

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1977
Volume XXXIII, No. 1



OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

As the new editor of the Roundup with only six assigned issues for the year you would expect the work load would be exactly half all the previous years with 11 issues—right? Myths have nebulous beginnings and never die.

In this issue you will find a list of the Posse and Reserve members. Given also is the general interest area each has. An interesting group with a wide range of experiences and specialties.

Dick Bowman's paper, 'Colorado Currencies', which was to appear in this issue has been postponed in order to obtain photos to accompany the article. Currencies shown at the November meeting ranged from Clark, Gruber coins to paper currency issued by the numerous National Banks across Colorado. It will be worth waiting until the photos are available to do justice to this informative presentation.

A major change has been made by the Executive Committee and the Posse in sequencing the Brand Book. The book has been issued yearly. Beginning this year the book will be issued by volume number and not by year. The next volume to be issued is volume 30. In this way the backlog that has occurred and the cost of publishing yearly will be alleviated. By not requiring a new Brand Book yearly the Posse can balance available material versus funds. The editorial guidelines are going to change too with a demand for more original work from the contributing authors. The Posse has a reputation for publishing an interesting compilation of articles—the intent is to sustain this reputation and certainly it will do so.

The Posse still has copies of volumes 27, 28 and 29. The cost is again \$15.00 each copy. The Brand Book is still one of the most enjoyable sources of Historical anecdotes. In most cases the authors are not professional writers which only adds flavor to the articles as the reader is not left with a text book feeling after reading a few chapters. Give a Brand Book to a prospective member or fellow Historian.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

Vol. XXXIII



January-February

Number 1

1977

The ROUNDUP is published bimonthly by the Denver Posse of The Westerners. Subscription, \$9.00 per year to members. Entered as second-class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office, P. O. Box 990, Boulder, Colorado 80302. Westerners' office, 828 17th St., Denver CO 80202. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

© 1977 by The Westerners, Inc., a Colorado corporation.

USE THESE ADDRESSES FOR:**Correspondence and Remittance**

Dr. Henry W. Toll, Jr.
620 Boston Bldg.
828 17th Street
Denver, CO 80202

Material for The Roundup

David L. Hartman, 13492 N. Delphi Dr., Littleton, Colo. 80124

Reservations for Meetings and Dinners

Robert Akerley, 2281 Havana St., Aurora, Colo. 80010

Book Reviews

Ralph E. Livingston, 245 W. 12th Ave., Denver, Colo. 80204

1977 OFFICERS

Sheriff: W. H. Van Duzer

Deputy Sheriff: Ross V. Miller, Jr.

Roundup Foreman: Charles S. Ryland

Tally Man: Dr. Henry W. Toll, Jr.

Registrar of Marks & Brands: D. L. Hartman

Chuck Wrangler: Robert Akerley

Membership Chairman: Richard A. Ronzio

Publications Chairman: Donald E. Bower

Program Chairman: Ross V. Miller, Jr.

Book Review Chairman: Ralph E. Livingston

FRONTIER ENTERTAINMENT

By Marion M. Huseas

Presented at the 1976 Christmas Dinner
December 11, 1976, Brown Palace Hotel, Denver, Colorado

Diversion in the form of recreation and entertainment is important to all people in all cultures. This has been true since long before the dawn of early civilization. We find cave drawings, hand prints and petroglyphs at early archaeological sites in this country and abroad. Gaming devices are among the bits of bone and stone artifacts found at prehistoric Indian sites. Many of these remnants of prehistoric life have strong religious and supernatural implications but they also served as a diversion from the monotonous daily routine of merely trying to survive.

Hunting and gathering peoples, such as the Australian Aborigines, inhabitants of the Kalhari Desert and the Basin Indians of North America, move with their food supply. So much of their life is spent in the search and preparation of food that there is little time left for recreation. Around the evening fire they might engage in story-telling and simple games, such as cat's cradle.

The Plains Indians, another hunting and gathering people, had a large and dependable source of food; therefore, their culture developed in several areas not often seen in mobile societies. With the introduction of the horse, they became outstanding hunters, so they were able to get more food in less time and with less effort. Plains Indian warriors were among the finest horsemen in the world and warfare was highly developed. They organized secret societies, performed dances and rituals and engaged in various other leisure-time activities; all of which reached a peak prior to the settling of the west by the white man.

The more sophisticated the culture, the more diverse the forms of recreation. As man developed beyond the hunting-gathering stage he was able to spend less time searching for food and more time on other activities. The greater the food supply, and the more dependable the source, the less time man had to devote to his subsistence.

With the introduction of agriculture and animal domestication, people began to settle in villages and towns. They no longer wondered where the next meal was coming from; it was outside in their backyard. So, they

looked for other ways to fill their day. Gradually, only a small percentage of the population were food raisers and they supplied the rest. Those, whose activities were not centered around food production, concentrated their efforts along other lines. They became specialists in medicine, religion, wood- and metal-working, and other crafts which catered to the needs of the people. From singing and dancing, which probably were outgrowths of religious ceremonies, came the wandering minstrel, forerunner of the traveling theatre troupes which have been with us for centuries.

This over-simplification of the growth and development of entertainment is used to show that there is a pattern of evolution in entertainment much as there is in any other aspect of culture.

From simple beginnings of self-made forms of amusement in hunting and gathering societies we see entertainment grow to small group activities and eventually to full-fledged community involvement in settled areas; from a few sticks and stones to family group and tribal entertainment; from ceremonial dances to Greek drama. So it was on the American western frontier.

From the simple hunting-gathering society of the mountain man to the settled communities of the mining camps and frontier towns, we see a range of entertainment much like that found from earliest man to western civilization.

We have seen that when people can exist in a comfortable manner without spending every waking moment in the search and preparation of food, we find some degree of leisure time. The more sophisticated the economic base, the greater the leisure time. What is done with the leisure time depends on a variety of factors, including the numbers of people involved and the environment.

On the western frontier the first white men were explorers and trappers. They had to work long and hard just to survive. Although there is not a great deal of information about the ways in which the explorers relaxed, we can assume it was not too different from those of the primitive hunters and gatherers. Story-telling and recounting the past days adventures have always been popular ways to spend leisure moments. Whether men relaxed with a pipeful of tobacco or played cards, the results were the same: a break in the usual routine.

The mountain men were a little more fortunate than their predecessors. Although most of the year they lacked companionship and often spent days without seeing another human being, once the rendezvous was established they had something to look forward to for entertainment, albeit only once a year.

The rendezvous was originally established as a place trappers could trade their pelts for supplies; however, it was more than utilitarian. It served as an outlet for their emotions. Most of the year they lived under extreme pressures, often spending long periods of time alone or with two or



three others at the most. They were constantly faced with situations where split-second decisions made the difference between life and death. The yearly rendezvous was the one time these rugged individuals could relax and let down their guard. It was the great social event of the year which offered the mountain men opportunities for gambling, drinking and lovemaking.

In 1824, an experimental gathering of mountain men was held on the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater River in southwestern Wyoming. This is not considered one of the regular rendezvous. In fact, it was mild compared to those which followed for the next fifteen years. There was no liquor and no Indians. James Beckwourth, a mountain man who attended the event said it lasted a week. According to him, the trappers spent their time "very pleasantly hunting, fishing, target-shooting, foot-racing and sundry other exercises."

During the following years, the mountain men fought, caroused, drank and played "hand", an Indian game of chance which was really nothing more than a drunken version of "button, button, who's got the button."

Liquor, a source of much of their merriment, was pure grain alcohol cut four or five times with branch water and colored and flavored with tobacco. When honey could be found, it was often added to the watered-down alcohol to produce a drink called metheglin, which was greatly esteemed by both white men and Indians.

The liquor served two purposes: it made money for the traders and got

the trappers incredibly drunk, very fast. This seemingly reckless abandon continued for days, weeks . . . as long as the pelts lasted.

The next group of people to enter the scene were the pioneers. By 1840, the Oregon Trail was a major highway for the wagons loaded with supplies and household belongings of emigrants seeking a "promised land." The first miles of the trip were easy going but from Ash Hollow on, the way was long and difficult. Some days were spent getting wagons across a stream, others digging out of mud. At Ash Hollow, the descent was dangerous, and described by a pioneer named Dougherty, as follows: "I cannot say at what angle we descend, but it is so great that some go so far as to say 'the road hangs a little past the perpendicular.'" In spite of these hardships, or perhaps, because of them, the travelers, weary of a day's march, sought recreation around the camp fires.

Here, once again, we see a group of people struggling to survive. Their only opportunity for relief from the hardships of their journey was a few stolen moments before a well-deserved night's sleep.

Almost every wagon train had someone who could fiddle, and square-dancing was popular. Others joined in singalongs, and still others found their relaxation in a quiet smoke, a little gossip and discussions of the next day's travels.

In 1843, one of these early travelers recorded: "It is not yet eight o'clock when the first watch is to be set; the evening meal is just over. Near the river a violin makes lively music, and some youths improvise a dance; in another quarter a flute whispers its lament to the deepening night."

All could relax with the realization they had made it through the day safely. Whether they settled in Oregon, California or somewhere in between, they soon craved the society of other people.

Early settlers created their own amusement. Simple wooden toys, rag dolls, and the hoop and stick have been children's playthings for centuries. Adults socialized by visiting, card-playing, holding cabin and barn raisings, sewing circles, quilting bees and dances. Saturday nights came alive with the sound of the Virginia Reel. Gossip was as much a part of entertainment as dancing and drama. People need people and the early settlers were no exception.

In the wake of the pioneers marched the U. S. Army. They recognized the need to establish military posts and offer protection to the settlers. Enterprising men followed the troops west and established the infamous "hog ranches" beyond the borders of the military reservations. Here they catered to the lonely soldier and provided him with liquor of questionable composition, lascivious ladies, games of chance and social diseases.

In an environment offering few outlets for enjoyment, garrison life allowed an abundance of leisure time for officers and enlisted men alike, so they turned to drinking and gambling for diversion. With the advent of the post canteen, a recreation center offering more wholesome amusements,

the hog ranches gradually went out of business in the early 1890's.

Here, as elsewhere in the west, was found the earliest form of group entertainment: gambling in any form, and drinking.

Ladies were greatly outnumbered by the men at military posts. The few there were introduced an element of refinement that helped relieve the monotony. They engineered special entertainment such as picnics, skating parties and theatricals. Holidays, weddings and christenings were causes for celebration. Officers and enlisted men did not mingle socially. They usually held separate affairs.



In the winter there was a round of card parties and formal dinners. Dances were also frequent, and because women were few in number, they never lacked a partner.

Some forts had their own theater group. In 1852, Fort Leavenworth organized a "Thespian Society", which was profitable enough that the proceeds were used to finance a dance. Members of these amateur theatrical groups had to be quite resourceful. In 1859, Camp Floyd, near Salt Lake City, built a theater, not large, but it met the requirements of the camp. One of the soldier-actors raided the quartermaster's department for supplies of mustard, red pepper, ox blood and whatever else he could find to get colors for the scenery.

The *Sweetwater Mines* of April 4, 1868, reported the formation of a dramatic troupe called "Dunn & Clark's Variety Troupe," at Fort Bridger. They went on to say "something of this kind is wanted in garrison life. It is highly necessary to have some fun and enjoyment to drive away the cares of every day camp life."

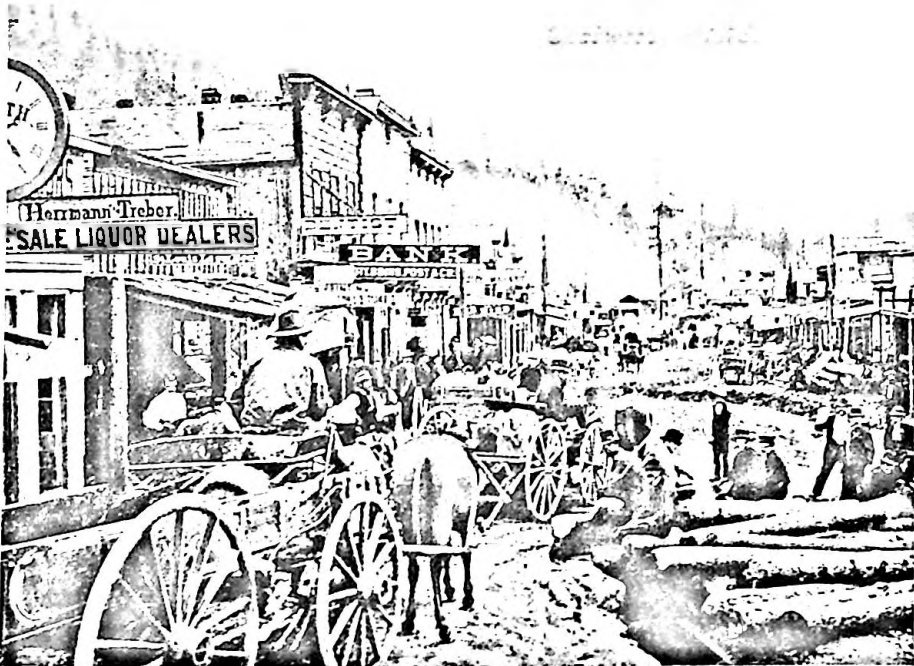
If a post was fortunate enough to have a band, concerts were regularly scheduled. In any event, there was usually a banjo, guitar or harmonica among the men, who sang their favorite songs to pass the lonely nights.

Some posts had small libraries, paid for by money saved on the soldiers' bread rations. The soldiers yearned for news, of any kind, from the outside world. Newspapers and magazines, months old, made the rounds of the garrison until they were in shreds.

Amusements such as these plus hunting, fishing, and athletic competitions took second place to drinking and gambling. The latter two were closely associated. Gambling centered on everything from checkers to horseracing. One trooper wrote in his diary in 1851: "Paymaster arrived yesterday. Paid off the troops. . . . All were interested in playing cards. Money exchanged hands as fast as possible. Up jumped one cursing himself, his parents, his God and his evil fortune. Another that fiendish smile exhibited because he had won his fellow's money. All much engaged. Morning found many still gambling. Lost their sleep and their money."

In 1849, with the news of gold in California, a new wave of adventurers arrived in the west—miners. Mining camps and boom towns sprang up in California and Colorado in the 1850's; in Wyoming and Montana in the 1860's and in the Black Hills and Arizona in the 1870's.

The completion of the trans-continental railroad in 1869 united the entire country. Stage lines connected areas which could not be served



directly by the railroad. By that time, virtually every area of the west, where there were people, was within the reach of professional entertainment.

Where miners settled, enterprising men followed and set up shop, from general stores to banks, and of course, the ever present saloon. In fact, the saloon, together with the world's oldest profession, could probably be considered the first business on the frontier. With the saloon came the first entertainers to cross the plains—the dance hall girls and other female entertainers “who charge an exorbitant sum to show their legs above the knee.” There is no record of when this sort of entertainment first began, but it took place in the saloons and was the forerunner of theater out west. It was not until several years later that legitimate theater separated from the saloon-gambling hall.

For the civilian, the saloon provided the prospector, railroad worker, local entrepreneur, trapper, promoter, freighter, cowboy, bad man and loafer with the same services that the hog ranchers provided the soldiers . . . gambling, booze and women.

In fairness to that institution, the saloon, it should be pointed out that it also offered the resident and transient much more. The early saloon served as meeting place, gambling hall, dance hall, boxing ring, theatre, town hall, court room, restaurant, bank, hospital, museum and information center. Church services were even held in saloons.

The saloon was a “natural” for all of these purposes. Due to the lack of club houses, museums, theatres, libraries or other public places, the saloon was called upon to provide, or at least contribute heavily, to the social, cultural, political and economic life on the frontier.

Those who frequented the saloons were mainly men. There weren't many women on the western frontier during the formative years, and except for those who worked in the saloons, ladies were not accustomed to going into places where there was drinking and gambling.

Such games of chance as Red and Black, Spanish Monte, French Monte, Over and Under Seven, Chuck-a-Luck, High Dice, Faro, Roulette, and Poker were available for any one who had the money and felt the urge. Naturally gambling was profitable for the owners; therefore a good part of the saloon was taken up with gaming tables. A typical early saloon would be somewhere around 40' x 100', of log with canvas roof, and with no glass at the windows. The front end would have tables for gambling; there would be a bar along the side and either a separate room upstairs for dancing and entertainment or, if a one story structure, a small portion to the rear, for musicians, dancers and whatever entertainment was locally available. Light was provided by miner's lamps stuck in the walls or by kerosene lamps.

Towns sprang up, and with them the saloon-gambling hall-variety hall complex. Women were still in the minority on the frontier and many of

them were of questionable reputation. James Chisholm, a reporter for the *Chicago Tribune* wrote of his impressions of the new town of Cheyenne in 1868:

"Our amusements are varied and entertaining. We have a museum, theatre, dance houses, gambling halls, dog fights and man fights—the latter very prevalent, and I think closely allied to the former. Two hundred of the 'fair, but frail,' persuasion occupy quarters here. Take it all in all, it is a very gay place."

Chisholm was in Cheyenne on his way to the gold fields and mining towns of South Pass City, Atlantic City and Miner's Delight. Life at the mining camps was a contrast to Cheyenne. He reported "in the evenings when the day's labors are over, the men engage in a quiet game among themselves, more for amusement apparently than gain."

Chisholm enjoyed his visit to the gold fields. He compared the "quiet life of this mountain camp" to that of Cheyenne when a gambler from Green River visited South Pass City. The sight of the gambler ". . . recalled vividly to my mind a succession of old familiar horrors—the flaring gambling tents—the dance houses—the eternal strumming of old banjoes—the miserable females who have to dance all night till the broad day light, with about as much hilarity as so many prisoners in the tread-mill—the game of Faro—the game of three card Monte—the game of Roulette, Black and White—the hundred and one games too numerous to mention—the perpetual tumult and uproar and din of mingling cries—'all down, all set, make your game—seven of diamond and the red wins'—'Come now boys I only want one more couple for the next set'—quarrels, cursing, drinking and the flash and bang of pistols—shameless pimps, shameless women, broken gamblers, thieves—depravity that flaunts its banner in the broad daylight—such are a few of the memories that haunt the vacant chambers of the brain." About the same time, an 1868 issue of the *Sweetwater Mines* reported "only 22 dance houses running in Cheyenne—each with ten or twelve girls from the seat." Cheyenne's total population was about 2000.

Celebration of the anniversary of American Independence was of concern to the editor of the *Sweetwater Mines* published in South Pass City. He issued a plea for someone to come forth with suggestions. Finally, one citizen volunteered a flag for use on July 4th. Another ran a newspaper notice inviting ". . . his friends and fellow citizens to a lunch and the accompanying beverages, on the occasion of our National Anniversary."

The patience of the entertainment-starved citizenry was sorely tried during the ceremonies, which included the reading of the Declaration of Independence and an impromptu speech by a local judge. According to the newspaper, it was ". . . repleth (sic) in eloquence, imagery, and that beauty of language, which stamped him as a first class orator. The audience were spell-bound for nearly an hour, and their attentive listening showed their just appreciation of one of the most sensible and practical speeches

illustrating the origin, progress and final success of the principles and institutions of our form of government. . . .”

Those hardy souls listened to still another speech before adjourning for lunch. The *Sweetwater Mines* reports that the rest of the day was “. . . quiet and orderly . . . although the firing of anvils, pistols, guns, etc., was kept up during the entire day.” The program in 1869 was similar, with the addition of a grand ball.

Christmas and New Year's Eve on the frontier were celebrated with masked balls, fancy dress balls, fire crackers, raffles, private parties, and a “rough and tumble fight” for a ten dollar purse, and in South Pass City, the deputy postmaster celebrated Christmas by sending up an illuminated balloon.

There were other diversions in mining camps and railroad towns besides holidays and drinking. One saloon advertised a live grizzly, another a cub bear, and still another suggested “all ye unwashed go to the Magnolia and take a look at yourselves in that magnificent \$1,500 mirror behind the long refreshment stand, and our word for it, you'll feel a confounded sight better or worse, either one.”

The manly art of self-defense was also a popular pastime. Professional prize-fighters made the rounds, giving exhibitions and challenging the locals. These usually took place in saloons. An 1868 newspaper account of a prize fight for \$500 included the description of the ring which was “. . . formed by trying the ends of a strong, leather lariat in staples that were driven in the walls, and stretching it across the room, giving them a space between the lariat, bar counter, and music stand of about 18 feet in which to do their fighting.”

The frontier newspapers served to keep their reading public apprised of the latest in amusements, be it a prize fight, a theatrical troupe or a shipment of sheet music at the local store. They encouraged their readers to take advantage of every saloon, beer parlor or “concert hall” in town, describing the speciality of the house in picturesque detail.

“Professor” McDaniels arrived in Cheyenne in October 1867, and by the end of the month he opened a museum where he featured “stereoscopic views.” He was a born showman and realizing the value of publicity used the newspaper to allure customers. Anyone who patronized the bar could see the museum free. In November 1867, following an eclipse this appeared in the *Cheyenne Leader*:

“Astromonical eclipses are of infrequent occurrence, but there is an eclipse taking place on Eddy St., daily and nightly. It is Professor McDaniel's Museum, which eclipses every other place of amusement in town. It is the only legitimate place of amusement in Cheyenne. The more money you invest with the Professor the greater equivalent you receive. He don't believe in the principle of the more 'brads' you lay down the less you take up: not he. Call upon him, imbibe one of those Thomas and Jerrys

etc.—etc., and if not satisfied we pronounce you incorrigible. 'Ye Gods! what nectar the Professor concocts in those little china mugs. Better than the dew on a damsel's lips. Speaking of damsels just step into the Museum and you'll see em, large as life, besides 1,001 other sciences, embracing every known subject. It is an awe-inspiring view." (See cover photo)

Saloons offered a wide variety of entertainment, from local fiddlers to acrobats. The Diana Saloon of Blake St., in Denver, offered Signor Franco, a man who had "a wonderful facility for swallowing scores of small stones the size of large thimbles" and an "eloquent associate who thrusts a sword clear down to his stomach." Though not common, on occasion a female gambler would appear for a few days as a drawing-card.

Occasionally a good singer replaced or supplemented the squawking fiddle or small band of musicians who often had to duck stray bullets. In early Cheyenne 200 masked men went to a dance hall to seek out a desperado. As soon as the patrons of the hall realized what was happening, they began jumping out of the windows and running for the back door . . . all to the tune of the lone fiddler who was perched on a box, too drunk to understand the situation.

The musicians of the Denver Hall, known as the leading "gambling hell" of the 1860's, came up with an ingenious protection. They built a sheet iron cage, when shooting began, they dived behind it and reappeared when it was over.

By 1859 theaters were appearing in addition to the pure saloon-gambling hall. The Mormons brought the love of the theater with them from the east and by the early 1850's they presented drama in its finest form in Salt Lake City. The Social Hall, Salt Lake's social and recreational center, was built in 1853. However, it was not until 1859 that there appeared a building to be called a theater. A few years later, when the Salt Lake Theater was completed, it was considered one of the country's finest theater buildings second only to the Drury Lane theater and one or two others in the east.

The Apollo Hall was Denver's first theater. Although constructed first as a billiards and liquor saloon, two months later, it was converted to a hotel. In October of 1859, rude benches were set up in the upstairs hall and it became Denver's first theater. The owner, Libeus Barney, recorded that 400 people crowded into the candlelit hall, demonstrating "the appreciation of art in this semi-barberous region."

Theater soon became a regular part of saloon life. Between 1859 and 1875, Denver had some sixty theaters, most of which were located in saloons.

Even though "culture" was creeping into Denver night life, one visitor to the city in 1866, later wrote that as he wandered about the hot and dusty streets he felt he was "in a city of demons. Every fifth house appears to be a bar, a whiskey shop, a lager beer saloon; every tenth house appears

to be either a brothel or a gaming house; very often both in one."

The audiences of these early variety hall-theaters were mainly men. There were still very few ladies in frontier settlements and those that were there, unless they worked in saloons, did not frequent them. Therefore, the addition of drama, did not cause them to change this custom.

Frontier theater added a new dimension to the recreational aspect of life on the western frontier. Traveling theatrical troupes were eagerly awaited at military forts and in the mining camps, towns and cities west of the Mississippi. They were popular in the east since the late 17th century and moved west with the frontier. Travel was slow, arduous and often dangerous, but the undaunted actors pushed west by wagon, stagecoach and later by train.

The change from the variety hall theater to legitimate theater was not abrupt. For years there were theaters in saloons and drinking in theaters. However, as the travelling actor and his troupe became more common and a theater season a regular occurrence, special buildings were constructed especially for drama.

By the late 1860's the theater idea was well established. The travelling troupes criss-crossed the country from coast to coast. These troupes were as varied as one could imagine; from minstrels, to Shakespearean companies; Edwin Booth to the Hernandez Juvenile Troupe. Children were very popular among theater audiences. Madame Fanny Hernandez and her husband trained children for their troupe. They arrived in Denver in 1863, performing a series of dancing and pantomimic shows.

There were child acrobats, skaters, and dramatic actors. The Bateman sisters performed Shakespeare; and Lotta Crabtree got her start as a child actress appearing in mining camps.

The early theaters reflected the roughness of the life on the frontier. They were of rough hewn boards, with unfinished benches, canvas windows and roofs. As areas became settled, better theaters were built to accommodate the professional actors which toured the west. The more primitive the area, the more primitive the buildings, but the troupes toured and performed, even in the most remote camps.

Jack Langrishe and his theatrical troupe brought eastern theater to the Rocky Mountains. Lured west by the gold rush of 1859, he lived in Denver off and on for 25 years, while his group toured Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, Utah and Dakota territory. Langrishe literally followed every gold rush. He built legitimate theaters wherever men dug gold. He produced high quality, serious drama and the pioneers loved it.

Together with sets, costumes and stage properties, Langrishe and his troupe of eight traveled west in wagons drawn by mules. For two years, from 1860 to 1862, they played at the Apollo, with a new bill every night. The performances drew capacity crowds and grossed \$300-\$400 a night.

The Apollo Theater seated 350 people on rough log benches. Candles

on the stage and unpainted walls provided the lighting. The pot-bellied stove provided heat for spectators within a ten-foot radius. Anyone outside the cozy circle, kept bundled in fur coats and beaver hats. Admission was a dollar, but gold-dust and vegetables were accepted in payment.

In 1862, Langrische bought the Platte Valley Theater and renamed it The Denver. It was a definite improvement over the Apollo, in several ways. First of all, it was not above a saloon, and it was larger and well-heated with a seating capacity of 1500 people. The 30-foot stage was framed by a handsome proscenium, and the auditorium was decorated with gilded woodwork. Instead of candles, gas lamps served as footlights.

Shakespeare was the most popular playwright; Othello his most frequently performed play. The troupes' repertoire included farce, melodrama and tragedy. Miners especially liked plays with an exotic location and which emphasized romance. Comedies and farces, especially with Irish humor, were used as afterpieces. Popular plays of the day besides those of Shakespeare, were "Oliver Twist," "The Drunkard" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." "The Lady of Lyon" was in demand and "The French Spy" was described as naughty . . . a good leg show. When Adah Isaacs Menken appeared in "Mazeppa" the crowds went wild. Men paid any amount to see her, dressed in pink tights, ride a horse across the stage. In the primitive lighting, the actress looked nude.

Langrische migrated to Montana in 1867 and played the fall and winter seasons for three years at The People's Theater in Virginia City. The accommodations were primitive compared to The Denver. The building was rough and unpainted, with a small stage and rows of unplanned log benches. From Virginia City the troupe went to Helena where "Ten Nights in A Bar Room" was a favorite.

Back in Denver, a new play, "Under the Gaslight" was performed, in 1869, for seven nights to overflow crowds. This was the longest run in Denver's dramatic history. The final scene had the hero tied to the Denver Pacific's railroad tracks and the heroine rescued him moments before the train roared over him. The stage was filled with steam, fire, whistles and bells. This scene became such a favorite with audiences, that it was retained as an afterpiece.

It was impossible to always select the suitable person to play a role. Members of the company had to fill in wherever they were needed, from Hamlet to burlesque. More often than not, casts were a strange mixture indeed. In one play, the three male leads were performed by females. In early theater, it was not uncommon for women to play men and vice versa, or for one person to play several roles, depending on the numbers of each sex in the troupe and the number of parts in a play. Usually leads were played by a person of the proper sex; however, several actresses played male roles.

In 1873, a talented actress, Florence Kent, joined a troupe in Salt

Lake City, which already had a leading lady, Jean Clara Walters. Kent was petite, lovely and talented, so Walters saw an opportunity to realize an ambition to play Romeo. She thought she could show the actors how to make love on the stage. However, she discovered that making love to her own sex was not easy, even for an actress, so she returned to playing female roles.

Theater on the western frontier, although often thought of as bawdy and rowdy, actually offered the finest drama available in the country. Managers of theatrical troupes annually travelled east for the latest scripts of new plays from New York, France and England. Even the most remote mining camp audiences saw the best the theatrical profession had to offer.

As towns grew there was an infinite variety of pastimes, including sleigh rides in the winter and baseball in the summer. Towns organized lyceums where speakers argued such issues as slavery, women's rights and capital punishment. Artemus Ward, Oscar Wilde and Susan B. Anthony were among the regulars. Even P. T. Barnum got into the act with a lecture entitled "How to be Healthy, Happy and Rich."

So it was on the frontier. The evolution of entertainment was seen in every camp, hamlet and town. The amusement-starved pioneers considered legitimate theater the epitome of entertainment. It all began with the "soiled doves" who crossed the plains on the heels of the gamblers. No military post or mining camp was too remote to escape their attention. A hastily constructed lean-to with a plank over two barrels for a bar, a bottle of whiskey and a few tin cups, a deck of cards, a back room with a cot and they were in business.

From these meager beginnings sprang the saloon-gambling hall-variety theater and later the rise of the legitimate theater and opera house.

What entertainment they couldn't buy, they created.

*-Photos courtesy Wyoming State Archives
and Historical Department*

Marion M. Huseas—author of 'Frontier Entertainment'

Mrs. Huseas is Curator of History, Wyoming State Museum, and is responsible for Wyoming's Living History Programs. She holds a B.A. in Anthropology from the University of Wyoming and an M.A. in Anthropology from the University of Arizona. She is the current President of C.A.M.P. and is a member of the Western History Association, American Association for State and Local History, Mountain-Plains Museum Conference and the Cheyenne Corral of the Westerners. When she was not busy she had four children and is a Grandparent with one grandchild.

Active and Reserve Members of the Denver Posse of Westerners

- Robert Akerley, Asst. Curator, Denver Museum of Nat'l Hist., Aurora, collector, Indian artifacts and Western History
- Edwin A. Bathke, Research Scientist, Kaman Sciences, Colorado Springs, Colorado ghost towns, Colorado photographs and literature
- (R) L. Drew Bax, Rancher, Morrison. Collects rare Indian costumes and artifacts
- (H) Edwin A. Bemis, Publisher, Retired, Littleton Independent, Executive Vice President Littleton Area Historical Society.
- John F. Bennett, Lawyer, Bennett, Heinicke, Morrison & Holloway, Colorado Springs. Southwestern Indians, use of Turquoise and Silver
- (R) Fletcher W. Birney, Jr., Investments, Castle Rock, Colorado history before 1859
- Carl F. Blaurock, Dental Manufacturer, Retired, Denver. Photography, Skiing, Mountaineering
- Don Bloch, Rare book dealer, Journalist, Editor, Denver. All fields of history
- Donald E. Bower, Executive Director National Writers Club, Executive Editor (Colorful) Colorado Magazine, Denver. Previously Editor-in-Chief American West Publishing Company. Political history, Indians, Mountain Men
- James F. Bowers, Supervisor Driver Education, Denver Public Schools. Western trails, forts, Indians, abandoned Military Posts
- Richard G. Bowman, Real Estate, Denver. Colorado history, Western art, Wells Fargo Express
- William G. Brenneman, Editor, Denver. Colorado history, magazine and newspaper writings
- (R) Alfred J. Bromfield, President, Retired, Western Fed. Savings & Loan Assn., Denver. Development of Rocky Mountain West
- (R) W. Scott Broome, Chief Engineer, Retired, Colorado & Southern Ry., Denver. Western history, Colorado railroads
- Robert K. Brown, M.D., Physician-Surgeon. Interested in old maps, pioneer doctors
- Robert L. Brown, History teacher Abraham Lincoln High School and University of Colorado, Denver. Author, Lecturer, Photographer, Ghost towns
- (R) Hugh Burnett, Civil Engineer, Colonel U.S. Army, Retired, San Diego. Early settlers, Spanish Plazas of Colorado
- (H) Arthur H. Carhart, Consultant on Natural Resources Conservation, California Author, Western and Natural history
- J. Nevin Carson, Executive, Carsons Inc., Denver. General Western history
- (R) W. Hatfield Chilson, U.S. District Judge, Retired, Denver. History of Western water use
- Henry A. Clausen, Used book dealer, Colorado Springs. Western Americans
- Dabney Otis Collins, Advertising Agency Executive, Retired, Denver. Western history, books, articles
- Robert Consolver, Locksmith, Photographer. Collects old keys and locks
- (R) Glenn L. Daly, Attorney, Denver. Frontier social history
- (R) C. A. Davlin, Director, Lawrence Phipps Foundation, Denver. Western history
- Robert A. Edgerton, University of Colorado Medical Center, Denver. Colorado ghost towns, Central City, Photography

- (R) Erl H. Ellis, Attorney, Denver. President, Westerners International. Colorado maps and toponyms
- (R) Kenneth Englert, Squatter on small tract of land near Poncha Springs, Retired. Ghost towns, collects Indian artifacts, originator of annual World's Championship Buffalo Chip Throwing Contest, Salida, each July 4th
- Thomas Hornsby Ferril, Poet, Essayist, Denver
- George P. Godfrey, U.S. Treasury Department, Retired, Denver. Early books and railroads, Ghost towns, Indian rock art
- Don L. Griswold, Author, Twin Lakes. Student of Colorado history
- (R) Leroy R. Hafen, Professor of History, Retired, Brigham Young University. Author Western History Series
- L. Coulson Hageman, Co-publisher "Colorado's Colorful Characters." American Indians—from Mohawk to Ute, Western illustrator
- David L. Hartman, Exhibit Preparator, Denver Museum of Nat'l Hist., Western Archaeology and History
- Davidson G. Hicks, Denver Post, Journalist, Author, Denver. Colorado history, Western photographs, Tape recordings
- (H) William S. Jackson, Chief Justice Colorado Supreme Court, Retired, Denver. Early Colorado railroads
- (H) Numa L. James, General Advertising Manager, Retired, Rocky Mountain News. Early Colorado church history
- Herbert I. Jones, Retired National Park Service Conservationist. Active in botany, travel, ranching
- Gene Lindberg, Poet, Newspaper Feature Reporter, Retired, Free Lance Writer. Interested in unusual and out of the way Western History
- Ralph E. Livingston, Attorney, Lakewood. Western History
- (R) William E. Marshall, Executive Director State Historical Society of Colorado. Colorado History
- Merrill J. Mattes, Manager Office of Historic Preservation, Denver Service Center, National Park Service, Denver. United States and Western history
- Fred M. Mazzulla, Attorney, Denver. Member National Press Photographers Association, rare Western pictures and recordings
- Ross V. Miller, Jr., History teacher Abraham Lincoln High School Denver. Civil War, American Indians, Weapons collector
- Jack L. Morison, Boys Advisory Place Junior High School; History teacher University of Colorado, Denver. Colorado ghost towns, Railroads, Photography
- (H) Nolie Mumeay, M.D., Physician-Surgeon, Denver. Author, Authority on Western and Denver history
- Robert W. Mutchler, D.D.S., Denver. Ghost towns, Photography, Bottle collecting
- Herbert W. O'Hanlon, English teacher, Aurora. Western railroads, Ghost towns, Old canals 1790-1850, Rocks and minerals, Photography
- Robert L. Perkin, Director of Information Services, Univ. of Colorado at Denver. Writer, Collector
- W. Keith Peterson, Attorney, Denver. Western forts, Fur traders, traders, Explorers and Indians
- Robert S. Pulcifer, Vice President Commercial Loan Dept., First National Bank of Denver. Member Colorado Centennial/Bicentennial Commission. Western history, Photography
- Eugene J. Rakosnik, Book dealer, Denver. Colorado history, Colorado mountains
- Francis B. Rizzari, U.S. Geological Survey, Retired, Denver. Photographs of early Colorado railroads and mining towns
- Richard A. Ronzio, Section Head Hydrometallurgical Dept., AMAX Research and Development Laboratory, Golden. Collects old maps, photographs, railroad passes
- Fred Rosenstock, Book dealer, Publisher, Denver. Specialist in Western Americana
- Charles S. Ryland, Laboratory Sales Manager, Retired Coors Porcelain Company, Golden. Colorado railroad history, Period printer

(R) Peter O. Smythe, Radio-Television, Denver. Western humor, Old coffee pots, stoves, history, relics of early West

Alan J. Stewart, Advertising-Public Relations Counsel, Journalist, Publisher, Denver. Kansas and Colorado history, Spanish American War, Gun collecting

Jackson C. Thode, Chief Budget Officer, D.&R.G.W. R.R., Denver. Colorado railroads, World War II and prior aviation, Photography

Henry W. Toll, Jr. M.D., Pathologist, Attorney. River runner, skier, hiker

William H. VanDuzer, Deputy City Attorney, Denver. Frontier forts, U.S. Cavalry, Civil War, abandoned Military Posts

Herbert P. White, Vice President, Coughlin & Co., Denver. Western livestock and ranching history

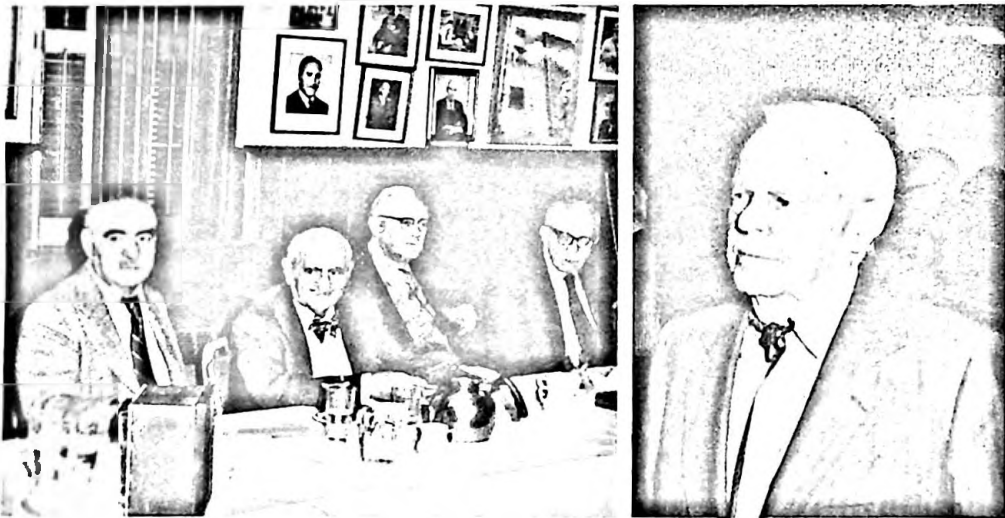
James A. Wier, Major General Medical Corps U.S. Army. Army medical history, frontier army doctors, western forts and campaigns

Lester L. Williams, M.D., Physician-Surgeon, Colorado Springs. History of fire fighting

(R) Indicates Reserve Member

(H) Indicates Honorary Lifetime Reserve Member

A Few Well Known Westerners



At the January meeting the Westerners enjoyed the company of some of the older hands—left to right they are Fred mazzulla, Dr. Nolie Mumey, Dabney O. Collins, Fred Rosenstock and, shown separately, Erl Ellis. They represent well over a century of years as Denver Westerners. They have made more Western History and written about more Western History than most of us could consume. Their company is always a pleasure.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Ticket to Toltec, by Doris B. Osterwald, Western Guideways, P. O. Box 15532, Lakewood, Colorado 80215, 1976, \$4.00

Intended in the sub-title as a mile by mile guide for the Cumbres and Toltec Scenic Railroad. This book goes far beyond that intention and comes up as a real sleeper of outstanding content and quality. Not only does it take one mile by mile west out of Antonito, Colorado, climbing towards the divide at Cumbres Pass, but it does so in such a manner that by the time you reach Chama, New Mexico, you will have been exposed to a series of short courses in railroad operations, history, geology, nature, and topography. Adding to the quality of the excellent text are a complement of well organized and displayed maps and photographs (many taken by the author's husband, Frank W. Osterwald.) It is a book not only for those planning to ride this train, (and for those it's a must) but one that will prove to be a worthwhile addition to your library.

Jack L. Morison, PM

Oregon's Golden Years, by Miles F. Potter, The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho 83605, 170 pgs., photographs, maps & bibliography, \$7.95, paperback

In writing this book, Mr. Potter has done much to balance the scale of Western Gold-rush History that so often seems to weigh only California. He points out the important role played by Oregon Territory in the stampede for the gold fields of the west.

For the true student of the westward expansion of this great country, Mr. Potter's book will lend an important perspective. For the general and casual reader of western history it provides a great store of colorful and interesting information and a wealth of pictures.

Mr. Potter's style is easy to read, though

sometimes extremely detailed. The author is well read and very knowledgeable on his subject. The book is reasonably well referenced throughout and reflects a thorough job of research on Mr. Potter's part. Being a proud third generation Oregonian, he is naturally somewhat biased, but tells his story well.

The author takes Oregon Territory from its earliest recorded beginnings in the early 1840's when settlers trickled into the beautiful Willamette Valley. They were in search of the rich, fertile farmland that would be their new home. He carries through, covering farming, mining and urban development, nearly to the present day.

Anyone who possesses a deep "sense of history" will find this book well worth owning. The pictures alone would be worth the price.

R. D. Consolver, PM

Kansas, The Thirty-Fourth Star, by Nyle H. Miller and the staff of The Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas. No price listed.

Nyle Miller has produced a final salute to his state. The long-time secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society put together this volume during 1976, just prior to his retirement. It is a work of love.

Profusely illustrated in both black and white and color, the book offers several unusual maps as well as many important and not-so-important photographs.

The 152-page volume, done in the large-page (8½ by 12 inches) format provides a capsule history of one of the most important areas involved in America's migration westward. Kansas, both territory and state, has been the crossroads of America for more than a century.

It has been home for such notables as

Wyatt Earp, artist Frederic Remington, basketball's originator James Naismith, Amelia Earhart, President Dwight Eisenhower, editor William Allen White, publisher Arthur Capper, Alf M. Landon, Gen. Fred Funston, Wild Bill Hickok, Buffalo Bill Cody and Boston Corbett, the slayer of John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin. John Brown, a Free-Stater, gained fame here and in a Civil War song.

The book pulsates with such towns as Dodge City, Abilene, Lawrence and Topeka, all of which have special places in our nation's lore. "Kansas" offers glimpses into every type of life in the state, from the aircraft-building center in Wichita to the wide open spaces of the western plains.

