas tents. They consisted of little more than a few liquor barrels, supporting a rough-sawed board that functioned as the bar. Unwashed tin cups were used in the absence of the ornate glasses that appeared later. In Kansas, like other western states, the first saloons were tents, dug-outs by the trails, or shacks built from logs or rough boards. Barrels served as tables and the bar was a plank laid across two beer kegs.

Other types of tent saloons consisted of a large box with a wooden floor and three or four foot high walls. Two by fours, or whatever lumber was available, framed in a skeleton roof. Heavy canvas was then stretched over the boards or perhaps between two trees and fastened to grommets on the outside walls. A few choice pieces of appropriate saloon art hung from the rough-hewn rafters. A crude frame door completed the structure. The whole thing could be collapsed rapidly for shipment on a wagon or railroad flatcar to a new location. Usually a tent was used only until a log cabin could be erected.

The nature and scope of the diversions offered in public drinking places was limited only by the tolerance of the authorities and the imagination of the owner. While drinking remained as the primary attraction, there were many added inducements for visiting a saloon. Gambling and betting were popular saloon practices. Taking a chance on almost anything was a part of their way of life. Races took place between pet turtles, rabbits, and between fleetfooted fire companies from rival towns. Wrestling matches and

bare-knuckle boxing attracted big wagers. Sometimes a hungry promoter would raid the saloons looking for belligerent drunks, who would then be hired to settle their differences in the middle of the barroom. While missing swings in all directions, the antagonists then proceeded to give the most maladroit performance since the apocryphal antics of the topless lady accordionist.

Even the most vigorous of the spectator sports could be found in the bigger saloons. Among them were bull, cock, and dog fights. Boxing exhibitions ended only when one man was beaten into insensibility. One match in 1865 in Virginia City, Montana, began at 8:00 p.m. and ended in a draw at dawn after 185 rounds. The bar receipts remain unknown. All-night saloons offered variety shows that began at 8:00 p.m. and dropped the final curtain at 4:00 in the morning.

In some of the fancier saloons, sometimes called variety theaters, there were stages at the end of the room. On Leadville's notorious Chestnut Street the Key Stone Saloon advertised a specialty act in which a man shot apples off the top of his wife's head with a Remington rifle. Variety theatres combined the more salient features of saloons and burlesque houses. In 1879 Leadville's Theatre Comique, on State Street, was rented for \$1700 a month. Its "shows" started at 9:00 P.M. and ran until 2:00 A.M. Trouble came when balcony customers threw food and dropped liquor bottles down onto the audience on the main floor. Eddie Foy came to Leadville from Dodge City and performed at the Theatre Comique in 1878. He recalled later having slept on a straw mat spread out on the stage. Rose Howland, a Leadville concert singer, became Mrs. Foy.

Like other seasonal business ventures, the bar business was also affected by the weather and the time of year. Notable increases in saloon visitations occurred with the arrival of the first chill blasts of winter. Activities like bowling, gambling, and shuffleboard were moved indoors and combined with liquid refreshments.

Saloon decorations, except for the huge, ornate chandeliers and mirrors, reflected unmistakable male tastes. In the 1890's more than 50,000 photographs of John L. Sullivan were distributed for display in saloons. The bibulous champion was a favorite of bartenders since he made a practice of entering saloons frequently and "setting them up" for all present. Other forms of saloon art that were popular at the time included temperance pledge cards, bought up for the price of a few free drinks. The unfinished portrait of George Washington by Gilbert Stuart was one of the most universally displayed 19th century paintings that adorned saloon walls. Seafaring paintings, whaling expeditions, and depictions of heroic and patriotic scenes were likewise popular. Steel engravings of our first fifteen or so Presidents were often displayed in barrooms.

But there was one art form that probably outnumbered all of the other attempts at cultural uplift combined. Quite naturally, this was the female figure, preferably undraped, and the bigger the better. Most saloon art depicted a somewhat pudgy feminine form, shaped like a bass violin, the almost entirely circumferential specimens so idealized by Victorian males. An alluring expanse of beefy leg was always in evidence. Outright pornography was rarely seen. Suggestion was the thing that drove grown men mad! September Morn, Diana in the Bath, and Venus Surprised were exhibited frequently.

In nearly all saloons the greatest attraction was the larger than life painting of a heroically endowed reclining lady. Due to room proportions, horizontal compositions were preferred. Most depicted a well endowed young girl whose posture suggested her readiness to take either a nap or a bath. The preferred positioning for saloon art was barely above the eye level of the men standing at the bar. Owners sometimes made pocket money from their less observant friends by betting that no customer would drink at the bar within a specified time interval without at least one furtive glance at the barroom art display.



Of course, not all saloon art was devoted to the undraped female form. One of the most widely used of all was a huge canvas of the Custer debacle of June 25, 1876. When the physical assets of a St. Louis saloon were inventoried, Anheuser-Busch representatives found an enormous canvas titled "Custer's Last Stand." Artist Cassilly Adams had executed the work sometime in the 1880's for use in a cyclorama with a traveling carnival, but the show folded. Attempts to sell the work in St. Louis art stores met with failure. Adams stored the work in the saloon but probably did not sell it to the proprietor. Nevertheless, at least 2,000 lithographic copies of the Adams canvas were distributed by Anheuser-Busch to saloons that used their product.

A second artist named Becker copied the Adams canvas for the brewery. Both paintings are alike, except for one detail. For some unknown reason Becker had Custer waving a sword above his head. In the original Adams version he was stabling a Sioux with it.

Perhaps the most famous drinking argument in history is the one that raged in American saloons for nearly three quarters of a century. Men actually fought each other with fists, knives, and there were a few shootings too. The basic dispute concerns whether Custer and his troops were drunk the night before their final battle. Many Indians, anxious to discredit "Yellow Hair," claim that they were. News of the alcoholic orgy, duly reported by Sioux scouts, was the thing that allegedly caused Two Moons, Gall, and the medicine man, Sitting Bull, to stand and fight that day.

The opposing viewpoint holds that the 7th was cold-sober and fell into a trap. One Montana saloon customer, too long in his cups, publicly expressed the "Custer was drunk" theory one night in Helena. Another tipsy patron who overheard jumped in to defend his hero. He accused the first man of mental clumsiness, then he called him a known thief of soiled garments for blind laundry girls, and the fight was on. Within Montana, this question became an extremely sensitive one, with some wags claiming that

more persons have been killed in hindsight arguments than were slain in the actual battle.

Since the local saloon was often the only available meeting place, a rather varied assortment of social services were performed by these institutions. Lacking other facilities, many itinerant circuit riding preachers held services in saloons. Pioneer towns across the west had many saloons and gambling halls but few churches. Lacking more conventional houses of worship, many men of the cloth preached in saloons. Rev. John L. (Father) Dyer said that he was always treated with courtesy in such places. Actually, few community facilities could hold as many bodies as the local barroom.

The bar itself became the alter and most "professors" could dash off a few hymns on the honky tonk piano. To get things started, saloon owners have been known to donate money to "the reverend." Barroom art was often draped during the services. Bartenders were always pleased to see a parson coming. An hour of preaching left behind a multitude of parched throats that felt the need of some communion wine or whatever.

In Cripple Creek, the first Sunday School service was held in the Buckhorn Saloon. Mother Duffy, the well known faro dealer, whose trombone-voiced vocabulary would have shamed a sea captain, owned the place. At the appointed time on a Sunday morning she ordered all her "girls" from the Buckhorn's upstairs rooms to dress up in their best and come down to the bar. There they sat during the lesson. When a drunk demanded service and got noisy about it, muscular Mother Duffy dispatched him by a unique combination of brute force and appropriately colorful verbage with an occasional word from the scriptures. After assigning his soul to perdition she threw him bodily across the board sidewalk into a row of horses tied up to the Buckhorn's rail. Then the Sunday School continued. Even weddings and funerals were not uncommon in the west's thirst parlors.

In frontier towns it was customary for saloonkeepers to contribute money for the preacher's salary. This practice gave the saloon interests an opportunity to display their civic benefactions in public and it kept the clergy from too vehement denunciations of the thirst parlors on Sunday mornings.

The saloon free lunch, a very popular social service, allegedly was first tried in New Orleans. Originally it featured onions, cracks and cheese, rye bread, bologna, and a soup or a pot of beans. Salty foods were preferred in order to provoke thirst. In some western saloons you were given a brass check when you bought a beer. The check could be redeemed at the "free" lunch table, which was free only to paying customers from the bar. This practice originated with the desire of the owners to keep bums out of their premises and away from the bread and beans.

Quite apart from the social services provided by the bartender, an amazing array of other conveniences were reported in western saloons. Sometimes, saloons provided letter boxes where good customers might receive mail. And one place maintained a depository where those who couldn't hold their liquor could leave their false teeth while jailed repeatedly for drunkenness. Job offers and help wanted ads were often posted in the corner saloon before there were any employment agencies.

When a bank failure was rumored in Goldfield, Nevada, Tex Rickard's saloon became the depository of frightened depositors. So much cash came in that it overflowed the safe and was piled up so deep on the floor that the bartender had trouble walking around. Without hospitals, and few towns could boast such a facility, medical emergencies were often brought to the saloon. Wounded men were carried in from the range, laid on a table or on the bar and "doctored" with whisky while broken bones were set or bullets were removed.

And sometimes miners slept on saloon floors. When the Sherman Act was repealed in 1893, impoverished men with

no jobs spread newspapers on the saloon floor at Granite, Montana, and huddled together for warmth. But in pioneer Goldfield, Nevada, and Leadville, Colorado, the shortage of any shelter produced the same result and people paid to sleep on barroom floors after closing time.

With the passage of years, quite a large number of well-known persons have come to be associated with saloons, in one capacity or another. Abraham Lincoln was exposed briefly to a career as a saloon keeper. At New Salem, Illinois, in March of 1833, Lincoln and his partner, William F. Berry, took out a license to sell a variety of brandies, wine, gin, rum, and whisky. Although Lincoln himself was an abstainer, the tavern license was used as a way of making his grocery store pay its way. Later, copies of Lincoln's license were displayed in saloons all across America.

The incredibly talented Victor Herbert, source of so many marvelous operettas, drank huge steins of Pilsener beer at the Grand Union Hotel bar in Saratoga, New York. In one popular story, probably untrue, we are told that he wrote most of the musical score and libretto for *Mlle. Modiste* on these premises. In the years immediately preceding the Civil War, Steven Foster composed many of his most famous songs in a saloon at Chrystie & Hester Streets in New York City. Various publishers purchased them for amounts up to \$25. Before he died in 1864 he had turned out 77 songs while sustaining life on beer and raw vegetables. Twenty-nine of his compositions were hymns.

Andrew Jackson, John W. ("Bet a Million") Gates, Wild Bill Hickok, U. S. Grant, William Randolph Hearst, and William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody, were frequent saloon visitors. In Cody's case, there are at least eleven different saloon versions of his epic duel with Chief Yellow Hand at Summit Springs. All came from Denver saloons and all are attributed to Cody. The accounts seem to vary according to what he was drinking and the quantity he had consumed at the time the story was being told. Once, after visiting a saloon, Cody rode his horse onto the stage of the

Tabor Opera House, interrupting, according to one version, Act III of Macbeth. Cody's favorite drink was called a Stone Fence. It consisted of a shot of rye whisky in a glass of cider with a lemon peel.

Many ex-boxers, including a few champions like Jack Dempsey and a few near-misses like Tony Galento, drifted into barkeeping or the restaurant business. Others included John L. Sullivan whose remarkable thirst became almost legendary. He drank several saloon partners into bankruptcy and finally ended in bankruptcy court himself.

U. S. Grant's drinking was partly confined to his pre-Civil War era in California when this habit led to his resignation from the Army, under pressure. Grant was lonely, and when his beloved wife, Julie, was present he stayed sober. President Lincoln was aware of Grant's weakness and provision was made to keep Mrs. Grant nearby during the war years. When Grant's enemies told Lincoln about the drinking he is alleged to have suggested that they find out what Grant drank so he could include it in the rations of his less aggressive generals.

Sam Houston, he of the gigantic thirst, having won a victory in a local election, became so elated that he began hitting the saloons to celebrate. As the late historian Lucius Beebe told the story in Denver one night, "The result was a gargantuan drunk, in the course of which Houston stripped to the skin, threw his clothing into a public bonfire, and danced stark naked through the streets." In the War of 1812, Andrew Jackson planned his brilliant defense against the British in a New Orleans saloon, the Exchange on St. Louis Street.

Of all the thousands of drinking establishments that flourished in the American West, those that grew up and flourished in our mountain mining camps were probably the most colorful. One prospector was quoted as saying, "I once spent a week in Virginia City's saloons one night." In mining towns the number of operating saloons was regarded as a yardstick of prosperity and an index of the

number of employed miners. Kokomo, Colorado, bragged that it had a hundred operating saloons along Tenmile Avenue in 1881. Early day guide books usually listed the number of saloons, general stores, churches, banks, and railroads as a town's most conspicuous status symbols.

While standing with one foot on the brass rail, men told and retold tall stories about mining personalities and unusual events that have since become legends. Their conversations covered exceptional luck while gambling, funny tales about the drinking capacity of this or that miner, herculean feats of strength or bravery, superstitious beliefs of miners about Tommy Knockers, the effects of women underground, and blow by blow accounts of great fist fights.

In Colorado's Gilpin County, partly true stories of an illiterate Irish miner named Pat Casey are still popular. In Wyoming's Grand Encampment district they told stories of a prospector whose arms were so long that he could lace his boots without even bending over. And in Eureka, Nevada, tales were related of a powerful and fleetfooted miner who could throw a bottle of whisky high into the air above the saloon, then race around the building in time to catch it in the alley.

Double doors hung on many saloons in country where heavy snows blanketed high altitude western towns. A large set of full length double doors kept the winter inclemencies outside from November through March. In summer the larger doors were folded away against the walls, and the more conventional swinging doors were employed. In 1860 William Hepworth Dixon, an English cleric, visited Denver and found it a town of 4,000 people where, "Every fifth house appears to be a bar, a whisky-shop, a lager beer saloon; every tenth house appears to be either a brothel or a gambling house; very often both in one." Denver's earliest full service saloon was a log structure, single level, over a hundred feet in length and thirty-five feet wide. It was called the Denver House. It had a sod floor, glassless windows, and an unfinished pine bar.

A substantial gold rush took people from the states into the province of British Columbia in 1858 when Billy Barker found the yellow metal in what was to become the famous Cariboo mining district. Its center was the town of Barkerville, once touted as being the largest community north of San Francisco and west of Chicago. The *Cariboo Sentinel* reported 12 saloons along the Cariboo Wagon Road, which became the town's principal street. At one time gambling was outlawed in all Barkerville saloons.

While on the trail, cattle outfits camped across the river from a town. The river was for watering the animals and the town was for watering the men. After supper those not on duty would ford the river and carouse for a few hours. Saloons, gambling houses, and brothels were the only sources of entertainment so the men naturally drifted into them.

In Abilene, cowboys were allowed in town but an ordinance restricted their presence to Devil's Half Acre. Any "cattle farmer" found on the streets of the law-abiding, decent part of town were subject to instant arrest during the latter years of Abilene's prominence as a cattle community. In Abilene an intoxicated cowboy once rode from the saloon to the barber shop, rode his horse through the door, drew his gun, and forced the barber to climb upon a chair and shave him while he remained on his horse. After Abilene was cleaned up in 1872, it lost its identity as a cow town and was replaced by Ellsworth, Newton, Wichita, Hays City, Dodge City, and a score of others.

Dodge City's vice district was south of the railroad tracks. A long row of saloons, including "Chalk Beeson's" famed Long Branch, was available. And behind them, also in a row, stood the cribs, where dance hall girls, saloon lassies, and other practitioners of the world's oldest profession plied their trade. When "Chalk" Beeson first took over the Long Branch Saloon, he hoped to make it a center of culture. He even put in a four piece orchestra that played during peak hours in the main bar room.

Western saloons in the cattle towns owed their popularity in large part to the fact that they were the only common meeting places for cowboys. Since they were not universally welcomed with open arms in the end-of-tracks cattle towns, cowboys became clannish. They met where they were welcome, and they spent their pay and did their celebrating in some of the worst saloons.

During their frequent anti-liquor crusades, militant feminists occupied stations outside of saloons to record who entered, how long he stayed, his condition upon departure, and if possible, how much and what he had consumed on the premises. But at times the tables were turned and the lookouts were males. Some western towns made a game of feminine opposition to saloons. In the most common ploy a lookout would be placed at one of the front windows to watch the sidewalk. Whenever a stern-visaged group of four or more women approached, the signal was given. Just as the ladies passed the swinging doors, the men inside would give voice to a volley of the most repugnant barroom nouns, and indelicate expressions.

Another favorite technique of anti-saloon feminists began with a public indignation meeting. Prayers were offered, hymns and protest songs were rendered and fiery speeches were made. When a proper fever point had been attained, they would leave the hall in a body and march on the closest saloon. Chanting slogans about the Demon Rum, they would storm through the swinging doors and kneel in prayer on the barroom floor. Men who recognized wives and daughters escaped through the gambling room at the back. Meanwhile, the kneeling ladies exhorted the gents to join them in prayer and hymns, and the men invited the ladies to join them in a glass of beer.

Although women were banned by law or custom from a majority of America's saloons, Volunteers of America or Salvation Army lassies were welcomed. While feminists were greeted with a barrage of profanity, all improper language ceased when the above named ladies in uniform





At Creede, Colorado, the first building on the left was a saloon. Note sign for Coor's Beer.  
—State Historical Society of Colorado

entered the swinging doors.

Sometimes saloons were used as a deliberate front for crimes. Jeff's Place in Skagway, Alaska, was one such example. Its proprietor, Jefferson Randolph "Soapy" Smith, an excessively dishonest con-man from Georgia, Colorado, and other points, was most vividly remembered at a safe downwind distance from history.

"Soapy's" saloon and skinning house at Creede was called the Orleans Club. Other con artists who tried to operate there were forced to hand over half of their profits to Smith. Once after a shooting at the Orleans, one of the trusted employees pushed his way through the crowd. He knelt beside the body, sobbing out remorse for his true friend. Suddenly he clasped the corpse to him and pressed his face to the chest of the departed. At the same time he carefully bit off the \$2,500 diamond stud from the victim's shirt.

During the Spanish-American War, Smith set up a fake Army recruiting station where pockets were picked while the men took physical exams. Several cities, like Denver, ran him out. But soon after his arrival in Alaska he organized a take-over and soon ruled Skagway. He set up a telegraph office, but all of the messages were funneled through Jeff's Place to determine how much gold the sender had. Other members of "Soapy's" crowd steered victims to the saloon on the basis of how prosperous they might be, judged by the appearance of their luggage. The area behind the saloon served as a urinal, and Smith also kept an eagle chained to a perch out there. Among informed segments of Skagway's population "seeing the eagle" meant being slugged and robbed by alley thugs on Smith's payroll.

One of the objectionable features noted by non-saloon crowds was the loud singing that emanated from the swinging doors. Most of the preferred melodies were choral. Among favored themes were laments for Mother, personal loneliness, the virtues of a fairly wide assortment of lost causes, and the temptations heaped upon poor working girls. The Drunkard's Room, a much rendered old throat

clutcher of the Anti-Saloon League, was another favorite that was always belted out with great enthusiasm and feeling by bar patrons. Most saloons provided music of some sort. If an orchestra, piano player, or vocalist was beyond their means, there was always a music box.

Then came prohibition, the W.C.T.U., and Carry Nation, each a whole different story in themselves. Finally, the last real saloons closed their doors on January 20, 1920.

Manifestly, America's public drinking houses ran the gamut from crude trail saloons through tents and log cabins to the final home away from home for weary and lonely frontiersmen. Really, there never was a typical saloon. They were of many types, not necessarily contiguous in time or place. If any one characteristic stood out it was the very lack of uniformity.

Today, most of the old saloons are seen only as we view some of our other historical entities, as silent, dusty monuments that recall a transitory society to which a substantial part of our Far West owes its beginning and to some extent, its uniqueness.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Bob Brown was born in the State of Maine. He has taught Western History and/or the History of Colorado at the University of Denver, the University of Colorado, Regis College, and the Denver Public Schools.

His first book, *Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns*, was first published in 1963 and is now in its seventh printing. It continues to be a standard reference on the subject. A second book, *An Empire of Silver*, is a history of Colorado's San Juan silver rush. His third book,

*Ghost Towns of the Colorado Rockies* was published in 1968. A fourth book, *Holy Cross—The Mountain and the City*, was published in the summer of 1970.

Bob is a member of the Colorado Author's League and Western Writers of America among other organizations. He has been a frequent contributor to Westerners publications and was Sheriff of the Denver Posse of the Westerners in 1969. He delivered the paper herein printed at the March meeting of the Denver Westerners.

# *Exploration and Climbing in the Wind River Range Half a Century Ago*

by CARL BLAUROCK, P.M.

In the fall of 1923, my friend and fellow Posse member, Arthur H. Carhart, dropped into my office and threw some photographs on my desk. Art at that time was recreational engineer with the forest service, and had returned from a field trip to the Wind River Range in Wyoming. I picked up the pictures and was delighted with what I saw. Sharp jagged peaks with tremendous snow fields lining their flanks.

"Thought you would be interested," said Art, and proceeded to tell me how the range had been but little explored, and so far as he knew only a couple of the major peaks, Fremont and Gannett, had been climbed. The opportunity of getting into virgin country like that did indeed appeal to me and I decided to get a few companions together for an expedition into the area the next summer.

With practically no urging I found three climbers enthusiastic to go along in the persons of Albert Ellingwood and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Buhl, all active members in the Colorado Mountain Club. So through the winter months we made our plans.

We planned a three weeks outing from Denver with the added hopes of climbing the Grand Teton and Mount Moran after the Wind River jaunt. We figured on 10 days climbing in the Wind Rivers and planned our food for back-packing along with our sleeping bags. On the whole we fared pretty well, except on the last two days walking out we didn't have much food left. The bulk of our supplies we shipped ahead to Lander.

On August 1st the four of us, with our sleeping bags loaded into my Model T sedan, took off. I'll say this, we had a car full. We arrived without incident at Lander and spent an afternoon with A. M. Cook, the regional forester, and his friend Dr. E. T. Jones who the previous summer had climbed Gannett. It was a profitable afternoon, for between studying the maps and arrangements that Cook could make for us with local people, we were able to chart our routes into and out of the mountains.

From the east side the approach to the high mountains is somewhat longer than on the western side. They lie about 30 miles in from the auto road along the Wind River valley, and the long foothills approach conceals the range except in a few spots.

On August 4, with all our supplies loaded on the car, we drove 50 miles north to Burnett's Ranch at Crowheart Butte. Here we mounted horses, and with the rancher and our loads on a pack horse, we rode into the foothills until late in the afternoon when we reached timberline on the ridge about 17 miles from the ranch. Transferring the loads to our backs we pressed on while the rancher took his animals back to the valley. In another hour's walk we reached a little grassy spot on the rocky ridge where we made camp for the night.

Rising early next morning we plodded along all day until the late afternoon found us ten miles further along and at the high point of the ridge at 12,740 feet. We walked along another mile and found a steep couloir down which we descended into the valley of Bull Lake

Creek and found a lovely little grassy meadow just below timberline where we established our base camp. This was at an elevation of 10,500 feet, still 600 feet above the floor of the valley, but a good place to start our climbs as there was a hanging valley headed into this spot up which we could travel to our peaks.



Approaching Mt. Helen over its glacier. August, 1924.

—Collection of the Author

Mt. Helen, 13,600 ft., which had never been climbed was selected as our first objective. Traveling up the valley next morning we reached the glacier on the north side of Helen about noon and climbed up to the base of the final cliffs of the mountain. The cliffs above the glacier were a quite steep but secure rock formation, so we gained the summit with no difficulty in the late afternoon. We left our names in a tin can placed within a small cairn which we built on the summit. The peak was a sharp

pointed pinnacle, the culmination of a narrow ridge running to the east, and dropped steeply on all sides. It occupies a position about in the center of the region and so gave us a commanding view of the entire district from which we could select our routes for succeeding climbs.

Fremont Peak, 13,730 ft., was our next climb and we found here a very characteristic glacier over three miles long with large lateral and terminal moraines, highly crevassed ice in places, with a large and typical bergshlund at its head. A peculiarity of this peak was countless numbers of grasshopper carcasses found on the upper slopes of ice and rocks, which was also noticed later on Gannett Peak. We theorized that flying swarms of the insects had tried to cross the range in the face of high westerly winds, had fallen exhausted, and had perished in the cold. The upper stretches of the glacier were glare ice, very steep, and necessitated much step cutting before the



Fremont Peak and its glaciers. Wind River Mountains, Wyoming. August, 1924.

—Collection of the Author

rock wall was gained. Here we found some difficult climbing so the rope was used continuously for security. No records were found on the top, but there were evidences of previous ascents.

Our next climbs were two unnamed peaks north of Mt. Helen and which we found to be the steepest climbs of all. To reach them we left our base camp and moved everything over a steep ridge to timberline in the upper Dinwoody Valley on the other side. Both peaks, separated by a sharp "V" saddle a thousand feet below the summits, were climbed in one day. The highest one was later christened Mt. Warren in honor of Wyoming's senator of that name.

Our final climb and climax of the trip was up Gannett Peak, 13,785 ft., and Wyoming's highest. This mountain had been climbed several times before and there was a good cairn and records on the top. We found no special difficulty in climbing it but there was plenty of interesting

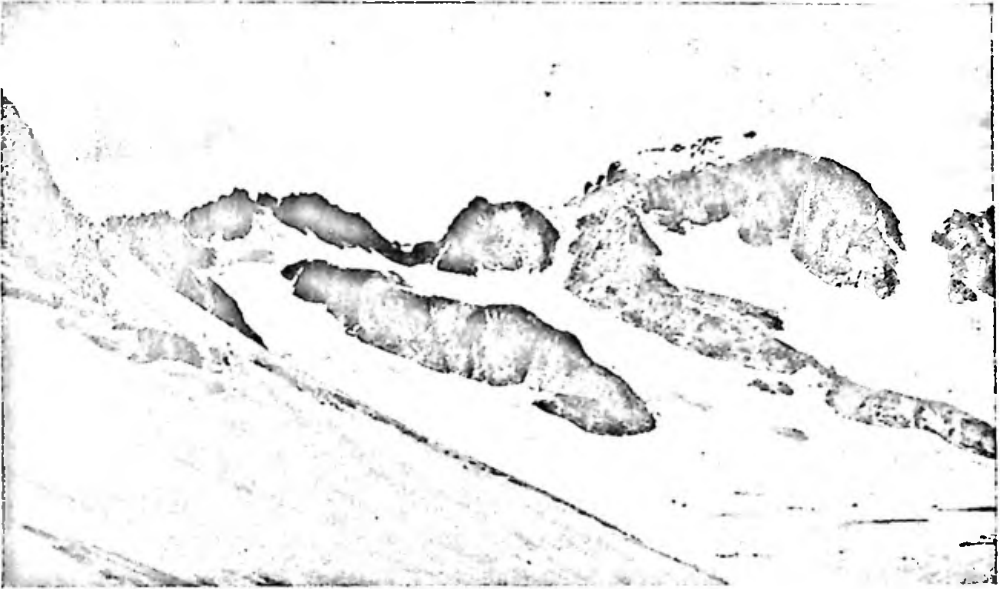


Crossing bergschrund on snow bridge in ascent of Gannett Peak. August, 1924.

—Collection of the Author



rock and ice work to gain the summit. On the west side of the peak we observed the largest glacier of the region, about four miles long and over two miles wide at its greatest dimension.



Gannett Peak, 13,785 feet, and its glacier system.

—Collection of the Author

The next two and a half days were spent in getting back to civilization. This encompassed crossing over two divides and walking about 40 miles down to the road head on Torrey Creek. Here we greatly welcomed the sight of our Ford which had been driven to this point by Mr. Burnett. A few miles down the road we reached the Boardman Colony, a dude ranch sort of place, where we were welcomed to stay overnight and regale the members with our tales of the climbs.

In the morning we took off and drove on up and over Two-Go-Tee pass to Moran where we spent the night at

Teton Lodge. Next day we drove to Jenny Lake where we left the car, shouldered our packs, and then started the steep climb up the canon of Bradley Creek to our campsite on the Grand Teton.

The climb of the Grand is steep and spectacular all the way. All went smoothly and by early afternoon we were on the summit. We spent some time admiring the terrific scenery, then retraced our steps and reached our beautiful campsite of the previous night in the early evening.

The next morning we returned to our car and spent most of the day riding around in the valley at the foot of the magnificent Teton Range, ending up on the shore of Leigh Lake for our night's camp. From here at 7 o'clock the next morning, Ellingwood and I took off for the ascent of Mt. Moran. We followed elk trails practically all the way to timberline on the northwest ridge of the mountain. From here we worked up, down, and around cliffs until we reached the summit. The day was overcast, cool, and somewhat windy with occasional spits of snow and rain. After a steep descent down past the Frying Pan glacier, we arrived at our camp just 12 hours after our start in the morning. Here after a swim in the lake, a generous supper, and a good night's sleep, we were ready to start our homeward journey. Thus ending a most satisfying and rewarding outing.

Probably the first ascent of Fremont peak was made by Col. John C. Fremont's party in August, 1842. The next ascent was most likely that of a small group from the Hayden Survey Expedition in August, 1878. Wm. H. Jackson was with this group and made the first photographs of that area.

The Grand Teton was first ascended in 1898 and then not again until 1922. In 1923 it was climbed several times and our group made the ascent the following year. We were also among the early climbers of Mt. Moran which was first ascended in 1922.

To-day the Wind River Range is swarming with climb-

ers. More trails have been opened up into the region, and the human-fly climbers of the present are having a field day. I am glad to have been privileged to be one of the early explorers.

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Carl Blaurock was born and grew up in Denver. He went through North Denver High School, then attended the Colorado School of Mines, graduating in 1916. After graduation, he joined his father in the business of manufacturing dental and jewelry golds, which became his life's work and from which he recently retired in August, 1972.

His life-long recreational interests are mountaineering, skiing, and photography in general, and traveling whenever he gets the chance. He has climbed all the peaks above 14,000 feet altitude in the continental U.S., the two highest volcanoes in Mexico, and in 1926 spent two months climbing in the Alps. He holds life membership in the Colorado Mountain Club which he joined in 1912 just one month after its formation, and also belongs to the American Alpine Club and The Sierra Club. In 1923 he was the first added initiate in the AdAmAn Club of Colorado Springs which annually holds a New Year's watch party and fireworks on the summit of Pikes Peak.

He was one of the founders of the William H. Jackson Color Camera Club in 1938. Another of his memberships is in the Teknik Club which is composed of professional men of all sorts—engineers, physicians, college professors, etc. He is a 32° Mason and member of El Jebel Shrine. For home recreation and satisfaction, he likes to play the piano. Doesn't care much about writing up his experiences — lazy guy!



## Westerner's Bookshelf



**HISTORICAL ATLAS OF KANSAS**, by Homer E. Socolofsky and Huber Self, large format 9" x 12", published by the University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, \$5.95 cloth and \$3.95 paper.

As stated in the preface, "this Atlas is for the professional scholar, amateur historian and the elementary, secondary or college student seeking a wider acquaintance of Kansas geography and history." It is a reference book rather than for general reading. The book is made up of 70 + black and white maps covering a wide range of material (Native Flora of Kansas; Forts and Military Roads after 1827; Major Cattle Trails and Cattle Towns, etc.) Sufficient text on the facing page accompanies each map. The volume provides a comprehensive and ready source of Kansas history and geography. It is well indexed and the list of references for the individual maps is especially interesting and complete.

Bob Edgerton, P.M.

**SALOONS OF DENVER**, by Scott Dial, The Old Army Press, Fort Collins, Colorado, 1973, 69 pages, softbound.

Denver's saloon history has provided marvelous copy via the pens of several other writers, but the subject suffers at the hands of Scott Dial. His writing is uneven and the research seems careless. For instance, "Soapy" Smith appears as Randolph "Soapy" Smith. His first name, duly noted by most historians, was Jefferson and Randolph was his middle name.

Numerous spelling errors, possibly typographical, lack of acknowledgments, bibliography or index will limit this book's value for the serious scholar. Mike Koury's fine Old Army Press has contributed many valuable additions to the literature of the West, including *Indian Fighting Army* and the sensitive *Face of Courage*, among others. This reviewer hopes that the flaws in this latest offering can be remedied in another printing.

Robert L. Brown, P.M.

### ANOTHER EMPTY SADDLE

We sadly regret to report  
the passing, on 18 April 1973,  
of a most eminent Posse member  
and historian,  
M. C. ("MAC") POOR

# The DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

MAY 1973  
Volume XXIX, No. 4

IN THIS ISSUE  
VOICES FROM THE DEEP  
by Davidson Hicks, P.M.  
and  
THE COMPLETE UPDATED  
BY-LAWS  
of  
THE WESTERNERS' INC.  
DENVER POSSE



The Cripple Creek Mining District circa 1900.

—Collection of the Author

## OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

From Former Sheriff Ed Bathke:

In reviewing the Denver Westerners' activities during 1972, the most prominent activities of the organization were the Ad Hoc Committee efforts, and the two special business meetings of the regular Posse. The Ad Hoc Committee, composed of Francis Rizzari, Milt Callon, Gene Rakosnik, Dabney Otis Collins, and Art Campa, performed very commendably in evaluating Posse operations, assessing problems, and recommending a course of action.

At the special business meetings, held in July and August, the Committee's report was presented and discussed. The results were fruitful in revitalizing the Posse, and in solving current problems. Members gained a greater awareness as to what constituted operating procedures, and re-affirmed long-standing (and in some instances forgotten) customs. All interested Posse members were given the opportunity to be heard, and to extend their energies in establishing goals.

Topics of the Committee's report and discussion items at the meetings included: refamiliarization with, revision of, and printing of the Bylaws; duties of officers and participations of members; *Roundup* and *Brand Book* guidelines; revitalization of the Publication Committee and Program Committee; publication surpluses; and dues and other financial matters.

Edwin A. Bathke  
Sheriff, 1972

• • •

*Editor's Note:* In order to bring everyone up to date, the complete text of the By-Laws of the Denver Posse of the Westerners as amended to date is published in this issue of the *Roundup* beginning on page 18.

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

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### 1973 OFFICERS

**Sheriff:** Richard A. Ronzio  
**Deputy Sheriff:** Jackson C. Thode  
**Roundup Foreman:** Charles S. Ryland  
**Tally Man:** Francis B. Rizzari  
**Chuck Wrangler:** Hugh B. Burnett  
**Registrar of Marks and Brands:** Dr. Robert W. Mutchler  
**Publications Chairman:** Edwin A. Bathke  
**Membership Chairman:** Edwin A. Bathke  
**Program Chairman:** Jackson C. Thode  
**Book Review Chairman:** Herb White  
**Keeper of the Possibles Bag:** Armand W. Reeder

Don't forget to get your 1971 *Brand Book*. Call Charles Ryland or Francis Rizzari.

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(continued on page 22)

# *Voices From the Deep*

by

Davidson Hicks, P.M.

