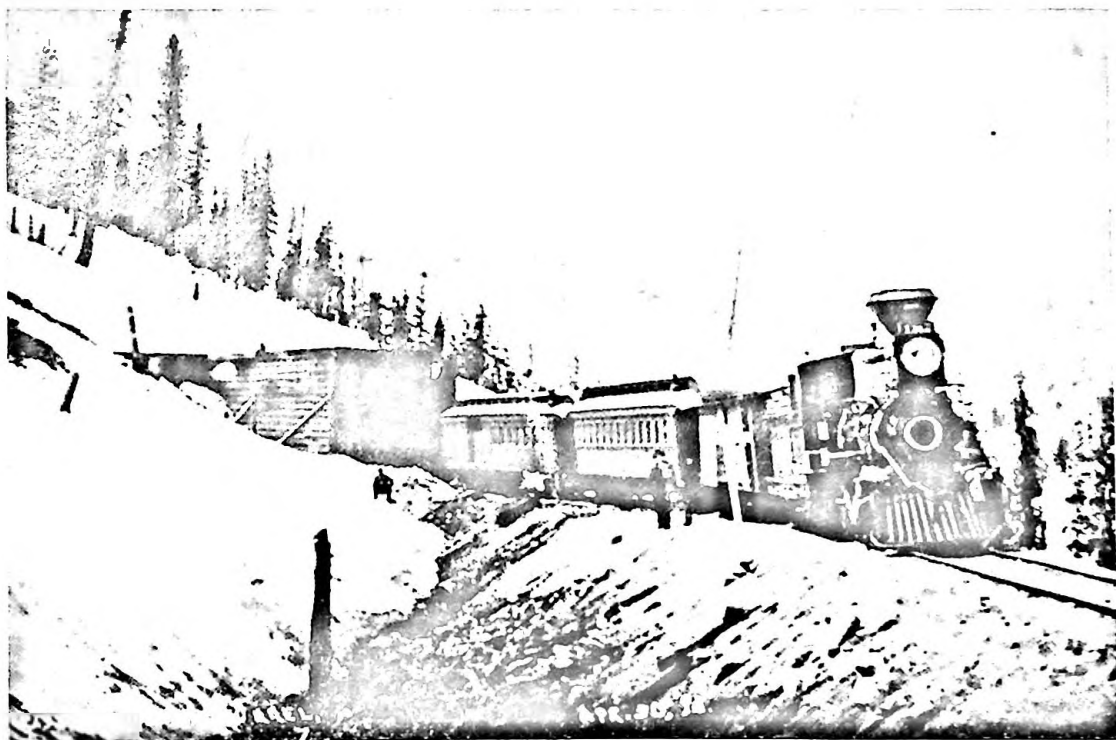
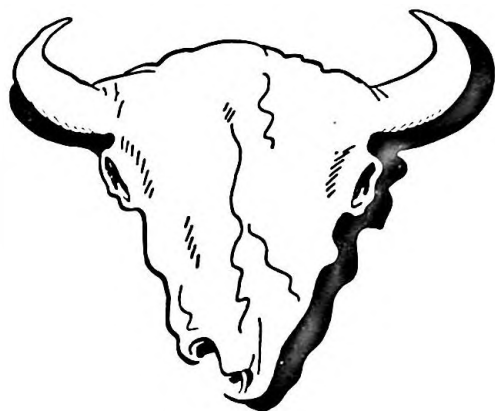


The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1974
Volume XXX, No. 1

IN THIS ISSUE
**THE GUNNISON EXTENSION
OF THE SOUTH PARK AND
THE HISTORIC
ALPINE TUNNEL**
by Dow Helmers, C.M.



Locomotive 197 with two cars on its draw-bar emerging from east portal of Alpine Tunnel in April 1896.
—Wm. H. Jackson Photo, Francis Rizzari Collection

The Gunnison Extension of the South Park And The Historical Alpine Tunnel

By DOW HELMERS

Piercing the Continental Divide in the great Saguache Range is an old railroad tunnel that has not felt the hot breath of a locomotive in more than half a century, yet it is lovingly remembered by historians and railroad buffs. It is the historic Alpine Tunnel, crossing the main range with the rails of the Denver, South Park & Pacific Railroad, on the Gunnison extension.

The South Park in the days of glory ran trains through the Platte Canyon from Denver to Como, in the South Park. It was here the line divided, one extension crossing Boreas and Fremont Passes to gain the carbonate camp at Leadville. The other extension climbed Chalk Creek to the Alpine Tunnel, en route to the Gunnison country.

To trace the progress of the South Park from the Arkansas Valley to Gunnison and the Ohio Creek extension, it is necessary to know about the agreement between the South Park line and General (William Jackson) Palmer's Denver & Rio Grande Railway, known as the "Joint Operating Agreement."

The final months of 1879 and the early months of 1880 were influential times for both railroads. This was the period when Mr. Jay Gould entered the railroad scene in Colorado, obtaining control of both the South Park and the Rio Grande. This, too, was the time that saw the great mineral developments in California Gulch and Leadville. Dramatic revisions were made in the plans for extension of our two railroads.

The South Park abandoned its intentions of building Salida, then over Poncha Pass and into the San Juan mining regions. The Rio Grande settled its differences with the Atchison Topeka & Santa Fe over the Royal Gorge, purchased the grading that had been done by the

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

This issue of *Roundup* marks the start of another year in the history of the Denver Westerners. Officers for 1974 are:

Sheriff, Jackson C. Thode; deputy sheriff and program chairman, Dave Hicks; roundup foreman, Charles S. Ryland; tally man, Robert A. Edgerton; chuck wrangler, Delbert A. Bishop; registrar of marks and brands, Alan J. Stewart; membership chairman, William Van-Duzer; book review chairman, Herb White; keeper of the possibles bag, Richard G. Bowman.

The 1974 publications committee includes Dr. Robert W. Mutchler, 1973 registrar of marks and brands, chairman; and members, Edwin A. Batke, Milton Callon, Thode, Hicks and Stewart.

The committee will welcome suggestions and submissions of material for possible publication in *Roundup*, and the annual edition of the *Brand Book*. Regular monthly speakers are reminded that manuscripts of their talks should be typed double space for publication. A short personal history of the author should accompany the material. Good quality photos with caption information are also needed. Material for possible publication should be submitted by the speaker at the earliest possible date in advance of his scheduled talk.

The Denver Westerners send their best wishes with James H. Davis, P.M., formerly an archivist and photographer with the Western history section of the Denver Public Library, who has resigned his position there. Jim has ably served our organization as book-review chairman, and in other capacities, and given a helping hand to many a delver in the archives.

In recognition of his service, Jim has been voted Reserve membership in the Denver Posse.

Davis has accepted a position in Boise,

Continued on page 23

THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

Volume XXX

Number 1



January-February

1974

The ROUNDUP is published monthly except April, August and December by the Denver Posse of The Westerners, to members, \$4.50 per year; to non-members, \$5.50 per year. Entered as second class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office: P.O. Box 990, Boulder, Colorado 80302. The Westerners' office: 1716 Viewpoint Road, Lakewood, Colorado 80215. Copyright 1974 by The Westerners Inc., a Colorado corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

USE THESE ADDRESSES FOR:

Correspondence and Remittance—Robert A. Edgerton, 865 Harrison St., Denver, Colorado 80206.

Material for publication in the Roundup—Alan J. Stewart, Post Office Box 416, Broomfield, Colorado 80020.

Reservations for all meetings and dinners—Delbert A. Bishop, 3055 Ellis Lane, Golden, Colorado 80401.

1974 OFFICERS

Sheriff: Jackson C. Thode

Deputy Sheriff: Dave Hicks

Roundup Foreman: Charles S. Ryland

Tally Man: Robert A. Edgerton

Chuck Wrangler: Delbert A. Bishop

Registrar of Marks and Brands: Alan J. Stewart

Publications Chairman: Dr. Robert W. Mutchler

Program Chairman: Dave Hicks

Membership Chairman: William H. Van-Duzer

Keeper of the Possibles Bag: Richard G. Bowman

Book Review Chairman: Herb White

Don't forget to get your 1972 *Brand Book*. Call Charles Ryland or Robert Edgerton.

Gunnison Extension of the South Park And The Historical Alpine Tunnel

By DOW HELMERS

cing the Continental Divide in the great Saguache
is an old railroad tunnel that has not felt the hot
of a locomotive in more than half a century, yet
vingly remembered by historians and railroad buffs.
he historic Alpine Tunnel, crossing the main range
he rails of the Denver, South Park & Pacific Railroad,
e Gunnison extension.

South Park in the days of glory ran trains through
latte Canyon from Denver to Como, in the South
It was here the line divided, one extension crossing
s and Fremont Passes to gain the carbonate camp at
ille. The other extension climbed Chalk Creek to
pine Tunnel, en route to the Gunnison country.

trace the progress of the South Park from the Ar-
s Valley to Gunnison and the Ohio Creek extension,
ecessary to know about the agreement between the
Park line and General (William Jackson) Palmer's
er & Rio Grande Railway, known as the "Joint Op-
g Agreement."

e final months of 1879 and the early months of 1880
influential times for both railroads. This was the
l when Mr. Jay Gould entered the railroad scene in
ado, obtaining control of both the South Park and
io Grande. This, too, was the time that saw the
mineral developments in California Gulch and Lead-
Dramatic revisions were made in the plans for ex-
on of our two railroads.

e South Park abandoned its intentions of building
-alida, then over Poncha Pass and into the San Juan
g regions. The Rio Grande settled its differences
the Atchison Topeka & Santa Fe over the Royal
e, purchased the grading that had been done by the

Santa Fe in the upper Arkansas Valley, and aimed its rails into Lake County and Leadville.

Since he controlled both railroads, Jay Gould instituted the "Joint Operating Agreement" by which it was determined that the Denver & Rio Grande would build into Leadville and the South Park would build into the Gunnison country, with equal trackage rights on each line granted to each railroad. There was every indication and promise that the Chalk Creek-Quartz Creek and Gunnison country would equal or even surpass the Leadville district in mineral production.

Trackage interchanges were built at Nathrop and at Buena Vista, Nathrop being on the Arkansas River at the mouth of Chalk Creek Gulch. Grading west up Chalk Creek forged ahead even before the end-of-track reached the Arkansas.

During 1880 and 1881, both railroads operated under the terms of the "Joint Operating Agreement." There wasn't much rail business in Chalk Creek for either railroad, although they operated trains to Hortense, Cascade and St. Elmo.

A very important factor that influenced the placement of business in the area was the fact that the distance to Denver via the South Park was some 100 miles shorter than over the D&RG by way of Salida, the Royal Gorge, to Pueblo and north to Denver. The South Park line was tendered more business than the Rio Grande, especially passenger business. It became very apparent to General Palmer that the "Joint Operating Agreement" was not working in his best interests and that it might turn into a loaded bomb, inflicting injury to his railroad in the future.

In late 1880 General Palmer sent his surveyors into Marshall Pass with orders to establish a proposed railroad grade across the pass, into Tomichi Valley and on into Gunnison. In spite of the objections of the South Park

people and cries of "bad faith," construction over Marshall Pass began at Salida in October 1880. Palmer had purchased Otto Mears' wagon toll road over Marshall Pass, and he let grading contracts to Orman and Crook, of Pueblo.

General Palmer was no fool. Whereas the pass at the upper end of Chalk Creek—known at Altman Pass—was 11,940 feet above sea level, the altitude over the Continental Divide at Marshall Pass was only 10,856 feet—more than a thousand feet lower. Those who have driven a car over Marshall Pass, possible in summer, cannot but marvel at the sensible routing of the grade and the avoidance of costly (though dramatic) trestles and tunnels.

The two railroads suddenly found themselves in a race to see which would bring trains into Gunnison first. General Palmer, having regained control of the Rio Grande, urged construction at full speed, and the trains of the Rio Grande entered and started serving Gunnison a full year ahead of those of the South Park. It was in August 1881 that the first D&RG train steamed into Gunnison. It wasn't until December of that year that an engine of the South Park even crossed the main range through the Alpine Tunnel, many miles from Gunnison.

It is a paradox and somewhat of a puzzlement to take a long-range view of the South Park's assault of the Continental Divide at Altman Pass. The railway had the services of three capable engineers. Maj. James Evans (no kin to Gov. John Evans) was a man of great skill and ability; Col. Leonard Eicholz had had vast experience during the routing of the Union Pacific; and P. F. Barr was a man of practical vision and accomplishments.

The engineers of the South Park had examined every pass in the area, including Marshall Pass and they had selected Altman Pass as the most practical for their objectives. The altitude of Altman Pass was 11,940 feet. The

pass consisted of a ridge running across between the granite slopes of two still unnamed mountains.

There being one way to run a grade over the top of this pass, it was decided to tunnel under Altman Pass, a task that engineers estimated would require about six months. They took the name of a small town in lower Chalk Creek and transferred the name Alpine to the proposed tunnel. (The town of Alpine was long known, subsequently, as Grizzly Gulch and is presently called High Lonesome).

Grading and construction were quite simple and inexpensive (as mountain railroad building went) all the way from Nathrop to the east portal of Alpine Tunnel. It was almost entirely a matter of shelving out a grade along the slopes of the mountains. Only two or three small bridges had to be built. To haul supplies, there was a fine stage and wagon road all the way from Nathrop to a station later known as Hancock, called the Alpine & South Park Toll Road.

In lower Chalk Creek the railroad built right past the Mt. Princeton Hot Springs and the village of Hortense, where a wye was built. As the railroad moved west, the little town of Alpine disappeared. The largest town in Chalk Creek was established at the junction of the north and south forks of the creek: St. Elmo. A few miles farther the railroad ran by Chalk Creek's biggest industry, the rich and successful Mary Murphy Mine. Below the mine the village of Romley was established, and here the railroad built sidings, loading chutes and a turntable. Just above Romley was the Flora Bell Mine.

A few miles farther the railroad entered Hancock, founded as an end-of-rail construction town. It survived as a railroad town where a huge wye was built and used. Here westbound trains had their last chance to take water, at Timberline tank, before assaulting the three-mile run to the tunnel's east portal. During construction of the

tunnel, Hancock was of vital importance, since the toll road did not run up the gulch to east portal, but crossed the range at Williams Pass, one mountain removed from Altman Pass. Supplies for the tunnel were assembled at Hancock for forwarding up a jack trail, in Tunnel Gulch, ready to supply workers at the east portal.

Work progressed slowly on the tunnel. The railhead, which was still in Trout Creek Pass when the work was started, reached the east portal before the tunnel was completed.

Timbering and other supplies for the tunnel were laboriously hauled by wagon over the saddle of Altman Pass. As with most tunnels, work on Alpine was done from both ends simultaneously. Rough housing for the men was built near each portal. Even before the tunnel was completed grading was being done as rapidly as possible west of the bore.

Directly west of the west portal is a small, picturesque little valley, far above timberline, the altitude here being about 11,500 feet. It was here the South Park built a huge stone engine house, capable of handling six narrow-gauge engines at once; a stone section house and stone boarding house; a tiny two-room depot and telegraph office, turntable and a large water tank. The main line was double-tracked in front of the depot.

Downgrade, about two miles from west portal, the engineers encountered a challenge almost equal to that of digging the tunnel. Here was a sheer wall of granite on which it was utterly impossible to cut or blast a shelf. It became known as the "Palisades." Engineers blasted out foundations, then erected a great stone wall, filling in behind it to provide a shelf for the rails.

This wall, of hand-cut fitted stones, set in place and held without the use of mortar, was 452 feet in length, 33 feet high and from 2 to 4 feet thick. So perfect was the engineering and workmanship that, more than 90 years later

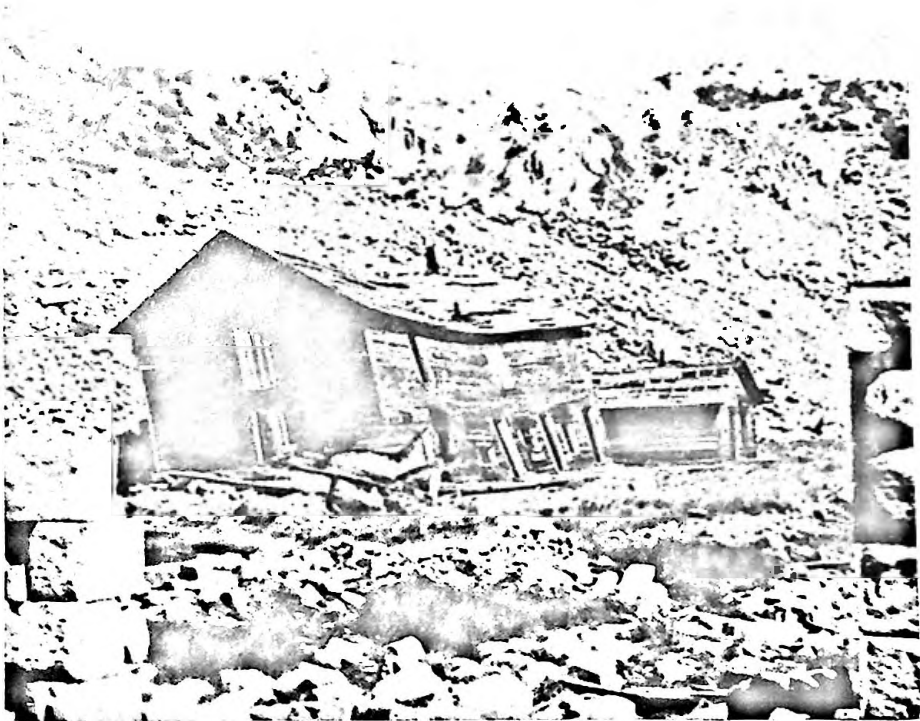


"Palisades" supporting wall near west portal, Alpine Tunnel.

—Wm. H. Jackson Photo

it still stands in almost perfect condition. Along the three-mile stretch from Alpine to Sherrod, 16 stone walls were built, some to support the roadbed, others to hold back the slide rock from above the grade.

An uncontrollable fire swept Alpine in 1906, destroying the engine house, the section house and nearly everything else. No one was injured. By an act of Providence, the little depot and telegraph office was spared. The railroad immediately built a new section house and boarding house across the track from the former stone buildings. This fine, two-story building became known as the Alpine Tunnel Eating House.



The Alpine Tunnel eating house, section house and boarding house, alongside Alpine Tunnel depot and Western Union Telegraph office at west portal of tunnel.
—R. W. Richardson Photo

Sherrod became better known as "Sherrod Loop" for here, in a tiny little mountain glen, the railroad made a hair-pin loop to reverse direction and proceed downgrade along the slopes of the same mountains by which it had descended so far. In its day Sherrod provided many loads of ore from nearby mines in Brittle Silver Basin and upper Quartz Creek.

A little less than two miles below Sherrod was the site of the village of Woodstock which was comprised of a water tank, coaling platform, tool shed, long passing track and the boarding house of Mrs. Marcella Doyle.

On March 10, 1884, Woodstock took its place in history as the site of one of the most disastrous snow slides. Thirteen people perished in the avalanche of snow and debris. Everything was destroyed. Nothing was ever rebuilt at Woodstock. The six foundation stones of the water tank remain in place, and the pipe that fed the tank from a spring above, still runs with water. The water tank was rebuilt about a mile downgrade.

Pitkin, which is almost exactly 13 miles from Alpine, started as a busy mining town, but mineral production in the Quartz Creek valley never attained the volume hoped for. But the railroad did make Pitkin a busy place. It was headquarters for what became known as the Pitkin turn-around crews—train crews that manned the helper engines for eastbound trains up and through the Alpine Tunnel. The railroad had found it most practical for helper engines to uncouple at the tunnel and run light to Hancock, where they turned on the wye to return to Pitkin.

At Parlins on the Tomichi, the rails of the South Park met those of the D&RG and they paralleled each other for the 12 miles into Gunnison. The South Park didn't reach Gunnison until Sept. 1, 1882, a long, long 13 months after those of the Rio Grande:

Gunnison! Industrially speaking, commercially speaking, the city of Gunnison was a great disappointment to

the railroad. It had been hoped that Gunnison would compete with Denver as a great city. Instead of industrial prominence it became a livestock center and a fisherman's paradise. But fishermen hardly provide the carloadings needed to operate a railroad.

The South Park installed extensive railroad facilities, including a perky little stone depot, section house, a six-stall roundhouse, a wye and stock pens. The best that was achieved was one passenger train daily each way on the South Park.

The final end-of-track was reached just 17 miles beyond Gunnison, at the great Kubler mine. This became known as Baldwin. Coal was mined here, it being used throughout the South Park system for locomotives, and also sold for revenue in towns along the line. The South Park even sold some coal in Leadville, after hauling it across the Continental Divide three times.

During its corporate and operating life, the South Park functioned under four names and managements. It started business as the Denver South Park & Pacific Railway, promoted and managed by Gov. John Evans, and associates.

The year of 1880 found it under control of Jay Gould by purchase, and it became known as the South Park Division of the Union Pacific. In 1889 the South Park, due to incredible mismanagement by the parent U. P., went into receivership and was reorganized as the Denver Leadville & Gunnison Railway. Following the subsequent bankruptcy of the Union Pacific, the Colorado & Southern Railway was formed in 1898 to purchase the Denver, Leadville & Gunnison and other rail properties. Ten years later, the C&S came under control of the Burlington and just two years later the agonizing process of abandonments began. In 1910, rail traffic to Alpine was abandoned. At this moment only some 16 miles, between Leadville and

Climax, remain of the one-time 412 miles of South Park trackage.

There is one other particularly interesting facet of the South Park's construction that we might examine briefly—the partially completed work done west and north of Baldwin, now known as the Ohio Pass extension.

After reaching Baldwin with track in 1883, the South Park continued construction, without pause, up Ohio Creek, with 3.09 miles of iron laid north of Baldwin, plus considerable more grading.

There seemed to have been a three-fold purpose for this construction. It was believed there would be profitable tonnage of mineral shipments from the camps of Ruby and Irwin. Too, it was well established that this portion of the Elk Mountains contained vast deposits of anthracite coal. The South Park also designated this to be part of their Utah Extension, meaning that they planned to build across Utah in their march to the Pacific coast.

But, while the South Park was laboriously building along Ohio Creek, with many mountain miles between them and Utah, Gen. Palmer had completed his Denver & Rio Grande Western across Utah and had joined rails with his D&RG in Colorado.

The South Park found itself so badly defeated by Gen. Palmer that the Ohio Pass extension was abandoned even before iron was laid. Intermittent portions were graded for some 10 miles from Baldwin on the approach to Ohio Pass. The really interesting thing about this bit of railroad misadventure is the spectacular grading and rock work done. Those who have visited this area and seen this work are almost speechless, seeing its magnitude and perfection in what is indeed a wilderness area.

Let us now board an eastbound train and return to the lofty Alpine Tunnel for a closer look. We find that it was the highest railroad tunnel ever built up to that time and

that it was the first effort to cross Colorado's Continental Divide by rail.

The contract was awarded to M. Cummings & Co. who agreed to complete the work in six months. Men, tools and mules for the task began to gather at the east portal area in the final days of 1879, and first dirt was moved in January 1880. The railhead was many miles away, back in Trout Creek Pass, so a jack-trail was hacked out in the gulch below, which was then named Tunnel Gulch. A road was built across Altman Pass to transport men and supplies to the west portal area.

After excavating only about 300 feet, it was evident that the Cummings Co. was hopelessly incompetent, and a new contract was made with an Omaha firm, Fitzgerald, Cushing & Osborne, highly experienced railroad builders.

None of the engineers had anticipated the troublesome formations they were to encounter. Unruly slide rock, decomposed granite and water held progress to only 2½ feet per day. Instead of six months, it required 700 working days. Some 10,000 men worked on the project, for varying periods, most of them staying for only a few days, as they found the work rigorous, the altitude too high and the weather too frigid. About 400 men comprised the actual working force. Machine tools were tried and discarded, and the work was done with single jack and double jack. Black powder was the explosive.

The Alpine Tunnel was daylighted on July 26, 1881. The first locomotive through was not until December 1881, and the first train to go through cleared the tunnel the following July 19, 1882.

Alpine was a single-track, narrow-gauge bore, 1,771.7 feet in length, or about a third of a mile. The altitude at the apex is 11,523.2 feet above sea level; ascent from the west portal to apex, 2.57 feet; ascent from east portal to apex, 27.2 feet. Westbound it was necessary for engineers

to work steam for more than 1,400 feet, on a ruling grade of 2.65 per cent.

The composite minimum dimensions of the tunnel are, width at rail level, 8 ft. 10 in.; width at springing line of arch, 10 ft. 10 in.; height above rails, 13 ft. 9 in. The accuracy of engineering was phenomenal. The headings came together within 11/100ths of a foot; the distance within 7/100ths; and the level (grade) within 94/100ths of a foot. There were 2000 cubic yards of dirt removed, and 14,000 cubic yards of rock.

California "butt-sinker" redwood was shipped to Alpine to timber the tunnel. One-half million board feet of fine wood were used. The vertical timbers were 12 x 12's, as were the arch segments. Lagging was 3-inch plank. Time proved the wisdom of using redwood, as Alpine never had a fire, and the timbering today is in extraordinary condition. No lives were lost in the construction and no one was ever killed by a failure of the timbering.

The South Park line under its several managements served the Gunnison country well for nearly 30 years. There were accidents, as on all railroads of that time. Four Gunnison men lost their lives in the tunnel clearing out a cave-in, after it had been closed for several years.

The final train, a combination car and locomotive, cleared the Alpine Tunnel eastbound on Oct. 10, 1910, and on the 14th, the C&S announced the closing of the Alpine route, and the great tunnel slipped quietly into history.

Each summer, after the first of July, the west portal can be visited by driving up the grade from Pitkin. The east portal can be visited by hiking over Altman Pass from west portal, or hiking three miles upgrade from Hancock. The east portal is completely blocked by cave-in. The west portal can be entered but it isn't advisable. It is difficult and very dangerous .



Interior of Alpine Tunnel looking east toward apex. Water in foreground about 18 in. deep. Rails are still in place. Rocks have fallen in untimbered section. Picture made with open shutter and multiple flash by strobe light.

—Charles Webb Photo

GHOST RAILROAD of 1896

I'm looking back some fifty years
To the "Alpine Blizzards" blowing,
Strenuous efforts that we made
Just to keep that railroad going.

That thin air, still spurs your step,
From off the peaks, the same wind blows,
But now, no trains to test its strength
Nor rotary plow to buck its snows.

But still above those snowy heights,
The twinkling stars and moon still shine,
Down on the crumbling engine house,
And what is left of old Alpine.

The blizzards rage, snow fills the air,
But no railroad's there, or track,
Those sturdy men have served their day,
The rotary plow has gone to rack.

The Tunnel's closed and filled with rock,
And undisputed storms sold sway.
Once more "Dame Nature" holds her own,
The railroad's gone, it's had its day.

Rocks can now slide and trees may fall,
No wires or track, there to repair,
Deep cuts can now fill to the top,
There's no one left up there to care.

So when your thoughts turn back again,
To those old "Pals," though some were rough,
It puts a warm spot in your heart,
That *you* were there and "done your stuff!"

*Charles C. Squires, Brakeman and Lineman,
Denver Leadville & Gunnison R.R.*

The late Mr. Charles C. Squires was a brakeman on the old South Park before the turn of the century, and in his retirement he wrote many poems, including the accompanying one about the Alpine Tunnel. It seems to express not only the spirit and the character of the men of that time, but the nostalgic memories of a bygone era.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dow Helmers, a long-time Corresponding Member of the Denver Westerners, is a published author and recognized historian of one of the legendary railroad artifacts in Colorado. His large and comprehensive volume, *Historic Alpine Tunnel*, on the famous Denver, South Park & Pacific Railroad tunnel between Buena Vista and Gunnison, was first published in 1963 by Alan Swallow, late Posse Member. The book is now in its second printing, by Sage Books.

Helmers was born and reared in Colorado Springs. After a stint as a student at Colorado College, he went to work as a newspaper man on the Colorado Springs *Gazette-Telegraph*, and later worked on the Pueblo *Chieftain* and *Star-Journal*, and the Santa Barbara (Calif.) *News-Press*.

In a career switch, he became manager and owner of the Standard Paint and Glass Company at Pueblo, his occupation for 30 years prior to retiring in 1972, when he moved back to Colorado Springs. He and Mrs. Helmers are the parents of three daughters.

In addition to another book, *Tragedy at Eden*, also published by Sage Books, Helmers is an occasional contributor to the *Pueblo Chieftain* and the *Denver Post* Empire Section. His other memberships include the Historical Society of Colorado, the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, National Railway Historical Society and Mile Hi Jeep Club.



Westerner's Bookshelf



HELEN HUNT JACKSON, by Evelyn I. Banning. Vanguard Press, New York, N.Y., 225 pgs, 1973, \$5.95.

From its earliest beginnings, Colorado Springs has numbered among its citizenry unique and fascinating personalities. Not the least of these was Helen Hunt Jackson, a writer well known before her arrival here for health reasons.

With the current upsurge of interest in minority groups, Helen Hunt Jackson's work on behalf of the Indians is receiving considerable attention by researchers and social-action groups. Her *Century of Dishonor*, out of print for nearly 100 years, is now used as a textbook on college campuses. This has brought about a renewed interest in the woman herself.

It was Helen Hunt Jackson's wish that biographies not be written after her death. It wasn't until 1939 that a complete biography was written by Ruth O'Dell and published by D. Appleton-Century Company.

Recently a new biography by Evelyn I. Banning, published by Vanguard Press, has appeared. With access to the extensive bibliography of the O'Dell book, original letters in libraries and institutions, and extensive traveling, including a visit to the Penrose Library and the Pioneers' Museum in Colorado Springs, Miss Banning has attempted to delineate the character of Helen Hunt Jackson both as a woman and as a writer.

Miss Banning has written well of Helen Hunt's early life in the East, her

interesting encounters with Emily Dickenson, and the tragedies in her first marriage occasioned by the deaths of both of her children and her husband, Maj. Edward Bissell Hunt.

In the interpretation of the Colorado portion of her life and of her marriage to William S. Jackson, discrepancies appear. It is unfortunate that the author didn't make use of materials available locally for more background on the career of William S. Jackson. Inferences are drawn concerning the relationship of the Jacksons that aren't corroborated by existing facts.

William S. Jackson was actively engaged in a variety of civic and business enterprises. During the years of his marriage to "H.H.", he was secretary-treasurer of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, then vice-president. He was appointed receiver for the railroad during a very trying period and was deeply involved in this capacity at the time of her death. Later he became president, and as stated in the *Biography of Colorado*, he accepted the position "with reluctance and resigned after one year of service on account of the increasing pressure and exacting demands of his personal affairs, and bereavement occasioned by the death of his wife."

Aside from these railroad obligations, William S. Jackson was the founder of the El Paso County Bank and a founding partner of the Denver National Bank. He helped organize School District 11 in Colorado Springs and served on its first board, as well as being one of the founders of Colorado College. With such involvement in civic and

business affairs, it was virtually impossible for him to move about as freely as did his literary wife. Letters in the Jackson collection substantiate this.

Helen Hunt Jackson was equally absorbed in her writing and traveled extensively in her pursuit of material to fan the fire of the Indians' cause, but the Jacksons' dedication to their diverse endeavors cannot be interpreted as an indication of marital difficulties. Where an opportunity presented itself for them to travel together, they did so.

Helen Hunt Jackson protected her husband from the knowledge of her impending death, knowing that he was embroiled in railroad matters. It is interesting to note that Mrs. Jackson's estate was left to relatives of William S. Jackson, rather than to her own. This is an indication of the relationship that existed, as is the note she sent him requesting that she be buried on Cheyenne Mountain.

Rhoda D. Wilcox

HIPPOCRATES IN A RED VEST, THE BIOGRAPHY OF A FRONTIER DOCTOR, by Barron B. Beshoar. The American West Publishing Co., Palo Alto, California. 352 pp. \$9.95.

As part of the catalog announcement reads, this is truly an "exciting and very human biography of Dr. Michael Beshoar," whom I will certainly call one of Southern Colorado's most useful and distinguishing citizens.

Preceding his years in Colorado, he was very busy during the Civil War (serving both the North and the South). He was also a newspaper editor, and served as a judge, businessman, farmer, and even as mayor of Dohytown,

Nebraska Territory, the latter being quite a handfull.

After many stops here and there he settled in Trinidad, and both he and the city did well by each other. The biography, by his grandson, is very well documented, so full of sheer pulsating life, written tersely and clearly by an expert journalist, which should be all the inducement needed.

He has had a rich, juicy subject to write, and has certainly done it most capably. Further superlatives would be redundant.

Henry A. Clausen, P.M.

THE SILVER SAN JUAN, THE RIO GRANDE SOUTHERN, by Mallory Hope Herrell. The Pruett Publishing Co., Boulder, Colorado. Regular Edition \$19.95.

This book is a very handsome volume. It is 9" x 11½" x 2" in size. The 669 pages are filled with over 700 photographs and eight splendid color plates. Also included are eight maps. There are pages of locomotive and equipment rosters which are complete and well illustrated. For the modeler there are a goodly number of car and station plans in nice detail.

The photographs are sharply reproduced and well selected. Many are spread over two pages permitting sizes up to 14" x 9". The pictures tell better than words of the severe operating conditions which always plagued the RGS. Fortunately in addition the photograph captions are very thorough and in them much information is provided.

The RGS was not enmeshed in the complicated financial and political intrigues which were such a part of the development and background of the

larger Colorado railroads such as the Denver, South Park and Pacific, the Colorado Central and the Denver and Rio Grande. Since the RGS operated very much in the shadow of the D&RG and was effectively under its control, political matters were usually handled by the D&RG, surely a mixed blessing. Mr. Ferrell points out how this was often costly to the RGS, until Victor Miller came upon the scene. Nature provided the RGS with a abundance of misfortune and the final coup de grace was the highway truck which took away the freight traffic and finally consumed the RGS after 59 years of operation. Author Ferrell writes clearly and concisely and tells his story in about 65 pages of text. This seeming brevity is explained by his writing style, the completeness of the many photo captions and the simplicity of the corporate matters.

The *Silver San Juan* is a volume worthy of a place in any library covering Colorado or mountain railroading. The general reader would also find much to interest him, particularly concerning the San Juan area.

Charles S. Ryland, P.M.

JOHN DARE (JACK) HOWLAND,
by Nolie Mumey; Johnson Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado 1973; \$35.00.

Dr. Nolie Mumey has done it again. He has brought to the files of Colorado history another pioneer who has thus far been overlooked by historians.

The Art and Activities of John Dare (Jack) Howland, Painter, Soldier, Indian Trader and Pioneer is a tribute to the man who designed the bronze statue that stands at the west entrance of

the State Capitol in Denver. It was dedicated July 1909 in honor of the Colorado Civil War veterans.

This outstanding work of art is only one of the many achievements of John Dare Howland. His daughter, the late Kate Howland Charles spent fourteen years in gathering the memorabilia surrounding the art and activities of her father. Mrs. Charles' daughter, Mrs. W. O. (Esther) Mallory made this biographical information available to Dr. Mumey when she learned of his research on the life of Howland.

There are approximately 75 reproductions of Howland's paintings in color and black-and-white. Collectors of Western art and the literary works of Dr. Mumey should not miss this book.

Jim Davis, R.M.

THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS OF AdAmAn 1923-1973, by James L. Bates, 2030 North El Paso St., Colorado Springs, 80907. 160 pages 8½" x 11". \$12.50 hardback.

This is essentially a book by and for AdAmAn Club members and consists of 50% photographs and 50% text. It is a history of the formation of the club and one page biographies of each of the members. The AdAmAn Club is an "only one of a kind" organization formed in 1922 by five Colorado Spring mountaineers who ascended Pikes Peak on New Years Eve and set off a few fireworks to welcome in the New Year. These five were, Fred Barr, Willis Magee, Harry Standley, Edward H. and Fred P. Morath. Fred incidentally is the father of Max Morath, the Ragtime music entertained.) They were super-enthusiastic over the climb which was

made on a far below zero stormy day, and one man suggested they do it as an annual event. They all agreed, and Fred, an exuberant extrovert, said, "Let's take another person along each year—let's add a man—let's call it the Ad-AmAn Club." The unusual spelling was developed a few years later.

Thus the club was founded, and each year for the past 50 years a new member was taken in. Each added man was a mountain climbing person, some of great experience, and some of lesser accomplishments, but all shared the love of the mountains and of the outdoors. Amazingly enough, the club has prospered greatly through the years and there is a long waiting list of young fellows anxious and desirous of becoming members. From time to time, prominent mountaineers and explorers were added to the rolls as honorary members. Such persons as Ronald Amundsen, Admiral Richard E. Byrd, Sir Edmund Hillary, Lowell Thomas and others were invited and accepted honorary memberships. Associate memberships were also given to prominent people who assisted or took some part in promoting the organization, even though they were not mountaineers as such. The 50th climb was made on New Years Eve 1972-73 and the 51st ascent on 1973-74. There is every present indication that it may go on for the next fifty. At any rate the book is a fine souvenir for each of the members and in its way is a real contribution to Western history.

The price of the book may seem somewhat high for the one hundred sixty pages, but since half of it is good quality photographs the price is not unreasonable. As there are only 600 printed it is sure to become a collectors item. I

hope in the coming years we don't have any trouble with womens lib. This is strictly a man's organization.

The book can be obtained from James L. Bates and probably from Henry A. Clausen, P.M.

AdAmAn Carl Blaurock, P.M.

THE CATTLE-RAISING INDUSTRY: BETWEEN SUPPLY AND DEMAND, 1866-1890 by Jimmy M. Skaggs. Published by the University Press of Kansas, Lawrence / Manhattan / Wichita. 173 pgs. including 46 pgs. of notes, bibliography and index: 21 illustrations, one map; \$8.00.

For too many years, the history of the American West has been a literary hash laced with unequal portions of stereotype, folklore and fact. It has fallen to the lot of modern historians to dredge out the fact and present the West in the true light of reality. This volume accurately documents one facet of the early West—the cattle drive.

In this well researched, well documented book, the post-Civil War cattle drives are shown for what they really were—organized business ventures serving as "middlemen" between producer and buyer. For a short span of time in Western history, the drover flourished and, in many instances, made a fortune.

The Cattle-Trailing Industry . . . is a serious study of the individuals who blazed the early Texas cattle trails and who organized the movement of large herds of Texas longhorns to railroad shipping points in the north. The drives weren't conducted by ranch owners and their hands. The drovers were specialized, independent businessmen who

could move large numbers of animals quickly and efficiently, and do it at a profit. Their fee ranged from \$1.00 to \$1.50 a head.

This modest volume is the story of the people who shored up the Texas economy, after it was shattered by the Civil War. The only shortcoming in the book is the inclusion of too many people. Digressions into family genealogies and business partnerships tend

to be confusing, rather than enlightening. However, the author is to be commended for his efforts in presenting an accurate account of a fleeting episode in the saga of a developing America. For the serious student of Western Americana, *The Cattle Trailing Industry: Between Supply and Demand, 1866-1890* is a must.

Herb O'Hanlon, P.M.



New Hands on the Denver Range

Allan Wesson
3692 East Geddes Place
Littleton, Colorado 80122

Allan is Credit Manager of Phillips Petroleum in Denver. He was introduced to us through his father-in-law, Sid Platford, who is an ex-sheriff of the Los Angeles Corral.

John H. Reitsma
1470 Balboa Ct.
Broomfield, Colorado 80020

John was brought to us by Fred Rosenstock. John deals in Western art, rare books and manuscripts. (Seems that reminds us of someone else, too!) Welcome to the Denver Westerners.

Robert D. Stull
8206 Adams Way
Denver, Colorado 80221

Bob became acquainted with the Westerners through the *Brand Book*, and activity in the Ghost Town Club of Colorado, of which he is president. He is a past-president of Ghost Town Mavericks. Bob's hobbies include model railroading (narrow-gauge in 1/4-inch scale), photography, ghost towns, mines and mills. His special interest in Western history includes railroads and mines. Bob is director of the Division of Administration, Colorado Department of Natural Resources.



OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

(continued from page 2)

Idaho, as an archivist with the Idaho State Historical Society. Best of luck in your new position, Jim! (And drop by, if you're in Denver on the fourth Wednesday night of the month—)

* * *

Three long-time Denver Posse Members of the Westerners—Arthur Carhart, Numa James and Dr. Nolie Mumey—have been presented with honorary lifetime memberships, in recognition of service to the organization, and active efforts in Western history. Following are their letters of appreciation to the Westerners:

To My Cherished Friends and Fellow Westerners:

Your letter of Nov. 8 is received with great appreciation and thanks to you all. It brings freshets of memories pouring out from many days now yesterdays. The meeting in Bradford Robinson's "Crows Nest," summer meetings at Charlie Roth's "ranch." Later on, the Press Club, with Bill Rame stomping out of the meeting, blasting some author who had written of the battle of the O.K. Corral, and Bill declaring, "We don't have to listen to this—it's all crap." Because Bill knew the principal actors in the drama, or had dug to bedrock in research. And those summer sessions in the Colorado Cave, all memories, such as old men like me dust off and relive, as if seeing visions in bright Clouds of Sunset. As you know, I have had other citations or recognition of something I was supposed to have done, or undone, and your letter is, and shall be in the highest brackets among such recognition of accomplishments or whatever I have received. Thanks gents and trail podners.

As ever
Art Carhart,
Lemon Grove, Calif.

Dear Westerners:

I was deeply touched when your letter came yesterday. It is such a wonderful thing for you to give Numa an honorary life membership in the Denver Posse. He sends his deep appreciation, too. I read the letter to him several times and then he said, "They are my friends." He won't remember it for long, as his mind and body are failing fast. I thank God that he is not in pain and is reasonably content in the Med Center where he receives wonderful care. I thank you again from the bottom of my heart. God bless all of you.

Viva (Mrs. Numa) James,
Colorado Springs

Dear Francis:

Please convey my appreciation to the Denver Posse for awarding me an honorary Life Membership. I have received many awards and a few life memberships, but I am more touched by the action of the Posse than all the others.

Sincerely,
Nolie Mumey,
Denver

* * *

Granville Horstman of 3083 S. Holly Place, Denver, is the newest Posse Member of the Denver Westerners after serving the organization for several years as a Corresponding Member. Gran devotes much effort to another active historical group, the Council on Abandoned Military Posts (CAMP), as an area of special interest, and is vice president of the Rocky Mountain Detachment (Colo.-Wyo.). He joined the Westerners in 1963.

* * *

The Denver Westerners is saddened by the death of Posse Member Lowell E. Mooney, 63, of Salida, Colo. Lowell

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL (cont.)

died Dec. 16, after an illness of several months. A resident of Salida for 20 years, he had been sales manager for Radio Station KVRH, and Chaffee County correspondent for the *Pueblo Chieftain*. Survivors include his widow, Louise, a son and four daughters.

* * *

Sen. Pete Domenici, R-N.M., has announced approval of a \$3,700 National Park Service grant to aid in the restoration of Dorsey Mansion at Chico Springs, northeast of Springer in Colfax County, N.M. Domenici said the mansion is to be restored to the period of the late 1800's with the federal grant, to be matched by state funds. The history of Dorsey's "Castle," completed by the ex-Arkansas senator in 1884 at a cost of \$50,000, was presented in detail for the Denver Westerners in the February 1970

issue of The Denver Westerners' *Round-up*, in "Stephen W. Dorsey: Soldier, Statesman," by Francis B. Rizzari, P.M.

The grant marks official recognition of the historical significance of Dorsey's ranch and the site, five miles north of Point of Rocks, on the Cimarron Cut-off of the Santa Fe Trail.

The property passed through many hands, after Dorsey lost the ranch in a foreclosure sale in 1893. Rizzari reported in the 1970 article that the "castle" was purchased in 1966 by Mr. and Mrs. K. E. Deaton of Friona, Tex., who undertook the monumental task of restoration, now proceeding with state and federal assistance. Francis' article is recommended reading for those interested in learning about the colorful Dorsey, and the sandstone-and-log castle he erected in northern New Mexico.

ATTENTION CORRESPONDING MEMBERS:

YOUR 1974 DUES IN THE AMOUNT OF \$5.50 BECAME DUE JANUARY 1, 1974. DUES BECOME DELINQUENT AS OF MARCH 1, 1974. IF DUES HAVE NOT BEEN PAID BY THAT DATE YOU MAY LOSE YOUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE DENVER WESTERNERS.

PLEASE SEND YOUR 1974 DUES (\$5.50) TO:

**Robert A. Edgerton
865 Harrison St.
Denver, Colorado 80206**

The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

FEBRUARY 1974
Volume XXX, No. 2

IN THIS ISSUE
*THE UNITED STATES
DRAGOONS, 1833-1861*
by Gordon Chappell



2nd Lt. Bezaleel Wells Armstrong. Appointed to West Point July 1, 1841; graduated July 1, 1845, and appointed brevet second lieutenant, 1st Dragoons; commissioned second lieutenant, transferred to 2nd Dragoons, April 1, 1846. Died Feb. 17, 1849.

—Gordon S. Chappell Collection

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

The Denver Westerners welcomes as its newest Posse Member Ross V. Miller Jr. of 1040 S. Gilpin St., Denver. Ross has been a Corresponding Member since 1956, and is already well known to the Westerners, through three interesting programs he has presented, and articles he has written for **ROUNDUP** and the *Brand Book*.

Born in Des Moines, Iowa, Ross came to Denver at the age of 9—which makes him practically a native. He received a B.A. in history, and a masters in education from Denver University. A school teacher since 1951, he presently teaches history at Abraham Lincoln High School in Denver. He has been a weapons collector since 1960, and is one of the founders of the Colorado Antique Gun Collectors Association; he also has an interest in Indians.

* * *

Posse member Armand W. Reeder, 5416 E. Atlantic Place, Denver, has been unanimously elected to an honorary life membership in the St. Louis Westerners. His name will be placed in each roster, and he will receive all announcements and minutes, plus their publication, *Westward*. The honor comes in recognition of his long service to the group, which he helped to organize in June 1946. He held all offices of the St. Louis group, including secretary, treasurer and vice president, then Jan. 17, 1951, was elected president and served in that capacity until December 1956, when he left St. Louis to come to Denver.

"I hadn't realized I served that long until they sent me that information from the records," Armand said in commenting on the action. "Of the original 22 charter members, there are only three of us left, so I figure they wanted to give me this honor before I joined the rest of the group, wherever they may be."

Congratulations, Armand! St. Louis' loss was certainly Denver's gain!

(Continued on page 47)

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

Volume XXX
Number 2



February
1974

The **ROUNDUP** is published monthly except April, August and December by the Denver Posse of The Westerners, to members, \$4.50 per year; to non-members, \$5.50 per year. Entered as second-class matter at Boulder, Colorado. **ROUNDUP** publishing office: P. O. Box 990, Boulder, Colo. 80302. The Westerners' office: 865 Harrison St., Denver, Colo. 80206. Copyright 1974 by The Westerners Inc., a Colorado corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded Jan. 26, 1945.

Vol. XXX, No. 1 of **ROUNDUP** was inadvertently designated as the January-February 1974 issue of the publication, in contradiction to the published statement of frequency of publication, under second-class postal regulations. To remedy this error, Vol. XXX, No. 2 is hereby designated the February 1974 issue; Vol. XXX, No. 3 will be the March-April issue; Vol. XXX, No. 4, May issue, and so on.

USE THESE ADDRESSES FOR:

Material for publication in the Roundup—
Alan J. Stewart, Post Office Box 416,
Broomfield, Colorado 80020.

Books for Review and Book Reviews—Herbert P. White, 730 Madison St., Denver,
Colorado 80206.

Reservations for all meetings and dinners—
Delbert A. Bishop, 3055 Ellis Lane, Golden,
Colorado 80401.

1974 OFFICERS

Sheriff: Jackson C. Thode
Deputy Sheriff: Dave Hicks
Roundup Foreman: Charles S. Ryland
Tally Man: Robert A. Edgerton
Chuck Wrangler: Delbert A. Bishop
Registrar of Marks and Brands: Alan J. Stewart
Publications Chairman: Dr. Robert W. Mutchler
Program Chairman: Dave Hicks
Membership Chairman: William H. Van-Duzer
Keeper of the Possibles Bag: Richard G. Bowman
Book Review Chairman: Herb White

The United States Dragoons, 1833-1861

*The Real Role of Cavalry in
The Indian Wars*

By GORDON CHAPPELL

Curator, U.S. Army Military History
Research Center,
Carlisle Barracks, Pa.

From 1833 to 1861, the United States Dragoons were the pioneer cavalymen who campaigned for the United States in that vast arena known as the trans-Mississippi West. These were the tough, hardy mounted soldiers who marched up and down the vast expanse of the Mississippi Valley; escorted the Santa Fe caravans; during the summer patrolled the Great Plains as far as the Rocky Mountains; provided the bulk of the cavalry force which fought in the War with Mexico, and formed the cutting edge of the Army's first decade of Western Indian combat in the 1850s. Yet their role is little recognized by the American people, a century later.

Even the term "dragoon" is little understood. As defined by Albert Gallatin Brackett, a cavalry officer who in 1863 wrote the first history of the mounted force in the U.S. Army, dragoons were "originally organized to act either as cavalry or infantry skirmishers—a sort of hybrid corps to do duty on foot or on horseback; now they are simply a body of regular cavalry soldiers . . ." The term, itself, in Brackett's understanding, derived from the crest in the form of a mythical dragon worn on the helmets of French knights during the Middle Ages; such mounted knights were hence called *dragons* from the design of their distinctive crests, which, when rendered phonetically from the French into the English, became "dragoon".¹

Prior to 1846 all regular American cavalry units had been

termed dragoons. Such was the case with the four regiments of cavalry in the Continental Army establishment during the American Revolution—they were called “light dragoons,” the “light” referring to a technical distinction between two basically different types of European cavalry units, although in America all cavalry was in fact “light” cavalry in the European sense, so that in time the term “light” was dropped.²

Following the disbanding of the Continental Army at the end of the Revolutionary War, Congress organized on March 5, 1792 a “Squadron of Light Dragoons which, upon the reorganization of the United States Army into the Legion of the United States, theoretically along ancient Roman lines, was split up, each of its four troops of dragoons being assigned to one of the four sublegions. On Oct. 31, 1796, the squadron was reduced from four to two companies, but on July 16, 1798 it was expanded by the addition of six troops, or a total of eight, into the Regiment of Light Dragoons. But with typical congressional inconsistency, effective June 15, 1800, the regiment was abolished except for the two troops established in the act of 1792, and even these two troops were discharged effective June 1, 1802, leaving the United States Army with no cavalry force.³

Even the traditional Jeffersonian antipathy to a regular army was modified by growing friction with Great Britain, so that Congress authorized in the act of April 12, 1808, another Regiment of Light Dragoons, consisting of eight troops. On Jan. 11, 1812, Congress authorized a Second Regiment of Light Dragoons (the old Regiment of Light Dragoons thus becoming the *First* Regiment of Light Dragoons). But once the War of 1812 was over the Army faced the usual post-war retrenchment, so that effective May 12, 1814, the Second Light Dragoons were consolidated with the First into a single regiment, and on May 17, 1815, the one surviving Regiment of Light Dragoons

was consolidated with the Corps of Artillery, leaving the United States Army again with no cavalry force.⁴

Following the purchase from France of the Louisiana Territory, and after the War of 1812, the United States attempted to establish a permanent military frontier along the western edge of the Mississippi Valley on the theory that no Americans would desire to venture or settle there. This frontier was to be delineated by a string of forts stretching from Ft. Howard at Green Bay, Wis., and Ft. Snelling, Minn., down to Ft. Jesup near the western edge of Louisiana. The government then hoped to move the Indian tribes from east of this line to lands west of it, thus removing all cause for conflict between white and red, and placing a military buffer between them.⁵

But this scheme was doomed to failure, for the basic assumption that Americans would never desire or have use for land west of this "permanent" military frontier was in error. Furthermore, a number of Eastern tribes were not easily uprooted from the land of their ancestors, so that the removal policy intended to prevent conflict in fact caused it, in a series of wars with the Creeks, the Sac and Fox and the Seminoles, which might be called the Wars of Indian Removal. Furthermore, once forceably moved west of the "permanent" military frontier, the Eastern tribes didn't always get along with each other, much less with the mounted Plains tribes native to that region, so that the government was forced to police the territory of the newly removed tribes which was beyond the "permanent" frontier, to prevent intertribal strife. This consequently required establishing more permanent military garrisons—such as Fort Gibson—west of the so-called "permanent" military frontier, thus contradicting in part the purpose of that frontier and driving one of the first nails in the coffin of that whole concept.⁶

Moreover, even before the "permanent" frontier was well established, there were other advances beyond it. A

lucrative trade developed between the Missouri settlements and the Mexican province of Nueva Mexico, anchored at one end at St. Louis and on the other in Santa Fe, with creation of a long Santa Fe Trail on which merchant wagon trains could traverse the prairie domain of the horse Indians of the Great Plains. As this trade grew, armed clashes between red and white were inevitable, necessitating military escorts for the wagon caravans as early as 1829.⁷

Additionally, Captain Meriwether Lewis and Lieutenant William Clark had returned from their explorations of the Louisiana Purchase with descriptions of the richly forested Oregon country along the Columbia River. To Americans accustomed to the heavily forested Eastern Seaboard, forests meant, among other things, fertile soil for farm lands, so that in time more and more Americans worked their way westward across prairie, mountain and desert to begin anew the life of the yeoman farmer. This emigration, like the Santa Fe trade, would lead to friction and clashes with the mounted Indians of the Great Plains resulting in further political pressure for military protection.⁸

The first military escort of a wagon train across the Great Plains consisted of a detachment of Maj. Bennet Riley's 6th Infantry, assigned in 1829 to protect the Santa Fe caravan which had encountered Plains Indian hostility the previous year. The 1829 episode demonstrated the impotence of the foot soldier against the mounted Indian, for the infantry could only watch helplessly, unable to pursue, when Comanches drove the stolen stock which had pulled some of the wagons off toward the horizon.⁹ A year later one of several wars resulting from the Indian-removal policy broke out, this one called the Black Hawk War, after the name of the principal chief involved.

These two episodes helped to call congressional attention to the Western frontier and its growing problems. Persistent proponents of a mounted force, both in the Army and out, now gained headway. As a result of this political pres-

sure, Congress on June 15, 1832, authorized a six-company Battalion of Mounted Rangers. However this unit was organized largely on 25 militia with a characteristically short one-year enlistment term. The failure of this half-measure was so obvious that Congress March 2, 1833, established in lieu of this battalion a new Regiment of Dragoons.¹⁰

Soldiers mounted on horseback seem always to have possessed greater glamour than the poor foot soldier who trudged through the dust and mud. One may praise infantry as the "Queen of Battles" and the hard core of any army, but it is the cavalry which has always captured the public imagination. And so it was with the dragoons. Partly as a consequence, the character of service in the new Regiment was, if anything, greatly oversold to potential recruits. A disgruntled dragoon complained in October 1833 that:

Many were enlisted under the express declaration that they were to rank with the cadets at the Military Academy, and that they should not be subject to the more severe restrictions of Army discipline. Many were told, when they were entreated to enlist, that they would have nothing to do but to ride on horseback over the country, to explore the Western Prairies and forests, and, indeed, spend their time continually in delightful and inspiring occupations; and particularly and often was the remark made that it would disgrace a dragoon even to speak with an infantry soldier. I only mention these things to show how so superior a band of young men could have been induced to enlist themselves in the illiberal Army of America, where the very fact of a man's being a soldier seems to imply that he is fit for no other employment.¹¹

The dragoons, of course, were soon disillusioned. Instead of enjoying any of the privileges and comforts promised them, they found they were subject to all the onerous duties of the infantry soldier, in *addition* to those "that peculiarly belong to the dragoon."¹² They not only had to perform drills, fatigue, guard and military duties, as well as participate in building the forts in which they lived, and in planting and raising some of the food which they ate—in general performing all the non-military duties with which the frontier soldier generally was saddled—they *also* had to

maintain their horses and horse equipment with which the infantry didn't have to bother. Far from being a privileged character, the dragoon had even more onerous duties than the hitherto ridiculed infantryman.

Pvt. James Hildreth, who recorded their complaints, thought that the dragoons might still have endured their disillusionment had their officers treated them decently. But many of the officers were ill-educated, brutal and addicted to whisky, and many dragoons decided that the government had broken its side of the enlistment contract and promptly deserted. Truthfully, Army discipline in the third decade of the 19th century was brutal, and the Army was poorly clothed, half-starved, and when fed, not infrequently provided with tainted meat and vegetables. In the barracks—often vermin-ridden, drafty, and poorly-heated in winter—the soldiers had to sleep by twos in double-deck bunks designed to hold four men (and occasionally more)—hence the origin of the term “my bunkie” in the frontier Army. That these faults were caused more by a penurious Congress and an indifferent American people than by officers ill-suited to their profession in no way alleviated the plight of the enlisted soldier.¹³

With Henry Dodge appointed colonel and Stephen Watts Kearny the lieutenant colonel, and with Jefferson Davis as regimental adjutant, the Regiment of Dragoons was organized at Jefferson Barracks, a couple of miles south of St. Louis. There the men had to build their own stables and the experienced cadre in the new regiment commenced to train the raw recruits. Private Hildreth describes scenes which would be familiar to anyone who has ever been a soldier:

Sergeant Roberts . . . was the only one in the troop that knew how to put his left foot foremost and to attempt to describe the ludicrous piece of work we made of it would be entirely out of the question; however, we were drawn up in line and the command was given, “right dress!” Every one looked at the sergeant to see how he did it; and after a good deal of shuffling and squinting, we presented

somewhat of a fair front. The orders to let the arms hang loosely, to keep the little finger straight down the seam of the pantaloons, and to turn the toes out to a proper angle, at the same time to keep the chin erected to its proper height, all followed in regular and rapid succession; and when we were thus modified according to the "Rules and Articles," we must have had the appearance of so many statues. The company thus arranged, the captain cast upon us a smile of complacency, and walked around to the rear for a more minute inspection.

"Turn your toes out more, Cooke; and you, Grantor, let your arms hang more loosely, and hold up your head," said he, when he had again taken a glance at the front.

"*Very well, that,*" said the captain, when these requisitions had been complied with, (which was the expression that he always used when any thing was done to his liking).

Taking advantage of the hints that had been given to my companions, I screwed myself into the position that I imagined to be nearest in accordance with the prescribed rules, (a position, by the by, as uncomfortable as one may imagine), but for all that I did not escape being the subject of a special remark; for the captain soon after, pointing to me, asked in a stern tone of voice,

"Where's your stock, sir?"

I replied that I had left it in the barrack-room, at the same time wondering how he could perceive that I was without it, for my jacket collar was buttoned close up in my neck.

