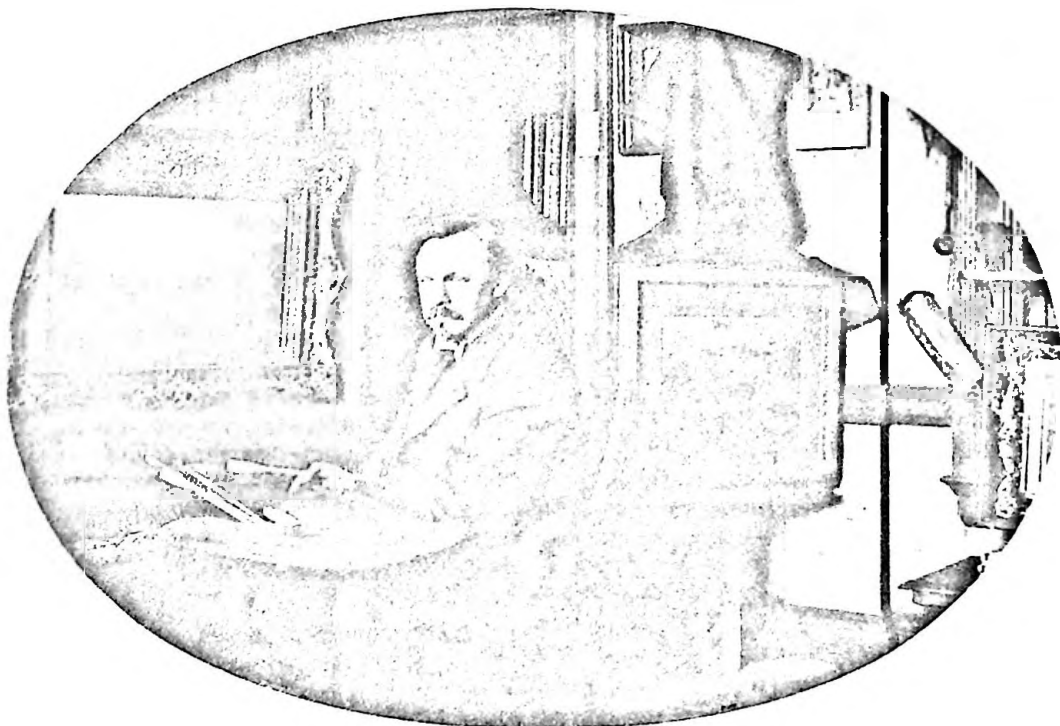
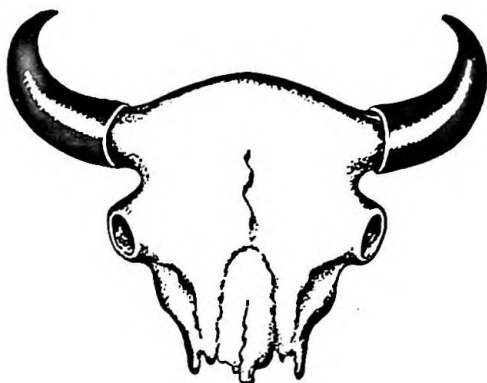


The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1976

Volume XXXII No. 1



IN THIS ISSUE

CHARLES PARTRIDGE ADAMS
PAINTER OF THE WEST

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

One of the proud moments in my life happened the day Dabney Collins called to say that he was sponsoring me for Posse membership in the Denver Westerners. I'd been aware of this significant and exclusive group for many years and had many friends who were members of various Posses around the country. I'd also attended a few of the Westerner breakfasts held as a part of the Western History Association conventions and have always been impressed with the enthusiasm of the organization, its creativity, and the caliber of its members.

Too often, I think, there is a tendency for an organization to rest on its laurels (and the Denver Posse has many of those), to look at the past and refer to "the good old days." That's not the way the West was won, nor was it the way the Westerners has achieved its vital stature. Speaking perhaps as a greenhorn, I believe the best is yet to come, and that we should look enthusiastically toward the future instead of bemoaning the past.

In looking over our roster, we have every reason to be optimistic. We have talent, loads of it, and my hope is that we will utilize it to the utmost, that we will tout The Denver Westerners far and wide and, while revering the image of the past we will build a better future.

Typical of Western ingenuity was the selection of The Railroad Company for our Christmas Rendezvous held December 13. It was a bit of our heritage come to life, as we enjoyed good food and good company on Track 29 in Cars 1 and 2. Following the "Surprise Cake," we had even better dessert as Mrs. Louisa Ward Arps (CM) told of the intriguing "Legend of A. E. Reynolds," one of those little-known but long remembered characters of the West.

The new year had a colorful start as Bruce Dines (CM) provided at the January meeting a slide showing of his private collection of some of the works by mountain

(Continued on the back cover)

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Charles Partridge Adams

Painter of the West

This paper was written by Ann Condon Barbour, and was given by Bruce Dines at the January, 1976 meeting of The Denver Westerners, and was supplemented by a slide presentation of Mr. Dines' personal collection of Adams' work.

The legacy of Colorado art began long before statehood. It began with the first expeditions of explorers, military men and gold seekers who traversed the frontier. Because photography was still in its infancy, young artists accompanied these parties to sketch illustrations for publications describing the unknown country. When gold was discovered in 1848 at Sutter's Mill, California, the demand for regional knowledge was intensified; the writers and artists responded to this hunger and, in their own way, stimulated the Western migration.

Very little has been said about the men who were the heirs of this legacy and virtually nothing about the one man who might have been its most capable landscape painter—Charles Partridge Adams, a man who, throughout his life, was able to capture the same enchantment of the Western terrain that had lured Easterners to it several decades before.

Some men respond to the challenges of the mountains and struggle to climb them. To others they represent communion with the Creator. Others find simple refreshment in their beauty. However, beyond personal reflection the large image still exists: that of a bountiful enchantress, now veiled, now revealing herself, a fleeting form upon whose lips sleeps the answer to the unanswerable riddle. She is the one who frustrates ordinary man's attempts at articulating his deepest responses to the mountains. So he must rely upon the artists, the poets and the painters. And, at best, there are scarcely a handful who have been able to capture this Spirit. In the eighth century Li Po found her sitting on the Ching-Ting Peak, Shelley caught her in *Mont Blanc* in the early nineteenth century; and John Muir, in the latter part of that century, spoke of her in the wooded mountains of California. There is another, though, long since gone and insufficiently known, who was able to translate the mysticism of the mountains into paint and canvass. His name is Charles Partridge Adams, the artist who prompted Thomas Hornsby Ferril, Colorado's poet laureate, to say, "More than any other painter he captured the grandeur of the Rockies, their overpowering strength, their mystical beauty."



THE GRAND TETON

"More than any other painter he captured the grandeur of the Rockies, their overpowering strength, their mystical beauty."

Charles Partridge Adams was born in 1858, in Franklin, Massachusetts, a town to which the first Adams came in 1700. He was of Puritan and Revolutionary ancestry, a fact of which he was always proud. His father, Albert Adams, was a millinery merchant. He seems to have been an austere man who firmly believed that children should be imbued with prompt obedience to the proper authority. Adams remembered well the backshed and the birch rod. He spoke of his father as an "old-fashioned man faithful and upright, of strong convictions; and sure that his ideas were correct, in fact rather opinionated." The family, which also included two older girls, was forced by the economics of changing styles, to sell their home in Franklin and move to Melrose, seven miles from Boston. As a special treat his father would sometimes take young Charles to the seaport city where he remembered seeing large sailing ships docked in the harbor, with their bowsprits extending far out over the street, solemn cigar store Indians and the famous Old North Church.

Charles' religious training began at an early age. His parents were Baptists of strong convictions, and Charles was not hesitant in accepting the faith as his own. He spoke of the greatest event in his life as his baptism by immersion in the Connecticut River. Remembering this event in his later years he said. "So I accepted the glorious faith of my ancestors and through many temptations, sins, trials, through evil report and good report, often in doubt and almost despair, but believing always in the Divinity of Christ and the Divine forgiveness of sins, I have persevered through all the years to the present hour, and shall as long as life shall last."

The family's residence in Melrose was not of long duration. After a long illness Charles' father died and the family moved again, this time to Windsor, Vermont where his mother, Susan Davis White, had been reared. Shortly afterwards his two older sisters were stricken with tuberculosis; one succumbed after returning from the West where she had been sent in vain hopes of recuperation. Mrs. Adams consulted the family physician who recommended a move to Colorado and its more favorable climate. Charles had shown no signs of respiratory ailments, but he was a frail youngster and his mother heeded the advice. Along with their possessions the small family journeyed to Missouri where they made connections with the Kansas-Pacific Railway which brought them West. Adams describes what he remembered of the trip in his brief memoirs.

Kansas was a wild country then. The buffalo had been killed or driven from the vicinity of the railroad, but particularly in the mornings many antelope scampered swiftly away, and there were, of course, the prairie dogs, though rarely a horseback rider. The Kansas-Pacific jogged patiently westward, and after a long time a hazy purple line appeared on the horizon—the Rocky Mountains. Well to the northwest a much higher summit loomed: it was Longs Peak. How little idea I then had of the important

place this rugged old mountain was to have in my life. I was to look out on its massive lines from my own rustic cottage and portray on canvas scores of times its impressive grandeur.

The family arrived in Colorado in 1876, the year of Statehood. Denver was a rather ramshackle town of 20,000 inhabitants.

Adams' other sister did not survive the first six months in Denver. He and his mother, to whom he was completely devoted, set about building a new life. To supplement the remainder of his father's savings, Adams, who was eighteen, took various positions, first as a bookkeeper in a large furniture store and later as a hand on a poultry ranch.

The turning point in his life came when he began working in the Chain and Hardy Book and Art Store. The cultural atmosphere was a radical change from what he had previously known in Denver, and it came truly as a revelation. He became familiar with many books and was exposed for the first time to artists and their painting. As a child he had been interested in drawing; these surroundings very rapidly built his interest into a desire and his desire into a decision. He was going to be a landscape painter.

He kept his decision wrapped within him until one day in a burst of confidence he told Helen Chain of his intention. Her reply surprised him. "Don't you do it, Charlie. If you dabble with paints you will never be good for anything else." However, when she found that he was entirely in earnest, she gave him warm encouragement and advice. Herself a painter of merit who had studied under George Inness, she befriended the young man and criticized many of his early sketches and paintings. He also hungrily delved into the various books on art which he found in the store. But since there was little practical instruction to be found in them, he gave them up in favor of direct contact with his source of inspiration. Throughout his lifetime Nature was to remain the life-giver to his art.

Adam's contact with the country and the mountains he painted was constant and consuming. Like a warm friendship his love for Nature intensified as the years passed and as he became an initiate to some of Her mysteries. Many were the hours that he spent in Her company. From the beginning he was in the habit of taking frequent sketching trips into the mountains. Often he would go alone, but on one occasion, early in his career, he and A. Phimister Proctor, the well-known American sculptor, spent several months in an abandoned trapper's cabin in Middle Park. Colorado was unsettled domain with most of the mountains yet to be explored for it had been a state only five years. Of this particular trip he wrote: "Part of our journey was through a pine forest, and I saw again those beautiful effects of dark trees against light sky, of sunlight streaming through dim shadows, and blue shadow patterns on the snow." His feeling about Nature was reminiscent of Thoreau. He sensed many of the small wonders which



Charles Partridge Adams painted the brooding face of Longs Peak in dozens of moods—rosy with the morning sun, purple against blazing sunsets, and masked in veils of clouds.

cannot be seen outright even by the most sensitive eye. His translation of what he “saw” in Nature, for this reason, became more than the simply pretty or accurate. Like Thoreau he wove into his art what the mountains had aroused in his spirit. He himself said many times, “You paint what you feel, not what you see.”

In 1881 Adams and Proctor started a studio together. This partnership terminated after a short time when Proctor went to New York and Adams decided to remain in Denver. But in 1905 he did spend some months in the East visiting artists in their studios and studying their paintings. The following year, traveling to California, he met William Keith and Thomas Hill.

His own career began with small crayon portraits; although they were acceptable, he had only slight interest in them and turned almost immediately to what was to be his lifework—landscape painting. His painting received rapid recognition and by 1886 he had opened a small studio in Denver. The same year he held his first formal exhibition which he described as being “neither a failure nor a great success.” The sale of his paintings continued, and in 1889 he won his first award of consequence—a gold medal presented to him at the National Mining and Industrial Exhibition held in Denver. The award-winning canvas was entitled “The Last of the Leaves.” It portrayed the autumn leaves being driven by a gust of wind into a pale gray sky.

Adams was married in 1890 to Alida Reynolds Joslin, whom as one might expect he had met through his church. His bride's family, originally from Courtland, New York, had come to Colorado where her father was engaged in various mining operations. The couple spent their honeymoon in Estes Park, which at that time was virtually unknown as a tourist resort, Adams' account of this happy time is equally concerned with tender memories of his love and appreciation of the beauties of their surroundings. "We walked through beautiful aspen groves with their clean white stems and the gold and green of the autumn foliage . . . we sat by cascades that tumbled from the mountain sides. . . ." One may perhaps be permitted an understanding smile at the final sentences which the artist wrote about the honeymoon's end: "As we climbed the hill and prepared to leave Estes Park, I turned and looked again at Longs Peak. There it was with the morning clouds and vapors rising from it like the incense and smoke from some vast altar."

For a short time thereafter he became an instructor of landscape in an art school started by Samuel Richards from Munich, an eminent figure painter and friend of James Whitcomb Riley. But art schools were not in demand during the financial panic of 1893. Because of the nationwide business slump, the government had cancelled agreements to buy large amounts of silver and Denver's economy was hard hit. Adams moved to a two-room studio in the Kittredge Building which he could rent for a small sum. This move began what he termed his water color era. He painted hundreds of water colors of mountains, sunsets and aspen groves. "Pot boilers" he called them. Although many of these canvases were small and often sold for as little as five dollars, each one represented honest artistic endeavor. Dealers and galleries learned of them and found there was a large market for them. Many which were given as wedding, Christmas and birthday presents have become family treasures today.

Several Colorado railroads were generous in supplying Adams free passage so that he was able to travel to different parts of the state in a time when transportation was greatly limited. He traveled to the Spanish Peaks region in southern Colorado, to the western slope where he sketched the San Juans and the San Miguels, to Buena Vista with its view of the Collegiate Peaks, to Ouray, Walsenburg and the now famous Aspen area, where he painted Mount Sopris. On one trip the Colorado Southern Railroad lent Adams a private car which could be attached to any train that would take him to his desired destination. During these trips Adams saw the mountains draped in the lights of their different moods, the vast gloomy canyons and the peaceful mountain valleys. He especially recalled one view of Ten Mile Canyon above Boulder: ". . . rocky walls, some in light, some in shadow, a few autumn cottonwoods, also in morning light and shadow, and the creek reflecting beautiful tints." Another of his more vivid impressions



A present-day photograph of Mt. Sapis, one of Adams' favorite mountains. This picture was taken from the same location Adams used when painting the scene below.



Adams captured the beauty of the Rockies wherever he went, whether Mt. Sapis in the Aspen area, the Collegiate Peaks, the San Juans, or Longs Peak.

was ". . . a great cloud high up toward the zenith suffused with a most delicate rosy glow, which graded off into grays, and this above a mountain landscape." After this particular trip Adams and a photographer who had accompanied him tacked their sketches and pictures to the outside of their car and rode into Denver in style.

At this time the artists of Denver were organized as the Academy of Fine Arts Association of Colorado. Membership included the mystic Howard A. Streight, who believed in spiritual guidance rather than artistic talent; Henry Read, whose subjects were mainly European; Charles Stewart Stobie, who longed to follow in the footsteps of Catlin in his colorful paintings of the Plains Indians; and George Elbert Burr, known for his color etchings. J. Harrison Mills, whose influence was considerable in raising the art standards of Denver, was the business leader of the group. The highly regarded Harvey Young, painting at this time in Colorado Springs, was also a member. The organization dated back to 1876 when Mills interested other professional people and artists in a plan of meeting regularly to study and discuss art and its history. Mills augmented the work of this group by forming the Denver Sketch Club in 1880. The following year the name was changed to the Kit Kat Club or Colorado Art Association. In 1883 Mills arranged with Senator Tabor for the Association to take over the fifth floor of the Tabor Grand Opera House as a studio flat. This became Denver's first "bohemian" center.

Adams was a member of the Artists' Club from an early date, although it seems that he was never one of its principal leaders.

In 1905 Adams made a decision which proved to be an important one. It was to open his own summer studio in Estes Park. He built a comfortable house and studio which he called "The Sketch Box" on land purchased from the Earl of Dunraven, an English nobleman who had large holdings in the Park. Speaking of his home Adams said:

It was a good house for summer use. The studio was about fourteen by twenty-eight in size, and lighted by three north windows. There was a living room, kitchen, two bedrooms, and upstairs, and an attic where the boys could sleep, and last, but by no means least, a screened-in porch on the south and west sides. The building was finished in July of 1905. The studio was finished up to the roof rafters with a brownish-yellow stain, and seemed quite spacious, as it was more than twenty feet to the highest part of the room. Up to the plate rail I covered it with branches of our own native pine in monochrome, and added two or three bright colored and rather artificial birds for a bit of color.

The walls were well covered with sketches and pictures, and the whole effect was suitable for the mountain surroundings. The walls of the living room were covered with green burlap. The outsides were stained a warm brown, and the roof a moss-green. People called it one of the prettiest places of the Park at that time. I called it "'The Sketch Box!" and

named as reception days Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday. I placed it about two hundred feet from a main road, and some fifty feet behind it stood a grand old pine tree three feet in diameter. It seemed secluded, though near the old Dunraven ranch house. For many years there was not a house or barn to be seen from our door.

"The Sketch Box" was a success from the beginning. Hundreds of people came to see his paintings. His guest register included the names of Harry Pratt Judson, then President of the University of Chicago, Dr. Henry Suzallo, President of Columbia University, Doctors Charles and William Mayo of Rochester, Editor William Allen White and Governors Eaton and Sweet of Colorado. "The Sketch Box" also proved to be a profitable business investment. By the end of the first season the receipts from paintings purchased were enough to pay for both Adams' house and land.

Adams writes that his family shared a simple, healthy life with ". . . bracing mountain air, beautiful scenery, flowery meadows, clear streams, and plenty of wholesome food. We enjoyed a gallon of rich milk every day, good books, papers to read, money enough for the necessities, friends often coming in, and good health." He spent the days among the mountains, studying their form, light and color. He made careful sketches on location from which he later painted larger studio canvases. Often at sunset he would paint Longs Peak to the south or the ranges of hills and high mountains to the west silhouetted against the golden sky and rosy clouds. Adams would wait patiently for hours until the colors of the day or the patterns of the clouds were exactly as he wanted to capture them. He possessed tremendous physical stamina, and his nervous organization was such that he was able to paint long periods every day. His pace and technique were rapid and decisive, but he often returned home exhausted in the evening, for his painting was an experience which demanded total involvement.

Nurturing this involvement with his art was a talent that was absolutely indigenous, coming entirely from himself. No directing aesthetic stimuli or influence was present in his childhood. No exposure to the life of an artist and no practical experience had he had until he became employed in the Chain and Hardy bookstore. His innate talent was self-realized. He never looked back or towards any other artist, was never enamoured or swayed by a particular style or school of art. Indeed, he was scarcely interested in artistic trends or what other artists produced. During his life he continually said, "You must learn to criticize your own work." He was totally self-sufficient and in so being set up a one-to-one relationship between himself and his work. Perhaps this approach accounts for the degree of sincerity and purity which appears in his paintings. It is even possible that formal training would not have changed the character of his art, for Nature was an emotional stimulus for him, and sincerity in portraying the feeling which

Nature inspired became to him the most important ideal for an artist to espouse.

Personality-wise Charles Adams was an extraordinary man. His religion was a dominant force in his life. He seems to have been a Puritanical fundamentalist whose God was a vengeful Personage who watched over mankind and rewarded as well as punished man according to his virtue. The church was his main recreational outlet and the center of his social life. He attended divine service twice on Sundays and seldom missed a Wednesday evening prayer-meeting. On first coming to Denver he and his mother worshipped in the "Baptist Dugout", so-called because following the excavation of a capacious basement on the lot they owned the Baptists found their funds exhausted and were forced to top their cellar with a roof and make do. In 1901 when he became a charter member of the Calvary Baptist Church he and five other church deacons mortgaged their homes to pay off a church debt. Foreclosure would have meant that his home could have been legally taken from him. But he had absolute faith that this would never happen.

On the social side Adams was not gregarious. He had practically no close friends, and there were seldom any people outside the immediate family in the Adams home. Aside from the church, the Artists' Club and a small Chatauqua circle were his only group associations. His distaste for cities and congregations of people may be likened to that of John Muir, the famous California naturalist. He never attended the theatre or the ballet, considering them immoral forms of art. Not only did he believe it wrong to drink or smoke, but he would have little to do with people who did. His son, Philip, speculates that his father's inflexible standards of conduct were one reason why he did not associate with people who would have brought him a wider reputation. A deep paradox exists between his acute sensitivity to Nature and art and his lack of tolerance and understanding of human frailties.

Adams' personal trademarks, as judged from photographs, appear to have been a goatee, a stiffly starched wing collar and sometimes a flowing tie. He rarely, if ever, dressed less formally than this. When sketching or painting he never wore an artist's smock but retained the attire of any other professional man. To have seen him in his studio one might have thought that he was another visitor.

He was a man who cared little for publicity. He never kept a scrapbook in a time when scrapbooks were as popular as diaries were in the fifties. In spite of many invitations he rarely spoke in public. He believed implicitly that if an artist produced works fine enough to merit recognition, recognition would be forthcoming. Throughout his entire life he retained his childhood beliefs and stuck unswervingly to the principles of conduct which he had laid down for himself. But if he can be criticized for his rigidity he also



Adams wrote with the same depth of feeling as he painted: "Part of our journey was through a pine forest, and I saw again those beautiful effects of dark trees against light sky, or sunlight streaming through dim shadows, and blue shadow patterns on the snow."

merits respect for his personal integrity and strength of character in living to the letter of his own code of ethics and behavior.

In an article in the *Rocky Mountain Herald* written shortly after Adams' death (October 24, 1942) Childe Herald wrote:

Bohemian affectation was popular but Adams was a teetotal pillar of Calvary Baptist Church. A Van Dyke and Windsor tie were his only adventures in loose living. He acquired real estate, those three houses at the triangle of 19th, Emerson and Park, how much more I don't know. I recall his first automobile, a Flanders, and the garage he built. All the New England Adamses in Paradise must have beamed on his uncompromising discipline over his home and family. If Philip missed his violin lesson, if Albert missed his piano lesson, if Charles missed his cello lesson, if the three missed their trio practice, if the kindling wasn't split to slivers on time for grandma's fire in the other house, there was complete hell to pay. For a quarter century I doubt if Adams ever got less than \$200 for a standard sized landscape and he often received up to \$2000.

I wonder how many American painters could show such a record, and certainly Adams painted as well, when you assess the shifting values of the years, as Benton, Curry, Wood and other masters now painting bad tobacco ads as industriously as Adams painted Longs Peak. Longs Peak was more patient than the public; it became an obsession, as Fujiyama must have to Hokusai. Yet twenty-five years from now a good Adams painting of Longs will bring more cash on the barrel-head than these confused paintings in

which during the past decade, local painters have bound Cezanne to a mustang and sent him mazing over the American scene.

Although his paintings were exhibited at the National Academy in New York, in the Art Institute of Chicago, as well as in the Marshall Field Galleries in Chicago, at galleries in St. Louis and Kansas City, Adams continued to paint western mountain subjects almost exclusively. In 1908 he travelled to British Columbia and western Alberta in search of fresh material. He was captivated by the Canadian Rockies and later wrote of them: "These mountains are the nearest thing to the Swiss Alps that we have in North America. In fact, I believe that with the exception of a few of the greatest Alpine peaks, many of the Canadian mountains are the equal of the Alps in picturesque grandeur." He became familiar with the Alps during a visit to Europe in 1914. But although he painted several Alpine pictures from sketches he had made, he quickly returned to Western-flavored American mountains.

The Tetons in Wyoming and the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone were among his favorite and most admired subjects for paintings. He visited northern Wyoming on numerous occasions, the first time in 1909 when he covered the country around Jackson Hole in a spring wagon drawn by a team of ranch horses. He painted the rugged beauty of the Grand Teton, Mount Moran and the rest of the range at dawn and dusk, in sunshine and in storm when their lofty spires were wreathed in clouds. To those who love the Tetons and who have watched the drama of their ever-changing nature, the paintings of Adams have a special meaning, for they capture the same passion which one who has lived with them feels. Later he sketched in Yellowstone Park where he painted Yellowstone Lake and the great falls of the Yellowstone River. In 1912 he traveled to the Oregon coast and the Cascade mountains he traveled in the spring of 1912. There he sketched Mount Hood, Mount Jefferson and the Three Sisters, whose great white cones aroused his admiration.

But despite his experience with world famous mountains his loyalty remained with that which was familiar. Longs and Meeker Peaks had become old friends. He painted what has been described as the brooding face of Longs Peaks in dozens of moods—rosy with the morning sun, purple against blazing sunsets, and masked in veils of clouds. He loved the mountains both in their angry and their peaceful moments. He spent hours studying cloud effects, snow crests, water reflections, rock ridges and the wind sweeping through the grass and heather. He spent days communing with the mountains—and they revealed their secrets to him. He often recalled a favorite quotation of John Muir's: "Climb the mountains and get their good tidings." Some degree of isolation of this type serves to nurture man's creative powers. Adams himself said that before one can hope to

paint mountains successfully, he must live with them and in them and come to know and love them in all their moods. His creativity was not only a profession and a driving force but a profound emotional experience. He captured some of this sentiment when he spoke of the San Juan Range.

There were the great purple depths, the fields of fresh snow, part in pale ghostly light and part in dim cerulean shadow. And then there was the silence: not a whisper, not a breath, except the faint sound of a tiny stream far away and far below. We felt so little, so insignificant.

He painted with a certain instinctive finesse that eliminated the feeling of too muchness. Many of his paintings have a soft, liquid, whispering quality about them, much as Corot's paintings have. But unlike Corot's pastoral settings, Adams recorded the wild, the untouched wonder and power in Nature. He manipulated atmosphere with a subtlety that brought out the delicacy and peace in even those mountains which were towers of defiance. His canvases are poetic in their interpretation of light and air, contrast and motion.

Unlike his forerunners, Albert Bierstadt and a generation later Thomas Moran, Adams' aestheticism guided him away from dramaturgy and the grandiloquent. Bierstadt's concern was the portrayal of awe-inspiring illusions. Moran, the master of the scenic spectacle, was often almost too grand, too sublime. In comparison Adam's approach to the land is much fresher and more direct. If his paintings appear dramatic it is due to no enlargement of the natural setting but rather to careful arrangement of contrasting values. In an age when large paintings were in vogue Adams painted large paintings only when commissioned to do so. Usually his canvases were smaller than two square feet. His approach was invariably sincere; his invariable effort was to convey beauty to the eye of the beholder.

Adam's style changed only slightly throughout his career. And such style changes that occurred are hard to trace, for most of his paintings are not dated; many are even unsigned. In general his earlier works are painted less broadly and with far more detail than his later works and the colors tend to be dusky. During his forties Adams' paintings lightened in tone and the application of color became more liberal. He began to be more painterly in his style. This trend continued and reached an apex in his sixties when he painted with lavish profusions of color, though always tempered by his affinity for exactitude.

His most popular subjects, commercially, were his "little aspen" of which he produced many. He once remarked that if he wanted to paint aspens all his life, he could make his fortune, and he was probably correct. His aspens seem to convey an expression of wistfulness. On careful study, their foliage is seen as mere masses of yellow light which add to their cheerful,

dancing effect. Adams was also clearly fascinated by cloud effects. He often painted clouds settling below the mountain peaks. In one of his sketch-books he had sketched just such a scene and in the margin had written a phrase from Milton—"Mountains on whose barren breasts the laboring clouds do oft times rest." Remarkable in their energy and animation, his clouds appear to be enlivened with light. In many paintings they convey an airiness and calm similar to the effect described in "After the Storm." His tendency to carry one color through an entire canvas and his adept use of light can be compared to Washington Allston's "one color which holds all other colors in solution." He particularly seemed to have liked soft and misty combinations of coral and brown in his mountains and sunsets, with foregrounds of warm russet. Although the outlines of the mountains and trees are clearly demarcated, Adams achieved a unity in his painting by melting colors into each other in a slightly impressionistic manner. He placed heavy emphasis on atmospheric perspective, even in his sketches where he could not use the device of blueing out colors in the background. The total effect is that of a definite calm, a peaceful and extremely quiet mood—as if the painting were breathing but making no sound.

His technique of interpreting the sentiment of Nature, rather than representing its facts reaches its pinnacle in his famous sunsets, thanks to his unerring judgment of and feeling for color. Some are painted with just a hint of rose in the sky and others with a fierce fire-like glow. Adams himself commented:

And the sunsets—where can one see more brilliant displays of the pomp and pageantry of the skies? Sunsets which impress themselves upon the memory and gleam and glow like a vision of the heavenly city. Certain it is that if great difficulties are encountered by the artist who wishes to represent and interpret this beautiful land, still a success is much more of a success on this very account, and the real and unconventional beauty of Colorado is sure to be recognized as it becomes more thoroughly understood.

In 1918 Adams closed up "The Sketch Box" for he found it too difficult to open and close the house alone; two of his sons were in the wartime Army and the third was married. In 1920, after his wife suffered a long illness, they moved to Los Angeles. Whether it was perhaps childhood memories of Bar Harbor, Martha's Vineyard and the Atlantic seacoast that made him decide to open up a studio in Laguna Beach or not is not certain. The ten years he spent there seem almost to be a separate part of his story. Both his art and his disposition mellowed. One of his close friends was William Wendt who also had his studio in Laguna. Wendt once said to him jocularly that he had no right to paint seascapes because he was a mountain painter. But Adams was equal to the task. He transferred to his portrayal of the sea all

the sensitivity of light values and suspended motion that he evidenced in his portrayal of mountains. He especially enjoyed painting the sea as it piled up in great waves and came crashing down upon rock walls. Robinson Jeffers in "November Surf" captured the feeling Adams had for the sea when he wrote:

Some lucky day each November great waves awake and are drawn
Like smoking mountains bright from the west
And come and cover cliff with white violent cleanness . . .

Adams painted and sketched extensively in the Laguna, La Jolla, Redondo Beach area. His capacity to portray effectively the California landscape and sea attests to the fact that his sensitivity with regard to Nature was not restricted to mountains, although they were his passion.

On his seventy-fifth birthday it is remembered that he made a point of quoting the well known lines of Arthur Hugh Clough, of which he was very fond:

"Nature I loved and next to nature art
I warmed both hands before the fire of life
It sinks and I am ready to depart."

During the next several years he produced comparatively little new work, contenting himself with refurbishing many of his earlier sketches and making changes in quite a number of his larger canvases. Following the death of his wife in 1940 he gave up his studio and moved to Pasadena to be near his sons and their families. He died in 1942 at the age of eighty-four.

Colorado has had no greater exponent of the magnificence and captivation of her country. Charles Patridge Adams has assumed and will retain a lasting place in the art of the West as well as American art. But Adams expressed more than just the beauty of the Western terrain. He added his own feelings of love, mysticism, and religion—"In his hand are the deep places of the earth."—so subtly that the viewer is inspired unaware. Adams realized the problems of merging the facts of Nature with the products of the imagination. But his concern was with the portrayal of the invisible, emotional quality of his world. And there were few who knew it better than he, for he had grown with the state and had roamed the mountains for forty-five years with the sensitive awareness that few but the artist possess.



Westerner's Bookshelf



BELL RANCH AS I KNEW IT—by George F. Ellis. Historical Overview by Donald R. Ornduff and illustrations by Robert Lougheed. 180 pages; 9 full color reproductions; 38 sketches; 72 photographs. The Lowell Press, Kansas City, Missouri. \$14.95.

This handsome volume is three books in one: a most enjoyable day to day account of a working cattle ranch, a scholarly history of its 150 years, illustrated by a generous portfolio of oil paintings, sketches and photographs.