Like many of you, I'm sure, I'm fascinated by mines . . . particularly gold mines. The reason, I guess is the mystery of what's down there under the earth we walk on. There's wealth, we know that. But I've learned something else. You could call it drama . . . the life and death struggle, the back-breaking work. For most miners it means no more than a living, just enough money for a few beers and the needs of a family.

It takes a certain breed of man to be a miner.

Tonight we're going deep into the earth and talk with the voices from the deep . . . let's get started . . . listen for the bell.

Ding, ding-ding. That tells him where we want to go . . . to level number two.

Ding-ding. And that tells him to cut that cable so we can get started. And he's chopping.

Now this shaft that we're going down is 1,320 feet deep . . . a little bit deeper than the Empire State Building is tall. There are nine levels altogether but we're only going to level number two. That's only 397 feet down. At the bottom of this shaft runs the Roosevelt Drainage Tunnel. That Tunnel's about six miles long.

The voice belongs to Mike Oswald, a tour guide in the El Paso gold

mine near Victor in the Cripple Creek Mining District. The mine is located on Beacon Hill.

The clatter of noise is the sound of the skip as it bangs against the side timbers on the way down the shaft.

The Roosevelt Drainage Tunnel at one time drained the area at the rate of 8,000 gallons of water per minute. It was built because the deeper levels of the mine shafts flooded in 1906—water poured into the El Paso shaft at the rate of 5,000 gallons a minute and submerged two thirds of the mine.<sup>1</sup>

The tunnel also allowed the mine shafts to reach deeper into the earth. If the tunnel were to be built today it would certainly meet with some opposition from environmentalists because . . .

Used to be a stream running down through here, I used to fish. Used to be a lot of springs, and water running in the district, before they built the drainage tunnels. And that dried up all the creeks and springs and everything else.

The voice belongs to Ralph Raub, a professional miner.

The drainage tunnels, the Roosevelt first—actually 4.6 miles long and draining the district down to 8,800 feet elevation—was finished in 1911. The later Carlton Tunnel, finished in 1941, drained the district to 6,900 feet.

But that's enough for the facts and figures, let's get back to the mine. We're still headed down . . . lights flash at the various levels, otherwise it's dark.

I had a fellow ask me one time: "Is it dark down in the mines?"

Well, I said "It's not bad on the day shift but the night shift is pretty dark."

We reach the number two level.

There's about 36 miles of tunnel down here altogether.

The miners call the horizontal tunnels "drifts" and the vertical tunnels are "stopes."

We're walking along the drift, stepping carefully to avoid tripping on the rails of the ore car tracks. The guide got ahead of us . . .

All the work that you folks have seen and will see was done by hand, with a piece of hand steel and a single jack. Those are just fancy names for a hammer and chisel.

Oh! That was awful hard work.

<sup>1</sup>*Money Mountain*, by Marshall Sprague, Little, Brown & Co., Boston 1953, p. 268.



There's just no arguing with a statement like that.  
But where's the gold? We haven't seen any gold yet.

The gold ore looks like silver and what looks like gold is iron pyrite, or fool's gold.

The reason this ore looks like silver is because it's in combination with silver and several other metals.

Right up here we've got a little vein of gold, coming up along the wall. It's just a small vein, nothing to get excited about at this point. But if you would, please, follow the progress of this vein up along this rock. I think you'll be thoroughly amazed at what happened to it.

It comes up along here. You can see some of the solutions that are leaching out of the vein. And it takes off up this wall at a pretty good angle. It even gets a little narrower right in there. And then it starts to widen out.

And it empties into what we call the Jewelry Shop Stope.



Ralph Raub—long time Cripple Creek miner.

—Collection of the Author

The Jewelry Shop Stope. It has a certain *ring* to it, right? And it would have caused a jingle in your pockets . . . some \$5 million in gold was taken from the stope. One ore car from the stope weighed 2,902 pounds and produced \$75,209.

Mine literature says the vein and streak samples assayed at up to \$100 a pound. And that was when gold was priced at \$20 an ounce.

During its history more than \$15 million has been produced from the El Paso.

The stope looks much like any large cavern.

Now this has all been done by man. There are not natural caverns in the mine. And there's a lot more to this stope than meets the eye. For it goes 400 feet through the surface.

And back around the corner it goes another 400 feet. And it was all full of very high-grade ore.

What does Ralph Raub, the miner, think of the El Paso mine?

I drove thousands of feet in the El Paso. And there's ore down there [now] but it isn't good enough to ship clear to [the gold mill in] El Paso.



The El Paso Mine circa 1900. 200 men worked in stope at one time.

—Collection of the Author

It takes pretty good ore to go that far, what with the freight prices what they are, and gold ore as heavy as it is.

There have been many notices in Denver newspapers over the years since this recording was made. These reports say the Carlton mill in the Cripple Creek district is about to reopen. Perhaps it is open now.

But let's get back to Mike Oswald, the tour guide. He's still talking about the Jewelry Shop Stope.

That does go all the way to the surface. Those timbers you see are not to support the walls. Those are what the miners worked off of. They sat on those timbers to drill their holes with a piece of steel and a single jack.

And of course they had to have a way to get up to their work so they built this manway—a string of ladders going all the way to the top.

Now just as that sign will tell you, there were 200 men in here at one time. They took out \$5 million during the 1890s. They found this stope about '94. It took them about 10 years to finish it.

And you can imagine what it sounded like in here with 200 men all beating on pieces of steel with hammers.

The men built a wooden platform, on that platform there were nine ore chutes, three on that side, three in the middle and three over here. Under each chute there was an ore car.

They simply crammed that ceiling full of dynamite and blasted the ore down onto that platform. They stood on the broken rock to do more blasting.

They eventually opened up the chutes and let some of the ore fall into the cars. Then they went on drilling and blasting.

And that's just about how they got to the surface.

While it sounds simple, it wasn't. The miner adds more to the story.

Timber too, you had to have timber too. You have a manway to get up in the stope. And you have to raise that every time you shoot (blast) over it. You can't let that get low.

Raub explained that he had worked for a mine owner and had worked as a lessor. He leased an area in a mine and then worked for himself, splitting the profits with the mine owner.

Just how did a miner start his day?

First thing you do in the morning is get your light. Put on your diggers and get your light.

Put your diggers on? That's right, diggers are overalls, the miner's digging "uniform."

And he had to get his light. The battery powered lights were re-charged overnight and had to be picked up in the morning for the day's use.

The reason the miners changed into overalls may have something to do with "high-grading" or the stealing of ore from the mines.

Raub told me that everyone was a possible high-grader, even the mine superintendents. There are stories about miners who greased down their hair with oil before going into the mines. Then during the day they'd take off their hard hats and run their hands through their hair. In the even they'd carefully wash their hair and pan out the values . . . the gold dust.

The El Paso mine literature says in the mine's hey day "armed guards were kept on duty around the clock to prevent high-grading (stealing) by the miners. As the miners went off shift they were thoroughly 'frisked' before being allowed to return to the surface. Even so, thousands of dollars worth of high-grade ore was smuggled out of the mine."

Miners tell of carefully washing their "diggers" so that any dust they had collected could be salvaged.

Then you might see if you needed caps or fuse. Then you'd go and order your dynamite, get your timber out, and steel, if you needed any.

There was always plenty to do.

You'd take all that out to the collar of the shaft and they'd send it down to you.

He explained that the men would usually take their fuse and caps with them.

Then once down in the working area he said they'd survey the situation to see what had happened when they blasted the day before.

They'd clean out the muck—the loose rock—drill, then, the last thing of the day, they'd blast. Next morning they'd clear the muck . . .

When they cleared the muck they put it in ore cars and sent it to the surface. How was the decision made on what was waste and what was ore?

You have to decide that and mark each car, so that the skipper, the guy who dumps them in the skip, will know how to tag them . . . whether they'll go up waste or go up ore. He had a rod across there (the ore car) with numbers. One would be waste and then the numbers for the bins . . . I had three bins for three years one time. A hook fastens on the rod and the top man sees the number on there and he'll put it in the right bin for you.

But we have to get back to the tour guide. He's about to explain . . .

This is a rock drill. This particular rock drill is an M79 Ingersoll-Rand drifter. It's powered by about 110 pounds of air pressure. About the same amount of water pressure is used. The water goes through the machine and into the drill where it comes out of a little hole at the end. That's to keep the bit cool and to keep the dust down.

Keeping the dust down is very important. When they first came out with these machines they were only powered by air and it wasn't long before the miners started getting sick. Pretty soon they started dying. Doctors came to find out what the lungs of the miners were simply full of granite, that dust that they breathed.

They called the disease silicosis. But the miners had a little better name for it. They called it *slow death*. That's exactly what it was.

Ralph Raub remembers:

When I first came here I used machines that didn't have water in them. They made so much dust you couldn't see two or three feet.

Did the company furnish the machines for lessors? He said the company furnished the bits and the air, but the miners had to furnish their own machines and hoses. Could you rent machines? If so for how much?

They used to charge you a dollar a day. And that's when a dollar was a dollar.

If you bought a machine, how much would one cost?

In those days you could get a pretty good machine for \$85 or \$90. Maybe you could pick up a second-hand one for \$40 or \$50.

On these new machines, he said, you just stand there and hold them. "But on those old dry machines, only way they'd rotate is you had to do it," he said.

Mike Oswald describes how the machine works.

That piston slams down into that steel and flies back and it's a rotating mechanism and that turns that steel just a little bit each time it's hit and that keeps the hole round . . .

. . . So a stick of dynamite can be put in.

With the hand rotator it was different. It was a bar, a handle, that was moved manually.

Some fellows would stand there with their hands on top of that handle and a rock would come down and cut their hands off.

If the new rotator machines hit a fissure they'll bind, Raub said, and they can throw the miner up against a wall. The old hand machines would just stop.

"If you shank a steel, they can jump clear back," he said.

He explained that "shank a steel" meant breaking it. "A lot of the old steel broke pretty easy.

"When you're running a machine you stay clear of the hose, and be sure you don't get tangled up in it. Or the machine might jump and go down the muck pile 30 or 40 feet, taking you with it."

"Some of those machines weigh 120 pounds."

The machine is on a column. The tour guide explains its use:

Now you can see that this is adjustable in quite a few ways on this column.

To blast a drift like the one we just walked through would take quite a series of holes.

Clear on the top we would have had three holes called back holes. And they go straight back about six feet. So you move this machine to the top of the column, turn on the air and when you turned on that air you wanted to make sure you had something in your ears because this thing will make about three times as much noise as one of those jackhammers you see on the street.

You turn on the air and force that bit down into the rock with this feed screw, and we'd keep at it until we'd reached in as far as this steel would go.

Then we'd bring it back out, and since these back holes have to be six feet deep you can see that this steel isn't going to do the job, so you'd take that steel out and put in a longer one.

Now we'd drill our other two back holes and then we'd move our machine down a couple of feet and drill three more holes called breast holes. They go back about four feet.

Just below those we drill three more holes called cut holes. They slant down and back.

Now clear on the bottom, as close to the ground as we can get, and we'd have to turn this machine upside down in order to do this, we drill four more holes called lifters.

They go straight back about eight feet.

Now the dynamite is set off in rapid succession—first the cut holes, then the breast holes, then the back holes and the lifters going off last. Just as that name implies, the lifters bring that whole broken mess out this way so we can pick it up with our mucking machine.

Is this the way the miners brought out ore? Ralph Raub answered by saying that there are many different cuts in a tunnel or a drift. The main thing is to get a hole in the rock and the other shots all shoot to the hole.

"You might have to burn it out," he said.

Burning out a hole means simply drilling four or five holes straight in and then shooting them all at once.

"Now that's when you're working in the drift," he said. "When you're up in the stope you lean your holes at an angle and then you straighten up and go right on up."

Ralph Raub gave us the difference between drilling in a drift and in a stope. Mike Oswald, tour guide, follows through.

Now this outfit here is no more than an upright version of that one over there. We called that one a drifter and this we call a stoper. We use this for doing all our vertical work. It's used for incline rays or vertical rays which would go straight up.

The only difference in the two machines is the pneumatic feed leg on the stoper. As that piston pounds that steel into the rock that feed leg pushes the whole machine up tight against the rock just as the feed screw did on the drifter. That keeps the slack out of there so we can keep drilling that hole.

Ralph Raub said that you have to watch your blasting and use it to make ore.

"If you have ore where the value (the gold) is just in the seams and the rock is no good, then you've got to shoot it light, because your hole is only three feet deep," he said.

"You have to study your rock and see how you can make ore out of it. If you run a deep hole you've got to load it heavy and that'll just grind up all your rock and ruin your ore."

"Now if the gold's all through the rock, then it doesn't make much difference. Then you can shoot it heavy."

He said the richest ore he had found was about half a ton of high-grade that ran about \$17 a pound.

"That's pretty close to 1,100 ounces (per ton)," he said. "Dollar a pound ore has to run 65 ounces of gold to the ton."

"So you can run out of ore just like you can run into it. One day you might be a millionaire and the next day you'd sell out for 10 cents."

"[For lessors] the company paid for the samples, the assaying," he said.

"An assayer would take a sample and run it through a crusher, powder fine, then he'd mix it all up, cut out a half an ounce and test it," Raub said. "A half an ounce is an assayer's ton."

He said that along about 1936 the miners went from carbide lights to battery-powered lights.

When I first started here they were pretty careless, no "hard-boiled" hats, but the carbide lights were a must in a lot of places. They'll go out when there's gas in the mine.

He explained that the gas he was talking about was air without oxygen.

He said the miners learned by word of mouth that there was gas on a certain level.

"When you went into an area you went with a buddy. One walked about 15 feet ahead of the other. If there was gas, the light of the one in front would go out, and he could see to get back to the man following him.

"I remember out here on the Ajax [mine] one time—I was working for the company—the gas was about eight or nine inches high off the floor. We were walking around in there, but there was a fellow laying a switch and he had his head down there trying to sight in the switch. He got his snoot down in that gas and we had to carry him out of there. He was all right—he didn't get very much of it."

There are a lot of them who have just walked into it and then fallen and that's the end to them.

Most of the time it's their own fault.

But then the gas can come in behind you and cut you off and you can't get out.



The Ajax Mine today.

—Collection of the Author



Raub says the barometer is the only indicator for gas. If the barometer reading is at a certain point then they know there's likely to be gas in the mine.

When the pressure is right, when there's a good heavy storm from the southwest, he said, especially when it's cold, some of that gas will kill birds that fly over the gallows frame. Birds sitting in the gallows frame 35 or 40 feet above the shaft have been killed by the gas, he said.

But, he said, "if the mine owners feel the shaft is gassy they'll send a skip down with a couple of lighted carbide lights. They send it down slowly to protect it from drafts, and if it comes up with the lamps out, then the miners don't go down."

He said the Elkton area of the district was "pretty gassy country."

In 1934, when the price of gold was raised, there was a great deal of prospecting in the area, Raub said. Among the prospectors were three men from Pueblo who got a lease on a mine called the Goldie. It was located near the new mill.

"They didn't know anything about mining," he said, "and two of them went down with flashlights. They didn't come out."

Their partner went to the Cresson mine to get help. The men from the Cresson went back to see what was needed. When they left to get their equipment they told the third partner not to go down in the mine while they were gone. They said the first two were probably dead anyway, and he couldn't do anything to help them.

They left to get the oxygen, ropes and other gear and when they got back the third partner had gone into the mine and all three were pulled out . . . dead.

Ralph warned that there are some shafts still open and it isn't safe to go into any of the tunnels because "you might run into gas."

He said "you can't smell this gas, you can't see it, you just walk into it."

When asked how deep he had worked, he said on the 30th level of the Ajax. That's 3,000 feet below the surface of Battle Mountain.

Is there still ore to be found in Cripple Creek?

On the Vindicator up here there's a thousand feet of virgin ground . . . that could be worked. Lots of these small mines are not very deep. There's a lot of ground there that's never been scratched.

When asked if there was still gold to be found, he answered that "I'm no geologist. Geologists can see into the ground, and I can't."

Take A. E. Carlton; the reason he had geologists around him was that if they said there was gold here, then he'd look for it over there.

If the geologists said to the left, he drilled on the right!  
Part of the drama of mining, I suppose is the danger. We've discussed

the gas problem. What about accidents? Ralph Raub tells of one incident.

Up there on the Vindicator, on 1800 where I worked—it happened before I came here—they had a tram car under a chute. The chute was hung up. They couldn't get the muck down. When the chute is hung up it's dangerous. You have to get under there and place dynamite and blast that muck out.

This guy was in the tram car. He had dynamite on a stick. You don't go up in there to place it by hand. You put it on a shooting stick, then you can lay it up in there very carefully, with a big long fuse on it. You wedge the dynamite up next to a boulder, then light the fuse and get out of there.

You don't go up under a clogged chute because it might fall on you.

When he was placing the dynamite all the muck came down, the dynamite fell by his feet and the muck on top of it. He was trapped. The dynamite went off and blew his feet off.

It lifted him out of the tram car and they had an awful time catching him . . . he was running around in there, crazy. He went crazy.

He bled to death before they got him to the top.

Raub told of another clogged chute incident. A miner at the First Dollar mine was poking around at a clogged chute when the muck came down and buried him, up to the neck and somehow leaving his arms free.

The foreman came up and asked what the fellow was doing sitting in that tram car. The miner explained how he'd gotten in the position.

"Well," the foreman said, "if you haven't got sense enough to pull the handle on the car and let the muck out, then, well, you're fired!"

Raub said that when he went to work in the Cripple Creek district there were no unions. The mine owners had an association and when a miner wanted work he had to sign up with the association. In doing this he agreed not to join a union and to do what he was told.

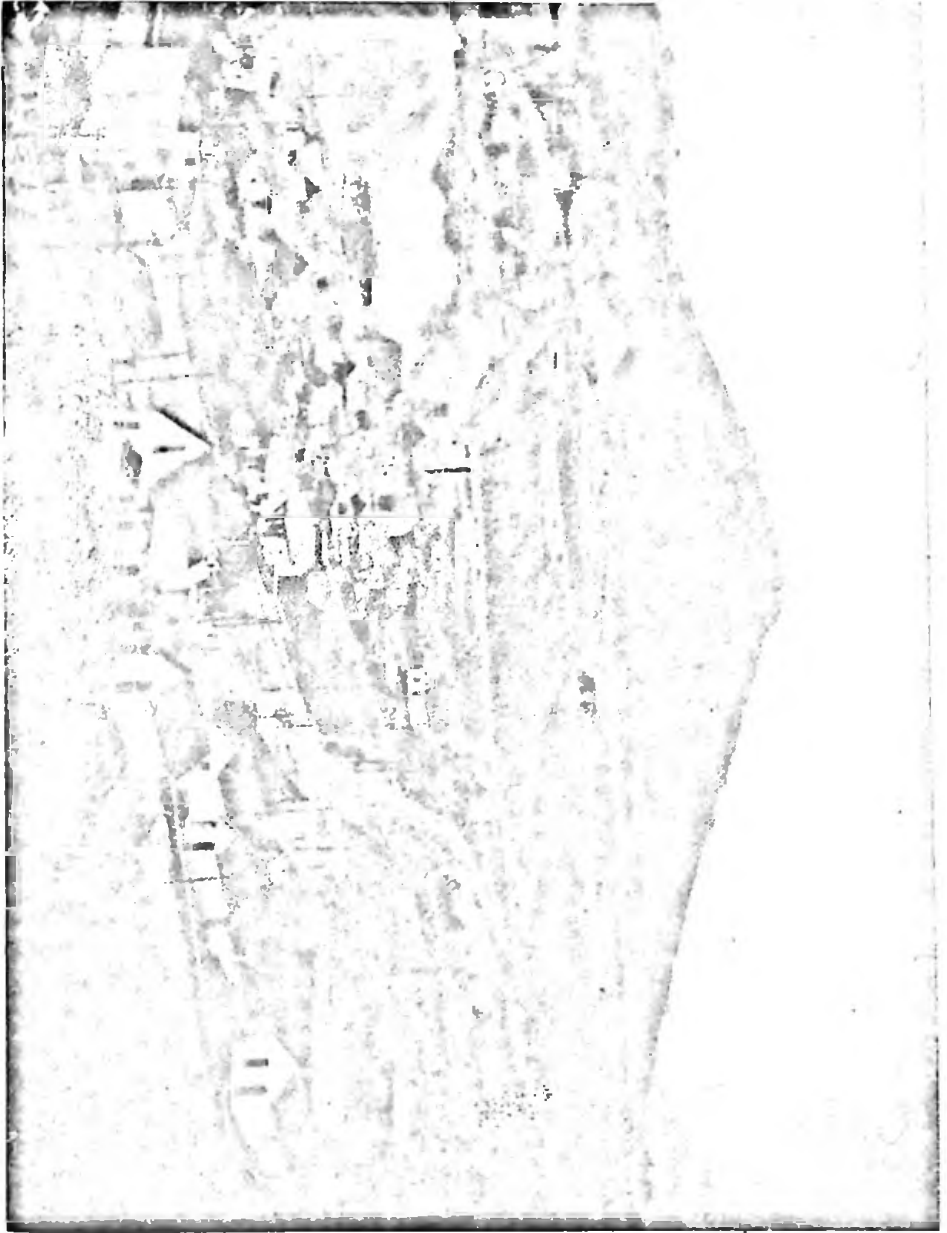
He also said the district was a white camp. There were no Mexican-Americans and no Negroes working in the mines.

Goldfield, where Raub lived before moving to Colorado Springs, was founded in 1895 and grew to a population of about 4,000. He lived on Main Street from 1938. Before that he had lived in Victor, a short distance away.

He told about a neighbor who was shot in 1904 during the labor troubles in the district.

He told about another neighbor who remembered when the hills around Goldfield and Victor were covered with quakies and pines, big timber. The trees were removed for mine timbers and fire wood, but are now, slowly, beginning to return to the Goldfield area.

He mentioned the Theresa mine where he once worked.



Goldfield, Colorado circa 1900.

—Collection of the Author

When he went to work in the district, he said, all the mines were running. Dump rats—men who sort and gather ore from the mine dumps—were at work.

When he was asked if this could still be done he answered yes. Profitably?

Well, you see, the trouble is they built this new mill down here . . . they can't take any ore in this mill if it has any wood or ashes or cigarette papers or quaky leaves in it, because it floats the values out. Down at the old mill in the Springs when the ore was crushed it went over a roaster.

The wood and the leaves were burned out.

But in the district mill they remain in the floatation.

He said a lot of the dumps would run for pay, but they'd refuse it (at the mill) because of the wood and other material in it.

Now he admitted there was another way to get the gold out of the rock. "You can cook it over a cook stove," he said.

But it takes a pretty hot fire and it takes a lot of time to crush the rock, cook it and separate the gold from the rock. A lot of time for a mighty small return.

But we've left that tour guide down in that drift. He's probably wandering around wondering where we are. Let's see if we can find him.

Well, we'll come up here and look at this shaft . . .

This is what we call a three-compartment shaft, as we were going down we were passed by another cage on its way up. That second cage is only large enough to carry an ore car. The one we came down on is a little bit bigger. All of the men and machinery would use that one.

Of course we do have a little faster way out for those in a hurry. This ladder here goes all the way to the surface.

The ladders are located alongside the shaft used by the cages, or the skips as Raub calls them. The ladders are used in case the machinery fails. Climbing wooden ladders for 397 feet was not a chore I would look forward to. The third compartment has the pipes for the air and water.

The timbers that you see here in this shaft go all the way from the surface to the bottom of the shaft. They are there only to keep the cage in the center of the shaft because in a hard rock mine such as this we don't have a lot of problems with cave-ins and that's why you didn't see timbers supporting the walls as we went through those workings.

Had something happened to this shaft and we couldn't even go up that ladder, we still wouldn't have had anything to worry about

because on this level there's a walk out tunnel and that comes out down the valley about a quarter of a mile. It used to be an old drainage tunnel and there is a good current of fresh air coming through that tunnel.

The fresh air from the tunnel, along with the seepage from the rock, has formed stalactites and stalagmites in the workings. These rock formations harden and grow quickly, faster than in natural caves, because of the flow of air. By quickly I mean at a rate of about half an inch a year.

The Cripple Creek Mining District was the fifth largest gold-producing district in the world according to figures a few years old now. The 475 or so shipping mines in the district produced about \$433 million.<sup>2</sup>

But you heard the bell as Mike Oswald was talking. The cage is back on the surface now. The light from a summer afternoon is blinding at first. The depths are dark . . . and as Ralph Raub said, even darker at night.

<sup>2</sup>According to Posseman Henry Hough the *most* productive mining area in the world is the Rand District of South Africa. In the United States, he stated, the Butte Montana District took first place in the money with \$2 billion in copper ore.

Dr. Les Williams added that in terms of the amount of *ore*, Climax Molybdenum (American Metals at Climax) has produced the most metal, and the Gilman Zinc mine is second.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dave Hicks, a prominent member of our Posse, is a native Missourian, but grew up in Liberty, Kansas, north of Kansas City. The lure of printers ink had its inevitable effect when he found his first employment at age 16 in a small job printing shop. His introduction to God's Country out in Colorado came in 1947, when he spent the summer as a Counselor at Camp Ouray, the YMCA camp for boys up near Grand Lake. These two experiences molded his life's career, for during his term in the Armed Forces he worked on the camp newspaper at Fort Riley, Kansas, then became Korean Correspondent for the *Stars & Stripes* during that conflict.

Returned to the rigors of civilian life, he hired on as a reporter for a newspaper in Topeka, Kansas, then became

Managing Editor of a small daily in Newton, Iowa, hometown of the famous Maytag company.

Those previous Colorado associations, however, just could not be ignored, and seven years ago he moved out west to engage in public relations work. His activities in Denver have encompassed editorship of an industrial publication, the *Denver Westerners Roundup*, the *1971 Brand Book*, and assignments with both the *Rocky Mountain News* and the *Denver Post*. Currently he is serving the *Post* as "Swing Man," doing an amazing variety of jobs—Digest Editor, Makeup Editor, Picture Editor, etc.

It is no wonder Dave is fascinated by gold mines—he conducted guided mine tours more than 20 years ago!

# By-Laws of The Westerners, Inc. Denver Posse

## I.

### NAME

The name of this nonprofit educational corporation is THE WESTERNERS, INC. For convenience, publicly and herein, this association may be popularly called the WESTERNERS, and the members may be referred to as the "Denver Posse," or as the "Denver Posse of The Westerners."

## II.

### OBJECTS

The Objects of the Westerners shall be to investigate, discuss, and publish the facts and color relative to the historic, social, political, economic, and religious background of the West; to, wherever possible, preserve a record of the cultural background and evolution of the Western region, and to promote all corollary activities thereof.

## III.

### OFFICERS

The Officers shall be designated as the Sheriff, Deputy Sheriff, Roundup Foreman, Registrar of Marks and Brands, Tally Man, and Chuck Wrangler. The first-named five officers shall also be considered elected as Directors. The duties of the respective Officers shall be as follows:

(a) SHERIFF. The Sheriff shall have the usual duties of a president of an organization and shall conduct all meetings as such. He shall appoint all committees, not otherwise provided for herein, and be responsible for the conduct of the organization. He shall hold office for a period of one year, from the 1st of January of each year through December 31st of the same year, or when his duly elected successor qualifies and assumes office.

(b) DEPUTY SHERIFF. The Deputy Sheriff shall perform the usual duties assigned to a vice-president, and in the absence of the Sheriff shall perform all of his duties, and automatically succeed him for the balance of his term if the Sheriff resigns or is unable to perform the duties of his office.

(c) ROUNDUP FOREMAN. The Roundup Foreman shall perform the duties of a secretary. He shall keep the minutes of all meetings in a suitable record book and shall carry on the necessary correspondence authorized by the membership in a true and businesslike manner. It shall also be his duty to notify all Active and Reserve Members of forthcoming meetings at least a week in advance of such meetings; to notify the Chuck Wrangler of the prospective

attendants; to keep an accurate record of all Active and Reserve Members furnished him by the Tally Man; and to turn over, in good condition, all such records to his successor.

(d) **REGISTRAR OF MARKS AND BRANDS.** The Registrar of Marks and Brands shall be responsible for supervising publication and distribution of the monthly magazines; and, with the Publication Committee, shall be responsible for the publication of the annual *Brand Book* at the end of each term of office. He shall not contract any obligation for the Posse unless such obligation has been approved by the Publication Committee.

(e) **TALLY MAN.** The Tally Man shall have the duties usually assigned to the treasurer of an organization; he shall collect and disburse monies—upon duly approved instructions from the Sheriff—and keep an accurate record thereof. Semi-annually, or at the request of the Posse, he shall report to the Sheriff and Posse the financial status of the organization and make such recommendations for improving the budget as, in his opinion, will strengthen the financial operation of the Posse. He shall advise the Roundup Foreman of all new members upon receipt of their dues, whereupon the Roundup Foreman will enter the names of such new members upon the official roster.

(f) **CHUCK WRANGLER.** The Chuck Wrangler shall have the usual duties of a chairman of a house committee. He shall be responsible for the arrangements for the dinners of the Posse, and for collecting payment therefor, and concluding the business arrangements with the hotel or club at which the meetings are held, and shall keep records of the attendance of active members at all meetings.

#### IV. MEMBERSHIP

Membership shall be divided into three classifications: Active, Reserve and Corresponding.

1. **ACTIVE MEMBERSHIP.** Active membership shall be limited to fifty men and such Reserve Members as are reinstated as hereinafter provided. The Active members, together with the Reserve Members, shall bear full financial responsibilities of the Posse as well as the responsibilities for the activities thereof.

2. **QUALIFICATIONS.** Membership in Active and Reserve classifications shall be limited to male applicants, the former of whom shall with reasonable regularity attend the monthly meetings, and both classifications shall specifically be limited to those persons who by their interests, writing, research, or occupation (or any combination thereof) have displayed an active interest in, and willingness to participate in, the study and preservation of the cultural heritage of the West as outlined in Section II, Objects.

3. **ELECTION TO MEMBERSHIP.** Upon the formal recommendation in writing by a member of the active or reserve Posse, the membership committee shall consider the desirability of offering membership to any qualified and recommended person or persons, and after due deliberation shall recommend to the Posse at a regular monthly meeting the election of any such person or persons as it may approve. The recommendations shall then lie over until the next regular meeting of the Posse before being voted upon. If the membership committee, or any two members of the committee, deem it advisable, they may recall the recommendation any time after it has been made, and prior to the time when the Posse is to act formally

on the recommendation. If there is no further action by the membership committee, the Posse shall then vote on the recommended applicant or applicants by secret ballot. Any applicant receiving two or more adverse votes shall be considered not elected. The Roundup Foreman shall notify all newly elected members of their admission to the Posse.

4. RESERVE MEMBERSHIP. Reserve Membership is limited to Active Members who, because of inability to be in reasonably regular attendance at the monthly meetings are transferred to Reserve Membership. Such requests shall be reviewed by the Membership Committee and recommendations drawn up which must be approved by a majority vote of the Executive Committee. Reinstatement to active membership shall be at the request of the Reserve Member, subject to approval of Membership Committee and the Posse. Reserve Members shall receive notice of monthly meetings and are privileged to attend all functions; they shall retain full voting power and shall not be eligible to hold office; they shall share equally with the Active Members in the financial responsibilities as well as privileges of the Posse.

5. CORRESPONDING MEMBERSHIP. Corresponding Members shall pay such dues including subscription to the monthly magazine as the Executive Committee shall determine, and shall have no other financial obligations to The Westerners, Inc., have no voting powers, have an active interest in some phase of Western History, and have the opportunity of attending meetings under such restrictions or provisions for invitations as the Executive Committee shall determine.

6. ATTENDANCE. Reasonably regular attendance of an Active Member at monthly meetings shall be determined

by the Executive Committee under general policies adopted and announced by it, and the Executive Committee shall have the power, upon a two-thirds vote, to change a Member from an Active status to a Reserve status.

7. RESIGNATIONS AND EXPULSIONS. Any Member in good standing may resign his Membership by giving notice in writing to the Roundup Foreman. Any Member may be expelled, for conduct unbecoming a Westerner, by a two-thirds vote of the Executive Committee.

## V. DUES

1. The Active and Reserve members of the Posse shall pay dues of \$20.00 a year which shall be due January 1st, plus any assessments that may from time to time be duly voted and approved by the Posse.

2. Active or Reserve membership in this organization shall be terminated after a 60-day delinquency of non-payment of dues, and after action by the Executive Committee.

3. This same rule shall apply to corresponding members, except that the term of delinquency shall be 30 days instead of 60 days.

## VI. PUBLICATIONS

The official publications of the Posse shall be a periodical magazine and an annual *Brand Book*. Other publications may be authorized by the Publication Committee and must be approved by the Posse. A special Posse edition of the annual *Brand Book*. Other publications for Active and Reserve Members, shall be published, and each Active and Reserve Member shall be required to purchase one copy; unless in the case of a Reserve Member, request has been made in advance of the order for publi-



cation to be excused from the purchase and such request has been approved by the Executive Committee.

## VII. MEETINGS

The date, place, character, type of attendance, and other details at all meetings of the Posse shall be determined by the Executive Committee. The quorum necessary for the transaction of Posse business shall be defined as a majority of the regular Posse members (i.e., 26 regular members).

## VIII. COMMITTEES

1. **EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.** The Executive Committee shall consist of the Officers, the Chairmen of the Publications, Program and Membership Committees, and of the last preceding Sheriff. The Executive Committee shall have full power to pass upon policies and actions of the corporation. The Active and Reserve members may approve or reject any action taken by the Executive Committee. The Sheriff in his discretion shall decide what actions by the Executive Committee are of sufficient importance to be reported in writing from time to time to the Active and Reserve Members; and actions of the Executive Committee shall stand until amended by a vote of the Active and Reserve Members.

2. **PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.** The Publication Committee shall be composed of the incumbent Registrar of Marks and Brands and the four immediately preceding Registrars. The chairman shall be designated by the incumbent Sheriff each year. It shall be the duty of this committee to edit or reject publication of the papers delivered at the monthly meetings, to collect proper photographs and drawings, to solicit and

receive competitive bids and to award contracts; to price, sell and distribute the annual *Brand Books* and any other publications that may from time to time be sponsored by the Westerners and approved by the Posse.

3. **PROGRAM COMMITTEE.** The Program Committee shall consist of three members appointed by the Sheriff. It shall be the duty of this committee to select an appropriate speaker, or otherwise arrange the program for each regular meeting. The Chairman of the Program Committee shall, in ample time for the mailing of meeting notices, inform the Roundup Foreman of the program for each meeting.

4. **MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE.** The Membership Committee shall consist of three members, appointed by the Sheriff, which shall pass upon the qualifications of all persons recommended for either Active or Reserve membership in the Posse. The chairman of this committee, designated by the Sheriff, shall certify to the Tally Man all the names of newly elected members.

5. **NOMINATING COMMITTEE.** The Nominating Committee shall consist of three members appointed by the Sheriff at least two meetings prior to the annual election, which in no case shall be later than the monthly meeting in November. The Nominating Committee shall canvass the membership for nominees and shall report to the Posse a recommended list of candidates for election to office. The regular elections shall be at the December meetings, but upon the approval of the Posse, special elections may be held to fill vacancies.

6. **OTHER COMMITTEES.** Other Committees may be appointed by the Sheriff to serve during his term of office as he may deem necessary.