"Go and put it on, sir, and never again come half-dressed upon parade," was his only reply.

These little matters at length being all properly adjusted, we commenced operations, and spent full an hour and a half in marching in open files (that is, individually) across the parade ground, each one taking his turn of becoming the subject of a titter throughout the troop.

Again formed in line, the command was given:

"Attention!"—"column forward!"—"guide right!"—"march!"

At the last word some put forward the right foot, others the left, some looking to one flank, some to the other, and before we had got six paces ahead, there were no two marching together.

"Halt!" cried the captain.

"Right dress!" screamed the sergeant, and once more we were got into shape.

"Try that again, and see if you cannot manage to put forward the left foot, and keep dressed on the sergeant."—"Attention!"—"column forward!"—"guide right!"—"march!"

This time all except three put forward the left foot, and we managed to keep together for some fifteen or twenty paces; when by that time our front becoming somewhat semi-circular, we again received the order to "halt!"

We repeated this manoeuvre several times; but Cooke and one or two others still persisting in putting forward the right foot instead

of the left; the captain lost all patience, and dismissing the rest of the troop, ordered them in the *awkward squad*, to half an hour's extra drill.

Thus ended our first day's duty, and some of us already began to feel that we knew almost as much as the captain himself.

Time and practice, however, has corrected many of our mistakes, except poor Cooke, who never could learn to put his left foot forward. He deserted, however, the next week; and, fortunately for both himself and the service, he has not since been heard of.¹⁴

In ensuing weeks, the dragoons would be drilled with "condemned" muskets in what was then called "the school of the soldier," and eventually—the regiment having been issued its horses—in the various mounted drills and "evolutions" which comprised cavalry training.

In November 1833, the Regiment of Dragoons marched for Ft. Gibson in the country to which the Cherokee Indians had been removed from the East. This first march into the vast territory west of the "permanent" military frontier was disastrous for the regiment, for it was decimated not only by desertion (more than 100 men by April 1834, according to Hildreth), but by illness and temperatures which that summer reached 105° in the shade, killing both men and horses. Considerable recruitment was thus necessary as early as 1835. Nevertheless, this marked the first of a decade of mostly peaceful marching and counter-marching for the regiment. Most of these marches were in the Mississippi Valley, but in 1835 the regiment's commander, Col. Henry Dodge, took one detachment as far west as the base of the Rocky Mountains via the Platte and South Platte Rivers, then southward along the Front Range to the Arkansas River, and again eastward along the north bank of the Arkansas along the edge of Mexican territory.¹⁵

A decade later, in 1845, Dodge's successor in command of the regiment, Col. Stephen Watts Kearny, took the regiment up the Platte and North Platte, and along the Sweetwater to the famous South Pass ("south" only in terms of the explorations of Lewis and Clark, much farther to the north), then, retracing his steps to Ft. Laramie and striking south-



Full-dress dragoon uniform as prescribed by 1833 regulations. The coatee, or tailed coat, was dark blue with yellow facings. The shako carried a white horsehair plume, a large brass sunburst on the front, and yellow cords festooned on the front and back.

—*Military Collector and Historian*

ward to the South Platte near the mouth of Platte Canyon, returned eastward by the same route Dodge had taken in 1835.¹⁵

Meanwhile, the Regiment of Dragoons had proved so useful on the military frontier that Congress, with unusual liberality where matters military were concerned, authorized by an act of May 23, 1836, a Second Regiment of Dragoons (after which the older regiment became the *First Dragoons*).¹⁶

The Second Dragoons were to have a far different history during the ensuing decade than their predecessors, for the last of the wars of Indian removal had broken out in Florida in 1835. As soon as organized and given some rudimentary training, the Second Dragoons were on Nov. 30, 1836, ordered to Florida, where they played a conspicuous part in the dreadful "Florida War," as they termed this unjust assault on the Seminole Indians, a war which the United States never conclusively won.

For the next seven years the Second Dragoons spent most of their time in Florida swamps in a semi-tropical environment ill-suited for the employment of mounted troops.¹⁷

They harassed and pursued handful-sized bands of Seminoles, as few as a family group or even an individual Indian, without ever really being able to come to grips with the tribe, much less such chiefs as Coacoochee or one called by the troops Sam Jones.

As one observer described it,

The peculiar service devolving upon the officer in the *scouts* through the country was quite as debilitating as the effects of the climate upon his constitution. His duties were divested of all the attributes of a soldier. . . . His command of 30 or 40 men resembled more a banditti than a body of soldiers in the service of their country. At the head of his little band, without shoes or stockings, his pantaloons sustained by a belt, in which were thrust a brace of pistols, without vest or coat, his cap with a leathern flap behind to divert the rain from coursing down his back—in this manner he led his detachment through bog and water day after day, dependent for food on the contents of his haversack, strapped to his back.¹⁸

One officer wrote in January 1838 of his experiences,

For nearly 200 miles we passed through an unknown region, cutting roads through dense hummocks, passing innumerable cypress swamps and pine-barrens, interspersed with a nearly impassable growth of saw-palmetto, and, for the last three days, wading nearly up to our waists in water. Our privations have not been less than our fatigue, the men being almost naked, and one-third of them destitute of shoes.¹⁹

And another recalled:

We have had a severe time of it, wading in morasses and swamps, and encountering difficulties . . . of which no one can conceive who is at a distance. . . . You can have no conception of the manner of our living in the field; we scarcely have transportation [that is, wagons] enough to carry the pork, bread, and coffee which alone compose our bill of fare, and the blanket which shields us from the storm. Yet amidst all this our troops, barefooted, their pantaloons cut off as high as the knee by the saw-palmetto, press forward in the defense of their country. . . .²⁰

Time and again the war seemed to have come to a close in negotiations, only to break out again. One waggish



Unidentified U.S. dragoon private, period 1855-1858.

—James S. Hutchins, *Smithsonian Institution*

soldier eventually set his frustrations down in the form of poetry:

Ever since the creation,
 By the best calculation,
 The Florida war has been raging;
 And 'tis our expectation
 That the last conflagration
 Will find us the same contest waging.
 And yet 'tis not an endless war,
 As facts will plainly show,
 Having been "ended" forty times
 In twenty months or so.

Sam Jones! Sam Jones! thou great unwhipped,
 Thou makest a world of bother;
 Indeed, we quite suspect thou art
 One Davy Jones's brother.

"The war is ended," comes the news;
 "We've caught them in our gin:
 The war is ended past a doubt—
 Sam Jones has just come in!"

But, hark! next day the tune we change,
 And sing a counter-strain;
 "The war's not ended," for behold!
 Sam Jones is out again!

And ever and anon we hear
 Proclaimed in cheering tones,
 "Our General's had"—a battle?—no,
 A "talk with Samuel Jones!"

For aught we see, while ocean rolls
 (As though these crafty Seminoles
 Were doubly nerved and sinewed)
 Nor art nor force can e'er avail,
 But, like some modern premium tale,
 The war's "to be continued."²¹

Indeed, as if this soldier-poet were a prophet—although the war technically ended in 1842—there was strife in Florida again in the 1850s and government attempts as late as the 1870s to complete Seminole removal to the West continued to be unsuccessful. And after all of the fighting and negotiating, there are still Seminoles in Florida today.²²

With the official “end” of the Florida War in 1842, the Second Dragoon regiment was transferred to Ft. Jesup, La., near the border of the Republic of Texas. Now without an Indian war on their minds, Congress expressed again the usual American antipathy to a standing military establishment by passing legislation approved on Aug. 23, 1842, which dismounted the regiment and converted it into riflemen—a glorified sort of infantry. At that point the morale of the regiment descended to rock bottom, and one may doubt that any dragoon armpit deep in a Florida swamp could have been more depressed than a dragoon deprived of his beloved horse. But pressing military necessity and—more to the point—petitions from the legislatures of Missouri and Louisiana came to the regiment’s rescue, so that in the spring of 1844 Congress authorized the troop’s remounting. When the news reached Ft. Jesup, the officers and men were wild with joy. All duty except necessary guards was canceled, and an extra gill of whiskey was issued to the men.

“Hereafter,” declared one joyously inebriated soldier, “we’ll do e-ev’tthin’ mounted! We’ll eat (hic), drink (hic), and sleep in the (hic) saddle; we’ll live m-mounted and (hic) we’ll d-die mounted.”²³

Since there were no horses at the post which they could mount, the frolicsome dragoons decided to fire a “mounted” salute anyway, so two captains “mounted” the barrel of one of the artillery pieces used to fire the morning and evening salute. Astride the barrel they jostled each other for the honor of pulling the lanyard, and one was forced

back almost over the vent-hole at the rear of the piece, at which point it went off.

A cloud of smoke, a brief pause, then a slight swear, almost drowned in shrieks of laughter, which greeted poor Graham as he emerged from the ordeal of saltpetre, with his best stable-jacket in flames and the 'reinforce' of his light-blue breeches not so apparent as it had been. With no gentle hand he was rolled over and over in the grass, until, no longer a dashing cavalier, but a melancholy and smouldering ruin, in the fragments of a red vest and most thoroughly ventilated . . . pantaloons, our hero stole away."²⁴

Meanwhile, 1st Lt. William Joseph Hardee had been attending the French Royal Cavalry School at Saumur, and having returned to the United States, the regiment's commanding officer, Col. David E. Twiggs, assigned Hardee to train recently remounted Second Dragoons stationed at Ft. Jesup in drills and various mounted maneuvers learned in France. In addition to drilling the troops with sabers, Hardee had a number of lances manufactured at the post and armed two squadrons with them, drilling them until the men became proficient with this weapon. Nevertheless American soldiers never grew fond of the lance, and this brief training of the two Second Dragoon squadrons in lancer tactics in 1844 comprised the only important trial that weapon ever had in the Regular Army. Other than among the militia, there would be no lancer regiments in the Regular U.S. Army.²⁵

There were more serious duties ahead of the dragoon regiments now, for annexation of the Republic of Texas resulted in a boundary dispute which, combined with other factors, led to war with Mexico. Both dragoon regiments were in the middle of some of the hardest fighting. The First Dragoons under Col. Stephen Watts Kearny, supported by Mormon infantry and other units, marched on the province of Nueva Mexico and captured it without firing a shot. Shortly thereafter, Kearny, now a brigadier general, marched onward over the Arizona deserts to California with a handful of dragoons, and on arrival there encountered instead of the already-pacified province he had

been led to expect, a dangerous rebellion against the *Yanqui* invaders.²⁶

Overconfident after his very real and praiseworthy bloodless conquest of New Mexico, Brigadier General Kearny at San Pasquel ordered his worn-down detachment of First Dragoons to charge a Mexican contingent of indignant *ranchero* lancers under Pio Pico. These lancers, expert with that weapon as no Americans ever would be, cut the dragoons to pieces. An American force had to sally forth from Los Angeles to rescue Kearny and his beleaguered dragoons from Mexican encirclement.²⁷

Following the conquest of New Mexico, some of the First Dragoons were transferred to the major theatres of war in Mexico. There the Second Dragoons had been in it from the beginning, the capture of a contingent of that regiment at Ia Rosia on April 25, 1846, in fact constituting the first skirmish which precipitated the declaration of war.²⁸

Among the forgotten facts of that little-remembered war is that Congress authorized on Feb. 11, 1847, the formation of a Third Regiment of Dragoons, to which E.W.G. Butler was appointed colonel. The regiment was organized in time to take part in some of the final fighting around Puebla and Mexico City, and performed service which, although brief, was no less valiant than that of the other two dragoon regiments. But the 3rd Dragoons was established only for the duration of the war, and the regiment consequently was disbanded on July 31, 1848.²⁹

The Mexican War destroyed that concept of a "permanent military frontier" which earlier circumstances had already riddled. The acquisition not only of Texas, but of California, New Mexico and the rest of that vast region ceded by the Mexican government at Guadalupe Hidalgo brought into the United States land containing already settled populations which would require garrisons for military protection. Moreover, the government inherited at Guadalupe Hidalgo the traditional wars between the inhabitants



Trumpeters were given distinctive uniforms, for high visibility, quick identification in battle. Here are a trumpeter, 1st U.S. Dragoon Regiment, a dragoon, and a company officer, all dressed in uniforms of 1830's-1840's.

—Military Collector and Historian

of New Mexico and the Navajo, Apache and Comanche Indians. Soon a rush of gold-seekers to California and ultimately to Oregon and Washington would cause Indian wars in the Pacific Northwest. Those dragoons returning northward from Mexico faced a decade of strife in which they were destined to perform some of their finest duty.³⁰

Although the two regiments of dragoons were no longer advertised to recruits as the *corps d'elite* which recruiters in 1833 had claimed, they still possessed an aura of glamor which infantry and artillery regiments failed to share. Consequently, while they were made up of much the same sort of human material that comprised other branches of the Army, the more adventurous types tended to join the mounted regiments. Here are one or two examples.

Farm boy Percival G. Lowe, infected with a spirit of adventure by reading novels by Marryat, Cooper and Scott as well as narratives of adventure and exploration by Fremont and Bonneville, convinced himself that he should "round out" his education by spending five years in the dragoons, and joined in Boston in 1849. He was soon sent to Carlisle Barracks, Pa., which in 1838 had become the training school for recruits assigned to the dragoons.³¹

In November that same year, James A. Bennett enlisted in Rochester, N.Y., under the assumed name of James A. Bronson. He recorded in his diary that, having met and talked with a soldier, he had gone to the recruiting office where he had been told that soldiers "received good board, clothing, medical attention; had nothing to do but play the gentleman; and that those then enlisting were destined for California.

"I was elated with the idea of going to the 'land of gold,' " he added.

The idea of going to California appealed more to him than the prospect of adventure or military service, but there was a more compelling motive which he did not record in his diary. His father had been murdered eight years be-

fore, and after living with a number of different relatives for some years, he had just arrived in Rochester to visit his mother, and found that she was having great difficulty supporting him, two brothers and three sisters, principally by taking in boarders. Immediate enlistment relieved her of any further need to support him, and thus made his mother's life a trifle easier. Unlike Lowe, and less typical in respect to recruits assigned to dragoon regiments, Bronson received his recruit training at the recruit depot at Governor's Island, N.Y., and of course, instead of being sent to California as promised, was instead assigned to the Second Dragoons in New Mexico.³²

But one may infer that Lowe, as a farm boy an ardent horseman, had specifically joined a dragoon regiment (in his case the First Dragoons), whereas Bronson appears to have enlisted without specifying branch of service, his assignment to dragoons being accidental.

In any group of recruits there were bound to be some experienced soldiers. Lt. Col. Edwin Vose Sumner looked over one group of recruits at Ft. Leavenworth in 1849, recognized one man and walked up and shook hands with him.

"Well, Brydon, you are back again," he said.

"Yes, colonel."

"Couldn't keep out?" queried the colonel.

"No, colonel, I had to come back."

"Well," said Sumner, "I am glad you returned to your old troop."³³

The Indian wars of the 1850s were as bitter and lethal as any on the Western Frontier, although less remembered than those of the 1860s, 1870s and 1880s. Elements of the First and Second Dragoons were active in most of them. Duty with these regiments wasn't the picnic that recruiters sometimes implied.

Bugler William Drown of the 2nd Dragoons described in his diary one experience on Lt. Col. Philip St. George

Cooke's expedition against the Mescalero Apaches in New Mexico on the night of April 22, 1854, and the following day:

About dark it commenced snowing with full vengeance, but, we having no tents, our only plan was to spread our blankets and lie down and take it as coolly as possible. A recruit would first run for his overcoat and then the fire; in such a case let everything get wet. But not so with an old campaigner. His first object is to keep his horse-blanket dry, and in fact everything else except his own bed-blanket. When on a march of this kind, we generally take two blankets apiece under our saddles, and our overcoat on the pommel of the saddle, and two men generally sleep together. Our method of making down in such a case as this is to first spread down one of our bed-blankets, with the saddles for a pillow; next spread down the two overcoats, and then two horse-blankets, and then top off with the other bed-blankets, and by this means we have dry blankets to put next the horses' backs the next morning, and the wet ones next the saddle. My bunk-mate and myself turned in immediately as soon as the snow commenced to fall, and tucked in all around, and sang out, "Let it rip!" I fell asleep directly, and woke up about 11:00 o'clock at night, and found my blankets very heavy; but was soon made aware of the reason when I poked my nose out and found that I not only had the three blankets over me, but six or eight inches of snow on top of them. I was not long in pulling my head in again, and in a few minutes was as sound asleep as ever. I woke again about 3:00 o'clock, and found myself buried to the depth of about a foot, to say nothing of what had melted off. I also found some of my comrades, who were less lucky than myself—that is to say, not as many blankets—had a roaring fire going just at my feet, and I began to feel the snow [melting and] stealing in upon me, and I concluded to get up and prepare some coffee, which I did, it still snowing all the while; our saddles, which we left out, and in fact everything that was not protected, completely buried in snow, and our horses were nearly frozen to death, and the grass, what little there was of it, completely buried and out of sight; and, what was worse, we had no forage for them. I felt worse for poor Boston [his horse] than I did for myself. We built on some bursting fires, and brought our horses up around them, and made ourselves as contented as possible, sitting in the snow, spinning long yarns and admiring the beautiful prospect before us. After breakfast we moved up to the top of a hill close to us in the cedar bushes, and put up some shelter for ourselves, as good as the bushes would afford, and built fires before them, and took our horses up with us and tied them in the most sheltering places we could find, and left them stand to starve and freeze to suit themselves. The snow continued falling until about 5:00 o'clock in the evening, when it stopped for a short time, and we took our horses back in the valley to feed in the snow and find what they could to eat; and we felt around and made out to get

something to eat for ourselves the snow lying on the ground at this time to the depth of a little more than a foot on the level; but, the ground being very soft and warm, more than that had probably melted away. We could not have guard-mounting today until after 4:00 p.m. After our horses were put out, we were ordered to fire off our arms, and try and put them in as good firing order as possible for inspection at retreat. We are endeavoring to pull off bushes enough now to keep us out of the mud tonight, as we do not expect to sleep any; for nearly everything we have is wringing wet. One thing that pleases nearly everybody is that, as long as the snow lasts, our spies [scouts], with all their sagacity, cannot follow the trail of the Indians; and if we are able to travel at all tomorrow, I think we will start towards home. Our men are all in good humor, as when anything in the shape of excitement happens, soldiers always are. If we can manage tomorrow to get down this beautiful mountain, we shall be clear of the snow and can get forage for the animals, which will set us all right again. The place where we are encamped is called Arroyo del Carjelos, or Horn Creek.

April 24, 1854.—We left camp this morning about 8 o'clock, knee-deep in mud and snow. It snowed all night without cessation, but we were obliged to make a start or stand and see our animals starve to death. All our blankets and packs were soaking wet, which made them very heavy for the mules. . . .³⁴

Thus from heat which reached 105° in the shade in Indian Territory in 1833 to a winter snowfall in New Mexico in 1854, dragoons campaigned through every possible kind of Western weather and every kind of environment, from Florida swamps to Arizona deserts, suffering all of the hardships that such service entailed, while little appreciated by the American people whom they served.

They fought and died, too, and if they didn't die they suffered bullet and arrow wounds.

At 9 p.m. on Jan. 14, 1855 a soldier came running into dragoon barracks in Sante Fe and shouted to Bugler William Drown to sound *Boots and Saddles* immediately.

"I at first thought he was joking, but was soon hailed by the first sergeant to do the same, and then we knew something was up, sure enough," Drown found time to record in his diary the next day at Galesteo.

"Every man sprang for his saddle and his arms, expecting the trouble was somewhere in the city."

But the alarm was due to a Mescalero Apache raid on a

ranch near Galesteo. 1st Lt. Samuel D. Sturgis of the 1st Dragoons led the detachment out of Santa Fe at 10 p.m. that night. They pursued the Mescaleros up Strong Canyon on Jan. 15, and caught up with them on Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 9 a.m. Spotting the Indians across the canyon before the Indians saw them, the dragoons dismounted, pulled off their greatcoats and gloves and left them on the ground. Then they walked their horses through the canyon, mounted and galloped to a position partially between the Indians and the forest, cutting off escape into the trees. The Indians, in possession of the stolen mules, tried to persuade the troops they were peaceful, but the dragoons knew better, as Bugler Drown described in his diary.

The Lieutenant said, "Well, men, I do not understand one word they are saying; haul off and let them have it, and look out for yourselves." The words were no sooner out of his mouth than bang! bang! rang the musketoons and pistols, and the Indians began to jump and dance around like so many awkward crows. It was really amusing to see the many awkward shapes into which they would throw themselves to avoid our getting a dead aim at them; and in a measure they succeeded. They at last began making towards the wood, and then was our last chance at them. Our hands were so cold that we could not reload our pieces, and, as soon as the shots that were in them were exhausted, were forced to draw our sabers and make a desperate charge, to prevent them entering the wood, where they could lie down between the rocks, and we could not harm them, as we were afraid to leave our horses, for fear they might be stampeded, not knowing but what there was another party concealed in the rocks. There was one very large Indian amongst them who seemed to be their leader and had the gun. I picked him for my man, as he was the nearest to me, and rode up to about 20 yards of him and gave him a shot from my revolver while he was in the act of firing an arrow at another man. My ball entered his thigh, and did not come out; he came down on on hand, but recovered again and started for the woods. I fired again and missed him; but just as I could see where the ball struck just behind him, one of my comrades shot him with his musketoon, and he fell dead (as I supposed) upon the ground. I had already fired five shots from my pistol, and consequently had but one more left. I saw another Indian making for the woods with no one after him, and I thought I could do no better with my last shot than to give him the loan of it. I at once gave "Old Boston" the spur, and started after him, passing within about three yards of the one I supposed to be dead, when the first thing I knew—bang! went his gun, and the ball entered my right

shoulder near the center. The ball passed clear through and came out in front, just touching the bone. I thought the fellow would die anyway without further assistance, and kept up the chase. I got up to about 15 yards of the man I was after, and, he being straight in front of me, I raised my pistol and brought it down on a level for him, and was just ready to pull trigger when I found my hand kept falling, and that I had not sufficient strength in my arm to hold up the pistol, and was forced to return it to the holster and ride out one side; still, I had the satisfaction of seeing a portion of his head cut off by a comrade of mine who was still in front of him. This was the man who had the lance. He ran at the man (Katon) with the lance, which was knocked off by the saber, and the point entered his horse's breast, but did not seriously injure him [the horse]. At the same moment the Indian attempted to run under the horse to save himself from the saber; but Katon was too quick for him, and took off nearly all one side of his head, just as he was in the act of stooping, and thus finished his mutton. I looked around to see how my particular friend was getting on, and what should he be doing but up on his feet again and loading his gun. I was not able to finish him myself, but there was another man now at hand who gave him a shot from a sharp-shooting rifle, which dropped him to rise no more. While this man was busy bandaging my arm, another man of our detachment, by the name of Rooney, came riding up, and says, "I am shot in the head;" but said it in such an unconcerned manner we did not think he was much hurt, and took but very little notice of him; but in about five minutes he fell from his horse, apparently dead. About this time the fight was over, and all hands assembled around to do what they could for the wounded. After examination, it was ascertained that Rooney had received a wound in his head from an arrow, the point of which, 2½ inches in length, was still buried in his head. It struck him directly over the right ear, and went through the skull-bone, with about one-eighth of an inch of it sticking out. One of the Mexicans got hold of it with his teeth, and could not move it. Then one of the citizens, who was an old Santa Fe trader who had seen a great deal of Indian fighting, tried it with his bowie-knife, but could not succeed. It happened that one of our men, who is company saddler, had a pair of pliers in his holster, which just answered the purpose, and was the means of saving the man's life. We did not expect the man to live 15 minutes, but we could not leave him here. The men took a number of their blankets and cut holes in them, through which they ran ropes, and made a kind of litter between two mules; but the man was so raving it was impossible to keep him on it.

Finally they had to pack Rooney across a saddle, with one of the Mexican packers riding behind him to hold him on. The return trip was an ordeal for all. The wounded Bugler Drown recalled:

I was never so cold in my life, although every man who had a spare blanket had it around me and the other two wounded men. One of my comrades came up to me and made me a present of the scalp-lock of the Indian who shot me, which I am going to keep as long as possible . . . We left the dead on the field. One [Indian] we saw with his thigh broken, dragged into the woods by another wounded Indian. One we saw getting among the rocks with his leg broken, and another get into the rocks wounded, which made seven out of the nine who will never steal mules any more.

. . . It is now about 9 o'clock at night, and we have just encamped in the woods without water, for the reason that we could not see to proceed farther. The lieutenant has ordered the guard to take the greatest care of us tonight, and keep a good fire at our feet until morning. We have marched 40 miles since we left water, which makes 70 miles for us today. My wound continues to bleed very freely, so much so that my clothes from my shoulder to my knees are completely glued to my skin. Rooney is still alive, which is more than we expected . . .

They reached Anton Chico at 4 p.m. on Jan. 17 and Burgis sent a dispatch off by courier to Sante Fe, reporting the skirmish and asking that the doctor be sent out for the wounded. Pat Rooney died of his wound and was buried on Jan. 30, but Drown recovered.¹⁵

James Bronson, serving in the First Dragoons, also suffered a serious wound. Jicarilla Apaches behaving suspiciously on the important road between Santa Fe and Taos, Maj. George Blake sent 1st Lt. John Wynn Davidson out to investigate with Company I and a detachment of Company F of the 1st Dragoons. At 8 a.m. on March 30 at Cienequilla in the Embudo Mountains, the dragoons rode into an ambush set up by the Jicarilla chief, Chacon. Surrounded by nearly 400 warriors, they fought a pitched battle for four hours, then were forced to retreat.

Bronson wrote in his diary:

I was wounded shortly after by a rifle ball through both thighs. I then ran about a mile; found I was not able to walk alone any further; got between two horses, seized their stirrups. The horses dragged me ½ mile when I managed to mount my horse. In riding under low trees I lost my hat. Blood flowed freely. I got weak and such pain I can not describe. At sundown the Indians left us after fighting with us all day. At 11 o'clock arrived at Rancho de Taos. I was taken off my horse, having ridden 25 miles after being wounded. I was placed in a wagon; taken to the fort [Cantonment Burgwin]; and put to bed in the hospital.

Bronson was lucky: Davidson had left 22 dead on the field and reached Taos with 36 wounded, only two dragoons in the entire detachment having escaped being wounded. It was probably the most bitter and hard-fought Indian engagement in the decade.³⁶

Unlike Drown, Bronson did not recover quickly. His diary told the story:

March 31 [1854].—The doctor we have here knows nothing, I asked him to extract the ball last night but it was not done until today. The shot struck me in the fleshy part of my left thigh, passing out very low, and entered my right leg, striking the bone and following it around to the fore part of the leg, where it lodged about 2 inches below the groin.

April 15.—Past 16 days have been an age. My leg has swelled and become inflamed. It was supposed I must die. I supposed so also. Today I had the first food I have taken since being wounded.

April 19.—A sinus (a suppurating tract) has formed in my right leg. The doctor tried to produce supperation (formation of pus) by bandaging but failed. Dr. Byne [Byrne] had to perform a very painful operation upon my limb.

April 25.—Believe that I must die. Directed a letter written to my mother to be sent in case I died. Last night Lt. Dawson left for Santa Fe to find a doctor. We have none here at present.

April 27.—Worse than ever. Doctor came. He says he will have to amputate my leg at the hip joint. I refused. I can never live.

May 3.—Improving, but the days are long and I am downhearted and homesick. I would give all I am worth to see one of my family walk in here today. I lie in bed perfectly helpless, unable to help myself at all. The Indians came quite near the fort just now. We momentarily expect an attack. Few soldiers are here now. What a pleasant situation: to lie in bed, helpless, and expect to be massacred at any moment.

May 11.—Today returned the troops that followed the Indians who cut up our company. They overtook the Indians, fought with them, took from them all their animals, provisions, and camp equipage. Received a letter of inquiry from my sister, Amanda. Answered it immediately.

May 30.—Still on my back, improving very slowly. Think I shall always be lame. Mrs. Davidson has been very kind to me in sending me a great many little niceties which soldiers do not have. Moved to new hospital. Carried in a bed by six men. One wounded man died in the room. He had been a great sufferer. Almost wish I died, too. Today makes two months since I was put in bed. There is nothing left of me but skin and bones.

June 10.—15 of us left alone. The company is following Indians. Got out of bed; sat a few moments; got dizzy; had to go back.

June 13.—Walked a few steps upon crutches.

June 17.—Tried to walk, fell at the door into a puddle of water and hurt my limb. Carried to bed.

June 28.—Got up for the first time since the fall. I must be careful, for I am very weak. Company returned, bringing 150 horses and mules captured from the Indians. Brought four scalps, too.

July 1.—Company away again. 21 of us here in the fort are surrounded by Indians.

July 4.—Today I walked out upon my crutches about 300 yards from the fort into the bushes. I heard a noise. Supposing it was a deer, I secreted myself. In a few moments I discovered it was an Indian spy who was crawling through the bushes. When the Indian got within 8 or 10 paces from me, I fired my pistol and struck his neck. He fell but still exhibited signs of life. I fired again and the ball passed directly through his head. I then approached him, cut off his scalp or "took his hair" as some say here, and hobbled to my quarters, bearing my trophy of war. We had a regular war dance around it. The captain congratulated me on my success as a "lame warrior." Thus I celebrated the anniversary of Independence.

July 25.—Company returned. Did not accomplish much. Left again for Rayado. I was left here in the hospital, not being able to travel.

Aug. 1.—For the first time since wounded, I mounted a mule. Rode to town. Very tired.

Aug. 8.—Quite sick. The doctor says I have the "Varioloid" [a mild form of smallpox]. The eruption commenced. Feel some better.

Aug. 22.—Once more out of bed after having a very light case of small pox. Guess I'd better go to town now and catch the measles!

It was not until Aug. 28, five months after being wounded, that Bronson was fit for duty and able to leave Cantonment Burgwin to join his company at Rayado. Others wounded in the Battle of Cieneguilla had still not completely recuperated, one dying as late as Sept. 6. Serving as a dragoon was not all a matter of parading in horsetail-plumed shakos and dazzling young *senoritas* with the glamour of brass and blue. There were also the neatly dressed ranks of headstones in military cemeteries at the dragoon garrisons scattered throughout the West during those frontier years.³⁷

The arms of the dragoons varied down through the years. For awhile, they carried the breech-loading, percussion, .69-caliber smoothbore Hall carbine, and after 1836 sometimes a rifled .54-caliber version. But at other times they carried a muzzle-loading, flintlock, smoothbore Model 1839

.69-caliber cavalry musketoon, of both short range and poor accuracy. Briefly they used a Colt rifle with a revolving cylinder, and later the Model 1855 rifled carbine which fired a .58-caliber minie ball. As a hand weapon, for many years they carried a .54-caliber single shot muzzle-loading Model 1819 Simeon North pistol, flintlock until percussion models were introduced in 1842. But after about 1848, they were being supplied a heavy .44-caliber six-shot revolving pistol manufactured by Samuel Colt, a revolver which he named "The Dragoon." But in 1855, they retrogressed to a single-shot "pistol-carbine" with detachable stock, although experimenting with other weapons as well.³⁸

In addition to the firearms, they were first issued the graceful Model 1833 dragoon saber manufactured by N. P. Ames of Springfield, Mass., a copy of the British model of 1822. Later, however, a different saber copied from the French cavalry saber of 1822, known as the Model 1840 heavy dragoon saber, was adopted, a weapon popularly referred to by the dragoons as "old wrist-breaker."³⁹

These hand weapons—especially the Colt Dragoon revolver and the Model 1840 heavy dragoon saber—were weapons which required strength of the wielder; weaklings could not last long in the United States Dragoons.

Nor was the saber useless in Indian warfare, as some continually asserted.

1st Lt. Samuel D. Sturgis recalled that in the action with Mescaleros in New Mexico on Jan. 16, 1855, he

reined in his horse and tried to reload his pistol, but could not tell by the feeling [due to the cold], whether he had a bullet or a loaf of bread in his hand, and was forced to give it up and draw his saber.⁴⁰

The saber had another advantage over firearms—it never failed to fire.

Even the dragoon horses were trained veterans. They came to know the trumpet calls as well as the soldiers, and could perform accordingly even when riderless. During the expedition to Utah in 1857 and 1858 in which the

Second Dragoons participated, Mormon raiders stole a herd of dragoon horses and were driving them off into the distance when a dragoon trumpeter sounded "Stable Call." The horses enjoyed the grooming and feeding which to them this call signified, and promptly returned, to the frustration of the Mormon horse thieves.⁴¹

Asst. Surgeon Rodney Glisan, stationed at Carlisle Barracks, borrowed a dragoon horse on July 1, 1850 for a ride through the surrounding Cumberland Valley, not knowing that dragoon horses were in the habit of starting off the moment a rider had a foot in a stirrup.

Not being informed of this trick, I attempted leisurely to mount him, and to my surprise, instead of lighting in the saddle I found myself behind it, with only my left foot in the stirrup, and the horse running at full speed. I sailed along in this condition in full view of the whole garrison, who happened to be on parade at the time, for a distance of several hundred yards, before I could adjust myself in the saddle, and bring my Pegasus under proper control. The high cantel of the dragoon saddle added greatly to the difficulty of gaining my seat. On my return, seeing a slight disposition on the part of the officers to rally [kid] me, I told them that I was practicing the Comanche Charge.⁴²

Indeed, for all practical purposes, the horse was a part of the dragoon, and no less important than the soldier himself.

There were other humorous moments in the experience of dragoons during the 1850s. After chloroform was introduced into the Army's pharmacopoeia, Capt. Charles Augustus May of the 2nd Dragoons invented at Ft. Mason, Tex., a novel use for this anesthetic.

One day he assured his redskin visitors that he could kill a man and restore him to life at pleasure, and proposed to experiment on one of their number. To this they grunted serious objections, but consented to let him try his skill on a small dog that accompanied them. Taking it into an adjoining tent, he soon returned with it apparently dead; and to convince them that there was no trick about it he cut off a piece of the dog's tail, and then another and another, until the whole appendage was gone. As the dog showed no signs of life under this severe treatment, the test was pronounced satisfactory, and the captain retired a second time to work the miracle of restoration.

Pretty soon he returned where the Indians were sitting, and threw down among them the tailless but now particularly lively cur, which darted out of the tent in a twinkling. The redskins sprang to their feet and followed at full speed, too much frightened to speak or venture their persons again about the diabolical premises.

Three years later, the dragoons encountered these same Indians, and learned that those slices of the dog's tail were now treasured talismen which the Indians, probably Comanches, apparently kept in their medicine bags. Moreover, they maintained a healthy respect for Captain May thereafter, and "evidently regarded any attack upon his command as a waste of ammunition."¹³

By the mid-1850s, the uniforms of the dragoons had undergone a number of changes. The 1833 regulations prescribed a full-dress uniform consisting of a conical shako, a coatee, or tailed coat of dark blue with yellow facings, and light-blue trousers. The shako carried a white horse-sunburst or "star" on the front surmounted by an eagle and hair plume issuing from a brass plume socket; a large brass wreath of silver-plated copper; and yellow cords, triple-braided and festooned on the front and back of the shako from brass cord-hangers on each side of the top, with the remainder of the cords to be hung around the neck and on the breast. Enlisted dragoons wore a white saber belt with an oval brass belt plate bearing the letters "U.S.," as well as a white carbine sling and a white saber knot, although the cap pouches and cartridge boxes they wore on the waist belt appear always to have been black. Yet, on occasion, their equipments didn't follow regulations. Colonel and Inspector General John Ellis Wool complained after an inspection of six companies of the 2nd Dragoons on Oct. 30, 1839,

Three companies were equipped with old black belts and cartridge-boxes, and three with white belts and new cartridge-boxes; the latter appeared to be well made. Uniformity should be preserved in furnishing equipments, as in anything else; a variety of equipment of different colors does not add to the military appearance of the rank and file.

As the 2nd Dragoons were not issued sabers at that time, the black belts may have been an infantry pattern without saber slings.¹⁴

For campaign wear, the dragoons wore a "shell" jacket, which Private Hildreth described as "a blue roundabout



Company-grade dragoon officer's shako, 1833-1851. Worn by James Clyman who was commissioned a second lieutenant in the battalion of Mounted Rangers created in 1832. He was transferred as a second lieutenant into the new Regiment of Dragoons on Sept. 19, 1833. (He resigned his commission on May 31, 1834—consequently the shako saw little use.)

—Gordon S. Chappell Collection

trimmed with yellow lace . . .” The yellow lace tape framed the high standing collar and decorated two false or “blind” buttonholes on each side of the collar, edged the front of the jacket as well as the bottom, the two back seams, and the cuffs.

The dragoons were also issued a forage cap. Although the first recruits in 1833 may have been issued some of the 1825-pattern caps, the new 1833 pattern was a black leather cap capable of being folded flat and worn with no decorations. While all of the Army was issued this cap, the dragoons, alone, had a cap with a leather flap which could be unfolded to protect the back of the neck, ear to ear, from sun or rain. In 1839 a new pattern cap was adopted which was somewhat similar to the 1825 pattern, although not as well ornamented. This cap had a cloth flap which, like the earlier dragoon leather flap, could be unfolded to protect the back of the neck, and was issued not only to dragoons, but to all branches of the service. The cap was supposed to bear a brass company letter about one inch in height for enlisted dragoons, and a gilt embroidered six-pointed star for officers. Additionally, the cap sometimes sported a colored band indicating branch of service, and it appears that in order to wear this band, and perhaps generally as a matter of convenience, the soldiers cut off the fold-down flap with which all caps were manufactured.⁴⁵

For summer wear, the dragoons, as well as the rest of the Army, were issued a white cotton jacket similar in cut and style to the blue jacket, but without trimmings, as well as white cotton trousers. The latter could be worn with the coatee for full dress in summer, and seems to have been worn with the blue fatigue jacket as well. Unlike the light-blue wool trousers which, for officers and noncommissioned officers had rank-designating stripes, the white trousers had no stripes.⁴⁶

Musicians served a purpose in each company—the trumpet calls were signals to a regiment, squadron, or company

to perform certain actions—therefore the officers in command had to be readily able to find the trumpeters, sometimes called buglers, in order to pass simple orders to large numbers of men not all of whom could be reached by voice. Therefore musicians' uniforms were especially ornamented to be readily visible. For full dress, dragoon musicians wore red coatees, which, except for the basic color, were in all other respects similar to the coatees of other enlisted men. The fatigue jacket for dragoon musicians was dark blue like all other dragoon fatigue jackets, but had additional rows of yellow lace on the breast.⁴⁷

These uniforms were the uniforms which served the dragoons in the Florida War and in Mexico, but following the Mexican War, officers began to plead for a change. While enlisted men were issued their uniforms, procured by the government at government expense, officers had to buy their own uniforms, and the 1833 pattern dress uniforms in particular were expensive items.

Consequently, in 1850 new uniform regulations were drawn up, but then canceled shortly after they were issued. In 1851, much more comprehensive regulations were drawn up, and this time adopted. These called for the issuance of a shorter, dark blue conical shako, a dark-blue frock coat with orange cuffs, collar, and, for musicians, breast facings, and light-blue wool trousers with orange piping down each leg. There were no fatigue uniforms nor summer uniforms specified. The only concession to full dress was the addition by the soldier of orange cloth epaulettes or, for sergeants, brass shoulder scales, as well as a spherical orange pompon on the shako. In terms of insignia, the new regulations introduced crossed sabers as the dragoon device for officers in place of the six pointed star; enlisted men still wore only the company letter on the front of their shakos, beneath a small brass eagle used by all soldiers. The orange, now introduced for the first time as

a trimming color in the U.S. Army, replaced yellow as the distinctive facing color for dragoons.⁴⁸

Of course the Army had vast surplus stocks of uniforms, especially campaign uniforms, still on hand, so that obsolete patterns continued to be issued. Col. J.K.F. Mansfield, acting as inspector general of Western forts in 1854 and 1855, found the pre-1851 regulation full dress uniform still in use at Ft. Fillmore in 1853 and at Fts. Miller and Lane in 1854. Yet some companies of the 2nd Dragoons had been issued the new styles at least by 1854. On campaign, soldiers continued to wear the pre-1851-style fatigue uniform as late as 1857 and 1858.⁴⁹

The new styles were not very popular, and mounted men especially disliked the frock coat when worn on horseback. Consequently in 1854, the Adjutant General's Office issued new regulations reintroducing the "shell" jacket for mounted men for both dress and fatigue wear, although unlike the pre-1851 jacket, this one was to be trimmed in orange for dragoons rather than yellow, and was to have a collar at a 45° angle on each side in front, rather than square and vertical, hence uncomfortable. This remained the standard jacket for mounted troops for the next 18 years. The same shako used since 1851 remained regulation, but the solid orange band around its base was replaced with a strip of orange piping which rose to a point in front.⁵⁰

Another change modified dragoon uniforms in 1858. At that time the entire Army, including the dragoons, was given the felt "Hardee" hat, pinned up on the right side with an eagle, with a black ostrich feather on the left, with an orange hat cord around its base above the brim, and with brass crossed sabers, regimental number and company letter on the front. At the same time most of the Army, including dragoons, changed from sky-blue trousers to dark blue trousers. This remained the dragoon uniform until August 1861.⁵¹

Perhaps the most disastrous affair in which a dragoon command was involved was the Battle of the Tohotonimme, or Ingosommen Creek, in 1858. Hostilities had developed between miners in the Colville District of Washington Territory and the Palouse Indians under a chief named Kamiakin. Upon receiving a report of the alleged murder of two miners, Maj. Edward J. Steptoe at Ft. Walla Walla decided to march north with a column of 130 dragoons, and a howitzer with a detachment of infantry to serve it, to "show the flag" in the Colville District and investigate the alleged murders.⁵²

Assisted by Chief Timothy of the Nez Perce and several other Nez Perce Indian scouts, Steptoe marched from Ft. Walla Walla on May 6 with Companies C, E and H, First Dragoons, and E, 9th Infantry, a total of 5 company officers and 152 enlisted men. They proceeded leisurely up the Colville Road on a supposedly peaceful mission—and were met on May 17 not only by hostile Palouse but a highly excited confederation including Spokanes, Yakimas, Couer d'Alenes and others, as well.⁵³

One participant recalled the conference with the Indians which fell on a Sunday; these Indians, having been converted by Catholic missionaries and being, therefore, observers of the Sabbath, were unwilling to fight that day. But they taunted the soldiers, a few firing their guns, others saying, "This is Sunday; tomorrow we fight." 2nd Lt. William Gaston of the dragoons was a Southern gentleman, and had a black servant with him who greatly excited the curiosity of the Indians.

Evidently they had never before seen a specimen of his race, and persisted in lavishing upon him such personal attentions as became annoying. They would examine the skin on his face and hands with discomforting minuteness, and would grab into his kinky locks and endeavor to straighten them out. Everyone was directed to avoid making any move that would precipitate a clash with the visitors, and the darky was, therefore, compelled to endure his popularity uncomplainingly, expressing his disgust in no stronger terms than: "If you alls git dat 'ar wool, you alls will have to fight for it."⁵⁴

Before sunrise on the morning of May 17, 1858, Steptoe's command was marching southward, hoping to avoid a fight. But the command did not get three miles before they were under attack. A squad of Indians decked out in war regalia dashed across the trail to the rear of the column and fired as they rode, but the distance was too great. They circled and recrossed the trail, firing at closer range. They repeated the maneuver until eventually Lieutenant Gaston, in command of the rear guard, was forced to send a courier to inform Major Steptoe that he was closely pressed. The courier returned to report no change of orders. Gaston's horse fell under him and he mounted another, and still the little column marched onward in stubborn silence despite an increasing enemy fire. A second horse was shot from under Lieutenant Gaston, and a bullet tore across the back of his hand. Finally the dragoons fired a volley at the hostile Indians, and the battle was on in earnest. About noon, Gaston was shot, and 1st Lt. Oliver Hazard Perry Taylor, also a dragoon officer in charge of flankers, was shot about a half hour later. Occupying a position along a ridge, Steptoe found his command completely surrounded, with the Indians several times preparing for an assault, which, however, never came. Instead, the hostiles sniped away from the surrounding hills, picking off dragoons and infantry. Steptoe decided to bury his howitzers and make an 85-mile forced march that night back to the Snake River. Guided by Nez Perce scouts through the enemy lines by a precipitous trail, the dragoons and infantry managed to escape the encirclement without further fighting, and Steptoe and the Nez Perce who guided him deserve great credit for managing to extricate this command from an almost certain massacre, for the soldiers were nearly out of ammunition. In commenting on Major Steptoe's official report, Maj. Gen. Winfield Scott, commander in chief of the Army, wrote in his endorsement that "This is a candid report of a disastrous affair."⁵⁵

Thus the dragoons were in the forefront of the Indian wars of the 1850s, the cutting edge of the United States Army on the Western Frontier. Indeed, although not quite the *corps d'elite* they were first claimed to be, they nevertheless had a certain *elan*, an indefinable quality based upon a growing tradition and a regimental pride, which made them something special.

A second lieutenant in the 4th Infantry named Philip Henry Sheridan had temporarily been assigned to command of a detachment of the 1st Dragoons in the mid-1850s in the Oregon Country, and recalled his regret when a year later in 1857 they were ordered to join their own regiment:

I regretted exceedingly to see them go, for their faithful work and gallant service had endeared every man to me by the strongest ties. Since I relieved Lieutenant Hood on Pit River nearly a twelvemonth before, they had been my constant companions, and the zeal with which they had responded to every call I made on them had inspired in my heart a deep affection that years have not removed. When I relieved Hood—a dragoon officer of their own regiment—they did not like the change, and I understood that they somewhat contemptuously expressed this in more ways than one, in order to try the temper of the new “leftenant,” but appreciative and unremitting care, together with firm and just discipline, soon quieted all symptoms of dissatisfaction and overcame all prejudice. The detachment had been made up of details from the different companies of the regiment in order to give Williamson a mounted force, and as it was usual, under such circumstances, for every company commander to shove into the detail he was called upon to furnish the most troublesome and insubordinate individuals of his company, I had some difficulty, when first taking command, in controlling such a medley of recalcitrants; but by forethought for them and their wants, and a strict watchfulness for their rights and comfort, I was able in a short time to make them obedient and the detachment cohesive. In the past year they had made long and tiresome marches, forded swift mountain streams, constructed rafts of logs or bundles of dry reeds to ferry our baggage, swum deep rivers, marched on foot to save their worn-out and exhausted animals, climbed mountains, fought Indians, and in all and everything had done the best they could for the service and their commander. The disaffected feeling they entertained when I first assumed command soon wore away, and in its place came a confidence and respect which it gives me the greatest pleasure to remember, for small though it was, this was my first cavalry command.⁵⁶

Sheridan commented that neither they nor he dreamed

that in a decade he would command a cavalry force so vast as to itself compose almost an army, yet in all of his experiences, after retiring as commanding general of the Army, he would recall "with the greatest pleasure" command of these dragoons. While their attitude that it would "disgrace a dragoon even to speak with an infantry soldier" would wear away, the infantry officer's fond memory of commanding a detachment of dragoons would not!

The dragoons were no longer the only mounted soldiers in the United States Army. In an act approved on May 19, 1846, Congress had authorized a regiment of mounted riflemen, intended to garrison the Oregon Trail with three military posts and to protect settlers in the Oregon country, although the regiment was sent to fight in Mexico as soon as it was organized. Technically, these soldiers were intended to use their horses only for transportation and pursuit, as they were supposed to dismount and do all their fighting on foot. Consequently they were not supposed to be equipped with the saber. They were in fact to be a sort of mounted infantry equipped, as their name implied, with rifled rather than smoothbore weapons. Yet in practice the distinction tended to break down. Mounted companies of this regiment fighting in Mexico were indeed equipped with the saber, and in tactics the Regiment of Mounted Riflemen (also called the Regiment of Mounted Rifles) performed the same sort of service as dragoons. They nevertheless wore distinctive uniforms and insignia, with green trimmings after the 1851 uniform regulations were adopted, in contrast to the orange then assigned to the dragoon regiments. In an act approved on March 3, 1855, Congress authorized two additional mounted regiments in the United States Army, but when organized these were to be called the First and Second Cavalry, marking the first introduction of the word cavalry into a regimental title in the United States Army. Armed with carbine, pistol and saber like the dragoons, these units were soon given a distinctive hat and

yellow uniform trimmings to differentiate them from dragoons and mounted riflemen. But the existence of three different kinds of mounted troops in the Army—dragoons, mounted riflemen, and cavalry—each with distinctive uniforms and insignia, was destined to last but six years. On Aug. 3, 1861, after Civil War had broken out in the United States, Congress changed the designation of all the mounted regiments to cavalry, numbering them in order of their creation. Thus the 1st and 2nd Dragoons became the 1st and 2nd Cavalry, the Regiment of Mounted Riflemen became the 3rd Cavalry, the old 1st and 2nd Cavalry created in 1855 became the 4th and 5th Cavalry, and the new 3rd Cavalry organized by direction of President Abraham Lincoln on May 4, 1861, became the 6th Cavalry.⁵⁷

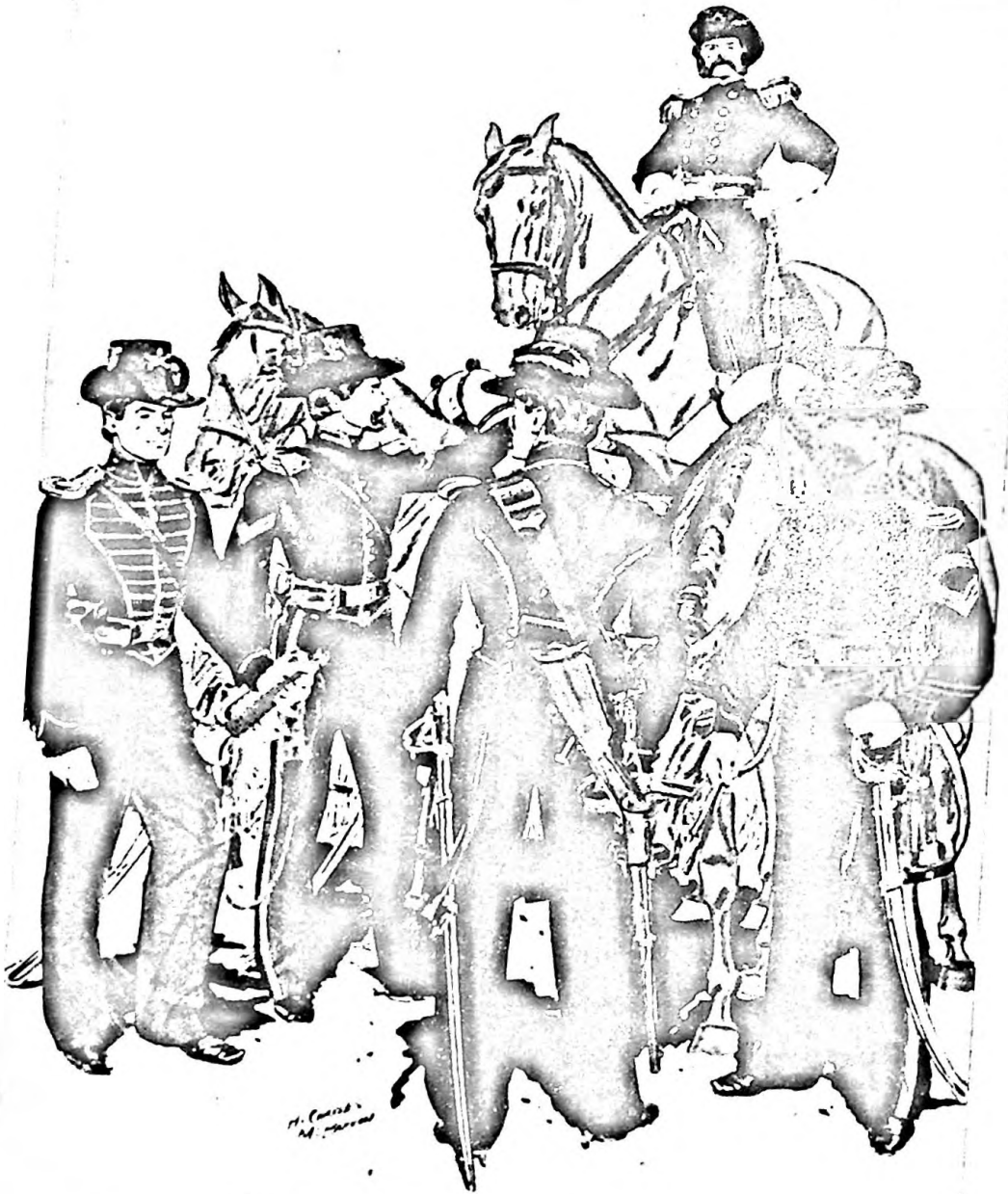
There was no change in the tactics followed by these mounted regiments, and since the uniform regulations of 1858 had unified the style of Army uniforms, the only visible change in the appearance of the dragoons (and the mounted riflemen) was that their trimmings would henceforth be yellow. Yet there was a certain indefinable quality that went out of existence with the name "dragoon."

A former dragoon lieutenant noted the "deep regret" with which the dragoons faced this change and the loss of their distinctive orange trimmings, "to which apparently trivial detail of dress they were strongly attached."

Alas! for the cherished "orange," it must give place to the gaudy yellow; "but the troops," so read the order "will be permitted to wear out the clothing now on hand." The marvellous durability of orange facings, or the prodigious quantity of similar clothing "on hand" in the "Second," enabled that regiment to postpone for more than two years the thorough execution of the order; and, when eventually forced to change their stripes," the depressing effect might have readily caused an ignorant civilian to look upon yellow cloth as military mourning.⁵⁸

And although the dragoon name and the distinctive qualities it suggested were now gone, veterans of the two dragoon regiments would be remarked upon in the Army of later years.⁵⁹

Denver Westerners' ROUNDUP



New regulations issued in 1858 gave the entire Army, including the dragoons, the felt "Hardee" hat, pinned up on the right side, with a black ostrich feather on the left.

—Military Collector & Historian

The dragoons, in fact, were perhaps the most typical of American cavalry units during the day of the horse soldier, and the term "dragoon," defined as a soldier trained to fight either mounted or on foot was the most accurate representation of the real role of American cavalry during the 19th century. Far from being wholly cavalry, trained to fight only while mounted, or mounted riflemen, trained to use the horse only to get to his destination and thereafter intended to fight wholly on foot, the American cavalryman of the 19th century was in fact always truly a *dragoon*.⁴⁰

1. H. W. Closson, "Bits of Army Etymology," *The United Service*, Vol. 2, April 1880, p. 469; J. Watts de Peyster, "Cavalry, I," *The United Service*, Vol. 2, June 1880, pp. 698-711; J. Watts de Peyster, "Cavalry, II, Dragoons," *The United Service*, Vol. 3, Nov. 1880, pp. 572-587; J. Watts de Peyster, "Cavalry, III, Dragoons," *The United Service*, Vol. 3, Dec. 1880, pp. 691-718; Col. Albert Gallatin Brackett, *History of the United States Cavalry*. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1865. Pp. 158-160. The real origin of the term "dragoon" is a subject of controversy, but Brackett and Closson indicate the fact that its origin, as understood by American Army officers in the mid-19th century, was as I have described.
2. Brackett, *op. cit.*, p. 158. Heavy cavalry, according to Brackett, consisted of "heavy men and heavy horses, who are used upon occasion to hurl down upon the enemy, and by their weight alone overpower them." As there was never any American "heavy cavalry," there was no real reason to distinguish American cavalry by the term "light."
3. Francis B. Heitman, *Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army*. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1902, 2 Vols. Vol. 1, p. 79. The Legion of the United States was organized at the direction of President George Washington on the recommendation of his secretary of war, Henry Knox, under an act of Congress which granted him authority to organize the army "as he shall judge expedient." The "Legion of the United States" lasted until Nov. 1, 1796, when it was reorganized into the United States Army. See pp. 139-141.
4. *Ibid.*, pp. 79-80.
5. The best survey of military history in America from 1783 to 1848, encompassing these developments is Francis Paul Prucha, *The Sword of the Republic, The United States Army on the Frontier, 1783-1848*. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1969. See especially Chapters 4, 5, 7 through 10, and 13.
6. *Ibid.*, chapters 11 and 14.
7. Josiah Gregg, *Commerce of the Prairies*, reprinted in Reuben Gold Thwaites (ed.), *Early Western Travels, 1748-1846* Vol. 19, pp. 155-349; Vol. 20, pp. 11-356. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark, 1905.
8. Prucha, *op. cit.*, see Chapter 13 and especially pp. 254-255 and footnote 11 on the latter.
9. Otis E. Young, *The First Military Escort on the Santa Fe Trail*. Glendale: Arthur H. Clark, 1952. Pp. 112-115.
10. Prucha, *op. cit.*, Chapters 11 and 12; Heitman, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 141.
11. Anon. (believed to be James Hildreth), *Dragoon Campaigns to the Rocky Mountains*. New York: Wiley & Long, 1836. Pp. 44-45.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 45.
13. Croghan, George, *Army Life on the Western Frontier* (ed. by Francis P. Prucha). Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1958. The results of court martial proceedings published in General Orders from the Adjutant General's Office in Washington, D.C., from 1820 to 1860 give a revealing picture of the quality of some of the officers in this period. See also, Stanley Siltou Graham, "Life of the Enlisted Soldier on the Western Frontier, 1815-1845." Ph.D. dissertation, North Texas State University, Denton, Tex., August 1972.
14. Heitman, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 65; Hildreth, *op. cit.*, pp. 39-41.
15. Louis Pelzer, *Marches of the Dragoons in the Mississippi Valley*. Iowa City: The State Historical Society of Iowa, 1917; Prucha, *op. cit.*, Chapter 18.
16. Heitman, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 68.
17. Theophilus Francis Rodenbough, *From Everglade to Canyon with the Second Dragoons*. New York: D. Van Nostrand, 1875. Pp. 17-75.
18. *Ibid.*, p. 46.
19. *Ibid.*, p. 30, quoting a letter headed "Jupiter Inlet, E.F. [East Florida]. January, 1838," from an anonymous officer of the 2nd Dragoons.
20. *Ibid.*, p. 31, quoting an undated letter from an anonymous officer of the 2nd Dragoons.
21. *Ibid.*, pp. 27-28.