The hundreds of photographs exhibit Kansas in history and today, at work and at play.

The cover illustration is of President-elect Abraham Lincoln as he appeared in Philadelphia on Feb. 22, 1861, to raise the flag of the United States bearing a 34th star.

Old maps are printed inside the front and back covers. The front map shows "Luigiana," the Italian name for the vast territory for which Kansas would be carved. The back map shows an 1860s map of Kansas, Colorado and Nebraska.

Congratulations are in order for all those who helped in the gathering of information and the assembling of this volume. Especially, our hats are off to Nyle Miller.

Dave Hicks, PM

New Hands on the Denver Range

Morgan Benedict, Longmont, Western History.

Ray Krugg, DDS., Englewood, writes about Western history, Colorado mining towns and railroads.

Don Rickey, Jr., Evergreen, author 'Forty Miles a Day on Beans and Hay', interested in Indians and Cavalry.

Robert Wright, Littleton, photography, American Bison, collects antique cameras.

In Memoriam

Muriel Sibell Wolle, noted author, artist and Professor. Chairman of the Univ. of Colorado School of Fine Arts. Wrote six books on Western History. Recipient of the 1975 Governors Award for Arts and Humanities.

LeRoy Boyd, a CM of the Denver Posse, had a continuing interest in Western History, collected the Westerners Brand Book.

Over the Corral Rail (Cont.)

The Chuck Wrangler is requesting that you either get a card to him, or call, to make dinner reservations—or don't eat. Bob Akерley is this year's Christian to be fed to the Press Club Lions and he is not happy about the scars in his saddle-pad. Call Bob at the Denver Museum, telephone 297-3964, or at home, telephone 364-6396, or send a card to 2281 Havana St., Aurora, Colorado, 80010. Also, try to let him know if you must cancel. Please note Corresponding Members that

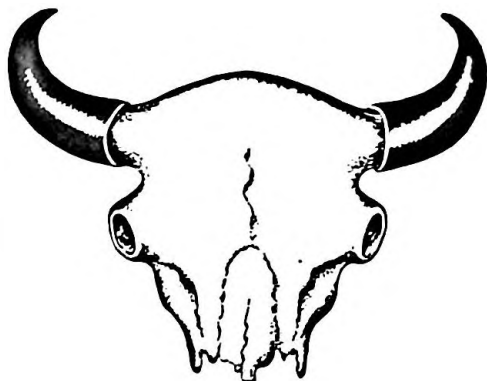
you are invited to every meeting, even without an announcement post card, but you must make a reservation. Meetings are held the fourth Wednesday of the month.

To update the mailing lists and learn of changes in employment and interests would every member sending in a reservation write his address, telephone number, special interests and profession on the card? Rizzari has been retired from Coors for 32 years and still is listed as a full time employee.

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

MARCH/APRIL 1977
Volume XXXIII, No. 2



Drawing of the Actual Campsite
by John A. Randolph, for Harpers Weekly
August, 1874

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

This issue contains papers on two of Colorado's more well known topics—Alferd Packer and the local Hell-holes. One would get the impression that this group has some strange and insatiable tastes. Tastes all dealing with, or in, human flesh. Any one who knows us knows that this is not really so. Perhaps an insatiable taste on a level to stimulate the intellect.

Our congratulations and hopes for success have to go to Gene Rakosnik who has recently opened a book store, called Chapter One, at 1644 Welton Street. With success there perhaps Gene will open Chapters 2, 3 and 4 and so on . . .

Having an interest in history and writing articles for the enjoyment of others can sometimes have far reaching effects. Francis Rizzari recently received a request for a copy of a paper he gave to the Westerners in 1949 on the Ghost Town of Bowerman. The request was from Mrs. Biays Shannon Bowerman who claims she is related to the founder of Bowerman. It is said the mail is slow but for a request to come in 30 years later! Watch what you say authors, someone may read it.

The Barr Lake Recreation Area has officially opened. This is perfect example of what can be done to create a community resource from what was a community eyesore. Perhaps this will be a prototype for other areas—like the South Platte River.

One of the Posse Members, Robert L. Perkin, has been elected to the Board of Directors of the Central Colorado Library System. This is a resource sharing agency coordinating information services to area residents from 17 local libraries including the Denver Public Library. Mr. Perkin is also on the D.P.L. Commission.

A note of condolence goes to our Sheriff, Bill Van Duzer, whose Mother passed away and to Norm Page whose wife also passed on.

Later on this summer we are looking forward to two programs that will be super. June is being hosted by Nolie Mumie and August will be at the Fort with Jim Wier. Both should be terrific entertainment. Talk-

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

Vol. XXXIII

March/
April

Number 2

1977

The ROUNDUP is published bimonthly by the Denver Posse of The Westerners. Subscription, \$9.00 per year to members. Entered as second-class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office, P. O. Box 990, Boulder, Colorado 80302. Westerners' office, 828 17th St., Denver CO 80202. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

© 1977 by The Westerners, Inc., a Colorado corporation.

USE THESE ADDRESSES FOR:**Correspondence and Remittance**

Dr. Henry W. Toll, Jr.
620 Boston Bldg.
828 17th Street
Denver, CO 80202

Material for The Roundup

David L. Hartman, 13492 N. Delphi Dr., Littleton, Colo. 80124

Reservations for Meetings and Dinners

Robert Akerley, 2281 Havana St., Aurora, Colo. 80010

Book Reviews

Ralph E. Livingston, 245 W. 12th Ave., Denver, Colo. 80204

1977 OFFICERS

Sheriff: W. H. Van Duzer

Deputy Sheriff: Ross V. Miller, Jr.

Roundup Foreman: Charles S. Ryland

Tally Man: Dr. Henry W. Toll, Jr.

Registrar of Marks & Brands: D. L. Hartman

Chuck Wrangler: Robert Akerley

Membership Chairman: Richard A. Ronzio

Publications Chairman: Donald E. Bower

Program Chairman: Ross V. Miller, Jr.

Book Review Chairman: Ralph E. Livingston

THE SAGA OF ALFERD PACKER

Presented to the Denver Posse of Westerners on:
Wednesday, February 23, 1977

by Ralph E. Livingston

In the fall of 1873, a group of twenty men were camped on the outskirts of Salt Lake City. Some were living in a boardinghouse, others were living in tents and lean-to's beside a nearby horse corral. Eight of this group were miners and twelve were prospectors. Prospectors differ from miners in that their vocation is searching for and finding veins of gold, and not mining it. Miners usually remain in one location as long as they are employed, while prospectors were transient in nature, and were constantly moving. They were the nomads of the mountain west. Each day this group became more excited as they read the Salt Lake Tribune's accounts of the rich gold finds in the mountains of Colorado.

As this group was preparing to embark on an expedition to Colorado, a stranger visited the camp and expressed a desire to accompany them. He made friends with a George Tracy and Bob McGrew—two members of the party, and they agreed to his joining the party. His name was Alferd Packer.

Taking a course south by southeast, the party left Salt Lake City with the slogan "Summit or Bust," and began a journey that would bring wealth to none of them, death to some of them, and suffering, hardship, and hunger to many of them. Several weary weeks were spent traveling to the Green River, and here disaster struck for the first time when the raft they built to cross the River collapsed, dumping most of their supplies and extra clothing into the icy waters of the Green River.

Recovering what few supplies they could from the River, the party continued the journey on toward the mountains to the east. On the sixteenth day of travel, they saw far to the south the outline of a majestic mountain peak which they learned later was the Uncompahgre. On the eighteenth day they encountered two wagons going in their general direction, and after two days' travel with the wagons, they camped near the site where Grand Junction, Colorado now stands.

While camped and resting here the party was visited by three Ute Indians who informed them they were in Chief Ouray's territory. The

Indians were friendly as Utes almost always were. The three braves informed them they were but three short sleeps from Ouray's camp. Three short sleeps meant three long days to Chief Ouray's camp. Upon their arrival at Ouray's camp, which was located near the present location of Montros, they were received warmly by this noble Chief who did his utmost to make them comfortable and to let them know they had a winter home. After about two weeks of recuperation and rest, some of the prospectors in the party began talking of pushing into the Rockies to the east and south.

Chief Ouray employed every method within his great knowledge to discourage any of the party from pushing into the mountains. Ouray reasoned with the group that no one could survive in those mountains during the winter months, and it would be sheer folly for any of this party to attempt such a venture because they were without food and adequate clothing. He told the group that if they did attempt this foolhardy venture, when summer returned again his braves would find their bones baking in the sun.

Ouray told them of another similar expedition about the year of 1855 that led to disaster and death for all the members that had attempted to cross the San Juans during the winter months. Chief Ouray, like most Indians, did not understand the white man's greed for gold. The great Chief's wisdom and logic fell on deaf ears for the most part, and eleven of the party continued to talk and make plans to move onward to the mountain ranges.

During this stay at Ouray's camp, dissension arose among the members of the party and bitter enmity against Packer harbored by some members of the party surfaced for the first time. One evening Packer suffered a seizure of epilepsy and fell into a fire. Three members of the party refused to pull his limp body from the flames, or render any assistance. About ten days after this incident, eleven of the prospectors of the party definitely decided to depart from Ouray's camp and began the journey to the east. Apparently the eleven men were in two groups. Four men followed the leadership of one O. D. Loutsenhizer, making a party of five, and the other group of five men seemed to be under the leadership of Packer, making a party of six. The day before the time of departure, Loutsenhizer and Packer engaged in a heated bitter exchange of words and the Packer group decided to remain at Ouray's camp while Loutsenhizer and his four companions left on schedule and began their journey eastward. This small party was made up of O. D. Loutsenhizer, Mike Burk, George Driver, and two brothers, Issac and Tom Walker.

Chief Ouray gave the party what food could be spared and valuable instructions to not lose sight of the Gunnison River. Eventually they would arrive at a Cow Camp where they could obtain sufficient food before starting the last leg of the journey over Cochatopa Pass to the eastern

side of the Rockies. The Cow Camp was located at the present site of Gunnison, Colorado.

No exact date can be established for the departure of Loutsenhizer and his four companions from Ouray's camp near Montrose, but the best estimates place the date of departure on or near December 5, 1873.

The first two days of the journey were gratifying to the little party because the weather was mild and they were traveling much easier than they had anticipated. Shortly after midday on the third day, a ground blizzard struck with hellish fury. It was one of the most savage storms ever witnessed in that region, and it persisted in its ruthless attack for nearly five weeks. Chief Ouray's prediction of a long and cruel winter was coming true. Loutsenhizer, the leader of this little party, had a deep respect for the Indian Chief Ouray's wisdom. They followed his instructions with the deepest faith. Their travel now had become dangerously slow. The cold had become so unbearable. The blizzard raged on and they were exhausting their rations daily. All realized they would soon be without food. They encountered a coyote feasting on a sheep shank. The coyote was promptly killed and dressed and a portion served up for the evening meal—their first meal in seven days. The coyote and the shank were to provide five days' rations.

They pushed on for three more days and decided to rest in a campsite by the Gunnison River, where the valley had begun to widen. This campsite was located about two miles down-stream and west of the Cow camp, and the present site of Gunnison. On one page of a diary kept by one member of the party was a single entry:

“The Beginning of the End.

December 23, 1873”

On the 30th day of December, 1873, Loutsenhizer and a companion, on a scouting venture, arrived at the Cow Camp starving and in a semi-conscious state. For two hours after their arrival at the warm cabin of the camp, their conversations were incoherent. At last they were able to tell some of the details of their gruesome journey, and that three companions were starving in a camp down the River. The thoughts and smell of cooked food seemed to be repulsive to them both. They had more concern for the welfare of their companions back at the camp than their own comfort. A sled was quickly loaded with food, blankets and a tent and hastily dispatched to the assistance of the three stranded men camped in the willows on the bank of the Gunnison River.

When the relief party arrived they found a pitiful and tragic scene. One member of the party was hovering in his blankets to keep warm, and another was sitting near a fire that was nearly out. The third was standing nearby holding the coyote's head in his hands. His expressions and gestures were childish, but something within that collapsed mentality made

him realize that the flesh on that coyote head was the last barrier between him and death by starvation.



Starving Prospectors on the Gunnison River
December 30, 1873

The entire party was kept at the Gunnison Cow camp until they were completely recovered from their ordeal on the trail, staying nine weeks. In mid-March, 1874, they began the second phase of the journey up the Cochetapa to the Los Pinos Indian Agency, then over Cochetapa Pass to Saguache, the eastern gateway to the San Juans.

Probably between December 15 and December 20, 1873, Packer and Israel Swan, Frank Miller, George Noon, James Humphrey and Shannon Wilson Bell departed from Chief Ouray's camp at Montrose, following a course east by south. They started for the Cow camp located at Gunnison. Their goal: to cross the range of mountains by way of Cochetopa Pass to the eastern side of the range.

Packer and his party followed nearly the same trail that Loutsenhizer and his four companions had taken approximately a fortnight before, traveling through a ground blizzard in an easterly direction parallel with the Gunnison River. The snow grew deeper and the storm raged day and night for two weeks. The exact amount of food that the party carried is unknown, but the indication is that they had about two weeks' supply of food, or what was estimated as a sufficient amount to last until they reached the Gunnison Cow camp.

No member of the group was familiar with the winters in the Colorado

mountains. None of them was equipped to travel in such deep snow and none were properly clothed for the sub-zero temperatures they encountered. Their progress was exceedingly slow and tiring, their food supply was becoming exhausted, the savage storm continued, and amid these mounting omens of doom they discovered they had no more matches and must carry live coals from camp to camp in their coffee pot. They continued eastward and contrary to some of Packer's published statements, they crossed the Lake Fork of the Gunnison and continued on eastward, until they arrived at a point about one mile east of the site where the village of Iola was later located. Here where the valley of the Gunnison narrows to a rocky canyon, a fatal decision was made.

The canyon of the Gunnison looked awesome and frightening, while to their right or south the terrain sloped gently upward and seemed more inviting to travel. This was the general direction of the Los Pinas agency, so they believed. They apparently believed they had missed the Cow camp or it no longer existed. At this point the little party of six lost and weary men began a journey southward—a journey that led them to the San Juans. The party traveled southward until they came to the stream known as Cebolla Creek. They followed this Creek upstream to the place where the stream takes an eastward turn. Here they left the Cebolla Creek and turned south by southwest, following the tops of the ridges wherever possible because the snow was more shallow than in the bottom lands and valleys below.

They passed east of and near Tolvar Peak. Bearing slightly southwest, they passed Cap Mountain on the west side and traveled atop the ridges between and west of Indian Creek and east of Trout Creek. They ascended Calf Creek Plateau probably about midway between the head of Trout Creek and the head of the west fork of the Powderhorn Creek. At this point, their elevation was nearing twelve thousand feet. Packer speaks of the party coming to a lake where they hoped to catch fish or find some snails, but their efforts were met with failure. This lake was probably one of the Powderhorn lakes—probably the west and larger one. They crossed Calf Creek Plateau on the northwesterly side. Traveling in a southwesterly direction they passed Devil's Creek and began climbing the twelve thousand five-hundred foot mountain that was later to be known as Cannibal Plateau.

At last, after a slow and tiring day of travel through the snow, camp was made and a fire was kindled from the live coals they were carrying in the coffee pot. All attempted to warm their freezing bodies before they rolled up in their blankets for warmth and sleep. They had been without food for five days, except for a few rosebuds they found protruding from the snow beside the trail.

What happened the next day in that snow-bound, make-shift camp on that isolated mountain will be controversial and debatable until the end of time. The exact events and their causes will never be definitely known, and

nothing lends itself more to speculation and appraisal than the sanity of the sole survivor of that regrettable event that happened that cold and stormy winter day of late January in the year of 1874. No one investigated or considered his sanity on that fatal day, or his sanity during the months and years to follow.

Packer's version of the happenings that day, if he realized and knew, and if he could recall, were briefly as follows:

"All the men were crying and one of them was crazy. Swan asked me to go up and see if I could not see something from the mountains. I took a gun and went up the hill, found a big rose bush with buds sticking through the snow, but could see nothing but snow all around. I had been kind of a guide to them but did not know the mountains from that side. When I came back to camp after being gone nearly all day, I found the red-headed man Bell, who acted crazy in the morning, sitting near the fire roasting a piece of meat which he had cut out of the leg of the German butcher, Miller. The latter's body was lying the furthest from the fire. Downstream the skull was crushed with a hatchet. The other three men were lying near the fire. They were cut in the forehead with the hatchet. Some had two, some had three cuts. I came within a rod of the fire. When the man saw me he got up with his hatchet towards me. When I shot him sideways through the belly, he fell on his face. The hatchet fell forward. I grabbed it and hit him on top of the head with it."

The most logical and realistic theory of the happening of that day was made by those who visited the site, and it should be remembered that this theory is pure speculation and is based on the positions and conditions of the bodies, and several remarks Packer made when off-guard. The most acceptable concept of the events of that day are as follows.

Snow had been falling since the day before. All members gathered around the fire to warm themselves. That morning, somewhere around midday, they began returning to their bedrolls to sleep and keep warm. Bell, the strongest and largest member of the group, left the camp about midday. During his absence, Packer, who had remained near the fire and not returned to his bed, took the lives of Israel Swan, Frank Miller, George Noon, and James Humphrey, while they lay in their beds, using a short-handled ax to yield a death blow to each. Bell returned to camp in late afternoon. He and Packer were by no means friends. When Bell entered the camp, Packer, without warning, shot the unsuspecting Bell in the midsection and then prepared to administer the Coup de Grace with the ax. Though he was starving and mortally wounded, Bell fought for his life with the ferociousness of a wounded lion. Very soon it was all over, and during the struggle, Bell's head was severed from his body completely. A

grim silence must have hovered over the camp site that night as Packer roasted the meat over the fire—the meat which he had cut from Miller's leg and prepared his first meal in days.

Packer remained at this campsite until shortly after the first of April, 1874. The snow began to crust, making travel easy until midday, and sometimes all day. Early one morning with a supply of human flesh, his bed roll, a Winchester rifle and the coffee pot full of live coals, he departed from the camp going due east for no other reason than the compatibility of the terrain for travel. He no doubt followed the ridge of Devil's Canyon southeast, finally turning east.

Packer arrived at the Los Pinas Agency on or about April 16, 1874. Upon his arrival at the Agency he told the Agency officials, including General Adams, that he had come from the Uncompahgre and he had been living on berries, buds and roots for weeks. He stated he had become sick and his five companions had abandoned him and left him to die. A Ute Indian who was employed by the Agency told General Adams, "White man lie, been eating much, too damn fat."

Packer's first request was not for food, but whiskey, which caused some comment at the Agency. General Adams questioned him about the probable fate of his companions that he said had abandoned him on the Uncompahgre. Packer's off-hand reply was that they had probably made their way to the Rio Grande. Packer remained at the Agency for six days. The day before his departure he sold the rifle for ten dollars, saying he was without funds. Packer arrived in Saguache on or about April 23, 1874. He immediately embarked on a drinking spree. He was, at times, quarrelsome and pugnacious, and he often made disparaging and slurring remarks about his former five companions—especially Bell.

During this period, several members of Packer's original party had arrived in Saguache. They quickly noted that when he left Ouray's camp he was totally without funds. In addition, Packer had several personal items that had belonged to the other members of his party. Suspicions began to grow as the members of the original party arrived. Soon Packer was accused of foul play and returned to the Los Pinos Agency where he was confronted by General Adams. Packer then made the first of several confessions or sworn statements of the events of that fatal expedition. The essence of the statements have been set forth earlier. Finally it was suggested that Packer lead an expedition back to the camp site in the San Juans.

The expedition journeyed to the San Juans with Packer serving as guide. After a painstaking search without results the venture was abandoned and the party returned to the Los Pinos Agency and Packer was placed under arrest and turned over to Sheriff Amos Wall of Saguache. Sheriff Wall lived on a ranch near the town, and since Saguache had no jail, the Sheriff took Packer to the ranch, ironed him and placed him in a cabin.

He requested the services of a regular and full-time guard which was refused. Several days after Packer's arrival at the ranch, it became necessary for Sheriff Wall to go to Del Norte. An eighteen year old boy (a dishwasher), by the name of Grimes was left to guard Packer. The following night he escaped.

Packer's only recorded statement of the affair is this:

"When I was at the Sheriff's cabin in Saguache, I was passed a key made out of a pen knife blade with which I unlocked the irons about my feet and hands. I went to the Arkansas and worked all summer for John Gill, eighteen miles below Pueblo, then went to Arizona."

At this point, an examination of the few facts known of the personality, character and habits of Packer is appropriate.

The man was often impetuous, hasty and foolhardy. he was neither friendly nor congenial, but quiet and withdrawn. He was not familiar with the Colorado mountains as he claimed to be. He and his five companions believed they could survive the cold winter in those elements despite the Indians' warning to the contrary. Neither he nor his companions were familiar with the habits of wild game, a plentiful source of food in that region. A sound knowledge of this aspect might have avoided disaster. If he was mad for gold, consider the five men who accompanied him. Not one of them turned back—none of the five made any suggestion that prevailed and changed the course of the little party that trudged onward each day through the ever deepening snow to its doom. Not Packer alone, but all six men, as well as the other five who had preceded them a week earlier, had chosen to disregard the wise and sound advice of the Indians that they not attempt this journey during the winter months. Packer, in effect, was the party's guide. All six must have realized they were lost, and the entire party must have sensed the impending disaster if they continued on their uncharted course into that winter storm. It was a joint venture, where each was in search of wealth and personal gain. The stakes were high and fabulous. The odds were slim and final.

Alferd Packer was born in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania November 11, 1842. He spent his early years as an apprentice harnessmaker. He entered the Union Army at the age of nineteen years, served in the 16th Regiment of the United States Infantry from April 22, 1862 until December 29, 1862. He was given a medical discharge because he was an epileptic.

He spent several years on the plains of Idaho, Wyoming, the Dakotas and New Mexico before coming to Colorado. He was a trapper, working on the St. Vrain River, Big Thompson River and Breckenridge. He worked in mines at Breckenridge, Tarryall, and Fairplay. Leaving Colorado about 1870 he went to Arizona then to Idaho again. He then moved on to Utah

working at Bighorn Canyon. He became ill from lead dust and went to Salt Lake City. After several months, he joined the expedition going to Colorado's San Juans.

When interviewed in the Lake City jail, a reporter wrote this of him:

"We found him a somewhat different appearing man than we had expected to see or than he had been pictured. We confess we did not see that 'fiendish look' or discover 'nature's mark of a murderer, fiend, or ghoul' which the enterprising reporters of Denver press tell us he carries in his face. On the contrary, he has a pleasant face and a mild gray eye—the latter not 'deep set' and 'gleaming with hate' as they have been pictured. He is in fact rather a mild looking and mild mannered person. His height is, we judge, about 5 feet 10½ or 11 inches; weight probably 160 pounds. He says he is 33 years of age, and was therefore 23 years old when the affair occurred for which he is to be tried for his life."

Henry "Grandpa" Hirdman, who had talked with him on numerous occasions, had a different impression. His appraisal of Packer was brief and brutal: "He looked like a mean son-of-a-bitch to me."

The will to survive is the strongest instinct present in all living creatures, and the two main ingredients that activate this instinct are hunger and fear. When these two elements are present in humans in an extreme degree for a period of time a deadly, lethal madness will follow. The combination of freezing cold and extreme hunger for a long period of time is devastating to the human mind and body. Other somewhat similar tragedies have shown that the breaking point of each individual varies as to time. Each differs from the others and some withstand the gruelling torture longer than others, but in the end, an intense, extreme and animal-like madness overtakes them all.

Returning to that make-shift campsite in the San Juans, at what point did intense fear and gnawing hunger, combined with the will to survive, overcome all logic and reasoning and blot out the consequences of the ghoulish scheme forming in that vagabond's troubled mind?

No one can ever imagine the hopelessness, fear and utter despair that must have gripped the minds of those six cold and starving men as they realized that death was prepared to embrace them all. Did destiny imply Packer's deeds as acts of mercy or were they a ruthless slaughter? Was this a ghoulish monster in human form? Or a depraved man fighting for his life—a cold and starving wretch broken by suffering and anguish which caused him to become hopelessly insane?

It is now nearly nine years since Packer had escaped from the cabin on Sheriff Amos Wall's ranch near Saguache. Packer was still a favorite topic of conversation in the San Juan country and the legend of Packer continued to

grow even though he had disappeared completely.

One of the members of that party which included Packer, that had journeyed together from Salt Lake to Ouray's camp at Montrose was a Jeon "Frenchy" Cabazon. Cabazon had left the San Juan country after two years and became a drummer and peddler in the Wyoming territory around Casper and Cheyenne and the surrounding ranching and mining areas. On March 12, 1883, he spent the night in a road house called "John Brown's Road Ranch." Sometime after he retired for the night, he was awakened by a conversation between one of the "girls" and a male customer in the adjoining room. Cabazon's blood ran cold. That strange, peculiar voice could only belong to one person—Alferd Packer. The next morning he met a John Swartz at breakfast. He immediately recognized Swartz as Packer. That very strange and unusual voice and the first and fourth fingers missing on the left hand. Cabazon lost no time going to the authorities, and on March 15, 1883, Sheriff Malcolm Campbell and his brother, Dan, arrested Packer, who was unarmed at the time, near Ft. Fetterman, Wyoming. The nine year pursuit had ended. The Lake City press, with blazing headlines, announced the capture of Alferd Packer—"the man-eater." Hinsdale County Sheriff Clair Smith left immediately for the Wyoming territory to take custody of Packer and return him to Lake City to stand trial. Packer was lodged in the steel jail at Gunnison for safekeeping while Lake City prepared to bring him to a speedy trial. Packer arrived in Lake City on March 29, 1883, at the hour of 11:00 o'clock P.M. The late hour was calculated to avoid drawing attention to his arrival. Eight days later, he would be indicted for murder.

During his early nine year absence from the area, a great change had come to those isolated mountains that Packer had once known briefly. The booming mining camp of Lake City had come into being and was within walking distance of that fatal campsite. The region was no longer a territory, but in the firm grasp and control of the white man.

During the April Judicial term, 1883, five separate indictments were returned against Packer charging him with the murders of Israel Swan, Shannon Wilson Bell, Frank Miller, George Noon and James Humphrey. The Swan indictment was filed April 6, 1883, the other four the following day, April 7. His trial was begun two days later, on April 9, 1883. On April 13, the jury returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. On the same day the Court sentenced the defendant to be hanged on May 19, 1883.

Packer was prosecuted by J. C. Bell and J. Warner Mills of Lake City. J. Warner Mills was later to become one of Colorado's most eminent jurists and the author of "Mill's Colorado Statutes Annotated."

The Judge was Melville B. Gerry.

On April 13th, the jury returned a verdict of guilty of first degree murder. This verdict was reached by the jury on the second ballot. The first

ballot was eleven for conviction one for acquittal. As Clarence Darrow so often remarked, "There's always that one man." Judge Gerry asked Packer if he had any reason to offer why the sentence of the Court should not be pronounced. Packer's simple reply was, "I don't feel guilty of the act I am charged with, that is all."

The judge read his prepared statement saying in part . . .

. . . "Alferd Packer, the judgment of this court is that you be removed from hence to the jail at Hinsdale County and be there confined until the 19th day of May, A. D., 1883, and that on said 19th day of May, A. D., 1883, you be hung by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead, and may God have mercy upon your soul."

One of the local wags, claimed by many to be named Larry Dolon, who had attended the trial during brief intervals between "braces" at the bar of a nearby saloon, was present in the courtroom when Judge Gerry passed sentence. When the Judge had barely finished, this wag took leave from the courtroom and rushed back to the crowded saloon. He burst in and made this announcement:

"Packer is going to hang. Pointing his finger at him the Judge said Alferd Packer, stand up, you vicious man-eating son-of-a-bitch, stand up. There was seven Democrats in Hinsdale County and ye ate five of them. God damn ye, I sentence you to hang by the neck till you're dead, dead, dead, as a warning against reducing the Democratic population of the State."

Early in the month of May 1883, a certain excitement came over the town. Community events were planned, there would be games, picnics, buggy trips, and other social affairs. May 19th fell on a Saturday. Most of the mills and mines planned a two-day holiday or weekend. With feverish anticipation, Lake City made ready for its most important event. The hanging of Alferd Packer.

Then, without any warning whatsoever, on May 11, 1883 the Colorado Supreme Court reversed the Packer conviction with three others charged with murder. On May 12, 1883, one of Lake City's newspapers, the Silver World, carried this headline:

"PACKER GOES FREE!

By Decision of the Supreme Court

WHAT NEXT!!

Special to Silver World.
DENVER, COLO., May 11.

The Supreme Court decided today that the Criminal Acts of the Statutes of Colorado are unconstitutional. This releases four murderers, including Packer."

Lake City and Hinsdale County were stunned by the sudden and unexpected news that came from Denver that day. The news was taken with disappointment and humiliation which quickly turned to anger. Lake City's chagrin knew no bounds.

Packer's offense was perpetrated almost three years before Colorado became a State (almost three years before the Seventh Judicial District and Hinsdale County were created and came into existence). By legislative act of March 1881, the State Legislature repealed the sections of the Criminal Code prescribing punishment for murder and did not enact a saving clause. The stark reality is that Judge Gerry had no more jurisdiction to try Packer on a murder charge than he would have had over Adam and Eve and that sexy snake.

Packer went on trial for manslaughter in the July term of court, 1886, at Gunnison. The trial began August 2, 1886. He was found guilty of five counts of Manslaughter on August 4. Judge Harrison then sentenced Packer to Canon City for a continuous term of forty years.

Packer entered the State prison at Canon City on August 7, 1886. The Packer matter reached the Supreme Court five times. The last occasion was June 19, 1899, reported in 26 Colorado Reports 306.

During this period, Packer was a model prisoner. He received no demerits and had little association with other prisoners. He worked industriously at his prison job and he made leather goods which were sold from the prison gift shop. He obeyed all prison rules and continued to use every means available in an attempt to gain his freedom. Then a reporter from the powerful *Denver Post* became interested in the case—Polly Pry was her name. The *Post* launched a campaign to free Packer. Charles S. Thomas, Governor of Colorado, stated publicly he would not pardon Packer under any circumstances. Polly Pry then went to the offices of the State Parole Board and copied the records of many who had received pardons from Governor Thomas. Many of these were serving terms for rape and murder. The *Denver Post* then opened the bombardment, and after each case history of those receiving executive clemency, asked the question, "Why not Packer?"

The Governor quickly yielded under the attack and on January 7, 1901, granted Packer a conditional pardon.

Officially, when Colorado granted Packer a pardon, they claimed him as their own, for one of the conditions of the revocable pardon was that Packer be confined within the limits of the State boundaries. On January

10, 1901, Packer received a suit of civilian clothes. His prison savings of \$400.00 and a train ticket to Denver. Packer rented a cheap room on Market Street and soon thereafter, paid a visit to the *Denver Post*. Needless to say, he was quite an attraction wherever he went. He received several offers to open cigar stands in various office buildings and these he rejected. He spent much time around the *Denver Post* offices. He moved to Sheridan, a small town southwest of Denver and lived there for about fourteen months. He then moved to Littleton. He lived in a shack-like house on one-half acre of ground. He prospected in the mountains west of Littleton during the summer months. His deep love for children was apparent, for each trip to town he made sure that he purchased an adequate amount of candy. He spent hours telling them stories about bears, lions, and about Indians. About the 20th of July, 1906, he suffered an attack of epilepsy which apparently matured into a massive stroke. He was taken to the home of a Mrs. Van Alstine, a widow, by her son-in-law, Charles Cash, a game warden. Packer was irrational for months.

On April 23, 1907, at 6:50 P. M., Alferd Packer died in his sleep. Mrs. Van Alstine told of his final hours:

“His face changed, a light came into it, and it looked like a field looks when the grass moves in the wind and the sun comes out from behind the clouds. He lay in bed all afternoon smiling, smiling, smiling like a child that dreams in its sleep. He never smiled much before.”

Alferd Packer, Colorado's most infamous citizen, was laid to rest in the Littleton Cemetery April 24, 1907. The Grand Army of the Republic, a Civil War veteran's group, officiating. This marked the end of an era. This was the end of a chapter of Colorado's colorful history. Alferd Packer was now a part of that fascinating and glamorous past.

About the Author

Ralph E. Livingston was born in Lake City, Colorado and grew up in Colorado's high country. He worked hard rock mines while in law school, graduating from Westminster Law School. Ralph is an Attorney, living and working in Denver.

THE PARLOR HOUSES, SALOONS AND GAMBLING HOUSES OF DENVER

Presented to the Denver Posse of the Westerners on:
Wednesday, January 26, 1977

by Bill Wells

Being both a historian and a recent newcomer to Colorado creates some interesting problems. As opposed to the natives and near-natives of the State, I have had to learn where the cities of Creede, Leadville and Central City are located. I have had to spend considerable time learning the streets of Denver and tracking down which streets were E, F, and McGaa. And yes, it was just a week ago that I learned that the concubine is the Colorado State Flower.

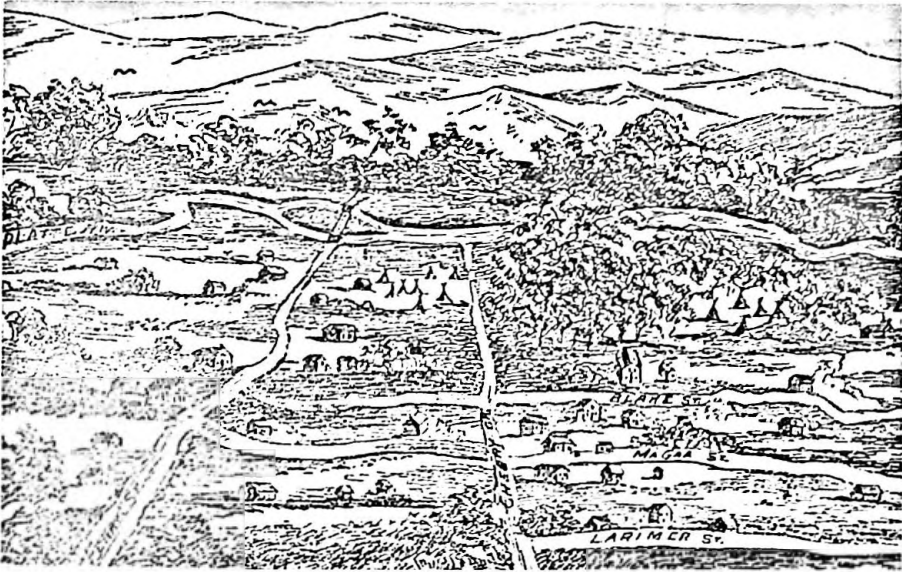
But with the help of Fred Mazzulla and the many publications on Denver, Colorado and Western history, it wasn't long before the Western fever acme upon me. In addition to talking with numerous people and reading my humble library, I found myself excavating around old Denver structures, collecting items of historical value and negotiating with businessmen to save historical structures.

Becoming more confident about my knowledge of Denver history, I believed that I was ready to answer a question put to me by Fred Mazzulla one day. "What is this drawing of?" he asked. Recognizing Larmier, McGaa and Blake Streets, I responded accurately with all the possibilities: "It could have been St. Charles or Denver City on the north of Cherry Creek and *Auraria* on the south."

"No," he responded, "it is *Coraville*, Kansas Territory in 1859." To substantiate the fact, he produced a copy of a letter postmarked *Coraville* K.T. in June of 1859 and copies of Denver City, *Auraria* and *Coraville*, K.T. postmarks. Certainly the drawing did differ from the more commonly known colored lithograph entitled "Denver, 1859" by *Collier* and *Cleveland* in 1891.

This experience reaffirmed the philosophy of a good historian, "Once you think you have found all the facts, someone will tell you something new."

It wasn't surprising to learn that one of the first businesses to appear in



Coraville, K. T., 1859
 © Fred & Jo Mazzula

Denver was the saloon. The saloon became a focal point for many varied activities including political meetings, court proceedings and even church gatherings. It seems that there were few other buildings which could accommodate these kinds of meetings. By the end of 1860, there were more than 30 saloons in Denver, outnumbering all of the churches, schools and restaurants together. Three breweries were required to keep them all well supplied.

One of the first saloon keepers was Uncle Dick Wooton. On the second floor of his establishment, the territory's first newspaper was started in 1859, the Rocky Mountain News. The first meeting to form a state out of the Kansas Territory convened in Uncle Dick's saloon in 1859.

Although many people have been conditioned by the movies and television to believe that the saloon was a pleasant and enjoyable place similar to the "Long Branch" on the Gunsmoke series, many of the early saloons were a little less appealing. Many had only dirt floors and lacked the amenities of restrooms and spittoons. This, combined with the lack of enough hotels brought about a peculiar situation. People needed somewhere to sleep and for the lack of anything better, the saloon-keepers were known to allow customers to sleep on the dirt floors for a mere two bits.

Unfortunately, this lack of a healthy sleeping place resulted in a disease called "Mountain Sickness."

As Denver developed, so did her saloons. At first, all kinds of people could be found in almost any saloon. The rich, the poor, people of every ethnic and religious background. But as more people came to Denver, her neighborhoods began to reflect the differences between people. The same differences became noticeable in her saloons. There were saloons for the rich and saloons for the not so well to do. Italians, Chinese, Blacks, Democrats and Republicans began to identify themselves with particular saloons which allowed them to drink and visit with "their own."

But even the quiet, well to do Brown Palace Hotel bar was not able to avoid occasional violent outbreaks. In 1911, Mrs. Isabel Springer, the wife of a wealthy banker and rancher, and her husband went to the "Brown" for a nightcap after seeing a vaudeville show. But in addition to having a husband, it seems that Mrs. Springer also had two boy friends, who both happened to visit the Brown that night. An argument developed between the two boyfriends which ended with one boyfriend shooting and killing the other, and killing an innocent bystander as well.

Dance Hall saloons became popular early in Denver's history. The sparsity of single women made it quite profitable to offer drinks, music and a girl to dance with. A variation of the dance hall saloon came in the likes of a variety saloon, also known as box houses and concert saloons. These establishments provided stage shows, theatrical arrangements, comedy routines and gymnasts for entertainment.

Gambling also was a way of life in early Denver. The opportunity to win or lose at games of chance presented itself as soon as a wagon train pulled into town. Many wagon trains went directly to the Elephant Corral where they pulled into a large compound surrounded by a high adobe wall. Inside the compound were a few buildings where gambling went on 24 hours a day in eight hour shifts. Gamblers were accommodated by being able to rent gambling paraphernalia by the day, week or month.

Most saloons allowed gambling to take place and many were known as gambling saloons. In addition to getting a drink, a customer could win or lose a fortune. A wide choice of games were available including dice, roulette, keno, faro and three card monte card games.

One of the more successful businessmen to take advantage of man's desire to gamble was Ed Chase. Beginning with a plain and unimposing gambling saloon, the Progressive, which at first had only a dirt floor, Chase bought and sold a number of gambling establishments including the *Cricket Hall*, the *Arcade*, the *Inter-Ocean Club*, the *Palace Theatre*, and, the only one still standing, the *Navarre*.

It seems that Chase always wanted to work up to more elegant gambling halls. The *Inter-Ocean Club*, located at 1422 Curtis Street (where the Mountain Bell Building stands today) was very ornately fur-

nished with satin drapes and imported carpets. It has been said that the Inter-Ocean Club floor plan was so unusual and complicated that the Police had considerable difficulty finding the right rooms during raids. This allowed all of the evidence to be more properly situated by the time the Police located the center of activity.



Chase's Inter-Ocean Club
© Fred & Jo Mazzula

Chase's Palace Theatre, which was located at 1443-59 Blake Street was not only elegant, but was considerably larger and more extensive in enjoyable indulgences. Not only could 200 players be accommodated in the gambling rooms, but the theatre could hold 750 customers for the vaudeville shows. Fine foods were also available from an extensive menu.

The Navarre, one of Chase's last gambling houses had acquired an interesting history even before he and his partner Vaso Chucovich acquired the property in the 1890's. It had originally been a private school for girls, then a hotel, a bawdy house and a gambling house.

Chase's tastes always favored the elegant and the Navarre's atmosphere was no exception. Expensive carpets, beautiful furniture and an elegant bar were accompanied by numerous nude paintings, for which the Navarre has become known. A current matter of controversy relates to the tunnel which was supposed to have connected with the Brown Palace directly across the street. Some claim that the tunnel was constructed to

transport customers back and forth between the two establishments. Others have claimed that the tunnel only went partly under the street and was used as a receptacle for salesmen's travel cases or coal for the furnace.

As some bambling saloons were known best for their elegance, others were reputed more for their rough customers. One such place was *Murphy's Exchange*, also known as the "*Slaughterhouse*". It seems that gambling disputes were occasionally settled by the fist, the knife or the six gun.

There were a number of reasons for disputes taking place. Even the most even tempered man can become upset after having lost everything he owned, especially if his loss was due to one of the not too infrequent underhanded gambling practices.

One such practice was the use of the "Stripper Deck." This was a deck of cards where the edges of all of the cards were slightly shaved away, with the exception of the aces. This made the aces just a little wider than the rest of the deck. Although the difference was hardly visible, the dealer could literally pull the aces from the deck at any time. A second trick deck was referred to as the "waxed and sanded deck." In this case, the fronts and the backs of all of the cards, with the exception of the backs of the aces were roughed up with sandpaper and rosin was rubbed into the grain left by the sandpaper. The backs of the aces, however, were then coated with candle wax. This allowed the deck to be cut right where the aces were located. Although magicians now claim to have developed these trick decks, many were really started by gamblers.

Although many famous people frequented Denver, including *Doc Holliday*, *Bat Masterson*, *Wyatt Earp*, *Buffalo Bill Cody*, and *Kit Carson*, there are few as interesting as *Jefferson Randolph "Soapy" Smith*. Probably known best for his soap bar pitch, Soapy would stand on a corner of Larimer Street and offer passersby the opportunity to make a quick return on a small investment. His pitch began by wrapping a hundred dollar bill around a plain bar of soap and supposedly covering both bill and the bar of soap with wrapping paper. After placing the final product on top of other wrapped bars of soap, he would offer his customer a choice of any one of the bars for a mere five dollars. Unless the customer happened to be a plant of Soapy's, in order to make the scam appear to be legitimate, few others would walk away with anything more than a dollar bill and an expensive bar of soap. This and other bunco swindles made Soapy one of Denver's most colorful con men.

Although Denver had many attractions for the miners from the mountains and the ranchers from the plains, the saloons, gambling houses, restaurants and stage shows only satisfied some of the needs of a lonely man. Free enterprise being what it is, however, it wasn't long before young ladies came to Denver to round out Denver's reputation as being a fun city.

A "soiled dove" could actually be placed into one of two categories:

The crib girl, who was in business for herself; and the Parlor house girl who worked for a Madam.