Don Ornduff's historical overview traces the ownership from the original Montoya Grant, in 1824. After Mexico ceded the territory to the United States in 1848, the owners petitioned Congress to confirm title. The legal fee for this successful petition was a one-half interest in the grant's 655,468 acres! Three generations of Montoyas raised cattle and horses here, followed by a series of land and cattle companies. The Bell brand was registered in 1875.

George F. Ellis, manager of the ranch for 25 years, tells in detailed but easy narrative style of the work of the ranch. He describes, the people, the land, the work by seasons, and particularly the carefully planned scientific cattle breeding program. Horses are equally important; a fascinating chapter tells of the top notch Bell remuda.

The highlight of the book is the generous use of Robert Lougheed's paintings and drawings. He shows uncanny accuracy of anatomic detail, particularly of men and animals in motion, brought out by warm vivid color.

This book won the 1974 Wrangler Award of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame, and well deserves it—a great book.

Robert K. Brown, C.M.

COLORADO SKYLINES—Four books illustrating skylines of Colorado mountains from various viewpoints throughout the state, designed as automobile hand books for identification of mountains. Compiled and written by Robert M. Ormes, 22 East Del Norte, Colorado Springs, Colorado, 80907. \$18.50 net, postpaid.

Did you ever wonder as you motored through the Colorado Rockies or along the Front Range roads like I 25 or US 287, what the snowy summits were that peaked out above the lower mountains at their bases? Robert Ormes will tell you if you are at the proper spots to view them and you have the appropriate one of the four books he has written and illustrated with sketches of the skyline appearances of the various ranges.

Mr. Ormes has written four books that cover very well the whole mountain area of our state with sketches of the mountain outlines from various points along the automobile roads threading through these mountains. Each skyline sketch has the various mountains named, often with their elevations included.

Book I, titled, "Front Range from the East", covers the Front Range from Raton Pass to Cheyenne as seen from the prairie roads in the first half of the book. The remainder follows the north-south roads through the mountains of the Front range in general, but also includes the connecting roads from the plains to the respective passes cutting through the range.

Book II bears the title, "The Parks," and covers in general North, Middle, and South Parks and some of the country west of North and Middle Parks. It seems more complete and a better finished job than the first book.

Book III is titled, "Colorado River Basin," and covers the Tomichi-Gunnison River north to the Eagle-Colorado River system and carries as far west as Delta and Grand Junction. The Arkansas Valley and its tributaries are included.

Book IV called, "Southern Section", includes the San Luis Valley, the San Juans, and west and north as far as the Gunnison River Valley.

The books, measuring 7 x 8½ inches in size, are designed as handbooks for identification of the mountains. They are so bound in plastic covers as to open up and lie flat for convenience in use in the automobile. There are many photographs and numerous sketch maps used in the series, as well as enough text to explain and clarify the routes. Much of the text contains historical background, particularly as regards naming of the features and early pioneer peoples which enhances the interest of the books. Bob Ormes has a good sense of humor too which crops up occasionally in his remarks. To anyone not too familiar with Colorado mountains the books should be quite helpful in identifying them.

Book I is priced at \$3.50, the other three books are each \$5.00, making a total of \$18.50 for the set. Prices include sales tax and postage and may be ordered directly from Robert M. Ormes.

Carl Blaurock, P.M.

MEMORIAL FUND

A Memorial Fund has been established in the name of Milton W. Callon to be used for the purchase of books on southwest history. Send contributions to:

John Ward
Material Selection Center
Denver Public Library
Denver, Colorado 80203

IN MEMORIAM

Granville M. Horstmann (PM)
Alonzo E. Ellsworth (Reserve)
Milton W. Callon (PM)
Paul D. Harrison (PM)
Clinton P. Anderson (CM)
Albuquerque, N.M.
M. B. Berger (CM)

THE PAPERS OF THE ORDER OF THE INDIAN WARS—Compiled and Edited by John M. Carroll, Illustrations by Lorence Bjorklund; The Old Army Press, 1513 Welch, Fort Collins, Colorado; 1975. \$22.50.

Mike Coury has done it again in publishing this handsome volume of another important but rather obscure collection formerly available in its entirety only at the U.S. Army Military History research collection at Carlisle Barracks. The dust jacket alone deserves to be framed and hung—Bjorklund's painting of the loading of the wounded onto the steam "Far West" after the Little Bighorn. Handsomely bound in army blue and beautifully printed on high quality paper, the book contains the constitution and by-laws of the Order of the Indian Wars, and papers presented and published from 1917 through 1941. The Order was conceived in 1896 and lasted until 1942, when the United States moved into a much more modern and impersonal war than the old Indian fighters had known on the plains and mountains of the west.

The papers are a unique collection of the writings of participants like Generals Anson Mills, King, and others who were very close to the actual happenings. All of the papers are interesting, clearly showing the regard of the old army for its Indian adversaries, its recognition of sad and futile encounters, and the professional attitude of the small army that pacified the west for civilians who as often as not did not appreciate the sufferings, sacrifices, and heroism that made it all possible.

The 1920 address by W. M. Camp provides a good summary of most of the major engagements from the Washita to Wounded Knee.

Bjorklund's drawings of infantrymen, cavalrymen, Indians and scouts appearing before each chapter make this publication complete. In spite of the steep price, this book deserves a place of honor in any Westerner's library. It is well worth the price and will be read, re-read, and admired—a major contribution to public and private libraries. W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.

New Hands on the Denver Range

Gene Lindbergh (PM)
2038 Leyden
Denver

After serving a stint as a corresponding member, Gene was elected a Posse Member in November. From 1929-1949 Gene wrote poems that accompanied Paul Gregg's paintings in *The Denver Post* every Sunday, more than a thousand in all. His poems still appear in *Empire*, and his interests include anything "unusual, lost, hidden, or out-of-the-way in the West."

Herbert I. Jones (PM)
2820 Wolff Street
Denver

Sponsored by Dabney Collins, Herb Jones became a Posse Member in January. Retired from The National Park Service, Herb was the co-sponsor of the Colorado Plains Conservation Center located 15 miles southeast of Denver.

Dr. Robert K. Brown (PM)
1790 Hudson St.
Denver

Elected to the Posse in January, Bob Brown, a physician and surgeon, is interested, logically, in pioneer doctors and medicine, and is an old maps buff. Bob recently was honored by the American Cancer Society.

Dr. Henry W. Toll, Jr. (PM)
750 Vine Street
Denver

Henry Toll, elected to the Posse in January, is a pathologist and an attorney. Henry is the head of the John Wesley Powell Society, and his hobbies include river-running, skiing, and hiking.

The late Henry Toll Sr. was a long-time member of Denver Westerners.

R. D. Consolver (PM)
3863 W. Quigley Drive
Denver

Sponsored by Dave Hicks, Bob Consolver has been a frequent guest and has taken many of the photographs at Westerner meetings. A customer representative for Public Service Company, Bob's special hobby is collecting old keys. And just for the record, he is a locksmith.

Dan Windolph (CM)
320 Hawthorne Lane
Des Plaines, IL

Dan Windolph was sponsored by Francis B. Rizzari, and his special interest is collecting books and artifacts relating to Colorado railroads. His hobbies are photography and model railroading.

Jon L. Holm (CM)
444 Gilpin Street
Denver

Sponsored by George Clymer, Jon Holm's interests include mountain climbing, Colorado cattle brands and southwest Indians.

Over the Corral Rail (Cont.)

artist Charles Partridge Adams, preceded by an in-depth paper on the painter's background and life.

• • •

There's usually a bit of bad news along with the good. It was voted at the Posse Meeting in January to raise the Posse Member dues to \$15.00 effective immediately, and to raise the Corresponding Member dues to \$10.00, to take effect next year, but to apply to all new Corresponding Members immediately.

The Posse also approved publication of the Round-Up six times a year, with the hope that the issues might be increased in the number of pages.

To accomplish that end requires some positive cooperation from all the members, Posse and Corresponding. Send any news of interest to The Westerners to:

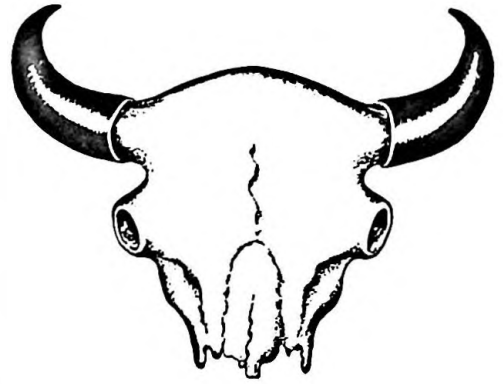
Don Bower
1365 Logan St., Suite 100
Denver, CO 80203
Phone: 861-1234 or 750-6972

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

MARCH-APRIL 1976

Volume XXXII No. 2



DENVER & RIO GRANDE RAILROAD.

THIRD DIVISION.

FIRST SUPPLEMENT

TO EMPLOYEES' TIME-TABLE NO. 10.

TO TAKE EFFECT 12.01 A. M. AUG. 15, 1889.

STANDARD TIME, 105th MERIDIAN.

Governing Trains on Second District and Lake City Branch.—Third Division.

THIS TIME-TABLE is for the guidance of employes only, and is not intended for the information of the public, or as an advertisement of any train. The Company reserves the right to vary from it at pleasure.

All Main Line Trains must register at Sapinero and Lake Junction.
West-bound Main Line Trains must not leave Sapinero without special orders or clearance ticket

IN THIS ISSUE

Sapinero-Lake City Branch of the Denver & Rio Grande Western
by Ralph E. Livingston

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Some highlights from the February meeting. . . . Our thanks to Geoff Muntz for his update on the Denver Westerners Centennial-Bicentennial project. For those who may not remember, we are participating in the restoration of Frontier Park located on South Platte Drive just south of West Evans. The students from Grant Junior High are performing most of the work, restoring the cabin, mining equipment, the horse whim. This was originally the site of Montana City, circa 1858.

Geoff is one of the coordinators, working with two fellow teachers at Grant Jr. High, Carl Crookham and Alan Wuth. They have put out an urgent plea for members of the Westerners to present programs, slide presentations, etc. Anyone wishing to volunteer should contact Deputy Sheriff Bill Van Duzer (222-3343). The project received a real shot in the arm on February 17 when the Colorado Centennial-Bicentennial Commission provided \$10,000 in funds.

Celebration Day will be May 21, and let's hope all Denver Westerners will mark that down on their calendar. As a post-script, Geoff tells that the students have been panning for gold in the Platte—with some success.

The London Corral of the Westerners are planning to send some members to the Western History Association meeting in Denver this October, and have asked if they might share some housing with Denver Westerners. Not only do they need to keep their expenses to a minimum, but it should be a warm experience. If you have the room and the inclination, contact Merrill J. Mattes.

Sixty-four members were present at the February meeting, a good turnout for Ralph Livingston's fascinating talk on the Sapinero-Lake City Branch of the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad.

We need book reviews for Roundup. If you have any books for review, please get the job done and send them to Francis B.

(Continued on the back cover)

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

Volume XXXII
Number 2



March-April
1976

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Francis B. Rizzari, 1716 View Point Rd.,
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Deputy Sheriff: William H. Van Duzer

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Tally Man: Delbert A. Bishop

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Program Chairman: William H. Van Duzer

Book Review Chairman: Francis B. Rizzari

Sapinero-Lake City Branch of the Denver & Rio Grande Western

by

Ralph E. Livingston

Paper delivered at the February 25, 1976
meeting of The Denver Westerners.

During the early 1870's the mining town of Lake City, Colorado, began to show promise as one of the richest mining camps in the San Juans.

During the 1870's and early '80's the camp prospered despite the fact that communication and transportation were slow, uncertain and inadequate; however, new discoveries of rich silver veins caused the isolated mining camp to draw the attention of the outside world.

Bringing supplies to the mining camp by wagon train was next to impossible during the months of the long and severe winters and passenger travel by stage came almost to a complete standstill during the winter months. By wagon road Lake City was four miles from Lake San Cristobal; sixteen miles from Sherman; twenty miles from Burrows Park; and twenty-eight miles from Animas Forks. By other wagon roads it was connected with Antelope Park—twenty-eight miles; Antelope Springs—thirty-five miles; Wagon Wheel Gap—fifty miles; Allen—twenty-one miles; Cebolla Hot Springs—thirty miles; Gunnison—sixty miles and Saguache one hundred miles. Despite these handicaps, this isolated mountain town in the rugged San Juans continued to grow and prosper to some extent. On September 30, 1876, the Lake City World carried the following editorial:

"Should Lake City have a railroad? Lake City is far in advance of any other town for the supremacy and control of the business of the San

Juan country because of her energy and growing in an exclusive silver mining country, her geographical position places her as a base of supplies to the San Juan mines. These mines are of great richness and prospects are fine. This is shown by the increased population and the stock of goods being brought in by the merchants.

"The fame of Lake City has spread far and wide and not only are the emigrants coming but capitalists. Crooke Brothers erected their concentration works and spent hundreds of thousands of dollars for mines and materials. W. H. Van Gieson is beginning his work of development then will follow sampling works, smelter, etc. We feel that the consumption and production of this country will soon be great enough to sustain the expenses of one line and pay a good profit.

"At the present time the Denver and San Juan and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroads seem to be the ones most likely to reach here first. Whether either will come to Lake City or pass her by is still undecided."

In 1876 Susan B. Anthony rode horseback into Lake City to preach the gospel of woman's suffrage to the hardy miners and their wives.

The stage lines and wagon trains supplied the town and its rapidly expanding mining activity but the need for a railroad was becoming more evident daily but most especially during the winter season. Lake City had a smelter fourteen years before the railroad entered the town. The concentrates were hauled to Creede over Slumgullion Pass, and to Sapinero by four and six horse teams hitched to ore wagons. The wagons would load with mercantile supplies, clothing and tools for the return trip to Lake City. The mines that shipped ore by this method of transportation found it extremely slow and costly.

During this period, Lake City was in reality a summer camp. The activities of these wagon trains were greatly curtailed and often totally terminated during the severe storms that sometimes engulfed the mountain region. During one single summer over 5,000 tons of concentrates were stored on the ground awaiting shipment. Lake City was often called the tonnage camp of the San Juans.

During the summer of 1884, a young attractive bride to be alighted from the stage coach at Lake City and gazed long and intently at the majestic mountains that surrounded her. Finally the stage driver inquired, "Well, how do you like it?" The bride to be answered, "I would like to see a field of golden Iowa corn much more than this," to which the stage driver snapped, "So would a hog."

A railroad company, (which was a subsidiary of the D&RG) was incorporated in Hinsdale County in 1880. A survey was made in 1881 and \$300,000.00 was spent grading the upper twenty-five miles of the line. Then the work was suspended due to corporation troubles and other reasons and the desire to lay a track into Utah. Construction was not

resumed until April of 1888.

General Palmer thought highly of the Lake City and Gunnison County trade and felt that this vast, almost wilderness, area had great potential of wealth when developed.

During most of the decade of the 1880's there was no great improvement in Lake City's transportation and communication with the outside world, and while its population continued to grow and new producing mines continued to be developed, many doubted that the camp had a truly bright and lasting future. As the mining excitement began to dwindle, despite new strikes, the real life and spirit of a great mining center was fading fast. When the railroad was completed the revival began that lasted until the turn of the century. During this period the mines poured fourth an untold abundance of wealth and the Lake City and the entire Lake Fork and Powder Horn regions developed and prospered.

During the month of April in 1888, construction of the railroad began in earnest. The road was built to beat out the South Park Company at great expense but was an outstanding feat and a great achievement because of the speed and engineering that was combined to complete the construction. The track laying was completed into Lake City on July 20, 1889 and on August 15, 1889, the first official train entered Lake City and the railroad began operation in an official capacity on that date.

The Sapinero-Lake City railroad was 36.7 miles long; the total length of the curves on the line was 13.10 miles; the average raise per mile was approximately 75 feet and the total raise from Sapinero to Lake City was 1,458 feet. Commencing at Sapinero with an elevation of 7,600 feet, the line branched at Lake Junction, 7 tenths of a mile west of Sapinero where an 8x8 office building was erected on the east side of the track. It then crossed the Gunnison River following near the Lake Fork River and approximately at the same grade following the river to the San Juan mountains and Lake City which has an elevation of 8,671 feet. This short line had a total of ten bridges; four water tanks; two section houses and a watchman's house by the structure that was to become famous as a high bridge.

All rock work was done by hand drilling and black powder. The earth moving equipment consisted of wheel barrows, horse-drawn scrapers or scoops and horse-drawn wagons. Of the ten bridges built on this line, five were masterpieces of ingenuity, engineering and workmanship.

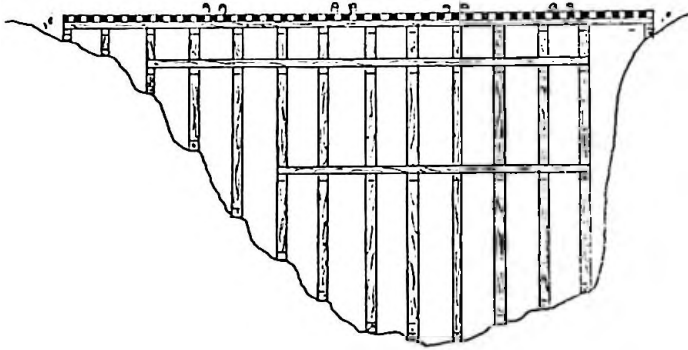
Bridge 314A crossing the Gunnison River about one-half mile west of Sapinero was 150 feet long and 49 feet above water level. It was a truss bridge on stone foundations.

Bridge 314B crossing the Lake Fork River was 86 feet long and 25 feet above water level. This bridge was How Truss on stone.

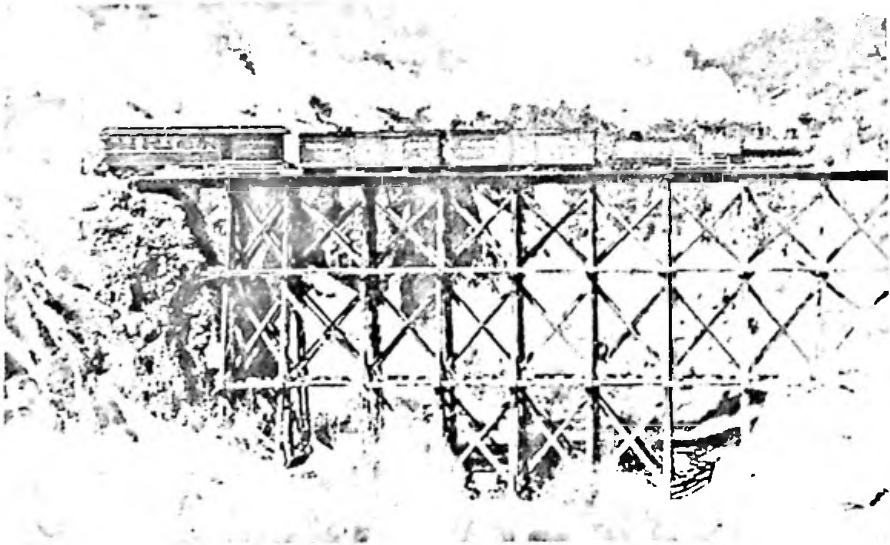
Bridge 334A again crossing the Lake Fork River was 136 feet long and

HIGH BRIDGE OVER ELK CK.

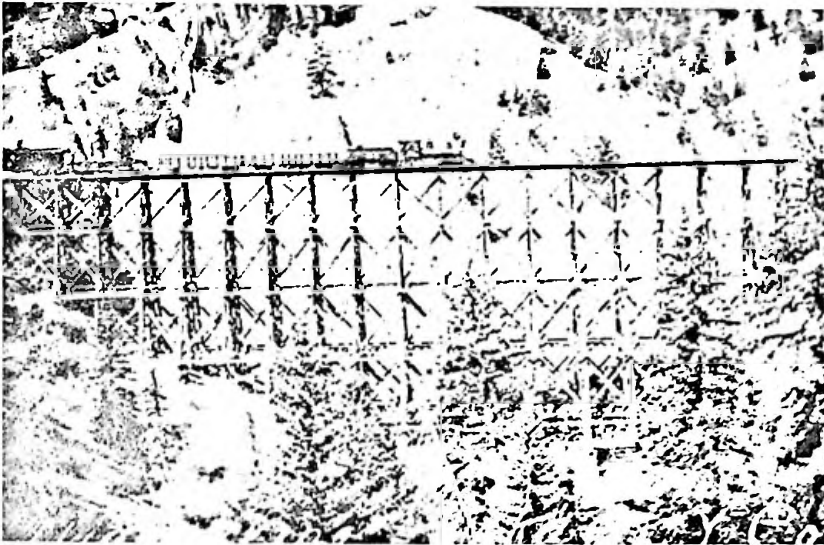
LENGTH 206' HEIGHT 112'
 BRIDGE # 340A OLD # 342A



Official construction drawing of Elk Creek Bridge. Courtesy D&RGW Railroad. Retraced to scale by Charles Funayama, Denver.



A rare picture of the Elk Creek Bridge. Courtesy Evelyn Wilson, Denver.



High Bridge (Photo taken by E. E. Livingston, 1910).

thirty feet above water level. This bridge was spanned wood on stone and a combination How and Pratt design.

Bridge 340A crossing Elk Creek was 206 feet long and 112 feet high and was a wood frame, Bent's design.

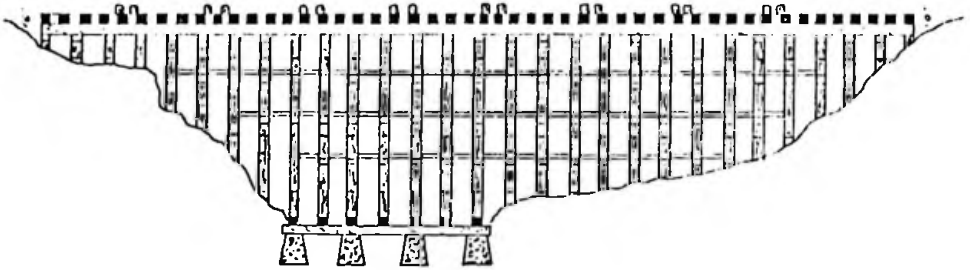
Bridge 343A—famous as the high bridge crossed the Lake Fork River near Lake City. It was 432 feet long and 124 feet high and is reported to be the highest wood railroad structure in the world and was of the frame and pyle design. It was one of the most photographed structures in the state. William H. Jackson, famous western photographer, took many pictures of this bridge. All of the wooden bridges on the line were constructed of Oregon fir.

At the time this bridge was constructed, a watchman's house 14x18 was built on the west side of the track about 400 feet north from the bridge. The watchman's duty was not only to watch the bridge but to patrol the high bridge and the bridge over Elk Creek immediately after the passing of each train to make certain that the cinders or clinkers had not started a fire in the high and intricate wooden structures. In the year of 1896 floors were put on the bridges, covered with gravel and the watchman's position was terminated.

There were three regular stops between Lake City and Sapinero. Youman was the first stop after leaving Lake City and Gateview was

HIGH BRIDGE OVER THE LAKE FORK RIVER

LENGTH 432' HEIGHT 124'
BRIDGE # 343 A OLD NO. 344 A



Official construction drawing of High Bridge over the Lake Fork. Courtesy D&RGW Railroad. Retraced to scale by Charles Funayama, Denver.

second; Madera was the third stop and all had switches or side tracks. There were water tanks at Lake City, Youman and two miles east of Gateview and at Narrows. The standard section houses were 16x25 and were built at Youman and near Marion. This was known as the no-name section house. The standard privy was 5x8, and two were erected at every train stop. The standard section house 16x25 was erected at Lake City. The depot in Lake City was 24x48 with an addition of 20x60 and the engine house was 36x64.

The first time table issued by the D&RGW on August 15, 1889, called for the train to leave Sapinero at 7:00 A.M. and arrive in Lake City at 10:00 A.M.; then depart Lake City on the return trip at 12:05 P.M. and arrive in Sapinero at 3:15 P.M. Making the run of 36.7 miles in the amazing time of three hours or at the break-neck speed of ten miles per hour. Two years later this schedule was rescinded and the procedure changed. A time change was instituted and Lake City became the point of origin for the combined passenger and freight trains. However, the freight trains themselves were made up at Sapinero and these schedules only applied to the passenger or combined trains and did not apply to the freight trains that made the return several times a week until the turn of the century. In 1894, the passengers train became a combined train of passengers and freight.

The year of 1890 was a busy year for the line. The operation became a smooth one as railroads go and remained an efficient operation until the end. During this year of 1890 countless train loads of mine machinery

were hauled into Lake City. The freight trains were loaded to capacity going both ways. Merchants ordered and received huge stores of goods to keep pace with the staggering growth and population. Each passenger train that left Sapinero daily had standing room only.

There could be no doubt by this time that the efforts of this little railroad had turned Lake City into a bonanza. Five years before it had been a reckless and almost stagnant mining camp, now it was one of the leading mining towns of the state. By 1891 the mines were producing ores and the mills were turning them to concentrate and both were working to capacity. On March 12, 1891, the Lake City Times carried the following item:

“Not a day passes now without several carloads of ore being shipped from this point. We need all the cars we can get and there is no scarcity of cars either especially since the roads through the rest of the San Juan country is blocked with snow.”

On May 7, 1891, fifteen carloads of concentrate and three carloads of ore were delivered; on May 14 one car load of bullion and 114 tons of concentrate and 35 tons of ore and on the same day the railroad delivered twelve carloads of merchandise products to Lake City, much of which was stored in the rear portion of the engine house which was used as a warehouse.

The year of 1891 taught the trainmen and engine crews of this branch line that railroading in the San Juans and the Lake Fork Valley could be a difficult, trying and cold experience. Blizzards came almost daily and the engines had to proceed with utmost caution. In many places the snow had to be removed from the rails and switches by hand. Laborers were carried on each train during the severe winter months for that purpose. In the early part of March, 1891, the little train battled five days to plow through the snow drifts in the Blue Cut just north and below Lake City and south of the high bridge. Each night the engine would return to Lake City for coal, water and repairs in preparation for the next day's efforts to get through the Blue Cut and on the following morning they would find that the night blizzard had obliterated the previous day's work completely. During those long winter months no group of men displayed more courage and devotion or gave more to their profession than the men who operated the railroad in the Lake Fork Valley.

On April 2, 1891, the Lake City Times carried the following news item:

“The train due here at 6:10 last night got stuck in a snow drift at Gate View and did not get in till 9:45.”

By mid April of that year the elements had subsided and the traffic on

the railroad returned to normal. However, it should be noted that winters on the Lake Fork and in Lake City were usually very mild compared to the rest of the San Juans.

On April 16, 1891, the Lake City Times printed the following comment:

"The Lake City branch of the D&RG is now furnished with another passenger coach which affords much better accommodations to their passengers. That is what we have been waiting for for some time. Now what we need is a sidewalk to the depot."

During the 1890's the branch enjoyed its most active period. Passengers filled the coaches each way daily. Lake City's consumption of goods, clothing and whiskey was enormous. Every train brought to the camp more new mining machinery and replacement parts for the existing mills, mines and smelters which were operating to capacity. The railroad was the lifeline to this small but thriving mining community.

1895 was the peak year for the branch and this year saw Lake City at its richest and rowdiest best. The local paper carried the following news item on December 19, 1895:

"A railroad station doing \$20,000 per month should be at least supplied with one assistant to the agent. The D&RG at this place is certainly doing a good business which keeps Station Agent Fuller on the go all day."

While to the reader that might not seem to be an excess of business and activity, a comparison should be made as to how much volume \$20,000 per month might have been: sugar \$4.59 per 100 lbs.; Maxwell House coffee \$.19 per lb.; flour \$1.75 per 100 lbs.; tea 27¢ per lb.; salt 3¢ per lb.; pepper 4 oz. 16¢; T-bones 14¢; roast beef 18¢ per lb.; ordinary bulk mail 2¢ per lb. and a week's room \$2.00.

The self-styled natives or long time residents and the press of Lake City never hesitated to say or print that the better and higher class of miners, capitalists, merchants, professional men and tradesmen came to Lake City. When in reality it was probably no different from any other booming mining town of that period. It had more than its share of saloons and brothels, and an article in the Leadville Herald Democrat on December 22, 1895, labeled "Lake City as the toughest town on earth."

Shortly before the turn of the century silver mining activity in Hinsdale County began a rapid and severe decline—mines began closing never to reopen, miners and their families began to leave Lake City going to other hard rock mining towns that were still active.

It was after the termination of the mining industry in Hinsdale County that the railroad became an important member of the remaining community

and would continue as such until the end. It became vital to the ranchers of the Lake Fork and Powder Horn and without it the thriving timber industry would never have come into being. From 1901 until 1906 were lean years for the little branch compared with activity and prosperity it was enjoying a mere ten years before. The following was contained in a confidential report submitted to the D&RG by E.M.L.E. Prohon, Assistant Engineer, dated June of 1888. Quoting from paragraph 4, page 10:

IV

"TRIBUTARY COUNTRY BELOW LAKE CITY

"Beginning about three miles below Lake City, large forests lie along the Lake Fork within ready access of your located line on both sides of the stream for about twenty miles, and near the western side for the remaining distance. These embrace heavy growths of yellow pine and red spruce for several miles from the river, changing to still larger and denser bodies of white spruce when the altitude is more than 9,500 feet. The yellow pine and white spruce grow to great size, and these forests will afford many millions of feet of the choicest bridge and building lumber grown in Colorado.

"The red spruce and the smaller trees of yellow pine assure your company a supply of not less than 5,000,000 ties, or enough to re-lay your entire present mileage. We scarcely need call your attention to the well-known facts that red spruce and pine are the only timber growing in the State which is well adapted to ties sustaining a heavy traffic, and that the available supply has long been so inadequate that your Company has often found itself forced to use either inferior material or pay exorbitant prices for the kinds referred to.

"We desire to lay especial stress upon this matter of timber and ties, because of what we conceive to be the vital importance to you of this large supply which will become readily accessible upon the construction of the Lake Fork, and because of the fact that the existence of such natural resources seems to have heretofore escaped the notice of your engineers, as it easily might, on account of the impossibility of seeing from any one point in the narrow Lake Fork Valley more than a very small portion of the timber actually being a moderate distance. A saving of ten cents on each of 5,000,000 ties amounts to the sum of \$500,000.00, or two and one-half times the estimated cost of completing your line from Sapinero to Lake City. This will seem a moderate estimate of the gain to you from this source alone, when consideration is taken of both, the saving in first cost and the great improvement in quality over ties you must otherwise use, at least on considerable portions of your line."

During the year of 1904 railroad ties were in great demand and the Lake Fork and Powder Horn region had large areas of virgin forests awaiting the Tie Hacks and saw mills. Every gulch and high valley had at least one or more Tie Hacks' shacks or cabins as they were known as and the hardware stores of Lake City stocked their shelves with a good supply of axes, broad



Kellog Saw Mill at Youman (Photo taken by E. E. Livingston, 1914).

axes and cross cut saws and canthooks to supply the new and growing industry. By 1906 the harvest of the rich forests had begun.

J. H. Kellogg established saw mills at Youman and Gate View and E. E. Livingston had one on the Powder Horn and there were two other mills which were not located near the railroad.

These were the days before railroad ties were treated with creosote and the safe and useful life of a railroad tie varied from eight to fifteen years depending on the location and conditions and almost all of the track of the entire third division including the Lake City branch was in dire need of tie replacement.

Forty cars of narrow gauge railroad ties were shipped from Gateview in one single week in September of 1910. Native lumber was of even greater demand both on the Eastern and Western Slopes of the State and the coal mines of Somerset, Crested Butte, Baldwin and Florence were ready markets for mining timbers known as "mine props" or "props."

The timber harvest lasted from about 1904 until 1916 and was very lucrative for the little branch railroad and filled a gap between the end of the mining area and the commencement of the live stock industry and is almost wholly overlooked by historians who write of this region's growth and early development.

About one-third of the ties produced were hewn by hand by the Tie Hacks and the balance were sawed by the mills. The hewn type were scored with a regular axe on two sides and then hewed flat with a broad axe and

the remaining bark peeled off and then sawed off to the proper length. The mill type were sawed on four sides and made perfectly square which was more desirable for the railroads.