22. Oliver Otis Howard, *My Life and Experiences Among Our Hostile Indians*. Hartford: A. D. Worthington & Co., 1907. Pp. 86-95; Richard Henry Pratt (Edited by Robert M. Utley), *Battlefield and Classroom: Four Decades With the American Indian, 1867-1909*. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1964. Pp. 205-212.
23. Rodenbough, *op. cit.*, pp. 77-86.
24. *Ibid.*, p. 86.
25. *Ibid.*, pp. 83-84; Nathaniel Cheairs Hughes Jr., *General William J. Hardee, Old Reliable*. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1965, pp. 20-24.
26. Arthur Woodward, *Lances at San Pascual*. San Francisco: California Historical Society, 1948.
27. *Ibid.*
28. Rodenbough, *op. cit.*, pp. 99-101, 512-514; Hughes, *op. cit.*, pp. 25-30.
29. Heitman, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 80; Rodenbough, *op. cit.*, pp. 521-523; see Maj. E. V. Sumner's report of Aug. 24, 1847, and Col. William S. Harney's report of the same date; both mention participation of some of the Third U.S. Dragoons in combat.
30. For an excellent survey history of the Indian wars of the 1850s, see the first 10 chapters of Robert M. Utley, *Frontiersmen in Blue: The United States Army and the Indian, 1848-1865*. The last six chapters carry this history through the Civil War to 1866.
31. Percival G. Lowe, *Five Years a Dragoon ('49 to '54) And Other Adventures on the Great Plains*. Kansas City: The Franklin Hudson Publishing Co., 1906. Pp. 5-8.
32. James A. Bennett (Edited by Clinton E. Brooks and Frank D. Reeve), *Forts and Forays: A Dragoon in New Mexico, 1850-1856*. Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press, 1948. Pp. 1-3.
33. Lowe, *op. cit.*, p. 22.
34. Rodenbough, *op. cit.*, pp. 195-196; Chapter XVIII, pp. 194-230, contains portions of the diary of Chief Bugler William Drown of the 2nd Dragoons; the first entry, in 1852, was written while he served in the 1st Dragoons in New Mexico, and the remainder, from 1854 through 1858, were diary entries written while he was in the 2nd Dragoons.
35. *Ibid.*, pp. 199-203.
36. Bennett, *op. cit.*, p. 54.
37. *Ibid.*, pp. 54-57.
38. Carl P. Russell, *Guns on the Early Frontiers*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1957. Pp. 168-175; 198-218; Robert O. Sutherland & R. L. Wilson, *The Book of Colt Firearms*. Kansas City: Robert O. Sutherland, 1971, pp. 82-100. Dozens of other arms books, by James E. Hicks, Berkeley R. Lewis, Arcadi Gluckman, James E. Seven and others could also be cited.
39. Harold L. Peterson, *The American Sword, 1775-1945*. New Hope: Robert Halter - The River House, 1954. Pp. 30-35. The Model 1833 Dragoon saber apparently was patterned after the British light cavalry saber of 1822. The Model 1840 heavy Dragoon saber, on the other hand, was a copy of the French light cavalry saber of 1822, and set the pattern for American cavalry sabers for the next 75 years. It was often also called an Ames saber.
40. Rodenbough, *op. cit.*, p. 202.
41. *Ibid.*, p. 202.
42. Rodney Glisan, *Journal of Army Life*. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft and Company, 1874. P. 10.
43. Rodenbough, *op. cit.*, pp. 167-168. Rodenbough is apparently quoting a primary source on this incident, but doesn't say what that source was. Presumably it was a letter to him from some officer reminiscing on the episode.
44. General Orders No. 38, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D.C., May 2, 1833; General Orders No. 36, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D.C., June 21, 1839; the quotation is from Rodenbough, *op. cit.* See also, R. T. Huntington, "Dragoon Accouterments and Equipments, 1834-1849: An Identification Guide. *Plains Anthropologist*, Vol. 12, No. 38 (November 1967). Pp. 346-355.
45. The quotation is from Hildreth, *op. cit.*, pp. 28-29. See also, Edgar M. Howell and Donald E. Kloster, *United States Army Headgear to 1854*. Washington: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1969; pp. 22-25, 36-53. The latter publication may also be cited as Volume I of the *Catalog of United States Army Uniforms in the Collections of the Smithsonian Institution*, as well as *United States National Museum Bulletin 269*.
46. General Orders No. 38, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D.C., June 21, 1839, Section 13, p. 24: "Jacket—blue cloth for winter, white cotton for summer . . ."; Section 19, p. 24: "Officers of regiments and posts will be provided with shell jackets, to be worn in summer, during the extreme heat of the season; the shell jacket to be of the following pattern:—white cotton or linen, with standing collar . . ."
47. General Orders No. 38, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D.C., May 2, 1833; General Orders No. 36, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D.C., June 21, 1839.
48. General Orders No. 2, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D.C., Feb. 13, 1850; General Orders No. 25, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D.C., Aug. 23, 1850; General Orders No. 31, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D.C., June 12, 1851; for an illustrated version of the latter, see *Regulations for the Uniform & Dress of the Army of the United States, June 1851*. Philadelphia: William H. Horstmann and Sons, 1851.
49. J.K.F. Mansfield (Ed. by Robert W. Frazer), *Mansfield on the Condition of the Western Forts, 1853-54*. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1954. See pp. 55, 151, 167. R. C. McBarron, Jr., and Frederick P. Todd, "2nd U.S. Dragoons, 1853-1854," *Military Collector and Historian*, Vol. 4, No. 2, (June 1952), pp. 41-43. Sketches of the Mormon Expedition of 1857-1858 which appeared in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly* showed pre-1851 campaign uniforms still in service.
50. General Orders No. 1, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D.C., January 10, 1854, Paragraph 6.
51. General Orders No. 3, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D.C., March 24, 1858.

52. Steptoe, at Ft. Walla Walla, W.T. to Maj. William W. Mackall, Assistant Adjutant General, San Francisco, April 17, 1858 and May 2, 1858, *U.S. House Executive Documents*, 35th Congress, 2nd Session (1858-59), Vol. 2, Document No. 2, comprising Annual Report of the Secretary of War (John B. Floyd), Dec. 6, 1858, and accompanying documents [Serial 975], pp. 34-345.
53. Steptoe to Mackall, May 23, 1858, *ibid.*, pp. 346-348.
54. Elizabeth F. Tannatt (compiler), *Indian Battles in the Inland Empire in 1858*. Spokane: Esther Reed Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, 1914. P. 6. The account quoted is that of veteran John O'Neil, reprinted from a newspaper, the *Spokesman-Review*, of April 2, 1905.
55. *Ibid.*, pp. 6-7; Steptoe to Mackall, May 23, 1858, see note 53 above.
56. Philip Henry Sheridan, *Personal Memoirs of Philip Henry Sheridan*. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1902. Pp. 93-94. Lt. R. S. Williamson, mentioned by Sheridan, was an officer assigned to make railroad surveys between the Central Valley of California and the Columbia River, to whom the dragoons had originally been detached as an escort.
57. Heitman, *op. cit.*, Vol I, pp. 65-77; Brackett, *op. cit.*, pp. 140-152; George F. Price (compiler), *Across the Continent with the Fifth Cavalry*. New York, D. Van Nostrand, 1883. Pp. 11-32; Price (p. 21) deals with the allegation that Jefferson Davis, then secretary of war, stacked the new regiments with Southern officers, and effectively demolishes it.
58. Rodenbough, *op. cit.*, pp. 237-238.
59. For example see H. H. McConnell, *Five Years a Cavalryman*. Jackshoro: J. N. Rogers & Co., Printers, 1889.

60. This point requires elaboration. James S. Hutchins in "Mounted Riflemen: The Real Role of Cavalry in the Indian Wars," (published in *Probing the American West; Papers from the Santa Fe Conference*, Santa Fe: Museum of New Mexico Press, n.d.) argued, as his title indicates, that American cavalry in fact always played the role of mounted riflemen during the Indian wars. Hutchins is correct in pointing out that American cavalry units fought as often on foot as on horseback, if not more often on foot, using the horses in such circumstances merely as a means of transportation. But Hutchins is wrong to select the term "mounted riflemen" to describe their role, for the term "dragoon" as defined by Brackett and as used in this paper is far more accurate.

The problem lies in imprecision in defining the term "mounted riflemen." The original distinction between a "rifle regiment" or "regiment of riflemen" on the one hand, and "infantry" on the other, was that "riflemen" carried rifled weapons which were of much greater accuracy than the smoothbore pieces of the infantry. Rifle units were then a sort of an elite infantry. But in time, the infantry regiments themselves were equipped with rifled weapons, as smoothbore weapons became obsolete. When that happened, the distinction between rifle regiments and infantry regiments disappeared, although of the two terms it was the latter which survived. "Mounted riflemen" were, therefore, nothing more than mounted infantry carrying a rifled rather than a smoothbore weapon, and "mounted infantry" were, by definition, intended to use their horses only for transportation, dismounting to do all their fighting on foot.

Intended to meet this definition, the Regiment of Mounted Riflemen organized in 1846 wasn't supposed to be issued sabers, a weapon uniquely designed for employment by a mounted soldier fighting on horseback, and which cannot be used effectively by a soldier on foot. Armed with a rifle, and because a horse provides a very unstable firing platform, they were intended to dismount before firing, otherwise their accuracy, despite their rifled weapons, would prove minimal. Yet in the Mexican War, about a year after their organization, the few companies of the newly authorized regiment which were able to obtain horses were issued sabers, and were thus used at times to fight on horseback. They thus became, in effect, dragoons, a hybrid corps capable of fighting either mounted or on foot. This suggests that they were misnamed, not the dragoons.

Clearly Hutchins is correct that American cavalry fought often on foot during the Indian wars. But for his definition of them as "mounted riflemen" to be truly accurate, he would have to prove that they never, or almost never, did any fighting on horseback. In fact, American cavalry did on occasion fight on horseback: in the Mexican War in the charge of the 2nd Dragoons at Resaca de la Palma; in the Civil War at Brandy Station and in the cavalry engagement at Gettysburg; and in the Indian Wars, in Lt. Sturgis' fight with the Mescalero Apaches described in this paper, and Col. E. V. Sumner's 1st Cavalry charge against the Cheyennes on June 29, 1857. Moreover, in many Indian war battles, the fighting was a mixture of mounted and dismounted fighting, as in Custer's attack on the Cheyenne village on the Washita River in November 1868. Clearly the term "dragoon," embracing troops employed to fight both mounted and on foot, is a more accurate term than Hutchins uses.

Certainly American cavalry units weren't termed "dragoons" from the beginnings of American history without reason; the term was undoubtedly used because it fit the circumstances. Prior to 1846, mounted units in the Regular Army had always been termed "light dragoons" or "dragoons." In view of the fact that they sometimes did fight entirely from horseback, and in many instances fought in actions that encompassed both mounted and dismounted combat, I would argue that were properly *dragoons* throughout the 19th century, and were neither truly cavalry nor mounted riflemen.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Gordon S. Chappell, 35, is curator of the U.S. Army Military History Research Center at Carlisle Barracks, Pa. Prior to accepting that position in 1973, he was associated with the State Historical Society of Colorado, and the Colorado Railroad Museum, and remains an associate editor of the *Colorado Rail Annual*.

Chappell's published titles include two articles on the military frontier in *Annals of Wyoming*: one article in *Nebraska History*; three museum monographs on military history: "Brass Spikes and Horsehair Plumes," "A Study of U.S. Army Dress Helmets, 1872-1903," and "The Search for the Well Dressed Soldier—Developments and Innovations in U.S. Army Uniforms on the Western Frontier, 1865-1890," which were monographs No. 4 and 5 for the Arizona Historical Society; Monograph No. 1 for the Wyoming State Museum, "Summer Helmets of the U.S. Army."

Also, six articles for the *Colorado Rail Annual*; and three hard-cover books: *Logging Along the Denver and Rio Grande, Narrow Gauge Logging Railroads of Southwestern Colorado and Northern New Mexico* (pub. by Colorado Railroad Museum, 1971), and *Rails to Carry Copper, A History of the Magma Arizona Railroad* (Pruett Publishing Co., 1973).

A native of Sacramento, Calif., Chappell attended Sacramento Junior College; received a B.A. in history from the University of California at Berkeley in 1961, and a masters in history from the University of Arizona in 1965. He is presently working toward a Ph.D. at the University of Colorado, where he was a teaching assistant in the history department, 1968-1971. He served in the Army, 1962-1963, and has been a seasonal ranger-historian for the National Park Service (1960-1971), at the Ft. Laramie National Historic Site, Wyoming, and National Capital Parks, Washington, D.C.



Westerner's Bookshelf



HOSTILES AND HORSE SOLDIERS: Indian Battles and Campaigns in the West, by Lonnie J. White with contributions by Jerry Keenan, Stanley R. Davison, James T. King and Joe A. Stout. Pruett Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado, 1972. 231 pp. \$8.95.

Chronicles of Indian warfare in the Trans-Mississippi West continuously launch historians into the quest for new facts and unusual interpretation of the events. Nine Indian conflicts which flared between 1864 and 1890 are treated with insight and thoroughness in *Hostiles and Horse Soldiers*. All of the studies were previously published in two *Journal of the West* series: "Warpaths on the Southern Plains" and "Western Indian Battles and Campaigns."

Lonnie J. White, professor of Western and Indian history and associate editor of *Journal of the West*, authors the first five chapters. "From Bloodless to Bloody: The Third Colorado Cavalry and the Sand Creek Massacre," his first article, is a determinedly objective analysis of all facets of the event. Not only are the details of the engagement carefully recorded, but precipitating circumstances, personal and political motivations and animosities, follow-up investigations, and extenuating controversies are also analyzed. His four remaining studies; "Battles of Saline River and Prairie Dog Creek," "The Battle of Beecher Island," "Winter Campaigning with Sheridan and Custer: The Expedition of the Nineteenth Kansas Volunteer Cavalry," and

"Indian Battles in the Texas Panhandle, 1874," are well-researched articles with many revealing quotations from primary sources. Unfortunately, Professor White's tendency to be stylistically pedantic sometimes becomes burdensome.

Jerry Keenan's vivid and penetrating chapter, "The Wagon Box Fight," concerns the dramatic but militarily insignificant engagement in the Powder River country. Less than eight months after the Fetterman disaster a handful of soldiers corralled behind wagon boxes and armed with new breech-loading weapons successfully repelled a large body of Sioux warriors. All facets of the conflict are treated in this study; including recent uncertainty over the exact location of the corral.

General Crook's activities at Camp Cloud Peak following the battle on the Rosebud in 1876 are carefully examined by James T. King. While General Cook was "at a loss what to do" at this camp on Goose Creek, Custer's flamboyant career was being ended nearby at Little Big Horn.

Hostiles and Horse Soldiers is further strengthened by the reproduction of two primary sources in the last two chapters. The private letters of Major Edwin C. Mason to his wife reveal events of the Bannock-Paiute War of 1878 through the uncensored eyes of an officer who was rather critical of the performance of his commander, General O. O. Howard. These letters, discovered in a family archive and edited by Stanley R. Dawson, give an unusual headquarters view of the conflict. The final article, "Soldiering

and Suffering in the Geronimo Campaign: The Reminiscences of Lawrence R. Jerome," is edited and annotated by Joe A. Stout. It gives an ordinary soldier's account of his experiences during Captain Henry W. Lawton's unsuccessful campaign of pursuit.

Numerous sketch maps and illustrations are interwoven with the text, and there are ample annotations and bibliographic footnotes. The index is both thorough and usable.

Hostiles and Horse Soldiers is an important asset to the ever-questing historian because it is a compilation of scholarly studies magnified by fresh details and interpretations.

Kay F. Kane
Denver Public Library

WATERS OF GOLD, A History of Arvada, Colo., 1850-1970, by Publications Committee, Arvada Historical Society. Published by Arvada Historical Society. 60 pp., including settlement map, illustrations, bibliography. \$4.00.

This booklet gets its title from the streams running through what is today Arvada. Ralston Creek was one of the early gold-discovery sites. The streams and later water ditches also provided the water for a flourishing agricultural area.

Part I, the first nine pages, gives a brief history of the community, including background of the Green Russell party, and the water-ditch companies.

Part II, the remainder of the booklet, gives brief historical sketches of early settlers.

This reviewer finds genealogies rather uninteresting reading for the most part, and, in this case, they make up the major part of the work. However, the

Arvada Historical Society should be complimented. Every community should have a basic history recorded in print. Such a work should involve the early residents, as this one does.

After this accomplishment, Arvada Historical Society, what are you planning next?

Dave Hicks, P.M.

COPPER by Ira B. Joralemon. Howell - North Books, Berkeley, Calif., 1973. 408 pp., 185 illustrations.

When this book first appeared in 1936, it was called *Romantic Copper*. The present edition not only carries a new title, but it has been extensively revised and updated. Likewise the illustrations are new, but the quality of their reproduction could be better, in most cases.

Essentially, this is a history of copper mining all over the world and would seem to this reviewer to be definitive. It begins with discoveries in Cyprus and Ancient Rome. Chapters 3 through 8 deal with copper mining here in the American West, notably in Montana, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona. Chapter 4 is an excellent and very readable explanation of Montana's complex Clark-Daly feud, the hassle for dominance between Anaconda and Butte.

Considerable updating is evident from Chapter 9 on, with accounts of mining in Chile and other South American nations; more recent finds in Canada and in Africa. This fine volume ends with the gloomy prediction that the world's copper reserves, the known resources, will last only for another two decades. The book is well written, readable, and one that most Westerners would probably enjoy.

Robert L. Brown, P.M.

New Hands on the Denver Range

John T. Love
Route 7, Box 128
Evergreen, Colo. 80439

John has joined the Westerners through his friendship with Francis B. Rizzari, Posse Member. He is especially interested in Indian activities in the Southwest—their history and culture, and adds, "I have a growing knowledge of Modern Indian potters." His hobbies include Southwest Indian art collecting, fishing and backpacking in Colorado, and Colorado wildlife.

Russell (Rusty) Morse, Jr.
7314 West 57 Avenue
Arvada, Colorado 80002

Rusty heard about us through Eugene Rakosnik. He publishes Rusty's Maps of Historical Areas in Colorado. He has written for the *Fairplay Flume*, and was editor in 1972 of *Colorado Fairyland*. He is interested in the history of mining, Colorado history, old maps and stamp collecting.

Mark S. Bonomo
1672 Oneida Street
Denver, Colorado 80220

Mark was recommended for membership in the Denver Westerners by Bob Brown, Francis Rizzari and Dick Ronzio. He is an engineer with Stearns-Rogers Corporation. He is interested in jeeping, photography, model ship building and historical research. He is a member of the Colorado State Historical Society and is a past Vice-President of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado.

Jack Hegan
1473 South Monaco Parkway
Denver, Colorado 80222

Jack came to us through Bob Akerly. He is interested in Indian battles—particularly that of the Little Big Horn. He has found a copy of Kuhlman's Hinklea escape route maps, and is eager to investigate the route.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL (cont.)

(Continued from page 2)

The Denver Westerners has received notice of the death of William F. McNair, 71, a former member, at his home in Corpus Christi, Tex., Nov. 3, 1973. His widow, Laura, writes:

Gentlemen: It is with sorrow that I notify you that my beloved husband, William F. McNair, passed away here in Corpus Christi on Nov. 3, 1973.

I brought him here 1/25/73 in hope that he would be better in a warmer climate. He was a victim of Parkinson's Disease. We were both Denver born, and lived there all of our lives. William enjoyed his association with the members of the Westerners very much, and I enjoyed attending Ladies' Nights with him and his friends.

When he was invited to join your group by our old boss, O. A. King,

William was delighted to renew old friendships with Forbes Parkhill, Harold Wolfenbarger, Fred Mazulla and others that he hadn't been in contact with for years. This was very pleasurable for him and he missed his associates when we came here. We had intended to stay here only for the winter months, and return to Denver last summer, but he was not able to go back.

I wish the Westerners a most successful 1974.

Sincerely,
Laura McNair

(William F. McNair was a retired accountant with the Mortgage Investment Corp. in Denver, and a member of Trinity Lutheran Church. In addition to his widow, he is survived by a son, Donald

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL (cont.)

W., of Woods Hole, Mass., and a sister, Mrs. Marie Williams of Albuquerque, N.M.)

• • •

Marie S. Merrill has written the Westerners about the death of her husband, Arthur J. Merrill:

Gentlemen: I regretfully have to inform you that my dear husband, Arthur J. Merrill, passed away very suddenly April 21, 1973, just 10 days after his 88th birthday. He was alert and not seeming to be ailing from anything more than slight fatigue after our return from Oaxaca, Oax, Mexico (where we have spent every winter since 1958) via a visit of two weeks in San Diego to visit his son, Walter, and family, including his one great-grandchild, 3 years old, Deborah Lynn Merrill. We have enjoyed your booklets and the Westerners books we've purchased. Inasmuch as I'll still do a fair amount of travel, it does not seem practical to keep up the membership.

Thank you all for your enjoyable association through the Westerners, sincerely, with wishes for a good 1974 to all members.

Marie S. Merrill,
P.O. Box 1115
Taos, N.M. 87571

• • •

A request for help in preserving a bit of the country's past history and traditions has been directed to the Denver Westerners by two California ladies. Those members and readers who can be of service are urged to contact them, per the following letter:

Gentlemen: The preservation of one's heritage is important. If you didn't think so, you wouldn't be spending long hours and hard-earned dollars trying to salvage bits and pieces of our proud history.

We, too, feel keenly about the inroads a seemingly insensitive progress is making toward erasing the fragile ties linking us to our past, and because we care, we've set ourselves to the task of seek-

ing to preserve a small strand of the link—the recipe.

In order to do this, we are going to need special help from special people. People like yourselves who care enough about history to make an effort to preserve it. What we need is this—

Original recipes that have been handed down from one generation to another. We are interested in the recipe, where it came from, when it was first used, and where it was first used. We would also like menus indicative of your state or region.

Nowhere has American ingenuity been so superbly reflected as in the kitchen. Your cooperation in working with us in our effort to preserve this important history is greatly appreciated.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. Anita Stevens
Mrs. Nola Rebbin
P.O. Box 2361
Santa Rosa, Calif. 95405

• • •

The Denver Westerners is gratified to receive the following note of appreciation, written to Sheriff Jack Thode and other fellow members by Dr. Nolic Mumey, long-time Posse Member and distinguished author-historian:

Dear Jack and fellow Westerners: One of the greatest tributes which has come into my life was the dedication of the 1972 *Brand Book* to me. I deem it as a great honor, one which I will always cherish and appreciate, for such recognition does not come often in the lifetime of an individual. It is with deep humility that I now enjoy this one great honor while living. My thanks and best wishes to the Posse for their kindness.

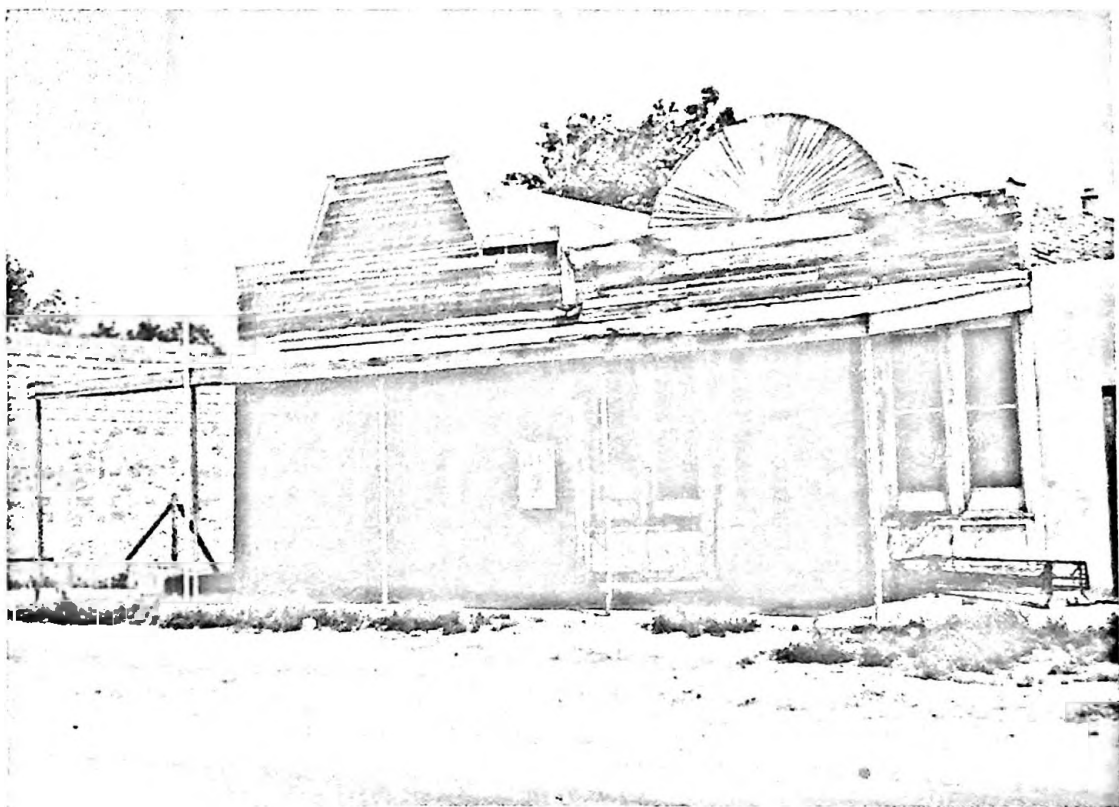
Sincerely,
Nolic Mumey

Order your 1972 BRAND BOOK from Robert Edgerton, 865 Harrison St., Denver, Colo. 80206

The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

MARCH-APRIL 1974
Volume XXX, No. 3

IN THIS ISSUE
LOST TOWNS OF THE HOMESTEADERS
by Hugh B. Burnett, P.M.



The F. W. Wheeler General Store and Bursting Sun Saloon at Vilas, Colo.
—From Author's Collection

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

A staunch friend of the Denver Westerners was lost with the death May 12 of Henry Wade Hough, 67, Posse Member.

Hough was poetry editor for the *Denver Post*, compiling the newspaper's weekly Poetry Forum. He had a long career in journalism, and most recently was editor of *Flood Hazard News* for the Urban Drainage and Flood Control District, and *Euthanasia News* for the Good Death Fellowship. Since 1966, he had been secretary-treasurer of the Governor's Interstate Indian Council.

Hough was born Oct. 12, 1906, in Bridger, Mont., and was graduated from Billings High School. He studied journalism at the University of Montana at Missoula, then moved to Denver and was a reporter for the *Denver Express*, and 1928-1929 was head of the Denver bureau of United Press. He was associate editor of *Scientific American* magazine in New York, 1929-1932, then returned to Denver where he was chief of bureau for *Time* and *Life* magazines until 1946. He then became editor of publications for Petroleum Publishers, Inc.

Later, Hough did research assignments and for four years was research director of the National Congress of American Indians.

In addition to the Westerners, he was a member of the Cactus Club, Denver Press Club, Petroleum Club, Colorado Authors League, Gilpin County Arts Association, and governor of the Colorado Society of Mayflower Descendants. He was married to Frances Downer in 1933 in Denver. They were divorced in 1967. Survivors include his mother, Mrs. Raymond Hough of Denver; three daughters, a brother, and six grandchildren.

• • •

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.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

R O U N D U P

Volume XXX
Number 3



March-April
1974

The ROUNDUP is published monthly except April, August and December by the Denver Posse of The Westerners, to members, \$4.50 per year; to non-members, \$5.50 per year. Entered as second-class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office: P. O. Box 990, Boulder, Colo. 80302. The Westerners' office: 865 Harrison St., Denver, Colo. 80206. Copyright 1974 by The Westerners Inc., a Colorado corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded Jan. 26, 1945.

USE THESE ADDRESSES FOR:

Correspondence and Remittance—Robert A. Edgerton, 865 Harrison St., Denver, Colorado 80206

Material for publication in the Roundup—Alan J. Stewart, Post Office Box 416, Broomfield, Colorado 80020.

Books for Review and Book Reviews—Herbert P. White, 730 Madison St., Denver, Colorado 80206.

Reservations for all meetings and dinners—Delbert A. Bishop, 3055 Ellis Lane, Golden, Colorado 80401.

1974 OFFICERS

Sheriff: Jackson C. Thode
Deputy Sheriff: Dave Hicks
Roundup Foreman: Charles S. Ryland
Tally Man: Robert A. Edgerton
Chuck Wrangler: Delbert A. Bishop
Registrar of Marks and Brands: Alan J. Stewart
Publications Chairman: Dr. Robert W. Mutchler
Program Charman: Dave Hicks
Membership Chairman: William H. Van-Duzer
Keeper of the Possibles Bag: Richard G. Bowman
Book Review Chairman: Herb White

Lost Towns of the Homesteaders

BY HUGH B. BURNETT

The scattering complex of prairie settlements that once populated the far southeast corner of Colorado, now the area of Baca County, became a bleak image of lost towns by the 1900s—towns that are gone with little evidence of existence to recall their history.

These were towns of the homesteaders who came to settle on the plains and farm the land that had never before been cultured, beyond the exploits of the cattle drovers. Some became platted towns, and some were little more than country store and postal centers with a few sod or dugout houses started by enterprising farmers or monied speculators to profit from a land rush. Some prospered for a time as instant towns of necessity, alive with frontier activity. But most died out about as fast as they were started.

A dozen towns sprang up in the rush of 1886-7, but only two of those survived. Two years later 18 towns existed, and 13 of those faded by 1895. As weather was favorable to crops, people came to these southeastern Colorado plains, but in periods of drought they left—and as they came and went with periods of favorable weather and drought, so did their towns. Perhaps this beginning formed a pattern of development for the next 50 years, for from the time of the first settlers there in 1885 until the area settled to a stable development, more than 60 named towns were at sometime active—yet only five are alive today, in the 1970s.

The plains country west of the Mississippi had been publicized in the Eastern states as a worthless desert, wholly unfit for civilization, and Pike had likened it to the Sahara

Desert. But with westward expansion imminent, this parched grassland would become an agricultural frontier—it was only awaiting discovery of its great potential. Following the Civil War when many jobless people were thought to be “overpopulating” the Eastern states, both the government and the capitalists began a crusade to “people the Western Plains” with this surplus population. The so-called “boomers” and “gazettiers” refuted the desert hoax and made fantastic declarations about the rich resources of the Western empire—and even to say that it could supply the whole world with bread. As an extreme, they promoted an image of lands rich for crops that could be changed to fertile farms and prosperous villages merely by occupation. They fostered a theory, though false as it might have been, that to break the crusted sod would permit the soil to retain moisture and evaporation from it would return as rain--and the arid soil would then become fertile.

A slogan of the boomers then through their active years was that “the people would bring the plow and the plow would bring rain”. This theory seemed compelling and almost proved out as the land rush took hold.

The plains country was free to land seekers, the weather was favorable for a few years, the crops were excellent and masses of people migrated westward onto the plains. They came a million strong after passage of the Homestead Act of 1862, mostly from the East and Middle West, to the plains of Nebraska, Kansas, the Dakotas and Montana. They occupied almost half a billion acres of prairie land, putting half of it under cultivation in only 20 years.

By the mid-1880s, Kansas and Nebraska were thought, by standards of those times, to be as overcrowded as the Eastern states. The better farm lands had been taken, and the latecomers were forced to go back home or venture farther west. But there were words of caution to those who might go there expecting immediate success—for to move far westward hastily would be to move beyond the established

area of cultivation and then beyond the recognized line of rainfall, and to override the popular theory might be self-defeating for a farmer. The land promoters, however, challenged this fear with their statements that the rainfall line was steadily moving westward, as was evidenced in Kansas and Nebraska, and that eastern Colorado would soon be in a new "rain belt"—and almost any statements based on such results were attractive to those who were unsettled and were forced to grab at prospects for security elsewhere.

A new farm movement (in 1886) was then to the area of eastern and southeastern Colorado, invading the grazing lands long acclaimed as the domain of the cattlemen. Homesteaders came by the thousands, staked out quarter sections, plowed the grazing land, built houses and fences and started towns. Frontier towns of familiar name such as Boston, Atlanta, Albany¹, Springfield, and Minneapolis boomed and were wild with excitement in the first few years.

The cattlemen had occupied most of that plains country for years and were by then settling down from cattle droving across the plains to ranching in selected areas. They were fencing immense areas of the free range to occupy grazing land and control watering places needed for their cattle. The newcomers, aware of their right to the public land, complained to the government about the fences and the cattlemen were forced to remove them, which they did only grudgingly, as the land was occupied. This invasion by the homesteaders caused an affront to the cattlemen not eased for many years. In disputes that followed, the cattlemen claimed that their industry was the only one contributive to the plains and that the semi-arid conditions there weren't conducive to farming. But the settlers and their promoters claimed differently, stating that the cattle industry didn't contribute to development of the plains country, it employed but few people and brought few families to populate the plains, it didn't bring settlement and fertility to the soil, and would build no towns.

As indicated by David Emmons in his writing, *Garden in the Grasslands*, there were logical statements by men of influence favoring each party—Silas Bent of the Colorado Stock Growers Association in support of the cattlemen agreed that these lands weren't fit for agriculture, and said that the government should set them aside for the cattle industry. And William Gilpin, first territorial governor of Colorado, also interested in the cattle industry, defined the plains area as "the pasturage of the world." But Gov. John L. Routt in 1887, showing support of the new settlement, said, "When man wants the range, man is entitled to it and the bull and the cow must find other places to graze."

As grudges between the settlers and the cattlemen continued, cattlemen cut farmers' fences, allowing cattle to graze on their crops, and farmers in turn cut cattlemen's fences letting cattle through to their own land when their families needed beef to subsist during hard winters. There was no friendly settlement until the principal industry shifted from cattle raising to farming, and the frontier settled to a new form of agriculture.

The early means for a settler to acquire land were by squatters' rights, and—as surveys were made—by lawful procedures of the Preemption Plan and the Homestead Act. Under the law then, a head of a family could claim 160 acres of public land and if he lived on the land and made certain improvements he could gain title to it in three to five years. Because of the many farmers filing in this grab for land, the government was unable to enforce all of its rules and testimonies of farmers then had to be accepted as evidence of required improvements. Consequently much land was obtained by trickery or fraud.

In one related instance, typical of the times, four settlers built one house overlapping the corners of their four homesteads so all could claim they had built homes and lived on their land. Likewise each could vouch for the other, testifying that he had seen seeds planted, and earnest improvements made and all parties then gained title. In other in-

stances people from the cities came out during vacations, took out homesteads on undesirable, leftover land, became residents for a few weeks each year, then after sufficient time mortgaged to land-grabbing companies sight unseen for a few hundred dollars each, never redeeming or even seeing the land again. More than one mortgage company stuck with this worthless land went broke.

Under similar practices, cattlemen would encourage their cowhands to take out several homesteads each under different assumed names, together forming large blocks of land including good streams. After the required time of occupancy, company officials would vouch for their employees so they could get title, and then buy them out at prearranged prices, gaining contiguous blocks of grazing land and control of the water, and thereby retaining their industry holdings.

Those farmers who were serious about making a home there came earlier, selected land more carefully, developed it beyond all requirements and raised excellent crops of small grains, corn and vegetables, even in the first year. In 1886-7 there was abundant rainfall, and the word of the land's wealth spread widely. In only a few years a third of the land in the future Baca County was filed on. By 1888 the population reached 6,000 or more (sic) and more people were coming, grabbing whatever land they could find. As population increased there was need for centers of trade, saloons, blacksmith shops, and other facilities, and towns were started. Townsite companies endowed with eastern capital moved in, promoting the fertility of the soil and selling town lots, all with their assurance that there would be rain and bountiful crops once there was settlement.

The earliest town in this area was Butte City (1886), in sight of two small buttes that had been a landmark for early travelers and cattle drovers years before. Charles Goodnight had blazed a well known cattle trail from Texas up past the buttes to the west end of the Santa Fe tracks at

Granada in 1873, and kept it active with his cattle droves for the next nine years. Another old route of travel through the site of Butte City was the Dallas, Canadian and Denver highway. It came down from the north past the buttes and went south through the Baca County area and on to Dallas to make a direct route connecting with the Cotton Belt road. The Crill and Bowdel stage line was started at Butte City, first running from there to Granada and later from Boston to Granada. Butte City was the first town to fade out, many of its people then moving to the more active town of Minneapolis two miles west.

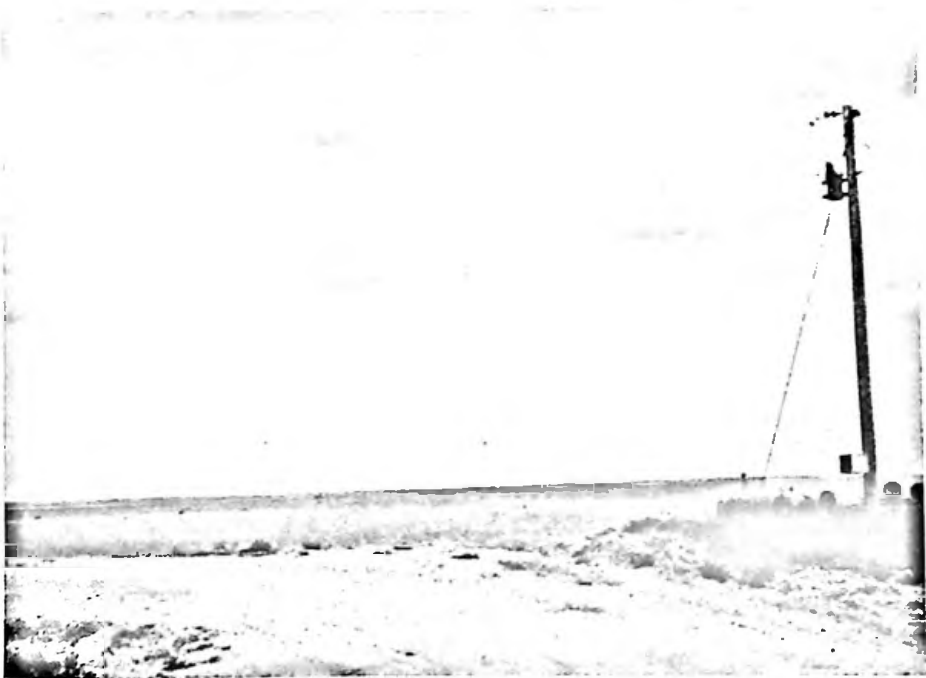
Not just the land, but the prospects of railroads were exciting to the investors and the land grabbers. The Boston, Trinidad, and Western Railroad and the Dodge City, Montezuma and Trinidad Railroad were initiated on paper only and filed in Las Animas County. The town promoters spread the word of the railroads speculating on their development, though the routes weren't defined, and town lots were grabbed up about as fast as they were platted.

Boston was probably the most exciting of the homesteaders' towns. It was started in 1886 and soon had a reputation for being one of the roughest towns on the plains. It grew faster than the neighboring towns to become the largest trading center for miles around, then in 1889 it declined rapidly following a shootout on Main Street. By 1892, it was dead. The town had a three-story hotel, four or five saloons, several stores and other businesses, a post office and three weekly newspapers.²

Some of Boston's inhabitants were the roughest characters known to that country—drifters, gamblers, gunslinging cowhands and cattle-company regulators. Gunplay in the saloons and on the streets was a common event in Boston and many law-abiding citizens knew best to stay off the streets, even in the day time. The town marshal, Cornelius Smith, was no exception as a citizen. He was a known cattle thief and outlaw, hired as such, to deal with the rough ele-

ment that frequented the town. The Jennings boys, notorious for their plundering and ruthlessness in a wide area of the plains country lived in Boston, and hung out with Charley Hall, alias Bill Thompson, and a man named Maxwell, both of similar character, who were known cattle-company regulators. These regulators were hired by the cattlemen as detectives to apprehend or dispose of cattle rustlers. They stayed around town continually causing trouble and at times panic among the townspeople.

The event in Boston which is said to have started the town's demise occurred after some horses were stolen from a friend of the regulators. Thompson and Maxwell then with a friend named Bradley, started shooting up the town one night soon thereafter, causing a general disturbance. A fight took place in the street and Bradley was shot by a local merchant. The merchant after hiding out for a day escaped by being hauled out of town in a cargo box, but neither the



Boston was said to be the roughest town on the plains. Only a plowed field remains at the cross streets.

—From Author's Collection

regulators nor the Jenningses would let the matter drop and continued their harassment, resulting in gunfire between them and some townspeople organized to control them. The regulators' gang then continued their assault, attempting unsuccessfully to set fire to the town and the next day took over Main Street, kept the local people off, controlled the roads, broke store windows, pilfered guns and ammunition, held the town under siege for three days, and then left. This affair was a climax to the continuous harassment that had been wrought on the residents during the town's existence. A general exodus of both residents and merchants followed, many moving to the nearby towns of Stonington, Vilas, and Springfield in the next few years, and Boston wasn't occupied again.

Atlanta was a different kind of town from Boston. It wasn't one that sprang up only as a farming center, but one that got its start in the spring of 1887 on an old, well-established wagon road that had been the route of several old trails known to freighters and cattlemen crossing the plains years before. It was strung out for half a mile on both sides of the Granada to Fort Union wagon road on Two Buttes Creek and benefited from trade of haulers that continued to use the road during the time of its existence. Atlanta was platted and filed in Las Animas County in May 1887 by a group of Georgians, and gained a population of a hundred or more people at its best time. Like other frontier towns, it had several saloon and was a popular stopping place where haulers and cowhands could whoop it up for a night and move on, yet it had a reputation for being one of the most orderly towns on the plains. It had a general store, an eating place, and a few other businesses, a weekly newspaper called the *Atlanta Democrat* (1887-1888) that lasted for a year, and a post office that lasted until 1899.

One of the roads through the Atlanta site was a branch of the Santa Fe Trail, used at times as an alternate route for freighting. It cut off from the main trail near the mouth of Wolf Creek in the vicinity of Granada, passing along Two

Buttes Creek through the town of Brookfield and on to Willow Springs 20 miles southwest of Atlanta, where it joined the Ft. Dodge to Ft. Union Road, Emory's Road and the route of the old Ft. Leavenworth Trail.

There is no evidence that there was any semblance of a town there during the more active times on these trails, but it might well have been a stopping place and water hole at the junction of the two creeks, and was a natural place for a town to start.

Brookfield was another town along the general route of the old Granada Wagon Road and other roads that went through Atlanta. It was started early in 1887, about 10 miles northeast of Atlanta on the north side of Two Buttes Creek by the Brookfield Town Company of Kansas, and was filed in Las Animas County Aug. 24, 1888. This was a larger town than Atlanta. It was platted on 40 acres, and promoted by organized land developers. In addition to its weekly newspaper, *The Maverick* (1887-1889) and a post office, each of which lasted about as long as those at Atlanta, it had three banks and five saloons.

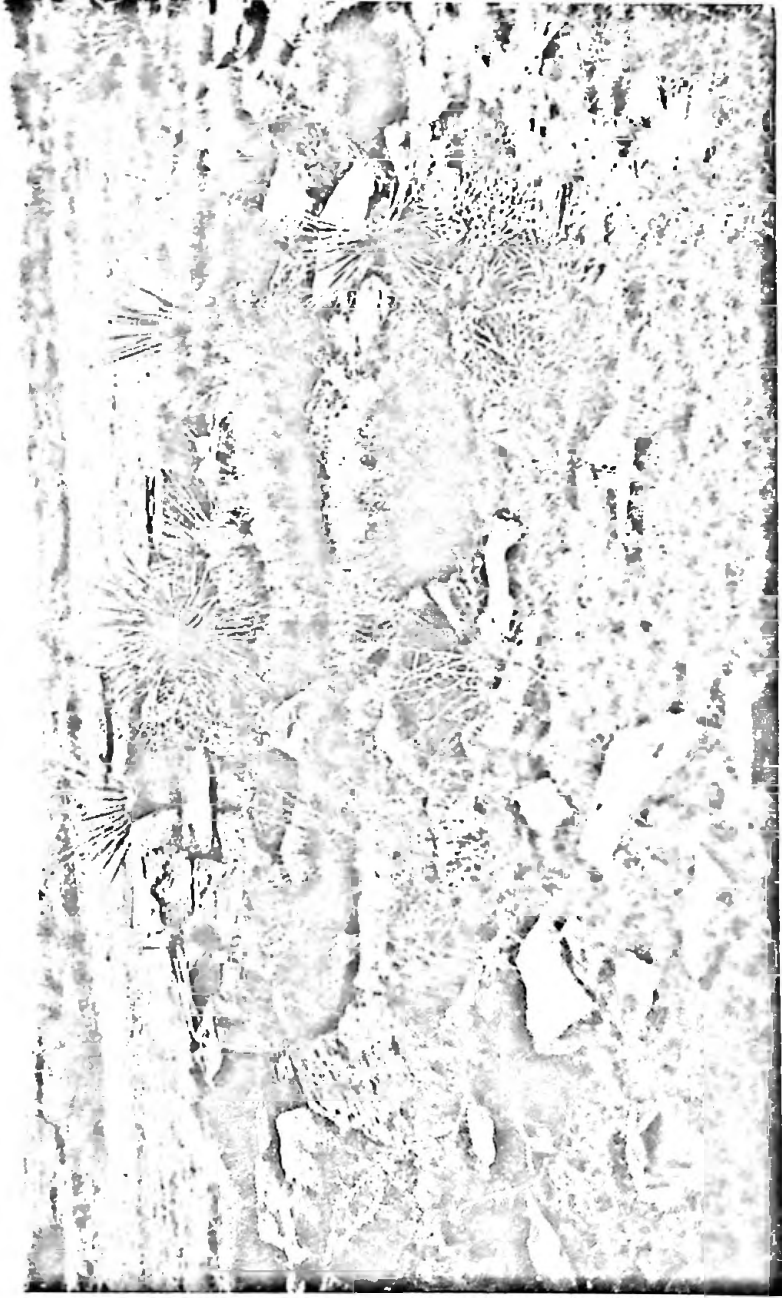
Carrizo Springs was in the southwest corner of present Baca County on Carrizo Creek near the cedar brakes. It started as a town late in 1887 and was filed in Las Animas County the following January. In the first two years it had a few hundred people, several stores, two saloons, a post office and two weekly newspapers.³ Its location was advantageous, being close to the cedars and the high bluffs where it was somewhat protected from storms of the plains, and where cedar for fuel and fenceposts was readily available. Water was plentiful from one good spring and several streams nearby, so the long haul of fuel and water wasn't the problem that it was for settlements farther east. Another advantage to its location was the availability of rock from the canyons needed for construction of houses and business buildings, most of which were of the half-dugout and half-stone type common to homestead towns of the area.

In the same year, on a flat about six miles northeast the town of Carrizo Flats, also known as Carrizo City, was started by one of the aggressive land-development companies. Its promoters had sold lots with the promise of a water supply and the town grew to about half the size of Carrizo Springs with a few business houses. The promoters had dug a well but, failing to strike water, were filling it with water hauled quietly at night from Carrizo Springs. When this act became known the residents started moving to Carrizo Springs or elsewhere and the town, as such, died in a little more than a year.

The town of Carrizo Springs, and possibly its neighbor on the flats, was in one way too close to the cedars and the rugged canyons where outlaw gangs had made their hangouts since the early cattle days. These outlaws, as well as cowhands from nearby cattle headquarters, frequented the town and influenced the gambling and disorder that plagued it throughout its active days, possibly contributing to its decline. Carrizo Springs, alive as it had been, dwindled to a meager existence as a town by 1889.

Many towns in Kansas were established by boomer land and development companies that had the money and experience to start them off well organized and legally platted. The town of Springfield was one founded by the Windsor Town Company of Kansas in 1887 and so named because many of its lots in the beginning were purchased by people from Springfield, Mo. Although it wasn't the largest town at the time of the "county seat war" which occurred two years after its founding, it became a principal trading center for a few years and gained popularity to become the county seat.

Judge A. W. McHendrie, who spent part of his boyhood in Springfield, wrote that it was a typical Western boom town between 1887 and 1889. He recalled seeing the town shot up many times by cowboys running their horses up and down the streets, shooting out windows of the primitive-type buildings. At that time, he said, it had six stores, three



A few fragments of buildings remain at Carrizo Springs, Colo.
—From Author's Collection

livery stables, two banks, two newspapers, and five or six very active saloons.¹ Its population reached 500 in the first two years, and though it lessened to about 50 in the drought period of the 1890s, the town benefited from the business of its government seat and stayed alive to regain its popularity as a business center. At one time during the drought, only two stores remained in business there and they opened only occasionally or when someone drove in from the country.

Stonington, another of the earlier settlements, wasn't a town at first, but only a man's residence and post office. It became a town later about three miles northeast, strengthened when people moved there from Boston, but faded after it lost its bid for the county seat.² It was nearly deserted during the years of drought, then in 1909 it took new life to become a local trading center in the southeastern part of the county for nearly 20 years, many of its people then moving to the new town of Walsh when the railroad came through.

Another of the early towns was Vilas. It lived through the rise and fall of the plains settlements, and survives today as a quiet town of about 100 people. Some of its present stores and houses are of more recent origin, but the vacant C. F. Wheeler store and Bursting Sun Saloon which remain on the old Main Street look today much as they might have in the 1880s.³ It was a dugout town in the beginning, named for Senator Vilas of Wisconsin. It was filed as a town July 18, 1887, about 10 miles northeast of Boston and became one of the larger towns competing with Boston, Springfield, and Minneapolis.

Minneapolis was one of the principal towns during its time, and though its population may not have been as large as Boston's, its townsite, 7 by 13 blocks, was the most extensive platted in Baca County before 1900. It was started in early 1887 near a north branch of Horse Creek about two miles west of Butte City. It had a hotel, several stores, a post office, and a print shop and is said to have had more

saloons along its half mile of Main Street than any other in the area including Boston.⁷ After a few good years the water supply which had come from three wells failed and people started leaving. By 1890 only 100 people remained. When the town was unable to pay off bonds issued for its development, Minneapolis as a town died out. The center of trade then moved across the section line, became the town of Blaine and bonds were floated again. But Blaine failed in a few years and this second town dwindled, having a meager existence until resettlement of the area following 1909.

Others among the earlier towns were Plymouth, Athens, and Holmes City, none of which lasted much longer than a year.⁸ Towns to follow were Maxey, Progress, Ruff, Adams City, Viena (sic), Clyde and Decatur, also known Verdun.

The land invasion at the start was a wild and innocent rush. Few if any of those who came knew much about farming in arid country, nor especially on raw prairie land. Their first few years were encouraging however. The land produced well,⁹ the population increased rapidly¹⁰ and both the farmers and the town developers prospered. But those had been fortunate years—ones to follow weren't as prosperous.

Many farmers, profiting from fine crops in previous years, planted heavily in the spring of 1889 and the crops did well until midsummer. Then came dry winds and hot weather. The crops dried up in the fields and a disastrous drought followed for nearly 10 years. The settlers had come with little money in the beginning, trusting that they could make a good living from the soil and prosper, once they had established settlement. The land had become settled but the cultivated soil hadn't been favored with sustaining rains and the country hadn't developed well enough to offer much more than the farmers could produce for their mere subsistence. There were no paying jobs and no other ways to make a living, so in despair they started leaving. As the

drought persisted, the exodus of farmers continued and the towns declined.

The town companies had invested heavily, but hadn't been paid for all of their lots and values dropped to where there was no profit in sale of land, if it could be sold. Loan companies which had mortgaged many homesteads and foreclosed, had gained title to large areas of worthless land which they couldn't sell, nor could they afford the taxes. Some farmers, seeing this idle land, took the liberty to occupy it without gaining title. They fenced it and started small-scale ranching as an only means of livelihood and paid no taxes. The county commissioners didn't object at first, but later realizing that there was no income from this large expanse of farmland and town property, put the delinquent land on sale at 15 cents an acre to get it on the tax rolls. Nearly 1,000 quarter sections of land were sold, most of which was then taken up by those who had occupied it, or by speculators for experimentation with new methods of dry-land farming. The total assessed valuation of taxable property in the county dropped from \$945,161 which it had been in 1890 to about one fourth that amount in only two years.

This area was a part of Las Animas County and it was a hard journey by wagon to Trinidad, the county seat, where most of the land transactions, banking and big business were done. As the boom of settlement increased, the need for a separate county to contain this part of the state, its business and government was evident. Speculation about a new county touched off severe controversies in leading towns which realized the advantages of having the county seat.

The people of Atlanta, Carrizo Springs, Minneapolis and Boston favored having four small counties, obviously assuming their towns would then be favored.

Springfield, becoming a thriving center of business by then, made an agreement with the four towns that it would support their proposals, if, in the event they failed, those

towns would support Springfield for the seat of a single new county—and it had a proposal drafted ready for immediate substitution. The people of Vilas also favored having one county for the same reason as Springfield. Extensive lobbying went on at state level for each of the competing towns, and the ensuing tensions brought about what was known as the County Seat War, which lasted for many years.

Much to the surprise of all in this conflict, an independent bill submitted by Sen. Casimira Barela of Trinidad calling for one new county to be named Baca after a prominent Trinidad family, passed the Assembly April 16, 1889. This established Springfield as the temporary county seat. The bill not only caused many disappointments but violent protests and accusations claiming disloyalty on the part of some lobbyists. Then tension rose again over the location of the permanent site to be determined by vote of the people the following November and the so-called war among the citizens became more intense than before.

Stonington and Minneapolis entered the race with Springfield. When it was reported afterwards that the Minneapolis ballots had been dishonestly tallied, favoring Springfield, indignation spread among many citizens. A few of those angered by the outcome showed their resentment one night by burning the first building purchased for a courthouse while it was being moved on rollers from Boston to Springfield, and in the following years the next two buildings used for a courthouse were mysteriously burned, reportedly extending the county seat war to 1916—and some old-time residents say the war has never ended.

By 1909, some resettlement began in Baca County. Dry-land farming methods were becoming successful and the remaining settlers were gaining a better knowledge of farming in this arid country. Deep-well drilling equipment had been developed by then suitable for transport on the plains so producing wells could be dug. Windmills were introduced, and water could be pumped for use at the homes and out on the range. These improvements gave a new per-

spective to the farmer and a renewed hope for successful farming. Encouraged further by the Revised Homestead Act of that year which allowed a homesteader to claim 320 acres of public land and the availability of farm machinery to cultivate larger areas, a second migration came about and more new towns were started, some but a few miles from those that had faded in the lean years before.

The town of Two Buttes, about 10 miles northwest of old Butte City was platted in 1909 by the Two Buttes Townsite Company which had developed the irrigation reservoir near the buttes. In the same year artesian wells were developed near the old town of Blaine, and it was then called Artesia.¹² As the artesian water was used for irrigating, the water table receded, causing the wells to fail and the town, as such, faded out. Then it came back as Blaine, to become a larger farming center and continued for another 20 years.

With this second burst of settlement, 25 more towns took a start—and all by 1918. Some of the older ones were lost by then, and about half of the new ones were to lose out in the next few years. By 1917 the county population was at a peak of 14,582, a figure not to be reached again until after the dust-bowl days of the 1930s. Springfield's population by then was up again to 500, as it had been before the drought. The Taylor Grazing Act of 1916 provided that a farmer could claim 320 acres of public land with full rights to all its resources and another like acreage with all but mineral rights. But even with these benefits, the second boom had its limits. Most all of the government land had been taken, leaving little chance for a farmer to enlarge his acreage. There was another decline in 1920 and the county population dropped to fewer than 9,000 people. The county's principal town of Springfield slumped again, this time to only 295 people.

When the Santa Fe Railroad came into the county from Manter, Kan., in 1926, past Vilas and Springfield and on to Pritchett the following year, the area was given another boost to its economy, and the towns of Bartlett, Walsh and

Pritchett were started on its route. The three towns were platted by the Santa Fe Land Improvement Company and built on a plan influenced by them. Choice lots were given to merchants willing to start businesses, the rest being sold at public auction. Several businessmen of Joycoy, a town three miles west of Pritchett, then moved to the new town under the railroad agreement. Pritchett soon became a thriving farm center and grain-shipping point.

Pritchett, Springfield, Two Buttes, Walsh, and Vilas remain as active towns in the 1970s. The Lycan post office has been moved to the old site of Buckeye and a post office continues at Campo. The streets of Minneapolis, Blaine and Artesia, like others of their time have grown back to prairie grass. The ruts of old wagon roads that passed through Atlanta and Brookfield are still plainly visible, but the towns are gone, and the spring still flows at Carrizo Springs that once cooled the beer under the floor of a saloon. At these and other sites, rows of foundation stones or pot holes of former dugouts show patterns of houses that lined the streets of early towns, all lost to the plains.

A few fragments of later towns are left at Buster, Kirkwell, Richards, Graft and Lamport showing scarcely more than their locations. Towns like Rodley, Estelene, Richards, Nowlinsville, Deora, Setonsburg and Midway are remembered briefly, but only by name.

The many early centers of trade were needed when travel by wagon, even for a few miles, was time consuming for a farmer, so it wasn't unusual that so many were started. But they couldn't all prosper through the hard years when homesteaders were broke, or in later years when the automobile was available for faster travel. As the area developed further new towns started with gas pumps, garages, and a new line of home and farm supplies, forming a different complex of settlements for a time on newly established roads. All of these towns made progress for the settlers, the land promoters and the supporting businesses when times were favorable. But at times when the rains that were fore-



The cream station and tower of a windmill at Lampport, Colo.
—From Author's Collection

cast with settlement didn't sustain the crops, area growth was unstable. And so the towns came and went—a few of them survived but most faded, leaving little account of their existence in the early days of the homesteaders.

1. Albany, started in 1887, was in present Prowers County, about eight miles north of the present town of Two Buttes.
2. Boston, newspapers: *Boston Banner* (w), 1887-1889, *Western World* (w) 1887-1889; *Baca County Journal* (w) 1889-1891.
3. Carrizo Springs newspapers: *Carrizo Current* (w) 1887-1889; *Carrizo Springs Optic* (w) 1887-1888.
4. Early Springfield newspapers: *Springfield Advertiser* (w) 1887-1888; *Springfield Beacon* (w) 1887-1888; *Springfield Republican* (w) 1889-1890; *Springfield Democrat-Herald* (w) 1887-1919.
5. Early Stonington newspapers: *Stonington Sentinel* (w) 1889-1890; *Stonington Journal* (w) 1911-1912.
6. Vilas newspapers: *Vilas Democrat* (w) 1887-1891; *Victor* (w) 1887-1898; *Baca County Republican* (w) 1891-1899.
7. Minneapolis newspapers: *Chico* (w) 1887-1890; *Minneapolis Republican* (w) 1888-1889.
8. Plymouth newspapers: *Plymouth Rock* (w) 1888-1889.