The crib girl usually had a small two room place in which she lived and ran her business. Due to the unreliability of some of the crib girls, it has been said that they had to pay for rent daily, in advance. Although they were less expensive than the parlor house girls, doing business was a little more risky. The possibility of picking up a disease was more likely and the chance of being taken through any number of different con schemes was high. The price of a crib girl ran anywhere from two bits to two dollars, depending upon her age, condition and reputation.

The parlor house offered a somewhat different kind of atmosphere for the gentleman caller. Unlike the quick visit operation of the cribs, the parlor house provided more than just a girl. Many provided live musical entertainment with the opportunity to dance and relax with good liquor or champagne. Some even offered the opportunity to buy a good steak dinner.

The differences between the cribs and parlor houses were more than just atmosphere. The madams who ran the parlor houses were in a competitive business with a reputation to maintain and protect. The madam often was very particular about the cleanliness of the girls and disease preventing measures were taken on a regular basis to prevent a customer from "catching something at her place." Her girls were to be friendly, well mannered and well dressed. The girls considered themselves to be ladies in a respectable business and were insulted if they were compared to the cheap crib girls. Although the parlor house did offer a lot more, the price was a little higher, \$5 and up.

Market Street was the center of activity for cribs and parlor houses. They were primarily concentrated in the 1900-2100 blocks. Although prostitution was a violation of City Ordinance throughout most of Denver's history, as long as they kept their business in the Market Street neighborhood, there was seldom any serious threat to close it down until 1915. Although the crusaders succeeded in closing Market Street, it only moved prostitution underground and to other parts of town.

Parlor houses were a unique kind of business, and this led to a few unusual methods in their operation. For example, most businesses place bars over the windows to keep unwanted trespassers out. Many of the parlor houses had bars over the windows to keep the girls from inviting their favorite boyfriends in, without charge. Another parlor house concept was the use of the "brass check." Not only did giving a customer change in your own coinage prevent him from spending it somewhere else, but it also discouraged the girls from forgetting to share her earnings with the madam. Although the brass check was a good idea, only the *Silver Dollar Hotel* and *Miss Olga's* were known to have used them in Denver.

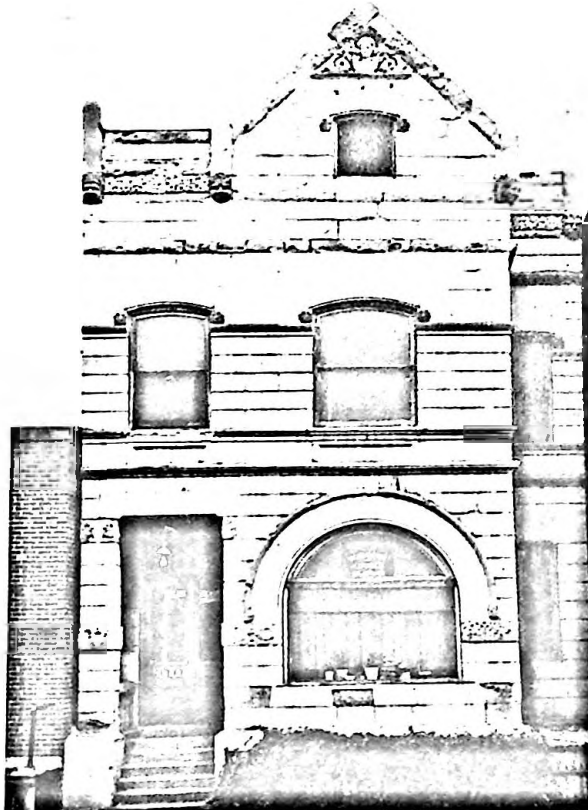
One of Denver's more famous madams was *Jennie Rogers*. She was responsible for introducing the famous "House of Mirrors" to Denver at

1942 Market Street. How was she to finance this elegant parlor house with mirrored walls and ceilings? Through a supposed blackmail scheme involving a prominent local citizen and a sum of money in excess of \$17,000. Five carved stone faces were placed on the facade of the building. The one at the top and center was that of Jennie. The other four are said to have been portraits of the main characters in the blackmail story.

The most famous of Denver's madams, however, was Mattie Silks. Although she owned a number of different parlor houses over the years, she is best known for the "House of Mirrors" which she purchased from the estate of Jennie Rogers in 1910. Mattie claimed that she had never been a prostitute, but had started as a madam at the age of 19.

Although, as Dr. Frank Reeve once said, "History is the never ending search for the closest approximation to the truth of what happened, why it

The "House of Mirrors" in later years
© Fred & Jo Mazzula



happened, and when it happened," a student of history often finds himself making observations about his studies in order to put his own world into a little better perspective. I would like to share with you a few of these observations.

Although the average American female expectancy was 44.5 years in 1890, it is curious to note the ages of a few madams at their death:

<i>Lillian Powers</i>	87
<i>Mattie Silks</i>	81
<i>Jennie Rogers</i>	66
<i>Anna Gould</i>	74
<i>Laura Evans</i>	91
<i>Blind Sadie Doyle</i>	90 (est).
<i>Cock-Eyed Liz</i>	72

It sometimes makes me wonder when I run into a lady who is getting up into her years, even if she might be a relative!

Some people give the impression that the women's rights movement is something new. History will prove that women were fighting for equal rights long before the turn of the century. Legal decisions permitting women to drink in saloons took place in the 1880's.

We often think that the problems we face today are unusual. We are concerned about our children and the effects that pornographic bookstores and movies will have on them. Well, that is not really new. In the 1880's, the newspapers were reflecting on the effects of gambling and prostitution on Denver's youngsters.

We talk about crime today, but many of the bunco schemes are the same ones used by Soapy Smith more than seventy-five years ago. We complain about the new urban problem of pollution. It has been said that pollution in Denver eight decades ago was worse than it is today. It seems that the coal burning stoves and the lack of control of open burning caused the snow to be black with soot.

So many of the issues and problems of today are not new. We've had them for a long time. Historically speaking, it is doubtful whether we will resolve them either.

And one final thought which was said about people in 1903 and still holds true today: "There is so much Bad in the Best of us, And so much Good in the Worst of us, That it hardly behooves any of us, To talk about the rest of us!"

About the Author

Bill Wells is a native of Bradford, Pennsylvania, and has lived in Colorado almost seven years. He holds a History degree from the University of Pittsburg and a Masters Degree in Public Administration from the University of Colorado.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Poems About the West, by Frank Goodwyn, the Great Western Series Number 13, Potomac Corral, The Westerners, Washington, D.C., 1975. Paperback, illustrated, 42 pages, no price.

The twenty-one poems of the West written by the Texas-born sheriff of the Potomac Corral (1976) comprise volume number 13 in the Great western Booklet Series issued periodically by that organization.

The selections, written in a variety of poetic styles, are nostalgic recollections of the author's experiences with and memories of people, places and impressions of Texas during the first quarter of the 20th century. The

title is confusing in that it leads the reader to expect the inclusion of a more encompassing area of the West; in reality, the settings are predominately those of the Lone Star State.

The wealth of subjects and the literary skills employed by the author, Dr. Frank Goodwyn, show him to be a man of keen observation and a knowledgeable student of the common man. In forty-two short pages, Goodwyn has successfully resurrected in rhythm and rhyme forgotten elements of the western scene. Selections such as "The Morrisburg Hotel," through the vivid use of imagery, revive for the moment a glimpse of the irretrievable past.

Herbert O'Hanlon, P.M.

CORRAL RAIL (Cont'd)

ing about Alferd Packer however, does anyone know if Packer's head stone was recovered after it was stolen in July of 1968? Most likely it was an irate Democrat who had just heard Packer's epitaph, and quoted verbatim from Judge Gerry, "Stan' up, yah maneatin' SOB, stan' up! They was sivvin Dimmiecrats in Hinsdale County and ye et five of 'em, damn ye!

"I sintins ye to be hanged by the neck until ye're dead, dead, dead as a wernin' agin reducin' the Dimmiecratic population of the state!"

Did any one look in the Packer Grill on the University of Colorado main campus at Boulder?

Bill Well's paper was accompanied by a goodly number of slides which, unfortunately, due to space we cannot reproduce in near enough quantity to do it justice—nevertheless his is still a good paper.

REMINDER

All Posse and Corresponding Members, it is not necessary to have received a card to

attend the monthly meetings. All you must do is notify the Chuck Wrangler, Bob Akersley, three days before the meeting, Call Bob at 297-3964 (work) or 364-6396 (home) and also try to let him know if you must cancel.

SPECIAL NOTE

Most of you probably know by now that the Stores Equipment Corporation's building has burnt down. They were located in Colorado's Constitution Hall—in December, 1875, 39 men met in what was then the First National Bank to draft the document. An irreplaceable part of Colorado's histry has been lost. The fire occurred April 24, 1977 and it was due to arson by an irate employee.

NEW CORRESPONDING MEMBERS

Hale Pfeiffer, Broomfield, Colorado and Western History
Bernie Faingold, Denver, antique cameras and Western History through the lens.

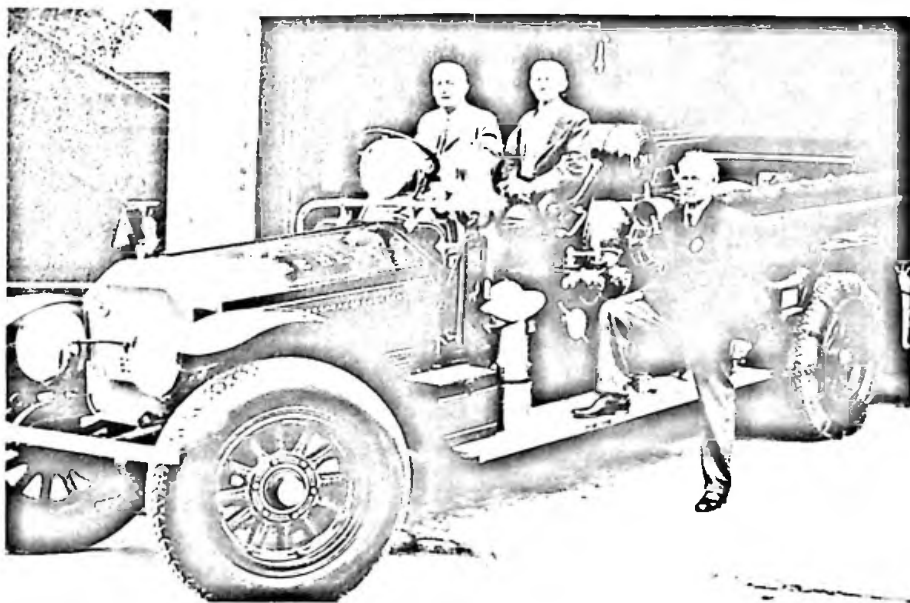
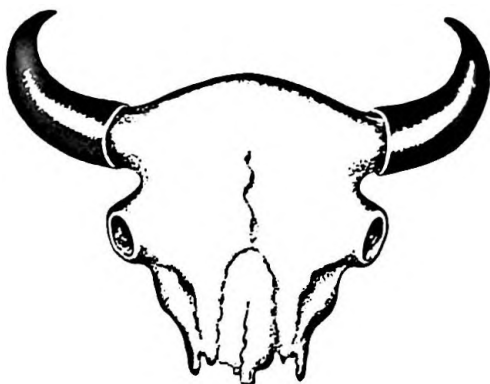
NEW POSSE MEMBERS

Mel Griffiths
Bill Wells
Francis Bain
Dwight DeWitt

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

May/June
Volume XXXIII, No. 3



C.N. Cotton in the drivers seat of Gallup's first fire truck.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

This issue contains articles by two very articulate authors—Dr. Les Williams, PM, of Colorado springs and Mr. Robert L. Brown, PM, of Denver. Dr. Williams is known as a historian of the fire fighting and fire-fighting equipment. This paper comes about through family ties and demonstrates how few years separate this day from the Frontier days of the American West. Bob Brown's abilities as a historian and writer are once again ably demonstrated in his paper on Rosita. An interesting series of pictures showing Rosita then and now was further enlightened by the telling of changes made by Hollywood to make 'Saddle the Wind' there in 1957. Time steals away all things except our memories it seems.

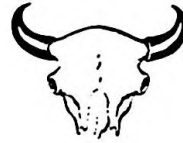
Herb Jones of the State Parks and Recreation announced that support is being sought to restore the Old Stone House on Bromley Lane at Barr Lake. If you would like to help in this effort Herb can apprise you of who to contact. A citizens committee has formed to generate support and money for this very worthy project.

The Denver Museum of Natural History is becoming well known for the Collection of Indian Artifacts that it holds. It is a growing collection and is open for use by individuals having some reason to investigate pieces held in the collection. Interestingly there are serious holes in the collections. The Museum is seeking a donor of Ute Indian Materials to include this major group in a permanent exhibit area in the Museums Crane Hall of the North American Indian. Had you ever considered what to do with your collection of valued artifacts to ensure that they would be taken care of in a manner that you would be pleased with? If you are interested contact the Anthropology Department of the D.M.N.H., Mrs. Joyce Herold, Curator.

Don Bower, PM, was in St. Josephs for removal of kidney stones and treatment of a blood clot in one leg. Our hopes for a quick recovery to you, Don.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

Vol. XXXIII
Number 3



May/June
1977

The ROUNDUP is published bimonthly by the Denver Posse of The Westerners. Subscription, \$9.00 per year to members. Entered as second-class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office, P. O. Box 990, Boulder, Colorado 80302. Westerners' office, 828 17th St., Denver CO 80202. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

© 1977 by The Westerners, Inc., a Colorado corporation

USE THESE ADDRESSES FOR:

Correspondence and Remittance

Dr. Henry W. Toll, Jr.
620 Boston Bldg.
828 17th Street
Denver, CO 80202

Material for The Roundup

David L. Hartman, 13492 N. Delphi Dr., Littleton, Colo. 80124

Reservations for Meetings and Dinners

Robert Akerley, 2281 Havana St., Aurora, Colo. 80010

Book Reviews

Ralph E. Livingston, 245 W. 12th Ave., Denver, Colo. 80204

1977 OFFICERS

Sheriff: W. H. Van Duzer

Deputy Sheriff: Ross V. Miller, Jr.

Roundup Foreman: Charles S. Ryland

Tally Man: Dr. Henry W. Toll, Jr.

Registrar of Marks & Brands: D. L. Hartman

Chuck Wrangler: Robert Akerley

Membership Chairman: Richard A. Ronzio

Publications Chairman: Donald E. Bower

Program Chairman: Ross V. Miller, Jr.

Book Review Chairman: Ralph E. Livingston

C. N. COTTON, INDIAN TRADER

by Lester L. Williams

Copyright 1977 by L. L. Williams

Presented at the March 23, 1977 meeting of the
Denver Posse of Westerners

When C. N. Cotton died in 1936 in northwestern New Mexico, a newspaper as far away as Columbus, Ohio, marked the passing of the man "who gave the Navajo blanket its start on the way to world fame." He is of interest to me because he was my grandmother's oldest brother, and my family always regarded him as famous and wealthy and one member of the family who had made a success of life. We visited him in Gallup, New Mexico, in 1930 and this visit had a profound influence on me and probably caused me to come west to live.

During his life in New Mexico and Arizona Mr. Cotton's ideas and innovations influenced trade between Navajo and whites. He exerted pressure to improve size, pattern, color and quality of Navajo blankets and he advertised far and wide to develop a demand for them. Being a shrewd trader, he knew that properous Indians would be good customers at his trading post. Despite his importance in the Indian trade little is known of him generally. This ought not to be so, and this stimulated me to learn all I could of his life and brings me here this evening.

Clinton N. Cotton was born April 12, 1859 in central Ohio. When he was just 11, in 1870, his father died and C. N. Cotton was forced to leave school and go to work to help support his mother and younger brothers and sisters. One job he held was apprentice telegraph operator.

On reaching the age of 22, in 1881, he went west to Albuquerque. In later years he told of how the train stopped in Las Vegas, New Mexico, and waited while all the passengers walked to the jail to see Dave Rudabaugh chained to the floor. Dave was one of the more lethal members of Billy the Kid's gang and was in jail at Las Vegas charged with murder from February 27, 1881 until December 3, 1881 when he escaped via a hole chiseled through the wall.

In March 1880 the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad had begun building west from Albuquerque. Later this was to be the main line of the Santa Fe. Early in 1881, Guam at milepost 138.8 west from Albuquerque was the end of track and young Cotton worked there as telegraph operator. Coolidge is the settlement now, one mile west of Guam. In 1881 the telegraph line of the A. & P. was the only medium for rapid communication in all of

northwest New Mexico Territory so C. N. Cotton as operator and the only link with civilization was a very important person in that area.

By February 13, 1881 the end of track was 10 miles further west at Wingate, station for Fort Wingate, one of the largest and most important military posts in the southwest, and some time in 1881 Cotton moved there as operator. The new railroad had no buildings there, and a box car was set off beside the track to serve as station, telegraph office and living quarters for him. While this made living rather primitive he thrived on it. A story appeared in the Sunday Inter Ocean, a Chicago newspaper for April 29, 1883 telling of a trip into the southwest to visit the Zuni Pueblo. The correspondent wrote of stopping at a station called Wingate where he found a boy seated at a telegraphic instrument and a great Newfoundland dog sleeping at his side. The boy said he was from Mt. Vernon, Ohio, had been out there at that lonely mountain all winter and liked it. The dog could not talk, but he had a history. He had been found by some trackbuilders a few months before, nearly starved, in a snowdrift, beside the body of a dead man, and the telegraph operator had adopted him.

In 1882 C. N. Cotton returned to Ohio to wed Mary Alice Crain, daughter of a college professor. Their honeymoon cottage was the box car on the siding at Wingate, and their first child, Charles McGugin Cotton, was born there. During World War II, Charles, who had become very wealthy, needed to establish his place of birth to prove he was an American citizen and as such would be permitted to operate his yacht in the Los Angeles area. Family attorney Herman W. Atkins of Gallup was able to find Chief Henry Dodge (Chee Dodge) frequently an interpreter in early negotiations between whites and Navajo, who had come into the box car right after the birth, he recalled the event, and his affidavit served to establish the fact that C. N. Cotton's first son was indeed an American citizen.

My mother told that when the Cottons wanted to go from Wingate to Gallup to shop, Uncle Clint would put Aunt Allie on a handcar and coast downhill to Gallup, but he had to work hard to pump the handcar uphill back to Wingate.

Cotton's restless energy and ambition for success wouldn't let him remain long as a telegraph operator, but all the rest of his life he would have a mannerism of subconsciously tapping out messages in Morse with his right thumb and index finger as if he were at a telegraph key.

Sometime while at Guam or Wingate Cotton made the acquaintance of Juan Lorenzo Hubbell. They became fast friends and would be associated in business ventures for the remainder of their lives.

Here there must be a diversion to introduce this new character. Juan Lorenzo Hubbell had been born in 1854 in Pajarito, New Mexico. In 1870 he traveled to Utah Territory and at the crossing of the Colorado now known as Lee's Ferry he met John D. Lee, a Mormon trader. Next he went

to Fort Defiance, Arizona, and established a friendship which was to be lifelong with Thomas Keam. Probably in 1872 he started in the Indian trade as an employee of Mr. Coddington who operated a trading post at Fort Wingate. It is a matter of record that Hubbell was employed as issue clerk at Defiance Agency from July 1, to October 1, 1876. McNitt in his book *Indian Traders*, says Hubbell "next went to the vicinity of Ganado Lake, traded there for a year or a little more, and then—probably 1878—bought the Leonard Post, where he settled down." This became the Hubbell Trading Post and it prospered.

Law enforcement was badly needed and in 1882 Hubbell was elected sheriff of Apache County, a large county in northeast Arizona Territory. By his courage he was well qualified for this responsibility. Two years later when he ran for re-election he realized he needed a reliable partner upon whom he could depend to operate the trading post while he was on county business at St. Johns, the county seat, 96 miles distant. This led to the partnership of Hubbell and Cotton, begun Sept. 23, 1884, when Cotton bought a half interest in the trading post at Ganado.

A collection of letter press copies of letters written by C. N. Cotton at Ganado from 1884 through 1889 provides documentary evidence, in his own handwriting, for his ownership of the trading post and inferences drawn from these letters provide much insight into the hardships and trials of everyday life there. Cotton, with his wife and infant son, moved to Ganado at the time he purchased a half interest in the post, Sept. 23, 1884, and immediately thereafter letters in his handwriting signed Hubbell & Cotton provide a record of the conduct of the business of the partnership. At the same time Hubbell moved to St. Johns to serve as sheriff and he also became a partner in another business there.

Despite leaving school at age 11 to work, Cotton wrote excellent, clear business letters, a silent testimonial to his intelligence and proof that education and schooling are not synonymous. Conducting business 50 miles from the nearest railroad and telegraph meant everything must be done by mail. Cotton wrote letters transacting business with their wholesalers in Albuquerque, letters about mail carrier service they contracted to provide, letters about the huge quantities of hides and wool they shipped to Albuquerque, and letters to Ben Bill, Esquire, of Manuelito, inquiring how soon can he provide wagons and teams to haul their goods from the trading post to the railroad at Manuelito.

As Laura Gilpin has emphasized in her book *The Enduring Navajo*, early traders had to be remarkable people. They had to conduct business using a most difficult language. To exist they had to be shrewd in their dealings. They had to be pioneers in every sense of the word. To the trading post the Navajo brought wool to sell at shearing time, in the fall they brought sheep and cattle. Year around they brought for barter hides, pinon nuts, jewelry, and blankets. The trader was the Indians' only contact

with the outside world and from him they bought all the goods they needed.

Life in Ganado in the 1880s must have been rugged, and Cotton's wife, Mary Alice Crain Cotton must have been made of fine pioneer stock to live there. She is described as pretty, vivacious, sometimes quick tempered, and always well dressed and a picture of her bears this out. They ordered for their two year old son three pairs of size 4½ cashmere cardinal infant's stockings. A suit for Mr. Cotton had to be ordered from a tailor, he requested a sack suit and sent a sample of the cloth to be used. He specified the pants be of medium width, "not dude pants," not so awfully large coat, padded heavy on the shoulders, and single breasted. Shoes were a problem too, and he wrote to his old home town, Mt. Vernon, Ohio, to Silas Parr to request a pair of his best French calf button shoes with glove kid top. He reminded Parr that he still had measurements for him. He confided to Parr that he had been sending for shoes to New York but the fit was poor. He noted that Arizona was a sandy country and very hard on shoes and he exhorted him to please make the sole the best he can. He also sent his wife's shoes to Parr for half soles.

On one occasion he ordered from Albuquerque two bottles of Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and one bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure.

He kept meticulous records of orders and goods received and on February 19, 1885 he wrote to the wholesaler in Albuquerque reporting that a shipment of goods was short, the package was intact, therefore it was the dealer's error, so he deducted \$1.65 from their bill and sent a check in payment. For working capital he borrowed money from a friend in Ohio and paid 7% interest.

On June 22, 1885 Cotton bought the other half interest in the trading post at Ganado and all interests in wool owned by the partnership. A series of letters late in June 1885 informed various firms and the deputy collector of internal revenue in Prescott that Cotton had purchased Hubbell's remaining interest in the trading post. Records show that a license to trade at Pueblo Colorado, now Ganado, was issued to C. N. Cotton Nov. 22, 1887 and renewed regularly up to October 4, 1900. In applications for license Cotton listed Juan Lorenzo Hubbell as his clerk. Throughout their lives they would remain close friends and associate in various undertakings.

One enterprise of Cotton's which ended in failure was his attempt to establish a trading post at Chinle, at the mouth of Canyon de Chelly, a gathering place and natural fortress of the Navajo, making it an especially favorable place to trade. Many Navajo farmed fertile bottom lands in the canyon or lived in the high rim country. On January 26, 1885 Hubbell and Cotton petitioned the Office of Indian Affairs for a license to operate a trading post at Chin-Lee Valley and provided a bond in the amount of \$10,000. John Bowman, Indian Agent at Fort Defiance, recommended the license be granted. No action was taken on their petition. In June 1885

Cotton bought out Hubbell's interest in the proposed Chinle store.

On July 28, 1886 Michael Donovan opened a trading post at Chinle with former Indian Agent John H. Bowman as his clerk. Why was the application of Cotton passed over and the license granted to Donovan? Policy required a trader to live at his post, and refused to permit absentee ownership or grant multiple licenses. In 1886 the trading post at Ganado was not included in the reservation so Cotton did not consider a license to be required, so he was not requesting a second trader's license when he applied for license to trade at Chinle. It has been said that competition for licenses to trade on the reservation was fierce and politics played a big part in selecting those so favored. Perhaps the employment of former Indian Agent Bowman mitigated in favor of Donovan's license.

To give an idea of the value of Chinle as a place to trade, a report by Ben C. Ford, Acting U.S. Indian Agent at Fort Defiance, dated March 1, 1887 gave the gross receipts of the only four trading posts on the Navajo Reservation and shows Donovan's receipts as \$16,360.50 from July 28, 1886 to March 1, 1887, while gross receipts for a full year for Aldrich & Sweatland at Tse-a-lee, 50 miles north of Fort Defiance were \$10,947; Weidemeyer at Fort Defiance grossed \$4,602 during 8 months; and Reeder at Fort Defiance grossed \$8,448. Cotton's trading post at Ganado and Thomas Keams at Keam's Canyon were off the reservation so no license was required and they did not report receipts.

In December, 1886, Cotton went to Washington to plead his case. He carried letters from Sumner Howard, ex Chief Justice of Arizona Territory introducing him to Senators Logan, Palmer and Devuges. Cotton was characterized in these letters as one of the most reliable and substantial of Arizona's citizens and leading business man. The letters requested the Senators' help in securing Cotton an audience with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. He also had a letter from General George W. Morgan of Mount Vernon, Ohio, introducing him to Senator Payne stating: "He is a young man of intelligence and when residing among us had the reputation of being a person of integrity." Cotton's address in Washington was in care of William C. Cooper, Member of Congress, and when he returned to Ganado he sent Mrs. W. C. Cooper of Mt. Vernon, Ohio a pair of Navajo bracelets and some Moqui baskets. He wrote to her: "These baskets are much sought after by Washington ladies to use as plaques. Drive a nail through the center and put up high on wall to get good effect. Please accept with my compliments."

Cotton's audience with the Commissioner ended in his being promised a license to trade at a point beyond Chinle Valley.

In 1887 Donovan died and Cotton bought his stock of goods with the understanding that the license would be transferred to him. For this he gave a note for \$450 to John Bowman. Apparently he interpreted the promise of a license to trade at a point beyond Chinle Valley as about the

same as Chinle. On Sept. 22, 1887 S. S. Patterson, the Indian Agent at Fort Defiance reported to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs that Cotton was operating Donovan's old store without a license but under a promise that a license would be granted him. No license was forthcoming and on November 26, 1887 the agent closed his store at Chinle. John Bowman wrote him: "Sorry you didn't get the license for Chinle. You better sell out for \$300 or \$400 or give the keys to the Indians." This must have been a severe financial blow to Cotton, but the store at Ganado prospered, and Cotton wrote to a friend from whom he had borrowed money that the store made him from \$2,500 to \$3,000 per year, big money in 1887. He also invested in sheep and found this profitable.

While Indians were his customers, they were also problems to him. There was danger on the reservation, he often went armed, and I recall his gun, a Colt Single Action Army, commonly called the Peacemaker, with all the blue worn off from being carried many miles in a holster which also showed considerable wear. On one occasion he sent it back to the Colt factory with a letter stating it was pretty badly used up and instructing the factory if they cannot put new notches in the hammer to install a new one. In 1888 he sent his Marlin rifle, caliber 40-70, in for repairs. That same year he wrote to the Indian Agent at Fort Defiance to complain that an Indian named Haa No Ne Be Ga had threatened to kill him and he pointed out this was the same Indian who held up Hawthorn's store 25 miles south of Ganado.

On November 10, 1885 the son of Tymolti came in to the store and requested to see a silver belt he had left there in pawn. He had lost the belt when he bet on the wrong horse. When Mr. Cotton laid the belt out on the counter for the brave to see he grabbed it and ran off, mounted his horse and raced away. Mr. Cotton requested the Indian Agent to recover the belt for him.

Another time an Indian stole two horses from Mr. Cotton, one a blue pony, the other a small gray mare. Mr. Cotton's herder followed them to within 5 or 6 miles of the Navajo Agency, but his horse was tired and he turned back at Washington Pass. Mr. Cotton wrote to the Indian Agent, John Bowman, at the Fort Defiance Agency and asked him to have the horses returned.

During the time Hubbell and Cotton were partners, also when Cotton owned and ran the store alone, and later when Hubbell worked as Cotton's clerk, they did much to help the Navajo improve their products, for properous Indians would make better customers. C. N. Cotton, Hubbell's junior by 5 years, had no previous experience as a trader, but he had an unusual aptitude and a burning desire for success. He was a shrewd Yankee trader, he advertised to other traders that they carried a full supply of indigo and yarn, he secured quotations on car load lots of flour in 22 pound sacks, he attempted to get better prices on hides and wool. By mail he

searched endlessly all over the country for beads just the right size for the Indians to use, and he checked incoming goods and let the wholesaler know promptly when the count was short. Hubbell and Cotton made a good team, the one complementing the other. Hubbell was a gentleman, imitated the ways of the gracious Spanish Don, was hospitable to a fault, and all who came his way were welcome to stay for a meal, or the night, or for many days. Cotton was as honest as the day is long, a fine gentleman, but he was in addition a sound businessman and he insisted that a deal must turn a profit. Various people have described him as kindly, outgoing, good to young people, dedicated to business, exciting to work for, wanted things done right, fair and generous. His secretary for 20 years called him a "wonderful human being." In 1890 J. W. Upson in an affidavit stated: "C. N. Cotton is the largest and most influential Indian man in the county and he holds the key to our safety in the cattle business."

C. E. Vanever, U. S. Indian Agent at Fort Defiance, in 1890 wrote: "The Indian Trader's Store at Ganado, C. N. Cotton, proprietor, is by far the best trader's store on the reservation. C. N. Cotton has a large stock, prices are reasonable. All transactions are cash. No credit. Nothing is taken in pawn. No liquor sold. Never open on Sunday. No gambling."

Cotton and Hubbell began to demand quality in the blankets they purchased. During 1884 only three or four hundred blankets were brought in for sale. Cotton prodded the weavers to produce blankets of better quality and to make more of them. In October and November 1887 Cotton sent many letters to dealers in the east, to Tiffany & Company in New York, to San Francisco, and to Denver, extolling the virtues of the Navajo blanket.

Cotton noted the bright aniline dyes brought in to Fort Defiance by the trader Ben Hyatt. Hubbell was particularly fond of the dark red dye since called Ganado red but he objected to other chemical or artificial dyes. Cotton insisted, and a compromise was reached whereby the only aniline dyes they would sell would be red, blue and black, colors the weavers found difficult to produce from native vegetable or mineral dyes. Red seemed the most difficult color of all for them. The weavers found that black yarn carded and spun from their black sheep lacked uniformity of color and was various shades of gray, so a strong black dye was indicated. Cotton succeeded in having a dye manufacturer, Wells & Richardson of Burlington, Vermont, put up dyes in small packages ready for use. Later this became the famous Diamond Dyes, combining dye and mordant in one package, which had only to be thrown into boiling water, envelope and all, and the wool boiled in the solution until the proper color was attained. There was no need to add vinegar or alum to set the color. These colors truly made the Navajo blanket.

Next, Mr. Cotton had a brilliant idea, sell blankets for use as rugs. Hubbell then began to encourage weavers to produce blankets of very

large dimensions, so big they could be used only as rugs in very large rooms. One of these, woven about 1885, measured 12 feet by 18 feet and 2 inches. In later years it was used on the floor of the dining room in the Cotton home in Gallup until a table leg caused a hole to be frayed in the blanket. It was then sent to his trader friend Berton I. Staples in Coolidge, for repair, but it never got back to the Cotton home. This blanket is evident in a photograph of the trading post at Ganado taken by Wittick in 1890. It is now in the Gladin Collection in the Museum of Northern Arizona at Flagstaff, and prior to 1962, it was valued at \$40,000 by the curator of the Museum.

In February 1888 Cotton wrote that he had over 100 heavy coarse Navajo blankets in stock which he offered for sale at 35¢ a pound. He also offered common saddle blankets at \$10 to \$12 a dozen, fancy blankets at \$4 to \$10 each and large fancy blankets at \$20 to \$40 each. He shipped rolls of blankets to Albuquerque, San Francisco, El Paso and to Tiffany & Company of New York. One roll of blankets worth \$2,660 went to Charles E. Aikens of Colorado Springs.

C. N. Cotton was also smitten with the commercial possibilities of the Navajo silverwork, although most of the jewelry turned out at that time was rather crude and rough. At the time there was no outside demand for Navajo silverwork, but Cotton was planning for the years ahead. Prior to 1900 most Navajo silverwork was made for the Navajo themselves. He discussed it with Hubbell, then brought in from Cubero a Mexican silversmith named Naakaii Daadiil, which means thick lipped Mexican, introduced him at Ganado in 1884, and with Benedito and other silversmiths from Mexico started them teaching the craft to men in Ganado. Cotton wrote later that in 1898 he shipped a mass of early Navajo silverware to the Denver mint as bullion and received for it the sum of \$800. It was so crude it had more value than as bullion than as jewelry.

On several occasions Cotton wrote to the cashier of the First National Bank of Albuquerque requesting he be sent \$250 or \$1,000 in silver by the first express. Probably most of that silver found its way into Navajo jewelry. Later he was said to have supplied Navajo silversmiths \$2,000 a month in Mexican dollars, preferred over silver bullion because it cost 10¢ less per ounce and was harder than pure silver and so was easier to forge, and it wore better.

From perusal of the copies of Cotton letters it becomes obvious that he was buying large quantities of wool, storing it at Ganado, then ran into monumental problems in getting it to market. In 1886 he complained to a wholesaler in Albuquerque that bull teams carrying wool had left Ganado 20 days ago. They were to have gone to the railroad at Manuelito, 50 miles away to ship the wool east to market and pick up goods to supply the store at Ganado. Now, 20 days later, they had still not returned and the store was out of sugar and flour.

The end of May 1886 Cotton wrote that he had enough wool to pay every cent he owed and have enough left over to take in the Albuquerque Territorial Fair if only he could get his wool to the track.

He wrote he was buying wool in large quantities, had 30,000 pounds in the warehouse, but couldn't get teams to pull the wool to market, so he couldn't get enough money to pay the bills even though business was good. On June 4, 1886 he wrote: "I'm busted as usual." Because of the difficulties with transportation he could never catch a favorable market for his wool.

He had a continuing and overwhelming structure in his cash flow. He wrote letters to Albuquerque banks about his overdrafts, stated he had enough wool in his warehouse to pay all obligations, and asked that his note be protected and not go to protest. By 1888 he must have concluded the way to get ahead would be to develop a wholesale business, selling to traders but especially buying wool, blankets and jewelry, and establish this business at a point favorably located for transportation. Where better than along the railroad, the Atlantic and Pacific? On August 29, 1888 he wrote Biddle of the A. & P. requesting a lease on land at Gallup on a siding of the railroad where he could build an adobe warehouse. He indicated he wanted to get the building up that fall before winter set in. It is not known if he realized that goal, but in February 1889 he ordered letterheads printed for his business with the caption: "Office of C. N. Cotton, Indian Trader. Horses, Navajo Blankets, Moqui Pottery, and Indian Curios, a specialty. Railroad Station, Gallup, New Mexico." He also directed goods be sent to him at Gallup. His warehouse was just north of the Santa Fe tracks, extending west from Third Street, in the center of Gallup, and the building is still there today. In May 1889 he wrote to the Oregon City Manufacturing Company proposing that he act as their agent and stated he was building a two story warehouse in Gallup measuring 25 x 60 feet.

Where did the name Gallup originate? The story is told that D. L. Gallup was auditor for the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. During railroad construction days he made his headquarters in the settlement. As auditor he had a safe and was accustomed to handling money, so frontiersmen and railroaders alike trusted their funds to him for safekeeping. When they needed money they would say: "Let's go to Gallup to get some money," and the name caught on for the town.

As Cotton transferred his interests to town, he began building a home in Gallup. Prior to 1890 he and his wife Alice acquired lots 14 through 20 of Block 42 of the Gallup townsite and began to build their home at the northeast corner of Coal and Fifth Streets. On March 22, 1890 a Deed of Trust was recorded for the property so it must be presumed the home was in existence then. The earliest part of the home, about 35 x 45 feet contained 5 rooms and is now the southeast part of the structure.

During his years at the Ganado Trading Post, deep in the Indian country, Cotton had developed a close friendship with Navajo Chief Man-

Manuelito. Cotton later related that Manuelito, last and haughtiest of the Navajo War Chiefs, had signed for all 12 Navajo chiefs the treaty with General Sherman in 1868 which brought to a close the long warfare between the tribe and the United States. Cotton was believed to be the only white man ever to have penetrated the hard shell of the old war leader. Manuelito, who had been born in 1821, died in 1894. Some say his death occurred in 1893 but advertising brochures prepared by the C. N. Cotton Company and under the close supervision of C. N. Cotton show Manuelito's date of death as 1894 and Cotton should be considered an authority on Manuelito. Cotton commissioned his friend Herman McNeil, architect and sculptor of the Chicago World's Fair of 1893 to make a likeness of the chief. The figure was placed in the gable front of the large wholesale building of the C. N. Cotton Company and the sculptor is said to have been paid his fee in Indian blankets. Cotton also used a likeness of Manuelito on various business publications. The warehouse building in Gallup now houses another business. A new brick front has been added but a window was made so that Manuelito's statue is still visible.

1888 was a propitious time for Cotton to move to Gallup, for that town was fast becoming a supply center for the Indian trade. Cotton's store was the first big wholesale house and his pleasing personality and keen eye for business soon had him supplying every trader within a hundred mile radius.

McNitt writes: "His astuteness is illustrated by his obtaining exclusive regional control of two items basic to the Navajo trade: Arbuckle's coffee and Pendleton blankets. To most Navajo of that time any coffee or blanket under another name was either counterfeit or an inferior substitute. The trader who was even dimly aware of his Navajo preferences—and most of them were keenly aware—naturally must stock his shelves from Cotton's warehouse. Charlie Newcomb, who was one of those traders, once said that Cotton paid the Arbuckle's distributor seven cents a package, or seven dollars, for a case of coffee. Newcomb would pay Cotton eight dollars for the case and sell it, at Hans Neumann's Guam post, where he then clerked, for ten dollars. Pendleton blankets came in two grades, Newcomb recalled. "A fringe made the difference between a shawl and a robe. It used to cost us seven dollars for a robe and eight for a shawl, and I suppose Cotton made a dollar profit either way. And he sold world's of them—the Indians wouldn't buy anything else."

When Mr. Cotton started his business in Gallup there was no real demand for Navajo blankets. McNitt writes: "He was probably the first person in the Indian trade to make a concerted, well planned effort to develop an eastern market for Navajo rugs." George Wharton James writes in his book, *Indian Blankets and Their Makers*: "The special feature of his blanket trade, therefore, has been to secure a market. The firm name is the C. N. Cotton Company, Gallup, New Mexico and it disposes of its blankets

only at wholesale. The first illustrated and descriptive catalogue of the Navajo blanket ever issued, I had the pleasure of writing for Mr. Cotton nearly twenty years ago (probably 1897). He and Mr. Hubbell can truthfully be called the fathers of the business among the white race, and while Mr. Cotton is no longer in partnership with Mr. Hubbell they have a close business relationship, and many of the latter's finest blankets are purchased by Mr. Cotton. So it is with traders all over the reservation. Their best blankets are shipped to Mr. Cotton as fast as the Indians bring them in."

It was well known that the Navajo made a good honest blanket. Neighboring tribes, the Apache, Ute and even the Pueblos were dependent on the Navajo to provide them with blankets. The Mexicans had used Navajo blankets for many years, and every white settler in the southwest had a blanket or two for use as a lap robe, a bed blanket, or to wear in bad weather. They were highly prized as saddle blankets. What was more logical than a campaign to apprise the east of the proficiency and finished craftsmanship of the Navajo as evidenced by their beautiful blankets. If such a campaign were successful both the trader and the Indian would profit. Mr. Cotton was the one who worked vigorously on the problem of creating a market for Navajo blankets "back east." He secured a mimeograph and directories of all eastern cities and later said that he circularized the whole country. Mr. Cotton instructed his secretary to put on their mailing list all retail establishments in Dunn & Bradstreet with over \$50,000 in capital stock and an A-1 credit rating.

Mr. Cotton sorted his blankets into three classes. He originated the idea of selling the blankets as rugs and advertised his best grade as rugs. The second class was the saddle blanket, and the poorest grade the shoulder blanket, and this later became the bed blanket. Mr. Cotton bought all the blankets he could, his promotion succeeded, the market sky-rocketed and his business prospered.

Mr. Cotton has been described as a "hearty sort of man, tall, rawboned, and a chain smoker of cigars. He was friendly and well liked, a good businessman. He was always out for business." Being aggressive in business and possessed of sound ideas for expansion and promotion it is natural he would prosper and succeed. He was liked and trusted by the Indians as witnessed by the friendship with Chief Manualito and Chief Chee Dodge. The Indians gave him a name—Pesh-be-Goie—which means metal tooth, and I well remember his mouthfull of gold crowns and inlays when we visited in Gallup in 1930. His industry made the C. N. Cotton Company the first and most important wholesale house in the Indian country and the first to top a million dollars a year in business.

After the Santa Fe Railroad purchased the Atlantic & Pacific, the sale being consummated in Gallup, the line west to California was rebuilt, and Mr. Cotton had a contract to furnish supplies and labor. This was the beginning of his long association with the Santa Fe. As an example of the

sort of contract he made with the Santa Fe is the following, from the files of that railroad, and a vivid example of the thorough filing system of one of America's industrial giants. In the Santa Fe files is a copy of an agreement dated July 6, 1908 which provides that C. N. Cotton will "furnish necessary teams, drivers, laborers, scrapers and such other tools or implements as may be necessary, and to perform the necessary excavation, grading and embankment called for in the work of cleaning out, opening and establishing channel carrying off flood waters at Gallup, New Mexico, for a consideration of Four Dollars (\$4.00) per day for each team, scraper and driver, and of One and 50/100 dollars (\$1.50) for each laborer. Ten hours actual work to constitute a day."

Government contracts were another facet of Mr. Cotton's business. In 1905 the C. N. Cotton Company signed eight contracts to supply feed, oats, and salt to Navajo, Hopi and Zuni reservations, and the following year he bid successfully on five contracts for a total monetary value of \$207,900 to supply feed and oats to Indian schools at Santa Fe and Albuquerque.

The C. N. Cotton Company had been incorporated in January, 1903, with C. N. Cotton, Dick Cotton and Charles McGugin Cotton as incorporators. Charles was the older son who had been born in the box car on the siding at Wingate and Lanigan was the book keeper for the company. In 1914 the company's charter was amended with the New Mexico Corporation Commission to increase the firm's capital stock from the original \$100,000 to the new limit of \$500,000.