## IX.

*TERMS OF OFFICE*

All terms of office shall be for one calendar year and officers shall be elected at the meeting next preceding the 1st of January of each year.

## X.

*SPECIAL ASSESSMENTS*

Each Active and Reserve Member shall accept a personal liability not to exceed \$25.00, for each annual *Brand Book*, which shall constitute a guarantee for its publication provided, however, that no member shall be liable for an assessment to make up a deficit incurred before he became a member of the Posse. This liability shall not be assessed unless and until such time as it is evident that a deficit exists in connection with the publication and sale of a *Brand Book*, and then only after the specific recommendation of the Publication Committee, approved by the Executive Committee.

In the event that a delay should result in the publication of two *Brand Books* in the same year, the guarantors' liability

for the delayed *Brand Book* shall carry into the year of publication.

Should the Posse undertake the publication of works other than the annual *Brand Book* and monthly magazine, individual members shall be subject to no financial responsibility, except upon the approval of two-thirds of all Active and Reserve Members.

## XI.

*AMENDMENTS*

**VOTING.** Amendments to the By-Laws may be proposed by the Executive Committee. Any three Active or Reserve Members (or combination) may jointly request the Executive Committee to refer for a vote of all Active Members and Reserve Members any amendment proposed to the By-Laws or any modification of any action that has been taken by the Executive Committee. Whereupon, in any such event, written notice shall be given to all Active and Reserve Members of any such proposed changes, and a ballot shall be sent to them defining the changes and a written vote by such ballot shall be requested within a time limit set of from 10 to 30 days.

**OVER THE CORRAL RAIL**

(continued from page 2)

C.M. Bob Ross of Bozeman, Montana, has transferred to the Yellowstone Corral of Billings, Montana. We're sorry to lose Bob, but we know he will be a solid addition to their group.

. . .

We note with sadness the passing of Mrs. Avery C. Abbott, C.M. of 1924 Addison Way, Los Angeles, California. Mrs. Abbott had been a Corresponding Member of the Westerners since 1962.

. . .

From the Colorado Springs *Gazette Telegraph* we learn that Leland Feitz, the well known Colorado author, has opened a new publication company from his homes at 716 East Washington, Colorado Springs and 115 Eaton Avenue, Cripple Creek. At Little London Press, as it is known, Mr. Feitz will gladly review the manuscripts of any local writer of Western historical material.

. . .

The newest Denver Posseman is ALAN J. STEWART. Alan is on the staff of the *Denver Post*. He is particularly interested in Kansas history, especially that concerning General Frederick Funston. He is a member of Sigma Delta Chi, the Denver Press Club, the Public Relations Society of America, and the St. Andrews Society of Kansas. Welcome to the Denver Posse, Alan.

Ross Miller tells us that Civil War Roundtables, a group of that conflict's historians is in desperate need of vigorous new members. All that is needed is an active interest in some phase of the Civil War and time the last Friday evening of each month. If you are interested contact Ross at 1040 South Gilpin, Denver 80209, or call him at 733-1780.

A new Westerners Posse is forming in Colorado! We learned of this through Jim Davis. The proposed Rocky Moun-

tain Corral held an organizational meeting at noon on Saturday, 2 June 1973, at Abe's Cafe in Littleton. For more information call Ross Holland or John Albright at 234-4582.

A quick look into our Deputy Sheriff's crystal ball shows us what's happening at the Westerners corral the next few months:

In June, a paper by Francis Rizzari, P.M. on John Q. A. Rollins.

In July we will have the annual Posse meeting. It would be good to read through and review the Westerners' By-Laws as published in this issue of the *Roundup* to familiarize yourself with them.

In August our ladies will come along with us to the 1973 Summer Rendezvous. Our good friend, Don Smith, will provide the program.

The July-August *Roundup* will be a special issue—watch for it!

## New Hands on the Denver Range

Stuart Y. Evans  
9674 East Powers Drive  
Englewood, Colorado 80110

Stuart came to us through CM Bob Pulcifer. Beside being a student of the History of the West, he is also interested in antique automobiles, skiing and back packing. Welcome to the Westerners!

Melvin J. Roberts  
222 Gaylord Street  
Denver, Colorado 80206

Don M. Chase  
8569 Lawrence Lane  
Sebastopol, California 95472

Morris B. Hecox  
81 Rossmore Avenue  
Bronxville, New York 10700

Mrs. Lloyd R. Jackson  
1519 Doone Road  
Columbus, Ohio 43221

David J. Armstrong  
Box 97  
49 Applewood Drive  
Colorado City, Colorado 81019

David is interested in ghost towns, mining, and general Colorado history. He is also a member of the Colorado State Historical Society.

Craig H. Trout  
2274 West Parkhill Avenue  
Littleton, Colorado 80120

Craig's principle interests are transportation and municipal histories, photography, climbing, sky-diving, and old books. He was brought to the Westerners by Jackson C. Thode.



## Westerner's Bookshelf



**ELIJAH**, by Jerry McGuire, illustrated by Joe Beeler, Northland Press, Flagstaff, Arizona, 1973, 112 pp. \$7.50

Fiction is not history, but McGuire strikes an authentic note in this perceptive and realistic novel. He draws from his own knowledge and experience of the mountain country and the animals that inhabit it. This tale of a Rocky Mountain trapper includes violence, drinking, and sex, but the incidents seem natural and believable. The period of Elijah's life is the early nineteenth century and emphasis is on the danger and hardship with little reference to contemporary political or economic history. The trite story of Hugh Glass that is Elijah's favorite drunken recital is unobtrusive and within the context of the narrative. The author, who was born in Denver and lives in Indian Hills, has created a worthy legend of his own. Northland Press has published an attractive book, and the drawings of Joe Beeler are excellent.

George B. Greene, C.M.

**UTES LAST STAND**, by Al Look. Golden Bell. \$5.95.

Long time Coloradoan Al Look has put together a book on the last greatness of the Ute Indians. "Utes Last Stand" is a collection of paintings and photographs, stories and scraps of information about the tribe. Look devotes the biggest portion of the book to the Meeker Massacre, where Utes, already angered by attempts on the part of Indian Agent Nathan Meeker to turn them into farm-

ers, were ignited when the agent plowed up their racetrack. They murdered the Anglo men and held the women and children captive for several weeks.

The book suffers from indirection, but this light account of the tribe should appeal to students of Indian lore nevertheless.

Sandra Dallas

**THE QUIET REVOLUTION** by Donald N. Baldwin; Forest Publishing Co., Boulder, Colo., 1972; 295 pp., Index. \$8.95

*The Quiet Revolution* is a worthy worthwhile contribution to the history of conservation in the United States. It also will be of great interest to all members of the Denver Posse of The Westerners. Arthur H. Carhart, a charter member of the Posse, is finally given due credit for his part in the creation of our National Wilderness System.

Mr. Baldwin used original documents with the expertise of a knowledgeable researcher to prove conclusively that Arthur Carhart was the "Father of the Wilderness Concept."

I was impressed by the way that Baldwin composed each chapter of his book. Each is prefaced with a synopsis. Then to further its value as a reference book on the subject, he coordinated the events that had transpired up to the date involved at the end of each chapter. This treatment of the subject keeps the history moving.

Anyone with the slightest interest in conservation should have this book in his library.

Milt Callon, P.M.

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

JUNE 1973  
Volume XXIX, No. 5

IN THIS ISSUE  
THE MOST ENERGETIC MAN  
IN THE WHOLE WORLD

by Francis B. Rizzari, P.M.



BOULDER PASS

Three wagons creep over Boulder Pass.

—Collection of Francis and Freda Rizzari

## OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

The following is reprinted from the April, 1973 issue of the *Utah Historical Quarterly*. It is a revue by LeRoy Haf-en, Professor Emeritus of History, Brigham Young University, of *The 1970 Denver Westerners Brand Book* edited by Jackson C. Thode (Denver: The Westerners, 1971. xviii + 467 pp. \$15.95.):

As a charter member of the Denver Posse of Westerners, I am proud of the twenty-six consecutive annual *Brand Books* produced by this organization. The second "Corral," founded in Denver in 1945, has produced more volumes than any of the other posses scattered throughout the United States and Europe. Editor Thode, in the current issue, has assembled one of the most varied and interesting books in the series.

The first section of three articles is devoted to legends. How intriguing they are. History and legend are often so intertwined that separation of the two is difficult. The first of the three states that Rudyard Kipling wooed and won his wife in Salida, Colorado. Mr. Mooney, author of this article, traces the origin of the story (at the time of Kipling's death in 1936) and its subsequent embellishment; and then demolishes the myth.

The second article discusses the intriguing and picturesque character O. W. Daggett and his Holy Cross Trail. The third presentation is a discussion by Dr. Rist that a Denver "newspaper man forty years ago started a commotion of international and incalculable significance. Through a sheer journalistic stunt, wholly innocent in its intent, he started the Boxer Rebellion in China!"

The longest article (176 pages) and

(Continued on page 24.)

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS

# R O U N D U P

Volume XXIX

Number 5



June

1973

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**Material for publication in the ROUNDUP**—Dr. Bob Mutchler, Route 3, Box 471, Golden, Colorado 80401.

**Reservations for all meetings and dinners**—Hugh B. Burnett, 900 Saturn Drive, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80906.

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### 1973 OFFICERS

**Sheriff:** Richard A. Ronzio

**Deputy Sheriff:** Jackson C. Thode

**Roundup Foreman:** Charles S. Ryland

**Tally Man:** Francis B. Rizzari

**Chuck Wrangler:** Hugh B. Burnett

**Registrar of Marks and Brands:** Dr. Robert W. Mutchler

**Publications Chairman:** Edwin A. Bathke

**Membership Chairman:** Edwin A. Bathke

**Program Chairman:** Jackson C. Thode

**Book Review Chairman:** Herb White

**Keeper of the Possibles Bag:** Armand W. Reeder

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Don't forget to get your 1971 *Brand Book*. Call Charles Ryland or Francis Rizzari.

# *The Most Energetic Man in the Whole World*

by FRANCIS B. RIZZARI, P.M.

In the morning edition of the *Denver Times* for June 20, 1894, the following item is found on page 2, column 6:

Died at residence 520 24th Avenue, John Q. A. Rollins, this (Weds) morning at 2 o'clock, aged 78 years. Funeral services at home Thursday at 2 o'clock P.M. Interment, Riverside.

True, this was the morning edition and the newspaper probably had its news items already set in type and the presses ready to roll. Perhaps too, there were still so many pioneers around from 1859-60 that the death of one more or less made little impression on the news media. Today perhaps, the death of such a person might be so important that large headlines might announce to the world:

JOHN Q. A. ROLLINS DIES  
State Mourns Passing of  
Noted Industrialist Who  
Helped Form Destiny of State  
Made Fortune Through Mining  
Roadbuilding and Other Enterprises  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

The evening edition of the *Times* carried a short biography of this man who had done so much for Colorado. I quote:

Funeral services for John Q. A. Rollins will be held at 2 P.M. tomorrow afternoon at his residence at 520 24th Avenue. Burial will be at Riverside Cemetery. Mr. Rollins died early this morning. He was 78 years old.

Born in Gilmanton, New Hampshire, June 16, 1816, he was well educated in practical business by his parents. He later engaged in various enterprises in Boston, deal in real estate in Chicago, and finally came to Colorado in the spring of 1860.

Here fortune alternately smile and frowned on him in his ventures in mining, road building, real estate, railroads, and other enterprises. However, his real love was mining and it was this industry which gave him his fortune.

He was married in 1836 to Louisa Burnett, who died in Rollinsville in 1880. In 1881, he married Mrs. Emma Chapin Clark, who survives him as does one son, John Q. A. Rollins III.

This listing of the son as John Q. A. Rollins III is a puzzle. He wrote an article in the May 1939 issue of the *Colorado Magazine* under the name of John Q. A. Rollins, Jr.

Even the above obituary would not suffice to give you even a small inkling of this man who did so much to shape the history and destiny of Colorado. Like his contemporaries such as Tabor, Gilpin, Evans and others, John Q. A. Rollins was virtually a human dynamo. Incidentally, practically every source consulted for this paper—even newspaper items which are noted for their brevity when quoting names—speaks always of him as John Q. A. Rollins. It was never shortened but sometimes he was listed as Mr. or as Esquire. I found one reference where he was referred to as “Colonel” and one where he was called “General,” although I found no record of military service.<sup>1</sup>

Although the acquiring of personal wealth may have been the primary reason for his energetic drive which led

<sup>1</sup>He is referred to as General in the *Colorado Magazine*, Vol. 1, page 252, Sept. 1924; and as Colonel in the *Rocky Mountain News* for Sept. 10, 1881, p. 6, c. 2.



him into several different industries at one time, his development of mines, roads, etc., provided jobs for hundreds of men whose pay checks contributed much to the general economy. Hollister, in his *Mines of Colorado*,<sup>2</sup> calls him "the most energetic man in the whole world." In the next few pages, let us review some of his activities and if we can't keep up with him, perhaps we can at least follow his trail.

We will not concern ourselves with his activities before coming to Colorado. As mentioned previously, he was born in Gilmanton, New Hampshire.<sup>3</sup> His father, John A. Rollins, was a prominent Baptist minister, and young John was given a more than ordinary religious education at home. He also received a good common school education.

In April, 1836, he married Louisa Burnett and seemed destined to live out his days farming, lumbering, and dealing in real estate in the midwest. Perhaps he thought briefly of heading for California in the gold rush of 1849, but if so, we have no record. However, in 1860, he did succumb to the lure of the Pike's Peak region and, with Colonel James McNasser, assembled a train of supplies pulled by 19 teams and headed for Denver. At Omaha, they purchased more supplies and some ore milling machinery and once again headed for Denver. It now took 30 teams to haul the wagons. Although there seems to be no record of his wealth at this time, he must have been a comparatively wealthy man. His fortune may have been battered somewhat by the panic of 1857, and in the Pike's Peak gold rush, saw a chance to rebuild his bank account.

Upon arriving in Denver, he and McNasser divided the goods and each went his way. Rollins sent part of his equipment and supplies to a town at the junction of the Cache la Poudre and the Platte rivers, which his biography

<sup>2</sup>Op. cit., p. 222.

<sup>3</sup>*History of Clear Creek and Boulder Valleys.* p. 473.

in the *History of Clear Creek and Boulder Valleys* states that he and others started. I believe this to be in error. It probably should read, "were starting [the town.]" More of this later.

His biography goes on to say that he sent the rest of the supplies and a quartz mill to Gold Dirt. This was a little town located in Gamble Gulch, a tributary of South Boulder Creek, and at that time one of the richest mining camps in the area. The mill was a six-stamper and could easily crush the weathered quartz, thus freeing the gold. His first week's run netted him \$1475 from six cords of ore taken from his own claim on the Gold Dirt Vein. This so encouraged him that he increased the mill to 16 stamps. His biography makes it all sound so easy, yet I am skeptical. These questions keep bothering me: When did he stake his claim? Where did he learn mining? Where did he learn to operate a steam quartz mill? Nothing in his life previous to coming to Colorado indicates any knowledge of mining. True, the lodes at Gold Dirt were rich, but a lot of miners were ruined when the mills were unable to save the gold, yet Rollins seems to have been most successful. May I digress for a moment?

Gold Dirt has always been a fascinating and mysterious settlement to me. There seems to be no picture of it taken in the early sixties—or even later—and this puzzles me. Chamberlain, Wakely, the Duhem Brothers, and other photographers were touring the mining camps. We have all sorts of photographs of Central City, Black Hawk, Breckenridge, Georgetown, Buckskin Joe, and other towns founded in 1859, '60, and '61—yet none of Gold Dirt.

Donald Kemp in his book, *Colorado's Little Kingdom*<sup>4</sup> says, gold was first discovered in Gamble<sup>5</sup> Gulch on June 6, 1859. This was one month to the day after Gregory's discovery at what was to become Mountain City. The ore

<sup>4</sup>Op. cit., p. 101.

<sup>5</sup>Originally spelled Gambell for A. D. Gambell, the original discoverer of gold in the area.

at Gold Dirt was found at grass roots and could easily be pulverized in the arrastras. Kemp also states that 500 miners were living there just shortly after gold was discovered.<sup>6</sup> Hollister<sup>7</sup> says, “. . . Gold Dirt, with its ten or dozen stamp mills and its town of log houses along Gamble Gulch was by no means an inconsiderable competitor of Gregory [Gulch] in 1860 as a place of importance among the mines.”

Although Gregory's discovery was the one that really set off the rush to the Pike's Peak region, there were several discoveries of note before his. Let us briefly review the various accounts. The first discovery of gold (eliminating the 1852 find on Ralston Creek and earlier dates) was in late 1857 by Cherokee Indians who carried the news to Georgia. George Simpson, with a supply train travelling from Fort Union to Fort Bridger, found gold in Cherry Creek on May 5, 1858. This caused the non-productive first rush. The towns of Auraria and Arapahoe were quickly founded. In late 1858, George Jackson left Arapahoe, east of Golden, and made his discovery on Chicago Creek, but kept it a secret.

Hollister<sup>8</sup> states that B. F. Langley in January, 1859, found gold in a gulch on South Boulder Creek, and because of the great amount of fallen timber, it was called “Deadwood Diggins.” He goes on to say that by March, there was a considerable number of men there. This was two months before Gregory's discovery at Mountain City in May. Then one month later, in June, gold was discovered in Gold Dirt. Well, so much for that.

Gold Dirt in its brief existence was a full-fledged town, complete with stores, saloons, and other businesses, but it lacked a newspaper, so reports of its daily doings are scarce.

<sup>6</sup>*Colorado's Little Kingdom*, p. 102.

<sup>7</sup>*Mines of Colorado*, 1867. p. 216.

<sup>8</sup>*Ibid.* p. 60.

Hollister<sup>9</sup> also mentions a town or place called Sonora in connection with Gold Dirt but this could be Sonora, Mexico.

Well, while I digressed, the energetic John Quincy Adams Rollins has gotten ahead of us so we must hurry and catch up. Gold Dirt's best years were from 1862 to 1864. Maurice O'Conner Morris in his book, *The Rocky Mountains and Colorado*,<sup>10</sup> published in 1864, passed through Gold Dirt and stated it once promised great things but was then all but deserted. Fossett<sup>11</sup> states that in 1864, it was estimated by a committee of Gold Dirt citizens that the district had produced \$930,000 of which Rollins had received \$250,000. Again there is a tantalizing discrepancy. Rollins previously had sold his 33½ feet on the famous Gold Dirt lode for \$250,000. Now, is this the same \$250,000 reported in the 1864 report—or did he actually come out \$500,000 to the good?

Meanwhile, some time in 1860, 1861, or 1862, depending upon which account you read, he laid out a town in Weld County called Cherokee City. Although we have three stories, I personally believe the first one.

Don and Jean Griswold in their *Colorado's Century of Cities*<sup>12</sup> quoting from the *Western Mountaineer*, printed in Golden for October 25, 1860, say that Cherokee City was surveyed and platted by Dr. Bell, Dr. Hamilton, Mr. Forrest of Forrest Brothers & Co., bankers, and Messrs. Cheeseman, Pomeroy, Crampton, Wheeler, and Burns. There is no mention of John Q. A. Rollins, although you may remember that his biography quoted earlier that he had sent some supplies to a town that he had helped found at the junction of the Cache la Poudre and Platte Rivers. The Griswolds state that Cherokee City was on the south side

<sup>9</sup>Ibd. p. 218.

<sup>10</sup>Op. cit., p. 198.

<sup>11</sup>*Colorado Etc.* 2nd ed., 1880. p. 343.

<sup>12</sup>Op. cit., pp. 48-49.

of the Platte, at the mouth of the Cache la Poudre. They further state that by December, 1860, there were several houses and a large steam sawmill was under construction. On November 25, 1862, Cherokee City received its post office, and one year later, it was discontinued and the name changed to Latham. During the Civil War, the town languished, but after the war it revived somewhat. However, in May, 1870, Latham lost its post office to Evans.

Story number two is found in the *Colorado Magazine* for July, 1940, page 132, which gives the source as the *Denver Republican* for November 22, 1903, and has the following to say about Cherokee City:

It was laid out in 1861 by John T. (sic) Rollins about two miles east of the present town of Greeley. Several houses and a sawmill were erected, but the place was soon abandoned, after which the Wells-Fargo Company used the settlement's deserted buildings as an express station. The village was named for the Cherokee Trail that passed close by.

Story number three is found in *Field and Farm* for March 14, 1908, and is told under the title, "The Unborn City." I quote:

In 1862, John Q. A. Rollins of Denver, laid out Cherokee City in Weld County adjoining that on which is now built the Tyler Bridge. At this bridge was also located one of the stations of the Wells-Fargo Express Company running to Salt Lake. Rollins intended to make a metropolis of Cherokee City and brought an engine and other expensive flour machinery, parts of which remain on the Robert J. Boyd farm. The city never materialized and its town lots are now thrifty fields of grain and potatoes.

Rollins was more successful with his namesake—Rollinsville, although it was originally called South Boulder. Just when he first staked a homestead claim on the South Boulder Creek is not known, but it probably was in the early '60s. With the exhaustion of the placer deposits and weathered veins of the Gold Dirt area, the miners had begun to look for greener pastures. The short claims—such as 33½ feet—were not economically feasible to be worked,

and were abandoned. Water wheels and sluices stood idle, the drag rocks lay unchained in the arrastras, and rust gathered on the stamps in the now steamless mills. The winds tore the half-opened doors and shutters off the deserted cabins and then filled the interiors with snow. Nature reigned supreme over the gulch and the lowly pack rat took up its abode in the half-ruined cabins.

By the end of 1864, most of the claims had been sold to eastern companies, but they soon stopped all work. The Hope Mining Company was working on the Ophir vein and reportedly in good ore. They had built a mill costing \$125,000 but for some reason, it could not recover the gold. They soon concluded that the vein was worked out so they shut down. The miners who were working in the mine at that time said the vein still had good values.<sup>13</sup> The region lay dormant and forgotten for the next few years, during which time Rollins never lost faith in the district. As the smaller claims were abandoned, he quietly bought them for back taxes and soon owned a large part of the gulch. By 1867, Hollister<sup>14</sup> states the Rollins Gold Company owned 400 lode claims in the area. John Q. A. Rollins was the General Director of the company. Hollister also states that Rollins laid off a townsite on the South Boulder, just above the mouth of Gamble Gulch. He describes it thus: "The main street curves regularly with the creek, and along its lower side a race has been located, five thousand feet long, calculated to carry the entire Boulder Creek and furnishing 15 water lots of 300 feet each with power for mills. On the other side of the street, which is 60 feet wide, a tier of building lots, each 40 by 80 feet, has been surveyed. Beyond this is another street parallel with the first with its double tier of building lots the same size as above. The spot is 25 miles from Golden Gate over an excellent

<sup>13</sup>Fossett et al. 2nd ed., 1880. p. 343.

<sup>14</sup>*Mines of Colorado*, 1867. p. 219.

wagon road; 20 miles from Boulder City over the old Gordon Road, ten miles north from Central City; and on any road that shall ever enter the Middle Park via Boulder Pass . . .”

In the interim between 1864 and 1879, Rollins, though seemingly thwarted in his mining ventures in the Gold Dirt District, kept himself busy with other enterprises. One of these was the Boulder Pass Road. For years there had been talk of building a road from South Boulder Creek over Boulder Pass into Middle Park. Such a road would be several miles shorter than the route up Clear Creek and over Berthoud Pass.

The Ute Indians had been using the pass for uncounted years before the coming of the white man. Early trappers may have also used the trail, and it is reported that John C. Fremont and his party in 1844, crossed the range at this point. Two of his men are reported to be buried on the east side. I have talked to persons who claim to have seen their graves, but I myself, have never seen them.

In 1863, a company of soldiers was stationed in Middle Park and were supplied by means of the road over Boulder Pass. The road reportedly was there in 1862 but no one seems to know who built it. LeRoy Hafen, in the *Colorado Magazine* for March, 1926, states that the Territorial Legislature on February 10, 1865, granted a charter to the Overland Wagon Road Company to build a road from Denver to Boulder City and Arapahoe or Boulder Pass to [the] western boundary of Colorado Territory, provided no toll gate be erected on the portion between Denver and Boulder. The incorporators were Ben Holladay, Bela M. Hughes, and others.

In April, Hughes left for Salt Lake City to lead a party that was to work out a route to the east. Question: Why didn't they work westward? On June 3, 1865, the party left Salt Lake City accompanied by Colonel Johns of the California Volunteers with 150 men and 22 wagons. Hafen goes on to state that the group took nearly four months to

make the trip, all the while making the route passable for wagons. He quotes Hughes from the *Rocky Mountain News* for October 26, 1865 as follows:

I have adopted the Berthoud Pass and will complete the road over it in May and the whole road by June next . . .

From this, it seems evident that Hughes had conveniently forgotten all about Boulder and Arapahoe Passes which were designated in the charter to the company. In February, 1866, the afore-mentioned Overland Wagon Road Company was given a charter to build a road over Berthoud Pass.

Marshall Sprague, in his book, *The Great Gates*<sup>15</sup>, says that when Colonel Johns and his soldiers were faced with the task of hauling their wagons up the steep Fraser River Trail (Berthoud Pass) the soldiers resigned from the project and took them up the easier Ranch Creek Trail and over Boulder Pass. They had to snub their wagons down the steep east side to Yankee Doodle Lake, then on to South Boulder. Question: If the road was there, why didn't they use it instead of snubbing down their wagons?

Sprague also states that a party of 100 Mormons with 39 wagons crossed from east to west that same summer of 1865. The awful steep cliff above Yankee Doodle Lake never fazed them—they dismantled their wagons and carried them to the top, piece by piece, stopping and singing hymns on the way. Their guide—none other than John Q. A. Rollins.

The road however, when built from Yankee Doodle Lake, went straight up the mountain on the east side of the lake, then it turned north for a short way, then turned west, descending slightly where it went across a very narrow narrow ridge where it was necessary to crib up both sides of the road, then straight up the mountain to the

<sup>15</sup>Op. cit., p. 231.



west, crossing the present road and staying above it until it crossed the pass to the head of Ranch Creek, which it followed into Middle Park.

Boulder Pass was also considered as a crossing for the Union Pacific Railroad. While the mines were producing, especially those of Clear Creek and the Central City area, there seemed to be no doubt that the main line of the railroad would pass through Denver, thence west to Salt Lake City and points west. James A. Evans and P. T. Brown, surveyed Berthoud and Boulder Passes. General Grenville M. Dodge, chief engineer of the Union Pacific, joined the survey party on Boulder Pass in November of 1866 and the whole party nearly froze to death in a winter storm. I quote Dodge taken from McMechan's *Moffat Tunnel*:<sup>16</sup>

We were on this mountain November seventh in a terrific snowstorm: one of the worst I ever saw and one we could not make the mules see. I saw to save the party we would have to abandon my pack train and get into the valley below. We therefore unpacked our mules, cinched the packs, and let the mules go. They drifted with the storm. After a day's and night's hard struggle with the party we got down into Boulder Valley and into a stamp mill that was being built there by General Fitz John Porter.

Dodge's experience and his subsequent report, undoubtedly had a great deal to do with the location of the Union Pacific through the lower passes in Wyoming.

On February 6, 1866, one day after Hughes et al had been granted the Berthoud Pass route, Rollins received a charter to build the Middle Park and South Boulder Wagon Road. The route was projected from Eagle Company's mills on South Boulder Creek via Boulder Pass and Middle Park to a junction with the Berthoud Pass Road.<sup>17</sup> Perhaps this charter merely gave Rollins license to collect toll, as

<sup>16</sup>Op. cit., p. 51. The reader is referred to this work for a complete account of the various railroad plans for tunneling or crossing the Continental Divide in this area.

<sup>17</sup>Arthur Ridgeway, The Mission of Colorado Toll Roads. *Colorado Magazine*, Vol. IX, p. 168.

there was already a road of sorts there. This was not his first toll road however. In 1861, John Q. A. Rollins and Company were authorized to build a toll road from Gold Dirt up Gamble Gulch or its vicinity, to connect with a road at the head of Missouri Gulch, that would lead to Central City or Gregory Point, and collect tolls on the same, not exceeding one dollar for a double team and seventy five cents for a single team. But back to Boulder Pass.

Joseph Wolff writing in the *Daily News* for April 20, 1867, says:

Boulder Pass has been used by teams and heavily-laden wagons for at least five years past. . . . Scores of others have done the same thing every summer since 1862. Light buggies have been driven from South Boulder to the Hot Springs over Boulder Pass in less than a day. The writer of this article has driven a light spring wagon over the entire road. . . .

Well, just what road is he referring to in the article?

The *Out West* magazine for September 19, 1872, has this to say:

The only practicable route for wagons to Middle Park is by way of the Boulder Pass. The traveller should follow up the South Boulder from Rollinsville<sup>18</sup> about six miles; then leave the creek by climbing a very steep hill; this brings him on to a rise of land with a gradual ascending grade. The distance to the top of the range from this point is about twelve (sic-two?) miles. In making the descent on the other side comes the real difficulty, as the water has washed away the soil and left the road bed filled with rocks of all sizes and imaginable shapes, which to anyone but a mountain teamster would look impassible. From the top of the range to the park, the distance is about twelve miles, to the Grand Lake is about thirty-five, and to Hot Springs about twenty.

Charles Leckenby, late editor of the *Steamboat Pilot*, wrote in the *Colorado Magazine*<sup>19</sup> that Mr. and Mrs. James Crawford, founders of Steamboat Springs, camped at Yankee Doodle Lake on June 10, 1873. They had a pair of

<sup>18</sup>This is the earliest reference I found calling the town Rollinsville rather than South Boulder.

<sup>19</sup>Op. cit., Vol. VI, May 1921. p. 92.

mules and a span of horses but the road was too steep for them so John Q. A. Rollins hitched his yoke of oxen on to pull the wagons over the mountain. He further states that no heavily loaded wagon had made the trip before, however, this does not agree with the preceding accounts. Mrs. Crawford and her three children ages 7, 4, and one years old had to walk because of the steepness of the road.

Rollins was having trouble of another sort. In the *Rocky Mountain News* for August 5, 1873, we find the following item written by him to the editor:

Rollinsville, August 2nd. Your correspondent "Enough" writing from Caribou, dated July 23, either through ignorance or jealousy, made some eroneous statements (to draw it mildly) which I wish to correct respecting wagon routes to Middle Park. It wouldn't have been polite to say the writer is a "fool" or a "knave."

He says Dart's Pass at the head of Middle Boulder Creek is the lowest of any opening into Middle Park. . . . Instead of being the lowest . . . It is fully 500 feet higher than the South Boulder or Ute Pass. . . . It is 15 miles down into the Park against four by the Rollinsville wagon road. . . . The people of Caribou have been agitating the building of that [Dart's Pass] road for years and if so easily and cheaply built, it is a slander to its public spirited aspiring citizens that it has not been done already instead of now suggesting that a fund be raised by Denver church festivals or a street subscription paper. . . . As a closing slash at my enterprise he says, "It is said Golden City raised \$2500 cash to aid in building the road projected via the way of Rollinsville and the South Boulder Pass. . . ." The Rollinsville and Middle Park Wagon Road is being constructed soly by the undersigned thus far without any aid whatever from any town, corporation, company or individual. I have forty men at work and am too busy to turn aside to kick at every cur that barks at my heels, or to notice lies suggested by local jealousies, but the article was calculated to mislead the public, and was a direct misrepresentation throughout, hence, I have taken the trouble to set your readers right. . . . Wagons are daily passing over this road into the Park, but the road is still rough and rocky. . . . I hope to have it passable by the 10th instant.

J. Q. A. Rollins

In the same issue of the *News* we find the following under the headline, "How to Reach Middle Park."

Heretofore, it has been impracticable to reach Middle Park from any direction except on horseback, carrying tent and outfit on pack mules. A few weeks ago [note that it states weeks, and not years], John Quincy

Adams Rollins commenced the construction of a wagon road from Rollinsville up the valley of the South Boulder into the Park. He finds the work to be accomplished, more difficult than anticipated but is pushing it forward with great earnestness. He has now, between thirty and forty men at work—one party just east of the range and another in the Park repairing the *old road*. (Italics are the author's.) All the steep hills this side of the range will be cut off, and the road made so that a span of horses can easily cross with 1500 pounds. Mr. Rollins has crossed during the past week with 1300 pounds on a Schuller wagon, drawn by a span of horses, but advises parties not in too great haste to defer their trip 'till about the 10th of August when the road will be ready for travel. . . . Mr. Rollins contemplates putting on a daily stageline next season between Rollinsville and the Park.

One can see the influence of Rollins in the article, and evidently the road was completed sometime in the fall of 1873. News items are brief after this. One however, is rather interesting. It is found in the *Central City Register* for June 16, 1874, and signed P. M. S.

Have just returned from a three week sojourn in the Middle Park and will give you a few items that will be of interest. We had an ugly time in the snow upon the west slope of Boulder. Had to cut through drifts to get our animals down to the park. That was some three weeks ago, but the road is now open for riding animals, the snow having nearly all disappeared. Although the water from the melting drifts so floods the road in places that it retards the workmen who are building the road and prevents rapid progress in completing the route. In ten days from now the route will be in good shape for wagon travel. Met on Friday last, Wm. M. Byers' teams heavily loaded with supplies for Hot Springs, that had just come over the road and were entering the Park. Met the next day ox teams loaded with goods for a store to be placed at the Hot Springs. . . .

And on September 9, 1874, the *Central City Register* records that Wm. M. Byers, Esq. arrived from Hot Sulphur Springs via Rollinsville wagon road last evening.

In 1878, Irving Hale provided himself with a covered wagon and a mule team and started an express service making regular trips between Central City and Grand Lake, evidently using the Berthoud Pass route. He was also studying to take the examination to enter West Point. On the appointed day of the examination, he was unable to use the Berthoud Pass road and it was necessary for him to

make the difficult and dangerous trip over "the abandoned and practically destroyed Boulder Pass."

This reference to the "abandoned and practically destroyed Boulder Pass" is intriguing. Perhaps with the Colorado Central Railroad completed to Georgetown in 1877, most of the freight intended for Middle Park was taken by rail to Empire Station and transferred to wagons for the trip over Berthoud Pass. However, the *Central City Register-Call* quoting in its column for 90 years ago for the week ending July 15, 1882, states that John Q. A. Rollins had a big force of men at work on the Boulder Pass road leading to Grand County. However, from here on, I believe the road fell into decay and was used only by the more venturesome. I was unable to find when the name of the pass was changed from Boulder to Rollins.

In 1879, under the Laws of the State of New York, Rollins combined all his mining claims into one group and formed the Rollins Gold and Silver Mining Company. Capital stock was \$5,000,000 in 200,000 shares at \$25 each. President was John Q. A. Rollins, and offices were to be maintained in New York and Rollinsville. The mines included in the deal were the Colorado, Perigo, Crown Point, Virginia, Ophir, Comstock, and 31 other claims covering 1100 acres of surface ground. There was a stamp mill at Rollinsville with 30 stamps, motive power supplied by a 65-horse power engine. The mill had a capacity of 45 tons per day.