The public be damned ideology had no place in the Lake City branch. No railroad, with a few possible exceptions, ever had better public relations than did this branch as it and its employees were a part of the community. There, of course, were some exceptions. A saw mill man went to a Lake City blacksmith and ordered an 8' iron bar for a brace. When he returned two days later for the brace, he asked where the good sturdy iron came from and the blacksmith replied that he had relieved the damned railroad of the iron. When the saw mill man suggested that this might be stealing, the blacksmith spit tobacco and looked the saw mill man in the eye and said, "My boy it is not only your God given privilege, but your bound and sacred duty to steal from a railroad company."

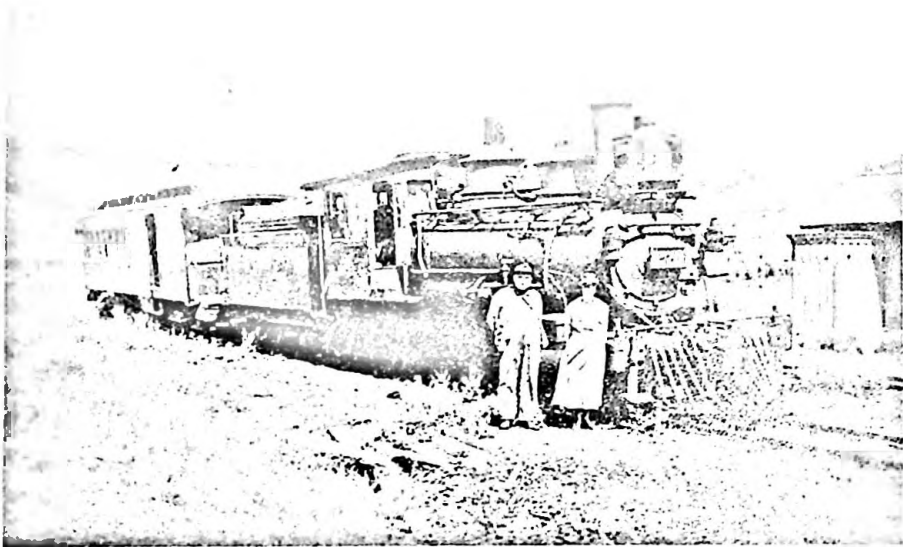
Railroad records reflect that in 1891 Thomas Roche, a section foreman, was severely pistol whipped by three cowboys when he attempted to stop them from using the railroad tracks for a highway near Youman.

In the summer of 1912, two Tie Hacks, who were partners in the enterprise, had several men working for them. They had all of the ties sawed two inches longer than the required length and when they had a stack of about 800 ties they hauled them to Youman, stacked them by the siding and notified the railroad company that they were ready for an inspection and sale. Mr. Neary, the tie inspector, inspected and graded the ties. The tie inspectors used a paint which was a mixture of kerosene and graphite and would paint the various classifications on the end of the tie. The day following the inspection the two enterprising Tie Hacks and their employees immediately appeared in the Youman yard and proceeded to saw off the marked ends of all the ties, restack them in a different location and hauled the marked ends up a hillside and dumped them in a dry gulch and notified the railroad company they needed a tie inspection. The following week Mr. Neary, the tie inspector boarded the train in Lake City bound for Youman to inspect the ties, but the Gods of fate intervened and just before the train arrived, Youman had a cloud burst and a flash flood. When the train arrived the track was obstructed by dirt, mud and marked tie ends which had to be shoveled from the tracks. The dry gulch had a full head of water for the first time in anyone's recollection. Needless to say, Mr. Neary did not reinspect the ties.

On August 15, 1912, the Lake City Times printed the following article:

"It was twenty-three years ago today that the first train ran into Lake City. The engineer in charge was Pete Ready who is still giving satisfaction.

"The contractor who had the carrying of the mail between here and Sapinero was getting \$23.00 dollars per day and made good money during the balance of his time by having his carrier take it to the train.



The legendary Pete Ready and a friend beside Engine 278 (Courtesy Lyman E. Ready, Denver).

“A good many changes have taken place around Lake City in the past twenty-three years.”

There are some who will say that Henry Knoll was the first engineer and George Hughes was the first fireman. However, Lyman Ready of Denver, son of the late Pete Ready, says his father took the first train into Lake City. Whether Pete Ready was the first engineer to run a locomotive into Lake City is really of little consequence.

Pete Ready was the engineer who served the longest period of time in that capacity. A total of thirty-three years. He was in essence the Lake City railroad. Pete, unlike most hog heads, always wore a hat; he was familiar with every foot of the line and knew what conditions to expect on different sections of track spring, winter and summer. History will record that he performed a long and outstanding service with devotion and loyalty. He performed his duties wisely and well.

One news item of interest reads:

“Pete Ready and his engine puffed into town last night; he didn’t know he had lost his train in the Blue Cut and had to go back after it.”

Hugh Gallager was the conductor on the train for years. He was a jovial Irishman and popular with his passengers. The conductors were in charge of the trains and had the last say on departure. When the train was ready to leave a station Gallager would call to Engineer Pete Ready, “Are you ready Pete?” and Pete always replied, “Let her go Gallager.”

Ed Lampert served as a brakeman on the line for years. Other conductors and trainmen who served were: Al (Dad) Twitchell, Frank Perkins and Ed Goodnight. L. L. Braswell was a fireman on the line and later an engineer on the Crested Butte run.

The end of the run was Lake City where the engines were kept in the engine house.

John S. Benson was the engine watchman or engine hostler, as they were known, and went to work for the railroad May 8, 1888 and spent forty-nine years in the service. He served as the only hostler in Lake City and extra fireman if the regular engineer or fireman was unable to report for a trip.

Every New Year's Eve Benson would fire up the engine and at five minutes until 12:00 he would begin to blow the whistle and would continue the whistle until five minutes after 12:00 or for a full ten minutes. After that Lake City was ready to retire and start the New Year.

These were the days when an engineer was assigned an engine and he alone was almost the sole operator of the engine. His first act was to install his own whistle which almost all of them did. Such was the case on the Sapinero-Lake City branch. The whistle was used for regular railroad purposes; it also served as a wireless to convey messages to the ranchers and saw mill men of the valley.

Denver (Sap) Richardson had such a whistle. He ran an engine on the branch part time and when he blew a long blast, two short blasts followed by a long blast this was always heeded by the valley. Translated it said, "Hide your venison, there's a gamewarden aboard." Later all engineers had a special signal when revenue agents were aboard.

As stated elsewhere, the railroad crewmen were part of the somewhat clanish community of the Lake Fork and Powderhorn and were considered by all as a part of it. They made informal stops nearest the ranch house and unloaded the goods so the rancher would not have to go to the regular stop for his goods. In turn, the crews were always supplied with fish during the summer months and venison the balance of the year and on rare occasions, the venison was even legal.

The Carl Bensons were one of the pioneer ranch families of the region. They were an upright, outstanding, hardworking family. Carl Benson's wife, Emma, who kept chickens, sold the eggs to customers in Lake City. Every day she would carry her bucket of eggs down to the track and the train would stop, pick them up and transport them to Lake City without charge. On one occasion she met the train and informed Engineer Pete Ready that she only had eleven eggs, but that she had three hens on the nest if they could only wait a few minutes. They waited and one of the hens produced and the little train went chugging up the valley to Lake City with a dozen eggs.

On one occasion a young man and a young woman in the Gate View area, whether because of necessity or strong desire, needed a wedding ceremony. A minister was summoned from Gunnison, the young couple met the train at Gate View's water tank and the minister performed the ceremony, boarded the waiting train and went on to Lake City to see the night life. The little railroad was truly an institution in the frontier community. It was not sensational or romantic but it will always be remembered because of the human touch.

During the first week of March in 1914, the train was three and one-half hours late leaving Lake City due to engine trouble. When it did depart, a heavy snow was falling and had been falling since early morning. By the time the train reached the high bridge north of Lake City the snow storm had turned into a blinding ground blizzard. The passenger list was a mixed one; two miners; two sawmill operators; a lawyer from Montrose; a doctor from Salida and two Lake City businessmen and nine girls from Lake City's Bluff Street, usually known as ladies of the lamplight. One miner carried a guitar, the other a violin and they were on their way to play for a dance in Iola, a town between Sapinero and Gunnison, and all of the eight male passengers carried more than an adequate supply of bourbon.

The engineer was not the seasoned and experienced Pete Ready but an extra taking the run in Pete's absence. The train proceeded slowly and cautiously and about four miles below Youman the track went through a cut in a hill. On this late afternoon this cut was drifted full of snow. This was the little engine's undoing. The engineer attempted to break through the drifts and the engine became hopelessly trapped in the snow. The four train crewmen worked for almost two hours but to no avail. They then decided since they had a good supply of scoop shovels on the tender they would make use of the eight male passengers and free the engine and return to Youman for the night. The conductor went back to the coach to announce this decision but when he entered the coach he was greeted by music, laughter and the strong smell of alcohol. Two couples were dancing to the music in the aisle, and the rest of the passengers were engaged in laughter and loud conversation of every nature. The conductor's request for help to shovel the snow was rejected by the male passengers to a man. One pointed out to the conductor that they were paying passengers and not gandy dancers and the lawyer reasoned that the damn snow would melt come spring anyway. The girls all had box lunches, as customary for this period since the train did not have a diner. The men had plenty of bourbon so why not make the best of it. The conductor returned to the engine where the four crew members spent the night in the warm cab.

When the train did not arrive in Sapinero within a reasonable time it was concluded that the train was either derailed or snow bound and a flanger with a twenty man work train was dispatched from Gunnison to the

rescue. It arrived about daylight the following morning and freed the train and it went on to Sapinero and arrived there twenty-three hours late. That train trip remained a closely guarded secret for over half a century.

1914 was one of the most severe and long winters that the region had experienced. On February 6, 1914, the Gunnison News Champion printed the following:

“The Lake Fork Railroad was blocked for three days. Ready and the crew were sent to Gunnison for engine repairs. It was then opened with the flanger.”

For a period of years locomotives were named after mountains, rivers, etc. Engine No. 30 named “Old Baldy” was used extensively and served along with Engine No. 34 for many years usually as an extra. It was built by Baldwin in August, 1878. Engine No. 34 was the work horse of the little branch line and appears in many pictures taken of the road. It was named “Royal Gorge” and was built by Baldwin in 1879. Engine No. 51 named “South Arkansas” appears in many pictures and served on the line for about twenty years. It was built by Baldwin in 1880. Engine No. 268 was known by the railroaders as “Cinderella” because she started more fires with her cinders than all of the rest of the engines combined. This engine was on exhibit at the Railroad Fair in Chicago, Illinois in 1949 and is now on permanent display in the City Park at Gunnison.

The 200 series locomotives were put in service about 1915 and Engine No. 278 served on the road for many years and appeared in many pictures with Pete Ready. These engines were not popular like the lighter weight engines were because of their weight. Engine No. 278 was built by Baldwin in 1882 and is now on permanent display in Montrose.

A note of interest—a decade before and a decade after the turn of the century there was a patent medicine on the market and in general use called “Hostetter’s Stomach Bitters”, which claimed to settle your stomach, cure headaches and any other ills a person might have. This patent medicine was advertised extensively in newspapers. These ads were designed to appear as an authentic news item and in the body of the item they would mention the product and its good effects. On June 9, 1899 an ad appeared in the Gunnison News Champion and was headed as follows: “IS THE STEAM LOCOMOTIVE DOOMED”? The ad then went on to predict that within fifty years steam locomotives would disappear and would be replaced with another kind of power, probably electric, that might go 70 or 80 miles per hour which reminds us of the ancient adage that “coming events cast their shadows before.”

The little branch had far fewer wrecks and accidents than the main lines. This fact is no doubt due to the slow, casual and easy mode of operation.

Pete Ready's engine struck a broken rail at Spruce and went over the bluff; both Pete and the fireman were thrown clear and received only minor injuries. A news item in the Gunnison News Champion dated October 20, 1911, had this to say:

"A wreck of the Lake City train below Madera switch caused some commotion last Saurday night. The cars were over turned in a ditch on account of spreading rails. The passengers boarded the engine and thus rode to Lake City."

The following news item, with an unmistakable tinge of levity, appeared in the Lake City Times on May 2, 1912:

"Ed Lampert dumped two freight cars into the river near Spruce Friday, and Sunday the wrecking crews had to come up and pick up the pieces. The wrecking crew came into Lake City and stayed all night left at 5:00 o'clock Monday morning. Don't—let this happen again Ed."

In early June of 1921, Lake City was the victim of a devastating flood due to long and heavy rains in the area. Hensen Creek overflowed and water poured into the town flooding basements and residences. Two portions of track were washed out below the station and extensive damage to the rail yards, depot and section house. The high bridge was damaged and also the Elk Creek Bridge. John Benson, the hostler, pulled the fire in the engine, and everyone awaited the long task of restoration to be started.

The Gunnison News Champion printed the following news item on July 21, 1921:

"LAKE CITY STILL ISOLATED

"The roads to Lake City suffered most of any highways in our vicinity. The capitol of Hinsdale County is still completely isolated from train or wagon road except as a mail carrier makes the trip on horse back with letters. The railroad is to be reconstructed as fast as possible yet some declare it will be a month if not two before the toot of a locomotive will be heard in the town again. The high bridge is several feet out of line, another bridge had to be rebuilt entirely as well as much track washed away."

From 1918 on the principal business of the branch line was livestock. It hauled cattle and sheep from the region to Sapinero where they were coupled to fast trains to Salida and they were transferred to the broad gauges to be taken into the markets in Omaha and Denver. During the fall of the year cattle shipping was the principal business and the branch was very active. Entire herds of sheep were shipped by rail to the Lake Fork ranches from Western Colorado and Eastern Utah in the early spring to graze on the high ranges of the San Juans and were returned by the same route in the late fall. These activities were seasonal and the remainder of

the the branch line carried the mail, a few passengers and a small quantity of freight. Due to the poor connections, inconvenience and the time factor no railroad suffered more from the appearance and growing use of the automobile than did this branch line. Passenger traffic was almost nil for the last five years of the line's existence. The bridges were getting old and the track needed extensive repairs.

Lake City was almost a ghost town. It was claimed that Hinsdale County was the smallest county in the United States both in area and population. The population of the entire county, including Lake City, was only three hundred persons and ironically enough only twelve miles of the railroad was in Hinsdale County—the remainder was in Gunnison County. The seasonable livestock business was not sufficient to maintain the railroad and freight and passenger transportation to Lake City was being provided by other methods, namely, the automobile and truck.

On October 22, 1931, the Denver Post carried the following news item.

"THE OLD LAKE CITY RAILROAD STATION WILL BE CLOSED

"The old railroad station at Lake City, once the scene of a riotous celebration upon the arrival of the first train, will be closed under permission granted on Thursday by the State Utilities Commission to the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad.

"When mining in Hinsdale County was at its peak; when Creede and Lake City were the centers of the mining world, the little branch which runs from Sapinero to Lake City hauled thousands of tons of valuable ore, but that day is gone the railroad contends; the total amount of freight shipped out of Lake City last year gave the road the revenue of \$99.92. The in-going freight gave the road \$1,763.00 while passenger traffic totaled \$782.00."

Many persons must have read this press release with no thought or regard to its true meaning, but many others must have realized that this was the handwriting on the wall; that an era that had lasted for forty-four years was drawing to a close; they must have reflected sadly that the little branch feeder line of the D&RG had outlived its usefulness and its services were no longer required.

**"SAPINERO-LAKE CITY RAILROAD IS PUT UP AS A GIFT BY
RIO GRANDE**

"The Denver and Rio Grande tells the Commission that the branch will be free for the asking.

"If you haven't enough troubles of your own here is a chance to get an operating railroad free of charge. The D&RG has notified the State Public Utilities Commission that it will give its thirty-nine mile branch between Sapinero and Lake City to anyone who will agree to operate it and pay the taxes or if you do not care to take on that much responsibility the railroad will lease you the branch for \$480 a year and throw in the free use of a locomotive and coach.

"In the bustling '90's the Lake City branch was one of the thriving feeders of the Rio Grande system. Hundreds of travelers were going in and out of the booming mining camp and hundreds of tons of rich ore were being transported to the smelters but 1932 finds the branch such a burden to the Railroad Co. that it is willing to give it away to stop the expenses of taxes and operation.

"The railroad made its offer to give or lease the branch when the Commission held its hearing in Lake City last week to hear the protests of Hinsdale County residents to the proposal to junk the line.

"The stockmen and miners claim that abandonment of the railroad will mean financial ruin, and they say that mining and the cattle industry will come back and there is still urgent need for the line.

"Lake City at one time was one of the important mining camps of the state and precious metals were discovered and in the 1870's thousands of dollars in wealth produced."

After the final abandonment order of the Public Utilities Commission took effect, M. B. Burke of Denver purchased the line and got the Rio Grande and Southern Railroad to build him a "Galloping Goose", but was unable to meet the obligations and the venture was a failure and the branch was dismantled.

But for all purposes of this writing the foregoing is not pertinent to the history of this little branch railroad.

The little railroad served its purpose and for almost forty-four years it was the life line of a small isolated mountain empire in Western Colorado. It developed and gave to the present and the future a large and prosperous livestock region. It harvested a large lucrative timber crop at a time when it was an absolute necessity for the development of the state and the nation.

It turned a mining camp with no future into a silver mecca known throughout the world as Lake City, but its period of long, faithful and useful service was over. For all realistic purposes on May the 25th, 1933, a chapter of Western railroading came to an end and the little giant of the San Juans became a legend and passed into history.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ralph E. Livingston was born in Lake City, Colorado and lived at Gate View, twenty-one miles north, where his father operated a sawmill. When he was four the family moved to Taos, New Mexico for two years, then to Gunnison.

He started working in Hard Rock mines during summer vacations while a student at

Denver University. Ralph graduated from Westminster Law School, served in the ETO (European Theater of Operations) during World War II in an anti-aircraft battalion.

He is interested in all phases of history, particularly railroads, outlaws, and military campaigns of the early West.

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Benson



Westerner's Bookshelf



EYE-WITNESS TO WAGON TRAINS WEST by James Hewitt, Editor, Charles Scribners' Sons, New York, 1973, illustrated, maps, bibliography, index, 178 pages. \$7.95.

The heroic story of early western pioneers inching their way across the vast heartland of Mid-America has been told in many forms. However, James Hewitt has devised still another way of presenting the same story. Hewitt has collected his material from journals and diaries of articulate pioneers who were observant and who recorded what they saw.

In five sections, the book reconstructs five different crossings as recorded by those who actually participated in the journeys. Beginning in 1841, the experiences of the Bidwell/Bartleson party are graphically recorded by John Bidwell, a school teacher who chronicled the first trek to California.

Following are accounts of those swept up by the magic attraction of Oregon and Manifest Destiny. Here the journals of Peter Burnett present a vivid word-picture of a new and fascinating experience; a picture unfolded in descriptive terminology not usually associated with the raw frontier.

New light is shed on the misfortunes of the tragic Donner party and its ill-fated experiences from the start of its journey to the final agony in the frozen high Sierras. Just as the Donner party was plagued by misfortune, the presentation of the Mormon successes was shown on the opposite side of fate's dichotomy of life. The volume concludes with a personalized account of the California gold rush in the late 1840's.

James Hewitt has constructed an easy to follow continuity by the addition of ef-

fective editorial comments set off in italics so as not to dilute the wording of the original accounts. The most striking features of the narrations are the use of remarkable vocabularies and complex punctuation. A common impression, held by many, is that early pioneers were illiterate; in this volume, some come through as scholarly intellectuals.

For the reader who is a student of western personalities, new light is shed on such names as Father Pierre De Smet, Marcus Whitman, Jesse Applegate, Brigham Young and other names synonymous with the early west. The easy to read book, written by a British subject introduces new light on the never ending story that has fascinated people for generations—the story of the mass-migration of pioneers toward the western Utopia.

Herbert O'Hanlon, P.M.

GHOSTS OF LEADVILLE—by Dave Luck. Flying Three Enterprises, P. O. Box 690, Littleton, Colo., 80210. Illustrated, \$2.95.

A fascinating pictorial book of interesting and very graphic by-gone areas, which could be a hundred all but forgotten places besides. Leadville. The photography is starkly simple and superb. The poetry accompanying each facing page is also stark and simple.

It seems to this reviewer that the poetry is a bit old-fashioned, cut, perhaps from the same cloth as the pictures, and while not epic, it tells the story.

The book would make an interesting gift, especially to an "out-lander".

Curtis S. Bates, CM

WILLIAM HENRY JACKSON'S COLORADO. Compiled by William and Elizabeth B. Jones. Pruett Publishing Co., Boulder, Colo. 1975. 172 pages. \$27.95

The magic name of William Henry Jackson always sends one's imagination to thinking of pictures. And although he had many other talents, he is best known, perhaps, for his photographic ability. The Joneses have compiled an album of 195 of his Colorado photographs, starting with those he took while with the Hayden Survey, to those of the early 1900s, when he was in business for himself.

Most are reproduced in black and white but this reviewer wishes they had all been done in the warm-brown tones which would approach the warmth of his original prints. The book is very simply an album of photographs with captions. These are too brief and should have been enlarged upon with more information. In a few instances they should have been better associated with their particular photograph. For instance: The caption for the picture on page 56 is found on page 58, with no indication as to where it belongs. This poses no problem for those of us familiar with Jackson's work, but the novice and tourist might find this annoying.

Railroad enthusiasts will be delighted with the selection of train pictures. Although we have seen most of them in other books, this is a good concentration in one book, and most all have trains in them. The book belongs in everyone's library—especially those of us who came too late to collect original Jackson photographs.

R.B.F.

TWELVE MORMON HOMES VISITED IN SUCCESSION ON A JOURNEY THROUGH UTAH TO ARIZONA, by Elizabeth Wood Kane. University of Utah Library, Salt Lake City, 1974. 149 pp. \$12.00.

This account tells of Brigham Young's journey on his annual inspection tour of the settlements, commencing December 12th, going south to St. George, and arriving

there December 23. Thomas Kane went along (with his family) at Young's request. Mr. Kane, though he never became a Mormon, was much esteemed by them, and there is a statue of him in Salt Lake City. This is a singular distinction given to one who never became a Latter Day Saint.

Mrs. Kane's ability as a writer was considerable. Her observations were keen and holds one's interest throughout. She had her doubts about the Mormon beliefs and was certainly not favorably disposed toward the plurality of wives as practiced at that time.

Henry A. Clausen, P.M.

LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION, HISTORIC SITES. National Park Service, 428 pp. \$8.50. Supt. of Documents, Washington, D.C. Index, bibliography, illus.

This is an excellent guidebook to the significant sites along the transcontinental trail that Lewis and Clark blazed, 1804-1806, and offers the reader an opportunity to explore with them the heart of the North American wilderness—tramping, boating, and hunting—during their hours of laboring, hungering, and persisting on the trail which was to become an historic landmark in American history.

Having been the owner of a three-volume set of McMaster's edited edition of the expeditions journal, I found that the fascinating first section of this book dramatically relates the dynamic forces, acts and events of the men involved in the beginnings of the plans and purposes of this expedition which were never clearly set forth in the McMaster's text.

I did not know of John Ledyard or his part in igniting the little flame of adventure until I read the first part of this volume. Nor did I know of the training of the leaders of this plunge into the "Original Wild West." They studied, trained, and planned thoroughly before they headed Westward.

The book contains such items as a list of goods to trade to Indians: 4,600 assorted needles, 2,800 assorted fishhooks, 48 ruffled shirts, 180 pewter looking glasses, and 12 pipe tomahawks. The earliest American

firearms are pictured. Coyotes, grizzly bears, elk, mule deer, and prairie dogs are described and illustrated.

Of great interest to me was the first meeting with the Cutthroat trout at the Great Falls of the Missouri, and as I read I vividly remembered looking into the small pools below the 'falls' on a day when they had only a trickle of their former grandeur, and shadows of trout ghosting through shrunken pools that were left after the river had been robbed of its normal flow to fill irrigation ditches.

The second part of the book describes the historical sites and how they were marked. One of the monuments I know well stands high on the top of a hill a short distance south of Sioux City, Iowa, dedicated to Sergeant Charles Floyd, the only man in the party to die during the long journey. Other sites include Gateway to the Mountains, Thee Three Rivers at their juncture to form the Missouri, and numerous other symbols of our heritage, and achievements of those pioneers who forged out of the wilderness this nation we now call "America the beautiful."

Arthur Carhart, Life Member

LIFE AGAINST THE LAND—A SHORT HISTORY OF THE PUEBLO INDIANS by Mary L. Wood. Timberline Books, Leadville, Colo. Forty pages, paperback.

In the beginning was the land—harsh, hot and rugged. The Colorado Plateau seems an unlikely place for permanent human habitation. But as Mary Wood de-

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL (cont'd.)
Rizzari, 1716 View Point Rd., Denver, Colorado 80215.

• • •

Here's a note from Francis Rizzari: "In the article on early forts and trading posts in the March-April 1975 issue of the Roundup, there was a reference (on page 7) to a rather large fort seen by Fremont in northeastern Colorado. Further research reveals it was located about ten miles below the junction of Lodgepole Creek and the South Platte. This would place it just a few miles east of present Julesburg."

scribes in this slim volume man not only settled in this region thousands of years ago, he developed a complex culture culminating in the classic Pueblo structures found at Mesa Verde and other sites.

The Pueblos evolved from the Basketmaker people, hunters, weavers and cultivators of maize. Pottery and pit houses marked successive stages of Basketmaker culture. The Developmental Pueblo Period (roughly 700-1100 A.D.) saw construction of above-surface dwellings, use of stone masonry and refinements in weaving and agriculture.

Architectural development peaked between 1100 and 1300 with the building of great communal housing units, further progress in pottery and weaving and extensive trade. The sudden decline after 1300 is variously explained by lengthy drought, soil exhaustion or conflict with encroaching Apaches and Navajos.

The author provides only a basic sketch here. One can perhaps criticize the lack of detail and question the space devoted to geological time, origins of man in the Americas ("A current popular theory is that extraterrestrial beings visited the planet and left peoples to inhabit the 'New World.'") and background of the Spanish intrusion.

Nonetheless, Wood provides the reader unfamiliar with Southwestern archeology and anthropology with a readable and fairly comprehensive introduction to "life against the land." And she raises some interesting points. For instance, the so-called Regressive Period (1300-1700) witnessed a regrouping of the Pueblos in the basins where their descendants live today. She theorizes that by the time the conquistadores arrived, the Pueblos were quite "sophisticated compared to the nomadic tribes in the area," and may have been on the brink of a renaissance. The Spanish effectively quashed further independent development.

Don G. Allan's black-and-white photos of artifacts and the landscape enhance the book. Both he and Wood are professors at Colorado Mountain College in Leadville.

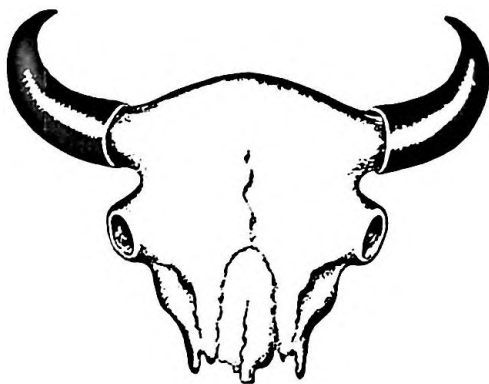
C.S. Bates, CM

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

MAY-JUNE 1976

Volume XXXII, No. 3



Masquita Pass, circa 1865

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

The 2nd Annual Festival of the West will be held at the Jefferson County Fairgrounds July 3 and 4, from noon to 11 p.m. both days. This is far more than a fireworks display, featuring a Frontier Village Parade, a Medicine Show, Rodeo, Trick and Fancy Riding, an historical fashion show, an Indian village with Indian dancers, and on and on. The Westerners will have a booth and will be selling Brand Books.

Another event of great interest to Westerners is happening on July 25: the formal dedication of Bent's Fort. A bit of history comes to life.

Our thanks to Bob Pulcifer and his guest, Water Borneman, the coordinator of heritage projects, for updating us on the Colorado Centennial-Bi-Centennial at the April meeting. As the celebration approaches its climax, more and more events are being staged. A history fair at Montcalm Castle in Manitou Springs June 3-6; the Colorado State Square Dance Convention at Estes Park June 11-12, Arts Festival at Aspen June 11-13, Kayack International Boat Races at Salida June 18-20, a sidewalk art fair in Central City June 26. And a few hundred more. If you don't have your Calendar of Events get a copy from Bob Pulcifer.

Our congratulations to charter member and one of the major boosters of The Denver Westerners, Fred Rosenstock, on the opening of his new art gallery. A young man in his eighties, Fred continues to add significance to Denver as a cultural center.

We've received a note from Viva James and she says: "Numa is still at the Med-Center (Colorado Springs). Sometimes I am sure he knows me, but not always. He loves to have company, although he may not know your name, he will know you are a friend. So if you get down this way, stop in to see him." Numa, as most of us know, was the director of advertising for the Rocky Mountain News and a loyal Westerner.

Note: The Roundup is now being
(Continued on the back cover)

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

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Recovery of a Fabulous Treasure

By Lt. Colonel Carl L. Morris, GSC, United States Army

and R. A. Ronzio, PM

Presented at the March 24, 1976 meeting of The Westerners

This story had its beginning in the rise of Adolph Hitler as the Fuehrer of the Third German Reich and the subsequent events during World War II. We will not detail the mass murder and burning of the Jews, the raping of women and the numerous other atrocities committed by this regime. These episodes have been told many times, although the full story can never be written.

During this holocaust, the gold teeth, rings and other valuable articles were taken from the bodies of the Jews and others and stored for future distribution. The valuable art, documents, gold coins, various bags of paper money, jewelry, gold and silver bars and miscellaneous valuable items were taken whenever and wherever they could be found in Germany and subjugated countries. This loot as well as German secret documents such as: patents, detailed war plans, weapons development drawings, and a hoard of Reichmark's amounting to 2,760,000,000 marks, were all collected and hidden.

This paper will relate the role of our American Army officers, how and where this treasure was found and removed to a safer location. The responsibility of guarding and moving this treasure rested on the co-author of this paper. Here's an excerpt of his Army record:

On July 11, 1943 at Cairo, Egypt, the Legion of Merit was awarded. At this time, Major Carl L. Morris, Corps of Engineers, United States Army, for exceptionally meritorious service in organizing and commanding a convoy of 185 trucks, including 170 Italian ten-ton diesels, over challenging terrain, across several hundred miles of trackless uninhabited desert, from Asmara, Eritrea to Cairo, Egypt—a feat generally believed impossible. Conceived as a project to relieve a serious transportation shortage in the Nile Delta area resulting from the ever lengthening lines of communication in the North African campaign, Major Morris reconnoitered the route, supervised the conditioning and loading of the trucks, instructed the drivers, 195 of whom were enemy aliens, directed the convey, meeting

the difficulties as they arose, and successfully delivered the trucks to Camp Russell B. Huckstep, Egypt, losing but one truck on the 1800 mile journey lasting 43 days. His determination, versatility, perseverance and leadership is evidenced by his accomplishment which exemplifies steadfastness of purpose in keeping with the best traditions of the United States Army.

By command of Major General BRERETON

This treatise encompasses excerpts of the report written by Lt. Col. Morris to the Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force, G-4 Division covering the discovery, removal, transportation and storage of gold, silver, platinum, currency, fine art treasures and German patent records from salt mines in the Merkers and Heringen area to the Frankfurt area in Germany.

The following are quotations from a report to Major General Robert W. Crawford, from Lt. Col. Morris:

- I. "As a result of Allied bombings on German principal cities, large quantities of German treasures and irreplaceable art objects and records have been placed in various salt mines within the Third Army area.
- II. Following is a day-by-day account based on testimony of witnesses and my own experiences covering discovery and removal of certain treasures from the Kaiseroda mine at Merkers, Germany, and the Heringen mine at Heringen, Germany, which, it is felt, should be recorded for possible use at a later date.

4 April 1945: 1. At approximately 1100 hours, 358th Infantry Regiment of the 90th Division captured the town of Merkers in the Regierungsbewirk of Eisenach. In the course of interrogation of displaced persons in the vicinity of Merkers on the 4th and 5th of April, mention was made of a recent movement of German Reichsbank gold from Berlin to the Kaiseroda mine in Merkers. No witnesses were available, but the rumors from many sources were very consistent.