Mr. Cotton was an ardent Republican, and worked hard during political campaigns. Once Judge Brown, a Democrat, was running against a young lawyer named William (Bill) Hartman. A. T. Hannett in his entertaining book: Sagebrush Lawyer, writes that Bill had the "backing of C. N. Cotton, the wealthiest merchant in Gallup. Cotton owned a big wholesale house. Judge defeated Hartman in a rather close race and the old judge was understandable rather irritated that his old neighbor Cotton would get out and work against him. He met Cotton on the street one day, stopped him, and said: "Mr. Cotton, up to now you come in my court what you want you pretty much got. From now on when you come to my court, all you get is justice and damned little of that!"

Gallup's young people enjoyed his generosity when he bought long strings of theater tickets and passed them out to all children on the street. With tickets given out, Cotton would join the children to see the show. He sat in the back and never missed a puff on his big black "El Araby" cigar much to the dismay of the theater manager and in disregard of the "No Smoking" signs.

In July 1911 Florence Turner, age 18 and fresh out of business college in Albuquerque went to work for C. N. Cotton to fill in for a secretary who was ill. Mrs. Turner's employment became so permanent that she worked for Cotton until he retired in 1930.

In 1916 Mr. Cotton was elected mayor of Gallup for one term. Although he loved his cigars, Mr. Cotton never drank and was violently opposed to alcohol. If he ever found a bottle of whiskey in his home he would take it out to the trash can, pour out the whiskey, then break the bottle. During his term as mayor he waged a bitter fight to force saloon keepers to remove from their windows the half curtains that obscured what was going on inside. This displeased some people. In his terminal illness he was given a toddy. He told his solicitor, Herman W. Atkins: "I have fought whiskey all my life, now I am down, sick, they make me take it."

At the time of his death Mr. Cotton was the oldest member of the Gallup Fire Department. In 1926 he was instrumental in the purchase of an American La France triple combination pumper, hose wagon and chemical for the Gallup Department, and a picture in Fire Headquarters today shows this rig with him in the driver's seat. (cover photo)

Six months after its establishment he became president of the first bank in the county, the McKinley County Bank. He operated it for 16 years before selling. In 1916 he entered the banking business again by opening the Merchant's Bank and the first quarters of this bank were in the front room of the big Cotton wholesale house. After the bank moratorium closed every bank in the country in 1933, the Merchant's Bank in Gallup was one of the first in the country permitted to reopen. It was also the only one of the five banks in Gallup to reopen after the bank holiday. Today it is a properous financial institution with total assets of more than thirty-four million dollars, a bank of which Mr. Cotton would indeed be proud.

In 1910 an immigrant from Germany to Gallup was Miss Koenig, who found employment in the Cotton home. Four years later she quit her job to marry. Today she is Mrs. Gasparich, alive and well, bright and spry, with a keen memory and she still resides in Gallup. She recalls the Cotton household well. Her pay was \$15 a month and keep, later raised to \$20. She recalls Mrs. Cotton as having warm brown eyes, being rather quick, and yet frail and sick. Mrs. Gasparich remembers that all the Cotton children were spoiled. Barbara, the second child was nicknamed "Topsy."

Mr. Cotton had the first automobile in northwestern New Mexico, a 1904 Packard, and a picture shows the family in it. To provide fuel for the car a gasoline tank and pump were put in the big adobe barn. Other early cars were a Pope Toledo, then a Stanley Steamer about which Mr. Cotton took a lot of kidding, then a gray Packard roadster which he called the Old Gray Mare. From then on he drove nothing but Packards, and in 1930 he had two, a yellow sports coupe for himself and a seven passenger sedan for Barbara.

In 1917 Mr. Cotton hired Juan Cortez to do yard work and general house work. Juan had run away from home, come to Gallup, and had been searching for work. Later he drove for Mr. Cotton and remembers that he would insist on nothing but Packard cars. When visited in 1976 Juan had on

the wall of his living room the picture of the Cotton family in their 1904 Packard, and he had tears in his eyes as he recalled his years of service to the family.

Stories in the Gallup newspaper tell of the life of the Cotton family. In 1901 the family took a trip to the Grand Canyon in special car 99 of the Santa Fe, as guests of Mr. Hibbard, at that time Division Superintendent. The following year Mr. Cotton and sons Charles and Jack went to Albuquerque to see Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

Beginning at least as early as 1913 the Cottons spent their winters at the Beverly Hills Hotel, the best in the Los Angeles area at the time. In 1913 the Gallup newspaper carried an article stating that Mr. and Mrs. Cotton left for California with Mr. Hibbard in his private car. At the time Hibbard was General Superintendent of the Coast Lines of the Santa Fe. Barbara always called him "Daddy" Hibbard.

The Cotton Home at 406 West Aztex Street in Gallup had started out as a five room adobe house built prior to 1890. The original house is now the southeast portion of the present structure. In 1893 a board sidewalk was put down in front of the house, the first sidewalk in Gallup. Four additional rooms were built behind the original house in 1895. In 1896 pipe was laid from the well of Paomer Ketner to the Cotton home to provide running water. A substantial adobe barn was built at the west end of the lot in 1901 and the following year trees were planted in front of the home. In 1906 Mr. Cotton ran a sewer line from his home to the Puerco River and several other citizens asked permission to connect their homes to this line. The sewer had to cross under the Santa Fe tracks and in the files of that company is an agreement dated November 15, 1906 giving license to C. N. Cotton to lay an eight inch sewer line under the tracks and across the right-of-way near Gallup, New Mexico. With running water and a sewer line, in 1907 the Cotton home was claimed to have the first bathroom in Gallup. In 1907 Clinton N. and Mary Alice Cotton celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary and it was noted in the newspaper they had lived in this part of New Mexico all of those years.

The third addition to the home was an enormous parlor extending west from the original structure. The fourth and last addition was the west wing built in 1908 which contained more bedrooms, and, of all things, a bowling alley. These additions made a U shaped structure measuring from 81 to 84 feet in each direction.

Mrs. Gasparich recalls that the Cotton home had a picket fence around it in the early days, later replaced by an adobe wall. She also remembers that in 1912 Theodore Roosevelt made a trip to Gallup, stayed as a guest in the Cotton home, and she was privileged to meet him. She also mentions that Mr. Cotton's room was in the southeast corner of the home, the

original section. Next to it was a small bedroom called the Hubbell bedroom, because whenever Juan Lorenzo Hubbell made a trip to Gallup he stayed there.

Mrs. Turner recalls that Mr. Cotton had a collection of irreplaceable priceless old blankets. He had everything, old bayettas, and many special blankets given to him. In jest he called this "the accumulation of a mis-spent life."

In 1930 Mr. Cotton started his retirement. First he sold his large wholesale business to Gross-Kelly, and he retired from his position with the Merchant's Bank. The C. N. Cotton Company was disincorporated in 1932. Mrs. Turner, Cotton's faithful secretary since 1911 was given a warm letter of recommendation which she treasures still. Mr. Cotton couldn't bring himself to sever all ties with trading so he retained his blanket room in the basement of the front or east end of the C. N. Cotton Company building. In that room, over the years, he had what was generally considered the largest and finest collection of Navajo blankets in the world, and usually worth over \$100,000 way back then. During the last years of his life he often talked of selling all his stock. After he had sold his wholesale house, his blankets continued to hold their prestige and the old trader preferred to sell his stock out at retail rather than turn it all in one deal and take away his last tie with his early reservation days.

In April 1934 his health failed and he ceased all trading. In 1936 his condition became worse, he was seriously ill three months, then his condition became critical for a week and the newspaper carried daily bulletins telling of his condition. Finally he had a convulsion and the following day died at his home at 3:07 A. M., Sunday, September 20, 1936.

The list of honorary pallbearers included New Mexico Governor Clyde Tingley and read like the Who's Who of Indian traders. The newspaper account of Mr. Cotton's death was the lead story in the Gallup Independent. In addition there were many notices announcing closing for his funeral of the Chamber of Commerce, Gallup City Offices, McKinley County Offices, and all places of business in Gallup. The Retail Credit Association requested all members to close their place of business "during the funeral of C. N. Cotton. . . . He was a friend and benefactor of everyone in Gallup."

ROSITA, LITTLE ROSE OF THE WET MOUNTAIN VALLEY

by Robert L. Brown

Presented at the April 27, 1977, meeting of the Denver Posse of
Westerners

Colorado's Wet Mountain Valley is about thirty miles long and just over five miles wide. In July the meadow grasses grow higher than a person's knees, and the hilly slopes are carpeted abundantly with wild flowers. Tiny streams, fed by melting snows from the great mountain wall to the west, turn the valley into a virtual paradise.

In 1806 Zebulon Pike became the first Anglo-American of record to move through the Valley. Pike was on his way west from the mouth of the Royal Gorge, moving toward the San Luis Valley, allegedly searching for the Red River.

Hunters and trappers were known to have been in the valley as early as 1829. Kit Carson had a camp on Hardscrabble Creek as late as 1847. In 1863, Josiah F. and Steven Smith, in company with W. H. Wetmore, prospected here. They found nothing. A wagon road was built through Hardscrabble Canyon in 1870 to connect the valley with Canon City. In December of that same year Richard Irwin discovered rich minerals near Rosita Springs. By 1871 a small town had begun to flourish.

Although some people resided here, Rosita was not formally founded until 1872. It became the first of several Wet Mountain Valley mining camps to be established. Folklore, history's most dangerous companion, has it that the town was named for a beautiful woman of Mexican descent who had permitted a Frenchman to be her lover. In the typical and most hopeless tradition of classic French literature, he lost his wits when she died. He is said to have wandered north until he came to this lovely valley which he obligingly named for her.

A better authenticated explanation tells us that when Dick Irwin and his companions came in 1870 they found a fine natural spring surrounded by a thicket of tiny wild roses. Inevitably, the spring became the source of the town's water supply. Irwin was known to have been a fairly fluent Spanish scholar, hence the name "Rosita" or "little rose" for the spring.

In addition to Irwin, the town's other founders were two men named Robinson and Pringle who got there in April. Jasper Brown, an itinerant surveyor, helped them lay out the townsite. Their plat called for a small

village, built up around a plaza with that fine, clear spring flowing out of a central fixture. From any building lot in the town, the residents could enjoy a stunning view of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. In all, the townsite included 360 acres, according to one source. Another reference insists that the town consisted of 36 surveyed building lots. Unlike some early communities, Rosita's streets were never paved.

A majority of Colorado's early settlements, Rosita included, went through a confusing cycle of name changes. In the beginning this settlement called itself Tompkinsville. Later it was known as Jenkin's Gulch, then Little Rose and finally Rosita. Just how Dick Irwin fitted into all of this confused nomenclature remains a mystery. Having found no references to clear up this matter, I assume that he intended the name only for the spring. Others probably proposed the additional names, finally returning to Irwin's choice. Dick apparently sold out almost at once, as no other references were found to indicate that he stayed around to participate in the town's life. Perhaps starting towns was his "thing", as the following reference would seem to suggest. In Gunnison County he started the towns of Ruby and Irwin in 1879 and disappeared just as abruptly as if overcome by modesty. One other Dick Irwin story that I found but cannot document suggests that Irwin himself was the lover of the girl Rosita, hence the name choice.

In its first year of life the town consisted of some 60 log cabins and a single frame store. By the end of the year Rosita's first hotel, the Elkhorn, was in operation. Soon there were five dry good stores and a new public hall that doubled as a church. By 1875 1500 residents had settled there. The peak population was probably about 5,000 inhabitants, although the census of 1880 showed 10,000 people. That same census placed an equally unlikely 10,000 at Red Mountain, a magic number perhaps, or a resounding tribute to local brewing recipes.

At first, Rosita was a part of Fremont County. But in 1887 a realignment of boundaries placed it in Custer County. Briefly, it was the county seat. On June 30, 1875, the Golden, Colorado, *Transcript* commented as follows on life at Rosita. "No insurance agents or sewing machine salesmen have disturbed the even tenor of the town's ways as yet."

Rosita's first fire occurred on March 10, 1881, and well over half of the town went up in flames. Following too closely for comfort, a second blaze engulfed the business district on August 11, 1881. The wooden structures destroyed at that time were quickly replaced by buildings of brick and masonry. Some of the new ones sported cut stone false fronts. The general store of C. C. Smith reappeared as a sturdy one-story concrete building. Many new frame cottages were rebuilt on old foundations all across the burned out townsite.

A modern town hall was erected at this time. It was a large wooden double storied structure, painted white, and could also function as the

county court house. Local partisans said that it was a better one than Denver had. A new school was built that year too. It was a grade school employing three teachers. That 1880 census, taken the previous year, revealed 275 children of school age.

Clark Wulsten, whose father had founded the Colfax agricultural colony, was Rosita's busiest citizen. Wulsten was the superintendent of the Game Ridge Consolidated Mining Company. All of its properties were on a hill behind the town. Their names were the Lucille, Columbus, Elizabeth, Essex, Buccaneer, Bald Hornet, Montezuma, Sunset, Silver Wing, Evening Star, and Hell and Six.

Just over the hill was the town of Querida with its great Bassick Mine, the main economic support of the valley. Silver ore from the Bassick was valued at \$12,000 to \$30,000 per ton. Production totaled more than 500 tons weekly for an estimated yield of \$200,000 monthly. Visitors were rarely welcomed at the Bassick. When Professor Nathaniel P. Hill of Black Hawk tried to visit its treasure house, he was turned back at the entrance.

With prosperity, came improvements. In 1881 the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad pushed a set of tracks up Grape Creek from Canon City and started the town of Westcliffe. Silver Cliff, however, remained the county seat until 1928. An estimated 200,000 tons of hay came out of the valley's farms annually. Most of it was shipped on the Rio Grande to markets elsewhere. Potatoes were another large cash crop. Unfortunately, a flood washed out the Grape Creek tracks in 1889, and the area had no further railroad service until 1901.

In the months that followed the fire, Rosita gradually rebuilt itself. At its peak there were five general stores, a hardware business, dry goods and millinery stores, a tobacco shop, one drug store, a meat market, three saloons, two restaurants, five hotels, a livery stable, one wagon maker, a boot and shoe shop, a brick yard, three assayers, three ministers, six physicians, and a real estate agent. By the time George Crofutt, the much traveled author of the *Grip-Sack Guide of Colorado*, got there he found, "a bank, several hotels, and an abundant supply of game."

R. E. Naeve set up a cheese factory at Rosita, backed by a firm of English capitalists. Its physical assets included a dairy house, a corral, curing room, sheds, and stalls for more than a hundred cows. The curing room had a double wall and a storage capacity for 100,000 pounds of cheese. It was equipped with steam pipes for raising the temperature during periods of extreme winter cold. The dairy room was equipped with two large metal vats. Each had a capacity of 350 gallons. Six cheese presses and a big churn completed their array of equipment.

Naeve bought up almost all of the shorthorn cattle in the valley. A native Swiss cheese expert was imported to oversee the whole operation. Two hundred pounds of cheddar were produced weekly, until the cows discovered the forbidden delights associated with eating the wild garlic

that grew on the hillsides. Shortly thereafter the cheese factory was out of business.

A factory with a somewhat better track record was that of the Rosita Brewing Company. It occupied a three-story stone structure that had cost \$70,000 to build and equip. Its production was about 200 barrels a day. The beer was very popular in Leadville, Saguache, and in the other towns of the Wet Mountain Valley. The brewery was an active enterprise until the late 1880's.

Culturally and socially, Rosita had a rather enviable array of organization. There were women's clubs, several fraternal lodges such as Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Elks, Masons, and a number of labor organizations. Over the years there were three weekly newspapers, the *Index*, *Sierra Journal*, and the *Silver Nugget*, which was published between 1875 and 1887. Five churches still operated in Rosita as late as 1900, but most of the town's 400 or so homes were empty by that time. Churches were active in Rosita almost from the town's inception. The Methodists had a meeting house there, and Rosita had Catholic and Episcopal churches too. St. Luke's Episcopal was later moved from Rosita to Westcliffe, where the name was changed to St. Matthew's. The church building made a final move over to Silver Cliff in 1879 and the name was changed back to St. Luke's.

Rosita enjoyed the luxury of having its own express and stage company. A partnership called Hamma and Murphy operated a general forwarding and shipping agency. Their branch warehouses were at Canon City. They offered a daily mail and express service plus a daily stagecoach to Canon City. Tri-weekly runs connected the valley with Pueblo. Semi-weekly service was also available to the towns of Colfax and Ula.

The Canon City line left at 7:00 A.M. for the 30 mile trip to Rosita. The first ten miles of the trail followed the base of the mountains south of Canon City, then it climbed up a winding, hilly grade for about ten miles. Next the road descended into Oak Creek Canyon. Twelve more miles took riders over smooth hills with fine vistas of the snowy Sangre de Cristo Range before dropping down into the valley where Rosita was situated.

The community graveyard lies a mile from the town, its burial plots protected by a wooden fence. Carl Wulsten of Chicago, founder of the German-American colony of Colfax, is buried here. His headstone relates how he led a hundred or so companions into the valley to start the colony in 1870. They fought among themselves and finally abandoned both the project and their town.

Near the center of the old burial ground lies Commodore Stephen Decatur, who once wrote stirring editorials for the *Georgetown Courier*, but didn't heed his own teachings. He was Colorado's representative to the Philadelphia Centennial. Decatur later served as Justice of the Peace at Rosita. Some years ago his grave was identified by Inez Hunt and Wanetta

Draper of Colorado Springs. They put up a new headstone for him. Decatur's real name was Stephen Decatur Bross. He was a distant relative of the hero of the War of 1812. His brother was the Lt. Governor of Illinois during the time Stephen was busy starting the town of Decatur in Summit County. In earlier years he had fought in the War with Mexico, deserted his wife, and worked for a time as a shoemaker in Nebraska. He drifted west during the mining boom and died, indigent, at Rosita on May 31, 1888.

Rosita's cemetery tells of other tragedies too. Mrs. Henry Fall of Querida once walked the six miles to Rosita following a heavy spring snow. Mrs. Fall used a sled pulled by her thirteen year old son and a St. Bernard dog. They loaded some supplies on the sled and started for home. Six other children were waiting at their cabin in Querida. The wind rose and more snow began to fall. When they had gone about half way across the valley, Mrs. Fall gave up. The rancher went out into the storm and found the mother dead of exposure. The boy's body was rubbed until daylight, restoring impaired circulation. The youngest child at home was buried a week later, dead of unknown causes.

Unless time is spent in reading the inscriptions on grave markers or in pursuing newspaper accounts of the time, today's visitor would not suspect that this quiet little valley was once a hot bed of violence. But the truth is that Rosita had far more than its share of crime. Vigilante justice, that psychologically peculiar phenomenon so often falsely attributed only to the American West, was a grim part of life in the Wet Mountain Valley.

Rosita's Vigilantes got off to an early start and their "suspended sentences" were carried out with some frequency over a period of more than a decade. An apparent distrust of county legal processes, coupled with an impatience about the speed of due process, brought an aroused citizenry to the point of taking the law into their own hands. And once organized, they were reluctant to disband. Some examples follow.

It began with a shooting, followed by a lynching, in the early 1880's. A well liked citizen named Kurtz had been shot down in a brutal street assault. His two attackers, named Williams and Gray, were promptly arrested and placed in the town's unique wooden jail. That night they were removed from the jail by the newly organized Vigilantes and hanged. All three, victim and murderers, were buried side by side.

Encircling a nearby plot in the Rosita cemetery is a weathered picket fence. It surrounds the bodies of two young cowboys who got into a drunken brawl at a dance that was being held in the second floor hall above one of the saloons. They were forcibly ejected. Later, the cattle farmers sobered up, thought it over and shot the man who had thrown them out. Before the trial judge could arrive from Silver Cliff, Rosita's Vigilantes rose to the opportunity, saddled up and rode again. They broke the miscreants out of the jail and hanged them. One of their wooden grave markers, still

readable, carries the name of twenty-two year old Frank Williams. The other marker, badly weather checked, cannot be read. The date was 1884.

One of the Vigilante's noisiest and most notable triumphs grew out of the so called Pocahontas War. It began inauspiciously one day in 1872 when one of Carl Wulsten's German farmers, Lennon Fredericks by name, found an extension of the Virginia lode. He dug in but soon abandoned his shaft to go into the business of weaving baskets for the local potato farmers at Colfax. A newcomer, George O. Bannon, crossed the Fredericks property several times a day while working for the Transylvania Tunnel Company. One day he picked up a piece of rich chloride silver, dug into the hill and found a silver vein that he called the Pocahontas. Bannon's claim, of course, was on Frederick's land. To determine its future, the matter was taken into a Miner's Court where, surprisingly, a settlement was arrived at without bloodshed.

One day Walter C. Sheridan, alias Walter A. Stewart, an impressive looking stranger, arrived at Rosita. Walter was a bank robber and forger, well known else where but not in the Wet Mountain Valley as yet. In Denver he owned a \$40,000 mansion. There too he had become a director of the German Bank of Denver.

A fourth character in the drama, Theodore Herr, bought the Pocahontas Mine from Bannon, and soon found himself being cultivated by Walter Stewart. Herr, accompanied by Stewart, had come to Rosita to start a new bank. Stewart had already planted a trusted confederate in the town. His name was James R. Boyd, and he represented himself as a capitalist. When the bank was opened, Stewart and Boyd made the acquaintance of the foreman of the Pocahontas. This was a part of their plan to get the mine for themselves. In the local saloons they drank the best whisky and made other impressive displays of wealth.

They eventually gained control of Rosita itself by getting their own henchmen elected as the town's officials. Finally, they bought up most of the outstanding stock in the Pocahontas, interests that Herr, for some reason, had never been able to acquire. With the onset of winter, Herr left for Denver, placing responsibility for the Pocahontas in the hands of a man named John Topping.

Boyd and Stewart bribed Topping, took possession of the mine, and put their own guards around it. When news of the coup reached Herr, no time was lost in getting an injunction from the Chief Justice of the Territory. Custer County's sheriff served the papers on Boyd and Stewart, who defied the court and refused to evacuate the property. They relied on the guards, who were under the command of a Major Graham. Graham was a notorious hoodlum who had recently escaped from Canon City. He opened up a combination restaurant and gambling hall at nearby Rosita, apparently as a front for his activities.

Warrants were issued and served on the Pocahontas guards by a county

constable. In Justice Court the constable was acquainted and backed by several familiar faces, the usual group of one hundred citizens, none other than the Rosita Vigilantes, who now called themselves the Committee on Safety. The guards were tried, found guilty and fined. Stewart's bank paid their bail, and within an hour they were armed again and had returned to resume possession of the Pocahontas.

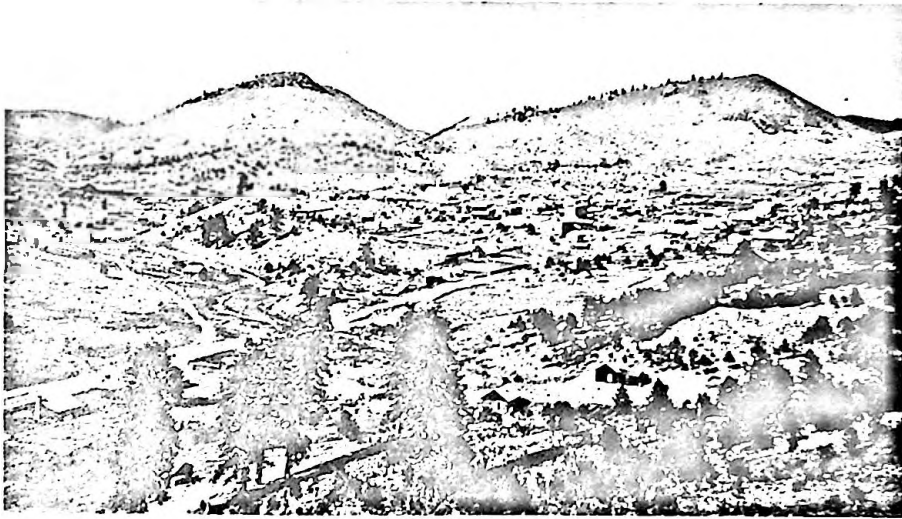
During the next couple of days, the whole town armed itself in anticipation of trouble. Meanwhile, Graham and his gang stalked the streets, threatening to kill anyone who opposed them. Boyd became openly abusive. In front of witnesses he knocked one man down on the wooden sidewalk of Tyndall Street.

All work and business in Rosita was suspended. Saloons were closed by the Vigilantes, who held a meeting in one of them behind locked doors. It lasted well beyond midnight. As the members started for home, the early morning quiet was shattered by a bedlam of rifle fire. Several of the guards from the mine trooped into town behind Major Graham shouting, "Down with every one of the accursed Vigilantes, shoot them down!"

A pitched battle lasted until dawn. Both sides took cover among the structures along Tyndall Street, firing back and forth at each other. By dawn the street began to fill up with armed citizens, now tired of it all and probably frustrated by lack of sleep. They drove Graham's guards back to the mine. But by mid-morning the guards had returned to the town and the fighting was resumed. In the ensuing melee Graham was shot and killed. Lacking leadership, the gangsters fled. Some of them were rounded up and given jail sentences. Boyd was captured too and the Vigilantes made plans for another hanging. But calmer heads prevailed this time and they settled for banishment. He was escorted beyond the boundaries of Colorado at gunpoint, with the not too original warning that he would be hanged if he ever tried to return.

Incidentally, the men who had shot Major Graham didn't bother to take his body out to their fine new cemetery. Instead of conventional interment in the marble orchard, they simply tossed the body down an abandoned mine shaft. During the shooting, Stewart disappeared after robbing his own bank. He cleaned out the assets of all of his depositors, missing only eighty cents in a corner of the vault and fifteen thousand dollars in worthless bonds on a Kansas railroad that had never been built.

But the end of the Pocahontas War failed to end claim jumping at Rosita. Gangs of armed gunmen still roamed the streets on occasion and sometimes they drove mine owners from their claims at gunpoint. One such ganster, a man known as McHarg, seized the claim of William H. Gabbert during a brief period of the owner's absence. When Gabbert returned, he told the claim jumper that he didn't propose to give up the mine. McHarg told him to, "Shut up or take a beating!" When both men met on Tyndall Street, Gabbert pounced on the thug and gave him a thorough clobbering. After extracting a promise that the claim jumper would leave town, Gab-



Rosita, as it looked prior to the 1881 fire.

State Historical Society of Colorado



From the same angle, here was Rosita in 1966.

From the Collection of Robert L. Brown

bert became a local hero and his admirers elected him a Justice of the State Supreme Court. He served from 1897 to 1917.

Scarcely had the Pocahontas War ended when the Vigilantes rode again, hanging a couple of rowdies who had killed two citizens in a pique after having been ejected from a public dance. In a burst of righteous confidence, the Vigilantes issued formal printed invitations to the citizens of Rosita, Custer City, Querida, and the other towns, suggesting that they join them at the necktie party. At midnight the invited guests joined company with Rosita's "local uplift" society. Together they battered down the nail-studded door of the Custer County jail, removed the culprits and hanged them from opposite ends of the jail's handy roof rafters. Several points in this story sound suspiciously like the account of the hanging of Frank Williams recounted earlier. Although the sources and times differ, I suspect that both stories recount the same incident.

And then there was the time when the citizens armed themselves and took to the streets upon hearing that the County Seat was to be moved to Silver Cliff. They turned out a final time when the records went to Westcliffe. Remarkably, nobody was hanged on these festive occasions although prevailing sentiment would have supported such a course. It would probably be appropriate to mention at this time that Rosita was the birthplace of the late Ralph Carr, a gentleman well known to many members of this Posse. Carr was easily one of the three or four really outstanding Colorado governors, serving between 1939 and 1943. At the time of Carr's birth, December 11, 1887, Rosita was just past its prime. His father, William S. Carr, was a miner as were most other men of the town. Later the family moved to Aspen, then to Cripple Creek where Ralph Carr graduated from high school in 1905. It was here that he formed the basis for his lifelong freindship with Lowell Thomas. Thomas worked on the *Victor Record*. Carr was a reporter and later was the editor of the rival *Cripple Creek Times*.

Rosita had started into a rather gradual decline in 1877 with discovery of the rich Bassick Mine at Querida. Then both towns were overshadowed when Silver Cliff boomed with the Racine Boy, Horn Silver, and other mines near Round Mountain. Business houses and mills moved across the valley to the newer community. Both the brewery and the cheese factory closed. By 1890 the weeds and wild roses had begun to reclaim the streets and mine dumps as Rosita became a ghost town.

In 1957 Metro Goldwyn Mayer came to the valley. They moved a few of the surviving buildings closer to where the town had been and built some new structures to blend with the old. A formula western called *Saddle the Wind* was filmed there. The late Robert Taylor and Miss Julie London were the leading players. Then, as a final blow, Rosita's post office, still used as a mail drop by the valley's ranch people, was closed on December 3, 1966. The life cycle of Rosita was at an end.



Westerner's Bookshelf



The Indian and the Horse, by Gilbert Frank Roe. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1974. 433 pages, 43 illustrations, map. Price \$9.95.

Frank Roe's reputation as a Canadian scholar of international renown was assured by his first book, *The North American Buffalo*, published in 1951. The thoroughness of his research on the horse as a dynamic factor in Plains Indian history and culture has established *The Indian and the Horse* as authoritative on that fascinating subject. Dobie's *The Mustangs* and Haines' *The Apaloosa Horse* are its only rivals.

The American Indian was a pedestrian with dog travois until the Spanish came, mounted on magnificent beasts. The red men soon overcame their terror of these wondrous creatures, and stole them in quantity from the Spanish frontier settlements of the late 17th and early 18th centuries. The result was a cultural explosion without parallel among primitive people. The horse gave the Indian a new source of wealth, made him vastly more mobile, enlarged his capacity as a hunter, and made him more awesome in warfare.

This is an exhaustively documented and analytical account of the Indian pony that evolved through the selective breeding to become symbolic of the historic Plains Indian. The tough little animal had almost unbelievable speed and endurance which allowed its rider to run down the fastest buffalo or leave cavalry pursuers far behind. The author examines every imaginable facet of his story: the chronology of acquisition by various tribes, the problem of tracing pinto coloration, the myths of the Coronado and De Soto "strays" and "the white stallion," Indian techniques for adaptation of the horse, and impact of the horse itself on Indian habits, material culture, and religion.

An extensive bibliography, a fine assortment of pictures, and a map of conjectural dispersal routes, are among other bonuses of this excellent reference work.

Merrill J. Mattes, P.M.

Land of Tall Skies, "A Pageant of the Colorado High Plains," by Dabney Otis Collins. Century One Press, Colorado Springs, Colorado, 1977. Introduction by Marshall Sprague. Illustrated by Paul Busch. 159 pages. \$7.00 hardback, \$5.00 softback.

The area of Colorado bounded by the mountains, Wyoming, Nebraska, Kansas and New Mexico has been neglected by writers. "Doc" Collins' new book supplies the need for a comprehensive history of this area, a history written in such simple but beautiful prose that it is bound to require the reader to turn his back on the mountains, at least for a time, and explore what he has been missing. The reader starts at the beginning of time and moves through the creation of the area down to the present, watching all of the actors on the stage of the High Plains, animal, vegetable and mineral, play their roles and either disappear or remain for extended engagements.

With economical but careful use of words, the author not only describes areas of interest but gives explicit directions on how to get to them, a real help to amateur explorers. The drawings at each chapter are excellent and pertinent. The publisher should be congratulated on the excellent, easily read type on fine paper, and the fine job of proof reading, sometimes lacking in many recent publications. Marshall Sprague's introduction gives the reader a good send-off to a few hours of enjoyable reading. This reader was impressed with the fair treatment the author gives to the White versus Indian conflicts.

With the author's dedication to the Denver Posse of the Westerners, and his proud assertion of membership in our organization, no member of the Denver Westerners can conscientiously *not* shell out the modest price and own the book. Congratulations, Brother "Doc"! Your worthy effort adds to your laurels and reflects honor on our Brotherhood.

W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.

The Vigilantes of Montana, by Professor Thomas J. Dimsdale. Introduction by E. DeGolyer. 268 pages, Hardback, \$3.95. Tenth printing by the University of Oklahoma Press.

This book consists of numerous written true accounts of history written almost at the time it was taking place. This is an exceptionally rare narrative of persons, places, and events as they unfolded on the western frontier. Recorded by an intelligent and well-educated English gentlemen, this book gives a unique, vivid and clear insight into the problems faced by the men and women whose sacrifice and courage settled the American West.

There are many who feel that many legends of cruel deeds and ruthless acts during the settlement of the West are grossly exaggerated. For those persons, this book is a must. During the period of the Civil War and two decades after, deserters from both the North and the South, felons, renegades and outlaws took Horace Greeley's advice and came West. This is an account of the time when a territory was nearly conquered and controlled by outlaws. During this period, a territory which was later to become a state was certainly on the brink of becoming "no man's land." No one can have a clear understanding of the early American West until they have read this book. Few books on Western history give such a comprehensive account of the actual conditions on the Western frontier.

The book is skillfully compiled and well arranged and printed by one of the foremost printers of the history of the American West. This is a true account of a time and a place, where human life had little or no value, and almost every man's God was gold.

Ralph E. Livingston, P.M.

General Custer's Libbie, by Lawrence A. Frost. Superior Publishing Company, Seattle, 1976. Illustrated by E. Lisle Reedstrom. 325 pages, numerous photographs, bibliography. \$19.95—hard bound.

Dr. Larry Frost lives in Monroe, Michigan, Elizabeth Custer's hometown, and the place where the Custer's spent a great deal of time. He has absorbed so much Custer history, written so many factual Custer books and articles that he is doubtless one of the

foremost authorities on the fascinating family, ranking with Don Russell of the Chicago Corral of the Westerners. Frost's books rate two places in Tal Luther's "Custer High Spots." This book may be the culmination of Frost's research. He told me that he spent twenty hours a week for five years on it, no golf or TV. His dedication is evident in the finished product. While the book is about Elizabeth Bacon Custer, and contains much material directly from her diaries, it naturally contains a great deal about George Armstrong Custer.

I suppose this book could be called a love story, for Elizabeth's devotion to Custer is evident, not only in the story of their courtship and relatively short married life, but in her fifty years of widowhood after the Little Big Horn.

The many photographs, as well as the fine Reedstrom drawings, make this book a pleasure to glance through even without reading. The bibliography alone will be invaluable to any Custer scholar. No Custer fan or foe can feel complacent until he has read this book, and no historian should be without it.

W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.

COLORADO HISTORICAL BOTTLES—1859-1915 (Compiled by David K. Clint, ABBC, P.O. Box 63, Denver, Colo. 80201. 306 pages, \$16.95)

Primarily for collectors of antique bottles, this book is basically a reference manual and is structured for the use of the novice as well as the advanced collector.

The bottles which comprise the subject matter are the ones that were mouth-blown, mold-formed and hand finished, and made between 1859 and 1915.

Every known bottling works and brewery in the State of Colorado, from Aguilar to Walsenburg is included, with drawings and illustrations of their products—beer bottles, whiskey bottles, etc., also pottery jugs, siphon bottles and insulators.

Included also is a brief history of Colorado, with emphasis on the Denver area, brief biographies of Denver men such as Fritz Thies, Wolf Londoner and Andrew Sagen-dorf, and brief histories of Zang's Brewery, Coors and others.

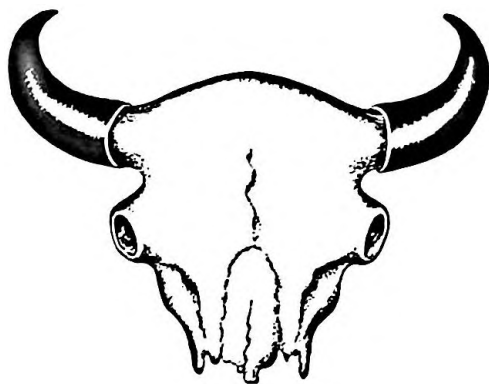
Printed in a limited edition of 500 copies, the book itself will become a collector's item.

Armand W. Reeder, P.M.

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

July/August
Volume XXXIII, No. 4



"The Trappers" by Raney, 1856

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

What a pleasant year this has been so far! The two papers herein continue to demonstrate the wealth of information and the range of knowledge that is shared among the Denver Posse of Westerners.

For those of you who have not heard of Nolie Mumey's reputation for presenting a keepsake to his audience when he presents a paper you have my sympathies. Not only was Dr. Mumey's paper on Trappers and Trapping a delight but so too was the Green River Knife given to everyone attending. All hands were obviously appreciative. The suggestion was made that if anyone really felt a difference of opinion that they had an excellent opportunity to settle it. The lack of takers proves our—Gentlemanly conduct.

A convention of Urologists is meeting in Denver in November for which Dr. Mumey is preparing a historical exhibit related to the Medical profession. This further illustrates Nolie's interests and his reputation.

The Christmas Season is not many days away. A fine gift to an old time Westerner or someone new to the fascination of Western History would be a Westerners Brand Book. Give a Brand Book and a Membership to a Tenderfoot Westerner. We may not have the new Brand Book but we still have some of the past years available. The papers contained therein are as fresh as hot Apple pie and just as tasty. So remember Christmas and your friends.

The Posse has received notice from Mrs. Leroy Boyd, 906 5th St., Los Animas, Colorado, 81054, offering a complete set of the Denver Posse of Westerners Brand Books. The asking price is \$1,000.00 which I understand is reasonable for a complete set. Mrs. Boyd states that she has other materials as well. This is an excellent opportunity to pick up on some very collectable publications. She has the entire run except for this last one and apparently the collection is in fine condition. Mrs. Boyd invites inquiries from interested parties at the above address.

The Posse has voted in a modified menu following a Poll which indicated not

THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

Vol. XXXIII



July/August

Number 4

1977

The ROUNDUP is published bimonthly by the Denver Posse of The Westerners. Subscription, \$9.00 per year to members. Entered as second-class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office, P. O. Box 990, Boulder, Colorado 80302. Westerners' office, 828 17th St., Denver CO 80202. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

© 1977 by The Westerners, Inc., a Colorado corporation.

USE THESE ADDRESSES FOR:**Correspondence and Remittance**

Dr. Henry W. Toll, Jr.
620 Boston Bldg.
828 17th Street
Denver, CO 80202

Material for The Roundup

David L. Hartman, 13492 N. Delphi Dr., Littleton, Colo 80124

Reservations for Meetings and Dinners

Robert Akerley, 2281 Havana St., Aurora, Colo 80010

Book Reviews

Ralph E. Livingston, 245 W. 12th Ave., Denver, Colo. 80204

1977 OFFICERS

Sheriff: W. H. Van Duzer

Deputy Sheriff: Ross V. Miller, Jr.

Roundup Foreman: Charles S. Ryland

Tally Man: Dr. Henry W. Toll, Jr.

Registrar of Marks & Brands: D. L. Hartman

Chuck Wrangler: Robert Akerley

Membership Chairman: Richard A. Ronzio

Publications Chairman: Donald E. Bower

Program Chairman: Ross V. Miller, Jr.

Book Review Chairman: Ralph E. Livingston

More Notes on the Forts and Trading Posts in Colorado and the Men Who Built Them

by Francis B. Rizzari, P.M.

Presented to the Denver Posse of Westerners on May 23, 1977

In my previous paper read to this group about a year ago, I covered the three stockades built by Lt. Zebulon Pike, the small Spanish fort on Sangre de Cristo Pass, the two forts built by Louis Vasquez and Andrew Sublette, Forts, Lupton, Jackson, and St. Vrain on the South Platte, and Fort Maurice Le Deoux.

Tonight I will pick up the story and try to keep them in chronological order as closely as possible, but that is rather difficult as almost all of the forts and trading posts were contemporary. You may remember that the last fort in my previous paper was Fort Maurice Le Deoux. It spanned the years from 1835 to 1854 when it was attacked and burned by a band of Ute Indians, who then proceeded on to Fort Pueblo where they perpetrated the Christmas Day Massacre. So, I believe it would be appropriate to start tonight's paper with:

FORT PUEBLO

The site had been used by Indians for many hundreds of years as they travelled up and down the Arkansas River. Spain, France, and Mexico claimed the area at one time or another. In 1803, it became a part of the United States, and as such it was included at various times in the States of New Mexico, Louisiana, Kansas, Texas, and finally, Colorado.

In 1673, a party of French Trappers passed up the Arkansas and may have camped there. In 1706, Juan de Uribarri and his troop of Spanish Conquistadores went by. Sometime prior to 1763, another party of French Trappers proceeded up the Arkansas River and built a store and opened trade with the Indians of the area and the Spaniards of North Mexico, now New Mexico. Smiley (*History of Colorado*, 1913, Vol. 1, p. 43.) says it could not have been much before 1762 as one of the party was still living in 1812. He obtained his information from the historical book, *Sketches of Louisiana*, written by General Amos Stoddard. Stoddard was a Captain at the formalities in St. Louis on March 9, 1804, when the upper part of the Louisiana Purchase was transferred to the United States.

The Spanish did not take kindly to the presence of the store and promptly arrested the traders and confiscated their supplies and goods. The issue was eventually decided in Havana and the prisoners released and restitution was made for the property. It had been determined that the store had been built on the east side of the mountains, below the source of the Arkansas, and on the north bank of that river, thus placing it in French territory. How close it was to the site of Pueblo is anybody's guess. But without much doubt, it was the first structure of a permanent nature built by white men in what is now Colorado.

In 1806, Pike built the second of his stockades here. After that, the area was frequented by numerous trappers and traders, some of whom may have used Pike's barricade as a shelter. In January 1822, Major Jacob Fowler built his fort not too far from that of Pike's. The State Historical Society has placed a marker at Catalpa Street and Joplin Avenue, honoring the hill one block east of the intersection as Jacob Fowler's Lookout. His fort was nearby.

In 1823, a Missouri trader named John McKnight, built a small trading post on the Upper Arkansas. (Smiley: op. cit. p. 173.) Nothing definite is known about McKnight's location but Smiley assumes it was near the site of Pueblo. He quotes his source as Col. Dodge and his Dragoons passing a "deserted trading establishment," on August 1, 1835. However, you may remember in my story on Gantt's Fort that Sgt. Hugh Evans, who was with Dodge, wrote in his journal that this was the day they "... passed (the) old trading establishment formerly occupied by Captain Gantt." Capt. Ford's map (Mumey: *March of the Dragoons*, p. 56. shows a Fort Cass and a Fort William, east of Fountain Creek and on the North Bank of the Arkansas.) Maybe Smiley did not have access to the Evans' journal. McKnight was killed near his fort in the spring of 1823 by Comanche Indians. His fate was recorded in a single paragraph in the *Missouri Intelligencer* of August 12, 1823. Smiley does not say who carried the news to the paper. Anyway, back to Fort Pueblo.