Also included in the assets was the Rollins farm of 160 acres under fence and crops, adjoining Rollinsville and called Fisherville. Two large frame mills, good water power, and five log houses, which the prospectus said would make good dwellings for employees. The crops grown were reported to be rye, seven feet; oats, six feet; potatoes and other vegetables grown in abundance. Five hundred acres of timber adjoining Rollinsville called the Gooch farm with a good frame barn and three log houses of little value. Three lakes of pure water, 160 acres of good timber land patented and [only] three miles from Rollins-

ville, and another 800 acres of timber and agricultural land near Rollinsville.

It must have made money for a while although reports are hard to find. The *Central City Register-Call* quoting 90 years ago for the week ending January 7, 1882, states that the Rollins Gold and Silver Mining Company had started up their 16-stamp mill at Gold Dirt the latter part of July (I presume the previous year) and crushed 164 cords of ore which brought \$17,000.

No sketch of the life of John Q. A. Rollins, regardless of its brevity, should omit the tale of the famous billiard game. Today with the sports entertainment of our lives furnished through the media of T.V. or radio—or the fact that we can drive several hundred miles in a day to see a football game or what have you—we tend to lose sight of the fact that the entertainment of the gold seekers was of a different sort. One of these was the game of billiards. Anyone could play just for his own amusement, or once in a while, a champion would come through town and take on any and all comers. These latter contests were usually performed before packed halls.

In 1866, with gold mining at Gold Dirt at a standstill and involved in several deals, Rollins turned up in Denver and stopped by the billiard room over Brendlingers cigar store at F (15th) and Blake Streets. Among the crowd was Charles A. Cook, at that time a banker. He and Rollins struck up a conversation which eventually got around to the subject of billiards. Cook seemed to consider himself somewhat of an expert and was amused when Rollins claimed he could beat him. One word led to another and Rollins, in the excitement of the argument, offered Cook 20 points per hundred. A bet was made at \$400 a game and they were to play until one man yelled quits. Whereupon that man would forfeit \$1000.

The match started at 3 P.M. Rollins took an early lead which kept mounting through the evening and on into the night. It wasn't long until word of the match spread

throughout the city and the billiard room was crowded to capacity with devotees of the game. About midnight, Rollins seemed to be tiring and Cook began to win back some of his money. This so elated him and restored his confidence that he proposed to raise the bet from \$400 to \$500. Rollins agreed—after all he was playing on Cook's money. Cook continued to win until almost daylight, then the tide turned in favor of Rollins. Cook's luck went from bad to worse. The game continued all day and some places of business closed their doors so the owners could watch the game. Nothing like this had ever happened before in good old Denver.

By noon, Rollins was ahead by several thousand dollars. He continued to win, and at 3 P.M. the contestants passed the 24-hour mark, but there was no hint of a break. Rollins continued to win and finally at 11 P.M., after 32 hours of play, he was ahead by \$12,000. He yelled "Quits," forfeited the \$1,000 to Cook, and staggered from the hall, \$11,000 richer. Neither man ever mentioned the subject of a rematch!

With these few sketches, I think I should close, but I hope I have given you at least an insight into the life of the man Ovando Hollister once called "the most energetic man in the whole world." Perhaps at some future date, another paper can report in more detail on his other activities. He went into business with D. A. Butterfield of Overland Express fame, forming the company of Butterfield and Rollins. He is reputed to have lost \$75,000 in this venture.

He put \$60,000 in the salt works in South Park in partnership with Charles Hall. In company with A. J. Severance, Rollins was a leading member of the Phillips Consolidated Gold Mining Company and bought the Phillips lode in Buckskin Joe. His share of the profits were said to be \$400,000. When the Union Pacific Railroad was building its main line through Wyoming in 1867-68, he built a

\$30,000 hotel in Cheyenne, only to see the U.P. locate their shops in Laramie.

He was one of the organizers in 1880 of the Denver, Rollinsville and Western Railroad. However, nothing came from this. In 1881, he was elected Mayor of Rollinsville. After his billiard game with Cook in 1866, he purchased Cheney's billiard parlor. A paper could be written about his lawsuits alone. He was in and out of court many times and it was not unusual for him to be a plaintiff in one action while at the same time he was the defendant in another.

As mentioned earlier, his first wife died in Rollinsville in 1880, and in 1881, he married Mrs. Emma Chapin Clark, also a Colorado Pioneer. The second Mrs. Rollins died in Denver in 1938 at the age of 96 years.

The Rollins' moved to Denver sometime after 1882 and seemingly drop from sight. They are not listed in the city directories until 1886 when it lists John Q. A. Rollins, boards, St. James Hotel. No further entry is shown until 1894 when it lists John Q. A. Rollins, mining, residence 2444 Clarkson Street. They moved from that address to 520 24th Avenue where John Quincy Adams Rollins died at 2 A.M. on June 20, 1894, just four days after his 78th birthday. The *Denver Times* announced his death on page 2, column 6, in the small type used for everyday items. Personally, I believe he was entitled to more recognition than that.

The writer gratefully acknowledges the assistance of fellow Posseman James Davis of the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library, and Mrs. Connie Bredenberg for material used in this article.

#### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Francis B. Rizzari has been a Corresponding Member or a Posse Member of the Denver Westerners for over 20 years. He is a native Coloradoan and has lived in Jefferson County for 56 years—so he is becoming an old timer.

He retired from the U.S. Geological

Survey two years ago and is so busy doing nothing he is going to hire a man to help him!

We all know, too, that Francis embodies the friendliness Westerners membership implies.





## Westerner's Bookshelf



**STATIONS WEST, THE STORY OF THE OREGON RAILWAYS,** by Edwin D. Culp. 265 pp. Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho. \$12.95

The author of this very excellent book has a long heritage to fall back on. He has thus fortified and elaborated on his great interest in everything a railroad fan wants to hear, see, and read about. Counting the years of his two grandfathers, his father, and himself, it all adds up to 145 years of railroading, and that's about small change!

The 200 illustrations embellish the telling of each of beautifully, all parts complement each other very satisfactorily.

If you have never been in Oregon, nor travelled on any of its railroads, it won't make any difference. As you read and look, you'll wish you had. The photos are well-chosen, and most of them depart from the conventional shots seen too often.

Through it all there is a generous splash of time-tables, maps, and passes, bringing back memories of all the sounds and smells of the past.

It all adds up to a fine account of how the railroads, and the townspeople helped build Oregon. If I owned a hat, I'd gladly tip it to the author, Edwin D. Culp.

H. A. Clausen

**BLASTED, BELOVED BRECKENRIDGE,** by Mark Fiester. Introduction by Bernard Kelly. Pruett Press, 1973. Photos, map, bibliography, index. 348 pp. \$15.95

For those who relish re-living Colorado's past, what more delightful area and time could be chosen: Brecken-

ridge from 1859 to 1900. Here we have the charm of a tight little community, the site of fabulous mineral wealth, and a pageant of colorful personalities who weave their stories into Breckenridge's saga.

The reader is carried along in the spirit of the time with accounts of contemporary reporters: Bayard Taylor's 1866 report of fording the Snake to enjoy a dinner complete with oyster stew at the board of famed burler Alex Sutherland; William N. Byers' reluctant suspension of the Tarryall-based MINING RECORD after its brief existence; Father Dyer's own account of carrying the mail over Mosquito Pass during the winter at 1863-64, from his SNOW SHOE ITINERANT. To those who might quibble at the quoting of these rather lengthy accounts, Mark Fiester maintains that he prefers the "charm, the history, and the documentation preserved in the writing of those present at the time." And certainly this does give the reader an opulent feeling of being surrounded by the cream of journalists and raconteurs.

The author first visited the Breckenridge area in 1939, later serving as pastor of the Father Dyer Church there. Quite naturally he is an enthusiastic admirer of the Rev. Mr. John Dyer, whose amazing career is touched on in this book. Father Dyer's church, along with the Catholic church and the Congregational, were thriving in the 1880s and their activity has been a real part of the history of the town and the area.

More absorbing than a detective story are the chapters devoted to "Tom's Baby," the 136 ounce gold nugget found on Farncomb Hill during the summer of

1887. Beginning with the discovery by Tom Groves, whose baby it was, on a mine owned by M. B. Carpenter and A. J. Ware, we are lead through newspaper accounts, probate records, and vital statistics, along with accounts of other nuggets from North Carolina to Australia, to a penitentiary resident who had duplicated Tom's baby, finally to the Campion collection of gold nuggets at the Colorado Natural History Museum in Denver. Only persistent, tenacious research could have uncovered the slender clues which lead to this nugget's probable present location (in several pieces . . . .) as part of the Campion collection at the United Bank of Denver vault.

Another account which is patiently and thoroughly traced is that of the magnificent collection of Rocky Mountain fauna by Edwin Carter, which became the nucleus of the Colorado Museum of Natural History in Denver's City Park.

No town can be "representative"; each has its own personality which defies classification. But there were aspects of Breckenridge's history which are probably "representative"; its social life, so important to its residents; its share of murders, red light districts, and scandals; its coolness toward newcomers, who were not accepted until an apprenticeship had been served; its regard for the right address—West Breckenridge was not well regarded.

The book is attractive, its lush green cover recalling the green of the summer mountains and the gilt a reminder of the gold. Pictures have been lavishly included, some better than others, but each no doubt the best available, and many never before published. Also, a map specially compiled has been included in the back pocket. Take this out as

you start to read and follow the Snake and the Swan and locate Boreas Pass and orient yourself with South Park and Leadville. Of further help is an index. A bibliography of sources indicates the use of personal papers and considerable delving into archives and public records.

The title may cause a quizzical expression. "Blasted" here means not the result of violent explosive activity, but "a mild expletive for damned." Not everyone loved Breckenridge. But probably most readers will close the book with a distinct feeling of affection for this mountain town whose story has been so well chronicled.

Mrs. Hazel Sandberg

### THE YOGI OF COCKERBACH COURT, by Frank Waters

The setting of the story is an unidentified town on the Mexican border almost wholly given over to shady enterprises. All sorts of people of the half-world live there earning their living in the tooth and claw struggle of the social strata they inhabit.

Tai Ling is the principal character, a Chinese Buddhist whose karma has landed him in the Plaza of Cucarachas. The complexity of his problems indicates that this must be nearly the final trial. If he can show sufficient worth he must surely then be approaching nirvana.

Even though his philosophy is the theme of the story, the yogi plays a minor role in the development of the story as opposed to Barby the half-breed and Guadalupe the dancer. These two people make a desperate search for identity, and happiness, and both fail.

This is not one of Water's best efforts. He is a little too preachy, he tells the reader how to react rather than letting the characters and the story develop-

ment do it. The characters are not very finely drawn. This is a paperback reprint of the original edition published in 1947, and, I would think, being reissued on the strength of Waters' other fine books.

Kay Wilcox

**THE JOYOUS JOURNEY OF LeROY and ANN W. HAFEN, an Autobiography. Published 1973 by The Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale, California, and Fred R. Rosenstock, The Old West Publishing Company, Denver, Colorado, 335 pp. \$11.50**

Roy Hafen has written his own life history and as well that of his wife Ann (1897-1970) in this volume. Roy's birth and early school days, 1893-1907, occurred at Bunkerville, Nevada, while Ann, though born in Salt Lake City, was raised at St. George, Utah. These two lived in Mormon communities not far apart on the Virgin River and their lives were influenced by that river and the problems it created but they did not meet until 1912 when both were attending the St. George Stake Academy.

The most interesting and unusual part of this autobiography is the relation of the childhood experiences in Bunkerville, where Roy's father had exiled the second of his three wives with her six children to escape federal prosecution against polygamy. Roy was the seventh and last child of his mother. The earlier chapters paint a factual, perhaps cruel, picture of a hardship child.

Roy completed high school at St. George and then obtained a degree from B.Y.U. at Provo in three years. During his second college year Ann and Roy were married.

1917-1920 was a period of teaching at Bunkerville, followed by 1920-1924 be-

ing spent at Berkeley, California, partly in graduate work and partly in teaching.

From July, 1924, until June, 1954, the Hafens lived in Denver and most of that time Roy "ran" the State Historical Society. Then followed faculty connections with B.Y.U. and life at Provo, Utah.

Interspersed with employment duties, one learns of work, by both husband and wife, upon their separate and also joint researches and writing, Roy as a very prominent writer of Western History, Ann specializing in poetry and receiving acclaim in that field. Many trips were taken by the couple, mostly for historical research, or to attend meetings of historical societies. Even the purely pleasure trips are reported as highlighted by visits to places of historical importance. One school year, 1947-1948, was spent at the University of Glasgow, with Roy lecturing on American History.

So much experience has been gained by the autobiographer in writing stories of the life of western characters and of major activities in the development of the West, that Roy has developed his own succinct, factual, almost unemotional, style of writing that compresses much in a few words, yet is very readable. He has not departed from this form of writing skill in his autobiography, and at times it seems that one is reading a biography of a third person, so impersonal is the general approach.

Ann and Roy were brought up as Mormons and mention is made of that influence on their early lives. But the Mormon Church is almost totally ignored thereafter in this recounting of the joint lives of these able scholars and writers. As near as Roy comes to telling of his philosophy of life is found in the words: "We could not accept the state-

ments and beliefs of the extremely orthodox, nor of agnostics."

Here is the story of two busy professional writers, well known in their fields, and if you would have a "Joyous Journey" in the biographical field, here is the opportunity. You will wish, with this reviewer, that some chapters had been longer.

Erl H. Ellis

**ROCKY'S YARNS, by Rocky Reagan, The Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas, 160 pages, \$7.95.**

This reviewer was stationed about five or six months in Beeville, Texas (between Corpus Christi and San Antonio), and remembered that time as about the most miserable five or six months of my life.

This guy, Rocky Reagan, lived just about all of his life in and around Beeville. He slept in his own sweat for more than just a few months. Tasted more than just a little dust. Was pelted with more than just a few torrential rainstorms. Smelled oceans of sage. Knew all the rattlers by their first names.

He liked animals and he liked people, and he liked telling about them and the part they played in his life. Most of the stories are short vignettes, unrelated to the others. Most are autobiographical, told in a down-to-earth, easy-going style. It's as if Rocky were there sitting on the front porch rocking away, sucking in on his corn cob pipe and his memories. And you're on the top step, listening.

Perry Eberhart, C.M.

## OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

(continued from page 2)

a most fascinating one, is Jackson C. Thode's "A Century of Passenger Trains, a Study of 100 Years of Passenger Service on the Denver & Rio Grande Railway, its Heirs, Successors and Assigns." The informative story is enlivened by seventy-six illustrations, many of them full-page pictures of trains. It is a delight for railroad buffs and historians. Similar in character is the story by M. W. Abbott of the "Incline Railways at Manitou Springs."

An article on Montana pioneer members of the Berkin and Allen families by Bob and Barbara Mutchler has Utah interest. It tells of William Berkin's freighting outfit, using sixty bull teams with three wagons and operating between Salt Lake City and the Montana mines. The remarkable contributions of the Jews to the development of Las Vegas, New Mexico, is presented in an

article by M. W. Callon.

The story of notable Isadore Bolten, cattle king, is graphically told by Herbert P. White. An interesting biography of Dr. M. A. Couney, "The Incubator Doctor," is by Dr. L. J. Butterfield.

The intriguing story of Sylvia Smith, editor of the *Marble City Times*, her fight with the principal business in the "company town," her expulsion from the place, and the subsequent court fight she won are traced out and told by J. F. Bennett. A detailed account is given by Nancy and Edwin Bathke of the rescue of two miners intombed in a Leadville mine for fourteen days. Finally, Mrs. Inez Hunt presents several delightful sketches of noteworthy persons in her article, "The Marryin' and the Buryin'."

LeRoy R. Hafen

*Professor Emeritus of History  
Brigham Young University*

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

JULY-AUGUST 1973

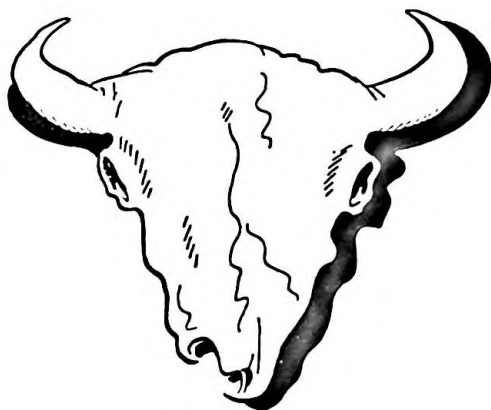
Volume XXIX, No. 6

A SPECIAL ISSUE:

A Comprehensive Index  
of the Denver Westerners  
Brand Books

Volumes 17 through 27

Compiled by George W. Godfrey, P.M.



## A SPECIAL ISSUE



Eleven wonderful years.

—Collection of Dick Ronzio

## OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

This is a Special Issue of the *Roundup*. The Denver Posse of the Westerners owes a great debt of thanks to Posseman George W. Godfrey for his time, effort, and concern in this fine compilation of an Index of Denver Westerners *Brand Books*—1961 through 1971 (volumes 17 through 27), arranged by both author and subject. Editorial thanks go also to Sheriff Dick Ronzio for the cover photo and his assistance in proof reading.

Your Executive Committee agreed to publish the Index in this manner, and thereby make it available to every Denver Westerner at no additional charge. Beyond this distribution, there will be a charge of \$2.00 per copy for this issue.

Your Editor sincerely hopes that this Index materially adds to your enjoyment of Westerners' activities.

• • •

Believe it or not, the end of this Westerners' year is in sight. After just three more issues, your *Roundup* Editor will be pushing on to other things. Therefore it is necessary to find a new Editor right away. If any of you have any serious hankerin's to take on this task please contact your Editor as soon as possible.

• • •

Please don't forget to mail your dinner reservation cards promptly to our Chuck Wrangler, Hugh B. Burnett.

• • •

The program for the Christmas Rendezvous this year will be a signal event in Denver Westerndom. Watch for announcement in the next issue of the *Roundup*.

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

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1973

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1961-1971

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## Westerner's Bookshelf



**THE CRYSTAL RIVER PICTORIAL**, by Dell A. McCoy and Russ G. Collman, Sundance Ltd., Denver, 1972, 224 pp., maps, tables, illustrations, index. \$19.50

As the title indicates this is a "picture book," but what a superb book of pictures it is. Never before have the little railroads of the Crystal River valley been adequately portrayed. The Crystal River flows into the Roaring Fork River near present-day Carbondale, Colorado, which is between Glenwood Springs and Aspen. The Crystal River originates in Gunnison County high in the Snowmass Wilderness Area in the middle of the Elk Mountains. It flows first westward and then northward through Pitkin County and emerges onto a broad valley in Garfield County. This area is considered by many people to have some of the most beautiful scenery in Colorado.

A visitor today to the Crystal River valley would observe little apparent reason for the railroads to have been built up the winding canyon. The presence of extensive coal beds and a large deposit of pure white marble on Yule Creek near the upper end of the Crystal River were reason enough. A wagon road had been built in 1890 from the Crystal River side to connect with Crested Butte. Attempts to construct a railroad from that town over the pass to connect with the marble site on Yule Creek met with little success. So it was

the railroads built along the Crystal River with connecting spurs that brought out the coal or coke and marble. Many small towns were built to house the miners along the Crystal River, Thompson Creek, Avalanche Creek, Coal Creek and on to Yule Creek where the town of Marble was located, and at the head of the valley was the little settlement of Crystal City. Of these little towns Redstone is the only one to have significance today with the beautiful showplace of Cleveholm, palatial home John C. Osgood built in this remote valley. Before long that too may be gone! The marble quarries are still there but filled with water, the town of Marble periodically is covered with mud slides.

The authors spent more than ten years gathering the pictures and information for this album-type book. It has so much detailed description tied in with the illustrations that the book is rather disjointed. With all the minute detail about the railways of the Crystal River valley, it was obviously designed for the railroad buff, but anyone who loves the Colorado mountains can have a happy time looking at the hundreds of pictures, both old and more recent, black and white, and in color, and reading the descriptive captions. The six paintings reproduced in color by Dell McCoy are an added bonus as are his colored photographs. The book is well worth the price!

Opal M. Harber

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

SEPTEMBER 1973

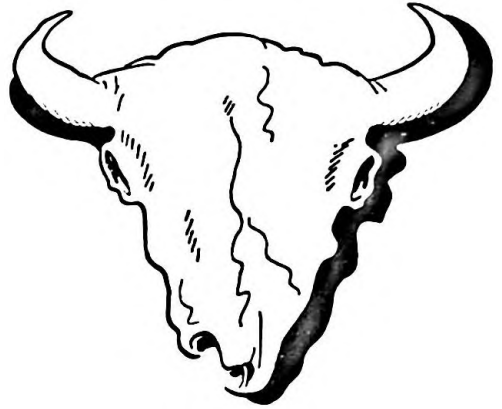
Volume XXIX, No. 7

IN THIS ISSUE

LA VETA PASS AND GARLAND CITY  
1876-1878

by

Henry A. Clausen, P.M.



Mule Shoe Curve, La Veta Pass, Late 1870's. (Hawkins Photograph.)

—Collection of the Author

## OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

The 1973 Summer Rendevous of the Denver Posse of the Westerners was held on Saturday evening, 25 August 1973, in the resplendent atmosphere of the Denver Union Station Banquet Room. A delicious meal was enjoyed by all present, and following that, Don and Pee-wee Smith presented a compelling and artful program entitled "Chalk Creek to the Past." Many thanks to the Smiths and also to V.P. Jackson Thode for his arrangements and planning.

\* \* \*

It hardly seems possible but we must start thinking about the *Christmas* Rendevous. The program is entitled "The Denver I Remember" by Fred Rosenstock. This will cover personal experiences and reminiscences of Fabulous Fred's career. We definitely expect to have an overflow crowd at this one inasmuch as Fred has assured us this will be his *last* paper to be delivered to the Denver Westerners. Plan to be there. More details later.

\* \* \*

## EXTRA SPECIAL YEAR-END CLEARANCE SALE

Here's a deal you can't pass up: The Denver Posse Executive Committee at the September meeting voted to offer for sale as of now the following four issues of the Denver Westerners *Brand Books* at the spectacular price of \$10.00 each: 1965, 1966, 1968, and 1969. 1970 and 1971 *Brand Books* will continue to be offered at the regular price of \$15.95. This offer may be limited at any time, so call Tallyman Francis Rizzari, 237-4877, right away to reserve the books you want. These books would be great collectable gifts to give your friends for Christmas, too.

(Continued to the back cover for a surprise, Carl.)

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

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1973

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Don't forget to get your 1971 *Brand Book*. Call Charles Ryland or Francis Rizzari.

# *La Veta Pass and Garland City 1876-1878*

By Henry A. Clausen, P.M.

In this paper we will relive the construction of the Denver and Rio Grande route over La Veta Pass.

By way of clearing the way for our trip up the Pass and down to Garland, here is a breezy ad which could be found in the Pueblo *Chieftain* on May 11, 1875. Quote:

Hol! For the San Juan Mines! The new toll road from Del Norte to Lake City is now open for travel. It is the only short and direct route to the celebrated Lake, Adams, Animas, and Uncompaghre mining districts. The distance from Cucharras to Lake City via Del Norte, the great supply and outstanding point for the San Juan mines, is 185 miles, being 60 miles near than by any other route.

The above ad and others like it were triggered by the greatly increased travel to the Lake City and Silverton areas.

On May 16, 1875, we learn that a large grading force is working on the extension of the D&RG Ry. to the San Luis Valley. A short time before this the town of Walsenburg offered a deed to the railroad company of half the town lots provided the railroad company would put in a switch and depot at their town. This was accepted by the railroad which further agreed that they would not establish a rival town within five miles of Walsenburg, but would help to promote Walsenburg in all ways possible.

On June 7, 1875, we are informed that the Grape Creek Road from Canon City to Saguache and Del Norte and the San Juan mines is now ready for travel. Water clear. It saves 7 miles of mountain travel. Further, Barlow and Sanderson Co. are preparing to stock up and put on a new daily line of stages from Cucharras to Del Norte which will shorten the time of travel from Pueblo to the San Juan country one day, and save some fifty miles of staging. The road from Cucharras to Del Norte is nearly a straight line, and as good as from Pueblo over the Divide to Denver.

On July 9, 1875, Barlow and Sanderson Co. announce a run to be made from La Veta to Del Norte in 13 hours, with magnificent 6-horse coaches. They will also establish a run, non-stop, from Canon City to Del Norte in less than 24 hours.

October 15, 1876. The long-talked-of scheme of building the D&RG Ry. into the San Luis Valley is developing. The prospect is that the work will start from La Veta soon, with the expectation of completing the road to Garland City sometime during the present winter. The engineers have finished their labors, and the line is finally located. This will give the D&RG Ry. entire control of the immense trade of the San Juan country, for the present, at least. It is thought that the road will branch at the Rio Grande, one track going up the valley towards Del Norte, and another down towards New Mexico.

December 22, 1876. The people of Walsenburg want the D&RG Ry. to build the depot in accordance with their contract.

March 2, 1877. The D&RG Ry. is rapidly pushing forward the work of grading its extension to the San Luis Valley, via La Veta Pass. The heavy work in the mountains will be finished by the middle of March, and after that grading can be pushed forward with greater rapidity. The company is somewhat embarrassed financially, but it is hoped that this will all be settled in a short time.



April 8, 1877. Barlow and Sanderson coaches leave La Veta at 5 a.m., arrive in Del Norte 10:30 the same night, and Lake City 3 p.m. the next day.

April 12, 1877. The work of grading the San Juan extension of the D&RG Ry. as far as the summit of the range will be completed in about 10 to 12 days. The track laying will commence shortly after that.

April 22, 1877. The work has been extended to Grayback Creek, which will be the terminus for the time being.

May 4, 1877. (From the La Veta correspondent). Fifty men or more are at work bedding ties between here and the summit. Three carloads of iron are said to be in Pueblo, and will soon be on their way. It is an even bet whether they will succeed in reaching the summit during this summer. Mysterious, and far from infallible, are the ways of railroad companies.

May 10, 1877. The D&RG Ry. has ordered two heavy engines for the mountain division of their San Juan extension. The steel rails for the San Juan extension arrived today from the east via the Santa Fe.

May 24, 1877. (La Veta correspondent). Accepting the invitation of Gov. Hunt, I accompanied him and his party, consisting of Supt. Borst, Chief Engineer McMurtrie, J. R. De Remer, and James Orman, on a trip to the end of track 12 mi. from here, which we made in 52 minutes. The present force laying track is about 125 men, superintended by that Boss of Tracklayers, Mike Greene. The rails being laid are of Bessemer steel, made at the Cambria Works of Johnstown, Pennsylvania. They are 28 to 30 ft. in length, and 30 lbs. to the yard. Up the road about a mile and a half we struck the first 30 degree curve and walked up the side to the top of Dump Mountain along which the ties were being distributed and bedded. Major Bartley, the artist employed by the company, sketched the surrounding mountain scenery, and then we returned to the train which brought us back in 30 minutes, with brakes down nearly the entire

distance. I would here state that the engine in use on this construction train is a double header Fairlie of English manufacture, and of great power.

June 1, 1877. In crossing the mountain the passenger trains will run at a speed of 8 mph, and the freights at 6 mph. That division of the road will be worked by the new engine now being built for that purposes, and the Fairlie double header. Track laying has reached a point 14 miles beyond the town of La Veta. It is expected that the track to the summit will be done by Wednesday next. The work is somewhat delayed on account of the time consumed in bending the steel rails for the many curves in the track.

June 8, 1877. Track has now been laid to Grayback Gulch. The D&RG pay car arrived yesterday, paying the men for January. They are only four months behind now.

June 16, 1877. Gen. Palmer, Col. Lamborn, Capt. Adair, Dr. Bell and lady, Messrs. McMurtrie, Orman, and Bailey started from La Veta at 8 a.m. for an excursion around Dump Mountain and over the summit to the present terminus.

Croft, in his "*New Overland Tourist and Pacific Tourist Guide*," published in 1880, remarks thus, "The Canyon up which our train came to the turn of the Mule Shoe is called Abata' Canyon, and the old wagon road which we crossed over on a bridge at the curve, was the Abata' and Sangre De Cristo toll road." Regarding the General's excursion it is remarked that, "although there was a doubt that the one car attached could reach the summit without the use of a double header, it was done with ease in 1 hour and 20 minutes. The road extends to within one mile of Sterne's."

June 21, 1877. Tracklaying operations will reach the mouth of Placer Creek in a few days.

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1. Although the spelling "Abata" is correctly quoted from the *Chieftain*, there is question as to whether the correct spelling of the word may be the Spanish surname, "Abeyta." Since in Spanish the "b" sound is pronounced variously as the "b/v" or "v" sound, constant use—and abuse—of the word "Abeyta" could have led to the perversion "Veta"—and then "La Veta" Pass.

June 22, 1877. The giant engine, Alamosa, arrived the night before last with 25 cars in tow. It has already made several trips with iron over the mountain without difficulty.

July 11, 1877. The D&RG Ry. has achieved the wonderful feat of crossing the Sangre De Cristo range, at an elevation of 9340 ft. and its present terminus is Wagon Creek, 22 miles west of La Veta. Here are located temporary business houses, hotels, restaurants, corrals, and railroad telegraph & station houses. All is confusion and feverish activity, yet such order prevails that business is transacted rapidly.



Station House, Summit of La Veta Pass, Late 1870's. (Hawkins Photograph.)

—Collection of the Author

July 20, 1877. There is a railway excursion from Pueblo to Wagon Creek; the fare is \$2.00 a round trip. There were sold 250 tickets. It was a tremendous success. Such was the demand for tickets that there developed a shortage of passenger coaches. Two cabooses and a coal car were pressed into emergency service. Number thirteen, named

"Santa Clara" pulled the train, with F. T. Greenwood, engineer, holding down the throttle. Several easterners among the passengers were surprised that a narrow gauge train could make good time. At La Veta another engine was hooked on. These two engines walked right over the mountain without any trouble. Some passengers became jittery when approaching Dump Mountain, doubting that the train could make it. A ten minute stop was made at the summit for the restless ones, and a few minutes later all arrived at Wagon Creek. Preparations had been made by the Perry House to handle the tourists, but most of them had brought their own lunch. In fact, it was estimated that they had brought enough lunch to last more than three days. At the store of Thomas & Co. there was a chest of ice-cold St. Louis beer which didn't last long. It was midnight when they reached the summit, having left Wagon Creek at 6 p.m., and they had the pleasure of a moonlight ride down the mountain to La Veta. Splendid time was made, and Engineer Greenwood is the most popular trainman in Pueblo. The trip ended at 2 a.m.

Aug. 2nd, 1877. The D&RG Ry. will begin running to Garland, 3½ miles beyond Wagon Creek, the present terminus. On Sunday next, and a new time card will go into effect that day.

In connection with the La Veta route, there is another note in *Croftt's Guide* which is of interest:

The only building on the summit is the station, which is built of stone. On the route down the mountain to Garland, 15 miles, there is little of interest. There are several saw mills, and timber on each side of a long ravine, down which our train rolls passing the following sidings: 1.9 mi. Sangre de Cristo, 5.1 mi. Placer, 3.9 mi. Wagon Creek, and 3.5 mi. to Garland.

Aug. 7, 1877. Travelers to the summit of La Veta Pass who go down to Garland City, and those going further to the San Juan country, will find it to their advantage to put up at the Perry House. The proprietor, Mr. Perry, has just

completed the finest hotel structure in the state outside of the larger cities, and has bought about \$6,000 worth of furniture to equip his hostelry. He is a seasoned hotel man, and one of the best anywhere. He offers peculiar inducements to tourists, and will supply them with guides, ponies, firearms, and fishing tackle.

The *Chieftain* describes Garland City thus:

The City is located near the confluence of Wagon and Indian Creeks, and the location is an excellent one. Two large springs capable of furnishing water for 10,000 inhabitants come out in canons above the level of the town, and it will be an easy matter to convey water in pipes to everybody in this city. Ex-Gov. Hunt, one of the citizens of the town who shows his faith by his works, says it is only a question of time when the city will have pure spring water through the hydrants. The governor and his brother are putting up several buildings in this city, and the spectacle of the ex-gov. sawing and hammering with his coat off can be seen any day in Garland.

August 8, 1877. A further note from the Garland correspondent to the Pueblo *Chieftain* states:

Garland City, the terminus of the San Juan extension of the D&RG Ry., may already be claimed among the more prominent towns of Southern Colorado, although it can boast of an existence of only thirty days. But large warehouses, storerooms and hotels have already sprung up as if by magic, and today a busy town of over 300 souls thrives where the mountain eagle and the jackrabbit shortly before held undisputed sway among the sage brush. The town-site might have been more pleasantly situated had not the ranchmen at the mouth of Indian Creek, six miles below, asked such exorbitant prices for their land, thinking that the railroad company would be compelled to pay any price the owner's fancy might dictate. But they have now found out to their sorrow that railroads are independent and can locate towns where they choose, and do so<sup>2</sup>.

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2. There was a "gentleman's agreement" between railroad officials and the builders of larger warehouses, hotels and other structures, that the terminal was to remain such at least for a year. Accordingly many of these buildings were constructed in such a way that it permitted taking them down without much loss, and shipping them on to Alamosa.

Garland City has also become the point from which ox and mule teams are freighted to the new gold and silver towns of Ouray, Lake City, and Silverton, and other towns in what is called the San Juan triangle. The name of the new town may now be definitely considered as Garland City, as that is the name of the post office, as well as the name adopted by the railroad company on their schedules. The railroad company has manifested its faith in our embryo city as being the terminus of the road, by their work of having erected a large depot 30' x 110', with excellent depot grounds adjoining, upon which the necessary sidings for the accommodation of an immense freight or passenger traffic have been laid. Adjoining the depot are the extensive warehouses of Thomas & Co., and just below this is the modern establishment of Struby & Co., their competitors. The town proper is situated on the opposite or east bank of Sangre de Cristo Creek. Here is where the principal improvements have been made, of which Joe Perry's hotel may be ranked first, for Chicago dressed lumber forms the bulk of the material used in its construction, and none but good mechanics were used for this work.

On the opposite corner from the Perry House, McCoy and Halwell have a rival establishment in process of erection, which, when completed, will be a three story building 30' x 60'. When these two are ready, which should be no later than two weeks from now, the travelling public will find ample hotel accommodations at the new town of Garland, to say nothing of half a dozen restaurants already in operation.

Other structures especially deserving mention are the large warehouses of Messrs. Henson, Adams & Posey, hardware merchants; Moore and Hull, dealers in general merchandise; D. J. Martin, dry goods; C. W. Riggers, druggist; Alexander & Proctor, billiard hall, and many more.

J. R. De Remer is discharging the duties of deputy sheriff to the satisfaction of all law-abiding citizens, while the rogues have already found that it is best to surrender quickly when De Remer comes for them.

Forest Proctor is being strongly urged by his many friends for the position of Justice of the Peace. This appointment is to be made by the County Commissioners to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Squire Stuart.

Among the distinguished persons I have noticed in my rambles around and about, I would mention Judge Henry, the Hon. James

Carlile of this city, the Hon. Alva Adams of Del Norte, Louis Crooke of Lake City, Fred Walsen of Walsenburg. Gov. Hunt has his headquarters here.

The fame of Miss Palmer, star vocalist of New York, who is at present visiting friends in La Veta, has reached our burg, and I learn that an effort is being made to induce her to give a concert here."