9. The principal crops before 1900 were corn, wheat, oats, rye, beans, potatoes, and sorghums.
10. U.S. Census figures show the population of the county to have been 1,479 in 1890 before the drought caused decline, and 759 in 1900.
11. Two Buttes newspapers: *Two Buttes Sentinel* (w) 1910-1933.
12. Blaine newspaper: *Artesia Call* (w) 1914-1915.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Western Expansion*, Ray Allen Billington
History of Agriculture in Colorado, Alvin T. Steinel (1926)
Garden in the Grasslands, David M. Emmons
A History of Early Baca County, J. R. Austin (1936)
Colorado and Its People, Vols. 1 and 2, LeRoy R. Hafen
History of Colorado, Vols. 4 and 6, Frank Hall
Records and Maps of the Santa Fe Trail, Kenyon Riddle
Konkel's Map of Baca County, *Democrat-Herald* and *Farm News*, Springfield, Colorado
Colorado Postal History, William Bauer, James L. Osment and John H. Willard
Guide to Colorado Newspapers 1859-1963, Donald E. Dehert
Who's Who in Colorado 1938
Colorado Year Books 1919, 1924, 1925
Colorado State Business Directories 1888, 1889, and 1901
Colorado Magazine, Colorado State Historical Society, Vols. VI, XI, and XXI
Handbook of Colorado Resources, 1907, Thomas Tonge
 Records in Baca County Court House
 U.S. Census 1920, City and Town Incorporations, 1878-1962
 Roy R. Mathews, Pres. Baca County Abstract Co., Inc.
 Miscellaneous Maps of the author's collection
 Author's field research and interviews with Baca County residents and landowners.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Hugh Burnett, Posse Member of the Denver Westerners, has held offices in the National Society of Professional Engineers, the Professional Engineers of Colorado and the Society of American Military Engineers. He is a retired colonel, U.S. Army, and a retired civil engineer with the Air Defense Command, U. S. Air Force.

In addition to holding several offices in the Westerners, he is a past-president of the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region, and of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado Springs.

Burnett is also the author of numerous articles published in the *Brand Book* of the Westerners, as well as the Colorado State Historical Society's *Colorado Magazine*.



Westerner's Bookshelf



THE BEGINNING OF THE WEST
by Louise Barry. Published by
Kansas State Historical Society.
\$14.75.

This magnificent volume, a history of the Kansas gateway to the West from 1540 to 1854, is a complete, detailed research volume. It is illustrated, complete with maps, and contains some 640,000 words in its 1,300 pages. Detail is the word.

An example:

Nov. 14, 1838—"The Gabriel Prudhomme estate—a 257-acre Missouri River front property which included Westport Landing, was sold for \$4,220 to a hastily organized town company of 14 persons . . ."

This little parcel of land was the beginning of Kansas City, Mo. Because

of legal questions about the title of the Prudhomme estate, it was another eight years before the town company could start work on the town it wanted to call "Kansas."

Another example: "Daniel M. Boone, agriculturist for the Kansa Indians (with headquarters at the Kansa agency) since early 1827, was dismissed in May (1831)." He was a son of the famous Daniel. This list of examples go on for many pages.

No one can doubt Kansa's place in the opening of the American West. This volume covers individuals, places and events.

It should be a part of every Western library, public or private.

Dave Hicks, P.M.

TO POSSESS THE LAND, A Biography of Arthur Rochford Manby, by Frank Waters. Swallow Press, Chicago, 1974. 287 pp. \$8.95.

Frank Waters has combined all the historical facts, together with the psychological manifestations that made up the incredible life and mysterious death, or disappearance, of Arthur Rochford Manby.

Manby, aged 24, arrived in New Mexico from England in 1883. He saw in the vastness of the land an empire he believed he was destined to rule. He first sought to acquire the rights to a vast Spanish land grant near Taos. He schemed, stole, lied, cajoled, begged and bribed to take this grant from its rightful owners. It took him 30 years to finally possess the grant, only to have it slip from his grasp within three years.

The book is not only the story of a ruthless land grabber, but a detailed, documented history of the devious methods by which one of the numerous land grants was individually acquired, following the Mexican War, and during the latter part of the 19th century.

Manby finally began to disintegrate, both physically and mentally. He brooded, became a recluse and bolted and locked his gates against an outside world which had always hated and feared him.

On July 3, 1929, a swollen and headless body was discovered in Manby's Taos home. Some said it was murder; others swore the body was not Manby's. Still others reported seeing him alive afterward. The many investigations turned up nothing, and the case remains a mystery to this day.

The author's detailed account of the many real-estate manipulations and legal maneuvers as Manby acquired tract

after tract of land, as well as the projects undertaken by him, including the gold, silver and coal properties he acquired, the construction of irrigation works, development of the immense and important cattle and sheep ranches on the grant, all lost in the end, is skillfully researched and masterfully written.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

RAILS TO CARRY COPPER: A History of the Magma Arizona Railroad, by Gordon Chappell. Pruett Pub. Co., Boulder, Colo., 1973. 244 pp., more than 200 illustrations. \$11.95.

I will risk this categorical statement that *Rails to Carry Copper* should please any railroad fan, be he a novice, a fairly sane rail enthusiast, or a completely dedicated train buff, all the way.

The Magma Arizona RR was one of the last steam railroads to operate commercially in this country. Prior to that, it operated first as a narrow-gauge line, carrying ore from Superior to Webster. This was built—for 28 miles—during 1914-1915. Because of a constant increase in mining operations, the railroad was converted to a standard-gauge line. During this conversion, business continued on the narrow-gauge line. Both activities proceeded within a few feet of each other.

Then, between 1968-1970, diesel power replaced steam. It is still very much in operation, as the mineral wealth to be probed and processed has years to go.

Documentation pictorially, by maps, charts and statistics, is remarkably well done, and at no point is it dry or pedantic. If you love trains moderately, or madly, this is for you.

Henry A. Clausen, P.M.

New Hands on the Denver Range

Robert P. Emmitt
Lee Hill Road
Boulder, Colorado 80302

Bob is a copy editor for the *Denver Post*, and was brought to the Westerners by Dave Hicks, deputy sheriff. Before coming back to Colorado (Bob's a University of Colorado graduate), he worked for the *New York Herald Tribune*, the *Arizona Republic* (Phoenix), *Tucson (Ariz.) Citizen*, *Toronto Star-Telegram* and *Deseret News* in Salt Lake City. Most recently, he was managing editor of Vanderbilt University Press at Nashville and an English instructor at the University of Tennessee at Martin.

He is the author of *The Last War Trail: The Utes and the Settlement of Colorado* (University of Oklahoma Press, hardcover and paperback); and *The Legend of Ogden Jenks* (Ballantine, out of print), both books drawing upon his experiences as a cowboy, and living with the Ute Indians in New Mexico, Utah and western Colorado. He is now working on a novel utilizing Boulder County as a setting.

Bob lists his interests as novel writing, history (particularly post-Civil War West), philosophy, American Indian (particularly culture and religion), adding, "I see the dynamic of the American West as arising from a unique conflict of many cultures—a theme that has rarely been expressed in fiction."

Bob and his wife have four children, and the family lives in the "wilds" of Boulder County.

John R. Wilson
4515 S. Yale, Suite 204
Tulsa, Oklahoma 74135

John is interested in all phases of Western history, particularly as it may be re-

lated to photography and photographers. He owns the Jo Moro collection of glass plates, and has a big start on his area of interest. John is a geologist, and was informed about the Westerners by Francis Rizzari, P.M.

Ralph M. Botter
Post Office Box 23
Socorro, N.M. 87801

Ralph learned about the Denver Westerners through Posse Member Dave Hicks, and attended a recent monthly meeting as his guest. Ralph lists his interests as mines and mining methods, camp stories and yarns (the taller the better), ghost towns, geology and minerals. In the 1930s, he was an active writer, with stories and pictures appearing in *Time* and *Sports Afield*, as well as news and feature stories, cartoons and pictures in the *Forth Worth Press* and *El Paso Times*. He was also a correspondent for *Time* and *NEA*.

He is former chief, federal airway traffic control; chief, stallion range-control center, *WSMR*, New Mexico. Ralph was a seaman, deck and engine division, in the pre-World War II Merchant Marine; private pilot, *SEL*.

"I've met some real corkers, like Black Jack Pershing, Smedley D. Butler, John Dillinger, Dee Harkins, Al Jennings, One-Eye Conally, and guys who claimed they wrote '12th Street Rag' and 'Abdulla Bulbul Amir,'" Ralph recalls. "And others—who remembers Albert Bates, one-time Denver lawyer; Harvey Bailey, etc."

He lists his hobbies as traveling, boating, building and a little flying, as time permits.

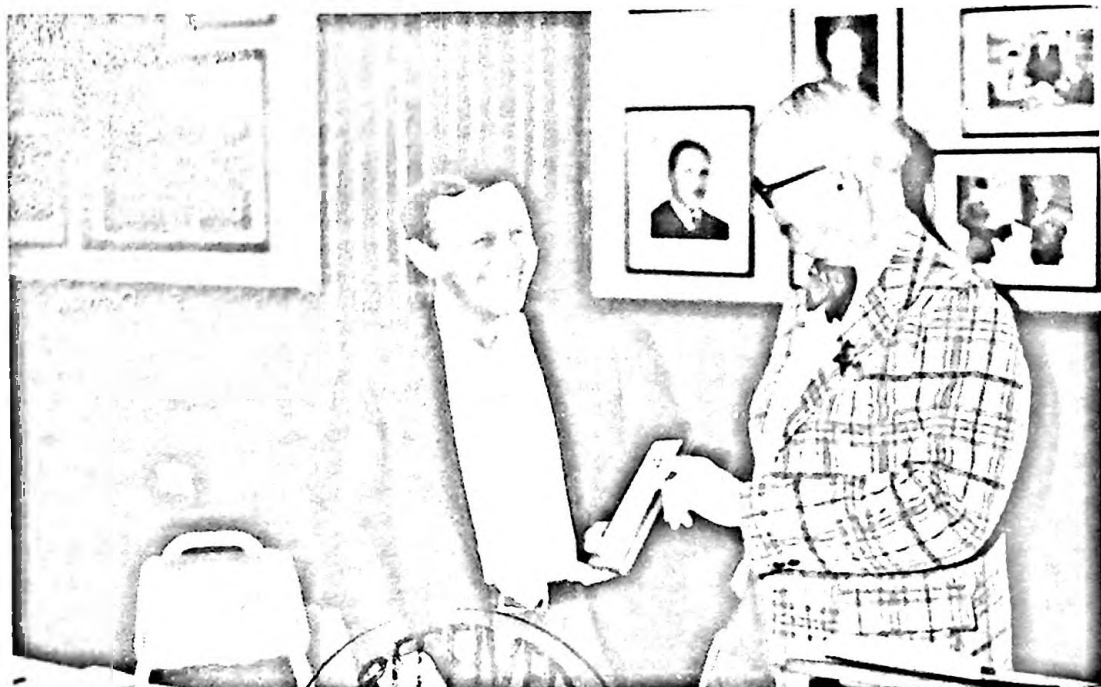
Welcome to the Westerners, Ralph—we could use a good New Mexico correspondent!

The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

MAY 1974
Volume XXX, No. 4

IN THIS ISSUE
COLORADO STATE ARCHIVES
by George E. Warren

WRITING THE HISTORY OF
COLORADO STATE UNIVERSITY
by James E. Hansen II



George E. Warren, Colorado State Archivist, receives Westerners Plaque from Sheriff Jack Thode.



OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

The Denver Corral of the Westerners has been saddened by news of the death of long-time Posse Member Forbes Parkhill. Following is a tribute to Parkhill, written by Herb White, P.M.

FORBES PARKHILL
 1893-1974

Forbes Parkhill, 83, one of the founding members of the Denver Posse of the Westerners, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Marie Singer, in Ramona, Calif., June 19, after a lengthy illness.

Parkhill was truly a Writer's Writer. Majoring in English at the University of Colorado, he spent his life in the business of writing.

His first assignment was as an information officer with World War I troops. He and his wife, the former Lucille Frederick, were stationed at Deming, N.M. in 1917-1918. His wife preceded him in death in November 1972. In addition to his daughter, he is survived by three grandchildren.

Parkhill worked for various Denver papers, his longest tenure being with The Denver Post. In 1928 he devoted himself to magazine writing. Financially he had a great year, but the depression year of 1929 and onward, together with the growing popularity of radio, wiped away much of the magazine "market".

His versatility was manifested in many ways however:

He got a call from Marshall Field to assume a staff spot on Field's publishing venture, P.M.

He also spent some time on the writing staffs of Hollywood studios.

For two to three years he was in the office of Colorado's senator, Eugene Milliken. He was Milliken's ghost writer.

He was a contributor for *The Saturday Evening Post* in the days when a writer had indeed "arrived" when he sold to that publication.

One of his best known contributions to

(Continued on page 20)

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

R O U N D U P

Volume XXX

Number 4



May

1974

The ROUNDUP is published monthly except April, August and December by the Denver Posse of The Westerners, to members, \$4.50 per year; to non-members, \$5.50 per year. Entered as second-class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office: P. O. Box 990, Boulder, Colo. 80302. The Westerners' office: 865 Harrison St., Denver, Colo. 80206. Copyright 1974 by The Westerners Inc., a Colorado corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded Jan. 26, 1945.

USE THESE ADDRESSES FOR:

Correspondence and Remittance—Robert A. Edgerton, 865 Harrison St., Denver, Colorado 80206

Material for publication in the Roundup—Alan J. Stewart, Post Office Box 416, Broomfield, Colorado 80020.

Books for Review and Book Reviews—Herbert P. White, 730 Madison St., Denver, Colorado 80206.

Reservations for all meetings and dinners—Delbert A. Bishop, 3055 Ellis Lane, Golden, Colorado 80401.

1974 OFFICERS

Sheriff: Jackson C. Thode

Deputy Sheriff: Dave Hicks

Roundup Foreman: Charles S. Ryland

Tally Man: Robert A. Edgerton

Chuck Wrangler: Delbert A. Bishop

Registrar of Marks and Brands: Alan J. Stewart

Publications Chairman: Dr. Robert W. Mutchler

Program Charman: Dave Hicks

Membership Chairman: William H. Van-Duzer

Keeper of the Possibles Bag: Richard G. Bowman

Book Review Chairman: Herb White

Colorado State Archives, Legal, Administrative and Historical

By GEORGE E. WARREN

(EDITOR'S NOTE: George Warren, Colorado State Archivist, was a recent speaker for the Denver Westerners. He presented his interesting and informative talk from notes. The following is a synopsis of his remarks to the meeting.)

When someone thinks of archives, they think of something old, dusty, and dirty. They possibly have very little realization that the archives of the State of Colorado are a living memory to the heritage of the people of this state.

Our resources, in the state archives office, include something like 550 million pages of records.

My office determines and directs the procedures of the state archives, studies the problems of preservation and disposition of public records and establishes records-retention policies.

I am the official trustee for all of the permanent public records transferred from state and local public offices. In most states the state archivist may have jurisdiction over just the state records. Colorado law provides for the archivist to work with local offices, including such areas as cemeteries, mining and water districts.

It is also my charge to make available the public records to the people.

There are only a few records which are restricted . . . for example, adoption, law-enforcement records. There are very few records in the privileged category.

Within our organization is our public-records information service. These records are not only of historical importance, but sociological, economic, political, legal and fiscal.

We also preserve and rehabilitate (please don't use trans-

parent tape on old papers) records. We provide research and reference services, conduct research, and issue publications. The lack of funds currently limits our issuance of publications, and that may be one reason you don't know us so well. It is hoped that in time funds will be available for more of our services.

Why are the records retained?

First of all, to protect the rights of citizenship and property, to establish and affirm the powers and duties of government and document normal government functions.

Also there are records kept to protect the rights of county and local governments.

One employee some years ago worked extensively on wagon roads. He spent many hours going through corporation records.

In the category of natural resources, a number of years ago an official turned over to the archives a record of Colorado's participation in various expositions showing our mineral resources. Nothing has been done in this area as far as historical research is concerned.

There are many maps and photographs available in several areas. We don't have them all organized as yet.

One must remember that some 270 million records are being produced each year.

This is one reason so much material is being put on microfilm. In another 20 years, we'll see another completely different medium. But the researcher today doesn't do much thumbing through papers, he looks at microfilm.

The vast amount of material, through records management, must be reduced.

While there are many people who can see no value in maintaining all of this paper, you as historians, I'm sure, can see its value.

But something must be done, or we will need several statehouses to store the materials.

Now let's look at an example of that historic value.

In the April 1861 term of the Denver District court, Colo-

rado Territorial records showed, and I was surprised to learn this, there were several cases of treason and conspiracy. The U.S. attorney was very busy.

Of course I realize that in the territorial days this was a military government.

There were a number of murder cases. There were cases of men who were passing counterfeit gold dust. There were also cases of larceny and gambling.

Then there was the case of the people of Colorado vs. Fannie Wells. On March 3, an indictment was filed (for running a bawdy house). On that day a bench warrant ordered bail set at \$200. On March 10 a motion was made to quash and that was overruled. Venue was changed to Jefferson County and bail was set at \$200. (No verdict was given.)

Big Jennie faced similar charges. She was found guilty by the jury March 11. The fine was \$5 and costs.

There was a murder trial, the people vs. Frank Foster and Henry Stone. They were indicted for murder, convicted April 21, 1866, and on April 28 each was sentenced to be hanged. On May 29 the death warrant was returned, executed and filed.

And there are some folks who want to throw this stuff out? It doesn't seem possible.

(Warren then showed slides, and photos of the archivist's office, and of the Colorado State Seal in several designs.)

This is the entrance to our building at 1530 Sherman St. It is the last remaining mansion on the hill. . . .

It's difficult to find a wholly accurate copy of the seal as defined by law. . . . Here are nameplates formerly used at locations in the Statehouse, including the "Senate Ladies Gallery;" the original safe of the state treasurer, a Franktown ballotbox from 1861, drawings and plans of the State

Capitol, a clock formerly in the governor's office, photos of territorial officials, copies of mining laws of 1910 and 1913 printed in German, Spanish, and other languages, 1890 session laws printed in Spanish and German, photos of records center interior and equipment, and other items.

(Then Warren reached back into the files.)

On March 17, 1883, when Alferd Packer was brought back to Colorado, there was an article in the *Denver Republican* that was used in evidence by the attorneys for Packer. They insisted that the news media were prejudicing their client.

The article stated, in part:

“Human jerked beef, the man who lived on meat cut from his murder victims, the fiend who became very confident on a diet of human steaks, a cannibal who knaws on the choice cuts of his fellow man, Packer arrives in Denver and meets and recognizes General Adams; he makes a confession but strivously ignores the five-fold murder. He says he subsisted for sixty days on human flesh.”

(Then the story began:) “One of the most noted murderers the 19th century has produced arrived in Denver yesterday evening and now is safely lodged in the county jail where he will remain until such time as he can be removed to Lake City, Hinsdale County to be tried for his life. . . .”

During the question-answer period Warren said:

We have a group of volunteers, known as the Friends of the Colorado State Archives, which is now helping the 25 employees. It's a massive job.

We welcome you to use our materials.

Writing the History Of Colorado State University

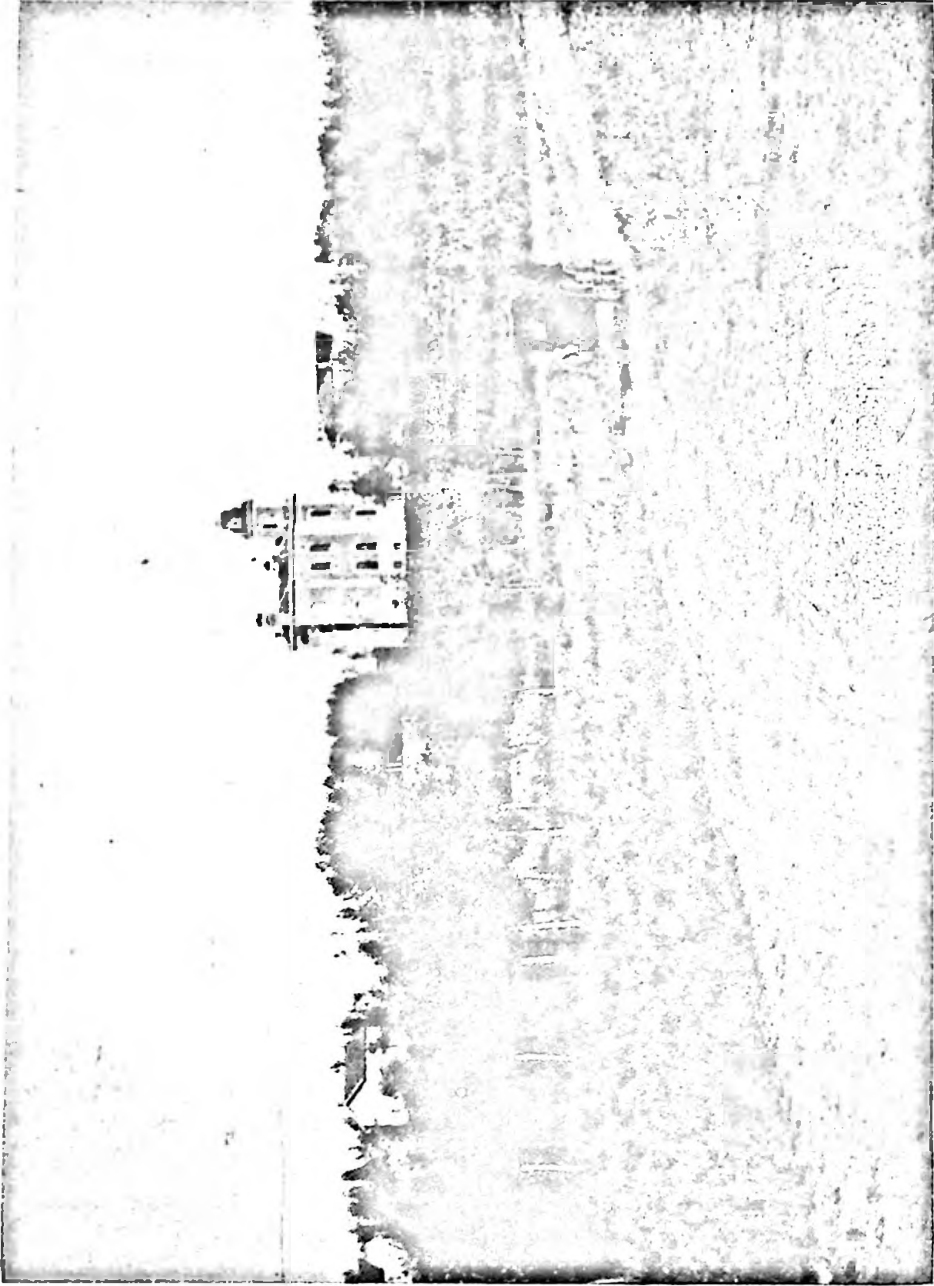
By DR. JAMES E. HANSEN II

On Feb. 11, 1870, Colorado's territorial government enacted a law establishing an agricultural college at Fort Collins. The CSU History Project was originally conceived to commemorate the school's centennial year, 1970. However, insufficient financial backing delayed the start of this project until the autumn of 1972.

I was selected to write the history because of an academic background and interest in the history of American higher education. Yet for many months, I functioned essentially as an archivist. This was necessary because, with a few exceptions, no coherent effort had been made to collect the institution's records. For example, although Charles Lory served as president of the college from 1909-1940, only bits and pieces of his papers survive. In order to document Lory's career, it has been necessary to visit other schools and examine papers of people with whom he might have corresponded.

Since I lacked formal archival training, the task of creating a CSU Archives proved challenging. The first step involved securing space on campus to assemble, clean, and file records. After considerable bureaucratic haggling, a section of the library was cordoned off by the erection of pegboard walls and a lockable door. The CSU Archives had been launched.

Meanwhile, I prepared a bibliography of books and articles about archival science and began reading. The cardinal principal of archival science is provenance, or organizing records according to the agency that generates them.



Old Main, constructed in 1878, was CSU's first building.

—CSU Archives photo

The papers of William E. Morgan, president of CSU from 1949-1969, were thus filed as a distinct unit, even though they contained a wide variety of items (e.g., personal correspondence; official reports; newspaper clippings; etc.) and encompassed many subjects. Since the Morgan collection seemed to follow a system of arrangement devised by him and his staff, I did not impose one of my own. The total collection, along with its scheme of organization, reveals much about President Morgan and the mechanics of how he functioned while president.

To augment written information, I visited a number of established archives to observe their methods of operation. I profited greatly from tours of facilities and conversations with archivists at Cornell University, the American Baptist Historical Society, the University of Colorado, and the Colorado State Archives and Records Service.

Until May 1973, virtually all of my time on the project was devoted to organizing the CSU Archives. I became the embodiment of what a colleague calls the "dirty fingernail approach to history."

After examining responses to a questionnaire sent to all campus offices requesting information about records and their whereabouts, I signed out a pickup truck from the CSU motor pool and began making my rounds. This entailed visiting a motley array of closets, basements, vaults, and attics scattered around the campus. All shared a common characteristic, an abundance of dirt!

Dick Smelser of CSU's office of public communications was captivated by the idea of an historian driving a pickup truck, rummaging through filthy dungeons, and performing herculean feats of strength related to moving heavy cartons of documents. Dick wrote several articles for the faculty newsletter and the alumni magazine depicting my exploits. Unfortunately, on one occasion I confirmed the professorial stereotype by nearly creating a new entrance to the library with my pickup truck.

The creation and organization of a Colorado State University Archives has already resulted in the discovery of some highly significant source materials.

Virtually all of William E. Morgan's papers have been preserved and filed, more than 60 full record-center containers. Unlike Charles Lory, Dr. Morgan's career as an educator can be evaluated completely by future historians. Other valuable collections include correspondence of Elwood Mead, a faculty member during the 1880s and an internationally renowned pioneer of irrigation engineering; papers of the Colorado Forestry Association, which fill a void in the history of early conservation activity in Colorado; and documents pertaining to the Peace Corps, whose pilot project originated at CSU.

Once an archives had been established, the active analysis of source materials could begin. I started with secondary sources, like Michael McGiffert's *The Higher Learning in Colorado*, R. J. Wattles' unpublished manuscript, "Mile High College," and several articles and monographs about the early years of CSU by former State Board of Agriculture secretary, James R. Miller.

Next I moved to official institutional records, including board minutes, annual reports, and proceedings of faculty meetings. Then there followed a mind boggling 2½ months of reading the student newspaper, *The Rocky Mountain Collegian*. During that time I read every issue from 1891 to present. Newspaper research also entailed a complete search of Fort Collins papers and selective examination of publications from other towns, such as Denver and Greeley. Much useful information was gleaned from files on CSU at administrative offices and libraries of other Colorado colleges and universities. In addition, a detailed investigation of Colorado governors' papers at the State Archives produced a wealth of significant data. This list represents but a partial sampling of materials germane to the history of Colorado State University.

Research for this project has necessarily been both broad and deep, probably because I define history as the record of everything said or done by mankind. One way of viewing historical sources is to organize them according to three categories: artifacts, documents, and living human recollections.

A variety of revealing artifacts make up the Colorado State University campus.

Careful observation of the campus, especially some of the older buildings around the Oval, provides a sense of how the school has been inhibited or encouraged by its physical setting. A specific artifact of this type, now forever lost to the historian, was Old Main.

Constructed in 1878 and destroyed by fire in the spring of 1970, Old Main served virtually all of the college's physical needs during the early years. Originally a stately and symmetrical structure, Old Main eventually became an architectural abomination because of inharmonious additions in 1889 and 1903. Functional needs prevailed over aesthetic considerations, but no one can discount the building's manifold services. At various times it accommodated administrative offices, classrooms, the president's home, and even a residence for the student janitor.

The Old Main auditorium was the scene of countless college assemblies, Drama Club presentations, and appearances by visiting dignitaries, such as William Jennings Bryan, Billy Sunday, and John Phillip Sousa.

One adverse aspect of activities in Old Main, however, was the unavoidable presence of the Colorado Central, later the Colorado and Southern, Railroad.

In 1877, the State Board of Agriculture had casually granted the railroad a right-of-way through the campus for a paltry \$100. Little did they realize what those roaring locomotives, lines of clanking cars, and screaming whistles would mean to future occupants of Old Main and other buildings along the tracks.

Professor R. J. Wattles, longtime director of the Drama Club, customarily instructed her players to stay posed in character and wait until the train passed. A mathematically minded student once estimated that a minimum of three trains, each taking a two-minute journey across the campus, passed by each day. Assuming that 1,000 students were in class when this occurred, 6,000 minutes, 100 hours, and 12½ eight hour student days would be wasted daily. In a semester of 18 weeks, 1,125 student days or more than three years of time would be lost.

In addition to the artifact, the document is an invaluable source of historical information. This is the written record of mankind's past and is usually the source that demands the fullest measure of the historian's time. A prize document uncovered in creating the CSU Archives is the transcript of a State Board of Agriculture hearing in June 1906.

The purpose of the hearing was to examine the moral character and professional competence of President Barton O. Aylesworth, against whom some damaging charges had been levied. Actually, the charges were fallacious. Aylesworth represented what historian Earle D. Ross has called the "broad gauge" approach to land-grant higher education, favoring a balance between agriculture, the mechanic arts, and liberal learning.

Aylesworth's opponents wanted the college to pursue strictly agricultural teaching and research objectives, which they sought to achieve by discrediting the president personally. Scurrilous rumors were circulated, accusing Aylesworth of public drunkenness, of frequenting Denver's "red-light district," and of communicating venereal disease to his wife. This smear campaign didn't succeed, however. The hearing vindicated the president and did much to determine the subsequent course of institutional purpose for Colorado State University.

A third source of great value to the historian is the living

human recollection, technically known as oral history. In an era where people tend to use the telephone rather than write letters and rarely keep diaries, oral history assumes an increasingly important function. Often, it provides insights not revealed in documents. For example, documentary evidence evokes an image of the college as an extremely strait-laced place in the decades before World War II. Drinking and smoking were forbidden and hedonistic pursuits frowned upon. Yet, interviews with professors and students associated with the school during the 1920s and 1930s reveal that human imperfections and frivolities did exist.

Former mathematics professor Les Madison notes that colleagues would often sneak a cigarette between classes and drop the butts down a floor space in Old Main. On one occasion this practice caused a small fire in that building.

Also, an alumnus of the 1920s reveals that S. Arthur Johnson, longtime dean of men, would often accept a beer or cocktail at a fraternity party.

A key to early football successes at the college was a stratagem devised by Coach Harry Hughes called the "million dollar play." A careful examination of newspapers and yearbooks sheds little light on the nature of this highly successful maneuver. However, an interview with Charles Shepherdson, star center of the 1915 and 1916 undefeated, championship teams, discloses that the "million dollar play" was simply an end-around from the single wing formation. Shepherdson attributes its success to the talents of end, "Sag" Robinson, a man "who ran like an express train."

If all of the sources thus far described were incorporated into a written CSC history, the result would be a multi-volumed work requiring years to complete. Consequently, my manuscript will be limited to exploring several key themes. One will involve evaluating CSU's place within the context of American higher education, and particularly land-grant higher education. In what ways does CSU's



CSU's 1915 championship football team, developers of the "million dollar" play."
—CSU Archives photo

history parallel or differ from that of other colleges and universities? A special effort will be made to identify patterns of this kind.

A second theme will be concerned with examining CSU's role in serving society. For example, Ainsworth Blount, the first professor of agriculture, was responsible for promoting the possibilities of Defiance Wheat in Colorado, and as a result, contributed significantly to the state's agricultural development.

Research by the college's experiment station during the 1890s helped to lay the foundation for a highly profitable beet-sugar industry in Colorado.

Moreover, CSU has traditionally provided international leadership in the field of irrigation engineering.

Finally, how does one measure the social value of the nearly 50,000 degrees that the school has awarded in agriculture, engineering, veterinary medicine, forestry, home economics, and the liberal arts? The men and women trained at CSU certainly constitute a major achievement.

A third theme in my book will have a decidedly personal thrust. It will examine what it was like to be a student, professor, or administrator at various points in time.

Why did people come to CSU? What did they find here in the way of intellectual stimulation, recreational diversions, and personal relationships? Did they grow as human beings as a result of their association with the school? These questions and others will be explored in the effort to evaluate the human side of college life.

In conclusion, you might say that I am attempting to write about a specific institution within a broadly defined context. The school itself is important, but equally so are the society it serves and the individuals whose activities justify its existence.



Westerner's Bookshelf



LETTERS OF LONG AGO by Agnes Just Reid. Tanner Trust Fund, University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1973, 80 pp., \$9.50

This is the third edition of this hardy perennial, the first having been published in 1923, and it is good to have it around. Agnes Just Reid chose to record her mother's recollections of pioneer days in the Blackfoot Valley of southern Idaho in a series of letters which might have been written as the events narrated actually took place. The letters were in fact written when the mother was past 80 years of age and in presence so that she could read and correct them as they appeared.

Today such recollections would be recorded on tape but in 1920 there was no tape and the letter format serves admirably to record a series of unrelated events that occurred from 1870 to 1891, covering the establishment of a homestead, the birth of seven children and the deaths of two of them. The book, a capsule history of a pioneer family, contains extensive footnotes, an introduction by famed Westerner Everett L. Cooley, and an epilogue which serve to clarify where necessary the bare-bones account contained in the letters.

This little book will make a pleasant evening for anyone and serve as a worthwhile reference on the life and times of the pioneers of southeastern Idaho. The Tanner Fund should be congratulated for its willingness to keep this book in print.

Allison E. Nutt

TURQUOISE JEWELRY OF THE INDIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST by Edna Mae and John F. Bennett. Turquoise Books, 1200 Cragmoor Road, Colorado Springs, Colo., 1973. 148 pp., illustrated, bibliographic. \$15.

The title belies the wealth of information contained within this remarkable volume. The subject, itself, would trap a less knowledgeable writer into turning out a dull, catalog-type of publication. The Bennetts, however, obviously researched their material in great depth and avoided this possible mistake. Not only are the different types of Indian jewelry covered in detail, but the history of the tribal characteristics found in the finished products are explained with simple clarity. Some technical terminology that might not be readily understood is adequately explained in the glossary. Running through the printed pages is a subtle sense of humor that ties in a wide range of topics from tourist traps to pot bellies.

To help the reader better visualize the total picture of turquoise and its place in the Indian culture, the authors have included its mining, historical background, religious, social and economic significance. Such knowledge can foster a deeper appreciation of the subject.

A profusion of excellent photographs, both black and white and color, adds to understanding and appreciation of the subject matter. In each illustration, composition and artistic arrangement are paramount. Captions accompanying

(Continued)

Announcing Vol. XXIX of the Brand Book

Edited by Dr. Robert W. Mutchler

To be published in December 1974, this beautiful book is certain to become a collector's volume. It will be strictly limited to 1,000 numbered copies, with a discount on copies ordered prior to Nov. 1, 1974. The book will feature an unprecedented collection of original articles by many of the West's outstanding authors, with poetry by Thomas Hornsby Ferril and design and art work by John H. Flores. The hardbound volume has approximately 500 pages with more than 130 photographs, maps and illustrations, plus index.



CONTENTS

- Louisa Arps, *Father Kehler's Denver, 1860 to 1866.*
 Caroline Bancroft, *Charles St. George Stanley, Colorado's Mystery Muralist.*
 Carl Blaurock, *Primary Exploration of the Wind River Range, 1924.*
 Richard G. Bowman, *Pioneer Mormon Currency.*
 Robert L. Brown, *Saloons of the American West.*
 Henry A. Clausen, *La Veta Pass and Garland City.*
 Perry Eberhart, *Trouble in Serene.*
 George P. Godfrey, *El Moro—The Stone Autograph Album.*
 Davidson Hicks, *Voices From the Deep.*
 Merrill J. Mattes, *The Rediscovery of Colter's Hell and Other Research Adventures.*
 Vernon L. Mattson, *Alonzo Delano, "The Old Block."*
 Robert M. Ormes, *Hunting History on Colorado's Old Railroad Grades.*
 Francis B. Rizzari, *The Most Energetic Man in the Whole World.*
 Wilson Rockwell, *Cow Trails Along the North Fork.*
 Fred Rosenstock, *The Denver I Remember.*
 Agnes Wright Spring, *How "Little Man With Big Voice" Saved Crow Dog.*
 Muriel Sibell Wolle, *Indian Dances of New Mexico.*

(Turn page for order form.)

ORDER BLANK

The Denver Posse of the Westerners
c/o Robert A. Edgerton, Tally Man
865 Harrison St.
Denver, Colorado 80206

Enclosed find my payment of \$_____ for _____ copies of Volume XXIX of the Denver Westerners *Brand Book*. Orders will be filled as soon as possible after publication in sequence of prepaid receipts. Please make check payable to the Denver Westerners

- Price, \$15.95 prior to November 1, 1974.
 Price, \$16.95 on and after November 1, 1974.

Please ship books to the address below.

Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____
Signature _____

Corral Record

Date order received _____

Remittance _____

Book Number _____

Date Shipped _____

each plate are definitely the work of discerning and informed writers.

Turquoise Jewelry of the Indians of the Southwest was obviously a labor of love for the late Edna Mac Bennett and John Bennett. The 8½ by 11½-in. volume could be considered Mrs. Bennett's legacy to a further understanding of the culture of the Southwest and its original inhabitants—the Indian silversmiths.

Herb O'Hanlon, P.M.

THE GILCREASE - HARGRETT CATALOG OF IMPRINTS compiled by Lester Hargrett. University of Oklahoma Press. 400 pp., \$20.00.

To any dedicated student of the American Indian, the West, and colonial history, The Gilcrease Institute of American History & Art is quite well known. Many a writer, whether a professional, or aspiring thereto, has benefited greatly, through the use of its vast holdings in the above fields.

Apart from the Government documents, early-day maps, and newspapers, there is a very extensive listing of the five Civilized Tribes, which are the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks and Seminoles.

The Gilcrease Institute is the single largest source for studying the aforementioned subjects. Many of the books and documents are extremely rare, as they are either one of very few copies, or the ONLY one in existence. All research workers and Western history buffs owe a great debt of thanks to Thomas Gilcrease. His foresight and unselfishness makes the job easier for all historians.

Henry Clausen, PM

MINING CAMPS AND GHOST TOWNS (A History of Mining in Arizona and California Along the Lower Colorado) by Frank Love. Westernlore Publishers, Los Angeles. 181 pp., 28 illustrations, Index, bibliog. \$7.95

This book is Vol. 42 in the *Great West and Indian Series* and concentrates on the ghost towns along the Lower Colorado River and the area surrounding Yuma, Ariz. Professor Love has a nice, easy style of writing which combines the statistical facts with human-interest stories and anecdotes, making it easy for the reader to follow the main theme of the story. The stories and events are well documented with footnotes which appear on the same page as the statement to which they refer, thus making it unnecessary to continually be turning to some place in the rear of the book. Although his main source of reference is the *Arizona Sentinel*, his list of books, magazines, and journals makes this reviewer drool.

In any mining area, there are stories of lost mines. The Lower Colorado was no different. One chapter is devoted to these tales.

Of particular interest to me, personally, was the chapter on Picacho, Calif. This fills in some of the years of Sen. Stephen W. Dorsey after he left Colorado. (See *Denver Westerners Roundup* for February 1970 or *Denver Westerners Brand Book*, Vol. 25.) His Picacho Gold Mines Co. had as directors such Colorado greats as Ex-Governor Grant, banker Samuel Morgan, William Teller, and Henry Bolthoff.

The book is handsomely bound in maroon Fabrikoid and illustrated with old-time photographs. Several recent photographs of mine and workings taken

by the author are of special interest. My only wish is that the end papers had been utilized as a sketch map to show the locations of the towns and mines. But to anyone who has followed a ghost town trail, the book is a must.

Francis B. Rizzari, P.M.

TOMBSTONES AND GOLD, And Mys'rys Untold. By P. E. Redmond, privately printed, Central City, Colo. \$2.

Pete Redmond, miner, ex-sheriff of Gilpin County and poet, offers a couple of dozen verses. Some are poignant, describing the life of the miner. In one he offers advice for the prospectors hunting for riches:

"The moral of this poem, if you're thinkin' to roam, in search of that hard to find ore, —is— If you're lucky enough, to find that ol' stuff, don't spend it looking for more."

Dave Hicks, P.M.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

(Continued from page 2)

the *Post* was an article on Spencer Penrose, who many feel was Colorado Spring's most beneficent godfather.

As a delver into history, Forbes was the first to tell the story of Barney Ford, a slave who freed himself, came Westward and eventually became Colorado's first black legislator.

Several have had recourse to Parkhill's research on Mattie Silks and other madames of Denver's early and boisterous history, combined in his book, "The Wildest of the West."

His last book, done in 1968, reflected another colorful character from Denver's past, Donna Madixxa. Donna became the wife of William Bradley Daniels, founder of Daniels and Fisher department store. Their married life was tempestuous, combative, and many of its developments made exciting copy for Denver newspapers.

Newspaper man, magazine and book writer, movie-script writer, public relations man, historian of the Western scene, Forbes Parkhill was all of these and more.

The Denver Westerners have indeed lost one of their most prominent, truly colorful characters!

• • •

Members of the Westerners may be in-

terested to know that Perry Eberhardt, Denver writer, environmentalist, and a Corresponding Member of the Denver Westerners, is a member of the Colorado Centennial-Bicentennial Commission, as its deputy director and coordinator of historical events. His duties include coordinating the commission's historical publications and planning events for the state's 100th anniversary celebration in 1976, coinciding with the nation's 200th anniversary.

• • •

Roundup has received the following letter, of interest to all members:

Dear Fellow Westerners:

I have just recently become a member of the Kansas City (Mo.) Posse of The Westerners, to which area I plan on moving to later this year.

I would like to inquire into the possibility of obtaining any back issues of your publications which might contain articles on George A. Custer, or related materials.

Any help that you can give me would be much appreciated.

Sincerely,
E. Elden Davis
663 Detroit St.
Howell, Mich. 48843

The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

JUNE 1974

Volume XXX, No. 5

IN THIS ISSUE

WAR BEYOND THE RIVER—
OUR CIVIL WAR
AND THE UNCIVIL WEST

by E. B. Long



E. B. Long, University of Wyoming associate professor, receives Westerners Plaque from Sheriff Jack Thade.

—Photo Courtesy Dave Hicks

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Posse Member Keny Englert, who claims he is retired as a squatter on a tract of land near Poncha Springs, Colo., is a collector of Indian artifacts, and information on ghost towns. He sends us a note that a covered-wagon trip made in 1956 by himself, along with Kit Carson III and Zeb Pike is written up in the September issue of *Frontier Times* (page 18).

"I had sent cards to all Posse Member Westerners along the route, at the time of the trip," Keny recalls. Congratulations on breaking into print, Keny.

* * *

The Denver Corral of the Westerners is saddened to report the death of another prominent Posse Member, William J. Kostka Sr., Denver.

Kostka died Sept. 8 at age 69, at Life Center in Denver, after a long illness. A former journalist, he was chairman of the board of Kostka and Associates Inc., a leading Denver public relations and advertising firm. He was born in Chicago, May 18, 1905, and attended public schools in Cicero, Ill. He was graduated in 1927 with a major in literature from Knox College, Galesburg, Ill.

In 1928, Kostka married Dorothy Parmenter in New York City. After being telegraph editor for the *Chicago Daily Drivers Journal*, a farm paper published in the stockyards, he joined International News Service (INS), first as city and suburban editor in New York City, later being promoted to chief wire editor there, and subsequently, to central division manager in Chicago.

Kostka then joined Fawcette Publications Inc., serving as editor of *Modern Mechanix* and, later, 10 other magazines, in Greenwich, Conn. He was also public relations director for the U. S. Brewers Foundation, Inc., in New York.

He came to Denver in March 1949 to found his own public relations firm. In 1950, he became general manager of the

(Continued on page 31)

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

Volume XXX

Number 5



June

1974

The ROUNDUP is published monthly except April, August and December by the Denver Posse of The Westerners, to members, \$4.50 per year; to non-members, \$5.50 per year. Entered as second-class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office: P. O. Box 990, Boulder, Colo. 80302. The Westerners' office: 865 Harrison St., Denver, Colo. 80206. Copyright 1974 by The Westerners Inc., a Colorado corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded Jan. 26, 1945.

USE THESE ADDRESSES FOR:

Correspondence and Remittance—Robert A. Edgerton, 865 Harrison St., Denver, Colorado 80206

Material for publication in the Roundup—Alan J. Stewart, Post Office Box 416, Broomfield, Colorado 80020.

Books for Review and Book Reviews—Herbert P. White, 730 Madison St., Denver, Colorado 80206.

Reservations for all meetings and dinners—Delbert A. Bishop, 3055 Ellis Lane, Golden, Colorado 80401.

1974 OFFICERS

Sheriff: Jackson C. Thode

Deputy Sheriff: Dave Hicks

Roundup Foreman: Charles S. Ryland

Tally Man: Robert A. Edgerton

Chuck Wrangler: Delbert A. Bishop

Registrar of Marks and Brands: Alan J. Stewart

Publications Chairman: Dr. Robert W. Mutchler

Program Charman: Dave Hicks

Membership Chairman: William H. Van-Duzer

Keeper of the Possibles Bag: Richard G. Bowman

Book Review Chairman: Herb White

War Beyond The River— Our Civil War and The Uncivil West

By E. B. LONG

They fought their own kind of Civil War in the uncivil West! They did not get the headlines. The battles were among the few. The blood did not flow in great streams. The leaders were not the generals on every tongue. Oft times they were alone, forgotten. The noise of their volleys and single shots was not heard often above the din of Virginia, Georgia, and the Mississippi Valley. They did not win or lose the American Civil War. But, I admit, they did help to shape and mold the nation that was to be. They were the men, and women, and the children of the real West, and their war was beyond the river.

There always has been—and hopefully there always will be—a frontier. Frontiers are many things: geographical, scientific, philosophical. In fact, they can embrace all human endeavor. One type of frontier has been war—the war itself—the political and social results of that war, the paradoxical advances in science, exploration, mechanics, medicine arising out of that war.

Yet, for most Americans of 110 years ago, the frontier was becoming more and more that nebulous term, “West.” We in America have always had some form of West. The “West” of the Atlantic Seaboard became the “East”, the standard, the established. Then for long years “West” meant merely Trans-Allegheny. The settlers came, merchants came, the steamboats, wagons, and the railroads came. The Indian was pushed out into the unknown. By the 1840s at least the Trans-Allegheny was not quite “West” anymore. The “West” had really gone somewhere else. Incidentally, the term “middle-west” was virtually unheard of before or during the Civil War, although by 1860 the region had begun to assume its heartland character.

The real West had jumped out away to at least trans-Mississippi, and some even thought of it as trans-Missouri, trans-Pecos, and perhaps just "trans"-across, beyond.

By 1860 the people moved out from the Gulf Coast, New Orleans, and even through the back door of San Francisco. The one essential jumping-off place was western Missouri—Westport, Independence, St. Joseph, Kansas City, and Springfield. This somewhat northern route was brought about by natural transportation and geographical patterns, by politicians and somewhat because of an "island" in the way—the Indian Territory. (The word Oklahoma had not been invented yet.)

America has generally always had a safety valve or at least a door of opportunity for its energies, its creativeness, its escapism, despite the claims of some of the more profound savants. The Old West was an opening not only to the ambitious and talented, but to the failures, the drop-outs, the disenchanteds, as well. Of course, the movement of mankind has never been consistent; never has run at the same miles per year. Extraneous or apparently extraneous influences have knocked the frontiers around, changed, stimulated, retracted them.

The whole American Civil War was a form of frontier. It was something to live through, to solve, to conquer and to learn from. It cut across the normal expansion of the nation, twisting, accelerating, decelerating. After all, politically the Civil War was two large groups, each with their own ideas of freedom, each with ideas of how America should move spiritually and physically. Each had their own conceptions of the "West."

Then too, there is a shadowy third force out there somewhere on the other side of the fence, a force that was avoiding the trials of the East. A group of people who thought they could find complete freedom, or complete opportunity, in the way they thought best. "Popular sovereignty" might have been too advanced for America's political structure,

but it had its inner meaning for countless individualists who set up for themselves out West.

When the American people drew up sides and fought, there were some bare facts of importance. Four years of war, roughly 1500 days when men fought men. Thirty-two million people, more or less, every last one of them involved, whether willingly or knowingly or not. Perhaps some three million or more of these were in the armies, more than 600,000 of whom died in battle, of wounds, or of disease. There was a powerful lot of fighting—some 10,455 times when men fought in organized recorded engagements of one size or another, and of course many uncounted besides.

They ranged from coast to coast, from the Canadian line into Mexico, from the coast of France to the Straits of Shimonoseki in Japan. Of course the greatest number of those fights was in Virginia: 2,145, followed by Tennessee with 1,462. But third—an important and sometimes neglected third—was Missouri with 1,162, many of which influenced greatly other Western lands and the future. Who remembers the fights at Lotspeach Farm, Jollification and Sink Pole Woods, Missouri? Yet, put together, and sometimes separately, they mean something. They had their role in the strategic concept and results of the Civil War militarily, and perhaps even a greater role socially and emotionally. Furthermore, if you were wounded or killed at unknown places such as Chusto Talasah, Scullyville, Boggy Station, Muddy Boggy, Upper Boggy, or Lower Boggy in the Indian lands, you were just as dead or injured as at Gettysburg or Vicksburg.

Fourth in number of engagements was Mississippi with 772, and Arkansas fifth with only one less at 771. Arkansas, and who remembers anything except Pea Ridge, Prairie Grove, or perhaps Helena and Arkansas Post? Texas had 90, Minnesota 13 Indian affairs, California 88, Kansas 66. The Indian territories and other Western areas numbered

345. Then, counting Louisiana's 566, the total military affairs west of the Mississippi come to 3,101, or say 3,000, considering that some of Louisiana is east of the river. Three thousand Western engagements out of a total of 10,455—well over a fourth of all the military events of the war! And what has happened to them in history?

That splendid group of Western history theorists and brilliant scholars who have contributed so much through their erudite learning, either completely ignore the Civil War in the West, and—more important—the influence of the war *on* the West, or they give it extremely short shrift. Most Civil War students and writers have been equally negligent. It is true that recently increasing attention has been paid to Missouri in 1861 especially, and rightfully so. But after Pea Ridge and perhaps the Red River, the Trans-Mississippi is largely sloughed off. Unfortunately this disbalance results in Missouri receiving at the hands of historians relatively too much emphasis for 1861, although no one can ignore the importance of Fremont, the Blairs, Lyon, Wilson's Creek, Lexington, or St. Louis.

Too often, far too often we tend to follow and repeat the story of the spectacular so-called high points of history and let what went on day-by-day go for naught. After all, life is lived day-by-day and all events influence our lives. In the Civil War coastal operations such as Roanoke Island, Texas, etc., are neglected as is the strategically important Island No. 10 Campaign, Plum Run Bend, and, of course, the Trans-Mississippi. The people of the West, in their own way, and in their own dark bitterness, were fighting it out from the river to the coast and from Minnesota to Mexico.

There has been much, too much, discussion as to what was the decisive military or political event or area. The argument is thick and heavy between the Virginiaites and the so-called Westernites—meaning the area between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi. The war affected the

whole nation then and now. No one area was all important. The Confederacy was a besieged fortress and had to be encircled, breached and conquered. It took many fronts, thousands of operations to do it. Now I doubt if anyone could make a claim stand up very long that the war was "won" west of the Mississippi. And that is not necessary. At the same time in the long pull of history, I submit that it was far from a sideshow.

After all, the Trans-Mississippi just by being there formed the entire western face of the fortress Confederacy. Both Presidents Lincoln and Davis did not forget this area. Both nations were fully cognizant that much of their future was tied in with the wild lands. They would have been dull indeed had they not seen this obvious fact.

At the same time both nations were involved in a second, simultaneous, and yet far from separate Civil War on the far Western plains and in the mountains—that against the so-called wild Indians. Indians numbered well over 200,000 between the Mississippi and the mountains, and many were certainly in revolt against white government. Those to the west of the Indian Territory were seeking to overthrow the eastern white war lords, to retain their ancestral lands. It is one of many mistaken distortions that the increased Indian restiveness was necessarily brought about by Confederate agitation. It was more because the Indians—in a fuzzy sort of way—took the Civil War as an opportunity to harrass the white intruder.

The Indian-White war was in some ways more of a Civil War in the traditional non-sectional European sense than the bigger war farther east. Depredations, somewhat quieter than formerly before the war, increased tremendously. Settlers and travelers were more fearful than ever. The white population responded and we had hundreds of small events and such horrible atrocities as the Sand Creek Massacre, in which local Colorado troops under bloody, sometime-preacher Col. J. L. Chivington shot down Indian

men, women and children, Nov. 29, 1864—one of the worst blots on American history. (Though several writers today are finding some grounds they feel to be justification, while others are using it for present-day political purposes.) The second Civil War in the West enlarged and helped set a pattern for the post-war Indian campaigns and excesses on both sides. In 1865 it took 25,000 federal troops (compared to the entire prewar army of about 16,000) to shakily control the third side in the Civil War.

Both sides used the Indians as soldiers of a sort, but neither side was quite sure just how far to trust him as a soldier and for good reason. In several engagements in the Indian Territory and elsewhere, they were prone to suddenly switch to the winning side. Also sometimes the Indian could not exactly see the importance of the principles of North and South, and most of the time didn't care much. If he thought about it, he could see not very much in it for him either way. But he did learn to fight better; he obtained more firearms, although Lincoln in early 1865 proclaimed against illicit sale of firearms. The Indians got some understanding of his enemy. There seems little question that the Indians and whites alike enlarged their knowledge of frontier war during the '60s and applied this skill to their postwar struggle.

It always struck me strange that TV, movies, and popular Western books largely concentrate on the post-war West with a sort of backward glance occasionally to the extent that their heroes or villains somehow came out of the war. They do recognize or sense in a muddle-headed and left-handed manner that the Civil War had some responsibility for their West, but that is all. Perhaps it is just as well. We might have more distortions and phony history to combat.

Now, except for a few obscure books and journal articles, the West Coast is almost entirely overlooked. After all, Oregon and California were both states, and even their distance from the East is an important Civil War factor.

The people of Oregon as an example had a stake in the war—there were even a few dissidents, peace Democrats, Copperheads, and others whose degree of anti-administrationism is hard to determine, but they caused little trouble. The Indians however were a different matter, and throughout the war local troops were stationed in out-of-the-way places attempting to hold down forays. In some cases these undisciplined Oregon state militia caused more trouble than the Indians. Letters and diaries however show a strong interest in the war to the east and particularly in what was going on in California.

However, it is California where the interested public and even some historians have glibly labeled viewpoints as black-and-white pro-Union or pro-Confederate. Only lately has this been questioned. Actually, the state was still going through a great epidemic of growing pains by the '40s. With a population of 380,000 it was doing things up big as always—politically at least. Actually it had four more or less distinct political viewpoints at the start of the Civil War. It could stay Union, as it did, with the help of an ever present Army of the Pacific. Actually pro-Unionists of varying degree seem to have been the majority. It could go Confederate, but it is clear now that there were very few strong pro-Confederates in California, though they shouted as loudly as they could. What has not been understood is that there was a large body of thought that, while not necessarily pro-Lincoln, was not pro-secessionist either.

There was a third group, admittedly a bit indistinct, that favored real neutrality. This might have been possible considering the geographical position of California. Then a fourth group also was involved. There were those, often of the old Spanish families, who firmly believed their future lay with a great Republic of the Pacific, independent of the storms to the east. These groups vary in degree of intensity and cross over each other till figures are impossible, but they were the main trends of thought.

Democrats had controlled the state since admission in 1850. But by 1860 the party was badly split between Douglas and Union men and Breckinridge men, who were not all secessionists by any means. Thus Leland Stanford was elected governor as a Republican in 1861. The legislature eventually approved fidelity to the Union and supported emancipation but not without a struggle. There were occasional fist-fights at political rallies, and Edmund Randolph, grandson of the great Virginian, could cry out at a convention against what he called Union "tyranny, and usurpation" in the East. "If this be rebellion, then I am a rebel. . . . For God's sake speed the ball, may the lead be quick to his (Lincoln's) heart and may our country be free from the despot usurper that now claims the name of President of the United States." Most of it *was* talk, fist-fights, and mutterings, and some plotting, but it moved deep and affected the state politically for years to come. There were the usual lengthy campaigns against Indians and a few shooting brawls between settlers. Maj. Gen. George Wright, a much-neglected figure, did a most commendable job as commander of the Army of the Pacific during the most serious days of the war. California volunteers did serve in the Southwest and under Patrick Conner in Utah.

One of the most sensational incidents with profound influence was when Mariposa County legislator Daniel Showalter led a party of gentlemen in 1861 west from Santa Barbara on an "independent expedition to the mines of Sonora." The excuse did not cover that this group of only 21-odd were heading east to aid the South. They didn't get very far beyond Temecula east of Los Angeles when they were arrested at Warner's Ranch by the Army. Then there was the schooner *Chapman* incident in San Francisco where a group of wild secessionists intended to go to sea and attempt to interrupt gold shipments. This scheme was

aborted because the drunken captain they hired had blabbed too freely in waterfront saloons.

Now these seem like terribly unimportant events which would not even be recorded in the far farther east. However, a major lesson a historian has to learn in dealing with areas such as this is that one's sense of values must change. The people of California took all this deadly seriously; these events had political and social repercussions. The historian therefore must adjust his priorities and relative values.

Of course the flavor of the West is in the record. The newspapers with the latest news overland—five days from St. Louis and then by telegraph over the state—show the intense interest of the public in the main theater of war.

San Francisco, which had suffered a pre-war depression, now had a new growth at the mines and there was increased prosperity in the city. The good reason for this was that a considerable number of men preferred the West as being tamer than being shot in the Tidewater or in the Mississippi Valley. By 1863 there were possibly 100,000 newcomers in the San Francisco-Sacramento mining area. So California did have a Civil War all its own and in its own way, and yet was not divorced from the nation as a whole. One resident graphically called California “a tearless state.”

In Nevada, too, where the mines were the big news, there were hints of secessionists but again one must be very careful as to degree. There, however, is no doubt that many of the miners there were lukewarm about heading east to the war; the mines were a stronger clarion call. In 1864 the local ladies of Virginia City of Unionist persuasion raised funds for the Sanitary Commission, a combination Red Cross and USO. It may have been an accident but it probably was not that in May 1864 in the Virginia City *Enterprise* appeared some comments by one Samuel Clemens that he hoped the funds raised would not be “sent

to aid a miscegenation society somewhere in the East." The women were up in arms and the rival Virginia City *Union* thundered denunciation. Clemens said it was "a hoax but not all a hoax," and under pressure and threats of a duel, Clemens and a pal lit out for San Francisco via the night stagecoach. One of the more important incidents of the Civil War in Nevada was the gerrymander of the sparsely populated territory into a state by the time of the 1864 election, to give Lincoln three more electoral votes.