By 1842, the demand for beaver skins had practically ceased and what trading was done was for buffalo robes. It is generally agreed by most historians that this was the year that Jim Beckwourth, John Brown, George Simpson, Joseph Doyle, Alexander Barclay and other mountain men established Fort Pueblo. Beckwourth states in his autobiography that there were 15 to 20 trappers and their families. They went to work and built a fort 60 yards square. Other measurements are lacking. Some say the adobe walls were 12 feet high with bastions on the northeast and southwest corners. The sketch printed in Lippencott Magazine in 1880 shows no bastions—but these items were not too important. Farming and hunting were the mainstays to the people's existence.

One time when Jim Beckwourth was away on one of his horse-stealing trips, he stayed too long so John Brown married his Spanish wife Louisa

Sandoval. (Hafen: *Colo. Mag.* Jan. 1953, p. 26.) Beckwourth's little daughter went with the marriage and was raised as Brown's own child. Dorothy Price Shaw quoting the F. W. Cragin papers, (*Colo. Mag.* July 1948, p. 176.) says that Brown built a grist mill on Greenhorn Creek at the Taos Trail crossing about 1843. He also built some log houses, one of which was used as an Indian trading post. The Brown family moved to California in 1849, although there is some disagreement about that date.

Another character at Fort Pueblo was Valentine J. Herring, better known as "Rube". He figures prominently in Ruxton's *Life in the Far West*. When the Mormon Battalion camped at the Mormon settlement near the fort in the winter of 1846-47, Old Rube was converted to their faith. However, when the battalion left in the spring and did not hire him as a guide, he threw his *Book of Mormon* into the Arkansas River and forsook the Saints. A few years later he joined his old friends John Brown in the Mormon town of San Bernardino, California, and when Brigham Young recalled the Saints to Salt Lake City in 1857, he became Justice of the Peace and Superintendent of schools. What a scholarly achievement for an old fur trapper!!! (Hafen: *Colo. Mag.*, Jan. 1953, p. 28.)

In 1846, the great migration of Mormons headed westward to establish a new life. The main body stopped in Iowa to winter but one party of forty-three people in nineteen wagons kept on. Their story is told by Dr. LeRoy Hafen and Frank Young in the *Colorado Magazine* for July 1932. It is taken from the journal kept by Elder John Brown—no relation to the previous John Brown—who was one of the party. The original journal is now in the archives of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City.

The party reached Fort Laramie but decided it was too late to continue westward, so they turned south to winter on the Arkansas. They arrived at Fort Pueblo on August 7, 1846, where they found some six or eight mountaineers and their families. Elder Brown says the mountaineers had Indian and Spanish women for wives.

The party selected a site for their settlement on the south side of the river and downstream from the fort. The exact location of this so-called Mormon Pueblo is not known as the writers of the day were remiss in giving exact distances. Francis Parkman (*California and Oregon Trail*, p. 258.) says it took a half hour's riding from the fort to the settlement. During the winter of 1846-47, several companies composed mostly of sick soldiers from the Mormon Battalion which had been attached to General Kearney, joined the settlers. The Mormons built a building to be used as a church and this could have been the first church and deaths, making these the first Anglo-American records of this type. The Mormon Church even today, is used for the recreation as well as the spiritual center for its people, and the one at the settlement was no different. The trappers from the fort used to visit the settlement to dance but were first forced to sit through a sermon

before the dancing started. Our friend Rube Herring was converted at one of these meetings.

Several soldiers died during the winter and were buried nearby. In the spring of 1847, the Mormons left for Fort Laramie to join the rest of the migration. The log huts of the settlement and the graves must have been washed away by the floods of the Arkansas before the gold rush as the first permanent settlers made no mention of them.

John C. Fremont visited Fort (Pueblo) in 1845. Francis Parkman came in 1845 but didn't think much of it. (Parkman: op. cit. p. 255.) He says, "After an hour's ride . . . a welcome sight greeted us . . . the low mud walls of the Pueblo . . . We approached the gate. It was a wretched species of fort of most primitive construction, being nothing more than a large square inclosure surrounded by a wall of mud, miserably cracked and dilapidated. The slender pickets . . . were half broken down, and the gate dangled on its wood hinges, that to open or shut it seemed likely to fling it down altogether."

Ruxton, mentioned before, visited in 1847 but he was no more impressed than Parkman. He said the walls were no more than eight feet high, and that the inhabitants of some half-dozen little rooms lived entirely on game and most of the year without bread. That same year, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Indian Agent for the Upper Arkansas, said it was becoming ". . . the resort of all idlers and loafers and a depot for smugglers of liquor from New Mexico."

The end came to the fort on Christmas Day, 1854, when the band of Utes which had destroyed Fort Maurice Le Deoux, arrived on the scene. There were a few Mexicans and 17 Americans within the enclosure. Believing the Indians to be friendly, they were allowed to enter the fort. Every one started drinking and soon a fight started in which 15 of the Americans were killed and one mortally wounded. The only surviving American was one who had left early in the morning and returned late that afternoon to find the carnage. The Indians took a Mexican woman and two children. They killed the woman but the two children were later rescued.

After that the fort was deserted except for a Spaniard named Massalino and his Pawnee wife. They were living in the ruins when Lt. Beckwith passed there in 1855. The adobe walls gradually weathered away but some of the ruins were still visible when the gold seekers came in 1858. They reportedly took what logs and adobe brick that were useful and constructed the cabins for the town that they named Fountain City. (*Colo. Mag.* Jan. 1941, p. 33.) Smiley (op cit. p. 179.) says that Judge Wilbur F. Stone saw the foundations and that the fort was located near the site of the Ferris Hotel. A. A. Hayes, Jr. said in 1880 that you could still see the ruins of the old fort near the A.T.&S.F. depot.

MILK FORT (PUEBLO de LECHE)

There was another fort or establishment having the same name of Pueblo. This was the Pueblo de Leche or Milk Fort four miles west of Bent's Old Fort. It got its name from the number of milk goats kept by the residents. No one seems to know when it was built, and as it was used probably as a protection for the predominantly Mexican population whose chief occupation seemed to be that of raising goats, no one recorded its beginning. Dr. Wislizenus visited it in Sept. 1839 and found it a going concern. He describes it as ". . . a second smaller fort, Pebbles Fort, occupied chiefly by French and Mexicans." I have no idea where he got the name Pebbles. There was a man named Robert Peebles with the Lawrence Party but that was 19 years later in 1858.

Elias Williard Smith, in a party of 32 persons under the command of Louis Vasquez and Andrew Sublette, went by the fort on September 4, 1839. (*Colo. Mag.* July 1950, p. 169.) He records it in his journal. "Today we passed a Spanish fort about two miles from Bent's. It is also built of mud and inhabited by a few Spanish and French. They get their flour from Touse (Taos), a town of Mexico, eight days travel from this place. They raise a small quantity of corn for their own use . . . Last night we saw the northern lights very plainly."

Thomas J. Farnham had stopped there in July 1839 and calls it "El Puebla." He describes it as ". . . constructed of adobes and consists of a series of one-story buildings built around a quadrangel in the general style of those at Fort William (Bent's.) It belongs to a company of American and Mexican trappers, who, wearied with the service, have retired to this spot to spend the remainder of their days in raising grain, vegetables, horses, mules, etc., for the various trading establishments of the region."

Mathew C. Field, who also visited the fort in August 1839, says, "There are about thirty houses of small dimensions, all built compactly together in an oblong square, leaving a large space in the center, and the houses themselves forming the walls of the fort, into which there is but one entrance, through a large and very strong gate. Some of the houses have an upper story and the rooms are generally square, twelve feet from wall to wall, more or less, with the fire place in the corner. . . . These rooms are white-washed and look enough like Christian apartments to surprise us. . ." (*M.C.F. New Orleans Picayune—1940, Colo. Mag.* May 1937.)

". . . The first thing that took our attention was the women suddenly appearing at every door and window. . . . Their dress consisted of just three articles, a common domestic undergarment, a coarse petticoat, and a long narrow shawl thrown over the head. They . . . seemed to take delight in showing off their raven hair to advantage. . . . Dogs, goats, cats, tame coons, tame antelopes, tame buffalo calves, kids and jackasses were about in all directions, and little children were on their backs, kicking their heels and playing with the animals. . . ."

"We remained at the fort one night . . . Once or twice a year they (the men) travel to Santa Fe, sell skins and buy necessaries. . . . Just before night closed in . . . a tremendous voice called out for the corral to be cleared . . . there was a rush among the women to catch up the children, and run them into the houses, and the next moment the whole stock of horses and mules, 'full of pasture' . . . was driven . . . into the center of the fort. The heavy gate was now securely barred and fastened and we found ourselves secured for the night within the walls of Pueblo de Leche."

Just when the end came to the Milk Fort or Pueblo de Leche of Peebles Fort or whatever it was called, is unknown to me. Parkman (op. cit.) makes no mention of it when he passed by in 1846. It might have been there and he may have considered it as just another small Mexican settlement unworthy of his rhetorical ability. But it seems strange to me that in the sixty-mile expanse of desert between Fort Pueblo and Bent's fort, that he would ignore a settlement of any kind. If it were deserted, then he probably ignored it because it was just another ruin along the way—and there were several.

Smiley (*Hist. of Colo.* Vol. 1, p. 181.) says there were three small forts or structures built between 1835 and 1845 west of Bent's Fort. He says one of these was called Fort Pueblo or El Pueblo and is probably the Milk Fort just discussed. He further states it was apparently the older of the three, and places it about four or five miles above (west of) Bent's Fort. The other two were located near the mouth of Timpas Creek, one on each side of the Arkansas. These were inhabited by Frenchmen and Mexicans who claimed they were traders. However, their principal business was smuggling goods, mostly whisky, across the border. Smiley is the only source in which I found a reference to these last two posts.

In Kit Carson's *Own Story of His Life* (p. 26) edited by Blanche C. Grant, Carson, Gantt and others had built some buildings on the Arkansas in the winter of 1832-33. In the spring they cached some 400 pounds of beaver furs and headed north for the South Platte. Here two men deserted taking three of the best horses. Gantt sent Carson and another man after them but as they had had a day's head start, they did not catch up with them. Upon arriving at the winter camp on the Arkansas, they found the two deserters had dug up the furs and taken the canoe which the party had used during the winter to cross the river, and had headed down stream. Carson did recover the horses. Then he and the other man moved into one of the buildings to use as protection from the Indians. He calls it a "fort" and says they never ventured very far from it except to hunt. They stayed here a month until Blackwell, who was Gantt's partner, and ten or fifteen men arrived from the states. A little later, four trappers from Gantt's original party arrived. They had been sent to see what had happened to Kit and his partner.

Unfortunately, Carson gives no clue as to the location of these build-

ings. Gantt and Blackwell did build a fort a few miles east of Fort Pueblo about this time and abandoned it by 1835. However, the buildings that Carson and Blackwell were using could not have been Gantt and Blackwell's fort. This is borne out by continuing with Carson's story. The entire party now moved to join Gantt in South Park, which Carson calls Ballo Salado. They travelled up the Arkansas for four days and then had a skirmish with some Indians. The next day they travelled fifty miles and camped on a beautiful stream, one of the tributaries of the Arkansas. This could have been Currant Creek near the present site of Canon City. Anyway, enough of this regarding ruins along Parkman's route.

FORT ROBIDOUX

(ROUBIDOUX, RUBIDOUX, ROUBIDEAU, UNCOMPAGRE)

Although the forts on the eastern side of the Rockies figured prominently in the history of what is now Colorado, there were a few forts on the west side that were just as important. One of these was Fort Robidoux. As early as 1808, the old Spanish trail between New Mexico and Los Angeles was clearly defined and well travelled. Great herds of horses and mules had been driven over it. Mules were stolen from the ranches in California and driven to Santa Fe, from which place they eventually made their way to Missouri when trade began with the cutting of the Santa Fe Trail.

About 1825, the Robidoux brothers headed northward from Santa Fe along the old trail, finally arriving at the junction of the Uncompahgre and the Grand River (now Gunnison) near the present town of Delta. About three or four miles below the junction of the rivers, they built a trading post known as Fort Uncompahgre, but it wasn't long until it became known as Robidoux' Fort or Fort Robidoux. Some references give the date of its construction as the early 1830's.

There were six Robidoux brothers; Joseph, Francois, Isadore, Antoine, Louis, and Michel. Joseph operated a trading post for the American Fur Company on the Missouri River at which place he later founded the town of St. Joseph, Missouri. Louis was a trader in New Mexico before moving to California in 1844. Michel led a party of trappers down the Gila River in 1826, where the party was attacked and all killed except Michel and two other men. (Joseph J. Hill: *Colo. Mag.* July 1930, p. 128) Antoine is credited with building the fort on the Gunnison. He also built one about the same time in Utah on the Wintey (now Uintah) River. Kit Carson wintered at that post in 1833. From the various sources I consulted, it is evident that Antoine worked out of both forts at the same time. Tonight we will concern ourselves primarily with the one in Colorado, although their stories are very much intertwined.

The fort consisted of a few crude log cabins surrounded by a fence of pickets. (Herbert S. Auerbach: *Utah Hist. Quart.* Vol. 9, p. 38) Information regarding the activities at the fort is very scarce. Most of the references

in the index to the *Colorado Magazine* deal with the fort in Utah, which was known in that area as Fort Uintah. Late in the fall of 1842, Marcus Whitman stopped at the fort on the Gunnison. Here he obtained a guide to lead him over the mountains from whence he continued on to Washington, D.C. to present his case for Oregon. (Mark T. Warner: *Colo. Mag.* May 1934, p. 88).

In 1842, the Rev. Joseph Williams, a Methodist minister, stopped at Fort Uintah and was going to join Robidoux on a trip to New Mexico. He had to wait eighteen days before Antoine and his horse drivers were ready to leave. He gives us his observations made during the delay. "This place is equal to any I have ever seen for wickedness and idleness. The French and Spaniards are all Roman Catholics; but are as wicked men, I think, as ever lived. . . . Some of these people at the Fort are fat and dirty, and idle and greasy." He was greatly annoyed at the delay, "on account of the wickedness of the people and the drunkenness and swearing, and the debauchery of the men among the Indian women. They would buy and sell them to one another." He says he tried to preach to them but with little effect.

The party finally left for New Mexico. Robidoux had several Indian squaws and young Indians to sell to the Spaniards who would buy them for wives. A couple of days out, two of Robidoux' squaws ran away and the group was delayed for two days while Antoine sent back to the fort for another squaw to accompany him.

They stopped at Fort Robidoux on the Gunnison where Rev. Williams says he preached to a company of French, Spaniards, Indians, half-breeds, and Americans. He does not indicate what success he had. The entourage finally arrived in Santa Fe in August, 1842. (Joseph J. Hill, *Colo. Mag.* July 1930, pp. 129, 130.)

Fort Uintah was attacked and burned by the Utes in 1844. They killed the men and carried off the women. Antoine was away—where we do not exactly know—and this sojourn saved his life. This disaster may have influenced him to abandon the fort on the Gunnison as we find him returning to St. Joseph in 1845. In 1846, he was a guide and interpreter for General Stephen W. Kearney on his march to California. During the battle of San Pascual, December 6, 1846, he was wounded by a lance thrust into his spine. He never fully recovered from the wound and for the last few years of his life, he received a small pension from the government.

Gunnison's expedition passed the fort in 1853 and found it in ruins. Captain Marcy passed the ruins late in 1857. Some evidences were still visible when permanent settlers arrived a few years later.

One of the "discouraging" things about doing research for a paper, is to determine which version of an event is probably the most correct. I have just told you that Robidoux' fort on the Uintah in Utah was attacked and burned by the Indians in 1844, killing all the men and carrying off the women. Robidoux, being away at the time, escaped being killed.

This version of the story stems from Fremont's Report. He camped near the fort in June 1844. A footnote in his report says, "This fort (Uintah) was attacked and taken by a band of the Utah Indians since we passed it, and the men of the garrison killed, the women carried off. Mr. Robidoux, a trader of St. Louis, was absent, and so escaped the fate of the rest." Joseph J. Hill, writing in the *Colorado Magazine* for July 1930, repeats the story using Fremont's report as his source. Herbert S. Auerbach, writing about Fort Uintah (Wintey) in the *Utah Historical Quarterly* for April 1941, also tells of the event, again using Fremont as his source. Auerbach *does* say in the same article that Fort Umcompahgre (Fort Robidoux in Colorado) was attacked and burned by the Indians in 1846 or 1847, and all occupants killed. Robidoux, however, as I just read, went to St. Joseph in 1845 and was a guide for General Kearney in 1846, so it would seem that he had abandoned the fort on the Gunnison late in 1844 or early 1845.

Then in the *Colorado Magazine* for April 1954, Posse member Merrill Mattes reviews the book *Antoine Robidoux*, by William Wallace, published in 1953. Wallace evidently repeats the story of the destruction of Fort Uintah using as his source a letter written by Andrew Sublette. Mattes says the letter is somewhat ambiguous. He then points out that a man named Morgan, writing in the *Utah Historical Quarterly* for July 1953, very convincingly indicates that Fort Uncompahgre (Robidoux) in Colorado was the target of the attack—not the fort in Utah. Mattes is very critical of Mr. Wallace's research saying he evidently did not consult the collections in the Missouri Historical Society. In defense of Mr. Wallace regarding the *Utah Historical Society's* article, both the book and the article were published in 1953, and his book may well have been on its way to being printed before the quarterly made its appearance. Finances also keep some of us from travelling to primary sources of information. Sooo, where and when does one stop making corrections and additions?

FORT DOMINGUEZ

Twenty miles north of Delta on highway 50, is the area known as Bridgeport. It is famous for its never failing peach crop. Lillian Rice Brigham in her book, *Colorado Travelore*, (p. 143.) says there was a fur-trading post here at the ford of the Gunnison River. This ford was the Indian Crossing where the Indians crossed the Gunnison long before the coming of the white man. This is the only reference I found relating to this fort. Unfortunately, she gives no sources for her information, nor the years it was in existence, nor the name of the trapper.

FORT DAVY CROCKETT

This fort was to the western part of Colorado what Bent's Fort was to the eastern part of the State. It was located in Brown's Hole but historians

disagree as to whether it was in Utah or Colorado. Auerbach (op. cit. p. 44.) says it was on the east bank of the Green River, just above where it crosses the Colorado boundary line from Utah. Smiley (op. cit. p. 186.) says it was probably no more than two miles east of the Utah line. Dr. LeRoy Hafen (*Colo. Mag.* Jan. 1952, p. 17) says it was on the left bank of the Green, above the mouth of Vermillion Creek. He quotes from Fremont's report so we will conclude it was in Colorado.

It was built by three Americans, William Craig, Philip F. Thompson, and Pruett St. Claire. The latter name is more often quoted as Sinclair. We have no exact date of its construction but it probably was late in 1836 or early 1837. It probably was named for Davy Crockett who lost his life at the Alamo in March 1836. Crockett had been born in Tennessee as had St. Claire and Thompson. Kit Carson reports that Thompson left Brown's Hole in the summer of 1837 on a trading expedition with the Navaho Indians. He obtained some mules, stopped at Fort Vasquez where he traded the mules for goods, which he took back to Fort Davy Crockett to trade with the Indians there. Brown's Hole was named for a trapper named Baptiste Brown who was snowed in in the valley during the winter of 1835-36. Thus we can almost pin down the date as no later than 1837, and no earlier than 1836.

Kit Carson was employed during the winter of 1837-38 to furnish game for the fort which he says contained twenty men at that time. One account says that it had accommodations for thirty men. Thomas J. Farnham passed the fort on August 12, 1839 with an Oregon-bound party from Peoria, Illinois. He describes it as ". . . a hollow square of one-story log cabins with roofs and floors of mud, constructed in the same manner as Fort William (Bent's Old Fort.) Around these we found the conical skin lodges of the squaws and white trappers. . . Here also were the lodges of Mr. Robinson, a trader who usually stations himself here to traffic with the Indians and white trappers. . . buffalo robes were spread upon the ground . . . on which he displayed butcher knives, hatchets, powder, lead, fish hooks, and whisky. In exchange for these articles he receives beaver skins from trappers, money from travellers, and horses from the Indians. . . Mr. Robinson drives a very snug little business. And indeed when all the independent trappers are driven by . . . winter into his delightful retreat and the whole Snake village, two or three thousand strong . . . pitch their lodges around the fort, and the dances and merry makings of a long winter are thoroughly commenced, there is no want of customers."

A few days after the Farnham party arrived, an east-bound party from Fort Hall, Idaho arrived. With them was our old friend Dr. Wislizenus. He describes the fort as ". . . the worst thing of the kind we have seen on our journey. It is a low one-story building constructed of wood and clay with three connecting wings and no enclosure. Instead of cows, the fort had only some goats. In short, the whole establishment appeared somewhat poverty

stricken, for which reason it is also known to the trappers as 'Fort Misery'." He goes on to say that they were received kindly but Mr. Sinclair regretted his inability to offer any supplies. (Hafen: loc. cit. p. 19) In fact things were so bad at the fort that when the Farnham party arrived, the fort was without any provisions except dog meat which they obtained from the Indians. More Indians passed by later and a deal was made for three or four more dogs, valued at \$15 each. The Indians received in exchange, powder at \$4 a pint, tobacco at \$5 a pound, and lead and knives at corresponding prices. The men said they found the dog meat excellent, much better than domestic beef and next to buffalo. When the Wislizenus party arrived, Sinclair was hard pressed to feed his guests so he further thinned the dog soup. Needless to say, the party did not tarry long at the fort.

When trapping was slow, the second order of business seemed to be that of horse stealing. Parties were organized to make raids on the Mexican ranches in California. The raid in the spring of 1840 was one of the most famous. It is credited to have been led by Thompson, Old Bill Williams and Pegleg Smith. Rufus Sage met Thompson driving a herd of horses to the Missouri River in 1841 and gives us a brief account of the raid as told to him by Thompson. The raiding party consisted of twenty two men and had captured between two and three thousand head of horses and mules from the Mexican ranches. By now the Mexicans were getting a little tired of losing their animals, so a Cavalry troop of sixty men pursued and attacked the trappers. However, not only was the cavalry defeated, but they lost all of their equipment. The trappers then proceeded on to Fort Davey Crockett but the weather was so hot and dry that they lost one half of the animals while crossing the desert.

The fort was a busy place during its short life. Parties of travellers going either east or west seemed to pass that way. It was also visited from time to time by trappers from the other forts. (Hafen: loc. cit. p. 30.) He says two men arrived just before Christmas with pack loads of rum from Fort Hall. Antoine Robidous brought Taos lightning from New Mexico. Vasquez and Sublette, and Bent and St. Vrain also sent traders to the fort.

The last fur trade rendezvous of the mountains was held in 1840, and Fort Davy Crockett was probably abandoned the same year. The abandonment probably was hastened by the fact that rumors began to be heard about an impending attack by the Indians to avenge the killing of one of their chiefs in a skirmish in September 1839. This skirmish had been between the Indians and the trappers who had been out hunting when the Farnham and Wislizenus parties arrived. These rumors had been so prevalent during the last couple of months in 1839, that the men were getting ready to leave. On January 24, 1840, a party of twenty men left the fort for those on the South Platte. Two weeks later on February 7, another party left for Fort Hall. Dockwell, one of its members, had a pack of 300 beaver.

Although organized trapping ceased in 1840, Brown's hole continued

to be used by a few die-hard trappers and traders. Bill Hamilton was there in the spring of 1842. He records that, "Besides the trappers there were . . . many Indians . . . who came to exchange their pelts for whatever they stood in need of. . . . The days were given to horseracing, foot racing, shooting matches and in the evening were heard the music of voice and drum and the sound of dancing. There was also an abundance of reading matter for those inclined in that direction. . . ." Whether Bill stayed in the fort is not recorded. (*Colo. Mag.* Jan. 1952. p. 31.)

By 1844, the fort was in ruins. Fremont says that his encampment in Brown's Hole was "opposite to the remains of an old fort on the left bank of the river." Soon all traces disappeared—so much so that ranchers who later settled in the valley, swore that no such post as Fort Davy Crockett ever existed in the valley.

And what of the three men who built the fort? Hafen (loc. cit. p. 33) quotes the historian Bancroft that Pruet St. Clair went to California in 1843. A San Francisco paper reported in 1858 that he was elected captain of a troop of cavalry at Watsonville, California, which was going to avenge the Mountain Meadows Massacre. Biographical data found in 1951 says he settled in Corralitos, California, in 1853 and was an active business man until 1882. He operated a flour mill, farmed, supervised construction of wagon roads, and was responsible for the first hotel in town. He was listed in the Santa Cruz County Register in 1880 as being 77 years old, and having been born in Tennessee.

William Craig left Brown's Hole in 1840, guiding the Rev. Harvey Clark missionary's party to Oregon. There he established a farm near Rev. Spalding's Lapwai Mission, where he raised melons, tomatoes, and corn. He was appointed Indian Agent for the Nez Perces about 1856, due in no small part to the fact that he had lived among them for sixteen years, married a Nez Perce woman, and had raised his family among them. He died on his farm in Oregon in October, 1869.

Philip Thompson had been born in Tennessee in 1811. Not much is known about his early life but he was at Brown's Hole with Kit Carson in 1837. While at the fort, he "married" a Snake Indian woman. After the abandonment of the fort, he finally arrived in Oregon in 1842. In an affidavit for proving title to a land claim, he gave the date as October 15, 1842, and that in November, he legally married Martha Thompson.

Noticing that his oldest daughter was beginning to grow into womanhood, he decided that he should follow the missionaries, who had come into the Willamette Valley, so that his daughter might receive an education. His wife saw the advantage of the girl becoming educated as a white child but she herself could not bear to leave her country. After a tearful farewell, Thompson and the girls left and at night made camp. In the morning the mother appeared to say goodbye again. Thompson and the girls made another day's march and at night again made camp. In the

morning the mother appeared to say goodbye again. Another day's march, and another goodbye. This went on for several days and finally the mother gave up her tribe and went with her husband and daughter.

Following the Whitman Massacre, Thompson became a Captain in the Fifth Company and took part in the Cayuse Indian War in 1848. In 1853, he was appointed sub-Indian Agent but his health was failing. He died on January 22, 1854 of tuberculosis. His daughter Mary died on February 27, 1856 at the age of eleven. The report read that all her family had died of tuberculosis. (Hafen: op. cit. p. 23.)

FORT SANDERS (SAUNDERS)

Undoubtedly, there were numerous one-man forts or trading posts in the West operated by only one man and his wife. Records of these have disappeared over the long lapse of time. As these men were more or less loners and responsible to no one but themselves, they kept very little track of their activities. One of these was James (or Jim) Sanders (or Saunders).

His trading post was about 12 miles north and a little east of Denver and about four miles southwest of present-day Brighton, near Henderson Island. Sanders was a native of Pennsylvania and in 1857 was an Indian Trader at Fort Laramie. LeRoy Hafen (*Colo. Mag.*, Nov. 1935, fn. p. 208.) says his account with Elbridge Gerry for goods received in September 1857 is contained in the Gerry account books. More about Gerry later. In the *Colorado Magazine* for January, 1925, Hafen has a Jim Saunders, trader, who was in the area at the time of the gold rush. In a footnote, Hafen states he was a native of Pennsylvania so we can assume he is the same Jim Saunders, mentioned by Gerry.

The miners and citizens of Denver were clamouring for some kind of mail service, so they prevailed upon Sanders to carry the mail to Fort Laramie and bring back any destined for Denver and the mines. He was to get fifty cents for a letter and twenty five cents for a paper. Consequently, on November 23, 1858, he and his Indian wife hitched up four Indian ponies to a little wagon and headed for the fort. They completed the 200-odd mile round trip on January 8, 1859. This may have been his first and last trip as we find him with George Jackson at Arapahoe City on January 20, 1859. Arapaho City was the short-lived city about two miles east of present day Golden. Jackson's diary for that date says that he (Jackson), Ned Wyncoop, and Jim Sanders were off for Jim Robinson's. Hafen says this may be the same Robinson who was at Brown's Hole in 1839, and therefore would be the same one I mentioned a few minutes ago in the account of Fort Davy Crockett.

The site of his post and ranch near Henderson Island has probably been totally obliterated by floods and farmers plowing up the fields, and we cannot definitely pinpoint the spot. In fact, were it not for the references to Sanders by Jackson, Gerry, and William Larimer's son, we might never have heard of him.

FORT GERRY

The place names in Colorado beginning with "F" are printed in the *Colorado Magazine* for January 1941. On page 29 it says, "Fort Gerry, Weld County, was a trading post at the junction of Crow Creek with the South Platte River. It was named for the factor, Elbridge Gerry, a grandson of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The post was abandoned in 1840, and another, also called Fort Gerry, was built on the opposite (south) side of the Platte, and was managed by Gerry and his two Indian wives." (S.H.S. Hist. Pamphlet 343, No. 17.)

With this information, I started looking for Fort Gerry. I was puzzled by the fact that I had never run across it in any of the contemporary accounts of Forts Vasquez, Lupton, nor St. Vrain. Hall makes no mention of it, but that is not surprising since he ignored the second Fort Vasquez and Fort Jackson altogether. Stone makes no mention, nor does Smiley. Smiley does mention Gerry as being one of the founders of the town of La Porte. Even Dean Krakel's *History of Old Weld County* ignores it. True, these histories were all written after Gerry's death but as they all dealt in part with the trappers and their forts Gerry and his fort should have been included. Since Gerry had already died when Hall, Stone, and Smiley were writing, he could not be approached in order to solicit his biography for their books. Only William N. Byers in his *Encyclopedia of Biography of Colorado*, mentions Gerry and his trading posts.

Finally, I discovered LeRoy Hafen's article entitled, *Elbridge Gerry, Colorado Pioneer*, in the April 1952 issue of the *Colorado Magazine*. Tonight's notes are taken from his story and references. Hafen discounts the fort on the South Platte in 1840, as none of the gold seekers make mention of it. And as mentioned before, it does not appear in the accounts of the other forts on the river.

Elbridge Gerry was born in Massachusetts on July 18, 1818. As is the case with many of the trappers and traders, his early years are lost in the limbo of time. What few references there are to him say he was the grandson of Elbridge Gerry, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. No less a personage than Governor John Evans said in the early sixties that he was the grandson of the Revolutionary Gerry. So, did Gerry tell him or did he just assume it? Mrs. Townsend Phillips of Rhode Island and a descendent of Gerry the signer, wrote Dr. Hafen saying the Colorado Gerry "is no possible relation to Elbridge . . . the signer."

We first hear of Gerry in 1839 when he was trapping out of Fort Hall. In the early 1840's, he married the two thirteen-year old twin daughters of Swift Bird, Chief of the Ogallala Sioux. His first child was named Eliza but was called Lizzie. She later married Seth Ward, son of Seth Ward, sutler at Fort Laramie. When one of Gerry's wives died, he went back and married the other set of twin girls, daughters of Swift Bird. The elder Ward had come west with Lancaster P. Lupton in 1837. Gerry was an independen-

dent trader working on his own. He would buy his goods at Fort Laramie then travel around trading with the Indians. By then the demand for beaver had so declined that he was trading for buffalo robes. His account books are in the State Historical Society, having been presented to it by Mrs. Martha Kempton, widow of Gerry's grandson, Berney Kempton. They cover the years from 1853 to 1861. It is evident from these books that he carried on an extensive trade with the Indians. It is all the more remarkable when we remember that all the other forts had long been abandoned, and he had not yet built his. He had to work hard to make a profit. His books show that in 1856, he grossed \$6,806, expenses were \$5,330, leaving a profit of \$1,476. In the winter of 1857-58, charges for his goods were \$7,304.20 and for equipment and salaries, \$10,214. He records his profit at \$557.15. His unsold goods were returned to Ward and Guierrier. Incidentally, Guierrier, like Ward, had been a trapper for Bent and St. Vrain. He married a Cheyenne girl and their son Ed married William Bent's youngest daughter, Julia.

Gerry also had other traders working for him, as is evident by the salaries mentioned above. One of these was John Simpson Smith, who had come to Colorado in 1826, married a Cheyenne woman, and their son was one of those killed at Sand Creek. In 1858, Gerry sent Smith with a supply of goods to go and trade with the Indians on the South Platte and the Arkansas. He got as far as Cherry Creek where he met some of the members of the Russell Party. His eyes glittered with the gold he expected to find and he forgot his Indian business. He became one of the founders of Denver, being a stock holder in the St. Charles Town Association, the Auraria Town Company, and the Denver Town Company, all of which later merged to become Denver. He built a log cabin on the site—one of the first in the town that would one day be our capital city. Needless to say, he returned the trade goods to Gerry in December, 1858. I will not read the entire list of goods, but it is interesting he had 100 pounds of flour at a cost of \$4.50, 20 pounds of bacon \$3.00 and two decks of playing cards—cost \$2.50!!!

In August of 1860, Gerry was living in the new town of Merival, sometimes called Miravalle City, which was located at the Laramie Road crossing of the Big Thompson River. It had come into being because of a small gold discovery. The census for 1860, lists E. Gerry and six children ranging in age from Eliza 17, to Anthony, age 3. His worth is listed as \$40,000. No mention is made of his wife or wives.

The gold did not pan out and most of the old trappers moved to Colona, now La Porte. Gerry moved down the Platte to a spot about ten miles east of Greeley, near the junction of Crow Creek and the Platte. Here on the north bank of the river, he built his first fort. In 1933, Mrs. Elizabeth Doten of Greeley, wrote a sketch of his life. She obtained her information from old timers who had known him. She describes his fort

thusly: "The ranch house consisted of three rooms in a row and helped to make the southern boundary of the corral or stockade. The house was built of sod and the walls were usually three feet thick. At the east end of the house was a little gate into the corral, and in the east wall was the big gate. . . ."

Just when he abandoned this post and moved to the south side of the river and a half mile west is not known. This second fort became a stage station on the road following the river. It was located on the S.I.W. Ranch. Probably one of the reasons that he got along so well with the Indians was due to his having married four Indian girls, and the influence of his father-in-law, Swift Bird. In fact in his later years, Swift Bird came to live with his son-in-law and at least one wife.

In the 1864 Indian uprising, two Indians warned Gerry that 800 to 1,000 Indians were going to raid the settlements and ranches. Gerry mounted his horse and made the sixty-five mile ride to Denver and warned the citizens. This earned him the title of, "Paul Revere of the Rockies." Governor Evans immediately notified the headquarters of the military district of Colorado and recruits of the hundred days' men were placed under the control of the commander of the district. This action and the following disposition of the troops no doubt prevented the killing of hundreds of people.

When the Indians learned of Gerry's part in this, they raided his ranch two years in a row, driving off most of his stock. He put in a claim for \$30,600, but he had to settle for \$13,200. This was the amount of his loss in 1864. Congress disallowed his claim for 1865.

He built a large two-story mansion in Evans, Colorado, but he did not take to "city life," and spent most of his time on his ranch near Crow Creek. Whether this was the original house or the one built on the South side of the river does not seem to be recorded. He died, April 10, 1875 at the age of 57. His widow returned to her tribe taking her children with her.

Gerry was buried on a small knoll overlooking his ranch and in 1932, the citizens of Greeley erected an iron pipe fence around the plot and inscribed on the cement headstone, "First Permanent White Settler in Weld County."

Most historians credit William Bent and his new fort as being the last trader and trading post in Colorado. Personally, I believe that honor belongs to Elbridge Gerry.

Western Pathfinders History of Their Activities and Equipment

By Nolie Mumey

Presented to the Denver Posse of Westerners on June 22, 1977

The primitive, majestic Rockies, conceived by a mastermind, with their stupendous peaks and pinnacles which appear to kiss the sky, have endured through the eons of time. They have lured all types of men and women through enticing treasures hidden deep in their bowels and in their many streams, the latter serving the engineering beaver which was responsible for the appearance of the Pathfinders who have been alluded to as the trappers or mountain men. These men entered the region in the early days, long before the explorers, gold seekers, and adventurers and before the country was struggling to grow.

A melancholy interest can be found in those rugged individuals who endured hardships and fought danger, for they were heroes of early day settlement. They were called mountain men because their trapping and hunting was done in or near the mountains. Tradition, combined with historical facts, is found in the lives of those bearded-faced individuals who traveled with the courage of soldiers in an uninhabited country.

They went into the wilderness areas where Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, and other trappers traveled, looking for beaver. Their activities helped to establish a far-flung fur industry and opened the trails for migration to western boundaries established by Lewis and Clark, Fremont, and Pike.

The trappers became masters of adaptation, meeting the romance and adventures of the wilderness where they learned of plants, climate, geography, and the habitat of wild animals; they gained their education of survival from experience. They played an important role in the great drama of life with its ever-changing concepts to keep pace in the evolution of life. With all of their visions of greatness, they were the true pioneers, the makers of history, and the PATHFINDERS of the West. They wore no coats of mail with waving white plumes in their headgear as did the Spanish Conquistadors who went before them. They were simple, uneducated men, clothed in buckskin, who sought the unmapped sections of the country whose uncharted streams were abounding with beaver.

The Pathfinders were Indian travelers and trappers who explored the country from the 1800's to the beginning of the Civil War, long before the

iron rails spanned the nation with a ribbon of steel and before the gold seekers gutted the hills in search of yellow metal. These men were rugged individuals with endurance and the capability of meeting any emergency, adapting themselves to life in the wilderness—they were men who “Matched the Mountains.”

The Expedition of Lewis and Clark to the Pacific was the beginning of the “Mountain Man” period, for the first of the trappers were men from the Expedition who left Lewis and Clark and remained in the wilderness to trap and hunt. Forty-seven men from the Expedition were given supplies and guns of the U. S. flintlock type model 1795 when they asked to remain in the mountains.

The activities of the trappers were responsible for the building of fur trade posts, the “patriarchs” of which were Astoria, founded in 1811 on the south bank of the Columbia River a short distance from its mouth, and Crook’s & McClellan’s Post in 1810 near Bellevue Post, near the town of Omaha.

The trappers and traders occupied the western country for nearly a half-century. They were lax in founding institutions or in leaving any written records of their experiences, for most of them were uneducated. Their activities ranged from the Rio Grande to the Columbia, from the Gila to the Colorado and to the Yellowstone rivers. They discovered mountain passes, unmapped streams and mountain peaks as they roamed over the country.

The trapper was a self-reliant individual who was familiar with the beaver streams and the behavior of the beaver. He was surrounded by striking scenery and beauty of nature which kindled his imagination and kept alive his spirits. He survived off the natural resources of the country. The primitive life was well suited for his existence as he became adjusted to the wilds of nature. His life was a prototype of primitive man, scorning the conventional way of living. His first fears were of the elements—floods, storms, and attacks from wild Indians and animals. His survival depended on “good old common horse sense,” and he soon became disciplined to overcome all these fears, to meet them with alertness, and to live in harmony with his environment.

Alone in the wilderness, some of the trappers were never heard of again. The signs of their fate would be found years later and would show they had endured the risks and privations of a nomad life, had run the risk of danger from snow slides or drowning in treacherous streams, and had withstood the hardships of weather with the perils of unsuspected death at the hands of Indians or attacks by the grizzly bear.

Despite all of the dangers and the disappointments, there was a fascination for trapping fur-bearing animals, living off the land, and receiving inspiration from the lofty peaks while grappling with life in the forest. The trappers were the most romantic figures of the Western Frontier.

They were satisfied with the wilderness and were reluctant to leave it for the advantages of civilization which they felt were a hindrance to their free life, for they did not wish to be bound by any artificial ties. Most of their adventures and transactions have been buried or lost in the archives of the past.

The Pathfinders were symbols of the West, more graphic today than they were in life a century and a half ago; they represented the Western Frontier in its uncivilized state and undeveloped environment, covering the regions west of the Mississippi in their search for beaver, whose pelts were used to make hats. The search for those animals began to taper off by 1832 when silk hats were being manufactured. By 1849, beaver trapping was almost over. It was no longer profitable to trap on a large scale; one of the great industries of the West was doomed to oblivion.

The free life the trappers had lived in the rugged Rockies, with the tumbling streams surrounded by primeval beauty and solitude, amid the wonders of nature where wild game was plentiful, with the Red men as neighbors or dangerous foes, began to disappear from the western scene. About all that was left for the trappers were memories of the solitude of those massive upheavals which form the backbone of the North American continent and the wilderness areas with their ever-changing hues, for there was no hindrance of their activities in that virgin territory while looking for beaver.

Beaver

The beaver, one of the largest rodents, measuring nearly four feet in length, is a marvelous stream engineer who knows how to cover his tracks by dragging his broad tail over his footprints to obliterate them.¹ He is a cautious animal and it required a great deal of skill for the trapper to catch him. It was necessary for the trapper to set his traps without leaving his scent on the ground or nearby bushes, for that scent was alarming to the animal; the trapper had to wash out his footprints and set his traps below the water line.

There are two types of beaver—one found in Europe and Northern Asia and the other in North America, the difference being in the nasal bones. The animals have two kinds of fur on their skins, one is fine and silky and the other is reddish and coarse. They live in groups and the young are born in April or May. A colony is made up of a pair of adults with their young of the preceding year and those of the present year. The young remain in the colony until they are two years old, then leave in the spring to look for a suitable place to start their own colony.

Trapping

The traps were set by the trappers, who worked in groups of twos or threes from early morning until late at night and sometimes had to swim to

get their traps. The beaver was skinned as soon as it was removed from the trap; the pelt and part of the tail and medicine glands² were taken back to camp. The tails were often cooked and eaten.³ The skins were dried and packed in bundles of eighty.

Equipment

The equipment used by the Pathfinders is of interest and most unique. The trapper wore a heavy leather belt around his waist from which hung different items needed and used in his mountain life. These were called "POSSIBLES," "FIXENS," or "FIXINS," which consisted of a powder horn containing his powder, another horn which held his bait, a hunting knife, bullet mold, a small axe or tomahawk, a bag of bullets, and his pipe.

Fixing the Bait

The bait for his traps was made by mixing the fresh castor glands with an extract of bark or roots of spice bush, kept in a bottle for use. If the trappers ran out of scent glands they would use the root of sassafras or spice bush bark or both and mix them. The bait was enticing to the beaver who has an acute sense of smell.

Traps

The traps, which were vitally important to the success of trapping, were made of light, durable metal yet strong enough to hold the trapped animal. The traps had to be transported by boat and then packed on a horse or mule to the trapping grounds. They were made with strong jaws in various shapes and sizes; the average weight for a trap was about three pounds, and most of them were wrought by hand. Steel traps were made in Salsburg, Austria; they first came into Massachusetts as early as 1650, and from there were distributed to different parts of North America. In 1766, traps were made in Philadelphia.