5 April 1945: 2. At approximately 1100 hours, S/Sgt Wall, Military Intelligence Team 404-G attached to the 358th Regiment interviewed French displaced persons who had worked in the mine at Merkers and stated that they heard that gold had been stored in the mine. Sgt. Wall reported to Captain Dengler, Military Intelligence Officer of the 90th Division, who in turn reported to G-2, 90th Division. G-2 report of the 90th Infantry Division of 1600 hours 7 April states Merkers mine H-6750 contains marks, gold, silver, paintings and jewels.

(Here is the tip-off):

6 April 1945: 3. (a) Command Post, 90th Division, was located at Keiselbach, approximately 3 km. from Merkers. Military Government orders issued prohibited all civilians from circulating in the area of the mine. At approximately 0845, military police PFC Hermon and FPC Kline of the 12th Provost Marshals Office challenged and stopped two French women entering Keiselbach from Merkers. One of the women was pregnant and stated she was being accompanied by the other to receive medical assistance in Keiselbach. The women were taken to 12th Corps Provost Marshals Office where they were questioned and later sent back to Merkers accompanied by a Pvt. Mootz. Upon entering Merkers, Pvt. Mootz saw the Kaiserod salt mine and asked the women what sort of a mine it was. Whereupon the women stated that it was the mine in which the German gold reserve and valuable property of the National Art Museum in Berlin had been deposited. The women stated the gold was stored 700 meters (2300 ft) deep in the mine and gave other information, including the information that it took 72 hours to unload and store the gold and currency and that local civilians and displaced persons had been used for labor on the project.

Pvt. Mootz reported the story to Sgt. Matthews, HQ Co., 90th Division, and Sgt. Matthews passed the information on to Colonel Whitcomb, Chief of Staff, and Lt. Col. Russell, Military Government Office for the 90th Infantry Division.

(b) Lt. Col. Russell proceeded immediately to the Kaiseroda mine, arriving 1300 hours. He summoned all displaced persons in the area and interviews with them confirmed the story told to Pvt. Mootz. Whereupon Lt. Col. Russell confronted the mine officials with this information and they stated they knew that gold and art valuables were stored in the mine and further that other mines in the area were likewise used for the storing of valuables. It developed that Doctor P. O. Rave, curator and assistant director of the National Galleries in Berlin, was present in Merkers to care for the paintings. A Sgt. Walter Farager of the British Army, who had been a German prisoner since 26 June 1940, was found and he stated that he had been employed as a machinist's assistant for the past year at the Merkers mine and had assisted in storing the gold. With this evidence, Lt. Col. Russell requested that the 712 Tank Bn under the command of Lt. Col. John Kedrovsky be ordered to proceed to Merkers to guard the entrances to the mine. 90th Division Military Police were also deployed about the entrances. All mine officials were placed under technical arrest and confined to their homes, and arrangements were made for generation of power at the mine so that the shafts could be entered for examination.

(c) It was later discovered that there were five possible entrances to

the Kaiseroda mine at Merkers and that one Tank Bn would not be sufficient to guard these entrances in view of the proximity of the front lines at this time. Additional reinforcements were requested and at 2145 hours the 357th Infantry Regiment, commanded by Lt. Col. John H. Mason, was moved to the Merkers Area to relieve the 90th Division Military Police and reinforce the 712th Tank Bn.

7 April 1945: 4. (a) General Ernest, Commanding General, 90th Division, directed that a reinforced Rifle Company of the First Bn of the 357th Infantry be posted to guard the main entrance of the Merkers mine, this company to be reinforced with tanks, tank destroyers, and jeeps mounting 50-cal. machine guns be used for Anti-Aircraft defense. Lt. Col. Mason, C.O., 357th Infantry Regiment, deployed his regiment to guard the entrances of Dietlas and at Statingsfed. At 1700 hours, orders were received from 90th Division by the 357th Infantry to move forward with the exception of the first battalion which was to pass to Division control and continue on guard duty at the mine. However, General Eddy, 12th Corps Commander, countermanded this order, holding the complete regiment in the area of the mine at Merkers for security purposes.

(b) At the time of the change in orders, 3rd Bn Guards had already been relieved by elements of the First Bn, but were later called back and resumed their previous positions.

(c) At 1000 hours, Lt. Col. Russell, accompanied by mine officials and Dr. Rave, art curator from the Berlin museum, Col. Joseph Tully, Assistant Division Commander, Major Joseph Brick, Judge Advocate General, and Capt. McNammara, P.R.O. for 90th Infantry Division, accompanied by Signal Corps photographers, entered the mine. In the main haulage way at the foot of shaft 2, 550 bags of Reichsmarks were found, apparently in the process of being taken out of the mine when the plan was interrupted by the arrival of U.S. Troops. Later interrogation revealed that this currency was needed to meet a Reichsmark currency shortage in Berlin caused by the bombing of the Reichsbank printing press in Berlin on 3 February. There were indications that there were 1,000,000 Reichsmarks in each bag. Subsequently, 140 more bags were found just outside of the vault door in a side passage to the main haulage way approximately 1600 feet below the surface.

(d) At approximately 1400 hours an attempt was made to open the steel vault, but without success. Lt. Col. Russell and Capt. McNammara interviewed Fritz Veick, official of the Reichsbank who had come to Merkers for the purpose of removing the currency to Berlin. Veick stated that the Merkers mine contained all of the gold that was in the Reichsbank and it was all in one room. Arrangements were made for blasting an entrance in the vault wall the following morning.

8 April 1945: 5. (a) At 0800 hours, a party consisting of General Ernest, 90th Infantry Division Commander, Lt. Col. Russell, Capt. McNamara, photographers and reporters and elements of the 12th Corps Engineer Troops entered the mine. It was found impossible to dig a hole through the vault wall, whereupon the engineers blasted an entrance approximately 4 x 8 ft. through the masonry wall. The vault was approximately 75' x 150' with 12' ceiling, well lighted but not ventilated. The treasure was arranged in rows with approximately 2'6" between rows of coin bags and bullion bags. Several valises were found in the back of the vault containing gold and silver articles of jewelry, church ornaments, table ware and service. Baled currency was found stacked along one side of the vault along with several sets of gold balances and other Reichsbank equipment.

(b) In order to examine the contents, some of the seals on the bags were broken and a partial inventory was made at this time. Reference is made later—entitled "List of Money, Gold Bullion found in salt mine H-6850, Merkers, 8 April 1945" submitted by George L. Blosson, Co., Finance Dept., Finance Officer, 12th Corps. At 1100 hours, General Eddy, 12th Corps Commander, Col. Leiber, Deputy Chief of Staff, 12th Corps, and Lt. Col. Billings, G-5 Officer of the 12th Corps, arrived to make inspection of the mine.

(c) Lt. Col. Mason, Commander 357th Infantry, contacted Col. Leiber and posted guards at the vault entrance and provided for security patrols on roads throughout the area.

(d) At SHAEF, upon receipt of information concerning discovery, Brig. Gen. McSherry, G-5, SHAEF, directed Col. Bernstein of G-5 SHAEF to make arrangements to go forward to the mine as soon as possible to examine the valuables and to make necessary arrangements to take over the treasure in the name of the Commanding General, ETOUSA. Col. Bernstein arrived at Reims and was informed by Gen. McSherry that the Supreme Commander had discussed the matter with Gen. Crawford, ACOS, G-4, SHAEF, and the decision had been reached that the contents of this mine should be removed to a more secure area for the purpose of relieving 12th Corps combat units for tactical missions.

9 April 1945: 6. (a) Meeting held in General Crawford's office attended by Maj. Gen. Clay, War Department, Brig. Gen. McSherry, G-5, SHAEF, Col. Bernstein, G-5 SHAEF, and myself, wherein Gen. Crawford stated that the mission would be to transfer the treasures from Merkers to a new location further to the rear for the purpose of releasing combat units and to facilitate an accurate examination.

(b) Col. Bernstein to represent G-5 SHAEF should be responsible for taking over the treasure, G-4 SHAEF Representative to coordinate the actual movement including taking treasure from the mine, locating suitable

new location, arranging for trucks, security guards on the road and the permanent guards at the new location.

(c) Property to be taken in hand for the Commanding General, ETOUSA, G-4 SHAEF Representative to report to Maj. Gen. Gay, Chief of Staff, 3rd Army and to keep Gen. Muller, G-4, 3rd Army, completely advised at all times of action taken.

(d) Gen. Crawford suggested the use of Fort Ehrenbrietstein at the junction of the Moselle and Rhine rivers at Coblenz for the storage of this treasure. Gen. Clay suggested the possibility of transporting the treasure to the United States. However, it was decided that the SHAEF Representatives should use their discretion as to where the treasure should be placed, keeping Gens. Crawford and McSherry advised.

(e) I flew to Frankfurt with Col. Bernstein in Gen. Crawford's plane, arriving Frankfurt at 1125 hrs.

(f) Conference held with Col. Dalferes, G-5, 3rd Army, and Col. Bernstein to formulate plans for taking over the responsibility for the administration and movement of this treasure. Later, we met with Gen. Gay, Chief of Staff and Col. Harken, Deputy Chief of Staff, 3rd Army, during which discussion General Patton joined the meeting. Many matters were discussed including the main reason for moving the treasure to a new location. General Patton agreed to the moving and urged that it be done as soon as possible to release the combat regiment and tank unit for combat service. General Gay prepared a letter to the Commanding General 12th Corps defining the responsibility and authority given to Col. Bernstein in this matter.

(g) We discussed the movement problem with Brig. Gen. Muller and agreed that every effort would be made to use empty ADSEC cargo trucks returning from forward hauls to Army supply points for the movement of the treasure, thus reducing the demands on Army transportation facilities. General Muller advised Col. Perry, transportation office G-4, to assist in any way possible in this move. At approximately 1400 hours, in company with Col. Bernstein, Lt. Col. Barrett, G-5, 12th Army Group, Major Ferrara, and Lt. Feary of G-5, 3rd Army, we made a preliminary inspection of the Reichsbank Building in Frankfurt to determine the suitability of its use for the storing of the treasure. The above group then drove to Fort Ehrenbreitstein at Coblenz to inspect that post as a possible storage area. It was discovered that Fort Ehrenbreitstein is at present full of archives and art taken from museums and public buildings in the Rhine and Moselle river valleys and that no suitable area remains to accommodate the volume of material discovered at Merkers. The storage areas at the Fort are in bad condition and an adequate permanent guard would require at least a regiment in view of the vulnerability and many entrances to the storage vaults.

(h) On the basis of the inspection of the Reichsbank building, and Fort Ehrenbreitstein, it was decided that the Reichsbank building would be the most suitable, and steps were taken through the town major and HQ SHAEF, known as LIBERTY in Frankfurt, to requisition the building in the name of the Commanding General, ETOUSA.

(i) Generals Eisenhower, Bradley, Patton and Eddy, and the members of their staffs arrived at the mine and were shown both the art treasures and the gold and currency. Col. Bernstein furnished information relating to the treasures, how they came to be shipped there, estimates as to their value and also discussed the plan for the movement of the treasures to Frankfurt. The plan was orally approved by the visiting officers.

(j) At 1330 hours, Commander Fisher, USCG, Lt. Col. Claiborne, Mr. St. Germain, and Lt. Col. Moore with staff, and Major Fairfax-Chomoley, Capt. Walitchek, Lt. Shilling, Lt. Dunn, and 4 enlisted men arrived at the mine. Col. Bernstein assigned Lt. Col. Moore the responsibility of making arrangements for marking the money containers in the mine and preparing inventories at the time of the removal of the money from the mine.

Commander Fisher was assigned the responsibility for preparing inventories of all other mines in the immediate vicinity and to analyze all of the testimony developed in interrogations to date with a view towards finding further gold and currency deposits as well as gathering financial and property control intelligence information.

Further information of witnesses and local officials and employees of the Wintershal Mining Company was carried out in the afternoon and evening.

Lt. Col. Craigen, G-5 Finance, designated as receiving officer for the gold, silver and paper currency once it is deposited inside of the Frankfurt bank, requested that a 2-post, 24-hour guard be posted at the empty building prior to the time of the arrival of the convoy to prohibit any possibility of mines or booby traps being placed in this building.

A complete search of the premises was carried out by the bomb disposal squad attached to the 3rd Army and no explosives were found.

(k) Col. McKinnen, Commanding Officer, Highway Transportation Division, Com. Z, made available 16 - 10-ton trucks from the 3628 QM Truck Company and 16 - 10-ton trucks from the 4263 QM Truck Co. In view of poor telephone connections, I visited Mainz and arranged with Truck Company Commanders to report at the mine property at Merkers not later than 0900 hours 14 April.

Thirty-two 10-ton trucks plus wreckers were employed for transportation.

To facilitate rapid removal, Jeeps with trailers were lowered into the mine to the 1600-ft. level and used to haul the treasure from the gold vault to the foot of shafts Nos. 2 and 3, whereupon the trailers were disconnected

DEFENSE PLAN



ROAD BLOCK STRENGTH

- #1)
 5) One H.M.G.
 8) Squad Each
- #2)
 3)
 4)
 5)
 6) One-Half Squad
 7) Riflemen w/Auto.-
 8) Rifle Each
 9)
 10)
 11)
 12)
 13)

M. G. POSTS STRENGTH

- A)
 B)
 C) One H.M.G.
 D) Squad Each
 E)

PATROLS

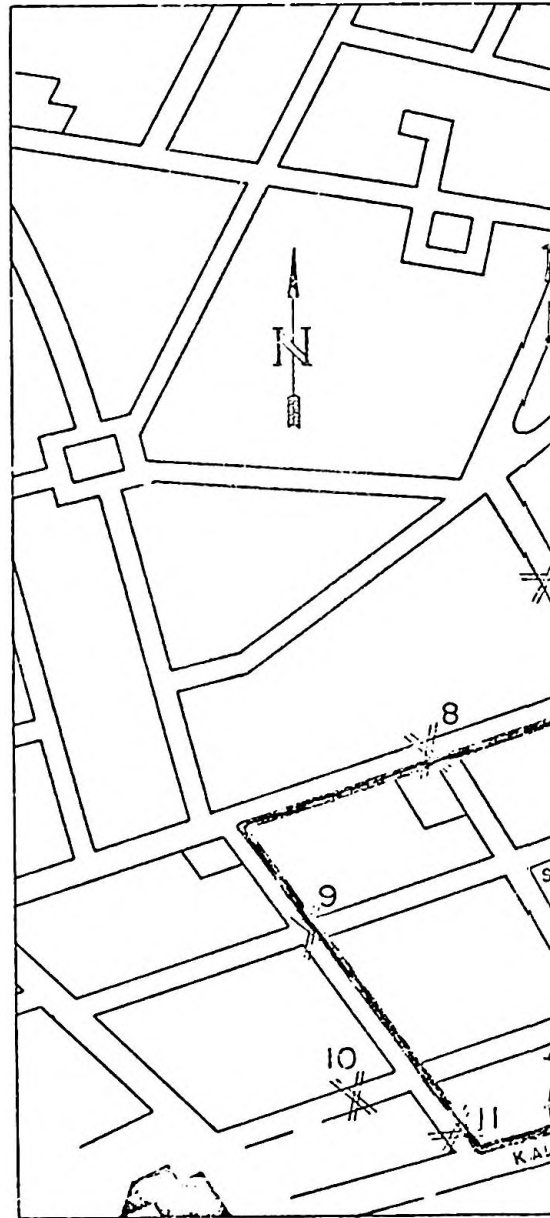
-  Foot Patrol of
 One Squad
-  Area to be patrolled
 by Foot Patrols

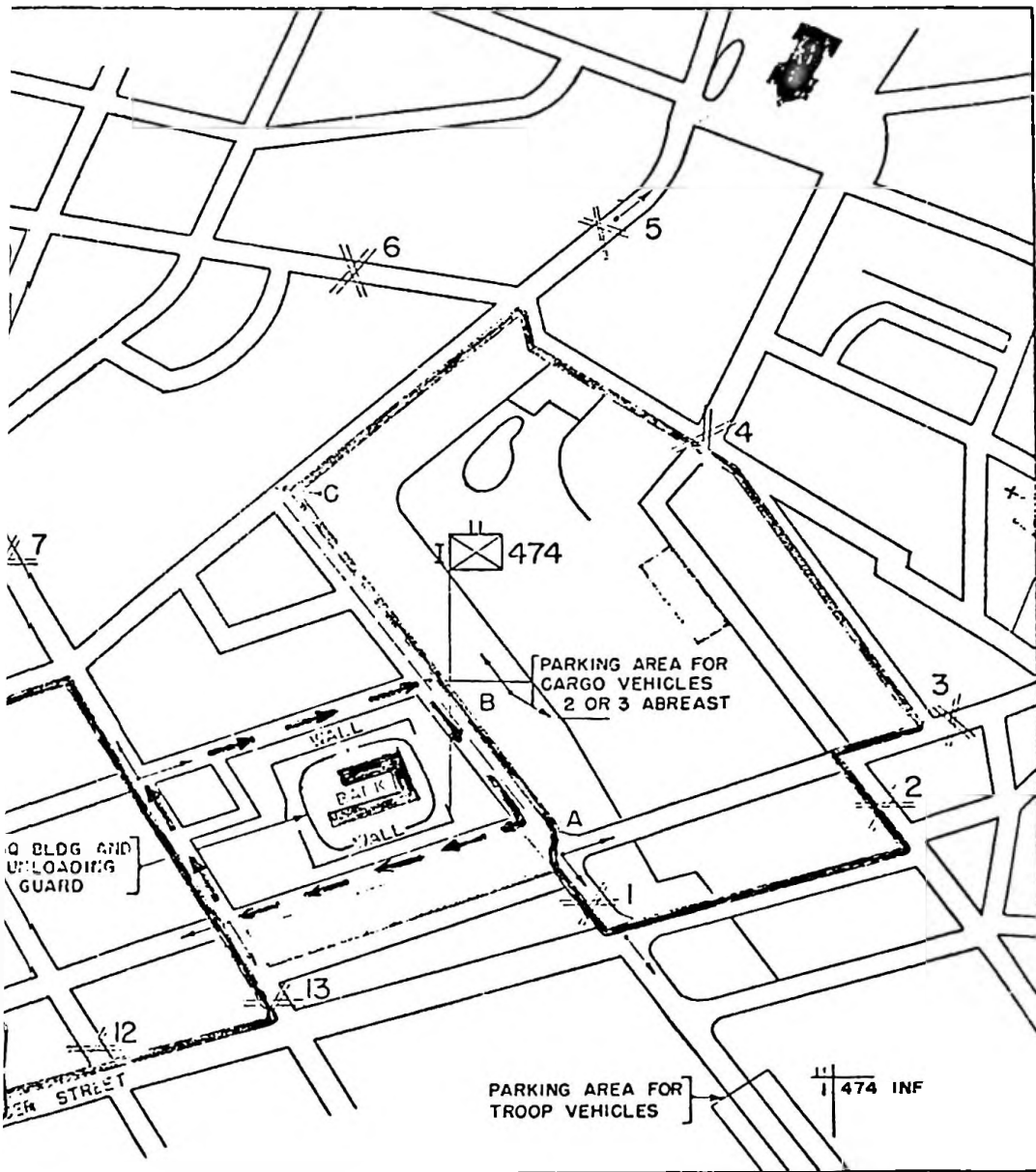
Upon arrival of cargo convoy
 the area will be further sup-
 ported as listed.

Road Blocks
 1,4,5,6,7,8,10 & 12
 with one M-d Scout Car each

Road Blocks
 2,3,9,11, & 13. With one
 Quad. .50 cal. AA Gun each,
 performing A.A. & ground de-
 fense.

Five(5)Quad. .50 Cal. AA
 Guns will be located within
 the area as A.A. defense





HQS LST BN 474 INF REGT - 14 APR 1945

SKETCH TO ACCOMPANY ANNEX #2 OF FIELD ORDER NO. 1

WHITNEY
Comdg

from the jeeps and hoisted to the surface, pulled by hand to loading ramps where the material was manhandled aboard the 10-ton trucks. Officers of the 357th Infantry Regiment and from Col. Bernstein's G-5 staff, checked the treasure on to the trailers in the vault and an officer accompanied each trailer load to the hoist, thence to the surface where the responsibility was passed to the officer preparing inventories for each truck. The officer accompanying the trailer of valuables would then return with an empty trailer to the vault for a new load. With this loading procedure the convoy was loaded in 20 hours.

The following system of checking the treasure was devised when the actual movement began. One officer and one enlisted man was stationed at the inside of the door of the vault. The officer checked and called out the numbers as the bags were taken out of the door and loaded on to the jeep trailer. The enlisted man at the door wrote the number on a sheet of paper. This sheet was used as a load slip for each load. Each load was accompanied to the surface as described above by an officer who signed the load slip, turning it over to the officer supervising the loading at the truck ramps, who in every case was a currency section officer from C-5. An enlisted man from the currency section would call out the numbers of the items as they were put into the truck and the officer would then record the truck and trailer number, the names and serial numbers of drivers and assistant drivers, and any special guards assigned to that particular truck. The loading officer would then initial the load slip and it was returned to the vault by the security officer. The enlisted man at the vault entrance, upon receipt of the load slip, checked it with his register to verify that all load slips were returned and that all parcels had been accounted for. I arrived from Frankfurt by plane at improvised field near the mine at 0500 hours. Ten specialized engineer troops obtained from Third Army, were on duty at critical points throughout the plant.

15 April 1945: A 26 truck convoy completed loading 320 tons of gold and currency at 0745, including three truckloads of fine arts which were available. All 10-ton trucks were overloaded approximately 10%.

(a) Lt. Stout, USNR Monuments and Fine Arts Officer of G-5, 12th Army Division, made a spot-check of the boxes and cases and talked with Dr. Rave and came to the conclusion that they constituted great wealth. Dr. Rave requested in writing that art treasures be removed from mine for protection of valuable pieces.

(b) Each box, picture, case, etc., that was loaded upon the trucks was listed upon a load slip. A separate load slip was prepared for each truck and was signed by the officer who supervised the loading of the truck. The form (mimeographed at direction of Lt. Dunn (now Captain Dunn), provided such information as:

Name of truck driver and serial number.

Names of guards and serial numbers.

Truck number.

Key letter and number shown on each case, box, etc.

Number of cases.

Description.

(c) In placing the art objects in the rooms of the Reichsbank, boxes, cases, etc., of each department of the National Galleries were stacked separately as far as facilities permitted. Paintings were protected by packing material which was secured at the Merkers mine. Technical matters, such as packing and storing of paintings, prints, etc., were supervised both at the mine and at Frankfurt by Lt. Stout, USNR, and assisted by Capt. W. A. Dunn, Finance Division of US Group CC.

It was decided to limit the removal of volumes from the Heringen mine to German patents, German applications for patents, German patent abstracts and portfolios containing research being carried on by Berlin patent office experts within the mine as well as patents granted in France, Austria and Switzerland since 1939. This step was necessary in view of the slow-operating condition of the mine equipment and the fact that the bulk of the estimated 400 tons of volumes was made up of reference material, periodicals, and patent records of all principal countries, dating back to 1894. Accordingly, all trucks with the exception of seven were released to carry Army supplies to the new Army area. The convoy arrived at 1600 hours in Frankfurt and was unloaded at 2200 hrs. Prisoners were dispatched to ADSEC cage at Mainz at 2230 hours.

LIST OF MONEY, GOLD, BULLION, AND PLATINUM BARS
FOUND IN SALT MINE CAVE – MERKERS, GERMANY
APRIL 8, 1945

Gold Reichsmarks, Bags, 446
Austrian Crowns, Bags 271
Turkish Pounds, Bags 73
Dutch Gold, Bags 514
Italian Gold, Bags 62
Austrian Coins (Miscellaneous), Bags 3 (Nos. 2-15-96)
British Coins (Miscellaneous), Bags 3 (Nos. 12-17-15)
Gold Bars, Bullion, 8198
American #20 Gold Pieces—Bags, 711 (\$25,000 per bag)
Miscellaneous Coins, Bags 37
Gold Coins, Bags 80, 10,000 Francs each bag
Italian Gold Coins, 20,000 each bag – 5 bags
British Gold Pounds, Bags 280
Foreign Notes, Miscellaneous Bags 80.

REICHMARKS:

1,000 Mark Notes	—	Bags, 130	—	650,000,000 Marks
100 Mark Notes	—	Bags, 1650	—	1,650,000,000 Marks
50 Mark Notes	—	Bags, 600	—	300,000,000 Marks
20 Mark Notes	—	Bags, 500	—	100,000,000 Marks
5 Mark Notes	—	Bags, 800	—	60,000,000 Marks
				2,760,000,000 Marks

Gold Bar — 1
 Silver Bars — 20
 Silver Plate — 63 Boxes and 55 Bags
 Gold — 138 Pieces in 49 Bags
 Gold — Miscellaneous Pieces, Bag, 1
 Gold, French Francs, Bags, 635
 Swiss Gold, Bags, 55
 Crated Gold Bullion, Boxes 53
 Crated Gold Bullion, Long Boxes 2
 Valuable Coins, Bags, 9
 Coins (not marked), Bags, 5
 Turkish Gold Coins, Bag, 1
 Mixed Gold Coins, Bag, 1
 American Dollars, 1 Bag, \$12,470
 Austrian Gold (Marked GA“V”) Bags, 13
 Miscellaneous Gold of Various Countries, Bags, 6
 Danish Gold Coins, Bags, 32
 Platinum Bars, 1 Bag containing 6 Bars
 Roubles, Bags, 4
 40 Bags, Silver Bars
 11 Bags, Gold Bullion
 1 Bag British Pounds, #18
 1 Bag Swiss Francs, #37
 1 Bag Russian Roubles, #43
 110 Bags Various Countries

In 1945 when gold was \$32 per ounce and with inflation this treasure appreciated from 315 million dollars to near the billion dollar mark and it does not include art treasures patents and other documents.

Carl L. Morris
 Lt. Col. GSC
 G-4 SHAEF Representative

For his excellent role in handling of the removal and transportation of this treasure and his meticulous 65 page report in minute detail which he wrote to Major General R. W. Crawford, Carl was awarded the Citation for Bronze Star Medal, quote:

“Lieutenant Colonel Carl L. Morris (Army Serial No. 0344851), General staff Corps, United States Army, for meritorious service in connection with military operations as a member of the Current Operations Branch, G-4 Division, Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force, from 9 April to 22 April 1945. In April 1945, when the Third United States Army discovered large quantities of gold, silver, platinum, currency, fine art treasure and German patent records in the salt mines in the Merkers and Heringen areas of Germany, Colonel Morris was assigned to survey and arrange means of safeguarding this treasure. As a member of a special unit representing the Commanding General, European Theater of Operations, he called on his extensive civilian mining engineering experience to direct the successful evacuation of these valuables to a safe location behind the front lines. His exhaustive report of this mission will serve as an invaluable record of this incident of international importance. Entered military service from Colorado.”

The Mescal Burro

By Dabney Otis Collins (PM)

At rendezvous on Ham's Fork of Green River, the talk got around to various experiences of what mountain men had eaten to keep from starving. Jim Bridger said a man needn't ever get hungry as long as he could knock a rattlesnake in the head with his wiping stick: rattlers, fried or in soup, were good doin's. Joe Meek told of the time he had been lost in the Nevada desert and hadn't eaten for two or three days. He was about gone under when he came upon a big ant hill. He rolled up his sleeves, stuck his hands in the hill, and let the ants swarm up his arms, then licked them off. "They sot right well on my stummick," Joe said, "after they quit crawlin' round."

Jim Beckwourth was there that night. Jim had already told about how he ran 95 miles in one day, with a pack of Cheyennes right behind him. And about the time he took 55 scalps in one fight and became a great Crow chief. The big mulatto agreed with Bridger that soup was best for a starving man, but that rattler soup couldn't shine against Mormon cricket soup, especially when it had a sprinkling of baby tarantulas.

Kit Carson spoke up. "I reckon I've eat about everything that flies, crawls or walks, 'cept my own kind," the mountain man said. "But accordin' to the way my stick floats, doin' without water is even worse than starvin' to death." Laying a coal in his pipe, he told about the time he and Ewing Young were coming back from California and ran out of water crossing the Arizona desert.

They killed their pack mules and drank their blood. When that was gone, they borrowed a little more time by doing the same thing to their riding horses. Still no water in sight. Nothing but quivering white sand and cloudless blue sky. Plodding across the blazing sand, Kit and Ewing couldn't even spit cotton.

Resting in a handkerchief-sized patch of shade from a creosote bush

one day, they saw about a dozen Apaches hoofing it across the desert. The Indians were leading two mules and a burro. These animals looked like they had big rope wounds round their bodies.

Ewing Young shook his head. "Now what in tarnation can that be?"

"Water," answered Kit.

"Water?" Ewing's cracked lips wouldn't let him laugh. He gave Kit a long, slow look and shook his head. "Loco," he muttered.

"Loco, hell. I said, water. Them be guts wrapped round them mules and that burro. And the guts be full of water, or I don't know Apaches."

Ewing wanted to believe him badly enough, but he couldn't. The heat had gone to Kit's head. But that night they crept up on the Apache camp. Laying low, they saw each Indian take a drink from the gut wound round one of the mules, then bed down. The two mountain men waited, their chalk-dry throats seeming to be tied in knots. At last, the Apaches went to sleep. Kit and Ewing cat-footed toward the mules. But they didn't like the way the mules were looking at them, so went to the burro who had his eyes shut, as if asleep.

Kit untied the whang leather from the end of the gut wrapped around the stocky little burro, stuck it in his mouth and took a pull. The first swallow was like a red-hot poker shoved down his throat, the second lifted his hair by the roots, half-popped out his eyes. He stopped for breath and Ewing took over. Then it was Kit's turn. . . . All of a sudden, the home-brewed mescal grabbed hold of them. They let out a whoop like a thousand Comanches on the warpath. The Apaches jumped out of their blankets and were gone.

"The way them varmints lit out," Kit said, "I don't b'lieve they stopped this side of the Mexican Border. So me and Ewing we went on to Santy Fee with the two water mules."

"What happened to the mescal burro?" asked Joe Meek.

"Oh, him?" Kit tapped pipe against moccasin heel. "Somehow or 'nother that jackass got ahold of that gut and drained her dry. Last time we saw him he was kickin' over a sand dune big as a house."

The author of this article, Dabney Otis Collins, has recently received the Colorado Authors League Top Hand Award for the Best Non-Fiction Award for the Best Non-Fiction Article of the year for his article, "A Land For Learning—and Unlearning—published in *Colorado Outdoors*.

New Hands on the Denver Range

Debby Rosborough (CM)
6495 Happy Canyon Rd. #105
Denver, Colorado 80237

Debby is directly related by marriage to the Breen family, survivors of the Donner Party. She is particularly interested in early pioneer history, early settlers, old diaries, and explorers.

James B. Bullock (CM)
7520 Knox Ct.
Westminster

James Bullock is an outdoorsman, enjoying jeeping, camping, hunting, fishing. He also raises hybrid redworms as a hobby. Jim is particularly interested in Colorado mining towns and their economic history. He was sponsored by Dow Helmers.

Ray E. Jenkins (CM)
12272 East Bates Circle
Denver

A teacher of United States and American Frontier history at Hinkley High School in Aurora, Ray's extra-curricular interests are in the mining areas and camps of the West. He is also interested in geology and business history of the West. Ray was sponsored by Charles Ryland.

Over the Corral Rail (Cont.)

printed offset, which means that we can reproduce photographs more economically. If you have any interesting historic pictures in your files or amongst your memorabilia, send them along.

I'm receiving very little material from the membership for use in Roundup—so again I appeal for your help. It's an old cliché, but Roundup is only as good as you make it.

Hugo G. Rodeck
11107 Elati St.
Northglenn

A former member who resigned his membership while living abroad, Hugo is an Emeritus professor, and director of the University Colorado Museum in Boulder for over forty years. Is presently trustee for Adams County Historical Society, has particular interest in Custer history and prehistoric Mimbres.

Arlan Dean Zimmerman (CM)
900 S. Quince #B412
Denver

Arlan Zimmerman is interested in Nebraska and Colorado history, and the Oregon Trail through Nebraska. He enjoys hunting and collecting relics of the early West.