In perhaps more-civilized Utah, the situation was different. It was clear to the North from the beginning that the Southern routes to the West would be closed. Therefore it was vital to keep open the middle and northern wagon trails. The pony express after about 18 months of existence went out of business in 1862, replaced by the tenuous telegraph and increased state operations. The wagon trails had to be open also for supplies to the armies, the people, and for bullion from the coast. This had to be done by the Army but a drastically different army, the volunteers, as the regulars were mostly gone. Much of this protection job went to Colonel Patrick E. Conner of the Third California Volunteers. Extremely aggressive against the Indians—perhaps too much so—Conner was stationed in Salt Lake City. Some felt he was too aggressive also against the Mormons. At the time the Federals were not quite sure where the Mormons stood. There were harsh words and bitter viewpoints, but nothing in the way of overt clashes. Rumors swept the West that the Mormons were pro-Confederate and that the Confederates would join with them when the Southern invaders conquered Colorado. Ever since, the role of the Mormon Church has been disputed and some unjudicial statements made. Even today the generally held opinion is that the Mormons were pro-Confederate. Fairly extensive recent research has led me to the opinion that the Mormon Church and therefore Utah was not pro-Confederate to any real extent. How-

ever, they were considerably anti-Union at times. After all, the Mormon war was still a very fresh memory and the Mormons were fully aware of the feelings toward them held by many in the East. Conner's almost open antagonism did not help either. But it is difficult to find any evidence that Utah would have joined a Confederacy even if they had had a chance. The main thing was that Utah was pro-Mormon. Some church leaders hoped both sides would become exhausted and the church would prevail.

Despite many difficulties and his own personality, Conner did a pretty good job of keeping roads open in Utah, and what became Wyoming and Montana. At Bear River in far southern Idaho, Jan. 29, 1863, Conner and his men defeated a holed-up Indian force, killing over 200. While not the so-called massacre Sand Creek was, Bear River deserves a great deal more attention.

To the more Eastern-oriented Civil War hobbyist or student, Montana would seem like a most unlikely place for Civil War influence. But it had its role that had been very improperly recognized outside of Montana, and even there activities in the new territory are all too seldom related to the war. Gold was discovered or developed in 1862 along Grasshopper Creek, and the great Alder Gulch strike of mid-1863 was lost in the press of war news in the East. But not so lost that great booms did not develop and Montana became a territory in May 1864, with its capital at Bannock, now a near ghost town. Settlers of sorts flocked in. I say of sorts because we are still not sure, after considerable research, just what their political viewpoints were. A legend and a form of dogmatic dialectical determinism grew up. As the legend grew, it seems almost as if Montana was Confederate land. The in-rush of miners, many of them from Missouri, was dubbed "the left wing of Price's army," which is about as far fetched as one can get. It is true there was a movement to name the major community Varina, for President Jefferson Davis' wife, but some of the

Republican city fathers would not accept the idea, so it became Virginia City, not named after a like town in Nevada. The question is how many were behind the Varina idea and how serious were they? There was of course also Confederate Gulch near what later became Helena. I have done considerable research into original materials, but confusion remains. Some write of swarms of "secesh," but just what degree do they mean? The only newspaper was the *Montana Post*, a violently radical Republican sheet. Two fairly recent scholarly articles in the admirable *Montana Magazine* come to diametrically opposite views, one saying the pro-Confederate elements have been highly exaggerated, and the other saying they have not been exaggerated and this latter opinion is based on the grounds there was evidence of racial prejudice. Thus neither study is very illuminating. However, the important thing is that about \$100 million in gold was taken out in the 60s.

Washington realized that distant Montana was undoubtedly really safe from Confederate seizure and authorities had long been worried, needlessly of course, but nevertheless worried about the possibility of losing California gold. Politically the area does seem to split, with the Republicans eventually running somewhat roughshod over Democrats, and this dogmatic rule set up the Democrats as a major voice in Montana for years to come.

Again I feel great care must be taken and questions asked about the viewpoints in the new territory. From my investigation, it seems that again there was some anti-Union feeling, a great, great deal of feeling toward, to heck with the war, I am out here to get rich quick, but very little overt-Confederate feeling. Some may have talked big, but if they had been such patriotic Southerners or even Missourians, what were they doing in Montana? Much more care must be taken in not falling for some of these glittering legends.

Dropping south a bit we come to Wyoming, which was

not even known by that name yet. It was primarily part of Dakota Territory during the war, but Dakota did not want it much and what local white people there were paid very little or no attention to the Dakota territorial government. But more went on than most students realize. Again the trails west had to be kept open, the new telegraph protected, and there were Indian troubles aplenty.

True, the only settlements were military-Ft. Laramie, Ft. Halleck midway across the state in the shadow of Elk Mountain, and Ft. Bridger in the southwest. There were numerous stage and telegraph stations, but few real settlers. Wyoming was not a land for fleeing Southerners nor Southern invaders. It was primarily a land over which people passed, a condition that still exists. The Oregon Trail along the North Platte and Sweetwater was partially abandoned in the later part of the war as a stage route, and the lines moved south. Usually this change is charged to Indian troubles, but undoubtedly one prime reason was that Denver was howling because it was not on a main stage line, and by taking the Overland or Cherokee Trail, it was easier to serve Denver with branch lines. So Wyoming too, played a role.

Colorado had had its real awakening just before the war and was suffering a bit of a depression at the mines at the start. Most citizens appeared pro-Union, though there was in Colorado a small band of apparent real Confederates. All the mining areas possessed a few, and perhaps Colorado the most. Here too, small events took on enlarged meaning. A pro-Confederate flag flew over the Denver store of Wallingford and Murphy for an hour or so in the spring of 1861, until a Unionist shinnied up the pole to tear it down, although details vary greatly. In May 1861, one gentleman went around the streets and saloons with drawn pistol, making people drink to Jeff Davis. He soon fell victim to his own foolhardiness, allegedly shot down in the dust. Young settler Augustus Wildman wrote, "If a

man goes the right way to work he can get killed here very easy, but with the exception of a small risk from a chance shot, if a man minds his pins he is as safe here as in the states."

There was one party who reportedly tried to take supplies southeast to the Confederacy, but who suffered dire fate at the hand of the Indians. A few shadowy groups of brigands, rumored to be Confederate, flit in and out. And of course, the most momentous state event was the highly debated Sand Creek Massacre. The Indians remained the most distressing local problem.

Yet, all the individual fusses and shootings, and more did matter, despite how insignificant they seem to us today. There was anger and tension underneath, and in the long run it influenced the future.

But there were those who dreamed of Colorado becoming a part of the Confederacy, of California too, and the whole Southwest. Maybe it was a wild dream, but one has to remember the South had to grasp at anything. And so they made a try—maybe not hard enough—but a try that recalled in the major military campaign in the Far West and scared a lot of people in the North, and for a while raised a lot of Southern hopes.

Time does not permit a full account of the Southwest campaign. However, a brief outline will be sufficient to show its impact. John R. Baylor by July 1861 had occupied Ft. Bliss at which is now El Paso, and pushed north along the Rio Grande with his phony "buffalo hunters" and taken Mesilla and nearby Ft. Fillmore. Maj. Issac Lynde had rather foolishly abandoned Ft. Fillmore and his men were captured. There is a fairly substantial body of literature on all this campaign, several volumes of which are quite sound. But while this was a Confederate action, it was something more, that is very frequently overlooked. Baylor's men were Texans, and the people of New Mexico and the people of Texas had been quarreling for years mainly

over boundaries. No love was lost and in manuscript account after manuscript account one finds reference to Texan invaders rather than Confederate invaders.

Ten of course, as most of you know, Henry Hopkins Sibley (as differentiating from Henry Hastings Sibley of Minnesota fame) led his gallant band of Confederates north along the Rio Grande by passing E.R.S. Canby and his motley crew of Federals at Ft. Craig, south of Socorro, after winning a nasty firefight at Valverde east of the Rio Grand Feb. 20-21, 1862.

After almost bloodless occupation of Albuquerque and Santa Fe, other Confederates moved west, only a small body, to Tucson, in the Arizona section of New Mexico. This was the farthest west any official Confederate got. The Confederates even established their own territories of New Mexico and Arizona but split it horizontally instead of vertically as the states are today.

Sibley, the inventor of an Army tent and stove, a man of obvious ability, had one major weakness—he was more than a bit of a souse. In fact, he stayed back in Santa Fe while his main force under W. F. Scurry and Pyron moved along the old Santa Fe trail eastward toward Ft. Union, a major federal stronghold north of Las Vegas, N.M. (A splendid place to visit today.) The Federals had expected a move toward Ft. Union and the few regulars there had sent out word to Colorado that help was needed. In the winter snows of the early Colorado spring came the Colorado Volunteers, a disorganized, frontier sort of force, but march rapidly they did with a sense of rescue in their eyes. Probably you have heard them called Governor Gilpin's "pet lambs." At Apache Canyon, near Johnson's Ranch on March 26, 1862, some 400 Coloradans under Rev. Chivington met Pyron's 400 in the first clash. It was largely a standoff, but the Federals pulled back past Glorieta and Pigeon Ranch. More volunteers and regulars came in. Col. John P. Slough of Colorado now commanded.

Onward came the Confederates, now some 700 strong under Col. W. P. Scurry. At the adobe ranch buildings of Pigeon Ranch in Glorieta Pass, the Confederates charged some 900 Federals fairly well posted, March 28. Back and forth went the advantage with no one gaining the upper hand. Meanwhile, around the mountain passes to the south over very rough terrain, went Chivington with 400 Coloradans to fall upon the trains and supplies at Johnson's ranch. Down the steep slopes of the mountain they came, routing the pickets, destroying the entire supply train, supplies, wagons, mules and all. (Chivington burned 80 wagons, slaughtered 30 or more horses and mules, and captured 17 prisoners.)

There was nothing for the Confederates to do at Pigeon Ranch but to pull back to Santa Fe. This was the major federal victory in the Far West, the major fight in the Far West, and very important. At the same time, there has been much exaggeration—it has been called in overly popular writing the "Gettysburg of the West," which it certainly wasn't. The casualties have been multiplied many times over, when actually Confederates had 36 killed, 60 wounded and 25 captured, for 119 out of 700; Federals, 29 killed, 64 wounded, 13 prisoners for at least 106 out of a total of 1,350.

As Sibley had to pull back out of Santa Fe, out of Albuquerque all hope of a major Confederate enclave in the Southwest was gone. Coming east from California and Ft. Yuma was the famed California Column of Carleton. At Pichacho Pass, April 15, a small force of Federals defeated an even smaller handful of Confederates some 45 miles northwest of Tucson and the Southerners retreated from Tucson. Sibley did a masterful job in retreat having to move south and east in the dreadful jornada del mueralto east of Canby at Ft. Craig, but he made it back to El Paso. Like so many Confederate efforts, there had been too little manpower, too little supplies, and too little to back up the

initial effort. There was no chance now for real Confederate efforts, in the Southwest though the idea kept cropping up.

Over at Canon de Chelly for most of the rest of the war, Kit Carson was operating against the Navajos, finally defeating them and carrying out the rather grim federal orders of moving the then warlike Navajo to dreary Basque Redondo to the east.

One Confederate however summed up the Southwest campaign of 1862 very well when he wrote, "If it had not been for those devils from Pike's Peak, this country would have been ours."

Oh, there is so much more: the Sioux uprising in Minnesota, political and Indian problems in Dakota Territory, Washington Territory, Idaho Territory, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, the Indian territories, Texas, Louisiana, and of course Missouri and Arkansas. And then too, one has to look even farther and consider Mexico. All during the war, there was a fear in the hearts of the North, probably completely unjustified, but there. That was that the whole West Coast was ripe for foreign picking. Rumors were frequent that Britain, Russia, even France or Spain might like to make a grab. This meant the North must maintain what contact it could.

Now we often read about Confederate toying with taking over the northern states of Mexico. There were negotiations with the seldom-to-be trusted somewhat autonomous Mexican governors, but usually the corrupt governors' price was too high. However, one rarely hears of Union attempts in north Mexico. Strong efforts were made to get control of Sonora in 1861 and 1862 in order to procure a better route to New Mexico. Nothing happened to this, but today we might have the United States of Sonora, and Chihuahua. (No historian is complete in his thinking unless he keeps in mind constantly the things that did not happen, the negative in history.)

And oh what people were involved west of the river—men of color, of life, sometimes of difference from other men, and often they had a fuller play than farther east.

In Missouri there was John Charles Fremont dreaming ever of conquest; M. Jeff Thompson who saw so much with an uncanny eye; Nathaniel Lyon, who might well have eclipsed Grant, but who died at Wilson's Creek; on the other side tough Ben McCulloch of the Confederacy who spoke in monosyllables; Samuel Ryan Curtis, gallant, aging, resourceful, a man who skillfully and brilliantly won at Pea Ridge, Ark., but a man perhaps too sensitive to be a great soldier. Curtis wrote his brother after Elkhorn Tavern or Pea Ridge:

"The scene is silent and sad—the vulture and the wolf have now the dominion and the dead friends and ~~loss~~ sleep in the same lonely graves."

Contrasting the essential greatness of Curtis is the essential greatness of Sterling "Pap" Price. It was Price probably more than any one man who held the Confederate Trans-Mississippi army together. Stately and grand, but still of the soil of the West, he was loved with a fervor and Price and the Confederacy of the West faded together.

Oh, there were so many! John S. "Rip" "Rest In Peace" Ford of Palmito Ranch, Tex., near Brownsville, in the last engagement of the war and a Confederate victory; Dick Dowling whose handful saved Texas for a time at Sabine Pass. Albert Pike, the huge jovian Confederate commissioner to the Indians, scion of a Boston family, an abolitionist, yet a rabid secessionist; poet, writer, teacher, Masonic hero. There was Brigham Young and his Saints in Utah; eccentric but capable Governor Gilpin of Colorado Territory, the "John the Baptist of the West;" not so eccentric but also very capable Dr. John Evans of Colorado. And then there were the armies.

Easterners wrote of the "Western" armies of Sherman at the Grand Review in Washington, spoke of them as being

more independent, with more a free and easy gait and less spit and polish than the Army of the Potomac. But they didn't see the true Western armies, they were not in the Grand Review. I wonder what they would have reported, could they have seen the Western men of Curtis, Conner, Kit Carson, Lyon, Ganby, or Carleton, of fighting Indians marching under the banner really of the frontier, blue, gray, or any old color.

But there was a sort of Grand Review in the West. That is when the people moved West and South in ever increasing numbers from 1865 on. But there had been others before them. In December 1864, President Lincoln told Congress:

"It is noteworthy that the steady expansion of population, improvement and government institutions over the new and unoccupied portions of our country have scarcely been checked, much less impeded or destroyed by our great Civil War, which at first glance would seem to have absorbed almost the entire energies of the nation."

That is just it—the war, at least at the North, did not absorb the entire industrial, economic, or even social energies of the Union! There was enough left over to go West—perhaps not at the same speed, but at least to go.

The story of the telegraph, its development throughout the war, and the fight to keep the gossamer lines to the west open, is one pregnant with influence on the post-war West. The war-time experiences in railroading were applied to the new rush for a trans-continental line; a surplus of horses was ready from the war-swollen market for a new campaign beyond the Mississippi; some inklings of the feasibility of large-scale cattle raising and drives to market came out of the war; it is estimated that over a half million unclaimed cattle roamed central Texas in 1865. After the war some capital that might well have gone South appears to have moved west. At the South there were those who

went home, surveyed the ruins and hurried away generally west.

General Grant was aware of what the war did to the West. He realized the desire of the returning young soldiers to seek larger fields of endeavor. He wrote, "It is probable that the Indians would have had control of these lands for a century yet, but for the war." Perhaps that is a bit of overstatement, but there is something to it, and perhaps still more to his statement, "The war begot a spirit of independence and enterprise."

When it was over, there were natural results in addition to economics, politics and reconstruction. There were those who had to go somewhere! Those who could not quite stop fighting, those who could not accept what they felt was the tyranny of the North, or those who had little left to go home to, and had to seek the open door to find a place for wound licking and wound-healing. There were the "galvanized Yankees," war prisoners who already found themselves out West. There were many who had no concern with politics, but whom the war had aroused, the restless, the greedy, the lonely, the seeking, the soldiers of fortune. They had "seen the elephant" as the phrase went; they had seen war where men killed other men. There was room for all in the West, and they came, bringing with them all their heterogeneous philosophies, all their natural divergences and differences. Most of those who went West were young, so the impression of the Civil War would permeate and color the West for perhaps 40 to 50 years. As they went West they found an area that had experienced what perhaps was a different kind of war, but one which would influence their lives in their new homes. Interestingly there was little North-South antagonism displayed in the post-war West.

Certainly the West would have opened without the Civil War, certainly immigration would have pushed on, certainly the mines, transportation, the cities, the opportuni-

ties would have developed. But it is clear to me, at least, that these things would not have happened so rapidly, perhaps not so dramatically, perhaps in a more orderly way; perhaps better and perhaps not. The United States restored was not the same nation it had been in 1860. We study in great detail the political history of Reconstruction in the North, the East, the South, but what about a different type of Reconstruction in the West? It is time we turned some attention to that, time we got rid of some of the distortions, and glib sayings, of the stereotypes that have themselves bred anti-stereotypes—time we looked at the West of the 1860s. It is time we got rid of “packaged history.”

Troops beyond the river had been largely Western men, and they kept on going. Then too, many men and some women, had come to live with violence and carried it with them into the postwar years. They exchanged the flavor of the battlefield for the glamor of the plains and mountains.

It is hard enough to be sure just what the Civil War did to all of us; it is doubly hard to know just what it did to the nebulous “West”—the frontier. But I am sure that out of the deaths, tragedy, losses, horror and great unnecessaryness of it all, came a new nation in many ways, and a new people—for good or ill—and that that new people struck into a new frontier with new ideas, and shaped it to their will partially, at least, from war-born mores, until the frontier and the Civil War almost blended into one.

Let us cease thinking of our history as sharply divided into periods or areas, for they all run together both in time and distance. The day-by-day events in all areas and in all years make up the total.

Those who came to the Western lands to fight there, those who were already there, the Red man, fighting to preserve something that was pitifully unpreservable, those who came to the Trans-Mississippi to avoid it all were the

same men, the same who had fought and thought their way from the stone ages across Europe, across the sea, across North America. Some say the West is gone. I deny it. I doubt a West will ever be gone.

After all, our Civil War—yours and mine—is with us always. Our personal “West” then and now is with us always—you cannot escape it—you cannot escape history as you cannot flee life. The First Iowa sang out with their war song “The Happy Land of Canaan” through the darkness of Missouri marches.

Others thought of the exaggerated “Year of Jubilee,” others thought to preserve their dignity as individuals regardless of nations—regardless of North or South. Through war and peace, people seek the happy lands of Canaan. While they may not find their true “West,” and they may suffer and die, they at least, in many cases, do try—they strive to break the great frontiers and to cross beyond the river.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

E. B. Long has for nearly 30 years been a Civil War era scholar, writer, lecturer, and educator. He has written and edited numerous books and articles on this fascinating period of American history, and is the recipient of an honorary degree and other awards. A former newsman and encyclopedia editor, he is an associate professor of American Studies at the University of Wyoming, teaches Civil War and Reconstruction in the history department, and is consultant for the Archives, of the Coe Library.

For 11 years Professor Long was director of research for Bruce Catton's monumental *Centennial History of the Civil War*. For four years he was a research associate with Dr. Allan Nevins, working on the last two volumes of Dr. Nevins' eight-volume *Ordeal of the Union*.

Professor Long's most recent published work is as editor

and compiler of *Allan Nevins' Ordeal of the Union, Selected Chapters*, for which he wrote a lengthy introduction and connective material for the chapters, to make the salient parts of this great—but lengthy—work available in one volume.

The Civil War Day By Day: An Almanac 1861-1865 is Professor Long's most ambitious volume. It was published in 1971 by Doubleday and was the choice of both the History Book Club and the Military Book Club, among others.

Westerner's Bookshelf

WHY GONE THOSE TIMES?

Blackfoot Tales by James Willard Schultz (Apikuni). Illustrated with paintings and bronzes by Charles M. Russell. University of Oklahoma Press, 1974, 217 Pages, \$7.95

This book is a collection of fascinating stories about Blackfoot Indian experiences in the 18th and 19th centuries as told intimately to the author.

The author was a trader among the Blackfoot Indians as a young man. He married a Blackfoot girl and lived with her tribe a large part of his life. He listened intently to the tales of the old chiefs, one his father-in-law, recorded their stories and retold them accurately as an experienced author. He told about a buffalo hunt in which he took part, about "The Loud Mouthed Gun," a first experience with the "thunder Medicine," about living through a famine winter, about "The First Elk Dog," a horse, and many other experiences. Schultz makes the stories very much alive and seems to draw the reader into the action of the events, probably only

as one with his understanding of the Blackfoot culture could do.

Why Gone Those Times? as edited by Eugene Lee Silliman is a well selected collection of Schultz's stories, unchanged from the time they were told by the chiefs. A reader needn't be a history buff to be fascinated with these historic tales.

Hugh B. Burnett, P.M.

"DOWN WITH YOUR DUST," a Chronicle of the Upper Arkansas Valley, 1860-1893. By Ruby C. Williamson, B & B Printers, Gunnison, Colo.

This little booklet, 56 pages of small type with 14 photographs (two of them of tombstones), presents a different approach to history. It rambles. But it is interesting because it concerns a very interesting part of Colorado. The names of towns—Oro, Leadville, Salida, Buena Vista, St. Elmo, Granite, Poncha Springs—seem to flash by in scenes one might see from the window of a moving train. There are many famous names—Soapy Smith, Bat Masterson, Doc Holiday—

and many others who should perhaps be more famous than they are.

Author Williamson has done some remarkable research.

Dave Hicks, P.M.

KANSAS: A LAND OF CONTRASTS, by Robert W. Richmond. St. Charles, Mo.: Forum Press, 974. 219 pp. Maps, photographs, appendix and index. \$12.50 clothbound; \$7.95 paperbound.

When Kansans received word that the President had signed the admission bill on Jan. 29, 1861, they stood on street corners and cheered, they danced, they sang and fired cannon to signal their joy. "Hurrah for us, we ourselves," wrote a contemporary newspaper editor. "Hurrah for the New Star! And three times three again for the NEW STATE OF KANSAS!"

Thus begins Chapter Six in *Kansas: A Land of Contrasts* by Robert W. Richmond. A native Kansan, Richmond has been with the Kansas State Historical Society at Topeka since 1952 and is currently state archivist with the society. An author of numerous articles on the history of his state, he's a contributor to numerous historical and other publications. In addition he's coauthor and coeditor of several books on the state's history. Since 1971 he's been teaching a course on Kansas History over Washburn's KTWU-TV, the university's educational television station in Topeka.

Designed primarily to be used as a text for his telecourse, the book's written using both the topical and chronological approach to its subject matter. The story begins with the state's presettlement years and concludes with "early-1970 history." Covered are such topics as the Indians, missionaries, railroads, cattle drives, ethnic settlements, politics and

the arts. A section is also included relating the state's so-called "Bleeding Kansas" years.

Kansas: A Land of Contrasts is illustrated with 90 photographs and maps—a great deal of which are taken from the archives of the Kansas State Historical Society. A "suggestions for Additional Reading" paragraph follows each of its 18 chapters. An appendix section listing state governors and senators is included as well as an extensive index.

Richmond's book is the first general history to be written about the state in 17 years. It's dedicated to his two sons, Peter and Douglas, "readers and critics who put up with a writing father."

The book is a "must" for the reader wanting a good over-all view of Kansas—her past, present and future—in one volume. As such it's highly recommended reading.

Fred L. Lee

RETRACING THE BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND TRAIL THROUGH ARIZONA: A Guide to the Route of 1857-1861, by Gerald T. Ahnert, Westernlore Press, Los Angeles. 112 pp., index; maps and photographs by author. \$9.75.

The author's introduction gives a brief historical background of the Butterfield Overland Co. which opened a stage coach mail line from St. Louis, Mo., to San Francisco, Calif., by a route across the present Southwestern United States. Here is a quote from the identification sign at Dragoon Springs Station:

"Mail carried twice weekly over 2,759 miles, taking 25 days. Record trip 16 days." The company organized what was known as the first transcontinental highway. Interstate Highway 10 and

(Continued on page 29)

Announcing Vol. XXIX of the Brand Book

Edited by Dr. Robert W. Mutchler

To be published in December 1974, this beautiful book is certain to become a collector's volume. It will be strictly limited to 1,000 numbered copies, with a discount on copies ordered prior to Nov. 1, 1974. The book will feature an unprecedented collection of original articles by many of the West's outstanding authors, with poetry by Thomas Harnsby Ferril and design and art work by John H. Flores. The hardbound volume has approximately 500 pages with more than 180 photographs, maps and illustrations, plus index.



CONTENTS

- Louisa Arps, *Father Kehler's Denver, 1860 to 1866.*
 Caroline Bancroft, *Charles St. George Stanley, Colorado's Mystery Muralist.*
 Carl Blaurock, *Primary Exploration of the Wind River Range, 1924.*
 Richard G. Bowman, *Pioneer Mormon Currency.*
 Robert L. Brown, *Saloons of the American West.*
 Henry A. Clausen, *La Veta Pass and Garland City.*
 Perry Eberhart, *Trouble in Serene.*
 George P. Godfrey, *El Moro—The Stone Autograph Album.*
 Davidson Hicks, *Voices From the Deep.*
 Merrill J. Mattes, *The Rediscovery of Colter's Hell and Other Research Adventures.*
 Vernon L. Mattson, *Alonzo Delano, "The Old Block."*
 Robert M. Ormes, *Hunting History on Colorado's Old Railroad Grades.*
 Francis B. Rizzari, *The Most Energetic Man in the Whole World.*
 Wilson Rockwell, *Cow Trails Along the North Fork.*
 Fred Rosenstock, *The Denver I Remember.*
 Agnes Wright Spring, *How "Little Man With Big Voice" Saved Crow Dog.*
 Muriel Sibell Wolle, *Indian Dances of New Mexico.*

(Turn page for order form.)

ORDER BLANK

The Denver Posse of the Westerners
 c/o Robert A. Edgerton, Tally Man
 865 Harrison St.
 Denver, Colorado 80206

Enclosed find my payment of \$_____ for _____ copies of Volume XXIX of the Denver Westerners *Brand Book*. Orders will be filled as soon as possible after publication in sequence of prepaid receipts. Please make check payable to the Denver Westerners

- Price, \$15.95 prior to November 1, 1974.
 Price, \$16.95 on and after November 1, 1974.

Please ship books to the address below.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Signature _____

Corral Record

Date order received _____

Remittance _____

Book Number _____

Date Shipped _____

(Continued from page 26)

the Southern Pacific Railroad, in many sections across present southern Arizona, follow the route of Butterfield's Overland Trail.

The book lists 26 station sites in Arizona, the first one, San Simon, a short distance west of the present New Mexico state line. The last one, Snively's, is north and east of Yuma on U.S. Highway 95, in the vicinity of Dome. From here the trail continued west across the Colorado River to Yates Station at old Ft. Yuma, the first station on the California side of the river.

Thanks to the author's personal research which includes photos, scaled sketch maps of the terrain and distances between station sites, with topographical map references, the route can be followed on a current highway map quite easily from an easy chair. (Following it physically would be more difficult.)

For anyone interested in the history of early Western United States stage lines and overland routes, this book has much to offer.

Granville M. Horstman, P.M.

BENT'S OLD FORT, An Archaeological Study, by Jackson W. Moore Jr., with an historical introduction by Dwight E. Stinson Jr. State Historical Society of Colorado and Pruett Publishing Co., Boulder, Colo., joint publishers. 144 pp. with index.

Many pages have been written about Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River—its place in Western history and the people connected with it. Now, for those who are interested in the archaeological studies that have been made on the site, there is a comprehensive report concerning the three-year excavation project which was conducted by the National Park Service.

There has been considerable speculation surrounding the structure of the fort, its facility and its importance in our Western expansion. The scholarly presentation by Jackson W. Moore in *Bent's Old Fort* solves many of the puzzles which have tried the patience of historians for years.

A wealth of photos and drawings does much to assist the layman in understanding the importance of the archaeological explorations.

Milt Callon, P.M.

THE LITTLE LION OF THE SOUTHWEST, by Marc Simmons. Swallow Press, Chicago, 263 pgs., \$8.95

This is the biography of Manuel Antonio Chaves, member of a distinguished New Mexican family, who became an Indian fighter and took part in a bitter campaign against the Navajos when only 16 years of age. He held a commission under Gen. Manuel Armijo and was accused of being one of the conspirators in the uprising of December 1846. However, when the turmoil broke out in Taos in January 1847, Chaves fought with the American troops who suppressed it. In 1855 he was in command of U.S. troops in a campaign against the Utes and Jicarilla Apaches, and in all of the engagements with these Indians his troops were victorious. In 1859 he took part in the campaign against the Apaches under Mangas Coloradas.

In the Civil War, Chaves became a lieutenant colonel of the 2nd Regiment, New Mexico Volunteers, and took part in the battles of Valverde and Apache Canyon, in which his military tactics and personal bravery were outstanding. Brave, modest and unassuming, his powers of endurance were remarkable.

Through the workings of fate, or by mere chance, his career was interwoven with practically every major historical event of the epoch in which he lived—the Texas-Santa Fe Expedition, the Mexican War, the Civil War, skirmishes with Utes, Navajos and Apaches—he was called El Leoncito, the Little Lion,

having earned the name as an Indian fighter. His exploits were well known in his own time, but history is a capricious mistress and Manuel Chaves' name has been virtually forgotten. Marc Simmons has bridged that gap with this well written biography.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

New Hands on the Denver Range

Dr. Michael T. Finch, M.D.

3801 S. Harlan Street
Denver, Colorado 80235

Dr. Finch lists his interests as ghost towns, old photographs, hunting ghost towns, and rocks. He was brought to the Westerners by Dr. Bob Mutchler, P.M., publications chairman. Welcome!

Robert D. Consolver

3863 W. Quigley Drive
Denver, Colorado 80236

Bob is a friend and neighbor of Deputy Sheriff Dave Hicks, and works for the Public Service Co. of Colorado. He has a strong interest in Colorado history, and his hobbies include photography. Welcome to the Westerners, Bob!

E. B. Long

607 South 15th Street
Laramie, Wyoming 82070

Professor Long was speaker for the Denver Westerners' annual summer rendezvous, talking about the Civil War in the West, his principal interest, along with "the entire Western history scene." An associate professor of American Studies at the University of Wyoming, he has been involved in Civil War writing and activities for 30 years. He has written, edited, co-authored and been consultant on some 12 volumes relating mainly to the Civil War. He's also author of a considerable number of articles, addresses, book reviews, and

so forth. He is indeed fortunate to be able to state, "My work is my main interest." Professor Long was brought to the Denver Westerners as a speaker by Dave Hicks, program chairman, and liked the gang so much that he decided to join as a member. Welcome to the Denver Westerners, Pete!

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

(Act of Aug. 12, 1972, Section 3685, United States Code)

Date of Filing: 30 September 1974.

Title of Publication: DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

Frequency of issue: Monthly except April, August, and December.

Location of Known Office of Publication: 837 Pearl Street, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

Location of the Headquarters of General Business Offices of the Publishers: 865 Harrison St., Denver, Colorado 80206.

Name of address of Publisher: Denver Posse of the Westerners, 865 Harrison St., Denver, Colorado 80206.

Name and address of Editor: Alan J. Stewart, Box 416, Broomfield, Colo. 80020.

Name and address of Managing Editor: Alan J. Stewart, Box 416, Broomfield, Colo. 80020.

Owner: None.

Known Bondholders, Mortgages, and Other Security Holders Owning or Holding 1 Percent or more of Total Amount of Bonds, Mortgages or Other Securities: None.

EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION

	Average No. copies each issue during preceding 12 months
Total No. of copies printed	625
PAID CIRCULATION	
Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	-0-
Mail Subscriptions	525
Total Paid Circulation	525
Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means	-0-
Total Distribution	525
Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	100
Total	625

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

(Continued from page 2)

W. W. MacCruder Advertising Agency, later known as Kostka, Bakewell and Fox, Inc. Stockholders in the agency later became partners in another Denver advertising agency, Rippey, Henderson, Bucknum and Co. Kostka left this agency in July 1956 to head his own PR firm.

Kostka served on the Littleton City Council, and was a member of the Denver Club, Denver Press Club, National Press Club, Sigma Delta Chi, Public Relations Society of America and Phi Beta Kappa. He was also an executive committee member and chairman of public relations for the Mile High United Way, a board member of Goodwill Industries and the Centennial Authority.

Survivors include his widow of Denver, and two sons, William Jr. of Denver, and Stefan, Austin, Tex.

* * *

The Colorado Genealogical Society is seeking the help of descendants of early Colorado pioneer families for a forthcoming special centennial publication. The year marking the centennial of Colorado and the bicentennial of our country is a very fitting time for a publication of family history and genealogy of our pioneer families.

Were your ancestors in Colorado prior to 1877? Would you be willing to share your family history with others? Write to the society about your family's experiences, hardships, tragedies, triumphs and everyday life in early Colorado. Tell about their children and whom they married, and other descendants of these pioneers. If you would like more information concerning this project, write to the *Colorado Genealogist*, Shryll Behn, Editor, Rt. 4, Box 571C, Evergreen, Colorado 80439. All material submitted will be carefully considered for publication by the editorial staff.

The Colorado Genealogical Society was

organized in 1924 and since 1939 has published a quarterly magazine, the *Colorado Genealogist*. The publication includes material of interest to genealogists and also early Colorado source material such as early marriages, cemetery records, Bible records, wills, and biographical material.

* * *

Buckskin Bulletin, quarterly publication of Westerners International, hails Erl H. Ellis, a Posse Member of the Denver Corral of the Westerners, as WI's new president. Erl, "outdoors man, author, veteran Westerner, distinguished attorney," follows Don Russell in the WI post, "appropriately," notes BB, "as Russell is from Chicago Corral No. One, and Erl is from No. Two, organized as the Denver Posse, Jan. 26, 1945." The article adds that both Erl and his wife, Scotty, are Western history buffs and regularly attend Western History Association conferences.

* * *

Buckskin Bulletin has an interesting "thumbnail" of the Westerners, of interest to all members:

"How did the Westerners get going, anyway?"

"If the genealogy of its basic idea is of interest, look up "The Westerners: Twenty-Five Years of Riding the Range," in WHA's *The Western Historical Quarterly*, Vol. I, No. 1 (Jan. '70). Leland D. Case charts its dog-legged descent via Stockholm, Sweden; Mitchell, S. D., and finally Chicago.

"Its first meeting was in the Watson home in Winetka, Ill., and the 'Original 15' were Case and Watson, with Arthur A. Dailey, Philip A. Danielson, Everett D. Graf, Marc Green, Fred B. Hackett, Manuel Hahn, Paul W. Kieser, Franklin J. Meine, John C. Neilhardt, Clarence Paine, Don Russell, Herman G. Seely, Burleigh Withers.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL (continued)

"Here Elmo Scott Watson teamed up with Case and served as first sheriff and editor of the *Brand Book*. Born April 2, 1892, on a farm near Colfax, Ill., Watson attended Colorado College. He became editor of Western Newspaper Union's *Publishers Auxiliary*, taught journalism at Northwestern University and was head of the journalism department at the University of Denver when he died May 5, 1951. The Denver Westerners' *Brand Book* for July 1951 told of his career and his love for the organization he helped found."

(Watson's widow, Julie, now lives at Colorado Springs, and daughter Char Watson Cole is in Santa Fe, N.M., and a granddaughter, Nancy Cole Schlegel, in Salt Lake City, Utah.)

• • •

Art Carhart, one of three long-time Denver Posse members to be honored with life-time memberships, and now a resident of Lemon Grove, Calif., received a tribute in a recent issue of *Mountain & Plain History Notes*, monthly publication of the State Historical Society of Colorado.

In an article about the 50th anniversary of the designation of the first wilderness area in the United States (the first area, then known as the Gila Primitive Area, Gila National Forest, N.M., was established in June 1924). The article states, in part:

"... the concept of managing large areas where natural processes can occur without interference by man first matured in the Colorado Rocky Mountains in 1919. The birth-place of the idea was Trappers Lake at the foot of the spectacular Flat Tops, which now comprise the Flat Tops Primitive Area in the White River National Forest.

"The man with the idea was Arthur Carhart, then employed as a recreation engineer by the United States Forest Service... Carhart, trained as a landscape architect, was assigned the task of plotting a number of summer home sites and planning a loop road around Trappers Lake. While working out of Scott Teague's Camp near the lake, Carhart

was persuaded by two of Teague's guests that the Forest Service should not allow development around the lake, and he devoted his energies to refining this new idea of management as part of an over-all pattern of land use....

"As the Trappers Lake concept became known and discussed throughout the Forest Service, other considered the idea for their areas.... The Trappers Lake decision against development was reinforced throughout the years following 1919. Forest Supervisor Lewis R. Rist recommended the establishment of the Flat Tops Primitive Area in December 1929, and finally on 5 March 1932, the chief of the Forest Service approved the formal establishment of a 117,800-acre Flat Tops Primitive Area. Although Trappers Lake lies just outside the boundary of that area (placed on the Flat Tops escarpment), it has been managed in an undeveloped condition to this day."

• • •

Jim Davis, now archivist with the Idaho Historical Society, is one of those listed on the program for the Seventh Annual Research Opportunities Symposium, to be at Fairchild Hall, U.S. Air Force Academy in an all-day meeting Nov. 9. Jim is one of a list of speakers for the event, sponsored by the academy's history department, the National Archives and Records Service and Society of American Archivists. His topic is "Sources for Colorado Historians in the Idaho State Historical Society: A Case in Point." Jim is a former Posse Member, and now a Reserve Member of the Denver Corral of the Westerners. Until taking his post in Idaho, he was an archivist with the Western history section of the Denver Public Library.

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

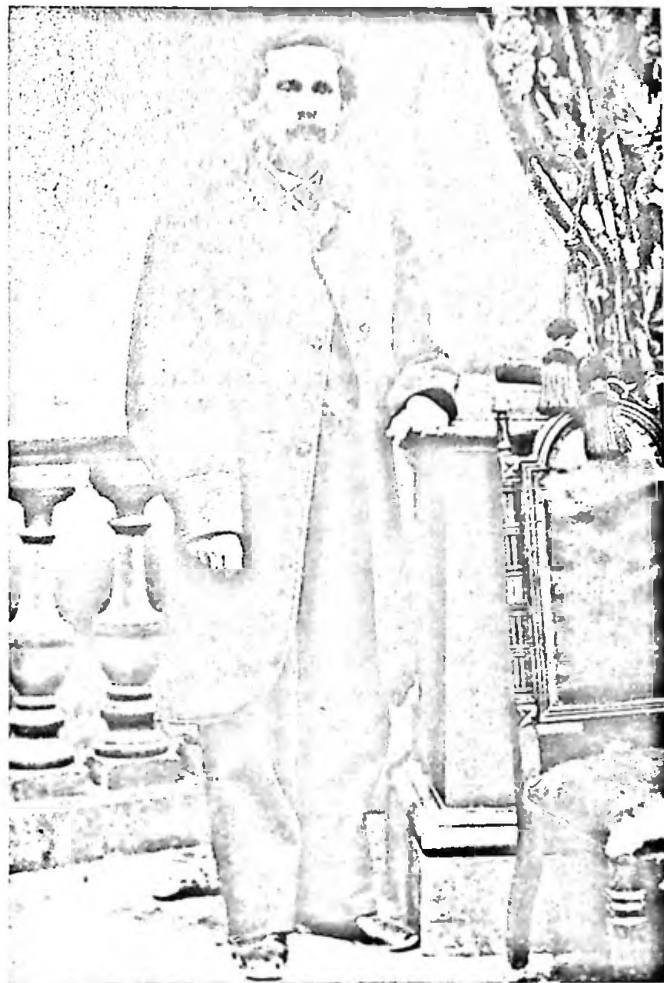
JULY-AUGUST 1974

Volume XXX, No. 6

IN THIS ISSUE

GEORGE W. KASSLER—PIONEER

by Robert S. Pulcipher, P.M.



George Washington Kassler, at age
34, in Denver photo.

—State Historical Society
of Colorado Photo

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

The Colorado Centennial-Bicentennial Commission has announced the state will soon have its official 1976 Centennial Medal—the only one in the United States approved by Congress for 1976. The medal, designed by Mrs. Sue Hughey of Lakewood, depicts an oldtimer in buckskin, on horseback, viewing a wide vista of high mountains and deep, fertile valleys. The legend on the medal states: "Colorado—a land where a common man could become great. Not all found fame and fortune, but the wealth of beauty and freedom was there for all." On the reverse side of the medal is the '76 logo, with mountain backdrop.

The commission's publication, *Directions 76*, reports the U.S. Mint in Denver will strike the medal, the first congressional medal to be produced by the Denver mint. The medal will be available for sale in bronze, silver, and possibly gold. It will bear the mint mark, and have mint packaging. Frank Gasparro, chief engraver of the U. S. Mint in Philadelphia, will supervise sculpture and die-making for the medal. The medal will go on sale around the first of the year, and information on ordering will be announced later.

* * *

L. Coulson Hageman, a Corresponding Member of the Denver Posse of the Westerners for eight years, has been welcomed as a new Posse Member, in recent action. He is much interested in the American Indian, having been reared near the Tuscarora Indian Reservation in Upper New York State. This interest expanded through the years to include other tributes, but it wasn't until 1955 that he was able to begin to travel in the West and to observe the Western and Southwestern Indian.

Hageman's interest in the West was enhanced by stories recounted by his father, who had lived in Colorado and California from 1900 to 1905.

After studying at Cornell and Alfred
(Continued on page 35)

THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

Volume XXX
Number 6



July-August
1974

The ROUNDUP is published monthly except April, August and December by the Denver Posse of The Westerners, to members, \$4.50 per year, to non-members, \$5.50 per year. Entered as second-class matter at Boulder, Colorado ROUNDUP publishing office: P. O. Box 990 Boulder, Colo. 80302. The Westerners' office: 865 Harrison St., Denver, Colo. 80206. Copyright 1974 by The Westerners Inc., a Colorado corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded Jan. 26, 1945.

USE THESE ADDRESSES FOR:

Correspondence and Remittance—Robert A. Edgerton, 865 Harrison St., Denver, Colorado 80206

Material for publication in the Roundup—Alan J. Stewart, Post Office Box 416, Broomfield, Colorado 80020.

Books for Review and Book Reviews—Herbert P. White, 730 Madison St., Denver, Colorado 80206.

Reservations for all meetings and dinners—Delbert A. Bishop, 3055 Ellis Lane, Golden, Colorado 80401.

1974 OFFICERS

Sheriff: Jackson C. Thode
Deputy Sheriff: Dave Hicks
Roundup Foreman: Charles S. Ryland
Tally Man: Robert A. Edgerton
Chuck Wrangler: Delbert A. Bishop
Registrar of Marks and Brands: Alan J. Stewart
Publications Chairman: Dr. Robert W. Mutchler
Program Charman: Dave Hicks
Membership Chairman: William H. Vanduzer
Keeper of the Possibles Bag: Richard G. Bowman
Book Review Chairman: Herb White

George W. Kassler, Pioneer

By ROBERT S. PULCIPHER

George W. Kassler was a banker, but he was also a merchant of books and stationery, insurance agent, railroad investor and officer, public servant, and an owner of land and commercial buildings.

He had two sons, Edwin Stebbins and Charles Moffat. His eldest son founded Kassler & Co., well known Denver Mortgage Banking Company. Two of George's granddaughters married bankers, Philip K. Alexander and Sidney L. Brock. One of Philip's sons is Bruce Alexander the present president of the First National Bancorp—holding company of the billion dollar First National Bank of Denver and other banks in Colorado.

George Washington Kassler might have been a rather ordinary and forgotten pioneer except for two things: his association for 30 years with David H. Moffat, and his wife. Dave Moffat needs no introduction, but Kassler's wife should be introduced. Her maiden name was Maria Teresa Stebbins. She lived in upstate New York and it was there that she met George Kassler when he too was growing up there.

Because George courted her for five years before they were married, we are provided with a rare opportunity to look into the mind and life of a genuine Denver pioneer. Inadvertently, George Kassler has provided, through his correspondence from Denver to New York some rare—even invaluable—links to published histories of those times.

Kassler was born in 1836 in the town of Canajoharie, N.Y. After a modest education he moved in 1851 to Cooperstown, N.Y., where he spent most of his time as a post office employe.

In 1857 at the age of 21, he moved to Omaha, Nebraska Territory. It was there that he began one of his careers, banking, by working for a private bank owned by L. R. Tuttle and A. U. Wyman. That Kassler had good taste from the beginning in his selection of friends is demonstrated by the fact that both Tuttle and Wyman were later treasurers of the United States.

In 1859, Kassler was city collector of taxes in Omaha and it was in this capacity that we first know of his acquaintanceship with David H. Moffat Jr. who was living in Omaha at that time. On April 28, 1860, Kassler left Omaha bound for what he referred to as the "Nebraska Gold Mines." It is this trip where we begin his "first person" accounts of his experiences. It is here that we begin to discover and know George Kassler as an individual and a person of many and varied interests and abilities—not the least of which was a gift for the written word.

Travel back 114 years to that spring, and follow him on his 28-day journey to Denver.

"Omaha City, Nebraska Territory.

April 28, 1860

"On Saturday at 4 o'clock p.m. a party left the good city of Omaha bound for the gold mines of Nebraska, with 5 mules, 7 horses, 3 freight wagons, 1 hack and a buggy.

From the top of a hill took one long last, lingering look at the "big muddy" and sailed on.

The roads are magnificent, but Oh, the wind, how it blows.

Monday, April 30

Got up this morning at 6 o'clock (earlier than in two years, I think). On arriving at Elk Horn had the tires reset on each wheel of the hack had a tedious time waiting for the job.

High winds, rather cool.

Passed a hotel where corn was spelled with a 'k.' Where is the school master?

Tuesday, May 1

Lost our dog, Nelly. Alex Ritchie passed us, said he saw her pointing for Omaha fast as possible. Windy but very warm.

Thursday, May 3

Traded wagons, changed teams, put calico pony before the buggy, and horse and mule before the hack team, and the four bays before the new wagon.

Friday, May 4

Bought another fine team this morning. Got across the South Fork safely by 10 o'clock. It is one of the worst places we have on the road.

Went on to Prairie Creek where we camped. Traded the gray horses for a pair of mules. Went in bathing in the Platte. Being so warm and comfortable out of doors, I slept on the ground with a good view of moon and stars. Weather fine. Set a line for catfish in the Platte.

Saturday, May 5

Found about a foot of my fish line left; will try again.

Had one of the hardest storms this afternoon I ever saw. Expected every moment that the top would blow off of the wagon. It lasted about half an hour but few drops of rain; all wind.

Sunday, May 6

Passed Jesse Shoemaker's where we got a drink of the best water this side of Omaha. Bought another horse blind in both eyes but large and strong; cost a watch and revolver, say \$20. Camped at a German's in Grand Island City. Pleasant.

Monday, May 7

Passed over the prettiest country I ever saw.

Camped at "Wood River Center" where the old pioneer, Mr. J. H. Johnson, has showed his usual good judgment in selecting this point for his home.

He is also editing and publishing a newspaper "away out here in the wilderness" called the *Huntsman Echo*, a spicy little sheet, the editorials of which are written in Mr. Johnson's usual independent and witty style.

This paper will undoubtedly do much towards showing off this beautiful spot and bringing to it farmers, mechanics, merchants and others who will soon find themselves in the center of a largely settled country. They are now busy laying out a town, and the day may not be far distant when corner lots will bring a large price.

Tuesday, May 8

Rained and the wind blew very hard with a little snow in the afternoon.

Thursday, May 10

Saw two companies of Dragoons start out on an expedition against the Kiowas. They made a fine show.

Fort Kearney is beautifully situated, the grounds layed out with good taste. Some of the buildings are very fine, among which Col. May's residence is the most elegant.

Kearney City, two miles from the fort, is well supplied with stores and is bound to some day be the largest inland city in Nebraska.

Friday, May 11

Made a good drive (32 miles) and camped on Plumb Creek.

Had no idea that so many were on the road to the mines. We can see covered wagons for miles, both before and behind us.

Saw the carcasses of a great many buffalo scattered along the road, also a couple of antelope about a mile off.

Sunday, May 13

West wind blowing very hard. Two o'clock p.m. commenced raining, coming straight in the wagons, giving us an opportunity of seeing the dark side of the picture in this kind of a trip.

Monday, May 14

Wind still blows hard from the west, but pleasant in other respects. Traded for another team of mules, giving the Columbus grade.

Tuesday, May 15

Passed over O'Fallon's Bluff when we found some heavy hills.

Wednesday, May 16

Passed the lower crossing where emigrants cross the South Platte for Salt Lake, Oregon, and California.

Thursday, May 17

Made about 25 miles and by way of variety had some of the meanest roads—entirely sand hills and such. Bought one-fourth of an antelope, very good.

Saturday, May 19

Came 31 miles. Stopped at Lillian Springs, I. A. Forbes' Ranch an hour. Think he has the best place on the road for a ranch.

Monday, May 21

Drove 24 miles to the cut-off and camped. Could see the mountains today about a hundred miles distant.

Thursday, May 24

Started 3:15 A.M.; 12 miles to breakfast and 8 more brings us to Denver. Found it a much larger town than expected to and a much finer class of buildings."

Kassler lived in Denver from May 24, 1860 to his death on July 20, 1890. During his 30 years in Denver, he saw a settlement become a city. He saw a territory become a state. He married, raised two sons, and all the while grew in stature as a businessman.

For his first five years in Colorado, he was a bachelor. He also had at least five different jobs during that period and he traveled back to the East on several occasions. During these trips, he inevitably tried to mix pleasure with his business by continuously wooing Maria Stebbins.

When not traveling back to the East, he kept a steady stream of letters going to Maria in which he would reaffirm his love but also in which he would describe his activities and the activities surrounding his life.

In his letters, which were preserved by Maria, then her son, Edwin, and finally by Philip Alexander, Bruce Alexander's brother, we will see a man of truly diversified interests—a serious man, an emotional man, a humorous man, a businessman.

Upon Kassler's arrival in Denver, he began working at once for the private bank of Turner and Hobbs where he was cashier. Historians agree that this was the first bank established in the territory. However, the owners closed the bank at the commencement of the Civil War; so George had to find other employment.

By mid 1862, he was established as an assistant to Maj. John S. Fillmore, a paymaster in the United States Army, and was writing a diary of his travels in what is now southern Colorado and New Mexico.

In September 1862, he returned from that excursion and later in the fall traveled to Philadelphia and Washington, lining up an appointment to work at the Denver Branch of the U. S. Mint that was to be established shortly. It was on that trip that he renewed his old friendship with Maria



George W. & Maria (Mae) S. Kassler in picture taken about 1885.
—State Historical Society of Colorado Photo

Stebbins in New York. He couldn't wait to get back to Denver in the spring of 1863 before he wrote her:

"My Dearest Maria:

"I will call you so once though you may never give me the sweet privilege of doing so again.

"Since we first met in Cooperstown (N.Y.) I have respected and admired you, upon meeting you in New York this winter, I learned more fully how to appreciate that many noble qualities you possess, and that feeling of respect, and admiration, deferred into the warmer one of love. May I hope that you reciprocate this feeling! That I do not love in vain! Must I remain in the far west with the same sad feeling of loneliness that has oppressed me for the last few years, or may I have the happy assurance that upon returning in one short year, I may claim your hand. That you will become my wife. I cannot offer you treasures of wealth, but I do offer a wealth of love, and a life that shall be devoted to your happiness.

"I know it is a great deal to ask of a woman to leave parents, home, friends, and the luxuries of life for the far west, but no one loves without hope.

"Do write me soon, and that your answer to my humble petition will be favorable is the most fervent prayer of.

Most Sincerely Yours"

Back in Denver he wrote her again on April 15, 1863,

"Dear Maria:

"Your letter is received, to say that it gave me a great deal of pleasure, would but poorly express the satisfaction I felt on reading it, it is just what I might have expected, precisely what I would have desired, in reply to my perhaps, rather abrupt proposition. Your letter leads me to, to me, two very important conclusions: first, that you have not bestowed your affections upon any one else, for I have too high an opinion of you to think that if such had been the case, you would have failed to inform me; and secondly, that you do not look upon me with indifference. I hope I am correct in these conclusions, as from them I feel a great deal of hope.

"As you say, we are comparatively strangers, and know but little of each other's character or dispositions.

"My disposition I believe is the same as it ever was, the same here as in Cooperstown. Of my character I can only refer to the positions I have held since I left there, having been engaged both in Omaha and Denver in Banking Houses. Afterward in the Pay Masters Office, U.S.A., and while in Washington last winter I received appointment to a responsible position in the Branch U.S. Mint established in this place, and at present I am busy in a Banking House here, relieving a friend while he makes a short visit east, and until the Mint opens."

The "Banking House" just referred to was Clark, Gruber & Co., a private bank and mint. Clark, Gruber began business on July 10, 1860, conducting both commercial banking activities and minting its own gold coins in 2 1/2, 5, 10 and 20 dollar denominations. Clark, Gruber had entered into an agreement to sell their minting business to the U.S. Government in 1862 but the government was not funded to buy it until 1863.

In the meanwhile, Kassler took the occasion to enlarge on the weather to Maria and daydream about a little fly fishing.

"It seems really good to find myself in Denver once more, the rough mountains in the distance looked beautiful indeed, as I gradually approached them. It is also pleasant to get away from the rain and snow of the East. It has rained but once since I returned nor have we the dense fog so frequent in New York to hide the sun until 9 or 10 o'clock. It is dry, warm and pleasant, the trees are beginning to show signs of life. The ladies are talking of excursions to the mountains and the gentlemen gathering up their rods and flies, preparatory to an expedition to the streams in search of trout."

On May 13, 1863, George wrote excitedly about a large fire that had happened on April 19 in the middle of the night. His contemporary account begins,

"My Dear Maria:

"We have indeed had a large fire since last I wrote you, and Denver looked desolate enough the next morning. Most of the buildings were of pine and the flames spread with such rapidity that the loss in goods, furniture, etc, was unusually large. A number of persons lost about everything they had in the world, yet unlike most any other place you could find no one around begging assistance. The theatre gave two entertainments for the benefit of the sufferers by the fire, quite a sum was realized but they could find no one to accept it. In less than a week 30 buildings were moved to or put up on the burnt district and business going ahead as usual. The contracts are given for six fine brick buildings in one block, also quite a number of others. The result as usual will prove beneficial to the town, although pretty severe on some individuals. Owing to the direction of the wind the building in which I room was in no danger."

He then describes the move by Clark, Gruber which is necessitated by having sold their building to the U. S. Mint.

By casually mentioning it will happen "tomorrow" he pinpointed the exact date of Clark, Gruber's move to 1405-1407 15th St., the OK Block. He then discussed the Civil War for the first time in his correspondence to Maria.

"Tomorrow we are going to move, which will be anything but fun. That is Clark, Gruber & Co. are going to move to their new Banking House and make way for the U. S. Mint, which will get in operation by the 1st of July. I hope to get out of the bank this month, so that I can take a trip up to the mountains before the Mint opens.

"The glorious news that was received today that Richmond is taken seems too good to be true, having been so accustomed to hear that 'all was quiet on the Potomac' the first news of that army moving was received with some doubt, but I am going to believe all the news we got today fearing that tomorrow's dispatches will dispell the general good feeling that now beams out of every man's face. I am satisfied that the only way to obtain peace is by being victorious.

As it turned out, of course, the campaign on Richmond was aborted at Chancellorsville by Lee's Army of Virginia and victory that looked so promising was long delayed.

On June 10, 1863, Kassler describes the weather and proceeds to tell a story on himself regarding a fly-fishing excursion.

"A little of that rain I found so much fault with would be most welcome out here this afternoon. The wind has been on a great frolic, trying to outblow itself, and caused a circulation of dust that is anything but agreeable, forcing us to keep the windows and doors closed, and making it so very warm that the snow glistening on the top of the snowy range some 60 miles distant looks very inviting. The sun sets only to rise again, and dart its heating rays upon those mountain tops, and although nearly all of them have to take off their caps of snow and acknowledge his power, still one range of peaks, back, higher than the rest, set old Sol at defiance, and with all his power he cannot remove the white mantle that constantly envelops their summits.

"I passed a very pleasant day last week, being one of a party of ladies and as many gents who went to Bear Creek, on a sort of fishing excursion and for a ride. I was the only one of the party who caught a trout, after wading the creek for two hours with the greatest patience and perseverance as I succeeded in getting only one little joker. Perhaps the less said about my success the better. The unkindest cut of all was in the gentlemen's insisting that I had bought the fish. We had a nice dinner, a pleasant ride, and the trout live for another trial of skill with the fly."

He then becomes serious in writing about "contrabands" or slaves who presumably were escaped from Missouri, and about Grant's siege of Vicksburg. He correctly projects the importance of what was to be a Union victory 25 days later on July 4, 1863.

"Denver is rapidly recovering from the effects of the late fire, buildings are going up like magic, a great many people are coming in daily, numbers of families, and not a few contrabands or 'the bone of contention'. I think some of them will wish they were back in Missouri again, and had a master to take care of them. The Fourth of July is fast approaching. Will it be celebrated in the North, South, or both, or not at all?"

On July 8th, he reflects on that fateful July 4th without, apparently, realizing that Vicksburg has fallen to the blockade. His thoughts are more mundane—another small fire, a trip to Central City, and a trip with an artist that didn't materialize.

"Our hopes and thoughts are now changed from Richmond to Vicksburg, perhaps before you receive this that stronghold may have fallen before our victorious troops, if so we can hardly tell the effect so important a capture may have upon the country on the battlefield, therefore the quicker it can be fought out the better.

"The fourth passed very quietly here, nearly everyone who wished to celebrate went out of town. Denver appearing more like Sunday than a holiday, until about midnight, when the fearful cry of fire aroused us from our beds. This time it proved to be but a short distance from my rooms, but it was a 'stilly night' and fortunately was confined to the building in which it originated, a carpenter shop, with a lot of fixtures, doors, sash, etc., for the Mint was burned, it will delay the work on the Mint a few weeks. I do not apprehend any danger from the Indians or their attempting to run that Institution. We have plenty of soldiers here to keep them at a respectable distance. The few who occasionally stroll in town are not at all troublesome.

"I haven't been trout fishing since I wrote you, but took a trip up to the Mountains. The nearest point that one can reach the mountains from Denver is 15 miles, and 25 miles farther, over those hills to Central City, the center of the principal mining region. I found it greatly improved since last visit, immense amounts of the precious metals are being dug out, and rough valueless looking rocks, are soon transformed into bars of gold much more inviting in appearance, than when in its original state.