The traps were set with a connecting chain tied to a rope or cord made of twisted bark, fifteen to twenty feet long. This was secured to a stake driven in the bed of the stream or above the bank. At times the trap was placed in the bank with a hole in the upper end where the bait was placed to attract the beaver to the trap. The stick was fastened to the trap which could be pulled in the water so as not to attract other animals to the trap.⁴

Knives

There was an influx of trappers in the regions of the West following the Lewis and Clark Expedition. This created a demand for weapons that could be used against wild animals and Indians. There was need for a weapon that could be put into immediate action, for the rifle had to be loaded, the revolver had not yet been invented, and the rifle was not effective at close range. The knife became an important part of the armamentarium of the trapper. It was a good weapon for defense and offense and was valuable in dressing skins.

Green River Knife

The most important and prized possession of the trapper was his hunting knife. The Green River Knife was the one carried by most trappers. Its name was derived from the place where it was manufactured—the Green River Works, which was built on the banks of the Green River, a small stream with its source in the south of Vermont and flowing into the Deerfield River at Deerfield, Massachusetts. The name “Green River” pertains to the one in Massachusetts and is not connected with the tributary to the Colorado River.

The Green River factory was founded by John Russell. The building of brick and stone was erected in 1834 by Russell, who hired cutlers from the Sheffield works in England. The factory was equipped with drop hammer and stamping machines driven by water power.

The knives from the factory were supplied in quantities of 5,000 dozen per year; the prices ranged from one dollar and fifty cents to five dollars and fifty cents a dozen, and they retailed for fifty cents to one dollar and fifty cents each at the trading posts.⁵

There was a favorite expression among the trappers when in battle. It was “GIVE 'EM THE GREEN RIVER,” which meant to die by the knife.

Bowie Knife

Another knife, which was part of the equipment of the trapper and which appeared on the western scene in the latter part of the fur trade, was the famous fighting knife of Bowie, which gained a reputation as a lethal weapon. The knife was first made by James Black, a blacksmith of Arkansas who was a skilled metalsmith. He developed a process to harden and temper steel. His knives sold from five to fifty dollars each, the latter were ornamented with silver and gold.⁶

The knife was made famous during the siege of the Alamo by the Mexican Army on March 6, 1836. Jim Bowie, who was confined to a cot in the Alamo as the result of an injured back, used his knife when men of the Mexican Army entered the building and was responsible for nine victims before he was killed.

In 1849, the War Department ordered Bowie knives for the regular army and the militia. The knife was carried in a leather scabbard and the blades varied in length from six to twenty inches. A factory in Boulder, Colorado, the Western Cutlery Company, still makes these famous knives.

The Bowie knife became an important part of the “possibles” of the trapper, although its appearance came at the decline of the fur trade. Legends and frontier stories made the knife famous.

Summary

The fur trade is one of the oldest industries in the world, dating back to the cave dwellers. It flourished in the 1820's and 1830's, then began to decline until the beginning of the Civil War, which brought an end to a

great industry. Some historians have looked upon the fur trade as a coincidental part of the development of the West; the widespread activities of the trappers were almost forgotten due to the gold rush period of the country. One must remember that at its height the fur trade was a great, competitive business, with many losses and conflicts.

The trapper stands out as a pathfinder who was rough, ready, and courageous, and who courted danger and loved adventure; he took things as they came with little thought of the future. He reflected the environment and was a companion of nature in her varied moods; the mountains and the wilderness were his training grounds. It was due to his activities that we pass from the prehistoric races followed by Spanish occupation and start with the modern history of the West. Many of the trappers had their names engraved on streams and mountain peaks, as they blazed the trails for future settlement.

When the rugged mountains stretch their peaks skyward to receive their snowy dress, they stand as monuments with their everchanging hues of green, yellow, and gold, along with the fragrance of wild flowers in the air, all kissed and drenched by rains and morning dews with the music of birds warbling their songs. They stand out as proud reminders of the great pathfinders of the West.

Although the era of the fur trade ended at the conclusion of the Indian Wars, the trappers were the true pioneers, the pathfinders, and the crusaders, for they opened the way for future settlement of the country. They were not builders and they were not interested in the progress of civilization, even though they invaded the region ahead of emigrant migration. Their one desire was to keep the country a wilderness so they could trap and hunt and live a wild, free life. They were the great figures of the west in their dress and manners which made them stand apart from others who followed in their footsteps.

A few of the trappers became guides to the explorers who were coming into the region; some of them married into various tribes. The gold rush periods began to lure men and women into California in 1849 and into Colorado in 1859, who, in their frantic search for gold, disturbed the waters for the trappers. An era had ended.

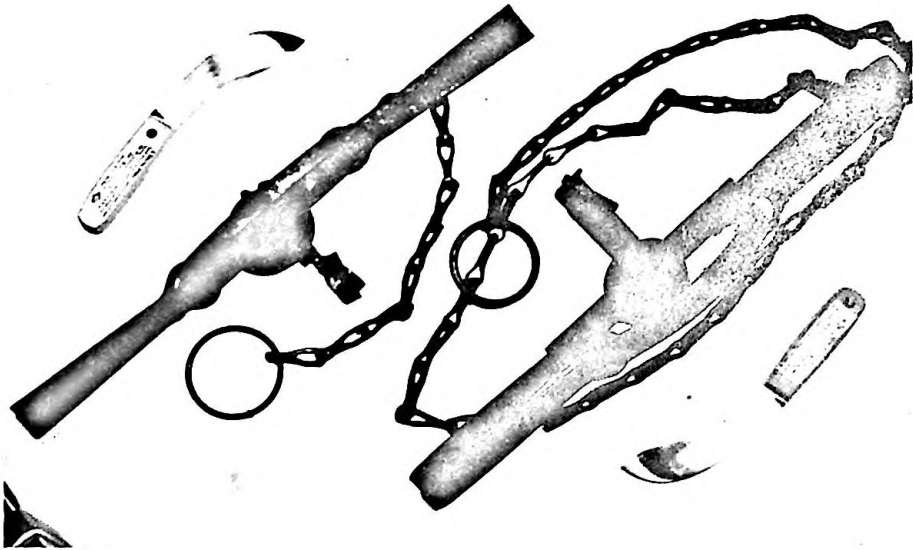
On searching the literature, there is little response to the roll call of achievement or to the evidence of written records of the country where they lived and trapped. One can say that history is full of romance, legends, and self-sacrifice among the individuals who played a part in the development of the West. The Mountain Men were the true trail blazers of the region beyond the Mississippi and as they sleep beyond the Great Divide their memories should not perish from the pages of western history, for they sleep in the vastness of that primeval forest from which no traveler has yet returned.

The trappers followed o'er the dim trails,
 Where some of wild nature still prevails,
 Their ashes have now crumbled to dust,
 Held by the MASTER in sacred trust.

Due to the fact that the Pathfinders were made up of different nationalities, they created a new language with new terminology which became a part of the fur trade, describing the types of transportation by water and by land:

1. The Keelboat, made in 1830, was a predecessor of the steamboat. It was 60 to 75 feet long and was propelled by nature and by man, averaging 18 miles a day. Poles by men and sails were used.
2. The canoe or "dugout" was made from cottonwood.
3. mackinaw, a flat bottom boat 40 to 50 feet long and pointed at both ends, carried about 15 tons of freight.
4. Bullboat—made of buffalo skins sewn together over a willow frame.
5. Caravans—pack trains which followed the land routes; later wagons were used.
6. Rendezvous—meeting place for the trapper, caravans, and Indians.
7. Packs—80 to 100 hides put in a bundle and protected from the weather.
8. Plus—a first class beaver pelt worth about six dollars and used as a medium of exchange.
9. The cache was property hidden or stored away, usually in a pit in the ground and covered by brush.
10. Bourgeois—the manager of the trading post.
11. Clerk was next in command to the bourgeois; he would take goods and trade with the Indians for pelts.
12. Game keepers, the men who remained at the post and cared for the furs.
13. Free trapper—one not bound in service to any company.
14. Artisans were the blacksmiths, carpenters, and boat builders.
15. Manageurs De Lard were the common laborers bound to the company by a five-year contract. Their diet consisted of salt pork and beans and they were dubbed the "Pork Eaters."
16. Partisan was the leader of an expedition.
17. Plew was the whole skin of a beaver; it also applied to a plug of tobacco.
18. "Possibles," "Fixins," or "Fixens" consisted of the necessary articles the trapper carried with him.
19. Cordelle, a long rope attached to the boat so it could be pulled from the bank of the stream.
20. Engagees—men who worked for the traders to cordelle the boat.
21. Pirogue (pi-rog^é)—a dugout log or canoe.

22. Float—a stick fastened to the trap which floated in the water above the trap.
 23. Voyageur—the boatman.



Steel traps and Green River knives

1. The American beaver is known as *Castor Canadensis*.
2. There are two medicine glands which secrete castoreum and are in the extremity of the body. They contain an oily substance with a strong odor which is used in making perfume and in medicine. The latter is used as an anti-spasmodic or stimulant, and at times is made into a tincture, the dose being one-half to a teaspoonful. It is an agent used to relieve convulsions, spasmodic pains, and as a narcotic. The trapper used the glands to bait his traps.
3. The flesh of the tail tastes like pork.
4. Majors, Alexander, "Seventy years on the Frontier," *Trail Magazine*, November, 1927, Vol. XX, No. 6, pp. 14, 15.
5. Woodward, Arthur, *Western Folklore*, January, 1950, Vol. IX, No. 1, p. 58.
6. Russell, Carl P., *Firearms, Traps and Tools of the Mountain Man*, Alfred A. Knoff, N. Y., 1967, pp. 189-196.



Westerner's Bookshelf



I Hauled These Mountains in Here, by Frances and Dorothy Wood. 339 pp—xviii, lavishly illustrated. (Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. \$9.95).

A fabulous story, immensely rewarding in underlying historical detail, co-authored by two sprightly ladies who have not only a proper respect for the English language, but also a complete, thorough and happy understanding of their subject, this new informal biography has to be the richest treasure of down-to-earth Colorado history to strike the area in many a year.

David Wood, to become the pre-eminent commission merchant and dean of wagon freighters on Colorado's Western Slope in those hectic days of mountain railroad construction, mining boom and Free Silver, was born in 1851, served as a 10-year-old courier for a year with his father's Civil War outfit, and moved to Pueblo in 1876. Starting a livery business there which soon developed into a freighting competitor of the narrow-gauge Denver & Rio Grande, then building south and west from Pueblo, Dave Wood was prevailed upon by the railroad's officers to carry on his work beyond the end of track as it advanced. This led to establishing headquarters at old Garland City when it was founded, then at Alamosa, and subsequently at Canon City, Gunnison, Sapinero, Montrose, Delta and Grand Junction—always ahead of the burgeoning rail system.

Upon completion of the Rio Grande's Denver-Ogden line in 1883, Wood returned to Montrose and concentrated his efforts in operating a wholesale commission and freighting empire serving the thriving settlements and surrounding mines of the San Juans—Ouray, Ironton, Red Mountain, Telluride, Rico. The balloon burst in 1892, when Otto Mears' Rio Grande Southern was built into the latter two towns; the Crash of 1893 destroyed the economy of Colorado's

mining areas and David Wood never again was to know the eminence or prosperity that had been his in his younger days.

In this brief review it is not possible to convey the intense human interest, nor the astonishing variety among the people encountered in the remarkable areas and times covered by the story. David Wood was history in the making; not only he, but all of us, are fortunate indeed that his talented daughters have at last put his story in print.

Be forewarned—once you have opened its pages you cannot lay it aside!

Jackson Thode, P.M.

Bill Pickett Bulldogger, by Colonel Bailey C. Hanes. Foreword by Bill Burchardt. Two Hundred pages. Twenty-five photographs. Hardback—\$7.95. Printed by The University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma.

This is the kind of a book in which the author can take special pride, and the reader will derive pleasure and a vast amount of factual information about one of the greatest Cowboys and Black entertainers that ever lived. This book is carefully and well-written, factual, with candor, and shows the careful and painstaking research needed to gather the vast store of information it contains.

Without a doubt, this Black cowboy made the greatest single contribution to the glamour, fascination and lasting success of the American Rodeo.

An off-spring of slaves, he grew to manhood in Texas, and later located on the famous 101 Ranch in Oklahoma. He later toured the world with the 101 Ranch Wild West Shows. He was consistent in his performances and always received top billing. He was the greatest single star of the show.

He was one of those rare individuals that showed little emotion, and no fear. Danger was his lifelong companion. He is truly de-

BOOKSHELF (Cont'd)

erving of the place in history that this book will establish for him. He is a part of Western history, and is a part of all Americans heritage; he is a part of our past. He is the only Black cowboy ever elected to the National Cowboy Hall of Fame.

The author deserves special credit for this excellent work. The book is a must for anyone who has any interest in the events that have shaped our unique culture. This is truly a revealing and wonderful work of the history of early Rodeos.

Ralph E. Livingston

Dress Clothing of the Plains Indians, by Ronald P. Koch, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman. 219 pages. \$9.95.

This book is a must for anyone interested in Indians. It has been well researched and starts with a map of the various locations of the plains tribes about 1835.

The author devotes chapters to feathers, color and painted designs, quill work, native ornaments, trade beads, metal, cloth, hair and headgear, skin's and shirts, dresses, leggings, footwear, dance and group costumes and comparisons among selected tribes.

You learn such details as how the dress of the tribes differed and how the clothing was made and decorated and the reasons and meanings of various designs on the clothing. Also, what kind of clothing was worn for special occasions and dances and the history of the clothing as well as outside influences of trading with other tribes and the coming of the white man.

The book has a couple of appendices, notes, a bibliography and an index. It has a few color illustrations and several black and white illustrations which help explain and enhance the book. It should be of interest to the hobbyist, historian, anthropologist as well as the student of Indian culture.

Donald C. Chamberlin, C.M.

CORRAL RAIL (Cont'd)

everyone was satisfied with a beef-only menu. So here we go Gang—hope you enjoy turkey or other dead fowl. The first occurrence of this menu went off without a hitch and all concerned expressed satisfaction with their dinners. I never will forget Dr. Ellis Altfather declaring his Guinea Hen dead when he could not find a pulse!

Next issue, Volume 33, No. 5, will be General Wier's paper on the Army Doctor and will also have the photos of the Past Sheriffs. This August group appeared in the Buckskin Bulletin, Vol. 11, No. 4.

Registrar of Marks and Brands

(Credit for cover photo: Northern Natural Gas Company Collection, Joslyn Art Museum, Omaha, Nebraska)

IN MEMORIAM

J. Nevin Carson, Posse Member

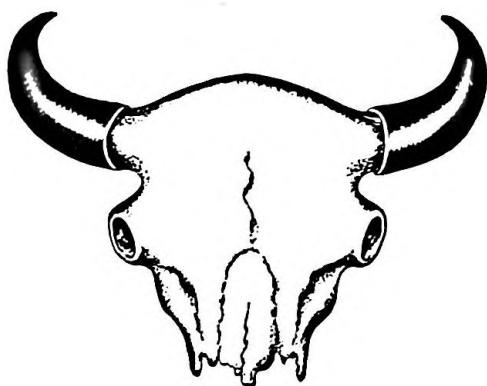
The Posse sadly notes the passing of a favorite friend and long-time Posse member. Nevin was the head of Carson's Inc., a hotel and restaurant supply business started by his Father as Carson's Crockery. Nevin had a paper in the 1964 Brand Book, "Naming the Streets of Denver".

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

September/October

Volume XXXIII No. 5



In This Issue:

THE ARMY DOCTOR LOOKS AT INDIAN MEDICINE

by

James A. Weir

plus

THE FORMER SHERIFFS OF THE DENVER POSSE

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

This Roundup contains a set of photos of nearly all the surviving Sheriffs of the Denver Posse. It is unfortunate that Ed Bemis and Numa James could not attend due to health problems but they were remembered with fond memories by many of the Westerners attending. All of the former Sheriffs were presented with a miniature of the Sheriffs badge in a lapel pin. This Posse has been in existence 32 years and to have 17 past Sheriffs together at one time is certainly a notable occasion. The meeting when the Sheriffs were honored was the June meeting at which Nolie Mumey presented "Western Pathfinders, History of their Activities and Equipment."

The Westerners Summer Rendezvous was held at the Fort, near Morrison, Colorado. Although the Fort is known for Buffalo Steaks our group had Beef. The worst complaint heard was a lament from one of the Ladies that her mixed drink did not come in a Mason Jar. Drink Beer, Lady. One has to admit, Beer in a Mason Jar has a touch of class. Maybe their supplier of Mason Jars is running out of stock—suppose? The paper for the evening was a continuation of General James Wier's notes and anecdotes of medicine on the Frontier—both white and Indian—and appears in this Roundup.

Sheriff Van Duzer reported that the Four Mile House is in a process of stabilization and restoration. This is the real one at 751 S. Forest. Bill recommended it for a visit by Western Historians.

The Arvada Community Center is endeavoring to establish a local Museum along with an on-going program of cultural activities. The Denver Posse wishes them well in this effort.

This is the first notice to *All* members of the Denver Posse that dues are payable in January, 1978. The amounts are \$10 for Corresponding Members and \$15 for Posse Members. Send your checks to the Tally Man—Dr. Henry Toll.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

Vol. XXXIII

Number 5

Sept./
October

1977

The ROUNDUP is published bimonthly by the Denver Posse of The Westerners. Subscription, \$9.00 per year to members. Entered as second-class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office, P. O. Box 990, Boulder, Colorado 80302. Westerners' office, 828 17th St., Denver CO 80202. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

© 1977 by The Westerners, Inc., a Colorado corporation.

USE THESE ADDRESSES FOR:

Correspondence and Remittance

Dr. Henry W. Toll, Jr.
620 Boston Bldg.
828 17th Street
Denver, CO 80202

Material for The Roundup

David L. Hartman, 13492 N. Delphi Dr., Littleton, Colo. 80124

Reservations for Meetings and Dinners

Robert Akerley, 2281 Havana St., Aurora, Colo. 80010

Book Reviews

Ralph E. Livingston, 245 W. 12th Ave., Denver, Colo. 80204

1977 OFFICERS

Sheriff: W. H. Van Duzer

Deputy Sheriff: Ross V. Miller, Jr.

Roundup Foreman: Charles S. Ryland

Tally Man: Dr. Henry W. Toll, Jr.

Registrar of Marks & Brands: D. L. Hartman

Chuck Wrangler: Robert Akerley

Membership Chairman: Richard A. Ronzio

Publications Chairman: Donald E. Bower

Program Chairman: Ross V. Miller, Jr.

Book Review Chairman: Ralph E. Livingston

The Sheriffs of the Denver Posse

This is a photographic record of the former Sheriffs of the Denver Posse of Westerners including all but five still living in 1977. Numa James, Ed Bemis, and William S. Jackson were kept away by reasons of health. Arthur Carhart and Dr. LeRoy Hafen live out of state. These men are the epitome of the avowed purpose of the Westerners, “. . . to investigate, discuss, and publish the facts and color relative to the historic, social, political, economic and religious background of the West. . . .” After 32 years the Denver Posse is still fulfilling that pledge and is still an active, viable organization. It is certainly a compliment to the interest and involvement of these men over the years that this would be so. The Denver Posse will continue to study and enjoy Western History, in all its facets, due to the continued participation of these men and the Posse Members—sustaining tradition, pursuing research and sharing a wealth of experiences.



Dabney Otis Collins—1949

Denver Westerners' ROUNDUP



Fred Rosenstock—1952

Fred Mazzulla—1959





Fletcher Birney—1960

Charles Ryland—1961





Erl Ellis—1962

Robert Perkin—1963





Dr. Arthur Campa—1967

William Marshall—1968





Robert L. Brown—1969



Dr. Nolie Mumey—1970



Dr. Lester Williams—1971

Edward Bathke—1972



Denver Westerners' ROUNDUP



Richard Ronzio—1973

Jackson Thode—1974





Davidson Hicks—1975

Dr. Robert Mutchler—1976



The Army Doctor Looks At Indian Medicine

by James A. Weir

Presented at the Summer Rendezvous, Denver Posse of Westerners,
August 24, 1977

Dr. Corbusier, an army physician, said that the Apache, "attribute disease and injuries to the influence of evil spirits, who work their mischief through women." When Corbusier arrived at the Indian agency at Camp Verde in 1873 he found the Indians suffering severely from dysentery and malaria. "Deaths were so frequent that the bodies were left in their oowas which were burned over them or they were left to mummify in the dry air, as there were not enough well Indians to cut and carry the wood with which to burn the dead, as was their custom. Their pa-se-ma-che—dream or medicine men—could be heard day and night chanting and shaking their gourd rattles to exorcise the evil spirits from the sick who lay on the ground within and around their oowas. The kith-e-ays, who gave medicine and also sang, were all trying to aid the sick. Several women, who had been accused of bewitching the men, had been found by the soldiers tied up by their waists to trees, to be stoned to death unless the men recovered, and had to be kept under protection of the guard."^{1, 2} With experiences like these, it was little wonder that the Army surgeons had little respect for the Indian practice of medicine.

Similarly today, many writers extoll the virtues of the Indian herbal remedies for all diseases which afflicted them and decry the harmful practices of even the modern physician. From the 17th century to date many observers stated that they never saw a crippled Indian, adult or child, implying that they were born perfect and then if injured, judicious and skilled treatment resulted in cure without deformity.

Today, one to three centuries later, it is very difficult to separate fact from fiction. There seems little doubt that there were few deformed children or adults among the Indian tribes as seen by observers in the 17th to 19th century. There is some doubt about the reasons for this. Some implied that this was due to the innate health of the Indian and to his clean active way of life. There is evidence that this was due to the practice of some Indian tribes to destroy defective infants at birth. Hrdlicka stated that among Apache, Pima, Mojave, Navaho, Zuni and Tepecano Indians,

no deformed or monstrous child was allowed to live; it was smothered or carried away and left in the bushes or buried alive.⁴ Radbill in his article on "Child Hygiene Among the American Indians", (including Central and South America) said deformed children were not often seen among the Indians and the inference has been that the weak or congenitally defective were destroyed at birth or soon thereafter. He adds that the hardening process for the child may have eliminated the weak.⁵ William Penn in 1683 was quoted as saying, "So soon as they are born, they wash them in water, and while very young and in cold weather they plunge them in the rivers to harden and embolden them." Father DeSmet also told of this hardening process, "As soon as the child is born in whatever season, regardless of the severest cold or the greatest heat, they at once plunge it several times into water." Radbill added the generality that the infant mortality was exceedingly high. He mentions that old people of the Cheyenne told Grinnell that in earlier days when the tribe lived in lodges and moved about over the prairie, a large proportion of children born in winter died.

In this paper I will comment unfavorably on some of the Indian medical practices and beliefs. By doing so I am not implying that the white man's way was a great deal better, sometimes it was worse. Margaret Jones was a successful doctor in Charleston, Massachusetts. The fact that she could bring about wonderful cures with simple roots and herbs was sufficient evidence she possessed the diabolical powers invested in witches. She was hanged in 1648.³ At least the Apaches only killed the witch if the patient failed to get well. In general, there was a great deal of similarity between the white man's folk medicine and Indian medicine both in regard to the use of native herbs and plants and in regard to Faith healing, mysticism, witchcraft, and sorcery. To the 19th century army physician the practice of medicine by the Indians was primitive, and ruled by superstition, mysticism and perhaps even by quackery. Yet today by our standards the practice of the 19th century physician could be described in the same way. While the reputable physician then was seeking a scientific, rational basis for his diagnosis and therapy he frequently was misguided and incorrect in his assumptions to a degree hardly less than the Indian.

In a previous talk to the Denver Westerners nearly two years ago, I introduced the subject the Army Doctor and the Indian, and presented anecdotal material on the treatment of Indians by Army physicians and some opinions of each group about the practice by the other. Tonight I will continue commenting on some diseases among the Indians and mentioning a little more on the Indian treatment of disease, both with herbs and incantations.

Today when it is popular to glorify the Indian and his history, sometimes to the exclusion of facts, it would appear that the Indian was a perfect specimen, nearly free of disease and injury until contaminated by contact with the white man and his culture. Then the white man's communicable

disease and the white man's whiskey led to the downfall of the splendid Indian of James Fenimore Cooper.

One reason for the lack of infirm elders may have been due to the practice of leaving the old to die. Vogel quotes Sagard that nomadic tribes, being touched and moved to compassion, put to death those who were too old to follow the others, and Culbertson that it was common for the Indians to leave the old to perish on the prairies. In the main, the sedentary tribes did not destroy the infirm.⁶ Assistant Surgeon Kimball told that one day when he and a young Lieutenant were hunting near Ft. Buford on a bitterly cold day they found Crow Chief, an old Mandan Chief laying helpless on the prairie. He had been hunting with men of his tribe when he became too weak to continue; he was then left with an Indian family who cared for him, until a scarcity of buffalo forced them to move. As he was still too weak to continue, he turned to some traders for help, these traders kept him one night, then seeing he had no furs to trade, turned him out. He travelled until the sun was far in the West, when knowing he could not reach his tribe, he lay down on the prairie to die. Dr. Kimball took him back to the Fort. A victim of tuberculosis, he improved with good food, medicine, and hospital care. He was terminal, however, and deteriorated. Knowing he was soon to die, he said that he wished to die with his war dress wrapped around him. He said, "It was so dark and he could not see the fire through the iron (of the stove.) In an Indian lodge they will keep a fire burning all night and I think it would do me good and make my heart warm. I would like to be carried to an Indian Lodge where I can die looking at the fire. My brothers, I shall look for you in the other country. Shake hands with me. How! How!" Crow Chief was sent in an Army ambulance to an Indian Lodge as he requested, and placed in a corner where he could see the fire burning in the center of the wigwam. In this position he died. As he became terminal, he gave his pipe, which he called the best pipe of the Mandans, to Dr. Kimball whom he titled the Medicine Man, the soldier chief, my brother. Mrs. Kimball said she didn't believe that the doctor ever attained any higher rank or title than that.⁷

There is no question that after contact with the white man, new contagious diseases were encountered with devastating effects on the Indian, both adult and child. From the accounts of the 19th century army physicians it is difficult to assess the natural health of the Indian for at this time they had been long exposed to white men's diseases and vices, with frequently tragic results. In 1852, while stationed at Astoria, Washington, Assistant Surgeon Israel Moses reported on the health of the Indians. He said, "Syphilis brought in by seamen brought their young men and matrons to premature old age, and an early grave." He added that it is remarkable that very few can be found among the men who have not lost one eye by ophthalmia (syphilitic or gonorrhoeal.) Many are absolutely deformed by enlargement of the cervical glands, frequently suppurating, discharging,

and forming frightful cicatrices. Harelip and cleft palate are frequently seen. Abortion is common, and not infrequently brought about intentionally. ⁸ In his report of 1852 from Ft. Ripley, Minnesota, Assistant Surgeon J. Frazier Head quoted Dr. David Day of the Winnebago Agency that among the diseases to which his tribe are especially subject, and one tending more than all others to produce suffering and death, was scrofula, which was said to pervade the whole tribe. He added that within the last few years the deaths resulting from this cause are equal to those from all other. Tuberculosis was spread to these Indians from the whites. Dr. Day also stated that pleurisy, pneumonia and bronchitis are common and sometimes fatal. ⁸

Regardless of the origin of the illnesses communicable diseases devastated the Indians. In my earlier paper I quoted Stansbury on the experiences of the Sioux with cholera, and Glisan, Corbusier and Foreman on Indian difficulties with malaria. ⁹ Berthrong said the Cheyenne along the Platte and then the Arkansas in 1849 were decimated by the 'big cramps' or cholera. Their traditional enemies, the Pawnees were swept off like 'chaff before the wind' and more than 1100 of them died during the summer of the California gold rush. ¹⁰ Probably the most devastating of the communicable diseases brought by the white man was smallpox. It was first introduced into the West Indies in 1507, then was widespread in Canada in early 1600. One Jesuit priest in 1640 wrote, "We have baptized more than a thousand—most of them went out of this world and among them more than 360 children under seven years—have been harvested by this disease and gathered by the Angels like flowers of paradise." ⁵ The plains Indians were hit by an epidemic in 1781, the Blackfeet estimated that they lost half of their people. In 1800, smallpox again spread up the Missouri. In 1801, a Pawnee war party returning from New Mexico brought smallpox with them. It spread from their tribal grounds on the lower Platte all the way to Texas; some of the plains tribes were said to have lost half their people. An 1816 smallpox outbreak hit the Comanches and Kiowas on the Southern plains. The worst of the smallpox epidemics began in 1837 on the upper Missouri, the infection brought there by people on the American Fur Company's steamer, *St. Peter*. The Mandans were almost wiped out, of their 1500 people, only 31 remained. Their neighbors and allies, the Arikaras and Hidatsa were cut from four thousand to about half. The disease spread north to the Crows, Assiniboines and Blackfeet; six to eight thousand Blackfeet were thought to have perished. The Sioux had some four hundred deaths, and the disease carried over to the next year when a war party of Pawnees took several Sioux prisoners. The captives carried the disease and an estimated two thousand Pawnees died. It then spread through the Osage and on to the Kiowa and Comanches the following year. ¹¹ Recently Tessendorf and also Dollar have had articles concerning the 1837-38 epidemic on the plains. Tessendorf raised the question in his

article, "What about the implication of germ warfare by the white man?" Dollar in more sober tone said, "Recriminations for so massive a disaster were not long in coming." Hardly had the epidemic claimed its last victim when dark hints of conspiracy and deliberate introduction of the disease began to circulate. Crittenden and DeVoto pinned the blame on the American Fur Company and a stolen blanket. Dollar adds, "Since then, this recriminatory approach has grown in sinister connotation until, in recent times, the white man in general stands indicted of premeditated Indian genocide through the introduction of smallpox."¹²

Tessendorf answered his own question on germ warfare by saying, "Certainly not in the Missouri Valley in 1837, the Indian, whatever the traders moral outlook, was an economic asset, the indispensable collector in the fur business as then constituted. Elsewhere? Yes, a documented instance at Fort Pitt in the 1760's suspicion of it at Fort Dearborn circa 1812, and perhaps in other lands, too, the subjects as a defense against the Indians is shadowy." He then mentions that in the 19th century West, the threat of the plague was used against the Indians by James McDougall, a trader on the Columbia River in 1811, and then says a similar ploy against the Pawnees is also recorded.¹³ Regardless of confirmation rumors persist, while some are directed against civilians and traders, some are directed against the military. These are nearly impossible to specifically confirm or deny. We can specifically prove that from the Jeffersonian time on, the official government and Army policy was to protect the Indian by vaccination, it is impossible factually to say what did or did not happen at isolated areas on the frontier.

In 1803, President Jefferson instructed Capt. Merriwether Lewis to take vaccine with him on the Lewis and Clark expedition. This probably was not done perhaps due to difficulty in procuring the vaccine. In 1820, the Long expedition up the Missouri River made an effort to introduce vaccination among the Pawnee Indians, the result was unsuccessful because the vaccine had been drenched by the wreck of one of the keel-boats.¹ In 1831, Indian Agent Schoolcraft, at St. Mary's agency, received orders from the Secretary of War that he would direct his attention to the vaccination of the Indians. The orders continued, "An Act has passed Congress and you are authorized to take a surgeon with you. Vaccine matter prepared and put up by the Surgeon General is hereby transmitted to you, and you will upon your whole route, explain to the Indians the advantage of vaccination and endeavor to persuade them to submit to the process."¹⁵ Later in Detroit he invited Dr. Douglas Houghton to accompany him to vaccinate the Indians. In the winter of 1833-34, Dr. George L. Weed of Ft. Gibson vaccinated 790 Creek and Cherokee Indians, for which the government paid him six cents each.¹⁶ When smallpox broke out among the Dakotahs in 1856-57, at least 3000 of the tribesmen succumbed to the epidemic. Lt. G. K. Warren was Acting Agent at the time. Warren,

in an official report, suggested that the government hire a competent medical man to visit the Indians annually to vaccinate them.¹⁷ By the end of the nineteenth century it is likely that a higher proportion of the Indians were vaccinated than of the whites in the frontier West.

Measles was also a frightening killer, particularly of children. Marcus Whitman and his family were killed by the Indians in the Northwest because he was responsible for, or could not stop the epidemic among them. Drury said the Indians thought he had poisoned them.¹⁸ Downey wrote it was policy among the Cayuse to put an incompetent medicine man to death.¹⁹

In the treatment of disease and injury, it would appear that among the Indians there were a variety of practitioners. While this might vary slightly from tribe to tribe and in various parts of the country, the general pattern seemed to prevail. This would include the medicine man or shaman who used more or less elaborated mystic rites to cure. He used objects for symbolism to evoke or help the Spirits in achieving a cure. One magic herb might be used as a cure-all and this was usually revealed to the healer in profoundly moving dreams or experiences earlier in his life or childhood, frequently at the time of a severe illness or injury. Then there were herbalists or herb doctors who were familiar with the traditions passed down through the centuries concerning the efficacy or natural remedies for specific illnesses or more specific therapists like bone setters and midwives. There could be overlapping in these categories. A 20th century Hopi 'doctor' states that his grandfather was a bone setter and herbalist who before he died wanted to pass his knowledge on to the young man but he said it was too difficult. He did teach the boy the use of herbs. Whiting in his article, 'Leaves From A Hopi Doctor's Casebook' states that "Hopi medicine is concerned with restoring to health those who are ill. This includes children and adults, Hopi and others. There are a number of household remedies known to many adults which can be used freely as the need may arise. There are also specialists, bone setters, who are able to set broken bones and reduce dislocations. The bone setter also has a knowledge of herbal cures; only in very serious cases is a witch doctor called to locate the witch and counteract the evil of witchcraft."²⁰ Hrdlicka stated in speaking of the Southwestern tribes, "In addition to medicine men, there are also in numerous tribes one or more medicine women. A few of these practice in the same manner as the men, but the majority serve chiefly as midwives and herbalists in much the same manner as do corresponding practitioners among less civilized whites. They are not addicted to the trickery of the men, but aid in confinements for a fee, and give simple remedies mostly herbs."⁴

There is a striking similarity in the medical practices and beliefs among all primitive peoples.²¹ This is true whether an American or South American Indian, a native of Africa or the South Sea Islands, or a believer in

folk medicine in Europe, or in this country. Their belief in the faith healer or the herbalist vary only in degrees. There is such a similarity in the herbs used that it is sometimes difficult to know whether the origin of the usage is in Europe, England or in the fields of the New World.

Jones in discussing practitioners of folk medicine said many were conversant with the abundant herb lore which has been the property of the human race for thousands of years. Along with the herbals were other kinds of brew and concoctions which, properly made, often with certain rituals involving magic, were believed to be efficacious. Sometimes the power of the word is sufficient, this practitioner following certain formulae would talk away the illness, others would do this with special prayers. The laying on of hands was most important with the godly type of healer. So in folk medicine there was the herb doctor, or yarb doctor, who relied on herbals without much in the way of magic or supernatural. Then the healers who combined a knowledge of herbs with a careful use of white magic. There were also specialists like bone setters, blood stoppers, etc.²² This pattern of practitioners is quite similar to that described for the American Indian.

In evaluating Indian medicine and the Army doctor's or white doctor's opinion of it, one must look at the several aspects of Indian medicine. I think certainly in the 19th century the Surgeon's opinion of the mystical aspects of Indian medicine was very low. Their opinion of Indian herbs is more difficult to assess. They did on occasion speak well of the methods of the Indians in treating fractures and sprains and of their use of heat in sweat baths for rheumatism.

Let us start with a look at the Indian use of herbs and plants somewhat apart from the more mystic or supernatural forms of therapy. This is difficult because as will be mentioned later, these cannot be entirely separated, for even the simple act of collaborating specific herbs a great deal of ritual went into the act including prayers to many of the spirits in the skies as well as to the spirits of the plants themselves.

There are implications that the white doctors used some of the Indian herbs and cures, but it is difficult to find more than anecdotal material on this. Lewis, on the Lewis and Clark expedition, used some herbs and once one of their men with rheumatism was treated successfully in an Indian sweat bath. Lewis, however, had received some training in herb medicine from his mother.²³ Mrs. Custer stated that Assistant Surgeon Irwin had a remedy for snake bite that he had learned from the Indians. Assistant Surgeon Swift to the contrary said that the Indians in Texas had a remedy for snakebite, but he had little faith in it as he had seen many of their patients die. Assistant Surgeon Corbusier commented that he thought some of the Indian herb remedies were effective. Dr. McConnell had some herb remedies that he had learned from the Indians. Gardiner said he thought some of these were better than the ones he was using and while Uncle Billy would not reveal his secrets he did let Gardiner use some of his

medicine with success.²⁴ Gene Stratton Porter in her book 'The Harvester' has the Harvester growing and collecting herbs which he sold, many to the physician in a neighboring town; though the Harvester was not above prescribing some remedies himself.²⁵ In some stories the country doctor would collect his own herbs and natural remedies to supplement the supplies of drugs which he would get from 'back East', particularly when his supplies were late arriving. The Army Surgeons on occasion would try local plants, most frequently when trying to relieve outbreaks of scurvy among their charges. This was based on knowledge gotten from the Indians and trappers.

Some of the Indian herbalists were well-known to the whites and occasionally were eagerly sought after for relief. One Indian healer in New England even had his name perpetuated by naming one of his herbs for him, 'Joe Pye weed.' It was used as a diaphoretic, diuretic, stimulant, astringent, emetic and cathartic. Stone mentions the old Sioux, Baptiste, who at the Winnebago agency treated white as well as Indian for there was no white physician within a range of several hundred miles. Later some Indians conventionally trained in white man's medicine came back to the agencies and treated white and Indian. These such as Carlos Montezuma, Charles Eastman, and Susan La Flesche undoubtedly used the white man's methods: to what degree they incorporated some of the Indian methods in their practice is unknown to me.

The aura of respectability for the Indian herbs and natural cures spread rapidly in the 19th century and became the basis for a thriving and prosperous Patent Medicine industry, the patent medicine salesmen and the medicine show. These hucksters sold supposed Indian remedies and cures, under Indian names and frequently real Indians were used as part of the shows to promote the drugs. Most of these salesmen were pure charlatans and the so-called remedies consisted mostly of alcohol, sometimes dangerously laced with liberal quantities of opium. No wonder they gave you relief from your symptoms.

In reading through the list of Indian remedies in Vogel, one is struck by the multitude of plants or herbs used for the treatment of the same disease or symptom. For the treatment of snakebite, for instance, there are over three dozen. These included snake root, snakeweed, fern foot, lion's foot, black ash and veiny hawk weed. The Indians might also kill the offending snake, cut it up and apply the flesh to the wound. Frequently though these were used in combination with ligature and sucking. Meyer speaking of folk remedies said, "Extravagant medical claims often were made by rustics, pioneer settlers, frontiersmen and undereducated practitioners to instill faith in their concoctions. If it were true that a recipe was a sure cure, infallible cure, sovereign cure, etc., there would have been no reason to list a multitude of other recipes for the same distress."³

Vogel says that about 1700 drugs which have been, or still are, official in the Pharmacopeia of the United States or the National formulary were used by North American Indians and about fifty more were used by Indians of the West Indies, Central and South America. Stone was more selective and said that the Indians added 59 drugs to our modern pharmacopeia, including cascara sagrada, lobelia, etc. Of Vogel's extensive lists, many drugs were listed in earlier editions of the Pharmacopeia and then deleted. Some of the drugs used by the Indians were for an effect that was not rational. For instance, emetics and cathartics might be used to rid the body of an evil spirit. Curare was used by South American Indians as a poison, but was adapted by modern medicine as a muscle relaxant. Coca leaves, the source of cocaine, were used by the Indians as a stimulant and perhaps as an anaesthetic; this in purified form became a prominent local anaesthetic in white medicine. It is easy to get over-enthused by the apparent rational use of herbs by the primitive cultures. Ackerknecht has a word of caution. He says, "The gathering of herbs and their administration is in many cases a clearly magic or religious act. Before declaring a drug purely rational it might be advisable to look at the conditions which accompany collecting and use of the drug. If it is revealed in a vision or dream, if certain formulas have to be used while it is gathered, if it works as an emetic when held or cut upward, as a purgative when held downward, if it makes at the same time part of a fetish, then scepticism as to its rational use seems legitimate."²¹

The rational for use of some physical therapies can also be questioned. For instance, many Indians prized the vapor bath for its therapeutic value, yet for most its outstanding importance was ceremonial. Some tribes considered sweating a necessary purification before taking part in any major ceremony.²⁶

One point frequently overlooked is that in many or most primitive cultures the medicine man was not called for minor illness or those with obvious or visible pathology. Stone says, "The Indians were keen observers and were adequate practitioners, so far as an empiric knowledge of disease would permit. When the nature of the ailment was understood, they treated the patient by drug and physiotherapy.—It was only when the disease failed to respond to these measures, or was obviously, to them, of a mysterious nature, or seemed to be mortal, that they had recourse to their more complicated rituals.—All Indians had some knowledge of the commoner remedies; but the more particular medicines known to the theurgists were carefully guarded secrets.—In other tribes even the common medicines known to all were only collected after appropriate offerings to the gods and prayers and chants. In those tribes which were highly organized certain medicines were under the proprietorship of the various medical societies and the collection and preparation of the society's

medicine were highly ritualistic."²⁷ Weslager, in *Magic Medicines of the Indians*, describes the religious ritual that one Delaware herbalist goes through in collecting herbs. "She never doubts that the plants, trees, rocks and rills have spiritual natures as real and as sensitive as her own, and she feels a warm kinship with all of them. She talks to some of them, and to the Spirit forces governing the wild vegetation." After concluding her prayer she tosses a pinch of Indian tobacco to the East, next to the South; then to the West and finally to the North. This is her homage to four of the most powerful spirits who exert an influence on the health and welfare of the Indians. These were labeled The Grandfather in the North, responsible for sending snow and wintry blasts. The Grandfather in the South who sends soft rains and balmy breezes. Other matters pertaining to the well-being of mankind were in the custody of The Grandfathers in the East and West. The herbalist must be attuned spiritually to all four of these Spirits. She needs her strength and support to make her medicine effective just as she needs the full cooperation of the spirits of the plants and trees. After finding the plant that she wants she will not take the first for she has been taught that the first plant must be left standing after hearing her prayer so that its spirit will go around and tell others of the species what is wanted of them. She is careful not to gather more roots, leaves or bark than she can use, because this would waste the 'be-soon' and offend the plant spirits. In bygone days the Delaware herbalists believed that deliberate waste would result in the failure of the plants to work in the patients behalf.²⁸

Neihardt in his book, "Black Elk Speaks," relates the story as told him by a Medicine Man of the Oglala Sioux. Black Elk, at age 13, witnessed the Battle of the Little Big Horn. He later played a part in the last big battle at Wounded Knee. As a child of nine, near the Big Horn River, he became very ill and at this time experienced his Great Vision. Two couriers descended from the clouds with spears flashing lightning and took him up into the sky where 'white clouds were piled like mountains on a wide blue plain' here accompanied by prancing stallions he was conducted into the absence of six old men who looked 'older than men can ever be—old like hills, like stars.' The lad shook all over with fear for he knew that these were not old men, but the Powers of the World. And the first was the Power of the West, the second, of the North; the third of the East; the fourth of the South; the fifth of the Sky; the sixth of the Earth. After counseling by the Grandfathers the boy in his vision toured the universe seeking the history of his people in symbolism, then returning to the old men he was given again the cup of water and the bow and arrows, symbolizing the power to make life and to destroy; he was given the white wing of cleansing and the healing herb; the sacred pipe and the flowering stick. At the end the oldest of them all said to him: "Grandson, all over the universe you have seen. Now you shall go back with power to the place from whence you came"—Though Black Elk saw visions and received messages from the other world

he did not become a healer, until in another vision a sacred herb was revealed to him; later with the help of spirits in the form of birds he was able to find where it grew. He says, "You understand that a man who has a vision is not able to use the power of it until after he has performed the vision on earth for the people to see.—It was even then only after the heyoka ceremony, in which I performed my dog vision, that I had the power to practice as a medicine man, curing sick people; and many I cured with the power that came through me. Of course it was not I who cured, it was the power from the outer world, and the visions and ceremonies had only made me like a hole through which the power could come to the two-leggeds. If I thought that I was doing it myself, the hole would close up and no power could come through."²⁹

Now let's continue with the more mystic or supernatural of the Indian healing rites and see what a few Army Surgeons had to say about them.