Richard P. LaGuardia (CM)
Buffalo Bill Museum
Golden

Richard LaGuardia is the curator of the Buffalo Bill Museum, and his specialty, logically, is William F. Cody. Dick belongs to the National and Professional Ski Patrols and is a member of the Natural History Museum.

Jerry Langheim (CM)
830 20th St. #304
Boulder

Jerry is a radio-TV specialist for the University of Colorado, and is particularly interested in the role of railroads in Western history and Indian history. Has been active in the American Field Service international scholarship program. Sponsored by Charles Ryland.

Gurney A. Ulrich (CM)
3861 So. Lincoln St.
Englewood

Sponsored by Bill Van Duzer, Gurney's special interests are military history, Colorado history, and mining. He is a member of the Western History Association, was in the Air Force (Regular and Reserve) for 29 years.

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

JULY-AUGUST 1976

Volume XXXII, No. 4



The only Sod-house in Wheat Ridge, Colo. built 1886. John M. Hansen, 1976.

SMITH COUPLE'S OF PETER MADSEN'S GRAVE

1976 A NATIONAL BICENTENNIAL COMMUNITY 1976

**SOD HOUSE IN WHEATRIDGE
BUILT IN 1886
RESTORED IN 1976 AS PART OF COLORADO'S
CENTENNIAL-BICENTENNIAL PROJECT**

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

August is the climax of Colorado's Centennial-Bicentennial celebration, starting with Colorado Day (August 1-2). If you would like to be where the action is, go to Central City on Sunday for a full day of commemorative activities. There'll be a parade to end all parades starting at 2 p.m., and a special ceremony at City Hall at 5 p.m. A Centennial Dinner will be served at the Teller House, midst pomp and circumstance. For dinner reservations call Richard Hicks at 582-5891 in Central City.

For the railroad buff there will be a steam-powered railroad excursion from Denver to Julesburg, plus an outdoor lunch and an open house at the Julesburg Museum. Write Kenton Forest, P.O. Box 45181, T. A., Denver, CO 80217 for reservations. This also Aug. 1.

The big event for us is The Westerners Summer Rendezvous being staged at The Fort restaurant (near Morrison) on Tuesday evening, August 24. The motif will be fur trading, and the entree will be Green River steaks. Charles Hanson, director of The Museum of the Fur Trade in Chadron, Nebraska, will be the speaker. His subject: "Romance and Reality in the Fur Trade." Tab for the event is \$10.00 per person, and wives, sweethearts, children, and friends are welcome. However, attendance is limited to 90, so don't delay in making reservations.

The May meeting was in keeping with the Centennial theme as Dave Hicks gave a paper on "This Week in Colorado—1876." Wonder who will give the paper in 2076? Assuming, of course, there is a 2076.

Good news for the bottle collectors . . . A book just published, *Colorado Historical Bottles & Etc., 1859-1915*, compiled by David K. Clint & Co. According to the cover blurb, it is "a totally illustrated and reference numbered identification system for every known Colorado Beverage Bottle, Jug, and Insulator." Order from the Antique Bottle Collectors of Colorado, P.O. Box 63, Denver, CO 80201. Per copy, \$9.95.

If the Westerners should ever publish a

(Continued on back cover)

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP



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This Week in Colorado— 1876

By Davidson Hicks, P.M.

Presented at the May 26, 1976 meeting of The Westerners

Let's roll back the clock to the week of May 21 to May 27, 1876. Here we are, about midway between the end of the last session of the territorial legislature, in March, and the statehood election coming up in July. Denver's population is about 16,000, probably a little short of that. A half dozen railroads are serving the busy frontier town. Gaslights and horse-drawn trolleys are in vogue. The skirts are long and the ankle is daring. Joslin's is advertising bargains in silk; and Daniels, Fisher and Co., is advertising \$3,600 worth of Hamburg embroideries at importer's cost. The Rocky Mountain News reports that "the festive grasshopper has commenced to ravage the garden truck and light grain in the southern counties of Colorado." The great buffalo slaughter is at its height from Texas to the Dakotas, and in a part of Colorado.

Up at a place called California Gulch (near present-day Leadville) miners are at work producing what they think is lead ore at the Rock Mine. The mine owners, William H. Stevens and Alvinus B. Wood know the ore is actually silver. H. A. W. Tabor is operating a grocery store at Oro. Well, perhaps it's his wife, Augusta, who's really running the place. Anyway, they're planning another Tabor store down the gulch from the Rock Mine.

In Georgetown a man named Louis Dupuy is doing a good business at his somewhat fancy Hotel de Paris. It's supposed to be a popular spot and a pretty good place to eat. And there's talk around town about getting a railroad built.

Emigrants from the fading gold camps are rushing to the new boom towns of Ouray and Lake City. And up Ohio Creek in Gunnison Country the Crooke brothers are shipping a great deal of coal out of the Mount Carbon Mine. They are having it hauled over a pretty good wagon road to their smelter in Lake City.

Then there's the report from Pueblo where a lady is lecturing on the subject "Why Was I Born?" A newspaper editor notes that her husband also is lecturing in the area on the subject "She Was Born to Talk!"

On Sunday evening, May 21, 1876, clouds gathered over Colorado's capital city and the rains began falling. As the daily Denver Times reported:

"Twelve years ago . . . the great flood of Cherry Creek occurred, since which time no rains have produced so widespread devastation as that which commenced here Sunday evening. The storm continued with unabated vigor all day Monday and only commenced to slacken at about 10 at night, 24 hours after its inauguration."

Cherry Creek and the South Platte River began rising, helped along by general rains over the entire area. A second channel of the Platte at Denver ran four or five feet deep and at a pace almost as swift as the main channel.

A large number of families living between depots and the lines of the Colorado Central Railroad were forced to take refuge in the second stories or build up temporary platforms upon which they located out of reach of the floodwaters. The backwater ponds were from a foot to eighteen inches deep over a wide area.

"About the time the Times went to press Monday the water in Cherry Creek had reached a height almost unparalleled, and fears began being entertained that a bad night was in store for the people living in the lower parts of the city."

Crowds of men wended their way to the banks of the creek and there they stood in the pelting rain, fascinated by the wild, turbulent waves roaring along at not less than ten miles an hour. The waves and undulations in the stream were three or four feet in height, and the flood was rising so rapidly that the change could be detected by the eye.

Rubbish of all sorts—Boards, pieces of buildings, telegraph poles, trees and brush—came tearing along. The larger items were received with shouts from the crowds . . . many of whom let the excitement of the moment blind them to the danger.

One of the first buildings to go was the large barn in the yard at the California House on Holiday Street. The barn stood only about five feet from the bed of the creek. The water worked at the foundation and seizing a corner of the structure, quickly made it give way to the waves, ripping all the boards one by one. The building was set afire about half past four in the evening to consume the rubbish.

The flood washed away the banks of the creek until the bed in some places was twice its original width.

In North Denver the waters poured down the steep hills, cutting great gashes in the ground and doing considerable damage. In one place nearly a dozen trees were torn out.

Louis Bender's new soap factory some two miles down the river was destroyed—nothing being saved except a boiler and machinery. Even the men who were there had trouble escaping with their lives.

"The Platte River vied with Cherry Creek in its mad career. It was several feet above its ordinary level, and covered almost the entire bottoms west of the Rio Grande and South Park railroad tracks, making a sheet of

water the best part of a mile in width.

"John W. Smith, Esq , whose residence is in that vicinity, estimated that the water was only from a foot to a foot and a half lower than it was in the great flood of the 19th of May, 1864."

The irrigating ditches serving the city also suffered. The Platte Ditch, the property of Denver, was broken in several places. The Times reported the immense volume of water from the prairie filled the ditch to overflowing and washed the banks and flumes away. Mr. Naylor, superintendent of the Platte Ditch, was checking the ditch on horseback when he got too near the edge of Cherry Creek. He and his horse fell into the creek with water about twenty feet deep. The current carried them some distance before Naylor could swim to shore. He rescued the horse which had been struggling in quicksand.

The Smith mill ditch in West Denver was cut Monday afternoon to prevent it from being torn to pieces.

In Denver the streets turned into mud holes as rain returned. Many homes had mud and water in their basements. Sloans Lake broke near the entrance of the canal and spilled water over the streets in the area.

The high water in the region also played havoc with the railroads.

The Monday evening train left Denver for Golden. Arriving at Clear Creek it found about fifty feet of track gone from the middle of the bridge. It immediately backed toward Denver only to find that a small bridge on the other side of the Platte had been washed away leaving only iron and stringers hanging. It was also found that the west half of the Platte bridge had been washed out.

On the South Park an engine was sent out to look up the damage, but the water was so high it couldn't go far.

On the Rio Grande, the train coming south Monday reached Petersburg on time and found that a portion of the tie work across a usually dry creek at that point had been carried off.

No trains arrived at or departed from Denver on Monday, May 22, 1876.

Breaks were being repaired by Tuesday allowing some train traffic from West Denver. A Kansas Pacific locomotive went down to Sand Creek Tuesday afternoon, May 23rd, and found the bridge standing firm. The eastbound train left Denver on time and got to Bijou only to find that the bridge and a hundred feet of embankment had been washed away. Three more breaks were reported between Bijou and Hugo.

The Boulder Valley was severely damaged.

"The bridge across the Platte at Hughes is swept away," the Times reported, "as is the one between Hughes and Boulder. The amount of damage done is not fully known, however, because the telegraph line between Denver and Boulder is down. It will be several days before trains can move on the Boulder Valley track."

Wednesday, May 24th, the Caribou Stage Company announced that it would run a line of four-horse Concord stages between Denver and Boulder until the rail lines are repaired.

Despite the hardships, there was time for humor.

The Times said "The rain damaged neither fruit nor grasshoppers." And "during the recent storm reports came from the country telling of many cattle being killed by lightning . . . Mr. Vance, the taxidermist, says that for a dollar he will provide the birds mounted by him with a lightning rod."

Water went through the roof of the Odd Fellows block Monday completely drenching the new carpet belonging to the order . . . Water down the smoke stack at Stout School snuffed the fire. Both Stout and Arapahoe schools had leaky roofs . . . Water filled a vacant lot in the rear of the Emmigrant Corrals on the corner of 16th and Wynkoop streets . . . the Hallett and Billings planing mill shut down because the lumber was too wet to work.

A maison de joie on Wazee Street, "occupied by a number of colored women," was filled up about four feet on the floor. The police woke the inmates at 3 a. m. fearing the waters might sap the foundation and carry the house away.

On Friday, May 26th, reports from all along the range said the rain was falling constantly in the mountains. The Platte remained high. It was up a few inches Wednesday and an additional two inches Thursday. Friday the river rose another eighteen inches.

Saturday the Times said the Larimer Street bridge over Cherry Creek was being repaired and would be open for traffic in the afternoon.

The News reported Saturday that the city's water mains, choked with sediment from the floods, would be drained Saturday night between 9 p. m. and 2 a. m. for cleaning.

The Rocky Mountain News announced Friday that "Florida green turtle soup will be dished up and dispensed at the 'Bon-Ton' today."

In district court in Denver Kenry Klopfer has been admitted as a citizen of the United States. At Del Norte Adair Wilson became a U.S. citizen.

While Denver was having floods, five feet of snow fell on Caribou. The weight of the snow collapsed the roof of the Nederland mill.

Toward the end of the week Denver suffered something like a "beef famine." The Times said: "The last head of Kansas beef was slaughtered Thursday, leaving only a two-day supply on hand." Then on Saturday a Kansas Pacific train arrived with 149 passengers and several cars of Kansas cattle.

Yup, the Denver Times, which calls itself the paper with the largest circulation in Denver, runs on cash only, no credit, and offers free old newspapers for putting under carpets, carries the best want ads.

"Wanted . . . a girl for general housework, Swede preferred. Reply 325 Curtis St." "Wanted farmhands, teamsters, laborers, cooks, servant girls, girls for the mountains and help of all kinds, at 404½ Blake St., F. M. Moore and Co."

Under "wanted to buy" were "Cheap for cash, a light horse of pony and spring wagon," and, by the city of Denver, 30,000 feet of spruce lumber 3x8 and 12x16.

"For sale: My house and two lots on Arapahoe Street between 15th and 16th Streets, A. M. Stanbury." Also for sale "two business lots in the best part of Evans, Colo."

In the last of May, 1876, boarding cost \$5 a week, room and board, \$7 a week at 451 Lawrence St.

The J. K. Doolittle Store advertised its new line of spring goods. Included in the "immense stock just arrived" were ladies neckwear, lace ties, cashmeer veilings and nets, ladies collars and cuffs, silk handkerchiefs and scarves. The store is at 341-343 Larimer St.

The A. Jacobs and Co. store, 347 Larimer St., the OK Store, sold ready-made clothing along with trunks, blankets, gloves and white vests.

Beale Bros. and Norton, 356 Lawrence, opposite the post office, sold paints, oils and varnishes.

The G. L. Aggars grocery, 515 Larimer St., advertised 3 pounds of tomatoes for 20 cents, a gallon of coal oil for 25 cents, 3 pounds of apples for \$1.25, eggs 20 cents, 6 cans of strawberries, \$1; 20 bars of soap for a dollar, a pound of Imperial tea for 50 cents.

A horse belonging to Mr. Hernandez, the Blake Street tailor, was stolen from the stable over the weekend, the second horse to be stolen from Blake Street within a week.

Horses also played a part in an adventure at Georgetown reported in both the Times and the News. Here is the more detailed Times report:

"Georgetown was treated to a runaway a few days ago. The Mayor says the reason Gen. Kilpatrick was not killed was because he was not in the carriage.

"The outfit was procured in Central (City) and took the general to Georgetown where he gave a lecture.

"The team was hitched up for the sheriff to take a prisoner down to Gilpin county and being unguarded at the Barton House, the horses, seeing a pile of lumber, started for it and smashed it with the carriage. Another vehicle was procured and the sheriff (Deputy Sheriff Peterson, according to the News), with his prisoner (D. Sullivan), started down the road. At the Wilson and Cass mill the horses contrived to capsize this scud

under bare poles leaving the sheriff floundering in the sand with his prisoner. A freighter saw the outfit coming and he backed his six-span of mules and schooner across the canyon and stopped the flyers. In a few moments along came the prisoner looking for the horses and declaring with considerable heat and vehemence that he would be d — — — d if he was going to Central on foot. The sheriff soon caught up and another start was made.

"Everything went smooth for five minutes when the horses didn't like the crooks in the road and started a beeline. The occupants were thrown out and considerably demoralized. After a time the animals again were caught and hitched to a freight wagon and the prisoner with his sheriff rode the balance of the distance in that low-toned manner."

The Golden Smelting Company has put in a new 50-horsepower engine.

There is talk in Greeley of forming a military company.

The Evans people recently sold 18 horses to the government for the Indian business.

The Indian business must have been the troubles in the Dakotas. It was reported from Cheyenne that one or two more companies (of soldiers) will be detailed to assist the Greys in keeping the road clear between Fort Laramie and the Black Hills.

In the News of May 27th, a special correspondent wrote from Hot Sulphur Springs:

"A part of Piah's band of Utes, otherwise known as the Middle Park Utes, have been in and about the Park all spring. It was they who slaughtered the buffalo and elk in such great numbers during the winter and spring, of which you recently published an account.

"Piah has been for some time east of the mountains and his brother Antelope has been in command. About a week ago Antelope and another of the brothers, called Bill, left for Denver, and Yah-mo-ny became head man. He is a short, fat, good-natured redskin, without one eye. The entire band have been and are friendly and respectful to the whites.

"Colorado (Col-o-row), with a little band of congenial spirits—seven lodges altogether—has been hovering around the west and finally got over into the Blue River valley. He is, and has been for years, a disturber, mischief maker, and insolent rascal wherever he is. The other Utes dislike and fear him, but he evidently has an influence over them which they cannot resist.

"Antelope left his people camped on Beaver Creek about four miles from this place. On Friday last Colorado pulled up and came from the Blue over here, passing Antelope's village. He pitched his camp about two miles up the river, but while his people were setting up their lodges the old man came into town and at once began his old game of bluster and threats. He said 'too damn many white men come; build too many houses—work too

much (which is a base slander upon the people here); and they must get out.'

"He said he was going to stay here until the White River Utes come, and that a great many others were coming, and then they would drive the whites over the mountains, across the plains and clear back to the big water.

"He was laughed at and went off to his camp in high dudgeon.

"That evening there was a meeting of the citizens, for another purpose, and before it adjourned Colorado's presence and threats were referred to."

The result was the appointing of a committee to visit "his excellence" and tell him respectfully that he must stop his mischief. He also was told that he must move his ponies from the range around Hot Sulphur.

"Colorado then retired from the field and Yah-mo-ny and his eight remaining associates set out to manufacture public opinion. They were told everywhere that there was no complaint whatever except against Colorado, but that the people would not stand for his insolence; that we looked upon all other Utes as friends and wanted them to continue as such.

"Yah-mo-ny replied that Colorado's talk meant nothing, and that no attention should be paid to it. Finally he requested that another meeting be held Saturday night. Meantime he would talk to Colorado, who would listen to him."

No meeting was held, but on Sunday morning (May 21, 1876) Colorado sent down word that his ponies would be moved away. He asked, however, to be allowed to keep his camp where it was.

The people of Las Animas County voted Monday (May 22nd) on a \$250,000 bond issue which would finance the extension of the Kansas Pacific Railroad to Trinidad. Out of about 800 votes cast only about 75 opposed.

News from around the world arrived at the Denver newspaper offices regularly. A telegrapher would write out the news and pass it along to an editor who would judge whether it was worthy of printing. Here are a few items which were worthy: "BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Henry L. Bull, president of Bull's Patent Arms Manufacturing Co., killed William Hursey, one of his workmen, by cutting his throat in the street. Bull, who claims to have acted in self defense, was locked up.

"Judge B. Ferris, a prominent citizen and former mayor of Oakland, Calif., committed suicide yesterday morning by jumping overboard from a steamer on the way to Sacramento, after first tying his feet together and taking laudanum. The supposed cause is unfortunate speculation in stocks.

"A summer house in Greenock, Scotland, and 2,000 tons of raw sugar, were destroyed by fire yestersay at a loss of 50,000 pounds.

"The Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company are about to make another general reduction in telegraph rates. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad on Tuesday transferred all their business, including that of the New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore offices, to the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company. Heretofore they had used the wire and machinery of the Western Union Company.

"In Congress on the 15th of May Mr. Elkins introduced a bill for the construction of a military wagon road from Trinidad, Colo., to Taos, N. M. The bill was read the first and second times, referred to the committee on military affairs and ordered to be printed.

"On the same date the speaker pro tempore by unanimous consent laid before the House a communication from the Secretary of War relative to the lines of communications between northern and southern Colorado. This was referred to the committee on railroads and canals."

The Centennial mood gripped the area in May 1876.

The Denver Brewing Company began advertising its Centennial Bock beer . . . Fifty round-trip tickets to the Centennial have been sold by the Kansas Pacific so far . . . J. Marshall Paul of Fairplay was appointed by Gov. Routt as "Centennial Orator" for the territory.

"Prof. Hale has been collecting photographs of the several school buildings in the territory for exhibition at the Centennial." Included are Territorial School of Mines at Golden; St. Aloysius Academy (Catholic), Denver; Jarvis Hall (Episcopalian), Golden; the first and until 1870 the best public school house in the territory, at Boulder; and the public school buildings of Denver, Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Golden, Boulder, Greeley, Georgetown and Central City.

"The pictures, all about 7 by 9, will be mounted in a day or two in a handsome frame about 38 by 50 inches. Each picture will be surrounded with a gilt border on glass.

"For the Centennial a model has been made of the cliff ruins on the Rio Mancos River in southwest Colorado. The area was visited and graphically described by Prof. Hayden last summer."

"Mr. Burt, the well-known scenic artist of this city, has just finished an elegant copy of the Colorado coat-of-arms under the direction of the Centennial commissioners. The picture will be forwarded today (May 27) to take its proper place in the Colorado Department."

Seems like a large quantity of material is being gathered up and sent to the Centennial. Likely they'd move a mountain if someone came up with a means of doing so.

One of our editors, with tongue in cheek, suggested something: "Doctors yesterday removed 30-pound cancer from a woman's abdomen. Why not send that off to the Centennial?"

The Times reports that the express charge for taking up \$10,000 in gold bullion in Lake City and putting it down again in Las Animas the other

day was \$300.

On Tuesday it was announced in Washington that John Sherman, Jr., senior member of the late banking firm of Sherman and Grant, is to be nominated United States Marshal for New Mexico.

The Times of Friday, May 26th, lists mail being held at the post office. Among those listed was Bela M. Hughes, who is probably in Pueblo attending the Democratic convention. (Hughes would oppose Republican John L. Routt for the post as the first governor of the State of Colorado. Routt won that election by a scant 800 votes.)

On May 24th there were 39 patients in the county hospital . . . J. S. Stanton of Hutchinson, Jefferson County, has secured a patent for a cheet metal pipe joint . . . There was sleighing in Central City last week . . . The Oates comic opera company was advertised to arrive Wednesday for a Denver performance. It didn't arrive. The audience waited, finally got refunds and went home. The group arrived in time for the Thursday performance which was met with general approval. . . . At that performance a trolley man left his horse unattended for a short time so the driver could get a glimpse of the show. A fire bell sounded and the horse, with trolley, headed back to the barn. The driver headed out in pursuit and captured the trolley three blocks away.

Cy Hall of Fairplay, one of the owners of the Dolly Vardon, a bonanza mine of the Mount Bross, is visiting his brother-in-law, C. R. Hartman . . . On Thursday, the 25th, Henry Kellogg of Chicago was at the Inter Ocean . . . Charles A. Finding of Breckenridge is stopping at the Tremont House . . . W. H. Cushman of Georgetown is at the Inter Ocean (William H. Cushman was a member of the constitutional convention. He also is the man who, in 1873, had purchased the Muggins Gulch property of James A. "Mountain Jim" Nugent for \$1,000. Muggins Gulch is near Estes Park.)

In Estes Park the English Company, formed a few years ago to benefit Lord Dunraven, is still acquiring property with the help of David H. Moffat, Jr., and Theodore Whyte, an Englishman hired by Lord Dunraven. Records in Larimer County show 160 acres was purchased from each of two men, Charles Fowler and Israel Row. Each was paid \$500 for his land.

Four cases of smallpox were found in Laramie, Wyo., last week.

It has been announced that Foster Nichols of Central City has been appointed auditor of the Colorado Central Railroad.

The Rocky Mountain News reports that the "laws of the 11th session of the territorial legislature are completed and will be turned over the secretary of the territory today," May 25th. The News offers copies of the laws for sale at \$2 in paper binding.

The Times comments that there probably won't be enough copies to go around to all the lawyers.

In the offices of the territorial government, E. W. Brewster soon wrote a letter to Frank Hall of Central City.

"My dear Sir: I transmit you by this mail a copy of the Session Laws of 1876.

"Should you hear of the sudden demise of the business manager of the 'News', you may expect to hear that I plead guilty. It is certainly a temptation to murder a man who has willfully and maliciously disarranged and marred your index, neglected to send you 'proof,' and published it in such shape as mine appears, when by pleading guilty, one can escape the usual penalty. Notice 'Sales for taxes', and 'Redemptions', which in my manuscript appear as sub-heads to index to 'Revenue', where they properly belong. Also notice 'Bent County', 'Boulder County', and 'El Paso County', which they have printed as sub-heads to 'Auditor', 'Bonds and Ejectment', instead of in general heads.

"Had I believed it possible that Mr. O, or anyone else would presume to change my copy, I would have compelled them to send me proof for correction and approval, without regard to their great haste to get their private edition upon the market.

"In haste, yours sincerely, E. W. Brewster."

On Thursday, May 25th, John Taffe, territorial secretary, wrote John Gibson in Pueblo:

"Sir: In response to your favor of the 25th inst., I would say that the Revised Statutes can only be obtained of Wm. N. Byers, proprietor of 'Rocky Mountain News', at \$10.00 per copy. The supply of session laws belonging to the Territory is so nearly exhausted that I am unable to supply any to others than officers who are entitled to them by law.

"They can be purchased of Wm. N. Byers and Mipns(?) - Richards and Company.

"Very Respectfully, Your ob't serv't, John Taffe, Secretary." (Brewster signed under Taffe's name.)

Col. E. P. Jacobson went to Pueblo Monday to prosecute the Las Animas land case. Friday it was reported that the case of the United States against Stanton, Cook and Moffa for conspiracy to defraud the government was called. The case was then continued.

"This," the News asserted, "is equivalent to a dismissal of the defendants from the charges."

The government filed exceptions in the case to the answers of Stanton, Cook and Moffat to set aside patents for the lands. The case was taken under advisement by the court.

A few days ago Phillip Lander of Bent County was appointed county commissioner to fill a vacancy. It seems that Mr. Lander was not consulted

about the matter, and as he has no constitutional hankerin' after office, he respectfully declined the offer, and Bent County still has a vacancy in the county commissioner's office.

A treasurer's sale of lands for unpaid taxes continued all week and still all were not sold. The sale will continue next Monday.

Colorado Springs has established a shooting gallery. They're going to make the Denver shooting club suffer.

"A preliminary meeting was held here Friday," the News reported, "to organize an association for the protection of game and fish, or, rather to secure the enforcement of the territorial laws to that end. The People are determined there shall be no more such indiscriminate slaughter of elk, buffalo, deer and fish as has been going on in the (Middle) Park during the last year. The organization will probably be named the 'Game Protection League,' and is intended to embrace, also, social, literary and scientific features."

In Denver complaints were coming in that boys were killing birds with slings. The people are talking about petitioning the council for an ordinance inflicting a penalty for such acts.

On Saturday, the last day of our week a century ago, the temperature showed a high of 77 degrees, a low of 48; humidity was at 28 per cent and the wind was from the northeast at 8 miles per hour.

The Times of May 27, 1876 reported: "Four wagons, with as many families, on their way from Arkansas to Oregon, passed through the city this morning."

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

Returned to the rigors of civilian life, he hired on as a reporter for a newspaper in Topeka, Kansas, then became Managing Editor of a small daily in Newton, Iowa, hometown of the famous Maytag company.

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

Eugene Field vs. Clio

The Journalist and History

By Duane Smith

Shakespeare wrote in *Othello*, "We cannot all be masters, nor all masters cannot be truly follow'd." The folk put it this way, "no man can serve two masters." Enter now Eugene Field, the poet and the writer, who was also a satirist and newspaperman, and who, perhaps unintentionally, has also been considered a reliable historical reporter. He was asked to serve each of these masters, but the cause of history he could not. Clio and her court have suffered some setbacks because of the beinused way Field looked at his contemporaries and the world about him. Fortunately, the damage was not irreparable nor permanent and would not have been serious had later writers and researchers taken upon themselves more the skills of Sherlock Holmes and less the gullibility of Candide.

At his best Field was a careful craftsman. He realized that his work in the realm of poetry would survive him, and he seemed to have been concerned with preserving a reputation as a poet. His newspaper work, which kept him afloat financially for so many years, reflected another side of Field—the practical joker and political satirist, who was hard to separate from the reporter that covered the news. As a newspaperman, he wrote about current events, often as he loosely interpreted or reconstructed them according to his whim. Fact and fancy intertwined. Today's news becomes tomorrow's history and thus was Eugene Field transported into Clio's domain.

It was doubtful that the validity of some of Field's newspaper writing worried him, nor did it do more than amuse most of his readers. It could discomfit a few or many, depending on the magnitude of his swipe. These people knew the current topics and were perhaps overjoyed to see Field's satire wreak its havoc on some political opponent or business rival. Field also enjoyed taking the starch out of pretense and sham, as he told Hamlin Garland: "I hate a sham or a fraud; not so much a fraud, for a fraud means brains very often, but a sham makes me mad clear through." He saw plenty of both in St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, and Chicago, where he lived and worked. Each town had its own crop of *nouveau riche*, fair game for Field; his middle class readers undoubtedly relished these forays.

There is a point, however, at which skillful satire and humor can cause grief for unsuspecting writers and historians. What Field had written in jest or for political motivation was taken as fact by inexperienced or less knowledgeable researchers. Thus are legends born. The purpose of this

study is to examine how this happened with Field, focusing not on his whole career, but rather on his influence at one time and on one particular man. The time was 1881 to 1883 in Colorado and the man was Horace Tabor, Leadville mining millionaire and would-be politician, recently arrived in Denver.

The two men, so different in many ways, had similar New England backgrounds. Twenty-four-year-old Tabor came west in March, 1855, four years after Field was born. He spent four years farming in Kansas, then came to Colorado, where he was caught up in the mining excitement of the time and spent nearly two decades with little success to match his hopes and ambitions. Finally, in 1878, his fortunes turned; from middle-class storekeeper in a forgotten district he became Horace Tabor the silver king, the epitome of the lucky ones on whom mining could shower its riches. Leadville and Tabor—those were magic words then. Taking his riches and mounting fame with him, he moved to Denver in 1879, already lieutenant governor and ambitious for even greater status. Meanwhile, Field grew to manhood, attended several colleges (never graduating), took a tour of southern Europe, married, and entered newspaper work on the staffs of various St. Joseph and St. Louis papers. In 1880 he moved to Kansas City and from there, in 1881, to Denver to take the job as managing editor of the *Denver Tribune*. At this point, the two careers converged.

Field arrived just in time for the opening of the Tabor Grand Opera House, a monument not only to its namesake but also to the cultural aspirations of a town only a decade beyond frontier roughness. He had been hired because of his “consummate audacity,” his ability to write scathingly, and his experience and skill managing a daily newspaper. Without question a hard worker, Field sought relief and relaxation in fun and pranks, some in print, others in person. Certainly these traits called attention to Field, enticed people to read the *Tribune*, and even today make interesting reading. They did not, however, always serve history well.

New to Denver and to his job, Field cautiously felt his way for a short time, but soon the quips, anecdotes, and stories started to appear. Field was gentle with Tabor in the beginning, because this was Tabor’s moment of glory, the peak, in many respects, of his entire career. Tabor was one of the *nouveau riche* of Denver and of Colorado; he certainly had the habit of flaunting his money, not so much then as later. Though Tabor was no boor, his education and manners were not those of the polished easterner, which left him vulnerable to Eugene Field’s style of writing. Such comments as these appeared:

Once more is Governor Tabor a happy man. At the opening of his opera house he appeared in a shining dress suit built expressly for him, and he felt about as miserable as a human being could feel. As soon as the show

concluded he flew like a frightened hind to his apartment, jumped out of that dress suit into his plain business clothes, and registered a solemn vow in high heaven that he never, never, never would again be caught attired in pants that showed the shape of his legs, a vest that exposed a quarter section of his shirt front, and a coat whose tails were only half grown. And now he is happy.

Field had the ability to prolong a story for several issues, occasionally as long as several months. During the opening week of the opera, Field amused his readers with the question of whether the leading lady, Emma Abbott, would allow a kissing scene in one of the operas. Finally, he had Tabor interceding:

... but upon the persistent solicitation of Governor Tabor, he [Abbott's manager] has consented to waive his objections for one night only. Governor Tabor has never seen the Abbott kiss... he has determined to spare no pains or expense to have the only, original kiss produced in the highest style of art, and slow music, red fire and all the most desirable accompaniments.

All about him in Denver, a city suddenly rich because of the wealth pouring in from Leadville and a score of other mining districts, Field saw much of the pretense and sham he so despised. Whether this prompted him to attack Tabor and his son Maxey by means of imaginary letters from the son to his father during a European trip cannot be determined, but the result was both humorous and devastating. A grand tour was the finishing touch in the education and refinement of the offspring of the American upper crust of that day. According to Field, Maxey's tour included Naples, where palaces were not as handsome as the Tabor Grand, and a tour through the catacombs, "the lowest grade mine ever struck." Venice, Maxey disgustedly wrote, had just suffered through a "freshet" before he got there, because the streets were flooded, so he went hurriedly on to Switzerland.

Meanwhile, according to Field, his father was having trouble reading his letters, which came partly in the language of each country his son visited. Italian was no problem—Tabor spoke it "fluently," having become proficient because of operas presented at his theater. Maxey's letters from Paris caused his father grief; the man hired to translate them suppressed certain portions, much to Tabor's dismay. Horace wanted to know if it were true that Paris was a much "giddier" town than Leadville. Maxey, upon his return, was found to be experiencing some difficulty in speaking English, but the *Tribune* hoped the embarrassment would wear off in a day or two.