"I could not describe to you so that you could form an idea of how that country looks. One must see it and travel 'Oer Crag and Peak' to appreciate its beauties. Bierstadt the great artist and FitzHugh Ludlow were here a short time since, the former making sketches, and the latter items for a new book he is writing. They have gone on to California and will return this way next fall, a party was being formed to go to the top of "Longs Peak" supposed to be the highest in the range, but Mr. Bierstadt could not remain any longer at present, and the expedition is about given up. I am very much disappointed as I would have been one of the party and desired very much to make the trip."

By late summer the newly done Mint building was open and operating though it scarcely resembled the original Clark, Gruber structure. This building was to remain a landmark in Denver until after the turn of the century.

Even more important was the product which came out of the mint building—ingot. Coins never were produced by the Mint until it moved to its present location in 1906. Only two gold ingots appear to have survived down to today, and they are both in the vault of the Colorado State Historical Museum. No Clark, Gruber ingots are known to be in existence.

At any rate, Kassler had decided to resign from the Mint and begin a partnership which is alluded to in his next letter. The business referred to is a stationery and book-type mercantile establishment in partnership with Moffat and C. C. Woolworth of New York City. Kassler's resignation was accepted by Superintendent George Lane of the Mint in December 1863 and Kassler opened the doors of his shop in January 1864.

Aug. 10, 1863 was a sad letter-writing day for George—he apparently had received a "cool" letter from Maria. He affirms his dedication to business as well as his dear Maria, and becomes philosophic.

"Dear Maria:

"I feel that I should thank you for the frankness with which you express your feelings in your last letter. It is well to know the worst at once. The sweet dream of the last few months is broken. The bright

hopes I had cherished of future happiness with you are dispelled, for the first time I feel that I am unfortunate in living so far west, at a moment too when everything looked favorable, and where I feel bound on honor to remain, having within a short time made arrangements to go into business, signed the articles of co-partnership that will keep me here for five years, and the goods now being purchased by my partner in New York. My destiny is cast in the far west, it might be better to remain friends only. I trust you will ever look upon me as a friend, and that you will ever be one to me.

"A celebrated writer says: "Human life is divided into two Phases, the first 35 years are those of hope, the last of recollection." I am still in the first phase."

Apparently, he rallied somewhat in her estimation over the next few months because George's letter of Nov. 7 is considerably cheerier. After his usual discussion of the weather he gives us a glimpse of big things happening in other areas of the west and his reaction of those developments.

"I was very much pleased to receive another letter from you, without thinking you had entirely forgotten me, I had come to the conclusion that my name was stricken from the rolls or rather list of your correspondents. We have had a beautiful siege of winter weather, on the 20th of October it commenced snowing, and continued until some 10 inches deep. Since then about 6 inches more has fallen, accompanied by extremely cold weather. Instead of autumn with all its beauties, Stern Winter astonished us by his sudden and unusually early appearance. I think it was a more severe storm than we had during the whole of the seasons in 1860 & 61. The roads where the snow has melted look like huge serpents as they wind along towards the mountains, with the clear white surface on either side, but I have had an 'elegant sufficiency,' enough to satisfy me for the whole season, and most decidedly prefer to look at the snow on the top of the range, than feel it beneath the feet every time a person steps out doors.

"I am becoming somewhat infected with what they call here the 'Bannock Fever,' that is a desire to go to some new mines, about 800 miles from here, in the Territory of Idaho. Should I do so will send out stock of goods in the spring, and take a coach myself, by way of Salt Lake City, and have always had a desire to see the celebrated place, and I rather like the busy activity, and *go ahead aliveness* of a new country, to see men grapple with nature in all her wildness, build towns, cities, and open the way for New States, to be added to the great Union *that is to be.*"

On Dec. 23, 1863, George seems more occupied with politics than the Christmas season, discusses the war briefly, then brings us up to date on the weather.

"Dear Maria:

"A year ago I passed December in Washington, listening daily to the combined *wisdom* of the country in Senate and House of Representatives. With but few exceptions the people have derived little or no benefit from their wise counsels, and I fear the present session will be devoted more to President making than patriotism.

"This territory, with others, will probably be admitted into the Union as the State of Colorado, and another star be added to the old Flag. May it never be erased from but prove an honor to it.

"It is very pleasant here now. Winter seems to have given way to spring. The snow is nearly gone, the streets dry, idlers stand about the corners, some earnestly canvassing the latest news, praising that great hero General Grant, and very likely giving 'the powers that be' at Washington particular fits for so misusing the brave Army of the Potomac, or perhaps calculating on the rush there will be to Bannock next spring, or the prospect of getting 'through the cap' as they term solid rock that they sometimes have to dig through a hundred feet or more before again 'striking pay dirt', but tomorrow this may be changed, instead of a bright sun, Old Sol may hide himself behind some storm clouds, the streets be deserted, and the falling snow seeking all sorts of impossible places, as if it too was trying to find some warm comfortable spot."

Indian problems of a major proportion came about in early '64 and were to persist for some time. On Jan. 12, he wrote Maria reassuringly:

"You have undoubtedly heard through the Eastern papers, that Mr. Indian is again amusing himself, in his peculiar way, on the road between here and Ft. Kearney, probably in retaliation for the sound whipping they received some time ago. They have organized a large force, and made an attack on Valley Station, and Julesburg, 150 and 200 miles from Denver. There was quite a battle and official reports state 13 whites and 35 Indians killed.

"I presume all sorts of telegrams have been sent to the Eastern papers, that, like the first reports we received here were very much exaggerated, and for aught I know they may have had Denver attacked, and all of us killed, but I assure you we are not in the least trouble, or our rest disturbed from fear of anything so unpleasant coming to pass.

"Directly after New Years it turned warm. The snow has disappeared, the streets dry, dusty, and everything has more the appearance of spring than winter. I am rather pleased that we had our cold weather so early in the season, but the sudden change caused a great deal of sickness. Nearly everyone suffered with a cold.

"Our Territorial Legislature convened here on Monday. They first met at Golden City, a small town 15 miles from here, but in four

days the Hon. members were pleased to adjourn to Denver. They have tried several times to hold a session away from our young city, but always find it convenient to come back. Of course, we should reciprocate the honors paid the town by their removing here, therefore, we give them tonight, a complimentary ball. No trouble or expense has been spared to make it one of the most pleasant of the season.

"The Mint doesn't coin at present. The gold deposited there is melted, run into bars, assayed, stamped, and shipped to New York where they are soon converted into Treasury Notes, which is the only money we see much of. There is no gold in circulation here now. I do not think they will coin any in the Mint until the discount on Treasury Notes is so reduced that they will be almost equal to coin."

Tragedy revisited Denver with a vengeance and on May 23, 1864, George described it.

"Denver has just passed through another terrible ordeal, more disastrous even than the big fire, one that will long be remembered in its history. I have seen a good many freshets, but never any that could compare with the one that we had here on Thursday night. During the afternoon we had noticed indications of a severe storm towards the headwaters of Cherry Creek, a stream running through town dividing East and West Denver. It is in fact nothing but a bed of sand. There has been water in it but twice since the country was settled, four years ago, but very little, and two years ago a few feet, but dry again in a day. No danger was apprehended of a flood. Buildings were erected in the center of the creek, and the lots considered valuable."

"No water had appeared this season until 11 1/2 o'clock Thursday night, when in one huge roll the water came rushing down accompanied by an awful noise, sweeping everything before it, being from 8 to 10 feet deep.

"First came the Methodist Church, then the bridges, offices, stores, dwelling houses, the News printing office, several two-story brick buildings, etc., from some the inmates just escaped losing everything, others were more unfortunate were carried away with the buildings they occupied. There were some wonderful escapes. One boy was found three miles down: alive: in the top of a tree. A whole negro family, six, were swept away in one house, and all including dog and cat landed safely on an island after a ride of two miles. I saw one building float away with two men clinging to it. It was the most terrible sight I ever witnessed, we were utterly powerless to assist them, a boat if we had one would have been useless, could not even hear their voices above the roar of the angry waves. There we stood, a large crowd, silent, almost entranced until the building gave way and they floated off. One finally reached shore, the other has not been heard from.

"So far, four persons are known to have been drowned. The loss to farmers of their growing crops, loss of merchandise, buildings, furniture, etc., is immense. The water was within six inches of coming in my store, but with the exception of a pretty big scare, I got off very well. I certainly never saw so desolate a sight as this, when the water had receded enough to permit us to survey it. The greater portion of the West side was covered with driftwood and brush, houses half filled with sand and many moved from their foundations—Doct. and Mrs. Hamilton, took charge of Mr. Moffat's house, where I had been boarding, until they returned from the East, and very kindly invited me to remain with them and get my *rations*, which I was very glad to accept, but the floods came and away went the wood house, store room, and part of the kitchen. Consequently, for a while, I will have to 'board around' like a country school master."

Flood or no flood, business was business, and gold was gold. The fever had been rekindled by cheap "greenbacks" and new gold-recovery processes. On April 11, 1864, George sounds really excited as he reports to Maria:

"They are having very lively times now up in the mountains. Gold claims have suddenly assumed an almost fabulous value, partly owing to the demand for them in the market, and also to the improved method of saving the gold, making claims that a year ago were considered nearly worthless, now of immense value.

"Eastern capitalists having made enormous sums by speculation or *contracts*, are turning their attention to and investing some of their surplus Greenbacks in our gold mines. Speculative excitement naturally runs high, and reminds me very much of the old times in Nebraska during the spring of 1857, when corner lots or a quarter-section of land was all a man asked for, only in the present case the property is of much greater value. Some of the 'freaks of fortune' are indeed wonderful. Many a good man who having expended his last dollar in prospecting or working some claim, has enlisted, turned soldier perhaps as much for a living or more, than out of patriotic motives, suddenly finds himself a wealthy man by the sale of his gold interests. A few days since, a poor private received \$60,000 that being his share of some property sold.

"Again, last week an old fellow who has been working here in a coal bed for a dollar or so a day had a claim that he was around trying to dispose of for an old gun. Just then the man he had been working for came along, and got him to wait a while until he could look into the matter. He done so. Within an hour the claim was found to be a valuable one. He was offered and refused \$4,000 for it. These are but two instances. I could fill a sheet of foolscap with similar ones."

But the euphoria didn't last long. Almost unbelievably

Denver was subjected to another test of its endurance. On July 15th, Kassler writes to Maria:

"Denver has been the scene of another excitement, unequalled even by the flood. The Indians some time ago committed some depredations for which they were pursued and punished by our troops. Afterward a small band of Indians came within 30 miles of Denver stole a lot of stock, and murdered a whole family. This of course raised some excitement.

"A few evenings after, a man came riding furiously in town, stating a large force of Indians were at the Toll Gate nine miles distant, and marching on Denver. The report was soon circulated, bells pealed forth a general alarm, guns were fired, women were screaming, fainting, and running frantically to and fro seeking protection and safety in the strongest brick building. The most intense excitement prevailed, more so because the soldiers had left town a few days before. The people naturally rallied around the governor as the proper person to bring some kind of order out of the confusion, but he was treated as badly as any one. At last they got into the armory and distributed several hundred guns among the men. Companies were organized. Scouts sent out in various directions, one party toward the Toll Gate where they were supposed to be, but they advanced as far as the gate house. All seemed quiet. No Indians visible. They entered the house, found the supper still on the table untouched, as the family had hurriedly left it. On their returning to town comparative quiet was restored.

"The next day it was ascertained that the whole fright had been caused by a lot of harmless Mexican ox drivers who were driving up their cattle for the night and that in all probability there were no Indians within a hundred miles.

"There were a good many of our *braves*, who would have sold themselves pretty cheap, and very few could be found who would own up to being frightened, but all were saying how cool and collected they were, etc. It was a night that will long be remembered in Denver. From it we can form some idea of the excitement which now prevails in Washington, Baltimore, and other places in danger from the present rebel raid."

The none-too-flattering reference to the governor would be to John Evans, of course. The murder of "a whole family" was undoubtedly the massacre of the Hungates.

The next correspondence we have from Kassler is dated Oct. 19, 1864 almost three months later and is datelined New York. Part of the void is obviously taken up by his trip to the East. He explains the communications gap.

"On the 15th of August the coaches were withdrawn from the line between Denver and St. Joseph, cutting off mail communication

from that time until 10 days after I left Denver. The given cause was fear of Indians, but it was really a piece of *strategy* on the part of the mail contractor who threw up his contract, and got it renewed at double the old figures."

By Oct. 28, 1864, George had traveled to St. Johnsville, N. Y. and still not having been accepted for marriage once again pursues Maria's affections. However, being an election year he cannot end his letter without a plug for his candidate:

"It is now 19 months since I first wrote you, and asked you for your love, and that a closer tie than mere friendship, should bind us together for the rest of our lives. Since that time my feelings have not changed, little as I may have to offer, except a desire to make a woman happy.

"I am afraid our favorite McLellan will be defeated. What will become of us with another administration of four years with A. Lincoln at the front? Even *echo* does not answer."

On Nov. 14th, he writes from Albany confirming his premonition on the election:

"The election the first day, and the returns on Wednesday, was about all a person could think or talk about. Lincoln is still *King*. Let us now see how he will conduct the great Ship of State on the next four years voyage. If they don't get tired of their Captain this time, I will give up. His majority on the popular vote is very small, and one mistake may draw him into a whirlpool, from which there is no escape.

"If we could have carried New York, it would have been well, but even that too is lost by a few thousand votes."

George is on the road back to Denver on Dec. 12, 1864 and writes from St. Joseph, Mo. His sense of humor seems to have been revived.

"There were quite a number of letters here for me, including one from Mrs. Moffat, in which as usual she promises to hammer me. I wrote her directly after my first visit to Clinton that I had been up there on business, and had called on you. In reply she said I could not fool her about business to Clinton, and that if I did not bring you back with me to Denver, I would certainly get killed. So you may imagine the kind of a reception she will give me. I should have more lives than the usual number allotted to the bird called *cat*, unless she will compromise by an extension of time."

Once back in Denver, he writes more on his friends the Moffats on Dec. 21.

"Dear Maria:

"Everything seems as natural as when I left. Mrs. Moffat hasn't killed, nor hammered me yet, but says I ought to be. They are both pleased enough to think you are coming out next spring, or in June, and are disposed to compromise with me on those terms. I assure you, Maria, that you will find warm friends in the Moffat family, and that nothing will be wanting on their part to make it pleasant for you out here.

"I sat down yesterday at dinner, turned my plate over and found under it an elegant gold watch and chain, a present from Mr. Moffat. I, of course, was agreeably surprised, and said I would continue to board at a house where they provided such good dinners. He thinks that an excellent joke."

On a more sober note Kassler mentions "a big Indian fight" . . . what would be known as the Sand Creek Massacre.

"It is quite lively here now. The great topic of conversation is the big Indian fight, that came off between the Colorado hundred-day men and the Arapahoe and Cheyenne Indians, on the 29th Nov. there were 400 or 500 of the copper-colored race killed, 12 whites killed and 47 wounded. I do not believe any regiment of hundred-day men have done much better. There are of course a great many amusing incidents on the battlefield, more particularly one of this kind, the troops were undisciplined, and every man went into it on his own account. The regiment is expected here tomorrow, to be mustered out of service, their time having expired."

On New Year's night, 1865, George begins his letter lightly enough discussing Christmas and the social scene.

"Our Christmas books got in yesterday, a little late for that day, but as the Irishman thought, St. Patrick was as good a man as the Fourth of July, so we tried to make people think that New Years was as good a time to make presents as Christmas.

"My evenings have been pretty well occupied, also, since my return. Of course I had to spend one with the newly married couple that I was telling you of when at Clinton, had a very pleasant time, attended a large and very fine party at Cass's. Dave, as I shall hereafter call Mr. Moffat, as usual managed to get up an excuse for not going, and Dr. Hamilton could not go until late, so I had the pleasure of escorting Fan (that is Mrs. Moffat) and Mrs. Hamilton. I tried to make them believe I was a martyr to politeness in taking charge of two *old* married women, but they couldn't appreciate it and threatened cold meals, and all that sort of thing if I did not behave."

But before this letter ends he is back to Sand Creek. The colonel referred to is, of course, John M. Chivington. Kassler accurately portrays the event as most contemporaries

were led to believe. The government ended up investigating and censuring the colonel and ruining his political career. The rightness or wrongness never was fully determined.

"I wrote you in my last I believe about the Indian fight and the distance from here. Fort Lyon is 240 miles from Denver. That battle is to be the subject of a Congressional Investigation. Enemies of the Col. com'dg the expedition, charged him with killing friendly Indians. Although I am personally and politically opposed to the Colonel, still I do not believe anything of the kind. From what I learn of those who were there, the scalps of their white victims, Government horses they had stolen, and numerous other articles found in their possession, seem to me the most convincing proofs that they were not of the friendly kind. It is turning into a mere political affair. The Colonel being a great Politician, and recently a Candidate for Congress. This is a great Country, where from the small Indian fight in the far west, to the greatest battles of the Potomac, that "bugbear" politics must have something to do with them, but this is not a party fight, they are all Republicans engaged, and unless it stops the pursuit of the Indian, I care little who wins."

A month later on Feb. 2, 1865, the Indians were still presenting a problem that was concerning the whole populace as well as George.

"Tomorrow the stage company sends out four coaches, with a Government escort to see them safely through the dangerous part of the road. The Indians have got a rather strong hold on about 80 miles of the road. Large parties continue to go and come with safety, and I expect as soon as they can get the 'Red Tape' properly arranged, some troops will be sent from Kansas to open and clear the road. All sorts of reports are in circulation. One is that 300 war-painted Indians are bound for Denver, but we cannot hear of their getting along very fast, and but very few, even of the most timid have any fears for this town, but to satisfy the most particular ones, a picket guard of the 1st Cavalry is stationed around the town every night."

Two weeks later on Feb. 15, the problem seemed to be somewhat alleviated.

"Dear Maria:

"Denver is not yet in ashes, nor are its citizens scalped by the merciless savages, but *martial law* prevails, and we feel indebted to the Colonel Commanding for 'lots of fun.' A call was made for 360 of the Militia, to protect the 200 miles of the mail route that lies in this district, for 90 days, or, until troops could be sent from the East to relieve them. Martial law was declared until the men were raised and furnished with horses and blankets. All places of business were

closed, except one hour each day. Denver raised its quota of 120 men in a very short time. The horses and blankets are not so easily obtained, but in a day or two business will be resumed as usual. In the meantime, we have amused ourselves skating.

"The telegraph is working again, and the first dispatches conveyed the pleasing news of a change in this military department and a new Commander, Gen'l Dodge, also that troops would immediately be sent out from the East in sufficient numbers to protect and keep open the mail route through here, and to chastise Mr. Indian, all of which is very cheering."

By March 1, Kassler was able to redirect his attention to the national scene and commented not on the Indian war but the Civil War.

"The telegraph brought the news of the capture of Charleston and said event was a cause for general rejoicing. The town was brilliantly illuminated, transparencies could be seen all over, bearing inscriptions appropriate to the occasion. The name of Sherman, the Hero of the day could be seen more frequently than any other.

"With the hopes that it was one great step toward peace we all desire so much to see, I rejoiced as much as anyone."

On March 7, he had finally received some long delayed mail from Maria and took the time to comment on the political "career" of Dave Moffat.

"Moffat did not get his place in the Legislature. He was there a few days and left in disgust hoping they would admit the opposing delegation which was finally done by throwing out the soldier vote. The whole session was a farce, and I am glad he was out of it. He says he is going to write a book "One Week in the Legislature."

Over the next month and a half, George was able to firm up some of the wedding arrangements; yes, Maria had finally consented. George and Maria were to be wed on May 31, 1865, in Clinton, N. Y. With the end of the Civil War and his impending marriage, George's letters were all "sunshine and roses" except a final grim note dated April 23, 1865 from New York City.

"The evidences of Lincoln's death, in the shape of drapery, pictures, flats, etc., still hang from nearly every building in the city, and will until after the remains have passed through here. From the extensive preparations being made, Monday and Tuesday will long be remembered by the citizens of New York."

The marriage certificate is the only document in existence

which shows George W. Kassler's middle name to be "Washington."

May 1865, wasn't only a big month for George Kassler, it was a big month for his future employer—the First National Bank. In that month Clark & Co. (the successor to Clark, Gruber & Co.) announced its merger into the newly formed First National which announced itself to the business community on May 9. The original Clark Brothers plus Jerome Chaffee, Henry Rogers, Geo. Clark (no relation to the brothers but otherwise known as Denver's "Boy Mayor") C. A. Cook, Bela Buell, and Eben Smith were the original directors.

The first location of the bank was in the quarters of Clark & Co., 1405-1407 St. (F St.) while its new permanent quarters were being built down the street at the corner of F and Blake St. by Eben Smith.

Those rooms were finished in the summer of 1865 and were described as the most eligible in the city by Wharton in his 1866 City Directory. The building was known then as the National Block.

With Kassler now married and Maria safely moved to Denver our correspondence courtship draws to a close in 1865.

The only other correspondence that survives occurs when either Mr. or Mrs. Kassler is away from Denver which, apparently, was infrequent.

We have seen how Kassler, from 1860 to 1865 moved from banking to paymaster, back to banking, then to minting and finally to the book and stationery business. In 1866, he appears in the city directory as having a fire and accident-insurance agency. He carried on this agency and his mercantile business until 1874, and handled policies for the Home Insurance Co. of New York, the International Insurance Co. of New York, and the Travelers' Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn., among others.

Until the Kasslers built their own house, George and

Maria lived with the Moffats at their house at 15th and Lawrence Sts. It was at this address that the Kasslers had the first of their two children, Edwin Stebbins Kassler, who was born Oct. 29, 1866.

George was 30 years old and Maria was 26 at the birth of Edwin and undated photographs from that approximate time show them to be a handsome pair indeed.

The hustle and bustle that was Denver in the mid and late sixties is shown in the famous sketch of Blake Street. There certainly had been a remarkable growth in the town and Kassler had indeed been part of it. In an investment book of Kassler's, it can be noted that he had purchased at least two 1/2 block parcels of land in the area known as Browns addition. A 1/2 block then cost only \$1,500.

Perhaps the land was as cheap as it was because Denver was quickly receding from its prosperity due to its inability to attract a railroad. The Union Pacific had elected to build a northern route avoiding the mountains to the west of Denver. Cheyenne, Wyo., was a railhead town and it succeeded in attracting many Denverites to its boom-town atmosphere.

Fortunately, under the leadership of Dave Moffat but ably assisted by George Kassler and several other of the leadership, Denver managed to put together the Denver Pacific Railroad Co. which built a railroad from Denver to Cheyenne so that Denver would be linked to the trans-continental line.

Having survived that crisis, Kassler again directed his activities to the home front. These efforts resulted in the Kasslers' first home of their own at 1469 Lawrence St., and their second and final child, Charles Moffat Kassler, who was born on Jan. 26, 1870.

In 1873, Kassler was elected city treasurer and filled one term in that office and on Feb. 2, 1874, George was appointed by Governor Elbert to be deputy territorial treas-

urer "to act for and during the absence of David H. Moffat, Jr."

The First National Bank had grown in size and financial strength by this time and its building now had a third story with an elegant mansard roof. Jerome B. Chaffee continued as president, David H. Moffat was the cashier and on April 16, 1874, George Kassler was elected the bank's assistant cashier.

The G. W. Kassler & Co. business was gradually closed out. As C. C. Woolworth had written to Kassler in February 1874, "The day for large profits has long since been substituted by the day of close margin, large expenses, and heavy stock . . ." The insurance business was turned over to Messers Wanless & Patterson. From now on for the balance of his active business career, Kassler was to be associated primarily with the First National Bank of Denver.

One more letter of Kassler's deserves attention because it was written on the eve of the statehood of Colorado. Maria was visiting in New York State with her sons and the ever faithful correspondent George is filling her in on the local events and politics. On July 1876, George writes:

"My Dearest Maria" . . .

"I wonder if you are as glad as I that this is dated July, thus recording another month passed, another month less to think of, before you will be turning your steps homeward, I will be still more delighted when it gets down to weeks and days! I hope when the time does come you will be welcomed to the *State of Colorado*, the election on the adoption of the Constitution is progressing quietly, but there is an earnest effort here to get out every vote. Denver ought to give over 4,000 majority for it, there is talk of a good deal of opposition in different parts of the territory but I hope it will prove less formidable than we fear, jealousy of Denver is one cause of opposition, some think if admitted the Capitol remains here four years longer and that would be too good for us, anything that some of them can do to spite Denver, even if they scratch their own nose a little. I would like to have the privilege of voting for Tilden as I have never voted for a Presidential candidate yet, if we have an opportunity to vote it will be pretty close here between Tilden & Hayes, the population changes so, the best informed politicians can only guess the result. I feel very

anxious for the state first, then let them fight out the battle for office afterward."

At this time, 1876, the bank vacated its quarters in the National Block at 15th (F St.) and Blake and the territory's constitutional assembly gathered there. That building has since been known as Constitution Hall and can still be observed at the foot of the 15th St. viaduct. It is currently occupied by Stores Equipment Co.

The bank's new location at 16th and Larimer in the McClintock Building is shown in an advertisement from an unknown newspaper. It was discovered under wallpaper in a house in Georgetown in January 1974, by an associate at the First National Bank.

Kassler became cashier of the bank in 1880 when Chaffee retired and Moffat became president. H. A. Tabor was the largest single stockholder and the vice president of the bank. He was building his block across the street at this time. This must have been the pinnacle of Kassler's career.

An unassuming picture of him and Maria dates from



The First National Bank of Denver, 1865-1876, was originally two stories, and known as the "National Block." Third story was added in the early 1870s. This view is of the northwest corner at 15th and Blake St. (then known as F and Blake Sts.). The structure is now known as Constitution Hall and is a designated landmark of Colorado, because the Constitutional Assembly met there in 1875-1876, to draw up the State Constitution prior to statehood.

—Archives of First National Bank of Denver



Only known photo of interior of First National Bank of Denver at location in Tabor Block, northeast corner of 16th and Larimer Sts. The bank occupied these quarters 1885-1896.

—Fred and Jo Mazzulla Collection

about this period. One might not assume from their modest pose that he is cashier of the largest bank in the West; secretary of the Denver South Park and Pacific Railroad Co.; owner of the Kassler and Moffat building on Lawrence Street, which was brand new; and actively involved in other real estate and other railroads such as the Denver and New Orleans, and the Denver Utah & Pacific, where he was also either secretary or treasurer. He was also active in mining ventures such as the Henriett Mine later known as the Henriett and Maid of Erin Consolidated Mining Co. of which he was secretary.

In 1882, he resigned from active management in the First National of Denver. Rumors published in the Rocky Mountain News in December 1881, said that both Moffat and Kassler wanted to quit banking. Moffat was quoted as saying that Kassler, after eight years of service, "was desirous of a long needed rest and would resign." Stories persisted which proved to be true regarding Kassler's failing health. From 1882 on Kassler no longer engaged in active pursuits. He and Maria moved to an elegant residence at 1575 Lincoln St. where he spent the remainder of his years.

During this period he was president of the Denver Board of Fire Underwriters, president of the Board of Trade (now the Chamber of Commerce) and a member of the Board of Capital Managers who were responsible for the design and erection of Colorado's State Capitol Building. He was also a founder of the First National Bank of Aspen; the Denver, Aspen and Grand River Railroad Co. and the Marshall Consolidated Coal Co.

He remained a director of the First National Bank until Jan. 14, 1890 shortly before his death. While he was a director, the bank moved across the street to the Tabor Block in 1885. This was considered the finest office block in the city being the tallest and most modern and including the city's first elevators.

The bank's quarters are described in contemporary accounts as having "every modern improvement known to safe manufacturers, and which money and skill can command. The aim being to secure the very best, regardless of cost, though no money is intended to be thrown away."

Health failed George Washington Kassler. His story ended at his home July 20, 1890.

His wife, Maria T. Kassler, wrote:

"The one whose footsteps I followed never lost faith in the future of Denver and gave his strength and money toward making it a desirable place for his descendants to live and carry on the good work."

His obituary from the Daily News, Denver, July 21, 1890 reads as follows: "George W. Kassler, one of Denver's pioneer citizens, died at his home in this city yesterday, at the age of 54 years. The announcement is one which will be received with regret by all old-time residents of Denver and of Colorado to whom he was well known, by whom he was highly respected, and among whom he was at one time an active and influential citizen. To the pioneer, to



George Kassler's last residence prior to his death in 1890. Address of this home was 1575 Lincoln St. Picture may have been taken at a somewhat later time.

—State Historical Society of Colorado Photo

the men who were here in ante-railroad days, his name is associated with all the struggles and enterprises of that time, and shines out as a splendid example of pioneer industry and pioneer integrity."

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Robert S. Pulcifer, a native of Michigan, was reared in Washington, D.C., and Philadelphia, Pa., and was graduated from Lafayette College in Easton, Pa., with a bachelors degree in history. He later attended the Wharton Graduate School, University of Pennsylvania, majoring in finance; and the graduate banking schools at Northwestern and Rutgers Universities. In 1960, he moved to Denver, joining the staff of the First National Bank of Denver. He is currently the banks' vice president for commercial loans.

While with First National, Pulcifer has been engaged in historical research which produced a history of the First of Denver, 1860 to 1915. The work is remarkable, tracing the parallel growth of the bank and the city. Copies of the history are on file in libraries at Harvard, Yale, Lafayette, and at the Universities of Colorado and Denver. Copies are also available at the Denver Public Library, Western History Collection, and at the State Historical Society of Colorado.

Pulcifer is a commissioner of the Colorado Centennial-Bicentennial Commission, having been appointed in 1973 by Gov. John Vanderhoof. Bob is married and the father of a daughter, 7, and a son age 5.

His favorite quotation is from Austrian economist and Harvard professor, Joseph Schumpeter, who said:

"Surely the American West developed as rapidly as it did because its banks were as bad as they were."

Announcing Vol. XXIX of the Brand Book

Edited by Dr. Robert W. Mutchler

To be published in December 1974, this beautiful book is certain to become a collector's volume. It will be strictly limited to 1,000 numbered copies, with a discount on copies ordered prior to Nov. 1, 1974. The book will feature an unprecedented collection of original articles by many of the West's outstanding authors, with poetry by Thomas Hornsby Ferril and design and art work by John H. Flores. The hardbound volume has approximately 500 pages with more than 100 photographs, maps and illustrations, plus index.



CONTENTS

- Louisa Arps, *Father Kehler's Denver, 1860 to 1866.*
 Caroline Bancroft, *Charles St. George Stanley, Colorado's Mystery Muralist.*
 Carl Blaurack, *Primary Exploration of the Wind River Range, 1924.*
 Richard G. Bowman, *Pioneer Mormon Currency.*
 Robert L. Brown, *Saloons of the American West.*
 Henry A. Clausen, *La Veta Pass and Garland City.*
 Perry Eberhart, *Trouble in Serene.*
 George P. Godfrey, *El Moro—The Stone Autograph Album.*
 Davidson Hicks, *Voices From the Deep.*
 Merrill J. Mattes, *The Rediscovery of Colter's Hell and Other Research Adventures.*
 Vernon L. Mattson, *Alonzo Delano, "The Old Block."*
 Robert M. Ormes, *Hunting History on Colorado's Old Railroad Grades.*
 Francis B. Rizzari, *The Most Energetic Man in the Whole World.*
 Wilson Rockwell, *Cow Trails Along the North Fork.*
 Fred Rosenstock, *The Denver I Remember.*
 Agnes Wright Spring, *How "Little Man With Big Voice" Saved Crow Dog.*
 Muriel Sibell Wolle, *Indian Dances of New Mexico.*

(Turn page for order form.)

ORDER BLANK

The Denver Posse of the Westerners
c/o Robert A. Edgerton, Tally Man
865 Harrison St.
Denver, Colorado 80206

Enclosed find my payment of \$_____ for _____ copies of Volume XXIX of the Denver Westerners *Brand Book*. Orders will be filled as soon as possible after publication in sequence of prepaid receipts. Please make check payable to the Denver Westerners

- Price, \$15.95 prior to November 1, 1974.
- Price, \$16.95 on and after November 1, 1974.

Please ship books to the address below.

Name

Street Address

City State Zip Code

Signature

Corral Record

Date order received _____

Remittance _____

Book Number _____

Date Shipped _____



Westerner's Bookshelf



GUS SHAFER'S WEST, by L. E. (Gus) Shafer. Trail West Publishers, 816 Locust St., Kansas City, Mo. 64106. 150 pp. \$20.00.

Gus Shafer was born on a western Kansas farm in 1907. He first learned of the Old West through stories told to him by his grandfather who'd hunted game with Buffalo Bill and Old Ben, a top hand hired by his father.

As a youngster Shafer began sculpting antlers in clay and wood. After a formal education in Kansas schools, in 1930 he got married, moved his bride, Eva, and their belongings to Kansas City, Mo., where he began a career as a commercial artist.

Today, some 40 or so years later, Shafer is an artist of international stature, his fame being gained largely through his Western oils, water colors and bronze castings.

Gus Shafer's West comes as the collaboration of Shafer, the artist, and his friend, Donald V. Bates, member of the Kansas City Westerners. It was Bates' idea to provide the public with a pictorial overview of Shafer's Western art. A beautifully gotten-together 150-page, 8½ x 11 inch book is the result of their endeavor. Inside its covers are 37 full-color plates, 120 two-color reproductions and 120 other illustrations of Shafer's artistic creations.

Pictured are oils, watercolors and pencil sketches of various ghost towns in Elk Horn, Mont., Silver Lake, Idaho, Lake City and Creede, Colo.—favorite summertime visiting spots of the artist and his wife. Other Western scenes are also shown.

Shown, too, are bronzes bearing such titles as "Brush Buster," "Buckskin and Beaver," "Buffalo Hunter," "The Sheriff," "The Cook," and "Timberline."

The book's foreword is by Dr. John M. Christlieb, Omaha Westerner and Western art collector. An introduction by Bates follows the foreword. Shafer gives the reader a background on himself and his creations. And, accompanying many of the illustrations that follow there's often commentary in the artist's words about what one is viewing.

Two editions of *Gus Shafer's West* were produced—a limited collector's edition and a trade edition. The former was held to 100-only-for-sale numbered and signed copies enclosed in a natural leather slipcase accompanied by an original Shafer bronze, "Rawhide," which was numbered to correspond with the book. It was priced at \$375.00 and has "long been sold out" reports Bates, "being sold mainly by word of mouth before printed word of its availability could be released on it!"

A few of the regular or trade edition remain. Also printed in a limited quantity, bound in brown cloth with gold stamping, they're priced at \$20.00 a copy. A special price of \$17.00, however, has been set for the Westerners.

Fred L. Lee

EARLY UNDERGROUND MINE LAMPS by Henry A. Pohn, Arizona Historical Society Museum Monograph No. 6., Tucson, 1974. 108 pps., \$6.

The small but loyal group of collectors of mining memorabilia that is so well represented in the Denver area can

be justly proud of their efforts, even if this catalogue had to be published in Arizona.

For several years Henry Pohs has been publishing *The Underground Lamp Post* out of his petty cash fund, and clearly labeled "Not a Hippie Newspaper." Subscription rates have been charged in terms of a few postage stamps and the Xerox has to be the method of production. This era has past.

Pohs is a superb illustrator and the monograph really has little to do with Arizona, but rather represents a long avocation of research and years of drawing to achieve the most complete form of a guide to the development, usage, and technical background of underground illumination.

The paperback price of \$6 is perhaps an inflationary outrage, but in the total absence of any reference work on this subject, the collector is advised to swallow hard, and pay it. Whether the interest is candlesticks, or perhaps carbide lamps, any collector who thinks himself an expert will be jolted back to reality by what will surely become a classic. As an engineering designer for Gardner-Denver, Pohs has drawn more than 100 illustrations and charted manufacturer's in a truly beautiful little book.

Russell (Rusty) Morse, C.M.

EVIDENCE AND THE CUSTER ENIGMA: A Reconstruction of Indian-Military History, by Jerome A. Greene. Kansas City Posse of the Westerners, Kansas City, Mo., 1973. 64 pp., photographs, maps, appendix, bibliography. \$10.00.

The Kansas City Posse has a tradition of publishing outstanding books on Gen.

George A. Custer and the battle of the Little Big Horn. This book continues this tradition. The author, a historian at the Custer Battlefield National Monument in 1968, 1970 and 1971, presents some interesting conclusions drawn from his thorough research at the historic site.

Starting in 1956, the National Park Service began searching the battle site with metal detectors. They hoped that by locating cartridge casings and other metal artifacts, they could determine the various soldier and Indian-held positions. Apparently they were very successful for Greene points out that the location of cartridges, artifacts, and bones found support many of the previously discounted Indian versions of the battle.

Greene's evidence also indicates and supports the theory that Custer had divided the five companies with him into two battalions after leaving Major Reno. He believes that Custer, with one of the battalions, got to the bank of the Little Big Horn before being forced back to the hillside where the last stand was made. This book will force a re-evaluation of many previously held views on the battle.

To my knowledge, Greene is the first to catalogue all recorded relics found on the battlefield. This is done on a foldout contour map that depicts the battleflow and in the appendix.

The book is illustrated with photos of key participants of the battle and of the site as it appears today. The title page is an original drawing by Tom Phillips. This edition is limited to 500 numbered copies. Each book is signed by the author and the illustrator.

All Custer "buffs" will want this book. I recommend it to all Westerners.

Delbert A. Bishop, P.M.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

(Continued from page 2)

Universities, earning his bachelors in fine arts, he joined the General Electric Co. His career was interrupted by Army service, with work in the Climatic Research Laboratory, research and development.

Hageman joined Coors Porcelain Co. in 1955, and settled his family in Lakewood, and was later employed in the East from 1966 to 1972. However, he maintained his Westerners membership during this period, and welcomed the chance to return to Colorado when invited to do so by Hugh Fowler and More & Co., Denver advertising agency. The agency has contracted to provide management assistance to minorities, and Hageman has charge of his work with the Navajo, Utes, Blackfoot and Sioux tribes in eight Western states.

Hageman was proposed for Posse membership by Charles Ryland, Herb White, and Francis Rizzari.

• • •

Looking Back at Early Denver

Back around the turn of the century, when East Denver High School was on the block between 18th and 19th Sts., California and Stout, Douglas Fairbanks proved his athletic prowess. Some time later he proved his acting ability.

The school was a two-story brick structure, surrounded by a sandstone wall which ran around the block. The wall was about 18 inches wide and about 3 feet high with openings only where the coal wagons brought in the coal and hauled out the ashes and where students entered.

Fairbanks walked around the top of that wall, openings and all, on his hands, feet in the air.

Dick Raup, who was born in 1881 at 1244 Santa Fe, was a student in Fairbanks' class.

"He was always doing some crazy thing" Raup said. "He walked around that wall on a bet. They didn't bet anything. It was just 'I bet you can't do it.'"

"He had a horse and rode it to school.

He lived in the area around 22nd and California. He could have run to school, but he had a horse and he'd ride it to school and tie it to a tree. His mother worked. They lived in what we called a terrace, an apartment."

Raup, who retired from the Colorado & Southern Railroad after 64 years and 9 months, was interviewed at his home at 189 W. Jefferson Ave., Englewood.

Looking back brought a smile to his face.

"There was a viaduct over the South Platte that stayed unfinished for years," he said. The 14th St. viaduct had dirt piled up on each side. Steel went out over the railroad tracks and the (South Platte) River. But it didn't meet in the middle. We used to go swimming down there. We could get up on those steel girders and dive down into the river. The river was about six feet deep there. Down about 23rd St. it was eight feet deep and those fellows from the Burlington shops used to come out on their noon hours and dive off the 23rd St. bridge into the river.

"There was a park—River Front Park—there then, a recreation area. It extended from 15th to 19th St. along the river. There was a dam at 19th St. and rented row boats were available. It was a city park, I guess. They had games for the kids and, for a while, that was the place where the circus came and put their tents up.

"There was a big stone building there, looked like a castle, built for an exhibition or something. Afterward that was bought by the Rio Grande; that was some time between 1880 and 1900.

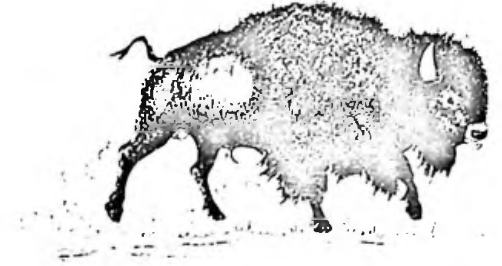
"There was a Buffalo Bill show down there, and a fellow named Custer had an Indian show.

"Later on they moved the show grounds up to 23rd St. from Stout to Welton and over to 24th," Raup said.—Dave Hicks, P.M.

(Continued on page 36)

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL (continued)

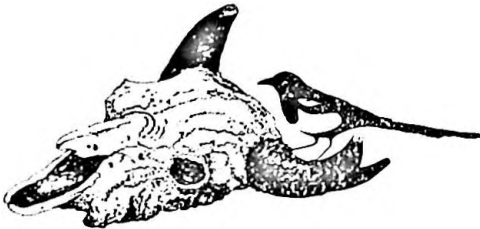
Denver Westerners Corresponding Member Ralph Botter of Socorro, N.M., is a man of considerable talent, as the accompanying illustrations reveal. Deputy Sheriff Dave Hicks, who is program chairman, has obtained Botter's help in designing place mats and decorations for the annual Christmas party. Knowing that many Westerners would like to have reproductions of Botter's work, Hicks has had three of the artist's pen-and-ink sketches reproduced on fine-quality paper, suitable for framing. The 8½ X 11 prints would look great on the wall of any den, and would make great Christmas presents, too. If you're interested in obtaining these, the price is \$1 each, or all three for \$2.50. Send your order to Robert A. Edgerton, Tally Man; Denver Posse of the Westerners, 865 Harrison St.; Denver, Colorado 80206.



• • •

Through special arrangements with Trail West Publishers in Kansas City, Western Books, Hays, Mo., is offering *Gus Shafer's West* to all Westerners at a 15 per cent discount off the regular price of \$20. Gus Shafer is a native of Kansas and one of the nation's leading artists of the Old West today. The book contains many examples of his sketches, water-colors, paintings and pictures of bronze sculptures. The 150-page limited edition (2,500) is of special interest to anyone collecting Western materials. In the book, Shafer tells the story of his life and the development of his career as an artist in a lively, yet concise narrative which accompanies the illustrations.

Westerners can order the \$20 book for \$17, postpaid, and have the option of returning the book for a refund, if not satisfied. Western Books is a mail-order discount book club, organized largely to supply books for members of the Kansas Corral at a discount. The publisher is now expanding his list to include any interested Westerner who would like to receive the monthly announcements, usually featuring about 10 books on the West. Persons wishing to order *Gus Shafer's West*, or wanting to get on the publisher's mailing list should write to Leo E. Oliva, manager, Western Books: 222 Northridge Drive, Hays, Kan. 67601. Include name and address, and \$17 if ordering the Shafer work.



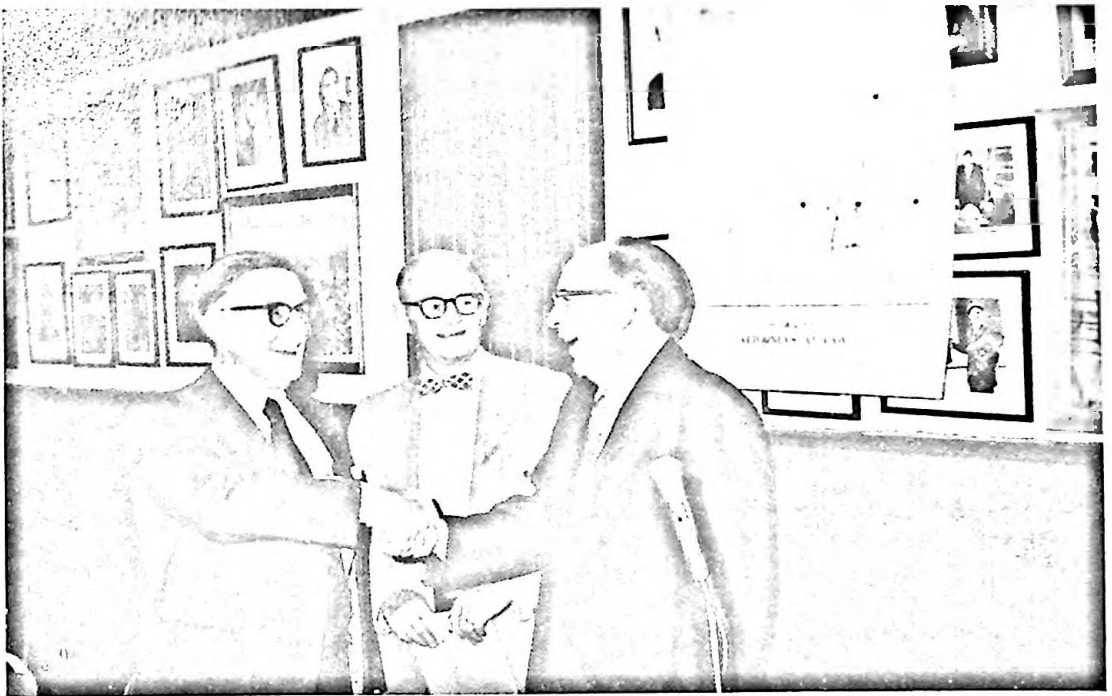
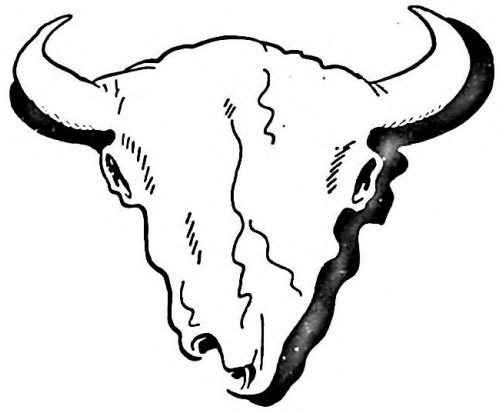
The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

SEPTEMBER 1974
Volume XXX, No. 7

IN THIS ISSUE

HORSE DRAWN DAYS
OF THE COLORADO SPRINGS
FIRE DEPARTMENT
by Dr. Lester L. Williams, P.M.

FORTS IN COLORADO:
MILITARY AND FUR TRADING
by Grenville M. Horstmann, P.M.



Ex-Sheriff Les Williams, left, is congratulated on his talk on the Colorado Springs Fire Department by Deputy Sheriff Dave Hicks, program chairman. Sheriff Jack Thode, center, looks on.

—Photo Courtesy Bob Consolver

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Of particular significance in this issue of *Roundup* (see "Forts in Colorado . . .") is the news that President Gerald Ford has signed a bill authorizing \$2.3 million to be spent on reconstruction of Bent's Old Fort, a famed landmark on the Santa Fe Trail near LaJunta, Colo. The legislation, introduced by Sen. Peter Dominick, R-Colo., and Rep. Frank Evans, R-Colo., culminates the efforts of the Colorado Centennial-Bicentennial Commission and the State Historical Society of Colorado.

Built in 1833 by Charles and William Bent and Ceran St. Vrain, the fort was in use until 1849, and was an Indian trading post and wagon-train stop on the Santa Fe trail. The reconstructed fort will be built of adobe brick and utilize the same primitive construction techniques used in the original. The National Park Service says work will begin next spring, to be completed in time for 1976 ceremonies.

. . .

Marshall Sprague, author of numerous works on Colorado and the West, and a Colorado Springs resident, has been appointed official author for the volume on Colorado in the Bicentennial State Histories series, to be published by the American Association for State and Local History, Nashville, Tenn.

Gerald George, series editor for the association, said Sprague's volume in the 51-book series, will be an interpretive essay, characterizing the peoples of Colorado historically, and showing the relationship of their state's history, their particular experiences, their applications of democracy, and their values, to those of the nation as a whole.

Born in Newark, Ohio, in 1909, Sprague is a graduate of Princeton University. He began writing as a reporter for *Women's Wear Daily* in New York in 1931. In Tientsin, China, in 1933 and

(Continued on page 36)

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

R O U N D U P

Volume XXX

Number 7



September

1974

The ROUNDUP is published monthly except April, August and December by the Denver Office of the Denver Westerners, to members, \$4.50 per year; to non-members, \$5.50 per year. Entered as second class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP mailing office: P. O. Box 990, Boulder, Colo. 80522. Denver Westerners' office: 865 Harrison St., Denver, Colo. 80206. Copyright 1974 by The Westerners, a Colorado corporation. The Denver Westerners Club founded Jan. 26, 1945.

USE THESE ADDRESSES ONLY

Correspondence and Reservations—Robert A. Edgerton, 865 Harrison St., Denver, Colorado 80206

Material for publication in the Roundup—Alan J. Stewart, Post Office Box 416, Broomfield, Colorado 80020.

Books for Review and Book Reviews—Herbert P. White, 730 Madison St., Denver, Colorado 80206.

Reservations for all meetings and dinners—Delbert A. Bishop, 3055 Ellis Lane, Golden, Colorado 80401.

1974 OFFICERS

Sheriff: Jackson C. Thode
Deputy Sheriff: Dave Hicks
Roundup Foreman: Charles S. Ryland
Tally Man: Robert A. Edgerton
Chuck Wrangler: Delbert A. Bishop
Registrar of Marks and Brands: Alan J. Stewart
Publications Chairman: Dr. Robert W. Mutchler
Program Chairman: Dave Hicks
Membership Chairman: William H. Van-Duzer
Keeper of the Possibles Bag: Richard G. Bowman
Book Review Chairman: Herb White

Horse Drawn Days

By LESTER L. WILLIAMS

Colorado Springs, founded in 1871, quickly became fire conscious, and in October 1872 Ordinance No. 4 was enacted providing for the election of a fire warden whose duties included making inspections to reduce fire hazards and provided fines for those with unsafe chimneys or other conditions conducive to fire. Late that same year, disastrous fires in several Colorado communities prodded the citizens to organize a fire department. The first meeting of interested citizens occurred Friday evening, Dec. 27, 1872, in the Reading Room on the second story of the Out West Building, at the northwest corner of Huerfano (now Colorado) Ave. and Tejon St. This meeting must be considered the birth of the Colorado Springs Fire Department.

For 21 years beginning in 1873, the fledgling city was protected by volunteer fire companies. The first equipment was a chemical engine, a large fire extinguisher on wheels. Next came a ladder truck. When water mains and fire hydrants were installed in 1878, two hose companies were formed, and as the town grew, more were added until by 1893 there were eight hose companies and one ladder company. All the firemen were volunteers and all these rigs were pulled to a fire by manpower, although if a team was available it might be pressed into service.

During the 1880s and early 1890s, more and more business buildings were put up and more homes were built. More buildings and more people mean more fires. Volunteers always deserve much credit for their work in fire departments, but the number of hours a man can spare from his business and family is limited. I would guess that many times the wife of a volunteer berated her husband when he came home late, wet, cold and tired, with clothes dirty or

ruined from fighting a fire, and pointedly told him that his supper was cold and she was sick of waiting for him while he chased the fire engines.

Other factors entered the picture. The year 1893 was a busy one for the department. A number of small and moderate-size fires occurred. On several occasions the volunteers were called out three times in a day. Then at 12:30 a.m. on Nov. 28, 1893, a significant fire occurred in the old Pikes Peak Mill building. Built in 1874, the building was a two-story frame structure and the machinery was operated by water power. The site on Mill Street west of South Tejon was a long way from the central station, and from the nearest fire hydrant. The France Hose Company laid a line of hose but didn't have enough to reach the fire. The Jackson Hose was ordered to couple to the France Company's line to reach the fire, but refused, feeling it was an insult not to have their own line from the hydrant. In retrospect this seems petty and childish, but those companies had intense pride in their abilities. Afterward the chief preferred charges against the Jacksons, a hearing was conducted and the Jackson Company's foreman was exonerated. But one member of that company was suspended for six months. Hard feelings resulted, and may have brought things to a head. But the real reason for the end of the volunteer era was the natural course of events when a town grows.

For some time it had been evident that Colorado Springs had enlarged to the point where a paid fire department with horse-drawn equipment was indicated, and none realized this more fully than the thoughtful and mature volunteers. On Jan. 29, 1894, the City Council met in secret session to consider an ordinance disbanding the volunteers and establishing a paid fire department. The meeting was secret because the council feared the volunteers would be angry, and disband immediately before a paid department could become a reality, leaving the city without fire protection.

The ordinance required that the chief must have been a member of a paid department. Alderman Lloyd had been in the East and had heard of a man with much experience as a paid officer who would be available.

The plan was to disband the ladder and three hose companies quartered at city hall, 18-20 South Nevada, and replace them with a paid department with a chief and four men. The apparatus would be a Champion combination wagon carrying a 50-gallon chemical tank and a load of hose. Delivery of such a rig was expected to take 60 days, and in the meantime an ordinary farm wagon would be pressed into service. Horses would be bought immediately and trained. From the detail, it is evident the plan had been in preparation for some time.

It was also proposed that the volunteer hose companies outside the downtown area be asked to continue as volunteer reserves, to be called when a fire occurred in their sector of the town, or when the paid department required assistance.

The ordinance was passed and the very next day a carpenter was at work altering city hall to accommodate the new arrangement. The new fire wagon was to occupy the south side of the city hall, offices were to go to the north side formerly used for hose reels of two volunteer companies, the Jacksons and Crowells. Stalls for horses were built on the south side of the main floor in rooms formerly used by the volunteers. Sleeping room for the men was on the second floor.

Most citizens were pleased at the prospect of a paid department. The volunteers were upset at the secrecy of the council and also the rapidity with which the radical change had been implemented. Surprisingly, some of the volunteers expressed the opinion they were glad of the change and thought the time was ripe for a paid department. They did favor a local chief and held meetings and appointed committees in an attempt to change this point, but the

council held its ground, for need was felt for a man with experience who could organize and train an efficient department.

The volunteers were concerned about their status. Under state law, a man who had served five years in a volunteer fire department was exempt from poll tax and jury duty. Some of the men had almost reached the five-year requirement and wondered if they could get their certificate.

On Feb. 6, the man selected for chief arrived from St. Paul, Minn. He was J. G. Johnson, 35, of powerful build, and behind him 11 years experience in St. Paul as fireman, captain, and assistant chief.

The council's fire department committee purchased a team of matched iron-gray horses named Tom and Jerry, sent up from the Kenmuir ranch, southeast of town. Each weighed 1,290 pounds. They were five years old, broken to harness. Total cost was \$250.00.

On Feb. 12 the council made official the hiring of Johnson as chief, and named Charles Berry, Edwin Baty, James Duncan and A. B. Currie as firemen, and further specified that Chief Nels Johnson of the volunteers be retained in service with the department until the expiration of the term for which he had been elected. The new department went into service at 7:00 a.m. on Monday, Feb. 12, 1894. Their first alarm occurred two days later, when they responded to a fire at a blacksmith shop. They traveled $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, laid 350 feet of hose, worked 20 minutes, and the damage was just \$6.00.

As might be anticipated, bugs had to be worked out of the new system. On Feb. 26 the council voted to purchase a horse and buggy for the fire chief. The volunteer hook-and-ladder company was uncertain of its status, requested clarification from the council, and on Feb. 26 received permission to withdraw from the department and were given a vote of thanks for their years of service. Some money remaining in the treasury of the volunteers was used to buy

a handsome gold badge for presentation to Chief J. G. Johnson.

On May 1, 1894 the new wagon arrived. It had massive red wheels, black body, and on the side of the driver's seat was lettered "C.S.F.D. No. 1." A 50-gallon chemical tank was beneath the seat and there was 200 feet of $\frac{3}{4}$ inch delivery hose. The wagon bed carried 1,200 feet of cotton-jacket rubber-lined hose. There was a two-gallon chemical extinguisher, two ladders, two pike poles, two axes, and lanterns. The only complaint was the price, \$2,000.

The first run for the new wagon came on May 9,, at 11:30 p.m. when the department was called to a fire at the corner of Cache la Poudre and Cascade. The chicken house was destroyed, but damage was minor. Everyone was pleased with the new wagon and the performance of the department.

New automatic falling harness was installed and the horses were trained to take their place in front of the wagon when an alarm sounded. The horses learned to do this, but they were skittish and they were also too light for the hose wagon, which weighed 6,120 pounds fully loaded, so a new and heavier team was purchased, sorrels, Tom and Fox, to replace the iron grays, Tom and Jerry.

Evidence of the efficiency of paid, trained men came when Box 42 called the department to 104 S. Cascade to a fire in a frame building occupied by Ragle & Son, commission merchants. On arrival the department was greeted by a brisk fire, and they laid out a line of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch hose, but the chief ordered the men to use the small line from the chemical tank instead. The fire was quickly extinguished with minimal water damage, and the newspaper was lavish in its praise of the cool-headed chief who kept damage to a minimum. Had a big line been used the building would have been flooded.

The merchants were so happy they passed out the best

cigars in the house to the firemen. One business man predicted in a year's time the paid department would cover their salaries by reduced damage from reckless use of water.

On Aug. 16 the department had a serious test when fire destroyed the planing mill of D. W. Walsh at Vermijo and Sahwatch. Fire was discovered near the boiler room where slack coal (small screenings) was kept. When the department arrived, the entire building was involved. A general alarm was turned in and three companies of volunteers were called to help. 3,550 feet of hose was laid. The entire building was destroyed with loss of \$6,000.

On Aug. 22, 1894, the department paraded in the Second Annual Sunflower Carnival. Chief Johnson and Asst. Chief Nels Johnson rode in the decorated chief's buggy; then came the combination wagon covered with flowers, wreaths and smilax, and all brass glittering; and finally the volunteers, College Hose No. 2 with 24 men on the rope pulling their reel, Ferrin Hose No. 3, Adams No. 4, Sinton No. 5 and the V. Z. Reed No. 6.

When an alarm came in Sept. 3, 1894 Chief Johnson's horse, Kid, was tied in front of the station with a grain bag over his nose. The chief found it quicker to respond with the hose wagon, but Kid wouldn't be left behind. He broke loose and ran to the chief's home.

The first annual report, made by Chief J. G. Johnson for 1894 from Feb. 12 through Dec. 31 showed a total fire loss of \$3,264 for 49 alarms. The last year of the volunteer fire department, 1893, had seen a fire loss of \$10,291.92, suggesting the new paid department was either efficient or lucky in effecting a sharp reduction in fire loss.

In the 19th century fire-department employes were political appointees, and in April 1895 a new city council took office. Three weeks later they suspended Chief Johnson without pay, on the grounds that he "used too much liquor." The newspaper reported a clique in the city council was out to do Johnson in. The council also stated they didn't consider Assistant Chief Nels Johnson was fitted to

have charge of the department so he resigned immediately. James Duncan was named assistant chief and became acting chief. A. B. Currie resigned, and three new men were appointed. This didn't resolve the situation. Wrangling continued until June, when the council named E. E. Baty chief. He had been one of the original six paid fire fighters. Ex-chief Johnson sold fire extinguishers for a time, returned to St. Paul, and subsequently died in the Klondike reportedly from scurvey.