August 23, 1877. There are now 210 houses, completed and occupied at this time, with several more being started every day. Miss Julia Palmer gave a concert to a crowded house on the evening of the 21st. Last Tuesday the telegraph line was completed to this point. The printing office of *The Independent* is being moved from La Veta to this city. The local circulation of the *Daily Chieftain* has already reached 67 subscribers, with more signing up daily. The town is red hot and boiling.

August 26, 1877. On Friday night Joe Perry of the Perry House received a telegram from the Central Presbyterian Church concerning an excursion party from Denver, and wanted to have 200 suppers prepared and ready for Tuesday evening, to include trout and mountain raspberries with cream. Joe will do it if the Garland babies have to go without milk. He has also arranged with George McCoy & Co. of the Garland Hotel to take about 75 of the party. It is pleasant to see the hotel brethren dwell together in

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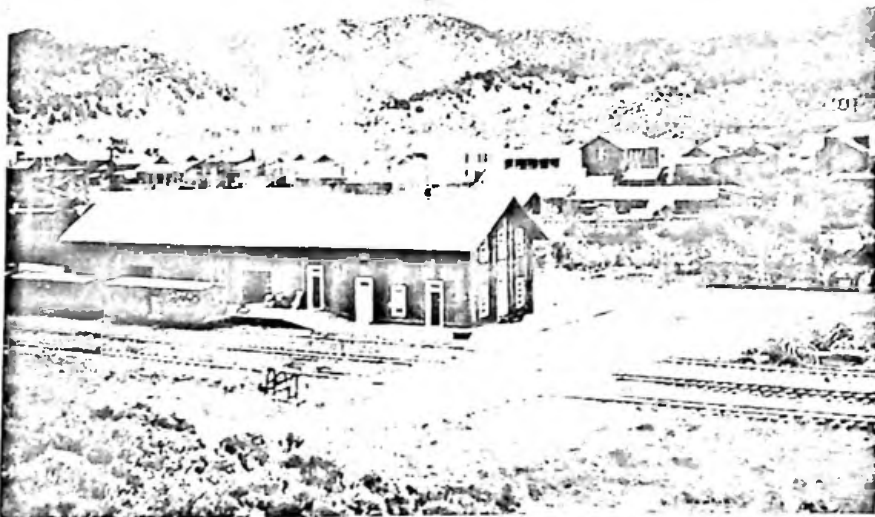
3. As is proper and right in any up-and-coming frontier town, even though its life is destined to be a short one, there were reported several murders, and innumerable run-of-the-mill cuttings and shootings. One of the more entertaining, in retrospect, that is, concerns the murder of a young man named Morgan, who was well thought of, and generally liked. While it is not reported that the culprit was caught, there was a follow-up which certainly gives the incident a unique flavor.

It seems that a group of masked men having heard that a suspect might be planning to take the next outbound train, persuaded the conductor to hold said train while they made a thorough search. They did find the party they wanted, and in the process of convincing him to talk, proceeded to hang him four times. That is, each time he had about expired they let him down, and when he became conscious, prodded him with questions and threats. It is known that what he finally told left several local parties more than a little squeamish and uneasy. This technique of third-degreecing would have left Farmer Burns in a state of professional jealousy, for one of his proud tricks was to have himself hung complete, with all the trimmings. The Farmer was world's champion wrestler and had a phenomenal neck development of which he was inordinately proud. I believe this would have been too much for him.

unity. Hotel accommodations at present are at a premium because of the crowds rushing to Garland.

Aug. 29, 1877. Red Hot. This is the only phrase that will give an adequate idea of the rush and push, snap, vim, vinegar, vitriol, and enterprise of this liveliest of towns between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean. Over fifty business houses are already established, and still they come. At least 25 houses have been put up during this week. One of the before-mentioned springs above town is owned by Ex-Gov. Hunt, so the city now has a good water supply. The pioneer forwarding and commission house of Field and Hill were among the very first to erect a building in our new town. With Tom Field in charge, assisted by J. B. Stone, two very wide-awake salesmen, I will match Field and Stone against any two men in Southern Colorado in pushing their interests.

Struby & Co. does a banking business. At present they



Garland City, Colo. 60 Days Old. (Hawkins Photograph.)

—Collection of the Author



are handling all the bullion shipped from the San Juan country, and it is a sight good for sore eyes to see about \$50,000 worth of base bullion piled upon their platform. It gives the tenderfeet arrivals an enlarged idea of the San Juan to see so much of the precious metal piled up outdoors just as though it didn't cost anything.

The largest shop in the city, at present, is the blacksmith and wagon shop of Sproule Brothers. Here the Barlow and Sanderson coaches are repaired. The harness shop is run by C. W. Kessler, a former Pueblan. He is still a lone bachelor, and would be a fine catch for some ambitious lady with nerve and enterprise.

In this western country men are very scarce who can build a hotel and keep from 50 to 150 guests every night while doing it, and also send every mother's son on their ways the next morning with the feeling that they have been well entertained. Our Joe Perry accomplishes this.

The Bank Exchange Saloon is kept by A. C. Jester, and is doing a fine business around the clock. He is a brother-in-law of Buffalo Bill, the famous scout, but unlike him has no hankering to be among the red men. The Garland is kept by George McCoy & Thos. Haskell. This is a three-story building and is full every night. We can further report that our very able medico, Dr. F. P. Blake, is doing a fine business. There is excellent trout fishing close to Garland. The Trinchera is where the best catches are made. If there is any law to prevent millers from allowing sawdust to run in the streams, it should be enforced, as the millers are driving the trout out of Indian Creek, and some of the other good trout streams.

September 1, 1877. The Fashion Concert Hall and Saloon is the loudest and liveliest place in Garland City.

September 13, 1877. Lucy Stone and her husband, H. B. Blackwell came to Garland to speak in favor of their pet hobby, woman suffrage. They are a rather nice looking couple. They were introduced by Tom Field, who with his

usual politeness offered the use of an empty storeroom for their meeting. He presented them with a flowery ovation to a good-sized crowd. As there is a large floating population in Garland to whom a female orator would be a natural curiosity, every idle man in Garland attended. Mr. Blackwell requested that Tom Field take charge of the suffrage movement in this city. Tom listened attentively and when Mr. Blackwell finished, said "Well, if you want somemody to attend to this matter here, you would better find someone else who is favorable to female suffrage." "Ain't you in favor of it?" cried Mr. Blackwell excitedly. "NO!" "Why not?" "Because my wife told me not to be!" came the reply in Tom's unmistakable drawl.

September 14, 1877. The editor and publisher of the *Colorado Independent* here, is M. V. B. Jackson & Co.

September 18, 1877. Your correspondent can state that he found Garland much as he had left it two weeks ago, only a good deal more so. There is hardly any letup in building, and the danger is that it will be overdone. The man who could solve the problem of how long Garland will remain the terminus would make a small fortune by imparting the solution to certain parties I might name.

The biggest building is now Kemp's Dance and Gambling Hall.<sup>4</sup>

Joe Perry keeps several men busy just fishing, so that trout is always available. Fresh oysters, the first ever sold in Garland, were on the bill of fare for supper last night.

There are now several lawyers here. But the town still goes its savage way. Brawls and fights are just as plentiful, but as yet the clay or our city has not been moistened by the blood of a murderer's victim. A few more saloons have

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4. There is a good joke about this building. The excursion from the Denver Presbyterian Church arrived here just about the time the building was enclosed. One of the deacons asked if this was another livery stable. Mr. Sherman, the Pueblo lumber man let his modesty get the better of him, and did not disabuse the deacon. He also called attention to the fact that he proprietor was putting glass windows in each stall. There were some ten or a dozen of these for the girls.

been added, but it is possible that the town can manage to wiggle along comfortably if not another one is added to the several dozen already here.

So far, Struby & Co. have shipped to the San Juan country well over 200,000 lbs. of freight.

September 26, 1877. From various sources more or less reliable, we have gathered the facts that steps are being taken to construct an extension from the present terminus here in Garland to the new town of Alamosa. This new town, we are informed, has already been laid out, and is likely to be made a permanent point by the railroad company.

October 11, 1877. Grading will begin at once on the Alamosa extension.

Dec. 21, 1877. The present fears among the friends of the narrow gauge as to the feasibility of operating a mountain line regularly during the winter months, can be dispelled. There has been prompt arrival of all trains during the extremely cold weather and the frequent snowfalls of the past 30 days. Business is good, and the volume of goods being shipped to New Mexico, and even to Arizona, is very large.

December 27, 1877. The newest place of amusement is a skating rink. Also, Ward and Fuhan have made their concert hall enterprise a grand success, and Thomas Kemp, not to be outdone by them in public favor, is erecting a stage, and otherwise refitting his spacious hall. He announces a grand opening next week, with a special troupe direct from Chicago.

March 3, 1878. Eighty men and forty teams are busily engaged in grading the right-of-way between Garland and Fort Garland. This work should be completed to Alamosa about May 1st.

March 5, 1878. The murder of Philip Marval, a fine lad of 28, happened between 2 and 3 a.m. this morning. The body was found about 6 a.m., and as valuables were found

on the deceased, apparently robbery was not the motive. One can only surmise that it may have happened to settle an old grudge.<sup>5, 6, 7</sup>

June 13, 1878. The D&RG Ry. tracks are within 5 miles of Alamosa.

June 18, 1878. The tracks are now within 2¾ miles of Alamosa. Due to a washout on the Kansas Pacific Ry. work has had to stop because of a shortage of iron.

June 20, 1878. Trains are expected to run into Alamosa on Sunday, the 23rd.

June 22, 1878. The road is completed. Also, on this day James Brophy shot and instantly killed W. C. MacLaughlin. He was acting as a deputy sheriff, having been appointed to arrest MacLaughlin for grand larceny committed in Denver. Having received a telegram from Sheriff Cook of Denver, he proceeded to make the arrest peacefully.

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5. Early in '78 one Alva Comer was in Garland City, and some of his experiences are told in an article in "*The Trail*," titled "Early Day Prospecting in Southern Colorado." It mentions that the town had several dance palaces and a dozen saloons, along with four variety theatres, one of which was called the Opera Comique. Alva had a memorable experience in one of the saloons. While he was there, Billy the Kid and one of his companions walked in. He called for drinks, and the barkeeper asked what they would have. "I'll take that kind out of that," shooting the rubber cork from the bottle which sat on the sideboard twenty feet away. A few days later while engaged at a game of cards and drinks, Billy was accused of cheating by his opponent, a man named Bronco Jake. Making a lightning draw Billy put six shots into Jake's body. With the smoking revolver in his hand he stepped up to the bar and demanded \$10.00. He got it. From there the desperado went to the stables where his horse was kept. He order the hostler to saddle the animal and bring him out. He was obeyed, and, mounting at his leisure, he rode over the hill.

6. On March 21st Western Union carried a special wire from Garland announcing that Mat Lewis had become tired of the pomps and vanities of this world, and tried to shuffle off this mortal coil on Wednesday by applying a razor to his gullet. Mat was a herder of the soiled doves who formed some of the dregs of a Garland dance hall. He was a harmless individual filled with an unbounded love for free lunches, ardent spirits, and the frail sisterhood. Mat, it seems, became jealous of Tom Kemp, and concluded to finish his own modest career by cutting off the sluiceway which had conveyed so many gallons of bad rum in his bonded warehouse, and thus caused all of his trouble.

7. The photographer of the pictures here presented, B. E. Hawkins, operated in Denver for some years, and was a booze fighter of some distinction. This last fact I have gathered from an older *Brand Book*, and the eminent authority I have quoted is one Francis Rizzari. Hawkins managed to absorb enough wet goods to die at the age of 40. He was listed first in the Denver Directory of 1875 under the firm name of Hawkins and Chew. The last listing was in 1880, as "B. E. Hawkins, Photographer. Pictures made Every Day, Railroad Work and Colorado Views Especially."

He went to the butcher shop where MacLaughlin worked. However, when being asked to submit, MacLaughlin developed other ideas and took two shots at Brophy, one cutting his sleeve, and the other nicking his neck. Then Brophy fired and that was it. MacLaughlin's reputation for being something of a hard citizen went up in smoke.

On June 25th we are given this bit of information, namely, that Alamosa means Cottonwood, and further, it has been so named because there are no cottonwood trees in the vicinity.

June 29, 1878. The post office is discontinued.

July 16, 1878. There was an excursion last Sunday, the 14th. Engine #26, also known as Rio Bravo, pulled the train. Dump Mountain was one complete flower bed. At Garland City we found the once prosperous town rapidly becoming vacant. All along the line we saw ample evidence of thrift and prosperity. Fort Garland is becoming very tumbled down looking, and will probably soon be vacated.

July 23, 1878. Joe Perry's last feat was to give his boarders at Garland their breakfast, provide them with a good lunch, and then serve them supper that same night in Alamosa, the hotel having been moved on a flat car during the day. His hotel is already being enlarged, and as mentioned earlier compares favorably with any hotel in Colorado. Incidentally two other hotels, the Broadwell and the Occidental, have also been moved on flat cars to Alamosa. So was that most necessary institution, the Gem Saloon.

August 10, 1878. Garland City is still coming in piecemeal on flat cars, and very little is still left of the once flourishing town. Where the tracks come in from the southeast, 6 miles this side of Fort Garland, there is a siding and a loading platform called Mortimer.

With this we leave Garland City as but a fond memory, and hope that this paper has made the La Veta Pass area a bit more enjoyable for all of you.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Henry A. Clausen was born in Brooklyn, New York. He visited here briefly in 1926, and has been a "native" of Colorado since 1946 when he moved to Colorado Springs. Henry has led a colorful career, having become from time to time stenographer, hobo, wrestler, tuna fisherman, professional model, and WPA supervisor for federal art projects. The past 28 years have claimed him as a professional bookman and dealer in old and rare books in Colorado Springs. His own historical interest centers on southern Colorado and northern New Mexico. His own motto, which best characterizes Henry is, "Old books, like old friends, wear well."

## ERRATA

The following correction is to be made in the May, 1973 *Roundup* on page 20, column 2, under Section VI (Publications) of the Bylaws. The third sentence of the last paragraph should read:

A special Posse edition of the annual *Brank Book* according to the number of Active and Reserve Members, shall be published . . .

(We could say we put this error in purposely to see how many of you guys read this stuff, but it was an honest mistake in proofing. Actually your Editor and at least one other member saw the goof a little too late.)

# New Hands on the Denver Range

Raymond J. Ashmun, M.D.  
3505 West Scott Place  
Denver, Colorado 80212

Dr. Ashmun is a member of the El Jebel Air Patrol. His hobbies include book collecting, travel, flying and skiing. Welcome to the Westerners!

Harry V. Unfug, M.D.  
927 Pioneer Avenue  
Fort Collins, Colorado 80521

Dr. Unfug is interested in photography, stamps, and rockhounding. His special activity is tracking the Overland Trail through Larimer County on foot with camera. He was brought to us by his father, Charles Otto Unfug, who passed away in Sterling, Colorado this past June and who was a member of the Denver Westerners since 1958. We welcome you

to carry on your father's interest in western history.

Seymour S. Bernfeld  
17 Range View Drive  
Denver, Colorado 80215

Mr. Bernfeld has authored several papers on mining law and law of the sea. His historical interests are exploration, Indians, and mining. He was introduced to the Westerners by Fred Rosenstock.

Ralph E. Livingston  
905 Teller Street  
Lakewood, Colorado 80215

Ralph became acquainted with the Westerners through Posseman Bill Van Duzer. His interests are western history, outlaws and ghost towns. He has worked as a hard rock miner and lumberjack. Welcome, Ralph.



# Westerner's Bookshelf



**FROM THE MISSOURI TO THE GREAT SALT LAKE: AN ACCOUNT OF OVERLAND FREIGHTING** by William E. Lass, Nebraska State Historical Society Publications, Volume XXVI, Lincoln, 1972, pp. xiii—312. Five maps, 32 illustrations, bibliography, index. \$7.95.

Have you ever wondered how Denver and Salt Lake City and the many Army camps and forts in the West received their supplies and equipment before the coming of the railroad? Do you know what it costs per hundred pounds to haul these supplies from the Missouri River towns? Why were oxen used more often than mules or horses to pull the heavy laden Conestoga wagon or the wagons made by Joseph Murphy, H. D. Studebaker and Louis Espenschied during the years 1849-1867, the peak period of overland freighting? How many miles a day a wagon train could travel? The answers to these questions and many more are found in this well written, well documented and informative book. The maps, illustrations and tables (relating to freight rates and distances) are useful and add to the overall value of the book.

The author's purpose in writing this book was "to present a clear concise history of overland freighting in the Platte Valley." He has done this and done it well. This book contains much of interest for Coloradans because of the importance of overland freighting to Denver and the Colorado mine fields.

Appendix I, which provides brief biographical sketches about some of the people involved in overland freighting from Nebraska towns, and Appendix II,

which is a list of freighters who operated out of Missouri River towns in Missouri and Kansas during the period 1857-1867, add very little to the purpose of the book.

This book helps one understand the importance of overland freighting in the development of the American West. It is a welcome addition to the literature of this period in American History.

Delbert A. Bishop, PM

Our stock of book reviews is getting a little low. So if you have one to do, please get it in promptly to Chairman White.

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## OVER THE CORRAL RAIL (cont.)

# WESTERNERS FOLLOW W. H. JACKSON—100 YEARS LATER

by Robert L. Brown, P.M.



Possemen Blaurock (l.) and Brown Atop Notch Mountain, 11 July 1973.

—Collection of Robert L. Brown

At our March Posse meeting Carl Blaurock, P. M., called our attention to the fact that 1973 is the 100th anniversary of famed photographer William H. Jackson's notable climb up 13, 234 foot high Notch Mountain. This was the trek that produced one of Jackson's best know photographs, his superb view of the Mount of the Holy Cross. Carl was well acquainted with Jackson and more than a little interested in duplicating the lensman's feat.

Several people dropped in and out of the expedition as word of it got around town. July 10 and 11 were selected for

the effort. The final party consisted of Sam Alfend, Harold McBride, Marshall Brown, and Posse members Carl Blaurock and myself. We spent ten hours on the Peak, reaching the summit about 2:00 P.M. on the 11th. Carl is 79 years young this year.

The snowy cross was in fine shape this season, the weather was beautiful, and many photographs were taken in observance of the climb and pictures made a century ago by that greatest of our pioneer photographers, William Henry Jackson.

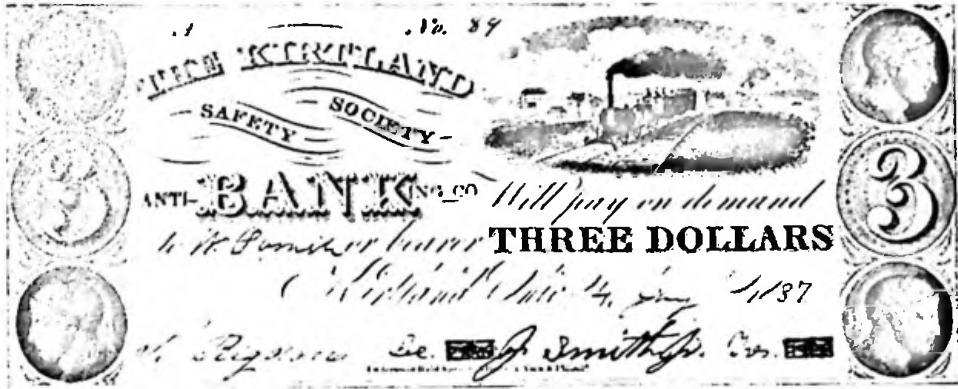
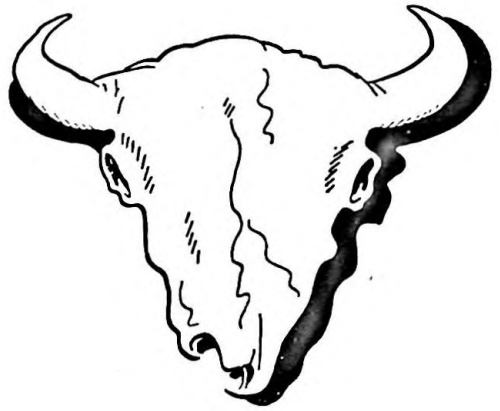


The DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

OCTOBER 1973  
 Volume XXIX, No. 8

IN THIS ISSUE  
**PIONEER MORMON CURRENCY**

by  
 Richard G. (Dick) Bowman, P.M.



GOOD ONLY IN THIS TERRITORY No. 2227 **DESERET** GOOD ONLY IN THIS TERRITORY

**ONE**

**CURRENCY ASSOCIATION**

**1**

Will pay the bearer **ONE** Dollar in Live Stock  
 on presentation of ONE HUNDRED Dollars.

**ONE**

Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, *Nov. 24*, 1858.

Sec'y. *William J. King* Pres't.

Upper: \$3.00 Note of The Kirtland Safety Society Anti-Banking Co. Extremely rare specimen.  
 Lower: \$1.00 First Series Deseret Currency Association Note. Also extremely rare.

—Both from Author's Collection

## OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

## ERRATA

Please note the following correction on page 11 of the July-August, 1973 *Roundup* (Index Issue): Under Section P change Plumber, John, . . . to Plumbe, John. . . . (It should also be noted that this same error appears in the Table of Contents of the 1965 *Brand Book* (Volume XXI) from which this Index was taken. Anyway, our apologies to you, Don Bloch.)

The Kansas Corral of the Westerners proudly announces publication of *The Prairie Scout*, Volume I, a new book full of scholarly and interesting treatments of various aspects of Western American history. Limited to 500 numbered copies, only 400 of which are for sale (the remaining 100 go to members of the Corral). This small but important book is a must for every collector and/or history buff.

*The Prairie Scout* is completely indexed, fully illustrated and cloth bound. Sorry, we are advised that discounts are not available to book stores or to individuals. To order yours send \$7.95 (plus 25¢ each for mailing) to: Kansas Corral of the Westerners, P.O. Box 531, Abilene, Kansas 67410. No credit or COD orders please. (Kansas residents add 24¢ sales tax.)

The 1973 Christmas Rendezvous, don't forget, is coming up soon. As you may know by now, the featured speaker will be Fred Rosenstock. He will speak on "The Denver I Remember." You should plan to be there, for Fred tells us this will be his *last* presentation for the Denver Westerners. Arrangements as to time and place are still in the mill at *Roundup* deadline time, so hang in there, and you should have more details soon, if not already.

(Concluded on the rear cover)

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS

## R O U N D U P

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Number 8



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## ATTENTION ALL MEMBERS:

1974 Dues are payable  
1 January 1974.

# Pioneer Mormon Currency

By RICHARD G. (Dick) BOWMAN, P.M.

One of the most fantastic and little known aspects of our early currency, and historical West, was the currency used and printed by the pioneer Mormons. It tells a most incredible story. It all began in 1836, at Kirtland, Ohio, after the Mormons had been driven out of New York State.

Joseph Smith, Jr., founder of the Mormon church and leader of the Mormon people, along with some of his followers, applied to the State of Ohio for a bank charter to open their new bank, known as the Kirtland Safety Society Bank. The Mormons were so sure of getting authorization to open their new bank, that they went ahead and had the plates engraved, and printed the bank notes they had planned to issue. Much to the disappointment of the Mormons, they were refused a charter for the reason that most of their assets were in land at inflated values, and almost no gold or silver existed to back the money to be issued.

A complete set of paper money was issued by the original Mormon bank. All the notes are very rare, and only a few are known in the \$50 and \$100 denominations. The \$1 note shown on the next page was issued March 7, 1837 to O. Hyde, or bearer and signed by Joseph Smith, Jr., bank cashier, and Sidney Rigdon, bank President. The center engraving pictures the shearing of sheep.



\$1.00 Kirtland Safety Society Bank Note, Issued March 7, 1837.

—Collection of the Author.

The \$2 Kirtland Bank note shows the early issue date of January 5, 1837; it is issued to O. Hyde. It carries a very unusual signing with Joseph Smith, Jr. signed as bank President and Sidney Rigdon as bank Cashier. The center vignette shows a scene with a man and woman watching farmers harvest grain.

The \$3 Kirtland Bank note was issued March 7, 1837 to O. Hyde and signed by Joseph Smith, Jr. and Sidney Rigdon. The vignette pictures an early train with ships and a factory in the background.

The \$5 Kirtland Bank note was issued February 7, 1837 to O. Hyde and signed by Joseph Smith, Jr. and Sidney Rigdon. The center engraving features a boy and his dog relaxing in the forest. The \$5 note is the most common of the Kirtland Bank notes, but all the notes are very rare.

The \$10 Kirtland Bank note was issued February 10, 1837 to O. P. Good and signed by Joseph Smith, Jr. and Sidney Rigdon. The center vignette shows a boy relaxing by harvested wheat. Two identical side engravings show a young man with a dog.

The \$20 Kirtland Bank note was issued February 10, 1837 to J. Lastes and signed by Joseph Smith, Jr. and Sidney Rigdon. The center engraving pictures three women—one with a palette and brush, one with a sheaf of wheat,

and one with a book. Two identical side engravings show a man and woman near a tree.

The \$50 Kirtland Bank note was issued February 10, 1837 to H. Smith and signed by Joseph Smith, Jr. as Cashier and Sidney Rigdon as President. The vignette depicts a farmer on his horse herding sheep and cattle.

An extremely rare \$100 Kirtland Safety Society bank note was issued March 7, 1837 to O. Pratt, one of the original twelve L.D.S. apostles, and signed by Joseph Smith, Jr. and Sidney Rigdon. The engraved vignette in the center of the note depicts the historical event of our forefathers gathered around the table where they signed the Constitution of the United States. Only a few of the \$100 notes



\$100.00 Kirtland Safety Society Bank Note, Issued March 9, 1837. Extremely rare.  
—Collection of the Author

are known and the one shown here is the only one I've seen in this fine condition. All the Kirtland notes were uniface, and printed on very fine paper by Underwood, Bald, Spencer and Huffy of New York and Philadelphia.

After appealing to the state to try again to secure a charter, and being refused, Smith and Rigdon organized a stock company called the Kirtland Safety Society Anti-Banking Co.

The \$3 Kirtland Safety Society Anti-Banking Co. note (shown on the cover) was the same as the regular Kirtland \$3 note with "Anti-Banking Co." inserted. However, Joseph Smith, Jr.'s position was changed to President of the bank and Sidney Rigdon to Cashier. The exact reason for this is not recorded, or definitely known, but the fact that the institution was forced to function without the state sanction is definitely associated with the underlying purpose behind the overprinted bills. The Anti-Banking Co. notes were issued only in \$1, \$2, and \$3 denominations and all are extremely rare. Actually, since the Mormons had no charter, the bank notes they issued were illegal and continuously rejected by merchants and creditors in other areas as means of exchange.

In 1837, financial disaster swept the nation, and along with many other businesses, the Mormon bank failed. As matters became worse, Joseph Smith, Jr. and Sidney Rigdon were arrested on charges of violating the Ohio state banking laws. They were both convicted, but appealed their case, feeling that they had been mis-judged. They based their plea on the theory that the Kirtland Safety Society was not a bank, but the issue was never ruled on, as Smith and Rigdon fled the state of Ohio to escape treachery within their society and people.

The Mormons began moving to Missouri, but were there only a short time before being expelled by the Missouri Militia. They then made their way across the river and finally established residence in Nauvoo, Illinois. At Nauvoo, they began to construct the Nauvoo Temple, which was to become a permanent establishment for the church, but unfortunately it was never completed. Another building the Mormons had started was a hotel called the Nauvoo House. Stock certificates were issued in denominations of \$50 in the first series, and \$50 and \$100 in the second series.

The original design was crude in comparison to the second series. The center of the certificate is a rough sketch

of the Nauvoo House, and on the left is an illustration of the American eagle, virtually the same as that appearing on some issues of United States currency. The certificate was transferable by endorsement, and sometimes used for exchange. These notes are very rare and few are known to exist.

In the Nauvoo House Stock second series the \$50 issue has the elaborate design of woman, shield, and eagle floating on clouds, and on the right side is a bust of George Washington with an eagle perched on a chair in front of the pedestal. The \$100 certificate includes an engraving of Minerva on a shield supported by an angel and a cherub. On the right is a river steamboat and two men in a smaller boat. None of the second series were known to have been issued or signed.

The Mormons were having much difficulty in establishing a peaceful community because of religious hatred and mob violence, and to add to their problems in 1844 their leader, Joseph Smith, Jr., was killed by an angry mob.

Brigham Young was unanimously chosen as the new Mormon leader, and in 1846 he and his followers started the historic journey of more than 1000 miles from Nauvoo, Illinois to Utah and the Great Salt Lake Valley.

Most of the Mormons were very poor and had little money upon arrival in their new land. One of their greatest problems was the medium of exchange, as they had always depended on coins and currency for trading transactions—and now they were completely lacking currency. Brigham Young himself had only about \$50 with him which represented most all the money in the community. After the Mormons went along for some time bartering and trading merchandise and services, it was decided to establish a mint to convert gold dust into coins. The dies were made and everything was ready to start minting the coins, but during the preliminary runs the crucibles were broken, and the minting of the coins was now un-

avoidably delayed. In order to counteract this set-back, it was decided to issue paper money as a medium of exchange, and the first currency was actually hand written. It was then decided by a resolution of the Council to use the old Kirtland notes that were brought from Kirtland, Ohio, and the prophecy of Joseph Smith, Jr. finally came true—"The Kirtland Bank notes would someday be as good as gold."

Some early Kirtland Bank notes were countersigned by Brigham Young, Heber Kimball, and N. K. Whitney and reissued. The people generally preferred currency to gold dust due to the inconvenience of weighing, and the loss of the gold dust involved. However, some of the Mormons objected strenuously to this substitute, because of the fear that still remained in the minds of those who suffered heavy losses during the wildcat banking of 1836 and 1837. It was then made known to the people that the notes would be guaranteed and backed by gold in the amount of the issue, and with the great confidence they had in Brigham Young, the notes gradually became an important means of exchange. Only the \$1, \$2, \$3, \$5, and \$10 Kirtland notes were countersigned and re-issued. All these countersigned notes are now extremely rare..



\$5.00 Kirtland Safety Society Bank Note, Countersigned by Brigham Young. Extremely rare.  
—Collection of the Author



Shortly after January 20, 1849, came the small printed notes of the Valley, known as gold notes. These were issued in denominations of 50¢, \$1, \$2, and \$3. All were signed by Brigham Young, Heber Kimball, and Theodore Bullock, and payable to payee or bearer. This was the first known paper money printed in the West, and of real importance to any collector of early paper money. The notes were printed on white paper, and all were uniface. Appearing on the obverse of the notes are the initials G.S.L. City. Upon looking closely, one can see the official seal of the 12 apostles stamped in the center of the note and the three pin crown over the all-seeing eye. The letters P.S.T.A.P.C.-J.C.L.D.S.L.D.A.O.W., encircling the emblem stand for Priests of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints in the Last Dispensation All Over the World. This seal was certainly an added protection for the validity of these notes.

Finally, the minting of the Mormon gold coin was successful, and in the latter part of 1849 the Mormons began issuing gold coins in the denominations of \$2.50, \$5, \$10, and \$20. On the obverse in the center are shown clasped hands with the date 1849 below, and the legend reads "G.S.L.C.P.G." (Great Salt Lake City Pure Gold); "two and half do." On the reverse is the crown over the seeing eye, and around the edge are the words, "Holiness to the Lord." The designs on all the 1849 coins were approximately the same. The 1849 \$20 gold piece was the first of this denomination to be coined in the United States. Additional \$5 gold coins were minted in 1850 and 1860 with different designs.

The Mormons assumed that the gold obtained in Utah was of the same fineness as that from California. But at the time, the Mormons did not have the laboratory facilities for this type of analysis, and went ahead and stamped "Pure Gold" on the coins. At a later date some tests were made—probably by someone in another area—and it was found that

the coins did not contain the amount of gold equivalent to the dollar denomination. But today they are rare and very desirable collectors items, with the \$10 gold coin being the rarest and the key to a complete collection. At the American Numismatic Association Show in Boston in August, 1973, the \$10 Mormon gold piece brought at auction the unbelievable amount of \$32,500—one reason I stayed with collecting paper money!

The gold coins minted by the Mormons did not completely solve the problem, because the importation of goods constantly drained the city of available money. The Mormons were unable to ship goods in return, and cash payments were the only way to obtain goods from the East. This situation created a need for more circulating money, and many more types of notes began to appear. Among the many notes that began flooding the Valley were the Drovers Bank notes printed by W. L. Ormsby of New York for the Drovers Bank, then located in Leavenworth, Kansas. There remains some question as to how much they were actually used.

Another important form of currency was issued by the Deseret Currency Association, founded January 19, 1858, for the purpose of providing a circulation medium for the citizens of the Utah Territory. Brigham Young was President, Daniel Wells, Treasurer, and Hiram Clawson, Secretary. The capital stock consisted mostly of livestock belonging to the church, and the notes issued by the Association were all redeemable in livestock. Since the people, and the church had little gold for exchange, the Association made an attempt to meet the need for currency—and credit—by using the one type of commodity that was acceptable and available at the time—livestock. By this very practical means, the currency issued by the Deseret Currency Association played a very important role in stimulating domestic production and material exchange. The first series Deseret Currency Association note shown on the

cover was hand signed by Brigham Young and extremely rare. Only 2 or 3 are known now to exist.

A second series of Deseret Currency Association notes, signed by Brigham Young, was also issued. The \$2 note is dated October 1, 1858. The engraving in the center of the \$2 note shows a farmer plowing with a yoke of oxen, an Indian with bow and arrow on the left side, and an early pioncer with his gun and dog on the right side. The \$3 second series Deseret Currency Association note is also dated October 1, 1858 and signed by Brigham Young, Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory. It shows the shearing of a sheep and two women milking cows as the center design; on the left is a hunter with telescope; on the right is a pensive Indian. All the notes from this Association state "Good only in this territory."

George Chorpenning and A. Woodward, owners of the California and Salt Lake mail line, were awarded a contract in 1851 for mail service between Placerville, California and Salt Lake City, and their contract was renewed intermittently until 1860. At that time, because of poor service, new contracts were awarded to the Central Overland, California and Pikes Peak Express Co. Shown below is a rare California and Salt Lake Mail Line \$1 note, payable on demand or to bearer. Unsigned and undated, it is believed to have been used in the late 1850's. A colorful



\$1.00 California and Salt Lake Mail Line Note Believed Used in Late 1850's. Rare.

—Collection of the Author

stagecoach with guards on horses are depicted in the center engraving, and in the background to the left a wagon train is dimly visible. On the right side a group of Indians is approaching. The \$50 note issued by the California and Salt Lake Mail Line has the same design as the \$1 note. Below is shown a very rare Great Salt Lake City Corporation 25¢ note, issued December 6, 1868, payable in U.S. currency, and signed by Norbert Campbell. A single beehive is used



\$25 Great Salt Lake City Corporation Note Issued December 6, 1868. Very rare.