For the reader of the eighties this was tongue-in-cheek fun, and Tabor was fair game. However, an image of Tabor began to take shape, that of a rather naive, country boy, who did not wear his wealth well. Field played and enlarged upon this theme for nearly two years, and, as a consequence,

more than one subsequent researcher has fallen for this misconception in one form or another.

The birth of an image is hard to document, except that it emerges orally or in written form at a certain time. Easier to document is the fact that some of Field's stories have been accepted and reprinted as historical events and used to perpetuate an image of Tabor. Tabor and Field, though both Republicans, were members of opposing factions. Tabor money and Field satire provided major weapons in their respective camps. The intra-party squabbles produced many Field jabs at Tabor, one of the most famous his longstanding comments on Tabor and Philippi.

The political contests of the summer and fall of 1882 started it all, and Field kept it going until at least April, 1883. Tabor had his eye on the United States Senate and, at that time, before direct elections, a candidate had to insure that his supporters were elected to the state legislature, which, in turn, chose senators. In a continuing series of quips and longer commentaries, Field had Governor Frederick Pitkin (also smitten by the senatorial bug) challenging Tabor to meet him at Philippi, or vice versa. Tabor then tried to find out where in Colorado this would be. "According to Tabor's understanding, Philippi is located just two miles this side of the Monotony Water tank." Finally, after seeing "Julius Caesar" at the Tabor Grand in April, 1883, Tabor, according to Field, exclaimed, "Aha, now I know what Pitkin meant when he told me last fall he would meet me at Philippi." This was done in jest, with, no doubt, a measure of malice aforethought; regardless, it has been picked up as illustrative of the man and an event.

When Tabor finally found himself selected for a thirty-day senatorship, rather than the six-year term he had fought for in a grueling January, 1883, Republican party struggle, Field produced a rash of articles "portraying" his senate career. One has become accepted as gospel in Colorado folklore. The following was part of a Tabor story from the February 15, 1883, *Denver Tribune*, discussing the new senator's trip to Washington:

Before it was fairly dark on the last day of our journey, the great man ordered the porter to make up his section of the sleeper. . . . A magnificent ruffled nightshirt, half smothered in costly point lace of the finest quality, was next brought forth and hung on another peg, so as to fill the space between the looped upcurtains. . . . The passengers had opportunity to inspect the superb garments at their leisure and they availed themselves of the blessed privilege. The ladies feasted their eyes on the embroidered night-cap and on the splendid night-shirt, with its \$250 worth of fine trimming, until their appetite for the riches was satisfied.

While some authors have been skeptical, almost as many have fallen for this one, and some have even increased the value of the nightshirt to \$1,000.

As Tabor served his short term, Field enlivened the *Tribune* with

stories, letters, and comments reputedly revealing the senator in action. He continued in the same vein he had prospected before, enriching the Tabor legend and the image of the man. A couple of illustrations will serve to show both Field's style and ability along these lines:

Washington—Feb. 6, 1883

My Dear Bowen [Senator-elect for the long term]

This is a daisy town. Me and Edmunds have just come from a little party down at Cameron's. Wish you had been here to set in with us. They're the fattest suckers here you ever see; the idea of standing pat on three sevens. Wish I had your chance.

Yours, in good faith,

Tabor. [Denver Tribune] Feb. 10

On March 5, the *Tribune* carried Field's concept of Tabor's taking leave of the senate. The readers were ready to believe nearly anything now, after Horace's March 1 wedding to Elizabeth McCourt had captured Denver and national headlines. The realities of the marriage to Baby Doe almost topped some of field's imaginative flights. As Field pictured it. Washington shop windows featured the portrait of "the retiring statesman," trimmed with crepe. Early in the day the streets were alive with people hurrying to the capitol; there they saw the lobbies of the Senate chambers ornamented with such mottoes as, "The Nation Mourns. He was the Noblest Roman," and "Gone but Not Forgotten." Finally, Tabor entered: "His appearance bore a striking resemblance to the popular steel engraving of Mary, Queen of Scots, going to execution."

He proceeded at once to his old place, from which he had thundered out those utterances which shook the world and will live in history as the grandest monuments to his genius. Opening his gripsack, he proceeded to stow away in it the countless pamphlets, volumes and papers that had accumulated during his long term. It was a touching spectacle . . .

[Tabor rose to speak, "tears in his eyes," and with a voice very "tremulous."]

It were [sic] impossible to describe the delicate beauty of his remarks and the intensity of the scene that transpired during their delivery. As he proceeded to recount his services, his love of country and his devotion to the public weal, the men groaned in speechless agony and whole platoons of police were kept busy carrying insensible ladies out of the galleries.

According to Field's whimsical wit, the day concluded with a torchlight parade that included the entire American navy on wheels and was gorgeously illuminated. "It seemed as if the whole nation rose up as one man and bewailed the hour in which the patriot and statesman quitted the scenes of his labors and triumphs."

This was Field at his best—his readers loved it and later researchers

have enjoyed it, too. Obviously too preposterous for them to swallow, it has not become a pillar of the Tabor legend. But it did contribute in a small way to the Tabor image as Field pictured it, subtly reinforcing what was already accepted more or less as truth.

Unfortunately, there is one story, which is almost as deathless as the lace nightshirt, that cannot quite be traced to Field's doorstep. This involves Tabor and Shakespeare again, and circumstantial evidence seems to point to Field as the source. The story has several variations but generally went like this. Tabor was inspecting the premises of the Tabor Grand Opera House when he came upon a picture which he failed to recognize. Inquiring who it was, he was informed Shakespeare. "Who is Shakespeare? Well, what the hell has he ever done for Colorado! Take it down and put my picture up there!" This one, by whomever originated, was cut completely from whole cloth. Tabor had at least an average education for his day, having come from New England, which had the best public schools of his time. He had served as Park County superintendent of schools for a short period in the mid-1860s. He might not have recognized Shakespeare's picture, but he certainly knew who he was and what he had done.

This story fits so neatly into the preconceived Tabor image that it has been accepted as accurate and endured numerous retellings. Field (and less skillful emulators) deserve a good share of the blame for the climate of opinion that produced acceptance of this story. The tale seems much more believable than the truth; thus has the story made a complete revolution. Whether the real Tabor will ever live down the legendary one remains a matter of conjecture.

Eugene Field, court jester two years for *Denver Tribune* readers, served them and his employers well—not so Clio and her court. The practical responsibility of the newspaperman and satirist to history has been that of reporter and commentator. Whether Field thought deeply about the philosophical responsibility of his role cannot be ascertained for his Denver days. Fun-loving and hard-working, Eugene Field was not the type to speculate along such lines, so it would seem doubtful that he looked into the future to see what impact his writings might have on future historians and writers.

The researcher can glean some gems from Field's writings and acquire an invaluable insight into the times, but not until he has gained a thorough knowledge of the man and his subjects. To accept at face value Field's comments is to perpetuate a bigger joke than Field initially planned. Perhaps Eugene Field still laughs at the gullibility of human nature. It was, after all, an element in his Denver newspaper career and brought him a measure of local fame before his verses became generally known.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Wild Flower Name Tales, by Berta Anderson. Century One Press, 2325 E. Platte Ave., Colorado Springs, 1976. 124 pgs., illus. \$6.95.

Have you ever wondered about such notable personalities as Edwin James, George Engelmann, John Torrey, or Asa Gray? If so, this book is for you. All of their stories are here, and more besides, told through their unique contributions to the science of botany. **Wild Flower Name Tales** tells how many of our beautiful mountain plants acquired their distinctive names. It is a very well written work. The words and phrases flow easily, and the information is presented in a fresh, direct manner. Historical accuracy has resulted from careful research. The facts

are straight and the author's effort is evident.

Bill Anderson's handsome photographs, especially those in color, add enormously to the usefulness and attractiveness of this book. Quite correctly, the picture captions contain not only the common names, but the proper Latin terminology as well. A very complete, usable index is a valuable and much appreciated feature. This reviewer particularly enjoyed the account of Dr. Edwin James, the physician-botanist who accompanied Stephen H. Long to Colorado in 1820. It is complete, detailed, entertaining, readable, and presents several new facts.

In short, this book offers new insights into a facet of Colorado's out-of-doors that most of us have too long enjoyed while taking it for granted. **Wild Flower Name Tales** is an uncommon book that belongs in the library of all who love Colorado's majestic high country.

Robert L. Brown, PM

New Hands on the Denver Range

Paul W. Ferguson (CM)
8415 W. 1st Place
Lakewood, CO 80226

Paul Ferguson is the Director, Records Management Division, National Archives, GSA, and is particularly interested in the preservation and arrangement of current Indian records. Also, Paul has an interest in western museums and old Army Posts.

John G. Flobeck (CM)
30171 South Wingfoot Dr.
Evergreen, CO 80439

John Flobeck, who heads a commercial real estate company, is a student of the political events surrounding the growth of Colorado, particularly the mining and railroad era. His hobbies are collecting Western paintings, statues and casings of Western art, and making picture frames.

Over the Corral Rail (Cont.)

book of its record-holders, Francis Rizzari, I think, would head the list as the person who has given the most papers at Westerners meetings. His "Notes of a Missionary Priest in Colorado" presented at the June meeting was his 15th paper. The paper, and a list of the others he's given, will appear in the next issue of Roundup.

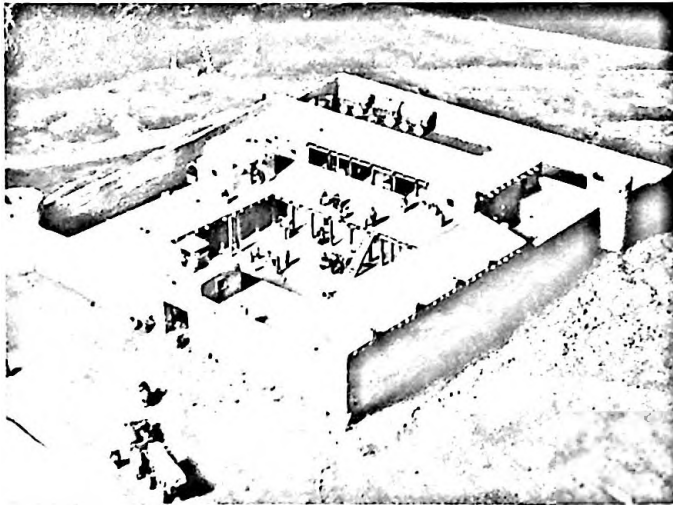
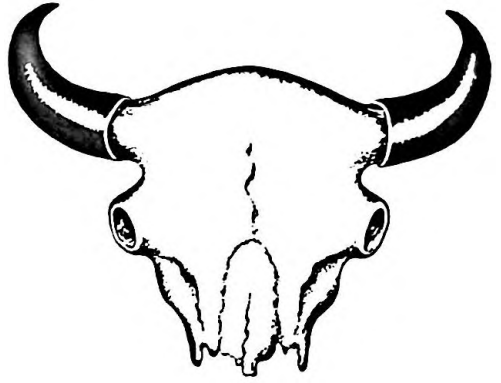
The Westerner's Breakfast at the annual meeting of the Western History Association, sponsored jointly by the Denver Posse and the Colorado Corral, will be held in the main ballroom of the Brown Palace October 16, 1976, at 7:30 a.m. Tickets will be \$6.50 each. We'll have more information on this later . . .

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1976

Volume XXXII, No. 5



The Restoration of Bent's Fort
— A Centennial-Bicentennial Project —

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

It was in 1962, fourteen years ago, that the Western History Association held its conference in Denver. At that time it was a fledgling organization, having been organized just one year earlier at Santa Fe.

Now, on October 13, 1976, the WHA returns, offering western history buffs a significant seminar plus four days of fascinating activities. If you have never attended a WHA conference, don't miss this opportunity. It starts on Wednesday night with Thomas Noel of the University of Colorado giving an illustrated lecture on "The City and the Saloon: A Barroom Guide to Denver," and on the following three days will cover "Politics in the Twentieth Century West," "Indian Slavery in the Spanish Borderlands," "The Urban West in the Twentieth Century West," "Transportation on the Western Frontier," plus much more. On Saturday morning, October 16, the Denver Posse and the Colorado Corral will co-sponsor the Westerners' Breakfast, starting at 7:15 a.m. in the Grand Ballroom of the Brown Palace Hotel.

For additional information concerning registration for the conference, contact Maxine Benson, State Historical Society of Colorado, 200 E. 14th Ave., Denver, CO 80203.

Before leaving the subject of the WHA conference, I'd like to mention that the May-D&F is sponsoring an autograph party at its downtown store on Thursday, October 14, starting at 11:30 a.m. to launch a new book, *Fred Rosenstock: A Legend in Books and Art*, published by Northland Press. Both Fred and your Roundup Editor, Don Bower, who wrote the biography, will be there. All Westerners are urgently invited. By the way, the May-D&F book department has been moved to the third floor.

Finally, re the conference, the Denver Posse of the Westerners will have a booth, the lucky number 13, at the Denver Hilton, the headquarters for the WHA meeting.

Apparently we didn't do too well at the Festival of the West over the Fourth of July. The watermelon booth next to ours did a

(Continued on back cover)

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Notes of a Missionary Priest in Colorado

Presented at the June 23, 1976 meeting of The Westerners

By Francis B. Rizzari, P.M.

William J. Howlett was born in New York in 1846, the tenth of twelve children. His father was a miller and his early boyhood was centered around the flour mill, its pond, and the creek which supplied the water. In 1852, he witnessed the passing of the funeral train hauling the car carrying the body of Henry Clay to Kentucky for burial. The tracks passed close to his home.

The mill by then had deteriorated into a mere grist mill so the family abandoned it and prepared to move to Chicago, but instead settled at Dowagiac, about one hundred miles east. They lived here during the Civil war but William's father wanted none of his sons to join the conflict. His brother, John, did enlist as a private officer in the Third Colorado volunteers in 1863. However, he missed the main battle at Sand Creek as his company had been detailed to a position to cut off the retreat of the Indians.

Life moved slowly for the Howlett family and William attended the schools in the area. One incident is worth repeating here and I let him tell the story in his own words:

"In the winter of 1864-5 we had our spelling schools and wrestling between the different districts in Howard Township. One night a party of us boys, consisting of our best spellers and our best athletes, filled a big sleigh and drove about five miles to brave the champions of another school on their own ground. We gave a good account of ourselves and flushed with at least a partial victory, we started home in high spirits.

"We cheered at every house we passed, and hurrahed for everybody. One house was that of Mr. Colin Thomas, and it happened that a boy had been born to the family just a day or two before. We gave a double cheer for the latest arrival and wished him long life and happiness. Forty-five years later (1910) I was a passenger on a train from Denver to Kansas City. Occupying a berth across the aisle of the Pullman from me was a man of middle age who smiled and remarked favorably on the warmth of the car as we came in from the raw cold evening air and began to remove our top coats. This opened a conversation which lasted until bedtime. The following morning we breakfasted together in the dining car, and it was only then that we exchanged names and

addresses. Then I found that he was the identical baby whose entrance into the world we had boisterously hailed on that winter night in far-off Michigan! Needless to say we were quite chummy during the rest of the trip. It was our first and last meeting, and we felt reminiscent but not old. We were living our youth over again."

In 1895, the family decided to move to Colorado. John, as mentioned previously, had come in 1860 and two other brothers followed him in 1862. One of these—William does not give the name—returned home and their father thus longed to see the whole family in reunion. Three other children had married and were in business for themselves but nevertheless, they all decided to come west and start a new life. It was well that they got together for within three months after the family had been reunited, his father was dead.

Before moving, they held what today we would call a yard sale, on the Wednesday after Easter. His aunt took a great many of the articles, including the old mahogany cradle in which most of the children had slept in their infancy. She also took their old dog Sport who was too old and feeble to make the trip. However, one of the neighbors gave them a younger dog which they named Bull. During the trip, Bull learned how to climb into a wagon and thus ride for miles, resting his tired and sore feet. There were six wagons in the train and from William's journal I assume they were for their own use. The women slept in them at night while the men and boys slept under them. They did not sleep in a house for eight weeks although occasionally they did use a shed or barn. They had two sheet-iron stoves which they used for baking, the rest of the food being cooked over campfires. I will let him tell of parts of the trip in his own words:

"We reached the Missouri River about the middle of May and crossed over it on a ferry to Nebraska City in Nebraska. This and Omaha, Leavenworth, St. Joseph and Kansas City were the principal points where emigrants fitted themselves out for the long journey to western points, even to the Pacific. We found horses, mules and oxen there in hundreds, and tents and wagons were in every vacant lot and far out into the country. A few Indians of the Pawnee tribe were among the crowds, but that tribe was partially civilized and had their reservation not far away."

"We stayed at Nebraska City about a week to rest our horses and buy what was necessary for the rest of our trip and some extra clothing which would cost more as we went farther from the cities. I insisted upon having a pair of mining boots, since we were going into the country of the gold mines. These were of strong cowhide with the soles studded with hobnails and the legs reaching to the knees in the rear and in the front provided the flap nearly six inches higher upon which one could kneel while foraging around for the precious metal. I never used them for that purpose, for I found out that gold was not gathered in that

way. They came in good afterwards while picking potatoes. On Sunday we went to Mass in a large frame church that had a somewhat barnlike appearance. That day the Bishop was there from Omaha. I learned that his name was O'Gorman, and I remember him as an austere looking man with grey hair, and I imagine his austerity came to him naturally, for he had been the Prior of a Trappist Monastery at New Melleray, Iowa.

"When we left Nebraska City our next objective point was Fort Kearney, about 200 miles farther west of the Platte River. The country was wild and uninhabited almost all the way; the only settlement of consequence consisting of just a few houses which they said was Lincoln, the Capitol of the territory. We passed many teams of oxen and mules in groups, some bound for Pike's Peak like ourselves, others for California and Oregon. There were quite a few streams of water and we had no difficulty in finding good places for camping at night where wood, water and grass were plentiful. A couple of years previously the Indians had made raids on travelers along these roads and graves were visible of the victims along the Little and Big Blue Rivers, and at several other places. No Indians were supposed to be in those parts then, so everyone took his own time and traveled as he pleased. Many teams were met coming back, but most of these were freighters who had disposed of their former loads and were returning for more. Occasionally also there was a disappointed gold hunter, upon whose wagon cover might be read the sign: Pike's 'Pike's Peak or Bust,' and under it the significant comment; 'Busted, By Thunder.' "

They reached Fort Kearney where they were forced to wait by the soldiers for other emigrants so that there would be a large enough train to discourage attacks by Indians. In a few days they joined a train of forty wagons bound for California and thus resumed their journey. Their way lay along the Platte and they had trouble getting the wagons through the sand. At times, it was necessary for them to double-team with one wagon and then return for the second and so on.

We pick up the story in his own words:

"The Platte River was at high tide, and at places was at least a mile wide. It was shallow, with a bed of sand that moved with the current and made it treacherous and kept the water always dirty. We had no wood for fires. There were some large cottonwood trees along the river but all the dry wood fit to burn had been gathered long before we passed that way. Our fuel was called "Buffalo Chips"—the dried droppings of the thousands of buffaloes that had ranged for ages over these plains. They made very good fires and there were plenty of them wherever we stopped, and we never went hungry for want of a hot meal. Our food was good and lacked only fresh vegetables to make it the ordinary food of the working man. Our appetites left nothing lacking."

"The long days of slow traveling were tiresome, and the constant watch for Indians told upon our nerves. Yet no Indians molested us, although the report reached our old home in Michigan that we had all

been massacred. Only once did we see any Indians, and then they were dead ones. They made an attack on a party of travelers camped at the Julesburg ranch but were driven off. They generally carried their dead away with them but here they were unable to reach some of the bodies. These were thrown in an old shed and left to rot there. Curiosity led us to view them, but the smell was so overpowering that one could not remain long near without feeling a strong weakness at the stomach. There was one man, however, who wanted a souvenir, and he cut off the lower jaw of one of the bodies and took it to the river to scrape and clean it. I don't know how he ever did it, but he went that far, but when the relic was cleaned he succumbed and threw his treasure away."

"On this long journey there were no settlements to be met with, but there was occasionally a fortified ranch house which served as a trading post and in times of peace, as a connecting link between Whites and Indians, but were now fortified shelters for travelers and owners. The proprietors lived on friendly terms with the Indians where they could, and fought them off where war was the order of the day. Jack Morrow's place was one of these where the Indians were half friendly on account of Morrow's Indian wife. The Frenchman, Jules, at Julesburg, had to fight them off where the Indians between Fort Kearney and Fort Morgan in Colorado where the U S troops were located."

"Near Julesburg the major part of our caravan left us. The road leading to Fort Laramie crossed the Platte river at a place called the California Crossing. At least it crossed the south branch to follow up the North Platte which marked the route to Fort Laramie and farther west. Denver lay upon the South Platte about two hundred miles farther up."

"I think it was on the 12th of June, 1865, that we came to our last camping place before reaching Denver. The place is now called Capitol Hill, and the town was in sight below us from a point somewhere on the present East 18th Avenue, or thereabouts. It was near enough for a walk into the town for sightseeing, but the wagons rested there until the next day. That we were tired and dirty may be imagined, and glad to get to our journey's end. Matters of clothing and toilet were not considered of much moment on those western plains, and I never was so impressed with the differences those things made upon individuals as when an incident in our own camp brought it home to me. Some of the men had gone into the town, and upon their returning I noticed an apparent stranger with them. He was clean-shaven, his hair was neatly trimmed, and he wore what would pass now as a new Palm Beach suit. He seemed to act very familiarly about the camp, and I wondered who he was and what his business could be. Not until I came close to him and heard him talk did I recognize the voice as that of my own brother with whom I had traveled, eaten and slept for the last eight weeks; he had simply got a general clean-up and a change to civilized and Sunday wear, but the transition was so great and so unexpected that the eye was completely deceived while the voice was unchanged to the ear. I don't think we were all as bad off as that, but perhaps we all needed to be scrubbed and dressed up a little."

"In the outskirts of Denver we found two small vacant houses which we rented and moved into at once. They belonged to a family named Clifford and were located on Welton Street behind the Catholic

church just two streets away. Most of the ground, however, in the vicinity was vacant and the streets were on paper yet. I used to sit at our door and shoot at owls and prairie dogs as they sat in the sunshine and fraternized in their little community just across the supposed street. Not a house was visible beyond us, but a busy town lay behind us."

The family immediately started attending the Catholic Church which he describes as a brick structure, 30 by 46 feet in size. The very Reverend Joseph P. Machebeuf and Reverend John B. Raverdy lived in a few rooms built of wood behind it. Howlett says that Father Machebeuf was the celebrant of the first mass he attended and while he was preaching he kept thinking that this was the oldest man he had ever seen. At that time, the father was 53 years old but his features were so weatherbeaten from his exposure to the elements while on his rounds to the mining camps that he looked at least eighty.

Young Howlett's first job was on a hay ranch about 30 miles down the Platte from Denver. His oldest brother had a government contract to furnish an unlimited amount of hay for Camp Weld at \$30 a ton. He does not indicate whether his brother owned the ranch or was acting as a broker in buying the hay. Anyway, William raked the hay, and then sometimes hauled it to Denver. His team consisted of three yoke of oxen, his load of hay three tons, and it took him three days to make a round trip.

He covered about 20 miles the first day and would camp by the side of the road where he wrapped himself in a blanket and slept on the hay. If it rained, he slept under the wagon. The next day he would arrive at Camp Weld, unload the hay, and as he says, "did some necessary trading," then head back for the ranch where he would arrive on the third day. For this, he received \$50 a month and board. I assume he also received his room.

Father Machebeuf owned a farm of 400 acres between Denver and Golden. He wanted the Howlett family to operate it for him. When they looked it over, the elder Howlett decided it would be a perfect spot for a mill. Father Machebeuf thought that was a good idea as flour at that time was being brought in from the east at exorbitant prices. However, Mr. Howlett died in September, and the plan died for a time. There was some kind of an intestinal ailment going around and quite a number of people died, among them one of William's brothers-in-law. Father Machebeuf himself was afflicted and for a time it was thought he would not recover. After the epidemic passed, the subject of the farm came up again and it was decided that the family would take it over but would not build a mill. William and his brother Thomas stayed on the hay ranch for the time being. On one of his trips to Camp Weld, he was in town when two bells arrived for "religious purposes." One was for the Catholic Church and it is now in the Holy Ghost Church. He says that when conditions were right

it could be heard in the mountains 14 miles away. The other bell was for the Convent of the Sisters of Loretto. The bells had been shipped by ox-team and had cost \$505 to ship from St. Louis. Father Machebouf was too sick to bless the bells so that ceremony was performed by Father Reverdy, assisted by Father Thomas A. Smith of Central City. Two of Howlett's brotehrs, Martin and James, built a crib of logs about ten feet high in front of the church, and one of the bells hung there until the church was enlarged and a tower built some four years later.

Father Machebeuf had brought the Sisters of Loretto to Denver to establish a select school for girls. A boy's school was also established but there were not many students and there was only enough money for one woman teacher. Twice the teachers had left to get married and thus it came about in 1866 that Father Machebeuf asked William to take over the school. He taught for only a few months and in the summer of 1867 he became ill with typhoid fever. When he recovered, he had definitely decided to become a priest. On December 12, 1867, he left by stage for Hays City, Kansas, where he would board a train for St. Thomas' Seminary near Bardstown, Kentucky. His choice of institution was influenced by the fact that Father Chambige, its president, and Father Machebeuf, were close friends.

He returned to Denver briefly in the summer of 1872, arriving on July 4th, all the way by train. He writes that Denver was no longer wild and wooly—the ox-teams were mostly gone; the stages had given way to four railroads; manufacturing had started; farming became more general; and prosperity reigned everywhere. He found seven priests with a bishop at their head. Two of the priests were doing the work of the surrounding missions. In September, he left for Europe to continue his studies. On Christmas Day 1875, he was ordained as a Deacon and to the Priesthood on June 10, 1876 in the Church of St. Sulprice in Paris. Wishing to serve the missions of Eastern Colorado where German families predominated, he entered the University of Wuertzburg in Bavaria in order to study the language. Toward the end of the winter he was recalled to Denver by Bishop Machebeuf, where he arrived April 14, 1877. Denver by now had 12,000 inhabitants. It turned out that the Bishop's need was not as urgent as indicated in the recall letter as he already had three priests at the cathedral. Therefore it was decided that Father Howlett would be sent to serve the missions along the railroad east of Denver.

Bishop Machebeuf laid out the itinerary for him. He was to visit certain stations, say mass and administer the sacraments to all desiring them, and give the congregation an encouraging and helpful sermon. Howlett felt it would be rather difficult to do this as he had had little previous experience and would be visiting a new place each day. He was particularly concerned about the sermons. The Bishop assured him that it would go easy—all he had to do was to tell them to be good, say their

prayers, and teach the children, and other little practical things like that. And as he would not be in the same place twice, the same sermon would do for the whole trip. Machebeuf said he himself had done that years before when he started out on the missions in Ohio and it had worked out all right then. Howlett writes, "Assured by these instructions, I set out in a fine railroad coach over the same route I had passed ten years before in a mule-drawn vehicle when we were prepared to shoot Indians, now to save souls."

In his story, he gives us a few intimate details of life on the plains. East of Hugo, he visited the Clifford family. Mrs. Clifford complained about the nearness of her neighbors. Seeing no other sign of habitation on the horizon, he asked how far it was to the nearest neighbor. "Eight miles" was the reply. Then Mrs. Clifford added, "When they were sixteen miles away, they came occasionally, but now they want to come every Saturday and stay 'till Monday!"

About the missions in eastern Colorado he writes, "There were no rich among them as far as worldly goods go, and thirty-five miles was not too long when they had a child to be baptized. When I visited them in their homes, nothing was too good for me. If they were at meals, they would invite me to sit down with them but generally they would begin by taking the ordinary food from the table to substitute something better. To this I always objected . . . They may have lived in a sod house or dugout but the best corner was given to the priest . . . These missions now have sixteen churches with as many resident priests."

Returning from his mission trip, he was assigned to his first parish. It was Georgetown and was to be only a temporary assignment as Father McGrath had gone on a visit to Chicago. The parish consisted of two churches, one in Georgetown and one in Silver Plume. The mission was at Idaho Springs. In July, he returned to Denver and Father Matz (later to be Bishop Matz) went to Georgetown. Howlett took a mission tour through Longmont, Loveland, and Fort Collins. Upon returning from the trip, he had to make a tour of the camps along the railroad which was then being built up the South Platte River. This was the Denver, South Park and Pacific. This is the story of his trip in his own words:

"I took a horse and buggy for the trip, and one day in the vicinity of Dome Rock I was caught in a mountain snow storm. The road soon dwindled to a mere trail, and that was difficult to follow in the storm. To add to my trouble a connecting rod in my buggy broke while I was descending a steep and sideling mountain side. I managed to tie it up with a loose strap from the harness, and finally reached a camp almost frozen. The foreman of the camp saw me coming and, helping me out of the buggy, told me to go in to the fire and he would take care of my horse. While I was getting warm and talking to the cook, who was an Irishman, the foreman (a non-Catholic Englishman named Madge) asked his men who were mostly Irish, what was the custom when a

priest came to visit the camp. They told him of mass in the morning, to which he kindly agreed, and said they might take an hour off from work for that purpose. I told him they need lose no time for the mass would be before working hours. He made an offering, and as the men had not received their monthly pay, took their names and subscriptions and gave me a check for the amount saying he would collect it from the men and reimburse himself.

"At another camp I was told that morning services were not possible but I might preach on temperance some night. To another camp I had to walk several miles, but I said mass there, and the boss said he would take a subscription from the men and forward me the amount after pay day. I am of the opinion that he took up the subscription, but he did not send me the amount. He was supposed to be a Catholic, but later developments proved him to be a rogue. When I came to my first camp my buggy was repaired and the weather was fine, so my drive home was pleasant after a week's absence.

With Father Matz attending to the parish at Georgetown, Father Howlett resumed working in Denver. In 1879, Reverend Finotti of the Central City Parish died. The parish was considered an important one but it was on the verge of bankruptcy. If this happened, it was feared that a good many lawsuits would be brought against the bishop who was responsible for the debts. Failing to find an experienced pastor, Father Howlett was assigned to the parish. He says, "This was my first experience in bringing order out of frenzied finance of my predecessors, and I went with nothing but Good Will and the Grace of God." He writes that he found the people good but divided into factions clamoring for three churches in three small villages. (These would be Central City, Black Hawk, and Nevadaville.) There were also a few missions in the surrounding little mining camps—camps which flourished for a while then faded away. He would visit these camps and celebrate mass, often in the home of a Catholic family. He says that he was always well paid as the miners were not stingy when they had money.

In 1884, he took what he terms a pleasure trip to Grand Lake. He decided to go on to Teller City about twenty miles farther, where there was a Catholic boy and his sister running a little hotel. In his words:

"Grand Lake was the limit of my pleasure trip, and from there I took a saddle pony to go about twenty miles farther to the little town of Teller, where I heard there was a Catholic lad with his sister running a little hotel.

"About midway of my journey I came upon an entirely new village¹ in the process of building. I found about fourteen Catholics among the inhabitants and, as it was Saturday, I concluded to stop and remain over Sunday. An unfinished store building served for a church and the entire population of the camp came to mass. I preached before

1. This would be Lulu City. (F.B.R.)

mass to gather the congregation and at mass for the good of all, baptized one baby, and gave them, as they said, the first Sunday they ever had in the camp. I took up no collection, much to the surprise of the non-Catholics who expressed themselves openly about it, and one of them said he would have passed around the hat if he had not thought it would be a presumption on his part. As it was, he paid half of my hotel bill, the hotel keeper remitting the other half; the stable man would not charge for keeping my pony, and the father of the baby gave me a 'Fiver.'

"In the afternoon I crossed the Rabbit Ear Range by a trail, which was only a zigzag path over broken rocks and passable only in summer. The little town of Teller lay in the beautiful valley and there I found the lad and his sister. The husband was very kind also and did all he could to make me welcome, even to helping me fix up the temporary altar. After mass, at which the two Indians received communion and the Protestant husband was a respectful assistant, I took my breakfast and started on my return."