Repeatedly the firemen complained the combination wagon was too heavy for two horses. Loaded it weighed 6,520 pounds. Late in the summer of 1895 a third horse was purchased, a big brown, weighing 1,400 pounds and named Captain. He was fast and gentle. The three horses were hitched abreast.

In October 1895 Chief Baty was sent to the meeting of the International Fire Chief's Association in Augusta, Ga., and was elected first vice president. This set a precedent, and ever since, officers of our department have regularly attended national meetings to learn the latest developments in fire fighting.

On Christmas Day 1895, a threatening fire occurred in the two-story frame El Paso Hotel, at 11 West Huerfano St. The fire started in the kitchen and spread into the upper story and roof. A strong wind was blowing and the fire threatened to spread to adjoining buildings, especially the Halthusen warehouse and stables. The paid department responded promptly and got three lines on the fire. Counting the chief, there were just six paid men, so it is evident they had to depend on volunteers for help. After the fire Chief Baty asked the council for a ladder company and two more hose companies, one in the north part of town and another on the west side, but the council decided the city couldn't afford them. Council discussion then continued on appropriations for the fire department. \$600 per year had been allocated to the five volunteer companies,

which came to \$10 for each company every month. Some of the aldermen favored cutting off this appropriation because they thought the men spent it for beer. Two of the older councilmen knew the idiosyncrasies of the volunteers—one had been a fireman—and prevailed on the others not to interfere with the money. Just a week later, Feb. 24, 1896, the council reversed itself and authorized the two new paid fire companies. Chief Baty visited several cities and toured their fire departments, then decided the city should purchase two wagons from the Fire Extinguishing Manufacturing Co. of Chicago. They were similar to the first one, the Champion, but much lighter, weighing only half as much, and costing \$1,500 each. A team of hays was purchased for \$225 and the men began training them.

On April 1, 1895 the west side company, No. 3, was put in service in the house of the volunteer Ferrin Hose, southwest corner of West 8th St. and Pikes Peak Ave. A Studebaker wagon was used until their new combination arrived.

In the spring of 1896, the hand-drawn Babcock hook-and-ladder truck, purchased in 1875 and inherited from the volunteers was fitted with shafts, a team was purchased, and it was put into service at the central station. Three men were assigned to the ladder truck.

One of the most serious fires to occur during the early years of the paid department involved the Roby Planing Mill. About 4:30 p.m. on Friday, May 1, 1896, Box 21 was pulled for a fire in the mill situated on the rear lot of 421 East Kiowa Street. This called for Hose No. 1 and the hook-and-ladder truck. When the alarm came in they had been out exercising the horses and it took a few minutes for them to get back to the station, gather up the men and respond. When the companies arrived they found great volumes of smoke boiling out of the building. A line of hose was laid from Pikes Peak Ave. on Oak St. (now Corona) and through the alley. The fire had originated in the furnace room of the mill. Just north of the mill, on the

front of the lot was a large two-story frame store house, and it caught fire and burned rapidly.

Hose Company No. 3 was called to the fire, also the College and Sinton Hose Companies. 4,900 feet of hose was laid putting five streams on the fire. Roby's Mill and Warehouse were completely destroyed for a loss of \$11,500. The carpenter shop of Robertson and Ellic, just west of the mill caught fire but was saved. Fire also spread to sheds where grandstand seats for the annual Flower Carnival were stored, but hard work by firemen saved the seats. Furniture was carried out of several houses when they were threatened, but the houses were saved. South of the mill across the alley was a two-story barn. This caught fire and was destroyed. Another casualty were a number of out-houses on the back of each lot.

Evidently the fire department had as much trouble with people driving over fire hose then as it does today, for the following day six citizens were fined \$3 and costs in police court for driving over hose. Their plea they didn't know it was wrong was rejected.

The new hose wagons arrived June 9, 1896. One was put in service at No. 1 station, the other at No. 3. Since the new wagons were light in weight, only two horses were needed for them. The two grays Tom and Jerry from the ladder truck were sent to station No. 3 and two new horses were purchased for the truck.

Company No. 2 for the north end of town didn't go into service until August 1896, with delay resulting from prolonged negotiations with the Colorado College over a site for the station. Finally on June 20, a decision was made and a lot purchased at 314 East San Miguel. A two-story brick station was quickly erected, and the company was in service in August. The 1894 Champion wagon was assigned to No. 2 station, and two powerful horses pulled it. They were named Matt and Jack, after the Matt France and Jackson Hose Companies.

On Aug. 18, 1896 a test of response time was made. At 9:34 p.m. Chief Baty pulled box 41, at the busy corner of Pikes Peak and Tejon. In 90 seconds Hose Company No. 1 and the hook-and-ladder truck arrived. They had been in bed when the alarm came in. In five minutes Hose No. 2 came dawn Tejon, the horses on a dead run and still with good wind after a 15-block run. Six minutes after the alarm Hose No. 3 arrived. Their slow response was due to a mistake in the alarm. Their indicator read Box 14 instead of 41, which called for a moveup to Station 1, so they had not tried for fast time. (The indicators were prone to mistakes and were later outlawed by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.)

On Aug. 19, 1896, announcement was made that Chief Baty had instituted firemen's drill school whereby the men would be trained in use of ladders, rescue, and related subjects.

With stations 1, 2, and 3 in service the Fire Department now had 14 men on duty and 9 horses. The chief received \$100 a month, B. B. McReynolds, assistant chief got \$75 and the men received \$70. The alarm system had 36 street boxes and 30 miles of wire.

On Oct. 20, 1896, an impromptu foot race was run in front of city hall between W. C. Griffin of the fire department and McNew of the police. Griffin pulled ahead at the finish and won the 100-yard dash in 11 seconds. Every man of each department was on hand to watch. It isn't known who minded the store. Evidently the firemen got rich on side bets, the police grouched over the results, and a few days later the victorious and now affluent firemen gave a banquet for the defeated police. The dinner was a Goughs' restaurant, speeches were made by both chiefs and everyone had a good time.

We may think accidents related to locomotion are a development of the 20th century but this isn't so. In 1896 Driver Griffin was cleaning the legs of the chief's horse,

Colonel, when he slipped, scared the horse who jumped in the air and came down with both feet on Griffin causing extensive bruises. Again that year, the chief's buggy was hit by a runaway horse, overturning the buggy, smashing the wheels and axle and injuring the chief's passenger, Fireman William Jones. In June 1897 the wheels of the antiquated ladder truck caught in street-car tracks, the truck swerved violently, throwing the driver off. Later that month the truck overturned en route to a fire, again injuring the driver.

When residents of the Rock Island Addition, north of 4th and Spruce, complained of poor fire protection because of the distance from the nearest station, Chief Baty made a test by pulling the box at that intersection. The companies weren't aware this was a test. Hose No. 2 traveled 11½ blocks in 3½ minutes, No. 3 did 15 blocks in 5 minutes, and the ladder truck did 15½ blocks in 5 minutes.

During February 1898, an economy-minded council met several times to consider the Fire Department's budget for the year. Chief Baty had asked for a new ladder truck to replace the old one which was out of date and dangerous and had caused injuries to three men in the past year. Cost of a new truck was estimated at \$1,800 and the regular expenses of the department were \$19,000. The council instead proposed to reduce the size of the department so that only a small force would be on duty, just enough to take care of horses and apparatus, discharge all other men, and rely on call men and volunteers to fight the fires. An example of the danger of this proposal was furnished in dramatic form when that combination of circumstances dreaded by all fire fighters occurred, simultaneous serious fires. On a bitter-cold evening, at 10:20 p.m., March 21, 1898, Mrs. Vernor Z. Reed discovered fire in the home of her neighbor, Sheriff Winfield F. Boynton, 1414 N. Tejon St. It was thought the fire originated in the furnace room and burned several hours before discovery. Hose Com-

panies No. 1 and No. 2 and the ladder truck responded. There was some difficulty in getting water on the fire, probably due to the extreme cold and a stiff breeze. The fire wasn't controlled by midnight, and Chief Baty called for Hose No. 3. The men got soaked with water which quickly turned to ice. Adjoining homes were threatened and furniture moved out. At one time the fire seemed under control but broke out again and enveloped the entire frame structure.

With all his equipment committed, the men tired, frozen, exhausted and the fire barely confined, Chief Baty must have been struck with dismay when at 12:30 a.m. he heard the fire bell on the central station peal out another alarm. The chief took Hose Company No. 2, probably because that team had had only a short run to the Boynton fire, and went down town to the new blaze which was lighting the sky. He found the second fire was in the Woodside Hotel, at the northeast corner of Weber and Pikes Peak Ave. It had been built in 1875 by D. R. Wood and was an imposing structure. The hotel was vacant save for a caretaker who had discovered the fire. Since 2,700 feet of hose had been laid out at the Boynton house, the wagon was bare of hose, and they had to go to the central station and reload before they could attack the fire at the Woodside. A general alarm called the Sinton and Reed Hose Companies and Colorado City was asked to send help. It was estimated that 20 minutes elapsed before first water reached the fire. Being old and dry, the Woodside burned like tinder. At the rear of the Woodside a long two-story cottage used as a rooming house caught fire. Across the alley, east of the Woodside on the north side of Pikes Peak Ave. was a large frame structure used as a Keeley Institute. Heat broke the windows on the west side of this building. Streams of water were played on the side to keep it from catching fire. Furniture was carried outside by well-meaning neighbors, but sustained heavy damage from rough handling. Chief Baty conceded total loss of the Woodside

and the cottage, and concentrated efforts at saving buildings to the east and across the street. There was 2,200 feet of hose laid at this second fire, which must have totally depleted the department's supply. Within 90 minutes the Woodside and the cottage were a pile of ashes. Meanwhile, by hard fighting, the fire in the Boynton house had been subdued and the adjoining houses saved. Walls of the Boynton house collapsed, and it was a total loss. Loss on the Boynton home was \$6,000 and the Woodside \$14,000.

All fire fighters suffered from being wet in the extreme cold and the wind. All were coated with ice and suffering was intense. Chief Baty had clothes frozen solid, gloves were frozen to his fingers, his eyes were burned and he was taken home exhausted. Capt. Fred Armbruster suffered from freezing of hands and face. Four other men were confined to bed from the exposure.

The most important result of the fire was an indirect one. The serious threat posed by the simultaneous fires demonstrated to the council the vital importance of an adequate fire department and deafening was the absolute silence of the council regarding any further economies at the expense of the fire department. Nothing more was heard of the February proposal to reduce the department to just drivers to get the rigs to the fire and depend on volunteers to fight fires.

The ladder truck inherited from the volunteers hadn't proved satisfactory for the paid department. It was a dangerous rig, and was involved in several accidents. On May 31, 1898, while responding south on Nevada Avenue, one of the horses became unruly and the truck swerved into a tree and was completely demolished. The council promptly ordered a new truck, a Seagrave trussed-frame hook and ladder which arrived in August in time for the Flower Parade of that year. Pictures showed the truck decorated with flags and bunting.

The most serious conflagration ever to strike Colorado Springs and probably the most exciting day in the town's history occurred Saturday, Oct. 1, 1898, when fire started in the Denver & Rio Grande freight station and spread in high wind to destroy 70 buildings including the first Antlers Hotel. Help was sent from Denver and Pueblo by special train. This is a story in itself. Good came of the fire in improved construction in the burned-out area, and the fire department benefitted when less than a month after the fire the council purchased a steamer to provide pumping capability for the department. This steamer arrived in town the end of November 1898, was tested and its performance pleased everyone. The newspaper reported the most admired man in town was Dave McConaughy who drove the team to pull the steamer for its test. It was the Metropolitan model of the American Fire Engine Company of Seneca Falls, N.Y., one of the parent companies of what is today American LaFrance. The steamer was a "second" size, which meant it could pump 700 gallons a minute at 120 pounds pressure. Today the steamer is in excellent, almost mint, condition and about 15 years ago when state firemen met in Colorado Springs a fire was built in the boiler and enough steam generated to turn the pump over and move some water.

The Fire Department's annual report for 1898 showed a fire loss of \$464,011 which wouldn't be exceeded until 1958. In 1898 the department consisted of a chief, assistant chief, and 12 paid men, and three companies of volunteers. There were 9 horses, a steamer, 3 combination hose and chemical wagons and 1 hook and ladder truck.

A new team was purchased for the steamer in January 1899, a bay and a gray, weighing 1,600 pounds each. Illustrating the importance of big and powerful horses to the department, Chief Baty went clear to Kansas City to purchase them and paid \$250 for the team. He also bought a handsome Belmont stallion for his own buggy, and agreed

to let the newspaper reported name him.

The reported recalled the look in the horse's eye when he was taken off the train, which seemed to say:

"I'm from Missouri," so he named the horse "Show Me."

False alarms aren't a new invention. On Feb. 8, 1899, six false alarms within 45 minutes kept the firemen on the go. This was a cruel hoax and completely wore out all the horses of the department. The mayor was so incensed that he offered \$100 reward for conviction of the perpetrators.

At 3:40 a.m. on Friday, Jan. 12, 1900, a serious fire occurred in the May Clothing Store, 22 S. Tejon. The entire department saw action and at 5 a.m., the volunteer companies were called. The Colorado City Department under Chief George Birdsall helped. The steamer pumped at the corner of Pikes Peak and Cascade for 40 minutes, the first and one of the few times it pumped at a fire. Stores on each side of the May Company were involved and the total loss came to \$76,752.00. The department laid out 8,000 feet of hose and had nine lines in operation.

Three months later another serious fire occurred in the Hagerman Building. This followed three days of heavy snow. When the platform scales of Hutchinson and Sawin was covered, they weighed the snowfall, and found 1,700 pounds of snow on the 8 x 14 foot platform, or 15 pounds per square foot. When Box 41 came in 12:30 a.m. Sunday morning, April 8, 1900, it took two teams, or four horses, to pull the hose wagon to the fire at the southeast corner of Tejon and Kiowa. On arrival, firemen found the building completely full of smoke. Chief Baty concluded the fire was in the basement under the Smith Wilson Drug Store, but lacking breathing equipment it was humanly impossible to remain in the basement and fight the fire. Three lines of hose were used, playing through basement windows. About 1:20 a.m. fire broke through the floor into the offices of Bonbright and Company, investment bankers.

Flames broke out the front window of Bonbright, also came out windows on the south side of the building, leaped up the south wall and onto the roof. Ladders were raised, this outbreak attacked and extinguished. Flames also got into the second story. Safes of Bonbright and Company, weighing 6 tons each, broke through the weakened floor and fell into the basement. The firemen doggedly continued to attack the fire on all fronts, gradually made progress and finally saved the building. Loss was \$13,100 to the building and \$5,556 to contents, but in those days a dollar bought a lot more than it does now.

Many fire companies have pets, but in 1902, Hose Company No. 2 was extra blessed and had three dogs. Monk was the most popular. The others had the prosaic names of Paul and Peggy. Monk had been raised by the owner of a dog-and-pony show and given to George May of Hose No. 2. Monk was special because he could climb a vertical ladder. On April 2, 1902, Box 26 came in, and Hose No. 2 responded south on Wahsatch. A block from the station a big dog ran for Monk, the latter dodged and in so doing was stepped on by one of the blacks of the hose team, then run over by the wagon. His lower extremities were paralyzed, and George May asked another fireman, Keith Conacher to shoot Monk while May was away at dinner. The firemen were angry because Box 26 had been false.

Pets at No. 1 station included an alligator, a monkey, badger, squirrel and two dogs, all at the same time. Bum was a dog so important at the central station that when he died his death was recorded in the official log of the company. Station 3 had a dog named Swipes, trained to keep strangers out of the station when the company was out on an alarm.

Purchases of a new team meant that many hours of training would be required to teach the horses how to behave when an alarm came in. On an alarm a chain across each horse's stall automatically dropped and each horse ran

to his place in front of the apparatus. If it was a three-horse team, one of the shafts was held up and horse on the side trained to hold back until the center horse sidestepped into place and the shaft dropped into position. Harness was suspended overhead and dropped onto the horses' backs, the collars snapped together, reins passed up to the driver and the company was ready to go. It was claimed this could be done in just two seconds.

In 1901 a new team of blacks, Blaine and Logan, was sent to No. 2 station and the log records hours of training every day for a number of days, with such comments as: "The new team is shaping up well." After about 10 days the new team was put into service. Some time later Box 18 came in for a fire on North Tejon. Imagine the dismay of the crew when the horses left their stalls, ran to the front of the hose wagon, then forgot to stop, but instead ran out the front of the station and turned east on the prairie. Hose No. 1 came up from downtown and put out the fire.

There wasn't enough room at the central station for a hose wagon, ladder truck, chief's buggy and steamer, and seven horses, so in April 1902, the steamer was transferred to No. 2 station and a fine team, Stub and Prince, purchased for the steamer. Stub was coal black, Prince pure white, and each weighed 1,516 pounds. Another reason for this move was the poor water pressure in the north part of town.

The annual report for 1905 indicated that the apparatus of the Fire Department was lacking in just one feature, an aerial truck. The fire committee of the council acted to fill this void and funds were appropriated for such a rig. After thorough consideration, a bid was accepted for a Seagrave aerial, with 75-foot ladder, at a cost of \$4,650. As a sign of the change in times, a modern aerial truck costs 20 times that much. The truck, built in Columbus, Ohio, arrived in September, was tested and put in service at the central station.

The fires which must have engendered considerable

anxiety in Colorado involved the venerable building of the First National Bank, northwest corner of Tejon and Pikes Peak. The first occurred at 3:55 a.m. on Feb. 4, 1908, and the first company to arrive found fire in the rear of the Ashby Jewelry Store, 12 N. Tejon. All companies of the department responded to the two alarms. Fire was next discovered beneath the J. A. Weir Clothing Store at 10 N. Tejon, and last beneath Holbrook and Perkins, at 8 N. Tejon. There were six lines laid into the Weir basement, the Holbrook and Perkins basement, to the second floor of the bank building, the rear of the Ashby Store and through the Pikes Peak Street entrance of Holbrook and Perkins, which occupied an L-shaped room fronting on both Pikes Peak and Tejon, north and west of the bank office. In retrospect, it was seen that the basements had incomplete fire walls, allowing fire to spread. Losses included \$1,592 to the First National, \$43,181 to Holbrook & Perkins, \$7,343 to the Weir Toggery and \$1,550 to Ashby Jewelry.

Lightning may or may not strike twice in the same place, but just 22 months later, at 2:47 a.m. on Saturday, Nov. 27, 1909, an alarm was struck for fire in the First National Bank Building. On his rounds, night watchman Robert Mack found smoke coming from basement windows in front of the Perkins-Shearer Store. Hose companies 1, 2, and 3; aerial 1, hook and ladder 2, and the chief responded. Arriving firemen found the basement a mass of flames. The Perkins-Shearer L-shaped basement was completely involved. Quickly fire burned through the floor into the Perkins-Shearer store. Fire extended up a stairway and to the roof but was stopped there by two lines of hose. About 4 a.m. the floor burned completely through precipitating stock and fixtures into the basement where all burned together in a mass of debris. Firemen gained first entrance into the building through a sidewalk manhole which opened into the basement, and the new chief, Patsy McCartin led his men down this opening into the south end

of the basement. Soon five lines of hose were in operation. About 8 a.m., after a grueling fight, the fire was declared under control. During the fire a man stopped to light a cigarette. Chief McCartin, an ardent believer in physical fitness, told the man: "You are here to fight fire, not inhale it."

Damage from fire, smoke and water was heavy, but the building stood and the First National Bank was flooded but not burned. Several firemen were injured. One fell through the trap door in the sidewalk, another was cut by falling glass and burner, and a third received a cut arm.

The city was growing and the fire department grew too. In December 1908, a decision was made by the council to build a new station for Hose No. 3 and also for a new company to be organized, Hose No. 4. A lot was secured on West Colorado for a new, two-story brick station for Hose No. 3, and at about the same time a lot was purchased on Institute just south of Pikes Peak to protect the southeast part of town, Hillside. These stations cost just over \$6,000 each. (A new station today costs \$150,000 and up.)

Other changes were under way, signalling departure of the horses. In August 1908, Chief Baty attended the annual convention of fire chiefs in Columbus, Ohio, where exhibits proved that automobile fire apparatus was practical and here to stay.

In May 1909, the newspaper reported that Colorado Springs had more than 500 automobiles and motorcycles.

The first piece of internal-combustion engine apparatus used by the Colorado Springs Fire Department had been a \$180 Excelsior motorcycle, purchased in 1903. The assistant chief rode this as he responded to fires. On April 25, 1910, the Assistant Chief Mike Donahue came to grief on the motorcycle, skidded on a wet street car rail, was thrown off and badly abraded by the pavement.

In 1910 three of the fire horses died and Chief McCartin

reported to the council that four more horses were nearing the end of their usefulness. The fire committee of the council had already been looking into purchase of a truck which could be converted to fire use. The report on the failure of horse power accelerated their search, and soon a 50 horsepower four cylinder Gramm was purchased for \$2,476.50. The wagon bed from No. 2 hose wagon was put on the Gramm chassis. The Gramm was said to be capable of 30 miles an hour. It was put in service at the end of October 1910, and on a test it went from the central station to Glockner Sanatorium, 2½ miles distant, in 4½ minutes. It was estimated a team would have taken 25 minutes for the trip. Cost analysis studies were done way back then and it was found gas for the Gramm cost \$4.27 a month while feed bills for the team it replaced were \$25, or six times as much.

In January 1911, a 30 horsepower Chalmers-Detroit car was purchased for the chief. A bell was put on the front, so people would know who was coming.

Another chassis, a Knox, was purchased in 1912 and the bed from another hose wagon mounted on it, and it went into service at No. 1 and the Gramm was moved to No. 2. The Knox had 60 horsepower, loaded weighed 8,600 pounds, and in a test made 48 miles an hour.

It snowed daily the first week of December 1913 and 40 inches of the white stuff accumulated. Motor apparatus was bogged down. A wagon was borrowed from Sinton Dairy, 1000 feet of hose loaded, and four horses hitched to it, and the fire department was ready for action.

In 1914, a White chassis went in service at No. 1 and the Knox went to No. 3 replacing the team there. In 1914, the chief really made the "big time" when the Chalmers-Detroit was traded for a Stutz Bearcat. Boot was \$1,200. The Bearcat had lots of power, and on one run Chief McCartin rounded the corner of Huerfano and Cascade too fast, then was unable to recover from the turn and crashed into the front of a restaurant. Damage was \$300.

In December 1914 a car was purchased for the assistant chief, this one an Overland roadster.

Cost analysis studies having some significance were reported for the year 1914 showing the average monthly cost of maintenance for motor apparatus was \$3.61 as compared to \$21.66 for a hose company using a team.

One more team was phased out in the spring of 1915 when a Cross was purchased and bolted to the frame of the aerial truck. It had four 5 x 7 cylinders giving it 95 horsepower.

The last horses in service in the Colorado Springs Fire Department was at No. 4 station and the year was 1916. The team there was named Pat and Gene for Patsy McCartin who had been chief and Gene Whittaker who was director of safety when the team was purchased. Now, in 1916, Pat and Gene were 13 years old, and in April Gene developed a sore shoulder, so the team was put out of service and the Gramm truck put in use. The Gramm proved less satisfactory than the team, and when Gene recovered the team went back in service. When a four-cylinder White chassis arrived in January 1917 the horses were permanently retired.

Most of the men had looked on the horses as pets and friends, and were sad they had to be retired. The men regularly brought goodies, such as a lump of sugar, to their favorite.

The chief's white horse was sold to a Mr. Dern. One time when Mrs. Dern drove the horse to town, a fire alarm was turned in, the rigs went by, and Mrs. Dern's horse, true to his firehorse training, took off after them.

Some of the men refused to learn to drive the new horseless vehicles. One of them was Walt Lorraine, a grand old captain, interviewed April 16, 1953, when he was 82 years old, but still sharp and keen. He had loved his horses, and after just three months trying to drive the Gramm, he refused to drive it any more.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

As is apparent from the foregoing article, Dr. Lester L. Williams is a firefighting buff, and has many pieces of memorabilia from the Colorado Springs Volunteer Fire Department. He is also a prominent member of the Denver Westerners, of which he has been a member for some 17 years. He has served the Westerners as Sheriff and Posse member. This is his fourth paper presented for the benefit of the Westerners.



Forts in Colorado: Military and Fur Trading

By GRANVILLE M. HORSTMANN

As an introduction, perhaps some definitions of the term "fort" might be helpful:

- (a) Fort (From the French word meaning strong). A strong or fortified place, usually one occupied by troops and surrounded by defenses and a fortification (see fortification); *Websters New Collegiate Dictionary, Second Edition*.
- (b) "All places with fort-type designation, such as camp, depot, post, cantonment, picket post, station, redoubt, detachment, presidio, barracks,

block house and arsenal." Introduction; *Pioneer Forts of the Far West*, Col. Herbert M. Hart, USMC Colonel Hart is the author of four authoritative books on forts in the Western United States.

- (c) "The problem of nomenclature becomes more-confused in the case of cantonments, forts and posts. To begin with, post is a generic term including all postions at which troops are stationed. Hence, a fort, barracks, arsenal, agency, camp, and so on, are also a fort." Introduction; *Forts of the West*, Robert W. Frazer. Dr. Frazer is a professor of history and among other writings, edited a reprint of Col. J.F.K. Mansfield's report on the conditions of Western Forts (1854-1858).

So much for definitions—take your choice.

The available records of military and fur-trading forts in Colorado are most extensive but often confusing. Many times the researcher has to ask himself, "Who did what to whom and who got paid for it?" because of switches in ownership and operation, fur trader to fur trader, fur trader to military, etc. This paper covers in three sections:

- I. Fur Trading Forts
- II. Military Forts
- III. Odds & Ends

The forts included are all 19th century, both fur-trading and military, with one 20th century exception under Odds & Ends. It isn't claimed that this list is complete, and there is a lack of specific knowledge on some particular sites.

The date line of the 19th century is arbitrary. It is no reflection of the more recent 20th century military installations in Colorado, which will certainly add to our state history: Lowry AFB, Air Force Academy, Pueblo Ordnance Depot, the NORAD Tunnel under Cheyenne Mountain near Colorado Springs, and others.

FUR-TRADING FORTS

These forts are first on the list. They preceded by several years, the military forts in Colorado, with one exception—Pike's Stockade. Many of these forts were only ruins when the military became involved in establishing forts to defend Colorado from the enemy: Indians, Confederates, or whatever. For those who have further interest in fur trading posts, LeRoy Hafen's series, *The Mountain Men and the Fur Trade of the War West*, has much additional information. There are many other references—books, pamphlets, etc.

Here are some, but not all, of the Colorado fur trading forts, with a brief summary of the entrepreneurs, factors and managers, activities and final demise of the operations. (They aren't reported in chronological order.)

Fort Vasquez—Within a period of two years (1885-87), four fur-trading forts were built on the South Platte River north of Denver, within 15 miles of each other. The first one was Vasquez in 1885. The location was on the east bank of the river, a short distance south of Platteville, Colorado. The reconstructed fort, now a Colorado State Historical Site, is east of the original location. This reconstruction, a WPA project, was completed in 1937. According to Dr. Hafton, the cost was approximately \$5,000, considerably more than the cost of the original fort, it can be presumed.

The original builders and operators were Louis Vasquez and Andrew Sublette, both well known in the fur-trade business at that time. The latter was a younger brother of William Sublette.

Brother William had a most important role in the fur-trade era. He was the first man to get a wheeled vehicle across the Continental Divide at South Pass in Wyoming. He was an associate of William H. Ashley, the man who changed the whole operation of the fur-trade business by his introduction of the rendezvous system. William Sub-

lette also established in 1834 Ft. William, later Ft. Larimer, Wyo., which became an important point on the California-Oregon Immigrant Trail, both before and after becoming a military post.

Doyce Nunis, in his biography of Andrew Sublette, refers to him as "Rocky Mountain Prince."

The Vasquez operation wasn't too successful. Competition with the adjacent forts and other complications persuaded the partners to sell out in 1840. Their successors, Lock and Randolph, lost 45 head of horses and mules to Indians, lost a boat-load of furs en route to St. Louis and had other misfortunes. They left the fort and also the territory in 1842. Presumably a bankruptcy court wasn't available at that time.

A missing link in the Vasquez-Sublette partnership is Ft. Convenience. Correspondence in the Vasquez papers, Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis, indicates it was established in present Colorado by the partners in 1834. Where was it? There are several contradictory accounts on the location, but none have been authenticated.

Fort Lupton—Competition, as mentioned in connection with Ft. Vasquez, was developing. Lt. Lancaster P. Lupton, who had been with the Henry Dodge Dragoon expedition to the Rocky Mountain area in 1835, resigned his Army commission in 1836 and returned to Colorado. He built a fur-trading fort in either 1836 or 1837.

This was on the east side of the South Platte River approximately one mile north of the present city of Fort Lupton, about 35 miles north of Denver. On a visit to the site in 1955 with a group led by Dr. Nolie Mumey, an adobe remnant of the original structure was observed at the corner of what was then a barn.

Lupton was an ambitious man. His South Platte enterprise was in competition with Vasquez and Sublette, more professional in the fur-trading business than he. This didn't deter Lupton's ambition. He established a post, Ft. Platte,

in 1840 on the North Platte River in Wyoming, a short distance from Ft. William (later Ft. Laramie). Again, he was in competition with a Sublette, William, Andrew's older brother—another real professional in the fur-trading business.

The Ft. Platte enterprise didn't last long. The location was abandoned by Lupton after a "garage sale" of trade goods, blacksmith supplies, tools, and so on. Apparently Lancaster Lupton left his South Platte establishment in 1846 or 1847, and went to a settlement on Hardscrabble Creek, west of Pueblo, Colo. Here he operated a farm and store until he followed the gold rush to California in 1849. He died in Arcata, Calif., in 1885.

Lupton was an amateur fur trader competing with professionals, but he left an impression in Colorado history, including his name.

Ft. St. Vrain—This fort was originally called Ft. Lookout, and was established in 1837 by Bent, St. Vrain & Co., the operators of Bent's Fort on the Arkansas. They were concerned with competition on the South Platte which was cutting in on their business, so decided to do their own cutting in. Again, the location was on the east side of the South Platt, about six miles northwest of present Platteville, Colo. This site was abandoned prior to 1845, and there are no remains.

Ft. Jackson—This was established by Peter Sarpy and Henry Fraeb, professionals in the fur trading business. They were backed by the St. Louis Company of Pratte & Chouteau, well known in the business. Sarpy & Fraeb sold out to the St. Vrain operation in 1838. Here's a partial inventory of the sale, at their wholesale prices:

Paper-covered Looking Glasses @ 46¢ per dozen.

Finger Rings @ 90¢ per gross.

Battle Axes @ \$1.92 each.

The are no remains of this fort, which was on the east

side of the South Platte, near Ione, Colo. The site is very difficult to find.

So much for the South Platte fur-trading forts. Now we move to the Arkansas River and report on the Bent and St. Vrain operations in that area. These operations were most important in the history of Colorado because of their influence on the fur trade and other events.

Fort Bent—Old and New—There are questionable accounts of the establishment by Bent and St. Vrain of a post north and west of present Pueblo, prior to the construction (1832-35) of what is now referred to as Bent's Old Fort. One authority (?) states that his physical research at the site indicates positive evidence that this was where the apocryphal first operation of Bent & St. Vrain was located. Another authority (?) says, "Absurd, the so-called evidences of a Bent Fort or stockade in that area are merely remnants of an old sheep-camp corral."

Most Western historians agree that Bent's Old Fort was completed in the 1832-1833 period. The site was on the north bank of the Arkansas River, a bit east of the confluence with Limpas Creek and approximately eight miles east of present La Junta, Colo. This fort was an important fur-trading post, Indian rendezvous and a way station on the Santa Fe Trail. It was headquarters for trappers and Indians. In 1846, it was a military rendezvous for the American forces on their way to New Mexico, at the beginning of the war with Mexico.

Changes in conditions, including Army use of the facilities and an invasion of settlers pushed the Indians from the area. There went the profitable business. Charles Bent, one of the partners in the enterprise, was killed in Taos, N.M., in the 1847 Indian revolt. He was then governor of the newly created Territory of New Mexico, U.S.A.

There were other difficulties for partner William Bent, a younger brother of Charles, who was the operating manager of the fort. St. Vrain had sold his interest in the oper-

ation, presumably to William. The fur-trade business was shot to hell. William decided to dispose of Bent's Old Fort in 1849. He did so. Whether by blowing it up or burning it, it still not completely authenticated. William Bent and his family then moved 38 miles down the Arkansas River to the area which was then known as Big Timbers; a growth of big cottonwood trees then extending 30 miles, east to west, along the river. Early settlers used the wood for building construction and fire wood, and the trees are now gone.

William built Bent's New Fort in 1852-53, on the north bank of the Arkansas, east of present Lamar, Colo. The site is somewhat difficult to find unless the researcher has *very* specific directions. A historical marker and some rubble are all that's left at the site. He sold Bent's New Fort at the end of the Civil War and returned to his ranch on the Purgatoire River, and died there in 1869.

Evidences of the construction of Bent's New Fort can be seen along the highway between Lamar and Las Animas. Settlers in the area removed the limestone blocks from the abandoned fort and used them in building homes, barns, and other out buildings.

According to a recent report in a Denver newspaper, the U.S. National Park Service, which is the administrator of Bent's Old Fort Historical Site, now (September 1974) has the dollars to make a complete restoration based on all available information of the original structure. This news report stated that it was anticipated that restoration would start in the spring of 1975 and would be complete in 1976, in time for the Colorado Centennial.

Miscellaneous—To conclude the section on fur-trading posts, recognition should be given to some small, short-lived posts, scattered throughout Colorado.

Two that should be mentioned especially are:

—Ft. Uncompagne, established in 1837 by Antoine Robidoux on the Gunnison River branch of the Colorado River.

The Robidoux family, of which there were many, was noted in all the fur-trading areas.

—Ft. Davy Crockett, established in 1837 in Brown's Hole (northwest Colorado) by Phillip Thompson, William Craig, and Prewitt Sinclair. In later years, the Brown's Hole area was reportedly a hideout for the Wild Bunch—Butch Cassidy, Sundance Kid and associates.

The above and other minor fur-trading operations not mentioned were gone with the wind by 1844.

Again, on with the show to Military Forts.

MILITARY FORTS

As an introduction to this section, the following outline of the early Colorado military organization is interesting:

On Aug. 31, 1864, the Military Organization of Colorado Territory was located and commanded by:

DISTRICT OF COLORADO

Col. John M. Chivington

Camp Evans

3rd Colorado Cavalry (five companies) Maj. William F. Wilder

Fort Garland

1st Colorado Cavalry, Company I, Capt. Charles Kerber

Camp Robbins

1st Colorado Cavalry, Company H, Capt. George L. Sanborn

Camp Weld

1st Colorado Cavalry, Company C, Lt. Judson J. Kennedy

Camp Wynkoop

1st Colorado Cavalry, Company A, Lt. George Hawkins

Camp on the Arkansas

1st Colorado Cavalry, Company E, Capt. Isaac Gray

The following under the jurisdiction of District of Nebraska, Brig. Gen. Robert B. Mitchell, commanding:

Camp Collins, Colorado Territory

11th Ohio Cavalry, Company B, Capt. Wesley Love

11th Ohio Cavalry, Company F, Capt. William H. Evans

Fremont's Orchard, Colorado Territory

11th Ohio Cavalry, Company C, Capt. Thomas P. Clark

The following under the jurisdiction of District of Upper Arkansas, Maj. Gen. James C. Blunt commanding:

Ft. Lyon, Colorado Territory

1st Cavalry of Colorado, Companies D, K & G,

Maj. E. W. Wynkoop

(The military units listed are all "volunteer." These units were mustered out of U. S. Military Service at the end of the Civil War.)

Going back to the introduction and the definitions of "forts," various authorities list more than 20 19th century military installations in Colorado that fall within the definitions. Only a few of those listed by the authorities will be included in this report.

Pike's Stockade—The first United States military installation in Colorado. It was built on the Conejos River in present southern Colorado. Lt. Zebulon M. Pike had Army orders in early 1806 to explore the Arkansas River and find its source. (He may have had other orders from the CIA of the time; that isn't proven.) The river was in the area recently obtained from France, known as the Louisiana Purchase. The structure he built in November 1806 was simple—logs laid parallel to form a wall, sharpened pickets extending over the log walls, port-holes and a firing platform; also a four-foot-wide ditch outside. A rebuilt stockade and marker are on the site a short distance south of Alamosa, Colo.

Unfortunately, Pike was in error on his geography. His stockade wasn't in the Louisiana Purchase area, but in Spanish (foreign) territory. A Spanish military patrol picked up Pike and his detachment in February 1807, and took them to Santa Fe. All were later released by the Spaniards. W. Eugene Hollon's biography of Lt. Zebulon M. Pike is titled: *The Lost Pathfinder*.

Ft. Massachusetts (1852-1854)—The site of this fort, established in June 1852 to protect the San Juan Valley settlers from the Indians, was a military mistake. Any amateur visiting the site can easily see why. Surrounding bluffs overlooked the fort site. Attacking Indians—and fortunately there were none in the history of the fort—could have squatted in the bluffs and picked off the whole garrison with sling shots. Col. J. F. K. Mansfield, Inspector

General, inspected the post in 1853. He is quoted as commenting, "(expletive deleted), what a (expletive deleted) of a place to establish a military fortification." Ft. Massachusetts was abandoned in 1858 and all activities and troops were transferred to the newly established Ft. Garland.

The site of Ft. Massachusetts is north and west of the present town of Fort Garland, Colo., on private land, part of the old Trinchera land grant. Anyone interested in seeing the area should make arrangements with the director of the Ft. Garland Museum, a Colorado State Historical Site.

Ft. Garland (1858-1883)—Following the Massachusetts fiasco, the military moved their activities south, 20 miles east of the Rio Grande River and established Ft. Garland. Construction presumably started in 1857.

This fort was a major military installation in the southwestern part of Colorado Territory. In the Civil War, some of the Colorado volunteers mustered there in the march to New Mexico to repulse the invading Confederates at Glorieta Pass and Apache Canyon.

Ft. Garland, next door to the present town of Ft. Garland, Colo., is a Colorado Historical Site. The original buildings have been rebuilt, repaired or refurbished, and the site is an outstanding example of what can be done by dedicated people, given sufficient funds, to retain and maintain important historical sites.

Ft. Sedgwick (1864-1871)—Originally established as a post on the south bank of the South Platte River, opposite Lodgepole Creek in May 1864. In September 1865, the formal designation was authorized as Ft. Sedgwick, in honor of a Union general in the Civil War. The establishment was planned as a military center to protect the settlers from the Indians. The fort was abandoned by the military in May 1871.

The site is approximately one-half mile south of *old* Julesburg, Colo. There are no structures or remains to be seen today. A monument in the town of Ovid, Colo., has

directions to the fort site and also, there are county road signs to help indicate the location.

Ft. Lyon (originally Ft. Wise) (1867)—This is the second Ft. Lyon, near the present town of Las Animas, Colo. The previous location of Ft. Lyon (Ft. Wise), near Lamar, Colo., wasn't satisfactory (it was practically washed out by high waters of the Arkansas River) hence the move. As a 100 percent military establishment it was abandoned in 1889. Ft. Lyon, however, is still active today, although not in the military sense. It is operated now by the Veterans Administration and the staff specializes in the best ways of working with veterans who have various disabilities.

As stated in the beginning, the foregoing coverage is certainly not complete. There are many military forts missing: Collins, Crawford, Fillmore, Logan, Lewis, Morgan, and others. They are omitted here because of space and time limitations. Later, time may permit picking up the omissions.

ODDS AND ENDS

Ft. Peabody—On top of Imogene Pass between Ouray and Telluride, built in 1909, by then Gov. James H. Peabody so the National Guard could control striking and non-striking miners from tangling. This is the 20th century fort previously mentioned. Remnants of the wood-and-stone structure can still be seen on the pass.

Iron Springs—A reported cantonment south of La Junta, Colo., on the highway to Trinidad, which may have been established late in the Civil War to accommodate "Galvanized Yankees." No details; further investigation is necessary.

Cheyenne Wells—A possible military post in this area along Smokey Hill Trail, when it was an important immigrant route. Again, no details.

Spanish Fort—Also referred to as “Ft. Elusive.” Presumably built in 1819 by the Spanish on the Old Taos Trail, maybe close to La Veta Pass, maybe not. Spanish records indicate it was abandoned in 1821.

• • •

In conclusion, a suggestion is made for needed research in regard to forts—military and fur trading—in adjacent states included in our Plains and Rocky Mountain area which had a definite link with Colorado development and history: Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, New Mexico, Utah and Wyoming.

• • •

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Granville M. Horstmann—Granny as his Westerners pals call him—recently became a member of the Posse. A native of California, he has been a Coloradan since 1910. He attended the University of Colorado and the University of Denver, then went to work for Mountain Bell in 1929, and has stayed with them for 40 years.

Granny likes history in general, but has specialized in Colorado, and has an extensive library on this region. His other memberships include the Western History Association, Colorado Military Historians, and the Council on Abandoned Military Posts—*CAMP*.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL (continued)

(Continued from page 2)

1934, he wrote for the *North China Star*, and was on the staff of the Paris edition of the *New York Herald-Tribune* for the following two years. Since 1937, he has been a feature writer and book reviewer for the *New York Times*, and a contributor to many nationally circulated magazines. His most recent book, published this year is *So Vast and Beautiful a Land: Louisiana and the Purchase*. It deals with the early exploration and political development of Colorado from 1541 until the Louisiana Purchase boundaries were determined in 1818 and 1819.

• • •

At a recent Denver convention of the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons Committee on Continuing Orthopedic Education in Nursing and Emergency Room Care, Dr. Nolie Mumey, charter and life member of the Denver Posse of the Westerners, presented a talk with slides. His topic was "100 Years of Nursing." He also displayed antique equipment and collector's items in patient care. (Did you ever enjoy the "pleasure" of a cold porcelain bed pan? George Godfrey reports Dr. M's collection included six or eight of the oddest-looking shapes and sizes, "plus bed warmers and fancy things to treat or mistreat patients . . .")

• • •

The Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, "by popular demand," is bringing out a Memorial Edition of its popular book, *Denver South Park & Pacific* by M. C. (Mac) Poor. The new, deluxe edition is selling at a pre-publication price of \$19, which will go up to \$24 when the books are on the shelf.

Mac Poor, Colorado's most renowned railroad historian, and a member of the Denver Posse of the Westerners, died April 17, 1973. About a year prior to his death, Mac met with Rocky Mountain Railroad Club officers, and they agreed to reissue his greatest work: *Denver South Park & Pacific*. Club officials have

decided that the reissued book will duplicate the 1949 publication as closely as possible, but with the addition of color plates. This memorial edition, dedicated to Mac, will be the club's contribution to the Colorado Centennial and the United States Bicentennial celebrations.

Mac spent more than 10 years gathering material for the book, visiting much of the state for on-the-spot research, much time in libraries and museums, and in interviewing many old-time South Park railroaders for firsthand information. He covered many miles of the South Park's abandoned roadbed on foot, in order to get more data. The large (8 1/2 X 11) 500-page book contains more than 100 pages of photographs, 16 maps compiled and drawn for the comprehensive work, and six charts and diagrams. The book is well bound in Fabrikoid with hard covers, and has a heavy dust jacket featuring Phil Ronfor's famous painting.

The first edition of *Denver South Park & Pacific* is now a valuable collector's item, worth many times over its original publication price. This beautifully illustrated second edition is likely to appreciate in value, as well. Persons wishing to place orders for the book at the pre-publication price of \$19 should send their checks or money orders, payable to Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, 2561 South Cook St.; Denver, Colo. 80210.

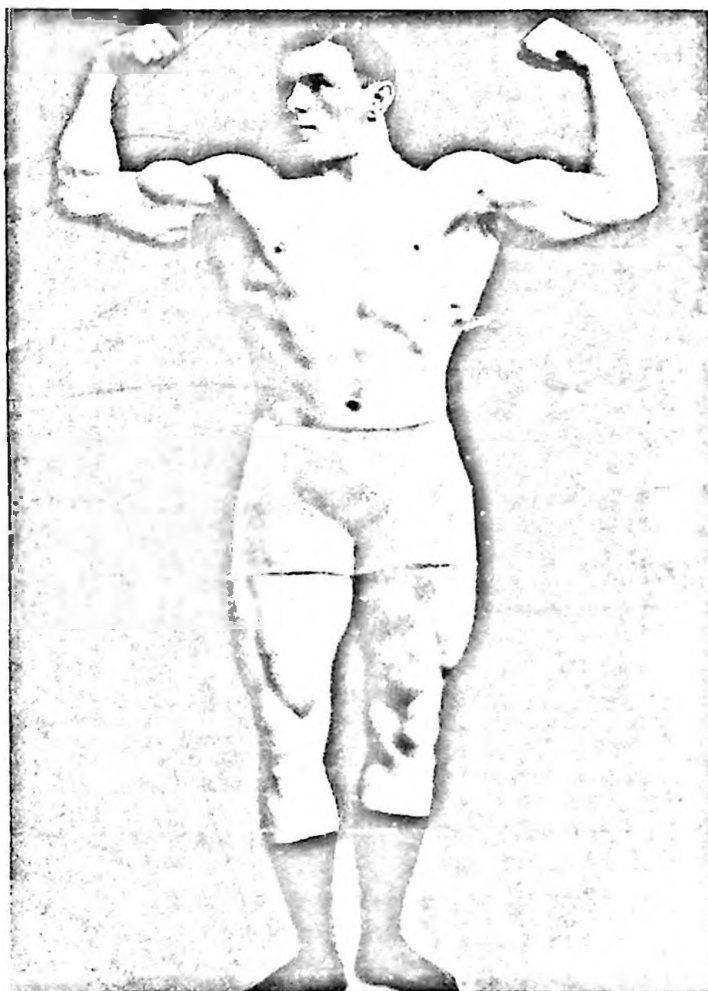
Do you know of any one interested in becoming a member of the Westerners, Denver Posse? For an application blank write the Westerners Office.

The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

OCTOBER 1974
Volume XXX, No. 8

IN THIS ISSUE
WRESTLING IN COLORADO
AND THE OTHER 49 STATES

by Henry Clausen, P.M.



George Hackenschmidt, an outstanding wrestler of the 1900's, in a typical promotion card pose.

—Henry Clausen Collection

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

It may be past the deadline by the time you get around to reading this, but the Omaha Corral of the Westerners has made an offer you can't refuse:

"The Omaha Westerners now has a 'brand book.' It's called *DROPPINGS From the Omaha Corral*—and here's how you can own every issue from the very first number. Issues #1 and #2 are off the press and #3 is in preparation. Every issue of *DROPPINGS* is guaranteed to be a nugget of pure Western history you're bound to enjoy. Westerners International calls it 'Perkiest Westerner periodical in the Valley of the Big Muddy.' . . . Every Westerner who joins during December (1974) will get every issue to be published in 1975, plus ALL ISSUES PUBLISHED IN 1974. You can't beat that!"

If you're interested in risking \$5, send your check to:

CHIP - KEEPER C. MARTIN,
OMAHA WESTERNERS, 514 BARKER
BLDG., OMAHA, NEB. 68102.

• • •

Speaking of *Brand Books*, which always seems to be a hot topic with the Denver Westerners, the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners has announced its *Brand Book* No. 14. The 7 x 10 book has 252 pages and is bound in black gold-stamped natural linen. The volume has been produced in a limited edition of 500 copies, and may be out of print soon. Contents include "Flight Home" by John Dunkel; "Western History in 1776: Garces and Escalante in Arizona" by Raymond F. Wood; "The Jesuit Mission to the Flathead Indians" by Gloria Ricci Lothrop; "The Golden History of Overland Emigrations" by John D. Unruh Jr.; "The Roots of Charles M. Russell" by Carl S. Dentzel; "Jonathan D. Stevenson and the New York Volunteers" by Paul W. Gates; "Big John Tretheway: A Day in the Life of a Western Miner" by Otis E. Young Jr. and Robert Lenon; "Anti-

(Continued on page 19)

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP



Volume XXX

October

Number 8

1974

The ROUNDUP is published monthly except April, August and December by the Denver Posse of The Westerners, to members, \$4.00 per year; to non-members, \$5.50 per year. Entered as second-class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office: P. O. Box 990, Boulder, Colo. 80302. The Westerners' office: 865 Harrison St., Denver, Colo. 80206. Copyright 1974 by The Westerners Inc., a Colorado corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded Jan. 26, 1945.

USE THESE ADDRESSES FOR:

Correspondence and Remittance—Robert A. Edgerton, 865 Harrison St., Denver, Colorado 80206

Material for publication in the Roundup—Alan J. Stewart, Post Office Box 416, Broomfield, Colorado 80020.

Books for Review and Book Reviews—Herbert P. White, 730 Madison St., Denver, Colorado 80206.

Reservations for all meetings and dinners—Delbert A. Bishop, 3055 Ellis Lane, Golden, Colorado 80401.

1974 OFFICERS

Sheriff: Jackson C. Thode

Deputy Sheriff: Dave Hicks

Roundup Foreman: Charles S. Ryland

Tally Man: Robert A. Edgerton

Chuck Wrangler: Delbert A. Bishop

Registrar of Marks and Brands: Alan J. Stewart

Publications Chairman: Dr. Robert W. Mutchler

Program Chairman: Dave Hicks

Membership Chairman: William H. Vanduzer

Keeper of the Possibles Bag: Richard G. Bowman

Book Review Chairman: Herb White

Wrestling in Colorado and the Other 49 States

By HENRY A. CLAUSEN

Early in July 1926 I was heading east from California. While in Barstow, I ran afoul of the yard bull on the Santa Fe Railroad. However, instead of getting 30 days on the rock pile as was then the custom, he seemed satisfied with my credentials. I was also clean and had some money. So, after the usual questions he took me over to the ticket agent and bought me (with my own money) a ticket to Raton.

That turned out well, for it gave me a layover in Gallup. While cruising around, I spotted a poster announcing the wrestling show for the next night. I knew the headliner, Bobby Sampson, and also Emil Maupas, the promoter, who had once had the distinction of losing to Frank Gotch. It was arranged that I challenge the winner of the main event, and the crowd could then contribute by throwing their donations on the mat, after the bout.

In spite of feeling the rapid ascent from sea level to Gallup, I lasted 42 minutes. The donations added up to \$86, split two ways. Pretty good on short notice.

Next morning I was on an early train to Raton. After arriving there, I spotted posters and heard the calliope of a carnival. I worked the front for the rest of the week, and then went with the show to La Junta, Pueblo and Colorado Springs. The scenery and charm of the area told me that I should stay awhile. Also I found that the Art School could use a model. Temporarily I'll leave Colorado, having established when I first saw the state.

Like so many kids of the time, I took a strong-man mail order course from Earle Liederman, and became quite fascinated with how quickly muscles started to expand. Forty years later I still saw the Liederman course ads, and he was still using the same illustrations.

The first professional mat show I ever saw was at the old Madison Square Garden.

I remember seeing Dr. B. F. Roller and Charley Cutler in the main event, Jimmy Londos with a now-forgotten opponent in the semi-finals. This was in 1920, four years after Frank Gotch had died.

Even more vivid was the startling event of two weeks later, seeing Ed (Strangler) Lewis sailing through the air, all 240 lbs. of him, to land in the fourth row, having been heaved aloft and down there by Jimmy Londos, 195 lbs. It made a beautiful racket when a couple of chairs broke, several ladies screamed, and everyone roared their delight at this mighty feat. But it did Jimmy no good, for he lost the bout anyway.

Then I heard of George Bothner's gym. He had not only a phenomenal career as a lightweight wrestler, but he beat most of the welters and middles also. At the time I appeared on the scene as an aspiring grappler, he was the referee at most of the championship shows in the wide New York area. He did his job as third man in the ring without any of the acrobatics or frantic gyrations of the present crop. He was quiet in his movements, smooth, and calm at all times, and permitted no bizarre or off-color tactics by any grappler.

I took 13 lessons from him at his gym at \$2.00 apiece and that was all I could afford. So, I joined the gymnasium at \$8.00 a month, and started training with any and all who were there. I certainly took a shellacking for some weeks. All the headliners in the game checked in at the gym when coming to New York. So did the headline acrobatic acts playing the Palace and other main-circuit vaudeville houses. I couldn't possibly have done better for sheer variety of experience.

I recall particularly a Japanese middleweight, Oishi, who consistently and with smiling courtesy gave me definite lessons. In a thoroughly polite way and by precept, he reminded me how far I had to go. And that was indeed,

plenty far.

After a few months I entered the amateur ranks where I stayed two years.

I did fairly well, getting as far (in the New York Metropolitan area annual tournament) as the quarter-finals, when I lost to a Greek-American Athletic Club welterweight, who took me in four minutes.

My first pro bout after that was in Port Jefferson, N.Y. There, the volunteer fire department was holding a sports show to raise money for new equipment. I was wrestling a local boy nicknamed Kid Salami. Being the home town boy, and with scant training, I was asked to carry him long enough to make him look good. I found that it wouldn't be easy, as several times I had to watch that he didn't trip and pin himself. So, after about eight minutes, in a sudden moment of disgust, I gave him a body slam, and then, and not too gracefully, flopped on top of him. I was good naturedly informed, in the dressing room, that was not the way to make him look good, though it couldn't be helped.

In the early spring of 1923 I signed on with the Starlight Shows, opening in Geneva, N.Y., April 20. The opening night is still clear in my memory. There were two volunteer fire departments in the town, and they had been feuding for quite a while. So the one that was not sponsoring the carnival sent a "sleeper," and the athletic show caught him. Along with the challenge we threw to the crowd, we offered to pay anyone \$25 who could stay 15 minutes. Anyway, I took him on, and found that I was up against new angles. It turned out that he was a contortionist. Every hold I got on him he got out of. I put a double wrist lock on him and shoved his arm up his back, and he pulled his arm the rest of the way. I got a body scissors and he twisted as he pleased. I got a toe hold, and he turned out of it. I put on (I thought) a real tight leg split and he squirmed out of that. Then I put on a three-quarter nelson, he turned the wrong way and squirmed out. And so on. At the end of 15 minutes I had done everything but hold him long enough

to pin him. He called for his money and was paid. I was by then so damned mad I offered to wrestle him to a finish, and let the crowd stay in. But he just dressed and left, and stayed away the rest of the week.

Things were slow for a couple of nights, but by Thursday we began to make some money. Certainly this experience helped my general education. Later in the season we hit East Rochester, N.Y., where the New York Central had its repair shops.

Two incidents there have stuck in my memory. First, on Monday night I was challenged by a half-tipsey black woman, who was happily hazy and in a don't-give-a-damn mood. And it did pick up the gate receipts. She had brought a bathing suit and cap, and announced that she wanted to wrestle. I was outweighed some 20 odd pounds, but her knowledge was zero. I had some fast conversation with my boss concerning the propriety of the idea. Was there perhaps a state law against such a bout? Finally we decided, what-the-hell, all they can do is stop it. After a few minutes of some questionable attempts at wrestling, which was mostly futile sparring, I tripped her sharply, she landed on her tail with a solid thump, and then began to laugh loudly. While she was busy laughing, I got a body scissors, and turned her slowly on her shoulders. Altogether about five minutes, and that was it.

She was still happy when it ended. We gave her a few bucks anyhow, and she left feeling happy.

On Saturday of that same week we were visited by Jack Blackburn and two friends. He gave a demonstration of dexterity, coolness, skill and control I've never seen duplicated. He boxed two three-minute rounds with different opponents. He stood in one spot all the time, continually ducking, parrying blows, blocking everything thrown at him, and also getting in good blows of his own. He later helped train Sammy Mandell, Bud Taylor, and Joe Lewis.

The following year, I signed up for the season with the Charles Sparks Circus. This outfit had a particularly fine

record on the road, and the respect of the various officials whom they met. It became known as a fine family show, which allowed nothing that could offend.

Charley, the owner, permitted no drinking on the lot by anyone, at any time. This particularly was meant to keep the roustabouts and ticket men in line. No con games, shell or otherwise, no gaff points, were permitted on the midway. No hustlers were allowed anywhere on the lot, at any time. He took great pride in emphasizing a clean show, and the business receipts showed the good results of this policy.

We opened in Macon, Georgia, in early spring, and worked north through the Carolinas, Virginia, New Jersey, into New England to northern Maine, into Canada, playing some two-dozen spots in Ontario.

Heading west through Ontario, we crossed back into the United States at Windsor, crisscrossing Ohio, Indiana into Kentucky. Then east through Pennsylvania, and south to W. Virginia and Maryland, south through the Shenandoah Valley into Tennessee, east and south through the western end of the Carolinas, with one last big stop in Atlanta, Ga., and home to Macon for the season.

In the early '30s I barnstormed southern Iowa, Kansas and Missouri. These spots were booked out of a Kansas City, Mo., office. Most of them were fairly close to K.C., so one could be back for a good sleep, before jumping on to the next town. Among others St. Joseph and Independence, Mo.; Topeka, Fort Leavenworth, Jefferson City, Springfield, Joplin and Columbia, Mo. After a couple of months in that area, I headed west with three other towns to cover, Wichita, Hutchinson and Salina, Kan., and then direct to Denver.

I remember working with a carnival in north Denver, and that we ran into a pleasant little riot there. Some of the neighborhood youngsters tried to crash the show by crawling under the canvas. This didn't work, so they cut a couple of guy ropes. This could have become serious, so the traditional call of "Hey Rube" sounded, and armed with tent stakes, we kept them away until the police came, and let

them have the rest of it. Things then cooled down quickly.

I can't remember the Denver promoter's name who held the weekly show, only that he was a Finn. He held the shows in a small armory. He also handled the books for Pueblo and Greeley, Colo., and Cheyenne, Wyo., and now and then Colorado Springs.

Now just where did the wrestling show fit in? Well, they had a small extra show following the big performance. This was a way of getting some more dollars out of the crowd. At the end of the main show, the announcer would say that there was going to be a "concert" lasting about 35 to 40 minutes. This would consist of—with variations on other shows—a short rodeo performance lasting 15 minutes, then perhaps an Australian whip-cracker demonstrating his facility by extinguishing a cigarette in a young lady's mouth 30 feet away, or a gun expert demonstrating his lightning draw. Finally the circus wrestler would challenge anyone in the crowd, and pay him \$15 if he could stay 10 minutes. Whenever possible there was a shill in the audience, ready to accept the offer. Quite often some man, or youngster, would seek out the show wrestler, before the performance, and there would be an agreement on how long it would go. If it went very well, the same man might come back for the evening performance. If we were playing a big city for two or three days, he'd be carried over if he were good enough. We always had one of the roustabouts, in a clean shirt and bathed, as a stand-in if needed. Even then, we were always on the alert for some ringer who might make the show man look bad. The announcer might then call for more than one challenger, and let the audience do the choosing. But this was a fast-moving performance meant to draw extra revenue, which in the course of the season added considerably to the gate receipts.