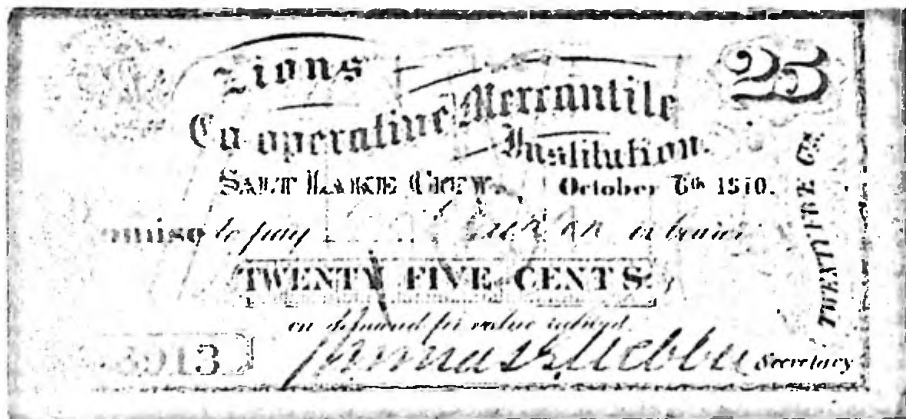
—Collection of the Author

for the design on the right, and a woman with sword and shield is on the left.

From the years 1864 to 1868 the Great Salt Lake City Corporation issued \$10,000 in bank notes of a different variety. These notes were made up almost like the "green-backs" and were payable in United States currency. All the notes are very colorful and very rare, and these issues are among the few that were payable in United States currency.

Since it was necessary to make commercial transactions, the early Deseret University began to issue notes in order to simplify such transactions. The purchases were mainly for school furnishings. The Deseret University notes were used as a circulating medium within the school, but it is not

known to what extent the notes were used outside the school. The \$1 Deseret University Bank note was dated February 1868. It was payable "in their currency, upon receipt of funds" and was printed by daily telegraph print while the early Deseret University was in operation.



\$25 Demand Note issued by the Zions Co-Operative Mercantile Institution, Dated October 6, 1870. Very few known to exist. —Collection of the Author

After 1868 many different Mormon notes came into existence. Shown above is an extremely rare 25¢ demand note issued by the Zions Co-operative Mercantile Institution (Z.C.M.I.) dated October 6, 1870, stating "Promise to pay W. B. Clawson or bearer." Very few of these notes are known, and should not be confused with merchandise scrip, which was issued later.

An elaborately designed note of the Salt Lake City National Bank, Utah Territory, dated June 10, 1873 was written in the form of a check, but shown as currency in the amount of \$1,000. It carries a beautiful engraving in the upper right corner of a U.C.P.R.R. engine. The \$2 bank note issued by the Salt Lake City National Bank, dated January 15, 1874, is payable to W. B. Welles, treasurer or bearer. The engraving in the center shows an early train of the Camp Floyd R.R. Co. coming around a corner in

Bingham Canyon. The \$3 and \$5 Salt Lake City National Bank notes carry the same design. The reverse side of the \$5 Salt Lake City National Bank note is printed "redeemable at Salt Lake City National Bank, Utah." This is another note resembling the U.S. "Green Back."

Another important means of exchange that came into existence was the merchandise scrip issued by the Mormons. In an attempt to increase trade, scrip was issued by various merchants throughout the Salt Lake Valley area. Many times scrip was issued as part payment for services rendered by the merchant's employees. Also scrip helped to overcome a continuous coin and currency shortage. Some varieties of Mormon scrip are listed below:

10¢ note issued by Brigham City Co-operative, "Good for Ten Cents in Home Products."

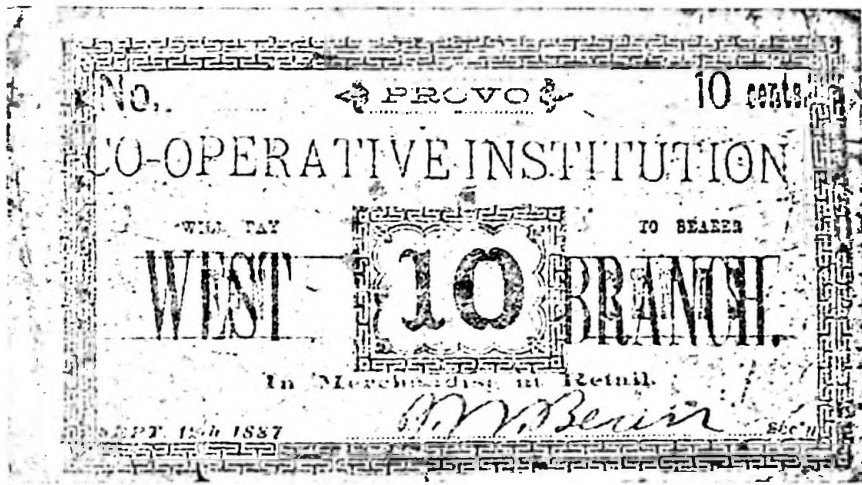
"Zions Co-operative Mercantile Institution, good for 10¢." Dated December 13, 1875, serial no. 2448, and hand signed by L. Larson, Secretary.

United Order of Tailors, Salt Lake City, dated October 16, 1875. "Good to Workmen Only for Ten Cents In Produce, or Goods at Retail."

Scipio Co-Operative Mercantile Institution. \$5.00 in Mdse. at Retail." These notes in \$5, \$10 and \$.05 denominations were all signed, but undated.

Shown on the next page is the scrip note of the Provo Co-operative Institution, West Branch, good for 10 cents—"will pay to bearer in merchandise at retail." Dated September 12, 1887, and signed by J. M. Bean.

By 1887 the problem of exchange media had been pretty much settled. However, there was one difficulty left to work out—that of obtaining a more convenient means of dealing with meat and produce after it had been paid into the Bishop's storehouse as tithing. In the year 1888, the presiding Bishop decided to issue tithing scrip. The scrip was redeemable in meat or produce and merchandise, and was put into circulation in 1889 by the Bishops



10 Scrip from Provo Co-operative Institution, West Branch. Signed by J. M. Bean.  
—Collection of the Author

in Salt Lake City and vicinity. It was given to the worthy poor. The recipients were then in turn able to obtain supplies with the scrip. Another point of interest was that scrip was part payment to the employees who helped erect church buildings. Actually four different series of tithing scrip were issued up until 1906. Some examples are as follows:

“Good at the Bishops’ General Storehouse for Five Cents worth of Produce and Merchandise Only.” This is first series type scrip, dated July 1, 1897. The reverse shows a beehive, one of the Mormon trademarks.

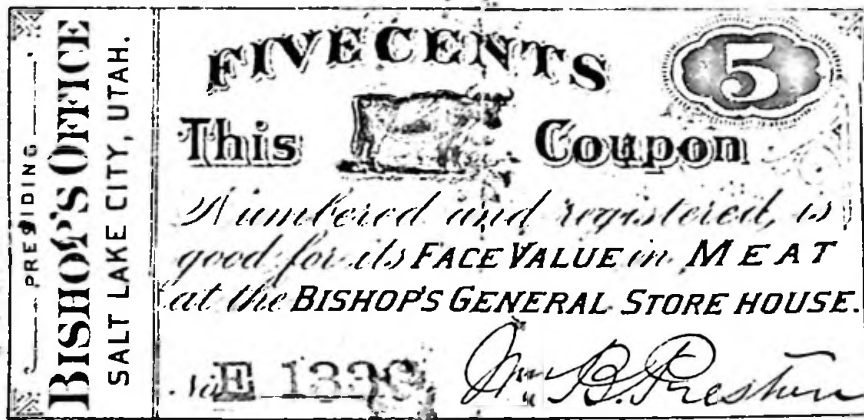
5¢ scrip of the second series: “Good Only For Meat at the General Tithing Store House, Presiding Bishop’s Office, October 1, 1889, Salt Lake City, Utah.” Signed by Wm. B. Preston.

10¢ scrip note: “Good Only for Meat,” but over-stamped “Produce,” also signed by Wm. B. Preston, Presiding Bishop. The reverse of the 5¢ and 10¢ notes show the Mormon Temple in the center. They also state: “This note is not current except in the meat department of the General Tithing Storehouse.”

These are some examples known of 10¢ and 25¢ scrip notes, similar in design to those described previously, except that they state "Good for merchandise and produce only" instead of "meat only." The color is bright green, instead of pink. Both notes are dated July 1, 1895, and carry serial numbers, such as most currency does.

Type 3, or third series scrip notes are dated April 1, 1898. The 5¢ note is red; it states: "Bishop's General Store House agrees to furnish bearer Meat to the amount of Five Cents." The 10¢ note, blue in color, carries on its reverse side an engraving of the Mormon Temple in the center. Note is dated on observe side Oct. 1, 1898, and payable to bearer: "Ten Cents in Produce and Merchandise."

Fourth series scrip. The very rare 5¢ scrip note is shown below. "Numbered and registered. Good for its Face Value in Meat at the Bishop's General Store House." It is signed Wm. B. Preston. Engraving in center of note depicts pink steer.



S.05 Scrip from Bishop's General Storehouse. Very rare.

—Collection of the Author

This concludes the story of pioneer Mormon currency dating back to 1837. Hopefully your understanding and enjoyment of this phase of Numismatics has been enhanced.



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Richard G. (Dick) Bowman, the Posse Member to whom we are indebted for this paper, is well known among the Denver Westerners, for he has ably presided over our "Possibles Bag" at each monthly meeting ever since before the first of the year.

He considers himself a native of Denver, having lived here ever since he was three years old. That he is a hardy man cannot be gainsaid, for with the coming of World War II he survived the rigors of Army Air Corps pilot training in Texas, and a tour of duty with the famed 8th Air Force in Europe. While on his 12th mission, his B-17 bomber was shot out from him over Stuttgart, Germany; parachuting safely to the ground, he spent more than a year and a half as a prisoner of war in a German P.O.W. camp on the Baltic Sea. After two cold, cold winters and 21 months of such miserable incarceration, he was finally liberated in May, 1945, by the Russian Army Group advancing on Germany from the east.

For the past fifteen years, while successfully engaged in real estate developmental work in our area, he has acquired even greater fame as a Numismatist—specializing in finding and collecting paper money and coins minted in the early West. He is a past President of the Colorado - Wyoming Numismatic Association, and also served for several years as a Regional Director of the American Numismatic Association. His fascination with these old items comes from the surprising history he has uncovered about the places of their appearance and manufacture. The material he describes herein has been exhibited in national shows where, not unnaturally, it has taken top honors.

(Editor's note: The paper herein printed was presented at the October, 1973 meeting of the Denver Westerners. Space limitations of the Roundup permit us to print only a small number of the many excellent photographs of the rare currency specimens Dick showed us at the meeting.)

# New Hands on the Denver Range

**Monta Koler**  
309 West South Street  
Knoxville, Iowa 50138

Miss Koler has been a psychiatric nurse, supervisor, teacher for over 40 years. Her historical interests center on stories regarding Western characters of the past and old tombstones. Also, she plays the organ, does oil painting, all kinds of needle work and collects Western historical reading matter.

**James W. Mims**  
811 Lawson Avenue  
Midland, Texas 79701

Jim was introduced to the Westerners by Fred Moose, who was recently transferred from Denver to Houston. Jim is particularly interested in Colorado railroads. His other interests are fly fishing, fly tying, and reading.

**Charles A. Johnson**  
2300 South Monroe  
Denver, Colorado 80210

Charles was brought to us by Fred Rosenstock. Charles is an artist, free lance writer and the Associate Editor of *Rocky Mountain Life* magazine. In 1969 he authored *Denver's Mayor Speer*, published by Green Mountain Press. Welcome, Charles.

**Gerald Ray Endsley**  
1859 York Street  
Denver, Colorado

Gerald is an instructor of trumpet at Denver University. He has written extensively on musical instruments and their history. He also collects antique musical instruments. His other interests are early firearms and the work of trappers. He was introduced to the Westerners by Fred Rosenstock.

**Seymour S. Bernfeld**  
17 Range View Drive  
Denver, Colorado 80215

Seymour is primarily interested in exploration, Indian history, and mining. He has written several papers on mining law and law of the sea. He was brought to the Westerners by Fred Rosenstock.

**Ralph E. Livingston**  
905 Teller Street  
Lakewood, Colorado 80215

Ralph is interested in all phases of history, especially outlaws and ghost towns. He has worked as a hard rock miner and lumber jack. He came to us through Bill Van Duzer.

**Samuel C. Morrison**  
5801 West 38th Avenue  
Denver, Colorado 80212

Eugene Rakosnik introduces Sam to us. Sam is a fifth generation Coloradoan and is active in jeeping and collecting Colorado memorabilia. He is a third year college student. Welcome to the Westerners.

**Harry J. Deines**  
1707 Country Club Road  
Ft. Collins, Colorado 80524

Harry was born in Colorado, raised on a ranch, and graduated as an engineer from the University of Colorado. He recently retired from the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency. His primary interest is collecting Western books.

**Dean W. Hand**  
502 Delmar Street  
Sterling, Colorado 80751

Dean also came to us through Fred Rosenstock. He is interested in all phases of Western history. Welcome!



# Westerner's Bookshelf



**THE MAGNIFICENT ROCKIES/  
CREST OF A CONTINENT**, by  
the Editors of American West,  
American West Publishing Co.,  
Palo Alto, California, 1973. 288  
pages, profusely illustrated with  
color and black and white photo-  
graphs, paintings, drawings,  
charts and maps. Glossary and  
summation of National Moun-  
tain Parks. Price, \$14.95; De-  
 luxe edition, \$21.00.

The Editors of the American West succeeded admirably in creating a literary and pictorial masterpiece in this concise analysis of Rocky Mountain history. Although scholarly in thought, they have written it in an easy, captivating manner. Beginning with the formation of the rugged range 1,000,000,000 years ago, the thrilling phases of its growth and life zones are traced to modern times and includes man's influence upon its evolution.

When the earth's violently changing surfaces finally permitted it, man came exploring. The first man was the Indian who lived with the land and kept the ecology undisturbed. Then the white man came. The huge mountain chain was to him, at first, an arid barrier, to be skirted or passed over as quickly as possible, until, one day, gold and silver were discovered within the forbidding canyons. Mining camps, with the help of railroads, grew into cities as the fast transportation brought civilization to the West.

But the bonanzas soon played out and, amidst its wasteland, a faltering economy threatened the mountain population. To stay, the people had two choices—to find a new extractive industry or to develop the land, which they had wrested from the Indians, so they could

live upon it. They did both—by discovering oil and by controlling irrigation for farming and stock raising.

A third thing happened. People, late in the nineteenth century, began to come to the mountains for health and relaxation. Today, tourism is probably the largest industry of the region. It is growing at such a rate that, as the editors of the book say, "the quality of the Rocky Mountain future will hinge on men's response to the basic realities of the region."

"*The Magnificent Rockies* contains the high quality design and printing that characterizes all of the American West publications. Besides being a highly educational volume, garnished with excellent photographs, paintings and drawings, it is a heartfelt plea to save the beautiful wilderness of the Rockies, the "Crest of a Continent."

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

**ALL IS BUT A BEGINNING:  
YOUTH REMEMBERED, 1881-  
1901**, by John G. Neihardt. Har-  
court, Brace, Javanovich, N.Y.,  
173 pages, 1972, \$5.95.

Few men have lived so full, rich, and distinguished a life as John G. Neihardt, who for 71 years has continuously contributed to American literature and history.

Perhaps best known for his tremendously moving book, *Black Elk Speaks*, Neihardt is an outstanding poet, historian, journalist, teacher, scholar and first-hand authority on the American Indian. He is also one of that first group of men who met in Chicago back in February, 1944, who "founded" the Westerners.

A man of countless honors in the

field of history, literature and the humanities, Neihardt is also a warm, compassionate, delightful human being whose prose-poetry, whose magnetic charm shines through every page of the first volume of his projected two-volume autobiography, *All Is But A Beginning*.

As the poet once told this reviewer, this is not a biography in the normal sense of the word, but instead a series of flashbacks into his youth remembering among other things, the family sport of "picking buffalo chips," the awesome fear of a great prairie fire in Kansas (later elaborated upon in his epic, *Cycle of the West*), his childhood living in a sod-house, and his love for one Miss Lulu Lobb, a "goddess" he once had for a fourth grade teacher.

Neihardt's early ambition to be an inventor quickly gave way, he says, to his so-called "destiny" to be a poet during this early period. Haunted by a dream and enchanted with Oriental philosophy, at the age of sixteen he completed his first literary masterpiece, *The Divine Enchantment*. (Today less than 20 copies of this work remain in existence, the author in a burst of self-criticism having burned almost all of the first, and only, edition).

This is a tremendously delightful book, one Westerners and non-Westerners will enjoy reading.

An Introduction by Dick Cavett precedes the work.

Fred L. Lee, CM

**NARROW GAUGE TO CENTRAL AND SILVER PLUME: Colorado Rail Annual Number Ten, By Cornelius W. Hauck, Colorado Railroad Museum, P.O. Box 641, Golden Colorado, 1972, 223 pgs., \$9.75.**

Open the front cover and there appears William H. Jackson's 1884 photograph of the Georgetown Loop showing four trains. From start to finish the quality of this volume matches that magnificent photo. Through the years Mr. Hauck has contributed greatly to the preservation of Colorado Railroad History and for the hundreds of railroad and history buffs, this book will be warmly welcomed. From 1872 until 1941, little narrow gauge locomotives blasted their way west of Golden, Colorado to the mining camps of Blackhawk, Central City, Idaho Springs, Georgetown, and Silver Plume. The route up Clear Creek was spectacular and a major tourist attraction. When the revenue could no longer support the little line, its abandonment created one of Colorado's greatest losses. Its history has been carefully restored by a thoroughly researched text, maps, time tables, color paintings, and nearly three hundred excellent photographs, many never before published. For the modest asking price, this book has to be one of the best bargains offered in the last several years.

Jack L. Morison, P.M.

## OVER THE CORRAL RAIL (cont.)

The *Roundup* is always in need of news concerning the activities of members of the Denver Westerners. If you have a minute, please send us a note about what you have been doing, writ-

ten, painted, trips you have taken, etc. We'd like to know, and so would our readers. News of other members will be appreciated too. Send it all to your Editor.

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1973

Volume XXIX, No. 9

*IN THIS ISSUE*

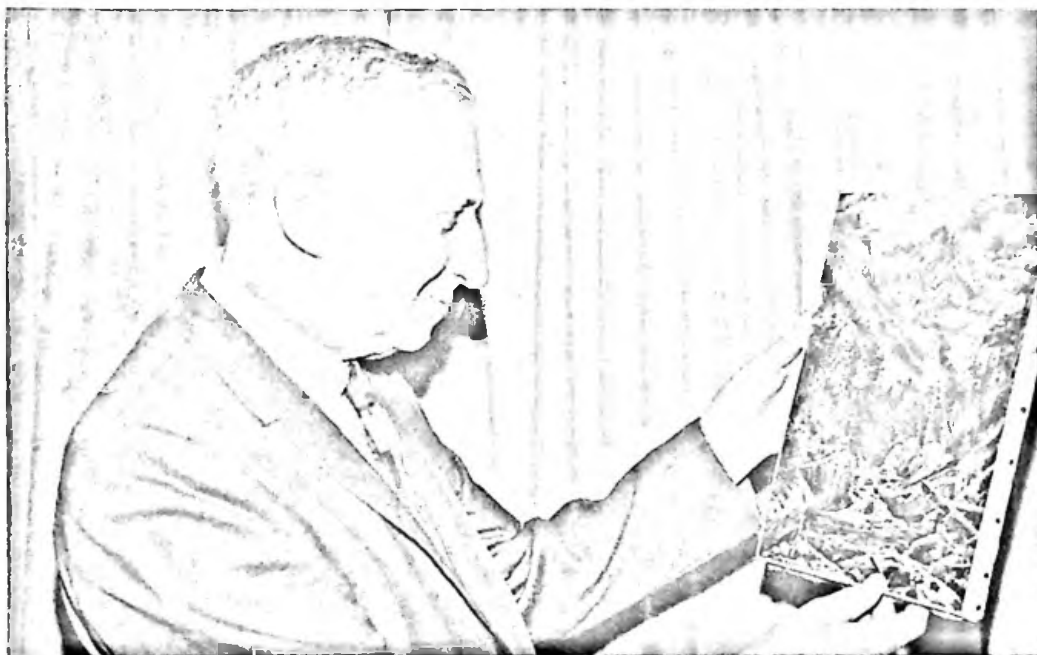
THE REDISCOVERY OF COLTER'S HELL  
AND OTHER RESEARCH ADVENTURES

by Merrill J. Mattes, P.M.

and

THE DENVER I REMEMBER

by Fred Rosenstock, P.M.



The Dean of Rare Book Dealers.

—Collection of the author.

**OVER THE CORRAL RAIL**

To the Denver Westerners:

We have again come to the time of year when we change Ranch Hands in the Denver Posse of the Westerners. Therefore this is the last issue of the *Roundup* which your present Editor will supervise. However, a very capable new Editor is coming aboard, and things will surely be in good hands.

For the past eighteen months I have received the generous support and cooperation of many people, without which this publication would have been impossible. Specifically and publically I would like to thank Jerry Johnson, Don Caran and the rest of the staff at Johnson Press for their continuing effort in quality printing. In my opinion Johnson Press has done an outstanding job in the publication of the *Roundup*. Also, to Sheriff Dick Ronzio, Deputy Sheriff Jackson Thode, Roundup Foreman Charles Ryland, and Tally Man Francis Rizzari, thanks for their wisdom and assistance. And to the Westerners Publications Committee thanks for their guidance. Also thanks to all the Westerners who contributed manuscripts, photographs, and other material for the *Roundup*.

Last, and probably most, thanks to my darling wife, Barbara, who has helped me in so many ways, so many times.

And for now, that's—30.

• • •

The Denver Posse of The Westerners is in receipt of the following letter dated 24 October 1973:

Dear Sheriff:

The Denver Posse of the Westerners  
(Concluded on the rear cover)

**THE DENVER WESTERNERS****ROUNDUP**

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**USE THESE ADDRESSES FOR:**

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*Dul Beckett Bishop*

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1974 Dues are payable  
1 January 1974.

# The Rediscovery of Colter's Hell and Other Research Adventures

by MERRILL J. MATTES, P.M.

According to supposedly ancient and honorable tradition the term "Colter's Hell" was applied by the early fur trappers to Yellowstone Park, or rather, to the geysers, hot pools, etc. which later became a part of Yellowstone. I say "supposedly" because this tradition is neither ancient nor honorable. It is a hoax. Or, to put it more politely, it was a careless misconception by an amateur historian which blossomed into one of the West's cherished legends.

Yes, Virginia, there was a Colter's Hell in the fur trappers' lexicon; but no, Virginia, this did not relate in any way to the thermal phenomena with which we are familiar today in Yellowstone Park. Later in this paper I will tell you about the real Colter's Hell, but right now I have to explain that the title I have selected is more symbolic than descriptive. What I really have in mind is to share with you several of my fur trade adventures, or rather, my adventures in research which led me to discover some new facts, and to rediscover some old ones long buried.

I am not sure how Noah Webster defines it, but according to my definition, research can be either of two things, or a combination of both: the systematic search for new facts or, a systematic review of old facts which, coupled

with logic and an open mind, can lead to new and more truthful interpretations. The early fur trade, coupled as it is with trail-blazing exploration of the American West, is an inherently exciting field of research. However, it does not seem like a fertile one since written records of this primitive private enterprise are meager, and most of the actors were illiterate, leaving no imprint of their own. Even so, I found that scholars had neglected this subject even though popularizers were legion. So even as John Colter and Jim Bridger knew the thrill of being the first Americans to gaze upon certain natural wonders of the West, I have had the thrill of other though less spectacular discoveries—discovering actual people behind the shadowy heroes of legend, and actual places obscured by mythology.

In fact, going on forty years now I have lived closely with the mountain men, not to know them personally because I was born in the wrong century, but through the windows of research—in libraries, in government archives, in stray bits of personal correspondence, and in field studies of trails, forts, campsites and rendezvous. I have felt the shadow of those giants with beaver traps, muzzle-loaders and seven-league boots, and the compelling fascination of unfettered, sometimes explosive personalities.

First from my portfolio I draw *The Case of Hiram Scott*, which might otherwise be entitled, "The Mystery of Scott's Bluffs." In 1935, after serving as a temporary ranger or "ninety day wonder" in Yellowstone I joined the National Park Service on a somewhat permanent basis, first as a combination Superintendent and Historian of Scotts Bluff National Monument. This area was set aside in 1919 because the bluffs in Western Nebraska are among the great natural landmarks of the Oregon Trail. At this time distressingly little was known about the man for whom the bluffs were named, this little being largely derived from the version found in Washington Irving's *Captain Bonneville*. I resolved to penetrate the veil of mystery regarding Scott, his identity, and the actual circumstances of his death. Over



a period of many years, and travels to Missouri and California, this evolved into many publications, gradually going far beyond the scope of Scott's Bluffs, but all starting with that one seed of curiosity about a fur trade enigma.

To reduce the Scott story to its essentials, Captain Bonneville, who first went up the Platte in 1832, had it that the unfortunate fur trader, ill from some unidentified cause, was travelling the North Platte downstream in a dugout canoe with unidentified companions when their boat overturned, near Laramie Fork. After some debate, and fearing starvation, the two faithless companions abandoned Scott, later reporting to their leader that Scott had died and was decently buried at Laramie Fork. The next spring the unidentified leader, returning to the Rocky Mountain rendezvous, found Scott's skeleton at Scotts Bluffs, 60 miles below Laramie Fork. This clearly indicated two things, that the companions had lied about his death, and that Scott did somehow manage to walk, crawl or swim 60 miles from the point last seen alive to the point of death. That was the whole depressing story as given to Nebraska school children for decades, and it had enough horrendous ingredients of human heroism and human frailty to be good enough for them, a real Shakespearian tragedy.

Ten years later, 1945, in *Nebraska History* magazine I published a piece on "Hiram Scott, Fur Trader." Although for some puzzling reason this scholarly bombshell failed to shake anyone's complacency—it didn't even rate a notice in the *Scottsbluff Star-Herald*, the patriotic local daily—I definitely felt this should be rated as a minor historical triumph, for I had dug up and correlated a surprising amount of factual information on a subject that hitherto had been largely folk-lore. At the Missouri Historical Society I discovered that Hiram Scott was a real person, born in St. Charles County in 1805 who, along with 100 other enterprising young men, became an employee of the famous William Ashley and the Rocky Mountain Fur Company in 1822. Also, that in 1823 he and Jedediah Smith were desig-

nated by Ashley as his two principal lieutenants when Colonel Leavenworth deputized the fur traders in his campaign against the hostile Arikara Indians on the Upper Missouri. This meant that the 18-year-old Scott and the famous Jed Smith—who toted a Bible as well as a gun—were co-equals as leaders of one of the toughest groups of frontiersmen ever assembled. They had been ambushed by the Arikara, losing a dozen men, and now with the assistance of the U. S. Army they were going to pay the Arikara for their sins. But Colonel Leavenworth bumbled. He stalled the attack long enough for the Arikara to make a mass escape from their besieged village. However, it is this episode that caused Ashley to be diverted from the Missouri River route and to push overland to the Central Rockies, and later to rediscover the Great Platte Route which became the Oregon Trail.

In the Ashley papers Scott shows up as a clerk. In the fur trade a clerk was not the same thing as a ribbon clerk today. He was an important official, a co-commander of the fur trade caravans. There is every reason to suppose that if he had not died in 1828, Scott might have been involved in other heroics and achieved lasting fame similar to that of Jed Smith, Jim Bridger and Kit Carson. But Scott died three years before Jed Smith received that Comanche spear in western Kansas on the Santa Fe Trail. Scott is immortalized by a topographic name but he missed the boat as a major historical figure.

In addition to the Ashley and Leavenworth records I began to turn up scores of overland journals—emigrants, soldiers, bull-whackers, and even a few rare literate fur traders—and a large percentage of these travellers paused at Scotts Bluff to pay verbal tribute to the deceased. The peculiar, but not surprising thing was, that among 50 or more versions of what happened to Scott, no two accounts were alike. There was every imaginable variation: according to some he didn't die at all, and lived like a hermit; he crawled 60 miles, or 30 miles, or one or two miles; accord-

ing to others he was not abandoned at all, in fact he encouraged his companions to go on without him. The causes of his death range from disease, starvation, exposure, and drowning, to wounding by arrow or gunshot. Obviously, none of these hearsay accounts could be credited—that is, none but one—the account of Warren A. Ferris of the American Fur Company expedition of 1830, two years ahead of Bonneville and therefore more credible. He dates Scott's demise at 1828, has him wounded somehow, but reaching the bluffs in a boat which overturns and he crawls only a short distance to die. The date matches the Ashley records where Scott's last payroll entry is 1828. In all probability the wound was caused by a recorded battle with Indians at the Bear Lake rendezvous of 1828. With this version we don't have to suffer along with the implausible concept of a 60 mile death crawl.

After 1945 I turned up more overland journals—hundreds of them, in fact, which later led me elsewhere—but there were three more accounts which enabled me to round out the picture of Hiram Scott. The William Anderson fur trade journal of 1834 and the Matthew Field *New Orleans Picayune* account of an 1843 trip enabled me to identify William Sublette positively as the expedition commander in 1828, and a fellow named Bruffee as one of the faithless companions. Finally, long after I had left the Scotts Bluff premises, one fine day an alleged collateral descendant of Hiram Scott visited the monument museum, left an ancestral manuscript giving details of Scott's appearance—tall, swarthy, handsome, etc.—and some genealogical data. Everything seemed quite credible except the family version of Uncle Hiram's death, namely that he was wounded by a grizzly bear, and subsequently froze to death. That bizarre ending is not theoretically impossible. After all, in 1823 Jed Smith was almost killed by a grizzly bear on the Grand River, in South Dakota. But even if the Scott ancestry is authentic, how would his surviving family members have reliable knowledge of the event which has been such a

mystery to everyone else? It seems that in this case we will be forever shielded from the complete truth.



Artist's Conception of Hiram Scott's Death. From Shumway's *History of Western Nebraska*.  
Collection of the author.

Having solved, if only partially, one Scotts Bluff mystery, I was aware there was another one even more tantalizing awaiting. This was the case of a French-Canadian named Robidoux who had a trading post at Scotts Bluff in 1849 and a few years thereafter, a place remarkable because during the prime years of the California gold rush it was the only fixed trading establishment in the 400 miles between Fort Kearny and Fort Laramie. Again, in the overland journals there are copious references to this so-called Frenchman with one or more Sioux squaws, an indefinite number of offspring, and a log-cabin trading post and blacksmith shop. Obviously, this man was related to the well-known Joseph Robidoux who had the trading post that became the nucleus of St. Joseph, Missouri but the Scotts Bluff Robidoux couldn't be the old man back in St. Joseph,

so who was he? Evidently no one worried about the subject until I adopted this as a research project. This also had been accepted as a vague bit of western Nebraska folklore. Again, a search of several hundred overland journals, including scientific observers like Captain Howard Stansbury of the Corps of Engineers, and the explorer Heinrich Mollhausen, turned up a quite respectable number of observations about the Robidoux establishment. A bit of surface reconnaissance archeology turned up the actual trading post site and, most gratifying of all, I began to receive unusual visitors at Scotts Bluff—Sioux Indians from the Pine Ridge and Rosebud Indian Reservations, South Dakota, who all claimed the name of Robidoux, and that their grandfather had the Scotts Bluff trading post. These Indians were in the North Platte Valley to help with the potato harvest, but they were anxious to talk to someone else who had knowledge of their ancestor. There was disagreement among them whether grandfather's name was Joseph or Charles or Sylvestre, but Joseph had the inside track when I turned up two illuminating sources at the Nebraska State Historical Society. One of these was a recorded interview with Susan, half-breed daughter of James Bordeaux, the man who was the bourgeois at Fort Laramie in 1846 as recorded by Francis Parkman. She positively identified Joseph Robidoux as the squawman of Scotts Bluff. Also a rare Robidoux family biography reported a tradition that in 1857 Joseph E. Robidoux, eldest son of the St. Joseph Joseph, moved from the Plains to the White Cloud Indian Reservation in Eastern Kansas and married an Oto woman. But there was a hitch—the Indian descendants had said that their grandfather was killed by a mule and buried at Scotts Bluffs, they didn't know exactly where. It took me a while to figure out the probable truth—that grandfather in fact deserted his Sioux Indian family, and the story of the mule was invented by the aggrieved mother to put a good face on things for the children!

You're wrong if you think that solved the mystery of Robidoux's trading post. It was only the beginning, because my article on the subject in *Nebraska History* for June, 1949 aroused the interest of others who had axes to grind and some other Robidoux as their personal candidate. If you know anything about western history you know that there were a whole host of Robidoux perambulating about the west—brothers, sons, nephews, all related to old Joe at St. Joseph, but few contemporary writers, when they encountered a Robidoux, bothered to identify him. The strongest rival to Joseph E. or Joseph Jr. for Scotts Bluff honors was one Antoine Robidoux, for the simple reason that two or three writers did positively identify an A. or Antoine Robidoux at Scotts Bluff. Well, to make *this* long story short, it took a trip to the National Archives to prove what was beginning to seem evident—there were several Robidoux involved, not unnaturally, since it was a family enterprise headed up by the man in St. Joseph who got the trading licenses. On a register of licenses to trade among the Sioux in 1850 is one issued to old Joe and on it four traders are named—Joseph E., Antoine, Michel and Isadore Robidoux. This helps to explain why emigrants descriptions of the composite Robidoux are confusing and contradictory. The famous Scotts Bluff "Robidoux" was in fact several people! Nevertheless, I still hold to the conviction that Joseph E., eldest son of the patron of St. Joe, was the principal figure involved during the gold rush, and the probable ancestor of a large but indefinite number of present-day Sioux, including one of the attorneys for the Indian activists who recently occupied and "trashed" the village of Wounded Knee, South Dakota, scene of the tragic 1890 fight turned massacre.

Incidentally, this Antoine was not the Antoine Robidoux who rode with Kearny to California in 1846, and who earlier had a trading post on the Colorado River, near Grand Junction. This Antoine of Scotts Bluff was a son of Francis

Robidoux, brother of the St. Joseph Joseph, and therefore a nephew of the elder Antoine, and a cousin of Joseph E.

The Robidoux tangles were untangled, to my satisfaction at least, in my original biography of Joseph Robidoux which appears in Volume VIII of *Mountain Men of the Fur Trade*. The complexity of this untanglement may be indicated by the fact that there were not just two Josephs, but four Joseph Robidoux in four successive generations, all prominent in the western fur trade. It was necessary, therefore, to use Roman numerals with each of these Josephs to avoid confusion. By this device, the St. Joseph Joseph was III and the Scotts Bluff Joseph was IV.

The mountain of overland migration material generated by the initial research on these two fur traders led eventually to my book, *The Great Platte River Road* (Nebraska State Historical Society, 1969) which relates to the eastern one-third of the Oregon-California trail. Before it was over I had corralled 700 or 800 overland journals and something simply had to be done about them. Encouraged by a Nebraska Centennial research grant, I started the project in 1961, visiting virtually all major repositories. This started out to be merely a study of the Oregon Trail or western Nebraska; but it just wasn't possible to start at some arbitrary point like the South Platte Crossing or even Fort Kearny. The upshot was that I finally started out at the Missouri River jumping-off places and kept going to Fort Laramie, Wyoming. (I figured if someone else wanted to resume the narrative west of Fort Laramie they were free to do so; at this point after ten years of labor I ran out of steam.) Beside juggling the combined narratives of several hundred travellers I had to provide a proper chronology, and a review of what people ate, what they wore, how they died—likewise a 50-page bibliography. The result is a book of about 600 pages, not counting maps and illustrations. It includes much of my findings on Scott and the Robidoux, as well as a variety of other ex-fur traders who became involved as guides during the migrations.