Assistant Surgeon C. C. Keeney reporting from Ft. Jones in 1856, said, "The system of medication that the northern Californian Indian practiced differs materially from the common routine of practice of the Indians east of the Rocky Mountains. They neither resort to the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom for a cure. Their philosophy of disease seems to be based upon the idea that an evil spirit of some dead Indian steals into the body and locates itself, and wherever the pain may be, there this spirit is. Their doctors are always females, and none are called to practice except those who are commissioned, as it were, by nature. When a young squaw chances to have a slight periodical hemorrhage from the mouth, or any other part than the natural channel, she is the one who forever after is destined to heal the sick. The young squaw is not at all covetous of her calling; she dreads her profession, for on her failure to effect a cure, she loses her life."³⁰ Ames in his article on the Indians of the Northwest Coast said that "One highly desirable role in the Yurok society was reserved for women—that of shaman, with its attendant high fees for cures." He added one reason that the position might have been desirable is that "Unlike some other tribes, the Yuroks never killed the doctor if the patient died."³¹ Drucker had an interesting comment on the female shamans of the Yuroks. He said, "She made considerable use of a tobacco pipe and of smoking in connection with her cures, and—whispered gossips—in causing people to become ill so that she might be paid for curing them."³² Assistant Surgeon Moses in his report of 1852 said, "Should the unhappy victim of Aesculapian art fortunately get well, the doctor remains in peaceful enjoyment of his professional gains. Should death, however, have knocked at the door of the lodge during these mockeries, as he invariably does in severe cases, the doctor not only has expended his time and labor for nothing, but now has forfeited his life by failing to restore his patient to health. If he can compromise the matter with the relations and friends of the diseased, by paying his value, estimated in horses, blankets, canoes, or

slaves, he redeems his own life; but failing to satisfy the demands of the afflicted, who are usually very exacting, he may not expect to live to see the sun rise many times."

An example of the contrasts in Army physicians and their relations to the Indians is the story that Frank Waters tells of Assistant Surgeons Letterman and Matthews. Waters by sweeping generalizations puts errors into his story to include misspelling Letterman's name making him a Letherman. This is the way it is spelled in the original Smithsonian Report so Waters only perpetuated the error. In speaking of incompetent, untrained agency physicians at Ft. Defiance in a later period, Waters says, "It is not surprising that such men learned little and cared less about the Indians around them." He quotes a report that Letterman submitted to the Smithsonian in 1855 about the Navaho Indians that said, "Of their religion little or nothing is known, as, indeed all inquiries tend to show that they have none.—The lack of tradition is a source of surprise. They have no knowledge of their origin or of the history of the tribe.—They have frequent gatherings for dancing.—Their singing is but a succession of grunts and is anything but agreeable."³³ I cannot argue with Waters' opinion of the quote, but his lumping Letterman with some untrained charlatans who posed as physicians is wrong. Jonathan Letterman was a well-trained, intelligent, and conscientious Regular Army Physician. He was acclaimed in the Civil War as an innovative thinker and vigorous administrator. He left the Army and was a well-respected physician in San Francisco.

Waters contrasts Letterman with Assistant Surgeon Washington Matthews who was at Ft. Wingate in 1881-84. He says the reports of Matthews' studies of the Navajo, provide the basis upon which all later Navajo ethnology has been built, and have never been superseded for accuracy, completeness, and enlightened understanding. Frink in his book on Christian Barthelmess picks this story up including the misspelling of Letterman's name. He adds that Matthews found, "ere long, that these heathens, pronounced godless and legendless," in fact possessed myths and traditions "so numerous that one can never hope to collect them all, a pantheon as well stocked with gods and heroes as that of the ancient Greeks." The appalling succession of Grunts convinced Matthews that besides improvised songs, "In which the Navahos are adept, they have knowledge of thousands of significant songs, or poems, as they might be called—which have been composed with care and handed down, for centuries perhaps, from teacher to pupil, from father to son, a precious heritage."³⁴

It is evident that most of the Army doctors and agency physicians felt that the medicine men were fakers, charlatans or quacks. Most of the white physicians were Christians, some quite fundamental in their beliefs; to them the Indian rites were pagan and even more to be condemned. Just a few like Matthews and Corbusier saw the role of the medicine man or even

partially understood it. Assistant Surgeon Corbusier frequently worked with the medicine men and said, "I did not try to stop their incantations, but rather encouraged them, as they soothed the sick who often slept while they were in progress."

As we have mentioned, these magical cures did not always work despite the glowing tributes in the folk literature today. Hrdlicka said, "Of course they do not always cure. Failures in the case of children are readily excused. Single failures with adults may be satisfactorily explained,—but if a number of patients die successively the career of the medicine man concerned generally comes to an end. He is believed to have lost his curative powers, or even to have become a wizard and to prevent his doing further harm the tribe may kill him."

Concerning failures, some of the Army Surgeons tended to rather glibly cover this by implying that whenever the patient treated by the medicine man was severely or critically ill he always died. This is obviously an overstatement. Yet it is also frequently mentioned that in case of failure resulting in death of the patient that the medicine man's own life was in jeopardy. Black Elk mentions, though with no comment, his father's death long after he was an experienced healer. It may be this was regarded as a natural death. Ackerknecht discusses this in his article on primitive medicine. Apparently most primitive people recognized that aging was natural and that there was a time for dying. As Allen mentions in her article, the agency physicians found it virtually impossible to overcome a fatalism especially among older people who believed that if it were the time to die there was no escaping.³⁵ Dr. Smith attempting to vaccinate the Comanche, found that many refused because they believed that if the Great Spirit chose to send death they were obligated to submit to his will.

It is obvious again that in the case of the epidemics of smallpox, cholera, measles, tuberculosis, etc., the Indian remedies, mystic or natural, were ineffective. Maynard and Twiss implied that one reason the Sioux accept the white man's medicine, was that since most of their diseases were white man's diseases perhaps they should try his medicine. It may be the Indian looked on these epidemics as white men's disease and the result of supernatural forces beyond the control of their medicine man.

One other fact frequently overlooked was that treatment by a medicine man could be quite expensive. While frequently they did not charge, if the patient recovered, they expected expensive gifts. Indeed for some ceremonies payment in advance was required. Assistant Surgeon Matthews in describing the Mountain Chant ceremony of the Navajo, a nine-day ceremony, said, "The patient was a middle-aged woman, who apparently suffered from no ailment whatever; she was stout, ruddy, cheerful, and did her full share of the household work every day; yet she was about to give away for these ceremonies, sheep, horses, and other goods to the value of perhaps two hundred dollars."³⁶ This was in 1884.

Matthews felt, "The purposes of the ceremony are various. Its ostensible reason is to cure disease; but it is made the occasion for invoking the unseen powers in behalf of the people at large for various purposes, particularly for good crops and abundant rains. It would appear that it is also designed to perpetuate their religious symbolism. Some of the shows of the last night are undoubtedly intended to be dramatic and entertaining as well as religious, while the merely social element of the whole affair is obvious. It is an occasion when the people gather to have a jolly time. The patient pays the expenses and, probably in addition to the favor and help of the gods and the praise of the priesthood, hopes to obtain social distinction for his liberality."

Obviously all the ceremonies were not as elaborate as the nine-day Mountain or night chant. The ceremonies of the plains Indians could be simple and brief, as when an Iowa before smoking formally, offered tobacco to the sky spirit, puffing a mouthful of smoke toward him. At the other end of the scale were such four-day festivals as the Sun Dance and the Okipa of the Mandan, both of which required weeks of preparations.²⁶ Maynard and Twiss describe the Yuwipi ceremony of the Oglala Sioux. This takes place in an evening and usually in the home of the patient or family. They state, "The efficacy of the medicine men cannot be discounted, especially as regards the psychological effects. For this reason the Indian Health Service should give consideration to working more in cooperation with the medicine men and allow Yuwipi ceremonies in the hospital in cases in which the patient desires it."³⁷

In view of the expensive gifts for the medicine men, in case of the agency Indians, it may well have been cheaper to go to the agency physician for treatment. Many did, for most agency physicians were swamped with work. It may be that then, as now, the Indian accepted both kinds of medicine. Accepting what the white man had to offer, then backing it up with the Medicine Man to take care of the spirits. Waters says, "But curiously enough, if it were known at Ganado, almost all these Navaho patients have a protective ritual before they come and another sing afterward." He adds later, "For health and religion are inseparably tied up. The white doctor's shiny machines, his good medicines, remedy the effect. He had learned better than any other how to cure the disease. But the patient still remains to be treated. The underlying cause is still to be removed. For this the singer is necessary. Only he understands that every material image has its corresponding inner form, that every physical ailment has its accompanying physical distortion." To the modern physician this can appear dangerous, as reported in recent cases from Shiprock where treatment of children with acute appendicitis has been delayed from six hours to three days as the parents stopped for consultation with the Medicine Man after having been referred to the hospital.³⁸

There were several factors which weighed in favor of the Indians

medicine, particularly when combining the antic rituals of the Medicine Man, and herbs and natural remedies. First, with all the ritual and religious symbolism this obviously greatly impressed the patient who believed in it. This in itself is a positive factor. Secondly, probably most of the natural remedies, even if they had little positive effects, in the method and dosages used, seldom did harm. Occasionally at least, the Medicine Man was called in late in an acute illness at a time when the patient had survived the worst and naturally is ready to take a turn for the better and frequently only with tender loving care will make a complete recovery. Edward Nequatewa, the Hopi doctor, was quite critical of some of the medicine men calling them fakes and saying their methods were dangerous—particularly when they took a child with measles and probably pneumonia and gave him cold baths.²⁰ At other times though the rituals were not this drastic with much being done around the patient but little to him, other than laying on of hands, massage, sucking mechanisms to remove poison or to draw winds or spirits through the ailing member or blowing of sacred powder or water over the patient.

As in the stories of the visions of Black Elk, the myths surrounding the origins of some of the Indian rituals are beautiful, imaginative and elaborate. Assistant Surgeon Matthews in his article, "The Mountain Chant," relates the myth that accounts for the origin of the nine-day ceremony. The telling of it requires some thirty pages, but the myth explains and gives meaning and significance to the events that take place during the lengthy ceremony.

The beauty of the myths and visions, the gentleness portrayed in some of the stories, the reverence and understanding portrayed in the oneness of the spirits of all living things, plant and animal, can tend to give an oversympathetic view of the Indian as a most noble human, with only love and understanding in his heart. But in Black Elk's great vision he basically sees the good life for his people and later his visions at the time of the Ghost Dance envision a wonderful world without the white man. In one of the stories in his book, a friend describes how ludicrous and funny it was when the fat squaws stripped a white man who was only wounded, then when they started to cut off his private parts he arose and fought them only then to be finally killed, or in another incident how when a Sioux killed a Crow Indian, who was stealing a horse, the squaws rushed out to chop him to pieces. While in most of the modern tales the white man is the total villain, throughout Indian stories is mentioned ancient enmity between tribes and results of battles that had little or nothing to do with the white man. I read recently that the Utes and Comanches just had a meeting to make peace with each other after generations of enmity.

While it was undoubtedly official policy of the government to deal humanely and fairly with the Indians, this was always on the white man's terms and with the idea of absorbing the Indian into the white man's ways

and religion. While in the treaties after 1830-40, medical care was to be provided for the Indians, it is hard to find whether this was at the wish of the Indians or on the basis of do-gooders on the white side. Certainly in some instances it was the duty of the Army Surgeon or of the agency physician to endeavor to reduce the role of the Medicine Man and his influence on the Indians. Allen says, "White officials saw the Medicine Man as a principal barrier to acculturation and abandonment of the traditional Indian way of life. They directed the agency physicians to report periodically their progress in overcoming this 'evil influence.'"³⁵

It is easy today to look back and be critical of the Army physician or agency physician who failed to realize the role of the Medicine Man or the value of the mystic rites if only as a psychological tool. For one to have understood the religious or symbolic significance of the ceremonies he would need to have understood the language and also to have had a knowledgeable and sympathetic interpreter. In addition, he would need to have been known and trusted by the Indians and perhaps as in case of Neidhardt with Black Elk have approached the Indians at just the right time. It would also have required that the physician have a desire to learn and understand an alien culture foreign to his religious and cultural background. For such understanding to have happened at all in the 19th century with all the misunderstanding and mismanagement, and with killings and atrocities and with the land grabbing and broken treaties, is really surprising.

REFERENCES

1. Corbusier, William T.: *Verde to San Carlos*. Dale Stuart King, Publisher. Tucson 1968.
2. Corbusier, William Henry, Record of. Special collections University of Arizona Library, Tucson.
3. Meyer, Clarence: *American Folk Medicine*. New American Library. New York 1975.
4. Irdlicka, Ales: *Physiological and Medical Observations among the Indians of the South-western United States and Northern Mexico*. Bur. Amer. Ethnol. Bull. #34, 1908.
5. Radbill, Samuel X.: *Child Hygiene among the American Indians*. Texas Reports on Biology and Medicine. 3:419-512, 1945.
6. Vogel, Virgil J.: *American Indian Medicine*. Univ. Oklahoma Press. Norman, 1970.
7. Kimball, Maria Brace: *A Soldier-Doctor of our Army*. Houghton-Mifflin Co., Boston and New York 1917.
8. *Statistical Report on the Sickness and Mortality in the Army of the United States, 1839-55*. Senate Exec. Doc. 96, 34th Congress. Washington 1856.
9. Wier, J.A.: *The Army Doctor and the Indian*. Denver Westerners Roundup, Vol. 31, Sept. 1975.
10. Berthrong, Donald J.: *The Southern Cheyennes*. Univ. Oklahoma Press. Norman, 1963.
11. Andrist, Ralph K.: *The Long Death*. Collier Books, McMillan Co. New York, 1969.
12. Dollar, Clyde D.: *The High Plains Smallpox Epidemic of 1837-38*. *Western Hist. Qtrly.* 7:15-38, 1977.
13. Tessendorf, K.C.: *Red Death on the Missouri*. *The American West*. 14:48-53, 1977.
14. Stearn, E.W. and Stearn, A.E.: *Smallpox Immunization of the Amer. Indian*. *Bull. Hist. Med.* 13: 601-13, 1943.
15. Schoolcroft, Henry: *Personal Memoirs of a Residence of Thirty Years with the Indian Tribes on the American Frontier*.
16. Foreman, Grant: *The Five Civilized Tribes*. Univ. Oklahoma Press. Norman, 1972.

17. Flanagan, Vincent J.: Gouverneur Kemble Warren, Explorer of Nebraska Territory. Nebraska History 51: 171, 1970.
18. Drury, Clifford M.: Wilderness Diaries. The American West 13:4, 1976.
19. Downey, Gregg. An American Travesty. Modern Health Care, Feb. 1976.
20. Whiting, Alfred F.: Leaves from a Hopi Doctor's Casebook. Bull. N.Y. Acad. Med. 47: 125-146, 1971.
21. Ackerknecht, Erwin H.: Natural Diseases and Rational Treatment in Primitive Medicine. Bull. Hist. Med. 19: 467-97, 1946.
22. Jones, Louis C.: Practitioners of Folk Medicine. Bull. Hist. Med. 23:480-93, 1949.
23. Dillon, Richard: Merriwether Lewis. Capricorn Books, New York, 1968.
24. Gardiner, Charles Fox: Doctor at Timberline. Caxton Printers, Ltd. Caldwell, Idaho 1938.
25. Porter, Gene Stratton: The Harvester. Grosset & Dunlap, New York, 1911.
26. Lowie, Robert H.: Indians of the Plains. American Museum Science Books, Natural History Press. Garden City, 1963.
27. Stone, Eric: Medicine among the American Indians. Hafner Publishing Co. New York, 1962.
28. Weslager, C.A.: Magic Medicines of the Indians. New American Library, New York, 1974.
29. Neihardt, John G.: Black Elk Speaks. Pocket Book, Simon and Schuster, New York, 1975.
30. Statistical Report on Sickness and Mortality in the Army of the United States, 1855-60. Senate Exec. Doc. 52, 36th Congress, Washington, 1860.
31. Ames, Michael: Indians of the Northwest Coast. The American West 10:12, 1973.
32. Drucker, Phillip: Indians of the Northwest Coast. American Museum Science Book, Natural History Press, Garden City, 1963.
33. Waters, Frank: Masked Gods. The Swallow Press, Chicago, 1950.
34. Frink, Maurice: Photographer on an Army Mule. Univ. Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1965.
35. Allen, Virginia: Agency Physicians to the Southern Plains Indians, 1868-1900. Bull. Hist. Med. 49: 318-30, 1975.
36. Matthews, Washington: The Mountain Chant. Bur. Ethnol. 5th Annual Report 1883-84. Washington, 1887. Reproduced Rio Grande Press, Glorieta, N. Mex. 1970.
37. Maynard, Eileen and Twiss, Gayla: That These People May Live. Pine Ridge Research Bull. DHEW Publ. No. HSM 72-508, Washington, 1970.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

Date: Dec. 9, 1977

419 Pearl St., Boulder, Colorado 80502

220 Boston Building, 225 17th St., Denver, CO 80202

David Mathison, 11202 North Belvue Dr., Littleton, CO 80120

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

1. STATE OF PUBLICATION	2. NUMBER OF COPIES OF THIS STATEMENT	3. NUMBER OF COPIES OF THIS STATEMENT
1. TOTAL NUMBER OF COPIES OF THIS STATEMENT	650	650
2. TOTAL NUMBER OF COPIES OF THIS STATEMENT	650	639
3. TOTAL NUMBER OF COPIES OF THIS STATEMENT	650	639
4. TOTAL NUMBER OF COPIES OF THIS STATEMENT	0	0
5. TOTAL NUMBER OF COPIES OF THIS STATEMENT	650	639
6. TOTAL NUMBER OF COPIES OF THIS STATEMENT	10	11
7. TOTAL NUMBER OF COPIES OF THIS STATEMENT	0	0
8. TOTAL NUMBER OF COPIES OF THIS STATEMENT	650	650

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

1. NAME AND ADDRESS OF PUBLISHER: Westerners, Inc., 220 Boston Building, 225 17th St., Denver, CO 80202

2. NAME AND ADDRESS OF OWNER: Westerners, Inc., 220 Boston Building, 225 17th St., Denver, CO 80202

3. NAME AND ADDRESS OF EDITOR: David Mathison, 11202 North Belvue Dr., Littleton, CO 80120

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1977

Volume XXXIII, No. 6

In This Issue

The Luck of Larpenteur

by

DABNEY OTIS COLLINS

and

Railroad Federal Land Grants

by

RICHARD A. RONZIO



William H. Van Duzer, Sheriff for 1977.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

1977 has come and gone and a great many things have become History — like my term as Registrar of Marks and Brands. This year was a real, mostly pleasurable, experience as an editor. I must thank everyone in the Denver Posse of Westerners for their cooperation, patience and help. The organization goes on as new hands take over the reins. Best Wishes to All and see you Over the Corral Rail.

Ed Bathke, from the Denver Posse and the Pikes Peak Posse, has advised us that a proposal has been made for a commemorative stamp honoring Zebulon Montgomery Pike, discoverer of Pikes Peak. The Proposal was originally made by Lester A. Michel of Colorado Springs to the Stamp Development Branch of the USPS. The Proposal has been placed on the agenda for consideration by the Citizens Stamp Advisory Committee for issuance in 1979, if it is accepted. Zeb Pike would be a most acceptable representative of Colorado and the West. Anyone who would like to encourage the acceptance of the Pike stamp should send a note to:

Mr. Jack Williams
Coordinator, Citizens Stamp Advisory
Committee
U.S. Postal Service
Administrative Group
Washington, D.C. 20260

The Denver Posse has accepted the proposal by Bill Wells to institute an office of 'Old Timer.' The 'Old Timer' is the Posse Archivist and Historian. Bill has accepted the first years service as 'Old Timer' even though he is rather bound. You have to know him. Hopefully the Posse will aid the 'Old Timer' in collecting, organizing and preserving the written records and publications of the Denver Posse. This is becoming a rather venerable institution with a considerable amount of written material which should not be lost. The 'Old Timer' is charged with collecting anecdotal material also. This could become a publishable collection of personal stories if we could only get George Green to tell us about the Rotary Plows and Henry Clausen to tell about being the

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP



Vol. XXXIII

Nov./Dec.

Number 6

1977

The ROUNDUP is published bimonthly by the Denver Posse of The Westerners. Subscription, \$9.00 per year to members. Entered as second-class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office, P. O. Box 990, Boulder, Colorado 80302. Westerners' office, 828 17th St., Denver CO 80202. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.
© 1977 by The Westerners, Inc., a Colorado corporation.

USE THESE ADDRESSES FOR:

Correspondence and Remittance

Dr. Henry W. Toll, Jr.
620 Boston Bldg.
828 17th Street
Denver, CO 80202

Material for The Roundup

David L. Hartman, 13492 N. Delphi Dr., Littleton, Colo. 80124

Reservations for Meetings and Dinners

Robert Akerley, 2281 Havana St., Aurora, Colo. 80010

Book Reviews

Ralph E. Livingston, 245 W. 12th Ave., Denver, Colo. 80204

1977 OFFICERS

Sheriff: W. H. Van Duzer

Deputy Sheriff: Ross V. Miller, Jr.

Roundup Foreman: Charles S. Ryland

Tally Man: Dr. Henry W. Toll, Jr.

Registrar of Marks & Brands: D. L. Hartman

Chuck Wrangler: Robert Akerley

Membership Chairman: Richard A. Ronzio

Publications Chairman: Donald E. Bower

Program Chairman: Ross V. Miller, Jr.

Book Review Chairman: Ralph E. Livingston

The Luck of Larpenteur

by Dabney Otis Collins, P.M.

*Presented to the Denver Posse of Westerners on
October 26, 1977*

This was the time when the Great Plains were furrowed, not by plows, but by the hooves of uncounted millions of buffaloes; when the fur trapper and trader, with long rifle and skinning knife, pushed young America's boundary toward the setting sun.

This tough breed of men were afraid of nothing they could see. It was the unseen, the pit blackness of lonely night, the thought of what might be lurking behind yonder ridge, that caused them to lean with desperate faith on their luck. When he left camp in the chill dawn to run his traplines, no man knew if Sioux, Ree or Blackfoot would dance around his scalp that night, while lobo wolves and coyotes snarled over his butchered body.

Some were lucky and saved their hair. For many, their luck ran out. And some, like Charles Larpenteur, lived with bad luck all their days.

"Forty years ago," he began the final paragraph in his autobiography, "I came to the Indian country. It was the year the stars fell. That my lucky star fell is plainly to be seen."

Charles Larpenteur was eleven when his Bonapartist father departed France, settling with his family on a small farm near Baltimore, Maryland, in 1818. Farm life did not appeal to the studious, slightly built boy. A dutiful son, however, he waited out his restlessness until his twenty-first birthday to seek his fortune in the West.

He set out with a former Prairie du Chein sutler, J. W. Johnson, who was delivering a shipment of Negro slaves to Missouri. AT Wheeling, West Virginia, Johnson loaded his human cargo on a steamboat and Charles rode on to St. Louis. Having had better than average schooling of that day, he secured employment in the office of Indian Superintendent Major Benjamin O'Fallon. Every day of office detail whetted his eagerness to get into the Indian country he had heard so much about. The opportunity came two years later.

Former Ashley men, William Sublette and Robert Campbell, were making up a trading outfit to carry competition to the giant American Fur Company. Armed with O'Fallon's letter of recommendation, young Larpenteur signed an eighteen-months' agreement with Sublette and Campbell, for \$296. He was put to work packing trade goods in the storehouse.

Charles Larpenteur, according to Dr. Washington Matthews, to whom Larpenteur entrusted his laboriously compiled journal,¹ was a spare, wiry man of distinct Gallic type. He was highly intelligent, well-read, and possessed a marked ability in business. He was regarded as safe and sure, his integrity unquestioned.

In May 1833, Sublette began his climb of the Missouri on a steamboat loaded with men and equipment for building trading posts at favorable points along the river. Larpenteur accompanied the land caravan up the Platte, led by Robert Campbell. It was headed for the Green River rendezvous, with goods for the Rocky Mountain Fur Company.

The cavalcade of some hundred and fifty horses and mules, herds of cattle and bands of sheep snorted, bellowed, and blatted. The forty-odd trappers, camp tenders and hunters fresh from St. Louis riverfront dives, shouted, swore, hoorawed. Many saddle mules and horses must be broken again each morning. Packs were continually slipping from arched backs of the wild mules. Rain poured, mud sucked greedily.

None knew better than Charley that he was out of place. His buttocks and thigh muscles ached. Strain as he might, he lacked the strength to lift a belly-hung pack into place and lash it tight, and not get his head knocked off by flying hooves. Besides being unable to do his share of the work he was French. Native American mountain men, as a rule, did not take kindly to Frenchmen.² National prejudice was founded in their forebears having fought the French since time out of mind.

The pack train, soon trailwise, swam the Kansas, the Big Blue, then the Little Blue. Beyond lay the Coasts of the Nebraska, the valley of the Platte, and the vast prairie on whose breast newborn grass wove a tapestry of turquoise-green. Far in the west, where the grasslands washed up against the feet of the Rockies, the journey would end, and the ambition of Charles Larpenteur to become a fur trader would meet its first challenge.

Rendezvous, on the Green, was reached in July, trading tents set up. The largest was crammed with bundles of blankets, bolts of bright calicoes, knives, twists of tobacco, kegs of powder, cases of galena lead bars. There were stacks of flat kegs curved to fit a mule's rib cage, filled with grain alcohol soon to be generously diluted with water and flavored with tobacco, perhaps molasses, with a dash of Jamaica ginger or red pepper. For the daughters of the prairie there were strings of beads, mirrors, little bells, ribbons and packets of vermilion.

Larpenteur aided in arranging the merchandise. With each piece he handled he pictured himself talking sign language to a warrior, studying the expressionless, high-cheekboned face, running his fingertips through the fur of beaver, mink, otter or wolf. It was not to be.

Tom Fitzpatrick, one of the five partners of the newly formed Rocky Mountain Fur Company, had somehow learned the incredible truth that

here was a man who did not drink. "French," he said to Larpenteur, "I'm making you clerk and bartender."

Larpenteur's bad luck had begun.

When the colorful carnival of the plains was over and trapping parties, loaded with equipment and debt, set out on their fall hunt, he was ordered to join the Sublette and Campbell men in building a trading post on the Missouri. Location of the post, Fort William, was about two miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone. The American Fur Company's Fort Union, also on the Missouri, was the same distance above this point.

Sounds of axes felling cottonwoods to be made into building timbers and stockade posts shattered the primeval stillness. No axe-man, Larpenteur was assigned a Red River cart and a broken-winded horse. "Here I am, a regular carter at Fort William," he recorded in his journal, "dressed in cowskin pants, cowskin coat, buckskin shirt, wolfskin cap, red flannel undershirt, and a blue flannel shirt over that, stepping behind my old horse and cart."

Although he was only a carter, Larpenteur slept in the store and assisted in trade at night. This was the favorite time for Indians to trade. Often he traded most of the night, then went to his carting in the morning.

Cottonwoods along the river shed their golden crowns. In the draws, patches of wild roses lost their radiant scarlet. Traders were sent out to tell the Indians of the new fort and all the wonderful new things they might have for their furs. They came back mostly empty-handed. Kenneth McKenzie, bourgeois of Fort Union, would see to that.

King of the Missouri was no empty title for the dynamic, imaginative master of the American Fur Company's great fur trading post. He would teach these intruders into Astor's empire a lesson. He held the winning cards: Fort Cass, under Samuel Tulloch, at the south of the Big Horn; Fort McKenzie, on the Missouri near the mouth of the Marias, controlled the Blackfoot trade; agents Jim Beckwourth and Winter had made permanent customers of the Crows. Orders went out from Fort Union: Get the furs, forget the price.

Fort William could not long withstand this competition. Campbell offered it for sale to McKenzie. The offer was spurned. Why buy out when you can drive out? Late that year, Fort William became the property of the American Fur Company. Sublette and Campbell would build a new post, at the junction of the North Platte and Laramie rivers.

As preparations were being made to ship the fort's furs in a mackinaw to St. Louis, the thought of returning to the States haunted Larpenteur. Think of all the tales he could tell his friends in Baltimore of his adventures among the Indians out West! Besides, he was now only a guard of the horse herd. Even more important, he had saved more than \$200 of his \$296 salary. He had a talk with Robert Campbell, who put him in touch with McKenzie.

Larpenteur became a Fort Union clerk, at \$250 a year. He stuffed his belongings into a pair of muslin saddlebags sewed at both ends and slit in the middle. Slinging it over his shoulder, he plodded up the Missouri. After about five miles, he stepped through the stockade gate of Fort Union into a world he did not know existed.

Facing him, a handsome two-storied mansion looked down upon two rows of buildings abutting the stockade. There were stables, storehouses, blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, grogshop, fur presses, lodging rooms. Larpenteur wandered about, looking and wondering.

When the supper bell rang, the clerks began putting on coats. Having none, Charles was lent a coat. Each stood behind his appointed chair at the regally set table with spotless white cloth. The bourgeois, in black broadcloth and linen, took his seat at the head of the table. All sat. Waiters served fat buffalo meat, hot biscuits, fresh butter, cream and milk. In this atmosphere of gentility which approached nobility, Larpenteur found it hard to believe some of the things he had heard about the King of the Missouri.

At eleven that evening he was summoned to McKenzie's office. He was handed the keys to the fort gates, tool house, harness house, and to the bastions at diagonal corners of the stockade. It was his duty to open the gates early in the morning, lock them at night, and to lend a hand when required.

Young Larpenteur plunged eagerly into his tasks. It was almost unbelievable, like living in a castle, and Kenneth McKenzie really a king who reigned with iron hand over his vast fur empire.

Archibald Hamilton Palmer, the fort's bookkeeper who had left his last name in England with his past, also belonged in the castle. Aristocrat to the tips of his polished boots, he wore ruffled shirt fronts, a gold chain around his hand was always scented. Every year, boxes of the latest in men's fashions were shipped to him from London to St. Louis, thence forwarded to the mouth of the Yellowstone. Trappers spoke in awe of Mr. Hamilton's beginning each day with a bath and a clean shirt. Indians, he detested. When an admiring Cree girl picked up one of his brightly colored silk handkerchiefs which had dropped to the floor, Hamilton threw it into the fire.

Early in the fall, after the hay had been hauled in, Hamilton began to rebuild Fort William. The new location was within 150 yards of Fort Union. Uneven heights of the stockade posts disturbed his sense of orderliness. The clerk in charge of rebuilding the fort was accused of drunkenness and relieved of his assignment. Larpenteur was given the job of clerk, his first promotion. But as had happened at rendezvous, he paid a price for sobriety. In addition to his other duties, he was put in charge of the grogshop.

The fall trade was principally in jerked buffalo meat, bladders of tallow, and buffalo robes. This business was done at night. For Larpenteur, it was a time of learning how to become a trader. Well-mannered, intelligent, he earnestly sought to communicate with his brown-hued customers, copying their gestures and vocal sounds, studying their facial expressions or the lack of them. How do you make a buffalo robe?

Little by little he learned. The skin was stretched on a pole frame and scrapped, then put in a pile until the end of hunting season. The squaws dressed them, first scraping the skin clean of flesh. It was then smeared with buffalo brains and grease, after being sprinkled with water. Again dried, the skin was rubbed with a sinew cord and squaw muscle until pliable. Young cow skins were best.

A dressed robe sold for four pounds of sugar and two gallons of shelled corn. Or it bought drinks.

Liquor and fighting, as Larpenteur soon learned, went together. Many a time he dragged drunks by the heels through the gate. Until this year, 1834, Fort Union had increased Astor's profits by making its own liquor. McKenzie had a still, disassembled, shipped upriver with Company goods. Corn was obtained from the Mandans. He also started a corn plantation at the mouth of the Sioux River. But the King's traditional hospitality and pride in his whiskey led to the still's destruction, followed by the Government's threat to cancel the trader's license of the American Fur Company. This marked the end of Kenneth McKenzie's usefulness in the Indian country.

In the previous August, fur traders Nathaniel Wyeth and Michel Cerré, paid a visit to Fort Union. Nothing was too good for them, even to McKenzie's showing off his distillery. But when his guests wished to include his liquor with their ample purchases, they were politely refused. Angered both at the refusal and high prices of the goods, Wyeth and Cerré reported McKenzie to the Indian agent at St. Louis.

The still was gone now, but not the liquor. Without liquor, there would be no fur trade. In one way or another, it came in by boat or muleback. As gatekeeper and bartender, Larpenteur became adept in settling quarrels with a few drops of laudnum in the tin cup. He learned when to open the gate to those with skins to sell, when to slam it in the faces of those bent on trouble.

A trouble-making family, the Deschamps, lived in Fort William. Following the massacre at Seven Oaks, near Winnipeg, of Hudson's Bay Company Governor Robert Semple and twenty-one of his men, this Cree-French family had crossed the border into the Upper Missouri River country. The men hunted and trapped for Fort Union. Twice, when refused more liquor, they had robbed the fort and threatened to kill the bourgeois.

A feud among them resulted in the killing of Francois Deschamps, head of the family. His sons swore revenge. Only a spark was needed to set off an explosion. The tense situation was heightened by the fact that Union's trappers and hunters, and their Indian wives, lived in Fort William.

Toward the end of June, the Company's annual boat came chugging up the river, stern paddlewheel splashing, plumes of smoke trailing from twin stacks. There were rifles, powder, lead aboard, tobacco, Hudson Bay blankets, beads and gay strouds. And there was whiskey.

The Deschamps traded deerskin vests decorated with porcupine quills to the deck hands for liquor. Soon there was loud singing in Fort William and laughter. Mother Deschamps summoned her wild brood about her, seven men and a ten-year-old boy. The murderer of their father, she told them, was singing loudly tonight. The brothers looked at one another, then at their mother. She smiled. "My sons," she said proudly, "are Deschamps."

Above the drunken revelry at Fort William, there came a frantic pounding on Fort Union's gate. Larpenteur cracked it open, a screaming young woman tumbled inside. The Deschamps had killed her husband, Jacques Rene. They were coming to rob the fort!

Half a dozed trappers stormed through the gate. The Deschamps had gone wild, they shouted. Where was Mr. McKenzie? Hamilton and Larpenteur led them to McKenzie's quarters. A tall, slab-sided man, shoe-button eyes hard and glistening above the tangle of beard, did the talking. The damned Frenchies were sot on rubbin' out ever'body 'cept their own folks. "We got to have more guns to save the wimmenfolks."

McKenzie listened. When fired up with liquor, the Deschamps fought everything in sight. But they and their numerous kinsmen always brought in their full share of meat and skins. As for their bluff about robbing Fort Union?

"Ef you don't git us some more guns quick," the shoe-button-eyed man said, "we're pullin' out. And thar's twenty-some more out there comin' with me."

McKenzie remained deep in thought. His head came up with a jerk. He spoke quietly to Hamilton. Get the horses and all the Assiniboin women out of Fort William, the Assiniboin trade must not be hurt. Supply the hunters and trappers with extra rifles and ammunition. And take along a cannon.

In the darkness the mountain men deployed around the fifteen-foot stockade, awaiting daylight. The factor's house stood opposite the gate. The Deschamps lived in the double cabin with twelve-foot passage. Tonight they might be anywhere within the enclosure, warehouse, store, stables. They, too, were waiting.

As the first rays of the sun leveled across the river bottom, there came a shout, "Turn loose your women!" The answering blast of rifle fire was echoed by encircling flintlocks. An hour of battle passed, and the Assiniboin women were seen running through the woods. The crack of rifles, smothered now and then by the cannon, reached mid-morning. An old halfbreed woman, holding her stone pipe straight in front of her in a gesture of peace, came slowly through the gate.

Mama Deschamps lifted the stone pipe. Her voice came clearly. "One of my sons is dead. Let the others live. I promise —" There was a shot. She fell face-down on her pipe of peace. A shout: "There goes the mother of all devils!"

Their fire at last unanswered, Fort Union men rushed the stockade. A blast of bullets drove them back, one falling dead. Now the cry rang down the line of attackers: Burn 'em out! The stockade was set afire, but not before fort hunters mounted swift horses to run down any who attempted escape. Tongues of crackling flame leaped from stockade to house roof. Through the smoke a man was seen running toward the east bastion.

A cannonball blasted the wooden cubicle perched atop the corner of the stockade. A trapper, Joe Vivie, crept close, took aim through a crack in the floor. A heart shot sent him into a high leap. From the riddled bastion came a gust of laughter. Men rushed up the ladder. In a corner of the small room one arm dangling, empty rifle gripped in the other hand, crouched the lone defender. They shot him and threw him into the fire with his six brothers. The boy, fatally wounded, died the next day.

The law of the frontier had rendered its verdict, the sentence had been executed. Charles Larpenteur had witnessed a massacre of halfbreeds by whites. Two years later, in June 1837, the annual boat, the *Saint Peter*, carried an invisible passenger which destroyed Indians by the tribe.

Aboard the steamboat was Jacob Halsey, replacing McKenzie as bourgeois. Hamilton and his London wardrobe had been transferred to the Pierre Chouteau and Company office in St. Louis, which had bought out Astor in 1834. Halsey had recently been vaccinated against smallpox, but had not yet effected a cure. Germs of the dread disease lurked in the cargo, which had passed the villages of the smallpox-ravaged Arikaras, Mandans and Minitares. Some crewmen had succumbed to the disease.

Prompt measures must be taken to prevent an epidemic. It was almost 2000 miles to the nearest smallpox vaccine. No help was to be found in Dr. Thomas' Medical Book. But something must be done immediately. About thirty Indian women and several whites, among whom was clerk Edwin T. Denig, were vaccinated with the smallpox virus itself, taken from Halsey.

"This was done with the view to have it all over and everything cleaned up before any Indians should come in, on their fall trade, which commenced early in September," Larpenteur explained in his journal.

"The smallpox matter should have been taken from a very healthy person, but, unfortunately, Mr. Halsey was not sound, and the operation proved fatal to most of our patients."

Two weeks later, he continued, there was such a stench in the fort that it could be detected a quarter-mile away. Some of the afflicted lost their minds. Others were living carrion crawling with maggots. Five out of every six patients died, the rest were disfigured beyond recognition. Among the dead was Larpenteur's wife.

The smallpox scourge was a body blow to the traders. One-tenth of the estimated population of Crows, Blackfeet, Assiniboins and Minutaires were dead. The Mandans and Arikaras were almost totally wiped out. In the words of Maximilian, Prince of Weid, whose travels led him into the afflicted country:

"The destroying angel has visited the unfortunate sons of the wilderness with terrors never before known, and has converted the extensive hunting grounds, as well as the peaceful settlements of these people, into desolate and boundless cemeteries. The mighty warriors are now the prey of the greedy wolves, and the few survivors in utter despair throw themselves on the pity of the whites who, however, can do little for them. . . . The funeral torch that lights the red man to his dreary grave has become the auspicious star of the advancing settler and the roving trader."

During this sad time of sparse trade and occasional bullets directed at him through the windows, supposedly out of revenge for his part in bringing smallpox to Fort Union, it occurred to Larpenteur that he had not been home in ten years. In the spring of 1838, he left for Baltimore. His visit marred by fever and ague, he was back in the fall "at a splendid table, with the great prairie appetite to do it justice."

Slowly, very slowly, trade revived. In June of the next year, Larpenteur was sent to St. Louis in charge of eight mackinaws, each loaded with 250 packs (2500) of buffalo robes. Also small furs, including wolves, otters, fishers, beavers, mountain lions. For reasons unknown to him, he was fired. In the spring he was re-engaged and returned to Fort Union.

"My being a sober man was not much to my advantage," he recorded, "keeping me constantly in the liquor trade, and out of charge of posts which some of my fellow clerks took charge of, while I did all the work and was really in charge of when they got dead drunk. Mr. Laidlaw the Father, Mr. Denig the son, and Mr. Jacques Bruguiere the Holy Ghost formed the Trinity. And a greater trio of drunkards could not have been got together."

The next year, 1842, Larpenteur got his long-awaited break. Alexander Culbertson, now bourgeois, ordered him, with a party of ten, to send down the returns from Fort Van Buren, at the mouth of the Rosebud and Yellowstone junction. He was also to build, and remain in charge of, a post at Adams Prairie, twenty miles above.

After the furs had been sent down from Van Buren, it was burned. The new post, Fort Alexander, was built. By November, Larpenteur was in comfortable quarters and looking forward to a pleasant winter with his new Assiniboin wife and their first child. At last, he had complete charge of a trading post, and the pelts were coming in. Suddenly, the dream ended.

A man rode in through knee-deep snow. He handed Larpenteur a letter from Culbertson. Larpenteur was ordered back to Fort Union. He was "wanted mighty bad" in the liquor department.

When business in the grogshop permitted, he was sent on trading expeditions. In a camp of Crees and Chippewas north of the border, he learned what it is like to sleep buried in snow, how it feels to stand on the edge of death from starvation. He expanded his knowledge of furs and of Indians. Living with a tribe in its village, he learned, gave the inquiring visitor a different conception of the Indian than that generally held.

On his home ground the Indian was the superior, the white man the inferior. In his own lodge, he was not the same man seen across the counter at Fort Union. Native pride was etched deep in their faces as they told instead of asked, gave instead of receiving. An introspective man, Larpenteur may well have envisioned a common meeting ground of the two cultures, red and white.

A new law, forbidding the entry of traders into Indian camps stiffened competition for the declining supply of furs. In season, mounted pickets were posted in every direction around Fort Union. Opposition companies were equally alert to intercept incoming Indian trading parties. All sent riders to welcome them.