We also made a one-shot jump to Rock Springs, Wyo. That place I recall with pleasure, for there I first saw Jack Sherry in the main event with young Frank Gotch. While not on any of the regular circuits, Sherry was certainly one

of the smoothest wrestlers I've ever seen perform. He wasted no time in acrobatics or horseplay. One of the tightest and roughly contested bouts was his one-hour draw with John Pesek in New York. Pesek was the "policeman" for the combine that had control of the entire East and the Midwest. Here's an example of their strength.

This was in late 1928 or '29. Joe Marsh was handling Marin Plestina, a Serbian giant of some 240 lbs., and having thus far not succeeded in getting work for him with either Stecher, Londos, or Lewis, finally succeeded in interesting Bernarr Macfadden the famous health addict, owner and editor of the magazine, *Physical Culture*.

Marsh wanted to break the trust, and talked Macfadden into sponsoring Plestina against any other wrestler for \$25,000, especially Ed (Strangler) Lewis, at that time the champion. It finally got down to where Jack Curley, the New York promoter agreed to a Plestina-Lewis match, if Plestina would first wrestle Pesek to prove how good he was. This bout was held in Madison Square Garden. For about an hour they went at it. Plestina had been told to play it clean, fair, no rough stuff whatever, just straight wrestling. Pesek had a job to do—to thoroughly discredit Plestina by any means. Pesek, being a master of rough tactics, fouled Plestina every chance he had. The referee warned Pesek so many times, all to no avail, that he finally stopped the bout, and Plestina was declared winner on a foul. Plestina had to be led from the ring, because he could hardly see, or walk. Pesek was quickly hustled out by the police, away from the wrath of the audience. Plestina was taken to a hospital. I saw him two weeks later in Bothner's gym, and his face was still a mess. His eyes were luckily not permanently damaged. Pesek was immediately barred from ever appearing in New York State again.

Well, back to the West. I'll always remember Longmont, Colo., for there I first met August Sepp. I had been booked there in the semi-final spot. Three bouts on the card. I won in 30 minutes by decision. Who Sepp worked

with, I can't recall. This was in late 1933 or 1934. Sepp was a middle-weight, and a genuine master. For he handled his opponent with great ease every second, and finally, with a forward headlock flipped him neatly for the fall.

I stayed in the area for some five weeks, working daily with Sepp, trying to learn all I could about strategy, timing, never leaving myself wide open if I could help it, nor just impulsively barging ahead with no defense.

Sepp was a bit of a mystery to many of the other wrestlers. He lived quietly, didn't talk much about himself, but his knowledge had not been acquired without patient study, for he did everything smoothly, accurately, and just when it was needed.

The Salt Lake City, Utah, area was a good one, too. One could work the big city, also Provo, Logan, Ogden, and it wasn't too far for quick jumps to Idaho and Pocatella, Idaho Springs, Boise. Ira Dern was the big attraction, a tough, tricky heavy at just about 210 lbs. The main event featured heavies 9 times out of 10, but every now and then there was a welter, middle, or light-heavy on top.

After two good months in that area, I headed west with a stopover in Ely, Nev., where Dern had booked me. That spot I remember well, for there I again met Clarence Chastain, whom I had last seen in Dallas, Tex., three years before. He had a happy-go-lucky attitude toward everything, took ups and downs with an enviable ease. I had to do the hustling to liven up the bout, for while he was quite strong, he generally couldn't be bothered to make that extra effort when needed. His reflexes never quite caught up with his intentions, and the results were often hilarious, and unexpected. However, this time I rushed matters a bit with a stepover toehold, and signed off for the night.

From the early thirties to about 1936 I worked in the Denver area, or more correctly, up and down the Eastern Slope from Cheyenne down to Raton.

None of this brought big money, but better, it brought steady money. I recall two brothers here in Denver, Fred

and George Renny. Fred wrestled and George boxed, but not full time. I had about five bouts with him, and we also trained together. He learned quickly, and remembered what he learned. He always tried hard, but was basically too nice a guy to get very far. He had gentle, clean instincts, and need I ask, what good are they in the wrestling game? So, our bouts were always pretty clean-cut, full of fair play, and three cheers for the all-American boys!

I also worked a couple of bouts in Pueblo and La Junta, Colo., under the auspices of the American Legion. One other time I worked in Pueblo sticks in my mind, only because my opponent sweat plenty, and smelled even more plenty. In that he was almost as distinctive as an Armenian I wrestled a couple of times in Dallas and Fort Worth. Only once did I work on the Western Slope, and that was in Durango, Colo., at an Elks Club jamboree. It drew quite well, and I recall the nice check with the room and breakfast thrown in.

The actual national center for all welters and middles was in Cincinnati, Ohio. There Jack Reynolds, himself a welter-weight, had built up the game for the smaller men, and his connections were country-wide. He was very good as a wrestler, and this was in part due to having trained extensively under Farmer Burns' supervision. The Farmer was outstanding in all branches of the game. He taught Jack a great deal, and that knowledge helped keep him on the top for many years.

I remember seeing Reynolds in the main event in Denver many years ago, at least not less than 40 years. He wrestled a local man, and the bout was refereed by Farmer Burns.

The Farmer had to some extent discovered Frank Gotch, for he first wrestled with him when Gotch was always his greatest admirer. Now, back to Denver. The night the Farmer refereed, he wore a black derby hat, which Gotch had given him.

We used to wonder how he could sleep comfortably with a black derby on. I can't remember who Reynold's oppon-



Frank Gotch, one of the all-time wrestling greats, in his prime. Gotch was discovered by colorful Farmer Burns, early-day wrestler, promoter and referee. Gotch died in 1916.

—Photo Courtesy Charles Roth. Henry Clausen Collection

ent was, but I know he was a well-known local matman.

Reynolds dominated the welter scene for many years, and made the small men more popular than they had ever been, or may well be again. Jack died some 17-18 years ago and without his talent at organization, the big spark as it were, the smaller men lost out.

Once after working the Cincinnati area for three months, Reynolds sent me south to Birmingham, Ala. When I got there and read the paper, I found out I was billed as the welter champion of the House of David. You may remember that they also had traveling baseball and basketball teams. So, I had to stall and soft pedal when asked questions. My stock reply was that as a member, I had taken a vow not to talk about the inner workings of the order. That wasn't hard for I didn't know anything anyhow.

In the very early thirties, there were only three bearded wrestlers in this country. There were Sergei Kalmikoff, a giant heavy, Hank Kollen, a middleweight, and yours truly. The one place where a beard should be anything but a novelty, or to attract any attention at all, was Hollywood, Calif. Yet I worked two shows in the Hollywood Legion Stadium, and each time I climbed into the ring, I might as well have been the Abominable Snowman, or Lon Chaney dressed up as Shirley Temple.

I certainly remember that Birmingham wasn't used to beards, for I almost stopped traffic a few times. Also, some of the specimens of Rebel humor, even if not funny, did call for some self-control. But the shows drew well there, and there were also spot jumps to Atlanta, Nashville, and Chattanooga, Tenn., and smaller towns. I remember Jasper, Ala., very well. For two reason. It is where Tallulah Bankhead was born; also where the dressing rooms were the dirtiest I'd ever seen anywhere. Going west and southwest, I generally made Dallas my principal stop. There were some 20 Texas towns with weekly shows, such as Texarkana, Longview, Tyler, Wichita Falls, Waxahatchie, Waco, Corsicana, Brownwood, then west to Abilene, Forth Worth, San

Antonio, and San Angelo, all handled from the Dallas office. The western part of Texas, while less populated, still had five spots working every week. Johnny MacIntosh of El Paso handled this territory, including Las Cruces, across the border in Juarez, Mexico, and down into the lower Rio-Grande Valley at McAllen, Brownsville, Laredo, and Corpus Christi. Damned few promoters linger in my memory with any respect, let alone affection. But MacIntosh is one of them, for he was that freak of nature in the pro sports world. He was thoroughly honest. Though very wise in the ways of all operators, he never became a cynic. He was a gentleman to all people, even those who didn't deserve it nor appreciate it. I've also refereed for him a couple of times when he had no spot on the cards for me. He featured Matty Matsuda, Japanese-American welterweight. For some reason Matty and Reynolds never wrestled each other. He was certainly good enough to have made it a hard tussle for any welter.

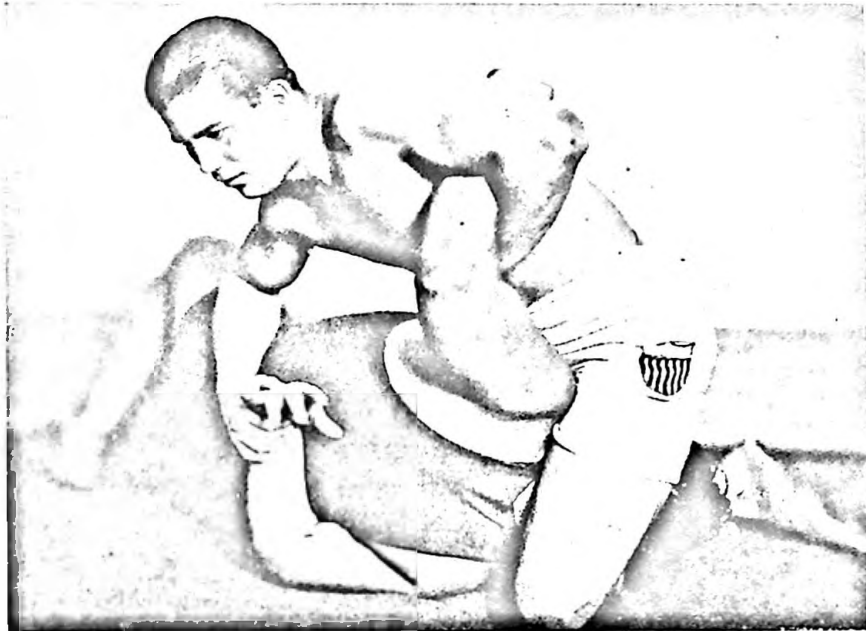
Even before Amarillo mushroomed into its present giant size, it was a good spot to stop. There were three other small Texas towns, Borger, Pampa and Lubbock. With not much variety in sports entertainment, the muscleheads drew well.

One more jump all the way back to the Hudson River and across to New York. You may remember Nat Pendleton in recent years. He first won the silver medal in the 1920 Olympics, in the heavyweight class. In later years he played in the movies, and also on TV. He generally played dumb, heavy parts, which in real life he was anything but. It wasn't until 1924 that he got into the program. He stayed with it for several years, but never had any great love for it. He was very good indeed, for he had a definitely tough streak, with a touch of meanness to add extra spice. I have often trained with him, he 225 lbs, me 148 lbs., and still he gave me hell when we were working on the beach or in the gym. Try keeping away from a big guy who's as fast as

you, and when he catches you, he roughs you up just a bit more than necessary.

He would say, "When I wrestle it is always for keeps. The other guy has no intention of going easy on me, nor I him. So, I don't let anyone, any size, get the jump on me if I can help it."

He once put me on the card in a show just across the Hudson River in Englewood, N.J. I was booked with a Jap-



Nat Pendleton, later a movie actor, was an outstanding amateur heavyweight as a young man, and first won the silver medal in the 1920 Olympics. He got into the professional wrestling program in 1924.

—Henry Clausen Collection

anese jujitsu artist, two out of three falls—each one fall in his own style, and the man taking the shortest fall, picking his own for the deciding pin. I won my fall in three minutes, and then we put on the pants and jacket for the second, and I could smell trouble. I became so exasperated while wearing the jacket and feeling it get in my way, and spoil my leverage, that I hung on in sheer desperation. I made it harder for him, and I didn't do anything right for me. So,

he won in six minutes. The final fall I took in 3½ min. and thought it was over. He apparently spoke no English, and knew less about catch-as-can style, so when he got up, he went right after me again. This confused the referee, and it surprised me too, but I quickly had to defend myself. We went at it again, and in a little over 3 minutes I pinned him. By now a Japanese in the audience got his attention, and after a joint palaver, he got the idea.

One more incident involving Pendleton. To capitalize on his Olympic record, a vaudeville act was concocted. It was tried, and I was hired as announcer. Here was the routine. I came on stage, and made a brief flowery announcement of the days of old when Greece and Rome held sports contests, all for the glory and honor of doing so. From that I led into Pendleton's fine amateur record, and his high honors in the Olympic arena. He was going to demonstrate the famous holds of the greatest grapplers with the help of his training partner. Then the orchestra struck up a fanfare, and Nat Pendleton walked on stage. Then came the gimmick. An usher came quickly on stage with a note for me, which I read. I hesitated a split second, and then announced regretfully that Pendleton's partner couldn't make it, and that he would have to ask for a volunteer in the audience.

After a few seconds a man stood up, and offered to help. He was Tommy Draak, and a very good heavy. In a minute he came out on stage in trunks, and I began to announce the different holds to be shown:

The Frank Gotch step-over toe hold
 The Farmer Burns full nelson
 The Ed Strangler Lewis headlock
 The Joe Stecher body scissors
 The Jimmy Londos airplane spin

Then the catch was that Tommy became mad and finally objected to those holds and began wrestling in earnest, and while the two of them were tumbling and crashing, the curtain came down.

Well, we played three weeks out of town in tryout houses in Yonkers, New Rochelle, and White Plains, N.Y. Then Nat got a championship bout with Joe Stecher, then world's champion, and that ended my vaudeville career.

So, what about it? What did all this barnstorming get me? At least this much. All through the depression, between being a musclehead and a model, I never felt the strain or pain of hard times, but thoroughly enjoyed my experiences in make-believe land.

For the record, the last pro bout I had was in San Luis Obispo, Calif. One of the very present crop of heavies, Ed ("Strangler") Lewis was in the main event, with Mike Romano of New York for an opponent. Mike was good, in fact very good, but not in the Strangler's class. He lasted 18 minutes.

I was in the second spot. There were four bouts. My opponent was Ed Pilar, a Filipino. There were a lot of his countrymen working the lettuce and pea fields, and that helped to pack the house. Altogether we worked six bouts in different towns in central California. Each time he improved rapidly. That last show I stayed 30 minutes but lost the decision.

To go back into wrestling history—while I never saw Frank Gotch perform, I have, over the years met several men who met him in the ring. They were Charley Cutler, Tom Jenkins, Farmer Burns, Charley Olson, Dr. B. F. Roller, Dan MacLeod, and Hjalmar Lundin. They were unanimous in that he had no peer. They felt that just one man may have been good enough to beat him, and that was the East Indian Gama. What good is *perhaps*? However, the reason they never met was perhaps predicated on the fact that Gama and Stanley Zbyszko had wrestled a three hours draw in India. Yet Gotch had beaten Zbyszko in 26 minutes, and that may—*perhaps* again—have given Gama something to think about.

As a final note, I think it unlikely that the wrestling game will ever again become an honest sport. It would have to

start from the very bottom of the cellar. For example, while amateur wrestling is probably clean of all hanky-panky, it is quite lacking in general audience appeal. Only if you have a son, grandson, nephew, or your sweetheart's brother to watch, well that is something else. He can be awful as a wrestler, but you'll cheer anyway. Honestly contested wrestling has no place for cheap clowning, mock heroics, phony rage, or phony villains. So, "rassling" fans want no part of honest wrestling. Only one thing is wanted—entertainment. Isn't life and its grimy facts enough?

I have seen several "shooting matches" in the past. Some lasted at least an hour and up to two or three hours. If they were two out of three falls bouts, sometimes much longer. Ed Lewis and Joe Stecher once went over four hours, and only midnight curfew stopped them. Stan Zbyzsko and Earl Caddock wrestled almost two hours, and at that Caddock was outweighed 40 lbs. If bouts were on the level now, they couldn't be on TV. The time element would foul everything. Barnum's classic remark about one being born every minute, was, to say the least, a modest understatement.

* * *

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Henry A. Clausen, Colorado Springs bookdealer and longtime Denver Westerner, is the author of a number of papers on the Pikes Peak region, and Colorado. After an earlier stint as a Westerner, he rejoined the Denver Corral in 1962 as a Corresponding Member, later becoming a Posse Member.

He gives his chief interests as the early tent shows in Colorado, and rare and out-of-print books. His hobbies include classical music, Chinese art, reading and collecting Balzac, Conrad, Hardy, and

other authors, and collecting the paintings of S. MacDonald Wright and Thomas Hart Benton. Clausen has been a gandy dancer, tuna fisherman, stenographer, life guard, professional modeler, reporter on a Danish newspaper, and a member of the Wobblies. Not to mention wrestler—he tries to keep in touch with all his old "musclehead" pals, who sometimes knew him as the Durable Swede and the Intellectual Grappler!

As an item in an earlier *Roundup* commented—he's still a stout fellow!

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL (continued)

(Continued from page 2)

Japanese Activities in San Francisco, 1892-1893" by Donald T. Hata Jr.; "With Theodore Roosevelt and John Muir in Yosemite" by William F. Kimes; "Idah Meacham Strobridge: First Woman of Nevada Letters" by Anthony Amaral; and "The Legacy from Frontier Sports" by W. H. Hutchinson.

Special art includes 23 early sketches by Charles M. Russell, one in full color. These are introduced with text by art-collecting Westerner Carl S. Dentzel. Other pictorial inclusions are eight full-color reproductions of paintings by Father Nicholas Point; a color frontispiece to John Dundel's verse; 26 illustrations to complement the text; and 11 fitting decorations and end papers by Westerner artist Andrew Dagosta. Price to active and Corresponding Members of \$19.50 includes delivery if payment accompanies order. Checks should be payable to Westerners Publication Fund. Send to Westerners Brand Book; 1264 S. Central Ave.; Glendale, Calif. 91204.

• • •

Of special value to collectors of Western literature is *THE WESTERNERS: A Mini-Bibliography and a Cataloguing of Publications 1944-1974, Number 1*, by Paul Galleher of the Arthur H. Clark Co., P.O. Box 230, Glendale, Calif. 91209. Charge for the 20-page guidebook is \$3.50, and well worth it, if you like to accumulate publications issued by Westerner Corrals. Limited studies have been made twice before on Corral-produced literature, including the 1962 work by Virginia Lee Wilcox, sponsored by the Denver Westerners, who issued a *Comprehensive Index to The Westerners Brand Books*, now out of print. The other compilation was by Dr. Llerena Friend: "Posses All Over the Place—Publications of the Westerners," in the spring 1968

issue of *The Library Chronicle* of the University of Texas.

Each listing in the Clark publication is followed by "We Offer" notes, naming and pricing items available through the publisher.

• • •

More than 200 new proposals for projects to celebrate Colorado's Centennial and the nation's Bicentennial have been received by the Colorado Centennial-Bicentennial Commission, prior to the deadline. The state's total of Bicentennial projects now stands at 508, with funding requests totaling \$2,101,448.

Three areas are covered in selecting projects: Heritage, Festivals and Horizons. Thus far, the commission has assured funding for only \$400,000 in projects—\$200,000 appropriated by the state legislature and \$200,000 allocated to Colorado by the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration. However, the Colorado Centennial-Bicentennial Foundation is now marketing an official medal commemorating the state's Centennial, and sales of this medal and other commemorative products and souvenirs will produce additional revenue for projects.

To date, the commission has provided \$96,254 in funds for 27 projects in 17 counties. Individuals, communities and organizations from 31 counties have requested funds, but 28 counties are still unrepresented because no community or group has applied for funds.

• • •

Two Corresponding Members have been accepted for membership in the Posse: Robert S. Pulcipher and James F. Bowers, both of Denver.

Bowers, recommended for membership by Posse Members Bill Van Duzer, Granville M. Horstman, Robert Brown, Jackson Thode and Don Griswold, has a

long background and interest in Western history. Reared in Kearny, Neb., he minored in and taught Western history, and was a school superintendent at Ft. Laramie, Wyo. He worked as a guide at the Ft. Laramie National Monument and historian at the Custer Battlefield National Monument. Jim presented a paper for the members on Custer, later published in the *Brand Book*. Bowers has traveled an estimated 40,000 miles, tracing the Oregon and Santa Fe Trails, and visiting forts and other historic Western sites.

Pulcipher, proposed for membership by Posse Member Dave Hicks, presented a Westerners program on George W. Kessler, presented in the July-August 1974

issue of the *Roundup*. A biography of Pulcipher follows the article in that issue. Bob was introduced to the Westerners in 1970 by Fred Mazzulla.

• • •

In recent Executive Committee action, the Denver Posse of the Westerners voted unanimously to join Westerners International (WI). WI assigns numbers to affiliated posses, and the Denver Posse has been designated No. 2, from the beginning of WI, because the Denver group was the second Westerners organization formed, following only the Chicago Corral. It has been stated that the Denver Corral, organized Jan. 26, 1945, is the most successful corral.



ATTENTION CORRESPONDING MEMBERS:

YOUR 1975 DUES IN THE AMOUNT OF \$5.50 BECAME DUE JANUARY 1, 1975. DUES BECOME DELINQUENT AS OF MARCH 1, 1975. IF DUES HAVE NOT BEEN PAID BY THAT DATE YOU MAY LOSE YOUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE DENVER WESTERNERS.

PLEASE SEND YOUR 1975 DUES (\$5.50) TO:

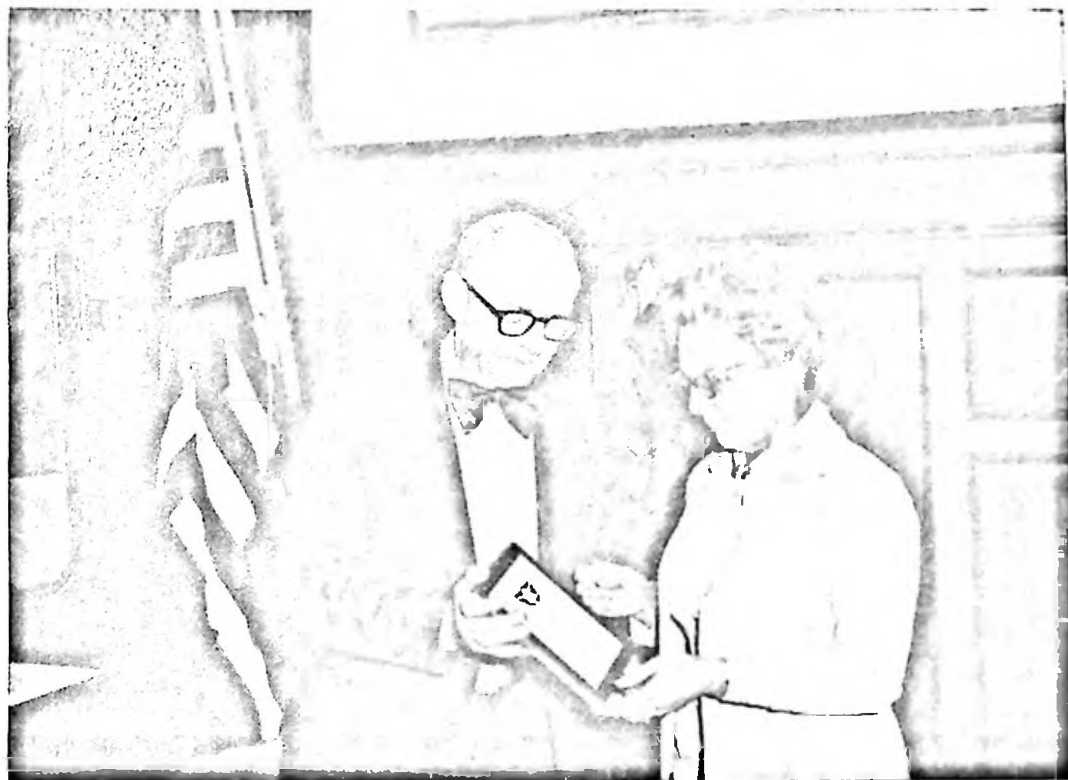
**Delbert A. Bishop
3055 Ellis Lane
Golden, Colo. 80401**

The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1974

Volume XXX, No. 9

IN THIS ISSUE
THE LADIES OF BENT'S FORT
by Enid Thompson



Guest speaker Enid Thompson is presented with special award plaque of Denver Westerners by Sheriff Jack Thode, at Christmas meeting at Oxford Hotel in Denver.

—Photo Courtesy Bob Consolver

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

The Kansas Corral of the Westerners has announced publication of Vol. 2 of *The Prairie Scout*, another collection of scholarly articles about the American West.

Topics and authors include: "Enter John Wesley Hardin: A Dim Trail to Abilene," by Waldo E. Koop; "Cowboys and Indians on Lantern Slides," by John W. Ripley; "After Geronimo," by Odie B. Faulk; "Nathaniel Stickney Goss: Kansas' Peripatetic Naturalist," by Michael J. Brodhead; "Frontier Alaska and the Challenge of Conservation," by Ted C. Hinckley; and "Diego Archuleta: First Mexican Indian Agent in New Mexico Territory," by Michael W. Heaston.

The 148-page book is indexed, illustrated and cloth-bound. Orders for Vol. 2 of *The Prairie Scout* should be sent with a check for \$9.95 plus 50 cents for mailing to Kansas Corral of the Westerners, Box 531; Abilene, Kansas. 67410. Some copies of Vol. 1 are also still available, at \$7.95, plus 25 cents for mailing.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Enid Thompson is a graduate of the University of Montana and earned her masters degree at the University of Denver.

She also has worked for libraries in Montana and in Denver. She has done a great deal of research for the U.S. Park Service, and has worked on the collecting of material on the history of Englewood. She prepared a guide to manuscripts for the State Historical Society of Colorado.

In between, before, during and after all this historical work, Enid Thompson and her husband, Donald, have reared three youngsters, a son, now in California but a graduate of Colorado State University; and two daughters, both graduates of CU.

Her research for the Park Service has led to some writing . . . a report on Mt. Rushmore, one on Freeman's School and one on Bent's Fort.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

Volume XXX

November-December

Number 9

1974



The ROUNDUP is published monthly except April, August and December by the Denver Passé of The Westerners, to members, \$4.50 per year; to non-members, \$5.50 per year. Entered as second-class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office: P. O. Box 990, Boulder, Colo. 80302. The Westerners' office: 865 Harrison St., Denver, Colo. 80206. Copyright 1974 by The Westerners Inc., a Colorado corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded Jan. 26, 1945.

USE THESE ADDRESSES FOR:

Correspondence and Remittance—Robert A. Edgerton, 865 Harrison St., Denver, Colorado 80206

Material for publication in the Roundup—Alan J. Stewart, Post Office Box 416, Broomfield, Colorado 80020.

Books for Review and Book Reviews—Herbert P. White, 730 Madison St., Denver, Colorado 80206.

Reservations for all meetings and dinners—Delbert A. Bishop, 3055 Ellis Lane, Golden, Colorado 80401.

1974 OFFICERS

Sheriff: Jackson C. Thode

Deputy Sheriff: Dave Hicks

Roundup Foreman: Charles S. Ryland

Tally Man: Robert A. Edgerton

Chuck Wrangler: Delbert A. Bishop

Registrar of Marks and Brands: Alan J. Stewart

Publications Chairman: Dr. Robert W. Mutchler

Program Charman: Dave Hicks

Membership Chairman: William H. Van-Duzer

Keeper of the Possibles Bag: Richard G. Bowman

Book Review Chairman: Herb White

The Ladies of Bent's Fort

By ENID T. THOMPSON

Imposing and colorful was that most famous of all American trading posts—Bent's Fort on the Arkansas. A great mud castle, with walls of sun-adobe brick rising 14 feet above the plain, it enclosed a bewildering jumble of one- and two-story adobe buildings, including warehouses, a dining hall, shops, trading rooms, apartments for 200 men and their Indian wives, even a billiard room. Bent's Fort, it has been said, was probably the most imposing work of man between the Mississippi and the Rio Grande.

Its Spanish-type placita and roof promenade were thronged with women, the Indian and half-breed wives of mountain men, Mexican *senoritas*, ransomed Comanche captives and an occasional white woman from the East.¹



In spite of this comment by Walter Omeara in the 1960s, the ladies of Bent's Fort do not seem to have been too well delineated in accounts of the fort, or in the studies of its history. They were probably entirely too much part of everyday life to have been considered unusual and reported, although accounts do exist of beautiful and unusual ladies, or of special stories.

The First Lady of Bent's Fort in the heirarchical sense was Mis-stan-stur, Owl Woman, Cheyenne wife of William Bent. She was daughter of Grey Thunder, Cheyenne chief

and keeper of the medicine arrows. William Bent began courting her, Cheyenne fashion, sometime before 1835. His suit was successful by late 1836 or the very early spring of 1837. William Bent was the leading white man in Cheyenne territory and the best friend the Cheyennes ever had, and he observed the Cheyenne proprieties in his courtship and marriage. Under these customs Yellow Woman, Mis-stan-stur's sister, followed her elder sister to Bent's lodge as bridesmaid, and in 1847 after the death of Owl Woman married William. Four of William's children — Mary, George, Robert and Charles — were Owl Woman's children. Julia, the youngest, was Yellow Woman's.

In the important years of Bent's Fort, 1837-1847, Mis-stan-stur, Owl Woman, was definitely the First Lady of Bent's Fort, and she and all the fort visitors knew it. She was the closest thing to a real Indian princess since Pocahontas, and she was lovely in person and in spirit. The lovely sketch by Lt. Abert reproduced in *Through the Country of the Apache Indians in the Fall of the Year 1845* identified by Abert only as "an Indian Princess" and "wife of a prominent white trader" is identified by a great-great-granddaughter as Mis-stan-stur, Owl Woman.²

The original drawing was on the back of the definitive Abert sketch of the fort and was once owned by Fred Rosenstock (Denver P.M.). Abert in his record commented that the lady kept her looks because she wasn't subjected to the drudgery of the usual Indian wife of a trader, expected to do all the lodge and camp chores, to tan 20 buffalo hides a year, and to respond cheerfully to "Alice" regardless of given name. William Bent spent a great deal of time in the lodges of her tribe, and she went on William's numerous trading expeditions, but when she was in Bent's Fort, she was First Lady. The years of her courtship and marriage must have been as romantic as the white man-



Sketch of Mis-stan-stur, Owl Woman, Cheyenne wife of William Bent. Drawing was made in 1845 by Lt. J. W. Abert, while Owl Woman posed on a billiard table in Bent's Fort.

—Photo by Special Permission: Jack Howell Books, San Francisco, Calif.

Indian princess romance was supposed to be and so seldom actually was.

In spite of being First Lady, Mis-stan-stur wasn't the earliest woman at Bent's Fort. Two pre-fort burials, both female, were discovered in the course of the National Park Service archaeology of 1963-66. Both are unidentified Indians. One theory about one burial is that the woman died in the smallpox epidemic while the fort was being built. At this time, the adobe walls of the fort were being constructed inside a timber stockade. When the woman died, in the panic attendant on the epidemic she was hastily and summarily buried, before the stockade was burned and abandoned as a sanitary measure. The year of

this epidemic is generally given as 1831, and it is the epidemic that scarred William Bent.

Jackson Moore, the fort archaeologist, writes that "this burial has every appearance of haste and minimal concern." Burial 2 on the other hand was a "normal-appearing flexed burial in the tradition of the aboriginal Southeast."³⁴ Both burials may, of course, have been pre-Bent, but the ladies were definitely "in" Bent's Fort and should be listed.

Bent's Fort was built by Mexican workmen recruited in Taos by Ceran St. Vrain or Charles Bent, and sent to the site of the fort to work under superintendent-foreman, William Bent. Kit Carson was crew chief of the timber crew down at Big Timbers producing the lumber used in the fort. We can safely assume this to have been 1830 or 1831 to 1833. The timber crew was all male, but the fort site had the protection of the timber stockade, and it is reasonable to assume that the Mexican workmen brought their women to the fort during its construction¹ — not for comfort only, but because in the tradition of adobe building, men made the bricks and laid them, and women applied the finishing plaster. If women renew this finishing coat constantly, there is very little heavy repair work to be done in adobe. The women apply the thin plaster with their bare hands or with pieces of sheepskin. The longevity of the walls of the fort — they were still standing in fairly good condition up to five feet when Frederick Hackson Turner went to see them in 1913² — proves that this plastering was well and faithfully done for many years. This argues the presence of a large crew of working women. So do the numerous layers of interior pastel washes. In some rooms as many as six different washes and colors showed up in the archaeology. There was *tierra amarilla* (red), *tierra blanca* (white) and *tierra del oro* (yellow), all probably bought in Nambe Pueblo, and hauled by muleback down the Timpas. The crew of unnamed, unknown and unremarked women mattered a great deal in the appearance and comfort of the fort.

In addition to these unnamed Mexican women, numerous unnamed Indian women must have been at the fort. Women were always considered a necessity at a fur-trade post. Mountain men went to the posts as much for recreation as for security. Bent's Fort gave them more than the usual post: it offered company, good food, drink, tobacco, light and warmth, laundry, conversation, books and newspapers with news of the East and Europe if desired, and so there must have been feminine companionship. There needed to be replenishment for the spirit as well as for the possibiles bag.

William Bent was known as the best and strictest disciplinarian of his traders and Indians in the entire Indian trade. He kept a tight reign on his men and a close watch on their behavior. He allowed no vice as such in the fort nor indeed any Indians at all between sunset and sunrise. It was natural that, forbidden the fort, there were squaw towns. There must have been raucous and unruly communities within reach of the fort, but it was definitely not inside. There was more decorum inside Bent's Fort than in any post on the West, and any Indian women were married to the men of Bent's Fort.⁶ This decorum may have had something to do with Bent's standing with the Cheyennes, or vice versa, because the Cheyennes were known as the cleanest and most virtuous of the Plains Indians. More Cheyenne women were sold as wives to white men than from any other tribe; they were known to be good wives.⁷

William Bent married Owl Woman with Cheyenne ceremony, including the bride price and the use of a Cheyenne "bed-set," to bring harmony and happiness to the lodge. This bed-set consisted of a white canvas or tanned-hide bedspread, and a full length piece to hang as a wall at the side of the bed, beaded according to directions of a tribal head woman, who had marked it and prayed over it before she completed the design. It was shown to the

tribe as part of the ceremony of marriage, and gifts for the young couple were left under it in the bride's father's lodge. After the marriage it moved with the couple's lodge. It is interesting to picture Mis-stan-stur's bed-set in William's quarters in Bent's Fort⁸, along with a barrel of claret and a knobbed safe from St. Louis.

As a matter of custom, Yellow Woman, William Bent's second wife, would inherit the bedset and the children of Bent's marriage to Owl Woman. These women and the children were always treated with the utmost respect and courtesy. William dearly loved his children and tried very hard to preserve both their heritages for them.

George Bent repaid the care he had been given by serving as his father's chief historian to Hyde, Grinnell and George Campbell, but he was entirely Indian as a matter of choice.

Charles became renegade Indian, perhaps not surprisingly after Sand Creek and later seeing Yellow Woman, the only mother he had ever known, scalped by O'Connor's men.

Robert, living at home with his father, was forced by Chivington to take part in the Sand Creek massacre, and he, too, turned Indian.

All this brought little joy to William Bent, but his daughters did.

Mary, William's oldest child, was born in January 1838 at Bent's Fort. She was educated by her mother on the Cheyenne trail and in the Cheyenne traditions, and this education was continued by her aunt-stepmother. William had her educated in her white heritage by the Boggess at Westport, Missouri, and in the home of his sister, Mrs. Carr, in St. Louis. She chose to make her American home at William Bent's farm in Westport, and there in 1860 she was married to R. M. Moore. In the 1860 U.S. census of Jackson Co., Mo., is a listing:

Moore, R. M.	Westport				
age 27	Farmer	\$500 prop	\$500 pers. prop	born Ohio	



Copy of portrait of Mary Bent Moore, daughter of William Bent and Owl Woman. Born in January 1838 at Bent's Fort, she was later educated in St. Louis and Westport, Mo., where she made her home at William Bent's farm in Westport. She was married at the farm in 1860 to R. M. Moore.

—Photo Courtesy Library, State Historical Society of Colorado

Mary A. age 23 Indian born Kansas Terr. \$1150
 prop. married within one year 1 slave see also
 George Bent (Westport) age 15 Indian born
 Kansas Terr. in R. M. Moore family

Mary as a girl had naturally been the belle of Bent's Fort whenever she was there. In one diary of a Western trip, written in 1855, a young man wrote:

August 5, 1855, Went down to the "noonery" to see Miss Bent today. She pretty much Indian."

The fact that he referred to the fort as a nunnery bears out William's reputation as a disciplinarian.

After their marriage, Mary and Moore lived for several years in the Westport farm home, and it was during this period that the home was considerably expanded and remodeled. The house still stands, and the only changes made to the original Bent houses were the additions, still easily distinguished, made by Seth Ward when he purchased it in 1871. It is a Southern-style home of great beauty and dignity. During some renovation within the past five years a tunnel, from the original Bent summer kitchen to the creek that marks the Kansas-Missouri border, has been discovered. This tunnel is probably the last station on an underground railway during the slavery troubles, although there are stories of Seth Ward using a tunnel to smuggle furs. Sometime during the Civil War, the Moores moved onto the Bent ranch in Colorado. They became solid substantial citizens of Colorado. Moore became a judge, they lost a grandson in World War I, and ultimately they left the silver and furniture that William Bent had given them as wedding gifts to the State Historical Society of Colorado.¹⁰

Julia, the youngest of William's children and the only one born to Yellow Woman, was lighter and more yellowish than Mary, who was a large swarthy woman.¹¹ Julia was never a lady of Bent's Old Fort, having been born at Big Timbers in 1849 after the first fort was abandoned.

William married a third time, in either 1865 or 1867, after the death of Yellow Woman in the Indian wars. The

last time he married in Westport, and the young woman was named Adelina Harvey. She was the half-Indian daughter of the Missouri fur-trader Alexander Harvey, who has been described as "the roaringest of the river men and fur traders."

Adelina must have been like her father, because Francis Cragin leaves notes that she was only 22 years old when William died in 1869, and that she had been in a Westport bawdy house and carried William off and married him when he was drunk. They moved to Colorado, and when Bent died she claimed half the estate, but the children and/or the children's executor, A. G. Boone, offered her 1/6 share, equal to that which each child got.¹²

When William Bent's brother, Charles, met Ignacia Jaramillo in Taos, she was a young widow of good family with a small daughter named Rumalda. She was elder sister to Kit Carson's Josepha, and was known for her beauty, grace and charm.

Mrs. Charles Bent was the mother of three children by Charles: Estafina, Alfredo and Teresina, and she was very well known socially. Ruth Fish wrote to Charles Hurd that Charles Bent was extraordinarily social, and that he did much entertaining. This was a factor in his selection as governor of New Mexico.¹³

Ignacia Jaramillo Bent was often present at these social functions, and was also at the trial of the revolutionists and all other activities having to do with the New Mexican accession, and was introduced as Mrs. Bent. The interesting thing is that there has never been a shred of evidence found saying where, when, or by whom Charles Bent and Ignacia were married. In light of all the documentation about Kit Carson's marriage to Josepha, this is rather odd. It might perhaps explain the scrubbed pages in the Bent Family Bible in the collections of the State Historical Society, and the separation of the early parish records of Taos Parish from the others in the Smithsonian Collection.¹⁴ This lack



Maria Ignacia Jaramilla, elder sister of Kit Carson's wife, Josepha, met Charles Bent in Taos, N. M., and later bore him three children. Known for her beauty, grace and charm, she was the acknowledged first lady of Taos and later of New Mexico, when Charles Bent became governor.

—Photo Courtesy Western History Department, Denver Public Library

of records also arouses some interesting questions about the lack of Charles' conversion to the Catholic Church (Kit was converted before his marriage), and the increasing animosity between Charles Bent and Father Martinez. On the padre's part, he may have sensed a professional slight as well as a personal dislike. Nonetheless, while Ignacia wasn't ever First Lady at Bent's Fort, she was the acknowledged First Lady of Taos and New Mexico, and she appeared at the fort on social occasions. During Col. Stephen Watts Kearny's visit to the fort in 1846, there was a tremendous fandango or ball given at the fort, and it was attended, according to Mr. Cragin, by Mrs. Metcalf, Mrs. Boggs, Mrs. Charles Bent, Mrs. Kit Carson, Mrs. George Bent, and Indian women, along with their husbands.¹⁵ It is to be hoped that Mrs. Bent was properly honored as wife of the senior partner, but where was Mis-stan-stur?

Mrs. George Bent was mentioned, wife of the younger Bent brother and partner, the one who carried the billiard table from St. Louis to the fort. She was originally a lady of Taos named Maria de la Cruz Padilla, and was of good birth and breeding and great beauty.¹⁶ Their family was a girl named Rumalda, perhaps for her step-cousin, and a boy named Elfego. Very little is known of this branch of the family.

The Mrs. Kit Carson at the party was Kit's third wife, Josepha Jaramillo. After a first marriage to an Arapahoe Indian named Singing Wind and the birth of a daughter Adeline, Kit was widowed.

He then made an unsuccessful suit for a niece of Ceran St. Vrain, Feliceté. He later married a Cheyenne belle called Making Out Road, who divorced both him and his half-Arapahoe daughter in the Cheyenne fashion. Finally, however, in early February 1843, Josepha and Kit were married in a romance that lasted 25 years, until death parted them for a few days in the spring of 1868.

Other ladies of the Bent's Fort community included Teresa Suazo, who had originally been married to Matthew

Kincaid, but who left him and married Alexander Barclay. She was with him in the building of El Pueblo and the Hardscrabble settlement, but visited the fort often or entertained William at Hardscrabble.¹⁵

The St. Vrain ladies were sometimes at the fort, but Ceran's wife, in particular, never left much impression on it. Ceran St. Vrain's second wife was Louisa Branch, daughter of either Ziba Branch or Alexander Branch, mountain men whom he encountered on his California expedition of 1830-31.¹⁶ David Lavender says Luisa was his second wife, and that a Beaubien girl was his third, married in the summer of 1843. There is no information about any first marriage, and no records of the third,¹⁷ although Grinnell says that both Maxwell and St. Vrain married Beaubien girls.

There is some documented information about the ladies that Marcellin St. Vrain introduced into the company at the fort. In the Pratt Diary,¹⁸ several ladies are recorded:

Bent's Fort. July 14, 1848. Messers Bent and St. Vrain are absent in the states, but the fort is occupied by people in their employment — in all at this time 26 souls — and a most mongrel set they are too! Americans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Mexicans, Indians, and half-breeds. . . .

One of the St. Vrains has two Sioux squaws, sisters, who live with him here in the fort and by both of them has children. . . .

There were five of these children, and one of the women was Big Red, who subsequently married Billy Bransford of Trinidad. One of her daughters married E. B. Sopris. Another Indian wife of Marcellin was Tall Pawnee Woman, whom he heartlessly abandoned with two children in 1849, before his marriage to Elizabeth Jane Murphey. He reclaimed the children later, although this was no comfort to Tall Pawnee Woman.

Pratt also noted in his diary that Seth Ward had a squaw with him at Bent's Fort with four children. He could have been referring to Ward's wife, Lizzy Geary, eldest daughter of Eldridge Geary of Fort Geary. Lizzie had four children. Pratt was apparently unaware of the social structure of the frontier, or he would never have referred to Lizzie as a

squaw. He lister other women in Bent's Fort:

a Spanish woman and a very good looking one, too. In addition (to Marcellin's and Ward's wives and the Spanish woman) there is one more female, the wife of a Spaniard engaged as a herdsman.

We know by name some of the women who worked at the fort. There was Charlotte Green, wife of Dick Green, both negro slaves, belonging probably to Charles Bent, freed by William in 1847. Charlotte was famous all over the frontier for her flapjacks, her biscuits, and her pies; also for her dancing and her often repeated claim "I'm de onliest lady in de whole dam Injun country."²¹ Actually, she was not. Rosalie Rice was wife of Ed Rice, the Bent's Fort carpenter, and an extraordinarily good looking woman. During Lewis Garrard's sojourn on the Taos trail, he reported that Rosalie left Ed for Ben Raymond, another Bent employe, and went trading into Comanche country with the trading crew. She earned her way by serving as mess cook.²²

Another lady named was Chipeta, widow of Jose Maria Valdez, who was killed at Turkey's Mill at Mora in 1847. Chipeta may have been the herdsman's wife referred to by Pratt, because she was very good looking, and William would have felt a responsibility for her after 1847. She dipped the tallow candles used in the fort, and did other chores.²³

Men on the Santa Fe Trail looked forward to arriving at the fort for good food, baked bread — "Bread . . . ah, Bread again,"²⁴ and for getting laundry done.²⁵ Tailoring and sewing were done by a tailor, a Frenchman from St. Louis, who was also an expert tanner. He had a shop fitted up for his own use, and made clothes of anything from broadcloth to leather.²⁶ He would have left mending to the ladies who did the laundry, however.

There was a room next to a cistern that was probably known as a washroom. This was doubtless fitted out with a cannoa or trough made of a cottonwood log for washing either hands or clothes. The wives of all the employes must

have served the fort in some domestic capacity, because there was a good deal of work to be done.

The children were very well disciplined, keeping in their own part of the fort. George Simpson originally lived at the fort as a schoolmaster. The children's activities centered in their quarters, or the cook's room, eating there, or at a second table in the dining room with the women. The table was spread with a cloth, and tablecloths connote washing and ironing, as well as serving at table.²⁷ There was a crew of women by function, if not by name, including the Mexican plasterers.

Several more women are known by name. William Bent was known to have ransomed white women and children from Indians. These rescued captives were brought to the fort until they could be reunited with their families or escorted east with a wagon train. Until some arrangements for their futures could be made they doubtless worked about the fort. The earliest ladies named were Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Horn, ransomed in 1840 from the Comanches.²⁸

In 1845, Mrs. Dale and her young son, Paul, were ransomed from the Pawnees. They were ransomed separately from different bands, and when the lost little boy was brought to the fort by a trading party, he was taken to the cook's room to be turned over to the women for care. When he arrived in the big kitchen next to the cook's room he spoke to the woman bending over the fire. She turned around to answer — and she was his mother.²⁹

There is no record of William Bent or Bent-St. Vrain ever being recompensed for these ransoms. The records may exist, and have not been found, or Bent-St. Vrain may simply have written them off as an overhead expense. Records would make certain the number freed, however. One story is told of a Mexican woman freed from the Navajos who married a herdsman at the fort. When her Mexican husband came to the fort to reclaim her, she declined to return to New Mexico with him. She liked life at the fort better than life in the New Mexico colonies.

The most famous American lady visitor to Bent's Fort and the most meticulous observer and recorder of the place, in the eventful summer of 1846, was Susan Magoffin, wife of Sam Magoffin, sister-in-law of James Magoffin, and a Southern lady. In an upper room at Bent's Fort, furnished with her own furniture and attended by a French physician, she gave birth to a stillborn child. Mrs. Robert Bent and Mrs. Eugene Leitsendorfer of Taos were in the fort at the time, and could not have been indifferent to her plight, so may have assisted. Mrs. Magoffin saw nothing of the fort except the reception room, and her own private room, which was a luxury in that crowded summer. She noted with envy, though, the Indian woman who on the same day — July 31, 1846 — had given birth to a healthy son in the room below hers.

Her story, contained in a diary, is one of the treasures of Yale University. It is also the most complete record kept by one of the ladies of Bent's Fort.³⁰

There are many other, later ladies of the fort: Uncle Dick Wooten kidnapped his first bride from Taos and fled with her to Bent's Fort; later, in 1856 he met his second wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Manning, there.

The stage station had hostesses and cooks, and other women camped there on the southern immigrant route.³¹ But the chief thing is — there were a great many more ladies, both named and unnamed, in the history of Bent's Fort than has been realized.

FOOTNOTES

1. O'Meara, Walter, *Daughters of the Country*, p. 210.
2. Taylor, Cress, in the Bent-St. Vrain Collection, *Western History Collection*, University of Colorado, Boulder. Much of the Owl Woman material comes from her, including Owl Woman's Indian name. See also David Lavender, *Bent's Fort*, pp. 175-176.
3. Moore, Jackson W., *Bent's Old Fort*, an Archaeological Study, p. 38.
4. Construction details from Grinnell, Moore, Lavender, Phillips and others.
5. Turner Collection, Box 33, Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif. There is a snapshot of Turner in front of the standing walls.
6. O'Meara makes this judgment on Bent, but Grinnell and others report the "no Indians" rule.
7. Wright Mss. *Miscellany*, Kansas State Historical Society. Wright also comments that John Prowers "bought" his wife.
8. Rath, Ida Ellen, *The Nath Trail*, p. 13 for details of Cheyenne customs.
9. *Nixon Diary*, Coe Collection, Yale University, Aug. 5, 1855 entry.
10. The house in Westport at 1032 W. 55th Street is now owned by Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Campbell, who are very aware of its history. The initial structure, two stories and six rooms, was built by Bent in the 1850's, probably 1858. Sold to Ward in 1871
Schauffler, Edward R. *Kansas City Star*, May 2, 1949

- Abstract of land at 1032 W. 55th St., Kansas City (Westport)
 Dec. 5, 1833 Edward Partridge of Jackson County (bishop of Monnon Church)
- 1838 deeded to Alexander Doniphan
 1840 Dr. Johnston Lykins, first postmaster
 1857 Edmund Price, Westport, second mayor of Kansas City
 1858, April 6 William W. Bent
 1871 Seth E. Ward
 1942 Leland W. Browne
 1950 Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Campbell
11. Cragin, Francis, *Notebook III*, p. 39, abstract
 12. *Ibid.*, p. 32. Also *Kansas City Times*, July 30, 1965.
 13. *Hurd Collection*, State Historical Society of Colorado. This is an interesting note, because when all the partners were at Bent's Fort, it was always the suave Ceran St. Vrain who acted as host and who sat at the head of the table, in spite of the fact that William was the number one man at the fort.
 14. These records were closely examined for facts. None found.
 15. Cragin, *Notebook VIII*, p. 3.
 16. *Ibid.*, p. 3.
 17. *Ibid.*, p. 3, also see *Barclay Papers*, Bancroft.
 18. *Wolfskill Diary*, p. 2, Huntington Library. Also Lavender, DeBusk Memorial.
 18. *Wolfskill Diary*, p. 2, Huntington Library. Also Lavender DeBusk Memorial, State Historical Society of Colorado 359.
- 2
19. According to Michael Beshoar in the DeBusk Memorial, Ceran became mad nine years after the Beaubien marriage and died ultimately in a St. Louis asylum. This of course does not jibe with sales of flour in the Cherry Creek diggings, so is not reported as history.
 20. Pratt, Orville. Cragin, *Notebook XVII*, p. 34.
 21. This quote appears in almost everything written about Bent's Fort.
 22. *Wah-To-Yah*, p. 249.
 23. Grinnell, p. 61.
 24. Field, also Grinnell, p. 61-2.
 25. Farnham, p. 107.
 26. Phillips, Rufus, Lecture at La Junta, Jan. 8, 1928. In Hurd Collection.
 27. Parkman, *The Oregon Trail*, p. 260.
 28. *Barclay Diaries*. Barclay was factor at Bent's Fort, 1838-1842.
 29. Reported in Lavender, p. 256.
 30. Magoffin. See Lavender, p. 256-7.
 31. Cragin, *Notebook XI*, p. 6.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Abert, J. W., *Through the Country of the Comanche Indians in the Fall of the Year 1845*. San Francisco, A. & L. Kennedy, by John Howell 1970.
- Barclay, Alexander Papers, 1810-1855*. Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.
- Bent St. Vrain Collection*. Western Historical Collections, Norlin Library, University of Colorado, Boulder. Cress Taylor's materials.
- Cragin, Francis, *Early Fur West Notebooks*. Pioneer Museum, Colorado Springs.
- C.W.A. *Interviews*. De Busk Memorial 359 State Historical Society, Denver.
- 2
- Farnham, Thomas, *Travels in the Great Western Prairies*, London, Richard Bentley, 1843.
- Field, Matthew *Journal*, as reported in Sunder, *Matt Field on the Santa Fe Trail*. Norman, University of Oklahoma, 1960.
- Garrard, Lewis, *Wah-To-Yah and the Taos Trail 1846-1850*. In Southwest Historical Series, Vol. V.
- Hill, John Joseph, *Collection*. Bancroft Library, Berkeley.
- Grinnell, George, *Bent's Old Fort and its Builders*. Topeka, Collections of the Kansas Historical Society, 1919-1922.
- Hurd, Charles, *Collection*. State Historical Society, Denver.
- Lavender, David, *Bent's Fort*. Garden City, N.Y. 1934.
- Magoffin, Susan, *Down the Santa Fe Trail and into Mexico*. Coe Library, Yale University, 1846-7.
- Nixon, Orville A., *Journal of a Trip from Centerville, Tenn., to Bent's Fort and Return, 1848*. Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif.
- Moore, Jackson W., *Bent's Old Fort, An Archaeological Study*. Boulder, Pruett Press, 1973.
- O'Meara, Walter, *Daughters of the Country; the Women of the Fur Traders and the Mountain Men*. N.Y. Harcourt, Brace and World, 1968.
- Parkman, Francis, *The Oregon Trail*. New York, A. L. Burt, n.d.
- Phillips, Paul C., *The Fur Trade*. Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1961.
- Pratt, Orville C., *Diary of an Overland Journey by Way of Santa Fe*. Coe Collection, Yale University.
- Rath, Ida Ellen, *The Rath Trail*. Wichita, McCormick Armstrong, 1961.
- Turner, Frederick J., *Collection*. Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif.
- Wolfskill, William, *Ledger, 1930-32*. Huntington Library, San Marino.
- Wright, R. M. *Santa Fe Trail Collection*, Kansas Historical Society, Topeka.



Westerner's Bookshelf



A QUICK HISTORY OF TELLURIDE, by Rose Weber. Little London Press, Colorado Springs. \$1.95.

Author Weber has taken the town of Telluride, in 54 pages, from settlement through the ski boom. The title is apt. This is a "quick" history. Yet it seems to cover the high points, and the 50-plus illustrations will help the counter-souvenir-book sales. Well done!

Dave Hicks, P.M.

INDEPENDENCE IN ALL THINGS, NEUTRALITY IN NOTHING by Elizabeth Wright, Miller Freeman Publications, San Francisco. 250 pages, many illustrations, \$10.

This must be a family project, as the author is the granddaughter-in-law of Legh Freeman, an early Western newspaper publisher and father of a Miller Freeman, the name of the publishing firm.

Whether or not it is a "family biography" becomes unimportant as the pages flow by, however. It's a good story, well written and exciting.

Legh—he dropped the "i" from Leigh—was a Confederate soldier who remained loyal. He pushed West after the war and published the *Frontier Index* at various points as the Union Pacific moved westward. (The book's title, long as it is, comes from the motto of the first Freeman newspaper.)

Freeman then published in Ogden, Utah, Butte, Mont., and finally in Yakima, Wash. He loved the West and its people. His sons joined him in the printing business for a time, but later went their own ways. Miller Freeman (he dropped Legh as his first name)

stayed in printing and publishing.

At one point Legh Freeman's wagon, paper and printing press were burned by those who differed from his views. He tangled with the Mormons in Utah and that was an unpopular occupation in the 1870s.

Books have made mention of itinerant printers, reporters and even editors, but this may be the first such publisher and he was quite a fellow. The book's worth reading.

Dave Hicks, P.M.

WEST FROM FORT PIERRE, by James M. Robinson. Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, 1974. 345 pp., including maps, photographs, bibliography and index, \$7.95.

"The Wild World of James 'Scotty' Philip" is the subtitle of this account of an area west of the Missouri River in South Dakota. The life of this energetic Scot encompassed the years between 1874 and 1911 when he died. His experience began after his arrival in Kansas in 1874 from Scotland. He was disappointed with the flat plains of Kansas where he joined relatives and left to illegally enter the Black Hills with a party participating in the gold rush of 1875. He was digging for gold when the Custer debacle occurred, but left shortly after when his supplies were exhausted—with no gold. Only 17 years old when entering the Black Hills, he then began a career as Army scout, freighter, cattleman and politician that culminated in wealth and prominence. Philip is honored at the Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center at

(Continued on page 20)

(Continued from page 19)

Oklahoma City as a representative from South Dakota. He also established one of the first buffalo ranches contributing to preservation of the species.

Although confined to a comparatively small area, this book is an interesting item of Western Americana, covering much more than "Scotty's" life.

George B. Greene, C.M.

ROOF OF THE ROCKIES—A HISTORY OF MOUNTAINEERING IN COLORADO by William M. Bueler, Pruett Press, Boulder, 1974. 200 pps., \$8.95

Man's passion for walking, climbing, or crawling to the top of the highest mountains forms the basis for this two-part history of mountaineering in Colorado. Having clear geographical and historical division, the book is well enough documented that the many specific quotes from primary sources are guidelines for further research.

The first eight chapters comprise a section on the early conquests of the explorers that compares well with similar treatment by other modern scholars. Direct quotes are often lengthy, but have been well enough chosen so as to preserve over-all continuity.

Chapters 9 through 15 cover specific alpine efforts and, with original maps and research in the "who was the first" department, should please the adventurer as well as the armchair expert. In review the chapters on the San Juan sub-ranges compare very well with what is already available. Specifically, the activity in the Needle and Grenadier ranges provides a needed introduction to an all-to-sparse literature on these mountains.

Recalling with some measure of terror several incidents in the San Juans, the

reviewer found little incentive to abandon his aversion to the technical sport of climbing, but grudgingly confesses that much of general value can be found in the review of all the efforts to climb every peak.

Dangerous climbs are clearly labeled and enough background is woven in to discourage the foolhardy, and specific efforts are described well enough to make adventurous reading.

For the technical climber, the book is essential, and for the general historian, well worth a thorough study. One gains a better appreciation of how tough our Rockies really are, in perspective. Useful for dating when a specific mountain was first conquered, the book escapes its natural over-specialization and clearly has value as a general geographical reference.

Russell (Rusty) Morse, C.M.

TRAILS OF THE SIERRA MADRE.
By Eugene Boudreau Capra
Press, Santa Barbara, Calif.
\$3.75.

If you're a camper and you've always wanted to head out on a hunt for lost gold mines, this is a book for you. It's a how-to book on one of the most unusual parts of our continent. There are still Indians, far-off-the-beaten-path trails where four-wheel drive vehicles can't travel, and scenic sights mixed with a liberal portion of bedbugs and scorpions.

This little paperback, 77 pages with bibliography, tells what you'll need for a trip, how much it will cost and where the jumping-off places are. The author has made many trips through northwest Mexico. The book includes maps and tells the reader where to get more.

Dave Hicks, P.M.