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The Robidoux tangles were untangled, to my satisfaction at least, in my original biography of Joseph Robidoux which appears in Volume VIII of *Mountain Men of the Fur Trade*. The complexity of this untanglement may be indicated by the fact that there were not just two Josephs, but four Joseph Robidoux in four successive generations, all prominent in the western fur trade. It was necessary, therefore, to use Roman numerals with each of these Josephs to avoid confusion. By this device, the St. Joseph Joseph was III and the Scotts Bluff Joseph was IV.

The mountain of overland migration material generated by the initial research on these two fur traders led eventually to my book, *The Great Platte River Road* (Nebraska State Historical Society, 1969) which relates to the eastern one-third of the Oregon-California trail. Before it was over I had corralled 700 or 800 overland journals and something simply had to be done about them. Encouraged by a Nebraska Centennial research grant, I started the project in 1961, visiting virtually all major repositories. This started out to be merely a study of the Oregon Trail or western Nebraska; but it just wasn't possible to start at some arbitrary point like the South Platte Crossing or even Fort Kearny. The upshot was that I finally started out at the Missouri River jumping-off places and kept going to Fort Laramie, Wyoming. (I figured if someone else wanted to resume the narrative west of Fort Laramie they were free to do so; at this point after ten years of labor I ran out of steam.) Beside juggling the combined narratives of several hundred travellers I had to provide a proper chronology, and a review of what people ate, what they wore, how they died—likewise a 50-page bibliography. The result is a book of about 600 pages, not counting maps and illustrations. It includes much of my findings on Scott and the Robidoux, as well as a variety of other ex-fur traders who became involved as guides during the migrations.

Besides Hiram Scott and Joseph Robidoux there are two other fur trade figures whose biographies I researched and wrote for *Mountain Men of the Fur Trade*—Seth Ward and Major John Dougherty. I am not going to elaborate on them here except to note that both were penniless fur trade contemporaries of Scott, Robidoux, Bridger, etc. and shared many of their exploits, both wound up as merchant princes who became millionaires, and both were involved—at different times—as the post sutler at Fort Laramie. Like many of his fellows, Ward had two wives—one Indian and one white girl back in the settlements—and thus two sets of descendants who, to my knowledge, have never met each other. As a matter of fact a well-to-do Ward descendant in Kansas City vigorously denied to me that his illustrious ancestor had any Indian wife or that he in turn had any Indian relatives, collateral or otherwise, but the record speaks for itself. To Ward's credit it must be stated that his two wives were more successive than contemporary.

Major Dougherty is such an incredible figure that I aim to deal with him more fully in book form. What is incredible about him is that he was a worthy fellow adventurer of the likes of John Colter, Andrew Henry, Jed Smith, Edward Rose and the Sublettes, and then on top of his fur trade experience he had a lengthy career as an Indian agent on the Upper Missouri River. He helped launch the Long expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1820, greeted Fitzpatrick and Clyman when they came into Fort Atkinson in 1824 to report the break-through geographical discovery of the Platte route, and was a key figure in Indian treaties negotiated out of Fort Leavenworth. So we'll have to deal with him separately another time.

Well, lets turn to a different kind of story which may be labelled the Jackson Hole case, or, "The State of Wyoming vs. the National Park Service." In 1929 Congress created Grand Teton National Park, consisting of the beautiful Teton Mountain Range. Meanwhile John D. Rockefeller, Jr. and Horace Albright figured that the park wouldn't be

complete without the complementary valley floor—Jackson Hole. Through the Snake River Land and Cattle Company Rockefeller had been buying up valley land since the 1920s with this object in view. Accordingly, in 1944 Franklin D. Roosevelt created Jackson Hole National Monument. This touched off a storm of protest among Wyoming citizens who felt that their right to graze cattle on the public domain was in jeopardy, because an enlarged Grand Teton park would result in fewer cows and more tourists. This scrap culminated in a court case brought by Wyoming to declare the Presidential Proclamation null and void. This is where I came into the picture. The State claimed that the Proclamation, based on the Antiquities Act of 1906, was invalid because there was nothing of scientific or historic value in Jackson Hole—no geology, no history, no nothing. I was asked to research and document the history part, and was given just six months to prepare testimony as an expert witness.

To make *this* story short, a fast tour of the western history library circuit, coupled with analysis of topographic maps, revealed a rather staggering number of early explorers, fur traders and trappers who had operated in, through and around Jackson Hole, beginning with John Colter, who spent the winter of 1807-1808 in that vicinity, and Andrew Henry and his band of Missouri Fur Company refugees from the Blackfoot country in 1810. In 1811 the Astorian expedition under Wilson Price Hunt detached four trappers in Jackson Hole before proceeding over Teton Pass. Men of the British Northwest Company followed the Snake River to its source and named the Three Tetons. Smith, Sublette, Bridger and others of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company swarmed all over the place beginning in 1824. In 1829 Sublette and Jackson met here and named Jackson Hole after David E. Jackson before crossing the range to meet Jed Smith in Idaho on his return from his marathon journey to California and Oregon; thereafter came a whole procession of mountain men until 1840 when the last

rendezvous occurred. When I first published my findings later in the *Pacific Northwest Quarterly* my monograph was truthfully entitled, "Jackson Hole, Crossroads of the Western Fur Trade."

At the court trial the Wyoming prosecutor managed to produce witnesses who swore up and down that nothing ever happened in Jackson Hole. When I was called to the stand later the defense wheeled in a truckload of books I was prepared to offer in testimony, but the judge ruled that the books *per se* were inadmissible as evidence. Accordingly, I relied on the facts that had been engraved on my memory, and took over six hours, stretched over two days, to summarize my personal knowledge of significant fur trade happenings in Jackson Hole. When I had completed my recital of events to 1840 Judge Kennedy took his hands from his aching head, looked over the bemused audience and then at me, to ask: "Are you sure you haven't left out anything?" I told him I would be glad to give him also a rundown of events from 1840 to 1940. He hastened to assure me this wouldn't be necessary. The judge's verdict was that the President of the United States was within his rights to proclaim Jackson Hole a National Monument, since there evidently were historical as well as scientific values. It was a triumph for the conservationists, and led later to an expanded Grand Teton National Park which is enjoyed today by millions. I was later successful in persuading the National Park Service to develop a Fur Trade Museum at park headquarters to illuminate the role of the Tetons and Jackson Hole in Rocky Mountain fur trade and exploration. I laid out the basic exhibit plan for this museum and tracked down most of the artifacts and, with the help of Charles Hanson, the gun collection. When the Fur Trade Museum was dedicated in 1960, no objections were heard this time from the solid citizens of Wyoming; they were—and still are—too busy counting their dollars from the booming tourist business.

The Chief Historian thought I should next tackle the

history of Yellowstone Park to help celebrate its 75th anniversary, in 1947. It was already clear that the early fur traders were all over Yellowstone Park also after John Colter's discovery of it in 1808, and this seemed like a routine chore until I ran into a very strange fact. All my life I'd heard about Colter's Hell—that this was the colorful name bestowed on the Park by the fur trappers. Now all of us know that once an attractive untruth or misconception takes root it produces a tree with glamorous fruit and it's awfully hard to convince the general public that it's all an optical illusion. For a time I was caught in this same charming trap, until the evidence in certain prime source materials began sending out warning signals. We all hate to find out that George Washington didn't *really* cut down that cherry tree, and I found it difficult to overcome the romantic notion that Yellowstone's geyserfield and hot pools were known to the trappers and their contemporaries as Colter's Hell. But in time, mind triumphed over emotion and there it was. There *was* a place called Colter's Hell, but it wasn't the Yellowstone geysers at all; in fact it was over 50 miles east of the boundary of present Yellowstone Park, at a place on the Shoshone River near Cody, Wyoming. *That* was the real Colter's Hell. The evidence is in the known documentary and cartographic sources and it is also right there on the ground, where sinter cones, hot springs, sulphurous odors and other thermal phenomena still exist, although nobody pays any attention to it to this day.

Obtaining their information first-hand from Jim Bridger who was personally acquainted with the region, Captain Gunnison and Father DeSmet both wrote in the 1850s of a place of subterranean wonders on the Shoshone River, then called the Stinkingwater, and now identifiable as a distinct zone of vulcanism, near the highway a few miles below the Buffalo Bill Dam, where the Shoshone Canyon enters the mountains. Hiram M. Chittenden, the Yellowstone Park engineer turned historian, was responsible for the misconception when he published the first edition of his famous

book in 1895. He didn't exactly *say* that the Yellowstone Park geysers were Colter's Hell; however, since he didn't know anything like that elsewhere he just plain speculated that it was *probably* the Yellowstone geyser area Colter was talking about. Later he had his own doubts and the subject was omitted from later editions, but by that time the damage was done, and the romanticists wouldn't have it any other way—Yellowstone Park *was* Colter's Hell because it's such a lovely poetic concept!

If anyone had bothered to take a magnifying glass and examine John Colter's route as shown in William Clark's famous map of 1810 he would have recognized that Colter did not even see the Yellowstone geyser basins, at least the major ones drained by the Firehole River; but when he came to the Stinkingwater Canyon he did note a place which gave off steam and sulphurous fumes. Jim Bridger had a reputation as a liar, but even he didn't pretend that Yellowstone Park was Colter's Hell. On the contrary, he drew a map for Father DeSmet, now in the DeSmet Collection at St. Louis University, which clearly identifies Colter's Hell as a specific spot on the Stinkingwater, just west of where Cody, Wyoming now stands.

With all that clear-cut evidence from unimpeachable sources, you would think, wouldn't you, that the matter was settled? In the September, 1949 issue of *The Mississippi Valley Historical Review* I published an article entitled, "Behind the Legend of Colter's Hell: the Early Exploration of Yellowstone National Park." In 1962 the Yellowstone Park Library Association published my book, *Colter's Hell and Jackson's Hole*, in which my findings on both areas were combined, complete with maps, pictures and bibliography. Some 30,000 to 40,000 copies have been bought by Yellowstone Park visitors. But do you want to know something? I've seen several books and articles published in recent years by professional historians and authors in which Yellowstone Park is still called Colter's Hell, and I've heard Yellowstone Park lecturers dwelling on the same old



Typical American Trapper of the Early Rocky Mountain Fur Trade. Exhibit at Scotts Bluff National Monument.

—Collection of the author.

threadbare theme. Meanwhile my efforts to get Wyoming to at least put up a sign at the real Colter's Hell have been unrewarding. Finally, it dawns on you. In the popular mind Yellowstone Park is *still Colter's Hell* and there is nothing that any historian or even an Act of Congress can do about it. There is one human trait that stands out like the Rock of Gibraltar. People tend to believe what they *want* to believe, they *ignore* any facts that get in their way, and they *resent* efforts by anyone to confuse them with the facts.

My involvement with the fur trade has been extensive, primarily because of the magnetic force it exerts on anyone who has been hooked, so to speak, on Western history. But I'd get into it pretty deeply anyway because of National Park Service preservation efforts. We are currently restoring trading posts of the British Northwest Company at Grand Portage, at the western tip of Lake Superior, in Minnesota, and the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River opposite Portland. We are into the story of Imperial Russia at Sitka, Alaska, where the trade in sea otter skins was the main economic force; when this trade languished, Russia was glad to accept 7½ million dollars for all of Alaska, once thought of as a bad bargain, now recognized as our new frontier, of incalculable riches. Contrary to the general impression that Alaska went into a deep freeze after the Seward purchase of 1867, there was a continuously active fur trade with Eskimos, Aleuts and Athabascan Indians, coupled with exploration and discovery. In 1968 it was my privilege to participate in a reconnaissance of the Kobuk-Koyukuk wilderness area, above the Arctic circle, and Eskimo villages on the Arctic seacoast. That is the frontier today, and it is still a raw frontier to the extent that the fur trade still ranks No. 1 among economic activities. I am glad I saw it before the oil boom and the tourist boom started to cloud up on the horizon, and threaten to degrade that pristine landscape.

Somewhat comfortably closer to home than the Arctic



Circle, however, is the Missouri River, route of Lewis and Clark, particularly the Upper Missouri, which the American Fur Company once regarded as its private road. We hope to tell the story of exploration and the Indian trade at four Missouri River localities: at Jefferson National Expansion Memorial at St. Louis, in a museum underground below the 630 foot Gateway Arch; at the Knife River Indian villages, 50 miles above Bismarck, North Dakota; at the site of Fort Union trading post, opposite the mouth of Yellowstone River; and at Fort Benton, Montana, possible headquarters for a future riverway park encompassing the wild Missouri River Breaks. Fort Union and the Jefferson Memorial are already in the National Park System; the Knife River villages and the Missouri River Breaks are current proposals for addition to the National Park System. New vistas in fur trade research are opening here. But I want to mention, in closing, the research that has been expended on Missouri River historic sites that have been destroyed and lost forever.

The U. S. Army Corps of Engineers have built six giant dams across the Missouri River in the Dakotas and Montana, creating reservoirs that have inundated over 700 miles of river valley. This god-like tampering with the landscape may well have some distinct short-range economic benefits; on the other hand there are some distinct permanent economic losses, as well as ecological imbalances. There is also a high price paid in terms of cultural losses, for these dams have obliterated literally hundreds of historic and archeologic sites. At Omaha I was deeply involved in historical and archeological salvage programs, where with inadequate funding frantic efforts were made—before dam completions—to excavate the sites archeologically and research them historically. Confining ourselves to sites of exploration and fur trade provenience I can suggest to you the extent of the disastrous losses: over 50 identifiable Lewis and Clark camp sites; over a dozen trading post sites, particularly those from 1797 to 1840; and of course over 50 percent



Fur Traders and Trappers Rendezvous, Upper Green River, Exhibit at Fur Trade Museum, Grand Teton National Park.  
--Conception of the author.

of the historical landscape. Among lost sites, for example, are those of Fort Recovery and Fort Kiowa in the Fort Randall Reservoir, and, in the Oahe Reservoir, the historic Arikara villages and the setting of the hostilities of 1823, where Jed Smith and Hiram Scott became officers of the Missouri Legion. We made photographs, measured architectural evidence, collected artifacts and researched these sites which had been largely ignored by scholars, but it was too little and too late. There was not enough time or manpower to do the job right. Reports on these salvage activities for the benefit of posterity have appeared variously in *Collections* of the South Dakota Historical Society, the *North Dakota Historical Quarterly*, and *Bulletins* of the Bureau of American Ethnology. In addition to site descriptions, these accounts are replete also with new historical data on traders and trading posts, explorers, activities of the U. S. Army and Indian agents, steamboat wrecks and ghost towns.

Let me close with the strange story of Sacagawea of Lewis and Clark fame, who died in 1812 at Fort Manuel Lisa just below the North Dakota line, a site now many fathoms deep under the Oahe Reservoir. In 1950 some Wyoming citizens thought that there should be a federal memorial to Sacagawea at Fort Washakie, on the Wind River Indian Reservation, because it was here—they said—that she died in 1884. This dubious history was proclaimed by a vigorous champion of women's rights, Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard of the University of Wyoming, in her book, *Sacajawea*, a masterpiece of verbal virtuosity, and a horrible example of how scholarship can be perverted by special pleading. We have no quarrel with her contention that the Shoshone girl, captive child bride of that French rascal Charbonneau, who was drafted by Lewis and Clark at the Knife River Indian villages as a guide and interpreter, was indeed a woman of force and character, who helped make American history. But Dr. Hebard's mission was not limited to providing a pedestal for a heroine. She evidently felt

that she had a sacred obligation to prove that a Shoshone woman who died at Fort Washakie in 1884 was indeed Sacagawea, notwithstanding the fact that the poor woman herself when alive never made such an extravagant claim! In Wyoming, as elsewhere, patriotic allegiance to the mystique of the moment can be both uncritical and emphatic. Thus it has been possible for some to embrace the concept that Jackson Hole had no history, while at the same time believing that Sacagawea did not *really* die of childbirth in 1812, as documented in the Luttig journal, but somehow lived magically on to the age of 97, totally unnoticed during her lifetime but now entitled to deferred sainthood at a Wyoming tourist shrine. In 1950 my attention was directed to a letterbook of William Clark, Superintendent of Indian Affairs at St. Louis, which is dated 1825 and which gives the status at that time of expedition members of 1804-1806 under his command. Sacagawea, in William Clark's own hand-writing, is listed in 1825 as "dead." As co-commander of the Lewis and Clark expedition, William Clark would be a rock-bottom authority. This is conclusive evidence to me, and it has been quietly accepted by other historians, but it evidently has had no impact on the loyal followers of Professor Hebard because "the grave of Sacajawea" continues as a revered shrine at the Wind River Indian Reservation.

Research is not all glamour. Much of it is drudgery, and the thrills of discovering something really new and exciting—or of discovering something old that has to be rehabilitated—comes rarely. Research, like bad breath, can also make you unpopular if it reveals truths which upsets favorite applegarts or romantic legends dear to State Travel Bureaus or television script writers. But by and large research also can be fun, and to the extent that it is the honest pursuit of truth, it can provide the satisfaction, sometimes the joy, that is the fringe benefit of any creative human skill.

# The Denver I Remember

by FRED A. ROSENSTOCK, P.M.

When the Westerners first asked me to do a paper, on a subject of my choosing, what came to mind was to relate some of my experiences and impressions of Denver during my early years here, in the 1920's and 1930's, and so, to title it, the words, "The Denver I Remember" seemed appropriate. Then, as I began to reflect further, to evolve the subject matter of my talk, it took on other proportions. I came to Denver in 1920, 53 years ago, by accident, as I will recall later, and being naturally (in all modesty) of an inquisitive and mildly adventurous bent, I participated in and observed certain happenings in Denver—which were as much a part of *me* as of Denver. So, in fact, this has to be considered a fragment of my life, spanning my first 20 years in Denver. And, on even further reflection, I thought it appropriate, at this stage of my life, to reveal a few "secrets," so-called. In a facetious vein, when my dear wife was alive, I used to say I could relate 95% of my doings—but now that she is gone, I could freely and without restraint add another 3%. I will take this present opportunity to bring out some of this 3%. Please don't ask me about the remaining 2%. I don't feel that I have yet reached the age or circumstance to unfold the final revelations.

To begin at the beginning, I served in the Army in World War I—as a stenographer in the Medical Department. I had unusual speed as a shorthand writer and, in fact, covered meetings—many quite technical—with anywhere from 10 to 30 or 40 participating. I wound up as a sergeant, and although my working day was comparatively short, I had to show up for drill early in the morning—my outfit being known as the Surgeon General's Headquarters Company. I came to Washington in June 1917 and was discharged in 1919—some time after the Armistice.

The Washington climate seemed to have a negative effect on my health structure. The humid summers and the chilly, rainy winters had an undermining effect on my physique—and many mornings, especially at drill, I would feel feverish and out of sorts. I was discharged with a 10% disability rating. Even prior to my discharge I had a civilian job promised me—a sales job in Washington with the Thomas Cusack Company—a leading billboard, bulletin, and electric outdoor advertising firm. The Cusack Company, by the way, was started by a Colorado man—Tom Cusack—from Cascade, Colorado. (There were still some Cusacks in that locality in recent years.)

Anyway, I found this job interesting as well as remunerative, and my employers were happy with me. I worked hard, perhaps a little too hard, as I was in love with a fine girl—a so-called “war-worker” of that period—from St. Louis, to whom I considered myself engaged. She returned to St. Louis shortly after the Armistice, and the understanding between us was that I would get a job after my discharge and save up a little money—then go to St. Louis, where I would meet her family and become formally engaged.

Briefly, my hopes and ambitions were blunted by my nemesis—my fragile health. The climax came when a heavy cold brought on pneumonia—which very nearly put a finish to my career. After my so-called “recovery” I was a total wreck—thin and weak, so debilitated that it was

difficult for me to walk, not to speak of going back to my sales job. It became apparent—and this was verified by Washington doctors—that I would never regain my health or strength living in Washington. The doctors suggested that I leave Washington at once and go to a dry, desert country—they mentioned Arizona, California, Nevada, or Colorado (the last, at that time, being noted as a health center, particularly for respiratory and pulmonary cases). My employers were good to me. They wanted me to get well, and hopefully, to eventually return to them. They offered to pay my travel and medical expenses for six months. Up to that time I had never been West. I decided to go *all the way* west—to California.

I am riding on a Chicago & Northwestern train between Chicago and Omaha. It is August 1920 and a very warm day. To get a respite from the soot and cinders inside (I apologize to my friends, the railroad buffs) I am sitting outside, on the observation car, absorbed in magazine. I was wearing “pincer” glasses, which hooked on the nose, without frames. I was not aware that the glasses were not properly adjusted on my nose; they were slightly “loose,” in fact. As the shadows began to lengthen in the late afternoon—and a little wind rose up—all of a sudden, without warning, a gust of wind literally blew my glasses off into the void, with the train at full speed.

The loss of my glasses presented a severe problem. First of all I am near-sighted and have worn glasses since I was ten. Without them I would not be able to see the distant scenery—and this, for me, would be losing a major pleasure of the trip. I hailed the conductor, told him of my mishap, and asked him where I could get off to have some new glasses fitted. He said “Omaha!” For some reason I did not wish to get off at Omaha. “What’s next?” I asked. “Denver!” he answered. At once there flickered through my mind some images of Denver which had collected in me, an Easterner over the year. Buffalo Bill! Gold! Rocky Mountains! “That’s where I’ll get off!” say I to myself.

And so it was. I stepped out of the Union depot—at that time an almost unbelievably busy place—and lo and behold, after an inquiry, I began to *walk* toward the downtown area. I amazed myself by the sudden bouyancy I seemed to have, walking about ten blocks to 16th & Champa, whereas in Washington I could hardly walk a block without becoming completely fagged out. I walked into the first optical store that met my eyes. The man promised to have new glasses for me the very next day.

Sure enough, next day my new glasses were awaiting me. I did not rush to the Union Station to resume my journey to California. Rather, being a sports fan from way back, I decided to go out to the ball game at Merchant's Park, on South Broadway near Montgomery Ward's. I wanted to see how baseball was played in the Western League. Milton Anfenger was then owner of the Denver Bears. I enjoyed the game, and at its end surprised myself by a sudden yearning for food—a good steak, if you please—the first such desire I had experienced in many weeks. Denver at that time had many fine restaurants—the famed Manhattan on Larimer Street, Watrous' Restaurant on Curtis, directly across from Baur's, Pell's great fish house, the Dutch Mill Cafeteria, among others. I strolled into Watrous' (where you could pick your live trout and eat it minutes later). However, I ordered steak and it was delicious! As I waited for the steak, my eyes wandered and centered their attention on a beautiful large oil painting that hung on the wall and appeared to be the show-piece of the place.

Even as I ate, I continued to be fascinated by this painting—which vividly depicted a scene during the Indian wars of the Custer period. I mention this particularly because the memory of this painting never left me—and many years later, when I owned the Bargain Book Store at 15th & Tremont, I read in the paper that Watrous' was closing because of the death of Mr. Watrous. I contacted the widow and yes, she had the painting now at her home.



I related to her how this painting had impressed and obsessed me on my first arrival and dinner in Denver—would she consider selling it? She said yes, she would. A deal was made. I have had many fine paintings in my life—both as collector and dealer, but this beautiful one is still with me. It is my sentimental rapport with my past. The artist, by the way, was one J. Howard Martin—who, to my best knowledge, came to Denver in the 1890's, and whose paintings found their way into the homes of some of Denver's illustrious families of the time. As I recall, I found no record of him in Denver after about 1910.

To get back to my story, on my third day in Denver I did something that was my habit where I lived—in the days of my youth in Rochester, N.Y. and later in Washington—and that was to visit the second hand book stores. In those days, I wasn't looking for books to sell—I really *read* books (and still do) and not necessarily books of history. My range was wide—although history predominated. Denver, in those days, supported at least a half-dozen book stores dealing in used books in the downtown area. They could afford the low rents of that time, whereas now they are shunted off to remote areas—homes, barns, anything! I would up buying about as many books as I could carry—and was delighted to find the bookmen so genial and amiable that I knew I would be at home in their circle.

A few more pleasant days in Denver and I began to ponder the wisdom of going to California. I sensed I was responding to the better climate, and, in fact, everything about Denver in that short week contributed to my decision to stay here. So, I wrote to my employers in Washington, explaining why and how I was in Denver and why I liked it here. They had said that when I got located in the West the Washington doctors would give me the name of an M.D. to see, and so they did. I was referred to a doctor by the name of E. A. Peterson. He turned out to be a friendly, capable doctor, and upon hearing my story and examining me, said the change of climate wasn't enough.

He recommended a stay in a rest home, where I could get lots of rest and good food—and this together with the medicine he would prescribe would make for a good recovery, he assured me. The rest home I was sent to was Oakes Home, at West 32nd and Clay (now a Catholic Convent). Oakes Home was a first-class institution sponsored and operated by a religious organization and directed by Rev. Frederick Oakes, a fine administrator (although a little pompous and straight-laced, as you would expect). As I recall, there must have been approximately 100 “roomers” or patients there—some only slightly ill, from various causes, and a few that looked to me not very sick at all.

At this point I feel I should mention that my love affair with the St. Louis girl ended unhappily. My illness was a prime factor but there were other considerations I should like to digress here, that although I had a wonderful wife and companion whom I dearly loved for 46 years, this “first-love” was and is also a wonderful memory. I have often referred to “miracles” that have occurred in my life. For 50 years, I had had no contact with this “first girl”—but in 1970 she phoned me from Estes Park, where she was vacationing with her husband, and asked if I was *the* Fred Rosenstock. I sure was *he*, and the following week they came to our present shop on East Colfax, and we had a brief but very pleasant visit prior to their taking the plane to St. Louis. My wife met them also, and although I was understandably under a bit of tension and wonderment, everything came out nicely.

To revert again to my experience at Oakes Home, I rested as much as I could stand, but time began to be heavy on my hands. I knew it was good for me to rest, but I was feeling better and better, and my “energy” was rising. There were several other men in about the same condition—ordered to rest, but not really incapacitated, and we discovered a mutual interest—playing poker. It happened that my room was quite spacious and so *there* it was that the

game was held, nearly every afternoon. It was a "friendly" game—and actually I was not a winner—but it so happened that a few "amateurs" who really had no business in the game dropped a few shekels, and, of all things, it got back to Rev. Oakes that a gambling game was going on in his very respectable domain—and in my room! So, I got a call to see him in his office. After asking me a myriad of questions, he absolved me from "running a game" but said it "had to stop." We did.

There were some interesting people at Oakes Home at the time. Temple Buell was there. I never knew for sure what reason—he seemed *extra*-healthy to me, and I liked him very much, particularly his joviality. He had a Ford—a "tin lizzy" as I recall, and once or twice I accompanied him on little jaunts with friends—not necessarily men. There was no hard or fast rule about getting out of the Home in the early evening, but, as I recall you had to get back by 10, to get in. Once I was late, but by pre-arrangement, I tapped on the window of a young lady resident who became a good friend, and she let me in through her window.

My doctor, Dr. Peterson, would come to see me twice a week—and he thought I was doing fine. Other residents, or patients, who had their own doctors, and particularly some who weren't doing so well, observed my rather amazing and rapid improvement, and asked me who my doctor was. Naturally, I was able to speak of him with enthusiasm—with the result that several of my new-made friends said, "when your doctor calls to see you, please bring him to me, I would like to see him." It did not strike me as unethical at the time, and wonder of wonders, in no time at all, my doctor was "making the rounds," like a mailman. In addition to just me, almost overnight he had acquired 10 or 12 "customers." I genuinely felt happy for them and for my doctor—and at no time did it occur to me that I had unconsciously done a "selling job." What actually happened was that other doctors began to lose patients. One

doctor in particular was badly hurt—he lost three. Once more I am called to Dr. Oakes' office. He asks, "Rosenstock, are you *really* sick? Or are you a hired plant for an unprofessional doctor?" He said that several of the affected doctors had complained, and threatened to discontinue sending patients to the home. I hotly denied the allegations and the "interview" would up by my saying, "Rev. Oakes, I won't be a thorn to you much longer. I am feeling much better and I'm going to look for a job."

I had no difficulty finding a job. As a matter of fact, I went to work for a billboard concern in Denver called the Curran Company, actually an affiliate of my Washington employer, the Cusack Company. The owner was old Jim Curran, who had started many years before as a billposter and made a lot of money in his outdoor advertising and other pursuits. The man at the head of the sales department was Tracy Reeve, a man of character and culture for whom I formed a great affection. Reeve's father, an elderly man, was also in the office as a bookkeeper. I want to digress here to speak of the older Mr. Reeve. He had come to Denver in the 80's from Princeton, Illinois, and from his youth had collected Americana—not just Western history, but *American* history. I visited his home many times—it was either on Vine or Race not far from Colfax—and I feel that knowing him at that time and conversing with him on historical subjects, as well as seeing and borrowing books from his fine collection, perhaps was a prime motivation in spurring my interest in history—and in eventually providing the impetus for my going into the book business.

I began to earn and save a little money, and by then I considered myself a confirmed Coloradan. I knew this would be *my* country. About this time I was becoming more and more disenchanted with Mr. Curran. It struck me that it was his opinion that if you had not started as a billposter, you were some sort of interloper—and things in general were getting unsavory. My good friend Tracy Reeve, my immediate "boss," seemed to feel the same way

although he “stuck it out” for several years more. During these months my friendship with the Denver booksellers of the time blossomed—so much so, in fact, that I became one of the bookmen’s “circle” even though I was not in the business.

The thought came over, “Why don’t I go into the book business?” I was so anxious to get away from my job with the advertising company that I did not realize how unprepared I really was to start a bookstore. First of all, I had very little money and no stock except for perhaps 200 or 300 books of my own (some of these in Denver and some with my parents in Washington). Besides, at that time I had no real knowledge of rare books or their values, and lastly, I really was not familiar enough with Denver to select a strategic location. Yet the urge overcame reason. I began systematically (and secretly) to pick up books, and this was really quite an effort, because I had little money to purchase them. However, luck was with me (and people trusted me) and, in one way or another, I accumulated about 5,000 books—sufficient, I thought, to start with, although it was really a pygmy stock compared with that of other bookstores. Anyway, the result was that I rented a store at 1758 Stout Street (in February of 1922), a few doors from the Albany Hotel, toward 18th, and I choose as a name “The Denver Book Shop.” A misfortune hit me before I could turn around, so to speak. I rented a rather large, deep store in which my small opening stock looked so tiny and thin it was pitiful. What prompted me to rent this store (and unfortunately *I* signed the lease, for two years) was that a real estate man whom I had met casually, named Harry Triggs, said he would sub-rent the back of the store—and I could have my books in front. I felt that between the two of us we could afford the rent, which was no mean amount, even for that time. Well, after about three months, I came to the store one morning and found that Mr. Triggs had moved out overnight—lock, stock and barrel—and I did not even find him until several months afterward. And there wasn’t much I could do about it.

I resolved that, my initial mistakes and misfortunes notwithstanding, I would make a strong effort to survive and establish myself in the book business. Poor as I was, and with my fragile experience, I seemed to have the faculty of establishing friendships with some of the foremost book collectors on the local scene—men such as Charles MacAllister Willcox, Will McPhee, James H. Pershing, W. O. Merryweather, Richard Hart (father of Steve Hart), Edward Ring, Father William O’Ryan, and the great Western history collector Bob Ellison, then President of Midwest Oil of Casper, Wyoming. One of my early customers and supporters was Chalmers Hadley, then City Librarian—and was he something special! He would say, “Rosenstock, call me when you buy in a lot of books. I want to be the first to look them over!” Sometimes I would have them in piles on the floor—and he wouldn’t hesitate to kneel down, in his fashionable suit, and go through them. Usually, he would select a few—and was I *reasonable* in those days! In my lack of expertise, it would have to be *some* book to be marked more than \$2.00, and I sold some mighty fine books at 50c and \$1.00. The majority of the other Denver booksellers were not much more informed on rare book values than I, but one in particular (Roy Adair was his name and I remember his store was at 1715 Champa) did know a little about Colorado rarities, especially, and he did “hit” me a few times—but I felt no resentment, since if it hadn’t been he, it would have been someone else. I recall that I began to get inquiries for technical books such as books on auto repair and popular books on electricity, etc., and I had no money to buy such books. It so happened that Roy Adair had a large stock of technical books, so we “traded”—a one-way trade, as you may imagine. I would trade Adair a good Americana item—I remember one in particular: I had just bought in a copy of the rare 1866 directory of Denver, now worth \$500 to \$600, but even then worth about \$250, and Mr. Adair, out of the depth of his generous heart, allowed me \$7.50 in auto books in trade for

this historical gem, the importance and value of which I did not then realize. I wish to point out that in those days there were very few tools available for the edification of the bookseller or collector, and the few that "knew" certainly had a decided advantage. In a matter of another year or two, in 1924 or 1925, I had absorbed a lot of book-wisdom, and I profited singularly by finding remarkable bargains right on the open shelves of leading bookstores all the way to New York and Boston. But to get back to the sequence of my story. . . .

Tough as things were for me in many respects—and having to make book-buying calls at night, because, being alone and unable to employ help, I could not leave my store in the daytime—I did have a few lucky breaks in acquiring several nice collections, one being the library of Charles T. Wilder, editor of the Colorado Springs Gazette, who died at a comparatively young age. Wilder was the father of Mitchell Wilder, now director of the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art at Fort Worth, and who was a boy about seven years old at the time. Another collection that came my way was a portion of the extensive A. S. Hughes library.

About that time I began to grow tired and frustrated at "grinding it out" by myself, and at the same time my parents and sister, still in Washington, became lonesome for me. We solved the problem. My father disposed of his small business and my family came to Denver. I found a little house at 2711 Gilpin Street, which I rented, and now the family was reunited and life took on a new dimension. I've almost neglected to add that with my parents and sister also came a young boy of about eleven, actually a first cousin to me, whose mother (my mother's sister) had died when the boy was little more than a baby. The boy's name was Joseph Feldstein, and my mother raised him as one of her own. When the family came to Denver, he would come to the bookstore after school—which gave me some relief. However, he also caused me some trouble. I got along with him well, but he was temperamental and

something of a scrapper, and took offence easily. Next door to my store was a taxicab office ("Champa 9" was the name). My little cousin Joe would get mad at a taxi driver and hurl a stone through the windshield of his parked cab. It became a question whether his help after school would balance the damage I was forced to pay. This Joe later became a printer and worked for Smith-Brooks and for the Boulder Camera, served in the Army in World War II, then settled in Reno, where he recently passed away.

With my family here and my lease on the store at 1758 Stout drawing to a close, it became obvious that my locations, as well as the high rent, were insurmountable obstacles. Also, in taking a realistic stock of myself, I determined that I still was not a "complete bookman," and needed more study and preparation before I could truly feel that I knew "all the angles." Thereupon, I made it known that I would soon go out of business on Stout Street. This would be about February of 1924. About the same time, a newly-made friend, a real estate man by name of Joseph DeRose, thought he saw something in me that would make a real estate man—and so he offered me a 40/60 place in his business (me being the 40 of course). He would be the "outside man" and I would be on the "inside." I would also take care of the insurance department and the detail office work. I emphasized to DeRose that I would not give up my determination to go back into books at some future time, and also that while working for him, there would be an occasional something-or-other in the book field that might necessitate my taking a brief time-out from real estate. He wanted me, and agreed. And so, I *knew* what I was going to do after closing my first bookstore.