If it happened to be a large party and was sighted by a Fort Union scout, a sled was hastily raced out to meet it. The sled bore a small keg of liquor, to warm the hearts of the head men. The march to the fort began. Jingling sleigh bells and a band consisting of fiddle, drum and a horn or two, preceded by the American flag, led the way in triumph through the wide-open gate. In the grogshop awaited Charles Larpenteur.

That summer, when the partners boarded a steamboat to St. Louis for the annual meeting, Larpenteur was left in charge until fall. For these few months he would be bourgeois of Fort Union. As another signal that his luck might be changing, a son was born. The event was celebrated with a ball at which even Charley drank to every toast.

The steady light of his lucky star flared in the spring of 1846. Honore Picotte, another new bourgeois, sent him to take charge of recently completed Fort Louis, five or six miles above Benton. His salary was increased from \$600 a year to \$700. He would replace Malcolm Clarke, a West Pointer who had forsaken the army for the fur trade.

Larpenteur found the fort to be well arranged, the Blackfeet friendly, the furs in good supply except for beaver. The streams were being rapidly depleted of beaver. His only regret was that his family was not with him.

It was not long until Malcolm Clarke came back. He had received orders at Fort Pierre to take over Fort Louis. Larpenteur, furious, refused the offer to work under him. He packed up and left for Fort Union.

Met with what he considered to be a chilly reception, he quit the American Fur Company. Though it was late November, he loaded his wife, six children and possessions into a buffalo boat, hoping to reach Fort Pierre before winter. The perilous journey was only one day out when a violent storm struck the Missouri, forcing its end. Larpenteur remained at Fort Union until spring run-off.

All the way down the river he was greeted with friendliness at Company posts. Reaching headquarters in St. Louis, he was offered the management of Fort Alexander, at \$1000 a year. Larpenteur refused. He had made up his mind to have a farm, where his family would be safe should he return to the Indian country.

He bought eighty acres on the Little Sioux River, built a log house and trading post. Trade for furs was with the Omahas and Otos. His youngest child contracted smallpox from an Indian and died. Leaving his family on the farm, Larpenteur made arrangements to manage a post on the Niobrara, in the Ponca trade. While here, he received sad news of the deaths of two more of his children.

In 1853 he returned to the farm, resuming his trading with neighboring tribes. One year after the murder of his Assiniboin wife, he married a white widow. In debt, Larpenteur sought the only work he knew, and became manager of Fort Stewart, thirty-five miles above Fort Union. It was in the land of the Assiniboins, his old friends, and they brought him all their business. Then the American Fur Company moved in, forcing the closure of Fort Stewart. When Larpenteur reached home, he found it in ashes.

But the old Indian trader was not through yet. He formed a plan to take goods to the Assiniboin country by ox-wagons, thus avoiding the Sioux and other warlike tribes along the Missouri. This venture, in which he gambled all available funds, was coincidental with the opening of the Civil War. There was no market for furs. The Indian trade was nearing its end.

Then it happened. Larpenteur was made bourgeois of Fort Union by General Alfred Sully. He was also appointed commissary of the freight aboard the steamer which took Sully and him to Fort Union. "The main reason for my appointment," Larpenteur confided to his journal, with a sly reference to his various assignments to the fort's grogshops, "was that we had seventeen barrels of good whiskey in this freight." This year, 1864, was the last for the American Fur Company.

While he was serving as interpreter with the Peace Commissioners for the Assiniboins, death came to his daughter, 25, and to his son, 23.

In St. Louis, he made arrangements with Durfee & Peck to take charge of Fort Union in opposition to the newly formed North West Fur Company. Here, where he had spent almost all his life in the fur trade, he built an adobe store. It was barely finished when Colonel William Rankin, commander of Fort Buford, purchased Fort Union for its building materials. Larpenteur and the north West Fur Company were forced to move downriver to Fort Buford. Despite merciless competition from the fort's sutler and the North West Fur Company, he traded some 2000 buffalo robes, 900 elk hides, 1800 deer and wolf skins. For no reason that has come to light, he was discharged by Durfee & Peck.

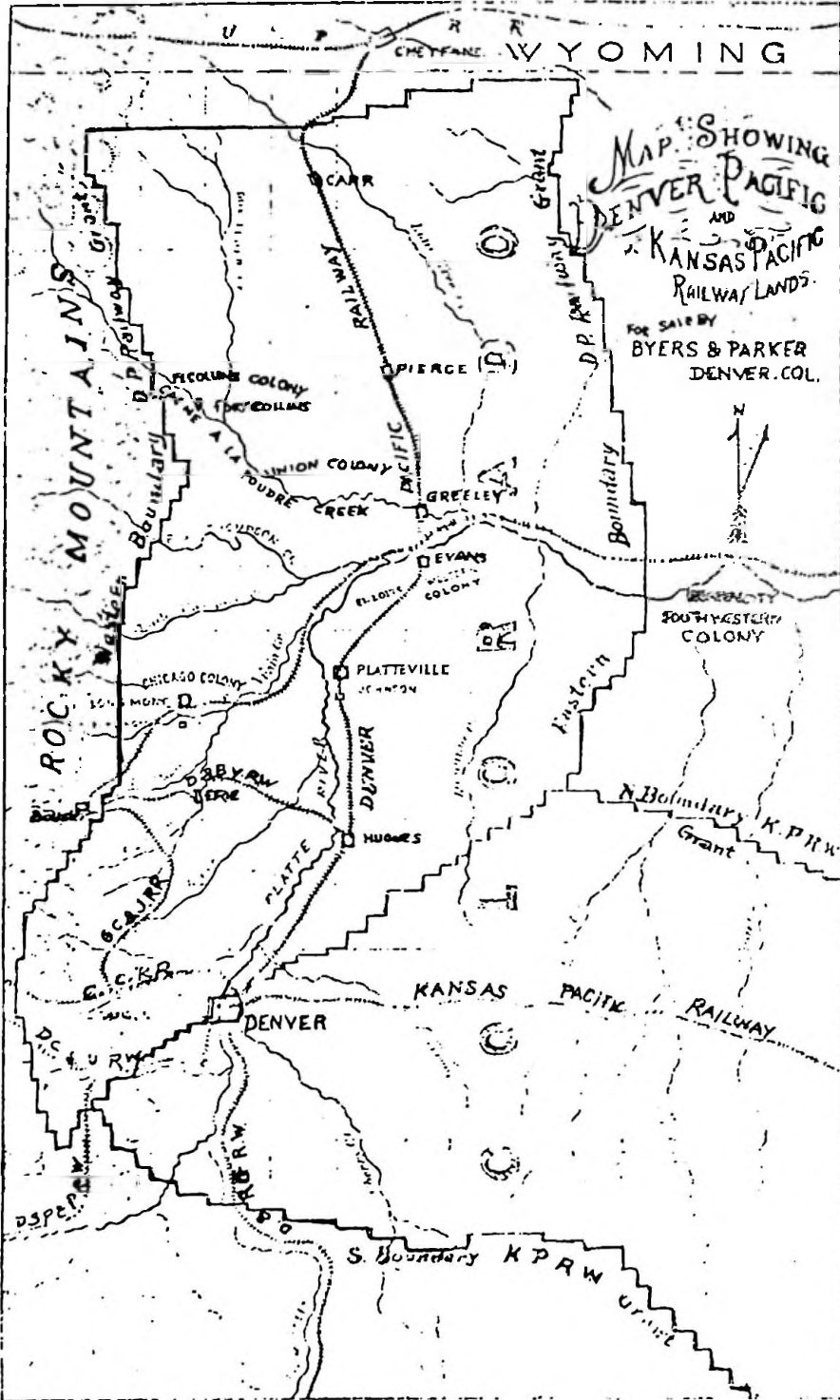
But Larpenteur was far from finished. He sold his farm and, with the help of his brother-in-law, raised \$8000. Returning to Fort Buford, he built a new store and proceeded to out-trade the other sutlers and merchants. He knew furs and he knew Indians. His often-moved family made its home at the Missouri River fort. Larpenteur still had a daughter by his last Assiniboin wife and another daughter and son by his white wife.

Then the stars really fell. Congress enacted a law allowing but one sutler to a military post. On the arrival of the newly appointed sutler, all other stores were ordered closed. On May 14, 1871, Larpenteur began his last journey to the States from the Indian country.

On the Little Sioux he bought land from the railroad and built a house. The last, but one, of his eight children, a boy of twelve, died. And Charles Larpenteur, wasted in health, broken in fortune, set himself to the task of transcribing from his journal and his memory, the story of his life as a fur trader on the Upper Missouri.

"Forty years ago," finally he reached the last paragraph, "I came to the Indian country. It was the year the stars fell. That my lucky star fell is plainly to be seen."

Within a year Charles Larpenteur was dead, age 65.



The Denver Posse of
Westerners

is very proud to announce its

BRAND BOOK

containing Volumes 30 and 31 under one cover.

This is a limited run editon of only
600 copies.

Interested Westerners are encouraged to place their orders early to guarantee their copy.

The price each is only \$23.50 which includes sales tax, postage and handling.

To order your copy of the Brand Book,
make your check payable to:

The Denver Posse of Westerners
and mail to:

The Denver Posse of Westerners
P.O. Box 344
Golden, Colorado
80401

Your Address

name

street

city

state

zip

NOTICE

to all members of the Denver Posse of Westerners,
this is Final Notice that Dues are Payable in January,
1978.

Corresponding Membership dues are \$10.00

Posse Membership dues are \$15.00

Make your checks payable to:

The Denver Posse of Westerners

Mail to:

Dr. Henry W. Toll, Jr.
620 Boston Building
828 - 17th Street
Denver, Colorado
80202

ORIGIN OF THE DENVER WESTERNERS

The need for an organization through which men, regardless of vocation, might meet regularly to review and pursue their mutual interests in the history of the West, had long been felt in Colorado. In July of 1944, Leland D. Case, at that time editor of *The Rotarian*, described to a group of interested Coloradans an organization called The Westerners—a nonprofit educational group, which had been founded that year in Chicago. There followed an organization meeting in January of 1945, inspired by Elmo Scott Watson, who then read the first paper. So a similar organization of The Westerners, the second in the country, was formed in Denver. Since then groups have been established around the world. Several of them publish a magazine monthly or quarterly, and welcome Corresponding Members: Los Angeles, Spokane, Tucson, Kansas City, New York City, Washington, Liverpool, Paris, and elsewhere.

PURPOSE

The Certificate of Incorporation (not-for-profit) of the Colorado corporation named "The Westerners," and the By-laws, describe the objects and purposes of the organization as follows:

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

TERMINOLOGY

The entire group associated together with headquarters at Denver, Colorado, is called the Denver Posse. Other groups are called either Posse of Corral. All members of all groups are known as "Westerners," but there is no connection between the various groups, except their similar aims and activities. The Denver Posse has three classes of membership: Active (limited to fifty), Reserve, and Corresponding. Its officers have special titles. The Sheriff performs the usual duties of a President and is assisted by a Deputy Sheriff. The Roundup Foreman acts as Secretary and the Tally Man as Treasurer. The Chuck Wrangler takes care of the details of meeting place and food. Each Registrar of Marks and Brands serves for two years; the first year he edits and publishes the ROUNDUP, and the second year the BRAND BOOK. The chief standing committees deal with Programs, Publications, Membership, and Book Reviews.

Railroad Federal Land Grants

by Richard A. Ronzio, P.M.

Presented to the Denver Posse of Westerners on November 23, 1977

Land grants to railroads by the Federal Government has been of considerable interest to many since its inception by President Lincoln's signing the Railroad Land Grant Act on July 1, 1862. Prior to this date, the Department of the Interior's Land Office had been directed to transfer title of lands to states for the purpose of building railroads. Lincoln's signing the Railroad Land Grant was primarily for building transcontinental railroads in order to open this nation for colonization of the so-called "Great American Desert," the Rocky Mountains, the Cascades, the Sierra Nevadas and a link with the Pacific Ocean.

The first of these transcontinental railways built was the Union Pacific together with the Central Pacific Railroad. This was finished when they met at Promontory, Utah, May 10, 1869.

I read with interest Robert S. Henry's, "The Railroad Land Grant Legend in American History Texts" from the Mississippi Valley Historical Review, Volume XXXII, No. 2, September 1945.

Henry in his twenty three page treatise deals with the errors in text books on the extent of the great government land give-aways to railroads. He shows in two maps, which are reproduced here, the facts. Map No. 1 shows what is produced in American History books as land which might be granted to railroads and Map No. 2 what lands were actually to be granted. Map No. 1 would indicate 527,998,426 acres of land to be granted whereas 131,350,534 acres were available for granting.

Overall, the Bureau of Land Management, the instrument of Congress for parcelling out public domain lands, granted over 91 million acres, or 142,187 square miles to the transcontinental "Pacific" railroads.

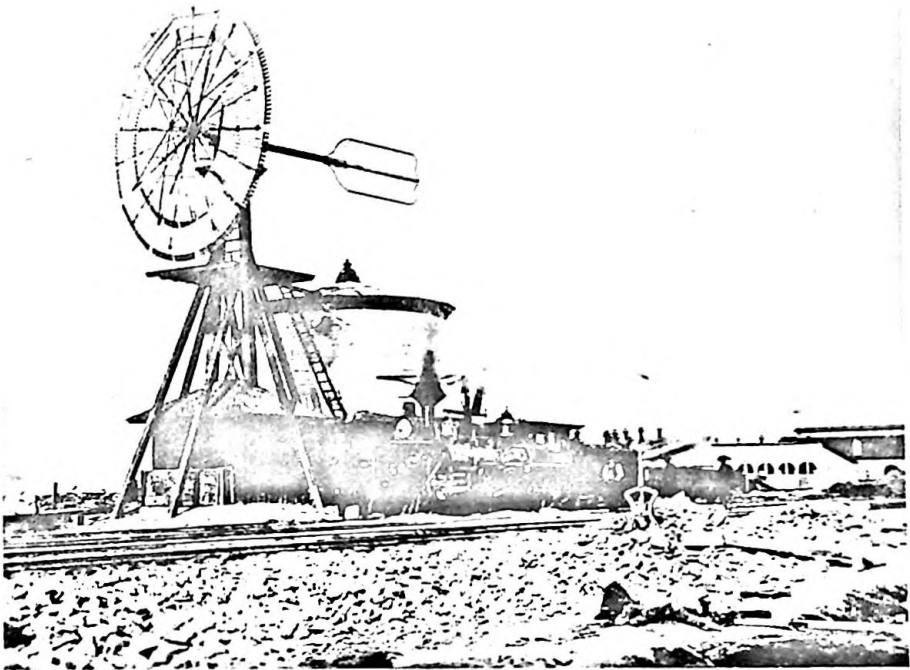
There were twenty-seven states which participated in receiving federal land grants. A table with these data is included. Colorado with a total of 66,718,080 acres had land grants totalling 3,757,673 acres or 5.6% of the total. In Colorado, the Union Pacific, the Denver Pacific and the Kansas Pacific Railroads were the first to receive Federal land grants. The Colorado map enclosed shows the extent of the land grants to the Denver Pacific and Kansas Pacific, which became a part of the Union Pacific with Jay Gould's manipulation. Because of the public clamor for adequate transportation facilities, Congress passed an act whereby the Union Pacific Railroad Company was granted 18,979,659.28 acres of public domain and incorporated this company by legislation. This does not include government bonds. These grants were planned as a basis of credit for the railroads to secure financing to build. In the case of the Union Pacific it received a

grant of two hundred feet in width on both sides of the railway as well as five odd sections of public land on each side of the railroad. If any of these lands were already owned, the grant extended into other sections. All railroad grants weren't the same in area. As in contrast, the Northern Pacific and the Atlantic and Pacific Railroads received larger grants. The Northern Pacific received ten alternate odd sections per mile where the railroad crossed through states and twenty sections where it passed through territories; the Atlantic and Pacific received 20 sections per mile of road in states and 40 per mile through territories.

State	Total Acreage	Acres	Per Cent of State Area
Alabama	33,029,760	2,747,479	8.3
Arizona	72,901,760	7,695,203	10.6
Arkansas	33,985,280	2,586,970	7.6
California	101,563,520	11,585,393	11.4
Colorado	66,718,080	3,757,673	5.6
Florida	37,478,400	2,218,705	5.9
Idaho	53,476,480	1,320,591	2.5
Illinois	36,096,000	2,595,133	7.2
Indiana	23,226,240	—————	—————
Iowa	36,019,200	4,711,328	13.1
Kansas	52,656,640	8,234,013	15.6
Louisiana	31,054,720	1,375,000	4.4
Michigan	37,258,240	3,134,058	8.4
Minnesota	53,803,520	9,953,008	18.5
Mississippi	30,538,240	1,075,345	3.5
Missouri	44,591,360	2,328,674	5.2
Montana	94,168,320	14,736,919	15.6
Nebraska	49,431,680	7,272,623	14.7
Nevada	70,745,600	5,086,283	7.2
New Mexico	77,866,240	3,355,179	4.3
North Dakota	45,225,600	10,797,490	23.7
Oregon	62,067,840	3,655,390	5.9
South Dakota	49,310,080	—————	—————
Utah	54,346,240	2,230,085	4.1
Washington	43,642,880	9,582,878	22.0
Wisconsin	35,938,560	3,666,062	10.2
Wyoming	62,664,960	5,749,051	9.2
TOTAL	1,389,805,440	131,350,534	9.5

More about the public domain and the land grant is in order. In the first place, all Government lands in the West were surveyed into townships 6 miles square. These are sub-divided into thirty-six sections, each one

mile square, containing 640 acres. The boundaries are all north and south and east and west. The sections in townships are numbered consecutively from one to thirty-six. The railway grants were made by giving to the railway companies only *odd* numbered sections; the government retained the *even* numbered ones. Of the even sections, sixteen and thirty-six in every township were donated and set apart for the benefit of public schools; thereby guaranteeing to the settlers in all new counties a munificent endowment in the future for universal popular education. Further on land grants, the government retained all mineral rights except coal and iron. As an aside several years ago, farmers near Sterling sued the Union Pacific Railroad as to their right to claim oil rights on land they bought from the railroad. Although this isn't coal or iron as detailed in the original land grant, the Union Pacific won the rights to oil in lands actually granted to them in 1862 in perpetuity. Today all minerals are included in land grants.



R. A. Ranzio Collection

Union Pacific windmill and water tank at Laramie, Wyoming.

The railroads, to finance their granted lands formed Railroad Land Companies to advertise their acres world wide, as shown in an example in the following ad.

1,700,000 Acres in Iowa!

180,000 Acres in Nebraska!!

THE

R. R. Land Companies

Of Iowa and Nebraska,

OFFER THE ABOVE LANDS TO
SETTLERS, at \$3 to \$10 per acre, on time
 at six per cent., or for cash. These Companies have determined to have their lands settled at the earliest possible day, in order to increase the business of their Railroads, which are now all completed, and therefore offer the **BEST LANDS, in the BEST STATES, at the LOWEST PRICES.** We sell

Land Exploring Tickets,

at our Offices in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and at No. 1 La Salle Street, Chicago. Railroad fares west of those places **REFUNDED** to holders of exploring tickets who purchase 80 acres or more. Large Reductions of R. R. fare to colonies, or parties of 25, or more. Colored Maps, showing all the lands in both States, sent for 20 cents. Pamphlets and County Maps sent **FREE** to all parts of the world. Apply to

W. W. WALKER,

816-30-cow-o

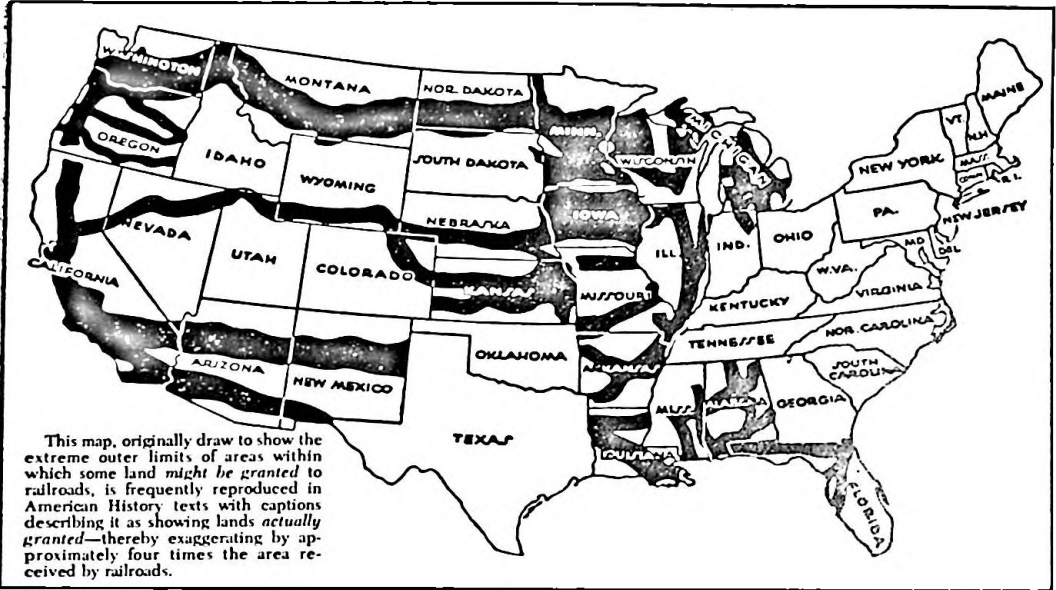
Vice-Pres't, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

They had knowledgeable appraisers examine their land and determine a fair market value. It was quite as important to the railways to secure settlement and improvement of the country as to realize the value of their lands; as a result there was no objective or desire to extortionate. Prices of land were set by various factors; such as soil quality, water, facility for irrigation, proximity to timber, coal, established villages, railway and stations. Agricultural lands generally sold from \$3.50 to \$6.00 an acre, timber lands \$5 to \$10, coal lands from \$10 to \$100, and grazing lands from \$2 to \$4. It was optional for the purchaser to pay all cash or to buy on five years credit. If he bought for five years he would have to pay one-fifth down and 6% interest on the remaining three-fifths and so on. Other than selling to individuals, railway lands were sold to colonies, in this manner thriving towns were established and flourished. There were many advantages in colony organization. They secured at once a considerable and compact settlement with a unity of interest and goals. In Colorado there was the Union or Greeley Colony, which grew from a wild, unbroken prairie to two thousand people in two years. Others were the Chicago Colony, St. Louis-Western Colony and the Ft. Collins Colony.

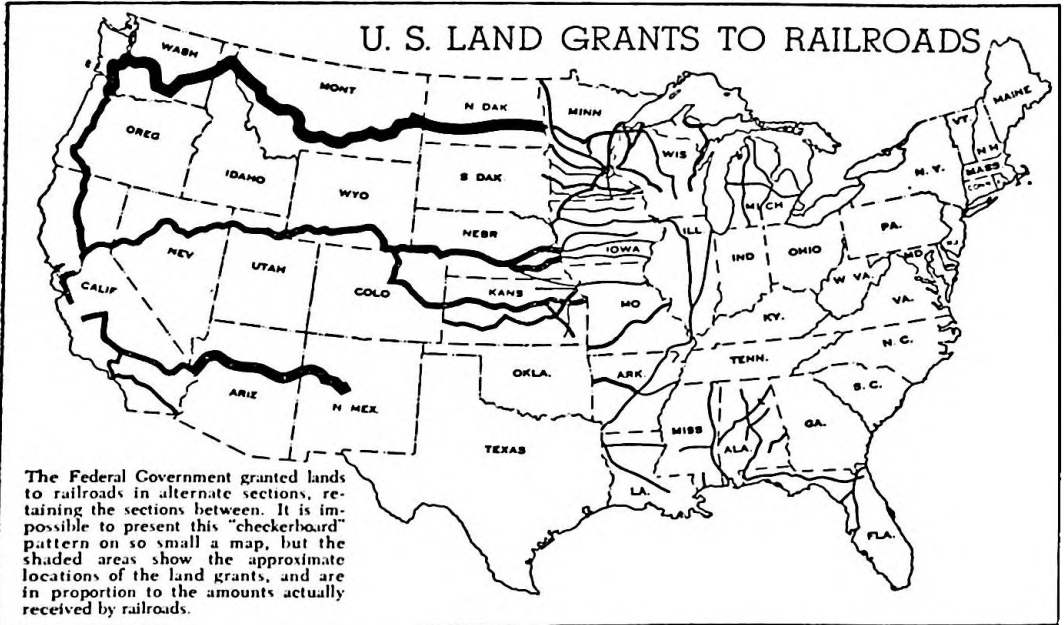
What were and are some of the ramifications of the Federal Land Grants? I would like to quote from David Maldwyn Ellis's "The Forfeiture of Railroad Land Grants, 1867-1894":

"The policy of granting land to aid in the construction of railroads in the western and southern states bequeathed to the United States a legacy of thorny problems. Stephen A. Douglas, who maneuvered through Congress the first railroad land grant in 1850 could hardly have foreseen that within the next two decades Congress was to set aside for railroad construction approximately 174,000,000 acres. Still less could he have anticipated the controversial history of the land grants from the Civil War to the present day: the revulsion of public sentiment which by 1871 forced Congress to refuse additional grants; the ground-swell of public opinion which throughout the 1880's demanded the recovery of grants to companies failing to observe the requirements of the law; the endless litigation which surrounded almost every clause in the grants; the vexatious delays which marred the administration by the General Land Office; the interminable debates in Congress which accompanied every effort to recover unearned grants; the curious legal issues involved in the government's action to cancel the Oregon and California land grants during the 1910's; the contemporary struggle to repeal the provisions which required land grant railroads to transport mail, troops, and government property at reduced rates.

These problems and a host of other questions scarcely less important deserve careful study before any evaluation of our land grant policy can be made.



MAP NO. 1



MAP NO. 2

Within recent years government departments, railroad associations, and independent scholars have begun to penetrate the haze which all too often has surrounded the history of land grants. The first two groups have been primarily concerned with the current argument whether the total amount of rate reductions on United States military traffic—these concessions in 1944 totalled more than \$200,000,000—have offset the value of the original grants. But the historian is less interested in whether the government drove a sharp bargain than he is in the fate of the 174,000,000 acres of Federal land and the approximately 49,000,000 acres of state lands which were offered to the railroads. Several questions loom large. What effect did the land grants have upon the construction of railroads, the colonization of the West, the pattern of land ownership, and the establishment of large timber holdings? What caused western opinion to demand the end of land grants and the forfeiture of unearned grants? What part did the forfeiture movement play in the upsurge of anti-railroad sentiment so noticeable during the last quarter of the nineteenth century? The recent studies describing the activities of the land grant railroads in colonizing the prairies illustrate and underscore the need of further research. This paper will attempt to analyze the movement demanding the forfeiture of unearned grants and the partial success achieved by its advocates in Congress.

Between 1850 and 1871 Congress provided land grants for some seventy-odd railroad companies. Prior to 1862 the grants were made to the various state governments which thereupon conveyed the land to private companies. The agitation for a grant to help build a transcontinental railroad across the western territories culminated in the act of 1862, which transferred land earned by construction directly to the Union Pacific and Central Pacific companies.

Nonfulfilment of many land grant provisions, inept administration by the General Land Office, self-seeking tactics of many railroad companies, and the intensification of "homestead" sentiment made inevitable the movement to forfeit the unearned land grants. Most crucial of all provisions was the time limit which appeared in almost every grant. If the railroad did not complete its line within a certain number of years (usually ten), the land was to revert to the government. The intent is obvious. In fact, the whole justification for land grants rested on this provision. The government expected that the land grant would enable the railroads to push construction ahead of settlement. Private capitalists either did not dare to risk, or more usually did not command, financial resources sufficient to build new lines into the undeveloped sections of the country.

Unfortunately, a large number of railroads failed to meet the time requirement. Repeatedly Congress extended or renewed grants which had expired. In the meantime the land along the projected route was withheld from settlement until adjustments had been made and titles ascertained. The fact that forty out of some seventy-odd subsidized railroads were not completed within the time limits including extensions reveals the importance of such withdrawals.

At first the opinion prevailed among railroad lawyers as well as government officials that the General Land Office had the power to restore to entry the lands of a railroad which had failed to complete its road on time. Delinquent companies were careful to secure renewed authorization from Congress. But in 1874 the Supreme Court handed down a decision which clarified the legal issues but complicated the process of forfeiture. *Schulenberg v. Harriman* deserves careful analysis as the most important case dealing with land grants.

The judges declared that the grants were "in præsenti," "immediately transferring title, although subsequent proceedings might be necessary to give precision to that title" and "attach it to specific tracts." The decision went on to hold:

"In what manner the reserved right of the grantor for breach of the conditions must be asserted so as to restore the estate, depends upon the character of the grant. If the grant be a public one, it must be asserted by judicial proceedings authorized by law . . . or there must be some legislative assertion of ownership of the property for breach of conditions."

No one therefore could take advantage of a condition subsequent except the grantor which was the government. If the government did not see fit to assert its right, the title "remained unimpaired in the grantee." The effect of this decision was to make forfeiture a matter for Congressional action. In effect, it threw the burden of initiative upon the land reformers and anti-railroad bloc, while the railroads were content to delay the drive for forfeiture. In the meantime, the railroads could continue construction and receive the patents for the land as fast as they earned them. They could feel confident that once they received the patents Congress would not take away their lands. Railroads were thus able to acquire millions of acres earned after the time limit. One report in 1885 estimated that almost 100,000,000 acres lay opposite these sections of the railroad which had not yet been built or had not been built within the original time limits.

The government sometimes neglected to survey the lands thus preventing early selection by the railroads. The railroads often failed to patent lands which they had selected because they hoped to avoid local real estate taxes. The status of all indemnity lands remained in jeopardy as long as it was not known how many sections the railroads would need to compensate them for land lost to them in the primary limits. The General Land Office was notoriously slow in adjusting the grants. Thus the indemnity lands of nearly all the railroads were withdrawn for over thirty years.

Secretary Lucius Lamar graphically described the confusion into which land grants had thrown titles in large sections of the country.

"Maps of "probable," "general," "designated," and "definite" route of the roads were filed with rapidity in the Department, and withdrawals thereunder asked and almost invariably granted until the public land States

and Territories were gridironed over the railroad granted and indemnity limits; and in many instances the limits of one road overlapping and conflicting with other roads in the most bewildering manner, so that the settler seeking a home could scarcely find a desirable location that was not claimed by some one, or perhaps two or three, of the many roads to which grants of land had been made by Congress."

This discussion of withdrawn lands illustrates the confusion into which our land grant policy and the bungling tactics of the land office had thrown titles in large sections of the western states and territories. The frontiersman's habit of squatting on vacant lands also added confusion. For decades disputes between homesteaders and land grant railroads bedeviled government officials, required judicial determination, and attracted the attention of Congress. It is difficult to apportion blame. The settler often did not observe all the legal technicalities in proving his title. Like a true gambler he hoped "something would turn up" to safeguard his claim. Quite frequently Congress would pass special acts for the relief of certain classes of homesteaders, who had inadvertently or, more often than publicly admitted, deliberately selected lands belonging to the railroad. The corporations, however, treated many settlers badly and used their influence in the land office and the courts under the handicaps of insufficient funds and inadequate staff, failed to attack the problems resolutely. Endless disputes arose. Did railroad rights attach at the time of definite location or at the time of withdrawal of lands by the land office (and which office)? Were the companies entitled to indemnity for lands disposed of prior to the date of the grant as well as for those disposed of between that date and the definite location of the line? Could deficiencies along one portion of the road be made up in indemnity selections farther west?

It is a small wonder that many officials and settlers looked upon forfeiture as a simple solution to the difficulties presented by the land grant policy. If the land was recaptured by the government, it could be thrown open to public entry under the homestead and preemption laws.

The forfeiture movement drew much strength from the fear of land monopoly and the distrust of railroad practices. Land reformers had found that monopolization of western lands continued despite their hard-earned victories in securing the Homestead Act and in bringing an end to land grants. The "speculators were generally able to secure the most desirable lands, that is, those easily brought under cultivation, fertile and close to timber, water, markets, and lines of communication." The census of 1880, revealing for the first time the large number of tenants, spurred land reformers to redoubled activity. The news that one in every four farmers was a tenant (and this proportion was still higher in the prairie states) came as a shock to Americans who had always denounced tenancy as a hated Old

World institution incapable of taking root in democratic America. Congressmen, editors, and leaders of farm states began to echo the charges of monopoly which the reformers had been advancing. "Land for the landless" became the "demagogue's yelp." Land-hungry farmers, their numbers reinforced by the heavy immigration of the 1880's, clamored for the opening of Oklahoma, the adjustment of indemnity lands, the destruction of vast landed estates which many cattle syndicates had seized by fraudulent methods, and last but not least, the forfeiture of railroad land grants.

The unearned land grants were particularly vulnerable to attack. At least 80,000,000 acres were at stake inviting forfeiture. In addition, there were the indemnity lands which had been withdrawn from the public entry. Homesteaders naturally joined the chorus demanding forfeiture.

Anti-railroad sentiment gave aid and comfort to the advocates of forfeiture. Distrust of the railroads which the Granger movement had first crystallized was nourished by new abuses in addition to the old and continuing evils of high rates, free passes, discrimination, and poor service. With fear and alarm the farmers watched the consolidation of competitive lines into huge systems and the organization of pools. Far from remaining the servant of the people, the railroad was threatening to become a master, a fear which the haughty attitude and political chicanery of many railroads did little to dispel. The public at large and the farmers in particular suspected that the financial legerdemain of the Goulds and Sages would have to be paid for in higher rates.



R. A. Ronzio Collection

W. H. Jackson photo of the Sherman Hill Station, Wyoming, Circa 1869.

The land grant railroads were particularly exposed. The charges of land monopoly and tax evasion were added to the general indictment of abuses which all the railroads shared. The companies shielded themselves behind the Supreme Court decision which held that technically the title did not rest in the railroads until formally certified and patented. Consequently the lands remained government property and therefore tax-exempt. Admittedly, the General Land Office was partly responsible in that it delayed public surveys, postponed adjustment of grants, and often failed to settle disputes between railroads and between railroads and homesteaders. Sparsely settled townships found it exceedingly difficult to support schools and good roads. They were incensed at those railroads which delayed patenting their lands. In almost every Congress determined efforts were made to remedy this evil.

Finally on July 10, 1886, Congress passed a statute requiring railroad corporations to pay taxes even though their land had not yet been patented. This law, however, applied only to lands opposite completed portions of the road. It also did not apply to unsurveyed land.

The movement to forfeit railroad land grants ran its course in the period between 1867 and 1894. It reached its high point during the middle years of the 1880's. Three chronological divisions appear:

1. 1867-1877: This period witnessed the end of land grants and the first efforts to forfeit unearned grants. The main arguments for forfeiture became well-defined. Failure to construct, fear of land monopoly, and distrust of railroads transformed enthusiasm for railroads into active opposition. The general feeling that nothing should be done to jeopardize the building of railroads stifled the isolated outcries for forfeiture. Moreover many grants did not expire until after 1877.
2. 1877-1887: The movement gained momentum as the evils of land grants became more apparent. Congress heeded the demand by recovering over 28,000,000 acres from notorious defaulters. The Secretary of the Interior restored the indemnity lands to settlement. The Northern Pacific and other roads building their lines after the time limit successfully warded off forfeiture.
3. 1887-1894: Land reformers concentrated on a general forfeiture act. The Senate Republicans made good their insistence that only those lands adjoining uncompleted portions of the railroad should be recaptured. Democratic efforts to forfeit all lands not earned within the time limit won House approval but met Senate opposition. The act of 1890 was a mild measure recovering the grants from railroads which had failed to construct their lines."

In 1890, after many years of debate, Congress passed a bill providing for the forfeiture of grants opposite uncompleted railroads whose ten year time limit had expired. Eleven railroads lost 5,627,436 acres.

The debate on land grants goes on even today. The question that many ask is, "What did the land grants actually do for the United States as a whole"? This is a quite controversial subject; for now I'll give the U. S. Department of Interior's Bureau of Land Management's viewpoint.

"The original Act of 1862, and subsequent Pacific Railroad Acts, made provisions for special rate considerations to the Government for freight and personnel. The Union Pacific Act required that the railroad be used at all times for "postal and military purposes." Congress also reserved the right to change rates and fares.

At various times in the different "Pacific Railroad" Acts, Congress legislated freight and passenger services reductions. In July, 1892, Congress acted to establish a 50 percent reduction on all Government freight and passenger movements on the land grant railroads. They also provided for a reduction on the transportation of the mail. One authority estimated that between 1862 and 1943, the United States saved more than \$740 million from the rate reduction legislation.

One economist described the Government role in the land grant railroads as "financially not less than brilliant." The Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce of the House of Representatives wrote in its report of March 26, 1945:

"It is probable that the railroads have contributed over \$900,000,000 in payment of the lands which were transferred to them under the Land Grant Acts. This is double the amount received for the lands sold by the railroads. Plus the estimated value of such lands still under railroad ownership."

It is significant that the construction of the Pacific railroads was a joint Government-private enterprise venture that produced benefits to the Nation not calculable in dollars and cents. The monetary return from the land is generally regarded as the smallest of the benefits.

The Pacific railroads implemented a mass migration westward. In less than a generation, the entire West became alive with farmers, ranchers, businessmen, and miners. Within 10 years after 1860, the population beyond the Mississippi River more than doubled. From the wise use of the public domain, the country gained a network of railroad tracks that laced half the country. This network provided cheaper and faster transportation than America had ever known. The railroads raised the value of the whole public domain. They provided the Nation with military security, which in General William T. Sherman's estimation was a "military necessity and the only thing positively essential to the binding together of the republic." They were an implementing agent to the Homestead Act of 1862. The railroads aided by land grants from the public domain, were not totally responsible for all these benefits, but they played a key role. More than any other factor, they made it possible to conquer the frontier, and assure to the Nation unity and security.

The Railroad Land Grant Act of 1862 added credence to the words of the Commissioner of the General Land Office: "To the history of the progress of the United States has been hinged with the history of the disposition of its lands."

This paper could run into several volumes if all that has transpired on land grants were detailed. I would like to believe the railroads provided and are still providing this great Nation with transportation unequalled in any other nation.

With the energy shortage looming for this country in the near future, the railroads will be playing a much greater role.



Westerner's Bookshelf



\$10 Horse, \$40 Saddle, by Don Rickey, Jr. Old Army Press, Ft. Collins, 135 pp. Illustrated, \$10.95

Romantic tales and movies about the cowboy has probably been the most popular facet of Western History in the last 100 years. Stretching the truth and the facts is a natural result, but honest research can be as rewarding as the myths. Don Rickey is a historian who can and does record the facts and make them interesting with easy and humorous prose.

This book is about "Cowboy Clothing, Arms, Tools and Horse Gear of the 1880's" to quote the title page. It belongs in the library of any serious student of the growth of the cattle business in the West, and of any student of western development.

Emphasis is on the northern ranges of Montana, Wyoming, and the Western Dakotas, but applies generally to other western states. Clothing was adapted because of colder climates, but the rest originates and retains the Texas-Mexican influence.

The book is important, because the real "old timers" have gone, but their knowledge will live in this book. The illustrations by Dale Crawford are not only excellent, but very necessary.

George B. Greene, C.M.

Heldorados, Ghosts and Camps of the Old Southwest, by Norman D. Weis. 356 pages, 296 photographs and special maps. Bibliography, index. Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, 83605. \$9.95.

Just about the time you think the subject of Ghost Towns and abandoned mining camps of the West has been written about completely, along comes another fine book and whets your appetite all over again. Such a book is this one.

True, most of the towns have been covered before but there are new stories concerning each one, thus proving that an entire book could be written about each town in itself. Mr. Weis covers some 66 towns in California, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico, and Utah; and when you divide 66 into the number of photographs, you can see the average number of illustrations for each town.

Clear concise maps, drawn by the author, show the location of the camps to the present-day cities and towns in the area. Another feature of great help, is that he has indicated on which topographical map of the U. S. Geological Survey the Ghost Town is located. Some of these maps are collector's items in themselves. For the serious researcher—or for that matter—the casual reader, Mr. Weis has compiled a splendid bibliography.

How many of you Colorado historians ever heard of the mining camp of WOLF? Or saw a picture of it?

F. B. R.

BOOK SHELF (Cont'd)

The Language of the Railroader, by Ramon F. Adams. 180 pages, no illustrations. Published by the University of Oklahoma Press at Norman, Oklahoma. A hardbound book priced at \$9.95.

The author gives us an introduction in his delightful preface. Here he describes events which mean much to older adults who witnessed the age of steam. It is so vividly written that it brings back old memories with a sadness and a lump in your throat for those grand old noises and smells of the long gone steam locomotives.

Adams gives us a two page list of whistle signals and their meanings, 15 in all.

He defines for us 2358 examples of Railroader's colorful lingo, obtained from exhaustive research with old railroaders and many other sources. He didn't give us too much on railroader's conversation using their colorful jargon, but what he did give us was delightful.

With the numerous books coming out on railroads, this one is a must for all railroaders and railfans. I enjoyed it!

R. A. Ronzio, P.M.

The Horse Soldier, 1776-1943. The United States Cavalry: His Uniforms, Arms, Accoutrements, and Equipments. Volume I, the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Early Frontier, 1776-1850. By Randy Steffen, Illustrations by Randy Steffen, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma.

The author and illustrator, who died this year, says in his preface that if he had a nickel for each time he wished there was a volume like this he could add a few Paterson, Walker and Dragoon Colts to his collection. Anyone who shares an interest in the U. S. Horse Soldier would agree and thank God and the University of Oklahoma for publishing this volume and the projected following three volumes. The handsome book, bound in blue with yellow end pieces (what else!), contain 195 pages of drawings, illustrations and descriptions of all of the things the U. S. Horse Soldiers wore, carried, shot or cut with, and rode on. It will be invaluable to writers, artists, and the ordinary cavalry buffs.

Randy Steffen has done a magnificent job with his drawings, illustrations and color plates. The descriptions are concise, readable, and interesting. Military history fans will be eagerly awaiting the succeeding volumes and hoping they maintain the high standards set by Volume I.

W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.

CORRAL RAIL (Cont'd)

Wrestling Champion of the House of David. Any decisions regarding the collection or disposal of printed matter would have to be approved by the 'Old Timers' Committee. In many cases our membership was witness to what time has dignified as 'History'. We should keep a proper record. The official title of the 'Old Timer' is Archivist.

Another new office in the Denver Posse is that of Daguerreotypist—or Official photographer. It is our good fortune to have Bernie Faingold to fill this position. Bernie has agreed to take photographs at official functions for publication by the Westerners. This will provide further materials to be held by the 'Old Timer'.

The Posse is going to publish a directory of the entire membership. Please print your name, address and telephone number on your Dinner Registration Card to be included in the directory.

The speaker at the Christmas Party is Eleanor Gehres, the Librarian of the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library. Nolie Mumey is the Host, and he has gifts for the Ladies, live entertainment and a visit by Santa Claus planned, plus an exquisite menu.

* * * *

NEW POSSE MEMBERS

Bernie Faingold
Donald C. Chamberlin