In February 1887, his brother James died, leaving five motherless children ranging in ages from four to twelve. James had a farm about forty miles from Denver and Father Howlett took guardianship of the children and management of the farm. He did this for seventeen years, in addition to his work as a priest. He was given charge of the entire northeastern part of the State containing Brighton, Platteville, Fort Morgan, Sterling, Julesburg, Akron, and Yuma, as well as several little towns just starting up. His first job was to explore the area and determine how many Catholics there were. After this, he made the towns on Sundays and visited the station houses during the week. His headquarters were at Brighton and in 1888 he built his first mission church there on ground donated by Mr. Daniel Carmichael. It was a brick church and served the town until a new one was built in 1930. In the same year he built a frame church in Sterling on ground he bought with money donated by the contractor grading the Burlington railroad from Holdrege, Nebraska to Cheyenne. The church was dedicated on June 24, 1888 by Bishop Matz and named for its Patron, St. John the Baptist. However, the church had the misfortune of being hit three times by tornados (Father Howlett calls them hurricanes). The third one demolished it.

He also bought land for a church in Julesburg but evidently never built a church as he writes, ". . . later this and most of the frontier towns dwindled away for a time when the homesteaders found that the rain did not come and they had to abandon their claims and seek a living elsewhere. When the Burlington railroad was completed as far as Sterling, a new town called Holyoke was started near the Nebraska line and he attended that as well as three stations in Nebraska and three more on the new line.

In 1888, his mother died and he presided at her burial. That fall Father Hickey thought that Platteville needed a church and that Howlett could do the job better than he, as Howlett's relatives lived in the area and he (Howlett) was already well known in the community. Father Hickey had been using the school house for services. Howlett took Platteville, giving Hickey Fort Morgan. A. Mr. Johnson donated two lots and Howlett began to raise money for the building. He drew up the plans, superintended the work, and had the church erected and paid for to the extent that he could say mass in it the last Sunday in January 1889. He left the next day to take charge of St. Ignatius' Parish in Pueblo, leaving his successor to finish the church in Platteville. He returned to Denver the next year and became the pastor of the unfinished St. Leo's church. He writes that his first care was to finish the church. The people responded loyally and he gave them credit for a hearty allegiance to their duty during the two years of his pastorate.

In 1892, he took a trip to Montana where he visited his older sister. She lived close to St. Mary's Mission which had been started by Father DeSmet. It was now closed as the Indians had been transferred to Reservations. He attended the annual feast of the Indians on St. Ignatious Day at St. Ignatious. Here he saw seven hundred Indians receiving Holy Communion.

In 1894 he again went to Georgetown, but due to the depression the churches were in debt and had no money. The church at Silver Plume had but few members, mostly Italian miners who never went to church except for a funeral or marriage. He managed to pay off the debts and in 1897 was sent to Colorado City which he describes as "a village between Colorado Springs and Manitou . . ." Here was a small unfinished church, again in debt, serving about thirty families. He eventually finished the church, built a hall for social and dramatic gatherings and obtained a comfortable home. He did all this and paid off the debt. He was very happy and hoped to spend the rest of his days there. While there, the idea came to him to write the biography of Bishop Machebeuf, which was eventually published in 1908. It was from this book that Willa Cather got her inspiration to write her novel, *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. Howlett says that any one who reads the two volumes will know that she got far more than an inspiration!!!

He was not to spend the rest of his days in Colorado City, for in 1903 he was transferred to St. Ignatious church in Pueblo where had labored some thirteen years before. The building of a pastoral residence had again placed a large debt on the church and as it had been only a temporary structure, a new one was needed. Howlett did not contemplate the work with any sort of delight as he was not as young as formerly, and money raising had grown tedious and distasteful, especially as it was always to pay off the debts of others. He therefore asked for a transfer to a smaller

place where he might still make a comfortable living and also pursue his work in the field of literature.

Thus it was that he was transferred to Loveland, Colorado in 1909. He gives no explanation of the six year interval. The church at Loveland was a neat brick building with a debt of \$500. Also, there was no house to live in. Hoping that this might be his place of permanent residence, he built a house without any cost to the parish and furnished it to his liking. He also raised the money to pay off the debt that he had inherited. Estes Park was also in his parish but it had no church as there were no Catholic families in permanent residence. However, he did serve mass to the tourists in the summer months. In the four years he served in Loveland, he wrote a history of early settlers in Kentucky. It ran as a serial in *The Record* of Louisville but was never published in book form.

He left Colorado in 1913 and went to Kentucky, but was back in 1915 to build a church in Estes Park. The business of buying a lot upon which to build was difficult as every seller seemed to be working on the premise that he had a pocket full of money. Finally through the efforts of Mr. Stanley of hotel and automobile fame, land was secured for \$150. The building, which he describes as a pretty frame structure with cement foundations, was started on July 29 and exactly one month later, on August 29, he said mass in it although it was not quite finished. Another week saw it completed at a cost of \$2,000 and it was completely clear of debt. On September 29th, he was again back at the Sisters of Loretto in Kentucky.

He returned to Denver in 1918 to bury his sister. The last one of the six died later in Idaho at the age of 90. While here, he called upon Bishop Tihen, the new Bishop, who told him to return to Loretto and stay as long as he wished, and then come back to Colorado when he was ready. This he did and in 1927, while on a four-month vacation, he stopped briefly in Denver. He returned to Loretto and as he was now 81 years of age, it appears that he never returned to Colorado. His manuscript is datelined on the last page (page 98) "Loretto Motherhouse, Nerci, Kentucky. August 21, 1933." He died in 1936. But I think we should go back to the point where he asks, "Why do I write these scattering notes and insignificant details?" Well, when one is in his eighty-seventh year, he cannot look forward very far, but he can look backward and necessarily does so in his spare moments. Distance may lend enchantment to the view and may even exaggerate the importance of such little nothings, but there may be a few of the old generation left who will be stirred up to look back over their own dim and disappearing vista and find things to please or amuse them. . . . It is possible also that a stray grain of wheat may be found in so much chaff that will clear up an idea, explain an event, or fill in a gap in another's train of thought; so let an old man gather up the fragments lest they be lost."

ROMANCE AND REALITY IN THE FUR TRADE

By Charles E. Hanson, Jr.

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For the last few years the directorship of the Museum of the Fur Trade at Chadron, Nebraska has been my full occupation, and my purpose in this paper is to express some of the things we've learned in the twenty-two years of the Museum's existence.

The first priority in the Museum's program is the portrayal of the material aspects of the North American fur trade. This involves massive research and the tedious collection of the necessary objects which a museum must have to fulfill its particular function in the educational field.

Our second priority is the interpretation of the fur trade as it existed in Northwest Nebraska. This involves additional research and the operation of a reconstructed fur trading post which is included in the National Register of Historic Places.

Our governing body is a tax-exempt educational institution created to fulfill a need which some people in the educational field felt existed. It has succeeded to a very gratifying degree and is now very deeply involved not only in research and exhibition but also in publications and in consultation work for institutions, publishers, schools, artists, producers and interested individuals.

I firmly believe that the fur trade has seldom been accorded its true place in our heritage. Historians fail to recognize that it provided the economic impetus to make colonies practical and to make our own frontier a viable part of our nation. Anthropologists are prone to discount the tremendous degree of acculturation it accomplished among the Indian tribes. History museums have generally failed to give it more than a perfunctory treatment, probably because anything better requires a tremendous outlay of time and money.

It is therefore only natural that misinformation has often been the order of the day when the fur trade is interpreted for the public. It is bad

enough to see movies of boats being hauled over mountains by men who were perfectly capable of building one wherever there was timber. It is even worse to see the media discount this part of our heritage as a brief and relatively unimportant fantasy-land peopled with furtive characters cheating Indians and bewhiskered giants wrestling grizzly bears for fun.

Today the peculiar relish some of us seem to take in self-castigation of the Caucasian race has encouraged the more militant overnight experts to perpetuate some badly-worn legends and cliches.

This trend helps to feed the old image of the crooked fur trader spending his life plotting new ways to cheat and destroy his Indian customers. We read over and over the impossible myths of beaver skins piled to the top of trade guns of fantastic length, poisonous liquor full of tobacco juice and tarantulas and shoddy trinkets that sold for a hundred times their cost.

Personally I think that the people who perpetuate these myths in the interest of justice meet themselves coming back. The only way that a trader could do this year after year would be to trade with Indians completely lacking in intelligence and common sense. Actually the Indian was an adaptable, practical and highly intelligent individual who welcomed the chance to buy things that contributed to his well-being in his own environment. The trader brought him improved tools, materials for better artistic expression and more sophisticated luxuries for his enjoyment. What the trader didn't do was interfere with Indian government, religion or social institutions. That was left for Congress to legislate during the dark days when the reservation system was being "perfected."

In summary, if an Indian bought a gun, he picked the length he wanted to carry. If he drank he liked French brandy of good production rum or commercial Kentucky whiskey cut with pure water. Most of his purchases were made on credit and anything shoddy or unserviceable was simply not paid for.

The liquor trade itself was bad but it was just as bad in the rows of saloons near every factory in the east. The song, "O father come home with me now," wasn't written about an Indian. Whenever any fur trading company gained a monopoly in an area, one of the first steps was the abolition of liquor. A drunken customer didn't produce and eventually didn't even buy.

It's true the Indians liked the beads and silverwork. But it is also true that the polite Victorian ladies used beads, shells and other gimcracks by the ton for purses, dress trimmings, picture frames and who knows what else. And if anyone on the frontier ever went for silver jewelry the way we do today, he must have been the gaudiest Indian for miles around.

People are still people no matter where they come from or who they

are. The Indians could in no way have been more gullible as customers than the people who believe today's TV commercials. The traders were certainly as ethical as the Yankee storekeepers of their day and the goods they sold were of the very best quality for the money.

We can do no better to end this part of our discussion than to repeat a story told by Mrs. John Kinzie from the days when Chicago was still a trading post. A visiting lady observed to an old trader named Rolette that the Indian trade seemed to be a system for cheating the Indians. He replied, very sincerely: "Let me tell you, madame, it is not so easy a thing to cheat the Indians as you imagine. I have tried it these twenty years, and have never succeeded."

No aspect of the fur trade has ever before received the popular attention now focused on the Mountain Man. His legend grows with every new movie, book and buckskinner club. That legend didn't start last year or ten years ago. It started almost before the Mountain Man disappeared.

He was thrust into fame as a popular hero of literature on two continents by George Frederick Ruxton, a brilliant and flamboyant young English adventurer. Ruxton came up from Mexico during the war in 1846 and spent the following winter and spring around Pueblo and Bent's Fort.

This was six years after the last organized rendezvous and the trappers Ruxton saw were the diehards who wouldn't, or couldn't, go back. He faithfully recorded the backwoods language they used and he freely utilized the many stories they told of Indian fights and fandangoes. Above all, he did the most to create a super-hero image for the Mountain Man. It was Ruxton who put the Hawken rifle in the Mountain Man's hand and he wrote the second-hand descriptions of the rendezvous frolics which have been repeated by nearly every writer of the West since then.

Right here we come to another departure from reality in the lore of the fur trade. Many portions of the western trapper's present image came straight from Ruxton but other things he wrote have been studiously overlooked in favor of something popularized by some other writer or artist.

One prime example is the popular Mountain Man beard. In his *LIFE IN THE FAR WEST* Ruxton described a trapping party leader: ". . . his cheeks and chin were cleanly shaved, after the fashion of the Mountain Man." Today, perhaps from Remington's paintings made long after, the beard seems to be an indispensable Mountain Man appendage.

In the same book Ruxton divided trappers into two kinds: the hired hand and the fur trapper whose animals and traps were furnished by the fur company. He then added, "There is also the trapper 'on his own hook;' but this class is very small. He has his own animals and traps, . . . and sells his peltries to whom he pleases."

In spite of this, the image trapper is now always on his own hook, living in an Indian tepee or in a huge log cabin with a fireplace built by his own hand out of 500-pound stones.

Without any attempt to analyze the accuracy of Ruxton's statements, I'll just quote from one more of his observations that is rarely if ever, cited today. It is on page 242 of his *ADVENTURES IN MEXICO AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS*: "They [the 'Mountain Men'] may have good qualities, but they are those of the animal; and people fond of giving hard names call them revengeful, bloodthirsty, drunkards (when the wherewithal is to be had), gamblers, regardless of the laws of meum and tuum—in fact, 'White Indians.' However, there are exceptions, and I have met honest mountain-men. Their animal qualities, however, are undeniable. Strong, active, hardy as bears, daring, expert in the use of their weapons, they are just what uncivilized white man might be supposed to be in a brute state, depending on his instinct for life. Not a hole or corner in the vast wilderness of the 'Far West' but has been ransacked by these hardy men."

This is a pretty hard appraisal of the Mountain Man's character. It may have been influenced by the fact that he was observing the inconvertible diehards left over from the golden days of the beaver. But, if this is true, many other observations he made may also be inaccurate for the same reason. In fact this might even apply to the use of Hawken rifles, for Ruxton is one of the few men of the time who mentions their use. So far, in spite of all that has been written, we do not *know* when the Hawkens began to make rifles on a commercial scale. Neither do we know if the golden age trappers used them to any great extent. We don't even know what a flintlock Hawken looked like. All we know is that the very last rifles owned by Kit Carson, Jim Bridger and Mariano Modena, when they were old men, were percussion models made by Sam Hawken.

It is not my intention to either draw conclusions or start a controversy in quoting these discrepancies. I simply point out that an image is a mosaic with no really good reason why certain facts are included or omitted, even from the same authority. One thing is sure—once an image is fixed in the public mind, it is almost indestructible.

At the Museum of the Fur Trade we are concerned with facts rather than images. It is only in this way that a museum can contribute something worthwhile to our heritage. It is in no way a debunking operation. We've found that invariably the truth ends up to be more romantic and colorful than any fantasy woven of shoddy fabric.

Modern writers love to dwell on the silk hat as the object which sounded the death knell to the Mountain Man and his fantastic way of life. Actually he would have probably disappeared from the scene in a less dramatic fashion if the silk hat had never been invented.

By 1800 the beaver was scarce in Canada and the frontier of the United States. Prices had soared to record levels when our purchase of Louisiana opened a rich new field of supply. However the demand kept the price up and industry responded in the inevitable fashion. By 1835 manufacturers were making hats out of muskrat fur, rabbit fur, wool and camel's hair and then coating the shell with beaver fur. At the same time nutria fur from newly independent South American countries was flooding the market with a cheap fur almost equal to beaver for hat making.

In 1836 the American Fur Company was warning its people in the field to brace themselves for a permanent drop in the beaver market. Actually that market was hanging temporarily by the thread of the luxury hat trade when the practical manufacture of silk hats was perfected. Then nobody wanted beaver fur and the market fell from six dollars a pound to seventy-five cents. The Mountain Man had simply ridden the boom until technology and international commerce caught up with him. Fashion was the result, not the cause.

These are just a few highlights related to my subject and I don't want this to turn into a boring lecture. Since we seem to have become a nation of collectors and since I represent a museum which works continually with objects. I'd like to close with a few observations on objects connected with the fur trade.

People collect old things for many reasons and they go about their hobbies in many ways. A few serious collectors have made such a thorough study of their fields of interest that they have become recognized experts without benefit of advanced education or limitless funds. To many others collecting is a social activity involving emulation, the enjoyment of shared experiences and even friendly rivalry. Very often the desire to acquire a piece and the determination of its provenience depend upon the approval of their peers.

Really this is what makes a collectible—any object with a reasonable and believable background which is available in a quantity sufficient for everyone to have one.

This is *one* reason why military relics are so popular not only with individuals but with museums. They are relatively easy to document and they are fairly plentiful.

I can think of a few quick examples in fur trade items. The collecting of commercial traps made in the last century is very popular and no wonder. Nearly all of them can be readily identified and they are still available on the collector's market. On the other hand, the earlier and more historic hand-forged traps are very difficult to identify and are both scarce and expensive. As a result few collectors specialize in them.

Another example of social collecting is the so-called "hide hunter's

scale." These little C-shaped spring scales were made in Germany around the turn of the century and until at least World War I. The slightest of suggestions in a popular book on relics started the story that they were buffalo hide-hunters' equipment. Since they were actually used for ice, crabs and produce, many of them were still around, thus fulfilling our definition of a collectible.

At the Museum we have been answering inquiries about these scales for several years. Finally in one month we received two letters from individuals and one from a museum, all asking for help in finding scales to buy.

It was obvious that an article about these scales ought to be published in the Museum quarterly as a service to our members. I did do it but with profound regret. I had just returned from a trip to Mexico where an antique dealer had offered me three good scales of this type for \$45. It was a glorious opportunity because the U.S. market had hit \$50.00 per scale!

There is another type of collector who can make problems for himself. That is the man who constantly seeks the rare and unknown, the variant from the documented standard piece. At the Museum we avoid these pieces like the plague but they have a certain fatal fascination for some people. The desire to obtain such a singular piece is often so strong that the slightest shred of documentation, real or implied, is enough. Here is the field of glory for the faker, because he doesn't even have to be a good imitator and he hardly has to sell the right customer.

A good example is the lead powder flask which could be melted into bullets when empty. Lewis and Clark carried these as an experiment for they were embarking on a two-year trip as a self-sufficient outfit. For anyone else on the frontier the idea had little to recommend it. There is no record of anyone repeating the experiment but the lead flasks turn up just the same, usually embellished with the figure of a beaver to further attest to their authenticity.

Generally, of course, that is the faker's undoing. Since his piece is unique, he must build the documentation into it and usually he can't resist overdoing it. We once had a crudely cast pewter beaver offered to us for \$500.00 and the dealer proudly showed us several unintelligible marks plus stamps representing Upper Canada, the Hudson's Bay Company, York Fort, two Montreal silversmiths' marks and the mark of one Iroquois Indian silversmith. Here again, I was tempted. Where else could you show the entire fur trade history of Canada in one small case for \$500.00?

I'd like to close by saying again that the fantasies of the fur trade will never equal the realities in color, romance or popular appeal. It just takes a little more work, but it's worth it.

FRANCES RIZZARI— MAN WITH A RECORD

When Frances Rizzari appeared on the June program to give his paper, "Notes of a Missionary Priest in Colorado," published in this issue of Roundup, it was the 15th paper given before the Westerners, an undisputed record.

The following is the impressive list of Rizzari subjects:

The Ghost Town of Bowerman
 The Personal Life of a Mining Camp
 Notes on a Few Early Day Photographs
 It Can't Happen Here—Or Can It?
 Notes of a Few Early Towns in Jefferson County
 An Account of an Indian Fight
 Tragedy at Woodstock
 Colorado's Underground Inferno
 Railroads of the Crystal River Valley

New Hands on the Denver Range

Michael M. Jensen
 12469 E. Amherst Circle
 Denver, CO 80232

Michael Jensen is in commercial real estate and is particularly interested in the Western artist, Will James, and western saddles. He was recommended by Fred Mazzulla.

It's a Hell of a Way to Run a Railroad
 A Note About Rush Mills
 Stephen W. Dorsey, Soldier,
 Statesman, and Empire Builder
 The Most Energetic Man in the
 Whole World
 Notes on a Few Early Forts and
 Trading Posts in Colorado and the
 Men Who Built Them
 Notes of a Missionary Priest in Colorado

Over the Corral Rail (Cont.)

land-office business, but we didn't sell a single Brand Book.

Our Rendezvous held at The Fort August 24 was a booming success. The food (sorry, no buffalo steaks) was excellent, and Charles Hanson's talk, "Romance and Reality in the Fur Trade," lived up to its advance billing. For those of you who missed it, his paper is published in full in this issue.

Belated congratulations are in order to Fred Mazzulla. William McNichol, our mayor, officially proclaimed July 18, 1976,

as "Fred Mazzulla Day" in Denver. Likewise, Gov. Dick Lamm proclaimed July 18 as "Fred and Jo Mazzulla Day" in the state of Colorado, pointing out that "Fred and Jo Mazzulla have made significant historical and literary contributions to the citizens of our State and Nation."

The September meeting will be on the 22nd, and the speaker is Lt. Col. Dale Thomas. His talk, illustrated with color movies, is "Seeing Indian Wars Forts Through Models."



WESTERN HISTORY ASSOCIATION CONFERENCE

October 13 - 16, 1976 Denver

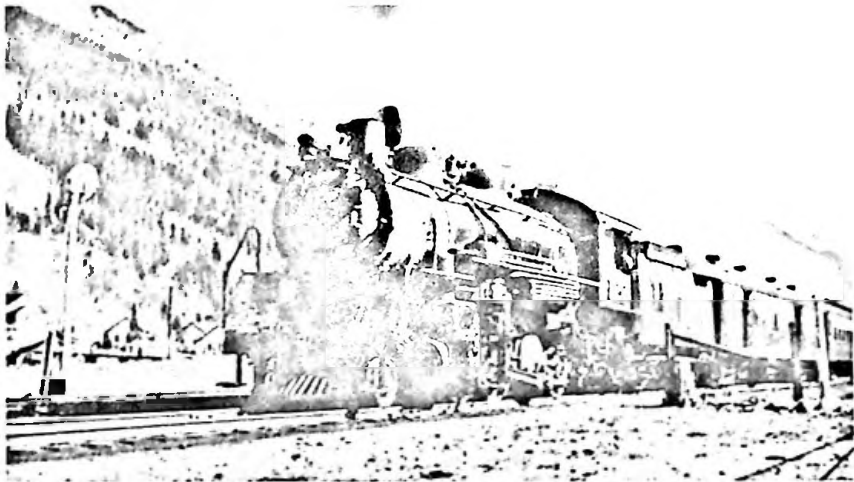


The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1976

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Consolidation No. 122, one of the work horses of The Moffat, at East Portal. Crossen photo.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

The Westerners were much in evidence at the Western History Association Conference October 16-18, acting not only as hosts but as participants. Highlight was the Westerners' Breakfast, co-sponsored by the Denver Westerners and the Colorado Corral. Thomas Hornsby Ferril's reading of his poetry was both enjoyable and impressive.

Although the Grand Ballroom at the Brown was about filled, the percentage of Denver Westerners attending was small—definitely disappointing.

Our booth easily paid for itself, with more than \$1,000 worth of Brand Books being sold, and our inventory of books is no longer a millstone around our necks. For the first time in quite a while, the treasury seems to be in a healthy condition.

Speaking of the treasury, we were more than a little sorry when Del Bishop announced he was moving to Philadelphia and would have to resign as Tally Man. Fortunately, Henry Toll has agreed to take the post. Del was in town the other day and gave me his new address. I'm sure he'd like to

(Continued on back cover)

NEW OFFICERS FOR 1977 ELECTED

The following officers and committee chairmen were elected at the November meeting of the Denver Posse, to serve for the year of 1977.

W. H. Van Duzer, Sheriff
 Ross V. Miller, Jr., Deputy Sheriff
 Charles S. Ryland, Roundup Foreman
 Dr. Henry Toll, Tally man
 David Hartman, Registrar of Marks & Brands
 Robert Akerly, Chuck Wrangler
 Dr. Robert W. Mutchler, Preceding Sheriff

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Richard A. Ronzio, Membership
 Donald E. Bower, Publications
 Ross V. Miller, Jr., Program
 Ralph E. Livingston, Book Review

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ROUNDUP



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1976 OFFICERS

Sheriff: Dr. Robert W. Mutchler
Deputy Sheriff: William H. Van Duzer
Roundup Foreman: Charles Ryland
Tally Man: Dr. Henry W. Toll, Jr.
Register of Marks & Brands: Donald E. Bower
Chuck Wrangler: George P. Godfrey
Membership Chairman: Richard A. Ronzio
Publications Chairman: L. Coulson Hageman
Program Chairman: William H. Van Duzer
Book Review Chairman: Francis B. Rizzari

DAVID H. MOFFAT

— Notes and Anecdotes —

Presented at the October 27, 1976 meeting of The Westerners

By Forest Crossen

The story I want to tell you is one that's very dear to my heart and should be dear to the hearts of all citizens of Colorado. It's about the man I consider the greatest citizen we've had. In his day he was the leading banker, the richest man in the state as well. He was the greatest railroad builder. He was one of the mining kings of Leadville, Creede, and the Cripple Creek District. His final effort was one of real heroism, trying to put Denver on the main line of a transcontinental railroad, and the railroad that he did build and operate is one of storied fame. His name was David H. Moffat.

David H. Moffat, Jr. was born in the beautiful Hudson River valley of New York in the little village of Washingtonville, July 23, 1839. His parents were sturdy Scotch-Irish stock and it was a rather large, happy family. At age 12 his character was emerging to the point where he was restless enough to try his wings in the world and he ran away from home and went to New York City to seek his fortune. He said in later years, laughingly, that he spent the first night sleeping underneath a wooden packing box in an alley. The next day he found a job as a messenger in a big banking house.

Before the days of telephones big banks and mercantile establishments had messengers, fleet-footed youths and boys. Right away he attracted attention. He was intelligent, alert, tended to business, and he had this great faculty for friendship. So he advanced in the positions of the echelons in the bank until at age 16 he was an assistant teller.

He took time out to return to his hometown village and complete his education. I suppose he may have had maybe eight grades or six grades, but he was a man who could absorb information and act upon it quickly.

He was smitten with the desire to go West. Nearly everybody was talking about the West. Here was a great wonderful land of adventure and romance and also great danger, for the Indians were not tame in those days.

So he went out to Des Moines, Iowa, to work in a bank as a teller. Then he heard about Omaha. This was to be the coming place in the West. The Pacific Railroad was to be driven westward across the Great Plains, through the Rockies, and across the wide deserts to unite California with the Union. California had come in as part of our spoils in the Mexican War, a war we hadn't ought to be very proud about.

He went to Omaha and was made cashier of the Bank of Nebraska. He was in on the ground floor so he thought he could make his fortune in real estate speculation and at one time he was a millionaire on paper. Then all of a sudden the bubble burst. The reason was that the inevitable Civil War was coming nearer and nearer and the shadows touched Omaha. So the wise men of the nation said, "We are going to have to postpone this Pacific railroad until this conflict, these clashing interests, are resolved. So the bottom fell out of the market.

It didn't bother Dave too much. He had formed a friendship with the Woolworth brothers who had a chain of bookstores in towns along the Missouri River. They said to Dave, "We'll take you in as a partner if you'll go out to this new Denver City, out in the Pikes Peak country where they've got a big gold mining boom on, and set up a book and stationery store."

Now it's interesting to note that in that early day of this rough-and-ready frontier land there were a number of bookstores. There were people who read books.

Dave said, "All right," and so in February, 1860 he started with two teamsters, two wagonloads of stock, and they came across the plains—29 days of it, camping out, sleeping on the ground. There weren't any motels with swimming pools and television sets at that time along the way.

They rolled into Denver in March, and he rented a building over in Auraria on the west bank of Cherry Creek, set up his store. It was an immediate success. Here was this tall, slender, young man, 20 years of age, with this capacity for friendship, who had made a lot of friends already, particularly in New York. He was a friend of Tom Gay, a young waiter in one of the fine restaurants there. Their friendship was a life friendship, and so Dave waited on the people and if he didn't have in stock what they wanted he sent for it. He found that his wagons bringing out stock were swifter than the United States mail. I wonder what he'd think now?

He subscribed to newspapers like the New York *Tribune*, New York *Times*, various other good newspapers and he delivered them around town in person, to business and professional men, making many friends. He had decided when he arrived out here that he would accumulate \$75,000, return to New York and enjoy life as a gay young blade.

But the magic of the Rocky Mountains and that great Continental Divide seemed to capture his heart and he decided to stay. He went back to New York and married his childhood sweetheart, brought her out, rented a

little 3-room house over in Auraria and there they passed their happiest days. Their only child, named Marcia, was born in that house.

Dave took a part in the community. He was appointed assistant postmaster and for a time, when the postmaster was away in the Indian wars, he was made postmaster. He became adjutant-general of the territory of Colorado. They brought the telegraph line to Denver and Dave, it's said, was the first telegraph operator. Did the big banking houses in the old days have telegraph service? I think they must have had before the days of telephones. Anyway, that was what he did. He saw the crying need for the territory and for Denver City and that was rail transportation.

The Civil War ground to a bitter end and the Pacific railroad construction was started afresh from Omaha. Dave and other influential men met with Union Pacific officials to get them to swing their line down through Denver and go up through the canyons of the Rockies and on to the Pacific Ocean.

Dave's plan was to tunnel under the Continental Divide. He had the idea even then and he never lost it. The UP sent surveying parties, and one of them, I believe under General Dodge, nearly lost their lives up on Rollins pass in a winter blizzard. Easy enough to understand if you know anything about that country up there. Anyway, the UP officials turned down Denver's plea and one smart official, W. C. Durant, expressed, "Denver is too dead to bury."

These rough-and-ready businessmen down in Denver said, "To hell with you." The UP had come to the north of us. A new town sprang up on the banks of Crow Creek. They named it after the Great Plains raiders, the feared raiders, the Cheyennes. So Dave and these other men formed the Denver Pacific Railroad Company to build a spur line from Cheyenne to Denver. The Kansas Pacific was advancing from the east but they were beset with financial troubles and nobody knew when they were going to reach Denver, if ever.

The people of Denver were all encouraged by this act and they got busy and donated a big section of land for yards and built a Union Station, if you please, getting ready. Finally a reporter with a telescope on top of the Rocky Mountain News building could see the smoke of the construction locomotive coming nearer Denver. Great headlines. Everybody was happy, particularly when the first official passenger train rolled into the Union Station, June 22, 1870. The astronomically high freight rates from the Missouri River—it took six weeks to come out with wagon trains—and the very high stagecoach fares dropped. Denver at last was connected with both coasts by rail. August 15, that same year, the Kansas Pacific official train arrived.

Dave's fortunes had advanced. In 1865 two able men, Jerome B. Chaffee and Eben Smith, who had made fortunes in the Bobtail Gold Mine

at Central City, had set up the First National Bank. The Bank had not done very well so they looked around for an alert, young banker. They found him in Dave Moffat. Moffat had a good business, making plenty of money, but they offered him such a good thing that he gave up his book and stationery business and took over as cashier of the First National Bank. Within a short time he had that bank on its feet and it rapidly became the leading financial institution in the Rocky Mountains.

In 1872 he was interested enough to ally himself with other able men and they started to build the Denver, South Park and Pacific, a narrow gauge heading for the San Juan mining country of southwestern Colorado, and they hoped they would maybe reach the Pacific Ocean. Well, the railroad sort of meandered around and didn't make much progress. I'll backtrack just a little bit to the winter of 1860-61 when a tall, gaunt New Englander from the state of Maine spent quite a bit of his days in Dave's store, visiting and mainly talking politics. He wanted to be a political figure. He had a big mustachio—he'd never done very well in life. His wife had been the mainstay of the family. I don't know if they had the little boy at that time or not, but anyway he and Dave became great friends. When spring arrived the family left Denver and went over Mosquito Pass, down into California Gulch, which was very prosperous at that time. Very good placer mining ground, and there was a little settlement there, Oro City. So they set up a general store and he became the first postmaster. This gave him an opportunity to talk to everybody who came in for their mail and he loved this.

He was grubstaking prospectors against his wife's wishes. She said, "You've never gotten a thing out of it. It's just throwing good money after bad."

One day when she was gone—she had forbidden him to do anymore of this—a couple of young Germans came in, Hook and Rische. They were prospecting, and they hit him up for a grubstake. "We'll give you half of what we find."

"All right," he said. He got busy and got their grubstake together and they signed a paper to that effect—one-half would be his. He got them out of there as quickly as he could, before his wife returned.

These fellows went over several miles to the north and on a little round hill, later called Fryer Hill, they put down a prospect hole and at thirty feet hit a thick vein, a flat vein—most unusual—of carbonate of lead ore very high in silver. They staked the claim, calling it the Little Pittsburg and hurried back to him with samples of this ore.

The wife had returned in the meantime and she was all elated too. You may have guessed his name—H. A. W. Tabor. I want to state right now that Tabor became a multi-millionaire, as you all know, and then his fortunes plummeted and he was broke. They didn't have enough to eat, and from

what I can gather Dave Moffat was one of the men who saw to it that Tabor became postmaster of the city of Denver.