Closing the bookstore was not easy. By then I had possibly 15,000 books on the shelves—mostly miscellaneous, and quite a few sets in nice bindings, such as the complete works of Dickens, Scott, Poe, Elbert Hubbard's Little Journeys, etc. I decided to stage an auction, as the only practical way of disposing of my stock quickly. First, I



took out no more than two or three hundred books that I wanted to keep for myself. Then there was the problem of finding an auctioneer with a license who would have some understanding of books and, hopefully, the ability to sell them. The big auction houses of the day—Ward's or Girvin's—were hopeless. To them, books were "junk." Luckily, as it seemed to me, I learned of a young man from New York—Grossman was his name—who had taken out a license to auction, and I was told this Grossman was an erudite person, apparently a college graduate. I got in touch with him, and he said he would make a "big success" out of my sale and knew "all about books." We sent about 500 cards out to doctors, lawyers and other "prospects" by scanning the phone directory—and so, on the appointed Saturday morning, the store was jam-packed with people. I decided not to offer single books—only sets—since I had quite a few of these, and they would conceivably bring more money and be less time-consuming in the sales effort. I was in a position where I had practically no money, and what I would bet from the auction would be all that I could hope to derive from my two years in business. You may therefore imagine the panic in my mind when the first three or four sets of books which Grossman put up brought only such small amounts of \$3.50, \$4.50 or \$6.00! And the commission to come off that! Grossman was a fizzle. He would put up a set of books and say "I have a set of Dickens"—and that's about all he would say. He couldn't or wouldn't say anything *about* Dickens, or about the special qualities of the set or the binding—and so, after three or four items were sold (rather, given away) I was desperate and whispered to Grossman that the sale would be a debacle if I did not do something to turn the tide. I said, "let *me* do the auctioneering, and you had *me* the books." He said "O.K., if you think you can do better." And so, full of the vinegar and the frenzy of the situation, I got up on the stand and began to spiel off the books. Somehow, the miracle happened and things "caught fire." Instead of

\$3.00 and \$4.00, sets began to sell for \$15, \$25, and even \$50—and by the time the crowd began to thin, about 1 p.m.—we had sold about \$1500.00 worth. Of course, Grossman would bet his 20% commission off that, but it would still leave me about a thousand in cash, and a good many sets, as well as the miscellaneous single books. My friends, the other Denver booksellers, were all there, hoping, of course, to make some good “pick-ups”—and there they were, the only people left from the sale, and they didn't look very happy. I said “Why are you guys so glum?” One replied, “You got some *good* prices—we couldn't compete.” I thought, here's my chance to get rid of *all* the remaining books and so I said, “O.K., tell you what. I'll give you the biggest bargain of your lives. Each one of you pick off books you want from the shelves and stack them in a pile on the floor. I'll give you a bargain deal on the stack.” They took me up, and in a matter of perhaps 20 minutes there were four or five tremendous stacks of books on the floor—each with a bookseller standing guard over it. I went around and looked at each stack, and *really* gave them bargains (like \$200 for a stack of 1,000 books). Anyway, in no time at all there were practically no books left on the shelves and I had taken in another five or six hundred—and no commission to Grossman on these. This was the conclusion of my first attempt in the book business, as well as my one and only effort at auctioneering.

My association with DeRose in the real estate business was a mixture of fun and business—sometimes it seemed to me it was mostly fun. Joe was one of a family of about nine children—whose parents had emigrated from Potenza, Italy early in the century and settled in the semi-agricultural Italian-American colony in Welby, in Adams County. For a country boy, Joe had made a rapid advance in the real estate business, and was the hail-fellow-well-met type among his own people—as well as many others in the business world of that time. Joe worked hard when he worked, but he also wasted a lot of time. I must admit it did not

occur to me that I, also, was wasting my time; in fact, I was in a kind of happy lethargy, and was enjoying it. Prohibition was still in effect—in some places—and Joe knew all the “spots.” He and I tarried in some rather torrid places at that time. I even got to know some of the key personalities in the field, such as Joe Roma. One place where Joe and I lingered occasionally, was called the Pelican.

Our real estate office was on the third floor of the Central Savings Bank Building. It was actually a suite of several rooms which we shared with another real estate man, A. E. Sponsler. This Sponsler had a side interest, or side-business, signing up new members for the Woodmen of the World, for which he got a commission at so much per head. We had the prestige and advantage of having a public stenographer in our office—who was her own boss, and told off anybody and everybody when she felt like, *except* A. E. Sponsler, who, in her eyes, could do no wrong. Mr. Sponsler, in fact, was a man of elegance and bearing, down to his perfumed handkerchief and clipped English. Quite a personality! Miss Hattie Osborn, the public stenographer, and I had something in common—we both came from Rochester, N.Y., and old Rochester was a nostalgic subject between us.

One time, I am sitting in the office, waiting for someone to come in who didn't show up, and I'm getting a bit sleepy in fact, when a character walks in that has me a bit startled. He's old and small and wiry, with a kind of furtive look—like a detective—and indeed, that's what he turns out to be! An old-time retired detective! And of the old Wild West type at that! He talks low, but I strain my ears, and he is asking Miss Hattie Osborn if she's a public stenographer. She admits it *with emphasis*. He wants to know if she could make a typed transcript from notes he has which relate to some of his past experiences. She says she can type anything, so he begins to pull out little slips of paper—little scratchy pieces, from all pockets, and puts some of them together like puzzle sheets, and finally Miss Osborn begins

to type. The going is slow, and she has difficulty reading his writing—so she asks him “What’s this?”, “What do you mean by this?”, etc. As he speaks, I am becoming more and more interested since I begin to realize this man is talking *history*—and has been a *maker* of history. I’ll keep you in suspense no longer. The man was Doc Shores, the famous Western lawman who ran down and captured some of the most desperate criminals in Colorado and New Mexico. Here I was listening to his own story in his own words! For many years after I wondered what had happened to the manuscript which Miss Osborn typed up. The answer is to be found in the book entitled “Memoirs of a Lawman” by Wilson Rockwell, still in print by Swallow Press.

Almost across the hall from us was another interesting office. It was a small room, and everything in it, the furniture, the rug and the two occupants were all on the “old fashioned” side—resembling pictures I have seen of law offices in the 1880’s. Guess who the two occupants were? William G. Evans, father of the present John Evans, Senior, son of Colorado’s famous Governor Evans—and himself president of the Tramway, bank director and in short, the business titan of Denver. With him was his cousin, Howard Evans—who looked more like a math or chemistry professor than a business tycoon! I might have been more awed by such men of power had I known who they really were and what they represented, but to me they were just “two nice old men,” and I liked them that way. William G. would notice me walking by the hall and would hail me, “Come in, young man, I like to talk to you”—and I would tell him about some of my daily doings and about books—to which he listened attentively. This is the way of things. We often regret that we did not ask our grandparents certain questions—or even our parents. In later years I would often remember with regret that I did not question or discuss with Mr. Evans some historical facets I am sure he would have related to me.

Yet another person of more than ordinary interest was in the building, on an upper floor, and I got to know him rather well as he, too, would bring in work for Miss Osborn to do. This was Vaso Chucovich, who, with Ed Chase, reportedly owned the biggest gambling operation in Denver at the turn of the century. When I knew him, Chucovich was long retired from his early occupations. He had a refined distinguished appearance and to me had a very grandfatherly and almost condescending manner. In later years when Chucovich died his huge fortune was distributed, the main portion going to relatives in Serbia, the land of his birth.

About this time, the Ku Klux Klan rose to power in Colorado. The air became thick with dissention and distrust. Long-time friendships among people were cooled or shaken, and overall there was a feeling of fear. Jobs were lost for no evident reason, salesmen were given cold treatment by long-time customers, and I personally remember clearly some of my Jewish and Catholic friends being in a state of worry even as to their personal or physical selves. The Klan had a fiery cross burning nightly on a mountain in the Golden foothills, and although I had not encountered any serious problems myself, I could not escape the foreboding atmosphere. As an example, I considered myself a close friend of the Denver booksellers of the time, was one of their intimate circle, played poker with them etc. Even in this limited group I began to feel the impact of the "disease." I recall attending a big protest or "defense" meeting at the City Auditorium, which was packed to the rafters, and hearing fervent speeches by Father McMennamin, of the Cathedral Rabbi William S. Friedman of the Jewish Temple and others. The head of the Klan in Colorado was an M.D.—Dr. Galen Locke—who was a phenomenon in some ways. Even though he was the Grand Dragon or Grand Kleagle, he still cared medically for the many Italian patients who formed a large part of his practices.

The only actual experience I had with the Klan was rath-

er humorous—at least, that's how it struck me at the time. Practically across the street from the Central Savings Building was a restaurant, where I would go for lunch. It was close-by and the food was good. Rumors were afloat that the owner was a Kluxer—and that this restaurant was a sort of meeting-place of the Klan. I didn't let this bother me and continued to eat there. One noon, as was my custom, I sat down by the counter and had given my order, when the owner, with whom I had never before had any conversation, sidled up, facing me, and began to speak in a rather easy but subtle way, asking me questions about myself. He said he had noticed me as a steady customer—and thanked me for this—and after I gave him my name, he asked "You're Jewish, aren't you?" I said "Yes." He then, in a soft and beguiling manner said something like, "You are probably aware that this restaurant caters to a certain group," and then fellowed it up by a remark like "we really don't hate Jews," *but*, then came the bullet! He said something like, "Wouldn't you, yourself, feel better, or more at home, if you ate at another place?" I took the hint, and held my cool (I complimented myself on the manner in which I acted out my part). I said "Yes, you're right. I agree that I would feel better somewhere else."

Dissensions within the Klan, exposure of its pressures and underground methods, and also the corrupt practices of some of its higher-ups, finally caused the Klan to evaporate. At this point, it was somewhat amusing to me when certain long-time friends began to "confess" to me that they had been Klan members, and there were apologies and heart-blessings no end. And so we came back to "normalcy," as I believe President Harding used to say.

Other things were happening in Denver, which I remember with clarity. The campaign "500,000 by 1930" was flaunted on banners on many downtown buildings. That fizzled, as it was bound to. By now we know better than ballooning population by devious means. Population grows by itself, even when we don't need it. There was

also some distress in Denver. Several bank closings shook the city, and there were many individual sufferings. The Hibernia Bank, the Home Savings and Trust, and the Italian-American Bank all failed. The sad circumstances of the Italian-American was brought home to me more closely, because so many of the Italian-American population who lost their money, knew my partner DeRose, and would come to our office—some in tears—wondering if “Joe could do anything for them.” It was really pitiful. Some people lost life-time savings, the result of years of hard labor and frugality. One incident, I recall, was rather amusing—bad as it was. An Italian-American—a fruit trucker—came in to see Joe—and Joe happened to be out, so I got the brunt of it. The man was frantic over his loss. But what was funny, he did not seem to mind so much losing the \$15,000 principal, but he bewailed and was beating his heart out about the fact that he had been dilatory and hadn’t *drawn the interest*—as had been his practice for years.

About that time, a recession seemed to have set into the real estate business and buyers were not buying. My partner DeRose, with more time on his hands, began to spend daytime hours at Sarconi’s, on Welton Street, playing billiards, and I began to think seriously of re-entering the book business. So I began to take time off to hunt for books, for a starting stock. Someone told me to go to Central City—which was really a ghost town at that time, and said I could find houses that had been abandoned years before, where people had left things—particularly books, which could be had for the taking. I took a nice girl to Central City with me on a Sunday morning. She was a Denver girl but had never been to Central City. We took the Colorado Central train and got there on a sunny, warm morning. We barely met a living person on the streets—and the story was true—abandoned houses were wide open, and there *were* books lying about. I could not carry quantities with me, so I reserved further “gathering” for a later visit. I did corral a few “goodies” which I brought

back with me. On the way back from Central City a little "something" happened that put a dimmer on the otherwise happy day. The nice girl with me seemingly enjoyed the day as much as I had. I had taken her out three or four times previously, and now without warning she put the question to me: "had I, by now, formed my opinion about her." That was a stunner, and took me by surprise. The fact was, I did have a regard for this girl and enjoyed her company, but it did not go beyond that, and besides, marriage was very remote in my thoughts. It was very difficult for me to explain my feeling—or lack of feeling—as I knew that anything I would say would cause unhappiness to the girl. Well, it was a rather quiet and subdued to what, otherwise, was a happy day on my first visit to Central City.

I was finding good books on the shelves of other Denver booksellers—all of whom, without exception, were my friends, and gave me "first chance" at their acquisitions. There was the Adair Book Company, with three stores—the main store at 18th & Champa, another at 15th & Tremont (which later became my own "Bargain Book Store" in 1928) and a third store, on lower 15th, between Lawrence and Larimer. Then there was the Auditorium Bookstore, owned by Morris Rosenfeld and William Dietrich, at 14th & Arapahoe; the Publication Bookstore, on upper 16th, owned by Mr. Calvert; Rutherford's Book Store, on Welton Street, between 16th and 17th; and those old "stalwarts," Pratt's, and Herrick's, the latter essentially a school book business.

One day, I am in Adair's, at 18th & Champa, and I'm having a rather bad day myself—"poor pickin's"—and I'm about to leave the store, when I am attracted to a most unusual conversation taking place. A short, rather swarthy, broad-shouldered man, wearing a somewhat crushed hat, but with a fresh flower in his lapel, is arguing, nay, *pleading*, with Roy Adair, over the price of a book. The man is saying, "Come on, you *know* that book isn't worth more than



50c—and that's all I have. I'm only a poor doctor." I did not know what the book was, or what it was marked, but I could not help listen to this fevered episode. The bookseller held fast—but the "poor doctor was putting forth such a supreme effort in his plea for a reduction that, finally, with perspiration—if not tears—coming off his tired features, the bookseller capitulated, saying something like "take the book and go!" As the man with the flower strutted out with a triumphant look, I could not refrain from asking Roy Adair, "who is that guy?" "OH!" says Adair, "he's a cheap doctor who has been in several times. He gives me the willies." Well, I could hardly blame Dr. Nolie Mumey for exercising economy at that early day of his later, illustrious career. "Mighty oaks from tiny acorns grow." I would not be at all surprised if Dr. Mumey still has that particular 50-cent book.



Left to Right: Dean Krakel, Director of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; Dr. Nolie Mumey; Harold McCracken, Director of the Whitney Gallery of Western Art, Cody, Wyoming, autographing his biography of Frederick Remington in Fred Rosenstock's Bookstore. A Remington painting is in the background.

—Collection of the author

Some books, especially first editions, were so saleable in the book market of that day, that I began to offer high-spots to big Eastern rare book dealers—and sold them at good prices. All of this, mind you, while I am still part-time in real estate, with DeRose. By “high-spots,” I mean first-edition copies of great books, such as Melville’s “Moby Dick,” Whitman’s “Leaves of Grass” or “Tom Sawyer” by Mark Twain, with the correct first edition points. My success, both in acquiring such books and in my ability to sell them, led me to take several trips. Usually I would wind up in Boston, but on the way I would visit bookstores in St. Louis, Chicago, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and occasionally other in-between cities. I would fill a couple of suitcases full of rare books and sometimes I was lucky and they would be sold before I would even reach New York. I would, of course, also *buy* books. As I have intimated previously, most booksellers around the country were not particularly educated, nor were they alert as to the points or possibilities of rare books—and I got so I could almost expect a great bargain, or several, in any bookstore in which I persued.

Occasionally, I would bring with me to Denver books of special appeal to several Denver collectors, such as, for instance, Charles MacAllister Willcox, president of Daniels & Fisher Department Store. Mr. Willcox was buying from rare book dealers all over the world, but it got so he would not order a book from *anybody’s* catalogue without my so-called “O.K.”

I must not fail to mention at this point the fine personal relationship I had established with the Denver Public Library as well as the historical element in Denver at the time. Henry A. Dubbs, president of the Colorado State Historical Society, was a valued friend, as were Dr. Malcolm G. Wyer, who became Chief Librarian of the Denver Public Library (after a successful career as head of the Library at the University of Nebraska) and LeRoy Hafen, the young director of the State Historical Society, along

with his charming wife Ann, who in later years became authors of some of my published books. There were other able and devoted people like Ina Aulls of the Western History section of the Denver library, Miss Clatworthy of the University of Denver Library, and Mary Marks of the University of Wyoming Library at Laramie. I was enjoying my participation in helping them build their history collections. It was gratifying to me when, years later in a special brochure, Malcolm Wyer acknowledged my many years' assistance in building the Western Americana collection at the Denver Library.

I am approaching an event that proved to be a turning point in my life—the most important thing that happened to me, and like so many other “miracle” events in my life—I could happily say it was my *greatest* miracle. By then I was 28, and so deeply immersed in my enthusiasm with books and with history, and with an inner feeling that I was “getting somewhere” in my newly-adopted city—Denver—that thoughts of marriage, or “settling down,” so to speak, were outside my realm of thought. I was dreaming of starting all over again in a second book store, and in the meantime I felt rather smug—living with my parents, by then in a terrace at 208 24th Street, at the confluence of Washington Street and Cleveland Place. My accumulations of books were in that house, and there were so many books, by then, that my mother began to complain, softly, that the house was no longer a home, but a warehouse.

To revert to the great miracle that befell me. I always thought about it afterward: suppose I had left DeRose and the Central Savings Bank Building prior to that time—my life would have been something else. By then I thought I knew most of the people in the building—enough to say hello to, at least—but one day, passing through the hallway of our own floor, I see a young girl, who looks like and is 19, with black hair, and beautiful black eyes. I took special notice, and possibly I smiled, but that was all. Somehow, she would appear and re-appear in my thoughts, and I

hoped I would see her again. I wondered who she was and what she was doing in the building. I saw her once or twice again, for fleeting moments—when finally there was a lucky break. At the end of a day, I enter the elevator to come down, and she is on the same elevator, also leaving. She has a number of small packages in her arms (things her mother asked her to buy and bring home) and, all of a sudden, one little package drops to the floor. I pick it up quickly—give it to her—and she says “thanks” with an electrifying smile. I still don’t know who she is, but I am going to find out. Now I could say “hello” on seeing her, and get a “hello” back.

It did not take any time at all for me to find out that her name was Frances Goodman, that she worked for a dentist in the building, that she lived on Stuart Street, on the west side, and was one of six children, three of them younger, and that her father was a tailor, with a shop in the old Railroad Building. I liked to dance in those days, and was considered rather good at it, so after another one or two pleasant encounters in the hallway, I asked if I could take her to a dance. In those days, there were several nice public dance halls, well conducted with good music—my favorite place being the Columbine Hall, at Colfax and Clarkson (now occupied by the Denver Turnverein). The girl says, “I’m sorry.” I ask why. She tells me she is finishing her high school education by attending evening school five nights a week (at Manual High, which, at that time, had evening high school classes, like Opportunity School). “What about Saturday?” I asked. On Saturday, she says, she helps her mother, especially with the younger children. “What about Sunday?” I say, and this time I get *another* kind of answer, a little on the “shilling” side, I have to say. “I have a steady date on Sundays.” It looks like “no openings” anywhere. “You mean *every* Sunday?” ask I. “Yes, every Sunday,” is the sweet answer. I’m unhappy, to say the least, but I go through the motions and say, “well, I’ll keep asking you, maybe something will change.” I did do

this—I continued to ask her to a dance, or to a show (Denver had some good theatres, in those days, and I was a frequenter at the Broadway, where Peter McCourt, older brother of Baby Doe Tabor, took tickets) and finally one day the heavens opened and she said “when?” I know there must have been a change somewhere, somehow, but I did not ask questions or worry about reasons—for me it was a windfall! I won’t go into infinite details, but I met her lovely family, and the younger kids, in particular, took to me. On evenings they knew I would come to see Frances, they would sit on the curbstone, at the corner of West Colfax and Stuart, meet me alighting from the street-car, and romp with me the block-and-a-half to the house. I would bring them little presents, and sometimes, before even letting Frances know I was there, the kids would capture me and I would play ball with them, right on the street. This happened more than once, and I remember Frances being a bit upset because she thought I was late—and, of a sudden, she looks out and sees me playing with the boys, and says in anger, “Who do you come to see, the kids or me?” Dr. Nelson Goodman, my brother-in-law, is one of the “kids.”

I cannot adequately describe my happiness over the succeeding months. Despite the differences in our ages, we seemed supremely suited to each other. Great times—dances, shows, picnics, short trips to places like Eldorado Springs, Grand Lake, Glenwood, and Colorado Springs were the order of the day, and sometimes we would take the “kids” along. It surely seemed that I was in love not merely with a girl—but with a “family”! My “girl” sensed that my real ambition was to go back into the book business, full-scale, and she thought that I ought to make my intentions a reality. Her encouragement was so sincere and prevailing that I could not help feeling I had someone who *really* cared.

I had not yet proposed to her; in fact, there was really never a proposal, as such. We mutually seemed to take

things “for granted.” We had many talks about “my future” and her comments and advice impressed up me that whatever I would turn to, I could be assured of a great companion and partner—which she actually did become, for most of the years of my life.



Fred and Fiance. Eldorado Springs, September 1925.—Collection of the author

An opportunity to make some extra money developed about that time—and since I felt the need of more money to enable me to make a proper start in my second effort in the book business, this special or “extra” happening came about at the right time and brought about a pleasing financial return, in which my “girl” (not yet my wife) and even the “kids” helped immeasurably. In those days, the 4th of July was celebrated vigorously, and on 4th of July night every home with children resounded with fireworks of all kinds—from sparkers to cannon crackers, Roman Candles, and all the rest. I contrived an idea of going into the fireworks business in a “big way” for a two-week period (a week for preparation, a second week for business, and a clean-up at the end). First of all, I obtained the fireworks,

and was lucky enough to get the goods on consignment from three different wholesale jobbers—which give me the most complete assortment possible. Then I had about 20,000 “discount cards” printed, which I distributed among large employers, such as Gates, Schwayder, Public Service, Mountain Bell, Piggly-Wiggly, etc.—the idea being that these discount cards, when shown to our cashier at time of purchase would entitle the customer to receive a genuine 20% discount. There was no hokum to this—people were actually able to buy fireworks at a lower price, and we were after volume. I would rent a vacant store in a top location downtown (on 16th Street if possible), hire high school help, and some help even younger—and we did a hand-office business. We kept up this fireworks business thing even after we married and started the Bargain Book Store. There was one year when we extended the fireworks operation by having six locations at once in the downtown area—all in vacant stores, and all manned by young people who did a fantastic job. Some of these “fireworks kids” as well as the many young people who helped us over later years at the Bargain Book Store, developed into people of note and became leading citizens.

Frances, although not yet my wife, helped me greatly in these “extra” enterprises—and at all times we seemed to feel we were doing it not for just *me*, but for *ourselves*. We became *as one* in our hopes and interests. I remember saying to her one day, “Suppose we select an engagement ring?” I can’t recall just what she said, but she was agreeable, so we did buy a ring, and within a matter of days we announced our engagement. We were married on a Sunday morning, an outside wedding on the lawn of her parents, home, on June 6, 1926. We had originally planned a large wedding but something happened about three weeks before the set date. I ate a hot-dog sandwich for lunch one noon at a place called Joy’s Sandwich Shop (at 16th & Arapahoe)—and it resulted in no joy at all. It gave me ptomaine poisoning and I almost passed out at St. Luke’s

Hospital. The poisoning had reach the point where I lost consciousness and was practically in a coma. The doctors were even testing my eyes to make sure I was still alive. Anyway, the good Lord and the good doctors prevailed—and I remember that when I opened my eyes, there was my sweetheart standing over me. I recuperated quickly, but we changed our plans for the big wedding and instead, it was small and largely personal, with only the families and very close friends in attendance.

For our honeymoon, we decided to rent a small house—actually a cabin—on a high mountain overlooking Manitou, near Colorado Springs. We were there two weeks. My wife would go shopping at Manitou, and then practice cooking on me. She was very good at cooking everything in *one pot*—the meat, the vegetables, and the potatoes, in one pot, and it was heavenly! I thought while we were so close to Colorado Springs, it might be worth while to advertise for books—private libraries, Western Americana, fine bindings—and so I framed an ad, to run for several days, in the Colorado Springs Gazette. I was still recuperating from my spell of ptomaine, so, after the ad had run several days, my wife went to the newspaper office to pick up any possible replies. She returned with a large batch of replies, mostly uninteresting and hardly worth pursuing. However, she came back with an exciting story about something that had happened in the newspaper office. When she called for replies to the ad, she was waited on by an elderly man, a Mr. Connor, dressed “old-style” with a straight-up wing collar, but otherwise rather elegantly attired—a throwback to the 1890’s. He asked about the ad and she told him that her husband was a rare book dealer, and that we were on our honeymoon. He was friendly and talkative, and revealed that he had been a close friend of Robert Louis Stevenson years ago, and in fact, had visited with Stevenson and his wife, in their last home in Samoa. He said, further, that when he parted from the Stevensons, they gave him about 50 books from their



library—mostly first editions of Stevenson's works, and all bearing autographs. Frances asked him if he still had those books, and he said yes, he had them in his apartment in Colorado Springs (he was an old bachelor). Frances asked him if he would mind letting me see these Stevenson books if I would come to town for this purpose. He said he would not mind. To conclude the story of this incident, I bought the collection, and it was a thrill to own these books, all personal relics of the Stevensons—but, as it happened, I did not enjoy the ownership very long. Old John Howell, the noted San Francisco rare book dealer, unexpectedly came to Denver and paid me a visit. I proudly showed him my exciting acquisition. I really did not want to dispose of these Stevenson books—at least, not so soon, but Howell persisted, and I gave in. I turned them over at such a minimal profit that, as I recall, this provoked the first tongue-lashing I received from my wife.

We were living in a modest little apartment at approximately 2330 Glenarm, and I had actually begun to look around for a suitable location for my new bookstore, where my wife would help me, when another unexpected development occurred, that had at least a temporary deterring effect on our bookstore plans. "Old Man Forrester," as we called him (his name was Fred Forrester), a very wealthy man, who had a large insurance agency representing a group of companies—and whom I got to know rather well as we wrote insurance in several of his companies while I was with DeRose—phoned me one day to come and see him. He explained that he had taken notice of me when I handled the insurance end with DeRose, and that I had impressed him favorably. He said he was an old bachelor, had no family, and since his health had taken a turn for the worse (heart trouble), he wanted me to work for him in his business. He felt it would not take me long to understand his business, and when I had mastered it, he would leave the business in my hands entirely, and spend most of his time in a lower altitude, in California. His opera-

tion, I felt, was good for \$50,000 a year—so that the whole deal seemed like one of those Horatio Alger story books I read when I was very young. After a discussion with my wife, she also felt this was a great opportunity that could not be overlooked, even though it meant the bookstore idea would have to be shelved.

I went with Fred Forrester in late 1927, and he was like a father to me—and also to Frances. He took us to dinner at the Brown Palace, to operas and the theatre, and seemingly couldn't do enough for us. In the meantime I was "learning the business" and in a matter of three months I knew "all the angles," so to speak. I even went out to solicit new accounts, and he complemented me on this. He had been in business for years, but somehow did not show very many "Jewish accounts," so-called, on his books. He would say, "Why don't you go see some of your Jewish friends and bring back some business from them?" I actually did not know anyone at the business houses he told me to solicit, like the May Company, or Shwayder's, etc. However, I went out and I did get some business out of nearly every call I made. I also got Mr. Forrester some new business from other firms—non-Jewish—that he had never been able to crash, like the American National Bank, where a Mr. Hotaling was a Vice-President. I told Mr. Hotaling I knew a lot of Italians (so-called) in Denver, and *that* got the business. I told him I would try to get some of my Italian friends to do business with his bank.

Anyway, the happy interlude with Mr. Forrester was rudely interrupted and ended by his sudden death from a heart attack, while asleep. He did not show up in his office, and I found him dead, in his home, the following day. I felt suddenly "adrift," and the high hopes I had built up for a successful insurance business were squashed. Mr. Forrester left an old will, dated about 10 years earlier, and in this will he left everything, his business, his real estate, his stocks, to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The Colorado National Bank was his executor,

and since they did not have anyone in the Trust Department who knew the insurance business, they asked me if I could administer the salvaging and closing of the Forrester estate, and said that I could have an office in the Bank until the estate was settled. It also meant that I would keep the insurance business actively in operation until we consummated a sale of the various agencies. All this I accomplished, to the bank's satisfaction. Frank Bancroft was then Chief Trust Officer, Hugh McLean was Assistant Trust Officer, the rest being Mr. Roy Thompson, Merritt Perkins, James (Jimmy) Fisher, and Charley Baer—the last, who headed the Trust Department in recent years, was then the “cub” of the Department. Although, about six people ran the Trust Department; today, I would presume, there must be thirty.

When I had completed my project at the bank, the road became wide open for the realization of my longtime desire to start a bookstore. I was actively hunting for a suitable location, when the three stores operated by the Adair family became available because of an involuntary bankruptcy. The Government Referee in Bankruptcy sold off all the assets at retail, to the public. I had my eye on one of the three Adair locations (406 15th Street, at Tremont) which I thought was attractive, not only because of the low rent, but because it had housed a book business for more than ten years.

Anyway, when the Government had finally sold off everything, except a few things like the bare, dilapidated shelving, a safe, and a few racks, I paid the government their modest asking-price. Then I signed a lease with the estate which owned the building—and we were in business! I chose the name “Bargain Book Store,” so as to be head of the alphabetical list of bookstores in the phone directory—and I thought it was a good name anyway. (As it turned out later, it particularly appealed to students who bought textbooks.) We took over about the 20th of November, 1928; the Government had paid the rent to December 1st,

and my own rent did not begin until that date, so that we actually benefited by free rent from November 20 to December 1—a period of one full week.

I hurriedly began to move in books which I had at my mother's house, and in a matter of a couple of days, I had a respectable number of miscellaneous books on the shelves. In the course of these energetic measures I somehow accidentally forgot to remove the Government's "Bankruptcy" and "close-out" sale signs which were plastered all over the windows, and I suppose some people may have been under the impression the Government was still running the sale. I did faithfully pull off all the Government signs on the first of the month, but as I recall, we sold a lot of books that previous week. Hopes were high for our prospects.

The year 1929 began with good promise. First and limited editions of books were fetching good prices—and the rare book business was booming. We had a good year, built up a good stock, and began to sell school books (which came about because of a rather unexpected lucky incident—as we had not planned on dealing in textbooks). Anyway, things were "humming and swimming" for us—when '30, the stock market crash of late 1929 rocked the country, and particularly business, to its very foundations. The demand for books, and the values of rare books, plummeted to bottom levels, and admittedly, had it not been for the school book business, our only staple, we would have been forced to quit. Frances and I worked hard to keep ourselves afloat: we lived economically, we could not afford a car and so walked to work every day, we kept long hours, and somehow, we survived the bank closings and even before the depression began to dissolve, began to form the basis for a successful business which followed through the war years of the 1940's and beyond.

Here the story must stop. The later years were just as fruitful, just as exciting and rewarding. We were blessed with our wonderful daughter in 1936, and about that time

we were able to move into a house of our own—with a special library room of our own chosen design—and in which I still live, with the ever-present memories of my wonderful Frances, who passed away in July of 1972. I have just turned 78—a young 78, as I am still active. But I am riding too many horses—I am a bookseller, a publisher, and an art dealer, and I feel that something will have to “give.” I feel I must curtail my activities and take it easier, see my family in California more often, and take a few trips, to fulfill



Left to Right: Harold Lindbloom (Mr. Rosenstock's partner in the Old West Publishing Co.), Fred Rosenstock, Dr. S. Lyman Tyler (Fred's biographer), and James Parsons (owner of Gallery West.)—Collection of the author.

long-cherished dreams like visiting the bookshops in London and Paris, and perhaps get a look at Italy, Greece, Spain, and the Scandinavian countries. I've been told there are some fine old bookshops in Edinburgh. I would also like to visit the great museums and art galleries. Another pleasure in the offing is a book about *me*, which my long-time friend, Dr. S. Lyman Tyler, professor of history at the University of Utah, is writing. It will be published, hopefully in the Fall of 1974 by the American West Publishing Company. Much more of my several “lives” will be told in that book, which I trust may be regarded not merely as about a “bookish man” but rather, as a book about a man who loved books, loved life, and loved people.

## ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Merrill J. Mattes has been a member of the Denver Westerners for 28 years as a Corresponding Member since 1945, and as a Posse Member since January, 1972 when he moved here from San Francisco.

On June 15 this year he will have been an employee of the National Park Service for 38 years. For ten years he was Superintendent of Scotts Bluff National Monument. In 1946 he went to Omaha as Missouri Basin Historian; in 1949 he became Regional Historian, a position he held until 1966 when he was transferred to San Francisco.

For three years he was Chief of Planning for Alaska parks; the second three years in San Francisco he was Chief of a new Office of History and Historic Architecture, serving all states west of the Mississippi.

Here at the Denver Service Center Mr. Mattes is Chief of the Office of Historic Preservation for the Denver Service Center. This Center handles all research, design, planning and construction work for the National Park System, in all 50 states and the territories.

Among current projects under Mr. Mattes' direction are the restoration of Bent's Old Fort, Fort Laramie, Fort Larned and Fort Vancouver. The main thrust of

the Preservation program currently, however, relates to the American Revolution Bicentennial, including major projects at Philadelphia, the Boston area, Yorktown Virginia, The Saratoga Battlefield, Salem Maritime, Fort Stanwix and Washington's birthplace.

Mr. Mattes is the author of 4 books and over 100 articles and book reviews, principally in scholarly journals. He is a charter member of the Western History Association and the Society for Historical Archeology, as well as the Omaha and San Francisco Westerners. He served as the first Sheriff of the San Francisco group.

Fred A. Rosenstock is the Dean of Denver's rare book dealers. His own story herein printed certainly typifies this man's essence. His life is complete—he loves books, he loves his, he loves people.

Fred presented this paper—which he claims to be his last—to an overflow crowd of appreciative Westerners at the 1973 Christmas Rendezvous at the Old Spaghetti Factory. The tremendous amount of material presented here is typical of the awesome body of knowledge and experience possessed by the Denver Westerners collectively.

### Over The Corral Rail (cont.)

is the receipt of a gift from Don Bloch, posse member, of two large sandstone heads which were originally a part of the exterior decor of Jennie Rogers' parlor house. This house, at 1942 Market Street in Denver, displayed five carved heads in its ornate facade. For historical background, refer to *Six Racy Madams of Colorado*, by Caroline Bancroft, and to an article in the 1948 Denver Westerners' Brand Book (Vol. IV), "Scarlet Sister Mattie,"

by Forbes Parkhill. The two heads are pictured on page 21 of Caroline Bancroft's book, reposing as decorative garden pieces in Don Bloch's backyard. Unfortunately, the weather has been unkind to the figural detail, and features have suffered erosion. Consequently, Don has donated the heads to the Westerners, and they are presently stored inside, safe from the elements.

Yours sincerely,  
Edwin A. Bathke