Jerome Chaffee and Moffat heard about this strike and sent competent men up there to examine it and they bought out these two Germans. He and Tabor combined forces with the Little Pittsburg Consolidated Mining Company and began to mine in a businesslike manner. The mine was fabulously rich.

Other prospectors came in and the camp of Leadville sprang up. It was said that there were 40,000 people there at one time and there may have well been. Anyway, Moffat gained control of the Wolf Tone and the Maid of Erin, and the Robert E. Lee and made a great deal of money.

He went to his fellow directors of the Denver South Park Pacific and he said, "Let's get this railroad built with all possible speed into Leadville. We can make a fortune."

"All right," they said. The road went up over Kenosha Pass, across South Park, over Trout Creek Pass and down to the Arkansas River, there it teamed up with the Denver and Rio Grande, General Palmer's railroad, and they went into Leadville in grand style. Both railroads made a tremendous amount of money.

Moffat grubstaked a prospector named Jim Creede and in the summer of 1890 Creede was going up the north fork of the Rio Grande with his partner, George L. Smith. They passed through the Wagon Wheel Gap and on up to where the valley narrows and looks like it comes to an end, a very narrow cliff opening, which I know you've probably all seen. They went through and up to the source of the Willow Creeks and put down a prospect hole. They struck a very rich vein of high grade silver ore.

"Holy Moses!" Creede is reputed to have claimed. So these rough-and-ready men said, "Let's call her 'The Holy Moses,'" and they did. This was Moffat's mine. Creede went on prospecting and I think he found the Amethyst—he may have found the Bachelor also. Anyway other prospectors came in and they uncovered some wonderfully rich leads. People rushed in and Creede became the last big hurrah lawless mining camp in Colorado. This was the place where Soapy Smith held forth with forty of his men and they really ran the camp. Moffat said to the directors of the Denver & Rio Grande, "Let us build a branch line into Creede." In 1895 Moffat had been named president of the railroad. In 1880 he had become president of the First National Bank. These men, New Yorkers, said, "This is a mining boom—might blow up tomorrow. We want sure dividends."

Moffat said, "All right, I'll build the railroad myself." So he did. Later he sold it to the Rio Grande for a great big price.

Meantime some things are happening over southwest of Pikes Peak. Up there in that beautiful pastoral land about 10,000 feet altitude—ideal for cattle ranching with its beautiful stretches of grassland, patches of trees for shelter—there was the Broken Box cattle ranch operating. Their head-

quarters were down on a little stream with precipitous banks, down which some cattle had tumbled and broken their legs and had to be shot. So some wag named it Cripple Creek.

They had employed there as a rider a young man named Bob Womack. Bob had the wild idea there was gold up there. There wasn't any sign of gold in the stream beds for there were no free placers, so I've been told by competent mining men in the Cripple Creek District. Bob talked about this to everybody who would listen and they thought he was kind of crazy. He put down some holes to the indignation of his employers. But one day he struck it and he staked it and called it the El Paso Lode. He crammed samples of this free gold ore into his saddlebags and rode full tilt down to Colorado City, which was a wild wide open community between Colorado Springs and Manitou Springs.

"I'VE STRUCK IT RICH!" he yelled as he hurried into the first saloon. I don't know why he wanted to go into a saloon, but anyway he went in and in the ensuing celebration over his strike he ran out of money—strange that he did—and he sold his El Paso lode for \$500. It was destined to produce millions and he to die in poverty.

Prospectors poured in and they trenched and found other wonderful mines. Moffat was early on the ground. Now the big mining was not at Cripple Creek as you all know. It was between Cripple Creek and Victor. Victor was where the big mining was done. Moffat obtained control of the Victor, and of the Anaconda between the two places, and the Golden Cycle. He started the Bank of Victor, and I have a dear old friend in Boulder, O. P. Pherson, who used to do business with him. He was a miner up there.

This added to Moffat's fortune and he said this camp, this district, needs a railroad. He told that to the directors of the Denver and Rio Grande and they said, "It's a mining boom. Might blow up tomorrow. We want sure dividends." So he said, "I'll build a railroad." He built the narrow gauge Florence & Cripple Creek, up winding, twisting Eight-Mile Canyon, later renamed Phantom Canyon—a place no railroad should ever have been built, and they knew it. But they wanted to get that railroad up there just as fast as they could. Even before they reached Victor they were making a lot of money and the railroad was later extended over to Cripple Creek and today you can drive over that grade from Victor to Cripple Creek. I've been shown the site of the station down there in the valley of Cripple Creek near the Broken Box Ranch headquarters.

Moffat's fame had gained. In 1893 we had a panic—we call them recessions now. Moffat knew what was coming so he had his First National Bank in good condition and it weathered the storm. He saved many men, many banks, many businesses from ruin. The story is told of a banker from northern Colorado who came in one day when things were at the worst,



Old No. 216 on a Hill trestle. Crossen collection.

carrying a little black satchel. He asked to see David Moffat. Well, anybody could see David Moffat, he wasn't an exclusive person. This man was ushered in. Dave shook hands with him, motioned him to a seat. The poor man was so shaken he couldn't sit down.

He said to him, "Mr. Moffat, I've come to you as a last resort. If I don't have help, I'm going to have to close my bank. I've brought these securities," and he opened the bag and it was filled with good securities. He said, "You don't know me and you don't know my bank, but I need your help."

Moffat looked him straight in the eye and said, "Mr. Avery, I do know you and I know your Bank of Fort Collins. Now you go back home, take your securities. I'll send you a wire (meaning a telegram) which I want you to post in your front window. And it will state that the Bank of Fort Collins will stand as long as the First National Bank of Denver stands. Signed, David H. Moffat."

Luther Kuentz, who had started the Colorado National Bank, came to Dave one day—and things were bad—and said, "Dave, I've got a run on my bank. And unless I get help I'm going to have to close."

Moffat was a man who never seemed to get excited about things. He asked in a calm voice, "How much do you need?"

"To be safe, I ought to have \$200,000."

Moffat said briskly, "You go back and continue to pay your depositors. I'll start messengers over with money, and when you receive the first satchel I want to take it to the front window and I want you to empty that money on the window ledge. When the next satchel comes you do the same thing."

Well, here was a lobby full of depositors just chomping at the bit to get their money. Out in the street was a great long line. But when they saw this money come in there, they commenced to talk to each other. "God God! Look at that. These fellows have all kinds of money." And some of them who had gotten their money and crammed it deep down in their pockets, thinking, "Maybe some sharp eyes are watching us, and who knows, might break into my house tonight and take my money, maybe kill me." They thought of the money going first, you know. So some of them who had received their money turned right around and redeposited it. The others, outside, said, "Hell, let's go home. They got all kinds of money in there." That stopped the run on the bank.

The 19th century came to an end and everybody had great hopes for the new Twentieth Century. Out here in the West the sky was the limit. Moffat had succeeded in every ambition except one thing. He wanted to put Denver on the main line of a transcontinental railroad, to build a line from Denver through the canyons and burrow under the Continental Divide, and go on over and open up that wonderfully rich land of north-western Colorado and go on to Salt Lake City.

He had not succeeded very well in his family life. To give you a picture of that, his wife, after the birth of their only child, apparently had turned prim and cold. She wore dresses clear up to her chin. She frowned upon even Queen Victoria, thought she was a little bit too liberal, and as far as Mrs. Tabor was concerned—Baby Doe—she wouldn't speak to her. So poor old Dave apparently didn't have much loving out of this gal. That didn't stop him. He was a very personable man and he had some girl friends around who thought he was the greatest guy ever. He gave them rich gifts and he had this private car later on—he had a good time. He was a good man. Everybody liked him. He used to get shaved at the Denver Club which used to stand on the corner of 17th and Glenarm, a beautiful old redstone building. He would talk sports to this barber who was shaving him, and he'd have a glass of champagne, and now and then he'd take a good sip.

Anyway, he had this ambition to build this railroad. He had been in on the building of the Denver, Utah & Pacific, a projected narrow gauge line to go up South Boulder Canyon. It had been a complete failure. So in 1900 David Moffat was 61 years of age, and had a fortune estimated at 11 million dollars and he was a very vigorous man in body and mind. In 1902 he incorporated with others the Denver Northwestern & Pacific, a standard gauge line, and was fortunate enough to hire the best location engineer in the business, H. A. Sumner. They started this line boldly west from Denver, got up on the Leyden ramp and commenced to gain elevation, great curves at 2%. They were going up Coal Creek Canyon first, to its head, and tunnel over to South Boulder Park where Tolland is today. But

they gave that up because it would have necessitated a 2½% grade and investors frowned upon this.

So they put a trestle across Coal Creek and started north along the Foothills, tunneling through those great jagged masses of sandstone, came to South Boulder Creek, high on the south canyon wall, and went westward. More tunnels. A tremendous number of tunnels, very costly, because they did not have the equipment to build like we have today. They finally got to an easy grade east of Rollinsville and on up to South Boulder Park. There they built a terminal, naming it Mammoth. They built a wye for turning helper engines and snowplows and an engine house, a coal chute a water tank, a station, and an eating house, open all around the clock.

Other people built houses for the workers and so they went on up South Boulder Creek. A mile east of the present east portal of the Moffat Tunnel the railroad swung around in a grand curve and started to the northeast along the north wall of the canyon. It went way down there, around one mountain and through the connecting wall of rock in a tunnel, on up and then headed right straight for the main range. There Moffat and Sumner had decided to blast through a tunnel 2.6 miles long with its apex 9,930 feet. This would have been well below the terrible storms that played such havoc with the railroads up on Rollins Pass. Moffat had incurred the enmity of E. H. Harriman, president of the Union Pacific who saw some competition to his beloved railroad which had been built by the people of the United States. A terrible scandal about the financing of it, the Credit Mobilier. Jay Gould, another character, was against Moffat too and they caused him all kinds of trouble. He couldn't get the financing he needed.

But anyway, that main range approach—you can see it to this day—the grade stops just like that, and from there they had to go on up a 4% grade with only respite that I know of, and that is Antelope Siding, about a mile and a half long. That, strangely to say, is almost level. Then up to Rollins Pass, 11,660 feet. They built a terminal there, calling it Corona, had to put up big snow sheds, double-track, and a wye for turning the helper engines and the locomotives. They brought in boxcars, set them off their wheels for the personnel, built an eating house that never closed, a telegraph office that never closed.

This had eaten into Dave's fortune very badly. They went on down on the 4% grade to Middle Park. Even before this they had received their first revenue freight, a stock car load of cattle which an enterprising young rancher from Middle Park had trailed over Rollins Pass, down to Tolland to load for the Denver market.

Dave had thoroughly explored northwest Colorado and he knew about those vast tracts of timberland—there was none better anywhere of that particular type of wood—great veins of coal of high quality and farther down good farmland and, of course, grazing land from the west foot of the mountains on over. So Moffat finally got his railroad down to Steamboat Springs.

He was very popular with his employees. He never had any labor trouble. When the heads of the brotherhood would come in, he'd say, "Well, I'll call in my chief clerk," and he would. And he'd say, "Give the boys anything they want, they've earned it." Well, they never asked for anything unreasonable. They had the best working conditions, the best wages of any railroad in the United States save one, a mining road in Arizona.

Moffat had been trying to raise money. he went to Holland, to England, and everywhere it seemed the fine hand of Harriman balked him. On his last trip, in his private car, the Marcia, which is over at Craig now—it's the Chamber of Commerce headquarters and it's well worth anybody's time to go down and see this beautiful old private car—Dave went up to the locomotive. Bob Bishop, a young engineer off the Cripple Creek short line was at the throttle. Dave invited him to come back and have dinner with him. They sat down to good northwestern Colorado steaks and had a good visit.

Moffat then returned to New York City and he thought he had the financing for his railroad's completion. That evening he felt real happy. He stepped into a bar to have a drink, and he got to visiting with some men in there, and he said, "Well, I think now I can complete my railroad." A private detective who had been shadowing him—probably one of those odious Pinkertons—reported to his superiors. The next morning Moffat had the door slammed in his face. Well, the shock of it was too much for him, and his friends said that he died of a broken heart. His body was brought back to Denver and it lay in state beneath the rotunda of the State Capitol. Thousands of people filed by to see Uncle Dave for the last time.

The railroad, as we know, was completed to Craig. This man's work will never be forgotten, and the railroad which was built as a temporary line up over the chill heights of Rollins Pass endured for 24 years. How those men ever kept that railroad operating as well as they did is something to conjure. But they were a unique breed of railroaders.

I'll toot my own horn just slightly. I have stories of a number of them in my latest book, first hand stories, *David Moffat's Hill Men*. I had the good fortune, although I didn't know it at the time, to work up there 50 years ago as a telegraph operator handling train orders and my adventures are detailed in this book. I regard Moffat as a very great man who has never been given the credit he really deserves.

SEEING INDIAN WARS FORTS THROUGH MODELS

Presented at the September 22, 1976 meeting the Westerners by Lt.
Colonel Dale Thomas

When people learn of this hobby of mine, one of their first questions is "How did you get started?"

In 1968 we had been in Omaha and were on our way to Casper, Wyoming. We stayed overnight at Torrington. The next morning as we started west we saw signs directing us to old historic Ft. Laramie. We stopped and looked around, took pictures, and collected some miscellaneous booklets and pamphlets on the place.

Some weeks later while in my basement work area looking at this literature, the idea of making the buildings on a scale model came to me. In fact I wondered, "Could I possibly make these buildings realistic enough to have a miniature model accepted and displayed?"

Then the experimenting began. One of the first attempts was the Cavalry Barracks. It was twice as long and three times as high as the final version. The first edition of the Lt. Colonel's quarters was twice or three times as large as the final scale model. The first Post Bakery came out just about on scale. By the time I got to the Ft. Union model, the second one built, the buildings not only came out on scale but the workmanship was greatly improved.

From this experimenting the interest grew until we returned to Ft. Laramie for detailed measurements and a complete set of photographs of the existing buildings and ruins. Then, slowly, the project took shape. Buildings were built, subjected to minute inspection for authenticity, then perhaps retained, or discarded because of faults found, and another built in its place, correcting the errors.

It became necessary to improvise tools and methods of assembly. A tool was made for marking off doors and windows. A jig was made to build tin roofs with soldered joints for the roofs of the Ft. Union model. The edges of the board on which a piece of bond paper was laid were serrated with cuts 1/16" apart. Thread was tied to a side rail, brought up and over

the paper, glue applied to the thread, and the thread was tied down to the other side rail. When the glue was dry two coats of aluminum paint were applied to the thread and paper. Dried and cut to size, this became tin roofs with soldered joints. Four hundred fifty feet of thread were used in making these roofs.

I worked weekends and evenings from 1968 to 1971. My retirement in February 1971 enabled me to work on Ft. Laramie about 4 to 6 hours a day until July 1972, when the model was presented to the Superintendent there. My contact with Ft. Laramie personnel had been deliberately restricted by me since my expertise in building models was still unknown. Accordingly when the model was finished, my letter to the Superintendent described the model and stated my wish to donate it. He, cagily, answered that he would like to have his historian look at it before he accepted it. So, upon arriving at Ft. Laramie, the Historian came out and stared long and intently at the model in the trunk of the car. Finally he said, "Colonel, that looks exactly like Ft. Laramie did the day it was closed."

This reception of the Ft. Laramie model was encouraging to me. My confidence in my ability to do this exacting work was greatly enhanced. Now, in approaching a new job, my pictures of past work are presented to the person in charge and his aid in furnishing maps, plans, and photos he may have available is solicited. Five models have been built and are on display at the sites. No records were kept of the time spent in making the Ft. Laramie model. On Ft. Union 2,321 hours were expended. Ft. Hindman, Arkansas (a Civil War fort built by the Confederates) 339 hours; Ft. Sumner, N. M., 574 hours; Ft. Selden, N. M., 564 hours. No charge is made for my labor, but reimbursement for the cost of materials is requested.

Another question invariably asked is, "Why do you do this?" First, it is a marvelous way to spend those retirement hours which otherwise would be a bore. Secondly, the feeling that these models bring to visitors to these sites more understanding of the conditions under which our Indian Wars army lived and had its being, brings much satisfaction. People generally have little understanding of the devotion to duty and steadfastness of these soldiers. One year Congress failed to appropriate any money to pay the Army. The officers borrowed money in order to loan each soldier a dollar or two on payday. Eventually all got back pay but can you imagine the fierce determination and first class leadership these officers demonstrated in holding this payless Army together while at the same time requiring these penniless soldiers to go on long hard patrols, on escort duty, and to fight Indians. The soldiers who responded with honest and faithful service, at times risking their very lives, are no less deserving of commendation than the officers.

The Army I entered in 1926 inherited much from the Indian Wars Army. Our loyalty to our company and to our regiment was fostered by the



Model of Fort Sumner, New Mexico. Parade Ground with officers' quarters in rear. Compare scale with penny shown in photo.

example of these soldiers. My last Sergeant, who insisted that non-coms be last in the chow line, visited the sick in hospital regularly, maintained a fund for getting men home on emergency furlough by judicious collection of 5 or 10 cents from each member of the company on paydays, but was strict and impartial in matters of duty. He could have put on the blue uniform of an Indian Wars soldier and been right at home.

The third question usually is, "How do you do it?"

The first step is to make a scale drawing of the sites of the buildings, corrals, and other structures. All of the Indian Wars forts have been built on a scale of "one inch equals 65 feet." This scale enables the model to be of a size which is easily transported and does not require a large amount of room to put on display. Ft. Hindman, the Civil War fort, was built on a one inch equals 16 feet scale. Since it was so compact, it came out about the same overall size as the others. Next, each building is drawn to scale, each side separately, showing locations of all doors and windows. If there are walls connecting buildings these are included in the drawings. These scale buildings drawings sometimes reveal where a modification must be made, perhaps a door or window omitted because of size limitations, but these modifications are kept to an absolute minimum.

The steps in making a building are as follows:

One—Balsam block of the proper dimensions is made.

Two—A layout is made on cardboard. Thus, a layout for a building to be $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch long, by $\frac{1}{2}$ inch high, with a wall $\frac{3}{8}$ inch high extending $\frac{3}{4}$ inch from the back side, represents a building 16 feet wide, 48 feet high, with a wall 24 feet high extending 48 feet.

Three—The windows and doors, and since this is to be an adobe, the holes for the vigas or rafters, are cut out. Paper is glued behind the door opening and the door and window openings are painted.

Four—The cardboard is reversed and cellophane is glued over the window openings.

Five—With front side of cardboard out, very thin strips of paper are glued in the window openings to simulate the usual dividers.

Six—Two coats of an adobe colored paint are applied.

Seven—Simulated adobe blocks are made by lining with a drawing pen.

Eight—The original balsa block is scored and a thin layer placed behind where the doors and windows will be. The area behind the windows is painted black. In looking at the finished building it will seem to have glass and be a vacant room. A piece of cardboard for the roof is cut, notched for a chimney and painted.

Nine—The cardboard is glued to the balsa block, trimmed, the chimney and vigas are inserted, and the building is finished.

After all the buildings are finished, the stand is built. This has aluminum legs and a plywood open box, six inches high.

The terrain is made from celotex which is a kind of building insulation. It works readily with a knife or saw and can be fashioned into steep terrain such as stream banks quite easily.

The scale map now becomes a template for determining the locations of the buildings. Each building outline is cut out and when the map is laid on the celotex, a pencil is used to trace the building outline. The outline is then filled with masking tape. This preserves the outline when paint is applied to the terrain. The shade of green used on topographic maps to denote vegetation is used on the terrain. If there are streams, blue is used to denote water.

When the paint dries the masking tape is removed and the buildings are glued in place using cut off common pins as anchors.

There are always roads to be made. These usually scale out to be 1/16th inch wide. A slot that wide and about 1/16th inch deep is cut. Glue is placed in the slot and very fine sand is embedded in the glue. This contrasts well with the green of the terrain.

Two things always included are a flag pole and a saluting gun. When the Ft. Union model was delivered the Superintendent looked at the flag pole and saluting gun for some time and then asked, "How did you know?" It developed that they had just received a six pounder artillery piece that they were going to set up near the flag pole and demonstration fire that summer. After some discussion the Superintendent concluded that I should be the first one to fire it.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Uphill Both Ways, Hiking Colorado's High Country, by Robert L. Brown. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1976. 232 pp., \$4.95.

Uphill Both Ways describes 78 Colorado hiking trails. Bob Brown does a good job of identifying and describing the trails. The introduction is a fine sales pitch for hiking, and includes hints and advice. The list is not intended to be comprehensive; it's an interesting selection for the prospective hiker. Most of the trails offer good exercise for one day; extensions to longer trips for backpackers are suggested in some cases. Although much of Colorado is covered, the majority are within two hours' drive of Denver.

Variety is the key to this collection of trails: variation in length, difficulty, terrain, scenery, is provided. History of the locales is smoothly merged into the text in the professional manner of a hiking historian, rather than being historical detail added to a hiking manual after the fact.

The many photos illustrating **Uphill Both Ways** are clear and appealing, a difficult task since a picture of a trail or mountainside often fails to provide contrast, depth, or other photogenic merit. In addition to the author's own fine photography, a few historical views are included.

This book will provide enjoyable reading for the armchair traveler. But a word of caution—have hiking boots nearby, because **Uphill Both Ways** can product an overwhelming urge to leave the armchair and head for the high country. And conveniently, the book's plasticized cover makes it a suitable backpack addition.

Edwin A. Bathke, PM

Fred Rosenstock: A Legend in Books and Art, by Donald E. Bower. Foreword by Frank Waters. Norhtland Press, Flagstaff, AZ. Illus. with four color and black and white. 212 pages. Reg. edition, \$12.50. Limited edition of 250 copies, numbered and autographed, \$60.00.

I've known Fred Rosenstock since I first started buying Western Americana books in the early '40's. Within this period of acquaintance, I thought I knew all about his experiences, accomplishments, knowledge of books, and the history of his life, but after reading this most entertaining historical treatise of his life from birth to date, I am more deeply impressed with Fred Rosenstock, the man. Donald Bower tells this story in this well written book, which is almost like listening to Fred talk as he relates his many experiences in his journey through life.

When you read this book with Fred's many dealings with people during the period he was buying and assembling the most complete overall collection of books, diaries and whatever connected with history in America, you are spellbound and completely almost glued to the pages until you have finished reading it.

Not specifically covered in this book is the fact that Fred Rosenstock knows so much about so many, many books. Ask him about a book; he will not only tell you its author, but when it was printed and an abstract of its contents. He must be a speed reader extraordinary with a memory that would put a modern computer to shame.

When I finished this book, my comment was and is **WHAT A BOOK! WHAT A MAN!**

R. A. Ronzio P.M.

The Shining Mountains, by Georgina Brown, B & B Printers, Inc. Gunnison, Colo. 81230. 248 pages, illus. \$8.25.

The Shining Mountains is a history of Golden, Colorado and immediate vicinity—history not found in the standard history books. Georgina Brown spent 30 years gathering the material. She talked to the old timers—many now long gone—and as she lived among them and was their friend, they opened their hearts and told her of happenings and events which would have been unavailable to anyone else.

The book is divided into two parts, with Part One containing 190 of the 248 pages. This part is titled, "Rush to the Rockies." There are no chapters as such—only stories, and each story is complete in itself so that one may open the book to almost any page and start reading. Some of the 42 story headings are: The Beginnings of Town and Government; Apex—A Bawdy Settlement; Mt. Vernon's Past Glory; George West Loved Life and Whiskey; Two Golden Cities; The Lariat Trail; Grand Finale for Buffalo Bill; First Church Service Held in a Gambling Tent; Music and Murder; and many many more.

Part Two titled, "Three Mountain Kings", details the lives and fortunes of Charles Quaintance, Rees C. Viller, and Brisben Walker. These men had much to do with Colorado but their influence on Golden and vicinity has been largely overlooked in previous accounts. Mrs. Brown fills in this void.

A few biographies of other local citizens completes the epic. All this reviewer can say is, "What a Book!!!" I have always been interested in the almost legendary towns of Apex, Arapahoe, Golden Gate City, and Mt. Vernon, but to find any information on them was next to impossible. Now one can refer to *The Shining Mountains* for their stories. Mrs. Brown must have spent uncounted dozens of hours in her research for the stories or these towns alone. We and future generations will ever be in debt to her.

Francis B. Rizzari, P. M.

Eggenhofer: The Pulp Years, by John M. Carroll. The Old Army Press, 1513 Welch, Ft. Collins, Colo. 80521, 1975. 145 pp. \$15.00.

Eggenhofer: The Pulp Years offers dual fare, stirring, authentic, artistic portrayals of the West, and the story of an immigrant boy with wide-eyed dreams about cowboys. Nick Eggenhofer was born in Bavaria and arrived in America at the age of 16. In Munich he had become addicted to the American West through movies and second-hand books. His art career slowly developed after hours while he was holding a series of jobs. He broke into art by illustrating Western "pulp magazines." A dedication to authenticity and a continual striving for detail were his marks. Eventually his collection of sketches and information was supplemented by trips to the West he loved to draw. His thorough efforts resulted in his becoming the leading Western magazine illustrator.

John M. Carroll so interestingly presents the biography of Eggenhofer in a series of first-person reminiscences coupled by explanatory text that it makes a classic poor-boy-makes-good success story.

For the enjoyment of those who appreciate Western art, the last two-thirds of the book are devoted to Eggenhofer's drawings, including his first magazine cover (April 5, 1920). The eight pages reproduced in color are striking. The remainder, which are done in brown tones, provide adequate fineness in detail to set a mood or scene, or to amplify a story point—as they were intended to do in the pulps. Nick Eggenhofer now resides in Cody, Wyo. His accomplishments as a Western illustrator mark him as a true Westerner. The foreword by Jeff Dykes provides a good summary for Western fans not familiar with the pulps. The book is recommended for its text on the biography of an interesting Westerner, the development of an artist, and a fine selection of Western illustrations.

—Edwin A. Bathke, P. M.

Red Men and Hat Wearers, by Daniel Tyler. Art work by Dale Crawford. Pruett Publishing Co., Boulder, Colo. 171 pages. Illus., \$5.95.

This is a compilation of nine papers presented in the Second Conference on Western history held at Colorado State University in Ft. Collins, Colorado.

In the Introduction, Daniel Tyler comments on Dr. Clyde D. Dollar's treatise dedicated to the teaching and writing of Indian history held at the First Western History Conference. This paper created so much controversy that it was decided to hold a second conference with the theme being, "Viewpoints in Indian History".

The book is in two parts entitled in Part I: Non-Indian Views of Indian-White Contact and Part II: The Indian Response.

John C. Ewers of the Smithsonian Institution begins Part I with his paper, "Indian Views of the White Man Prior to 1850: An Interpretation". This is followed by David Miller of Cameron College with his presentation, "The Fur Men and Explorers View of the Indians". The next treatise was by Donald J. Berthrong of Purdue University entitled, "Changing Concepts: The Indians Learn about the 'Long Knives' and Settlers (1849-1890's)". Robert L. Munkres of Muskingum College presented a paper, "The Confusion and Conflict". The final two papers are by Joseph H. Cash of the University of South Dakota, entitled "The Reservation Indian Meets the White Man" and W. David Baird of the University of Arkansas with, "The Quest for a Red-Faced White Man: Reservation Whites View Their Indian Wards." Part II: The Indian Response begins with a paper by the author Daniel Tyler, entitled, "The Indian Weltanschauung: A Summary of Views Expressed by Indians at 'Viewpoint in History' Conference".

The last two papers are by R. David Edmunds of the University of Wyoming and Vine Deloria Jr. of Golden, Colorado entitled, "Indian Humor: Can the Red Man Laugh?" and "The Twentieth Century".

R. A. Ronzio, P.M.

A Biography of Ezra Thompson Clark, by Annie Clark Tanner, Published by the Tanner Trust Fund, University of Utah Library, Salt Lake City, Utah. Limited Edition, 82 Pages, \$8.50.

This is a small book that contains a wealth of information about the movement of the Mormons from Illinois to Missouri, then to Utah.

This is the biography of an early pioneer who came West with that religious group, seeking a land they could colonize, farm and call their home. Ezra Thompson Clark was a devoted and religious man: he was hard-working, honest and frugal.

This book gives a true and intimate picture of the early pilgrimage, suffering, sacrifice and success of the Mormons who conquered the vast barren wilderness we now know as Utah.

Ralph E. Livingston, PM

Koshare, by Jack Kelly. Pruett Publishing Company, 3235 Prairie Ave., Boulder, CO 80301, 1976. 90 pages, illustrated. \$5.95 paperbound; \$9.95 hardbound.

This short, simply written book is a tribute to the 40-year old La Junta, Colorado Explorer Troop 2230 of Koshare dancers and its venerable Scoutmaster, James F. (Buck) Burshears. The book is well illustrated with black and white photographs by Harold Finke, and relates how the Koshares got it all together. Starting with the principle, "You don't have to wait to be a man to be great. Be a great boy," the book goes on to tell how the Koshares have developed into a nationally and internationally recognized scouting organization. Also there is a good description of the Koshare kiva and collection of Indian artifacts and history.

The author obviously is a grand admirer of Buck Burshears—and who wouldn't be? The reading is easy and the message is clear—if there were more men like Buck Burshears the world would probably be much better off.

Dr. Robert W. Mutchler, P.M.

Over the Corral Rail (Cont.)

hear from his fellow Westerners this holiday season: Del Bishop, 1642 Dublin Rd., Dresher, PA 19025.

Booklets are available from the Colorado State Historical Society on "Historical Places in Downtown Denver," and on the "History of Arvada." Histories of Lakewood and Westminster will be available soon.

Just a reminder that it is dues paying time, and as you all know an increase was voted earlier this year. Posse Member dues are \$15.00, and Corresponding Members are \$10.00 annually. Payment should be made to The Denver Westerners, c/o Dr. Henry Toll, Jr., 620 Boston Bldg., 828 17th St., Denver, CO 80202.

The Westerners Annual Christmas Party is being held December 11 at the Onyx Room at the Brown Palace Hotel, with cocktails at 6 and dinner at 6:30. Tab is \$12.00 per person and the program includes a talk by Marion Huseas, Wyoming's Curator of History. Subject: "Frontier Entertainment."

We had a fascinating illustrated program at the September 22 meeting presented by Lt. Colonel Dale Thomas, a very talented guy. His paper appears in this issue: "Seeing Indian Wars Forts through Models." Unfortunately, we cannot do justice to it—it's a program that had to be seen to be fully appreciated.

Forest Crossen, our noted author of the *Western Yesterdays* series of books, gave us a fascinating account of the life of David Moffat—and completely without notes—at the October meeting.

Dick Bowman's paper, presented at the November meeting and entitled, "Colorado

Currency," will appear in the January-February 1977 issue of *Roundup*.

The U. S. Geological Survey has just published three maps that should be of interest to historians and Westerners, especially those who live east of the Continental Divide. These are:

I-855-F. Map showing the outstanding natural and historic landmarks in the Boulder-Fort Collins-Greeley area. By Brent N. Petrie.

I-856-F. Map showing the outstanding natural and historic landmarks in the greater Denver area. By Brent N. Petrie.

I-856-G. Historic trail map of the greater Denver area. By Glenn R. Scott.

The first two maps have line drawings of some of the spots and historic buildings along with a text. The titles of the three maps are descriptive enough as to what the maps show. The cost is \$1.25 each. They may be ordered from the Map Distribution Office, U.S. Geological Survey, Bldg. 41, Federal Center, Denver, Colo. 80225. They can also be purchased over the counter at the Federal Building at 19th and Stout.

Of particular interest to Westerners is the map by Glenn Scott. He gives credit for assistance to Westerners Erl Ellis, Merrill Mattes, and Francis Rizzari.

This is my last issue as editor, and it has been a combination of a gratifying and frustrating experience. The quality of the papers published was not only excellence, but *par excellence*. I would hope that in 1977 more Westerners participate in the *Roundup*, offer a few more personal notes, and supply photographs that they must have hidden in their trunks. . . .

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Donald E. Bower Editor

IN MEMORIAM

The Reverend Gerrit S. Barnes, Denver Posse Member, died on September 21, 1976 at age 71. He retired as priest of Christ Episcopal Church 2½ years ago and was then named priest emeritus.

Prior to entering the priesthood he was a traffic manager for the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad and had a deep interest in Colorado and early railroad history.